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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Europe.

It seems unlikely that France, England, Belgium and Germany, left to dicker among themselves over the reparations problem, can come to a satisfactory settlement. Equitable and amicable adjustments are never the product of contention between self-interest, resentment and diversity of purpose. A way of plain common sense would seem to be: first, determination by a qualified commission of what Germany can pay; second, fixation of a time period in which payment shall be made; third, organization under expert outside authority of the fiscal machinery of Germany to the end of so establishing her credit that she may borrow funds with which to start cash payments and set the wheels of industrial and financial reconstruction in motion all along the line. Until something like this shall be done, chaos will rule in Europe. The United States is in position to help, but she can not be expected to lend aid until some species of order and of definite responsibility shall be established. For the United States now to advance money for the rehabilitation of Europe prior to definite agreements and to the establishment of fixed responsibility would be folly, a kind of folly that a clear-headed, practical people is not likely to commit. One of the conditions of German rehabilitation, upon which pretty much all else depends, would seem to be the setting up of a species of receivership for the German financial system. There are many precedents. The United States and the various countries of Europe are continuously doing this sort of thing in the less stable countries of Latin America. A recent notable instance was the British receivership relative to the finances of Persia some ten years ago, with the appointment of one Schuster, an American, as supervising agent of the Persian treasury. A similar arrangement would seem to be necessary in the case of Germany, which has so far lost credit with the world that nobody would be willing to trust the carrying out of her promises to agents of her own nationality acting under the authority of her own government. A receivership, by whatever name it might be called, would of course be a humiliation to German pride, but German pride is not a thing so precious as to be permitted to stand in the way of an adjustment essential to the rehabilitation of European finance and industry.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Somewhere in Wyoming, December 30th.—I have ridden many score times over the four-hundred-and-odd miles that cover the lengthwise of the State of Neraska, and have usually found it a depressing experience. It is not because Nebraska lacks much that goes to make up a rich country, as witness its successions of towns, its procession of farmsteads and its paddocks everywhere populous with cow-critters fattening for the Omaha and Chicago slaughteryards. But to one who lives in California with its everywhere uplifting landscapes, a region whose horizon is an unbroken circle, however teeming with materialities, is a dreary spectacle, especially at this dead period of the year.

But yesterday I saw naught of the monotony of Nebraska. As I was leaving the station at Washington two days ago a friend slipped into my pocket a little book—"American Individualism: A Timely Message to the American People," by Herbert Hoover. At the point of size it is scarcely more than a pamphlet, yet in its seventy-two brief pages Mr. Hoover has packed the essential outlines of a comprehensive political philosophy. It is not the book of a literary artist; rather the product of a scientifically trained mind which rejects everything except the absolute essentials of expression. Something is lost in this process. A professional writer would have emphasized his points by the arts of amplification, rhetorical restatement, etc. Mr. Hoover writes with the cold precision of an engineer. His book is hardly more than a procession of formulæ, and one who would get its full meaning, with its essential values, must read, reread, and read still again. It is all there, but it is too rich for assimilation by the gulping process.

Between Omaha and North Platte I read Mr. Hoover's little book three times, and with each reading appreciation increased. Nothing in the sphere of political ideas so clear-headed, so thought out, so genuinely American, so philosophically sound, has been given to the American public this many a day. Mr. Hoover's basic idea is not individualism as comprehended under the European ideal, but *American individualism*, differing from all others in its conception of a society built "upon the attainment of the individual." Here is his definition:

While we build our society upon the attainment of the individual, we shall safeguard to every individual equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, and ambitions entitle him; that we keep the social solution free from the frozen strata of classes; that we shall stimulate the effort of each individual to achievement; that through an enlarging sense of responsibility and understanding we shall assist him in this attainment; while he in turn must stand up to the emery wheel of competition.

Proceeding from this basis, Mr. Hoover presents in outline his concept of American individualism. I shall not attempt a conventional "review" because nothing short of reprinting the whole book would be adequate. It is so compacted with clearly worked-out judgments, clothed in phrases so precisely chosen, that summarization is out of the question. I will recite only a few of Mr. Hoover's phrases:

Individualism can not be maintained as the foundation of a society if it looks to only legalistic justice.

The impulse to production can only be maintained if there is a fair division of the product.

*The social force in which I am interested * * * springs from the one source of human progress—that each individual shall be given the chance and stimulation for the best with which he has been endowed.*

*Intelligence, character, courage * * * are alone the property of individuals. These do not lie in agreements, in organizations, in institutions, in masses or in groups.*

Production both of mind and hand rests upon impulses in each individual.

No civilization could be built or can endure solely upon the groundwork of unrestrained and intelligent self-interest.

The day has not arrived when any economic or social system will function and last if founded upon altruism alone.

The will-o'-the-wisp of autocracy in any form is that it supposes that the Good Lord endows a special few with all the divine attributes.

We in America have had too much experience of life to fool ourselves into pretending that all men are equal in ability, in character, in intelligence, in ambition.

The pioneers of our American individualism had the good sense not to reward Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton with hereditary dukedoms and fixtures in landed estates as Great Britain rewarded Marlborough and Nelson.

Of the twelve men comprising the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, nine have earned their way in life without economic inheritanec and eight of them started with manual labor.

*Progress is almost solely dependent upon the creative minds of those individuals with imaginative and administrative intelligence. * * * No race possesses more than a small percentage of those minds in a single generation. * * * They can rise solely through the selection that comes from the free-running mills of competition. * * * They must be given the attraction of premiums to effort. * * * It is the individual alone who can function in the world of intellect and in the field of leadership.*

Leadership can not, no matter how brilliant, carry progress far ahead of the average of the mass of individual units.

*Ideas that lead to progress are born out of the womb of the individual mind. * * * The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own with which it can plan.*

I have made these excerpts not quite at random. They represent by no means its full scope, but only suggest the character of a book that is appropriately inscribed "A Timely Message to the American People." I recommend to every man and woman who has the slightest interest in serious things to read this book—not only to read it, but to reread it and to study it. I further recommend to every man who wishes to aid his fellow-citizens to comprehend the meaning of American individualism to buy this book in wholesale quantities, sending copy by copy to his friends, his neighbors, or his employees. This may read a bit like an advertisement, but I make no charge for it. Mr. Hoover's book may be had—as I read the publisher's announcement—for one dollar per copy. It is worth a hundred times the price.

Secretary Fall of the Interior Department is expected to retire in March. [Since this writing official announcement of Mr. Fall's resignation has been made.] He has excellent reasons of an entirely private character, since the past two or three years have dealt harshly with his private fortunes. At one time a presumptive millionaire, he is now—due to decline of interests with which he is associated—struggling to save a remnant of his former wealth. But serious as things are with Mr. Fall, his reasons for retiring from the Cabinet are quite aside from his private fortunes. The truth is that he has not been treated well. He has tried to remedy conditions that conspire to make confusion and waste in the conduct of affairs within the scope of his official responsibility and he has failed. One of his main efforts has been to bring the several agencies having to do with the administration of public lands under unified

jurisdiction. The project is one approved by all practical authorities, but it runs counter to the notions—and the interest—of the professional conservators, led by Gifford Pinchot, and they have beaten it. They are not willing to give up the rich graft afforded by the existing over-costly machinery of forest administration and have thus far been able to have their way. Fall ought to have been supported by the President, but he (the President) has been so engrossed in other matters, and so beset by the Pinchotites, as practically to have neglected Fall and his work. This has been to Mr. Fall a grievous humiliation. Hardly less serious has been his position with respect to oil lands owned by the government in Wyoming. Hit hard by the conservationists in general land matters, he has had to submit his other cheek to the oil profiteers. For plowing a straight course and for enforcing business methods in oil land administration he has been arraigned bitterly; and no comfort has come to him from any source. And so, disillusioned and to a degree disgusted, Mr. Fall is going to quit. He will retire without murmuring, he will make no exhibition of his disappointments or his grievances. But he has been badly treated. And, sad to relate, this is the common fate of Interior Department heads, though Frank Lane contrived to escape it. The business of the department is largely that of determining controversies in which large interests are involved. It has to protect the government against a continuous procession of grafters and, as well, against importunate groups of "idealists." In every case it must, in the nature of things, thwart or disappoint somebody. After every determination of the Secretary, no matter how wisely made, there rises a howl of rage. Truly the Secretaryship of the Interior is a thankless job—of all the great executive posts least desirable.

Last week I spoke of circumstances suggestive of a change of heart—or of policy—on the part of Senator Johnson. Day by day in every way our Hiram appears to be getting better and better. In a former letter I noted that he did not get back to Washington in time to attend the La Follette caucus; that his name does not appear in the roster of radical organization; that it is given out that he will support President Harding if the ship subsidy bill shall come to a vote. Another ten days have passed and Senator Johnson still appears to be standing aloof. He has broken all but vituperatively—vituperation comes easy to Hiram—with Senator Borah in his proposal for a general economic conference. In this and in other ways he has done or left undone things making it possible for him to ally himself with the regular Republican group in the Senate. For one, I trust this may come about. Senator Johnson is under a tremendous obligation to the Republican party. In his recent campaign for reëlection his appeal was made in its name. If he did not in precise terms pledge himself to support of Republican policies, his pledge to that effect was none the less morally binding. In times past moral obligations have meant little to Mr. Johnson. His record in state politics does not identify him as a man of scrupulous standards. He is essentially a man of policy—one who does not move in any particular direction until he has held a moistened finger in the air. Despite his great majority in the late election, he must be conscious of the fact that in so far as his strength rests upon organization in California his vogue is on the wane. With an avowed political enemy—and a professional economist—in the governor's chair at Sacramento his machine can not be maintained. His best chance lies, not in his old game of organization supported by the state treasury, but in recommending himself to the electorate by devotion to the political motives to which it is most attached. And California being an overwhelmingly Republican state, it behooves Senator Johnson to get himself back into the Republican party, not only nominally, but actually. Political memories are short, and if now Mr. Johnson will turn his very considerable talents to party account—to where in common morals they belong—he will find welcome and ultimate forgiveness. Mr. Johnson is by no means a great man. He lacks solidity of mind and character. He is not a learned man. He is not an experienced man in the affairs of the world. The range of his ideas is limited. His mental, moral, and spiritual home is still Sacramento. But he has gifts of a considerable order with a temperament that wins friendship and coöperation. If he will renew his allegiance to the Republican party he may have a notable and useful future. But if he shall elect to stand among the chronic objectors and malcontents of his recent association there is nothing worth while for him in senatorial life; and he would do well to get out of it before coming to an age when his future will be behind him, so to speak. A man of grouches ultimately becomes an offense, a nuisance, and a stench. La Follette of Wisconsin has already reached the last stage, and Borah of Idaho—for all his really great ability and his personally high character—is on the road to the same unhappy bourn.

One quickly discovers on Capitol Hill that while the Republicans have majorities in both branches of Congress the Democrats have more skillful and more potent floor leaders. Explanation lies possibly in differences between the Northern and the Southern temperament. The Democratic leader of the Senate, Mr. Underwood, is in an intellectual sense probably no abler than Mr. Lodge, the Republican leader, and he has hardly a tithe of Lodge's artificial culture. But when it comes to leading other men he can give the cold-nosed gentleman from Massachusetts cards and spades. There is about the man an atmosphere of genuineness, a spirit of conviction, something both of mind and heart that makes men accept his views and coöperate with him. The situation as to leadership is even more marked in the House of Represenattives. Neither Speaker Gillette nor Floor Leader Mondell has the first essential quality of leadership. Both are intelligent, each thinks readily on his feet, both are fluent, but in neither is there the quality either of appeal or of driving force. On the Democratic side there are a dozen men who could come before a strange crowd and win coöperation as against either Gillette or Mondell. All this gives to the Democrats, albeit in the minority, a tremendous advantage at the point of floor tactics. And in the coming Congress with its narrower Republican margins this advantage will be all the greater. In either House it will be entirely practicable for the Democratic minority to hold up any project of legislation that may run counter to its interest or its whim. Practically neither party will have a workable lead after March 4th. This consideration is possibly in President Harding's mind and back of his effort to so get on with legislation before March 4th as to make it unnecessary to call the new Congress together prior to December.

Belatedly it has come to be borne in on the Democratic mind that it lost several distinct points on the score of traditional party principle in consenting to the Eighteenth Amendment and certain other acts tending to put the state governments into the discard. At Washington one hears many suggestions of a coming revival of the old state rights enthusiasm. There is fear, especially in the minds of Southern statesmen, that with another turn of the wheel state boundaries will become as meaningless as county lines are now. It is mainly in connection with proposals to prohibit tax-exempt securities that one hears this kind of talk. The states now are able to raise money at low interest rates for a thousand-and-one domestic purposes by issuing tax-exempt bonds. Under the Constitution they have right to do this. Take away the right to define what within its jurisdiction may or may not be taxed, and what would left of state as distinct from Federal authority? Assuredly, not much. The fact that a fatal sacrifice of authority was made in the rush to put the Eighteenth Amendment through is coming to be understood—and resented. Especially the South, which has traditionally regarded itself custodian of the principle of limitations upon Federal authority, is getting wrought up about the matter. Despite its subtle appeal to sentiment I don't believe that any proposal nullifying the right of a state to issue tax-exempt securities can be put over. And I shall be surprised if within the next few years any measure tending further to impinge upon the reserved rights of the states shall find hospitable treatment at the hands of Congress.

The latest recruit to the group of professional "Lincolns" in public life is Iowa's new senator, Mr. Brookhart. He is a gaunt gentleman of ultra-rustic affectations who in his home state has made a trade of fashioning his personal style in imitation of "old Abe." The resemblance consists in a studied affectation of the peculiarities of which Lincoln for the most part ridded himself as he advanced from rustic boyhood to the lonely status of the world's outstanding statesman. Brookhart, while posing as a Republican and elected under that name, is a rank type of radical. His campaign pledge to the Iowa farmers—and all Iowans are farmers in one degree or another—was that of reconstructing the government upon a pattern that would socialize everything excepting the farmer's individual interest. So positive was his programme that during his campaign and following his election something like real alarm was felt in the councils of conservatism. Here, it was thought, is a man of rank socialistic principles, of apparent dynamic power, who is in the way of challenging all things established and respected. But it turns out that this creature of high apparent potentialities is just a little bit of a demagogue after all. His performance falls short of the brag. He was expected to signalize his entry into senatorial life by a loud espousal of radical causes. Everybody looked to see him jump into the arena booted, spurred, and hot with wrath. He does none of these things. Up to date his main contribution to the legislative programme is a bill permitting all of the officials and employees of the government to buy their groceries from the commissary stores maintained by the army, on the theory that this adventure in socialistic merchandising would be helpful to the quartermaster's department in enabling it to buy in larger quantities. The proposal, while typically socialistic, is inconsequential. It has aroused nothing but smiles on Capitol Hill. But one may easily imagine the response from the merchants of Washington. Brookhart's proposition would of course destroy private merchandising in the capital city and send the majority of the population to the government's stores to purchase their supplies at cost price. It has, of course, not the slightest chance of becoming a law.

The health of the President's wife is still a matter of universal solicitude at Washington. While the acute condition of some time back has passed Mrs. Harding is still a sick woman. There is hope that she may so far recover as to be able to resume activities of her first year and a half at the White House, but this is questionable. It is an open secret that she has long been far from well, and there is general feeling that a quieter regimen than that which preceded her illness will be necessary for her in future. The President, while obviously an overworked man, carries himself well. But two years in the White House have taken a good deal out of him. He is distinctly older in appearance, soberer in manner, than in other days. His personal popularity with all and sundry at Washington continues. Everybody—including those politically opposed—likes him. And it could hardly be otherwise in the case of a man in whom kindness is instinctive and in whom quiet courtesy is unfailing. There is something about Mr. Harding that appeals to the higher range of one's sympathies. He is so obviously a modest man, so notably forthright, so genuinely anxious to use the powers of his office to wise and right ends that nobody can come in contact with him without feeling for him an active good will. A. H.

Mr. Seavey's Appointment.

Almost on the eve of quitting office Governor Stephens announces the appointment of Mr. Clyde L. Seavey, among others, to the state railroad commission. It has been said, and therefore supposed by somebody, that Mr. Seavey is qualified for the position because he is a political economist. And it would be a good qualification—one of the best.

Mr. Seavey was a member of the state board of control, an ingenious device adopted by Senator Johnson when he was governor as the main cog in his political machine. That was a position from which the incumbent could learn and undoubtedly did learn a great deal about the business, and politics, of California—but it would not of itself make the incumbent a political economist. He afterward became the city manager of Sacramento, in one of those seizures of political fashion that come upon us about once in ten years, and in response to which we make that sort of progress some philosopher has defined as substituting one nuisance for another. As a city manager Mr. Seavey appears to have done well. There has been no question of his integrity, and under his management Sacramento seems to have improved. But neither would that make him a political economist—it would merely show that he probably had the makings of a pretty good sort of bureaucrat, if there were any such animal. And as a matter of fact, instead of making Mr. Seavey a political economist, it appears to have

had just the opposite effect and to have made him a state socialist, if he was not already one.

A political economist would be of the greatest value on the state railroad commission. A socialist would not. To this body, with dictatorial powers over the hydro-electric companies among others, it is proposed to appoint, if reports are true, a man that labored for the passage of the Water and Power Amendment to the Constitution. Our inference that Mr. Seavey is a socialist is based largely on his advocacy of this amendment. It was state socialism. It would have been, had it passed, the greatest commitment to communism ever entered upon by any American state. Its vices have been sufficiently discussed. It is now pertinent to point out that it had in California the advocacy of such soapbox agitators as Walter Thomas Mills, and of the local organization of the Non-Partisan League, which has by its bolshevist policies brought North Dakota to the brink of chaos. Your political classification is not a matter of what you claim, but of what you do. Mr. Seavey made speeches for the amendment and advocated it in debate, and his name occupied a conspicuous place on the literature put out as part of the propaganda of this particular form of ruin. Thus a defeated governor appoints the advocate of a rejected measure to one of the most critical and responsible positions in the political organization of the state. If the people of California want socialism in the railroad commission, if they want the industries of their state to come under the influence of doctrines approved by the Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, then this appointment will conform to their desires. Otherwise not.

The Hub of the Future.

The president of the American Library Association, George B. Utley, who must as much as any one have his finger on the public reading pulse, has delivered himself of the dictum that whereas the East prefers naughty books, the West has a penchant for constructive reading—which, we take it, naughty literature isn't—and for good outdoor, open-air stuff. The library pundit, who incidentally is not a Western man, albeit hailing most recently from Chicago and doubtless including the Middle West among his regenerate "great open spaces," further says that "the West is now the hub of the universe as regards literature." Examination of the facts from our own meagre observation hardly corroborates the statement, though Mr. Utley's sweeping epithet, "the West," defies exact interpretation. Does he mean the Middle West, the old West, or the country that is geographically west of the Mississippi? We suspect that as a Chicagoan he was speaking for the great open spaces of the Middle West rather than for our more restricted—and more cosmopolite—Pacific Coast. But in either case, though the East may be passé, literarily speaking, the West has not yet arrived. Neither the Middle West nor the Coast can scarcely call itself the hub of the universe on the strength of having produced such best sellers as Sherwood Anderson or Harold Bell Wright, who is incidentally from New York, but who seems best to typify the antithesis of naughtiness.

As for the reading end of it, we shall have to take the A. L. A.'s president's word for it that the East prefers wicked books even more than the West does. We had thought human nature pretty much the same on that score with the general understanding that the stuff was produced on the continent and in the Middle West and sold wherever a white reading public flourishes on vicarious evil. But Mr. Utley assures us that it is different in the West, where the great open spaces demand a different literary sustenance than that consumed in the effete East. Another point: we should like to know how Mr. Utley arrived at his statistics. Our country, partly because of its great open spaces, is in a constant state of flux, East mingling with West.. Are we to assume from Mr. Utley's statement that geographic environment does the trick and that the individual reader inevitably adjusts his literary diet to suit his shifting geographic status? It is true that older civilizations tend to read and produce decadent literature, familiarly known as risqué or naughty. But we had not realized that there was such a yawning schism. From the cultural viewpoint our country is pretty well mixed up, with New Yorkers writing of the sagebrush and San Franciscans of any part of the effete East they know little enough of to write about freely. And as for the reading public, such an extremely effete Easterner as Mrs. Wharton does very well indeed in her Pacific Coast sales, and we are under the impression that our adopted son, H. B. Wright, enjoys a considerable vogue east of the Alleghenies.

Seriously, however, it is our own impression that many more people do read in the West and on the Coast than in the East, where it is more or less of a class and highbrow mark of taste. Here every one reads, from the stable boy who sits up half the night to read "Right Royal" to the bank president who eagerly lies in wait for literary criticism. Street-cars full of working people poring over books, constructive or otherwise, are commoner here than at the East. That is one of the marks of a new country and the explanation is undoubtedly that people have more time for literature, as their other pursuits are fewer and the artificial demands on them less than in a more over-civilized region. Meanwhile, let us devoutly hope that the literary darkness both in East and West connotes the dawn of an American renaissance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From a Chinese Who Thinks and Writes Like An American.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* Your editorial note appearing in the issue of the 9th, commenting on the movement now going on in this city to raise fifty thousand dollars which you alleged to be used for the purpose of Christianizing the local Chinese population, should not be permitted to pass without answer. You are absolutely wrong in your premises and deduction, unjust to the movement and to the Chinese Christians.

Now, in the first place, the fifty thousand dollars expected to be raised is not for the purpose "of converting the local Chinese population to Christianity"; whatever effort is made at converting the Chinese is left entirely to the activity of the nine Chinese churches, both Catholic and Protestant, and they are succeeding with gratifying results, too, but it is to be used in helping the local Chinese Y. M. C. A. to put up its building, modern and adequate to its needs. This building is to be erected on the ground the Chinese had bought and paid for. The Chinese have already raised more than twenty-five thousands among themselves toward the building fund.

The purpose of our Chinese Y. M. C. A. is not primarily to "convert our local Chinese population to Christianity," but to surround the ever-increasing number of the younger generation of native-born Chinese, citizens of this great republic, with proper influences and environment, to train and mold them physically, mentally, morally and spiritually to be good and loyal citizens to fit them to fulfill their duties as such to this their native country.

The Y. M. C. A. is one of the greatest agencies for this work. The Chinese people recognize this need and the good influence of this organization, and they are supporting this movement generously, irrespective of religious affiliation.

In the second place, your reference to the Christianized Chinese is wrong and unjust. It is indeed remarkable that you doubt the existence of such "creatures" as Christianized Chinese. A Christian Chinese is no longer a curiosity or monstrosity, his number is now legion. In China there are more than a million Roman Catholics and half a million Protestants; they are not all converts either, for among their number many are the third and fourth generation of early converts. Many of them occupy high places in the employ of the government. There are several Christians in the cabinet, the acting premier is an active Christian and a strong Y. M. C. A. supporter; several members in the constitution draft committee are devout Christians.

In San Francisco's Chinese colony the Chinese Christian element is quite important. There are nine Chinese churches, and more than 10 per cent. of the Chinese population is Chirstian. I believe this proportion is larger than among the American people. More than 25 per cent. of the Chinese children attend Sunday-schools. I am one of those Christianized "creatures" and have been for more than forty years, yet the fact of my being Christianized did not separate me from my own "people, their instincts, their tradition, their history, their mode of thinking," but it did make me a loyal Chinese and a hundred per cent. American, and it has not denied me a place in any social order; indeed, on the other hand, I find the door wide open to me in all circles.

The conversion of a Chinese from a non-Christian cult to a Christian faith does not make a different being of him, socially, politically, or commercially, but only religiously and morally. In religious matters the Chinese are sane and liberal; they have no such religious antagonism and hatred and fanaticism as that which blackened the pages of European history. In China today Catholics, Protestants, Confucianists, Taoists, Buddhists, Jews and Mohammedans live in peace side by side.

The Christian and non-Christian Chinese in this colony cooperate heartily and intimately in all undertakings for the betterment of the condition of the Chinese here. Christianity is a world religion and is intended by its founder for all humanity; European people have no valid claim to the monopoly of it.

But let me return to the fifty-thousand-dollar drive before I close. You now understand thoroughly, I believe, the purpose for which this sum is being raised—to provide proper environment, instruction, physical culture, games and swimming pool and dormitory, to train and mold the ever-increasing number of California native-born Chinese, to be good and loyal and patriotic citizens of this great American commonwealth, to help make this country indeed the melting-pot, to turn the divers races into one grand and great people with one aim and one purpose—the upholding of the democratic principle of government upon which this greatest of republics is founded.

Such a movement is surely entitled to the sympathy and generous support of all far-seeing and public-spirited people. I know that the *Argonaut* heartily endorses all such activities, therefore please let us extend to the *Argonaut* the privilege and pleasure to participate in this drive. We shall deeply appreciate a fat check from you to this fund. Thanking you in advance, I am, Yours truly, NG POON CHEW,
Editor the *Chung Sai Yat Po*, the Chinese Daily Newspaper.

The world's record for speed among passenger vessels is now held by the White Star liner *Olympic*. On a recent passage from New York to Cherbourg she maintained for several hours a speed of 27.81 knots. The best previous performance was 27.5 knots, logged by the *Mauretania*.

CAPITALISM AND RUSSIA.

Private Industry is Growing Up in Small Units Where the Soviets Once Destroyed It.

A phase of Russian progress recently described to the writer by an expert of Russian affairs is the return of capitalism in the small communities and among the peasants now tilling their own lands. It has its lesson for those whose high endeavor it is to correct the troubles of the world, but I doubt if all can learn it. It is a slow and painful struggle, a rebirth of individualism under the continuance of the Terror set in motion to destroy it so completely that not even its seeds should remain in Russian soil. It is taking place in spite of the Soviet régime, and with no help whatever from the pedantic bunglers now professing to lead the "retreat from communism." It exhibits industrial organization starting from a standstill, and if it continues it will reorganize civilized government in Russia, provide those legal securities for person, property, and contracts which Mr. Hoover warns Americans are now lacking, and in the fullness of time bring Russia back to the status of a nation among the nations, instead of a truculent and incendiary beggar at the back door. By a perfectly natural growth, Russia may thus return to the capitalistic-individualistic system, and the world may witness in the present day certain political and economic phenomena that must have occurred in the past, but for knowledge of which we are dependent on vestige and analogy as the anthropologists or paleontologists are who reconstruct Cro-Magnon man from a fragment of his skull.

Historians have as a rule confined themselves too much to political facts and given us too few of the economic. In this they reflect the stupid contempt the mediæval nobility and perhaps the mediæval universities had for business. We have been fed rather full on the "glory that was Greece," without having had it explained to us that it rested on capitalism. The classic examples would have been better for us had they been better understood. It has recently been said that the governments of ancient Greece were instituted to protect commerce—and that is more consistent with what we know of Greek sagacity, and Greek commercial enterprise, and Greek solvency, and Attic happiness, than the theory that they just grew from nothing, or were set up to enable Ictinus to build the Parthenon or Demosthenes to make a speech. The classic Greeks saw no merit in poverty. In fact they so extremely abhorred it that many of the great Grecian generals were willing to sell out to the Persians any time the bid looked good. They were a great and mercenary people. That Grecian urn to which Keats wrote his imperishable ode was turned by the potter and decorated by the painter for profit; exactly as a common American or English or French manufacturer would turn out something to sell today; and exactly for the same reason Thackeray said he wrote books; and if the potter and the painter were slaves, it does not greatly alter the capitalistic aspect of the transaction, for those slaves had to be fed and clothed by capital, and sheltered by it from the sharp Ægean winds while they worked. It was in the same mercenary spirit that the island of Rhodes became a huge sculpture factory—to sell wealthy Romans such things as the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvidere, and perhaps the Farnese Bull. And thus Roman capitalism, working through Greek commercialism, evoked the highest artistic powers of men. Today the bolshevists will tell you socialism is the only thing that will ever encourage art; and they will show you some Russian toe dancers to prove it.

That would be in Moscow. But whether folks need art or not—and sometimes I think they do not need it half so much as our artists, functioning thus as business men, would have us believe—whether folks need art or not, they need leather, and lumber and window-glass and mowing machines, and nails and clothing and furniture—beds to sleep in, and a square meal in the morning, and another about noon, and a hearty supper at night, and lights, and a little something to eat just before going to sleep. They need more than anybody can think of in a summer's day. Some say they even need tobacco. They consume and wear out and break these things, which have to be replaced, so that the supplies must be continuous, and inconceivable in quantity. And nothing has ever been found sufficiently universal and sufficiently dynamic to supply them in the volume required except the aggregate of individual enterprise working in the hope of private gain.

Altruism is a beautiful thing. Benevolence is admirable. Idealism is lovely. Unselfish sentiments are noble. Heroic deeds are grand. Devotion to our fellows, however manifested, is lofty and inspiring, and dignifies life and makes it really worth the living. Such impulses ought to be cultivated and encouraged. They are the attributes of culture, Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish, Confucian, Buddhistic. But all put together they wouldn't produce enough material wealth to buy this nation's rubber heels. To attempt to abolish capitalism, and reorganize society without the sordid greed of men, is to assure people of a ravenous appetite and not much else. That was what was done in Russia.

and it is what some persons would like to see attempted in this country. And such persons are increasing in numbers, and in assurance, and they talk down to common folks with the patronizing condescension of a lot of faith healers or Couéists who have discovered the only real simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle truth about this distracted world and the poor dupes of capitalism that inhabit it. They extend their propaganda daily. Their logic is rather effective if you will let them make their own major and minor premises; and they will explain Russia by telling you it was "not sufficiently advanced industrially for the communistic venture; now in this country it would work." But they fail in any way to understand what freedom of individual initiative means to the race, or what its suppression would involve.

Russia was not very far advanced industrially, it is true, and for that reason a return to the primitive, which communism is, should have been easier there than anywhere else in the world, except in some tropical island where communism is natural because nobody needs anything much—no food except what they can knock off the trees or pull out of the water, no houses in particular, and no clothes to speak of. If we accept the distinction between agricultural and industrial—a distinction that has no fundamental significance, but to which the socialists tenaciously cling—Russia was about 90 per cent. agrarian, and 10 per cent. industrial. The soviet régime ruined the 10 per cent., and a good part of the 90 per cent., and thoroughly disorganized the rest. In the 10 per cent. the factories were seized and turned over to the workers, who instead of working stood about the shop all day elucidating new theories about their altered condition and wonderful prospects while the machinery went to pot and the roof fell in, until labor had to be drafted and prodded with bayonets into doing what it could in the tumble-down factories and with all those parts missing from the rusty machines, for which nobody knew where to look. The transportation systems went to ruin, confiscation discouraged agriculture even when the peasants were given their land and told to work it on their own hook, and the whole world knows how Russia had to be fed from without, from the resources of hated capitalism—and altogether it is such a dismal old story now that the reader must have been pretty patient to read this far. But the economic rebuilding of Russia seems to be on the way. It is not from without, nor through Wrangel's nor Denikine's nor Semenoff's armies, but by the rebirth of capitalism in Russia itself. Russia is beginning to discover what the sane part of the world has always known—that the great mass of men will, primarily, work only for themselves and their families, and the result of their work for themselves and families is what feeds society and keeps it going. What the altruists accomplish in comparison is about like throwing a bucket of water into the ocean.

The vast vitality of capitalism arises from the fact that it is the only thing that will satisfy human requirements. It is not beautiful, any more than a locomotive, but it works. And it has to be regulated. If you let it alone, it will commit murder. It will fit out pirate ships to raid its own commerce. It will force government to grant it letters of marque in the form of special economic privileges, to prey on the whole consuming public. No, it is not beautiful. As for capitalists themselves, I have worked for them a great many years and have not found many that were even interesting. Capitalism has some ugly manifestations. It is today, under the evil stimulus of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, manifesting itself in bootlegging, high-jacking, and that newest and oldest of commercial enterprises, piracy on the high seas, now practiced by stopping the golden galleons of the bootleggers along the Jersey coast and looting them of their Bacchanalian freight. Such is unregulated capitalism. But nevertheless it has produced, or has made possible the production of, about all we have that we call civilization—as distinguished from intellectual and ethical culture. If it has not produced in this country the toe dancers of the Moscow theatre, that is because it recognizes such art as bunc. When it is honest, and almost all of it is honest today, largely because the honest merchant survived in competition with the dishonest, it is the most honorable pursuit in which men can engage. Men like Charlie Bentley are the real knights and dragon killers of the modern world. In serving themselves effectively they serve the needs of men, and push back the limits of poverty as far as the birth-rate will let them.

The station Russia has now reached upon her *via dolorosa* is showing the world that capitalism is a natural growth, as natural as a forest, and with more vitality; for it is possible to extirpate a forest, so that it will never grow again, but capitalism is so natural and so necessary a manifestation of the character of man that even after Lenine destroyed it, or thought he had, and the firing squads of the Cheka had almost exterminated the capitalistic class in Russia, it comes back, and in all essentials as it was before. It is going to be ju t as rapacious and just as serviceable, just as sordid in its aims and just as wonderful in its results, just as hard to get along with and just as impossible to get along without. It is, in its several forms, the one thing that makes this old world habitable for most of the billions now riding around on it. The Russians are learning it. But our own socialists can not, because they can not try the hungry experiment of doing without it. They will continue to eat in capitalized restaurants and supply themselves, by means of the money some capitalist pays them, with capitalistically produced boots and shirts and coats and vests and trousers, and curse the capitalistic system till they die. And there's no use trying to talk them out of it because they have a monopoly of all the information related to the subject. War is hell and so is peace. But you have to stand it.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

Eileen Aroon.

When like the early rose,
Eileen Aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen Aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?—
Eileen Aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,
Eileen Aroon!
Is it the timid sigh,
Eileen Aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the string'd harp's moan?
O, it is truth alone,—
Eileen Aroon!

When like the rising day,
Eileen Aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen Aroon!
What makes his dawning glow,
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know:—
Eileen Aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen Aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen Aroon!
Far in that valley's shade
I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,—
Eileen Aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen Aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen Aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,—
Eileen Aroon!

Were she no longer true,
Eileen Aroon!
What should her lover do?
Eileen Aroon!
Fly with his broken chain
Far o'er the sounding main,
Never to love again,—
Eileen Aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen Aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen Aroon!
Castles are sack'd in war,
Chieftains are scatter'd far,
Truth is a fixèd star,—
Eileen Aroon!

—*Gerald Griffin.*

Brahma

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanish'd gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Under the title "Living Without Thinking," Professor George Santayana thus pays his respects in the *Forum* to Behaviorism: "I foresee a behaviorist millennium; countless milions of walking automatons, each armed with his radio, will cross and recross a universal telephone exchange, all jabbering as they have been trained to jabber, never interfering with one another, always smiling, with their glands all functioning perfectly (which *is* happiness) and all living to a sunny old age, when instead of vocal behavior before one another, or sub-vocal arithmetic at a desk, they will separately indulge in pedal behavior before a pianola, or will typewrite, at the vertiginous rate of lifelong experts, pages and pages of short lines (which *are* poetry). Truly a wonderful exhibition, which for all I know might last forever. But alas! I was never brought up to behave, and when I *think* of that exhibition, my ill-regulated language-habit leads me subvocally to add these two syllables: what for?"

The Egyptian government is preparing to offer valuable concessions to American or English capitalists who might wish to avail themselves of an abundance of raw material to establish industries in that country. It is said the government believes Egyptians incapable of developing their country industrially.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Chief Manitou is the chosen emissary of the Pueblo Indians who has gone to Washington to protest to the authorities against legislation which would abolish the reservation in New Mexico and scatter the red men to strange lands.

Representative William S. Ware of Pennsylvania is described as the man with three legislative positions. He is a member of the present Congress, has been re-elected to the Sixty-Eighth Congress, and has been elected to the state senate of Pennsylvania.

Donna Maria Cristina Rossi, a student of Bologna, is the leader of the Fascisti women. She and her followers, sympathizers with Mussolini's policy, have adopted a dress that is decidedly reminiscent of the women of the French Revolution.

William J. Locke, whose first novel, "At the Gate of Samaria," was published twenty-seven years ago and who is still going strong with his latest, "The Tale of Triona," is described as being very gentle, dignified, and gray nowadays. Locke specialized in mathematics in his youth, became a schoolmaster, and was later secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects, a post he held long after his success as a writer was established.

Miss Kathryn Howard of Philadelphia is the female billiard champion of the United States.

Sir James Barrie has resigned the rectorship of St. Andrew's University, and Rudyard Kipling has been elected in his place.

Dr. Niels Bohr of Copenhagen, who has just won the Nöbel prize for physics, is at thirty-seven the youngest man ever to receive a Nöbel prize. The award was made for his work in the investigation of atoms.

H. G. Wells is described by a contemporary journalist as being almost shrilly youthful, with a high-pitched voice and vehement temperament. He is a stocky little man wlth a bristiing mustache and a bristling attitude. He is further said to be incredibly industrious, fond of friendship, and a perfect host.

Fraulein Gretel Steiff, whose work will last, though perhaps anonymously, longer than that of many statesmen and potentates of today, has just died. This German woman was the inventor of the Teddy bear, which will go down in history with Rose O'Neill's kewpies and the Billikens and Brownies of an earlier day.

Congressman Frederick N. Zihlman of Maryland is an example in real life of the favorite theme of boys' books—from newsie to President. Only, Mr. Zihlman began life as a glassblower and is now a member of Congress. The major part of the interim was filled with the real estate and insurance business. He has been a member of the Sixty-Fifth to Sixty-Seventh Congresses.

Lord Marcus De La Poer Beresford, one of the best judges of horses in the British Isles, and manager of the late King Edward's training stables, died recently in London. Lord Marcus was a member of the famous Irish family of Beresford and one of the most prominent men in the turf world. Beresford was an aide-de-camp to the lord lieutenant of Ireland from 1874 to 1876, and it was as a friend and adviser of Edward VII that he was perhaps best known.

Stanley Baldwin, who is coming to this country to discuss the debt-funding question, is Bonar Law's right-hand man both in and out of Parliament. He is, in fact, to the Conservative leader what Mr. Law, himself, was to Lloyd George before and after the armistice. Mr. Baldwin, who has been in daily conference with his chief since the conference of the premiers, will be able, it is said, to present Bonar Law's views as ably as the premier himself. Previous to his appointment as chancellor in the new Conservative cabinet, Stanley Baldwin was president of the Board of Trade.

One of the picturesque figures that the fortunes of war and peace have created in Europe is that of Mrs. Horthy, wife of the Hungarian regent, and daughter of a farmer of Arad, which, since the peace treaty, belongs to Roumania. Magda Purgely was a handsome and ambitious girl who married above her, as the phrase goes, Nicholas Horthy, a young Hungarian officer. The Horthys were stationed at Pola, the Hungarian military harbor near Trieste, until after the war, when Pola went to the Italians, and the Horthys withdrew to Budapest, where they stayed till Admiral Horthy went to Szegedin to organize the White Army against Bela Kun, bolshevist dictator of Hungary. Horthy consistently fought the socialist régime, and when his efforts were successful in bringing down the soviet government he was made temporary regent, which he remains to this day. But though Hungary is a kingdom and the former admiral has ruled his country with almost unlimited power for three years, his wife is just Mrs. Horthy and has not even the prestige of the wife of a republican president. By remarkable tact the regent's wife has kept in the background of Hungarian society and has escaped opprobrium, but she is coming more and more to the front as the head of the state relief action, which is said to be the most pretentious piece of state organization ever undertaken in Hungary. The Horthy régime may yet be known for the statecraft of Mrs. Horthy.

A PLATONIC ELIZABETH.

An American Historian Deduces the Chastity of the Great Queen From Medical and Other Sonrces

These be sad and skeptical days. Our most cherished beliefs are challenged hourly, and the foundations of faith are cracking. (Brother Bryan thinks it is owing to that so wicked evolution, and wants it abolished by law.) And now amid this rocking and tottering of the moral fabric steps forward an American lawyer with a brief that seeks to deprive us of our last assurance of the profligacy of Queen Elizabeth. It appears we are to be robbed of one of the most toothsome scandals of history.

How many have found a furtive satisfaction in the thought that the Virgin Queen had a procession of lovers in which marched Leicester, Essex, Raleigh and Hatton? So many, and so long, that it is become an article of faith, and to deny it now is like a sacrilege. It affronts tradition. It insults the integrity of history and makes our settled understanding of the character of the Great Queen a sort of bootleg belief no longer tenable in good society. And that affects the credit of all annals; for if Elizabeth lived a virgin, what is there left on which anybody can continue to rely? Can we believe in the existence of Napoleon, once questioned by a great logician? Are we sure that Alexander ever crossed the Granicus or Cæsar the Rubicon?

But with stalwart elbow and an indefatigable talent of research, the American, Frederick Chamberlin, does for Elizabeth what a long-belated justice may do, and more than any Englishman has done. He makes out a strong case for her chastity. It cost him years of investigation and the help of several renowned physicians to deduce a physical condition that precluded any sex interest in men on the part of England's greatest woman. And no matter what the reader's decision may be after reading the book, he can not but admire the patient industry and the lawyer-like acuteness it exemplifies. And perhaps he will be convinced.

The matter of a queen's virtue is here so implicated with policy that "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth" becomes a sort of movie of intrigue, political, personal, diplomatic, with the inevitable ecclesiastical trimmings; a series half a century long of affairs of cup and block and axe, of forgeries and piracies, of loyalties and treasons, of conspiracies and betrayals, wherein you are never far from the odor of incense or the ears of the spy behind the arras. People walked on eggs, or they rode down Thames to the Traitors' Gate of the Tower. Men whose heads were safe did not seem satisfied unless they could gamble them against a kingdom. Those were great days, just after England's breach with Rome, when no one could foretell whether that breach was to be securely widened or fatally closed; the days when England passed in one stride from near-vassalage to the leadership of the Western world, elevating with her the pride of English-speaking peoples everywhere. That is a national epic, and through it moves the Great Queen, easily among the foremost empire builders, in Chamberlin's judgment "by far the greatest woman of history; not only the greatest monarch who has ever occupied the throne of England, but with the exceptions of Alexander, Napoleon, and Cæsar, the greatest monarch who has ever occupied any throne." And yet our author rests his case largely on the theory that she was a victim of nervous prostration! If it works that way we are impelled to inquire where we can get some.

In his pictures of the times there is a certain hard and lawyer-like brilliance that supports the logic-chopping, and that makes most enjoyable narration. Probably this passage does no injustice to Henry VIII, and it is in large part relied upon by the author for his conclusion:

> So her father had cast aside Catherine of Aragon, after she had been compelled to see him making love to Anne Boleyn for six or seven years, much of it under the single roof that sheltered the three; she died the next year; two years later he married and divorced within six months Anne of Cleves, espoused Catherine Howard the next fortnight, buried her eighteen months later, and ended by marrying Katherine Parr, whom, apparently, he had also designed to behead—truly a story with no parallel in all the ample page of time.
>
> If it seems so to us who, nearly four hundred years afterward, read of it with no more poignant sensation than that of disgust or derision, what *must* have been the impressions of the daughter of this man who had murdered her *mother?*—a daughter, as somebody has said, not only motherless, but worse than fatherless.
>
> The effect must indeed bave heen tremendous. The shock of it must forever have altered the whole outlook of the child. It must have sobered and saddened Elizabeth all through her youth, and it could not have been long absent from her mind at any time in her after-life. These sad truths undoubtedly played a prominent part among tbe forces which now assailed and beat her down into what is most formative of character, protracted ill-health—with its introspection, its demand on patience, its melancholy, its disillusionment, its discovery of forces beyond human control; to which we may add in the case of Elizabeth a deep sense of shame, of wrong, and of mortification. We may be certain that a child who had such a history could not have been like an average child of average parentage. We are compelled to expect something extraordinary.
>
> As we reflect upon these early trials, and add to them the circumstances of the Seymour Affair, wherein her life, her reputation, her future, her hopes of the throne, hung for months upon a single word from her, we are not surprised that long before her suitor paid with his head for his folly, Elizabeth fell desperately ill. During the succeeding four years, she was, if not continuously, certainly for much of this time, in the most miserable physical and mental condition. There is besides ample evidence that for four or five years more she was subject to frequent recurrences of all its most acute physical symptoms; and then her physique, in its turn, would react upon the brain—a vicious circle that in older people often becomes insupportable.
>
> Elizabeth's illness at this time appears to have been a complete breakdown of nerves and body. There seems little room for doubt that in these days of the early twentieth century we should be told that one so afflicted had, besides pronounced physical illness, nervous prostration—one of the most terrible diseases to which man is exposed.

That hardly amounts to demonstration. "The effect must indeed have been tremendous"; easy to say, but it still leaves the question, *was* it tremendous? "There seems little room for doubt." Yet there is some room for doubt. As to just what effect such experiences actually did have on the forming character of this extraordinary girl, inferences will hardly do. Yet Mr. Chamberlin does not rely on such inferences alone. The question has laid hold on him as one to be tested in every effective way. He makes his reasoned argument from this beginning:

> The chastity of Elizabeth seems to have been the subject of gossip when she was only thirteen years of age, and, while it would appear that no charge was seriously made by any one adequately informed, still we are not at liberty to omit the occurrence, accompanied by a necessary word on her previous history. Further, as the Seymour Affair, as we term it, was the first great turning point of the girl's life, and discovers, as nothing else can in so confined a space, her mind, training, character and the very foundations of her success as a sovereign, the reader will not regret the pages devoted to it—indeed, he can not understand the Great Queen at all if he omit these details.
>
> In the Seymour Affair, fate made Elizabeth the leading character in one of the most daring intrigues ever recorded, with no less than her reputation for personal purity, the throne of England and the very life of herself and the first man she could have loved, for the stakes. We shall look in vain through all the pages of history for the record of so educative an experience in the life of any other girl of thirteen. She was two years older when the headsman put an end to the story, and it had made her from a girl into a woman who knew men, and women, and the world.

The Seymour plot worked itself out to the fall of a Seymour head. Previously Elizabeth extricated herself from an effort of the Protector to ensnare her in a fictitious marriage agreement, by a letter that was a model of craft and discretion. This letter is analyzed by the author into components of precautionary guile that would have done credit to a Venetian ambassador. Her native talent could never be questioned, but where did this girl of tender years obtain the learning to cast that critical and slippery document in a form so nearly classic? Here are her qualifications of scholarship:

> The best teachers in England were Elizabeth's tutors, and the slightest study of their methods demonstrates that there are none today to excel them. Greek, Latin, French, and Italian—the two latter hy those to whom those tongues were native—were mainly taught to Elizabeth by translations from each into English, then back into the original, and then oftentimes from each of the four into the remaining three; a method of study which we have already described as the best ever devised for the development of the thinking and reasoning faculties. The most instructive of the classics were treated in this fashion, and their relative importance explained.
>
> History, astronomy, mathematics, logic, pbilosophy, architecture, music, poetry, were pursued indefatigably, all day long, for she was fascinated by learning; but the particular bent of her mind is shown in the fact that it was her habit to spend at least three hours each day upon history. That was her favorite subject, for was she not to he the queen? She was just as certain of it when reading the reigns of her predecessors as she was during her first serious illness when she adopted the demeanor and dress of a nun—all a part of the play, all a step to regain her lost reputation, all *preparation* for the time which was to come.

As for her later life, and the conditions that might contain the sources of detraction, Chamberlin has this to say:

> We in these days may see something of disgusting intrigues for place. Yet it is nothing to what occurred at the court of Elizabeth, where all the struggle for advancement was concentrated upon one person. By scarcely more than a nod Elizabeth could, and often did, place a man unknown to fame upon the road that, if he proved worthy, would bring him to the highest place in her service.
>
> At times she hestowed these opportunities upon a total stranger. Some among the greatest of her statesmen, soldiers, and sailors were thus selected. The first time she saw Blount—later Earl of Devonshire and Lord Mountjoy—he was a lad of twenty, and she a woman of fifty. "Fail not to come to court, and I will bethink myself of how to doe you good"—such was her offer to him. He developed into one of the greatest men of the age.
>
> Can any one acquainted with the political world bave any doubt as to what the *losers* said of their successful rivals at Elizabeth's court?—or doubt as to what motives would be ascribed to the queen, leading to their discomfiture? If the successful man had the ill-luck to be young *and* good looking, how much more vitriolic and reckless would be the charges!
>
> The disappointed accused Elizabeth of making a man lord chancellor because he danced well; and the quip is still repeated. There have been worse ways of choosing occupants of that once respected office, and there have been very many worse lord chancellors than Hatton. She *could* very likely have selected from a room full of dancing lawyers—they were then obliged to be dancers—whom she had never seen before the man who would best have filled that post. She would never have been tbe Great Queen if she could not have come very near doing it.

This "can any one doubt" deduction is a sort of deduction likely to prove convincing to one already convinced, but the skeptical might be pardoned a poor opinion of a case that rested on it; which, it must be said, this case does not. Here is better testimony:

> We shall now present a piece of evidence which has never been in print, or known, or mentioned, by any historian. It has lain for more than three centuries in the Royal Library of Stockholm, where it may now be seen. It is of the greatest importance because of the man who wrote it, and the circumstances under which it was prepared.
>
> In the winter of 1561 King Erick of Sweden, who had sought Elizabeth's hand while he was yet Crown Prince, renewed his suit which had heen begun by his brother John, Duke of Finland, in 1559, when he spent some six months in London. Regular ambassadors had followed with the same errand, hut, finding their progress ineffective, Erick determined to make a last effort with a bigger man. If he, too, failed the queen should see the northern monarch *in propria persona*. He chose for this most delicate work Nils Gyllenstjerna, whose name usually appears in English state papers as Nicholas Guilderstern, or with slight variations.
>
> He was chancellor of Sweden, one of its most prominent and most experienced statesmen. He it was who horrified the assembled guests at his master's coronation by dropping the crown as he was about to place it upon the new monarch's brow—an omen that did not disappoint those who believed in the terrible fate it portended. In the middle of December, 1560, the chancellor left Sweden, and on the 4th of the following April forwarded to his royal master the letter, part of the last page of which we reproduce. It is all in Latin.
>
> "I saw no signs of an immodest life, but I did see many signs of chastity, of virginity, and of true modesty; so that I would stake my life itself that she is most chaste. She is beautiful and eloquent, and wholly worthy your majesty, in my judgment at least, if there is any in all Europe who is."

That is contemporaneous, and strong. In addition, with tireless labor but perhaps with less cogency, the author has built up from lately discovered sources a whole medical record of Elizabeth, with a graphic chart of her times of illness and of health so depressing that it might have shown Nick Guilderstern or Cyrano de Bergerae or any other proxy of love that she was totally unfit to be a wife.

Viewed from the standpoint of historiography this medical record is a most creditable performance and it is followed by the well-guarded opinions of Sir William Osler, Sir Clifford Allbutt, Alban Doran, J. A. Howard and Sir Arthur Keith. The last said on Chamberlin's facts: "In a medical sense her sexual system was blasted; she had neither the instinct of sweetheart nor mother." Convincing or not, it was an admirable way to attack the subject and reconstruct the material conditions of a life that ended three hundred and twenty years ago.

Elizabeth is often described as a great huntress, which would apparently imply much physical vigor. But only apparently. Chamberlin's description of an Elizabethan hunt, with beaters and toils, would show it as a sedentary occupation, about as exciting as going out in the back yard and shooting the family cow. One subject of supreme historic interest receives the author's attention, and that is the character and services of Leicester, who did not appear to have any good press agent and about whom not enough seems to be generally known or appreciated. Of him Chamberlin says:

> He was sumptuous in his generosity. He founded and endowed a hospital which exists unto this day. When Elizabeth would not pay the troops she had sent him to command in the Low Countries, he took nearly all the money he had in the world (about the equivalent of £100,000 in money of today) and devoted it to that purpose. He offered to pay the expenses of an expedition to Holland. He gave the Low Countries thousands more to keep them going in their life and death struggle with Spain.
>
> Who sent Drake around the world? The war party in Elizabeth's cabinet. Who headed that party for over twenty-five years before it could drive Elizabeth and Burghley into opening a fight on Spain? Leicester was that man. Who provided the money for Drake's voyage? Leicester and the queen were the heaviest contributors. Leicester's party gave the balance. From whom was the knowledge of the coming voyage most carefully kept so that he could not try to frustrate it? Burghley, whose whole efforts were directed to keeping peace with Spain.
>
> Who got the queen at last to make that open break with Spain which even Philip could not afford to take lying down, *i. e.*, the expedition of a great army to Flanders to aid the Protestant rebels? Leicester. It was then that the Spanish ambassador in his rage described him as "the manager of affairs," and Walsingham as his "spirit."
>
> Who above all others was the power that had the execution of Mary Stuart for its object?—one of the most successful strokes of Elizabeth's policy—Leicester—and he was the sole originator of the famous Association (1584) of the nobility and gentry of England sworn to defend Elizabeth's person against the Catholic party's new policy, whose chief principle was the assassination of the Queen of England. To this device of Leicester's Elizabeth probably owed her life. The Association also gave the death-blow to Catholicism as a powerful force in England, for every Catholic could read what lay behind the phrases which bound the best blood of England to "withstand and revenge to the uttermost all such malicious actions . . . and never (to) desist from all manner of forcible pursuit of such persons to the utter destruction of such persons, their counsellors, aiders, and abettors." Camden says flatly that Leicester founded the Association. The language and style of the document itself is almost certainly that of Leicester himself. Burghley never wrote so plain-spoken, ferocious a document in his life. The style and words are different from anything we know him to have penned. Yet Froude ascribes to Burghley not only the forming of the Association, but the very language in which it appears!
>
> Will anybody today question the wisdom or the success of Leicester's view?
>
> Who was the leading Protestant in the queen's counsels?—Leicester. Who was the leading Puritan at her court?—Leicester.
>
> Did Burgbley ever promote any policy except that of continuing to hold that which was already in hand? There are times when that is good statesmanship; and there are other occasions when it is folly. Such a time, for England, was the latter half of the sixteenth century.
>
> The whole world was in a ferment. The old powers were in eclipse. There was only one with its face set toward the sunrise—England. To pursue the Burghley policy was to keep England forever the insignificant country she had always been up to that time.

It would be misleading to minimize the importance of this contribution to history. To those that can not appreciate the great unless they are paragons of virtues unrelated to their greatness, it will be a well-spring of comfort. But even if the case for virtue is proved, the medical chapters, with their implications of aborted sexual life, will leave the sin-hardened wondering how much of what we call morality is only poor health.

THE PRIVATE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Frederick Chamberlin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 30, 1922 (five days), were $125,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $124,100,000; an increase of $1,600,000.

The total bank clearings for the year 1922, ending December 31st were $7,274,000,000; for the year 1921, $6,629,500,000; an increase of $644,500,000.

During recent months the bond market has afforded almost as great speculative possibilities as found in the stock list. Between June 20, 1921, and August 22, 1922, the upturn in the average price of forty bonds, as given by the New York *Times*, amounted to 14.98 points. Since the bigh level was reached there has been a moderate reaction, average prices now being off slightly less than four points. This remarkable advance in bond prices was the outgrowth primarily of the transition from war-time credit conditions to normal credit conditions, says Raymond V. Sykes in *Forbes Magazine*. At their present selling prices, investment bonds have pretty well discounted the improvement in credit conditions, but as business generally is gaining in activity, it is improbable that credit will become any easier or bond prices advance further, at least for the time being.

It is, therefore, in other directions than that of credit influence that one must look for higher bond levels. Highly speculative bonds are excluded from this general statement, as their prices are governed by an increasing or decreasing margin of safety for interest payments and not by a comparison of yields to money rates. There is one class of investment bonds, however, that still possesses pronounced speculative possibilities. This is the convertible issues. Credit conditions play a part up to a certain point, and in the list of convertible bonds suggested here credit conditions have been the only influence so far in determining prices. With affairs improving in each industry represented by these bonds, the privilege to convert the bonds into stock may soon be of considerable value. The bonds may be purchased for investment, their yields at present being comparable to those of other bonds of like rating, but in addition they possess the prospect of considerable appreciation over a moderate period of time, a prospect which non-convertible bonds do not have.

The Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4½s are convertible into common stock at $110 a share on or before February 28, 1923. This means that the comnon stock would have to sell at 89 before the bonds could be purchased at their present prices and profitably turned into stock. It is doubtful if the privilege can be exercised before expiration in view of the setback which Baltimore & Ohio has received on account of the coal miners' and shopmen's strikes. The common should pay a dividend of at least $5 a share to warrant a price of 89 or higher, and while dividends may be resumed early in 1923, a contingency upon which is based the legality of B. & O. bonds in New York State, it does not seem probable that 5 per cent. will be the rate decided upon. It is quite possible, however, that B. & O. common will advance considerably before tbe expiration of the conversion privilege and the convertible 4½s will reflect this, even if it is not profitable to exchange. The bonds are well secured and on their present yield basis are an attractive investment.

The Brooklyn Union Gas convertible 7s may be exchanged for capital stock, dollar for dollar, after November 1, 1924. The capital stock is paying $8 a share and as the two are interchangeable less than two years hence, the market price of the bonds a little later on will follow approximately the market price of the stock. On a 6 per cent. yield basis for the stock the market would reach 133, both bonds and stock. A return of 6 per cent. on Brooklyn Union Gas stock is not at all an improbability in view of its earning power. For the first eight months of 1922 net income was equivalent to $16.66 a share on the stock. During this period the company wiped out over $3,000,000 of bills payable and increased its cash on hand over $7,000,000. The favorable sbowing was due in part to release of about $8,500,000 which had been impounded in connection with the 80-cent gas law, but normally there should be no difficulty in paying $8 a share on the capital stock. The speculative possibilities in the convertible 7s are marked.

The Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s may be exchanged for common stock at $80 a share prior to April 2, 1923. Allowing for the discount at which the bonds are selling, they may be converted profitably at any time C. & O. stock crosses 75. In a strong market it is not out of the way to expect C. & O. to sell above 75, on a 4 per cent. dividend basis; but the probabilities are that the dividend will be increased. Should the stock be placed on a 5 per cent. basis, the bonds could be converted, and the investor's return would be increased from 5.45 per cent. to 6.60 per cent. Chesapeake & Ohio stock on a 5 per cent. basis would also sell considerably above 75, wbich would mean a substantial appreciation in principal to the bondbolders, whether they care to convert or not.

The Chile Copper convertible 6s may be exchanged for common at $35 per share. Because of the 4 per cent. discount at which the bonds may be purchased, the equivalent for the stock is approximately 33⅓, and any advance in the stock across this level will be reflected by an approximately tbree times greater advance in tbe bonds. Tbus, if the stock were to sell at 40, the conversion privilege of the 6s would be reflected by an advance to 115. Chile Copper is in one of the strongest positions occupied by any of the large producers, and an advance in the stock to levels wbich would be of considerable advantage to bondbolders would not be surprising. The copper industry is close to a normal basis in so far as surplus stocks of metal are concerned, and consumption is exceeding that of pre-war years. Productive capacity expanded during the war and this may tend to keep prices for the metal down somewhat, but an upturn of from 2 to 4 cents a pound from present levels is likely. Cbile, because it is a low cost producer, should be able to operate very profitably on any higher prices for copper metal.

The Delaware & Hudson convertible 5s may be exchanged for capital stock at the rate of $1500 principal amount of bonds for ten shares of stock. Making allowance for the premium at which the bonds are now selling, the stock would have to reach 162 before it influenced market prices for the bonds. Delaware & Hudson stock in the past, however, has not only sold above 162, but repeatedly above 200. The road is not making a very impressive showing just at present, but there is no reason to question the ultimate solution of its problems. Meanwhile the convertible 5s may be purchased as a sound investment and before the expiration of the privilege on October 1, 1927, the opportunity may be afforded to convert at a satisfactory profit.

The Laclede Gas Light 7s are convertible into common stock, dollar for dollar. The stock at present prices has no influence on the value of the bonds; but, above 108, both bonds and stock would maintain practically at a level. The company suffered a decrease in earning power during the inflation period, and was forced to suspend dividends in 1920 and 1921. Operating costs have been reduced, and for the first six months of 1922 earnings amounted to $4.32 a share on the common. Dividends have been resumed at an irregular rate, the total disbursement being $5.25 a share since September 15th. It is probable that an annual rate of at least $7 a share will be paid from now on, which was the former rate, together with extra dividends from time to time.

The New York Central convertible 6s are convertible into New York Central stock at 105 prior to May 1, 1925. Allowing for the premium at which the bonds are selling, the stock would have to sell at 114 to make the exchange profitable. As in the case of Chesapeake & Ohio, there is a strong probability of the dividend rate on the stock being increased. If New York Central were placed on a 7 per cent. basis the stock would sell considerably above 114, and the price for the convertible 6s would follow approximately the market for the stock. In the 1909 rail market, New York Central went to 147 on a 5 per cent. dividend.

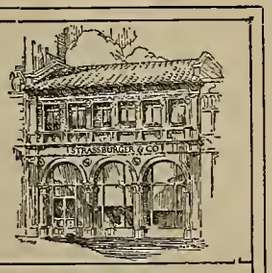
The Wilson & Company convertible 7½s are exchangeable at the ratio of twenty shares for each $1000 bond. At present prices for the bonds, the stock must sell above 55 before its influence is felt. The company suffered severely in 1921 because of inventory depreciation, but earning power is now recovering. Within a reasonable time it is not improbable that the conversion feature will materially offset the market price of the bonds.

To a great class of sound, conservative, substantial people who, fortunately, form a large proportion of the population of the United States, mortgage investments have always made a strong appeal. These people seek safety first of all in their investments, and are willing to sacrifice speculative gains in order to obtain safety. With safety assured, they enjoy seeking and obtaining good bargains in the way of liberal interest returns, for many of these people are good judges of property values, says R. D. Maxwell in *Forbes Magazine*. Sometimes they seem to possess a sort of sixth sense for property values and mortgage investments. Over a long period of years the mortgage investor can show a handsome rate of return on his money by reinvesting his accrued interest.

While individual investors are more and more beginning to appreciate the merits of first mortgage securities, these securities have for many years been favorites with such experienced investors as banks, insurance companies, and other institutions with large sums to lend. These institutions, to which safety is forever the watchword, found that first mortgages offered a safe and profitable form of investment for the vast amounts of other people's money which they had on hand. According to the latest available statistics, banks in all states throughout the United States own more than $3,600,000,000 of first mortgages on real estate. The life insurance companies of the United States, which are recognized to be as sound and stable as any institutions in the world, have more than $2,300,000,000 of their funds invested in first mortgages. The amount owned by life insurance companies is increasing year by year.

Another great investor in first mortgages is the building and loan association. There are more than 8000 such associations in the United States with a total membership numbering more than 4,300,000 persons. The total assets of these associations, constituted almost wholly of first mortgages on real property, now amount to approximately $2,500,000,000. There can be no better indication of the safety and other high investment qualities of first mortgage securities than the fact that these great financial institutions such as banks, insurance companies, and building and loan as-

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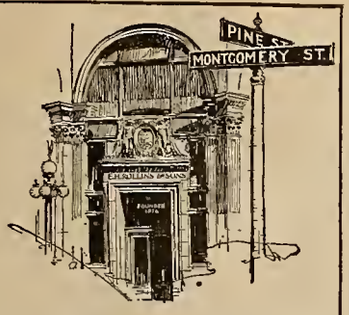


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sociations have placed billions of dollars of their money in first mortgages.

Banks and insurance companies are experienced buyers of mortgages. They employ experts who make careful investigation to prevent investment losses. Today the individual investor is in a position to invest his money in first mortgage securities with equal safety. There are reliable firms of investment bankers who make it their business to select good mortgage paper and sell it to their clients. In many cases the client relies absolutely on the banker's good judgment and honesty. But be sure that the banker is a man or a firm of high integrity and unquestioned ability.

Mortgages have long been popular as investments because the intrinsic soundness of the security was early established, and today mortgages are bought and held by people who would not think of touching anything else. Their rules for testing the investment are simple. The security must be a first mortgage—that is, it must be a first claim on the property, rather than a second mortgage which would only be paid (in case of foreclosure) after the existing first mortgage has been paid. And the loan or mortgage must not exceed 60 to 70 per cent. of the actual value of the property, so that ample protection would be assured in case a forced sale became necessary. Needless to say, until comparatively recent years investing in mortgages by individuals was pretty much restricted to local operations, as each investor would want to be personally familiar with the property involved. He would usually lend in his own community, though now and then when he "took a trip" to another section he would come across a particularly attractive proposition and would make a loan, based on his personal observation.

Mortgages, considered with regard to the kind of property securing them, fall into two main classes: farm mortgages and city real estate mortgages. Mortgages on city real estate range in amount from the $1000 loan on a small residence property to the loan of hundreds of thousands or even millions on large apartment buildings, hotels, and other commercial structures. Mortgages on the latter class, of course, are too large for any individual investor to consider so a plan was evolved of splitting these large loans into smaller parts for distribution to individuals in convenient amounts.

The mortgage of moderate amounts on an individual piece of property usually runs from five to ten years. Bankers who sell these mortgages to individuals usually make it their business to look after all legal and technical details such as appraisal of the property payment of taxes and insurance supervision to prevent deterioration, collection, and remitting of interest and principal, etc. In this way the field of mortgage investment has been widened until the investor in Massachusetts can buy a mortgage on California property three thousand miles away and be perfectly sure of what he is getting provided he deals with the right sort of banker.

The William R. Staats Company is offering a new issue of $500,000 Los Angeles Lumber Products Steamship Company first (closed) mortgage marine equipment 7 per cent. serial gold bonds, due serially December 1, 1924 to 1928. Interest payable without deduction for normal Federal income tax not exceeding 2 per cent.

The Los Angeles Lumber Products Steamship Company was organized on September 15, 1922, for the purpose of owning and operating the three steel lumber schooners, *El Cedro*, *El Abeto*, and *El Cicuta*, purchased from the United States Shipping Board.

These bonds, in the opinion of counsel, will be secured by a first closed mortgage on the three ships mentioned above, having a total deadweight tonnage of approximately 12,600 tons.

On the basis of present replacement figures, and when commissioned, these vessels will be valued, according to an appraisal of Messrs. Pillsbury and Curtis, marine surveyors, at $285,000 each, or a total valuation of $855,000.

The Pacific Coast business of George H. Burr & Co. has been incorporated under the name of George H. Burr, Conrad & Broom, Inc., the change to take place as of January 1, 1923. Mr. Broom has been a partner of the firm with headquarters at Seattle, while Mr. Barnaby Conrad has been a partner residing at San Francisco.

George H. Burr & Co. has been in existence for over a quarter of a century and was one of the pioneers of the paper business on the Pacific Coast. The new corporation, Geo. H. Burr, Conrad & Broom, Inc., has four offices—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland—and their territory covers ten states west of the Rocky Mountains and the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Burr remains as one of the largest individual stockholders in the new corporation and the same reciprocal arrangements which have always existed between their Coast offices and the Eastern offices of George H. Burr & Co. will continue. The new firm will act as Pacific Coast correspondents of the partnership of George H. Burr & Co. and they will act as correspondents in their Eastern offices, namely, New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Scranton, Hartford, Atlanta, Cleveland, Detroit and Pittsburg.

The officers of the new corporation are: George H. Burr of New York, chairman of the boards of directors; Barnaby Conrad of San Francisco, president; W. A. Broom of Seattle, Washington, vice-president; E. D. Hand of San Francisco, treasurer; F. J. Blanchett of Seattle, Washington, secretary.

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The Read-Miller Company, a nationally recognized advertising agency, announces that beginning at once it will be known as the Wm. A. Ingoldsby Company. This change in name is made advisable in order to better typify the organization as it has been for several years past. No change will be made in either the management or staff. Coincident with the change in name the company also announces its removal to more commodious quarters at 632-33-34-35-36 Chamber of Commerce Building, 130 South Broadway, Los Angeles, California. Telephone 820-319.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering $60,000 City of Newport Beach, California, Municipal Improvement District No. 2, 6 per cent. bonds, free from Federal taxes, due serially from October 1, 1923, to October 1, 1952.

Newport is the summer home of a large population, coming from Orange, Riverside, and San Bernardino counties, and also from Los Angeles. It has a permanent resident population of 1500, and the local fisheries are an industry of importance. It is on a branch line of the Southern Pacific from Santa Ana, and on the Pacific Electric Railway, which operates frequent trains. East Newport and Balboa are both embraced in the city limits of Newport Beach. Newport Beach has two banks and two public schools, with grammar and high school grades.

Municipal Improvement District No. 2 embraces the business centre of Newport and a large contiguous area.

The assessed valuation for the city for 1922 is $4,576,555. The community is very prosperous, and the delinquent tax-roll the last two years has not exceeded $2000 per annum.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are interred there.

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RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$11,033,955.92
Other Loans and Discounts	2,304,820.90
State, County and Municipal Bonds	1,626,489.62
Corporation Bonds	2,726,188.74
Real Estate	8,254.76
Furniture and Fixtures	50,000.00
Other Resources	4,894.59
UNITED STATES BONDS AND CERTIFICATES	3,292,514.11
CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS	3,177,222.33
TOTAL	$24,224,340.97

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	425,000.00
Undivided Profits	269,909.15
DEPOSITS	21,969,462.04
Other Liabilities	14,969.78
Dividends Unpaid	45,000.00
TOTAL	$24,224,340.97

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Mater Margot.

When Margot's diaries first exploded in the midst of an already shell-shocked world, and criticism of everything about her was rife, one judicious editor wrote that when all was said and done she had character—that it had been proved by her successful marriage to a widower with four grown and half-grown children, and by her happy relations with them. It was the more discerning of the commentator in question, as that part of Margot's life was not treated in the first installment of the diaries. But we now have the full benefit of it in Volumes III and IV. Not that our sprightly diarist leaves us merely with a likeness of a wise and kindly step-mother—it is rather the genuine article that we are called upon to sympathize with and applaud. Margot, we are told, had a passion for young children from youth. Her own two were the centre of her existence. And though the second installment of the Asquith biographies is largely political in tone, a goodly portion of Volume III is nevertheless given up to Margot's motherhood—a proportion which she says will be forgiven by those who remember Mahomet's saying, "Paradise lies at the feet of mothers." Whether we remember the saying, or not, we are diverted by a pose of our vivacious memoiriste in such contrast to her romping girlhood. Nor are we unique in this reaction. She writes with reference to her début into the married state that those who mistook vitality for frivolity kept a sharp watch on her. She did quite right to outwit them.

However, enough has been said here and elsewhere about Mrs. Asquith's love of revelations. It is doubtless due to vitality rather than frivolity. Very little has been said about her merits or demerits as a writer. The ethics do not include the art of biography. Though it has been generally conceded that she has a facile and graphic pen, one could sometimes wish she were more grammatical. Syntax is not her *forte*. But as every writer knows, it is often easier to be vivid when grammar is ignored. Grammar, which is logic, does not imply wit, which is oftener not. The London *Graphic* points out that whereas Mrs. Asquith has the faults of an amateur writer, she also has the merits of one: freshness and vividness unimpaired by technic. We agree with the *Graphic*. Technic can be overdone, and Margot has refrained from that fault at least. But all carping aside, her book is readable, and though we find Volume III a little too mushy for sound taste, it may not be so for the lovers of Mahomet's saying. And the thumb-nail sketches of noted personalities hover as redly on the text as rouge on a mondaine's cheek. The question remains, how much Margot's vitalic imagination may have colored her impressions of men and events. R. G.

MARGOT ASQUITH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Volumes III and IV. New York: George H. Doran Company; $6.

Support.

Margaret Ashmun belongs to a school of young American writers who put their emphasis on personal experience. Perhaps that is the distinction between American writers and others—we do not trust the imagination so much: *we* are reporters, rather than creators of fictitious life. The supporters of the school of personal experience have strong arguments, certainly. They know whereof they speak, and if their message be rather meagre they can at least assure you it is real. It is a matter of taste or nationality, which is the same thing, whether you prefer rich figments of fancy or drab shreds of reality. Margaret Ashmun prefers the latter and writes "Support" in support of her belief.

The second distinctive quality of Miss Ashmun's work, which always interests us, although on the whole we prefer her last novel, "Topless Towers," to "Support," is her daring choice of theme. We do not mean daring in the sense of challenging either public opinion or official censorship. In fact we might add that a third admirable quality of this writer is her reticence in print. But to return to the second—her daring is in taking topics of such everyday familiarity that haldly stated they do not sound like possible themes at all. They sound threadbare; but evidently they have always sounded threadbare, and have always been eschewed. For Miss Ashmun gets quite an original effect from them. "Topless Towers" was based on female incompatibility—a fact that every person of normal intelligence and observation has justly regarded as fundamental everyday psychology. But most professional observers of life are so engrossed with sex that the subtler animosities between members of the same sex are usually ignored or passed up as not good copy. The basis of "Support" is domestic incompatibility among a family of adult children and their aged parents. That, though one of the most hackneyed of actual experiences, is one of the rarest in fiction. Still it is occasionally called upon for background purposes, but Miss Ashmun draws out its full dramatic possibilities.

We have been praising the school of direct observation and experience, but it has its drawbacks. A discriminating flavor of imagination would be welcome sometimes. In the work of the author under discussion there is too much of the reportorial atmosphere and too much of mere self-translation. The reader not only has the reassurance that Miss Ashmun is sure of everything of which she writes, but that she has done and seen everything thereof—not the highest stamp of creative art. If fiction is art at all, which is often doubtful, it must be creative, and whatever else its merits, reportorial narration is not creative.

SUPPORT. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

Notes of Books and Authors

Selma Lagerlof is now rebuilding her childhood home, where she first learned the legends from which she constructed "The Story of Gosta Berling," the book that marked an epoch in Swedish literature.

Sixteenth-century Florence is the scene of Maud Hudnut Chapin's delicate and moving romance, "A Stone in the Path," just published by Duffield & Co. This story deals with the poignant love affair of the portrait painter, Fra Antonio, and the beautiful daughter of Domenico Corso, and is told with dignity and grace.

D. Appleton & Co. have just published, in popular form but printed from the same plates as the library edition, a popular edition of Brand Whitlock's "Belgium." This book has taken its place as one of the definitive books on the years of the war. The publication of a popular edition seems appropriate in view of Mr. Whitlock's recent return from days in Belgium. In Brussels he recently took his seat in the Belgian Academy of the French Language and Literature, delivering an address upon aspects of Belgian and American letters. A Belgian newspaper said, "Interminably they applauded this speech, and it seemed that the delighted assembly wished to make use of the occasion offered to it to utter a new manifestation of personal sympathy in honor of Mr. Brand Whitlock, the great ambassador who rendered so many eminent services to the Belgians and to all Belgium during the war."

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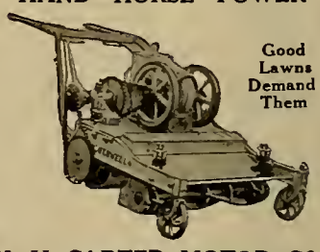
Assets	$80,671,392.53
Deposits	76,921,392.53
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
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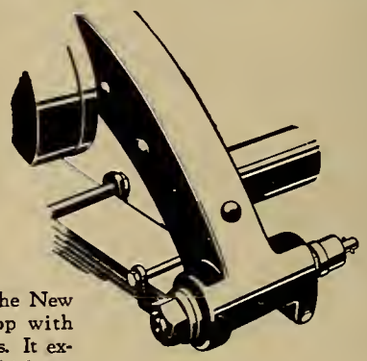
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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

American Water-Colourists.

A history of the work of the significant American water-colorists by the art historian, A. E. Gallatin, will be welcomed by art students, artists, and collectors. The essay is published in an edition de luxe, limited to 950 copies, and sells for a rather collector-like price, so that it is not likely to interest the general public. To the serious student, however, it is indispensable, treating as it does a phase of American art too frequently slurred by both artists and critics. British water-color is much more sedulously cultivated, but then the British Isles are adapted to perfection by climate and topography for representation in the daintiest of the arts. Apropos of publishing prints from water-colors we wonder why Mr. Gallatin or any one else ever reproduces them in black and white values. The soft brightness of hue and the purity and clarity of tone of a water-color are its chief recommendations. A reproduction sans color is useful for only the most technical purposes of reference. An illustration of the point is supplied by the present book, where several plates are reproduced in color and most are not. The plates in sepia ink suffer by contrast.

AMERICAN WATER-COLOURISTS. By A. E. Gallatin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $15.

The Fruit of the Tree.

"The Fruit of the Tree" is the sort of novel which one finds satisfactory in the reading, but about which there is little to say—perhaps because Mr. Fyfe has said all there is. He leaves nothing in the air. Lawyer that he is, he finishes his case to the most hair-splitting clause, and leaves his reader with the impression "that's that" anyway, and there is one less problem in the world. Mr. Fyfe's thesis is that as there is more than one kind of woman in the world it is unfair to force the same kind of marriage on them all. We understand that he is not advocating bigamy nor yet Arnold Bennett's pet in fiction, the cheap "affair," but rather a dispassionate separating of the interests of life, the sentimental from the intellectual, the material and social from the domestic. As the present *status quo* of marriage is humanly imperfect, we have no means of refuting Mr. Fyfe on other than moral grounds; and he concludes in his neat legal peroration that his system would not be any less moral than the prevailing one—merely more legal.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Hamilton Fyfe. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

A Gerould Novel.

Katherine Fullerton Gerould, best known as the author of the collection of striking tales called "Vain Oblations," has written a full-length novel called "Lost Valley." Mrs. Gerould has written an interesting story, dominated by an interesting character, that of a young girl whose fine, native strength and devotion are tested by the strange experience of leaving her secluded New England valley to search in the slums of Boston and New York for her sister, a lovely half-wit who has strayed.

Mrs. Gerould's novel is probably the result of the author's experiences as a worker in college settlement houses, and she plainly has it in mind to indicate that no one has a right to reproach such workers for being seen in apparently compromising society; as happened in "Lost Valley."

This motive, and that of the deterioration of the originally sturdy stock in Lost Valley, do not attain to any particular strength, psychologically, and the story has a certain absence of tautness to its framework. But its interest is well maintained, and there is the real and always enjoyable New England atmosphere in the rural and small-town scenes. Still it is probable that Mrs. Gerould, in the present work, has not yet reached her full stature.

LOST VALLEY. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2 net.

New Books Received.

THINGS SEEN ON THE ITALIAN LAKES. By Laura M. Ragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.
Travel.

THE RED REDMAYNES. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.
A detective story.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS. By Christopher Morley. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50.
A dog fantasy.

GIGOLO. By Edna Ferber. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.
Short stories.

BREATH OF LIFE. By Arthur Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.
A story of youth.

HOW TO BE USEFUL AND HAPPY FROM SIXTY TO NINETY. By A. Lapthorn Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

SUZANNA. By Henry Sinclair Drago. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.75.
A romance of early California.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA. Catalogue No. 49. London: Maggs Brothers.

BEHIND MY LIBRARY DOOR. By Dr. C. G. Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
Some chapters on authors, books, and miniatures.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

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United States Bonds	$38,685,544.32	
State, County and Municipal Bonds	10,436,847.63	
Other Bonds and Securities	9,368,137.36	
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	600,000.00	
TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES		59,090,529.31
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	$10,210,657.98	
Cash and Due from Other Banks	19,025,053.25	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS		29,235,711.23
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		9,517,872.86
Other Real Estate Owned		501,673.92
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances		701,622.45
Uncollected Interest		1,996,787.11
Employes' Pension Fund (Carried on Books at)		1.00
Other Resources		248,805.97
TOTAL RESOURCES		$254,282,289.52

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS	$229,751,525.82
Irrigation District Funds	234,215.05
Dividends Unpaid	991,528.00
Discount Collected, but Not Earned	73,554.02
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts	701,622.45
	$231,752,445.34
CAPITAL PAID IN	15,000,000.00
SURPLUS	5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	533,057.07
Interest Earned, but Not Collected	1,996,787.11
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$254,282,289.52

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

P. C. Hale and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said P. C. Hale is Vice-President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

P. C. HALE
W. R. WILLIAMS

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of December, 1922.
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public

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December, 1904	$285,436.97
December, 1908	$2,574,004.90
December, 1912	$11,228,814.56
December, 1916	$39,805,995.24
December, 1920	$157,464,685.08
December, 1921	$194,179,449.80
December 29, 1922	$254,282,289.52

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"THE EMPEROR JONES."

All the theatres having been stormed on New Year's Eve hy a puhlic in gala mood, it followed that "The Emperor Jones," in spite of the somhreness of the theme, had its full quota. To all appearances the Columhia Theatre was filled to overflowing hy a holiday throng that hecame gayly vocal, and speedily invested the theatre with an interlaced weaving of gay-colored confetti.

I wondered if such a jolly crowd would suhdue itself to a decorous listening to the many darkened scenes of the play. But they had come to see the renowned colored actor who hecame famous in a night in this rôle, and to hear the play written by Eugene G. O'Neill, now regarded as first of living American playwrights, and it was speedily made plain that any hilarious spirits interfering with this programme would he regarded with concerted disapprohation.

There is need of a curtain-raiser to go with "The Emperor Jones," that piece being a little under the conventional length. "By-Products," by Joseph Medill Patterson, depicts family life as it is lived in the slums. There is a world of eloquence in the title, which points out how inevitahly ugly poverty and hitter need drive the young, the warm-hearted, the gay down the darkened slopes that lead to disease and death. "Thus," tacitly says Mr. Patterson in his hrief hut pregnant arraignment, "does our hrutal civilization deal with the erring heings whom hard work and unlovely conditions drive into the power of rich and lustful loafers."

The play is written with incisive force. Nor does it wear too somhre a garh. It was well played hy the four players required, one of whom, Arthur Allen, gave an exceedingly clever depiction of Smithers, the cockney trader, and was listened to with deep interest hy the audience.

"The Emperor Jones," it will he remembered hy those who saw it much less powerfully hut certainly creditahly presented at the Players Theatre a year ago, opens in the hare audience chamher of the self-styled emperor: and immediately we are caught and held hy that intensity of dramatic power which seems to sweep like a resistless flood through nearly all the O'Neill plays. John S. Gilpin, the negro star, is so remarkahly in keeping with the requirements of the rôle, not only in a naturally pronounced individuality, hut in the physiognomy and psychology with which his art invests Brutus Jones, that the illusion he conveys is nothing less than remarkahle. "His features," writes O'Neill, in his stage directions, "are typically negroid, yet there is something decidedly distinctive ahout his face—an underlying strength of will, a hardy, self-reliant confidence in himself that inspires respect. His eyes are alive with a keen, cunning intelligence. In manner he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive." To this description Mr. Gilpin remarkahly conformed. To it may he added that the actor has a tall, athletic figure which gives a hint of reserves of muscular strength every time he moves, that his mohile countenance, with its full, dark, penetrating eyes, is unusually expressive, and that he has a sonorous voice whose musical intonations would seem to convey the idea that the actor is also a singer.

The rôle of the Emperor is almost a monologue except for the opening and closing scenes. In Scene I the conditions are expounded in a conversation hetween Jones and a cockney trader of those parts—the play heing located on an uncharted isle in the West Indies—in which the relative degrees of the rascality of the two men is made fully apparent. To make the comparison in the words of the Emperor Jones to the chicken-livered cockney whom he utterly scorns: "Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's hig stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de hig stealin' dey makes you emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks."

From this immensely illuminating scene we pass to one witnessing the flight of the discrowned ruler after he has made the discovery that his negro suhjects have all fled. And here we see one of the most powerful revelations in the drama; the revelation of a psychology evolved hy contact with civilization giving way under the comhined influences of night, solitude, hunger and peril, until the self-reliant negro porter who has accumulated his shrewdness hy contact with the prosperous whites on Pullman trains has hecome a primitive figure of fear; all his pride, his self-sufficiency, his courage disintegrated hy the potent influences of a night flight through the jungle.

In all the changes through which Jones passes Mr. Gilpin holds the fascinated attention of his audience: no light feat, for in this terrifically taxing rôle the player does not have the relief of an occasional temporary surrender of the stage centre to other players.

A noticeahle characteristic of the play is the completeness with which the spectator enters into comprehension of the various agencies which unite in hreaking down that remarkable balance of Jones so apparent in the opening scene. If the spectator will attentively read his programme in advance he will he in a position to follow the play with intelligent comprehension, and dimly to perceive the existence of those reserves of suhtle, psychic divination in the native character which gave the Emperor's despised suhjects something to work on, and made them in the end stronger than himself.

One might say of "The Emperor Jones" that it is the American version of an oft-repeated story: the same story that Kipling used in "The Man Who Would Be King"; the story in hoth cases being so remarkahly treated hy men of commanding talent that the world has since rung with their fame.

LIVING FAIRY TALES.

That hranch of the Stage Guild which is devoted to giving the children dramatic representations of their favorite fairy stories is coming into its own. The glad tidings have heen passed around that drama for childhood's tastes may he had at the Plaza Theatre; on Saturday mornings, when school terms are on, hut during the holidays extra mid-week performances were given, and the rush hegan.

By last Saturday morning, however, the Plaza was stormed hy hundreds and hundreds of groups of children accompanied hy one or two adult guardians.

The heginning of the performance had to he deferred until the crowds were accommodated, the theatre staff not having anticipated that the auditorium would he taxed to its capacity; all of which is an encouraging index of a successful future.

The play—"Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs"—it goes without saying, was heautifully put on, in respect to acting, singing, costumes, and the *mise-en-scène*. Two or three adult players were necessary to give the appropriate suggestion, among them Dan Tothero h as the Prince, Melville Baruh, Frank Roy and Ruth Elma Stevens, who gratified ear and eye hy the heauty of her speaking voice and hy her talent for effective posturing in the rôle of the wicked queen's witch servant.

As before the curtain arose upon a scene that was heautifully designed in respect to color, costuming, and grouping. A softening of the light and a play of heautiful colors from such as were shed upon the scene gave to the stage the magic of fairyland. Some few of the children's voices were too soft to penetrate to the depths of the auditorium, hut generally speaking their speech was clear, musical, and penetrating.

The diction was such as children love in their favorite fairy myths: a simply poetic style, with a certain proportion of the repetition, like the refrain in a hallad, which they also love; the piece, it should he added, having heen put in dramatic form hy Mrs. John J. Cuddy.

Only one criticism I feel moved to utter; and that I will not assert is just. For if it pleased the children's exactions, perhaps, in regard to fairy stories, their standards may he instinctively right. But it seeemd to me that Scene III of the second act, which depicts the dwarfs mourning at the hier of Snow-White, might he eliminated, the mourning guard of dwarfs, hirds, and heasts around Snow-White's glass coffin in a later scene seeming to he amply sufficient to convey the idea of the calamity of the little princess' death.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

Henry W. Savage offers theatre-goers "The Merry Widow," which opens an engagement at the Columhia Theatre on Monday, January 15th. The company includes two California contrihutions to the stage in Jefferson de Angelis and James Liddy. The former is the well-known star of fifty or more musical productions, while the latter is a talented haritone who has taken New York hy storm. There is a Joseph Urhan scenic equipment and an array of Peggy Hoyt costumes, with a symphony orchestra of twenty pieces.

Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Emperor Jones," will hegin the second and final week of its engagement at the Columhia next Sunday night. Those who saw Gilpin as the Emperor witnessed an amazing performance. If the one man had not heen the right man, the play would never have reached its present success. San Francisco theatre-goers were quick to realize the merit of this performance, with the result that the Columhia has heen crowded every night.

At the Curran.

Falling from the position of an honest saloon-keeper to the station of a prosperous hootlegger, as played hy Max Dill, and leaping from daily wetness to arid prohihition, as played hy C. William Kolh, is a statement hest describing the activities of these two well-known comedians in their latest fun-filled vehicle, "Now and Then," at the Curran Theatre.

Beginning with the performance tomorrow night, Kolh and Dill will enter upon the last two weeks of the most successful run they have ever enjoyed in San Francisco.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Roscoe Ails with Kate Putnam, Charles Calvert, and their orchestra of syncopation make an enjoyahle company. Ails is a dancer of exceptional ahility and there is something doing every minute.

This is Eddie Leonard's last week of his farewell Western tour. This star of minstrel comedians is leaving the vaudeville stage. Mr. Leonard has promised to sing "Ida" next week, the song all his impersonators have used.

Bert Fitzgihhon brings his comedy turn, after an ahsence of many months.

Wilfred Clarke is an actor of the legitimate stage, a nephew of Edwin Booth. He hrings, assisted hy Grace Menken, a comedy entitled "Now What!"

William Hallen's "mugging" and Mahel Russell's excellent work as a foil have proved one of the most popular comedy turns of the season.

Edward Miller has a good voice, as well as youth, personality, and histrionic ahility.

Skating in itself is hard, on the stage, and when two pretty girls accomplish the graceful dancing manœuvres which El Rey Sisters have succeeded in doing, it is nothing short of sensational.

Jack Hanley is a comedy juggler and a pantomimic humorist.

Russian Model Vaudeville

A novel entertainment with a European flavor will he introduced in San Francisco when Reginald Travers open a pre-Lenten season of "Salons Intimes" in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, Tuesday night, January 23d. Modeled after the famous Russian Chauve-Souris, hut comhining also the hest features of American vaudeville, these "Salons Intimes" are designed to appeal to audiences of discriminating taste. Travers has had long experience in presenting the hetter class of drama through his productions at the Players Theatre and as director and entrepreneur of this new venture is devising programmes that will he a comhination of drama, dance, and music, hoth classical and popular.

The Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis is now in process of transformation for its new function. A complete stage is heing installed. Lounges and settees are to he used instead of the conventional row of seats, so that coffee and cigarettes will he in order during the course of the performance. The "Salon Intimes" performances will he presented regularly every Tuesday night and on Monday afternoons.

People's Symphony.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alexander Saslavsky, will give the fourth of its scheduled twelve educational concerts at Scottish Rite Hall, Friday night, January 18th, at 8:30 o'clock.

The soloist of this occasion will he Miss Ellen Edwards, the young English pianist. Miss Edwards will he heard to advantage when she plays the Concerto for piano in F minor, of Frederick Chopin.

Comment will again he made hy the conductor on the instruments and the special characteristics of the music. In addition to the Chopin Concerto, the programme will include the great "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor of Franz Schuhert: a symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," hy Franz Liszt; the lovely Serenade for strings hy Haydn, and three dances from "Henry VIII," hy Edward German.

A Truck That Walks.

A German engineer has constructed a motor truck which does not move on wheels, hut not unlike the Martians described hy H. G. Wells in his "War of the Worlds," can stride with the help of "legs" across deserts and swamps, can wade "knee-deep" through rivers, stamp through snowfields and step across ditches, and fell tree trunks and other ohstacles in its path, says a European dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. For this purpose it is furnished with two pairs of skids, one of which always rests on the ground, while the other is moving forward with the load. When "walking" normally its stride measures ahout four feet in length, hut, like a human heing, it can regulate it when walking uphill or when stepping across an ohstacle in its way. With its skids, which are ten feet long, it strides along the roads at a pace of six miles per hour, or ahout twice as fast as an ordinary person can go. It can go hackward, turn completely around its axles without moving from the spot, and it even walks sideways if required.

Some 250 years ago children in England were sent to school with pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their duties while they all smoked.

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Peoples Symphony Orchestra
ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY, Conductor
Thursday, January 18, 8:30
SCOTTISH RITE HALL
SOLOIST—ELLEN EDWARDS—Pianist
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM
interspersed with explanatory remarks includes
Symphony, No. 8, B minor, "Unfinished"... Schubert
Concert for Piano and Orchestra, F minor... Chopin
Symphonic Poem No. 3, "Les Preludes"..Liszt
Serenade for Strings.....Haydn
Three Dances from "Henry VIII".....Edward German
Best seats, $1; others, 75c and 50c; no war tax. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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VANITY FAIR.

Troubles never cease. As Plupy Shute's father remarked, "something is always the matter." Strictures on the heartlessness of modern society appear to be justified to a certain extent by the cruelties it imposes on its own members. With the completion of this week the New York débutantes will have graduated, and entered the class of—well, whatever it is a débutante becomes after she has ceased to be one. The great problem now is how to amuse her until she marries and has children and doesn't need amusing any more; or perhaps is past being amused. And the amusement devised for the graduated débutantes is a revival of amateur theatricals, without ruth, without pity, without compassion for the unfortunate, the sick, the fatherless. It was hoped at one time that humanity had progressed too far for this. Alas, it was also hoped we had grown too civilized for war. After Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs had turned her Fifth Avenue home into a theatre, and after the audiences had stood it with that grim fortitude which only the really brave display until the devastation had run its course, it was hoped that phase in the evolution of man, for whatever reason it had to be, was over. But war came back; and so has the stage amateur; to mouth his lines, emphasize his adjectives, turn his back on his audiences, trip over his feet, to gesticulate like a semaphore, to stress his vowels painfully and unfamiliarly like one that has not mastered his language but whom his language has mastered, to go dumb when he should utter, and give utterance when he should be dumb, and to apply to his suffering friends that *coup de grace* of the juvenile stage, the exaction of praises for his less than fictitious ability. Performances will not take place as formerly in private theatres so much as in large public halls and in hotels; and for charity. Musical comedy will even be attempted, with what results on the victims can only be imagined by recalling your sufferings from the worst professionals you ever suffered under. Plans are all set. Two large clubs are interested. There seems to be no way to stop it.

The passing of the old-fashioned private house performance is laid to the growth of utilitarianism in society. Money can be extracted in larger quantities from larger auditoriums. It is wanted for useful and worthy purposes, and the generous would probably subscribe without the application of such rough methods, but that would not suit those determined to shine among the talented. Two of the graduate débutantes that are to have leading parts in some of the new productions are Miss Muriel Vanderbilt and Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt, the latter at the business end of things, taking in the money; a sort of family aptitude. "The Gay Pretenders" is to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria at the end of January by the Junior League; and there will be another show at the Plaza to open early in February, the name for which has not yet been invented. Miss Marjorie Cleveland says for the Junior League's effort: "Fantastically and artistically this is to be the league's most artistic production. Surprises and novelties not yet announced will add a professional air to an amateur undertaking." Beside that statement those of our most flexible press agents pale and shudder and die away. Within the Junior League now there are two distinct dramatic organizations, one falling back primarily upon the new acquisitions to the membership from among the débutantes of 1922-23 in staging the annual performances for the charitable enterprises of the organization, and the other, just perfected, striving to develop among the older members a dramatic group with serious but not charitable intentions. That makes one think of the "rarity of Christian charity," two ways at once.

The activity promises to restore some of the close connection that once existed between American society and the theatre. We are told by the New York *Herald* that several members of the Junior League have stepped from its amateur school to the professional stage and to that number have been added the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Howry of 8 East Eighty-Fifth Street, daughters of Judge Charles B. Howry of the United States court of claims, who was in New York last week to pass the holidays with his daughters. To the Misses Howry were assigned important parts in "An Impressionistic Cinderella," Miss Mary having the title part, while Miss Elizabeth was the coach and stage manager. They have prepared themselves for the professional stage and have assumed the stage names of Ormonde. The Misses Howry are members of the Junior League of Washington, which is one of the associated divisions of the nationally incorporated league. Their latest predecessor from the league to the professional stage was Miss Anita Blaine Damrosch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, who follows her older sister, Miss Polly Blaine Damrosch. Miss Anita Damrosch will give a full year to her professional preparation. Thus it seems the stage is not to lack recruits of the most promising material, if the audiences can hold out.

A woman who had been visiting in the West and who had seen many interesting Indians bought some Indian dolls for her little Eastern friends, says the New York *Sun*. The dolls were dressed in Indian fashion—shawl, colored handkerchief about head, moccasins, patchwork skirt and hand-made stockings. When she got home she looked to see what kind of underwear the Indians had made for the Indian dolls, and every one of them wore a gorgette chemise!

Three men can stand on each leaf of the Victoria Regia lily, the great flower three yards in diameter, to be seen in Kew gardens.

The Babylonians preserved the bones of their dead in coffin-shaped jars.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old Scotsman in legal difficulties called in his lawyer, to whom he presented the facts of the case and demanded to know what his chance of winning the suit would be. The lawyer was most encouraging. "That being the case, I'll no tak action," announced the Scot firmly and decidedly. "But why not?" the lawyer asked in surprise. "Weel," said the canny Scot, "ye ken a coorse that it's my opponent's case I'm putting to ye."

"I attended a theatre in London," says an American player, "on the occasion of the production of a play wherein the chief figure, the king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was passing up and down the stage with a wearied look, exclaiming aloud: 'On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?' Came a voice from the gallery: 'Why not 'arf a crown apiece, guv'ner?'"

In the recent drive to raise money for the Radcliffe endowment fund an alumna of that college employed two small boys to sell soap. "Why are you selling the soap?" inquired a lady at a house on Johnnie's beat. "To raise $3,000,000 for Radcliffe," was the prompt reply. "Three million dollars!" the lady exclaimed, amused at the youngster's seriousness. "And are you going to raise it all by yourself?" "No, ma'am," said Johnnie, "there's another little boy helping me."

A colored man got on a trolley car, and then, after a word or two with another passenger, he started to get off again. "Hold on," said the conductor, "what are you getting off so soon for? You haven't paid your fare, either." "Ah wants to go to Snoop Street," said the colored man, "an' dis gemman says dah's no sich place." "Well, there ain't neither," said the conductor. "Den sholy," said the colored man, "sholy dah's no good mah gwine dar!"

Miss Gertrude Emerson, the noted writer, who has just returned from a two years' study of the people of India, said recently: "There is no woman question in India. Indian women are as blind to their privileges as the girl who married the barber. 'So you've married the barber, eh?' her former mistress said to her. 'Yas'm; I've married the barber,' said the girl complacently. 'Mumph. And you gave him that $200 you had saved up, didn't you?' 'Yas'm; I gave him that $200.' 'Humph. Where is he now?' 'He's off spendin' the $200 on his honeymoon, ma'am.'"

According to the New York *Morning Telegraph*, Mr. John Barrymore, strolling aimlessly through the Plaza recently, was encountered by an old friend. "Why, Jack!" exclaimed the old friend. "It's been such a long time since I've seen you. How are you, anyway?" Mr. Barrymore announced that he was perfectly splendid, or something to the same effect. "But look here! Aren't you opening in 'Hamlet' tonight? What about it?" "Well," he remarked in a non-commital tone, "it's a good part."

Every book of reminiscences published nowadays which contains anything about the theatre has at least one anecdote about the late Sir Herbert Tree. The author of "The Nineteen Hundreds," who writes under the pseudonym Reginald Auberon, retails one of Sir Herbert's spontaneous flashes to carry on the tradition. Accompanied by Lady Tree, he had gone down to the Palace Theatre to rehearse a sketch. "As he wandered about the unfamiliar stage, feeling very bored and looking like a fish out of water, a couple of 'knockabout' comedians who had just finished their 'turn' approached him. 'Well met, Sir 'Erb!' exclaimed the first one, slapping him heartily on the back. 'Glad to welcome you 'ere!' 'Oh, delighted!' murmured Tree, vaguely. 'This is my mate, 'Arry,' continued the other, beckoning to his partner. 'Pleased to meet you,' declared the second comedian, delivering an equally vigorous slap on Tree's shoulder. 'Welcome to the 'alls. The missus showing with you?' With a magnificent gesture, Tree signaled to his wife. 'Maud,' he said, 'allow me to introduce my new friends. Lady Tree—the Two Smacks!'"

Miss Mildrel Melville Mallison, the anti-vice worker, said in an address in Pittsburg: "The freedom now granted to women is a gain, but it is also a loss. In one of my recent anti-vice campaigns I put up at a New Orleans hotel. Entering the breakfast-room one morning, I found three fat men established there, each with a newspaper and a black cigar. Of course the room was full of smoke. While waiting for my breakfast I coughed several times, but nobody took the hint, so I said as if to myself: 'H'm. I always understood that New Orleans men were models of French politeness.' The three fat men were on their feet in an instant, smiling and bowing and scraping like so many monkeys. 'Pardon me, madam,' said they in chorus, and each opened and extended to me courteously a cigar case full of black cigars."

Professor Archibald Coolidge of the Russian Relief Administration was discussing in Washington the Genoa and other international conferences. "They are big gestures, that is all," he said. "Nothing comes out of them. A tragedian on tour sent the landlady's little boy to the postoffice after a 15-cent money order. 'Goin' to write for one o' them shaving cream samples?' the landlady asked him. 'No,' said the tragedian, puffing out his chest. 'No, my good woman. But one must look after the dear ones at home, don't you know.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Hootch.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

The rum-sleuth and the officer
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
The liquor in the land.
"If seven raids with seven cops
Should raid for half a year,
"Do you suppose," the rum-sleuth said,
"They'd cease to sell it here?"
"I doubt it," said the officer,
And shed a bitter tear.

—Harvey J. Duneka in Judge.

So It Goes.

I never wore a dinner-coat,
Or anything that looked half-formal,
But every other soul I'd note
Was dressed in tweeds or serges normal;
I never went to an affair
In striped tie and suit of gray,
But every person who was there
Fooled me, and dressed the other way.

—Columbia Jester.

The English language contains between 400,000 and 500,000 words.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Genevieve Reilly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Reilly of Nice, France, and granddaughter of the late Mr. W. F. Goad, to Mr. Georges Manset, son of M. and Mme. Octave Manset of Paris.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Hopkins to Mr. Edward L. Pond will take place on January 27th.

Miss Dorothy E. Conard, daughter of Captain Charles Conard, U. S. N., was married to Lieutenant Theodore Germond Haff, U. S. N., in St. Peter's Chapel, Mare Island, on December 26th.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Buckhee, daughter of Mr. Samuel G. Buckhee, to Mr. John Boyden, will take place early in April.

Miss Helen Smyth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Smyth of Berkeley, was married on Saturday, December 31st, to Mr. Norman Waterlow Ford, son of Mrs. Alfred Bernard Ford and the late Mr. Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will give a dinner-dance on January 6th at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Preston Drown was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore gave a ball last Friday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, introducing to society their daughter, Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

Preceding the ball at which Mary Bernice Moore made her début last Friday night, Miss Virginia Hanna entertained at a dinner in honor of Miss Moore at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Hanna, on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury was hostess at a large dinner party given on Christmas night at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Major-General and Mrs. Charles G. Morton received their friends on New Year's Day at Fort Mason.

There was a large dance given in the Officers' Club at the Presidio on New Year's night. A number of dinners preceded it.

A French carnival was held on January 2d and 3d in the ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel as a benefit for French war orphans. The affair was in charge of Countess d'Audiffret of France.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kendall Armsby gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel last week for their niece, Miss Leonora Armsby of New York.

Miss Frances Lent and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Porter, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Miss Geraldine Grace at the Palace Hotel on December 29th, preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore for their daughter, Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained a number of their friends at a dinner on New Year's Eve.

Mr. Gerald Hermann was host at a dinner on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Frances Lent and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Porter.

A number of friends of Mr. Joseph Oliver Tobin gave a dinner in his honor at the Pacific Union Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fuller gave a large dinner on Christmas Day at their home in Burlingame.

Lieutenaut-Commander Wharhurton Gates and Mrs. Gates entertained a party of friends on New Year's Eve at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Margaret Buckhee will give a dinner on January 6th in honor of Miss Frances Lent and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Porter.

Mr. William W. Crocker and his sister, Miss Helen Crocker, entertained a large house party at their lodge at Pebble Beach over New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are giving a dinner-dance at the Hotel St. Francis on January 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton were hosts at a dinner given last Friday night preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore at the Hotel St. Francis.

A luncheon was given by the committees of the California branch of the English-Speaking Union in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Webster Fox of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Lawrence Webster Fox, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club last week in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence W. Fox of Philadelphia.

Miss Adrienne Sharp, one of the débutantes of the season, is making a satisfactory recovery at the Dante Sanitarium, after a recent operation for appendicitis.

Colonel Erneste V. Smith, U. S. A. and Mrs. Smith were hosts at a large buffet supper and bridge party at their home in the Presidio last week. The guests of honor were General Charles Gould Morton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton, and Mrs. James B. de Ford of San Diego.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was hostess at a dinner, followed by bridge, last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Jean Howard gave a dinner-dance last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr.

Mrs. Ethel Hager was at home to her friends on New Year's Day.

A large dance was given on New Year's Eve at the Burlingame Country Club. It was preceded by a Dutch treat dinner.

Mrs. Frank F. Foster and her daughter, Miss Helen Foster, held a reception on New Year's Day, followed by a buffet supper and dancing in the evening.

On Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. James Flood were hosts at a large dinner given in honor of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and her fiancé, Mr. Eugene Kelly, and on Wednesday Miss Mary Donohoe and Miss Barbara Donohoe entertained the bridal party at a dinner given at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe.

Miss Mabel Hathaway was hostess at a New Year's house party at the home of her parents at Pebble Beach.

On Tuesday last Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant entertained at a dinner in honor of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and her fiancé, Mr. Eugene Kelly.

Miss Adelaide Sutro and Miss Margot Sutro entertained last week at a tea in honor of their mother at their home on Jackson Street. Mrs. Sutro has recently returned from the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Bazet will be hosts at a dinner on Monday evening, January 15th, given in honor of Mme. Calvé.

Miss Helen Perkins entertained a number of her friends at a dinner given last week at her home on Sacramento Street.

Captain George B. Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger were hosts at a large dinner given at their home on Yerba Buena Island on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker were among those who went to Del Monte for New Year's.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin held a New Year's reception at her home on Broadway on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis passed the holidays at their country home in Santa Cruz.

A Christmas entertainment was given by the American Association of University Women at the Stanford School for Nursing on Clay Street. An interesting feature of the afternoon was a musical fantasy, "The White Rose," written by Miss Henrietta Stadtmuller, with music by Miss Lulu Blumberg.

A large New Year's reception was held at the old Lichtenberg home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford entertained some of their friends at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on New Year's Day.

Bakewell-King.

The marriage last week of Mr. John Bakewell, Jr., and Miss Hazel King was a social event of unusual interest in that it united families prominently associated since pioneer days with the life of California. Mr. Bakewell is a son of the Rev. John Bakewell, who for sometbing more than tbirty-five years has been rector of the first establisbed Episcopal cburcb in Oakland. He is a graduate of the State University and of the Beaux Arts of Paris. He is a member of tbe architectural firm of Bakewell & Brown, designers of San Francisco's beautiful City Hall. Tbe bride is a daugbter of the late Homer S. King, late president of tbe Bank of California, and long identified with financial, transportation, and otber large interests of California and Nevada. On the maternal side sbe is a granddaugbter of the late Smitb Brown of Napa, who will be recalled as a notable contributor to the energies of our pioneer life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bakewell have been prominently associated witb the active social life of San Francisco and Oakland. Their home will be at 1020 Union Street, San Francisco.

They Make Them To Order.

Describing the new king and kingdom of Mesopotamia created by the Allies under an English mandate, E. Alexander Powell writes in *Harper's Magazine:* "In order to give their puppet ruler all the trappings of royalty, the British designed for him a uniform, half Arab and half European; provided him with a court, complete from grooms to grand chamberlain; organized a bodyguard of lancers; presented bim with a palace, a motor launcb, and a fleet of motor cars; raised, drilled, and equipped a miniature army; and designed a flag, a set of postage stamps, and an order of knighthood. The latter, I was told, was to be called tbe Order of tbe Lamp, wbich, in view of the fact that tbe country's chief source of revenue is its oil fields, seemed highly appropriate."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers of Washington, D. C., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Alexander Chalmers, in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace with their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, will sail for the Orient on January 11th. They will be absent for three months.

Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury of Stockton passed the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury.

The Countess of Annesley, who arrived from Canada on Christmas Eve, is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton.

Mrs. Cyrus Peirce and Miss Eloise Peirce are spending the winter in Wiesbaden. They expect to go later to the south of France, and will return to California next autumn.

Lieutenant William D. Sample, U. S. N., arrived recently from the Orient, and has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Alice Saunders. Lieutenant Sample, who formerly lived at the Presidio with his father, Colonel William Sample, U. S. A., is on his way to Pensacola, Florida, to enter the Aviation Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, who went East several months ago, are returning to California anad are stopping in Chicago for a few weeks on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., and their children are spending the winter in Paris. They will not return to California until next summer.

Mrs. James V. Coleman is living in Paris, where her son, Master James Coleman, is at school.

Mr. Raymond Armshy and Mr. Gordon Armshy went to Del Monte on Saturday last for the week-end, taking with them a party of the young friends of their niece, Miss Leonora Armshy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., with a party of young people went to Del Monte for the New Year week-end. Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Julia Crocker, and Miss Mary Martin were in the party.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Webster Fox of Philadelphia are spending the holidays in San Francisco and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker of Burlingame were among those who went to Del Monte for New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse spent New Year's at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Gerstle and her daughter, Miss Miriam Gerstle, will leave on January 14th for New York, and will sail for England very shortly.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro has recently returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, accompanied by Miss Betty Hammond, sister of Mr. Hammond, will arrive from the East in January and will spend the winter and spring in California.

Mr. and Mrs. De Lancey Lewis of Menlo Park with their sons are spending a fortnight in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams spent the New Year's week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. Robert J. Kelly of Huntington, Long Island, and Mrs. Wynne Van Schaick of New York have arrived in San Francisco, and have joined Mr. Eugene Kelly at the Fairmont.

Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston, who is well known in the East as an educator and lecturer, passed Christmas at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones of San Rafael chaperoned a party of young people at Truckee over the New Year holidays.

Mrs. Charles Mackenzie Pringle of Hollywood has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bishee.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Kuser arrived from New York on Monday last, to be present at the marriage of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and Mr. Eugene Kelly on Saturday, January 6th.

Mr. Richard Magee, who is making his home on the Dean ranch in Nevada, spent the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Walter Hobart, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton has recently returned from New York, and will spend the winter in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith of Brown Valley, near Marysville, passed the holidays with relatives in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bakewell, after spending their honeymoon in Saratoga, will make a visit to Yosemite Valley before returning to their new home in San Francisco.

Mr. George McNear, Jr., arrives this week from Australia, where he has been traveling for several months.

At the Palace.

Miss Grace Costello, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Costello, will entertain about a dozen guests informally at tea in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon.

Complimenting Miss Charlotte Eckstrom of Stockton, Miss Barbara Muller entertained at tea at the Palace Hotel Wednesday. Invited to meet Miss Eckstrom were Miss Florence Jones, Miss Eileen Herzog, Miss Eleanor Birmingham, Miss Dorothea Schapiro, Miss Bernice Miller, Miss Frances Stevens, Miss Lucille Huber, Miss Bertile Belasco, Miss Mildred Galena, Miss Audrey Kirkhride, Miss Elizabeth Beason, Mrs. Lydia E. Muller and Mrs. Ida Miller.

Miss Geraldine Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thomas Grace, was hostess during the holidays at a dinner given for Miss Frances Lent, whose marriage to Mr. Hugh Porter will occur this month. The dinner was given in the French parlors at the Palace, and the guests included Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Hélène de Latour, Miss Katherine Bentley, Mr. Gerald Herrmann, Mr. Jack Boyden, Mr. William Van Fleet, Jr., Mr. Edward Harrison, Jr., Mr. Richard Carlson, and Mr. Louis Garat.

Miss Ruth Saxe gave a tea in the Palm Court Saturday afternoon. Miss Saxe with her mother, Mrs. H. A. Saxe, will leave shortly for Honolulu, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ehrman were dinner hosts in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Thursday evening, entertaining about twenty friends.

Miss Marie Alhers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albers, was hostess at one of the largest teas of the holiday season at the Palace Thursday afternoon. The guests, numhering about forty-five, assemhled in the Palm Court and were served at a tahle decorated with five large centerpieces of corsage houquets of varicolored cyclamen. Mrs. Alhers chaperoned the party, which included many popular memhers of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kendall Armshy presided at a dinner-dance at the Palace Hotel Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Lenore Armsby, entertaining a score of guests. There was dancing in the Rose Room Bowl.

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Fen.

There waiting for the windy spring,
Through the long winter falls,
The little drowning houses cling
About the manor walls,

And miles on miles of meadows wake
With hlare and hlaze of pomp
And huttercups and kingcups make
One gold, gigantic swamp,

And round the carts with old reed-loads
The black dust clouds ascend
Along those dark, eternal roads,
Beyond the evening's end.

And there, like free and noble thought,
White windmills, swinging fair,
Tell on the work that man has wrought,
To all the wandering air.

There hy the dykes at term of day
The traveler may hehold
Cattle at graze against the gray,
Fat geese against the gold;

Till on the silence of that plain
A deeper calm is shed,
And all the marsh hecomes again
The Fenland of the dead,

The airy gay, the light hlue day,
Long years ere he was horn,
When full-rigged, four-mast schooners lay
Snugly along the corn;

Till he, so wandering, half at loss,
Shall mark nor house nor tree,
But centuried ghosts that cry across
That hled and heaten sea.

—Dorothy Wellesley in the English Review.

Old Goblin Lane

Long years ago men cut it deep
Through Heathdene Copse; its hanks are steep
And ripples of red sand-falls creep,
With every rain,
To flood the shelves where mosses sprout
And tiny seedling things throw out
Sparse leaves; they call it round about
"Old Gohlin Lane."

Cresting each slope, wood-hushes cling
And o'er its edges downward fling
Strange-featured filaments that swing
Before the hreeze;
And twisted forms, grotesque and gray,
All hlotched with fungus and decay,
Lean down and leer upon the way
Malignities.

Which though, perchance, hut tree-roots seem
To townsmen, otherwise they deem
That nightly needs must drive their team
This homeward road;
And urge their horses' sober pace
Till heaving chest and straining trace
Have trundled hriskly through the place
The heaviest load.

For aged villagers will tell
Of strange occurrences and fell,
Of "token" seen and evil spell
On travelers cast;
Of hoggarts from the wood that slide
And spring unwary hacks astride,
And how he whom the hoggarts ride
Turns mad at last.

And even we whose paths afar
So sane and so prosaic are,
Whose skeptic souls no terrors jar
Nor charms enchain,
Some eerie magic there have found
That from the loveliness around
Steals forth and claps our hearts in pound
In Gohlin Lane.

—Madeleine Nightingale in the Beacon.

Chance and Evo'ution.

Writing on the work of Jacques Loeb, the famous exponent of the mechanical theory of life, in the January *Harper's Magazine*, Paul H. De Kruiff says: "It is constantly remarked by lay people of intelligence and hy many biologists that the apparently wonderful way in which animals are adapted to their environment is the hest evidence of some purpose and design in nature. To Loeh, with his detached vision and his freedom from anthropomorphism, it is just as conceivahle that nature is accidental and a pure matter of chance. It is possible that 'those survive who have the equipment—they did not acquire the equipment under the influence of environment. . . . It is possible for forms with moderate disharmonies to survive, those with gross disharmonies do not exist, and we are not reminded of their possible existence.' Nature, the master points out, is enormously wasteful. There are, for instance, a hundred million possible crosses of marine bony fish. Of these only ten thousand, or one-hundredth of 1 per cent., actually exist. Every one will admit that this fact is a much hetter argument for planlessness than for design. For out of an almost infinite number of comhinations it would he strange if chance did not bring about the existence of a small number of forms capahle of survival."



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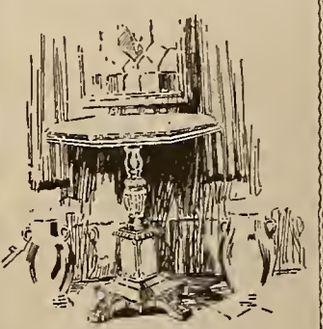
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is to be seen a most unusual exhibition of French, Italian and English furniture, tapestries and objects of art of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The collection was formed by Charles Roberson of London, who has for many years specialized in antique furnishings acquired from the old English estates. There are in the present display some exquisite examples of furniture covered with petit point needlework, some English in origin, others French of the period of Louis XV and XVI; as well as cabinet work with ormolu mounting connected with the famous names of Goulhiere and Riesener. The collections of Lord Ellenboro, Lord Foley, Lord Lovelace and Lady Fairbanks have furnished much of this material, and the Italian Renaissance bronzes are from the Featherstonhaugh collection.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Hello." "Hello, this Mary?" "Yes." "Do you still love me?" "Yes, who is it?"—*Utah Humbug.*

Mandy—I'se decided to leave mah husban'. *Hanno*—How come? Is you heginnin' to economize?—*Life.*

Soge—Women are not what they used to be. *Sop*—Well, no. They used to be girls.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Specialist—One more question before you go. What do you drink? *Potient*—Thank you kindly, doctor—just a spot of whisky.—*Punch.*

"Now we're married, he doesn't give me any more presents!" "My dear, does a fisherman give hait to the fish that be has caught?"—*London Opinion.*

Customer—But you guaranteed this watch would last me a lifetime. *Clerk*—Certainly; but you looked pretty sick the day you hought it.—*Christiania Korsaren.*

"They're very unusual people." "Tbat so?" "Yes, indeed. Even the neighbors are satisfied with the way they are bringing up tbeir children."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Pa, what's the difference between assurance and insurance?" "Well, my son, the former is what the agent has and the latter is what he tries to sell you."—*Boston Tronscript.*

"What! Dinner isn't ready? Then I'm going to a restaurant." "But wait just five minutes." "Will it be ready then?" "No, I'll come with you."—*Munich Simplicissimus.*

Voter (to convosser)—Are you for the working man? *Convosser (coutiously)*—I—I'm certainly not against him. *Voter*—Well, I am. Me 'usband is one of 'em.—*Punch.*

"Upon the whole, for eight years there has heen only one great statesman, one great diplomat, one great citizen—Lloyd George." "Who says so?" "He does."—*Paris L'Illustrotion.*

It was her first visit to the races. On being introduced to the famous jockey she said, "I do think it was just too sweet of you to win that three shillings for me."—*Peorson's Weekly.*

"You can't imagine, my dear, the number of young men who paid attention to me at the dance." "But that's quite useless, my dear; you've already imagined them yourself."—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

"At last I have found you out. You were seen flirting with a woman yesterday." "It was my mistake. She had on a hat exactly like yours. Come with me and buy an exclusive imported hat. I don't want to be emharrassed again."—*Judge.*

Mother—No, Bobby; for the third time, I tell you, you can't have another chocolate. *Bobby (in despair)*—I don't see where father gets the idea that you're always changing your mind!—*London Opinion.*

Income Tax Official—And is the separation from your husband an official one? *Kate*—I dunno about "official." All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse we calls the police an' they chucks 'im out.—*Toronto Globe.*

"What sort of a peace office is Constable Slackputter?" asked the visitor from Wayoverbehind. "Well, sir," enthusiastically indorsed old Riley Rezzidew of Petunia, "he's the second best checker player in town."—*Konsas City Star.*

"How are the mosquitoes out your way?" "We haven't any," replied Farmer Corntossel. "So many summer boarders have been experimentin' with bootleg products that the skeeters would rather starve than come near 'em."—*Washington Stor.*

Hcck—Can anything make a man feel worse than to have his wife continually begging for money? *Peck*—Sure! To have her demanding it.—*Erie Doily Times.*

Stern Father—I've never seen a report card like this before. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? *Bockword Son*—Frankly, dad, I'm not. You promised me ten dollars if I'd bring home a good report, and I thought you'd better economize."—*Christiania Korikoturen.*

The man who wanted to see everybody getting on entered his friend's office. To one clerk he put this question: "What is your pursuit in life?" "That," said the clerk, "depends upon whether I am coming or going. It's the 8:30 in the morning and the 5:30 train in the evening."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Artillery Rookie (obout to take his first lesson in horsemanship)—Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse. *Stable Sergeont*—D'ja ever ride a horse before? *Rookie*—No. *Sergeant*—Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together.—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Are you competent to he a motion picture press agent?" asked the eminent producer. "I think so," said the confident young man. "When I put down a numeral and start to stringing ciphers after it I don't know when to stop." "You are just the man to put the cost mark on our films. Name your salary."—*Birmingham Age-Herold.*

SPAIN'S TROUBLESOME JUNTAS.

The resignation of the dashing commander of the Foreign Legion, which has done splendid service in Africa, Lieutenant-Colonel Millan Astray, hrings once more to the notice of the Spanish government the problem of the military Juntas, or committees of defense, in such a way that it can not avoid facing this thorny question. Every Spanish politician knows that it has been the most real problem in Spanish politics during the last five and a half years, writes the Madrid correspondent of the London *Morning Post*. It has caused the fall of more than one ministry, and twice the announcement was officially made that the military syndicates had ceased to exist, that the Juntas had been transformed into "committees of information." Yet from time to time incidents became public which proved that in the infantry these Juntas were as active as ever, and wielded an almost despotic power, and now comes Lieutenant-Colonel Millan Astray with his bombshell, announcing that he has resigned his commission hecause he is unable to serve two masters.

In his manifesto to the press, which in itself constitutes an act of indiscipline punishable by law, he is not unsupported. The infantry Juntas stand for promotion exclusively by seniority, and the more ambitious of the younger officers are on the side of Don José Millan Astray, while public opinion considers that this system of promotion may have had something to say in the Spanisb reverse of July, 1921. The Conservative journal, *A. B. C.*, for instance, speaks of the army as "a bureaucracy in uniform," and the Liberal leader, Count Romanones, in a recent book described its strength as chiefly a chimera of official statistics. Tbe question of the Juntas is further complicated by the fact that they are opposed to the return of Liberals and Radicals to power, wbile these parties declare that they will not take office until the committees are definitely suppressed.

Whatever responsibility the weakness of the politicians may have had for the development of the Juntas in the past, they are united, Conservatives and Liberals alike, in opposing them now, and they bave public opinion on their side. The civilian objections to the Juntas are that they have interfered in the government of the country, have introduced Syndicalism into the army, and have isolated the army from the nation. The moment seems to have arrived for the government to deal deliberately, without weakness or violence, with the conditions prevailing in the army, after considering the legal aspects of the case between Lieutenant-Colonel Millan Astray and the president of the Infantry Juntas, Colonel Nouvilas, and attending to what will no doubt be a heated debate on the subject in Parliament. The view is very generally held that the real danger now would be for the government to shirk the issues, as was done on previous occasions. The crown might be placed in a very difficult position by such dilemmas as that presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Millan Astray's action. The king by the constitution is head of the armed forces of the nation, and King Alfonso's father owed his crown chiefly to the army. King Alfonso, however, by his constant care for the army, has generously repaid the debt.

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Governorship—Old and New.

In the course of his official career Governor Stephens has done many questionable things, but nothing has so ill become him as his leave taking. The bitterness of disappointment and of pent-up resentment is exhibited in his reorganization of the railroad commission almost upon the hour of retirement. While within the limits of legality, it is so outside the lines of propriety as to savor of scandal, while his obvious purpose to nullify the public will as registered by the late election, in overwhelming rejection of the water-power bill, is an exhibition at once of arrogance and petulance. If Governor Stephens had set about to confirm the discretion of the people of California in declining to continue him in the executive office he could hardly have devised more effective means of doing it.

Mr. Richardson comes to the governorship under hopeful auspices. For ten years or more he has been a member of the state government and so in immediate touch with state affairs. As treasurer he has handled the state's money and has observed the ways in which vast sums have been squandered. It is not in the character of a novice in executive work or as an apprentice in public affairs that he comes into the governorship. No man better understands the needs of the state; no man is more familiar with the machinery by which its affairs are administered.

But even more important than Mr. Richardson's expert qualification for the work under his hand is the professed spirit with which he comes to it. He has said that his sole inspiration is in the purpose of giving to California a legitimate administration of its affairs. He has made voluntary pledge of indifference to personal promotion, renouncing ambition as to "any political future." He has promised to give himself wholeheartedly and employ the powers of the governorship solely in the common interest. If Mr. Richardson will live up to this programme, if he will make good these promises, he will do for California a service that has not been matched in its history.

Mr. Richardson must be conscious of the fact that the public expects important things from his incumbency of the executive office. It was in response to his programme of sanity, economy, and non-political use of state machinery that he was given the great vote that carried him into the governorship. The task he has assumed is no light one. It means the cutting out of wastes great and small, curtailment of superfluities, elimination of the political machinery that has lived upon the state treasury. California expects these reforms at Mr. Richardson's hands. It has given him its confidence and it will observe his course with anxious solicitude.

The French Attempt.

Sometimes affairs reach a pass where there is nothing to be lost, and almost any change becomes a relative gain. Affairs in France and western Europe seem to be there. A thirteenth of France having been wantonly devastated by Germany, it was decreed by the Allies at Versailles, and incidentally agreed to by the Germans, that Germany should pay for her picnic. On that understanding France set about restoring her ruined farms, mines, factories and homes, proceeding so cannily that even shelter came after tillage, as a less pressing necessity than food; and that is a terrible gauge of the straits to which the devastated departments were reduced. The money for restorations has not yet come from Germany, where the people are relatively prosperous, where millionaires are making more millions and exporting them to Switzerland or keeping them in the form of bank credits in the Scandinavian countries, where huge sums are daily expended on permanent improvements, where the pay-rolls of the state railroads are merrily stuffed and the fares and freight rates reduced, and where the public credit is destroyed and investors in marks robbed by Sunday supplements of paper money; but it has come from the burdened French government, which has had to balance its books by entries of moneys still due from Germany.

The vicious circle of debt and depreciation in which all Europe is ensnared could be broken by the payment of German reparations, and would have been long ago if the Germans had paid up, but they have not and they will not until they are compelled. The general stasis was working itself out individually; but governmentally and politically and as far as political effect on industry is concerned, it was going too slowly. It was time somebody did something besides confer and converse. Mussolini was right when he said he had no more time for conferences that didn't accomplish anything. They have been as free and unlimited as the printing of German marks.

If France now marches into Germany it will be no worse than Germany marching into France. Indeed, it will be a far more virtuous act, for Germany had no excuse. Whatever excesses French troops may commit on German soil will follow, but will probably lag far behind, the example German troops set on French soil. If German workers are enslaved by France, it will be no worse than the enslavement of Belgian workers by Germany. To equal German devilment in Belgium it would be necessary for the French to starve the Germans in the Ruhr Valley to the point where they would be dependent on the charity of an outraged world to keep them alive, which we do not believe the French will do, because they would not enjoy doing it. To equal German wantonness in France it would be necessary for the French artillery to demolish the cathedral of Cologne, which the French would not enjoy doing either. To approach German thoroughness in destruction it would be necessary for the French to blot out utterly the great Krupp munition works, and the *Argonaut* hopes but does not believe they will. They would more likely try to operate it, which they probably could not do with German efficiency.

France will never be able to make Germany pay for the war; but if Germany had won it she would have made France pay, and if France could not have paid she would have made the Allies pay, and would then have attacked the United States with her fresh capital and fresh levies of troops, and if she had beaten us she would have made us pay for that, if she had had to put a German inspector in every American home to see that we did not conceal our assets. There would have been no long palaver about it, no conferences. The assessments would have been collected. The people would have been squeezed dry and then regimented into German armies for fresh conquest, probably of Asia. This would have been a German world before Germany got through. France prevented that. Somebody ought to pay her for her trouble, and the right one to pay is the one that made the trouble—Germany. But no method yet proposed in any of the serial conferences has been effective to that end. It is therefore time something else were tried, and as we write, on Wednesday, it looks as though something else would be.

The new German chancellor, Herr Cuno, has decided that trying something else will be a breach of the treaty of Versailles; especially if it works. But who was it that set the world the example of treating treaties as "scraps of paper"? Not France. That phrase is the yellow dog of diplomacy, and it runs about the back alleys of civilization with a German tag on it. It is useless wasting sympathy on Germany; she never showed any when she had power. It is useless toying with the idea that "the world needs Germany." It needs Germany even less than it needs Germany's old friend Turkey. We are not sure that the French plan is going to succeed, but it looks like the only thing that might succeed, and it will be at least as successful as the conferences. The last batch have not been worth the telegraph tolls to report them.

As to the danger of precipitating another war, that is the gravest aspect of the situation. It will not occur if Germany pays; as she is bound to do under the treaty and under her pledges, and as she probably will do rather than lose her main industrial region. There is quite rational apprehension of another general conflict, but it may be doubted if that is in the cards. It is more likely that if war comes now it can be localized. Austria and the succession states want no more of it. Turkey is truculent, but has had her lesson and concessions to her nationalism should placate her Islamic wrath. Greece is down, and so is Bulgaria. Russia is a vast, amorphous, helpless heap with an army formidable against her own people, but which could not be supported on foreign soil. England will probably keep out, and sit on what she has. And France and Poland between them should be able to handle a partly demilitarized Germany. It would be an unpleasant prospect, but so is the present condition, and it "grows rapidly no better."

President Campbell.

It is a far cry from the breezy isolation of Mt. Hamilton and from the abstractions of star-gazing to the executive office of the university at Berkeley. On the part of President-elect Campbell it will imply unaccustomed tasks and will call into action a new set of mental and moral muscles. He will have first of all to be a tireless worker. He will need to be a diplomat and at the same time somet[illegible] of a

czar. A disburser of millions, he will nevertheless have to be an economist. He must be able to compromise the interests and whimsicalities of the thousand-and-more specialists and theorists who comprise the faculty, and of the ten-thousand-and-more children who make up the student body. On top of all this he must, if he is to be successful, become the guide, philosopher, friend—possibly the master—of the board of regents. And withal before the public he must be a pattern of all the graces of intellectual life, and before his multitudinous wards of the campus a pattern of all the social virtues. It's a big job and in truth a tough job; and it is none the easier because there are chronic contentions to be composed and essential reforms to be enforced. The *Argonaut* wishes Mr. Campbell every kind of good fortune in the great work he is about to undertake. No work in the State of California, public or private, surpasses it at the point of opportunity, and none is better worth the stress of body and mind that it puts upon the man who assumes its obligations.

In recent months the *Argonaut* has set forth its views as to the policy and conduct of our great state school. It claims for these views no merit of originality or novelty. On the contrary it believes that they are widely held. In its judgment there are at Berkeley too many students who are students only in name—who have resorted to the university mainly to while away time in enjoyment of its over-abundant social distractions. It believes that the presence of students of indifferent preparation, no ambition for culture, and lacking devotion to serious work is a detriment to the school and that all such should be eliminated. It believes that too many irrelevant and trivial subjects—æsthetic dancing, whistling, mantau-making, and much else—have place in the curriculum. It believes that the standards of scholarly devotion and achievement are too lax and that too wide license is permitted to the merry-go-round camouflaged under the name of student activities. In its judgment the obsession of bigness has been permitted to overwhelm the ideal of quality.

It is urged that it is necessary to broaden the scope of university teaching in order to enlist public interest and secure adequate appropriations. The *Argonaut* does not believe it. It believes that the sentiment by which appropriations to the university are provided is weakened rather than strengthened by the extravagances of recent years. There is no danger that California will permit its university to run shy of support in its legitimate work, but there is danger that current extravagances will so react upon public sentiment as to weaken the school in those departments where it should be strong.

Unless we misjudge the public mind as it relates to the university, there will be general approval of a policy on the part of the new president consistent with the above suggestions. We further believe that in such measure as he shall cut out superfluities, advance standards, and stiffen discipline he will register success in the great responsibility under his hand.

Information on a Dark Subject.

There is a sort of mind that can not visualize the administration of justice unless it be present in the courtroom, nor even then without observing the work of the judge, the clerk, and the bailiff in all departments at once. It does not visualize the functioning of government, nor the myriad processes of industry, nor the balancing forces of social relations, nor the survival of useful institutions in the evolution of the race. It is dissatisfied with the precession of the equinoxes, and the number of hours in a day and the sufficiency of the evil thereof. Like the old negro aspirant to the embassy to Dahomey in the "Texas Steer," who did not know where Dahomey was, but wanted to go there "right now," it longs and itches for the millennium. The green apple must become ripe at once, the chicken must hatch as soon as the egg is laid. So this sort of person is enchanted with the idea of bringing about "social justice" by means of parlor bolshevism, or redressing the wrongs of a neighborhood by having irresponsible mobs ride around in sheets and hoods punishing what they do not approve. Ignorant of plans and order, it imagines their absence; or, conscious of them, it fails to understand the long, rough road of experience by which the scheme of society, defective as it is, had to be worked out.

Such persons easily become parlor bolshevists if the peddler of parlor bolshevism reaches them first. They just as easily become members of the Ku Klux Klan, with a mission for exterminating bolshevism by way of preserving "real Americanism," if the Kleagle reaches them first. (We do not know what the bolshevist recruiting agent is called; perhaps a Bleagle.) Their hearts are right, but their heads lack ballast. They like to believe exciting things in a prosaic world; numbering among them those continuously alarmed persons that used to hear German spies conversing over the telephone every time they listened in on a neighborhood conversation they did not understand. They devour Sunday supplements. They are particularly fond of tales of atrocities and mysterious treasons, and swallow whole the fictitious version of the Knights of Columbus oath, fourth degree. When the invention of treasons and atrocities lags, they are apt to follow Henry Ford into some scheme of warehouse money.

Many of them have recently joined the Ku Klux Klan, on the supposition that some menace lowered over our beloved country that could only be dealt with by night riding and tribunals ignorant of orderly legal procedure—some threat to its womanhood, or the American system of morality, or bone-dryness, or some terrible state of something or other, the correction of which by regulators would make the world a paradise. Constitutional safeguards of person and property are nothing to them. Ten or a dozen centuries of Anglo-Saxon experiments and experience in protecting the rights of the individual, in punishing real instead of supposed crime, in identifying the criminal instead of hanging the innocent by mistake, of avoiding excesses and graduating the punishment, of securing the rights of the accused and even the remaining rights of the convicted, mean nothing to them, because they lack the imagination that would enable them to understand, but unfortunately possess the credulity to believe what the last professional sensationalist tells them. They are the persons that think they think.

Largely for their benefit the *Argonaut* this week presents a review of a book on the Ku Klux Klan. It seems to be a moderate statement containing a good deal of truth. As such it will not be very acceptable because it is not very sensational. But most of the realities of life that are either important or valuable, or both, are the result of long labors and slow processes, not at all thrilling. And the Constitution of the United States provided pretty well for its own upkeep.

The Washington Legislative Mill.

The chances of the ship subsidy bill are brightening. If we may believe Washington gossips, there is in process of negotiation a trade between the advocates of the measure and the farm bloc-ers, who are anxious to get through a measure widening the scope and the volume of rural credits. If the friends of the ship subsidy bill will support a rural credits bill soon to be reported from the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, then the friends of the rural credits bill will in turn support the ship subsidy bill. It is the characteristic method in a system of legislation in which log-rolling has come to be one of the means of getting things done.

There are in the hands of the Banking and Currency Committee many drafts of the rural credits bill. One underlying principle is involved in all of them. It is the desire of those who represent the farming interests to obtain government assistance in establishing a system whereby, not only individual farmers, but their co-operative marketing associations, can borrow practically from the public treasury and at low rates, ostensibly for the financing of crops. Actually what is desired is cheap money to enable farmers and associations of farmers to put their crops in storage and hold them for advanced prices. This phase of the question is frankly acknowledged. There is something to be said in support of this proposal. Assuredly, neither the farmer nor the consumer in the long run profits from the practice under which a large part of every crop is dumped seasonally on an overloaded market. On the other hand, there is a point where the holding of crops becomes speculative and harmful to consuming interests. In what measure the government can or ought to take a hand in the matter is worth considering.

One class of proposals before the Banking and Currency Committee looks to enlargement of the powers of the Federal Reserve Board in the matter of discounting and rediscounting to provide a system of intermediate and crop credits. Another group of proposals looks to enlargement of the powers of the Federal Farm Loan Board. Officers of the Reserve Board have told the committee that they do not want the job and that it should be put upon the Farm Loan Board. Officers of the Farm Loan Board in turn tell the committee that they do not want to engage in commercial banking and that the Federal Reserve system is better equipped for the task, and there you are.

A third proposal looks to continuance of the War Finance Corporation, which, under authority granted last year, has been lending money to coöperative farm and livestock associations and to individuals. The War Finance Corporation, probably with a view to extending its own life, is willing and eager to take over the job, but the financial authorities of the government are not favorable to carrying war legislation so far into peace times.

What is known as the Lenroot-Anderson bill will form the basis of the new legislation. It has the advantage of support on the parts of Secretaries Hoover and Wallace. It puts the task of furnishing intermediate credits on the Farm Loan Board, providing, however, for the creation in some of the Farm Loan banks of a separate intermediate credits department. The American Farm Bureau Federation has submitted an amendment. It accepts the general idea of the Lenroot-Anderson bill, but provides that the intermediate credits department of the Farm Loan system shall be directed by a separate Farm Credit Bureau with executive jurisdiction over the credits department, but required to sit in joint session with the Farm Loan Board on questions of joint jurisdiction. The Farm Credits Board would be constituted after the pattern of the Farm Loan Board, its members receiving the same salary, namely, ten thousand dollars a year. This is cumbersome and will result in a multiplication of jobs and salaries, but it is likely to be accepted.

Prohibition Enforcement in Practice.

One day last week a half-tipsy waiter in the Senate restaurant at Washington, and at the unseemly hour of 10:30 a. m., dropped on the marble floor a bottle of whisky that he was carrying under a napkin to that part of the room reserved for senators and their guests. About the same time, on the House side of the Capitol Building, somebody dropped a flask of whisky on the floor in front of the office door of Representative Upshaw of Georgia, the gentleman who wants the President and other high officers of the government to be "called out into the open and with uplifted hands to swear before high Heaven" that they will not violate the prohibition law, etc. In consequenec of these wasteful and pathetic incidents, or rather as a result of the publicity growing out of them, Senator Curtis of Kansas, chairman of the Senate Committee on Rules, and Representative Campbell, also of Kansas, chairman of the House Committee on Rules, have informed the Capitol correspondents that instructions have been given to their sergeants-at-arms to bar bootleggers and bootlegging from the Capitol and office buildings. As a matter of fact they have done nothing of the kind. What they have done is to issue warnings to individual members of the Senate and House to be discreet, with suggestions of how terrible would be the scandal if the truth of the situation in the Capitol Building should become known.

Long before constitutional prohibition came in Washington theoretically went dry. But it is due to the sacred cause of truth to say that Washington—at least social Washington—was never wetter than at the present time. One who has knocked about that city more or less in recent weeks may bear witness to the fact that the fluids that tend to cheerfulness, not to say exhilaration, were never more plentiful on Washington dinner-tables than now. The one hospitable house where it is not in evidence is the White House. It is the testimony of many who frequent both Senate and House office buildings that bootleggers sell and deliver their merchandise with little secrecy in both Senate and House office buildings. One observer recently informed the editor of the *Argonaut* that he had personally seen home brew in process of manufacture in a committee room; and it is common knowledge that those who know how to look for it may find liquor in committee rooms within the immediate vicinity of the Senate chamber. It is a common practice for bootleggers in the Capitol and office buildings to solicit trade, submitting price lists of wines and whiskies and

guaranteeing delivery either at the offices of members of Congress or at their homes. The Capitol police, of course, are not ignorant of this fact, but no policeman in his senses will offend a congressman and thereby endanger his job.

Bootlegging in the Capitol Building is by no means a new traffic. It antedates both constitutional and local prohibition. Twenty-five years ago both the Senate and House restaurants sold wines and liquors openly. But there came a time in the late years of the last century when Senator Frye of Maine became chairman of the Senate Committee on Rules. He came from a then dry state, and under the political necessity of making a show of personal consistency he abolished the sale of liquors in the Senate restaurant, and the resulting publicity compelled the House restaurant to follow suit. Both restaurants began bootlegging and the practice culminated in the famous "cold tea" scandal, whisky and other refreshing liquors being served in teacups. It was then that the practice of dependence on private stocks in committee rooms and near-by hotel bars came into vogue. The Volstead Act closed the bars and now private stocks, frequently renewed, are the resource of thirsty statesmen. This, of course, means bootlegging on a large scale.

We say nothing not universally known in adding that here in San Francisco bootlegging is a highly prosperous business; but it may surprise some to know that among the most successful agents of this trade are authorized agents of prohibition enforcement. A recent incident will illustrate one of the methods by which the trade is carried on: A certain gentleman of this city, having made a considerable purchase from a bootlegger, was recently visited by an official inspector for the business of inquiring into his availability as a prosecuting witness. Not wishing to be drawn into a damaging confession, the gentleman in question undertook to "jolly" his visitor, bringing out a decanter of whisky for his entertainment, giving him a cigar and telling him to put another in his pocket. This courtesy was made the basis of a confidential chat in which the inspector learned that his host, while fairly supplied in other respects, was shy in the matter of brandy. Before the interview ended the inspector sold to his host two cases of brandy. It would be interesting to know the source of supply.

The Iron Age.

The optimist, inspired by illicit brew or perhaps more justifiably by our eminence in other fields of endeavor, who refers to Americans letters as a *fait accompli* is usually misled by several factors. Two of them we have already mentioned—he mistakes the wish for the fact, and, of course, we should have a literature. We have everything else. Two or three years ago H. L. Mencken of coöperative *Smart Set* fame wrote something to this effect: "If the United States ever becomes civilized and develops a literature, the Middle West will doubtless be the scene of the prodigy"—a statement which brings us to our third factor and incidentally our thesis; for Mr. Mencken's ultimatum, three years old though it may be, has both an implicit and an explicit message. The former is that though we may lack a creative literature we have the other sort, the non-creative, analytical, critical kind. And it is just possible that it is the only variety that will ever bear the bona fide American trade mark. We are not beauty-loving people, for beauty is the fruit of leisure and as much the product of cultivation as a taste for olives and some liqueurs. Without going into an argument on the nature of æsthetics and overlooking the occasional individual artist who may be born on American shores, even as such a one may spring from the black masses of Africa, it is safe to say that no people develops a national art without considerable leisure and large classes interested primarily in drama or architecture. It was Greece's argument for a slave system. It freed the intelligent educated Greeks to plan the Acropolis and produce tragedians and philosophers. Greece, of course, is a trite example, but as the opposite pole of present-day America it exemplifies, not only our relative lack of letters, but the absence of promise thereof. Of course we have our Hergesheimer and Willa Cather, even as Africa has René Maran, and the latter connotes just as significantly a great African birth of letters. In the case of our dusky contemporary we recognize the truth: he is an accident, and so may Miss Cather and Mr. Hergesheimer be chronicled in future annals. That they are two out of rather more than a hundred millions smacks just as much of the undesigned as does the brief flourishing of a single negro genius. We have, needless to say, other creative writers of rank and quality, but none that seems to us to indicate the dawn of an American school of creative art. Mrs. Wharton, like James and the other really great literary lights of the nineteenth century who were merely Anglo-Saxon inheritances to the young country, is not a dyed-in-the-wool American. Her *mise-en-scène* is almost as British or foreign as James' own—almost, not quite. As for the Middle West—or rather the rest of the Middle Westerners, since Miss Cather hails from that maligned region—we can only cling to the classical tradition that creative art is the product of cultivated leisure. It is an aristocratic prerogative when considered on a large scale. Nor do we recognize the photographic reportorial outpourings of the Main Street-Moon Calf school as remotely related to the branch of art under discussion.

However, as it is the time of year to take stock of all commodities, and as probably every other journal in the country will be seized by the same ambition—namely, to classify the present *status quo* of American letters—we offer a post-holiday suggestion. If our native literature is a fact, and still more if it has a future, it must at present be in what Peacock would have called the Iron Age. The great satirist, himself a fine example of the silver or sophisticated age of letters, divided poetry into four epochs, of which the first was iron, the second gold, the third silver, and the fourth brass. After much tintinnabulation in the usual mode of modern advertising, we have probably now arrived at the first or iron age of American creative art. And to those that fidget overmuch because we lack background, we commend a current cartoon in a magazine of wide weekly circulation—a whiskered bolshevist ranting that America has no traditions and no soul; and behind him the artist's sketches of Valley Forge, of the westward migration in '49, of Gettysburg and Lincoln. The background is there, the traditions are there, and so is the national soul.

Editorial Notes.

An escaped convict from a Texas penitentiary has been captured in Los Angeles and sent back under guard. The warden would be justified in refusing to receive him. Any convict so unappreciative of the comforts and privileges of a modern penitentiary should be left to work for a living, out in the chilly world. The doors of state hospitality should be closed in his face. His "opportunity to reform" should be canceled. He is an ingrate. He is no better than the rest of us, and no more entitled to the sentimental solicitude that provides him with free band concerts, motion pictures, select female society, flowers and boxing lessons, than those of us who have not yet been caught at crime. This man ungraciously abandoned a warm cell, a soft bed, three meals a day, congenial associations, an athletic club, a good library, elevating entertainment which costs common people money, and the ministrations of the gentlest sob sisters in the land. He did not deserve his felicity and he ought to be kicked out of his jail.

Most rights are limited, and Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe of the United States District Court at Los Angeles has, in sentencing eight convicted Santa Fé strikers, recognized certain limitations on the right to strike. The issue was not confused by any violence on the part of the men—they simply abandoned certain passenger trains at the Needles and points in Arizona during the shopmen's strike last August, leaving the passengers to broil on the desert. They were convicted, by a jury, of conspiracy to obstruct interstate commerce; and Judge Bledsoe stripped the case of labor union bunc by saying he did not believe they abandoned their duties because of the presence of armed guards or of run-down equipment, but to help the shop strikers by harassing the railroad company. That makes the thing very clear, and it is followed by the declaration that the men "had no right to leave passengers on the desert or violate obligations they had assumed." We have not his whole statement before us, but this much of it carries conviction of its rationality and soundness. Strikes that can not be won without such tactics should be lost, and the strikers should in such cases be good enough sports to accept defeat.

Last year American industry spent more than $70,000,000 in scientific research, most of it in experiments in chemistry in the laboratory.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKHAMEN.

(New York Herald.)

The finding of the tomb of Tut-Ankhamen at Thebes is to the world of archæology and art what the discovery of gold in California was to the fortune hunter. It is unexpected, rich, and believed to hide even greater historic wealth than is visible. It is not as epochal as the unearthing of the Rosetta Stone, which let the modern world read the surviving manuscripts of ancient Egypt, but it surpasses the discovery of the tomb of Thothmes IV. It is as if, forty centuries after the decay and disappearance of New York, a scientist from Tibet should lay bare some wing of the Museum of Natural History or the Metropolitan Museum of Art and place its treasures at the disposal of the students of A. D. 6000.

None could read Lord Carnarvon's description of the entrance of himself and the American Egyptologist Howard Carter into this treasure house without a thrill. Even those without reverence for the mysterious past must have marveled at the story. There, in the huge antechamber of the royal tomb, preserved against the tooth of time during thirty centuries by the dry air of Egypt, were all the luxuries which followed a Pharaoh to his final resting place: throne and chariot, beds and chairs, boxes and vases, statues and paintings. The robbers who looted the sacred place centuries before the Christian era had taken, it would seem, only the huge vessels of gold and silver. What loot must have been theirs when they could leave such a remainder! Yet they passed over what the scientist of today most desires.

No discovery in all the record of Egyptian research goes so far as this one to confirm the belief that Egypt in the eighteenth dynasty reached the artistic summit beyond which it never passed. This, the time of Tut-Ankhamen, was the high tide of civilization along the Nile. The king himself was no great figure in the royal procession that ran from Menes to Cleopatra. We remember him as a son-in-law of the heretic Akhenaton, who would have destroyed the numerous gods of his people and given them sun worship instead. Tut-Ankhamen, the heretic's almost immediate successor, not only restored the temple at Karnak, hut put up new monuments to the old god Ammon. Small wonder that the priests piled such riches in his tomh!

Lord Carnarvon remarks that he doubts whether any former discovery exceeded this one in point of magnitude. Indeed, the inventory of the riches uncovered reads like pages from Rider Haggard—gold and silver, ebony and ivory, porcelain and alabaster, carnelian and turquoise—except that no novelist could have imagined such intrinsic wealth as that which has been rescued from the royal necropolis of the Theban Empire. The throne is "one of the most wonderful works of art ever found." Nothing that can approach the four alahaster vases ever came to light before. These are only examples in a wilderness of gifts laid as a trihute to the autocrat of an empire in the days of its greatest wealth and its finest workmanship. Possihly a few of the treasures will come to New York and we shall see some masterpiece that stood sentinel for thirty centuries at the door of a dead Pharaoh.

Mingled with admiration for the Englishman and the American who made such a great rent in the veil hetween past and present are thoughts of wonder and regret. There is the tomh of an emperor. There is the evidence of the high plane of civilization his people had attained. But the civilization and the people—they are not here. Why is it that the Egyptian is dust while the Angles, the Saxons, the Celts and the Gauls, who were wild men in the European forests when the Egyptian proudly surveyed his record of thousands of years of civilization, rule the higger and better world of today? The people of the Nile Valley were established in religion, in the arts, in government and in social usage five centuries hefore Confucius. They had progressed in writing, architecture, art, astronomy and mathematics. They had public libraries, schools, women's rights, even sports, in the days of Tut-Ankhamen. Thebes was the intellectual centre of the world; and now it is a ruin upon which Arah lads fight for the tourist's alms.

The climate was one of the causes of Egypt's rise and fall. It solved easily the problems of food and elothing. The Nile watered and fertilized the fields beside it. Population, prosperity, and wealth followed, hut on their heels came despotism. Under the dead hands of superstition and the tropics individual amhition could not live. Science and the arts were pursued, not for their own sake, hut for material advantage. Egypt became great, rich, and satisfied with itself. Its land and its toiling people could have supported happily a Pharaoh and even paid for golden chariots to put in his tomb. But bureaucracy rose and swarmed. The state became the centre of all things—and the state was the king and his bureaucrats. The priests dared not expand their theories of moral culture. The physicians were ordered to stick to the old medicines. The architects feared to do what had not heen done. The people, howed with taxes raised with the whip to support the huge hody of officials, toiled from dawn till darkness. They stopped hoping and thinking.

And when a people stop hoping their government is lost. When men do not hope they nave nothing to fight for. After progress eame to an end in Egypt, just about the time of the reign of Tut-Ankhamen, the land of the Nile was ready to be the prey of the outlander. What cared the people if Libyan or Assyrian, Greek or Roman, came to conquer? They would not fight hack. The color and the speech of a bureaucrat are nothing to a tax-ridden people. And there was no reforming the bureaucracy of the Pharaohs. Even Dawes could not have done that; indeed, Moses himself had failed and fled, taking with him a people who, while they have no rulers' tomhs like that of Tut-Ankhamen, live on.

So, while the world pauses to reflect that a Declaration of Independence or a stimulating New England climate might have saved the glories of the Egypt that is reflected in the treasure found in the Valley of the Kings, let it not put the hlame on Tut-Ankhamen. He could not know that Egypt had stopped moving or that it is the people that make the state. He was the king and the son of a king and bound by the customs of centuries. Let the explorers step lightly when they pass from the rooms of treasure into the chamber where doubtless the Pharaoh himself lies in his royal sarcophagus. Let them not ask him why he did not free his people from the rule of the taxeaters lest he say, "Have ye no bureaucrats yourselves?"

HEADED FOR PROSPERITY.

(Washington Star.)

The year which has recently closed has been one of the most turhulent in the history of American industry, hut it ends with a far better showing than any one had reason to anticipate at its beginning or during the early and midmonths of its greatest turbulence. As a matter of fact, we bid farewell to 1922 with belated realization that the year has seen us launched definitely on an era of restored prosperity, and in the belief that the new year will witness such consolidation of that prosperity that the nation may go ahead with its business in confidence which has not been warranted in any previous post-war year.

Evidence of this returning prosperity comes from numerous and authentic sources. At the heginning of the year unemployment was regarded as the most serious of the n[illegible]

prohlems. It is not a prohlem at all at the year's end, for unemployment on a nation-wide scale has ceased to exist. Work is not as plentiful as it was during the war years, when men could pick and choose in the matter of jobs, hut there is no considerahle numher of men today out of johs who really want them. A few days ago Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce submitted figures showing not only a highly gratifying revival in domestic trade and industry, but a wholly unexpected improvement with respect to foreign commerce. The net of his showing was that while statesmen have heen discoursing wisely, or otherwise, on how to restore world trade the traders of the world have heen husily and successfully applying self-restoratives. Even the surplus of our farm products, which has heen the cause of so much gloom in agricultural circles, is managing to find markets ahroad, with the prospect that hefore another harvest the surplus will have heen reduced to normal, with corresponding reduction in rural discontent.

On another page of the *Star* is puhlished an article hy Dr. Parmelee, director of the Bureau of Railway Economics, which constitutes perhaps the most surprising contrihution to the testimony that prosperity is returning. It shows that despite the handicaps and losses of the coal strike and the railway shopmen's strike, net operating income of the railroads increased $145,000,000, constituting a net profit rate of 4.05 per cent. on the valuation fixed hy the Interstate Commerce Commission, as against a rate of 3.3 per cent. in 1921 and a small fraction of 1 per cent. in 1920. Dr. Parmelee feels warranted in helieving that in the coming year the railroads will earn well over 5 per cent. net, or a close approximation to the 5¾ per cent. designated officially as a "fair return."

A numher of years ago the puhlic would have heen disposed to regard with indifference, to say the least, announcement that the railroads were earning a reasonahle profit on the money invested in them, hut one of the lessons which have heen learned hy the present generation is that there can be no sustained national prosperity if prosperity is to he denied to the great transportation systems. It would he difficult to overstate what the improved position of the railroads will mean during the coming year. They will now he ahle to obtain credits and to place orders for hadly-needed equipment, and these equipment orders will revive activity and provide work in a hundred different lines. These revivals will, in turn, stimulate the demand for foodstuffs and other necessities; this stimulation will in its own turn provide additional tonnage for the carriers, enahling them to huy still more equipment, and everybody will he happy that the much-discussed circle is again in swing, this time swinging beneficently.

HOMICIDE GONE MAD.

(Portland Oregonian.)

The homicide record for 1921 in twenty-eight American cities, just compiled for the *Spectator*, an insurance journal, contains much material for reflection. Not only the actual numher of murders committed, hut comparison with previous years will cause the thoughtful to pause. The cities in question had in 1921 a total population of 20,558,770; the numher of persons unlawfully slain was 1910; the rate per 100,000 was 9.3. The striking fact is that in 1901 the rate was hut 4.9. Incidence of murder has nearly doubled in two decades. Nothing in the statistics warrants helief that the end has heen reached. Each five-year period shows an increase over its predecessor. Moreover, there is reason for supposing that the official records do not tell the whole story. "They fall short of the truth," ohserves the compiler, "since to an increasing extent the facts or statistics are confused, leaving a douht in the classification as regards deaths attrihuted to suicide or accident, hut that were possihly homicides."

There is a fruitful field for speculation in the comparative figures, not only of periods, hut also hy geographical divisions. Thus the South, the home of one of our older civilizations, holds the palm with a rate of 11.3 per 100,000, while the Pacific Coast states, last to he settled, are third on the list, with 8.4. But the New England states, also homes of pioneer immigrants to these shores, make the most favorahle showing of all, their rate heing only 2.7, despite a recent influx of alien inhahitants. Among the cities, Memphis, Tennessee, continues to lead, as it has done for lo! these many years, its record as a whole measurahly offsetting a slight improvement ohservahle in the figures for 1921. The latter show 56.8 murders per 100,000 of population. For the five years, 1916 to 1920, inclusive, there were 60.9 per 100,000; for the five years hefore that, 69.7. Another Southern city, Nashville, holds the unenviahle distinction of heing second in the line.

If it were possible to arouse puhlic indifference to an aggressive attitude in dealing with the suhject in proportion to its importance, it would seem that the totals for the nation which are deducihle from the foregoing would he effective. The numher of homicides in the twenty-eight cities in question at the heginning of the century, in 1901, was hut 609, when those cities had a population somewhat short of 12,000,000. In 1921, with a little more than 20,000,000 inhahitants, an increase of two-thirds, there is an increase in murders of 1300, or more than 200 per cent. The total for the whole country from 1916 to 1920 was 8776. The total for 1921, if maintained at the rate prevailing in the cities, would be 10,028. This in all prohahility is not far from the truth.

Perplexing details of the administration of justice, as was held hy a committee of the American Bar Association not long ago are involved in solution of this most serious prohlem, hut the layman will incline to helieve that the real cause lies deeper than that. Yet even this will not he ignored. The har association is on record as stating that much remains to he done to improve our judicial procedure, "to the extent that punishment shall he more swift and more certain in cases in which the evidence seems sufficient to warrant a conviction." The low record of New Jersey, with its proverhial Jersey justice, would seem to hear out the assumption that speed and certainty help, for with a few exceptions it makes the hest showing among the states. It is incidentally interesting to learn that Oregon, with 4.4 murders per 100,000 population, is the most favorahly situated of the Western states. Its neighhor, California, has more than twice as many, or 10.1.

It is nevertheless open to question, as we have previously pointed out, whether the proposal of the har association to prohihit the sale of firearms, or whether another suggestion that "indiscriminate sale of poisonous suhstances" he prohihited will prove the panacea that their advocates helieve them to he. The efficacy of a murder preventive which disarms the prospective victim, while it leaves with the outlaw the advantage which his superior cunning and want of restraint give him, is at least dubious.

BUDGET SPEEDS UP WORK.

(Portland Oregonian.)

One gratifying result of the hudget system is the speed with which appropriation hills are passed hy Congress. Formerly none were passed before Christmas at the short session; this year several are already in the hands of the President. The details have heen threshed out hy the hudget hureau hefore the estimates reach the House, and all hills of this character are prepared hy a single committee, which has an eye to the total revenue in prospect and which labors to keep total appropriations within that sum. Conflicting claims of departments have heen reconciled, and no head of a department or hureau goes hefore a committee of Congress to ask for more. Log-rolling on rivers and harhors is eliminated hy careful hudget work under the advice of army engineers, and we hear no more of puhlic huilding and pension grahs.

The change from former methods is nothing short of a revolution. Though made possihle hy enactment of the hudget law, it hegan hy application of the tremendous energy and force of Charles G. Dawes, who could not have succeeded without the unwavering support of President Harding. Mr. Dawes had to reverse the thinking process of a host of officials, so that they should try to spend less than Congress voted instead of thinking up ways to spend more and creating deficiencies. Having heen started in that direction, the spending officials should he kept going hy Director Lord with the hacking of the President. If that hacking should he withdrawn the spenders would pounce on General Lord like a pack of wolves, and the old game would hegin again.

By entrusting the details of apportioning expenditures to the Budget Bureau Congress has gained time for its real work, which is legislation. Its action in this case is of the same character as that regarding railroad rates, the tariff, and other matters. It makes laws embodying principles, worked out in more or less detail, under which the government shall perform particular functions, and it entrusts the application of those principles in detail to administrative hodies like the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Tariff Commission. Formerly it passed a special law authorizing dams for power and navigation. It has given authority in this respect to the Federal Power Commission, which administers the water-power law.

This is an inevitahle development of the growth of the functions of government. It involves exercise of much power hy administrative chiefs, commissions, and hoards. Publicity as to proceedings and open hearings are a needed safeguard against ahuse of this power. That practice has heen cheerfully adopted hy the Interstate Commerce Commission and is to be followed hy the Tariff Commission.

OLD FAVORITES.

Her Letter

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm hediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the helle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've hroken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches
And diamonds and silks and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand;
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold hacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just at this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier
In the hustle and glitter hefitting
The "finest soirée of the year,"
In the mists of a *gaze de chombéry*
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork":

Of Harrison's harn with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl:
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few hahy peaks that were peeping
From under their hedclothes of snow:
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest:
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the hest-paying lead in the state."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and heauty and money,
That I should he thinking, right there,
Of some one who hreasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to he "finished" hy travel.
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night,—here's the end of my paper:
Good-night,—if the longitude please,—
For mayhe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climhing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

—*Bret Harte.*

Lake Tahoe, situated 6240 feet above sea level, fifteen miles south of Truckee, and lying partly in California and Nevada, is twenty-three miles long, thirteen miles in width, and 193 square miles in area. Three-fourths of this lake is in California.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Aleen Crust is the first woman veterinary surgeon in the British Isles. Although she has just received her diploma from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, she has been practicing for ten years. Miss Crust is a daughter of the late Sir Leopold Crust, and a sister of Sir Charles Crust, equerry to the king. During the war she served in a bacteriological laboratory attached to a veterinary hospital in France. Before the war she was veterinary inspector for the Galway county council. Miss Crust has evolved a new type of toy dog which she calls the "pocket cocker," a pocket edition of the cocker spaniel.

André Citroen, the French "Ford," and eleven other Frenchmen are making the unique experiment of crossing the Sahara Desert by motor truck. A special type of car with back wheels replaced by two rubber bands, permitting the car to follow the sinuosity of the sandy route without sinking, will be employed by the explorers. The route, which lies between Tuggurt, the terminus of the Algerian railroad, and Timbuktu, where civilized life begins again, is 2200 miles, and it is estimated will make an eighteen-day trip for the fleet of exploring cars. The few camel caravans that have accomplished the journey in the past have required from three to four months.

Witter Bynner is the latest author to be adopted into an Indian tribe. The Hopis took him in and gave him the name of "Mountain Antelope" when he attended the annual snake dance near Santa Fé recently.

Miss Natividad Almeda is proof that equal rights have spread to the Philippines. Miss Almeda has recently been appointed assistant attorney-general; needless to say, the first of her sex to hold the post in the Islands. Previous to her appointment the Filipino Portia had a remarkable legal record in private practice.

Admiral Hilary Pollard Jones, the new commander-in-chief of the combined fleets, was born in Virginia in 1863, was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1884, served on the *Dorothea* during the Spanish-American war, and, after the usual series of minor promotions, became a commander in 1908, a captain in 1911, rear-admiral in 1917, and a vice-admiral in 1919. In the last-named post he commanded the second battleship squadron, Atlantic Fleet, 1919-1921, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the fleet in Atlantic waters.

Rodman Wanamaker, the new head of the house of Wanamaker, who has been seriously ill in the house in which his father died recently, is prominent in New York civic and business affairs. He was once consul-general for Paraguay and for Uruguay and the Dominican Republic at Philadelphia. He has sent at various times three expeditions to the West to study Indian life; and Princeton has an art collection presented by him. He is greatly interested in aviation, his plans for a transatlantic flight having been interrupted by the war. He has been decorated with a number of foreign orders.

Charles B. Warren, United States Ambassador to Japan, whose services during the Washington Armament Conference are understood to be regarded by the Administration as of the highest value, is resigning his portfolio in the Orient. Mr. Warren was appointed to the Tokyo post from Michigan in June, 1921. He has represented the United States as counsel before international tribunals, and during the world war was a colonel on the staff of the judge-advocate-general of the army in Washington. He served as Republican national committeeman for his state for years. Mr. Warren is credited with being the author of the selective service act.

It has developed with the present illness of Mme. Bernhardt that the Divine Sarah has long been hiding her ill-health from the public. For years before an amputation made it impossible for her to move about with ease she walked only with the greatest difficulty. Yet her tremendous vitality has driven her on to her seventy-eighth year, in harness. It has been remarked that Bernhardt is the only member of her profession using an alien tongue whose repeated visits to this country have been profitable both to her audiences and herself. The explanation is that she is the only great actress of her time whose intellectual powers are such that she can act as her own manager. And it should be remembered that in the '80s, when the French star first played in America, public opinion was rather against her than otherwise. The church element was not so friendly to the stage as it is today and there were many persons who prided themselves on never having been to the theatre. In addition, Bernhardt's eccentricities were held against her by the quieter element. However, she has proved herself past mistress of the art of publicity, as well as of stage management. Her persistence in acting a decade after she might have resigned with glory and an easy artistic conscience is explained by her pressing need for money. Her family of three generations, which she insists on having near her, is a great financial drain and her genorosity in her charities is said to amount to a fault. The fishers of Belle Isle off the Brittany coast, where she has her summer home, and the promising young dramatic talent of the capital are the chief objects of her largesse.

THE OLD AND NEW KU KLUX.

A "Jiner's" Revelations of the Klan and Its Klaverns After Working as a Kleagle.

An evolutionist might conceive of this country as a region where, as in a well-conducted jungle, the fit thing survives and the unfit perishes. That would be a comfortable doctrine for a man that was too indifferent or pessimistic to contribute to the service of reform; a sort of whatever-is-is-right basis of conduct—or rather of passivity. We have been watching, for a few years, the rise of an institution known as the Ku Klux Klan, an organization that appears to have the lofty purpose animating Mahomet when he wrote the Koran: to cure everything that was wrong with the world. If the evolutionist conception of the country is right, this institution will undergo the same test as everything else and survive if useful, or perish if not. That would be one way of looking at it; a detached and passive way. But the evolutionary process takes a long time, and much may happen to people in the meanwhile, and if this Ku Klux movement is to be left to the selective operation of nature, even of human nature, why then the human character of the material amid and through which it purposes to work requires light on it, for its fate will depend on public approval or disapproval.

And some light now appears to be supplied by a modest book entitled "The Modern Ku Klux Klan," by Henry P. Fry; a good part of it consisting of material printed in the New York *World* within the past two years. And there is additional matter of perhaps greater interest. Mr. Fry writes from the inside, from the standpoint of a "naturalized citizen," in Klan speech, who worked as a Kleagle, and then became convinced that the thing was wrong. Hence his book is a sort of exposé, and possesses the interest of forbidden revelation. And even if one have no more serious interest in the subject, there may be some youthful appeal in its ritualistic nomenclature. So that if you are interested in kleagles, and klaverns, and klonversations, and the kloran, and the klaliff and the kloncilium, and in klokards and kludds, to say nothing of goblins and ghouls; if you like the fantastic idea of an empire in the United States, and the more if it be "invisible"; and if you are interested in the character of an American "emperor," whether Emperor Simmons or Emperor Norton, this book would interest you. And it might help you to come to some conclusion as to whether American ideals are best promoted by such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan, or through such as the Commonwealth Club.

In the author's view, this Ku Klux Klan is not the old one, and in no essential part a revival of it. He is at some pains to set this out, because of the general belief that it is identical with the necessary evil that redressed so many unnecessary evils of reconstruction days in the South. To mark the contrast he gives this account of the origin of the real Ku Klux:

> The Ku Klux Klan was organized in Pulaski, Tennessee, in May, 1866. Several young men who had served in the Confederate army, having returned to their homes, found themselves suffering from the inactivity and reaction that followed army life. There was nothing to do in which to relieve it. There was but little work to do, and but few had capital to engage in new mercantile or professional pursuits. The amusements and diversions of normal society were lacking, and to meet this situation it was decided to form a secret society merely for the purpose of hurlesque and fun-making. After the society was organized, and a name was sought, one of the members suggested the word *"kukloi"* from the Greek word *"Kuklos"* meaning circle. Another member then suggested: "Call it 'Ku Klux,'" and this suggestion was at once adopted, with the addition of the word Klan.
>
> The new society was a success from the start. The "joiner" of 1866 was no different from the "joiner" of 1921. The boys made the organization one of deep mystery; they adopted grotesque and hideous costumes which they wore to and from their places of initiation; they gave out hints of the wonders of the new society, which played on the curiosity of the public; and they had mysterious communications printed in the local newspapers. The members were required to maintain profound and absolute secrecy with reference to everything connected with the order, and went at their work with great glee, to the added mystification of the community. The result was that everybody in the city of Pulaski and all throughout the surrounding country became possessed of the "joiner's itch" and sought admission. No applications were solicited for membership, because the organizers knew human nature well enough to know that if they gave out the impression that they wished to be exclusive the applications would be both voluntary and numerous. The organization grew very rapidly, and strangers coming to Tennessee from other Southern States learned of it, became members, and secured permission to start local organizations. By the fall and winter of 1866 the order had grown all over the South, and in nearly every community there was a "Den" of Ku Kluxes enjoying the baffled curiosity and wild speculations of a mystified public.

The word psychology has been and is being so much abused that one hesitates to use it, and yet there is a certain *post bellum* psychic state that tends to stimulate the growth of extra-legal organizations with dynamic purposes. It is the craving for a continuance of the excitements of war, and it is as real as the craving for cocaine on the part of an addict. We have seen this feeling manifested in the form of the most painful restlessness on the part of young officers returned from France. It contributed heavily to the formation by returned soldiers of the Italian Fascisti, with its intense nationalism. Undoubtedly, as our author indicates, it caused the formation of the original Ku Klux Klan, which soon found real work to do. There is a hunger, especially on the part of the romantic, to keep on fighting for the right. Almost all good people have that impulse, until age and experience have cursed them with doubts as to just what the right may be in any given instance. A combination of these two emotions, with the juvenile desire to ride around nights in a mask, and the human desire to get into crowds, would offer opportunity to anybody with a workable scheme for "harnessing" these impulses, as our water-and-power enthusiasts would put it. Along came the man—one William Simmons, who seems to have been a professional organizer of "jiners." Another man named Clarke, and a woman named Tyler, had acquired much experience at war "drives" and publicity stunts, and they combined with Simmons. Today Simmons is an "Emperor," with an "Invisible Empire." How it is going to work in a constitutional republic, the people are beginning to witness. Our author says:

> The original Klan presents in its defense that it policed and enforced law in a badly demoralized country, brought order out of chaos, and protected the widow and the orphan. The new Klan has at times given out a few charities, largely for advertising purposes, and whenever this has been done has sought as much publicity as possible from its work. It has announced that it intends to protect the womanhood of the country, and one Klan in Texas has issued a warning that "husbands must spend more time with their own wives," without, however, consulting the wishes of either of the parties to ascertain if the same was agreeable. As far as has been printed in the newspapers, however, the Klan in its eagerness to protect womanhood has not discovered and punished the masked and white-robed people who stripped Mrs. Beulah Brown of her clothing at Tenasha, Texas, whipped her and covered her body with tar and feathers.

Our author, Mr. Fry, confesses to being a born "jiner," and thought he would like to "jine." They made him a Kleagle, or recruiter of other jiners. Of the character of his fellow-members he says:

> It is doubtful if one could find anywhere in the country a finer, cleaner or better lot of men than those among whom I worked as an agent of Ku Kluxism. As individuals they were successful business and professional men, nearly all of them devout church members, married men with families, and just the sort of men to make up a prosperous community; yet, in spite of all this it seemed to me that the protection afforded by membership in an ultra secret movement like the "Invisible Empire" tended to inculcate lawlessness even among some of them. There is but little original law-breaking in this world. Most of it is due to precedent or suggestion. The power of suggestion is one of the most potent factors in every phase of human activity, and I believe that the mere fact of being a member of an organization that can go abroad in the land white-robed and masked is a suggestive force that encourages men to take the law into their own hands.

Why the author later resolved to quit the order and supply the New York paper mentioned with the material for its effective exposé, one that has made Klan recruiting difficult in the metropolis, he sets out in the following analysis:

> After much thoughtful deliberation, I reached the decision that the Ku Klux obligation was radically wrong. It was not the kind of obligation men take in *fraternal* organizations—it was a *political* obligation. I saw that the ritual, which had perviously been to me merely a badly written mass of words, was really a sacrilegious mockery. I realized that the whole scheme was vicious in principle, and a menace to the peace and safety of America. The basis for these conclusions can be stated briefly:
>
> First—While the organization was incorporated under the laws of the State of Georgia, as a fraternal order, the claim being advanced by the promoters that it should have similar powers to the Masons and Knights of Pythias, it is not a fraternal organization in the sense usually understood, but an attempt to create in this republic of ours an "Invisible Empire," entirely political and military in nature and designed to function bodily.
>
> Second—The "Invisible Empire" is under the control of one man who openly calls himself an "Emperor," holds his position for life, and exercises despotic control over the affairs of the organization.
>
> Third—Candidates—designated as "aliens"—who are received into the organization, are not regarded as "members," but as "citizens" of this "Invisible Empire," and instead of being "initiated," as is usually the case in fraternal orders, are "naturalized" and become "subjects" of the "Emperor."
>
> Fourth—Membership is restricted to a limited class of American citizens, including only white, Gentile, American-born Protestants, all other Americans being ineligible.
>
> Fifth—In propagating this "Invisible Empire," the work, which is being done all over the United States by a highly paid and highly efficient field force, is being carried on by stirring up prejudice and hatred against the Catholic, the Jew, the negro, and the foreign-born American citizen.
>
> Sixth—Under the claim of the enforcement of "law and order," the "Invisible Empire" is attempting to take into its grasp the entire law-enforcing machinery of the United States, including officers and men of the Regular Army and Reserve Corps, the National Guard, sheriffs and their deputies, mayors, police officials and men, judges and all persons connected with law administration, with the exception of those ineligible under the rules above stated.
>
> Seventh—The "citizens" of the "Invisible Empire" are urged by the organization to purchase white robes and helmets, which are used for the purpose of going abroad in disguise for the concealment of the identity of the wearer, and in many localities there have been parades and demonstrations of strength made by the organization, all having the effect of intimidating certain classes of people of these communities.
>
> Eighth—The sale of these robes is a monopoly in the hands of the Gate City Manufacturing Company, a concern associated with the organization, and from this monopoly somebody is deriving an enormous revenue.
>
> Ninth—The propagation of the organization is being conducted in such a way that it is clearly a money-making scheme run for the benefit of a few insiders.
>
> Tenth—The claim that this is the "genuine original Klan" is a historical fraud, not supported by the history and prescript of the old Klan which are available for public inspection.
>
> Eleventh—The Ku Klux propaganda is vicious, un-American, and evil, and will have a tendency to stir up racial and religious hatred in this country to such an extent as to result, unless checked, in a serious religious-racial war.
>
> Twelfth—The ritualistic work, while clumsy, ignorant, plagiaristic, and poorly written, is an attempt to use the cloak of religion to promote the financial fortunes of the insiders; and its principal feature—the ceremony of "naturalization"—is a mockery and parody on the sacred and holy rite of baptism.
>
> Thirteenth—The organization should be exposed for what it is, and the Congress of the United States should enact suitable legislation to make it illegal and bar its literature and propaganda from the mails.
>
> Fourteenth—Suitable and necessary legislation should be enacted by Congress and the state legislatures of a general nature which will forever prevent the organization and operation of a secret movement of this character.

Our author is another reminder of the oft-quoted experience of Mr. Weller, who, it will be recalled, conceded that married men knew things unmarried men did not, but doubted if it were worth going through so much to learn so little. In the klaverns Mr. Fry must have suffered considerable boredom. There was a good deal of marching around and swearing of strange oaths, with quotations from the kloran, as the sacred book of kluxology is called. He says:

> The text of the "Kloran" starts off with an "Imperial Decree" written in the "Simmons" language, and signed by "His Majesty," telling the members that this book is *"the* book" of the "Invisible Empire," and that the decree to preserve it, and study its sacred teachings is as binding as the original obligation. Then follows a complicated diagram of the "Klavern," or meeting-place, showing the stations of the numerous officers and the routes taken by candidates when going through the floor work.
>
> The "opening ceremony," which is supposed to be inflicted upon the Klan every time it meets, covers eight closely printed pages of the "Kloran," and is filled with tiresome and boring conversation between the various officers. An opening "klode," to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," with its chorus "Home, Sweet Home" is then to be sung, and this is followed by a long-winded prayer ending with a petition to the Lord to "bless our Emperor." After more words, the poor Klan at last finds itself open.

And it appears in the dispatches from Morehouse parish, Louisiana, that the ritualism has uncommon and unsuspected potencies for the regeneration of neighborhoods and individuals; for one of the leaders in the Mer Rouge vicinity declares that the Klan took a profligate girl and made her better than she ever was in her life, better fit to associate with proper people: although by what formula they restored her purity is not declared. Our author seems skeptical of such claims, and will not concede even the claim of Americanism, for he says:

> It was proven in one instance that swearing allegiance to the United States Constitution has had but little effect in preventing members of the "Invisible Empire" from committing acts of lawlessness. Hence, I believe that the pious and patriotic clause in the oath of "Emperor" Simmons' organization is sheer camouflage, because the very document shows on its face that the Ku Klux oath is considered paramount to any other tie or obligation.

California has had some manifestations of Klan activity of late, so this prediction will be of interest:

> The last "News-letter" I have read was the one dated June 25. It was read at a meeting I attended in Chattanooga, and was descriptive principally of the work being done on the Pacific Coast by Grand Goblin Coburn, who has charge of that domain. The report indicated that a vigorous propagation campaign was going on in California and that people were eagerly joining the Ku Klux Klan in response to its appeal for membership on the ground of "white supremacy" over the Japanese. I fully believe that the Pacific Coast will become one of the strongholds of Ku Kluxism, and would not be surprised at any time to read in the newspapers of some surface manifestations of the agitation of the race question. That a movement managed in Atlanta, Georgia, has no business meddling in the international affairs of this country is so obvious that it is quite unnecessary to comment further upon it.

The book contains other and related matter of considerable interest. One is the prescript, or constitution, of the original Ku Klux Klan, a rare document which it was intended should be destroyed when the Klan was dissolved by order of General Nathan B. Forrest, its Grand Wizard, in 1869, but a copy of which has been preserved for its historic value in the library of Columbia University. This is given in full, to demonstrate the essential difference between the present Klan and the original, and to support the author's contention that the present Klan is what he calls an "historical fraud." Another is the supposed oath of the Knights of Columbus, fourth degree, which has been the subject of much comment since the war, which the author gives in full, and which he follows by the statement that the work of the Knights of Columbus was investigated in California by a committee of Masons consisting of Motley Hewes Flint, thirty-third degree, Past Grand Master of California; Dana Reid Weller, Past Grand Master, and Samuel E. Burke, inspector of the Los Angeles district, who declared that "neither the alleged oath, nor any oath or pledge bearing the least resemblance thereto, is used, or forms a part of the ceremonies of any degree of the Knights of Columbus."

The Klan professes to be devoted to Americanism, but evidently a free press is not included in that concept, for Senator Capper's paper at Topeka has been warned to "leave the Ku Klux Klan alone." Inasmuch as the organization is rather before the bar of public opinion at present, we pass over a chapter of misdeeds in the South, for many of which it may or may not be responsible, and merely close this review with the observation that there are still persons in this country so bigoted as to believe it better to leave breaches of morality and law to be dealt with by constitutional means, with due safeguards for the rights and identity of the accused. In the race experience with popular tribunals it has always been embarrassing to have to explain to the widow that "we hanged your husband by mistake and the larf's on us."

THE MODERN KU KLUX KLAN. By Henry P. Fry. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending January 6, 1923 (five days), were $150,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $133,700,000; an increase of $17,500.000.

Secretary Mellon's report from the Treasury Department was submitted to Congress on December 6th. It proposed no general revision of the revenue laws nor additional taxes, but it urged very vigorously and intelligently a few important specific changes in the present law. Chief of these is a lower maximum surtax rate on individual incomes.

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Secretary Mellon explains that this plea is made, not with the view of collecting less money from wealthy people, but with a definite purpose to collect more. The present highest surtax on incomes is 50 per cent., which, with the normal tax, makes the recipient of a large income pay 58 per cent. on a portion of his yearly revenue. The Secretary of the Treasury would be undoubtedly well satisfied if the individual actually paid it. But, as always happens when rates of taxation are unduly high, means of evasion are found that are perfectly legal, and the exorbitant rate heats its own purpose. Among the more important of these means of evasion

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are (1) deductions of losses on sales of capital assets; (2) exchanges of property substituted for sales, and (3) investments in tax-exempt securities. As a result of such devices, the number of taxable incomes over $300,000 reported to the revenue department has shown an astonishing decrease. From 1916 to 1920, while the aggregate of all net incomes increase from $6,300,000,000 to $23,700,000,000, the aggregate of incomes over $300,000 actually decreased from $993,000,000 in 1916 to $246,300,000 in 1920. Thus, the very high rates simply caused the disappearance of large incomes on which they would apply. To remedy this situation, Secretary Mellon recommends a reduction of the maximum income surtax rate from the present 50 per cent. to 25 per cent. or less. The suggestion is entirely sound economically, and all taxing experience would go to show that more money would be collected by the government under a 20 or 25 per cent. maximum rate than under the present schedules. President Harding urged a year ago some such change. Few thoughtful men can find any practical objection. Political expediences, however, make it in the highest degree improbable that such a revision downward will be approved by Congress.

Secretary Mellon's programme for reaching effectively the larger incomes includes also a stop on further issues of tax-exempt securities by the several states and their subdivisions. The existing securities of this nature, with their income exempt from all Federal taxation, are estimated to reach $11,000,000,000, and with the artificial demand for them, resulting from their value as a tax-free haven for incomes of large proportions, the new annual output is about $1,000,000,000. A wealthy man contemplating a new investment finds that, with the present high surtaxes, a 6 per cent. security, not tax-exempt, gives him only 2.52 per cent. net return, from which state and local taxes must still be deducted. To such an investor, a sound municipal or state bond, tax-free and returning, say 4½ per cent. net, is the obvious recourse.

The welfare of our country requires that business he developed more rapidly than population expands. The margin of increase of production and commerce over increase of population is the factor which governs the amount of necessities, comforts, and luxuries each person can have. More production and commerce naturally require more transportation, since the amount of production and commerce that can be carried on is controlled by the amount of transportation the railroads can provide, says Charles H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central system. In the past the material wealth of our country has increased more rapidly than that of any other country in the world, and this has been possible because our railroads have prepared the way by constantly developing and extending their plants. If we are to progress in the future as we have in the past, our railroads must continue to lead the way.

The railway problem of the country, as I see it, is the problem of promoting an increase of transportation capacity that will make possible a rapid increase of production and commerce.

Generally speaking, there are no physical limitations upon the amount of transportation the railroads can provide. While there have been remarkable developments in the machinery of transportation in the last ninety-five years since the first railroad was built in this country, I believe that so far we have only scratched the surface and that the developments awaiting the ingenuity of railway genius will he even more amazing than those already on record. There have, however, been limitations other than physical upon railway growth, and it is my hope that this discussion will serve to make clear what has arrested railway expansion and what must he done to remedy this condition.

In the last several years there have been frequently recurring periods of business activity in which the railroads have been overtaxed, and such periods have been marked by losses of a serious nature to farmers, manufacturers, and business interests generally. When we consider how widespread are the losses resulting from the inadequacy of the railroads in periods of business activity, we must regard as conservative the estimate of Secretary Hoover that each transportation shortage costs the country $1,000,000,000.

The period of arrested railway expansion set in about fifteen years ago. Between 1907 and 1920 the ton mileage handled by the railroads—which represents the public demand for transportation—increased 74 per cent. There was a decrease in ton mileage in 1921, due to business depression, but the railroads have recently been handling an even greater traffic than they handled in the period of heaviest traffic in 1920.

I know of no better way to illustrate the railway situation than by giving statistics on locomotives and freight cars. The average tractive power of locomotives and the average capacity of freight cars have been constantly increasing, but an accurate index of the growth in the railway plant is to be had in the figures on total locomotive tractive power and freight car capacity.

In the five years ending with 1907 the total tractive power of the railroads increased at the average rate of 128,000,000 pounds annually. In the seven years ending with 1914 the increase averaged 75,000,000 pounds annually, and in the seven years ending with 1921 it averaged less than 63,500,000 pounds annually, or less than one-half of what it was fourteen years earlier.

The freight car situation is even more startling. In the five years ending with 1907 the average increase in the total freight car capacity of the railroads was 5,000,000 tons a year. In the seven years ending with 1914 their total freight car capacity increased on an average less than 3,500,000 tons a year, and in the seven years ending with 1921 the average increase was only about 1,000,000 tons a year, or about one-fifth of what it was fourteen years earlier.

A further index of the decline in railway facilities is the number of miles of new track built. In 1912 and 1913 the track built totaled 4212 miles and 4467 miles, respectively, but since 1913 there has been a gradual decline, and in the last six years more miles of track have been abandoned each year than have been built.

In practically every department the railroads have been forced to postpone all expenditures for capital improvements that could he put off until a more favorable time. They are short of cars and locomotives; they need more second, third and fourth tracks, more passing tracks, greater terminal facilities; grades should he reduced and curves eliminated; tracks should he strengthened by the application of heavier hallast and rail and the improvement of bridge structures.

The transportation shortage can not he remedied by one railroad or one group of railroads acting alone. Regardless of how prosperous one railway system may be and of how well it may keep its plant in advance of the needs of its patrons, in times of transportation shortage its patrons necessarily suffer with those who must rely upon less prosperous railroads. Originally the railroads followed a practice of transferring freight from one car to another at railway junction points, thereby keeping each other's freight cars on its own lines. That practice, however, was abandoned long ago. Business developed to such an extent that shipments by rail had to move throughout the country, passing over the lines of two, and in some cases even many more, railway systems. With railroads of standard gauge, a car loaded at the mouth of a coal mine, at the door of an industrial plant or warehouse, or on a siding in a small town of the great grain-producing territory can he set down at any other railway station in the United States without a transfer of cargo, regardless of how many railway lines it must pass over to reach that station. While eliminating transfer of cargo promotes the efficiency of railway operation and facilitates shipping, it necessarily follows—since freight cars are used interchangeably—that the amount of goods that can he moved by one railroad depends upon the degree to which all the railroads are able to equip themselves. This applies not only to cars, but to all other facilities, for the ease with which cars can be handled depends upon the state of railway motive power, the adequacy of terminal facilities and trackage, and so on.

In every period of business activity which creates a shortage of transportation the railroads naturally suffer with their patrons. They are deprived of needed revenues when they do not have sufficient facilities to handle all the business awaiting shipment. This fact, while obvious to railway observers, is mentioned here to show that the railroads would he blind to their own interests in postponing any needed expenditures for improving and extending railway facilities that could possibly he made.

As a matter of fact, the railroads are anxious to improve and extend their properties, but their hands have been tied by their inability to secure money. Railway earnings have been kept down by a rate policy which has not permitted the accumulation of surplus funds to he turned back into the properties. Furthermore, these restrictive policies have driven investors out of the railway securities market.

During the last seven and one-half years the Class I railroads have made capital expenditures, exclusive of the cost of new road purchased, averaging less than $500,000,000 a year. Estimates as to the amounts which should he invested in the railroads during the next few years to let them catch up with increased business are from $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 annually, or an increase over the rate at which investments have been made in the recent past of 100 to 200 per cent. Whether the railroads are permitted to make such investments will govern whether transportation shortages are to be avoided in the future. It is certain the railroads will not be able to make such investments unless they are permitted to realize net earnings that will attract investors.

There have, of course, been heavy increases in railway gross earnings. In 1920 the nation paid a transportation hill of more than $6,225,000,000, and even upon the reduced traffic of 1921 the bill was more than $5,515,000,000. Going back to 1916—a time of lower prices in almost everything—we find the country footing a transportation hill that was only 58 per cent. of the 1920 bill and only 66 per cent. of the 1921 hill. However, while aggregate railway revenues increased, the costs of providing transportation service in-

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creased even more rapidly. The total operating expenses of the railroads in 1916 were only about $2,376,000,000; in 1920 operating expenses had risen to $5,826,000,000, and in 1921 they were $4,563,000,000—the extensive decrease in 1921 being largely due to the postponement of maintenance work. In 1916 the taxes paid by the railroads amounted to less than $160,000,000; in 1920 they were more than $281,000,000; in 1921, more than $276,000,000.

As this is written, the figures have just become available showing the net operating income earned by the railroads in the twenty-four months beginning with September 1, 1920, when the six months' guaranty period following Federal operation came to an end and the railroads were thrown back upon their own financial resources, after being awarded an increase in rates that was expected to take care of increases in wages and other operating costs. In the twenty-four months of September 1, 1920, to August 31, 1922, the railroads of the country as a whole—and it is upon their prosperity as a whole that the business welfare of the country depends—earned a net operating income at the annual rate of only 3.47 per cent. upon their tentative valuation as prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for rate-making purposes.

Rentals and interest on funded debt, which have to come out of net operating income before any dividends can be paid to stockholders, require a sum equal to about 3 1-3 per cent. of the tentative railway valuation. It will be seen, therefore, that the meagre balance remaining after payment of rentals and interest in the last two years has been far short of compensating the stockholders, the owners of the railroads, and far short of the margin necessary to attract investors for railway securities at any rate of interest that might be offered. Necessarily, also, it has been still farther short of permitting the accumulation of surplus funds to be used in improving and extending the railway machinery of the country.

When there are disturbing situations, such as strikes and car shortages, the public suddenly discovers how much it depends upon the service performed by the railroads and how seriously it is affected by anything which restricts them, but when the railroads are able to meet promptly and effectively all demands for transportation, business flows in its normal channels, and the public loses sight of the necessity for keeping the railroads equipped in advance of their patrons' needs.

During periods of business depression, when there is a surplus of transportation, the railroads should be most active in enlarging and extending their plants to meet future needs. This has not been possible in the recent past, however, because such periods have invariably been accompanied by a renewal of the public crusade for lower rates. Agitation for lower rates, because it drives investors away from the railway securities market, discourages the management of railway properties when they consider recommending large expenditures for improvements and extensions. Just now one hears little agitation for reduced rates. That is because the railroads are being offered more than they can move promptly, and the public is brought face to face with what is the real transportation problem—the problem of securing such increased facilities as will permit the railroads to handle the peak load without delays and inconvenience. However, the situation probably will be alleviated when the stress of moving the 1922 farm crops and the unusually large coal traffic occasioned by the prolonged miners' strike is over, and if history repeats itself there will occur again the demand for lower rates.

The public should be given the advantage of the lowest possible freight and passenger rates compatible with the maintenance of an effective transportation machine, but it is not to the interest of the public, and not to the interest of any group of shippers, that rates be kept below the point of providing adequately for effective transportation.

While the public is directly responsible for the restrictive rate policy which has prevented railway expansion and penalized industry in each recurrent period of expanding business, I believe the managements of the railroads must share the responsibility with the public. The strangulation of the railroads would never have been accomplished if the public had been impressed with the importance of having railroads able at all times to perform such adequate service. To such an extent as the managements of railway properties have not fully utilized their opportunities to awaken the public's sense of responsibility they have fallen short of their obligations to the properties and to the public dependent upon adequate service.

Those holding positions of trust as managers of an industry which ranks second only to agriculture and upon which all other industries, including agriculture, depend for continued welfare, should be the counselors of the public, and they should be unceasingly should command the confidence and respect o fthe public, and they should be unceasingly building up a public opinion on railway questions that will promote railway development and, thereby, the development of the country. If they fail in this, the country is in peril.

However, the railway question is not alone a question for railway managements to solve. The country needs nothing more than it needs leaders among business men, farmers and workers with vision to see that their continued welfare is impossible without strong, efficient railroads, and with courage to face the issue and tell the truth about it.

There is no other alternative. Unwilling though men have ever been to perform the distasteful task of serious thinking, spiritual death is the decreed penalty of its evasion. And the effort must be from within, there are no teachers. Schools are but signposts, faint and often misleading.

Have we ever realized that this world owes every advance it has made to its thinkers, and that of real thinkers history records less than one thousand—out of the billions of human beings that have played their little part on the earthly stage? Have we ever stopped to consider to what heights men might have climbed, had but one in a million suffered seriously from what has been sarcastically described as "the malady of thought"?

Some very hard thinking will have to be done before 1923 has run its course. Great events are in the making, decisions are pending on which may depend the shaping of the world's destiny for generations to come.

For fully three months the Administration of this country has been collecting data on the European situation; the main lines of its policy are already determined. On that policy the people will have to pass judgment; on them, not on the rulers they have appointed, will lie the real responsibility for what may follow. In this country at any rate the masses can not be rightly regarded as the mere base of the political structure; they are the actual core. You may not enjoy the privilege of democracy and shirk its responsibilities.

Every ill from which the world suffers is directly traceable to the mental laziness of its inhabitants. Finding it easier to take their opinions ready-made from the demagogues of the printing press and the soapbox, they refuse to exercise their God-given powers of original thinking, and leave the direction of progress in the hands of a few men and women, more painstaking but by no means always more highly endowed than themselves.

The diplomatic moves of the next few weeks will repay careful attention. Already the gallery orators are issuing their appeals, the hounds of their press are in full cry. A few minutes given to quiet, serious thought will be worth more than all the hours we have been accustomed to devote to the mouthings of contumacious congressmen and self-advertising senators.

Our brains, from disuse, may not work easily; the effort of original thinking may prove a severe strain. The endeavor will be amply repaid, the recompense is assured.—*R. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.*

When Mr. Sherman Kimball of Bradford, Kimball & Co. returned from Arizona a few weeks ago he promised local investors something unusual in the way of an irrigation district offering from that state. The Flowing Wells Irrigation and Jaynes Irrigation District bonds offered for sale this week are the fulfillment of this promise.

Credit may be given to this San Francisco house, together with its associates—Drake, Riley & Thomas and Stevens, Paige & Sterling of Los Angeles—for putting on the market the first Arizona irrigation district bonds to be certified by the Arizona irrigation bond commission as legal for savings banks, trust funds, and insurance companies in that state.

Situated on the Southern Pacific Railway near Tucson, these intensely farmed districts are the type of modern farming communities which bear strict analysis as to value and earnings. Each district has a population of 250 and is made up of farms averaging about forty-five acres. The debt per acre is about $65 against an estimated value of $200 and the districts are from 85 per cent. to 90 per cent. cultivated.

With the country still suffering from a shortage of coal in some localities, and generally cursing the very high prices demanded for both the anthracite and the bituminous variety, and with the miners, in spite of the exorbitant wages they are receiving, threatening a new strike next April, it might be of interest to present some statistics compiled by Mr. R. M. Bryan, the Eastern manager of the *Black Diamond*, a coal and iron trade journal. His analysis covers only the bituminous coal industry in Pennsylvania, but conditions elsewhere and at the anthracite mines are closely similar. His information may be regarded as reliable, as the figures were furnished by the Pennsylvania department of internal affairs.

In 1921 the bituminous coal mining industry of Pennsylvania paid out in wages $190,743,700 to 174,489 persons, of whom 102,204 were foreigners. This amounts to $1093 per person employed of every age and occupation, or an average daily wage of each individual of $8.10 for 140 days. Analysis of six of the largest counties producing 75 per cent. of last year's output shows an average wage cost of $1.75 per ton, the lowest average cost $1.55, in Westmoreland County, and the highest $2, in Clearfield. Washington came second in low cost with $1.61, Somerset showing $1.84, Cambria $1.97, and Allegheny $1.78.

Comparing non-union with union districts brings out some striking facts. In Clearfield, which had probably the greatest proportion of union miners, the wage cost was $2 per ton and the miners worked only 120 days, producing at the rate of 3.9 tons per man per day worked. In Washington County, with the open shop, miners worked 142 days and averaged 5.2 tons per person. The rate of pay earned by the non-union miners in Washington was $8.50 per day compared with $8.09 per day by the miners in Clearfield. Washington miners, working on a scale approximately 30 per cent. below the scale in the Clearfield union mines, got out over 20 per cent. more tonnage per day and secured twenty-two additional working days over the number worked in Clearfield. These Washington County miners averaged $1207 for the year, compared with the Clearfield miner's average of $971 for the year.

The essential fact which Mr. Bryan brings out generally is that the non-union miners, working on a 30 to 40 per cent. lower wage scale, produced considerably more coal per day per man and worked considerably more days with resultant larger earnings. The conclusion seems unavoidable that the industry is greatly overmanned, and that many classes of the workers, even with all due allowance for the hazards of the occupation, are very much overpaid. The unions, unwilling to admit this surplus of miners, are demanding a rate of pay which will permit working only one-half to one-third of the year.

The feature of the financial news of the past week has been the rise of Sterling exchange to within 17 cents of gold parity, which bears eloquent testimony to the extent of England's financial and economic recovery.

Bradford, Kimball & Co. have announced the accession to their organization of Homer R. Jackson, recently financial advertising manager of the San Francisco *Journal*. Mr. Jackson is well known throughout the financial district, has had long experience in financial work, and has been connected with several large newspapers on the Coast.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

American Trade Unionism.

The answer to the question, "What is a trade union?" afforded by George M. Janes' contribution to the National Social Science Series seems to be as flexible as that given in the Orient to tourists who ask, "What is a geisha?" The answer made by one author recently, and with the substitution of the words trade union for geisha, it will suffice to give Professor Janes' reply also, is, "There are geisha, and geisha, and geisha, and geisha." So that the unifying effect of the American Federation of Labor to the contrary, it seems almost impossible to deal with trade unions *en masse*. One can still have general principles, however (though they are practically the only form of property still insured us, and even they are safe only if kept to one's self). The impression got from "American Trade Unionism" is that the union is a very good thing indeed for the trade worker. We should not confuse the issue. And though there is no necessity to arrive at the doctrine of the I. W. W., alheit hy the hack route, that normal conditions are merely an armed truce hetween worker and employer, neither is it incumhent on rational people wholeheartedly to embrace paternalism hecause it is the present line of least resistance for workers to get their dues. Generally speaking, our author is pro-union. He has made a sincere and thorough study of his suhject, is indeed the author of other hooks of a kindred nature, and is of the opinion that lahor can be dealt with justly only through organization. As an exposition of the history and nature of trade unions and a definition of their extreme diversity we recommend "American Trade Unionism" to every one who isn't *au fait* on the suhject.

But we repeat: an opinion is a comforting or at least an exhilarating possession. We are reminded of the humanitarian Shaw's argument against vivisection, which is briefly that if that much-fought-over surgical issue were thrown on the scrap heap a hetter method of experimentation would necessarily be evolved. We trust the moral for trade unions is clear. R. G.

AMERICAN TRADE UNIONISM. By George M. Janes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.

Americans.

Even a preface hy Professor Sherman is important. That to the present volume pleads for nationalism. Indeed from start to finish the author is taking issue, usually wittily, often seriously, with some one, young or old. He is head professor of English at Illinois, hence the feeling that young college Philistines are heing addressed, until he suddenly drubs Mr. Mencken with pertinence and "hands it" to Mr. Paul Elmore More for heing a Tory that leans over hackwards.

Mr. Sherman, heing a modern academic critic, is puzzling a numher of professional non-academic ones. Yet good academic critics today are hecoming positively intelligent. Mr. Sherman, for example, contrihutes to "Americans" perfectly impeccahle and reasonahly dull essays on Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne and Whitman. He does his duty at great length to these, including Whitman, he it ohserved. He is a hit more interesting with Joaquin Miller, though his essay on the poetical conquistador of the West, as he calls him, does not approach Professor Pattee's. On the other hand his trihute to Andrew Carnegie is worth reading; and when he reaches Roosevelt with his activism and the Adams family with its recent passivism, he is on his real ground. For Mr. Sherman is interested in the past as it shapes the present and sets it worthy standards. Yet just as he is ahout to strike Carl Sandhurg down with a sunslah he takes him to his hosom instead; and the day may yet come when he will write a hearty appreciation of Mr. Mencken. Had he done so in "Americans" his hook would have lost half its spice and color. However, it still would have contained "An Imaginary Conversation with Mr. P. E. More," already a little American classic.

AMERICANS. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Notes of Books and Authors

According to dispatches from London, a profound sensation has heen caused by the puhlication of "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," hy George A. B. Dewar, assisted hy Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Boraston, private secretary to Lord Haig when he was commander-in-chief. The American edition of this hook will he puhlished this month hy the Houghton Mifflin Company.

A new hook hy Willa Cather will appear in February under the title of "April Twilights."

Eleanor Farjeon, whose "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" has heen hailed as a new children's classic, is a granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, the famous actor. Her father, B. J. Farjeon, was an author; his novels of English life were very popular thirty years ago. Miss Farjeon herself lives in England. She hegan writing at the age of six.

Alphonse Daudet has the unique distinction of writing a play as the sequel to a novel. The novel is "L'Immortel," a satire on the French Academy. The novel is "La Lutte Pour La Vie."

Prohahly less is known ahout the life of A. E. Housman than of any other living author of note. He has always avoided personal puhlicity. However, it may he said that he was horn on March 26, 1859, educated at Bromsgrove School and later at St. John's College, Oxford, and took an M. A. degree there. After college he was for ten years a higher division clerk of Latin at University College, London. He remained at that post till 1911, when he went to Camhridge University in the same capacity, where he still lectures. During the long intervals hetween the puhlication of "A Shropshire Lad," in 1896, and the appearance recently of his "Last Poems," only one poem of his was printed, that heing a parody on Euripides, which came out in the *Cornhill Magazine*. But he has puhlished articles in the *Journal of Philology* and the *Classical Review*, and has also edited Mamilius and Juvenal.

The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc., of New York, established in 1915 as dealers in rare hooks, first editions, etc., announces its plans for entering the puhlishing field. Its imprint will he as follows: Edmond Byrne Hackett: The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc. A preliminary announcement of some of the puhlications includes the following: "Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville and a Bihliography," hy Meade Minnegerode; "The Tragedie of Macbeth," hy the late Henry Johnson, formerly Longfellow Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College—this will he a corrected edition of the text of the first folio of 1623, "preserving every valuahle original feature of the hook"; "Mary, A Fancy," hy Mary Wollstonecraft, heing a reprint in a limited edition of an extremely rare hook; and "The Poetical Works of Samuel Johnson, 1785." There will he several other volumes within the next few months, to he announced later.

A. A. Milne, giving out the story of his life, admits to heing forty years old, having heen horn on Janaury 18, 1882, hut says that nohody helieves it. He was educated at Westminster and Camhridge. Between the ages of eleven and twelve, he relates, he studied very hard, hut then felt he knew enough and took life more easily thenceforward. He hegan his literary career at Camhridge, editing the college magazine. After leaving college his parents suggested he should either become a schoolmaster or go in for the Indian civil service. Neither appealed to him. He had saved enough money out of his allowance to live on for a year and decided to go to London and become an author. In that year he earned £20. So he moved into cheaper lodgings and kept on writing. The second year he made £120; the third, £200. Then he hecame assistant editor of *Punch*, and felt himself made for life. And so, it seems, he was. Since then he has had just one success after another, with plays and books and what not. He was in the army during the four years of the war, hut kept on writing most of the time.

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Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,750,000.00
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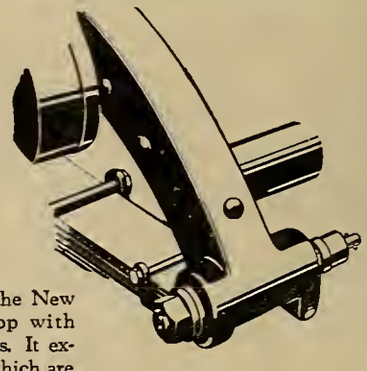
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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

Things Seen on the Italian Lakes.

The latest addition to the Duttons' pocket-sized travel series of "Things Seen" in various places worth seeing is that on the Italian lakes. This delightful little series comprises practical guide hooks that are at the same time quite consoling substitutes for travel, the writers being carefully selected and the small volumes replete with good photographic reproductions and maps. Mrs. Longsdale Ragg, author of the present volume and also of the Venetian contribution to the series, has done a satisfactory survey, historical, topographical, and contemporary, of the Italian lake region.

THINGS SEEN ON THE ITALIAN LAKES. By Laura M. Ragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

The Code of the Karstens.

The immutability of type, or the power of heredity, is the theme of Henry Walsworth Kinney's "The Code of the Karstens," a remarkable study of a man's attempt to dodge the fate of his inheritance, the "gentlemen's code," and the erratic temperament of a Karsten. The author, correspondent and cosmopolite, born in Hawaii, educated at the universities of Copenhagen and California, and practicing his several professions of journalism, chemistry, and teaching in various parts of the globe, was admirably fitted to write a novel of this large canvas type. Nor has "The Code of the Karstens" the vitiating effect of broad and shallow generalizations common to such grandiose attempts. Mr. Kinney knows his Denmark, his San Francisco, and his Orient. The book has the charm of revealing these places intimately in addition to its psychological and ethical interests.

THE CODE OF THE KARSTENS. By Henry Walsworth Kinney. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

Speaking of the Turks.

"Speaking of the Turks" seeks to interest Occidentals in the everyday business and domestic life of Constantinople. The author is the son of the Turkish ambassador to England, has lived for twelve years in America, and is married to an American lady. His remarks on Robert College are interesting. He has not the slightest objection to so good an American college in Turkey and nearly sent his younger brother to it. But he found that his brother could not spend the week-ends at home, lest he miss Sunday chapel. He hopes to see non-sectarian colleges established in his country. "Irrespective of religion, creed, or denomination, they would help in forming in the Near East new generations of modern men and women." The book also has valuable passages on the modern woman in Turkey.

SPEAKING OF THE TURKS. By Mufty Zade K. Zia Bey. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.75.

The Critical Game.

The much maligned art of criticism has found a defender in John Macy in a rather unusual book called "The Critical Game." After the manner of an exposition of any other sport, Mr. Macy has written an essay in defense and definition of his game and has then illustrated it with a number of examples. The latter are a selection of his own critical essays and prove the author to be no indifferent critic, though it is impossible that a writer with his degree of enthusiasm for his trade could he an indifferent exponent of it. Suffice to say that these papers, which range from Dante to D. H. Lawrence, and which hit off some interesting phases of the inclusive history of literature, are fresh in viewpoint, discriminating, and filled throughout with the *joi d'écrire*.

THE CRITICAL GAME. By John Macy. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

Jane Austen.

Those that like to collect the standard English novels will be pleased with a reasonably priced edition of the six novels of Jane Austen that are considered classics, "Northanger Abbey," "Emma," "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," "Persuasion" and "Mansfield Park." The set, which is published by the Duttons, is prepared with a maximum of economy and attractiveness—numerous illustrations in color by Brock, illustrator par excellence of the eighteenth and early nineteenth-century literature, contributing a large part of the charm. Incidentally, the edition should help revive interest in the older and to many people the still preferable form of novel.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Garden lovers will welcome Macmillan's reissue of Alice Morse Earle's "Sun Dials and Gardens of Yesterday," in which she tells of dial makers and dial mottoes, and of old recipes for making sweets and remedies from garden roses. Other books by Mrs. Earle, published by the Macmillans, are "Life in Ye Colonies," "Child Life in Colonial Days," "Old Time Gardens," "Curious Punishments of Bygone Days," and "Stage Coach and Tavern Days." They sell for $2.50 each.

"Poems About Birds," an anthology compiled by H. J. Massingham, the English editor and naturalist, is to be published presently by E. P. Dutton & Co.

New Books Received.

CAROLINA CHANSONS. By Du Bose Heyward and Hervey Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Legends of the low country.

LEAVES ON THE WATER. By Stanley Kimmel. New York: Thomas Seltzer.
Sketches and tales of the Orient.

EMINENT EUROPEANS. By Eugene S. Bagger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.
Studies in Continental reality.

THE STORY OF YOUNG ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company; $1.
Juvenile.

THE STORY OF YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company; $1.
Juvenile.

GRACE HARLOWE'S OVERLAND RIDERS IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS. By Jessie Graham Flower. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company; $1.
For girls.

THE DISRUPTION OF VIRGINIA. By James C. McGregor. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A new treatment of the period of American reconstruction.

GRANITE AND ALABASTER. By Raymond Holden. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.
Poems.

UNDER FOUR ADMINISTRATIONS. By Oscar S. Straus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.
A record of public service.

DENIZENS OF THE DESERT. By Edmund C. Jaeger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.
A book of Southwestern mammals, birds, and reptiles.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.

NINE HOLES OF GOLF. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.
Reflections on the game.

THE PARTY BATTLES OF THE JACKSON PERIOD. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.
One of the most dramatic periods of American history.

FROM A BENCH IN OUR SQUARE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
By the author of "Our Square and the People in It."

THE WANDERING YEARS. By Katharine Tynan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.
Autobiography.

THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK. Rendered into English by Yei Theodora Ozaki. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
New edition with a frontispiece by Take Sato.

THREE PLAYS. By Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COUNTESS LEO TOLSTOY. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $1.50.

THE CRY OF VASHTI. By M. A. B. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.
And other verses.

THE PAPER MONEYS OF EUROPE. By Francis W. Hirst. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.
Their moral and economic significance.

THE BLOOD SHIP. By Norman Springer. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; $1.90.
A mystery story.

SECRETS OF THE STARS. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.60.
Popular astronomy.

FOOTBALL AND HOW TO WATCH IT. By Percy D. Haughton. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $3.
With an introduction by Heywood Broun.

MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $4.
A chronicle of eminent friendships.

THE PERFUME HOLDER. By Craven Langstroth Betts. New York: James T. White & Co.; $2.
And other poems.

DUST OF THE DESERT. By Robert Welles Ritchie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
A story of Arizona.

THE EVIL SHEPHERD. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.
By the author of "The Great Impersonation."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Edith Gittings Reid. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.
A play in three acts.

ANCIENT MAN. By Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents.
In the Modern Library Series.

THE STORY OF UTOPIAS. By Lewis Mumford. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.
Ideal commonwealths and social myths.

CINDERELLA. By Lindsey Barbee. Chicago: T. S. Denison Company; $1.25.

THE BOY GREW OLDER. By Harry J. Marx and Adrian Van Muffling. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.
A novel.

WHERE THE SUN SWINGS NORTH. By Barrett Willoughby. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.90.
An Alaskan novel.

ABOVE SUSPICION. By Robert Orr Chipperfield. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.75.
A mystery story.

THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. By Henry James Forman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.90.
A novel.

THE KINGSHIP OF MOUNT LASSEN. By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn. San Francisco: Nemo Publishing Company.
A study of America's only active volcano.

TATLINGS. By Sydney Tremaine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
Epigrams, illustrated by Fish.

THE WHITE HEART OF MOJAVE. By Edna Brush Perkins. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.
The trials and observations of two women explorers in "Death Valley."

PULLING TOGETHER. By John T. Broderick. Schenectady: Robson & Adee.
Economics.

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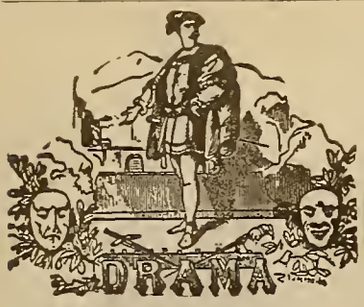
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THE SEQUOIA LITTLE THEATRE.

It seems as if, in all drama-loving communities, there should be a place for the theatre that offers one-act plays. For there is an immense literature composed of one-act plays since the vogue of the "little theatres" began. There are large collections of representative British, and Irish, of American, of Continental one-act plays. The Provincetown Players' output of their best one-act plays has been compiled. There are the Schnitzler one-act plays, the poetic Dunsany collection, and recently Little, Brown & Co. published a volume entitled "A Treasury of Plays for Women," collected by Frank Shay, who is particularly well acquainted with this field.

Ruth Brenner, organizer and director of the Sequoia Little Theatre, had three eminent names of European playwrights on her programme for the week, Miss Blanche Cumming, a local playwright, figuring as the fourth author, as Miss Brenner believes in the occasional production of works by native talent.

The young director succeeded in getting up an entertaining comedy programme, Dunsany's "The Lost Silk Hat," with its amusing exposition of conventioual humanity's suspicion of a simple act plus a slight element of the unexpected making a good starter. In this piece Messrs. Ogilvie, Sorenson, Chambers, Gareaux and Hamilton gave a sufficiently amusing representation of the play.

"A Sunny Morning" provided a sample of Quintero manner. The playlet represents an aged ocuple who have loved in their youth meeting, and carefully refraining from dimming the hright picture of youth by acknowledgment of their time-stained identity. In this piece honors fell to Clarisse Russell, who played the aged dame, while in the first they should have gone to the poet, whose amateurish stiffness prevented his grasping them. We should, however, present a little bouquet to Lucille Shuman for the Spanish flavor she gave to the little maid.

"Piety and Pie," a quaint little Puritan comedy cast in the vernacular of historical novels, made a hit. The rather amateurish stiffness of the actors in the two earlier plays was not apparent in the work of Marion Cumming and the fetching little Puritan of Mary Chambers, nor of Messrs. Wheaton Chambers and Roy Smith, who projected the humor of the comedy very successfully over the footlights, the two men demonstrating by the success of their comedy that the playlet ought to make a strong humorous appeal on a vaudeville programme.

In Maurey's "Rosalie" Miss Brenner had her highest card, and gave the French playlet of domestic insurrection her most successful *mise-en-scène*, the charming little salon, with its numerous touches of rose color, having quite a French flavor of its own.

In this piece, which also made a hit, the players were particularly successful in representing, in Mrs. Prosper Reiter's case the snappish Gallic shrewishness of the mistress, in Rose Montel's the slow, resentful obstinacy of the maid, and in Mr. Puttaert's the fussy consequentialness of the master.

All told, Miss Brenner offered a well-diversified and entertaining programme, and one which reminded us anew that there should be room in every big city for a little theatre of one-act plays.

THE S. F. SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The municipal series of concerts being given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have, for the third time, won the enthusiastic endorsement of the music lovers of the community. On Thursday evening last week the Exposition Auditorium was practically full, and the audience proportionately exhilarated.

Nine thousand people, so it was stated in the daily press, were present; nine thousand hushed, dceply attent, profoundly enjoying listeners; nine thousand people of whom a very respectable proportion have cut their eyeteeth in respect to musical appreciation on the now long roll of symphony or popular classic concerts given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Naturally these municipal series concerts are aimed at auditors not all of whom have yet attained to the possihility of sitting in mute ecstasy through all the four long movements of a symphony. But the musical history of San Francisco during the past decade includes a really remarkable advancement in the musical appreciation of its people. And no better preparation for such appreciation, when it has been fully developed, can be made than attendance at these popular concerts.

The most popular instrumental numbers at the concert were, in an audience of such different degrees of development, those best known: the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," the second of the two Liszt Hungarian rhapsodies, the Handel Largo, and the "Tannhäuser" overture. But they also showed keen appreciation for the fairy music in the Oberon overture, less, I think, for the superficialities of Massenet's Phèdre overture, and the entire audience joined enthusiastically in intimating to Arthur Middleton that he had made a full-sized hit, and they wanted just as much of his singing as they could get.

The new baritone has a fine, full, smooth, virile voice, sweet in tone, although lacking slightly in emotional depth. Both his French and his German—he sang "The Evening Star" from "Tannhäuser" and the "Song of the Drum Major" from Thomas' "Le Caid," lack the racial accent, but the singer is extremely distinct, and that quality is always enjoyed by listeners.

The audience long and persistently demanded an encore, and I feel no criticism of Director Hertz' consistency in the matter, as time is an element of appreciable value. But if, as was possible, Arthur Middleton was willing to yield gracefully, and grant the encore so insistently demanded, it was regrettable that the majority of the auditors were not aware of that fact.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

It is a plucky undertaking, that of the People's Symphony Association, to endeavor, against considerable odds, to win a public which already so numerously patronizes an older and very highly-trained orchestra. However, in following up the line initiated a number of years ago by Conductor Walter Damrosch, Alexander Saslavsky, the leader of the People's Symphony Orchestra, has appealed to that intense longing for education—even if it is innocently superficial—which is so marked a character of the American people. The leader gives a brief sketch of the musical tendencies and characteristics of the composer of the piece to be played, mentions those instruments most prominent in the playing of the leading motives—which are also separately rendered—and then gives a programme of classical worth. That of Friday night consisted of the overture to Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," a Bach concerto for two violins, and the waltz "Southern Roses," by Johann Strauss, which was put in to elevate any spirits that might have drooped through the severe classicism of the rest of the programme.

The orchestra, naturally, is still in the comparatively early stages of its development, and smoothness of tone and automatic correctness of response have as yet only been measurably attained. At present the great effort is not only toward mathematically well-timed response to the leader's baton, hut tonal coloring, and it was more particularly in the majestic second movement to the New World symphony that the emotions were markedly appealed to.

However, these faults are inevitable, since the organization is in its very promising beginnings, and, judging from the fact that there were hundreds composing an audience showing plenty of sympathetic response, it would seem as if it will he justified, in time, in its efforts to prove that there is a need for it in a community so music-loving as ours.

It should be added that the two violinists, Miss Mortensen and Mr. Laraia, who carried the burden of the Bach concerto, showed considerable technical skill and a commendable ability to hring out the expressional values of the composition.

There are, indeed, as may be observed in the orchestral work, many fine players in the People's Orchestra, and we shall from time to time enjoy the opportunity of hearing the best of them in solo work.

THIS THEATRE BUSINESS.

One of the trying features in this theatre business is the fickleness of the public. Allowance must always be made for it in all theatrical undertakings, as Arthur Maitland realized when he decided to move on.

Maitland went to Portland, Maine, under auspicious circumstances. The mayor of that city, who, it seemed, was an old friend of Mr. Maitland's, succeeded in getting together a Maitland Playhouse Committee, which is now trying its best to stir up the Portland community to prop up the tottering Maitland edifice with its financial patronage through the months of January, February, and March. Of course it goes without saying that aid tendered in response to appeals is always temporary, and after March the Maitland venture will probably have to be transplanted to another city. We are interested because, for a brief season, Mr. Maitland was encouraged by the amount of public support offered him here in San Francisco.

But there is another element in the affair that should interest us. There was another stock theatre in Portland, Maine, which gave, at later dates, many of the New York successes, and that theatre had already closed its doors before the threat of the Maitland failure. Thus, with these two theatres gone, Portland, a prosperous city of 65,000 people, will have no theatre for spoken drama.

Let us place against this the artistic enterprise of the Santa Barbarans who, not depending on the commercial theatre men (who of course never knowingly assume financial risks), raised the necessary funds, organized a theatrical company at the head of which they placed Miss Nina Moise, and now have the matter of local theatrical entertainment in their own hands.

We San Franciscans are apt to get envious at times, when we read of the number of high-class attractions that are offered in New York. But, on the whole, considering our distance from the dramatic hub of the American universe, we have much to be thankful for. For one thing that we have as many attractions come out here as we do, with an entire continent for them to span first; for another that there is so much local enterprise. We now have, beside our two leading theatres, the Columbia and the Curran, presenting Eastern attractions, two stock theatres, of which the Alcazar, in spite of occasional threats of selling out to the movies, seems to have taken a new lease of life, while the Plaza, with its numerous irons being nicely heated in a pretty good fire, has apparently caught on. Three or four vaudeville houses flourish, and two "little theatres" stick on the job.

Add to this we hear many famous singers and instrumentalists and occasional famous lecturers. All we are really obliged to renounce are the newly-risen stars of the stage. So, having recently read of the plight of Portland, Maine, which could so easily draw upon New York for good players, and of many Eastern cities which contrive to struggle along on picture plays only, I feel like publicly offering thanks for our mercies.

AN UNCANNY NOVEL.

Perhaps one should call "The Judge" a canny novel; a psycho-analyst would doubtless call it so; and evidently the remarkably gifted young author has gone dotty on psycho-analysis.

Rebecca West, the author, wrote "The Soldier's Return"—a really exquisite little story, in which, at the time, I failed to perceive the trail of the psycho-analyst. But at that time she had not got into such deep waters.

I looked vainly over the catalogues for another novel by a writer of such insight, such feeling, such profound perception of the beauty of nature, including human nature, only to discover that the author is a beginner in ber art, "The Soldier's Return" being her first novel.

No one with a feeling for the beauty of life and nature can read "The Judge" without enjoying the first book; and without experiencing a number of severe jolts while reading the second one. For the study of psycho-analysis has turned this naturally inspired searcher of souls toward those great discoveries which make us poor human beings, as viewed in the new light, seem so much worse than we really are. These various complexes through the ages that they have presumably developed have worked out to harm only in the weak or evil-disposed. Their cure, when they are abnormally developed, belongs to the pathologist, and it is a pity that the layman has had his thoughts and opinions wrenched awry by perceptions that are not for the layman to assimilate; with enlightened understanding, at least.

And judging from the effect of psycho-analysis on Rebecca West's budding genius, it would seem as if even the novelist might let it alone. As to that, we can't feel sure. A novelist should know the human heart; and perhaps psycho-analysis can help on to that knowledge. But oh, how temperately, how judiciously, should a young student assimilate the new knowledge.

Rebecca West has gone to extremes. Of course it is undeniable that the Anglo-Saxon is squeamish about sex and the purely physical, just as it is patent that the Continental is not. But we are what we are. We are becoming a little wiser, and are trying to escape from the senseless hypocrisies of the past. But we can not shed racial or national traits, as, indeed, why should we? For certainly we do not wish all peoples to be built monotonously on the same model.

It is evident that Rebecca West is an advanced young writer who has disfigured a noble talent hy too eager and wholesale an assimilation of the new discoveries. The slime of the morhid assimilator is not there, but this lover of beauty has marred her book by a loss of fastidiousness. She has failed to remember that an Anglo-Saxon writiug for Anglo-Saxons should not go too far over the line where literary reticence begins.

In a very just estimate of the book made in his lecture last week Professor Powys said that it would shock men, but not women, because the point of view of the writer is so entirely from the female standpoint; which the Oxford professor conceives to be most unusual on account of the tendency of women writers to force themselves to adopt the masculine point of view. But even we present-day women, who are pretty well calloused to the startling frankness of the fictional literature of our times, sustain a series of shocks while reading "The Judge." For not only does the young author put a stern and merciless construction on man's instinctive homage toward beautiful and seductive youth, but inferentially she lends a pathological flavor, derived from the psycho-analyst's ideas, to family affections which might justly be regarded as extreme, but not abnormal.

Professor Powys' comparison of "The Judge" to "Wuthering Heights" is well conceived. In that amazing novel the young Yorkshire solitary showed something of the startling candor which has confounded us in "The Judge"; even more startling and confounding in those Victorian days. In both cases the young writers have shown a disdain of what they felt to be our poor little quibbling delicacies. "Life is life," we may conceive them as saying, "and must work out its course founded on the immutable laws of sex." What is remarkable in both these emancipated souls is the bold matter-of-factness with which they deal with the physical manifestations of love and maternity even while revealing a remarkable perception for the varying psychologies of men and women.

One more comment may be made on "The Judge." No one who is on the eager look-out for unmistakable and distinctive talent can be indifferent to this novel, and even those critics of literary perception who have all but condemned it utterly can not have failed to enjoy many beautifully written passages; passages that glow with a fine inspiration and convey the feeling for beauty that has so sure a lodgment in the soul of the writer.

And all who follow the output of the best fiction of the present era will look with intense interest for the next stage in the development of Rebecca West's talent.

SHAKESPEARE IS ON.

The theatrical pages of tbe New York papers are full of long reviews, added eulogistic comment from time to time, and communications bearing on John Barrymore's much-praised, much-admired interpretation of Hamlet. So profoundly appreciative is the theatre-going public of New York, which includes actors, manager, and playwrights, that we begin to feel a hopeless longing here in San Francisco to see the impersonation for ourselves; a longing that will not be gratified, as Barrymore is now at the top of the heap, and when players are at the top of the heap in New York they seldom are willing to come out here until they begin to climb the hilly slopes of middle—and sometimes of old—age. But that won't be so, perhaps, with David Warfield, who has at last had his favorite dream—that of playing Shylock—realized. For San Francisco is Warfield's home city, and he remains constant to it.

Judging from the critiques on Warfield's Shylock, this favorite player has presented a good but not a great Shylock. One says of him that while he was too vehement—a fault easily recognizable—that his portrayal was "authentic, believable, human, and interesting." Another said that what the representation lacked "was the distinction, in feature or carriage, to suggest a character of more than ordinary capacity, intellect, or menace." "But," adds this critic, "what the embodiment did show was laborious study and calculation." Sustained emotion, however, was evidently missing, and no one of the best-known critics calls the impersonation great. For, says another, "the majestic volume of high tragedy was lacking."

All of these critiques are written carefully, and many admirable details are indicated. It would be surprising, however, if Warfield could so depart from his customary methods as to develop into a Shakespearean actor.

He has, with all his detailed finish, his lovableness, his capacity for expressing emotion that moves, mannerisms, such as his frequent, sudden outbreaks of vocal fury—sometimes pretended—and mannerisms can not be shaken

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off in a minute; and they do not fit in with Shakespearean impersonations.

However, the *Times*, in its wind-up, says: "It"—the portrayal—"does honor to the actor's ambition and affords a genuine privilege to the rising generation."

David Warfield has realized a life's dream; sometimes a disappointing experience. But while he was not crowned with bays for his "Shylock," it is evident that that life's dream was no idle one; for he studied and worked hard to realize it, and he was backed by the wisdom and resources of David Belasco, one of the greatest stage craftsmen in the country.

WELL, WHAT NEXT?

My goodness gracious me, but ain't theatre audiences getting sassy! They actually have the nerve to insist upon hearing what is said on the stage! American audiences won't hiss players—for which thank goodness, for it would be an agonizing ordeal to witness such wounding insults—and until very recently they would never call "Louder" to players, as they would to lecturers; probably because they objected to interfering with the illusion of the play. But recently they have done it several times; and having begun it they will probably keep it up with offenders.

The picture plays have brought it about, or I'll eat my hat. And for why? Simply because people have grown accustomed to being physically comfortable while being entertained at the movie theatres, and they propose to continue it or they'll know the reason why when listening to spoken drama. And it certainly is most uncomfortable to put the hearing to such an acute strain on account of mumbled or unreasonably low-voiced speech that the ears almost extend visibly.

And now, what? Well, mark this: At White Plains, New York, during a recent theatrical representation of "Her Temporary Husband," the performance was so inefficiently done that the gorge of the audience rose; more particularly as it felt, and accused the management to that effect, that, as the players did not know their parts, some of them reading from the script in their hands, the performance was not in proper shape for public presentation.

As a result the audience demanded that its money be returned, and the management yielded the point gracefully for fear of a riot.

Of course such open and wholesale inefficiency on the stage is most unusual, for players very rarely slight their work; and in this case it must have been the fault of a careless management.

But the whole incident is significant, being in line with the "Louder" demands, and indicative of a more aroused consciousness concerning its rights on the part of the public.

And perhaps while we are discussing the foibles of players it would be well handsomely to acknowledge those of auditors. Take three of them: conversing during a performance, coming in late, and coughing. And of the three I imagine players find coughing, which a little self-denial on the part of the cougher could easily restrain, as most enraging. For one single loud bark can put out a sentence that means much in shedding enlightenment on the dramatic situation.

They tell a story about John Barrymore, who seems to be as spunky as Henry Miller. Barrymore was playing in Tolstoy's "Redemption," and when he reached the scene in which the character portrayed was dying he added to the lines one of his own, in which he reproached his coughing audience for its transgressions by expressing his satisfaction at being rid of a world "full of barking seals."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"The Merry Widow" opens a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia on Monday. The company promises an incomparable singing, dancing, and acting cast, and includes two distinguished California contributions to the stage in Jefferson de Angelis and James Liddy. Others of note in the cast are Marie Wells as the "Widow," Warren Proctor, Tom Burton, Fred Easter and Ruth Hazelton.

The People's Symphony.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Alexander Saslavsky conductor, will give the fourth of its twelve educational symphony concerts on Thursday evening, January 18th. The soloist will be Miss Ellen Edwards. Miss Edwards is a graduate of the Royal College of Music, London, and since finishing her course there has coached with Busoni. She will play the concerto for piano in F minor of Frederick Chopin.

Tickets are 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1, war tax omitted, and are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Rachmaninoff.

Manager Frank W. Healy has yielded to the insistence of Rachmaninoff's manager and put him in the Columbia Theatre instead of the Auditorium. The recital will be given Sunday afternoon, February 4th, at 2:30 o'clock, the ticket sale beginning Monday at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co.

Sergei Rachmaninoff is said to be one of the few men who combine the technique of the virtuoso with genuine musicianship, individuality, and poetic sensibility. His style is his own. In most great artists one is aware of a distinctive personality. This is true of such persons as Kreisler, Farrar, and is eminently so of Rachmaninoff.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Ethel Cotton, reader and author of "Down Lyric Lanes," will give a lecture recital on "Imagination: Creative and Recreative," in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, January 20th, at 2:30 o'clock. The lecture will not only show the nature of creative imagination, but includes varied and definite methods for developing imagery and creative power.

Moiseivitch Coming.

The Russian pianist, Benno Moiseivitch, will be the guest artist at the fourth popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Exposition Auditorium on Thursday evening, February 1st. Moiseivitch recently completed a series of recitals in Australia, in which musical country he was highly appreciated. The late James Huneker, himself a pianist, was first attracted by Moiseivitch's touch, and proclaimed him more than a mere technician, but a player with brains as well as the fleetest of fingers. Reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Seats, 25 cents to $1.

Colored Movies.

William Travers Jerome, former district attorney of New York County, has told of the formation of a syndicate of forty-five prominent business men of this and other cities, says the New York *Times*, who have subscribed $1,000,000 for the development and perfection of a process of coloring motion pictures in their natural tints under a method invented by Daniel Frost Comstock, a scientist and engineer, for several years a member of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr. Jerome explained that this first five-reel film had been made largely as a sample, and that it was not the intention of the new company to enter the producing business. He said that it was the idea to sell the use of the patents to other moving-picture companies and to color their films for them. Between fifty and sixty patents on steps of the secret process have been obtained in this country, and similar protection has been obtained in Great Britain, Canada, France, Italy, and the Argentine. The same steps will be taken in all other countries as soon as possible.

Under the process devised by Mr. Com stock the negative is developed just as an ordinary film, and then is passed through additional chemical baths and processes for the fixing of the colors in tints natural to the objects shown on the films. Mr. Jerome said that the cost of treating the film in this manner was negligible, and that he expected that at least 10 per cent. of the moving-picture films of the country would be colored in the future.

Special cameras are needed for the work as in all other color processes, but the ordinary negatives are used as in the taking of black-and-white moving pictures. The completed prints are run through the ordinary projection screen, so that there is no additional cost.

Pulling Through in Samoa.

The life of a Samoan woman is pleasant. She is neither overworked nor savagely treated, says Edward A. Salisbury in *Asia*. From her earliest childhood she is trained in the intricacies of the *siva-siva*, and all her life the dance is a source of pleasure to her. Samoan women will always dance for you if you ask them, and they show by their smiles and songs how much they delight in granting the request. In their girlhood they deck themselves with flowers and garlands of leaves and are fond of coquetry, but, unlike their Polynesian sisters of the Marquesas and Society Islands, they are chaste.

Before the coming of the Americans with new medical theories, the life of an infant was doubtful, and even now the old customs are carried out in some villages, it is said. The new-born child was laid on its back, and three flat stones were placed around the head. To make the baby beautiful, the family thought it necessary to flatten the forehead and nose. Nothing is uglier, they feel, than our hideous, pointed "canoe-noses." The baby was fed with filtered cocoanut-juice for three days, while a "wise woman" tested the mother's milk. Often the child died.

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Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	1,979,212.19
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,140,680.18
	$49,802,819.05

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	6,750,581.43
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Report of Condition of

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Bonds and Securities		7,323,621.39
Other Assets		1,830,737.12
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances		12,004,374.91
Commodity Drafts in Transit	$ 1,898,081.23	
Cash and Sight Exchange	23,459,446.35	25,357,527.58
		$105,996,110.93

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,525,786.47
Circulation	3,955,600.00
Rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank	4,938,100.00
Bills Payable against Government Securities	3,050,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	429,000.00
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VANITY FAIR.

It is a long, cold winter when we don't hear from Judge Ben B. Lindsey on some sociological topic. The Rocky Mountain reformer usually has a remedy to suggest or a new scheme of world rejuvenation to institute if he can get the right coöperation; but he has recently hit upon one evergreen problem, for which even he appears to have no altogether satisfactory solution, and that is divorce. The number of people in this country who fuss about other people's divorces, however, is sufficiently large to assure him an audience, and so anything he says on the subject will get some consideration, whether he can guess the riddle or not. In attacking divorce, he begins at the beginning: at marriage. Marriage is almost essential to divorce. If you could abolish marriage, divorce would soon become an empty form. Judge Lindsey says marriage is a failure. He says so largely because in Denver last year there were 3000 marriage licenses granted and 1500 divorce suits filed; in Chicago 39,000 marriage licenses granted and 13,000 divorce decrees signed, and the decrees did not by any means represent the whole number that tried to regain their lost loneliness—only the successful. And so the judge says we are facing a terrible conflict between instincts. He never said anything truer. But when he says the law of the heart is more important than the law of the statutes he is on debatable ground, and when he says 75 per cent. of the married men are untrue to their wives he approaches a breach of confidence and professional courtesy, to put it in the mildest way. He also says that recognition of the child of the unmarried mother is the thing of first importance. That ought to be easy; the difficult thing is the recognition of its father. But he is satisfied that we can never elevate the standard of morality by checking divorce. In the judge's view, marriage is a failure, divorce is a necessity. It seems the only palliative, and to be related to the disease somewhat as assassination is to despotism.

It may be true that where marriage is a failure, divorce is a necessity—but the statistics of Denver marriage and divorce would seem to prove that in Colorado at least half the marriages are a success, and that is a large return for so speculative an investment. If half the people that buy stocks in Wall Street made a profit, or even escaped losing what they gambled, we should have to concede that Wall Street was doing comparatively well by those that gamble there. And, after all, this matter of marriage and divorce is pretty much an individual thing. The public's interest in it is exaggerated, and the public trouble over it is a manifestation of our solicitude about our neighbor's morals. It is taking the race a long time to reach an understanding of individual freedom, of the liberty of the individual to arrange his life to suit his needs, to have his choice about things after trying them. It is not in the mental system of the average reformer to understand that, and so he continues to worry about the lack of uniformity in moral conduct and to try to secure it by legislation tending to eliminate the power of choice. And he is everlastingly drawing illogical inferences from blind statistics, as Judge Lindsey decides marriage is a failure because some marriages fail, with little consideration for the myriad causes of failure in the various cases where they do fail, and no apparent consideration of the substantial happiness that results in the myriad cases where they succeed. The question is largely one of private, individual need, and the established custom, or system, of marriage-with-a-way-out seems to be a natural growth that pretty well meets requirements. At any rate it is a workable system, whereas marriage without hope of pardon or parole would for most folks be nearly intolerable. If married persons wish to be divorced, it is pretty much their own business, and they probably know more about it than anybody else. It has never, we believe, been proposed to make divorce compulsory.

There is sad news from Washington, socially speaking, as much as politically speaking. Because the limits of the social world at Washington were smaller, something has taken place in that world more nearly resembling revolution than what has taken place politically. The weakness of Washington political society is its transience, its impermanence, the absence of any fixed foundations, its vulnerability to the mutations of politics. And now Washington suffers from that weakness, for some of its brightest social lights have been extinguished by the elections that retired their husbands. This is especially true in what might be termed the senatorial-uxorial group, the select little coterie of senators' wives that held the keys and kept the doors of social life at the capital, more or less; that dispensed favors and annexed bids, and fondly hoped that thereby they were increasing the popularity of their husbands among the general voters, including the farmers and mechanics, of their home states. Something must have gone wrong with some of these calculations, for the so-called Social Bloc appears to have been shot to splinters by ballots instead of bullets. The "White House set" is badly impaired by the retirement of New, Freylinghuysen, Newberry and Kellogg. There is little assurance of equal social activity among the newcomers. Mrs. Shipstead, wife of the Farmer-Labor senator from Minnesota, has already announced in the Washington papers that she "is not going in for society at all." Brookhart of Iowa has openly said that he will have no use for his open front shirt and vest while redressing the wrongs of the "peepul" in the national capital. As for using a little social influence for their own ends, we know that these pure patriots would have none of it, any more than a clergyman would have brandy sauce on his pudding, in the old days when pudding came with brandy sauce. And as for using senatorial votes for social purposes, and so making one hand wash the other, why, perish the thought and the thinker, too! The effect is likely to be, as far as any prophet may predict what will occur in that jackstraw heap, a separation of Washington society into its old elements as those elements were before the days of Roosevelt. Then it was not considered the thing in Washington to belong to the political group. An invitation to the British embassy was worth four to the White House. Real society held aloof and enjoyed its feeling of superiority. Along came Theodore, connected with the old Dutch of New York and the Bullock family of Georgia, and smashed that arrangement with a swish of the famous big stick which seems to have served so many uses. They had to let him in, and while the door was open some of the politicians got in also, and have been in ever since. With the advent of the newer crowd of Western reformers, men that would scorn the social usage of the effete East, and whose wives may lack experience requisite for such strenuous pursuits, it is thought that the diplomatic corps and the older Washington families may find themselves relieved of some embarrassment when it comes to the social mailing list. So the changes of time reflect themselves, not only at the polls, but in the drawing-room. The constituencies of the reformers must know that this is a democracy.

We spoke last week of the necessity for amusing the débutantes and former débutantes of New York society, but few persons have any definite notion how numerous the crop has become. The introducing of débutantes to society is one of the serious undertakings of the year—so much depends on the outcome; nothing less important than marriage and the status of the individual in the social plan of the next generation. And so the business takes on the aspect of a movement. About this movement in Gotham the New York *Herald* supplies some interesting statistics, now that the closing months of 1922 and the opening days of 1923 have passed and enabled a survey to be made. Starting with the week of November 6th, which brought the first of the débutante receptions, there will have been within sixty-three days 120 specific incidents for the outbringing of débutantes and thirty-three subscription dances, making a total of 157 events without taking into account entertainments for charity and the weddings, most of which were woven into the young set's social fabric, says the *Herald's* comprehensive statement. Scattered over the nine weeks of the young set's part of the winter these statistics do not make a striking number of events a day, but a winter is not balanced in that manner. From three débutante receptions in the week of November 6th, or half of one a day, the number rose to forty-seven during the week of December 25th, or nearly eight parties a day, a sort of social congestion that certainly warmed the hearts of the débutantes and was more in keeping with the energy they like to expend upon their favorite amusements.

The weeks of November 27th and of December 18th struck the same average of twenty-four débutante receptions and subscription dances each. The intervening week of December 11th had twenty incidents to its credit, with the preceding week of December 4th coming next with sixteen, but that week had to its credit the first of the junior assemblies on December 8th, the first general assembly for the new set of girls. The season started as it will close its first half with some notable private parties, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet's hunt breakfast in their country home opening with Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's house party at Oakland Farm, Newport, to mark his coming of age following soon upon it, and Mrs. Vanderbilt's reception with dancing and Mr. Frank Munsey's dance for Miss Cornelia Livingston and Miss Betty Hammill closing the period.

Dukes are Going Down.

Our "old nobility" has been rather in the background and the new nabobs have been to the front, says Sir John Foster Fraser in *Arts and Decoration*. For it is to be remembered that though the war made many of us poor, it made some people phenomenally rich. With this class ostentation has been customary, and it was not at all an unusual thing to receive cards from people one never heard of in one's life. This has meant that a great many people have not scrupled to go to suppers and dances to which they were not invited.

With a wealthy hostess sending out her invitations on somebody's "list" she really can not know all whom she has asked, and passable young people, seeking excellent champagne and a quail supper, have not hesitated to join the throng. I know of one big party to which four hundred persons were invited and over six hundred turned up.

Men no less than women are interested in clothes. It is often said that Englishmen dress slovenly, just as we say that American men are neat but conventional in their attire and all look as if they patronized the same tailor.

The only Englishmen who constantly dress slovenly are our dukes, marquises, and earls, feeling no doubt that their position justifies them in being careless. The rest of us are certainly "casual" and disposed to seek comfort rather than a smart appearance. The American mostly wears a suit of one tint, whereas the Englishman will wear white (really gray) top-hat, a blue-striped shirt, a braided morning coat and shepherd's plaid trousers, with white gaiters; and he is the only man in the world who can "get away with it."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A witty as well as a soft answer will sometimes turn away wrath. A candidate, in the midst of a stirring address, was struck full in the face with a rotten egg. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he calmly continued: "I have always contended that my opponent's arguments were very unsound."

The head of the house came downstairs in an irate frame of mind and told his wife that Bohhie had taken some change from his pockets. "I don't think it's fair of you to accuse Bohbie that way, Jack. Why, you might as well say I'd taken it!" "Oh, no, my dear," the brute answered, "it wasn't all taken, you know!"

The old gentleman was lost in a London fog, so thick he could scarcely see his hand before his face. He became seriously alarmed when he found himself in a slimy alley. Then he heard footsteps approaching through the ohscurity, and sighed with relief. "Where am I going?" he cried, anxiously. A voice replied weirdly from the darkness: "Into the river—I've just come out!"

John Hays Hammond said at a dinner in his handsome Washington house: "I am, of course, an optimist, hut the situation of the world today calls for sacrifice and hard work more than merry optimism. We have too much optimism of the Fetherston kind. Young Fetherston, you know, wanted to marry old Bullion's daughter. 'Have you any chance for promotion?' Bullion asked him. 'Have I?' said Fetherston. 'You het I have. Why, except for the office hoy I hold the lowest position in the firm.'"

Yeats does not seem to have captured the enthusiasm of St. John Ervine, who writes in a recent hook ahout professional people: "He would spend hours over the lighting of a scene. This 'lime' was too strong and that 'lime' was too weak or there was too much color or there was not enough or the mingling of the colors was not sufficiently delicate. One day, when he had worn out the patience of every one in the theatre with his fussing over the lighting, he suddenly called out to the stage manager, 'That's it! You've got it just right now!' 'Ah, sure the damned thing's on fire,' the stage manager answered."

President Harding has appointed Irvin Cohh a major in the Reserve Army in recognition of his services in the world war. As all Kentuckians are horn colonels the President's intended compliment to the distinguished journalist and author is a demotion rather than a promotion. Major Cohh may now add to his long list of stories that of the Englishman who presented himself at the leading hotel of Louisville and asked for a room with tuh. The ohliging and smiling clerk, one of the last of his ilk, placed the register in front of the visitor and handed him a pen that he might inscrihe his name. After registering, the Englishman scanned the list of colonels on the hotel hook and astonishingly inquired: "Is this a harracks? I thought it was a hotel."

A missionary schoolteacher who had heen assigned duty in that part of the Cumherland Mountains which touches three states, and where feuds are common, was entertained at the mountain cahin of one of the chiefs of the region. The chief's wife entertained her royally and the teacher expressed solicitude for the lonely life the woman must lead. "Yes," agreed the chieftain's better half, "hut just as soon as Jim gets one mo' we air gwineter leave this country." The horrified teacher asked if she meant "kill one more man?" "Yes, and Jim's hound ter get him, too," boasted the wife. "Has the man injured your hushand?" the missionary demanded with some asperity. "He sho' has!" was the vehement reply. "He killt my fust hushand."

President Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League was talking ahout a campaign that had failed. "Of course," he said, "we don't ask for sympathy in our failure. We know human nature to well for that." He smiled rather hitterly and resumed: "Once a hoy got vaccinated. The medico as usual prepared to put a protecting white hand round the hoy's coat sleeve ahove the vaccination, hut the youngster said: 'Put it on the other arm, doctor.' 'What for?' asked the doctor, and he couldn't help laughing. 'I put it on the sore arm, of course, so that the hoys at school won't hit it.' 'Put it on the other arm, doctor,' the lad persisted. 'You don't know the hoys at our school.'"

Charles M. Schwah said at a dinner in New York: "The advocates of government ownership—government-owned railroads and mines and what-not—do not shout so loud since Russia showed the world how this idea works. When Sir Eric Geddes was trying to introduce economies into England's government services last year he often noticed, in a passage in Whitehall, a sentry in uniform. He asked the sentry one day what his duties were. The man said he was there to warn people not to touch the wall. He had heen stationed there issuing that warning for years. Why? He didn't know. Well, Sir Eric Geddes investigated the matter, and he found that a war minister's wife had hrushed her sleeve against wet paint on that wall thirty-three years before. A warning sentry stationed there that afternoon had remained ever since."

A cloud hung over the shooting party that was not a cloud of smoke. The host had heen affahility itself till lunch, when his expression turned hlack. Bottle in hand, he strode over to one of the heaters. "Sandy," he said, "some one has been having a drink from this hottle." "Yes?" Sandy said with a shade of perplexity. "Yes, Sandy, and I'm wondering if you know anything ahout it." "Weel, I'll tak my oath it wasna me!" Sandy indignantly declaimed. "Are you quite sure of that?" The host of the shooting hox had an ominous ring in his tone. "Oh, aye!" said Sandy, "for I cudna get the cork oot."

Henry James had the pleasant trait of telling a story at his own expense. He and a lady friend once paid an unexpected visit to George Eliot and G. H. Lewes. Mrs. Greville, the lady in question, asked the Lewes' if she might horrow a new hook of James' that he had presented to George Eliot. When James and Mrs. Greville were getting into their carriage Lewes suddenly rememhered that he'd promised the hook to the lady and without in the least associating James with its authorship, he dashed out to the carriage, James' volumes in hand, shrieking gleefully, "Ah, those books—take them away, please, away, *away!*"

The major at a certain recruit depot was approached one day by a man who had ohviously been in the service only long enough to draw his uniform. The rookie failed to salute, hut the major, a kindly man in spite of twenty years of army life, overlooked it. The huck gazed with respectful awe at the string of campaign ribbons across the major's hroad chest. "Gosh!" the rookie remarked, "you must he an old-timer." "Yes," answered the major pleasantly, "I am." "Say," hegan the huck cordially in a whisper, "do you ever drink anything?" The major was truthful as well as kindly. He admitted that once in a while he took a small nip, and then turned away, as his new-found acquaintance was proving emharrasing. "Wait," said the hospitahle rookie. "I got some here——" This was too much even for a kindly-disposed major. "Corporal of the guard!" he bawled. "Aw," protested the rookie, "don't call your friends—there's only enough for two."

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Make It known with a Meaning Glance,
Imply It when you get the chance;
Say It in Esperanto, Coptic,
Or by Winking a Wicked Optic;
Tell It by Hug or Pressure of Hand;
Yell It aloud to drown the Band;
Never be absolutely Mum—
Tell It in Digital Deaf and Dumb;
Whisper It, Sing It, Laugh It, Cry It—
Riotous Shout It, Softly Sigh It;
Bleat It, Boom It, Bellow or Bray It—
Be sure, my friend, that you Display It—
But Don't Put It in Writing!

—Cyril B. Egan in Judge.

The average life of men in the country is 55.23 years, as compared with 57.41 for women.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Virginia Killmer, daughter of Mrs. Thédore Killmer, formerly of Minneapolis, Minnesota. to Mr. Oliver Leslie Simmons, of New York and Los Angeles, son of Mrs. Albert Robinson Spiney. The wedding will take place in the late spring. Plans are to he announced later.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Flora Hyde, daughter of Mrs. G. L. Belcher of Oakland, to Mr. Robert Crooks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Crooks of San Francisco.

The engagement has heen announced of Miss Cornelia Emerson Ripley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Ripley, to Mr. Frederick Barreda Sherman, son of the late Dr. Harry Sherman of San Francisco.

A notable social event of last Saturday (January 6th) was the marriage of Mr. Eugene Kelly of New York and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. William Sproule of this city. Families for many years associated with the life of San Francisco are by this marriage brought into a domestic connection. The wedding ceremony was in St. Mary's Cathedral and was conducted by Archhishop Hanna in the presence of a thousand or more guests. Later an elaborate wedding luncheon was served to a large company of family connections and intimate friends at the Sproule home. The young people have gone upon a Mediterranean tour and upon their return will live in New York.

The marriage of Miss Mary Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, to Mr. Oze Van Wyck of Anderson, South Carolina, took place Tuesday evening, January 9th, at the home of the hride's parents on California Street.

The marriage of Miss Mildred Ralston Bright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis V. Bright of New York and granddaughter of the late William C. Ralston, to Mr. Page Mailliard, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mailliard of San Francisco, took place on January 2d at the home of the bride's parents on Madison Avenue, New York.

The marriage of Miss Frances Lent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, to Mr. Hugh Porter, son of Mrs. W. S. Porter, took place on Wednesday, January 10th, at the home of the hride's parents on Broadway.

Mr. Eugene Kelly gave a bachelor dinner at the Pacific Union Club last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner, followed by a dance, at their residence on Broadway, in honor of Miss Leonora Armsby of New York, who is visiting her uncles, Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Gordon Armsby, of Burlingame.

The wedding of Miss Sally McKee Lang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang of Vancouver, and granddaughter of the late Judge McKee of Oakland, to Mr. John Moore Nichol took place in Vancouver on January 9th.

Miss Anita Kresteller, who announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Sommer a few days ago, was honored hy a tea given in the Gardcn of the St. Francis last Saturday by Misses Helen and Carol Kahn, assisted by Miss Enid Kahn and Mrs. Leo J. Levi.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker is giving a luncheon for Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle on Saturday at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. Henry Howard is giving a luncheon for Miss Lillian Hopkins and Mr. Edward Pond at the Burlingame Cluh on Sunday.

There will he a Four Arts Ball given at the Hotel Fairmont on January 19th hy California artists.

Captain George W. Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger will he hosts at the first of a series of bi-monthly dances to be given at the Yerba Buena Naval Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. de Laveaga gave a dinner at their home in Piedmont last Friday evening in honor of Ensign Raleigh Hales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hales, of San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jenkins entertained at a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and her fiancé, Mr. Eugene Kelly.

The French fête for the benefit of French war orphans, held at the Fairmont Hotel last week, was a social and financial success.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule were hosts at a dinner last week in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Kelly, Mrs. Van Schaick, and Mr. and Mrs. Kuser of New York, who are here for the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and Mr. Eugene Kelly.

The Cap and Bells Club will give a large card party at the Century Club on January 18th for the benefit of the Woman's Club Building.

Mrs. Edgar Preston gave a dance last Friday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for her granddaughters, Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames.

The benefit for the San Mateo Preventorium will be held at the Burlingame Country Club on the evening of January 13th. Miss Helen Crocker has charge of the programme.

A numher of dinners will take place in advance of the benefit to be given for the San Mateo Preventorium at the Burlingame Country Club on January 13th.

Mr. Gerald Herrman gave a dinner recently at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Miss Frances Lent and her fiancé, Mr. Hugh Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner last week, taking their guests afterwards to the French fête at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller was hostess at a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Cluh last week in honor of Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, who will soon leave for Europe.

The annual dinner to members of the California hranch of the English-Speaking Union was held at the Commercial Club, Merchants' Exchange Building, on Wednesday, January 10th.

Miss Edna Taylor entertained at a dinner at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, preceding the dance given by Mrs. Edgar Preston at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Major-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., retired, presented Distinguished Service Medals on Tuesday, January 9th, at the Presidio, to Brigadier-General Thornwell Mullally, O. R. C., Major James H. Burns, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., and Major Clair W. Baird, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe entertained Mrs. Robert J. Kelly of New York at their home in Menlo Park over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Louis Parrott gave a luncbeon at the Francisca Club last week in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Kelly and Mrs. Wynne Van Schaick of New York.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling was a recent hostess at a luncheon given in honor of the Honorable Mrs. Charles R. Burns and Miss I. T. Lewis of England.

Mrs. Clara Darling gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Kelly of New York.

The annual Bal Masqué of the Mare Island Country Cluh took place on December 30th at the cluhhouse. A number of dinner parties preceded the ball.

Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a luncbeon last week at his home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Marion Hollins and Mrs. H. B. Duryea of New York.

Mrs. Jonathan Kittle entertained the members of her bridge club at the Town and Country Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe were hosts at a dinner at their home on Franklin Street recently in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Kelly and Mra. Wynne Van Schaick.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood were hosts at a large dinner given at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and her fiancé, Mr. Eugene Kelly.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall, who with her children has been spending the holidays with her parents, Commodore and Mrs. James H. Bull, has returned to her home in Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Charles G. Norris is giving a luncheon on Friday, January 12th, at the Hotel St. Francis, in honor of Miss Jeannette Norris of Medford, Oregon, niece of Mr. Norris and daughter of the late Frank Norris. A number of the season's débutantes will he among the guests.

A breakfast was given in the clubhouse of the California Cluh on Tuesday in honor of the founders of the cluh.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Burgard gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club last Sunday in honor of Mrs. Burgard's hrother, Mr. Hunter Marston of New York.

Mrs. E. Bacon Soulé will give a large tea on January 17th at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Beach Carter Soulé, Miss Rebecca Gray, and Miss Ada Gray.

A large reception was beld last Saturday at the new home of Rev. Webster Wardell Jennings and Mrs. Jennings on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Ashton Potter was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street last Friday, and later took her guests to the symphony concert.

A Puppet Caliph.

The aholition of the Ottoman Sultanate will be a hard shock for Indian Islam, which was slow to pardon the deposition of Ahdul-Hamid and which looked on the Ottoman Sultan as a great, actual Moslem ruler, personally, in Oriental fashion, ruling a Mohammedan state, says Duncan Black Macdonald in the *Yale Review*. No National Assemhly can take his place with them. And this new puppet Caliph, elected and maintained hy the Turkish National Assemhly, will be for them such a jest as were the pseudo-Ahhasids who long held spiritual court in Egypt. Angora has pulled away the last prop of the Ottoman Caliphate, and the position is now open to he assigned hy the agreement of the Moslem world. Among the many last things that our generation has seen, perhaps the strangest is the last Sultan-Caliph of the Ottomans a fugitive from his own city and under the protection of unhelievers.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Hale of Salt Lake City is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thomas B. Hunter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster with their daughter, Miss Helen Foster, and her fiancé, Mr. Eugene Tracy, have returned to the St. Francis from Del Monte, where they spent the New Year's holidays.

The Countess of Annesley and her cousin, Mrs. Algernon Crofton, have gone to Santa Barbara, and are staying at the Arlington Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, who recently returned from Europe, have taken possession of their own house in Burlingame.

Mrs. Huher, wife of Major Edward G. Huher, U. S. A., has gone to Laurel Cañon, Hollywood, to visit her uncle, Mr. Ralph M. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear left on Wednesday for New York, and will sail for Europe on January 20th for a prolonged stay.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Ogden Mills arrived from the East this week, and will spend several weeks at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear and Mrs. William Hendrickson have returned from their visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding will leave very shortly for New York, en route to Europe, where he will join Mrs. Redding in Paris.

Former Senator Charles Henderson of Nevada and Mrs. Henderson are making a visit to San Francisco, and are staying at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Alice De Lamar arrived last week, accompanied hy her mother, her sister and a group of friends. After attending the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and Mr. Eugene Kelly, Miss De Lamar and her friends left for Southern California, en route for New York.

Miss Marion Hollins and Mrs. H. B. Duryea of New York are the house guests of Mr. Richard Tobin in Burlingame.

Mrs. Washington Dodge with her son, Mr. Washington Dodge, Jr., have been paying a hrief visit to California. They passed the holidays at their ranch near Colusa, hut will return to the East very shortly.

Mrs. Robert J. Kelly and Mrs. Wynne Van Schaick left San Francisco on Monday for Santa Barhara. They will visit the Grand Cañon, New Orleans, and Washington hefore returning to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames have returned to their country home, after making a short visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes of Los Angeles have heen making a short stay at the St. Francis.

Mr. Hunter Marston of New York is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar L. Marston, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker passed the New Year week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman will leave for Europe very shortly.

Mr. Robert Louis Coleman, accompanied hy Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Coleman, Jr., returned on the *Maui* after a short stay in Honolulu.

Mrs. William B. Tuhhs and her daughter, Miss Emilie Tuhhs, have gone to Southern California for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Foote of Grass Valley have heen passing the holidays in San Francisco.

Captain Powers Symington, U. S. N., and Mrs. Symington, the former Miss Maude Fay of San Francisco, have returned to their home in New York, after a visit in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. José Aguilar Trigueros, accompanied hy Miss Marie Escohar, have sailed on the *Ecuador* for Salvador. Mrs. Trigueros is the daughter of Señor Salvador Sol, former minister from Salvador to the United States.

Captain A. Loftus Bryan of County Wexford, Ireland, has recently arrived in California, and is the guest of the San Mateo Polo Club.

Miss Jeannette Norris, daughter of Mrs. Frank Preston, has arrived from her home in Medford, Oregon, and is visiting her uncle, Mr. Charles G. Norris, and Mrs. Norris at the Stanford Court Apartments.

The Honorable Mrs. Charles R. Burns and Miss I. T. Lewis of England have heen making a short stay in San Francisco. They sailed on the *Maui* for Honolulu.

Mr. Walter Dillingham, who has heen making a short stay in San Francisco, sailed last Thursday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker are planning to go ahroad in the spring.

Captain Harry Creswell, U. S. A. who arrived from the Philippines in November, has heen visiting his mother, Mrs. Harry Creswell, and will leave for his new station in the East next month.

Mr. Harold D. Pischel, son of Dr. Kaspar Pischel, has gone to New York, where he will remain for some time.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood, who has heen living with her little daughter in an apartment in Paris, will return to her home in Burlingame in the summer.

Major-General Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., retired, will come to California with Mrs. Winn and make his future home here.

Mrs. William T. Sesnon and her daughter, Miss Barhara Sesnon, who have heen traveling in Europe, returned to San Francisco last Monday.

Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters of Portland with her little son is visiting her mother, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

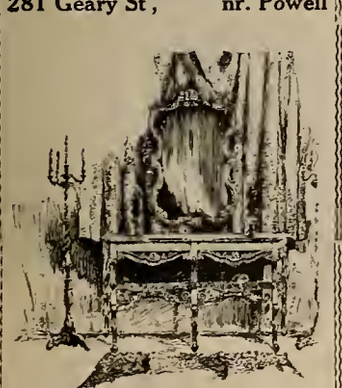
Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman of Burlingame are staying at the Hotel Gotham in New York. They will return to California in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace, who have been traveling in Europe, have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Baron and Baroness Jan C. Van Eck with Mr. Frederick Tillman, hrother of Baroness Van Eck, have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

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Birth of the Bagdad Railroad.

We were once present at a dinner given to the Kaiser at our embassy, writes Lady Susan Townley in her "Indiscretions," just published by Appleton, when Cecil Rhodes was the guest of honor asked to meet him. At this dinner an incident occurred hitherto unrecorded, which I am convinced had great future political interest for both Britain and Germany.

Before dinner Cecil Rhodes had been speaking of his grand conception of an All-British Cape to Cairo Railway, the greatest transcontinental line in the world. At that time this scheme was threatened by the lively interest which Germany displayed in African trade development.

"If only we could make the Kaiser abandon his African schemes and leave us free to get on with ours," Rhodes said. "But he's so ohstinate. Once he has thought out a plan, nothing will make him change it. Unless," he added reflectively, "I could think of some other scheme to put hefore him that would fire his imagination and lead him off on another scent!"

After dinner the ladies retired, as usual, but my husband told me afterwards how the emperor and Rhodes fell at once into an animated conversation. In pursuance of the plan that had occurred to him before dinner, Rhodes set to work to draw a red herring across the Kaiser's trail, hy leading the conversation on to the topic of Mesopotamia.

"If my thoughts were not centered on Africa," he declared, "that would be the field of development that would attract me most. Not only is it capahle of becoming the granary of the world, but it is the obvious route to the Far East and to the undeveloped markets of Persia and Afghanistan. The way to those countries lies through Bagdad!"

I knew how much Cecil Rhodes had hoped to gain from this after-dinner talk, and it may he judged with what eagerness I watched for his reappearance. When after a long time the men joined us, his face was flushed with excitement. "Thank God," he whispered, "I believe I have done the trick. I have side-tracked him out of Africa!" For the remainder of that evening the Kaiser was pensive. He seemed much occupied with his own thoughts. Probably he was turning over in his mind a great new scheme suggested to him hy Rhodes' apparently unguarded remarks. For a moment he stood talking to me hefore he left.

"If I had a man like Rhodes to carry out my schemes," he said, "I should be the greatest emperor in the world."

I am convinced that at that moment was born the idea of the Bagdad-Bahn.

PERSONAL

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CURRENT VERSE.

To Roderick Dhu.

You eat the most unheard-of things
Your optimism, ever new,
A sudden surge of hunger hrings
On finding something you can chew.
No instinct wakes in you a question:
It must he good, hecause you met it.
You eat and leave it to digestion,
And frequently you then regret it.
On puppy cakes you scorn to sup,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!

You nap, for choice, far down the hall,
By shadows camouflaged from view,
And people in a hurry fall,
To canine keenings, over you.
Each day, in sudden bursts of glee,
You hreak a dozen man-made laws,
Then leap ecstatic on my knee
And leave there prints of muddy paws.
With sorrow then is filled your cup,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!

You think I'm deputy to God;
You think I'm infinitely wise.
The tail on which I lately trod
Would thump if I should meet your eyes;
You never douht that I am just.
Although you may not understand,
You take the punishment on trust
And come to lick the scourging hand.
With reverence your eyes look up,
Oh, foolish, grizzled Scotty pup!
—*F. F. V. in New York Tribune.*

Plains of Dawn.

The lists are drawn!
I see the clouds meet in concourse
Upon the embattled plains of dawn.
Thunder of horse,
The hattle meets,
Armies of day, armies of night!
Blood from the empyrean fight
Drips on the streets.
The sharp swords wheel,
Armies of hlack confusion reel.
The swung swords stark
Crash through the hones of douht and dark,
Splintering of hlades!
Tossing of plumes, the white winds shout,
Armies of douht in toppling rout,
Screech to the shades!

Until a hird of morning sings—
Assured, superh, on sea and town,
Upborne on hlue tremendous wings,
Day laughs down!
—*Louis Golding in the New Witness.*

A Pennsylvania magistrate who was trying a man for swearing at another person has unearthed this existing law, passed in 1794: "If any persons of the age of sixteen years or upward shall profane, curse, or swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending shall pay the sum of 67 cents for each profane curse or oath. Persons swearing by other names than the aforementioned shall pay 40 cents for each curse word uttered."

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New Deal in the First National Bank.

Internecine contentions which began some seven or eight years ago in the First National Bank of San Francisco reached their climax on Tuesday of this week, when by a vote of approximately two to one Rudolph Spreckels was ousted from the presidency, and a majority of the old board by which he was supported were also ousted from the directorate. The new hoard consists of the anti-Spreckels minority of the old board, namely: C. H. Kroll, Walter S. Martin, James K. Moffitt, Wellington T. Smith and Clinton E. Worden, with a new group made up of George D. Cooper, Samuel H. Boardman, Robert T. Devlin, Robert E. Easton, Arthur Goodall, E. C. Holmes, John A. Hooper, F. C. Morgan, J. H. Newbauer and Warren Olney. The new president is John A. Hooper. Mr. James K. Moffitt, who retired from the bank something more than a year ago, will return as vice-president and as the active manager of the institution. While the new deal does not commit the bank to a merger with the Crocker bank, a proposal that was under discussion some months ago, the project will probably be revived and made the subject of further negotiation.

In "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," by Claude G. Bowers, the author brings to light a unique episode in American history in which a United States senator was accused by a President of having instigated an attempt to assassinate him. George Poindexter of Mississippi, once campaign manager for Jackson, became aggressively affiliated with the Whigs. He was a heavy drinker, gambler, and had a violent temper, and once while in his cups threatened to do violence to Jackson. His reputation for violence was such that Van Buren once armed himself with a pistol to go to the Senate. When an attempt to murder the President was made the story came to Jackson that the would-be assassin was an intimate of Poindexter and had heen with him shortly hefore the assault. The President was firmly convinced that his old enemy was guilty, and only through a senatorial investigation was Poindexter exonerated.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How is your flat heated?" "By growling at the janitor."—*Boston Transcript.*

Applicant—I'm a college graduate. *Employer*—Well, I guess I'll give you a chance anyway.—*Life.*

"If you don't marry me, I'll drink myself to death." "Don't be silly. You know you can't afford it."—*Judge.*

Café Patron (to neighbor)—What! The famous tenor sat on your hat? How much will you take for it?—*Munich Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

"What's this, waiter?" "A magnifying glass. It makes the meal seem worth while."—*Berlin Lustige Blaetter.*

George—I'm crazy when I'm not with you. *Georgette*—Oh, yes; out of sight, out of mind. *Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

"How old are you, miss?" "I have seen four and twenty summers." "And how many years were you blind?"—*Munich Fliegende Blaetter.*

"Does your wife know how to keep house?" "You bet! She prevented me from mortgaging ours to buy an automobile."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lady—Is that your sister you have brought with you? *The Step-Cleaner*—Oh, no, mum; she's my pupil. I'm learnin' e'r the perfession.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Medical Expert—When the eyes are shut the hearing becomes more acute. *James*—I have noticed people trying this experiment in church.—*Chicago News.*

Old-Timer—What beat did the editor give you, son? *Fledgling*—Coroners, physicians, and undertakers. *Old-Timer*—Oh, the dead beat.—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

"We shall have peace now that our boy has returned to school!" "Yes. All that is wanted to complete my happiness is for you to enter a convent."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant.*

Citizen—So you refused $3000 spot cash to let this liquor truck go? *Cop*—Yes, sir. *Citizen*—Were you rewarded for your honesty? *Cop*—Sure, sir; the chief gave me a case.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Daughter (at the end of a lengthy musical composition)—Isn't it too bad, daddy; the man who wrote this piece died two weeks ago. *Father*—Did they find the murderer?—*Copenhagen Klods-Hans.*

"I always feel sorry for the parents of an infant prodigy," remarked Mr. Grumpson. "Why so?" "Unkind neighbors jump at the opportunity to wonder where he got his brains."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Lady (concerned for her valuable Persian rug—to new charwoman)—And, Mrs. Scoles, *please* be careful with this rug—it is very old. *Mrs. Scoles*—That it is, mum; but I dessay we can make it last you the winter.—*Punch.*

"How do you account for the fact that a beginner is sure to win in a poker game?" "Confidentially speakin'," said Cactus Joe, "the explanation is that it ain't a fact. We encourage the superstition so as to get tenderfeet interested."—*Washington Star.*

"Of course," remarked Mr. Grumpson, "we ought to extend a helping hand to our brother in distress, but the thought of handing a dime to a beggar who may run over me some night in his motor-car is enough to curdle the milk of human kindness."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

It was the witching hour when all was hushed and dark. Suddenly the midnight stillness was broken by a crash from upstairs. "G-g-g-good Lord, what was that, dud-dud-darling?" exclaimed the timid young Adonis. "Merely father dropping a hint," she replied, snuggling closer.—*Yale Record.*

"Why did you compel that card sharp to sit in our friendly little game?" asked Cactus Joe. "Fur the common welfare," replied Three-finger Sam. "He knows we all have him placed as a card sharp, and that we are rough when riled. If he has ordinary judgment he'll lose in self-defense."—*Washington Star.*

Mother (to small daughter just home from a visit)—I am sorry to say your aunt gives a very poor account of you: 'naughty, untidy, unpunctual, untruthful, inclined to be imp—— *Daughter*—Does auntie really say all that? *Mother*—Yes. *Daughter (judicially)*—What a thing to say to the child's own mother!—*Punch.*

"Man," said the woman sternly, "will wake up one morning and find that the world is being ruled by women." "Um," sneered her husband. "Just like a woman, that." "What's just like a woman?" she demanded. "Why," he answered deliberately, "to take advantage of a man when he sleeps."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Flinty—It's a shame, Bill, to think that any one would swindle a poor, 'ard-working man in that way. *Stubble*—Why, what's wrong wi' yer now? *Flinty*—Wrong? Why, 'ere I worked 'ard fer 'alf a day painting up a sparrer inter a Belgian canary, and I'm blowed if the feller I sold it to didn't give me a bad 'alf-crown fer it!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"I didn't really mean that you are a beast," said the prima donna, when the row was over. "You must make allowances for my artistic temperament." "I do," said her manager bitterly, "but if there were any justice in this world I'd make deductions for it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

District Visitor (calling on Mrs. Harris, a new arrival in the village)—You seem to have a great many children, Mrs. Harris. *Mrs. Harris*—Yes, mum; and what's more, all their names begin with haitch. There's 'Ubert, my oldest. Then comes 'Ilda, 'Arriet, and 'Orace. Then there's 'Arold and 'Arry and 'Ector and 'Onoria. They're all haitches; all except the haby and we christened her Holive.—*London Titbits.*

"Well, want to marry my daughter, I suppose," snapped the grumpy old millionaire as he glowered at the young man before him. Then, adjusting his glasses, he added: "By the way, aren't you one of my daughter's former suitors?" "N-n-no, sir," faltered the timid youth. "Well, you are now," said the old grouch as he turned away. "Get out!"—*Boston Transcript.*

What Is the Middle Class?

What is the middle class? It is not, as many have assumed, a group of individuals bound together by some peculiar quality which separates it from common humanity, like the fabled aristocracy of the revolutionary orators, says Wilbur C. Abbott in the *Yale Review.* Unlike that aristocracy it depends little on birth and less on tradition. It has, indeed, been the bitterest foe of mere birth and outworn tradition; for it has been the pioneer of the movements which destroyed them. It is not a closed group, for no other class, neither aristocracy nor proletariat, is such a shifting body, continually recruited from above and below; and within it are a hundred grades from capitalist to artisan.

In the denunciation of its enemies it has been identified wholly with its product, capital. But capital is not the touchstone of the middle class; it is rather that this is the class which has something to sell besides its muscles or its birth. It is composed of that element which is accustomed to rely upon itself rather than upon extraneous circumstance, of birth or wealth or charity or state aid; capable, energetic, ambitious, independent, self-respecting and self-reliant; individualistic, therefore, and thinking for itself rather than subject to mass emotion. It is this class which has, in large measure, made us what we are. It has painted the pictures and written the books and brought forth the new ideas of the world. It has furnished the discoverers and the leaders of thought and action, the inventors, and now the capitalists. It bas carried on the business of life. It has converted the dream of democracy into a reality. Moreover, above all, it is the time-binding class, not the time-bound nor the time-destroying element; for it is not obsessed by the past, as was the old aristocracy, does not seek to abolish the past, as does this "proletariat." With all its faults, it is not only the most intelligent, most self-sacrificing, the most constructive, but the most numerous group in evidence today—for it includes every man who believes in the old-fashioned virtues, the so-called platitudes of experience; and it reaches out at the same time to the new.

The Rosary.

It is not at all likely, says Cornelius H. Patton in *Asia,* that the use of prayer-beads originated in Arabia or Egypt. It is to India we must go for the home of this religious device—India, "the mother of religions," the land where the gods outnumber the people and where the people carry their zeal to the point of intoxication. There is convincing evidence that the rosary existed in India long before it appeared in other parts of the world. At some remote period, when the *Vedas* were still in vogue, the circlet of jewels or beads arose as a means of promoting meditation and registering meritorious acts. It may be seen in multifarious coils about the necks of the *gurus* of today.

Starting from India, we may clearly trace the spread of the rosary to the Buddhists of Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, known as the Southern School, and especially to Tibet, where in Lamaism the faith of Gautama reached its lowest level, and whence the rosary, along with other customs, spread to China, Korea, and Japan.

The Mahommedans may easily have taken over the rosary through their contacts with India, or else, as seems more likely, they learned its use from hermits and monks of the Eastern or Greek church through their earlier contacts in Palestine, Syria, and northern Africa.

The Scandals of Volstead-ism.

Entirely apart from the general question of the right or wrong of prohibition, there can be no question that the attempted or pretended enforcement of the Volstead Act has been attended with more administrative scandals than have soiled all other activities of the government during this generation, writes Willis Fletcher Johnson in the *North American Review.* There is no possible doubt that the exemption of the prohibition agents from civil service requirements afforded the opportunity for all these abominable scandals; and, with a somewhat extended observation of such matters balanced against a natural desire to be charitable, I find it difficult to avoid wondering if it was not with the deliberate intent of making such an opportunity that many congressmen were insistent upon compelling such exemption. It is no less difficult to conceive any decent reason why, so long as it remains upon the statute book, the Volstead Act should not be entrusted to the same administrative agencies that enforce all other laws.

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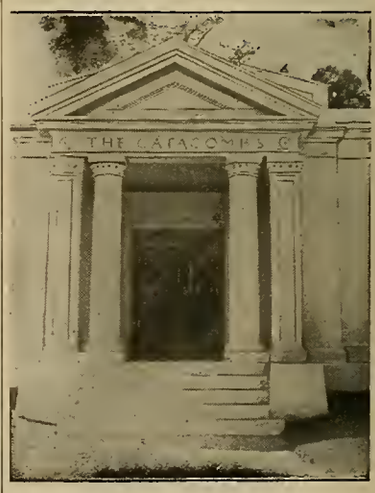
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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Widow Nolan's Candidacy.

The qualifications for membership in the House of Representatives are plain and definite; and they are none the less important because in most constituencies they are disregarded. First, there should be representative character. Second, there should be, besides acacquaintance with the conditions of the district to be represented, knowledge relative to the broad affairs, economic, national, and international, that come to the bar of Congress. Sentiment, more particularly the bastard idealism that is styled sentimentalism, has no proper relationship to the matter. Recently the governor of Illinois, a cheap demagogue, sought to ingratiate himself with the sentimentalists of his state by naming the widow of a deceased member of Congress as his successor; and now there is danger that this precedent may find a kind of acceptance that will tend still further to weaken a body that is already going down grade at a rapid pace and tends to a pitiful moral degeneracy. None of the reasons that theoretically or practically relate to qualification for membership in Congress relate automatically to the widow of a deceased incumbent. Here in San Francisco we have a considerable movement looking to the election of the widow of the late Congressman Nolan as his successor. Nothing that has been said by Mrs. Nolan as a candidate, or for her by her sponsors, tends to confidence in her capabilities. On the contrary, the campaign of the past two weeks has been convincing the other way about. The whole stock in trade of Mrs. Nolan's candidacy is that she is the widow of Mr. Nolan. The *Argonaut* holds no bias against Mrs. Nolan because she is a woman, no prejudice of any kind, but it resents a candidacy lacking the support of rationality and propriety, one whose sole basis is a cheap sentimentalism.

The French and the Germans.

Mr. Laurence, who writes of Germany and the Germans on another page, is an Englishman who obviously has sought to put aside national sympathies, prejudices, and resentments. He has succeeded at least sufficiently to give us an interesting, though hasty and superficial, outline of German conditions, more convincing on the whole than anything we have had from other sources. The working and middle classes in Germany are poor, distressingly so. The steady decline of the mark has so depreciated the value of fixed incomes and of current wages as to reduce the once fairly well-to-do to a very real poverty. But while the German poor have been growing poorer, and the well-to-do are sinking into poverty, the rich are getting richer. They have money for luxuries and even for extravagances. They find means for domestic "reparations" beyond anything in recent years. They are building banks, opera houses, and other public and private structures after a lavish fashion. Obviously somebody in Germany has capital, and if we may believe apparently authoritative reports, deposits of German money in foreign banks are extensive and steadily growing.

Mr. Laurence does not go into the matter of taxes, but he might truly have told us that in this department of German affairs there is a studied tenderness regarding the interest of the rich. The German tax charge is considerably below that of France, whose people are notoriously parsimonious when it comes to the support of their government, illustrated in the incongruous fact that while a Frenchman is ready to die for his country, he refuses to be taxed for it. In England current taxation consumes a fair third of the earnings both of industry and accumulated capital, but in Germany taxation is still at a low ratio, with discriminations that press moderately upon the moderately well to do, while leaving the rich measurably exempt. Thus Germany, both the aggressor and the defeated in the war, is taxed upon ratios far below those exacted in the countries that were compelled to defend themselves at prodigious cost. There is no doubt that Germany could meet her obligations if her people would submit to the exactions that are currently put upon the countries against which her aggressive arms were directed and which suffered not more through her military operations than her malicious depredations.

Mr. Laurence tells in quotations from German sources hardly more than is already known of the disposition and spirit of the German people. They still hold to the theory that the war was put upon them, that they are a chosen people beloved of Providence, and destined to rule the world. They still cherish the hope embodied in the phrase "Deutschland über Alles"; in other words, Germany above all. They still cherish an insolent pride and no less insolent resentment.

From other sources we have an interesting exposition of conditions material and physiological as related to the Ruhr Valley. The Ruhr is one of the fundamental parts of the German economic structure. It is a beehive of industry, a centre of great manufacturing interests. Essen is the Pittsburgh of Germany. Until last week it was held by the captains of its activities to be exempt from likelihood of French invasion. It was believed that the very magnitude of its interests with their interrelations with the fortunes both of Germany and France, and indirectly even with the whole world, would protect the Ruhr Valley. It is a case where the industrial barons of the Ruhr have exhibited themselves in psychological accord with the financial magnates of other countries. Men of this type are never able to understand anything that may not be defined in materialistic terms. It is remembered that when the war started in 1914 the financiers of England, France, and America—men presumed to have their fingers upon the pulse of the universe—declared that anything like an extended war was impossible because there could be no means of financing prolonged and costly military operations. Men of this type seem never able to comprehend the spirit that does not reckon with money costs and that, where emotion or passion lead the way, push forward regardless of consequences.

Until last week the magnates of the Ruhr Valley could not conceive of a temerity that would fail to respect their wealth, their vast enterprises, their mighty newspaper syndicates and their varied prodigious potential powers at home and abroad. Even now when they have discovered their error it may be doubted if they will gain from it the lesson that is so obvious to the rest of the world.

The industrial barons of the Ruhr have been among the loudest propagandists of the falsehood that Germany was forced into the war. They have never conceded the fact of German defeat. They still plume themselves with the theory of German innocence and of German superiority, moral and intellectual. Imperialistic in their ideas, they have visualized France as lost to honor and virtue and themselves as exemplars of righteousness. Perhaps of all the forces in Germany that have served practically to nullify the German sense of obligation, both moral and under the Versailles treaty, the Ruhr Valley magnates have been the most potent. There has been on their part the fixed conviction that if occupation by the French should come about—and this has been regarded by them as a remote possibility—that it would be a signal for abandonment by the working masses of their activities and their homes, thus bringing about a paralysis so widespread and far-flung as in effect to destroy the prosperity of the whole world. And this being the prospect, the event was regarded as beyond rationality and so beyond the bounds of probability. What now must be their surprise with France in possession of their territory and with the working masses going about their tasks, apparently little heedful of what has happened.

Belgium and Italy alone of the Allies have given formal approval of the advance of the French into the Ruhr Valley. England officially protests it; America, by indirect action, discredits it. But the people both of England and the United States pretty generally sympathize with the resentment of the French people and secretly if not openly admire their spirit and wish them luck in an enterprise which challenges admiration for its boldness, if not for its discretion.

There is that in courageous action which stimulates aggressive spirit and ambition, and we find illustration of it just now in a considerable section of the French press. Inspired by the mood of the French people, there is on the part of many French newspapers a demand for such rearrangement of boundaries as will exclude Germany from the left bank of the Rhine. The proposal is little short of madness. To push Germany out of her left-Rhine provinces would be the crime of Alsace-Lorraine over again with the terms reversed. It would create a condition of continuous irritation; and it could not fail sooner or later to bring on renewal of the conflict which came to its end in 1918. Germany, superior to France in man power, even superior in greater degree in the economic background that sustains war, would not rest until she had reconquered what she deems to be her own, and what was conceded to her at the council table of Versailles. French policy should seek to conciliate Germany. That which it should most earnestly avoid is the creation of new motives of antagonism. If it were sought to [illegible]

a course that must ultimately lead to a new movement against France on the part of Germany, and to the ultimate misfortune of France, nothing more positively tending to that result could be suggested. In her own interest France should abandon any hopes she may ever have cherished for possession of the German provinces on the hither side of the Rhine.

Furthermore, the policy of France should look to conservation of the sympathy and good will of the world; and she will not do this by courses of which the judgment of the world will not approve. It appears to be one of the weaknesses of France not to comprehend the value of moral as distinct from concrete commitments. In a certain sense it is true that treaties are scraps of paper, for history, both recent and remote, teaches that when it becomes to the interest of nations to disregard even the most solemn written pledges they find ways of evading them—not always the brutal German method exhibited in the case of Belgium, but by means none the less effective.

The real security of France lies in friendly association with England, the United States, and Italy, and perhaps we should add Japan. Such a commitment on the part of the United States, Japan, and England was made by the inclusion of France in the Four-Power agreement recently made at Washington. Curiously enough, France has not appreciated the fact that her association with these powers, even in matters not at all related to Germany, is a fact of tremendous moral import. She did not see in it what the rest of the world has seen, namely, that her association with the countries named, in distinct evidence of their friendship and good-will, was in itself a protection against German aggression. For neither Germany nor any other country is likely to proceed in any aggressive course heedless of conditions that mark affiliation and friendship on the part of France with the greater powers of the earth.

The attitude of the British government toward the Ruhr Valley incident and in the negotiations that preceded it is easily explained. England has not the motive uppermost in the mind of France. She is not fearful of invasion. She does not visualize an aggressive enemy of predominant power in the German people, as does France. England's interest in all these affairs is twofold. First, she seeks markets; she must have markets, else her people perish. The Englishman lives by manufacturing, and for his daily sustenance he must resort to importation of food and the materials of manufacture. England must have markets in which to sell her products in order that she may buy that which is essential to the life of her people. Then there is India. She must by hook or crook maintain relationships that will protect her great Asiatic empire. She seeks friendly relations with Germany because she wishes to buy that which Germany has for sale, and which she herself does not produce. To find means of purchase she seeks to sell her goods. In brief she wants access to the German market with ultimate access to the great potential market that lies beyond Germany in Russia. She seeks further to enter into such coöperative relations with Germany as will enable her ultimately to hold a relationship with Russia that will serve as a protection to her Indian possessions. There you have the whole story. While above all else France seeks security, England above all else seeks markets, plus a bulwark protecting her in her domination of India.

A Backward Glance at the November Elections.

It is a common assumption that the elections of last November by their results illustrate growth of radicalism in various parts of the country. The election of Brookhart in Iowa and Shipstead in Minnesota, with the heavy majority for Senator Hiram Johnson in California, are taken as indicative of dissatisfaction with ideas, motives, and courses based upon older fashions in political thought and in the conduct of affairs. The *Argonaut* ventures the reflection that this view lacks the foundation of concrete fact. We venture the further reflection that the concrete results so often referred to as illustrating a popular tendency to radicalism are due rather to a spirit of conservatism that kept at home last November voters who would have gone to the polls if they had believed there was a chance of making their votes effective.

Take the case of Iowa: In November, Iowa cast 227,883 votes for Herring, a Democrat, 399751 votes for Brookhart, masquerading as a Republican, but in truth an advanced radical. Thus there was cast in the Iowa senatorial election a total of 617,584 votes. The census of 1920 exhibits that at that date there were in Iowa 700,356 men, 666,856 women—citizens twenty-one year of age—a total of 1,367,212. Note that 749,628 of the potential voters of Iowa did not go to the polls in November. In the president year of 1920, 894,094, or .653 per cent., went to the polls and voted for electors. In 1922 the vote fell off, as above stated, to 617,584, or a figure considerably less than one-half the potential vote. Brookhart won the election with only a trifle above 28 per cent. of the full voting strength of the state.

The situation at many points was similar in Minnesota, where Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor candidate, won his election by a vote of 27 per cent. of the potential voters. The returns in Minnesota were: Anna Olson, Democrat, 79,899; Kellogg, Republican, 241,925; Shipstead, Farmer-Labor, 325,396—a total of 647,760 votes as against a total of 1,237,202 potential voters. Minnesota, according to the 1920 census, contained 648,433 in men, 588,770 women, citizens twenty-one years of age and over. In the year 1920 the Minnesota vote for President was 735,838, or .594 per cent. The vote in 1922, it will be observed, fell off about 88,000.

Without going further into the returns throughout the country, there is authority for the general statement that the result in several other states was comparable to that in the states above analyzed. We believe that a true interpretation of the general result in 1922 is to be found in the indifference of voters largely under discouragement of the conservative-minded as to any hopeful outcome. In what measure this sentiment with its accompaniment of political paralysis is due to the direct primary we will not undertake to define. But much, assuredly. The direct primary automatically eliminates strong personalities and high character. It puts a superficial availability above established and substantial character, permitting anybody to shy his hat into the political ring. It causes personalities of force and high potentiality to keep their hats firmly on their heads. So in the State of Minnesota it gives us the nondescript Shipstead instead of the approved statesman Kellogg. So everywhere it selects demagogy and weakness as against character and strength.

We have only to glance at Congress with its obvious deteriorations to see how the system works out in ultimate effects. In the Senate there still remain a few notable figures, left-overs from other days and representative of the old tradition. But in the House there has been revolution. If we leave out of the roster only two names, those of Burton of Ohio and Kahn of California, we have a dead level of mediocrity, with an overwhelming preponderance of demagogues, time-servers, and miscellaneous incapables.

Long ago it was deduced as a political principle that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. The prime fault of the existing system is that it is destructive of eternal vigilance. Many citizens who must, as was recently the case in Iowa and Minnesota, vote either for a radical theorist or a trivial nobody, illustrated their disgust and resentment by staying away from the polls. It is not a hopeful sign. On the contrary it is a distinct and painful mark of political degeneracy, and for the evil it has produced we have to blame a system that was put over on the country in the sacred name of reform.

The State Farm For Delinquent Women.

The dove-cotes of women's clubdom in San Francisco, and in fact over a good part of the state, have been fluttered by rumors that a bill has been prepared in the legislature to abolish the state industrial farm for delinquent women in Sonoma County. This farm is one of the pet reforms of the women's clubs, and it appeals to the forward-looking everywhere, as well as to the tax-consuming. If such a bill has been prepared, it is probably in pursuit of the promised tax reduction in this state; and if such a bill has not been prepared, one should be.

The farm was established in response to the demand for curing everything by law, and at the taxpayers' expense, which is part of the creeping paralysis of socialism; and like most schemes of this nature it has no logical stopping place short of socializing everything in the state. If the farm is now found to stand in the way of retrenchment, it should be swept aside in the interest of a return to practical methods of administration and of the only conservation that really has big values, the conservation of the state's revenues.

In his latest, and it is to be hoped his last report, Governor Stephens says this of this institution:

> The Industrial Farm for Women was established under the authority of an act passed by the legislature in 1919 as a corrective institution for delinquent women committed by the courts. It was opened during the last year, and has now forty-three inmates. While it has been questioned whether the institution would in any effective measure solve the problem or relieve the menace involved, it must be remembered that the social delinquencies of these women are not necessarily such as would justify crowding them into our prisons to associate with depraved criminal characters.

In 1919 we had an amiable legislature, which would enact about anything a sentimental minority demanded, if it seemed sufficiently humane and the demand was insistent enough, without much regard for the cost. The original appropriation was $150,000, with which a beautiful 680-acre farm in the garden spot of the world, with a thirty-six-room house on it, was acquired. It was improved with a sewer system and a hospital, and made even more attractive than nature had made it. It became a lovely home; a far better home than most of the taxpayers of this state can live in, and all a woman needed to do to enter it was to become morally delinquent. Then the paternalistic state took her into its sheltering arms and treated her better than many an honest wife and mother in California is ever treated, from the altar to the grave. That is socialism. Of course, the delinquents had to work after a certain dabbling fashion, but they did not have to worry. Most housewives in this state work and worry, too, and they can't live in a steam-heated house on a beautiful "estate" in Sonoma County. They worry about the lighting bills and the gas bills and the general high cost of living, all adversely affected by the state taxes, which, although the corporations are supposed to pay them, really come out of the public just as they always have and always will. Not being delinquent, however, there is nothing for most of them to do about it but just to go on working and worrying and paying. And the more socialistic schemes and sociological reforms of this nature we have, the more opportunity they will have to work and worry. Their delinquent sisters would appear to have a little the best of it.

Governor Stephens (former governor now) says the delinquencies for which these erring sisters have been treated with such tender care and placed in such attractive surroundings "are not necessarily such as would justify crowding them into our prisons to associate with depraved criminal characters." If that is the case, a mere non-technical or amateur sociologist would suppose they should be at large; because the state can hardly be expected to send up to this farm all who dwell in moral twilight. The thirty-six-room house would not contain them—not by a jugful. If mere sinners are to be incarcerated in happy state homes, who then is to remain outside and provide the funds to operate such places? And if the cases exceed in their transgressions the degree qualifying them for the Sonoma County retreat they ought to be in jail, whether they like it or not. The chance of reforming criminals does not justify exposing society to their depredations. Either these women have committed crimes and misdemeanors fitting them for punishment, or they have not. If they have, jail is the place for them, and the more uncomfortable the jail the more effective the punishment and the harder they will try to keep out when they get out. And that is what is needed in dealing with crime. Under the weak and sentimental method by which crime is being handled today, making things comfortable and pleasant for the criminal, we have had what the recent governor's report calls "an alarming growth of population at San Quentin and Folsom prisons"—600 more at San Quentin than two years ago, growth of 25 per cent., and probably a similar increase of the boarders at Folsom, though the report does not give the figures for that resort—but most of them are second termers; they went back. What else could be expected? And the report observes: "The cost of the maintenance of these institutions is necessarily increasing with the growth of their populations." Why, certainly. It is not to be hoped that any of these institutions can be made really self-supporting, although in some cases political bookkeeping may make them seem so.

The state farm for delinquent women has not had very many customers—only forty-three thus far. But that

is owing merely to lack of publicity. The publicity is beginning, accompanied by pictures of the superintendent, a very worthy woman. If it continues, more custom may be expected than the thirty-six room house will accommodate, and more money will have to be spent to build more accommodations for more delinquents. If you give delinquents good care and luxurious environment, and relieve their minds of anxiety about their living and any disagreeable consequences of delinquency, why, delinquents may be trusted to increase exactly as experience proves the rats increase when they are supplied with plenty of food. Such a method of dealing with delinquency is a sentimental humbug and a fraud on the taxpayer, corporate or individual. The *Argonaut* hopes the fears of the club women in the matter of that bill to abolish the farm are well grounded and will be realized.

Geography in Relation to Education.

The *Argonaut* congratulates the regents of the State University. First, for choosing a president of approved scientific attainments and high scholarly repute. Second, not less upon the fact that President-to-be Campbell is a man acclimated, so to speak, in his relations to the Pacific Coast, its people, and their manner of thinking. It is a common saying among school men that there is no geography in culture, but like many another glib formula it is not strictly true. Different countries, even different parts of our own country, have individual atmospheres of culture, of popular thought, and of ways of doing things. And this is why earlier attempts to organize our colleges and higher schools upon Eastern models resulted in failure after failure. Who does not recall the long succession of imported presidents of our State University that preceded a final successful selection? And the record at Berkeley is practically duplicated by that of nearly every other school west of the continental divide. It was not until we discovered that best results are obtained under home-bred leadership and direction that our higher schools, broadly speaking, took on a large development. It was not until the State University at Seattle brought to the presidency a man of Pacific Coast breeding that it became a vital force and a moral and intellectual support to the state. Similarly the State University of Oregon made little progress until it found a home-bred president. Reed College at Portland floundered through many troubled years and came near to foundering before it had the fortune to place in its presidential chair a man assimilated with the Pacific Coast mind and competent by his understandings and sympathies to answer the needs of the school. Similarly at Stanford there has been conspicuous advancement under the directing hand of a home-bred president. Equally notable has been the success of Mills College for women under a home-bred president coming in succession to a long line of imported failures.

The example of our higher schools should not be lost upon those who have the direction of our secondary and public schools. It takes time—a good deal of time—for a man or woman of alien or of Eastern breeding to comprehend the Pacific Coast mind and to acquire for it the understanding and sympathy essential to working efficiency. Your imported professor or public school teacher is more than likely to enter upon his work with the fixed idea that he is the bearer of something very much needed for the enlightenment of a benighted country. Commonly and almost inevitably your imported executive or teacher is in a mental sense an alien who can only be brought to understanding and sympathy by a long course of association and social assimilation.

Let nobody construe what is here said as a demand for narrow experience and views or for merely domestic ideals. It goes without saying that standards need to be established and maintained at the highest practicable level; but this done, there still remains the important consideration that men or women duly acclimated in relation to our mental and social life have as teachers a prodigious advantage over those who come to us as strangers and who must submit to a long tutelage with respect to our interests, our traditions, our social atmosphere.

It is a curious fact that Western or Pacific Coast men more readily assimilate themselves with the East than do Eastern men with the West. New York City fairly swarms with Westerners who have made good in posts of large responsibility, while the number of Eastern-bred men who have succeeded in the West is limited. Whatever the influence or the cause may be, men of Western breeding exhibit a greater degree of adaptability than their Eastern brethren.

Modernizing an Ancient Trade.

If the English have come down in history as a nation of shopkeepers, Americans may surely follow suit as a nation of business coöperators; for added to the Anglo-Saxon instinct to trade we have what amounts in our national character to a Dutch passion for organization, economy, and thrift. Organization is the order of the day, and nothing emphasizes the prevailing system of coöperation more than the still youthful scheme of the National Association of Book Publishers called the Year-Round Bookselling Plan, a name that has not our hearty endorsement since it smacks too much of blatant publicity. The worthiness of the venture deserves either a more dignified or a snappier title. The plan itself is a piece of monumental and daring business, being no less than a system of making of the profession of the once dilettante bookseller a prosperous, not to say rushing, business. Incidentally, of course, the public is being educated and authors housed and fed, but greatest credit should be given to the view seen from the angle of the booksellers, men who have formerly had to renounce worldly ambition upon entering this career in much the same fashion as a religious sacrificing all to his vocation. But though the bookseller still may be at heart a connoisseur reveling in his printed and bound possessions, the publisher of today is not so æsthetic a being. Taking a leaf from trade unionism or trust corporations—we do not precisely know which—he has made use of the great national contribution to civilization, publicity. And since he is dependent on the bookseller, has made that usually unbusinesslike person also profit by it. The result has been the forementioned scheme with the candid name. The Year-Round Bookselling Plan is the institution back of the now familiar Religious Book Week in Lent and Children's Book Week in November. Other book weeks are to be originated, the programme for the present year providing a general subject for each calendar month suitable to the season. This bright child of the National Association of Book Publishers was born in 1920. In that year a group of publishers decided to extend to a year-round campaign the tactics already applied to two successive and successful children's book weeks. Thus was invented a machine for making bookselling a paying business.

But we have perhaps been emphasizing the business—that is to say the dramatic angle of the unique institution. The obverse of the medal is the encouragement for the founding and promoting of home libraries, immense extensions in public, club, and church libraries, and the stimulation of good reading everywhere. If every wholesale organization of business bore as beneficent fruit, the unorganized public would have nothing to complain of. We wish long life to the Year-Round Bookselling Plan, a rechristening with a better name, and that its sponsors may not stifle it with overcommercialism.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

La Fayette on the Marriage State.

SAN DIEGO, January 12, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* Anent item in the storyette column of a late issue, giving Captain George Hannah's version of Lafayette's terse comment on the marriage state during his last visit to this country. I can vouch for the general accuracy of the incident and place the locality of one of the receptions. It was in Derry, New Hampshire, when General La Fayette visited his old friend and companion in arms, General Derby, at that time the first citizen of the town. On General Derby announcing a reception would be held at his residence, not only the people of Derry, but many of the surrounding towns, turned out *en masse* to do honor to the distinguished visitor. As my father was wont to relate the incident—as a boy of thirteen he attended the reception with his parents, but his youthful mind was so impressed with the importance of the occasion as an historical event instead of joining in the line, he sought a coigne of vantage directly back of General La Fayette, where he might be an eye and ear witness to all that occurred—the way he told it was that as the marquis took the hand of each man he asked always the question, "Married?" If the answer was negative his reply, in a low tone, was, "Lucky dog, lucky dog." If affirmative the response, uttered in a clearer key, was, "Happy man, happy man." LORING GALE SMITH.

The French ministry of posts, telegraphs and telephones plans to hold a conference in Paris at which the main topic to be discussed will be the establishment of a long-distance telephone system, furnishing direct communication to thirteen countries—England, Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Morocco.

It is estimated that 13,000,000 persons in the United States own their homes.

AMONG THE GERMANS.

Personal Observation of Their Condition, State of Mind and General Prospects.

LONDON, December 28, 1922.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: After a two months' sojourn among the Germans, I returned to a series of questions more or less identical:

Are they so poor?

Are they going to pay their debts?

Are they secretly preparing for another war?

Before I say what I think of these questions, I am going to answer them. I can, of course, knowing nothing of motives, speak only from personal observation, but as history has shown how little politicians and diplomats know of secret motives, there is no reason why a humble observer should not watch the wind and note which way it blows.

Are the Germans so poor? Indeed they are. I went to Germany for a cure and afterwards visited Cologne, Hamburg, and Berlin. On arriving in the beautiful Rhineland I looked round me in astonishment. Compared with the poor of London, the poor of South Germany seemed in a flourishing condition. They were all so respectably clothed and well shod. I was nearly saying well dressed, but that the Germans never are. Their strange distrust of taste in dress is balanced, however, by a marked decency in their clothing: even the poorest are well covered and clean. It is only on looking closely that one notices the neat patches and that many a man's high-buttoned coat hides the fact that he wears no shirt. But he probably has one for Sunday. Sunday is their great day. You see them crowding in the trains, swarming along the roads, men and women arm in arm, the various clubs in batches, all singing and laughing, sometimes distinctly merry with wine. But pass through the same country on a week day by some early morning train, and the same gay rollickers will be seen hurrying to work; the railway stations will be literally black with them, and at an hour when our counterpart of workers are still dreaming. German employers may complain of the eight-hour day, but compared with England, Germany is a busy beehive. The able-bodied unemployed in this land of heroes with their processions and small bands are on our nerves, and the doles have only made matters worse. Such a system would never appeal to German intelligence, where everybody has to work if he wishes to eat. And everybody does work, even the children, even the dogs. Our children are so jealously guarded by the school board that their poor mothers do not get their natural share of help, and we see them withering under their burden of unaided labors. The German children thrive well enough on their few hours' daily work in the fields, etc., in addition to their schooling; anyway, they have to earn their daily bread.

Two inestimable blessings the poor Germans have which it seems sad we can not copy. Wherever you go you see white goats. The continental governments are so well aware of the value of these animals that they are averse to parting with their good milk goats. The other blessing is the fruit. The country roads are lined on each side with fruit trees, apples, pears, plums or cherries, and what is so cheering is that there is enough for everybody. Many a child I saw in the fields sweetening his labors with fruit. Comfort me with apples!

And yet, in spite of all this, compared with the English working class, the German is poor indeed. Now that the summer is over there is no fruit, no eggs, and, as there are not enough goats, little milk, for Germany has parted with nearly all her milk cows to France; and as the mark falls, thousands of workers are reduced to a bare fare of bread and margarine. Tuberculosis is, of course, rife. To the German workman the falling mark spells disaster, and those unfortunate beings who lived in a fixed income are the worst off of all. I know of two ladies, gentlewomen of the old order, who before the war were rich (for Germans), keeping a large house and several servants. They are now so miserably poor with the same income that they can barely afford sufficient food for one. And so, on alternate days, one does the housework and eats what food there is, whilst the other lies in bed and eats nothing.

But to return to the working class. One day two women were standing in the street waiting for a third who was hurrying towards them. "Well?" they inquired eagerly. "Six marks," she replied gravely, and I watched them as they turned round together and walked on discussing the six marks. Whether it was too much or too little does not matter; the point is that they were seriously discussing a sum that was, at the time, less than half a farthing. Prices have now reached the stage when they are no longer quoted in German marks, but in American or other currency. How can wages rise enough to meet these demands? Indeed they sometimes fall, and on account of the dearness of food.

I made the acquaintance of a teacher of languages, an educated woman speaking English, French, and German equally well. Her German pupils have threatened to leave her unless she can take them for [illegible] less than before, because their food costs them [illegible].

But what about hers? She literally has not enough to eat. She suffers from diabetes—an expensive complaint as far as diet goes—and all the meat she can afford is an occasional two ounces of sausage meat. Yes, the Germans are poor. I met rich Germans, profiteers were abounding, but the nation as a whole is poor, damnably and dangerously poor.

Are they going to pay their debts? Almost every foreigner I met in Germany was convinced that the collapse of the mark was in the first instance engineered by the Germans themselves. Now I am not above thinking badly of any government. Bodies of men behave in a way that would eternally disgrace any individual, and when a country is fighting its neighbors, either with guns or wits, humanity goes by the board. Yet, however much the falling mark might react and ruin other countries, I fail to see why Germany should ruin herself. It is possible that the government may have something up its sleeve, but it looks very like a white rabbit.

What excuses these suspicions is that the profiteer is allowed at large; also that there is money for too many charming schemes in addition to necessities. No other country that I have visited this year, and I have been through Italy, Belgium, and France, showed so much hive-like activity in building and repairing as does Germany, especially in Berlin, where one whole street's traffic was at a standstill on account of it. And it was not merely repairing the damage done by the revolution, which, by the way, was greater than we realized here; it was building on a scale that entailed millions of pounds. Several of these buildings are solid and gigantic banks. What are they for? Germany must at least be expecting to use them.

One can not wonder at France's exasperated voice crying: "We would like to do the same. And if the Germans paid their debts, instead of spending all available cash as fast as they can on canals, roadways, opera houses, etc., we could do the same." And in view of France's past suffering and this provocative display, one can not wonder if she presses her claims and that nothing but payment to the uttermost farthing will assuage a bitterness which has been allowed to grow so rank.

The Germans are even bitterer than the French. I was privileged to hear a German club discuss reparations among themselves. They were a particularly nice set of men, of the class the Russians call the "intelligentsia—" a live intelligence, not a dead intellectualism—with a simplicity and warm-hearted kindness that we used to associate with Germans before they grew prosperous. And yet, kind and clever as they were, they lost their heads in bitterness when they talked of the French and reparations. Not one of them allowed that poor, suffering France had a grievance. They themselves were impoverished by the falling mark, they saw the really poor around them in a worse plight, and they knew that worse still was to follow. And they cried, "Talking, talking everywhere and not a drop of sense. How can we pay more, when we haven't enough to live upon? And why talk as though we had paid nothing, when we have lost our ships, our colonies, some of our valuable mines, nearly all our live stock and millions of money. How can we pay more, whilst all the time France is trying to ruin us? Talking, talking everywhere, and not a drop of sense!"

I could not help reflecting that if it is difficult to settle disputes between individuals whose responsibility is on their own shoulders, how much more difficult it is to settle disputes between governments, where greed is called patriotism and revenge firmness, victory in war is called glory and defeat shame.

Moreover, no one may really say what he thinks. A Frenchman complains of his wrongs, and they are so grievous that you are silent when he loses his head and speaks of the Germans as all murderers and thieves. One Frenchman in the train exclaimed, "They were out for world power and they meant to get it over the dead bodies of every country that stood in their way. We only just managed to thwart them, and now they want to wriggle ont of paying their bill for damage. No, they mean to save enough to make another attempt later on. We are fools if we let them off!" And so they talk, not seeing that to press their claims beyond the limit of their enemy's capacity to pay just plays into the hands of those very militarists to whom they attribute all their trouble. And that brings me to the next question.

Are they secretly preparing for another war? German militarists, who undoubtedly wanted the war and counted on being victorious, lost caste when they lost the war. But they are looking forward to "Der Tag" when their plans will be even better laid. If the greater part of the world rises in revolt at them next time and they are beaten again, they will only scheme again, for the militarist mind in all countries has this peculiarity: it learns nothing by experience, nothing at least that is worth anything. To drive the masses to desperation is the surest way of serving the militarists and of encouraging a counter-revolution. "Free?" they will say. "The Allies have the force." Or as most poor Germans say, "The French hold the sword and so can ruin us. The only remedy is to recapture the sword." And then we talk of their "terrible treachery" in seeking allies in Russia and Turkey. Notwithstanding this, the German government and the mass of the people have no desire for war at all, and as to any serious preparation, the whole thing is out of the question. At the same time one thought perpetually recurs: the German government which came into power after the war had two chances, one ethical and the other financial, and it lost both.

It had the opportunity of speaking home truths to its citizens which would have been extremely salutary. By speaking the truth it could have aroused that generosity in her enemies which is always under the surface of the heart and springs to life when a fallen foe tries to make amends. But no. Instead the German government made not a single sincere gesture; it allowed the people to think that all their misery was due to their enemies. When I was in Germany I actually heard poor people make such statements as, "We had to fight because France attacked us." "The falling mark is due to what France is doing against us." "France will never be content until she has ruined Germany, and so we *must* fight her again." And then they would add ferociously, "And next time we'll wipe her out." The very real sufferings of the poor in Germany are attributed to any source but Germany itself. It is like a weak mother hitting the "naughty table" when her spoilt child tumbles down and bumps his head against it. It is all on a par with the exaggerated stories of atrocities during the war, stories to excuse violence and to keep the hate fires burning, of which we were all guilty.

Then by fearing to tax its profiteers Germany lost its financial chance. England was taxed until thousands of business men were ruined, but the pound rose steadily in value, and now we are straight enough to make good again. The Germans would have endured the sacrifice of paying for the war when their relief at the war being over was fresh; instead they were hardly taxed at all and the mark began to roll backwards. Now the country is in such a perilous financial state that no government cares to tackle the situation.

The lack of chivalry in the Allies to a really suffering enemy has been aggravated by Germany's peace diplomacy. But is it not time that the Allies helped Germany to come back into the fold? Germany being out of the running leaves too great a gap in modern Europe. She led in so many ways that we can't spare her.

DALE LAURENCE.

OLD FAVORITES.

To Seneca Lake.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads bis snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down be bears before the gale.

On tby fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects tbe polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly sbore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around tbe dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Tby golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight bour, as sbines the moon,
A sbeet of silver spreads below,
And sbift sbe cuts, at nigbest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!

—*James Gates Percival.*

The Scholar.

Tbis life, and all that it contains, to bim
Is hut a tissue of illuminous dreams
Filled with book wisdom, pictured tbought and love
That on its own creations spends itself.
All things he understands, and nothing does.
Profusely eloquent in copious praise
Of action, he will talk to you as one
Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions;
Yet so much action as might tie his sboe
Cau not bis will command; bimself alone
By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
'T is hetter not to mention, he will speak,
And still most wisely. —*Henry Taylor.*

On the Prospects of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a hetter time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from tbe genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In bappy climes, tbe seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men sball not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not sucb as Europe breeds in ber decay:
Sucb as sbe bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate ber clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama witb the day;
Time's noblest offspring is tbe last.

—*Bishop George Berkeley.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

J. C. Ward, veteran of the telegraph key, served as General Grant's special operator during the civil war and also taught Thomas A. Edison how to send a message by wire. Mr. Ward will retire to his home in Visalia, California, soon.

Masanao Hanihara, Japanese vice minister of foreign affairs, who has been appointed ambassador at Washington, formerly proved his popularity in our national capital during his long service in the Washington Embassy as secretary and counselor. After an interval in other service he returned to Washington a year ago as secretary-general of the Japanese delegation at the disarmament conference. His work there was diplomacy of the sort which brings advantage to the diplomat's own country without injuring others, coöperation and not competition.

Daniel Richard Crissinger, present comptroller of the currency, and perhaps the closest friend President Harding has in public life, is slated to succeed W. P. G. Harding as governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Harding's term expired last August. Mr. Crissinger might be classed as a "country" banker and lawyer, but his record as comptroller of the currency has so impressed financiers that he is now regarded as one of the ablest authorities on finance in the country. As a lawyer he is also regarded as one of the ablest in central Ohio, and it was he who developed the enormous foreign business for the Marion Steam Shovel Works, the largest manufacturers of steam shovels in the world, a concern for which he has been general counsel for the last twenty-two years. Mr. Crissinger was one-time president of the National City Bank of Marion. His was the first appointment made by President Harding upon the latter's coming into office, March, 1921.

Robert C. Morris, the bearer of a distinguished name, and grandson of the illustrious American financier, is the chairman of the mixed commission which is to settle the German and Austrian claims against this government. Mr. Morris, who is an expert in international law, will confer with German and Austrian experts, with a special counsel of the Department of Justice participating. Mr. Morris lives in the fine old home of his illustrious ancestor, Robert Morris, in Sixth Street near Spruce, in Philadelphia. The homestead, which was repurchased by members of the family some fifty years after the patriot's demise, aside from its interest to all Americans, is particularly so to Washingtonians, since it was built from designs drawn by Major Peter Charles L'Enfant, the French engineer who is the architect of the ground plan on which the capital city has been built.

The Royal Academy of Great Britain has just elected Mrs. Anna L. Swynnerton a member and she is therefore the first woman thus honored since Angelica Kauffman was invited a century ago to become one of its charter members. But the feminine world receives the news with grim silence, for, declare the leaders in the woman's party in Britain, Mrs. Swynnerton deserved the honor at least forty years ago. This artist, best known through her famous painting, "The Oreads," and her portraits of Henry James and Ambassador Choate, is far advanced in the seventies and because of age and its infirmities is compelled to reside a great part of the year in Florence. "The Oreads," which was purchased by John Sargent, is considered one of the most valuable canvases adorning the gallery of that master. Mr. Sargent acknowledged the supremacy of his feminine rival in certain lines of feature painting and his enthusiasm was shared by many contemporaries. But the Royal Academy declined to take note of the growing fame of Mrs. Swynnerton and her admission became a burning controversy in the artistic and literary world. A native of Manchester, Mrs. Swynnerton studied in the best art schools of London and then went abroad and spent years in Paris, Rome, and Dresden.

Rear-Admiral Hugh Rodman, who was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal for exceptional efficiency in command of a battleship division during the world war, was placed on the retired list of the navy recently by operation of law on account of age. His latest service was the command of the Fifth Naval District and the naval base at Hampton Roads, which duties he assumed July 2, 1921. He was relieved of that detail a few days ago by Rear-Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard. Admiral Rodman is a native of Kentucky and began his naval service at the Annapolis Academy in September, 1875. Since then he has had more than thirty-one years' sea service in all parts of the world, a record not equaled by any other officer of the navy. He reached the grade of rear-admiral in 1917, and served over four years on sea duty, most of the time in command of the Pacific fleet.

Elmer McDowell, a farmer of McGregor, Iowa, enjoys an American championship for which there is not much competition. McDowell's prowess as a wolf hunter throughout the Northwest brings him scores of appeals from farmers of that region whenever the wolves of Iowa, Minnesota, or Wisconsin go on a rampage. The wolf exterminator separated two hundred wolves from their pelts last year.

A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE WAR.

John Buchan Presents An Interesting and Comprehensive Review of the Great Struggle

During the war there issued from time to time a series of small books in which was described with detail, and in terse style, the progress of events. These books were by John Buchan, an English writer of note, and they were published as "Nelson's History of the War." They were subject to the limitations imposed upon an account composed while the events they narrated were taking place, but they served remarkably well as a source of information for one in search of data, to the extent to which it was then available.

Since the war closed Mr. Buchan has been engaged in rewriting his history, basing it on his previous work, but recasting it in the light of information now available; especially the books of the several German generals who, for various reasons, have published their opinions and experiences. Mr. Buchan served as lieutenant-colonel in the British army and speaks at first hand regarding many of the matters of which he has made record. The work appears in four volumes of about six hundred pages each, and is illustrated by many well-drawn maps. It is accompanied by an introduction by Major-General J. G. Harbord of the United States Army.

It may be contended that it is not yet time to write a general history of the war. General Harbord raises this question and answers it:

> Whether history is better written by one who has been a participant, or at least a contemporary of the great actors in the drama he portrays, or by the careful disciple of historical research working when time has lent distance and prejudice no longer obscures the vision, must be decided by each student for himself. Much that can be said hy the participator, of great events which he saw and of which he was a part, the personal bearings of individuals, the vivid impressions that come only to the eye-witness, the psychology of the times and peoples and waves of patriotic emotion, may be missed by the scholar writing ever so carefully after the ultimate survivor has told his tale for the last time. Nor can the scholar find his facts if every writer with personal knowledge delays his record for time's perspective and the cooling of passion. Some contemporary record must constitute the sources from which the future historian must draw his materials. The generations between the events and the leisurely written study of the scholar are themselves entitled to some well-presented statement of the history their fathers have made.

General Harbord might have added that the present generation requires a history of the war, for even the actor in the drama saw for himself but a limited amount of the play, and needs a comprehensive history to help him envisage the whole. It might also be suggested that the general read again his introduction and profit by the suggestion that the actors commit to writing their experiences, for he has also played a not inconspicuous part in the events of his time.

The wide extent of the war and the theatres of action, together with the tremendous numbers of men of many nations engaged in battle have supplied the sources of such a mass of information that it is doubtful whether any future historian will succeed in mastering the subject in any detail. Mr. Buchan realized the difficulties in this respect and he states the case in these words:

> To see the colossal turmoil as a whole, to present any kind of a synoptic picture to the brain, is a task all but impossible for a contemporary, and it will be scarcely easier for posterity. All comparative tests fail us. It was so much the hugest war ever fought it is idle to set it beside earlier conflicts. During its four years it depleted the world of life and wealth to a far greater degree than a century of the old Barbarian invasions. More than eight million men died in battle, and the casualties on all fronts were over thirty million. If we add deaths from disease and famiue it can not have cost the population of the globe less than twenty million dead and as many more maimed and weakened for life. Some forty thousand millions sterling of money were spent by the nations in the direct husiness of war. The losses in property were incalculable; a large part of the world's shipping has been destroyed, and the appurtenances of civilized life over millions of square miles of the globe's surface. And let it be remembered that this devastation has been wrought, not in the loose and emhryonic society of an elder world, but in one where each state was a highly developed organism, where the economic fabric was intricate and far-extending, and where myriads of human souls depended for their existence on the mechanism of civilization performing its functions smoothly and in security.
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> No figures can hring before us the magnitude of the struggle, for they pass far beyond the limits of ordinary experience and become the empty symbols of a statistical abstract. Realization can best he attempted by recalling the geographical immensity of the battle-ground—a task which is for the imagination, since the soldier saw only his little area, and no man's experience could cover all the many fields. An observer on an altitude in the north, like the hill of Cassel, on some evening in September, 1918, could look east, and note the great arc from the dunes at Nieuport to the coal fields about Lens lit with the flashes of guns and the glare of star shells, and loud with the mutter of battle. That was a line of fifty miles—far greater than any battlefield in the old wars; but it was a mere fragment of the whole. Had he moved south to the ridge of Vimy he would have looked on another fifty miles of intenser strife. South, again, to Baupaume, and he would have marked the wicked glow from Cambrai to the Oise. Still journeying, from some little height between the Oise and the Aisne, he would have scanned the long front which was now creeping around the shattered woods of St. Gobain to where Laon sat on its hill. From the mounts above Rheims he might have seen Goraud's hattle line among the hleak Champagne downs, and from a point in the Argonne, the trenches of the Americans on both sides of the Meuse, running into the dim woody country where the Moselle flowed towards Metz. Past the Gap of Nancy, and down the long scarp of the Vosges went the flicker of fire and the murmur of combat, till the French lines stretched into the plain of Alsace, and exchanged greetings with sentinels on the Swiss frontier. Such a battle-ground might well have seemed beyond the dream of mortals, and yet it was but a part of the whole.
>
> A celestial intelligence, with sight unlimited by distance, would have looked eastward and, beyond the tangle of the Alps, witnessed a strange sight. From the Stelvio to the Adriatic ran another front, continuous through glacier-camps and rock-eyries and trenches on the edge of the eternal snows, to the pleasant foothills of the Lombard Plain, and thence, by the gravel beds of the Piave, to the lagoons of Venice. Beyond the Adriatic it ran, through the somhre hills of Albania, past the lakes where the wild fowl wheeled at the unfamiliar sound of guns, beyond the Tcberna and Vardar and Struma valleys to the Ægean shores. It hegan again, when the Anatolian peninsula was left behind, and curved from the Palestine coast in a great loop north of Jerusalem across Jordan to the hills of Moab. Gazing over the deserts, he would have marked the flicker which told of mortal war passing beyond the ancient valleys of Euphrates and Tigris, up into the wild Persian ranges. And scattered flickers to the north would have led him to the Caspian shores, and beyond them to that table land running to the Hindu Kush which was the cradle of all the warring races. Passing north, his eyes would have seen the lights of the Allies from the Pacific Coast westward to the Urals and the Volga, and little clusters far away on the shore of the Arctic ice.
>
> Had the spectator looked seaward, the sight would have been no less marvelous. On every ocean of the world he would have observed the merchantmen of the Allies bringing supplies for battle. But in the North Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, and in the Channel and the North Sea he would have seen uncanny things. He would have seen in the Scottish firths and among the isles of the Orkneys a mighty navy waiting and ships from it scouring the waters of the North Sea, while inside the fences of Heligoland lay the decaying monsters of the German fleet. And in the air over land and sea would have seen a perpetual coming and going of aircraft like flies above the pool of war.

This is vivid. Mr. Buchan has tried, within the limitations that he realized, to cover the entire series of events, and he has done his work well. The causes of the war, the Germans and their warped methods of thought, the political situations in all lands, finances—all the major factors receive attention. He tells in detail of great battles. The attention is claimed now by the carnage in the west or a victory at sea, and then again by the struggle in Russia or Italy, or the campaigns in the ancient lands of Asia. There is no confusion in the handling of the subject. The narrative flows on as an interesting study, taking up one topic after another in sequence, and then returning in such a way that the entire series of isolated events is woven into a logical whole.

The centres of interest will always lie in northern France. Great battles were fought in other lands. The heroic sacrifice of the Russians was a large factor in the final result; also the work of the Italians; but to a certain extent the distant battles have a shadowy outline when contrasted with those that took place where every one knew that the final struggle would take place and the final decision be reached. A sketch such as this must be limited to a few selections that indicate the style and method of treatment. Naturally it turns to events in the West.

One of the difficulties a writer has is to convey some idea of the terrain on which a battle was fought. Victor Hugo speaks of the "Heights of Mt. St. Jean" when describing Waterloo. When one goes there he finds some gently rolling ground not worthy the name of hills. The mass of blasted trees and fallen underbrush, the wire entanglements, shell holes, mine craters, dug-outs, trenches, and the utter wreckage of nature in the Argonne forest, out of which the Americans and French drove the Germans, defies any powers of description. Here is how the author visualizes the hundred and fifty miles of country where the first battle of the Marne was fought and the Germans were driven back in defeat:

> Let us imagine a traveler in early September going westward from the Verdun forts. When he has left behind him the narrow vale of the Meuse he will find himself in an upland country of small pastures, diversified hy narrow ravines and spinneys choked with undergrowth. He will cross the stream of the Aire and from any rise will note to the southward the profound woodlands that sweep towards Bar-le-Duc. Presently his road will descend and he will see hefore him a long, low ridge covered with dense forests—a knuckle of clay rising from the chalk of the weald. This is the forest of the Argonne, an old check to the invaders of France, for the paths are few and blind, and only two gaps carry a highroad and a railway. From some clear point in the Argonne, if he looks southwestward, he will catch, far on the horizon, the golden shimmer that tells of miles of ripening wheat. But as he looks westward he will see a plain like a petrified ocean. For forty miles to the west and for more than a hundred from north to south stretch those dreary steppes where heaths and chalky moorlands are broken by patches of crop, by shapeless coppices, and by large new planting of little firs. It is the Champagne-Pouilleuse, the Salisbury Plain of France, on whose melancholy levels it had for a thousand years been prophesied that the Armageddon of Europe would be fought. Our traveler will cross the infant Aisne, and as he advances he will see the gleam of water which marks where the Marne flows north from Burgundy. Passing that river at Chalons, he will presently have before him a long, low line of bluffs, running north and south—the eastern front of the Falaises de Champagne. Crossing the highroad from Fère-Cbampenise to Rheims, he will ascend three hundred feet to what is called the plateau of Sézanne, through which the Marne runs in a deep-cut vale. He will pass tributaries coming from the South—the Grand and the Petit Morin—each, like the main river, a slow-flowing, unfordahle stream, hut each well provided with stone bridges and lined with woods and country houses. The plateau through which they flow is the Brie country, noted for its *fertés*, the ruins of famous donjons of the past. North of the Marne he will traverse the Valoise and the Ile-de-France, a land rich in farms and orchards, till beyond the coppices he sees from some low ridge the spires of Paris.

The writer of those lines has been over the battlefield of the Marne. It looks like that exactly.

In any story of the war the mind will turn to Verdun. The author feels the spell of that battlefield and says:

> It is a feature of great campaigns that certain places arrogate to themselves an importance which is not their due under the strict laws of strategy. They may have acquired this significance for military reasons, but they are apt to retain it when those reasons have gone. A spell hangs over them which sways unconsciously the minds of men. Once they may have heen fortresses or sally-ports or ganglia of communications; but the fortress may be hattered to earth, the sally port hlocked, and the routes of traffic diverted, and they will still possess an illogical but compelling power. The tides of hattle may flow in far other channels, hut neither side can cut itself loose from the old hattle-ground. Ypres was such a case and Verdun was another. To Germany the latter was, in truth, a *damnosa hæditas*. Her success bad been so triumphantly advertised that for very shame's sake she was fain to keep up the show of consummating it.

The Verdun story is vividly told and forms one of the best chapters in the book. The author has many battles to describe and it is difficult to vary the theme to any great extent. Here is his account of the American battles in the Meuse-Argonne region:

> Pershing had, to begin with, the easier task, and his progress was more rapid, for before night fell he had put six miles of enemy ground behind him. He swept over the Forges brook, and into the region of wooded hills, not yet desecrated like those of Verdun. Tbe Americans, fighting with superh dash and resolution, took Balancourt and Dannevoux, Epinonville, Chappy, and Varennes; they were held up for a little by machine-gun fire from Montfaucon, but before noon next day the Seventy-Ninth Division carried the place. In Montfaucon they had won the commanding observation point of the whole district, from which, in the old battles at Verdun, the fire of the German heavy guns had been directed. The Volker line, the advance guard of the Kriemhilde position, had been reached and in two places pierced. Gallwitz hurried every man he could spare to stop this breach, for he argued correctly that Gouraud's advance was a continuing battle, and that the Americans were the spearhead.
>
> At last the American First Army reaped the fruit of its heroic labors, and broke clear of the desperate country of woods and pockets in which for weeks it had been fighting. The whole line swung forward. The Second Division in an hour took Landres-St. Georges, and hefore night had cleared the Bois de Barricourt, and advanced five miles; the Eighty-Ninth Division on its right, the men of the "Middle West," had marched abreast. The enemy resistance on the Meuse was collapsing. On Saturday, in stormy weather, Gouraud reached the south hank of the Ardennes Canal, and Pershing took Buzancy and Fosse. Next day the Fifth Division on his right crossed the river and formed a bridgehead at Dun-sur-Meuse, and at night part of the Second Division marched in advance guard formation through the forests between Belval and Beaumont, surprised machine gunners asleep beside their posts, and by the morning was five miles inside the enemy lines—an exploit worthy of Stonewall Jackson. At last the shell of this stuhhorn defense had heen cracked. In three days, on an eighteen-mile front, Pershing had advanced twelve miles. By the morning of Monday, the 4th, he held positions which enabled him to bring the railway at Montmedy and Longuyon under his fire.

In closing his great task Mr. Buchan sums up the results of the war and the difficulties he experienced in writing his long, interesting story. One misses the little half-page detailed sketch maps in the first work, but the large maps do very well. The volumes have, in their format, that fine character achieved by one of the best publishing houses in the world. For one interested in history and desirous of possessing a good account of the war this is the work to purchase.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By John Buchan. Four volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $20.

A former officer of the British Field Artillery, Mr. E. A. Dixon, writing in the *Army Quarterly*, a technical military review, gives a very lively and untechnical account of the beginnings of the great German retreat. Mr. Dixon was captured in July, 1918, and—if we may judge from his article—used his eyes to extremely good purpose as a prisoner. This is his description of the endeavor of the German army to increase its scanty supply of transport: "The Germans utilized any sort of French vehicle they could find—cabs, wagouettes, phaetons, and even family coaches and other relics of bygone generations. Great interest was taken in any new find, and any old cart brought to the dump, and almost dropping to pieces, was inspected by parties of German officers with as much solemnity as if they were judging fat stock at a royal show. Then the cart would be repaired and put on the road. A weird collection of vehicles, therefore, was in use for carrying stores, ammunition, and so forth. It was a pleasing sight, on the evacuation of the dump, to see the very fat O. C., complete with Iron Crosses and gas mask, being stuffed into a patched-up governess cart, and to note his dignified bearing in these trying circumstances. At a later date, on the outskirts of Laon, an old cab—at which even on a wet night thirty years ago one would not have taken a second glance—came down the road piled up at the back with paper suit-cases, parcels, a chair, several buckets, and so forth, while on the top was one henroost with birds complete! The 'fare' was a much-decorated German general, no doubt regretfully leaving a comfortable billet. Even in the hour of retreat nothing could ruffle his majestic demeanor."

To lessen disorders and agitations against the government attendant upon strikes and other disturbances, Representative George W. Edmonds of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill authorizing the government to deport aliens involved in such agitations. Mr. Edmonds says that the measure was prepared by him at the suggestion of a number of naturalized Americans who were opposed to the movements of I. W. W.'s and communists in the United States.

The world's record for trout planting belongs to California, 26,000,000 having been liberated in the streams last year.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 13, 1923, were $167,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $153,000,000; an increase of $14,200,000.

Agitation in Washington for a constitutional amendment against emission of tax-exempt securities had the effect of strengthening the market for such bonds last week. Prices stiffened and dealers, whose shelves had become clogged with outstanding issues, were able to find a good market for their bonds, says *Commerce and Finance*. Moreover, there was a decided increase in the volume of new state and municipal financing. Out of $32,302,000 bonds offered by investment bankers, $13,052,000, or more than one-third, were securities of that class. They found a ready market. It would appear that bankers and investors already are begiuning to discount the abolition of tax-exemption privilege. That perhaps was the natural psychological effect of the discussion on the floor of Congress.

From a practical standpoint there is not the slightest reason yet for the bond market to anticipate abolition of tax exemption. It is very evident that strong opposition exists to the proposed amendment to the Constitution and that it will have a hard row to hoe, both in Congress and, if it ever gets through that body, then in the several states. Even under the most favorable circumstances, such an amendment could not go through for severeal years. For that reason investors in tax-exempt bonds should be very careful not to be carried away by momentary excitement and bid prices of tax-exempt securities up on the theory that limitation of the supply is imminent. Of course, should the proposed constitutional amendment ever become a law, the premium on tax-exempt bonds would rise sharply, but that time appears to be far off, despite the fact that economists agree that tax exemption should be abolished.

Regardless of the outcome of the present agitation, the probability is that we shall see a gradual decline in volume of non-taxable bond emissions for several reasons. It is believed that most of the states which favor soldiers' bonuses already have voted them. Moreover, the full employment of labor has resulted in diminishing the demand for public projects designed to provide work for war veterans out of employment, such as the building of roads. Again taxpayers are showing dissatisfaction with the large increase of state and municipal debts.

The current week is likely to be a holiday period in the investment market, but after the turn of the year the volume of new financing will be larger as bankers and borrowers will be eager to take advantage of the seasonal demands for bonds in January. Upwards of $322,000,000 in dividends and interest will have been disbursed by the end of this month, an increase of more than $20,000,000 over the corresponding period of last year. Another large sum will be disbursed for the same account next month and much of it will seek reinvestment.

A feature of the new financing will be the number of foreign flotations which will be brought out if present plans go through. It has been remarked in banking circles that foreign financing appears to come in waves. Current indications are that one of those waves is due soon. Bids for the new $50,000,000 Cuban loan will be opened January 12th. The call for bids disclosed that the bonds will bear a 5½ per cent. coupon and that they will run for thirty years.

On the other hand, the much-talked-of German loan is by no means as imminent as might have been imagined from the amount of newspaper space devoted to it in recent weeks. Bankers feel relieved over the explicit denials made by the Morgan firm. The fact is that no sentiment in favor of a loan to Germany exists in American banking circles, so far as can be ascertained. Bankers are more inclined to favor suggestions of commercial credits to Germany, secured by an international guarantee. Current talk is of a dollar credit to be established in this country for the purchase of such raw materials as Germany needs, principally cotton, copper, and wheat. A lien would be retained on the raw materials until they had passed from the raw to the finished state and had been sold, a process which would require perhaps three months.

With the near arrival of the British debt commission, due here January 2d, we shall probably hear much about the funding of the British war debt. The terms fixed by Congress for the funding of the debt are unnecessarily harsh and unless modified are likely to delay a settlement of the British debt problem. This county is entirely justified in insisting that the debt be paid, but it could well afford to be more generous than Congress has been in laying down the terms of payment. The British commission doubtless will ask for a lower rate of interest than the 4¼ per cent. limitation of Congress and also for a longer maturity than the twenty-five years fixed by the Debt Commission Act.

Wealth, too frequently quoted as evidence of progress, is the least reliable index. It was when they were at the height of their material splendor that the great empires of antiquity started their downward journey. It is the use to which wealth is put that counts, says R. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.

We San Franciscans are fond of dwelling on the subject of our prosperity. Our feelings of pride have been justified, because we have been able to boast that we are as good givers as getters.

We shall shortly be able to prove to all the world that this claim is well founded. For the first time, we shall be able to quote reliable, indisputable figures. Our appreciation of the work that is being carried on for the relief of various forms of suffering throughout the city is to be focused this year in a single money total. That total must be impressive, our aim should be "staggering."

The goal the Community Chest has set for the first campaign, after an exhaustive investigation of the needs of every organization enrolled (including practically all those desiring to join the appeal that, in the opinion of its experts, are deserving of general sympathy) is $2,037,206. It should not be difficult to exceed that total in a city so well-to-do as ours; any sum short of this minimum would give the lie to our reputation.

The "drive" will take place from the 22d to the 31st of the month and no other drive is contemplated until next year. The sum named should be given or promised by the last day of this month, if the committee is to feel assured that the claims it has undertaken to meet can be met, if the charitable agencies concerned are to be able to go ahead with their plans with confidence that they can be carried out in full. Without that feeling of certainty no work has a fair chance of success.

In olden times it was the custom to set aside a definite percentage of earnings for the relief of necessity. This is not practicable today, nor is any such suggestion desirable. Each member of the community must be his own arbiter. That any miscalculations will be on the side of generosity we know well enough. For we know our people.

Everything in the business situation points to continued prosperity during 1923, which in many lines of industry seems likely to exceed that of last year. The rails suffered a much more severe setback than the industrials and have been slower in recovering, but a start has been made and signs are not lacking that a vigorous movement will soon be under way. The roads are confronted with more business than they can handle properly, and earnings from now on should show diminishing effects of the strikes.

The remarkable rise in the price of farm products means real prosperity to the South and West, where increased purchasing power will be reflected in better business for those supplying their needs, and this in turn will result in greater traffic for the railroads. Exports in November were the largest in any month for over a year, and this in spite of the so-called bankrupt condition of much of Europe. However, there is considerable misconception regarding this matter. Take the case of Germany. It is the government, and not the German nation, that is on the verge of insolvency. The German people as a whole are undoubtedly far wealthier than at the close of the war, and probably, could an inventory be taken, it would ocmpare not unfavorably with the wealth of 1914. For over three years Germany has been producing at top speed and at a minimum cost due to low-priced labor. The currency inflation, now close to a trillion marks, has caused a tremendous dislocation of values and a redistribution of the country's wealth, but tbe natural and created property still exists, and the latter has been greatly augmented.

The United States Steel Corporation has increased its operations to about 83 per cent., while some of the independents have slackened somewhat, so that the average for the country remains the same. Our capacity for producing iron and steel was so enormously expanded during the war that now, even in periods of prosperity such as the present, competition is exceedingly keen, serving to limit greatly the profits in the business except for the large and low-cost producers. It is likely that during the coming year the earnings of United States Steel and Gulf States Steel will make a striking showing as compared to those of companies like Republic and Bethlehem Steel.

The outlook for the better American oil-producing and refining companies has assumed a very bullish aspect. Mexican exports of crude oil during November show a drop of 1,507,838 barrels from the October total and, though our production is now the largest in our history, consumption is such that the stocks of crude in storage have ceased to increase. Indeed, the price of crude here and there has already begun to advance.

Rails, public utilities, and equipments offer some of the choicest speculative purchases to be found.

Shingle, Brown & Co., investment bankers, announce the opening of an office in Los Angeles, to be situated in the Merchants National Bank Building, under the management of E. F. Gardner, Jr. The local office is in the Balfour Building, and the Oakland office in the Syndicate Building.

Tax dodging and evading payment of bonds has developed into a fine art in the State of Washington, says J. H. Lynch of the Lumbermen's Trust Company. I purposely speak of evasion rather than repudiation, the former being more technically correct and the latter is such a harsh term that it is offensive to the highly-educated attorney-general of the state, who admits to have been in public office for ten years, but has yet done nothing in the matter of remedying the almost unbelievable situation that has permitted millions of dollars of municipal bonds being sold to unsophisticated investors who have suffered a total loss. Whether or not we call it evasion or repudiation, the result is the same. Investors bave lost huge sums. The machinery has been carefully set up for accomplishing legalized fraud, and from time to time favorable court decisions have been rendered to the resident property-owners, who have received full benefits in the way of improvements to city lots or to farm property or reclaimed lands so that they may if so minded evade payment of the improvement taxes and tbus defraud ignorant investors who have purchased bonds that by certification of widely-known and highly reputable attorneys are "legally issued," but at the same time have no more real value than the Kaiser's proverbial scraps of paper.

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costs for street improvements or for reclamation or for irrigation liens is pretty much a matter of individual option. As to the matter of public conscience that is well established by the fact that almost every city in the State of Washington that has any street improvement bonds outstanding (and the writer does not know of any exceptions) either principal or interest is in default of payment, and these defaults in some instances run into astonishingly large sums. The city treasurer of Spokane admits "there is approximately $1,000,000 of delinquent local improvement bonds in this city at the present time. These were all issued along about 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913 and cover vacant property. There is no way that they can be cared for by city funds and the only recourse bondholders have is foreclosure against the property."

It would seem that there may be some remedy available to the bondholder and that time and growth of community values might yet solve their troubles. Such is not the case, however, as expedient court decisions establish that general taxes are superior to street improvement liens and in event of sale of property for non-payment of general taxes the property is taken in by the county. *The street improvement liens are thereby automatically wiped out.* This situation is not peculiar to street improvement work alone, but applies in exactly the same way to other benefit tax assessments, including those for highway work, drainage, and other similar reclamations, also to irrigation benefit liens.

There are some technical differences as to the cause and effect and detail of method, etc., but the general result is the same, and whether it is street improvement bonds, drainage bonds, highway district bonds or irrigation bonds, the wiping out of the improvement taxes through the agency of a friend or collusion with an official is comparatively easy. This situation is not confined to one particular section of the state, nor altogether to street improvement bonds. The general tax situation is extremely bad and there are bonds of other kinds likewise in default. The City of Bellingham has $65,000 of street improvement bonds in default dating back as far as 1907. The city treasurer of Olympia, the state capital, admits "there are a great many districts which have from $100 to $40,000 unpaid bonds which are due."

Conditions are such that outside financial institutions are being compelled to withdraw from the Washington investment field. Public officials show such a disposition to waive responsibility and befog the issue by debating technicalities instead of doing their duty that the political situation borders upon that of certain Southern communities where elections are held upon the main issue of repudiating railroad aid bonds. It takes a hard-boiled candidate to stand on a platform of repudiation of debts with a jail sentence for malfeasance in office staring him in the face, but that is the way they do it in certain Southern communities which have been mudholes from time immemorial, and bid fair to continue as such, as very few people reckless enough to lend them money can be found, and they only are willing to loan funds at gambler's percentages.

When taken to task about it the attorney-general of Washington naïvely remarks that these bonds are not general obligations of the issuing communities, that the law expressly provides that they do not constitute general obligations, a condition with which the bond buyer is informed in advance, etc., and that the bondholder has recourse to foreclosure. This all sounds fine, but there is not one bondholder in ten thousand that knows how to do this, if indeed he knew there was any danger of losing his security and ultimate default of his bonds in the entirety. There are always some people to be found honest enough to pay and others that would pay if they could, so, generally speaking, there is sufficient money paid into the improvement district fund to at least pay the interest for a few years, but, however, there are very few instances where at least a very substantial part of the security behind these bond issues has not been totally destroyed by county foreclosure tax sales and the property being taken over by the county. The bond owner can do nothing while his interest is being paid. There is not always sufficient money for interest even at first. A recent Seattle issue defaulted interest the first coupon date.

General tax sales in the State of Washington are not held until after five years, by which time the burden of accumulated taxes and penalties and 12 per cent. interest has become so great that it is more than an even break that there will be no bona fide purchaser and the property will be taken in by the county. After the county has taken in the property it naturally is anxious to have the property back on the tax roll, so sells it for any sum obtainable. Advantage is taken of this situation often and the original owners of the property sometimes directly buy it in privately from the county official. There is much opportunity for collusion and many instances of questionable practice. A case in point is the instance of the city officials of a small town buying in for $2 by private purchase from the county a parcel of city property worth a very considerable sum.

In some cities, where disposing of street improvement bonds had become difficult, recourse has been taken to the "revolving fund" or "guarantee" fund method for ostensibly assuring the safety of investment in street improvement bonds. This law was passed a few years ago. It falls short of the mark, however, as the revolving fund is not mandatory and may be discontinued at the will of the council and this pretense at putting real security behind the bonds may vanish into thin air without any notice.

The Secretary of State recently got all "het up" over the importation of fake stocks into Washington and broke strongly into the press advocating a Blue Sky law. The importation of fake securities into Washington is interfering with the sale of their pseudo bonds. When questioned on the subject he evaded entirely the question of initiating legislation at the forthcoming session of the legislature in January at Olympia and delivered himself of a further volume of indignation regarding the defrauding of people of his state and evaded consideration of the fact that people of other states were being defrauded by the sale of worthless Washington "securities."

Now, the people outside of the State of Washington are not the only ones who are being defrauded with these bonds. The banks in the State of Washington are very large holders of recently-issued street improvement bonds, and unless corrective legislation is speedily undertaken are going to be very heavy losers.

While the people of certain communities where the dumping of these Washington bonds are very profitable have become wiser, the property-owners within the state are becoming more and more educated as to the ease with which they may shake off their debts, thereby increasing the rapidity with which these bonds come into default. It is just a matter of shifting the field of activity and finding new dumping grounds. Of course, if the Washington banks become wise to the doubtful classification of a large amount of their assets it will be a simple thing to slough them off to the unsophisticated through the means of brokers who have neither pride nor reputation.



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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Party Battles of the Jackson Period.

Perhaps no epoch is better for one of average and hazy knowledge of American history to tap than that of Jackson's two elective periods in the presidency, for it is impossible to study the detailed political history of the Jacksonian régime without wanting to delve still further back for background and to pursue the later fate of party issues, most of which had their *fons et origens* in that epochal time. Jackson was the first President "of the people," and his administration the first in which any but relatively aristocratic forces were considered. Accused of being the vicious originator of the spoils system, he was the founder of modern party politics and his influence was to act as the dissolving acid to separate and define sharply our traditional national parties. His era brought the national convention into being; and Jackson himself followed the example of Jefferson in bringing editorial talent to the political front, though his protégés—Kendall, Hill, and Blair—were derided as mediocre press writers emphatically out of their element. The lawyer had been the thing, previously. A strange crossroads of a time, and strangest of all, viewed from our supposedly decadent times—for are we not constantly taught that the early founders of our country were models of virtue?—the opinions of its observant contemporaries, that it was a time, and Washington a place, of great moral laxity. For, writes Claude G. Bowers in the book that is our present inspiration, "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period," "a penetrating observer found, in its recklessness and extravagance, a striking similarity to the spirit of the eighteenth century in England, as portrayed in Thackeray's 'Humorists,' with 'laxity of morals and the coolest disregard possible.'" From which we conclude that every age is immoral in its own critical eyes.

But though Mr. Bowers succeeds eminently in his reconstruction of the social period which was inextricably wound up with the political life of the times, it is rather for the latter phase that his book is remarkable and vital. In fact he not only presents the social setting and the political action, but in peopling his stage he plays the rôle of Plutarch. His volume is a synthesis of early American biography, feminine and masculine. And his handling of the intricate tangle of Federal and Democratic politics, of administration and opposition men, of lawyers and publicists in all the infinite stages of political rectitude and corruption, is masterly in the extreme. Even a hurried reading leaves one with a picture of the era that makes our own seem stupidly peaceful as far as domestic issues go, and our own politicians—they had giants in those days—seem mere tyros in the game. R. G.

THE PARTY BATTLES OF THE JACKSON PERIOD. By Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.

Elementary Equitation.

In a concise preface explaining why he has written a book on the elementary principles of horsemanship, the Count de Souza opines that his book may appeal to the general public, "so easily satisfied with elementary, primitive things, at least where riding on horseback is concerned." The reader, who is presumably in one of the thousand and one stages of novice riding, thus sent off by the author's preface, tackles the book optimistically, only to find that De Souza's idea of elementary equitation and his own are apt to be somewhat discordant. We would call the book a complete treatise on ordinary riding, but that is evidently the point. Ordinary riding in park or cross country, hunting and show riding, it seems, is elementary, and Mr. de Souza's lucid instructions for these occasions, which if adequately followed would produce very intelligent riders, is elementary, we suppose, simply because they do not include directions for high school airs or circus stunts. The piaffer, the Spanish trot, or the gallop backward are not included here, but are presumably to be treated in later volumes when the reading, riding public will have sufficiently mastered these plain elementary truths.

An ardent reader of books on equitation, we particularly recommend the present volume for its explicitness. The author, we think, unnecessarily underestimates the section of equitation called elementary. Being a past master of the *haute école* it is perhaps natural that he should do so. But nowhere does he fail to simplify these already "simple" principles till any apprentice must grasp what he means. In addition, Mr. de Souza's book is interesting for his thesis that "good hands" may be made as well as born—a subject that affords him several chapters of technical advice on handling a horse's mouth. His exposition is well illustrated by a hundred or so diagrams, cuts, and photographs demonstrating right and wrong methods of pursuing the difficult subject of elementary riding. The numerous drawings are by Victor Nickol, the horse painter. The author is a well-known riding master of New York.

ELEMENTARY EQUITATION. By Baretto de Souza. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

Notes of Books and Authors

Henry James Forman, whose new novel, "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe" (Little, Brown & Co.), is now in its fourth printing, has been invited by Newnes, the English publishing house, to contribute the section on Modern American Literature to their forthcoming work, "The Outline of Literature."

The United States government has ordered copies of Charles Cheney Hyde's "International Law: Chiefly as Interpreted and Applied by the United States" (Little, Brown & Co.) for each of its four hundred legations and consulates the world over. The author is professor of international law at Northwestern University Law School, Chicago.

Another war book is said to have appeared with the publication of "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," by George A. B. Dewar, assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Boraston, who was private secretary to Lord Haig when he was commander-in-chief. It is rumored that Haig's diaries have contributed to the work and that the military revelations are of a most startling nature. The American edition is being published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Coulson Kernahan has a book in press in England called "Six Famous Living Poets." The poets considered are Maurice Baring, John Drinkwater, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt and Alfred Noyes. There are so many quotations from the writings of these poets that the book is an anthology as well as a critical commentary.

The Marshall Jones Company announces the publication of "John Ruskin's Letters to William Ward." Although privately printed several years ago in England in an edition limited to thirty copies, this is its first published appearance in either England or America. Incidentally it comprises a useful manual of draughtsmanship and painting, since like the Ruskin letters to Kate Greenway they are in the nature of friendly lectures to a pupil. Seventeen letters containing pen-and-ink sketches are reproduced in facsimile. A biography of Ward by his son is a further feature.

Stuart Henry's "French Essays and Profiles," which E. P. Dutton & Co. published last year, has been brought out in England by J. M. Dent & Co. and is winning warm approval from English critics. The volume, which ought to be read by every one interested in the great French literature of the nineteenth century, was received in the United States with hearty commendation, the New York *Tribune* describing it as "an interesting and authentic series of word pictures of great Parisians," the Boston *Transcript* calling them "model essays and unforgettable portraits," the Cincinnati *Times-Star* declaring that the volume must win "a place of its own in the regard of all lovers of good literature and clear thought, of delicate wit and distinguished style," while Walter Littlefield in the New York *Times* said that the essay on Leconte de Lisle "is the most complete in the English language," that that on the "Nodier Salon reveals a distinct find," and that on the French ballet during its grand era "is like a symphony of emotions delicately and sympathetically reconstructed from many lost or half-forgotten scores."

Sir Sidney Lee is engaged in writing the life of King Edward VII. He is the author of "Stratford on Avon from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare," "A Life of William Shakespeare," "A Life of Queen Victoria," "The French Renaissance in England," and several other works. He is the dean of the faculty of arts at the University of London and also professor of English language and literature at that institution.

"The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1896-1909," is the title of the new history by James Ford Rhodes, which has just been brought out by Macmillan. In his usual vigorous style Dr. Rhodes opens with the exciting days of the presidential campaign of 1896, and makes alive again all the events of the ensuing twelve years to which the country thrilled. The author's personal acquaintance with many prominent men of the period—Mark Hanna, McKinley, Hay, Schurz, Taft, Lodge and Roosevelt—gives his historical estimates an unusual basis of intimate knowledge.

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EUGENE S. BAGGER writes: "This is the most stupendous and magnificent thing I have read in a long while. . . . I am telling people to the right and left to get the volume."

ROBERT CRESWELL calls it "A veritable Odyssey. In many ways it is quite unique."

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE: "The book is equally extraordinary as a tale of wild adventure and as a descriptive volume of travel."

ISAAC MARCOSSON writes: "It is one of the most enthrallingly interesting human documents that I have yet seen."

BENJAMIN MUSSER in *The Trend:* "It is, every word of it, tragically true. No novel could hold the thrills of this book."

TOWN AND COUNTRY: "A volume about which only superlatives can be used. The most amazing adventure of all time."

KATHARINE LEE BATES calls it: "More absorbing than any fiction. . . . It is sometimes hard to tell which are Beasts and which are Men, but his own quiet heroism certainly ranks him very near the Gods."

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BRIEFER REVIEWS.

A Florentine Revery.

A pleasant, dreamy little book, strongly tinged with a sense of the past, is "A Florentine Revery," hy H. H. Powers, president of the Bureau of University Travel. The author lays no claim to the title of exact historian. He has tried rather to convey some of the atmosphere, particularly the late mediæval and Renaissance atmosphere of Florence; his method of transporting the delicate commodity heing a day-dreamer's progression through the significant centuries of Florentine history. He confesses to approximate dates and a simplified sequence of events, hut his aim of projecting Florence hodily through the centuries is successful. The clash of Florentine feuds and the pageantry of Italian urhane life live again in Mr. Powers' few pages.

A FLORENTINE REVERY. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.

The Works of Li-Po.

"As for Li Po, give him a jugful, he will write one hundred poems," sang Tu Fu. However, Mr. Ohata only mentions as legendary the story that the greatest of the Chinese poets was drowned while attempting to embrace the reflection of the moon in the water. Meanwhile Li Po was married four times and had many loves and friendships. And his children are not forgotten. He writes to a friend going home:

You know Po-cbin, my boy.
He must be running his toy cart and riding on the back of a white sheep.

Then there are hallads, and travels, and poems to the emperor, and moon, lotus, peach tree, picture screen and temple poems. There is sadness and there is joy, and heauty lurks everywhere.

Mr. Ohata's work as editor and translator is scholarly and poetical. He pays trihute to the work of Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, Witter Bynner, Mr. Whaley, Mr. Ayscough and others. But unlike them he gives an entire volume to Li Po. His introduction puts the master very clearly in his mediæval setting; some appended translations from poets and other contemporaries vivify the poet and further depict his time. And a note on the Chinese texts impresses the most casual with the extent of Li Po's output of one thousand poems, or more, and many prose pieces.

THE WORKS OF LI PO, THE CHINESE POET. Done into English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

Julian Alden Weir.

The first issue of the Phillips Publications, a series to be devoted to the work of artists whose paintings are represented in the Phillips Memorial Gallery at the national capital, is a monument to Julian Weir, the American luminarist. Portrait and genre pieces were his own avowed specialty, hut Duncan Phillips. his present commentator, is of the opinion that "where Corot, Monet, and Manet left off, Weir carried on." Certainly some of his landscapes are very fine and certainly more decorative than Monet's—though perhaps "decorative," like "pretty" is deprecatory to the serious student of painting light. Monet at least was not much concerned with decoration. It is said of Weir that Jean François Millet stood before the prize-winning picture which Weir as a Beaux Arts student had painted for his landlady and exclaimed, *"Tout a fait distingué!"*

The handsome volume which is the initial effort of the Phillips Publications consists of appreciations and reminiscences of Weir hy Duncan Phillips, Emil Carlsen, Royal Cortissoz, Childe Hassam, J. B. Millet and De Raaslof, twenty-nine plates reproducing Weir's works, and several portraits of the artist himself.

This series of monographs, whose aim is partly to commemorate the work of notahle American painters and incidentally cultivate a wide public interest in native art, is one of the promising signs of the æsthetic times. However, the suhject is not limited to American artists, the ohject of the editors being rather to emphasize the homogeneity of American and European art than to consider native products as a hy stream.

WEIR. By Duncan Phillips in collaboration witb others. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Six Short Plays.

A volume of six plays forms the contribution of Wilbur S. Tupper to the ever-growing tide of printed plays. The six playlets are composed with care, the author's evident familiarity with hihlical literature enabling him to lend a commendahly poetic touch to the dialogue of the two Oriental plays. The others, which are modern, are, however, scarcely vivid enough to be regarded as arresting slices of life; which is the function of modern drama.

In a foreword the author points out the antiquity of many tales which are used and reused throughout literature. Therefore criticism on this suhject is harred.

Mr. Tupper's muse inclines him toward plays with a too palpahle moral, which gives them a slightly old-fashioned, not to say sophomoric, flavor. His sense of drama is not yet quite sufficiently developed to lead to strong situations, and there is something of a touch of the commonplace to characters and dialogue. But a fervent student, who has been studying stage technique, is there, and if the author will regard these plays as a heginning, and work up to something more grippingly dramatic, he will eventually realize that a certain tameness of flavor must have prevented them from having stage representation hy professionals.

SIX SHORT PLAYS. By Wilbur S. Tupper. New York: The Four Seas Company.

An Art Competition.

Doubleday, Page & Co., puhlishers of "The Enchanted April." hy Elizaheth of German garden fame, announce a contest for newspaper artists who can draw heautiful women. The winning artist, who may he either a free lance or a staff artist, will he offered a commission to illustrate one hook to he selected from the fall 1923 list of Douhleday, Page & Co. puhlications. The suhject of the contest is a drawing in hlack and white which in the opinion of the judges best represents the dazzling beauty of Lady Caroline Dester, one of the four heroines of "The Enchanted April." The contest, which closes at noon, March 1, 1923, is governed hy certain rules which aspirants for the post of Lady Caroline's portrait painter may acquaint themselves with hy writing the puhlishers at the Country Life Press, Garden City, New York.

New Books Received.

SAMPHIRE. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $1.
Verse.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir J. G. Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.
One volume abridged edition.

THE THINKER AND OTHER POEMS. By Stanton Coblentz. New York: John T. White & Co.; $1.50.
Verse.

ESSAYS. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Harper & Brothers.
Critical essays on literature and art.

A FIFTH AVENUE PARADE. By Percy Stickney Grant. New York: Harper & Brothers.
And other poems.

YELLOW BUTTERFLIES. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.
The story of an unknown soldier who gave his life in the world war.

FURY. By Edmund Goulding. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
A story of the sea.

THE DRIVER. By Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A tale of Wall Street and bigh finance.

ROSEMARY. New York: Cupples & Leon Company; $1.50.
Juvenile.

THE JUNGLE GIRL. By Gordon Casserly. New York: Edward J. Clode.
A novel.

THE VERGE. By Susan Glaspell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50.
A play in three acts.

THE DAY AFTER DARK. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.75.
A romance.

GOAT ALLEY. By Ernest Howard Culbertson. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; $1.75.
A tragedy of negro life in three acts.

COLLECTED POEMS. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.50.
Poems selected by the author from bis two previous volumes of verse.

MCCARTY INCOG. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.75.
A mystery story.

SONNETS AND POEMS OF ANTHERO DE QUENTAL. Translated by S. Griswold Morley. Berkeley: University of California Press.
The lyric verse of a Portuguese poet of the nineteenth century.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By "Elizabeth." Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.90.
By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

MY SOUL'S CATHEDRAL. By James Henry MacLafferty. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1.25.
And other poems.

TUMBLEWEEDS. By Hal G. Evarts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.75.
The last dash of the American bom steaders.

MAN'S COUNTRY. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.
A novel.

SKIPPY BEOELLE. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.75.
"His sentimental progress from the urchin to the complete man of the world."

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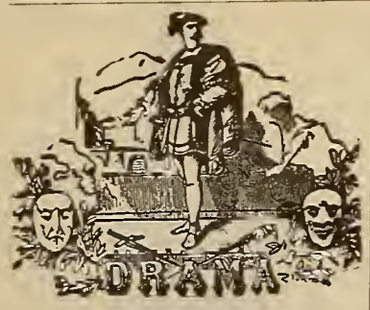
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"THE MERRY WIDOW."

Henry W. Savage always does things handsomely, and he hasn't failed us this time. As a spectacle alone "The Merry Widow" is well worth while, with its strikingly beautiful Joseph Urban scenes and the rich and gay cabaret set of Robert Burridge.

The Marsovian costumes worn at the Marsovian fête given by "the merry widow" are rich, graceful, and extremely becoming to the wearers, and the modern costumes worn in the two other acts are exceedingly handsome and smart. Good-looking girls are there to display them, and there are a lot of tall, personable men in the company who can sport the uniforms and the necessary evening dress with a worldly air.

The two protagonists, Marie Wells and James Liddy, are, in respect to looks, a stunning pair. Miss Wells being a radiant beauty of quite uncommon attractions, while James Liddy is a very decorative young man and a dancer of untamed spirit, almost too untamed, indeed, as sometimes, in his physical exuberance, he leaps away from the tempo.

Savage did very well by us in sending us such a beauty as Marie Wells, but we would never have got her if she had been a good singer, for her voice, though of considerable volume, has a difficult emission and lacks sweetness. The young lady's speaking voice is pitched too high—a fault shared by Eva Wehber, who plays the Marsovian ambassador's wife—and she has the mannerism which experienced singers rarely are guilty of, of introducing singing notes into her spoken tones. But the young lady is in her fresh and beautiful bud and she has plenty of time before her to give to voice cultivation so that her voice may measure up in some degree to the beauty of her piquant features.

James Liddy had a cold which he was not wholly able to sing above, but the evidence points to a voice of good volume and agreeable quality.

Eva Webber's voice is so high in her head both in speaking and singing that it constitutes quite a reproach against her vocalism, but the actress makes a handsome and graceful appearance and has the shape and presence to carry her beautiful gowns beautifully; a compliment which should have been extended to Marie Wells, who has a fine figure, and arrested, by the grace with which she wore them, the delighted vision in each one of her three ravishing costumes.

"The Merry Widow" is built all around the romance of Sonia and Prince Danilo, the culmination of their secret attachment being of course reached in the waltz scene. It is a scene of great intensity; much more so than is generally placed in such a light and merry atmosphere. Neither of the young pair have as yet sufficient subtlety to indicate the passion-pale fervor of the lovers as they plunge into the mazes of the national dance as a means of expressing the love which each has been proudly denying. But it was a delight to watch the dance as a spectacle, the handsome young couple, in their picturesquely designed and embodied costumes, dancing with a physical abandon which always sways an audience into a mood of romantic sympathy.

The best actor on the stage was Jefferson de Angelis, who contrives to infuse an element of rich and racy humor in every one of Nish's not particularly juicy lines. In fact it seemed to me as if something had been added to them to give Jefferson de Angelis more of a chance, for he is too good a thing to be allowed to go to waste on a single dull syllable.

There is another ornamental young man in the caste, Warren Proctor by name, who has a rôle rivaling Prince Danilo's in importance. As the handsome and persistent wooer of the ambassador's wife the young man made a good appearance, and sang the love lyrics with romantic fervor.

Tom Burton gave to Popoff, the Marsovian ambassador, a pleasant aura of amiability and humor, and that suggestion of social experience which should be the special appanage of all ambassadors. And a cloud of young men who wooed, danced, and sang also seemed to suggest the pleasant possibility of being able to pay their tailor bills.

In an opera so passionately permeated with the spirit of dance as a dramatic expression there was of course a group of dance specialists, who, when Sonia and the Prince's big waltz scene was over, took possession of the stage and gave group dances with that outflow of physical energy, that swiftness and mad abandon of motion that characterizes the Hungarian dancers. And following them came Ruth Hazelton and Fred Easter, who gave several striking demonstrations of the dance as an expression of sensuous emotion.

"The Merry Widow," as has already been demonstrated in New York, contains those musical and romantic elements which made it inevitable that it should come back. Its retirement has not staled either its music or its romantic sentiment. The story entertains, there is enough humor to stimulate a mood of gayety, and the love lyrics are most wooing, and some of them quite irresistible: so that Franz Lehar and Adrian Rose together fabricated something that was not, like most pieces of its class, wholly ephemeral.

LOVE TALES OF HOFFMAN.

There is a certain old-time charm about "The Love Tales of Hoffman," in spite of some archaic lumber in the way of magic, a portrait that comes to life, and a consumptive heroine. In this opera Offenbach, contriver of merry music that had its own wit and humor quite as much as the lines, composed in grand operatic mood. His music has the sensuous charm, more particularly in the second or Venetian act, which has kept the opera going through the years in grand opera repertoires in spite of its affinity with comic opera; which we must always remember is in a class apart.

There are two features in "The Love Tales" which always appeal to the popular taste: the mechanical doll episode, which is really a fairy story, and the Venetian act, in which the evening lights gleaming on distant towers and gliding gondolas, with the groups of languorous lovers, like legendary figures on old tapestries, enhancing their mutual love in the quickening atmosphere of a night full of music, all stimulate pleasurably even jaded sensibilities.

In this act Lillian Glaser and Nona Campbell came out strong vocally, although Lillian Glaser has less temperament than the contralto, being an actress deficient in fervor. But the young lady's pretty soprano and equally pretty face carry her through, her representation of the mechanical doll being done very nicely, although the impersonation lacked the humorous perception.

John Van in the rôle of Hoffman had as heavy a task as he has had to tackle at the Rivoli, and his robust tenor responded to the unusual demands made on it. Romantic sentiment is not his trump card, but he is a dependable singer and gave "The Legend of Kleinsite" with plenty of spirit.

Ferris Hartman, it is perhaps sometimes forgotten, can act humorless as well as humorous operatic rôles when necessary, and he did not make the mistake of transferring the rôle of Dr. Coppelius to the field of pure comedy. As the old inventor he had a good make-up, and showed plenty of the Hartman zip and go.

Edna Malone—wearing the newly fashionable white wig—danced with her customary pretty grace, and Elfreida Steindorff, as the portrait mysteriously endowed with life, sang with pleasing effect.

There are many men in the cast beside Ferris Hartman and John Van, Rafael Brunetto attacking his three rôles with great gusto. George Kunkel, in the rôle of Franz, the aged servant protesting that he is not done for, did a neat bit, infusing into the song and dance the light touch necessary.

A characteristic of the Rivoli performances is the good team work. Every one does his or her best to make the performance go, the choruses are sung well, and back of all, like a sustaining presence, is the reliable musicianship of Paul Steindorff.

AT THE ORPHEUM.

Lou Tellegen is the headliner at the Orpheum this week, and any one whose name has been in the papers as much as Mr. Tellegen's is pretty safe to be a drawing card. And yet Mr. Tellegen can not act; or if he can he skillfully conceals the fact. We San Franciscans first saw this actor in a romantic rôle with Bernhardt, and his height, his slender, graceful figure, and the Profile—added to the fact that he spoke, or rather declaimed, in French—did the business. We all thought he was some pumpkins until he came out here again, acting this time in English.

On this occasion we discovered that we had overestimated Mr. Tellegen's powers, and we were able to stand up against the attack of the Profile with pulses remaining comparatively calm.

"Blind Youth" reduced to tabloid form is the Tellegen vehicle. It isn't anything to brag about, in the beginning, and boils down to mere froth. So we must content ourselves by admiring Mr. Tellegen's tall, slender, graceful shape romantically clad in a student's black velveteen, and wish that he would avoid that centre light so that it would not cast such bold promontories of shadow on the sacred Profile.

Eddie Leonard is in his fourth week, and is a very popular presence. Through the blackface one can recognize the gentle likableness expressed in Mr. Leonard's countenance; and when he sings his minstrel songs there is a sweet minor tone to his voice that explains his popularity.

However, he spends the greater part of his time while in evidence in staging a volunteer competitive concert from individuals in the audience, which is not madly interesting.

Next in interest comes "Shopping," by Howard Langford and Ina Frederick, in which Howard Langford exhibits a readiness in the humorous swiftness of repartee—which, by the way, he wrote himself—that stamps him as a finished vaudeville product. Mr. Langford is a most engaging looking youth, and has a personality of value. He was assisted in his act by Ina Frederick, an actress who gives point to her lines and dances well.

Bert Fitzgibbon, a nut comedian, made a hit with his hurly-hurly of nonsense, which ended up in a xylophone party. Another nonsense act called "Putting It Over" showed Chester Spencer as also a rather nuttish funmaker, assisted by Lola Williams, who dimly suggests wax works.

The Miller Sisters win by their youth, their music, and their dancing, but their vocalism is not quite up to being exhibited.

Two very excellent acts were also given, one by Allan Shaw, "the money-making wizard," whose remarkably clever prestidigitation made eyes fairly bulge, while Visser and company kept their word by giving a spectacular acrobatic feat that was unusual.

A FASCINATING VIRAGO.

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, author of "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," must have planned his spoiled, short-tempered, selfish, self-absorbed, and temperamental heroine after Gilda Varesi's Madame. Only the male author decided that in his dramatic companion picture his lady of the unshackled moods and tenses should be well disciplined, which is some slight indication of the different masculine and feminine point of view.

Women like the idea of a siren indulging in reprehensible impulses of temper and caprice, and yet retaining her ascendancy over the subjugated male. Man, when he is not under the spell, is sternly disapproving. So Mr. Gribble disciplines his unbridled madcap; a woman, by the way, who has grown children, and is therefore presumably old enough to know better.

Roma, really, deserves to be beaten, in the first act, but she is an actress standing on the tip-top pinnacle of success, and somehow our poor, feeble, silly human vanity can not stand success. And all the men surrounding her are indulgent, because success creates glamour.

The author gives capital entertainment with his first act, well backed up by Nana Bryant, who gives the capricious and spirited Roma her full complement of red pepper. In the second, however, he flounders, rather, and the act seems to lose cohesion, the dialogue becoming rather padded: on the whole, it seems as if Mr. Gribble ought to have hit on some method of compressing the two scenes of this act into one.

In the third we are transplanted to Roma's theatre dressing-room, where she narrowly escapes the tragedy of a foolish admirer's suicide at her feet, precipitated by her own folly.

In this act Roma's discipline—already partly begun by her maternal jealousy of her soldier son's sweetheart—is well advanced. For the twittering canary, through sorrow, develops a soul, and the Roma we see in the last act is a chastened being who, eventually, learns that tragedy of motherhood, that the sweetheart supplants her. And Roma comes up to the scratch so gallantly that her previous intemperances of mood and caprice are, perforce, forgiven.

There is quite a pathetic scene in the last act, the audience witnessing a wounded and blinded soldier's attempted renunciation of the sweetheart whose destiny he hesitates to darken with his infirmity. So that the audience, that had laughed so much in the first act, was busily engaged in wiping away large, globular tears in the last.

They have quite a competent company at the Alcazar, and the fourteen characters were all well represented. Miss Hope Drown conveys emotion delicately, and looks daintily pretty. Dudley Ayres plays a good-looking, white-haired playwright with a near—and not very near—Irish brogue.

Emmet Vogan cleverly indicated, by little touches, the intrinsic weakness of Roma's suicidal admirer, and Jerome Sheldon pleased by his representation of Roma's lovable son.

Dora Mae Howe did well with a subordinate character who was much on the stage, and Netta Sunderland undertook the rôle of a devoted maid, who in real life would have thrown a footstool at Roma's head and departed in hysterics.

Miss Katherine Cook did a neat bit as a persistent reporter, Mr. Harry Leland was duly explosive as Roma's inexplicable and highly improbable husband, and, in fact, the collective work of the company was such as to show up the merits and minimize the faults of an uneven, somewhat padded, slightly wandering in places, and yet lively amusing, and, in the last part, sympathetically appealing play.

THE STAGE GUILD.

It takes time to build up a clientèle, and it looks as if the Stage Guild needs more time. It will be a sad pity if San Franciscans can not rally together enough of the kind of theatre-goers who will support the kind of drama that makes some appeal to the more thinking perceptions, and give their patronage to the Stage Guild. But evidently the burden falling on the financial guarantors has been unexpectedly heavy, and we are not, as yet, positively promised that the Stage Guild will continue its work in San Francisco.

They have their own public in Berkeley; an enthusiastic one, that is faithful and consistently steady in its patronage. But we had thought them launched. They showed prudence and foresight. And their plan of giving each play before the two cities was an excellent one; and also the carrying on simultaneously of a child's theatre.

Their music and lecture bureau and the establishment of a school for drama ought also to have helped. They have so large a number of talented players to call on that we would have no need to fear the dullness of constant repetitions of the same players. And they gave us plays that have been much commented on in the press, and that we might not otherwise ever have heard.

The price charged for their performance was considered excessive. But that was only a preliminary, due to heavy opening expenses, and I understand that they had intended to lower it when the Plaza opened again.

The Stage Guild has not yet announced its suspension from business. Probably it is busy trying to strengthen its financial thews and sinews. But if it comes back—a consummation devoutly to be wished—all who had intended to support it by their patronage and didn't had better buck up and do their darnedest; or they may not have the chance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The restoration of the Parthenon on the Athenian Acropolis, interrupted by King Constantine's second abdication, will be resumed soon, said Professor William Bell Dinsmoor of Columbia University in a recent statement to a New York *Times* reporter. Protest against the "desecration" will not avail, in the opinion of Professor Dinsmoor, who said: "Our ideas of restoration are based upon the wholesale renovations executed in Italy and France; but in Greece it is limited to the placing of each fallen block exactly in its original position, while new marble is used very sparingly, solely for the consolidation of the original portions. Thus each monument retains its ruined appearance, but the ground is freed from chaotic masses of fallen fragments. These in turn are preserved from willful damage, while the building itself is presented in an aspect much more intelligible than that in which it was left by successive bombardments, explosions, and the depredations of relic hunters."

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At the Curran.

Beginning tomorrow (Sunday) night the attraction at the Curran Theatre will be the mystery play "The Bat," written by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. "The Bat" has played for over two years in New York and for more than a year in Chicago, a record never before equaled by any play. It is also a sensation in London, where it has been playing for nearly a year. In the company to be seen here will be Lizzie Evans, John Harrington, Josephine Morse, Gretchen Thomas, Herbert Delmore, Harry La Cour, Joseph M. Holicky, George Wilson, John Mackenzie and John Graham Spacey. Matinées will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

With the matinée today and the performance this evening Kolb and Dill will close the most successful engagement they have ever had in San Francisco. Their vehicle this year was Aaron Hoffman's latest comedy success, "Now and Then."

At the Columbia.

Apparently as dear to the hearts of the theatre-goers as ever is "The Merry Widow," which began its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night and which will continue at that theatre for another week. There have been big audiences at every performance and the patrons have applauded to an echo the musical gems with which the score is brimming over. The present offering is produced by Henry W. Savage. The production is from the studio of Joseph Urban, who is noted as the designer of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies," and the scenery and costumes are by Peggy Hoyt, noted New York modiste and milliner. The cast is a capable one, including Jefferson de Angelis, Marie Wells, James Liddy, Eva Webber, Warren Proctor and many other capable singers and dancers. The final performance will be given Sunday, January 28th.

Howard McKent Barnes has written a new comedy entitled "Mother's Millions," in which May Robson is starring under the management of Augustus Pitou, Inc., and which will open here on Monday, January 29th. Harriet Breen, the character Miss Robson plays, is a rather peculiar person in her home life, and even her children and the one old maid servant are not really at ease with her. She has a way of intimidating every one, but her bark is worse than her bite" and her deep love is only covered by a coating of good judgment.

At the Rivoli.

Offenbach's "Love Tales of Hoffman" under Paul Steindorff and sung by John Van, Lillian Glaser, Nona Campbell, Robert Carlson and other favorites in the Hartman-Steindorff organization, is scoring at the Rivoli Opera House and will start upon its second week Monday night. The "Barcarolle," best-known song of the "Tales of Hoffman," which is known and loved wherever music is appreciated, is proving as popular as ever. Contributing to the charm of the production is the scenery painted by Harry Tyler. The cast also includes Robert Carlson, Rafael Brunetto, Paul Hartman, Edna Malone, Thomas O'Toole, William Michael, Walter Inman, Elfrieda Steindorff and Lillian Leonard.

Titta Ruffo at the Auditorium.

Manager Frank W. Healy will present Titta Ruffo on Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at the Exposition Auditorium. Ruffo, who is one of the highest priced and most successful of singers, is coming to San Francisco after eight years of unceasing negotiations on the part of Mr. Healy.

Ruffo has a repertoire of fifty operas and has attained triumphs in all the great opera houses of Italy, Spain, France, Egypt, South America, Poland, England, Hungary, Germany, Russia, and in the Latin-American countries. At present he is the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Reginald Travers Salons Intimes.

As an addition to San Francisco's list of amusement places, the Hotel St. Francis will open a series of entertainments to be known as the Reginald Travers Salons Intimes next Tuesday evening in the Colonial Ballroom. The Colonial Ballroom has been transformed by Lucien Labauot into a gorgeous blaze of color through the use of vividly-hued draperies and a new stage has been built. In order to emphasize the desired quality of informality the rows of chairs will be supplanted by comfortable lounges and divans placed at random.

The programme arranged for the initial performance Tuesday evening will open with a vocal and instrumental sextet, followed by Katharane Edson in an Argentine dance, with Carl McCullough, late of the "Canary Cottage" company, listed next in an act entitled "A Few Moments." Also included on the programme will be the first performance in this city of Nicholas Evreinov's harlequinade, "The Merry Death," performed by a cast including Karl Kroenke, Benjamin Purrington, Verna Mersereau, Frederick McNulty and Katharane Edson.

With the assistance of a group of "American Beauties," Carl McCullough and Marie Louise Meyers will present a song number, "Good-by, Bachelor Days," to be followed by Katharane Edson in a dance number, "In a Persian Garden," accompanied by the voices of Marguerite Frey Silvey and Ruth Scott Laidlaw. The seventh number programmed will present Emelie Melville in "No Smoking," a comedy sketch from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, and the three final numbers will consist of Ione Pastori, an Italian prima donna, four Neapolitan street singers, and a new song, "Sally," especially written for the Salons Intimes by Benjamin Purrington.

Following the opening next Tuesday, performances will be given every Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening.

The San Francisco Symphony.

The fourth popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conductor, is to be given at the Exposition Auditorium on Thursday evening, February 1st.

The fact that San Francisco has been giving concerts of this nature, at which the audiences average about nine thousand music lovers, is traveling all over the musical world and this city, as a consequence, is being recognized more than ever before as a place where serious music is enjoyed and appreciated.

Conductor Hertz has chosen as the symphony for the evening Beethoven's Fifth, in C minor, which he recently played twice at the Curran Theatre. Another orchestral number will be the Dance of the Blessed Spirits from "Orpheus," by Gluck, in which the flute obligato will be played by Anthony Linden. Tschaikowsky's Italian Caprice will conclude the programme.

The guest artist for the afternoon will be Benno Moiseivitch, the Russian pianist. There have been few newcomers among pianists in the last ten or fifteen years who so completely measure up to the finest musical ideals as does this amazing young master. His number with the orchestra will be Liszt's Concerto for the Pianoforte, No. 1, in E flat, and he will also play a group of solos.

Reserved seats, as usual, are priced from 25 cents to $1, and J. Emmet Hayden, chairman of the auditorium committee of the board of supervisors, in charge of the concerts, advises that music lovers make their bookings early at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Paul Elder Lectures.

Paul Elder announces two events of interest to be given in the Paul Elder Gallery this coming week.

Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock and again at 4 o'clock Charles G. Norris will speak on "My Brother Frank," being early recollections of Frank Norris and a critique of his work. In connection with this lecture there will be an exhibit of manuscript pages of "The Pit" and "The Octopus," together with other souvenirs of this noted California author. Admission free.

Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock Laurel Conwell Bias will give a dramatic reading of "He Who Gets Slapped," the successful play by Leonid Andreyev, by special permission of the Theatre Guild, New York.

PLEASING THE PUBLIC.

"We of the theatre world—we behind the scenes, as well as those who write about our plays and our acting—know that there is a strange psychology governing the public's attitude toward a play," declares Mr. Walker Whiteside in the Washington *Star*.

"It often happens that what the gentlemen of the press and we of the stage hold will be a substantial hit abruptly fails to excite even mild interest, no matter how important its theme, how well constructed, or how brilliant its writing.

"When I first saw 'The Deluge' I considered it one of the best constructed, best written, best styled plays I had ever seen. It held my interest every minute; it carried a big booming note. Our critics delighted me when I read their unanimous praises of the play. But it failed to interest even any class of the public. Its recent revival, I am told, was no more successful.

"Why was it unsuccessful? No one knows.

"I have noticed one phase of our play-producing business, and that is that once a play fails in New York, even though produced before its time, no future presentation of the piece there will bring success. The critics may do their best to breathe life into it; the players may give inspired performances of their respective rôles, but it is through for all time, so far as New York is concerned.

"But such a condition does not obtain away from New York.

"When my first presentation of 'The Typhoon' was made at St. Louis I played to pitiably poor business. Then I went to Chicago, where the play was on view for four weeks. My business was a little better. I next brought 'The Typhoon' to New York. My opening night gave me a gross of only $700; my next night was $200; my Wednesday matinée was but $125. Then we started to grow a little, but I knew on the opening night that the play was a success. We moved from the Fulton Theatre to the Hudson, where we ran until well into the hot months. And the very places where 'The Typhoon' failed to attract before its New York presentation gave us overwhelming audiences upon our return visits.

"My first offering of 'The Hindu' was in Baltimore. The play received a rousing welcome from a crowded house, but the business trailed off to nothing. Next we went to Atlantic City, and from there to Far Rockaway. In both of these places business increaseo at each of the succeeding performances. After visits to Toronto, Detroit, and Cleveland, we opened in Chicago, and there, in a theatre noted for its failures, and situated far from the 'linelights,' with the Chicago Grand Opera's season in full swing, we presented 'The Hindu' to crowded houses for twelve weeks before entering upon our New York run.

"Some people in the theatrical business held that it was my personal following that packed the theatre. That was absurd. A player has a personal following just so long as that player gives the people what they want.

"Why should not the public like melodrama? Our great actors of the past bad a number of rousing melodramas in their repertoire. Fechter chose 'Monte Cristo,' Sir Henry Irving 'The Bells' and 'The Lyons Mail,' Edwin Booth 'The Iron Chest,' and Mansfield 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'

"Shakespeare knew the public of his day as well as he did us of our day, and the public of all future days—forever and forever—and he wrote the greatest of all hair-raisers. Are there any melodramas of today that can boast such thrills and excitement as are to be found in 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' 'Richard III,' and 'Othello'?

"'The Hindu' is refined melodrama; a detective story; a love story; a mystery play of today, with an Oriental setting. The people like it. We enjoy playing it. It entertains and it thrills. It is a novelty, and does not follow the conventional formula of construction. After all, to make use of a bromide of our theatre world—'The test of a play's qualities is the box-office statement.'

"Of course, if you want to produce plays for just a few people, there are plenty to be had. But, personally, I never cared to spend any time in cozy, tucked-away playhouses with a small number of visitors, sitting, so to speak, around a study lamp, listening to lengthy discussions as to whether or not the world's all wrong."

According to the musical critic of a Soviet paper the world's greatest music is "sickening" to those who cherish revolutionary ideals. Bach, Haydn, and Gluck, he says, are the personification of feudalism; Tschaikowsky is the musician of the landed gentry; Schubert, Schumann, and Chopin are dirty little bourgeois; Wagner appeals only to junkers and capitalists; Mozart and Beethoven are tolerable, though the former is pronouncedly Catholic.

The fifteen decisive battles according to Creasy are Marathon, 490 B. C.; Syracuse, 413 B. C.; Arbela, 331 B. C.; Metaurus, 207 B. C.; Teutoburg, 9 A. D.; Chalons, 451; Tours, 732; Hastings, 1066; Orleans, 1429; defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588; Blenheim, 1704; Pultowa, 1709; Saratoga, 1777; Valmy, 1492; Waterloo, 1815.

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VANITY FAIR.

In various parts of our far Eastern states, especially among the women's colleges, the graceful and grace-conferring game of archery appears to he returning. The peculiar thing ahout this game is the hrevity of the stays it makes after long absences. It turns up as a social diversion and outdoor sport of the ultra-refined ahout once in fifteen or eighteen years, to stay fifteen or eighteen months. Then, somehow, twanging a how and sending little sticks with feathers on them hurtling through the air suddenly loses its charm, the implements and fat straw targets disappear from the windows of the sporting goods shops, and in a short season the thing is remembered only with dry smiles. As a sport it really deserves hetter of us than that. It gives us the outdoors and the opens, with an ohject at least as interesting as poking a little white hall ahout an expensive field in that peculiar game of Scotch horse hilliards known as golf. True, archery seems artificial hecause shooting is now done so much more effectively with guns. But is it any more artificial than golf, with its rolled greens, its made-to-order hazards and hunkers? What could he more artificial than constructing ohstacles to what you are trying to do? What could he drearier than the average golfer's gahhle when he gets on his favorite ohsession? Is there any heauty in a long drive that does not appear in a long flight? Is there a sport in getting onto the green in one that surpasses that of getting into the gold at 200 yards? The girls at the Eastern colleges are finding that archery hardens the muscles and hraces the staunce and gives a spring to the stride and a good level outlook to the calculating eye that nothing else can hring. They are going in for it strong, and finding health and interest and zest of life in it, which is what sport is for. It should enahle them to deal a terrihle hlow with the left arm and give an awful yank with the right hand, and for managing recalcitrant hushands nothing could he more effective. As outdoor sport and domestic training archery should convey a ready ascendancy over the mere he-golfer whose drill has only qualified him to chop the wood. Look out for the female archers.

Fortunately we do not all think alike; or, as the old Indian remarked, every man would want his squaw. There are those to whom golf makes a stronger appeal than any other form of sport, and to many women, young and middle-aged, it has acquired an added attraction through a certain social event connected with the links—the marriage of Mrs. May Isahella Gourley Dunn-Wehh to Mr. Adolph Glaser Hupfel, the New York capitalist, at the Fairmont Hotel last week. Judge Curtis D. Wilhur of the state supreme court officiated. The hride, who learned to play golf at her home in Scotland, is said to he the only woman "pro" in America, and made her Pacific Coast record at Pasadena as the partner of "Scotty" Chisbolm, doing that course in 80, which is said to he good. The romance hegan on the links. Mr. Hupfel's record is not stated. The couple left for a motoring trip through Del Monte and Pasadena, probahly visiting all the links en route. Once, a newly-wed couple was supposed to make the honeymoon at Niagara, if they were New Yorkers, or at Yosemite if they were Californians. In this case, the hride heing Scotch, the honeymoon rises and sheds its beams on the links. Singularly appropriate, and all good golfers will wish them happiness. But it should not exclude the claims of archery as a setting and stimulus for romance. In fact, archery is supposed to he even more closely associated with love, as almost any valentine will disclose; that is, it used to he, in ancient Greece and Rome, and hy adoption in other countries under classic influence. After this, however, it hecomes evident that a Scotch valentine should depict Cupid in kilts, with a hag of clubs and a sporan full of golf halls, and a hriar pipe in his mouth, running about the links and shooting recklessly in the direction of any unguarded couples without shouting "Fore." The execution ought to he ahout the same, the matrimonial effect fully as good. And it would give the wedded golfers something to talk ahout for the rest of their days, something to prevent married life from falling into that monotony which the poetess of the yellow journals says is the real cause of most of the divorces. Yes, golf has possihilities that may he lacking to archery. Yet the archery of Cupid has done a great deal for the world.

A few old fogies have cherished the notion that some stateliness and grace might be coming hack into favor at dances hecause a cotillon was the feature of the hall given recently hy the Countess of Granard at the home of her father, Mr. Ogden Mills. But New York social ohservers are inclined to believe that it was just the lonely swallow that does not make a summer. The modern pace is too swift for cotillons, too swift for graces and dignities. There must he speed, and hecause familiarity soon makes one insensihle of that, there must he noise—the jazz band with its shark-skin drum, its Chinese trumpet, its hlaring horn, and its saxophone hellowing the over-ripened affection of the hull moose for his mate. There is no sign of a revival of the dignity of deportment and sweetness of life that once adorned Caucasian social intercourse. We must have the syncopation of niggers patting juha on the New Orleans levee, and this for ladies to dance to. The speed of the modern party will not slacken to the state pace of the cotillon, any more than it would to that of the minuet. Gasoline has probahly done it; in motor-cars and in flying machines. When the Wright hrothers invented flying, or that other chap the internal combustion engine, they little thought how revolutionary even of form and custom their work might he. It was more important than fish-net underwear, which can at least he laid aside when reason and cold weather return, whereas we shall never get rid of motoring or flying either, and must carry their hurrying, restless effects as part of our nervous freight for the rest of this mundane excursion, or until something faster comes along. Probahly there was a stage of progress, in the days of Ned Greenway let us say, when the cotillon was the outward and visihle sign of a wild life; just as there was a time when people were afraid to ride thirty miles an hour on a railroad train. No, if you take a flapper for a ride and go thirty miles an hour she is likely to yawn and say: "For the Lord's sake, Old Timer, step on it." Or hand you that co-ed formula, "If this is your idea of a good time, take me home." After that, imagine pulling up at a country house or a country club and plunging into a cotillon. She would send you a night-cap for Christmas.

OUR INSIGNIA ABROAD.

Writing in the London *Daily News*, Wilma Gregory says:

"The American ahroad wears horn spectacles, his legs move with an action quite different from the leg action of all other peoples, he drinks wine or heer with peculiar gusto, takes for granted that he enjoys a priority claim on the attention of all officials and usually tries to speak the language of the country in which he is traveling. Most remarkahle of all, he wears his tweeds hrand new.

"If he does none of these things, or omits any one of them, he is trying to disguise himself as a European, and is no patriot. Especially he should he discouraged from any attempt to leave off wearing spectacles, for, when the unmannerly game of 'beaver' palls, the intricate sport of 'spotting horns' relieves the tedium of a long train journey. The first player who sees a pretty girl under thirty years old wearing horn spectacles gains one hundred points. Horn spectacles are comparatively reasonable wear for people over forty, so veteran wearers of the national insignia are a dead loss to the player. If the players can not agree as to the age, heauty, or plainness of God's-own-spectacle-wearers, they must lose 100 points each. The game can he played all over Europe and in Whitehall.

"Little is known as yet in Europe of the causes of the bad eyesight of Americans. Possihly their school hooks or school desks are at fault, or those learned authorities may he right who assert that horn spectacles are worn to make the shortcomings of Europe more perceptihle, and are doffed as soon as the Statue of Liherty is in sight. A more ingenious explanation is that they are substituted hy the American foreign office for a passport visa.

"Anthropologists surmise that they are the hadge of a Middle West ascetic society, which has sworn that there shall he no more 'glad eyes' from Chicago to New Orleans, while zoölogists have no doubt whatever that they are a protective coloring assumed to merge the wearer in the dappled light and shade of primeval forests.

"No matter to us; we have just made a new rule. The score for a hride wearing the things is 1000; the score for a hridegroom 800. And, in an open-air restaurant in the Salzkammergus, half an hour ago, we won the douhle score. 'Say, if I go trotting around with you twenty hours out of the twenty-four, surely you can let me go and talk to a man for five minutes.' Decidedly, a hridegroom. Decidedly, sitting opposite him, his hride. And hoth are wearing horn spectacles."

Styles in India.

The racial differences to he seen in India are apparent at once to the least-experienced eye, says Harold Cox in *Asia Magazine*. No one could confuse the sturdy little smiling Gurkha (pronounced Goorkha), whose head harely reaches to the shoulder of an English soldier, with the tall, thin Sikh (Seek) or with the fierce Pathan (Put-haan); nor could he confuse the proud Rajput (Raaj-poot) with the somewhat servile Bengali (Bengawly). These are a few of the more ohvious racial types. There are many other quite distinct races, much further removed from one another than the Englishman from the Spaniard, or the Frenchman from the German.

There are also distinctions of social habit. Take, for example, the question of dress. Over the greater part of Europe, as over the greater part of the United States, one finds everyhody, rich or poor, wearing the same general type of clothing. In India you can seldom walk a few yards without meeting people whose dress is ahsolutely different. You may meet, for example, a dignified Mahommedan gentleman, more than amply clad in voluminous garments; then a Bengali government clerk wearing a garment somewhat like a woman's skirt, called a *dhoti;* then a Parsee shopkeeper with his peculiar headdress, rather suggestive of the ancient Jews; and then a coolie wearing nothing at all from head to foot, except a narrow loin-cloth. A few yards farther on you may meet a holy heggar, his long hair hanging down his shoulders and matted with lime, his whole hody smeared with mud, holding out his begging howl and asking for alms in the name of religion. In the same way with the women: some wear skirts with a tiny hodice across the hreasts, leaving the stomach quite hare; others wear trousers tight round the calves and haggy round the hips; others again wear a single garment ahout thirty yards long, which is ingeniously twisted hetween and round the legs so as to convey the impression of a pair of baggy knickerhockers, and then carried up across the shoulders and over the head, and so arranged that it can he used as a veil.

Mountains of Turquoise.

In New Mexico, not far from the small town of Cerrillos, are two hills that have heen mined since prehistoric times for turquoise, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. One of them, 200 feet high, is called Mount Chalchihuitl (the Aztec name for turquoise); the other, somewhat higger, is Turquoise Hill.

On the side of Mount Chalchihuitl are a numher of ancient workings, cavern-like, which were called hy early prospectors in that region "wonder caves," or "mystery caves." One of these pits is 130 feet deep, 200 feet across the rim, and 100 feet wide at its hottom.

The mines on the two hills in question were worked for turquoise hy the ahoriginal Mexicans for centuries and perhaps for thousands of years hefore Columhus landed. Memorials which they left hehind in the excavations include many stone hammers and sledges that were swung with hoth hands.

Many veins of turquoise run through the rock, some of them as much as two inches wide. The prehistoric miners got it out hy huilding fires against the rock to disintegrate the latter. The great hulk of the material is too mixed up with the rocky matrix to have any value (as is always the case in turquoise mines), hut now and then there occurs a nugget of the pure stuff that is big enough to yield a fine gem.

The ancient Mexicans greatly admired turquoise, which they inlaid and otherwise utilized for ornamental purposes. The writer has seen an Aztec skull enameled with it. In cliff dwellings and other prehistoric ruins in New Mexico and Arizona ohjects of this material have heen found; and even at the present time the Indians in that part of the country will pay extravagant prices for turquoise.

The extent of the prehistoric mining for turquoise on Mount Chalchihuitl may he judged from the fact that the ancient dumps of waste material derived therefrom cover twenty acres. A good deal of the precious stuff has been ohtained within recent years from the two hills mentioned, the principal sources of turquoise in this country at the present time heing the Cerillos district and Little Burro Mountains in New Mexico, Mineral Park in Arizona, and Esmeralda County in Nevada.

Why We Eat in French.

Theodore Titze, maitre d'hotel of Sherry's, on Park Avenue, holds the opinion that more Americans are learning every day what delicate feasting means, says the New York *Herald*. There was a time when some of us stultified our palates hy a series of cocktails hefore dining and a continual stream of whisky and white rock during dinner so that we never discriminated a flavor or aroma. It was like the huge draught of vodka customarily taken hy the peasant in Russia hefore eating; after it he was unconscious what he ate.

"It is true," said Mr. Titze, "that in the ahsence of the correct accompanying wine certain dishes do not fulfill their complete mission of refreshment and delight, hut they are hetter ahle to do so now than when rough and ready drinking preceded dinner. I anticipate that for America some dishes will eventually he dropped from the menu.

"I have watched with amusement the efforts of a few mistaken persons to correct the hill of fare, as they term it, hut as we call it the menu, putting all French dishes into English. It is an impossihle thing to do and far from desirahle.

"Admitting that it is hetter to call all dishes hy good English names, capahle of heing understood hy English-speaking people rather than to put them in a strange tongue, the had French that Frenchmen do not understand, still there are names that can not he translated, and if they were would lose all meaning. It is the same with your national dishes, famous American dishes; their names can not he carried over into a foreign language. Imagine corned beef and cahhage heing translated into French!

"Many of the French names of disbes have a history and an association that it would he a kind of crime to deprive them of. When we speak of the delicate sauce Bechamel we recall its inventor, Marquis Bechamel, and in the instances of Maintenon cutlet or filet de poulet à la Pompadour we think in calling them of the names of those ladies who invented the comhinations. Some dishes have heen dreamed of while their inventors looked at a heautiful work of art. The popular sorhet that hears the name of the composer Donizetti was thought of hy an Italian cook while he was listening to the opera 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Ah, in too many cases part of the charm of a dish would be lost if its name did not summon up the conditions under which it was composed!"

The River Jordan has an average fall of fifteen feet to the mile, and its name means The Descender.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the most extraordinary attempts at condolence ever made is chronicled by Sir David Hunter Blair in his "New Medley of Memories." A certain don in a letter to the bereaved father of a son drowned in Sandford Lasher wrote: "As your son had unfortunately failed to satisfy the examiners in Responsions, he would have had to go down in any case."

An old actor was wont to claim that he had worked with Booth and Barrett, a distinction that got him much consideration wherever Thespians gathered. When questioned about his parts he would always answer, "I did hoof beats." And then add, "The drama has gone to pot." "Why so?" some of the younger generation would indignantly inquire. "Any one can do the honks, nowadays."

The counsel of a lady plaintiff in a divorce case pleaded incompatibility of temper and represented the husband's character as "brutal, violent, and passionate.' The husband's counsel in turn described the lady as "spiteful, angry, wapish." At this point the judge interrupted. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but really I do not quiet see where the incompatibility of temper comes in."

As far as we can make it out the condition of the starving Russians closely parallels that of the negro who stopped a stranger with an appeal for a quarter to get something to eat. "Why don't you go to work and earn your own quarters?" asked the selected victim of the touch. "To tell you de truf, boss," said the perishing African, "by de time I gits hungry enough to be willin' to work I'm so weak I kain't work till I gits some grub."

A traveler on the desert came upon a lone stock raiser on the lower Colorado River. The chief feature of the barren ranch was a giant heap of firewood, and curiosity caused the visitor to ask how in the world the stockman happened to possess it. "Wa'al," he drawled, "last year this here brush came piling down the river at flood time, and so I jest rounded up a bunch of Indians and told them they c'd have half of all they drug ashore. Golly, them Indians worked!"

The late director of the special branch of service at Scotland Yard, Sir Basil Thompson, tells a story apropos of the peculiar reactions of war. It happened at Shoeburyness, where a live shell fell in the mud in the midst of a class of young gunners. "Lie down, gentlemen," shouted the instructor, and no one moved. When the shell had been rendered harmless he asked why they had not obeyed orders; they might all have been blown to pieces. One of them faltered, "Well, sir, it was so muddy."

Lord Ernest Hamilton tells a story about the famous absent-mindedness of his friend, Strathnairn, one time commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland. Lord Strathnairn was particularly fond of entertaining, and boasted an excellent cook. On one occasion when dining at the house of Lady A., and being more than usually distrait, he said: "My dear Lady A., I really must apologize to you for this extremely nasty dinner. I can not imagine what has come over my cook. I have never known her to disgrace herself so before."

Henry Ford, who was once in partnership with Barney Oldfield, was accosted some time after the dissolution of the brief business arrangement by a friend who said, "Well, Hank, Barney Oldfield helped to make you." Mr. Ford acquiesced, but added, "And I helped to make him." When next the two ex-partners met the famous racer asked Ford if he had said such a thing and the creator of the flivver readily admitted he had. "Well, all I've got to say," Oldfield returned, "is that if I helped to make you and you helped to make me, I did a lot better job than you did."

They finished up their wedding tour at Monte Carlo, and, of course, paid a visit to the Casino. For some time they stood hesitating before one of the tables, and at last the temptation to try her luck proved too strong for the lady. "I must risk one five-dollar bill, dear," she said to her husband. "Do give me one, and I will put it on the number of my age." "Hubby" was inclined to be skeptical, but after much grumbling he handed over the note, which was duly deposited on No. 24. Alas, No. 29 proved to be the winning number, and the lady gave a little gasp of despair. "Serves you right," said her husband; "if you'd told the truth you'd have won."

A crowd of thirsty tourists discovered to their immense disappointment and disgust that their captain was a prohibitionist of the most rabid sort. However, they lived on the thougbt that the boat must pass an island still untouched by reform. The captain adroitly managed the situation by giving orders that no stop would be made. Two passengers worse off than their fellows dove over the rail as the oasis was speeding by. The captain, raging and outraged, ordered that the two be brought back at all costs and dispatched two husky members of the crew to effect the capture. Meanwhile the mate hung over the rail with his binoculars and reported progress. "They are gaining, they are gaining," he exulted. "Now they are only a yard behind!" "Have they caught them?" demanded the captain. "Caught them!" derided the mate. "They've passed them! Ah! They are all on shore!"

Harry Léon Wilson, the novelist, was praising the modern girl at a tea in the artist's colony of Carmel. "She is too much maligned," he said. "Her dress, I admit, in her grandmother's girlhood would have been considered immodest, but then, you know, her grandmother has no such figure as she has. A modern girl of great beauty sat smoking a cigarette on a golf club piaza the other day. Her stockings, for comfort's sake, were turned down like the men's golf stockings, and as she sat there she swung her slim foot carelessly. After a bit an old fellow rose from his chair, bent over her, and whispered courteously: 'Excuse me, but you are showing your knees.' 'Well,' said the girl, with an angry flush, 'haven't I a perfect right?' 'By jove, yes,' said the old fellow, 'and a divine left.'"

One of the petty grievances of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers at Camp Taylor during the late war was the ban on rolled leggings. But they were frequently smuggled in and worn on trips home. On such an occasion a private from Camp Taylor had reached Vincennes, Indiana, in the full glory of horrowed and illegitimate leggings. However, his pride of possession was short-lived, for he soon saw a captain whom he had known slightly in civilian life. The captain, after looking at him intently for awhile, strode up to him and our private had uncomfortable visions of a panorama from the guardhouse to the firing squad. "Do they allow you to wear rolled leggings at Camp Taylor?" the captain demanded with a flashing eye. "No, sir," the private stuttered. "Hmph," said the officer indignantly, "they don't at Camp Grant, either, and I think it's a gosh awful shame!"

A young woman from Baltimore, having seen most of the sights of New York, and having heard much of the famous amateur nights at a certain burlesque house, persuaded a friend to escort her to one of these entertainments. The informal, bohemian atmosphere and the fog of blue smoke that rose from cigars and cigarettes on all sides inspired her to light a cigarette. During the intermission the manager sought her out and indignantly reproached her for breaking the rule of the house. "You'll have to cut that out," he exploded, "we don't have it here!" "But how ahsurd," said the lady from Baltimore, "I smoked at the opera last night." The burlesque manager's face was hurt and his tone was grieved. "Lady," he expostulated, "this is a respectable house."

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Act as you will to nurse and maid;
To stand bad treatment they're well paid.
But if you're wise, by hook or crook
Keep in the graces of the cook.
Then, when your parents do you hurt
By saying, "No! No more dessert!"
You can slip quietly downstairs,
Where "Darling Cook" will draw up chairs,
And you will find yourself in clover,
Eating the best of what's left over.
Always be kind and generous to
Those who may be of use to you.

—*G. K. D. in Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Miriam Gerstle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, to Mr. Godfrey Pope has been announced. Mr. Pope is the son of Captain Alfred Pope of Dorchester, England. The marriage will take place in April in London.

The engagement of Miss Frances Johnson, daughter of Mrs. James Ward and granddaughter of the late Charles E. Gibbs, to Mr. Russell Vought has been announced. Mr. Vought is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vought of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Long of Santa Barbara have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Olivia Poole Long, to Mr. George Peabody Converse of New York. The marriage will take place on February 1st.

News from England brings the announcement of the engagement of Miss Audrey Hirst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hirst, Westwood Mount, Hedingley, England, to Mr. G. R. F. Nuttall, son of Professor G. H. F. Nuttall, C. M. G., of Cambridge, and formerly of California. Mr. Nuttall is a nephew of Mrs. John R. K. Nuttall of San Francisco.

The marriage of Mrs. Claudine Cotton Warren, daughter of the late Mr. Aylett Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, to Mr. Albert E. Gillespie took place last Tuesday evening at the Swedenborgian Church in this city.

The marriage of Miss Frances Lent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, to Mr. Hugh Porter, son of Mrs. W. S. Porter, took place on Wednesday, January 10th, at the home of the bride's parents on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Russell Wilson was hostess at a dinner given at her residence last week.

Mrs. Homer King gave a large tea recently at her residence on Broadway in compliment to Mrs. John P. Jones of New York, who has been spending the winter in Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond was also a hostess in honor of Mrs. John B. Jones. Mrs. Hammond gave a dinner to which a number of Mrs. Jones' old friends were invited.

A luncheon was given last week by Senator James D. Phelan at his country home near Saratoga in honor of Professor William Wallace Campbell, president-elect of the University of California, and Mrs. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Lee Campbell announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Roberta Campbell, to Mr. Frederick Arthur Webster, Jr., on Saturday, January 20th. The ceremony is to be performed at the home of the bride's parents at 2815 Claremont Boulevard, Berkeley, with the Rev. Augustus Martyr, rector of St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Berkeley, officiating. Miss Eleanor Campbell, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor, with Mrs. Mervin Wade, Jr., as matron of honor, and the Misses Rosalind Blair and Vivienne Thomson as bridesmaids. The best man will be Mr. Frank Cook.

Mrs. Francis Davis, who has recently returned from her country place near Santa Cruz, will give a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on January 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann gave a theatre party last week in honor of Miss Frances Ames. Her guests first attended the performance of "Emperor Jones" and later went to the St. Francis for supper and dancing.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt were hosts at a dinner for the young guests, who afterwards went to the theatre party and supper given by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann.

Miss Marion Zeile was hostess last week at a farewell luncheon given for Mrs. Frederick McNear, who with Mr. McNear has gone to New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. George Pope, who is established for the winter at her home on Pacific Avenue, recently entertained a few friends at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Lillian Hopkins, whose fiancé, Mr. Edward B. Pond, is a nephew of Mr. Samuel Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott were hosts at a dinner last Friday night in honor of Mrs. Parrott's sister, Miss Lillian Hopkins, and her fiancé, Mr. Edward B. Pond.

Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant gave a luncheon last week at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Lillian Hopkins.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster recently entertained a dozen of her friends at a luncheon at her home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering were hosts at a farewell dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, who with their daughter, Miss Miriam Gerstle, have left for New York and Europe.

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, and Mrs. Hoover held a large reception in Washington on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Oliver C. Stine gave a farewell tea recently at her home on Russian Hill in honor of Miss Louise Mahoney, who sailed on January 11th on the *Newport* for the Canal Zone en route to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy entertained a few friends at dinner, followed by a Mah Jongg party, on January 6th.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was hostess at a recent luncheon given in honor of the Honorable Mrs. Charles R. Burns and Miss I. T. Lewis of England at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Katherine Stoney will be hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday, January 24th, in honor of Miss Margaret Buckbee.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton, who had issued cards for a dinner-dance to be given in honor of Miss Adrienne Sharp, have postponed the entertainment until February 3d on account of the recent illness of Miss Sharp. The dinner-dance will take place at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey entertained a number of their friends at a fancy dress dinner at their home in Burlingame last week in celebration of Mr. Hussey's return from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery and Miss Helen Garritt were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a large dinner-dance last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

The amateur performance given for the benefit of the San Mateo Preventorium took place at the Burlingame Country Club last Friday evening. Miss Helen Crocker had charge of the programme and many clever numbers were given. Several dinners preceded the evening's entertainment, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Parmer Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken gave a tea at the club rooms of the National League for Women's Service in honor of the Rev. Webster Wardell Jennings and Mrs. Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon, who have recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was a recent hostess at a luncheon and bridge party given at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Francesca Deering is giving a luncheon on Friday of this week at her home on Larkin Street.

Mrs. Charles G. Norris gave a luncheon last Friday at the Hotel St. Francis, complimentary to Miss Jeannette Norris, a niece of Mr. Charles Norris and a daughter of the late Frank Norris.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt have issued invitations to a dinner-dance to be given next Wednesday for the debutantes at their home on Broadway.

The last of the series of subscription dances of the Burlingame Country Club will take place on Friday, January 19th. A number of dinners will precede the affair.

A dinner was given last week by the members of the English-Speaking Union on the second anniversary of the formation of the union. Miss Julie Heyneman, who has recently returned from London, was the principal guest and responded to a toast. Dean Charles Mills Gayley presided at the dinner. Among the guests were Dr. David P. Barrows, the Countess of Annesley, the Honorable Mrs. Charles R. Burns and Miss I. T. Lewis of England, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent gave a children's party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, in Woodside. The party was given in celebration of little Miss Elizabeth Vincent's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins gave a dinner and theatre party last Monday evening for their niece, Miss Lillian Hopkins, and her fiancé, Mr. Edward Bates Pond.

Mrs. George Howard was hostess at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday in honor of Miss Lillian Hopkins and her fiancé, Mr. Edward Bates Pond.

Miss Beulah Gibbons, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morton H. Gibbons, gave a farewell luncheon last week at the Women's Athletic Club to Miss Kate Boardman, who is leaving for Europe on February 1st.

On Friday evening of this week Miss Kate Boardman and Miss Frances Mace will be guests of honor at a dinner which Miss Margaret Fuller is giving at the Women's Athletic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney were recent hosts at a dinner which was given at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury were honor guests at a dinner and theatre party given by Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne.

The golden wedding of Judge and Mrs. Robert Canfield of Santa Barbara will be celebrated the latter part of this month.

Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

The stage settings and costumes for the coming production of "The Yellow Jacket," to be given by the San Francisco Stage Guild at the Plaza Theatre, are being designed by Miss Christine Donohoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe.

A Mah Jongg tournament was held this week in the Oriental Shop at the City of Paris for the

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Feb. 10—"The Assembly" Carnival Ball.
Feb. 12—Krew of Proteus. Street Parade, Tableaux and Ball.
Feb. 13—Mardi Gras—Public masking on streets all day. Rex Street Parade. Tableaux and Ball presided over by the King and Queen of Carnival.
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henefit of the orphan children of France. Many tahles were taken for the contest. Mr. Paul Verdier had general charge of the affair, and among the patronesses were Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Rennie Schwerin, and Mrs. George Cameron.

There will he a Mardi Gras hall at the Burlingame Country Cluh on Fehruary 13th. Those who are sponsoring the entertainment are Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. William Duncan and Mrs. George Cameron.

Mrs. Charles Gould Morton will he guest of honor at a luncheon to he given hy Mrs. I. Lowenherg in the Rose Room of the Palace Hotel, Thursday, Fehruary 8th.

Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck of Portland who has heen visiting her mother, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given hy Mrs. Paul Fagan at the Women's Athletic .

Mrs. John L. Howard gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Cluh on Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Dihblée is giving a dinner-dance on January 26th at the Palace Hotel, when her daughter, Miss Betsy Dibhlée, and her niece, Miss Isahel Sherman, will divide the honors.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker was hostess at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Cluh in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones, who has heen visiting her sister, Mrs. George J. Bucknall, in San Francisco.

Miss Marion Mace will entertain on Saturday afternoon at a tea given at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Mace, complimentary to her sister, Miss Frances Mace, and to Miss Kate Boardman, who is leaving for New York and Europe on Fehruary 1st.

Colonel Kenzie Hampton and Mrs. Hampton entertained a party of their friends last week at dinner at their home in the Presidio. The guests were later taken to the Cliff House for dancing.

Miss Aileen McIntosh was hostess at a dinner given at her home on Buchanan Street last Friday, preceding the carharet entertainment at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. Russell Wilson was host at a dinner given for the débutantes at the Burlingame Country Cluh last Friday evening. Among the guests were Miss Jean Howard, Miss Edna Taylor, and Miss Elena Folger, who spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Sarah Redington of Santa Barhara, who has recently returned from Europe, is giving a series of talks on art at the Women's Athletic Cluh. The first of the series took place on Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who are occupying the John D. Spreckels home on Pacific Avenue for tbe winter, entertained at dinner on Thursday of last week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. John P. Jones of New York, wife of the late Senator John P. Jones of Nevada, who has heen spending the winter in Los Angeles, has been visiting in San Francisco as the guest of her sister, Mrs. George A. Bucknall. She is accompanied hy her son, Mr. Roy Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl V. Anthony with their children have left Pasadena for New York and will shortly sail for France.

Mrs. J. Frank Judge, who has heen on a visit to California, has returned to her home in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Rutherford are in New York and are staying at the Amhassador Hotel. They will return shortly to California.

Mrs. Louis MacDermot has recently returned from ahroad.

Mr. Van Wyck, who was married last week to Miss Mary Boardman, went north on a hunting trip shortly hefore the wedding with Mr. Ansel Hall and Mr. Lacare Marks.

Mrs. William Gerstle and her daughter, Miss Miriam Gerstle, left for New York last week en route to London, where Miss Gerstle will open a studio and where her marriage to Mr. Godfrey Pope will take place in April.

Mr. William Gerstle will join Mrs. Gerstle and Miss Gerstle shortly in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and their daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, will go ahroad in the spring and will join Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle and Miss Miriam Gerstle in London.

Miss Louise Mahoney sailed on January 11th for New York via the Panama Canal. She will visit Havana on the trip.

The Honorahle Mrs. Charles R. Burns and Miss I. T. Lewis of England sailed for Honolulu on the *Maui* on January 10th.

Mr. Frederick Hussey, who has heen in the East, has returned to his home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister will go to the City of Mexico next week to visit their son, Mr. Otis McAllister, who is a professor in the university there.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster with their daughter, Miss Helen Foster, have gone to Southern California on a motoring trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, sailed on the *President Wilson* for the Orient on January 11th. They will he away for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall have returned to their home in Burlingame, after passing the holidays with their son, Mr. George A. Newhall, Jr., in New York.

Mrs. Ellsworth H. Van Patten, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Van Patten, who is attached to the U. S. S. *Arizona*, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, at their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. Arthur Vincent has arrived from his home, Muckross Ahhey in Ireland and has rejoined Mrs. Vincent at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Page Maillard, who were married on January 2d in New York, have arrived in San Francisco, and are visiting Mr. Maillard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard, at their home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery and Miss Helen Garritt were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch in Burlingame over the week-end.

Miss Helen Marye, Miss Edna Christenson, and Miss Evelyn Poett, who have heen spending the holidays in Burlingame, have returned to their respective schools in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Burns of Portland, Oregon, are making a short visit in San Francisco, and are staying at the Fairmont Hotel. They will go to Southern California in Fehruary.

Mrs. Warren Smith, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, at their home on Broadway, will shortly rejoin her husband in South America, and will sail for Venezuela the last of this month.

Miss Sara Redington, who has recently returned from Europe, has heen visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Redington of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington of Hillshorough.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Loose are leaving for Southern California the end of the week and expect to return later in the season for a stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. Herman Duryea and Miss Marian Hollins of New York, after visiting Mr. Richard Tohin in San Mateo, made a hrief visit to Del Monte and to Pehhle Beach, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp and of Mrs. Charles W. Clark. Mrs. Duryea and Miss Hollins are now motoring in Southern California, and are spending much of their time at the Hope ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear left on January 11th for New York en route to Europe, where they will make an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Nichol of Vancouver have left for the East, and from there will sail for the Mediterranean. Mrs. Nichol was Miss Sally McKee Lang hefore her recent marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Dean Walker of Minneapolis are visiting in California, and after a short stay in Lassen County, have heen spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker in San Francisco hefore going on to Southern California.

Miss Frances Mace, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Sayre Mace, is returning this week from Europe, where she has heen traveling for the past three months.

Mrs. James Otis, accompanied hy her daugbter, Mrs. Warren Smith, will go to Santa Barhara the latter part of this month to he present at the golden wedding of Mrs. Otis' parents, Judge and Mrs. Robert Canfield.

Lecture by Dr. Campbell.

Dr. Campbell, director of Lick Observatory and president-elect of the State University, will give a lecture on Friday evening next at the Native Sons' Hall, under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. Dr. Campbell's subject will be "The Total Eclipse of the Sun on September 21, 1922." There will be no charge for admission and the public is cordially invited.

At Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank Hall Mboon and Mrs. Frederick Magee of Piedmont are among visitors now at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carpenter of Medford, Oregon, who have made their home at the Hotel del Monte for the past four years, have departed for Honolulu to make a visit of several months.

Mr. Austin Healy bas gone to his bome in New York, after making a stay at Del Monte with Mrs. Healy for several weeks. Mrs. Healy will remain at Del Monte until Mr. Healy returns in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Young and their son, Edward Young, of Oakland, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hamber and Mr. Hamber's mother, Mrs. Hendry, of Vancouver, B. C., are at Del Monte on one of their regular visits. Mr. Hamber is an enthusiastic horseman and divides his time on the beautiful beach and forest trails and golf course.

The Polo Season.

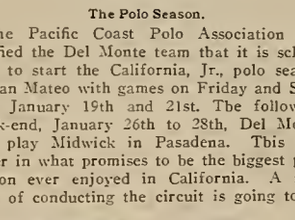
The Pacific Coast Polo Association has notified the Del Monte team that it is scheduled to start the California, Jr., polo season at San Mateo with games on Friday and Sunday, January 19th and 21st. The following week-end, January 26th to 28th, Del Monte will play Midwick in Pasadena. This will usher in what promises to be the biggest polo season ever enjoyed in California. A new plan of conducting the circuit is going to be tried out. This calls for each club on the circuit to play week-end matches on the fields of the other clubs, culminating one big tournament, which will be for the championship of the Pacific Coast.

The first Pacific Coast polo championship has been awarded to Del Monte and the dates of March 23d to April 15th have been set. There will be three weeks of steady play and President S. F. B. Morse and Secretary-Treasurer Eric Pedley of the Del Monte Polo Club are drawing up a programme of events. This tournament will attract the entry of at least ten teams. There will be continuous play throughout the three weeks.

Del Monte has lined up a strong aggregation. The hig four will be made up of Harry Hunt, Dick Schwerin, Hugh Drury and Eric Pedley. On the Junior team Willie Crocker will replace Hugh Drury.

Other points on the circuit are Santa Barbara, Riverside, and Coronado. Visiting teams are expected from British Columbia, Denver, Ft. Bliss, Texas, and Honolulu.





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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They say misery loves company." "Not when it's the company that makes the misery."—*Boston Transcript.*

Big Boy—Can't I say what I like to my own sister? *Small Boy*—Not while she happens to be me loidy friend!—*Judge.*

Gwendolyn—You know, darling, seeing is believing. *Darling*—Well, how men must believe the women of today!—*Toronto Globe.*

"What is the most annoying feature of public life?" "Not getting enough publicity," replied Senator Sorghum.—*Washington Star.*

Stude—Is your professor satisfied with you? *Frosh*—Must he. He says, "If all my pupils were like you, I'd resign tomorrow."—*Kansas Owl.*

"Little Max has swallowed a silver mark. I have sent Anna to the doctor with him." "Is the person honest?"—*Munich Simplicissimus.*

Mrs. Bordon—I was a fool when I married you. *Bordon*—And yet some people say happiness comes from marrying our opposites.—*Judge.*

The Caller—Your master promised faithfully to settle my hill today. *The Valet*—Not if I know it—it's *my* turn first.—*London Opinion.*

"Would you like Hall Caine's latest, sir?" "I am Hall Caine." "Well, here's 'The Way of an Eagle.' You aren't Ethel M. Dell, are you?"—*London Opinion.*

Hospital Attendant—No, you can't see Willie Smith. He is going to he operated on this afternoon. *Boy*—But I've got to see him. He owes me 2 cents.—*Life.*

Louise—I think one is as good as another. *Julia*—You think all dressmakers are equal? *Louise*—Heavens, no! I thought you were talking about religions.—*Life.*

"Cheer up, old man," said the optimist. "Things aren't as had as they seem." "No, but they seem so," groaned the pessimist.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Isn't the Near East problem perfectly thrilling!" "Well, I suppose so, hut of course out in Columhus we're more interested in the Middle West.—*Life.*

"Now put up a bold front on the golf links." "I—er——" "There's a lot of people out who don't anything about the game."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"Ah, your son has fine manners! He has opened the gate for us." "That's nothing, miss. He does that for the cow every morning."—*Vienna Die Muskete.*

Pursued Rumrunner (who has had to sink his cargo)—But how'll we ever find it again, Pat? *Pat*—Make yer mind aisy about that, Cap. I opened the hung.—*Life.*

Aunt—Did I hear you greet your friend with "Hullo, old Rip"? I don't think it's very nice. *Niece*—No, no; not "Rip"—"Rep." Such a mouthful to say "reptile" every time.—*Punch.*

"Why do improper plays prosper?" "Because," said Miss Cayenne, "so many proper people appareutly think it necessary to study impropriety in order to avoid it."—*Washington Star.*

She—I'll never forget my feelings when you asked me to marry you. *He*—Why, was it such a hard thing to answer. *She*—No, hut you were such a soft thing to answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Visitor—And bow's Dad? *Small Boy*—Pretty well, thank you, considering. *Visitor*—Considering what? *Small Boy*—Well, he's getting a bit old, you know. He'll he thirty tomorrow.—*Punch.*

"There's a poor man outside who wants something to eat." "Give him some hread and potatoes." "But he seems to have seen hetter days." "All right; give him a napkin, too."—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

"Johnny, don't you know it's Sunday? You mustn't play marhles out there on the sidewalk. Go into the hack yard if you want to play." "All right, mother, hut what day of the week is it in the hack yard?"—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Why, after all," said the Argumentative Person, "isn't romance continued right through married life?" "For the same reason," said the Practical Wife, "that crocheting cravats is more fascinating than soldering socks."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Public Futilities.

In this same village—you know, nearly everything happens in your own village that happens anywhere else, if you only wait and watch for it—I have had a front seat lately at a little exhihition of how the tax-eaters feed at the puhlic crih, says a writer in the *Valve World*. It appears that hack in 1921 the Bureau of Statistics asked the Bureau of Health for a death certificate of a departed citizen. The rule of the hureau is that each such certificate calls for a fee of one dollar, hut in this case the collection of the fee was overlooked until July of this year, or nearly a year after the certificate was given. The Bureau of Health sent a bill for one dollar to the Bureau of Statistics. The B. of S. wrote an official letter to the B. of H. refusing to pay the dollar. Then the real feed hegan. To date the cost of trying to collect that dollar—which would mean merely the transference of that amount from one tray of the puhlic cash register to another—has cost in postage and clerical hire three dollars and thirty-nine cents, and the hanquet is not yet half through. The B. of S. stands on the ground that the claim is not a proper one, and the B. of H. insists that it is and that it is going to he pressed to collection if it "takes all summer" and most of the winter. The tax-feeders immediately concerned have worked themselves into a perfect frenzy over the matter and on hoth sides of the trough they have donned their fighting clothes. And I sit on the side lines watching the fray, listening to the gurgle of the tax funds as they slip down the gullets of the tax-eaters and losing all my old-time native wonder as to where all our taxes go and why it should cost us something like four dollars to collect one dollar in taxes. Heretofore I have felt just a trifle squeamish when slaying an advocate of "puhlic ownership and operation," hut from now on there will he a sort of holy joy in the execution and I shall count my victims with glee.

Mother Scored Wilhelm.

A very sharp mother's criticism of the ex-Kaiser is puhlished in the letters of the ex-Kaiserin Victoria to her friend, Henriette Schrader, with whom the Kaiserin corresponded intimately for twenty years, says the Boston *Transcript*.

The mother's observant eye saw at the heginning of her son's reign the faults which led to Germany's catastrophe—his reckless impulsiveness coupled with an unwillingness to accept anything except sycophantic advice or to tolerate in his entourage any hut sycophants who would tell him what he wanted to hear. She wrote in one of her numerous letters:

"My son comprehends neither England nor the hetter soul of his own people. His own soul is confused and corrupted hy the Bismarckian régime, his travels instead of opening his eyes and filling the gaps with knowledge only incense him further. This will submit the monarchy to a bard test. I tremhle at the thought of a had end as he permits nohody near him of a calihre to support or restrain him. 'I tolerate no one heside me' is an evil phrase in the mouth of a very unripe, inexperienced, and obstinate young man."

In a final prophetic vision she writes that the monarchy will only weather the modern storm hy the exercise of the deepest wisdom and caution, and that the "views and emotions of an autocratic Prussian lieutenant and German fraternity student will not do."

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Right Days to Observe.

Governor Richardson announces that during his administration there will be no setting apart of "promotion days"—no raisin days, potato days, egg days, etc. He finds no legal warrant for the practice, and inferentially he sees no propriety in it. Good—mighty good! The business of government is serious enough without complicating it with intrusive holidays, worked up to advertise something or other. In the effort to please—or cajole—one interest or another our practice has gone too far at the point of lending the name and the advertising potentialities of the state. It has grown into an abuse. Worse than that it has become ridiculous, and not undeservedly has made California a butt for the professional jokesmiths. It was time to call a halt, and Governor Richardson is to be commended for the good sense and resolution to put an end to it. If he had not, we might soon have had as many gaps in our working processes as Mexico. The calendar is not long enough for all the industries that might suppose themselves to be benefited by a "day," and if they all began to demand one we should have to double up, and triplicate, and quadruplicate, and have several "days" fall on the same date. If Raisin Day, why not Persimmon Day? If Prune Day, why not Sugar Beet Day? Why not Hat Day, and Shirt Day, and Tire Day, and Coat and Vest Day, and Mah Jongg Day, and Golf Clubs Day, and Gas Stove Day, and Electric Cooking Day? All these, and more, would be logical, and when the thing became universal, and we knocked off work and shut up shop for every commodity sacred to business, and had a few Safety First weeks and the like on top of it, all would minister to the well-known American process of promoting prosperity by pulling up hard on our own bootstraps. But Governor Richardson does not seem to believe in it. He seems to have inherited with his religion some of that hard common sense that often has made Quakers dangerous in a horse trade, and appears inclined to promote a long series of working days, and business days, and economy days. Such days may not seem joyous, may have no festive features, may be sadly lacking in amusement—but they do a great deal for solvency, both of the individual and the state. They will produce. They will not bring the ready smile, but the smile they do bring will last longer. Even if such "days" as we have had thrust upon us are not all holidays, they are all more or less disturbing to normal industry, and their observance licenses all sorts of impertinences. There is such a thing as dignity of life for a great state such as California, and it should be observed whether raisins and potatoes and turnips are or not. The governor is right again.

Tinkering the Constitution.

There are pending before Congress seventy-one measures proposing to amend the Constitution, and of these twenty-three are under process of examination by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Strong lobbies are behind each of these projects. Conservative-minded folk are deeply concerned, even alarmed, at the magnitude of the onslaught upon the Constitution; and there is on foot at Washington a quiet but none the less earnest counter movement designed to protect our fundamental law from careless and precipitate change.

Upon the theory which prescribes the hair of the dog as a cure for his bite, Senator Wadsworth has proposed a constitutional amendment calculated to make amendment of the Constitution more difficult. The present method of amending the Constitution is found in Article V, as follows:

> The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

The Wadsworth amendment proposes to carry along this language down to the words "as part of this Constitution, when ratified by." Here drop the words "legislatures of," then change the subsequent language as follows: "Three-fourths of the several states through their legislatures, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress or the convention."

Then it would insert this proviso:

> That the members of at least one house in each of the legislatures which may ratify shall be elected after such amendments have been proposed; that any state may require that ratification by its legislature be subject to confirmation by popular vote; and that, until three-fourths of the states have ratified or more than one-fourth of the states have rejected or defeated a proposed amendment, any state may change its vote: and provided further that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

Frankly, this is a proposal to make more difficult the process of amending the Constitution. The plan is to use the state convention process of ratification; or that failing, to require that no legislature elected in advance of the submission of an amendment shall have the right to pass on such amendment. The purpose is to prevent legislatures from doing what was done with regard to the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments. Both were voted upon by legislatures elected on issues that had nothing to do with the questions involved. It is argued that under the Wadsworth plan there would be opportunity for the people of a state to express themselves for or against any proposed amendment. In brief, the chief argument in favor of the proposed change is that it would bring the process of amending the Constitution closer to the people by calling for a popular vote in every state upon any proposed change. It is further argued that this plan does not make more difficult the amendment of the Constitution in cases where there is a real demand on the part of the people. But it does make change more difficult at the behest of organized minorities and their propagandists.

Theoretically the proposal to give the people opportunity to vote upon proposals to amend the Constitution is sound. Yet it is to be borne in mind that in these matters theory is never sustained by practice, since only a small proportion of the people will take the trouble to vote. Whoever, reading this, will take the pains to refer to last week's *Argonaut*, dealing with late elections in Minnesota and Iowa, will find matter in point. In the presidential election only 65.3 per cent. of the voters of Iowa went to the polls. In Minnesota only 59.4 per cent. of potential voters took the trouble to vote.

It is a familiar principle that by making it difficult to amend a written Constitution the spirit of revolution is encouraged. When there are obstacles to changes widely desired there is likely to be resort to the tearing-down process—in other words to revolution. The unwritten British Constitution has been modified in a hundred ways in the past century and a quarter, while our written Constitution has been amended only in nineteen instances. France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Russia, China and Japan have radically reconstructed their constitutions within the period in which ours has been subjected to the few changes noted.

Amending the Constitution is a very recent fad. From 1804 to 1865 not a single change was made. Then, in consequence of the civil war, we adopted the Thirteenth and Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. There were no further changes until 1913. Within the last ten years we have adopted four amendments, and now there is before Congress the flood of proposals above noted—seventy-one in number. Our recent excess in this regard seems in the way of correcting a movement whose logical end would be general constitutional reconstruction. But no observer can doubt that the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments have created a wave of popular resentment against legislation by constitutional amendment. The situation is one likely to take care of itself.

The Crisis in Europe.

What is to be the outcome of the Ruhr invasion? There are many theories, but the answer remains on the knees of the gods. The *Argonaut* ventures the guess that a way will be found out of the pending crisis, based upon the facts (1) that nobody wants a war, and (2) that for any European country to engage in war would be to deepen the distress of its people and unhorse its existing government. To be sure, France has an army of 800,000, but any attempt to support this force in fighting form for a considerable period would bankrupt the country beyond hope of recovery. Germany could no doubt, so far as her man power is concerned, organize an army, but she could neither equip it adequately nor maintain it effectively. Russia has an army that is effective against her own people, but she lacks an industrial organization that could sustain her forces in a foreign field. All this being so, there is little likelihood that the Ruhr in-

will be provocative of a general war—or even of serious war between France and Germany.

We bear in mind that these are not normal times and that standards of judgment applicable to normal times are not dependable. But the next normal step should be a movement on the part of Italy and England or other non-participating countries for an "armistice" in the Ruhr situation with reference of the matters at issue to competent authority, to the end of rewriting the reparations clauses of the Versailles treaty. The treaty as made and agreed to was in violation of rational and humane purpose. Its design was, not to help Germany on her feet, but to hold her down for an indefinite period. It was for this purpose that the award on reparations account was made indefinite and that the period in which payment was to be made was likewise undetermined. It is remembered that the recommendation of American experts placed the amount that Germany could pay at approximately twelve billion dollars, but despite this judgment demands were made aggregating many times this sum. M. Clemenceau, representing the demands and fears of France, insisted upon these impossible terms. Mr. Lloyd George, bearing in mind his then recent electioneering promises, supported the proposal. President Wilson fell into line for reasons that are well known. Germany accepted the arrangement under duress and with her fingers crossed—and they have been crossed ever since.

Of course Germany does not want to pay anything. She will get out of the contract—or any contract—if she can. The spirit with which she accepted the arrangements made at Versailles will persist in relation to any new arrangement; but under the pressure of French occupation of her main industrial region, and under the further pressure of the judgment of the world, whenever a fair adjudication shall be offered her she will undoubtedly pay. She will have to, to get the French out of the Ruhr Valley.

There is but one source from which money to meet early reparations payments can come. Only the United States has today the means to supply what is needed to "start things" in Europe. This is the testimony of all who have studied the situation closely, our own experts included. Assuming our willingness to help, it becomes a serious question as to how to do it. Assuredly we shall not increase our loans to any of the bankrupt countries unless there shall be some definite assurance of repayment. It has been suggested that the United States lend to Germany funds with which to meet the immediate and pressing demands of France and Belgium—means essential to their rehabilitation and economic recovery. Germany has one way, and so far as we can see only one way, to give security for funds thus advanced, and that would be to place her fiscal system under the authoritative direction of experts other than German, much after the plan that has been applied at various times on a smaller scale to the debtor countries of Central America. German resource is sufficient for security provided the administration shall be placed in competent and non-German hands. Not yet are the lessons of the war and the succeeding period so far forgotten that anybody will trust Germany upon her mere pledge or upon any other condition than the placement of her entire fiscal system in neutral hands.

An ugly phase of the immediate situation, developed from the Ruhr seizure, is a movement that proposes to detach from Germany certain of her Rhine provinces and to organize them into a "buffer state." This project finds noisy support from a considerable section of the French press and it finds popular approval from a people temperamentally disposed to hasty judgments. The project for a "buffer state" between France and Germany was discussed at the Paris peace table. Only Clemenceau urged it; Wilson and Lloyd George opposed. It was not in the peace bargain. Furthermore it would be a ruthless act comparable to Germany's grab of Alsace-Lorraine half a century ago. It would make a condition of continuing irritation and it would be a standing challenge to German resentment. While Germany may not immediately be in position to reclaim provinces taken from her, the time will surely come when, with her strength restored, she will overmatch France; and there can be no doubt that the first of her enterprises would be to recover her Rhine provinces. And is anybody so innocent to suppose that she would halt at that? Verily, she would not. In common prudence the policy of France ought to be conciliatory to Germany—to the future restored Germany. She is not and probably never will be in position to invite another fight with her northern neighbor. The first point in French policy should be to avoid whatever may give Germany a pretext for assault. This has been said often, but there can be no harm in saying it again, for it is of the highest importance as related to the integrity of France. Furthermore if France, in the mood of exhilaration and folly, should attempt to detach the Rhine provinces and to build them into a buffer state she will have to meet objection, not merely on the part of Germany, but of the neutral world. By insistence upon this point she will surely lose so much of universal sympathy as now sustains her course in the matter of the Ruhr Valley. And of all nations, France, more than any other, needs the support of the world's approval and friendship.

Soft Money.

A woman in San Francisco wished to send a woman in Germany $35: the price of a sewing machine with which the German woman could support herself. A bank transmitted the money, delivering about a quarter of a million marks. This was a few weeks ago, and marks are falling yet. Like everything else, the more there are the less they are worth. The present government of Germany is giving a demonstration of the nature of soft money, and is giving it at Germany's expense, strange to say. It is about all we shall get from that nation, and so we should be thankful for it.

When hard times come there is always a wiseacre opinion that they are due to scarcity of money, and agitators blame the government for failing to remonetize silver, or start the printing presses on the manufacture of fiat currency. At such times the government is commonly said to be in league with Wall Street to rob the farmer; and the Supreme Court is supposed to be in league with both. Persons like Mr. Bryan believe it, and say it. Persons like Mr. Edison and Henry Ford get up schemes of soft money based on warehouse receipts or the value of the farmer's tools or his well-known productiveness, or something of that sort. The idea seems to be that if money were easy to get everything would be all right, and the way to make it easy to get is to make a lot of it.

If poverty could be cured by soft money, Germany would be one of the financial giants. She has more soft money than any other nation, with the possible exception of Russia, where they now have to leave off the last three or six ciphers in designating how many rubles a note represents; or Austria, where they ask not to have the paper spoiled by printing on it. And yet it does not seem to have made even such money easy to get. The poor German woman, by her unaided exertions, could get neither the $35 American nor the quarter of a million marks German. Fiat money robs all classes, but the robbery bears most grievously on the poor, who are the first to listen to the professional poverty curers that propose it. And money that is part fiat is but little better than the sort that is all fiat.

A recent dispatch would indicate that the Germans are near the point where they will have to give up using their useless money and revert to barter. In Berlin a seat at the movies can be purchased for two briquettes, and a peck of potatoes for three sticks of stove wood. The briquettes, the stove wood, the potatoes, even the seat at the movies, have value; the "money" has none. It is still quoted, but mainly in the quotation marks of the printer. So it does not help, because its value is gone. The only valuable money is the sort that is hard to get. That sort means something when you get it.

In printing limitless marks the German government has merely been robbing the people that accepted them. Barter will protect them against such robbery, but it is cumbrous and wasteful of time and space. And if, in spite of that, the people generally adopt it, how will the government subsist? It has nothing to barter. In an industrial sense, government creates nothing. It is a pauper. If the German government began to make seizures in kind, the people would realize what was going on.

The United States and Her European Debtors.

It is now evident that we are not going to come to a settlement with our European debtors under the terms imposed by the existing act of Congress. The hands of our commissioners have been tied as to rates of interest and as to the period to which the obligations may be extended. There must be more liberal allowance to those who represent us in dealing with those who represent our debtors; and this is made evident by the failure of last week's negotiations. The British representatives have gone home, not in discouragement as to ultimate adjustments, but because Messrs. Hughes, Hoover, and others of the American commission had only a limited and insufficient authority.

There are few now to urge that the European debts should be canceled. That proposal never had any backing other than that given it by certain American bankers whose motives were obviously those of individual interest. Having made advances to Europe in various forms, they were anxious to create a condition that would give increased value to their European securities. But neither the Washington administration nor the sentiment of the country has ever at any time been disposed to sponge the slate.

From the beginning the judgment of Americans best qualified for judgment has been that while requiring payment of European debts there should be lenity as to terms and conditions. Nobody has stated the case so well as Mr. Root in informal discussions of the matter. His argument has been to this effect: In many ways the United States and the countries to which we stand in the relation of creditor are competitors. Friendship and coöperation in many ways are not inconsistent with this status. Nations in competition may be the best of friends. But cancellation of debts is quite another thing. It is unthinkable that any nation should grant forgiveness of debts to a competitor in view of the fact that means which might normally go to the payment of debts may be employed in competitive enterprises.

What Congress ought to do is to give the Administration authority to make easy arrangements both as to rates of interest and dates of payment. Thus authorized, the Administration, acting through commissioners, would be able to make adjustments helpful to the debtor countries and tending in the end to payment of all obligations. While the immediate negotiation has come to naught, the matter must again be submitted to discussion and adjustment, and those who shall represent the United States ought to be free to act upon broad lines of international interest as they may be developed in conference.

Certain critics of the Administration are professing to find incongruity in the fact that in writing recently to Senator Lodge on the subject of foreign relations President Harding hinted that Congress should amend the law creating the War Debt Commission and should provide for American representation on the Reparations Commission; and that later, when Congress was getting ready to act, he asked that nothing be done. Explanation, however, is simple. It is true that Mr. Harding told the Senate, which had been criticizing our lack of national representation on the Reparations Commission, that Congress was responsible because in ratifying the treaty of peace with Germany it had by reservation forbidden that very thing. It is true that in a later utterance Mr. Harding said that if Congress wanted to be helpful it should loosen up the restrictions binding the Allied Debt Commission. But between the time of writing to Senator Lodge and his later declaration many things happened. France decided to go it alone, literally pushing the Reparations Commission out of the way. Under the situation as thus changed representation on the Reparations Commission would be futile.

An International Gesture.

In promoting William Roscoe Thayer from the rank of mere chevalier in the Royal Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus to the supreme heights of commander the Italian government has shown a delicate appreciation of republican needs. Who so in need of a drink as a thirsty man? Who so in need of embellishment as the plain citizen of a republic, albeit already partly decorated? It is not in the generous Mediterranean nature to do things half way. True, other Americans have been similarly honored by other governments, but Mr. Thayer is the first American to become a commander in the Order of SS. Maurizio and Lazzaro, most of his fellow-countrymen who succeed in flagging the attention of the Italian government at all having to be content with a status subservient to Mr. Thayer's, namely that of knight—Yankee knights at the court of the Fascisti. By the way, what is Italy doing with royal orders now? One would expect greater consistency at the home of Western logic.

However, the majority of American writing men must still seek their reward in royalties rather than

from royalty, and though we admit the greater substantiality of our native system there is something to be said for the other side of the pun. The idea arises from that well of horrors which Freud and Coué have popularized as the subconsciousness that though all men are undoubtedly born equal no one but a moron tries to maintain that uninteresting dead level: to be marked from the crowd, to be unequal, is the legitimate ambition of every mother's son of us who lives under a democratic form of government, as the sport has then the added zest of greater competition. Decidedly the *beau geste* of the revolutionary Italian government shows a logic that conceals logic.

But we shouldn't let foreign governments do all the fine gesturing—we should give as well as receive. And as nowadays it is *de rigueur* for republics and other non-monarchical forms of government—it is a bit hard to define the present status of Italy—to dole out royal orders, we suggest the creation of the Tri-Colored Order of the Eagle solely for the purpose of swapping compliments with other powers. The order, of course, would not be open to Americans. The downward path of native politics is slippery enough. But as a means of rewarding distinguished Latins it would be invaluable.

The Community Chest.

Inasmuch as society is unable to cure poverty, it devolves on the prosperous to do a little something for the poor. This is called "sweet charity," and in truth there is something sweet about acts of unselfishness that relieve distress and pain and worry. The man that gets the least out of life is the really selfish man, for if he happens to be gifted with normal intelligence he can not even value himself. It is not necessary to be a sentimentalist or a sob sister to realize this; it is one of the fundamental verities, so fundamental that it forms the core of every religion that ever amounted to anything. San Francisco is a rich city; but it has its share of indigent persons, and whether they be the victims of accident or their own improvidence some of them must at times be helped. Just what form the help shall take, it is for experts to say, for self-defeating blunders are easy at this point. But it does no good for the experts to say it unless there are funds with which to do it. It is not so much a case where money talks as it is a case where money does; and money is the only thing that will.

The practice of making special "drives" for this, that, or the other organization, many of them unknown, with its inevitable concomitants of fraud and waste, is about to come to an end in San Francisco—has come to an end, let us hope. The professional charity promoter, selling his or her interminable tickets to entertainments where no one was ever entertained, has been pretty well starved out by the old Charities Endorsement Committee. The function of that committee will now be discharged by the Community Chest, with a scientific, business-like power of appropriation and control. To this the various charitable organizations that are worthy of support have assented, and those that are unworthy of support will get nothing, which is what they ought to get. There is to be one campaign a year for funds, and these funds will be administered by business men, who can be trusted to see that they are not squandered on superfluous help or dissipated in ineffective ways. Much overlapping of effort and expenditure will be saved. Men like Milton H. Esberg, who is directing the present drive, and A. B. C. Dohrmann, president of the Community Chest, have the confidence of the community, and can be relied upon to see that every dollar goes as far as a dollar can under the circumstances.

Hence the public may be assured that whatever it subscribes to the Community Chest will do more in the way of real relief than it would have done under the old system, or lack of system. Subscribers will only have to stand one drive instead of a score. It is an easy way to discharge the obligation of charity, which does not diminish its merit, but which has become highly necessary in a busy world. But no one need suppose that the efficiency and economy and convenience and security thus provided absolves from the obligation that lies upon us all to relieve distress, and to do all that we comfortably can to that end. Let the economy of administration go toward the filling of the chest. If everybody will do what he can there will be enough. And everybody in San Francisco should take pride in this movement.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

LEST WASHINGTON FORGET.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

With the "hymn of hate" raised against France and the French hy such an apologist for "lynch-law" in his own state as is Senator Caraway of Arkansas there will he, we venture, scant sympathy among Americans who are neither pacifists nor hyphenates, who are neither secretly pro-British nor notoriously anti-French. With the organized propaganda against France and the French, of which there are at the moment so many cis-Atlantic signs, there will he scant sympathy among Americans endowed with the honesty to ask themselves the question: What would "we the people" of the United States do if Germany had played fast and loose with us as Germany has played fast and loose with France?

Fronted with the same puhlic whining and private defiance emanating from Germany in the last two years, emharrassed by the same selfish policy pursued hy the British, who, having destroyed Germany as a commercial rival on the seas are now coddling Germany as a future customer, would not America under the leadership of a Washington, a Jackson, a Cleveland or a Roosevelt have entered the Ruhr long ago?

Granted for the sake of argument that economic considerations counseled a longer period of "watchful waiting" hy France, that on the score of financial expediency the occupation of the Ruhr might have heen longer delayed, what red-hlooded American can withhold from the French a feeling of admiration that France is not always governed solely hy economic considerations and that France does not always act, when threatened or defied hy an unrepentant and hostile neighhor, solely upon the score of financial expediency? This was not the spirit of French heroism which triumphed at Verdun. This was not the spirit of French endurance that enahled the British and the Americans to get to France hefore it was too late. Economic considerations would douhtless have decided Belgium to grant to Germany "a right of way" in August, 1914. Had King Alhert acted solely upon the score of financial expediency he would have surrendered when "The Hun was at the gate." And Belgium would not have lost even for the moment "all save honor."

It is with nations as with individuals. The French know that their friends the British are far less concerned ahout France getting adequate reparations from Germany than they are ahout the effect of these reparations upon Britain's increasing trade with Germany. The French know that the American farmer is thinking far more ahout a market for his crops than he is thinking about the future financial stahility or national security of France. In short, the French know that upon them devolves the responsihility of acting for France, and they are so acting that "the world may know that they act for themselves," and not as partisans of Britain or America, much less as a fictitious godmother for an imaginary humanity.

To the French France is humanity; to the French a treaty is not "a scrap of paper"; to the French there are things worse than death, and one of these is the tyrannical threat of an aggressive and utterly unscrupulous neighhor. Presently, when Germany has heen impressed with the seriousness of French resolve, the French may come to the conclusion that such assistance as America can consistently render hy way of memhership on a fact-finding hoard of fiscal experts, hy way of leniency as a creditor, hy way of leadership that is at once honest, impartial, and fearless, is not to he despised. Meantime the Administration should lose no time in reassuring France that such assistance will he forthcoming whenever it will he acceptahle. But the French can not be reassured hy a pin-pricking policy from Washington. Nor will the French he misled hy enthusiasm over the return of our "Color Guard" from the Rhine.

That return is long overdue. Our evacuation of Europe should have hegun the day the President signed the resolution of peace that ended the war with Germany and it should have continued uninterruptedly until the last American soldier had left Europe. If the Administration thinks that recall of General Allen's command is popular at home because it is interpreted in Germany as a rehuke to the French for dealing directly with a defaulting and defiant dehtor, then the Administration is hadly misinformed concerning puhlic sentiment.

American opinion as to what is hest for France economically may differ from French opinion. American sympathy, however, with the exasperation of the French at the recalcitrancy of Germany is not diminished hy that difference. Uncle Sam may not nod his head in approval of the march of the French into the Ruhr, hut our friends the French can he certain that Uncle Sam's heart still heats in sympathy with France and in admiration of the heroism that is France.

POLITICS AND DEBT FUNDING.

(New York Times.)

The explanations given for the failure of the British and American deht commissions to reach an agreement in Washington are not wholly convincing. It is said that the English delegates are going home in order to get fresh instructions. Why they could not get them hy cahle does not appear. It is true that the chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Baldwin, is under pressure to return to London to prepare the hudget soon to he suhmitted to Parliament, hut that does not explain why the other memhers of the commission should go with him. At the American end of it, the friendliest and most hopeful feeling is expressed, hut none of the smooth sayings can alter the fact that there has heen a disagreement.

Nor is the nature of it deeply hidden. The hitch came partly, if not largely, over the attitude of Congress. The terms which it had emhodied in the act creating the Deht Funding Commission have heen shown to he impossihle. This has heen freely admitted hy Senator Smoot and other memhers of the commission, as it has been hy the Administration. It was supposed that President Harding would shortly go to Congress to ask for a modification of the statute under which the commission was acting. But it was later explained tbat he did not wish to do this until he could submit a completed arrangement.

Why that has not heen reached is again to he accounted for hy fear of the political effect of laying hefore Congress an adjustment of the British debt on conditions that would he called for by purely financial reasons. The credihle report is that the British offered to fund at 3 per cent. interest, the honds to run for fifty years with a generous provision for a sinking fund. This may be, and prohahly is, the hest offer that the United States will get, hut the Administration does not feel like venturing to make the proposal to Congress. That a loud outcry would he made if it did is altogether prohahle. Politicians would ask what justice there was in letting Great Britain off with a payment of interest 1 per cent. lower than that which the United States treasury has to pay upon our own outstanding honds. Indignant congressmen would read the text of the original law extending credits to the British government, and taking its obligations in exchange, and would ask if the Administration was to he so weak and cowardly as to shrink from enforcing our claims up to their strict letter. A strong prima facie case could douhtless be made out—strong, that is, politically. The Administration naturally hesitates to go against a sentiment which it knows would be adverse.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN MATTERS.

Bonar Law Ministry a Delicate Affair, Cuno Uncertain, Even Mussolini on the Ragged Edge.

The impression is very general that the Bonar law government is not destined to long life. Aside from the fact that Mr. Law is a man of non-temperamental type, and therefore not calculated to inspire enthusiastic support, there stands the fact that what is known as "His Majesty's opposition" is both strong in numbers and varied in complexion. The Labor party has 140 members in Parliament, while the two fragments of the Liberal party have sixty. Taken together they make a strong opposition force, all the stronger for having at its head a man of great individual resource, well trained in parliamentary methods. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has had a long career in Parliament and in administrative work. His personal endowments include a good presence, a fine voice, and a keen eye with the skill of an experienced writer and speaker. Mr. Macdonald began public life as a radical, and despite the fact that his earlier views have undergone a very considerable modification, he still sustains a certain atmosphere that is likely to be irritating to the conservatives. He is known in the literary world as the author of a fine treatise in book form in exposition of modern socialism.

Mr. Bonar Law's health is not robust and his propensity is for tranquillity as distinct from strong and stormy action. While he has apparently recovered from the severe nervous breakdown of two years ago, he still looks a frail man and is regarded as such even by those who have put their dependence upon him. Under his new responsibilities he is not free from certain embarrassments. For example, in 1917 he took positive ground for a capital levy. "It would be far better," he said, "both for the wealthy classes and the country, to have a levy upon capital and so reduce the burden of the national debt," adding that it could not be done while the war was on. Now when the war is over, and from the standpoint of the head of the government, he has said that "the proposal for a capital levy would be absolute lunacy." Mr. Law's critics are amusing themselves over this incongruity, but he has thus far had the discretion to offer neither explanation nor apology.

Mr. Asquith continues persistently, if not hopefully, as the official head of the Liberal party, but his reflections must be dismal as he views the disaffection that has carried Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Lees-Smith, Hemerde, the two Buxtons and others from the ranks of Liberalism to the ranks of the Labor party. Mr. Asquith's appearance is not such as to suggest that he will be able to endure a long and uphill campaign. He is getting to be an old man, and the wear-and-tear of leadership in and out of office is beginning to tell upon him. In notable contrast with Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George appears physically all that he ever was. His failure in his campaign of some weeks back was by no means due to decreased vitality, for in truth he is as resilient as ever. Astute politician that he is, he nevertheless undertook a parliamentary campaign without supporting machinery or organization. The common impression is that his liaison with Lords Birkenghead and Balfour, Mr. Chamberlin and Sir Laming Worthington Evans will soon terminate, and that his instinctive radicalism is likely to be a controlling influence in his future courses.

The unemployed problem in England remains a very serious matter. It is a rare day when a parade of the poverty-stricken does not march through the streets demanding to see the premier, who avoids embarrassment by keeping himself out of the way. Relief works of various kinds have been started, but not of a magnitude to employ more than a small percentage of the million and a half of workers who can find no work. The blight of unsettled reparations and indemnities, the collapse of exchanges, and the stasis of trade in Europe in general block the way to industrial restoration and to renewed employment. For her prosperity Britain must have freer access to materials of manufacture that have to be imported, and she must have broader markets for the sale of what she produces. Here is the key to British policy as illustrated in recent conferences with France, Germany, and Russia. Britain must find markets. Nothing else will relieve the conditions under which she is suffering. The present government is alive to the situation, which explains its wish to be

easy with Germany and to extend its relationships if not its recognition to the *de facto* government of Russia.

Even prior to the French invasion of the Ruhr Valley the Cuno government was a weak affair, in the universal judgment destined to a brief career. Cuno, until taking office, was a director of the Hamburg-American steamship line. He is a business man, without political experience. He belongs to no party, but by his associations and sympathies he is affiliated with the Deutsche Volkspartei—the party of Hugo Stinnes. The Cuno cabinet, while not reactionary, is less anti-reactionary than the Wirth cabinet. In the latter there were five socialists; in this there are none. Sixty per cent. of Germany's population is made up of working men; and nearly all are socialists. A government without socialist representation must be in a difficult situation. All this prior to the invasion of the Ruhr. What the effect of that "gesture" will be nobody yet knows. But of this we may be assured, namely, that the party of which Cuno is now the official head and Stinnes the power behind the throne, will miss no opportunity to inspire public opinion favorable to capitalistic policies. This might be difficult in ordinary times, but in the existing posture of affairs financial resource has especial advantages. For there has come a situation that gives practical monopoly to the capitalistic press. Owing to the enhanced cost of manufacture, hundreds of newspapers and magazines are disappearing. The price of print paper has reached a figure that is prohibitive to newspapers that must live upon their own resources. The prices demanded for papers still in the field put them beyond the reach of the general public. Thousands upon thousands have given up buying and reading any newspaper. Thus the German people are largely becoming political illiterates. The lack of political information makes them easy prey for unscrupulous agitation. It is needless to say the independent papers are the first victims. The great capitalistic newspapers can stand the hard times. These newspapers are subsidized by powerful political groups. The most powerful are the Stinnes and Hugenberg journals, one belonging to the Populist party, the other to the Nationalist party.

Communists are using the confusion and distress of the German people, especially the hardship caused by the reduced and still declining value of the mark, to gain adherents to their party. Recently they made a bold attempt to inflame the people by calling for a congress of shopmen, but the project failed because the Socialist party and the trades unions acted together in boycotting it. In several industrial centres rioting and plundering were fomented by the communist leaders, but order was quickly reëstablished because the bulk of the workers, instructed by their trade unions, refrained from joining the mobs. A discreet observer—a man of conservative mind—informs the *Argonaut* that in his judgment the best guarantees against civil war in Germany are the socialistic and trades union organizations. Obviously the socialism and trades unionism of Germany are not of the same brand as those operating in America.

Mussolini continues to be the head, front, and pretty much the whole thing in the Italian government, but his status is far from being that of fixed and positive authority. He succeeded in taking control of the government because of the passive coöperation of the army and navy. They have remained passive and in a certain sense are supporting Mussolini; but they could drive him from power at an hour's notice if they were so minded. When he took over the premiership Mussolini sought to guard against danger from the military orders by making General Diaz minister of war and Admiral Thoan de Revel minister of the navy. He further conciliated favor—and possibly avoided a crisis—by forbidding military demonstrations in his honor, or for any purpose, declaring that it was the duty of military men to abstain from political demonstration. One of Mussolini's difficulties is that of disarming the Fascisti and of making them resume their daily occupations. At the same time he has sought to hold them to a species of military discipline or service in case of emergency. Another difficulty is the fact that the new ministers have been more or less disposed to regard the practical dictatorship which they now enjoy as a source of personal advantage. He has contrived up to now to navigate his rather frail ship of state through these troubled waters, but his position is far from secure.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Black Regiment

Dark as the clouds of even,
Flanked in the western heaven,
Waiting the hreath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling hrand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the hlack regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the hright hayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the hlack regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell hetide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to he
Free in this land; or hound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drums awoke;
Onward the hondmen hroke;
Bayonet and sahre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild hattle's crush,
With hut one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery hrands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with hloody heel
Over the crashing steel,—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the hlack regiment.

"Freedom!" their hattle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 't is heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant hlood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to hreathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death;
Praying,—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they once more could see
That hurst to liherty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side hy side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the hlack regiment!

—*George Henry Boker.*

To Shelley.

(This unpublished poem of Leigh Hunt's is from a manuscript owned by Messrs. Chaundy and Cox of London. The mood and manner is that of about 1853, when Hunt published his book, "The Religion of the Heart." "One other sweet fervid voice" is probably a reference to Vincent Hunt, the poet's favorite child, who died in 1852.)

Beloved Shelley, friend, and immortal heart,
Whose name so long has heen shut up in mine,
Which could not speak for tears; oh most helov'd
And divine soul, scarcely less visihle
Or more a spirit now (so strong has love
Stamp'd thy warm image) than when heretofore
Thou satst heside our hearth, half lifted up
On pinions of seraphic will, and hreath'dst
Fires of sweet faith, and heauteous scorn of scorn:

Oh now thou seest (out of that orh, where souls
Of martyrs go, to rest till the day come)
What golden hours await this yearning glohe,
By hope at last, and honied hreath like thine,
Spun like a starry bee. Which thought, and one
Other sweet fervid voice, which late I heard,
Forth pouring to it as I stood, in tears,
Strong in their weakness, and for infinite wants
Felt heav'n ordaining infinite supply,
Move me to utter what I heard, in words,
And stretch the stormy sweetness, far as hreath
Is giv'n me, chaunting to thy spirit, friend,
And dim-seen angels, and desiring man.—*Leigh Hunt.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. A. S. Wilson of Winnipeg, Canada, holds the distinction of being the first British-born woman to be admitted to the American bar. As Miss Winifred Wilton, she was the first woman lawyer of Manitoba's capital. The former Miss Wilton met her American husband in Paris during the war.

Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, widow of the famous author of "A Short History of the English People," who has been elected to the Senate of the Irish Free State, enjoys a distinction new in parliamentary history, being the first member elected to the new Senate. In addition to being the widow of a great historian, Mrs. Green is herself a writer of note on Irish history and an authority on the tangle of Irish politics. An ardent Sinn Feiner, Mrs. Green was the friend and counselor of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. Three other representative Irish women will sit with Mrs. Green in Ireland's upper parliamentary chamber—Mrs. Eileen Drury Costello, Mrs. Wyse Power, and the Dowager Countess of Desart. The countess, who is rated as a Dominion home ruler of the school of Sir Horace Plunkett, has been actively interested in the revival of Irish industry and has organized plants for the manufacture of Irish furniture in County Kilkenny.

Major-General James G. Harbord, who has resigned from the army to become head of the Radio Corporation of America, intends to make America foremost in radio progress. The general, who has had a long and honorable career in the United States Army and is decorated with orders foreign and domestic, was born in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1866, and was educated at the State Agricultural College in Kansas. He is also a graduate of the Infantry and Cavalry School and of the Army War College. He was chief of staff of the A. E. F. in France, May, '17-May, '18, commanded the Marine Brigade near Château Thierry, June-July, '18, and the Second Division in the Soissons offensive, July, '18. He was reappointed chief of staff of the A. E. F., May 26, 1919, and was also chief of the American Military Mission to Armenia in the fall of 1919. Major-General Harbord was appointed deputy chief of staff of the United States Army, July 1, 1921.

A stir has been caused in London by the announcement that Colonel T. E. Lawrence, C. B., D. S. O., has enlisted, under an assumed name, as a private in the British army, in order to complete his book of war experiences. The name of Colonel Lawrence will live in the annals of the war for his romantic adventures in Arabia, and for the part he played in freeing that region from Turkish rule. Before 1914 an archæologist and a fellow of All Souls College, he was employed in the map department at Cairo during the early part of the war. Then he obtained permission to visit Emir Feisal, and the charm of his personality, and his mastery of the Arab tongue, won the Emir to the English cause, with the result that the Arabian tribes declared war against Turkey. Although the Sultan's government placed a price upon his head, Colonel Lawrence survived all danger, and at the close of the war had conferred upon him the title of Prince of Mecca. The story of his adventures, when compiled, should share the glamour of the Thousand and One Nights.

Senator-elect Clarence C. Dill of Washington will be the youngest member of the Senate when he assumes office March 4th. Mr. Dill's previous career in Washington has been as member of the Sixty-Fourth and Sixty-Fifth Congresses (1915-1919). He was born in Ohio in 1884, has been a reporter in Cleveland, a high school teacher in Dubuque, Iowa, and a practicing lawyer in Spokane, Washington, where he was admitted to the state bar in 1910. He was deputy prosecuting attorney for Spokane County, 1911 to 1913, and private secretary to Governor Ernest Lister, 1913-14, from which latter post he went to the United States Congress.

For the first time in history, London has elected a woman mayor for one of its twenty-eight boroughs, Mrs. Ada Salter, a Labor representative, and now chief citizen of the borough of Bermondsey. Dr. Salter, the husband of the new mayoress, was elected Labor candidate for Parliament in the general elections in November. The woman mayor will introduce several innovations. She refuses to wear the mayoralty chain of office and the cumbersome mayoralty robe. Also she is dispensing with the officiating chaplain whose services were hitherto used to open all council meetings. Although there was only one woman elected mayor in London's twenty-eight boroughs, the provinces have shown a more liberal sprinkling of feminism. The three towns of Cheltenham, Honiton, and Brackley have elected women as chief citizens.

Vera Nikolic, daughter of one of the first barons of Croatia, and sister-in-law of the Austrian Archduke Leopold Salvator, has partly recouped the family fortunes by building up a local brick industry in her home town, Zagreb. The baroness is an ardent pro-Slav, confident that a bright future awaits the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. She is an amateur painter of considerable talent, her best work being sketches of Croatian peasants. It is her ambition to show the rest of the world what the South Slav peasants really are.

Karl Scheurer, the newly-elected president of Switzerland for the year 1923, is an experienced federal administrator, who has been vice-president and has served a number of terms as minister of war. Mr. Scheurer, a jurist of repute, is a native of the canton of Berne. The president of the Swiss Republic receives about $6000 a year without provision for an official residence or any other allowance save for one carriage and pair. It is the rule in Switzerland for the president to continue to control any department of which he is in charge at the time of his election, so that President Scheurer will also be minister of war. The president can not succeed himself, but he is not disqualified for reëlection after an interval of twelve months.

Pasteur showed how to prevent and control infections in living things—man, animal, and plant. He planned a diseaseless world and advanced structural work on it.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL LIMELIGHT.

Augustus Thomes Presents His Fellow Citizens with His Intimate Observations of the American Stage.

Some of the best reflections we get of national life and character come to us in the form of autobiography, especially when the subject is a citizen who has been so much a part of the national development as Augustus Thomas, now the moderator, dictator, emperor, umpire, or all-round Judge Landis of the American stage. And Mr. Thomas is almost institutionally national. Did he not start the wave of "state" plays with so much success that they threatened to engulf us? Didn't he do "Alabama," and after that "In Mizzoura," and after that "Arizona"? He did. And his nasal Yankee hokum did so well for him that it looked as though he had started an inundation. People were swamping the offices of the New York producers with little five-act efforts about "Illinois," "Wisconsin," "Iowa," "Minnesota," and other parts of the country where history had never presented anything dramatic nor ever could, until if the thing had gone much farther the billboards would have looked like the roll of delegations at a national nominating convention. Thomas himself tried Pennsylvania, but he couldn't make it go.

More than that, although Thomas' best contacts have been with the stage, they were not all with the stage. If you look him up in Who's Who you will find that he was connected with the tremendous development of railroading in this country. According to information therein entered he spent "six years in practical railroading, freight department."

Thomas was born two years after John Brown's raid, and lived his youth in the most exciting times of the republic. Of his early education he says:

> On all public questions there was always also grandmother, sometimes mistaken but never in doubt, and from the time I was eligible at six years of age until the time I was indigent at twelve, I had an almost uninterrupted attendance at regular sessions of the St. Louis grammar schools, including at that period their compulsory study of German. When I finished I had a card publicly given me for my recitation of Marco Bozzaris. The scene is indelible. I had walked to the teacher's platform, as was then uniformly required, on tiptoe; we thought in order that our shoes should not squeak too much, but, as a matter of fact, to train us against falling arches. I see my teacher now, the bunch of lilacs on her desk and just behind her the Tropic of Capricorn. It had been there all winter, but never so plain as on that fragrant morning in the spring of 1868, with the girls in white and ribbons, and through the open windows trees and grass and cowbells, and beyond the sky-line of a great round world turning upon its own axis once in every twenty-four hours, except in February, which has twenty-nine. The safety of our republic rests upon our public schools.

Our dramatic dictator did not derive his whole education in Americanism from being a freight clerk. He was a page in the Missouri legislature and in the Forty-First Congress. He saw the great show from a good seat, and his political reminiscences are not the least valuable parts of his book. Keen observation of characteristics appears in them, the sort of observation that later gave us his successful plays. Here is a sample:

> A most bitter speaker against the South was Mr. John A. Bingham of Ohio. He was a nervous man, with a pale face that resembled the current pictures of Lord Alfred Tennyson. His seat was in the front row of desks immediately facing the Speaker and near the steps on which the page boys rested. We were always in for an almost dime-novel description of horrors whenever Mr. Bingham began upon the subject of the unregenerate South or the outrageous Ku-Klux Klan.
>
> One of the most collected and methodical speakers in that Congress was Fernando Wood of New York; seldom eloquent, never stirring that I can recall, but with an enameled precision and accuracy, and with that almost invariable note of regretful finality that accompanies the public utterances of our own Elihu Root.
>
> Garfield's style was orotund, authoritative, Mid-Western and homely. He talked easily, often with one hand in his pocket, and generally with a kind of good humor in his manner that would have been completely winning except for the suspected presence of a condescension not easily separable from any genial reception of grave topics.
>
> One member who never spoke but was always pointed out to the visitors was the ex-champion prize-fighter, John Morrissey of New York.
>
> Mr. John F. Farnsworth of Illinois, who wore a long beard and had the prairie tone in his vowels, was a mixture of revivalist and barker. If he hadn't preferred to be a statesman he could have taken a couple of beaded squaws and a band wagon and made an equal success anywhere west of the Mississippi with patent medicine.
>
> And speakin' again of Injuns, it is interesting to note the debate pro and con on the measure passed at that session to send the Indians from Kansas to other reservations and to remove the Osage Indians to a territory that is now Oklahoma. According to current reports, in the present year of 1921, each of these Indians, owing to the oil struck in their territory, is individually worth thirty thousand dollars. I have recently seen numbers of them riding about in their own automobiles. Another legislative landmark which will help measure the rate of our progress is the law passed at that session to put a tax on brandy made in this country from apples, peaches, or grapes.

Thomas early made the acquaintance of Bainbridge Colby, in whose father's office he studied law. Young Colby was being delicately reared. His mother believed in the sane Fourth of July, and kept explosives from him, so Thomas took delight in bringing him back from the corner grocery on his shoulders, exploding strings of firecrackers that dangled from each hand, and he remarks that there will never be a world conflagration in which Colby will create such a sensation as he did that Fourth. It was not all Thomas contributed to Colby's education, for he says:

> My father had taught me boxing while he sat on a chair. I began in like manner to teach young Bainbridge the art. This was as contrary to the church precepts ruling that house as can be imagined; but at irregular intervals we persisted. When Bainbridge at sixteen left for his freshman year at college he had pretty well outgrown his tutor. I don't remember whether reports were satisfactory as to studies, but on the freshman field day my pupil with soft gloves knocked out two men. I have seen him since in legal and political contests, and have had no difficulty in persuading myself that the stamina there invariably shown had in it some element of our earlier work together. In 1916, when Mr. Roosevelt tried to lead the Progressive party back into the Republican fold, it was the fighter Colby who resisted that unattractive persuasion; and in the ensuing campaign, when Colby, as the principal unterrified Progressive, canvassed the West for Wilson, I think the three deciding votes from California were more a response to the pugilistic antecedents of the oratory than to any theological recollection. Also in the smoothly lucid and unmistakable diction of his diplomatic communications I thought there was the firmness of the lad who knew how to keep his balance and to put up his hands.

There are two romantic cities in the United States. The other is New Orleans, with its French quarter, its creole population, its French-speaking negroes, its traditions of gulf corsairs and profiteering merchants, the perfume and the charm of its transplanted Gallic life. It may resent Cable, and yet it is Cable that has interpreted its atmosphere for all to love. Thomas gives us this glimpse:

> Our little company put up at Victor's on Bourbon Street. We ate on the westerly side of the street, where Victor officiated in his own restaurant and brought us the stuff hot from the grill; we lived in a Madame Delphine garden on the easterly side, in rooms each letting to a common gallery reached by a stairway; each room furnished with a window fitted with Venetian blinds and a swinging door of fixed slats like the summer doors of an old-time Missouri barroom. The darkies brought us our black coffee in the morning; for *le petit déjeuner* at table across the street the coffee was served from a pot with a straight ebony handle projecting on one side and an equal spout from a right-angle face.
>
> Two blocks away on Royal Street one when passing could locate the gambling rooms by the rattle of the keno balls in their wooden roller. I liked keno. It took only ten minutes to wait through a turn, and even in an afternoon of scattered attendance one stood a chance of winning some four or five dollars by an investment of 10 cents.
>
> In our New Orleans week we were all of us so short of funds that to risk even 10 cents seemed dissipation. But partly for the reviving passion, partly for the sake of local color, partly wishing to try everything once, I went from the theatre one night into the crowded keno room on Royal Street with 30 cents as my limit, picked what looked like a good card, and on the second roll won eighteen dollars. This was too much of a windfall to be risked at a game of chance, so I cashed in and carried my winnings back to the company. We stocked up on a number of needed articles that eighteen dollars could provide.

Real success is seldom easy, and not even Thomas can write a sure-fire hit every time he tries it. He has a long list of efforts that have been printed for copyright purposes only. Let that encourage the industrious and deter the indolent. Some sense we may derive of the difficulties of writing a play from the following:

> His word to Henry Moore, the managing editor of the paper, got me a job at twenty-five dollars a week, which was five better than I could have done by going back to Pope's box-office. I took it as a stop-gap and went to work hoping from day to day that "The Burglar," a four-act play I had written, would find a producer. I had a second play on the stocks which I called "Pittsburgh," dealing with the big Pennsylvania strike. It contained the Philadelphia Grays, a burning roundhouse, a cannon fired on the stage, a fire-engine and four horses, a burning tank car of oil, a runaway hansom cab, the interior of a rolling mill with a red-hot steel rail made in full view, an attic, an abduction, a bank robbery, a fight with bowie knives, a picnic by a flowing stream, a strike of mill hands, a man on horseback with rattling chains like the fellow in the "Barnaby Rudge" Gordon riots, a rusty, ruined mill-wheel that turned over and drowned an escaping villain, plenty of sentiment, political economy and several light-comedy touches. I still have it; and some day, when the Hippodrome becomes a dramatic house and the United States Steel Trust goes into the theatrical business, I mean to produce it. Charles Pope seriously considered it that summer.
>
> Years later Joseph Brooks, after some interest in "Ben Hur," also read it, and said: "I'd like to do it, but, thank God, I can't."

Such a piece is like the new cook's soup: it had everything in it, yet the boarders did not seem pleased. And for those that still think play-writing is just a matter of dashing off a good idea and dividing the dashed-off products into acts and scenes, here is a bit of technique, the sort of thing that can not be learned nor taught, except by way of warning:

> I rehearsed and produced a play called "The Other Girl" in 1903 with Lionel Barrymore at the Criterion Theatre in New York. It was in three acts. Effective ending of the second act depended upon the involuntary laughter of a parson, prompted by a wink from a prize-fighter who was in the room with him. On the opening night the effect fell short. I had to leave the next day on the steamer *Kroonland* for Paris. Walking the deck of this boat four or five days later I still tried to analyze my failure at that point. It occurred to me that certain business between members of a group on the opposite side of the stage had made a stronger appeal to the attention of the audience than the quiet minister and prize-fighter on their side had made, and I mentally kicked myself for my stupidity in not discovering this. I went at once to the wireless room and sent the following telegram to Mr. Charles Frohman:
>
> "Have the kid touch the parson before the wink."
>
> Mr. Frohman rehearsed this business. The action attracted the attention of the audience, who thereupon saw the wink which was the provocation for the laughter, and all that I had hoped for was secured.

One of the strangest characters that ever entertained the public in America was Washington Irving Bishop. He was incomprehensible and died uncomprehended, and too suddenly ever to satisfy skeptical (that is, real) psychologists as to his method. For long, Thomas was his manager, and gives us this account of his death, of which much mystery was made:

> The other example that I wish to report of Bishop's work is worth while, as an attempt to repeat it that spring in New York resulted in his death. We played one night in Jefferson City, Missouri. Honorable David R. Francis, recently United States Ambassador to Russia, was then governor. Mike Fanning, already referred to, was his secretary. The governor, who was unable to come to the theatre, sent an invitation to Bishop, Ritchie, and me to take supper at the mansion. Besides the five named, there was present only the governor's sister, Miss Francis. After supper, when the governor wished to see a demonstration, Bishop asked him to go alone to his library and select a word from any book. When the governor returned we all followed him again into the library. Bishop went in an ordinary walk to the proper bookcase, took down without hesitation the proper book—there were perhaps two thousand in the room—opened this heavy law volume, turned without hesitation to the proper page, went down the page, put his finger upon a certain word.
>
> Governor Francis said, "That's it! That's it!"
>
> The whole proceeding occupied but little more time than I have taken in its dictation.
>
> A few days thereafter Ritchie, Bishop, and I went to New York. Bishop and J. Levy, the great cornetist, had met and agreed upon a joint tour for the following season. Ritchie and I were to be equally interested. It looked like a good business proposition. The Sunday night after our arrival in New York Bishop was a guest at a Lambs Club Gambol. He repeated this exhibition that I have described. Dr. J. A. Irwin, a member, came in after midnight, was skeptical about what he had heard, urged Bishop to repeat that test or perform one similar, and although Bishop had been cautioned against overwork of this kind by his physicians, he repeated it successfully and fell into a cataleptic fit.
>
> On Broadway the next day a man said, "Your star is sick at the Lambs."
>
> I found Bishop in a little hall bedroom on an iron cot, where he had been for twelve hours, a tiny electric battery buzzing away with one wet electrode over his heart and the other in his right hand. He was unconscious. Two doctors sat smoking in an adjoining room, tired with their watch of the night. I looked at the handsome face of Bishop and sat beside him for some minutes. Although he was to every appearance dead, a deeper solemnity suddenly came over his face. I stepped to the doorway.
>
> "I think there's a change in your patient, doctors."
>
> They came into the room and said at once, "He's dead."

Perhaps it is as well that the old Hoffman House did not live on into these dry times, to become a cafeteria or corn-beef sandwich palace. Once it cradled much of the real Bohemianism of New York—not the Greenwich Village variety, but the sort that grows unforced out of the nature of a people daring to live life according to their own needs. No veteran New York showman's memoirs would be complete without some tradition of the site of the Flatiron Building when that site was interesting. Here is the Thomas picture:

> On the next block south from the St. James was the Hoffman House café, perhaps the finest in the world. The proprietor was the handsome, melancholy, gray-haired Ned Stokes, who had killed Colonel Jim Fisk on account of the notorious Josie Mansfield. It was said Stokes always slept thereafter with a light burning in his bedroom. In this café, guarded by brass rails and plush ropes, hung an heroic canvas by the great Bouguereau, a painting of several nymphs trying to throw a fighting satyr into the water. This prophetic symbol was years before the general adoption of woman suffrage.
>
> Our Faversbams, our Hacketts, our Marlowes, our Cohans, our Drews of three actor generations, our Barrymores of two, with the admixture of the Drew strain, our like artists of repute, as well as those yet undiscovered and uncelebrated, can not after a night's play set the psychical brakes and come to a dead centre. Like a machine before the stop, the human organism before the normal nerve rate must slow down. For this retardation the ample apartment with trained butler or equally trained maid and the presence of understanding comrades who quit at the first suppressed yawn is ideal.
>
> For an income unequal to such provision the proper restaurant, the club, the café of the Hoffman kind, is invaluable.

As to artistic standards, there may be consolation in this:

> Charles Frohman had a bit of philosophy that he carried through life. He had learned that existence was supportable if he had one real laugh in the day. Among men interested in art and the theatre as connoisseurs and patrons the wisest that I know is Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. I was at a loss to comprehend his standard of excellence in the drama until I heard him say one time that any play which for two consecutive seconds made him forget himself, made the playhouse disappear and him to feel that he was in the presence of a real event, was for him a notable play. He said:
>
> "One seldom gets from a studio a canvas of uniform excellence throughout. There will be one feature of it better than the others. I can prize it for that feature. And if I get a play with the scene I have indicated, I go three or four times when the scene is on to get the same pleasure from it that I get from the excellent note in a painting."

There is a wealth of recollection here, which it is of value to have preserved, for Mr. Thomas in more senses than one represents the American theatre. He enjoyed being the guardian of Della Fox, and that name means something to Americans of post meridian age. And those that have heard the golden voice of Julia Marlowe, "the best woman's speaking voice on the American or English stage," telling the Duke "my father had a daughter loved a man," will enjoy Mr. Thomas' experiences as her business manager. And here is a bit about one of our own San Franciscans:

> Late in the winter of 1896, when the other guests had gone home after dinner, Mr. Joseph D. Redding of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, was at the piano in our living-room at New Rochelle; listening to him were Mr. Will Gillette, my wife, and I. Redding was running over the keys and talking through the music in that entertaining way which as musician and talker he has in such eminent degree.
>
> Over one haunting melody he said: "Here's something I heard a little girl singing alone, hidden from the rain in a doby doorway in Santa Barbara."
>
> There was a moment's silence when he finished the melody, and my wife said: "A little girl that could sing like that wouldn't be alone."
>
> Gillette, in his metallic tenor, added, "Besides, it never rains in Santa Barbara."

The Thomas book is written with that simple dignity of Anglo-Saxon diction which befits a narrative of American life. It is a contribution to our knowledge of the country.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE. By Augustus Thomas. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons; $4.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 20, 1923, were $166,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $136,800,000; an increase of $29,500,000.

Government control of the railroads will have cost the taxpayers of the United States a total of $1,700,000,000 when all payments have been made, the *Railway Age* estimates in its current issue, basing its figures on the recent annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"When Walker D. Hines retired as director-general of the railroads in 1920," says the *Railway Age*, "he estimated the total deficit incurred during the twenty-six months of actual government operation, at $900,478,756, and based his estimate on the assumption that the railways would not be able to substantiate their claims for large indemnities because of failure of the government to maintain their properties adequately. The railways have been able to present such conclusive evidence of under maintenance, however, that the Railroad Administration has allowed claims on this ground amounting to $125,428,810 and officially estimates that aditional claims of $97,164,664 will have to be allowed. The Interstate Commerce Commission estimates that it will have to allow $15,000,000 to short line railroad on their claims for deficits incurred in the first six months of government operation. The Railroad Administration expended $3,445,222 from March 1, 1920, to January 1, 1922, in collecting data and carrying on negotiations in effecting settlement of the accounts with the railroads, making a total of $1,141,520,452 as the deficit actually chargeable to government operation during the twenty-six months ending March, 1920.

"When the railways were returned to their owners they were incurring deficits at a higher rate than ever before because of failure of the Railroad Administration to make sufficient advances in rates to cover increased expenses. In addition, demands of employees were pending for large advances in wages, subsequently granted by the Railroad Labor Board. Therefore the government continued the guarantees for a period of six months. The Interstate Commerce Commission in its report estimated the amount the government will have to pay the railways for deficits incurred during this six months period at $536,000,000. This, added to the $1,141,520,452—the deficit due to twenty-six months of government operation—gives an estimated total deficit due to government control of $1,677,520,452.

"The country's first experience with government operation of its railroads has been an expensive one for everybody and most expensive of all for the taxpayers."

Let your imagination have free play. Can you picture what it will mean for Europe and for America if the dread reparation question is settled? Can you picture what it will mean for Europe and for America if the difficult Allied debt tangle is straightened out? Can you picture what it will mean for Europe and for America if the desperate state of inflation in Germany is relieved? Can you picture what it will mean for Europe and for America if the "peace-on-earth-good-will-toward-men" that we have all been praying for since 1918 becomes a blessed reality?

If you can, then you will be able to see what Wall Street has already visioned, says *Forbes Magazine*.

And don't expect Wall Street to wait until all these much-to-be-desired results have been achieved. Wall Street may be a bit ahead of time in starting to discount them now; but it has a reputation for working far in advance, for in that way are profits made in the stock market. Expectation is the soul of speculation. Wall Street may be wrong in its expectations, but it is never lacking in enthusiastic support of them. There was a time, for instance, when Wall Street, peering into the distance, was able, every now and then, to see very clearly a Reading "melon," and everybody knows that the sincerity of its expectations was always quite convincingly demonstrated.

Wall Street based its first indistinct vision of brighter times for Europe on the steady rise in sterling exchange, and when in its later stages the rise in the pound became sensationally violent this view of things was strengthened. The text-book explanations of the everyday movement of foreign exchange didn't seem to furnish a reason broad enough to match the abrupt rise. Trade balances, relatives prices, British home trade conditions, money rates—none of the formulas satisfied. Wall Street sensed something deeper.

The bringing to light of some very important under-the-surface trends during the past fortnight has given Wall Street enough faith in its vision to start discounting it. Of most importance have been the growing evidences of an enlightened public opinion concerning the economic ties that bind us to Europe more surely than could the fancied "entangling alliances." The agricultural bloc is strong for extending the helping hand to Europe, because they see now that unless aid is given exports of farm products must eventually fall off. Senator Borah, who teamed with Lodge to defeat the League of Nations, now has misgivings for the peace of Europe unless we step in and help. And even those who have stood firm all along for the last dollar owed us abroad are beginning to shift to the stand that we should collect "all Europe *can* pay."

Wall Street's very cheerful view of the outlook for Europe explains the sustained strength of the rally which has carried on uninterrupted by the usual secondary dip. It also explains the sharp rise in copper metal and the more active dealings at rising prices in the copper shares. We used to export 50 per cent. of our copper to Europe, and Germany took most of that; so that it doesn't require deep thinking to see the close connection of the future of the copper industry with that of Europe.

Of course, there have been developments in domestic trade that have helped the market to reverse itself so abruptly and to begin what appears to be the second phase of the major upward movement. The steel industry has bridged the holidays without the usual let-up, car loadings show that the railroads are handling a larger than usual winter traffic, grain prices have continued to advance, our exports for November were the heaviest of the year, mail order sales have risen to the largest in number on record, and predictions are being freely made that easy money conditions will continue until well into the spring. However uncertain we may feel about business conditions a year from now, there can be no doubt about present well-being.

New dividend payments, resumptions, and increases have continued to outnumber reductions and omissions. Mack Truck common has been placed on a $4 annual basis, the Pacific Gas & Electric rate has been raised from $5 to $6, with a $2 extra payment; Youngstown Sheet & Tube has increased its rate from $3 to $4, and Westingbouse Air Brake from $4 to $7, and there have been numerous other favorable changes. There have been only two reductions of importance—Great Northern preferred from $7 to $5, and Marine preferred from $6 to $3. With the majority of new developments in its favor, the market was unusually firm under the announcement of the failure of a Kansas City brokerage firm with the heaviest liabilities reported in many years.

Now that the market is swinging into the second stage of the bull movement, there is this to be said in favor of industry in general: increased profits should follow in the wake of increased activity. In the early stages of a period of recovery from deflation, when high-priced materials have been worked off and price concessions have to be made to keep plants running, profits are a secondary consideration—the main idea is to keep the wheels going. Then, later, when the right combination of costs and prices is effected, the profit-making gears are thrown into mesh and earning power comes back with a rush that takes us all by surprise.

The steel industry is one of the industries that are very active today and that are not yet recovering a profit commensurate with their exertions. If activity is maintained, which seems likely to be the case, restoration of sizable profits can not be far off. It would seem that their worst days for some time to come are behind such stocks as Steel common, Bethlehem Steel, and even some of the shaky ones, such as Republic, Vanadium, and Replogle. Sears-Roebuck, as the leading mail-order concern, reported the largest number of sales in its history for the month of December, 1922. Such activity should not be long in producing profits.

With the brightened outlook for Europe the copper stocks all look very attractive. Such good rails as Southern Pacific, New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio, Southern Railway preferred, and a number of others should be bought to hold.

And the writer continues to favor the stocks of these companies which have just barely passed the turning point in their fortunes and appear likely to be in a better position in six months or a year. For instance, there may be mentioned American Agricultural Chemical, International Agricultural, Virginia-Carolina Chemical, Central Leather, American Linseed, Wilson & Co., U. S. Rubber, Goodrich Rubber, and Kelly-Springfield Tire.

When E. H. Harriman, the greatest constructive intellect that ever turned his attention to transportation, took over the Western railroads, he fought to accomplish their highest possible efficiency as carriers.

He reduced grades, cut out curves, enlarged sidings, shortened time for coaling and watering, enlarged rolling stock, speeded up trains and sought enlarged volumes of traffic, says the *Manufacturer*.

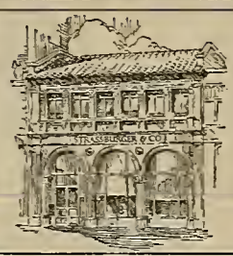
Twenty-five years ago the Western railroads had sixty-pound rails. Today most of them have ninety-pound rails.

Then the freight cars carried 20,000 to 30,000 pounds freight. Today freight cars carry 50,000 to 100,000 pounds freight.

Harriman found them single-track railroads.

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Today they are double-track on all divisions requiring it.

Roosevelt fought to break up the big railroad mergers and said he would send Harriman to Sing Sing.

Legislation following his fight stopped the railroad clock and for fifteen years our country has spent millions annually, not on needed new railroads, but on valuations, accounting, legislation, and regulation.

Every cent a railroad takes in or expends must be reported in duplicate or triplicate to state and Federal commissions, costing millions annually, but producing not one cent of new business.

In fact this entire useless, predatory interference has to be paid for out of the pockets of the people in high freights, and fares, and, on top of this, the army of officials and their families ride on free passes.

It takes six different classes of unionized labor to repair a locomotive headlight. In the old days the engineer did it. Thanks to Mr. McAdoo, it is all added to the freight.

The great scarcity of unskilled labor prevents railroad expansion and common labor is costing some of the Eastern railroads from four dollars to seven dollars a day.

The farmers can not afford to pay such wages, and millions of acres of corn are going unhusked.

The 3 per cent. immigration limitation is making European countries hate our country, blocking our development, and raising the cost of necessities of life.

There will be no new railroad building to speak of for years to come under the rule of limitation of earnings. There may be consolidation of lines by the Interstate Commerce Commission, largely controlled by officials who never spent a day of their lives at railroading.

In the days before the uplift reform wave any man or group of men could project a new railroad, make a survey, get a franchise and go ahead on a long chance of making a big stake. Most of them lost their time and money, but they loved the excitement of the game as true Americans following the impulse of enterprise and initiative.

That is all done away with. State and Federal commissions, blue sky laws, rates that throttle otherwise productive corporations by placing restrictions on the earnings, regulations and red tape tie the hands of individuals who otherwise might have the pep and backbone to undertake large new enterprises.

The American railway system has become water-logged from over-legislation and over-regulation and may never recover its old-time healthy rate of rapid growth and expansion.

Millions of money are now spent annually on thousands of state and Federal officials to supervise and overhaul the properties and activities of American railroads. Will this army never stop until we have the highest finished product of European paternalism? Our country will travel in this direction or it will go back to just plain common-sense American ideas of railroading.

December refunding of the Treasury Department held the centre of the stage in the investment market last week. The new note issues and certificates of indebtedness were well taken by that portion of the investing public to which they appealed, marking successful conclusion of the second of the major refunding operations undertaken by the government this year. It was a remarkable tribute to the ability of the Secretary of the Treasury that a turnover of nearly a billion dollars of new securities was effected with a minimum disturbance of money and investment markets, says *Commerce and Finance*. That was due primarily, of course, to the fact that the new offerings did not entail new capital investment in any amount proportionate to the volume of the financing done. In the second place, the coupon rates on the new securities were so close to going rates for money that market values of outstanding bonds of all descriptions were not disturbed. Finally, by avoiding long-term financing the Treasury Department eliminated the element of competition with Liberties and United States Treasury 4¼ per cent. bonds which would have been created by emission of another long-term bond. The entire method of the government was constructive and bullish on the bond market. With the new government financing successfully completed, the stage has been completed for "January reinvestment buying" next month.

The feature of the market for listed bonds was selling, principally in Liberties, during the middle of the week. Dealings in bonds on the 14th instant were the largest on the Stock Exchange since April 26th, totaling $26,023,300 par value. That selling undoubtedly was primarily to realize funds with which to pay taxes on the 15th. Also there probably was a little switching by banks from Liberties selling around a 4.36 basis into the new government notes offered at par to yield 4½ per cent. However, selling of that description probably has been completed. The market now is in a healthier condition and ready for a further recovery which is expected because of the easier tone of money and the reinvestment demand already mentioned.

Trend of corporation honds was higher, particularly in railroad issues. However, there were certain notable exceptions. Bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company recently have shown extreme weakness. Current prices are from 10 to 25 points below the best levels of the year. The decline gave rise to rumors that the company was in financial difficulties. However, such talk was unfounded. The War Finance Corporation within the last few days agreed to extend for seven years the loan of $10,000,000 which the St. Paul owes it and which will fall due next month. Moreover, it is authoritativeley said that the company has ample cash on hand to meet interest obligations. Liquidation of St. Paul bonds more probably has been because of the prospect that they will be stricken from the list of issues legal for savings bank investment in this state. To keep its bonds on that list a railroad must have paid dividends averaging 4 per cent. on its outstanding capital stock for a period of five consecutive years. Special legislation remitting that obligation was passed by the state legislature to cover the period of war-time control by the government and subsequent time to March, 1922. The state banking department has ruled that if the St. Paul pays a dividend at the legal rate covering this year, its bonds may remain on the savings bank list. However, that has not been done and there is no prospect of any declaration. Accordingly, it appears inevitable that the bonds will go off the list.

On the other hand high-grade railroad bonds were very firm. New York Central bonds rallied well following news that the directors had not increased the dividend. Evidently investors were pleased with that evidence of conservative management. United Kingdom bonds were the features of the foreign bond group. The 5½s of 1929 climbed to 115, a new high record price, in sympathy with the further remarkable display of strength in the market for sterling exchange. Other foreign issues were sympathetically strong.

New financing last week was larger than in some time, amounting in all to $55,845,800. The bonds offered were well absorbed. One of the most important issues was an emission of $15,866,700 Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation of America, a subsidiary of a British corporation, 7 per cent. convertibles offered at 95 to yield 7.60 per cent. An issue of $13,000,000 Philippine government thirty-year tax-exempt 4¼ per cents also was disposed of. Municipal offerings totaled only $3,635,100. Bankers specializing in such investments believe that the flood of state and municipal issues is permanently over. A normal amount of such financing will come along in the regular course of events. However, the epidemic of state soldier bonus legislation is nearly ended. Moreover, financing which had backed up as a result of the extraordinary investment conditions created by the war also is believed to have been about completed.

A new form of investment security was ushered into the market last week in so-called "Compo Bonds," issued by the Compo Bond Corporation, a recently organized company which has as its object promotion of thrift. The new security is an outgrowth of the war savings certificates issued by the government during the war. It is issued in denominations of $10, $25, $100, $250 and $1000 with maturities running from ten years to twenty-five years. A Compo Bond is based on the theory of compound interest. The face value of the bond, payable on maturity, represents a certain sum originally invested plus interest compounded annually. Cash outlay for a $10 bond is only $4.76 if the bond is due in twenty-five years and $7.43 if due in ten years.



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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Those of us that have looked long and curiously at Sir James Frazer's imposing façade of volumes that seem to compress all human wisdom between their fourteen coverings were more or less rejoiced some months ago when it was announced that the eminent anthropologist was still furtber to compress this immense store of human history and issue a one-volume edition of "The Golden Bough." The skeptical were apt to become more so at the very suggestion, for had we not from time to time opened one or two of the fourteen huge tomes only to be stunned by the horde of learning so condensely packed tberein? How could its essence be retained in the small ratio of one-fourteenth? Nevertheless we resolved to read the one-volume edition, since it was patent that that would be the last chance of satisfying half a lifetime of curiosity.

Previous associations of the magic term, "The Golden Bough," were Turner's painting of that name and a hazy recollection of an incident in Æneas' wanderings. Sir James has simplified both of these connections. Turner's painting is a veritable picture of the spot associated with the golden bough of antiquity, "the little woodland lake of Nemi, 'Diana's Mirror,' as it was called by the ancients." And Æneas, it appears, plucked the famous golden bough from its sacred grove before departing for a week-end in the underworld. But neither of these interesting facts is of the essence of Sir James Frazer's immense research; they are mere side issues. What the distinguished British savant has written, over a period of thirty years, into some three or four editions of fourteen volumes each, and what he has finally and philantbropically condensed into one volume for the benefit of the unregenerate who balk at fourteen, is the explanation of "the remarkable rule which regulated the succession to the priesthood of Diana of Aricia." Rather a tall order for more than a baker's dozen of volumes, and we were accordingly agreeably surprised to find that the rule for the succession, at least, if not its explanation, is stated on the first page.

The priest of Diana of Aricia, otherwise and more familiarly known as the King of the Wood, or, in his own tongue, *Rex Nemorensis*, was, to put it briefly and vulgarly, succeeded by his murderer. At first blush such a rule of succession would seem commendahle to many another kingdom beside that of the sacred wood near Aricia, but a second glance reveals the disadvantage of the system. For not only was the king's murderer his legitimate successor—which is of course the phase that appeals to modern rapacity and hrute force as well as to that of antiquity—hut the king could *only* be succeeded by his murderer. That was the rub. Sir James found in this extraordinary rule food for thought—it has no parallel in classical antiquity—and material for a shelf full of volumes called "The Golden Bough." To further explain that intriguing title it must be added that the particular tree which the King of the Wood guarded with his life was none other than that of the golden bough. No one might touch a leaf of it save a runaway slave, who might, if he could, break a branch which was the signal for mortal combat between him and the then ruling king-priest. The survivor was the successor. The point of the extraordinary story, both for its loving historian and expounder and for the reader, is that it is historic truth. Historians vouch for its continued existence as late as the time of the Antonines. Having only, as previously explained, the most distant acquaintance with the unabridged edition of the monumental work, we can not pretend to judge of the nature of the ahridgment, hut we suspect the longer edition of suffering from a plethora of examples and illustrations. Sir James goes far afield in his effort to link up his remarkahle rule of succession with analogous ones, and finds plenty of games to bag among the savage and semi-savage races of the world. His extraordinary study resolves itself to an examination of prehistoric and savage psychology, and it will be a civilized or unintrospective reader indeed who will not recall distant reverberations in his own mental make-up of many of the symptoms that are Sir James' masterly and almost legal exposition and explanation of the rule of succession to the priesthood of Diana of Aricia.

R. G.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir James George Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.

Subjects Portrayed in Japanese Colour-Prints.

Every once in a while in the great sea of books there comes a splash, and another hig book is launched. Such a book, big in size and achievement, is the work on Japanese color-prints by Basil Stewart, puhlished recently by E. P. Dutton & Co. A book of great value to tbe collector, it is almost of equal interest to the amateur, as well as a mass of information for the general reader and the lover of Oriental art.

About one-fourth of the book is taken up with the history and making of color-prints and with sketches of the different artists of the Ukyoyé school; it includes also chapters on forgeries, reprints, reproductions, signatures, and seals; together with descriptions of historical and dramatic subjects, as well as an account of famous plays and a brief history of the Japanese theatre. The remaining space is devoted to subjects of illustration, of which there are over two hundred and seventy, twenty-two of them heing in color. These reproductions form a collection prohahly unequaled in beauty, numbers, and interest, and although the general reader might dispense with much of the detailed description, the advanced collector will find it a mine of information.

The artistic world of Europe and America feels a kcen interest in the suhject of color-prints, for, strange to say, it was from the West that recognition first came of the beauty and artistic value of these prints, which had been ignored by the Japanese dilettante of two centuries. It is only since Western artists have proclaimed their value that the Japanese of today are beginning to appreciate them and to regret that so many have heen taken out of the country.

One can well imagine the effect produced by the first color-prints that found their way to Europe through Holland and the Dutch settlements in Japan, early in the nineteenth century. The real discovery, however, and that which so potently influenced European art, was when Whistler and a small group of artists in Paris first saw these prints, which had been used as wrappings around some imported Japanese porcelain. They were pages from the wonderful Mangwa of Hokusai, and their beauty of line and color, their directness and simplicity, were at once recognized. Much of Whistler's later work shows the influence of this new art, and it may be traced as well in the work of the modern impressionist school, and even in present-day posters.

The story of the development of color-prints in Japan is most interesting, for just as Italian religious art was an outgrowth of the religious feeling of the Italian peasant, so Japanese color-printing arose in response to the artistic craving of the common people, denied access to classic art. Of the two schools of Japanese art, that which expressed the spirit of nature and that which copied its outward forms, color-printing helongs to the second and started as a revolt against the classical traditions of centuries. The color-print artist, sprung from the artisan class, created an art of the people and for the people—a school known as Ukyoyé, "pictures of the passing world." For this reason, and because the figure studies were drawn from the condemned world of the theatre and from the Yoshiwara, the art of color-printing was ignored by the cultured upper classes and only recognized at its true value when the Western world proclaimed them masterpieces.

The Ukyoyé school, whose best-known artists are Hokusai, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Kiyonohu and Harumohu, arose in the sixteenth century, and the seventeenth century saw the conjunction of artist and wood engraver, producing cheap and popular prints; hut not until the eighteenth century, when polychrome printing developed, did it reach the dignity of an art, which had its golden age from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century.

The period of decline then set in, although stayed by such men as Hokusai and Hiroshige, owing to a decline in the artistic taste of the people, the higher cost of living and production, and a demand for things European, with a neglect of native arts.

While Japan owes so many of her fine arts to China, through Buddhism, color-printing alone is purely native, reflecting the life and character of the people more vividly than any other branch of art, and for that reason it well repays study.

SUBJECTS PORTRAYED IN JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS. By Basil Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $40.

Aaron's Rod.

The reader who winds his labyrinthine way through "Aaron's Rod" issues from the maze breathless, dazed, and perplexed. What was it all ahout, and hadn't D. H. Lawrence better have written his thesis as a psychopathic pamphlet, since the people interested in that sort of thing would prohahly even go the length of reading pamphlets? In one sense "Aaron's Rod" is a triumph, or at least a literary curiosity, for it is as completely divorced from anything simulating a story as a novel may well he. It is minus story, plot, and action; but it is a portrait gallery of neurasthenics. Mr. Lawrence has surely succeeded in gathering specimens of every possible type of victim of that uninteresting malady, although for some extraordinary reason of his own he represents them as normal human heings. If they are, or rather if the normal middle-class Britisher would qualify as a D. H. Lawrence character, we can only extend our sympathy to the sad plight of England—populated by men and women whose lives are centered in a seething, self-conscious, much psychoanalyzed passion. Love, love, love—one loathes the word before he is half through "Aarons' Rod," though to do Mr. Lawrence justice he admits that there is love and love—that love of God or humanity, for instance, would do equally well as an objective and that they are all equally unsatisfactory. In the name of American efficiency and invaluable time, why waste a book on it then?

AARON'S ROD. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

Old Crow.

Alice Brown's "Old Crow" is a post-bellum story of a man whom the war has brought up against a blank wall with neither the power nor the desire to scale it. To escape from himself John Raven goes to the New England mountains, and there finds the healing of a new faith in himself and the inner forces of life. A voice speaks to him out of the past through a written message left for him by a great-uncle—the "Old Crow" of the story—who had walked the same road of doubt and despair and found light at the end of it. Moreover, he is drawn into the troubled lives of others, and a tragedy of the mountain folk drags him to the edge of a precipice from which he turns to face the world with new hope and belief in himself and others.

The story is lightened by gleams of humor, by the homely philosophy of Charlotte, the radiant youth and loveliness of Nan, and the underlying devotion of Dick—a group of kindred spirits who stand by while Raven gets back to the upper levels.

A hook full of action and incident, with characters well drawn, it is perhaps a hit too long, and too full of detail, but withal well worth reading, and the reader gets more than the story from its pages.

OLD CROW. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Notes of Books and Authors.

A large paper limited edition of the complete writings of Lafcadio Hearn, in sixteen volumes, is to he brought out shortly hy the Houghton Mifflin Company. Every volume will be autographed in Japanese characters by Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn, whose Japanese name is Setsu Koizumo, with the Hearn, or heron, crest at the top and Mrs. Hearn's seal at the bottom. There will be many illustrations, photographs, and cuts, some in color, including some chosen by Hearn himself for the first editions of his books. Hearn not only married a Japanese wife, but was a naturalized citizen of Japan at his death, otherwise he could not have been a professor at the Imperial University at Tokyo, which post he held during the last years of his life. But his parentage was Irish and Greek and he was born on the Island of Leucadia, which legend associates with Sappho. Hearn's father was stationed there, as an officer in the English army, at the time. The son reached Japan after many wanderings which took him through the West Indies and the United States, and his works are as strange and exotic as his life and personality.

It is now announced that A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of "This Freedom" and "If Winter Comes," is at work on a play in which Owen Nares, the English actor who is now appearing in the successful English production of "If Winter Comes," will take the leading part. Cyril Maude, who has the American stage rights of "If Winter Comes," will not open in this country until next season.

Harcourt, Brace & Co. have arranged to start a hookstore in New York for the sale of books of all publishers. The store will he located on the ground floor of the Columhia University Club at 4 West Forty-Third Street, and will be opened early in the new year.

Speaking of the reconstruction period after the civil war, President Lowell of Harvard University says in his "Public Opinion in War and Peace," soon to he issued by the Harvard University Press, "The essential point then should have been the rehabilitation of the South as an integral part of the Union on the basis of the aholition of slavery. But the leader who could fasten his mind on the vital question for the nation was gone, and owing

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to various causes, attention was directed instead to equality for the negro, and to the punishment, hy exclusion from political rights, of those who had taken part in tbe war for secession. The error of paying attention to the wrong thing was committed hy both North and South: but the North had the power and hence the responsibility. The mistake, although not unnatural under the circumstances, entailed for half a century evils from which the nation has not yet wholly recovered."

Charles A. Beard's latest hook, "Cross Currents in Europe Today," is soon to appear in England under the Harrap imprint. The Marshall Jones Company recently hrought out the hook in America as the third volume of the Dartmouth Alumni Lectureships.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces a limited importation of two hundred copies of A. de Beruete Y Moret's "Goya as Portrait Painter," the first adequate discussion of Goya's work to appear in English. The translation is sympathetically treated by Selwyn Brinton, the distinguished art critic. The author, who until his recent death was director of the Prado Museum, has made a careful, complete, and authoritative analysis of the artist and his work in portraiture, decoration, and engraving, which will he indispensable to the future student or collector of Goya's work and which will reinterpret him to all who are in any degree interested. The volume contains fifty-six of his portraits splendidly reproduced in colotype. The price is fifteen dollars, and the puhlishers suggest that, as the edition is nearing exhaustion, those interested should order immediately.

"Poems Ahout Birds," an anthology compiled by H. J. Massingham, the English writer and naturalist, is to he an early puhlication hy E. P. Dutton & Co. that will interest bird lovers.

Martinez Sierra, the Spanish playwright whom the Duttons will soon introduce in hook form to American readers, is one of the leaders in the modern literary movement in Spain. Only forty years old, he has already written forty original plays, which have all had stage production; has translated and adapted forty-seven plays from other languages, the most important of them heing a five-volume edition of Maeterlinck; has written thirty volumes of poetry and fiction and other non-dramatic works, and five volumes of translations. In the intervals of this astonishing amount of creative production he has edited a lihrary of the world's classics in Spanish translation, founded and edited for a time a literary periodical, estahlished and directed a progressive puhlishing house, more recently has estahlished a puhlishing house of his own, and six years ago he assumed the management of the Teatro Eslava in Madrid, installing there a stock company for the presentation of modern plays, featuring his own works. It is a hreath-taking list of activities and achievements for a gentleman still in early middle age, and when compared with the equally tireless literary activities and astonishing fecundity of Blasco Ihañez, Jacinto Benavente, and other living authors, proves that the ancient virility of the sons of Spain is not yet exhausted. The Duttons will puhlish nine of Sierra's plays in two volumes, of which one volume has heen translated by John Garrett Underhill and the other hy Mr. and Mrs. H. Granville-Barker.

"Europe in the Middle Ages," hy Iernle Plunket, is announced hy the Oxford University Press American Branch. The author's object has heen not so much to supply students with facts as to make mediæval Europe live—in the lives of heroes and villains, the tendencies of the classes, the heliefs and prejudices of the thinkers.

Austin Dohson, who died in Septemher, 1921, had many admirers in the United States and all these will be glad to know that "An Austin Dohson Anthology of Prose and Verse" to be puhlished shortly hy E. P. Dutton & Co., preserving as it does in one handy volume many selections representative of his distinctive literary charm, has a peculiarly individual touch. It has heen prepared by his son, Alhan Dohson, who writes a preface and a hiographical note. Edmund Gosse contributes a short foreword in which he says of the book that "the editor has gathered a bouquet out of one of the most carefully arranged and exquisitely tended gardens in the whole of English literature." There is a portrait frontispiece, and the little volume is further emhellished hy reproductions of two hook plates used hy Mr. Dohson, one of which was made for him hy E. A. Ahhey and the other hy Alfred Parson, the English artist. A short hihliography of Mr. Dohson's puhlished volumes completes the book.

The Children's Bookshop.

The Children's Bookshop at 474 Sutter Street, which was incorporated on September 26, 1922, under the management of Miss Jean Chambers Moore and Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell, has the douhle advantage of prestige and originality. To back their venture Mrs. Powell and Miss Moore had recourse to a coöperative plan under which 250 people own shares of $100 each. The membership includes Mrs. John F. Merrill, president; Mrs. Esther Adler, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. Alhert M. Bender, Mrs. Anna F. Draper, Mr. W. W. Douglas, Miss Elise Drexler, Miss Julia George, Mr. Don E. Gillman, Mr. George A. Kennedy, Mrs. William Palmer Lucas, Dr. Samuel Langer, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Dr. Ezra Van Nuys and Miss Cora L. Williams.

The plan for the Children's Bookshop grew out of the need for supervision of young people's reading, which is too frequently selected hy title from the circulating library. Miss Moore's object is to have the shelves and tahles of her shop filled with wholesome juvenile literature, from the untearable linen picture hook to suitable fiction, biography, travel, etc., for older youngsters. Miss Helen Holt, head of the children's department, and Miss Nana Stevick are young women who understand children and may he trusted to direct their selections of reading matter.

In the near future Miss Moore as vice-president and Mrs. Powell as secretary and treasurer intend to extend their services by means of mail order correspondence. Coast memherships may then he ohtained for books and circulating reviews.

New Books Received.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.
A novel laid in the Great American Desert.

ANNALS OF MUSIC IN AMERICA. By Henry C. Lahee. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $3.
An outline of music in America.

DRUIDA. By John T. Frederick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
A novel.

FINDERS. By John V. A. Weaver. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.
Verse.

THE WORLD IN FALSEFACE. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
A discussion of the seven arts.

ON THE GORILLA TRAIL. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $5.
Days of African sport and adventure.

THE NEUTRAL GROUND. By Belle Willey Gue. Boston: The Stratford Company: $2.
A romantic novel of the American revolution.

AMERICANS IN EASTERN ASIA. By Tyler Dennett. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.
A critical study of the policy of the United States in tbe East.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.75.
A practical manual.

AMERICAN BALLADS AND SONGS. Collected and edited by Louise Pound. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.
In the Modern Students' Library.

TUNED HIGHER THAN THE RACE. By M. Reepmaker. Los Angeles; Times-Mirror Press.
A novel.

HINDU GODS AND HEROES. By Lionel D. Barnett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.
Studies in the history of the religion of India.

LABOR AND POLITICS. By Mollie Ray Carroll. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS. By Anzia Yezierska. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
The romance of an East Side girl, hy the author of "Hungry Hearts."

DUMBELLS OF BUSINESS. By Professor O. U. Bojack. Boston: The Stratford Company; $2.
Characters from the daily life of American business.

THE NOVEL OF TOMORROW. By twelve American authors. Indianapolis: The Bohbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.
The scope of fiction.

ROGET'S THESAURUS. Revised by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.
International large type edition.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSING. By L. L. Dock, S. E. Pickett, C. D. Noyes, F. F. Clement, E. G. Fox and A. R. Van Meter. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.
The only official and complete history of the American Red Cross Nursing Service.

THE MEANING OF CHILD LABOR. By Raymond G. Fuller. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.
In the National Social Science Series.

RADIO FOR ALL. By H. Gernshack. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.
By the editor of *Radio News*.

CASTE. By W. A. Fraser. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.
A novel of modern India.

AN ALPINE A. B. C. Arranged by A. Methuen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.
And a list of easy rock plants.

DUSK OF MOONRISE. By Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A novel of Yorkshire, hy the author of "Islands of Desire."

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reviewed in *The Argonaut* are to be found at ***The Children's Book Shop.*** This week's titles include:
The Golden Bough. By Sir James George Fraser. (One volume.)
Subjects Portrayed in Japanese Colour-Prints. By Basil Stewart.
Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. *Old Crow.* By Alice Brown.

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"THE BAT" AGAIN.

The really juvenile element in the taste of many theatre-goers may he judged from the unprecedented success of "The Bat," which is still merrily piling up royalties for Mrs. Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. However, we can always fall back, when we want to justify ourselves, on Darwin, with his enjoyment of dime novels as a method of mental relaxation, while it may he remembered that ex-President Wilson, during the strenuous days of the war, used to seek surcease from the cares of state hy reading detective stories; one of which "The Bat" is, transplanted to the stage.

"The Bat" is a play of the kind that is written hackwards; that is, all the clever entanglement hegins with the discovery as to who is "the Bat" in the last scene. During the hewildering series of unaccountable happenings in Miss Van Gorder's recently leased Long Island retreat it might seem to a spectator making his first acquaintance with the play as if there were some haphazardness ahout the strange happenings: mysterious knockings, dim silhouettes gliding against faintly-seen window-light, strangers dropping in suddenly out of the night.

But all these incidents are links in a carefully welded chain. They are accounted for if you keep your ears stretched and don't lose any of the dialogue. For it wouldn't do, in a play of this type, for the spectator to detect discrepancies. He mustn't he doing any detecting. Leave that to the detective, and let us ahandon ourselves to chills, thrills, jumps and interjections. For with night, and storm, and electricity on the hlink, and perpetual knockings, some mysteriously going on in distant reaches of the house, some loudly and imperiously thumped on the front door, faint candle light, a darkened hall heyond—Miss Van Gorder ohligingly keeping her hall dark even when the electricity hehaves, as an accommodation to the playwrights—an atmosphere is created of fear and mystery to which the audience surrenders itself, metaphorically speaking, with a joyous whoop.

The audience, it should he added, has its own distinct powers of entertainment, its psychology heing quite amusing. Its childlikeness lies in its ahandonment to the exciting suggestions of the play. And then it suddenly hecomes grown-up and laughs gayly at itself and at some grisly suggestions; the long, gory arm and hand, for instance, that imprudently projected themselves through the aperture made hy the hroken window-glass in order to unfasten the window lock.

And, hy the way, whose was that arm? Was it——? Oh, yes, of course, it must have helonged to that—but no—mustn't tell.

There are two ways of enjoying "The Bat." One is to go unknowing, and take it all in as a novelty; enjoying the mysteries, and the guessing, and the unexpectedness. The other is to go after a previous visit, knowing it all, rather childishly pleased with yourself hecause you do know it all, and feeling quite set up as you piece the stray puzzles into a neat and complete whole.

The jolly thing about "The Bat" is that it is an amusing comedy, Lizzie, the maid, ministering to our enjoyment of it hy her comic terrors, her spectacular shrieks and grotesqueries, while Miss Van Gorder's admirable calm, and her dry yet genial comments on the hollow-headed Lizzie afford perpetual opportunity for mirth.

The combination of mirth and mystery is prohahly what has given the play its enormous vogue, theatre-goers feeling properly appreciative of not having lost their dear prerogative of laughter. And, curiously enough, this is so marked that even when Miss Van Gorder's niece, with her anxieties and terrors over her romantically secret love affair, shows fear and apprehension and anxiety, the auditors, although enjoying the emotional contrast, absolutely refuse to he emotional themselves; except over the startling incidents that make them jump and laugh simultaneously.

There are a few changes in the personnel of the company at the Curran Theatre, hut fortunately Josephine Morse and Lizzie Evans, indispensahle in their respective rôles of the maid and the mistress, are still in the cast. Everyhody seems to he satisfactory all round, the company heing chosen for character suggestions they convey: the false gardener's underlying suggestion of hreeding and good origin, the somewhat irritating quality in the doctor's hig, hooming voice, the "hunted down" look which Gretchen Thomas, as the worried protagonist in the secret romance, is ahle to assume, the exasperating self-assertiveness of the detective, the everyday youngmannishness of Flemming and Beresford, and the self-reliance, courage, and resource which characterize the unknown when he emerges. The only justifiahle criticism is that the Japanese hutler looked like an American who had tried, hut vainly, to look like a Japanese. Of course, the organization has heen so long on the road that all the exciting stage action dovetails nicely from long practice. But what does deserve special commendation is the ahsence of that long-run mechanicalness which players are apt to fall into. This is particularly noticeahle in Lizzie Evans and Josephine Morse, whose work is astonishingly unsuggestive of an overoiled groove.

I find, hy the way, in mentally reviewing the play, that some incidents are still puzzling. But that's all right. It is conducive to conversation when you are swapping impressions.

AMERICAN CHAUVE-SOURIS.

Reginald Travers' undertaking at the St. Francis opened with a flourish of gay costumes, rich and coloriul in the designs of Mr. Lucien Lehaudt, who also had designed the decorations with which the hallroom is hung. They are hizarre, full of color and movement, and audaciously suggestive of waves of pleasure.

The performance, which is hest described as a superior hrand of vaudeville, is composed of singing, concerted and otherwise. The fresh and lovely voice of Ione Pastori makes of her the vocal star, while Marguerite Frey Silvey and Ruth Scott Liadlaw gave pretty duets. There was a monologue or so, there were some Katharane Edson numhers in dancing, and incidentally, in one of the two plays, there occurred a very effective dance done hy Mersereau. There were two playlets, a quartet of Italian singers, and some comic monologues hy Carl McCullough.

The hallroom was full, and after a judicial pause during the first two numhers the audience warmed up and was spontaneous and cordial in its applause.

Mr. Travers' idea is, apparently, a good one. It has heen mentioned in connection with the Chauve-Souris, in which there has heen a gleeful exchange hetween performers and audience of hantering and complimentary personalities. People enjoy that sort of thing, although, for that, Mr. Travers would either have to engage a witty paragrapher or a ready-witted stage extemporizer. To keep the hall a-rolling the venturesome impresario will have to he constantly on the look-out for new personalities. There are men and women in San Francisco who are not professionally engaged in stage entertainment, hut who have enough talent to do a very amusing or quite artistic stunt on a diversified programme.

Whew! It sounds alarmingly husy for an already much occupied man, who, hy the way, laid out too much for himself when he added to his other responsihilities that of making himself a programme announcer.

He did it with picturesque flourishes of his Quixotic looking, gayly somhreroed and cloaked figure, hut perhaps he tackled the rather exhausting joh only for the opening celehration.

A certain zest, a freshness of feeling and endeavor, took the place in some of the performers of professional polish. But Emelie Melville was amusing as the garrulous dame in a Spanish playlet, and a group of five did well with "The Merry Death," a Russian piece. If I were Mr. Travers, however, I would confine myself to playlets of American life and character until my enterprise were freely launched. And after that I should never have two playlets of foreign origin and inevitahly un-American psychology on the same programme.

A good musical hackground was provided hy a group of four instrumentalists, of whom one, Harriet French, gave "La Gitana" as a solo numher, rendering its gayety and its wistfulness with very commendahle spirit and expression.

Carl McCullough proved himself a favorite in his amusing monologues. The four lusty Italian singers, well equipped vocally, sang with the natural method inhorn in so many Italians and, of course, ministered prodigiously to our national love for musical hellowing, and so pleased the audience. And a pretty numher was "In a Persian Garden," danced in a striking Oriental costume—whose heauties, hy the way, were not sufficiently lighted up on the upper stage—and prettily sung hy Mesdames Silvey and Laidlaw.

Everything, hy the way, went smoothly, and there were no delays, hut I shouldn't wonder if the audience would exchange an extra intermisison or so in which to swap opinions.

THE SECOND ROSING RECITAL.

No douht the really scandalous weather acted as a deterrent, on last Monday night, to all hut the very curious and the genuine enthusiasts who were aware that in Vladimir Rosing we have a real and unique artist in our midst. The Russian tenor has already made his markedly favorahle impression on audiences in New York, Boston, and other Eastern centres of musical appreciation. It is much more difficult for a singer not yet of world fame to make his way in San Francisco, hut those who admire and appreciate are warm and ready in their expression of it. So, if the deep auditorium of the Plaza was not crowded with auditors, it resounded with plaudits after each one of Mr. Rosing's numhers.

The young tenor chose, evidently, a more conventional group of songs for his second recital. But all the same there is nothing conventional ahout him. Dowered with an intensity of instinctive dramatic feeling, he pours a flood of it into every song. His voice, like the expression of his instinctive artistry, is unique. It is not a hel canto voice, hut a tenor that seems horn in an immense, resounding vocal cavern, whence it comes, adapting itself with infinite variety to every emotion expressed. Never hefore have I realized the solemn majesty in the French word for death. Like our word "war," with certain kinds of context it has an impressiveness that we do not ordinarily appreciate, and when in an immensely moving Christmas song of the French war orphans, which Mr. Rosing sang with marvelous simplicity and infinite pathos, we heard the words,

> Papa est à la guerre;
> Pauvre maman est morte,

one could not hut note the rare impressiveness with which they were sung.

Mr. Rosing sang in Russian, French, and English. When he does not employ our language he gives a simple summary of the words; a most commendahle act. I often wonder that musicians, whether vocal or instrumental, are willing to leave their audiences so often groping vainly for the clue.

To return to the quality of Mr. Rosing's tenor: it has a marked individuality, and is not the conventional voice. Its upper reaches particularly lack the spectacular silver note. It is not, indeed, a silvery tenor at all; more like a hlending of tenor and haritone. Yet its owner can give an infinite numher of effects with it. He coos like a dove, mumurs sustained strains of wooing tenderness, shouts the desperate outcries of a starveling, and intones the solemn toll of impending death.

Like all instinctive artists, Mr. Rosing is transformed under the glow of artistic expression. Seen under ordinary circumstances he is a good-looking, slender, hlond young man. But many times when he was singing with head thrown hack, eyes closed, and hands and hody tense, he suggested a sculptured very modern figure carved roughly out of stone.

He is a child of nature, as many artists are, and has the effect of making the women in the audience feel like a collection of mothers. As he stepped upon the stage and felt an immoral north wind mixed up with southern rain that was ravaging around openings that night he shivered. So did we. (We were all huried under our thickest wraps; hut never mind, such is the maternal sympathy.) Mr. Rosing looked anxiously at the stage openings. So did we. And during other signs of a vocalist's apprehension I think we all felt some difficulty in refraining from crying, "There, there, sonny, it's a shame; so it is."

However, the dear child, in the fervor of his interpretations, finally forgot it, or seemed to, and gave his audience a rare treat. He is so expressive, so unusual, his hig, strong, clarion voice so capahle of harp-like murmurings of love, longing, sorrow and tenderness—although he resorts rather often to the tenor falsetto—that one feels that a prolonged stay in America will hring one who has already so pleased Eastern audiences to the heights of fame.

FRENCH DRAMA.

The Salon Français and the Gaité Française are mutually appreciative. Every now and then the Salon Français, in pursuance of its policy of acquainting itself with the French language and French literature, engages the Ferriers' theatre and talent for a French theatrical representation. Each side is fortunate, the Salon Français to have such an organization to call on, the Ferriers to offer their wares to an audience of such quality, numhers, and appreciation.

Last week they gave an unusually choice programme—which they are now offering on Wednesday and Friday nights to their regular clientèle—consisting of Gahriel Nigond's "Sophie Arnould," a poetic and delicately regretful story, told in rhyme, of a famous woman's past of gallantries and present of memories, and "Le Cuvier," a sixteenth-century farce full of homely and hearty humor.

Both pieces were particularly well played, only professionals appearing as principals. Yvonne du Parc, who was, hefore her war-marriage to an American soldier, an actress on the French stage, knows her art hoth from natural taste and from experience. Mme. du Parc was excellent, well-nigh perfect, hoth as Bahet, the old servant, deeply sympathetic in her mistress' tender reminiscences, and perplexed hy the delicate shadings of emotion in the present that she is unahle to follow, and also as the snuffy, ancient mother-in-law in "Le Cuvier," where she was a typical old French peasant who had long since renounced all the vanities of life and resigned herself to contented ugliness and crankiness.

The fun in the latter piece made a hearty appeal, Mr. Paul Herkman seconding the skill of the two women in hringing out the old-time hut hearty humor of the ancient farce.

Mr. Ferrier confined himself to an appearance as Dorval, the former lover, in "Sophie Arnould," and made a sufficiently romantic figure. Mr. Ferrier, naturally enough, I suppose, plays down often in the livelier pieces to the noisy laughers in his audience, hut in "Sophie Arnould" he was almost in his old-time form.

But this is Mme. Ferrier's week. This skilled actress, while not always keyed up to concert pitch, never plays down. In "Sophie Arnould," however, she found herself placed in a congenial rôle, and lent to it that delicate fragrance of regretful memories that constitutes its heauty; a heauty that is particularly indicated in Sophie's changed words in her letter to her son.

Sophie remembers, hut Dorval only as a careless, selfish man does. And so the careful mother who has written to her son, "Prends garde aux femmes," changes her warning to "Prends pitié des femmes," for she suddenly finds that life, which goes so easily, so gayly for the man, plunges the woman too often into a sea of eternal regret; or so the poet, with a poet's romantic sympathy, would have us helieve.

AN AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATRE

Augustus Thomas has a heautiful dream: that of an American National Theatre, which he plans to make a reality. And so simple and practical are the ideas he has advanced in connection with the project that it looks as if there might he a possihility of his dream coming true.

For one thing, he is prudent enough to renounce any idea of huilding a theatre. There are plenty of theatres in New York—where,

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no doubt, the Dream would be located—and during the present theatrical slump, which is not quite over, a number of them were shut down with hopeful attractions in full swing.

Another practical idea is to secure players for a set play, and not for a permanent engagement. That should not be difficult in New York, home and resort of the American Thespian. And still another idea—and this one a stroke of genius—is to invoke the aid and sympathy of New York theatrical managers in general, and none in particular, thus doing away with ill-natured resentment, jealousy, and suspicion. Mr. Thomas' connection with the Theatrical Managers' Association would oil the managerial wheels and secure friendly coöperation. And all because this very popular playwright is not looking out for personal glory. The public has confidence in him, the managers have confidence in him, New York has confidence in him.

But where does the national comes in? you ask. Well, mark this: It is proposed to give the numerous "little theatres" throughout the country, which find it difficult to secure the plays desired by their public, opportunity to present to their far-off clientèle successful plays contemporaneously with their New York run. For Mr. Thomas has sufficient confidence in the vast and growing army of amateur players devoting their youth, energy, and high ardor to the cause of high-class drama to rely on their presenting these plays creditably. For these young people, or rather the best of them, belong to the elect, and are marked out for success in their chosen field.

This idea of giving the country at large an opportunity to see the best dramas contemporaneously with their New York season when the brightest critics, the most clever paragraphers of the day are writing about and discussing them, is an old dream of William Lyon Phelps, who advocated such a scheme during a newspaper discussion of the possibility of reviving the once popular stock companies. The idea was never taken up, but Mr. Thomas' project would cause it to be established on a miniature scale.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

Augustus Pitou, Inc., is sending May Robson to us this season in a play by Howard McKent Barnes, entitled "Mother's Millions." It will be presented at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, January 29th. Miss Robson will be seen in a new rôle. The character is Harriet Breen, who has become the most successful financier of Wall Street.

At the Rivoli.

Grand opera will be succeeded by comic opera at the Rivoli Opera House Monday evening, when Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff will offer for the first time in stock "Miss Springtime," notable for the fact that the score was written by Kalman, the composer of "Shari," and the book by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton, the humorists and librettists. The new piece is rich in song hits and comic possibilities.

In the meanwhile "The Love Tales of Hoffmann" will be given its final performances Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening. In "The Love Tales of Hoffman" Hartman and Steindorff are offering the music lovers of San Francisco one of the best revivals of the piece in local annals. John Van, Lillian Glaser, and Nona Campbell are given exceptional opportunities in a vocal and dramatic way. Particular comment has been aroused by the beauty of the settings and the expert manner in which Steindorff has coached the chorus and principals and his orchestra in the production of the Offenbach piece.

Rachmaninoff at the Columbia.

Sergei Rachmaninoff will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoon, February 4th, at 2:30 o'clock. Manager Frank W. Healy, who later will present Rosa Ponselle, the dramatic soprano from the Metropolitan Opera House, is the impresario and Mr. Rachmaninoff gives what is announced as a recital of music for the pianoforte. Rachmaninoff recently appeared in Toronto and the music critic of the Toronto *Globe* made the following report of him:

"It does mean something to a man to have composed a work for the piano that every young pianist either plays or hopes some day to be able to play. No composition by a living musician has been so widely popular as Rachmaninoff's Prelude. The composer came to Massey Hall last night to give a piano recital, and drew one of the largest audiences that ever assembled to hear a newcomer to the city. Of course it was the Prelude more than anything else that did it, but there is also the added glamour of the romance that surrounds the man himself. Only a few years ago, when Russia was one of the artistic countries of the world, Rachmaninoff reigned supreme among the musicians of that country, and his fame as a composer had spread far and wide into other lands. His was one of the names that you thought of when the glories of the Russian music were mentioned. And now he is an exile from the land of his birth, a land where art is being strangled, and he has been forced to make his home in the land of the Philistines, where art is regarded as something to be purchased with money and exploited with boastings. Perhaps that is the reason why the first impression of Rachmaninoff one got when he came upon the platform last night was that he is a tragic figure."

Titta Ruffo Coming.

Manager Frank W. Healy will present at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at 2:30 o'clock, the world-famous Italian baritone, Titta Ruffo.

Here is what the New York *Evening Telegram* says of Ruffo's recent appearance there:

"Titta Ruffo, Italy's most sensational baritone, gave his first recital of the season last night at the Hippodrome, singing a programme of popular operatic selections to a large and demonstrative audience. Mr. Ruffo was in excellent voice and his 5000 hearers were aroused to such an extent that shouts as well as applause followed his every appearance on the stage. 'Figaro, Figaro!' a dozen voices from the balcony shouted when he finished each number, calling upon the famous baritone to sing the familiar aria from 'The Barber of Seville.' A Ruffo audience is unique. There is no formality. The audience shouts out its wants in encores. The singer diplomatically keeps his admirers in suspense by holding the shouted 'request' numbers till towards the end of the programme."

The People's Symphony.

Tuesday night, February 6th, at Scottish Rite Hall, the People's Symphony Orchestra, Alexander Saslavsky conducting, will give the fifth of its schedule of twelve educational concerts.

Saslavsky has chosen as the symphony for the evening Beethoven's Pastoral, No. 6, which reveals Beethoven, not only as a composer, but as a lyric poet. Another orchestral number will be Napravnik's intermezzo, "Night," and the programme will conclude with the famous "Nut Cracker" suite of Tschaikowsky, based upon Hoffman's fairy story of the "Nutcracker and Mouseking."

The symphony programme will be preceded by a short talk on the theme to be played, and on the clarinet, perhaps the most useful of all the woodwind instruments of an orchestra, on account of its great range, beautiful quality, and its facility of execution.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s at $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents. No war tax.

Salons Intimes at the St. Francis.

The entire bill of the Reginald Travers Salons Intimes, which opened in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis last week, will be repeated at Sunday's matinée and also on Tuesday evening.

Each act on this programme is a special feature. Carl McCullough and a beauty chorus of twelve will present two musical-comedy numbers, Ione Pastori will offer a number of operatic selections, Emelie Melville and a strong company will be seen in "No Smoking," a comedy from the Spanish by Jacinto Benavente: and other numbers on the bill include Katharane Edson in original dance interpretations, a harlequinade by the Russian author, Nicholas Evreinov, and the Four Merry Neapolitan Street Singers.

This entertainment has an atmosphere different from that of the ordinary theatre, inasmuch as the usual rows of seats are dispensed with and in their place comfortable lounges divans, and arm chairs are used, lending much to the intimacy and enjoyment of the performances. All performances are open to the public, and as they are not on the order of a cabaret there is no charge in addition to the regular admission price.

What Does Coue Cure?

"What Does Coué Cure?" is the subject of a discussion, considered from the medical standpoint, of Coué's method, its scope and limitations, together with its possibilities for good or harm, to be given by Dr. H. N. Belgum in the Paul Elder Gallery, Tuesday afternoon, January 30th, at 2:30 o'clock. Dr. Belgum, who has been conducting a sanitarium for nervous troubles in the East Richmond foothills, will tell of his personal experiences and will give a demonstration of select cases following the lecture.

A lecture by Edith Finley, author, teacher, and lecturer, on "The Power of the Subconscious," will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, February 3d, at 2:30 o'clock. Miss Finley is the author of a book entitled "Applied Psychology."

Municipal Concerts.

Another audience will tax the capacity of the Exposition Auditorium next Thursday night, February 1st, when the fourth popular concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, municipal series, will take place. These concerts, sponsored by the City and County of San Francisco, have proved highly successful, but there will be only one more this season.

The orchestra will render Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, in C minor. The other orchestral numbers will be the Dance of the Blessed Spirits from "Orpheus," by Gluck, and Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice."

For the first time this season there will be an instrumental soloist in the person of Benno Moiseivitch, the famous young Russian pianist. This artist has a technique that will be seen at its best in the Liszt piano concerto in E flat major. This will be his second and final appearance in San Francisco this season.

The prices for these concerts are very low, ranging from 25 cents to $1. This is made possible by the auditorium committee of the board of supervisors, in charge, which has no desire to have the city profit by these undertakings. Seats may be reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Vaudeville, rightly enough, is unwilling to permit any other branch of the theatre to get ahead of it—so now comes the news that the varieties are about to furnish their own particular contribution to the season's Shakespearean fare, says the New York *Times*. It will take the form of a scene from "Hamlet," with Julia Arthur in the rôle of the prince.

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Sequoia Little Theatre
Tuesday and Saturday Nights in January
Quaint One-Act Comedies from Four Nations
England—Dunsany, "The Lost Silk Hat"
Spain—Quintero, "A Sunny Morning"
France—Maurey, "Rosalie"
America—Blanche Cumming, "Piety and Pie"
Orchestra, $1.10; balcony, 55c; including tax.
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Paul Elder's.

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Every Monday Afternoon 2:45, and Tuesday Evening 8:30
Ten exquisite bits of super-vaudeville by the following artistes: CARL McCULLOUGH, EMELIE MELVILLE, KATHARANE EDSON, MARIE LOUISE MEYRS, IONE PASTORI, BEN PURRINGTON and 20 others.
Tickets, $2.20 (no additional charges). Now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s or Hotel St. Francis News-Stand.

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ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY, Conductor
Tuesday, February 6, 8:30
SCOTTISH RITE HALL
EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM
interspersed with explanatory remarks includes
1. Symphony, "Pastorale," No. 6..Beethoven
2. Intermezzo, "Night" .....Napravnik
3. Suite, "Casse Noisette".....Tschaikowsky
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VANITY FAIR.

A New York art critic lecturing in Pittsburg says the pretty girl is no longer useful as a model, art having progressed beyond the beautiful. The sentiment appears to have been imported from Paris, where it is said the artists are on a hunt for the ugly. It ought to be easy to find; hut as for its reproduction in painting, or etching, or water color, or pastel, or marble, what would be the object of it? Of course, one hears in imagination the critic's defense, "I have to live"; and as readily imagines Voltaire's reply (or was it Talleyrand's?), "I don't see the necessity for that." But granting for argument's sake that the critic does have to live, this one appears to have pursued tbe logical course tending to that end—having germinated his rancid opinion amid tbe Russian "offs" and "skis" and "vitches" of Greenwich Village and taken it to Pittsburgh to peddle. Poor Pittshurgh supports a good part of New York, and then thankfully accepts whatever crumbs and trimmings and leavings of so-called culture its haughty relation is willing to hand out. This time it is the long-haired notion that real art seeks strength, individuality, and character, rather than beauty, which is antiquated. If beauty is antiquated, one wonders wby artists remain, and what tbere is for them to do. They are not needed to portray strength, individuality, and character. Tbe civil engineers, tbe bridge and railroad builders, the tunnel drivers and power-plant designers will attend to that. Modern civilization presents us those qualities everywhere we look, until we weary of the eternal suggestion of strength, individuality, and character, and long for something easy to look at. If the artists wish to deal in those things we suggest that they lay off painting and modeling and carving and casting beautiful things, and get themselves jobs laying brick, mixing concrete, or shingling roofs. It requires a lot of strength to do those things, and after they are done men possess something useful for the effort. That may be a drawback, from tbe Greenwich Village and Moscow standpoint, of course; but if strength, individuality, and character are really become tbe object of artistic solicitude, that is the way to get them. It certainly develops character to carry a hod up a ladder, and no artist need think otherwise. But it is not art—it is nothing but useful work.

Poor President Harding has found himself lately ground between the Moll Pitchers and Congressman Upshaw of Georgia. The Moll Pitchers do not pitch in the female hush league, but they do have some remote imaginative affinity with the old-fashioned family "growler" of moister days, the one that went so often to the Dutchmau's, growled its contented antiphony to the spigot, and returned flowing over with happy suds. They take their name from a revolutionary heroine who once fought the British for a thing called Liberty (doesn't that sound strange today?) a half-forgotten state of mind the memorial monument to which stands at the entrance to New York harbor. The Moll Pitchers wanted President Harding to receive some delegates from their klan and hear argument on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He said it was no use, or words to tbat effect, which is probably true, and could only throw doubts on the sincerity of the Administration's fight for tbe enforcement of the Volstead Act. But his repulse of the Moll Pitchers did not satisfy them, and it satisfied even less Congressman Upshaw of Georgia, who calls on the President and every one else at Washington to raise their right hands and swear to Heaven they will never again touch the terrible stuff. Here are the upper and the nether millstones. But their positions seem strangely reversed. It would certainly seem more in keeping with female ways of doing things, with general female tactlessness and genius for embarrassing a delicate situation if the Moll Pitchers demanded the booze-denying objurgation, and the gentleman from Georgia insisted on the repeal of the now best-known part of our beloved Constitution. How did we ever get into this topsy-turvy condition, anyway? Wbere does normalcy come in? Can anybody get us back to it? The United States knows just how the old woman in the Mother Goose rhyme felt that went to sleep in some public place and awoke to find her skirts cut off and to doubt her own identity. We have stepped on our necks, while weeping with pity over the downtrodden peoples of Europe. Meanwhile we may confidently expect the early issue of a Bootleggers' Blue Book, so that our children may learn to know the best people and those that will become the social dictators of their generation.

It is rumored tbat the University of California will add a department of hotel management to its established courses in radio, costume designing, salesmanship, interior decorating, valve grinding, whistling, artistic dancing, city planning, advertising, batik, millinery, and other cultural nutritives. It is even said that practical demonstration work will be carried on at some hotel in Oakland, and that hotel men are greatly interested and look forward with eagerness to obtaining direct from the great centre of art and learning persons learned in the art of getting the most out of the puhlic for the least outlay. It is a valuable part of the "great forward movement" now tittilating the hopes of uplifters everywhere; and if the rumor is true this section of the *Argonaut* is right on its toes with the yearning to help. The new department should, of course, bave some insignia. We suggest, on tbe plan of a lately returned traveler from Europe, the sign of the palm—not the traveler's palm of tropical deserts, which when pierced gushes a potable sap, but the up-turned palm of the hotel help, that part of it at least with which the traveler comes most often in contact. There should be one course in "Extraction," consistently expressing what the palm symholizes. Tbere should be a course in "Nutrition," on the basis of "small portions, quick returns." There should be a course in "Twilight Sleep," designed to make the weary traveler think he got a good night's rest on a bed whose taut steel frame jingled like sleigh bells every time he turned, in a room where the inextinguishable hall light streamed all night through a glass transom, where the sounds of arriving and departing guests disturbed him at intervals of thirty minutes or the clatter of the crockery cascade in the kitchen began at 4 a. m., and all the intervening time was filled with the gurgling murmurs of decrepit plumbing fixtures in the bath. There should be a course on "Suicide," teaching the scholarly manager of the future how to persuade a despondent guest to shoot himself in the other fellow's hotel. And no such course would be complete without a side dish from tbe department of economics on "Combination," or how to get all the hotel men to maintain rates. There are possibilities in it. After we have grown accustomed to it as a part of the university curriculum we shall be more ready to welcome the suggestion of the man that wrote to the university recently asking for a course in second-story work, with a formula for opening safes, and a little research into lock and gunsmithing.

TURKISH FLIRTATION.

There was a time when I imagined the harem was absolutely inaccessihle to any man but the husband, father, or son of the inmates, but when I got to know these Turkish girls better, they laughed at my idea, writes Lady Susan Townley in her autobiography, "Indiscretions of Lady Susan," just published by D. Appleton & Co. "Of course," one of them said, "people will tell you that such things can not happen—that too careful a watch is kept over a woman and that her servants would betray her—but I know that there are hundreds of flirtations now going on in harems. Turkish women are extraordinarily clever at carrying on a clandestine affair, and the risk of discovery makes the adventure all the more alluring to a caged woman. Besides, slaves are no harder to bribe than others." Indeed, our afternoon party at the yali on the shores of the Bospborus afforded me an illustration of the proof of these words. After supper the father of our hostess, Mirhi, joined us, his grave, severe presence lending a solemnity to our conversation which had before his coming been entirely absent from it. Silently he sat as he lazily sipped his coffee and smoked his chibock. Presently one of his daughters rose from her seat near the window, and, going over to the piano, began to sing a passionate Western love song with a fervor which could not fail the soul of a listener.

The old pasba leaned toward me. Jerking his thumb backward toward his songbird, he whispered to me in a raucous undertone, "What pleases me most in my daughter's song is that I alone of all men enjoy it." I caught Mirhi's eye as she stood behind him. She was laughing, yes, splitting with laughter at ber father's words. "Come and look at the moon," she said aloud. Then she whispered, "Quick, look there, under the window!" I looked out and saw close to the landing-steps a white caique, and, sitting in it motionless, a foreigner wrapped in the folds of his cloak. One hand idly balanced an oar, the other rested against the wall of the yali.

"Who is that?" I asked in amazement.

"Only a fisherman," answered Mirhi. "My sister sings for him every evening at this hour."

Erminie subsequently told me tbe whole story of her little romance. The "fisherman" was really a young naval officer attached to one of the French ships then in the port whom she had known for some time—that is, if to make signs without speaking and to recognize a woman whose veil has not been lifted is to "know." She had seen him when out driving with her grandmother, and had received notes which he had managed to smuggle into the carriage. After a time she had replied to these in a note tossed out of the carriage window as she passed him, in which she said that she could never grant his request for a meeting, but that she would sing for him each evening, and that in her songs he would find the answer to his wonderful letters.

But Erminie soon tired of singing to an unseen lover. One day, when I was invited to iftar (luncbeon) with the cousins who had first taken me to visit her, she failed to turn up, having seized the opportunity to spend an amusing tête-à-tête in a mosque with her unknown admirer (disguised as a Turk) while her father thought her safe with her relatives. Growing bolder, she conveyed to him a complete Turkish woman's dress with tcharchaff and veil, and actually had the audacity to admit him to ber own harem. Advancing a step further, she received him in her bedroom on the top story of the house, to which he gained access by a hole in the roof!

The end of this little romance was much as I had expected. I read it one day in a few laconic lines of a local paper. "The daughter of ——— has brought great trouble upon her family by eloping with a foreign officer. She returned, indeed, a few days ago to her father's home, the officer having deserted her, and was forgiven, but he can never hope to outlive the disgrace brought upon bis name." Poor Erminie!

Food Shades in Dress.

Even daytime colors are less sober than they have been in many years, says the *Delineator*. All the shades of brown, including tobacco, fur, spice, cocoa, cinnamon and caramel, are worn and are frequently embroidered with tinsel thread in gold or copper. Green and the lighter beige shades are embroidered in the vivid Russian colors and dark blue is frequently beaded with a combination of steel or silver with rose-red. Half a dozen shades of rose, violet, apple-green, etc., will be used for the tiny flowers of a belt on a dress of black or navy blue.

The latest craze of Chicago beauties is to have a Chinese manicure to paint tiny landscapes and portraits on their finger-nails.

In Christian art the goat is regarded as an emblem of impurity.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young man with a pretty but notoriously flirtatious fiancée wrote to a supposed rival, "I've been told that you have been seen kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 on Friday. I want to have this matter out." The rival answered, "I've received a copy of your circular letter and will he present at the meeting."

According to an alleged interview with Will Hays on the part of a New York reporter, all movie stars are not like Sallie Green. Sallie, after hitting the pipe for an hour or so, visited a Chinese restaurant and ordered noodles. But she had difficulty eating her order, and finally complained to the waiter. "Tly 'em with your veil off," he suggested.

The recent death of the Siamese twins, Josefa and Rosa Blazdek, recalls a story about the original Siamese twins, Chang and Eog, who were joined together at the hips. It is said that when the absent-minded Duke of St. Albans went to see them he bent a distrait look upon them for a few seconds and then perfunctorily asked the attendant, "Are they brothers?"

Secretary Hoover said in an address in behalf of Russia's famine victims: "Give till it hurts. Don't he like the audience of a poor chap whom I once heard in London, orating at the Marble Arch. This poor fellow got a boy to take up a collection for him at the end of the oration, and when the collection was over he said: 'Well, I 'ave got me 'at back, any 'ow.'"

There was some complaint during the war that the professional West Point soldiers had a monopoly on the safe soft jobs. Apropos, a West Pointer, resident in Philadelphia, who has the rank of captain, said to his colored boy the other day, "Well, Jake, it looks as if we might have another war soon. What will you do when hostilities break out?" "Ah guess Ah'll stay right here at home wid you, suh."

General Gregory Semenoff, the Cossack leader, said in New York the other day: "The cruel selfishness of the bolsheviks reminds me of a story. A lady and gentleman were out walking. The gentleman pointed to a beautiful bird on a balcony. 'What a pity to keep such a splendid bird caged up on a balcony.' 'Yes,' said the lady warmly. 'Wouldn't the dear little thing look just sweet on my hat?'"

A well-known misanthrope was talking on his favorite theme—women. "Women never enjoy the profound friendships that are common among men. Male savages swear blood brotherhood, but blood sisterhood is unheard of." To illustrate his point he added, "Two women met on Grant Avenue the other day 'Come, let's lunch together,' said the first woman affectionately. 'A friendship lunch, you know!' 'What's a friendship lunch?' the second woman asked. 'Why, don't you know? I pay for yours and you pay for mine!'"

A darky who had recently married was asked by the farmer for whom he worked how he and his Mandy were getting along. "Not very well, boss. The fact is, Mandy and me, we've done pa'hted." "Parted!" exclaimed the farmer. "Why, you were just married. You know, Sam, you can't leave Mandy. She's your wife and you took her for better or worse." "That's jest it, boss," said Sam. "I shore did tell that pahson that I took that gal for better or wus. But, Lawd, dat gal is wus'n I took her to be."

A story about Queen Victoria is retailed by Landon Ronald, the distinguished composer and conductor. Queen Victoria had been told that one of her ladies-in-waiting possessed a good voice and sang well. She was asked by the queen one evening to sing, and with fear and trembling consented, choosing a famous operatic aria which ended with a long shake. The queen expressed her surprise that the performer never attempted to end the aria as it was written. Her majesty turned smilingly to the performer's sister, who was sitting near her, and said, "Doesn't your sister shake, Lady X?" To which the lady promptly replied, "Oh, yes, ma'am; she is shaking all over."

Collies, as every one knows, are an intelligent breed of dogs, but only on their native heath are they in their element. There, influenced by the canny environment of the Scot, they are said to exemplify their masters' racial traits. A certain old Scotchman was in the habit of giving one of these intelligent beasts a penny with which to buy himself a bun. One evening the dog surprised his master by returning without his purchase. Thinking he might have lost his penny, the kindly Scot gave him another, but again the dog returned without the bun, so the owner sallied out to investigate. They reached the shop, where the dog jumped joyfully against a sign pointing to a tray of buns which read, "1d. each, four for 3d."

Sir Basil Thomson, late assistant commissioner of London police and director of the special branch at Scotland Yard, who knows as much secret war history as any man living, has published some of the interesting chapters of spy history in his book, "Queer People." Among the more amusing stories is the following: "On one occasion a very staid couple came down to denounce a waiter in one of the large hotels, and brought documentary evidence with them. It was a menu with a rough sketch plan in pencil made upon the back. They believed it to be a plan of Kensington Gardens with the palace buildings roughly delineated by an oblong figure. They had seen the waiter in the act of drawing the plan at an unoccupied table. I sent for him and found before me a spruce little Swiss, with his hair cut *en brosse* and a general air of extreme surprise. He gave me a frank account of all his movements, and then I produced the plan. He gazed at it a moment, and then burst out laughing. 'So that is where my plan went! Yes, monsieur, I made it, and then I lost it. You see, I am new to the hotel, and in order to satisfy the head waiter I made for myself privately a plan of the tables, and marked a cross against those I had to look after,'"

Landon Ronald, the song writer, tells a story typical of Sir Herbert Tree's spontaneous repartee. After a supper party given by Tree for Signor Grassi, the latter began to kiss every one on both cheeks. Tree, horrified, kept away from Grassi, but was fated not to escaped, for, says Landon, "After some difficulty a hansom cab was obtained for the purpose of taking Grassi home, and Tree was waiting to help him in, when, without the slightest warning, he flung both arms round Tree and kissed him fervently on both cheeks. Tree's expression was a study. He succeeded in controlling his feelings, however, and asked his guest politely and frigidly where he lived, so that he might direct the cabman. This seemed to puzzle Grazzi. As a matter of fact, it leaked out afterwards that he was staying in some very shabby apartments in a very shabby street in Soho with a Sicilian ice-cream merchant—a friend of his youth. After some hesitation Grassi replied, 'If you pleece, ask him to take me Garrick Teatro.' Tree, addressing the cabman, said, 'Take this gentleman to the Garrick Theatre.' The cabman looked down scornfully, and asked, 'What the blankety blank does 'e want to go to the Garrick Theatre for at this time o' night?' 'I don't know,' was Tree's quick rejoinder, 'but I think he has forgotten to kiss the fireman.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Old Settler Reports.

When I came West in Nineteen-Two
(A parlous time ago!)
The cowboys were a dingy crew,
Their taste in dress was low.
But now, my dear, you'd simply love them!
They've learned what is expected of them.

When I came West in Nineteen-Two
(An age remote and dim)
The only Indian I knew
Was known as Dirty Jim.
Now he is Chief Ten-Dogs-Who-Bark,
And runs a "tribe" in Glacier Park.

When I came West in Nineteen-Two
No neighbor far or near
Had ever seen a huckaroo
Caress a longhorn steer;
But now the neighbors, one and all,
Attend our Round-up every fall.

The West has changed since Nineteen-Two,
It's wilder now by far;
And let us give the films their due—
They've made us what we are.
Observe how Nature copies Art—
The West has learned to dress the part.

—*S. K. in Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bancroft of Concord have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances Stow Bancroft, to Mr. Frederick J. Walker, son of Mrs Charles Henry Dexter of Portland.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Virginia Nugent, daughter of Baron and Baroness Nugent de Delvin of Hungary, and granddaughter of Mrs. Younger and the late Dr. William J. Younger, to Mr. Ashfield Ellis Stow, son of Mrs. Vauderlyn Stow.

Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Mrs. George Merritt Moore of Chicago, whose engagement to Mr. Edmund Leslie Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor of Piedmont, has been announced, will be married on February 10th in San Francisco at St. Luke's Church.

Mrs. Robert Mackinlay of Santa Barbara has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Bradhurne Mackinlay, to Mr. J. Arven Polhemus, Jr. of San Francisco.

Mrs. Julia Dilliugham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dillingham, whose engagement was recently announced, was married to Mr. George Francis Squier on Saturday, January 20th.

A hall will he given, in compliment to the débutantes and the huds of a season or two ago, by a number of the young bachelors of society, on Friday evening, February 9th, at the San Francisco Colf and Country Club.

Mr. Raymond Armsby was host at a dinner given at his home in Burlingame last Friday evening.

On Tuesday, January 16th, Miss Frances Ames gave a dinner in honor of Miss Lillian Hopkins and Mr. Edward Pond, whose wedding will take place on January 27th.

One of the most elahorate social affairs recently given in New York was a ball in honor of the débutantes of the season, at which Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the hostess.

Mrs. Edgar Preston entertained a group of débutantes at a dinner last week at which Miss Jeannette Norris was the guest of honor.

There was a polo tournament in San Mateo last Friday and Sunday afternoons between the San Mateo Polo Club and the Del Monte Polo Cluh.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin entertained the polo players at a luncheon on Sunday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp gave a farewell luncheon last Friday for her mother, Mrs. Horace Pillshury, who left for the East on Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who is leaving very soon for Paris. Mrs. MacMonagle was also the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Henry Crocker.

A dinner was given last week hy the Commonwealth Cluh at the Hotel St. Francis, followed hy a political playlet.

Mrs. William S. Porter entertained a few guests at dinner last week at her home on Jackson Street.

On Tuesday of last week Miss Lillian Hopkins was the complimented guest at a luncheon given hy her cousin, Miss Edna Taylor, at her home on Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton entertained at a dinner last night at their home in Sea Cliff in honor of their cousin, the Countess of Annesley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor gave a tea last Sunday at their home in Piedmont in houor of Miss Frances Moore of Chicago, whose engagement to their son has been announced.

Mrs. Louis Cehran gave a tea yesterday in honor of the Countess of Annesley at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton, in Sea Cliff.

Miss Josephine Drown gave a luncheon yesterday at her home on Divisadero Street to a number of the débutantes.

Mr. Douglas Alexander, who is living in Burlingame with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, was host at a luncheon last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Among the dinners preceding the last suhscription dance given at the Burlingame Club last week was that given hy Mr. and Mrs. John Drum at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Edward Bates Pond, whose marriage to Miss Lillian Hopkins will take place on January 27th, gave a bachelor dinner on Saturday last at Tait's.

Miss Jean Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Howard, who is a dehutante of this season, gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis to a number of her friends who have heen sharing the winter's gayeties with her.

The Countess of Annesley was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week hy Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Camphell, the former resident British consul-general.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibhlée gave a luncheon last Friday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Conrad S. Bahcock of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Kamm were hosts last Friday night at a dinner preceding the subscription dance at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Frederick Forrest Peabody of Santa Barhara has presented the Girl Scouts with a house and grounds.

Mrs. Samuel Boardman was hostess last week at a farewell luncheon for her sister-in-law, Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, who will leave for Europe about February 1st.

A dinner was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Landers last Friday in celehration of the eighty-second hirthday of Mr. Landers.

The children of Menlo Park are already husy making preparations for a circus to be held in June. The proceeds will go to the Stanford Home for Convalescent Children.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard gave a bridge and Mah Jongg party last week in honor of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Page Mailliard, who were married last month in New York.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris entertained a numher of the débutantes at a luncheon last week.

Miss Lillian Hopkins and her fiancé, Mr. Edward Bates Pond, were the guests of honor last Saturday at a luncheon given hy Mr. Alexander Beadle at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Quatr'z Arts Ball, given at the Fairmont hy the artists of San Francisco took place last Friday night and was a most successful affair. A numher of dinners preceded the hall.

A dinner-dance was given at the Bohemian Club last Friday night hy Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris for their niece, Miss Jeannette Norris, daughter of the late Frank Norris.

Miss Alice Moffitt entertained a few friends at dinner last week at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, on Broadway.

Mrs. Wallace I. Terry will give a luncheon, followed by hridge, on Thursday next.

Miss Margaret Fuller entertained fifty young girls at a luncheon given at the Women's Athletic Club, having as her guest of honor Miss Kate Boardman, who will leave soon for Europe.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler gave a lunchcon last Tuesday at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott entertained the players on the San Mateo and Del Monte polo teams at the San Mateo Polo Club at a luncheon on Saturday last.

Mrs. MacMonagle, who has heen spending the winter in San Francisco, has heen the honored guest at a numher of entertainments given hy her old friends; Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Russell Wilson, and Mrs. William B. Brown in Burlingame, and Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe in San Francisco having heen recent hostesses.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith gave a luncheon last Tuesday at her home on Jackson and Pierce Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park were hosts to a few of their friends at a luncheon given at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday last.

Irish Want The Stone of Scone.

Among many antiques now in England which Irishmen say should be restored to Ireland by virtue of her new status is the "Stone of Destiny" in Westminster Ahhey, upon which every English king since Edward I was crowned, says a dispatch to tbe New York *Herald*. While Irish antiquarians are not unanimous on this point, one school holds that this stone is the original "Lia Fail" from the hill of Tara, the ancient seat of the Irish kings.

According to one English tradition the stone was carried to Ireland from Bethel as "Jacob's Pillow," upon which Jacob slept when he dreamed. In Ireland it became the pillow of St. Columba at Iona, was removed to Scone, Scotland, by Kenneth II in the ninth century, and then to Westminster hy Edward I.

Some antiquarians dispute this, however, alleging that the stone was brought to Ireland hy Tuathe de Denann and his colony from Germany, and suhsequently placed upon the hill of Tara. The stone was supposed to bave supernatural powers, making a creaking noise when a legitimate king was being crowned, hut maintaining a stony silence when a usurper sat upon it.

The Irisb higb kings, who sat upon it during the Tuathe de Denann colony, came to Ireland ahout 1896 B. C.; and the stone, according to this legend, remained till the fifth century A. D., and when Fergus Macero, then the high king, left Tara on a conquering expedition he hore the stone away to Scone for his coronation. Edward is said to have taken it away in tbe thirteenth century. A Scottish tradition spun around this stone has it that: If the fates go aright, where this stone is found, The Scots shall monarchs of that realm he crowned, which prophecy is supposed to have been fulfilled when James VI of Scotland became James I of England.

There are Irishmen, however, who say tbat the real Lia Fail still reposes on the hill of Tara, and that tbe most reliable Irish annals give no hint that it was ever removed. The stone which these persons assert is the original now crowns the great central mound of the hill of Tara, where some 400 men were killed hy Englisb troops in the revolt of 1798.

The old Irish hards gave their native land the poetic name of "Inisfail," incorporating the name of the historic rock. One ancient vers runs:

From this strange stone did Innisfail obtain .
Its name: a tract surrounded hy the main.

Double-ended sbearers for metal cutting are among the time-saving mechanisms of the day, says the *Scientific American*. When one end is closed the other is open, and vice versa, the secondary cutting heads hearing the same relation to the primary ones that fhe handles of an ordinary scissors hear to the blades.

CURRENT VERSE.

November Evening: Cambridge.

Skies are a cold dull grey. Beside the river
Wraiths of mist hang idly among the trees.
Earth is dead to the eye: no smallest quiver
Tells of the waning life. There is no breeze
To shake the pale green willowy fingers; trailing
Down to the gloomy water, whose cold face
Lies unrippled and still. The daylight, failing,
Over the whole sad heavens, leaves no trace
Of a sinking autumn sun in a west fire-clouded:
Nothing is here, hut just a fading light
Dying and dying, in cold white mist enshrouded—
Mist that blinds the stars, and covers the night.
—*J. M. S. Bornard in London Poetry Review.*

The Gift.

He has taken away the things that I loved hest:
Love and youth and the harp that knew my hand.
Laughter alone is left of all the rest.
Does he mean that I may fill my days with laughter.
Or will it, too, slip through my fingers like spilt sand?

Why should I heat my wings like a hird in a net,
When I can be still and laugh at my own desire?
The wise may shake their heads at me, but yet
I should he sad without my little laughter.
The crackling of thorns is not so had a fire.

Will he take away even the thorns from under the pot,
And send me cold and supperless to hed?
He has been good to me. I know he will not.
He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter.
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.
—*Aline Kilmer in the Outlook.*

The Plaything.

I do not so much mind that you took my heart of youth away;
Perhaps it was a foolish thing for me to keep so long;
And I know it was untidy, with its tags of gauze and tinsel
Spun from scraps of fairy tales and wonderings and song;
But I wish you had not thought that you must take away my laughter;
Perhaps you thought it silliness, hright heads slid down a string—
I suppose you could not guess it, with its gilt and silver glitter,
That looked so like a toy, to be a very useful thing:
For hard roads do not matter, nor the tragical great sorrows,
Nor mile-high hills that weary you, nor stones that cut your feet,
If you can toss it up and down, your glittering bright laughter,
And mock at all the curious things and stately things you meet;
But now that I have lost it, black and huge heneath my fingers
Is my little world I played with, that was like a colored ball . . .
And I wish, if you please, that you would give me hack my laughter,
Because I must go on and can not find my way at all.
—*Margaret Widdemer in the North American Review.*

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Jennie Sanderson Herrick of Minneapolis, daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Sanderson, is visiting Mrs. Sands W. Forman in Coronado, and expects to be in San Francisco the latter part of January.

After spending the week-end of January 20th at Del Monte, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have returned to their homes in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frank Hall Mhoon and Mrs. Frederick Magee of Piedmont spent a part of last week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly (Marie Louise Baldwin) spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule on their return from their honeymoon. They will sail from New York for Europe early in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale left last week for Southern California, where they expect to spend several weeks.

Miss Olivia Long of Santa Barbara, whose marriage to Mr. George Converse of New York will take place February 1st, will go abroad on her honeymoon. The young couple expect to spend several months in Switzerland.

Mr. Raymond Welch has gone to the Northwest on a business trip and will return shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich of New York will arrive in San Francisco this month for a short visit.

Mrs. Horace Pillshury and her daughter, Miss Peggy Pillshury, left for the East last Sunday. They will visit Boston and New York.

Mrs. George Barnett will arrive on Sunday on the navy transport *Argonne*, and will join General Barnett in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page are leaving for Arizona very shortly.

Mrs. George Merritt Moore of Chicago with her daughter, Miss Frances Moore, is staying at the Clift Hotel.

On February 2d Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson will leave for New York, where they will be joined by Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who is leaving San Francisco a few days later, and will sail for Europe on February 13th.

The Countess of Annesley, who has returned from Santa Barbara, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Algernon Crofton, at her home in Sea Cliff. Her son, Viscount Glerawley, who has been at the Cohran ranch in Southern California, has also returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Erminie Peralta Dargie arrived last week from New York and Europe.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Helen Crocker, accompanied by Mrs. William Gregory Parrott, will leave for Europe in February.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, who have been in New York for several months, will go to South America in February, returning to their home in Burlingame in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Williams with their small son, and accompanied by Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. James Knight Prior, arrived from New York last week and are at Mrs. Prior's home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Conrad S. Babcock, who has been living in Washington, where Colonel Babcock is stationed, is visiting in San Francisco at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parmelee Eels, on Pierce Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb Ballard, who are at present traveling in South America, will return to California in March.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye are going to Rio Janeiro in February, and on their return will spend the summer at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Edward Duplessis Beylard and Miss Sophie Beylard, after spending several months in Italy have taken an apartment in Paris, where they will pass the rest of the winter.

Miss Janet Coleman, who has been traveling in Europe with Professor and Mrs. Charles Noble, has arrived in New York and is staying at the Hotel Chatham.

Mrs. Ward Barron, after visiting friends in Germany and Switzerland during the early winter, has taken an apartment in Paris for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole, who have been visiting in Virginia, have returned to their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Visaya Regidor, sister of the Philippine Commissioner Don Cristoval Regidor, has gone to New York, from where she will sail on the *Olympic* on February 10th. She will join her mother in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster have returned from a motor trip through Southern California. Their daughter, Miss Helen Foster, remained in Santa Barbara visiting Mrs. Merle Wilhoit.

Mr. and Mrs. Page Mailliard, who were recently married in New York, have arrived in San Francisco and are visiting Mr. Mailliard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard, at their home on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Léon Wilson with a party of friends from Carmel came up to San Francisco for the Quartr'z Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer have gone East for a short visit.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, who has been visiting in San Francisco, will leave for her home in Paris early in February and will sail from New York on February 20th.

Mrs. Grace Russell Hutton, accompanied by her son, Mr. Curtice Hutton, left on Saturday for Southern California for the polo season.

The members of the Del Monte polo team, who have been playing in a tournament with the San Mateo Polo Club, and who have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin in San Mateo, left on Thursday for Southern California.

Mr. Raymond Armshy, accompanied by his niece, Miss Leonora Armshy, will leave for New York about February 1st.

Mr. J. M. Healey and his two sisters, Miss Mae and Miss Josephine Healey, have been at the Hotel St. Francis for a few days en route to the Orient, where they will pass several months. Mr. Healey has large business interests in Portland, where the family take an active part in the social life.

At the St. Francis.

Many of the fashionable folk gathered at the St. Francis for the usual Monday luncheons, despite the rain. Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Walter Filer and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran were at one of the tables in the Garden. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was hostess to a group that included Miss Celia O'Connor, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Mrs. Georges de Latour. Ex-Senator Phelan was with a small company including Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, who has just returned from abroad, and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Another of the attractive groups included Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. George Newhall, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith were together, and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Marjorie Josselyn were in another party. Mrs. Lloyd M. Robbins entertained a group of five.

At the Palace.

Mrs. Arthur W. Bogart recently entertained at dinner in the Palace Rose Room Bowl for her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Moylan. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Bliss, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robin Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKeon, Mrs. O. M. Goldaracena, Miss Bertha Neaves, Miss Olympia Goldaracena, and Mr. Russell Mackay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Low of St. Louis are guests at the Palace. Upon their arrival they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Meier, also of St. Louis, who have been spending some time at their winter home in Pasadena.

Sunday evening Colonel Frank Eldridge Webb of New York was host informally to a few friends at dinner in the Rose Room Bowl.

Free Universit Lectures.

The University of California Extension Division is coöperating with the Archæological Institute of America in offering a series of free lectures in the lecture room of the San Francisco Public Library. The series is being promoted by the San Francisco Chapter of the Archæological Institute, of which Dr. David P. Barrows of the University of California is president and Professor Henry R. Fairclough of Stanford University is secretary.

For many years the universities of the United States have maintained two centres for classical study—one at Athens, the other at Rome. The former is called the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The latter was for many years entitled the American School for Classical Studies at Rome. It has been reorganized in recent years and its scope has been extended to include training in the fields of art and history. In this form it is known as the American Academy at Rome. The organization which has controlled and directed these two schools is the Archæological Institute of America, and it has been the habit of the institute to have lectures delivered annually in various parts of the United States in order that people might be kept informed concerning the work being carried on under American auspices in Greece and Rome. The first of these lectures, on "The Technical Side of Etching," was delivered by Professor Roi Partridge of Mills College on January 18th. The others will be as follows: Thursday, February 1st, "California Missions" (illustrated with slides), by Mrs. James Perron Smith of Palo Alto, who collaborates with her husband, James Perron Smith, head of the department of paleontology, Stanford University; Thursday, February 15th, "The Beginning of Buddhist Art in India" (illustrated with slides), by Professor Kenneth Saunders of the Pacific School of Religion; Thursday, March 1st, "The Romance of the Papyri" (illustrated with slides), by Professor Max Radin of the University of California. The public is invited.

One thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven performances of Shakespeare's plays were given last year in Germany. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was played 318 times in thirty-three different theatres.



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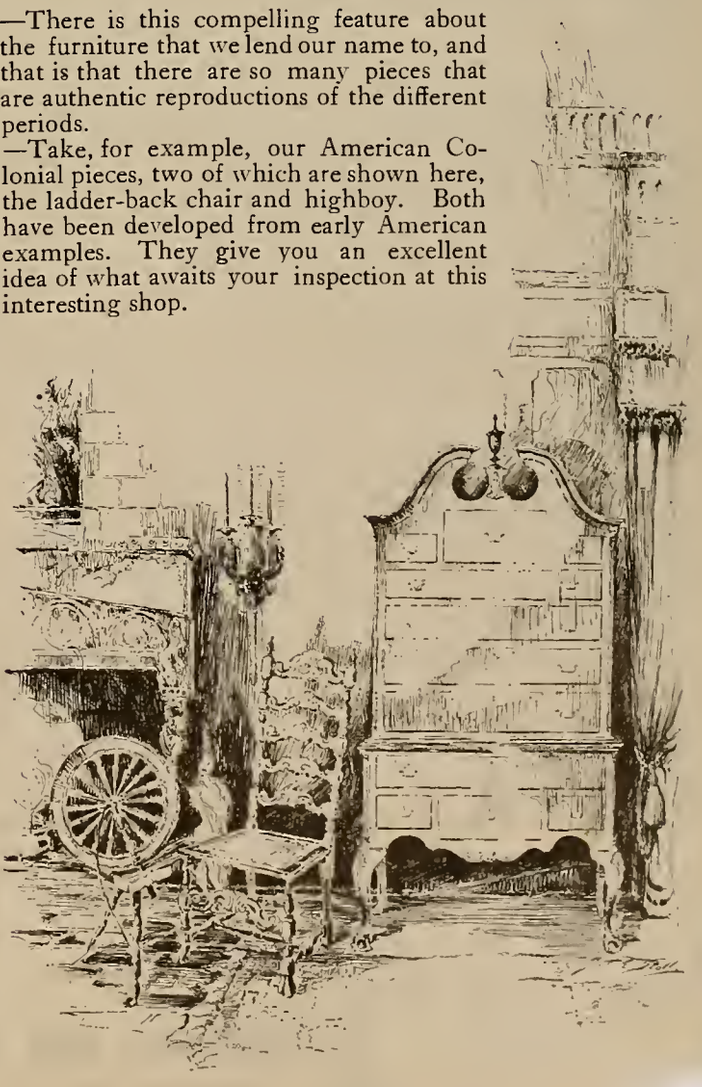
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did you ever understand a woman?" "Once." "How come?" "She said 'No.'"—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Cynthia—I hear you are painting a Madonna. Going in for religious art? *Artist*—No; it's a prima donna.—*Judge.*

Tom—Harry ate something that poisoned him. *Dick*—Croquette. *Tom*—Not yet; hut he's very ill.—*Texas Scalper.*

Professor (very near-sighted)—Hullo, Jones! You look like some one else. *Jones*—I am. This isn't Jones.—*Pitt Ponther.*

First Simple Nimrod—Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded. *His Portner*—Can't help that; the hird won't wait.—*Toledo Blode.*

Mon—Where are you going to attend school this fall? At the university? *Maid*—No. I'm tired of dancing.—*Konsas Ag. Brown Bull.*

Navajo Squow—Say! We're very near out of Navajo hlankets. *Chief*—That's all right. I've wired the factory in New Jersey for a gross.—*Life.*

Diner—I have eaten much better steaks than this one. *Waiter (through force of habit)*—Not here, sir, not here.—*Americon Legion Weekly.*

Aberdenian—Hoo did I like London? Grand! Yon's the place for me. Every time yet go into a restaurant ye find tuppence under yer plate!—*London Doily News.*

Financier—I haven't any more change now, waiter; I'll give you your tip tomorrow. *Waiter*—Sorry, sir, hut I'm afraid I am not in a position to give credit.—*London Passing Show.*

An optimist is one who hops out of hed on a cold morning, saying: "Well, old hed, I'll he hack to you in seventeen hours." The pessimist hops in hed, saying: "Gee, up again in seven hours!"—*Moss. Tech. Voo Doo.*

"The Spaniard gets little amusement from hearing his language spoken by foreigners," says an evening paper. Unlike the Scotchman, who loves to hear you pronounce Auchtermuchty, or Ardnamurchan.—*London Humorist.*

Fomous Novelist—Douhtless the sea is a hard life, hut it has its compensations. A sunset like this, for example. *Bo'sun*—That sunset, sir, means a gale tonight that won't half give you something to write about.—*Punch.*

Squire's Daughter (ofter reading letter from cottoger's son)—And what will you do with the striped kimono your son says he's sending home? *Rustic Mother*—You may well ask, missie. I suppose I'll have to put it in one of the pig-stics; hut what I'm going to feed it on, goodness only knows.—*Punch.*

"My hushand keeps coming home earlier every evening." "What is the secret of it?" "I dress up evenings, and am always taking off my coat and hat when he comes in, just as if I had heen out. He is trying to get home hefore I do, so he can kick ahout my staying out late."—*Judge.*

The Guest—What's the big idea? All the men in your country club seem to have taken to chewing tohacco and growing whiskers. *The Member*—Well, you see, all the women smoke, cut their hair, swear and wear knickerhockers and we men have to have some distinguishing marks.—*Judge.*

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him the host said to the guests: "You have heen giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now ahout to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you inform father you intend to marry me?" asked the girl with fluffy hair. "Yes," answered the young man with large eyeglasses. "All he said was that he wasn't very well acquainted with me and he didn't see why I should tell him my trouhles."—*Washington Star.*

Mistress—Mary, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan, and dish is soiled; the tahle looks like the day after a cyclone! What have you heen doing? *Mary*—Well, ma'am, hlessed if it he my fault. The young ladies has just been showing me how they hile a pertater at their cooking school.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"Education is a great thing," said Bingston. "There's Ballington, graduated in social welfare at Yale, and now he's head of the higgest prison in the country." "Right," said Kingsley, "and one of his ten-year tenants is a classmate who won all the medals for handwriting and took up forgery."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighhor. "That lady is my wife," replied the neighhor. "I am wrong," said the m. m. m.; "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it." "Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighhor simply.—*Columbio Jester.*

Hostess—Such a charming hook! The characters so exquisitely drawn; the psychology of the heroine simply delicious, and there's a philosophy runnin' through it, a wonderful revelation of the human soul. *Friend*—When did you read it? *Hostess*—Oh, I haven't read it yet, but I've read every review of it.—*London Opinion.*

"Friend," said Cactus Joe to the stranger in Crimson Gulch, "you have held four of a kind three times, a royal flush twice, an' several ace fulls." "Lucky, I calls it." "You're luckier than you think. The hoys here is willin' to let you go your way intact provided you start immediately. There won't he any gun play unless you linger. The hig luck fur you is the fact that you happened to pick 'Safety First' week for your performance at this here card tahle."—*Woshington Stor.*

TRINIDAD'S BENEDICTINE MONKS.

If a man of more or less prominence living in Denver were suddenly called to San Francisco, and, to save time, hastened to Boston to get a train for the Pacific Coast, his effort most likely would attract some attention and incidentally provoke a hit of comment, remarks the New York *Times.*

It was a roundahout journey of this sort, an apparently ridiculous detour on the Atlantic, a few weeks ago, that hrought to public notice the Right Rev. Dom Mayeul de Caigney, Lord Ahbot of Trinidad, and head of the Benedictine Order in the West Indies, a retiring, forceful man in the early fifties, who has done much for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of our island neighbors down in the Carihhean. He is more than six feet tall, and to use his own words, he is "the happiest man in the world" working for God's dusky children.

Early in Septemher, just about the time the first groups of American travelers started for the Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro, the lord ahhot received a cahle message from Cardinal Gasquet, Ahbot-President of the English Benedictines, asking him to attend the opening of the new Benedictine Cathedral at Sao Paulo, Brazil. The Cardinal said in his message that he himself was sailing direct from Southampton for Rio to consecrate the new edifice, and urged that the Lord Abhot of Trinidad make the journey and consecrate one of the large altars.

The altar he was asked to consecrate in Sao Paulo was about 3000 miles southeast of his monastery on the island of Trinidad. It was a long journey, he thought, nevertheless he would take the first steamship calling at the island. Two days later the Lamport and Holt liner *Vestris* came to port. She was the first vessel to loom on the horizon, hut unfortunately for Dom Mayeul de Caigney, she was northhound to New York. A perusal of the shipping schedules revealed the fact that the *Vestris* was the only vessel that could land him in Brazil in time for the consecration, even though she had first a run of 2000 miles to New York. He would book passage, he thought, and await her return from the States. But his hopes were jolted when he learned that she did not stop at Trinidad on her southern run to Rio. Here is a prohlem with one solution, so the lord ahhot hoarded the *Vestris,* making the 4000-mile detour to Rio de Janeiro, via New York.

This Belgian prelate, who was once confessor of King Alhert, made many friends among the passengers on the long run to Rio and invited all to stop off at Trinidad on their journey homeward and he his guest at the hig monastery he and the monks of his order had recently erected on the summit of one of the lofty mountains of the lone British island.

"Every one is welcome at my home," he assured the travelers. "There is plenty of food and room for all who come under the roof of our ahhey. I am an advocate of temperance in all things and with this in mind I will give you some of the hest benedictine in the world, for our order still makes this famous cordial, even in Trinidad. I am for temperance always, but not for prohihition. Alcoholic heverages are helpful for some persons when not taken in excess."

He has founded many missions and monasteries of his order throughout Brazil and the Western Islands. The pioneer work was attended by great hardships and dangers. Ten years ago he bought a mountain in Trinidad and on its summit the forty monks under his supervision huilt a monastery, a church, and various utilitarian huildings. Dom Mayeul de Caigney, who has taken degrees in engineering and architecture as well as in philosophy and theology, is a practical man and when he hought the mountain was not unmindful that the wherewithal to erect his huildings was close at hand in the timhers that grew ahout him, and the sandstone that jutted from the ravines at the mountain's base.

The lord ahhot was asked why he preferred the mountain top to the valley, and he replied that it had heen the custom of the Benedictines for fourteen centuries to build their homes high up in the hills, and that tradition had something to do with the selection of the lofty site for the monastery.

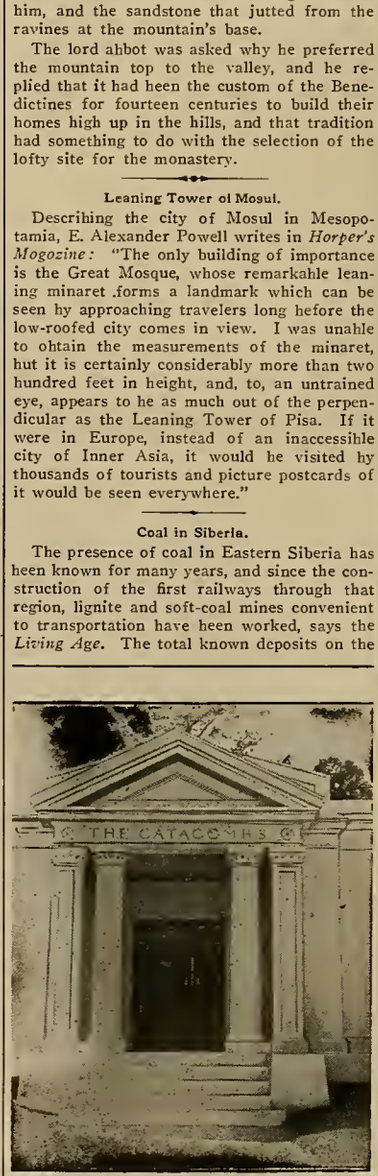
Leaning Tower of Mosul.

Describing the city of Mosul in Mesopotamia, E. Alexander Powell writes in *Harper's Mogozine:* "The only building of importance is the Great Mosque, whose remarkahle leaning minaret .forms a landmark which can be seen hy approaching travelers long hefore the low-roofed city comes in view. I was unahle to ohtain the measurements of the minaret, hut it is certainly considerably more than two hundred feet in height, and, to, an untrained eye, appears to he as much out of the perpendicular as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. If it were in Europe, instead of an inaccessihle city of Inner Asia, it would he visited hy thousands of tourists and picture postcards of it would be seen everywhere."

Coal in Siberia.

The presence of coal in Eastern Siberia has heen known for many years, and since the construction of the first railways through that region, lignite and soft-coal mines convenient to transportation have heen worked, says the *Living Age.* The total known deposits on the mainland contain some 625,000,000 tons, part of which is hard coal. Development on this island is retarded hy the absence of safe ports in the vicinity of the mines. In some of the workings the seams afford faces ahont seven feet high. Among the valuahle qualities of this coal is an almost entire ahsence of sulphur and slate, and it produces over 70 per cent. of high-grade coke. This alone is sufficient to explain Japan's interest in retaining North Sakhalin, for she has little or practically no high-grade coking coal within her present territories.

The holothurian or sea-slug is a snail-like creature, which can throw off its vital organs when frightened and replace them all within a few weeks.



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City and Water Company Co-operation.

In line with the fulfillment of its ohligation toward the people of San Francisco, Spring Valley Water Company has just arranged for refinancing its deht of $22,000,000, giving as security all of its properties now under option of purchase hy the City.

The necessity of financing an increased water supply for San Francisco during 1923 was one of the fundamental facts that caused the Railroad Commission two years ago to devote the most careful study to the problems confronting this company. The result was the Commission's order of August, 1921.

In that order the Railroad Commission laid down strict conditions for the development of the water supply, and the City authorities added still other conditions hefore executing the new "water contract."

By the terms of the new arrangement which is now being carried out—

(1) Spring Valley gives the City a twelve-year option to huy the water system at a price most advantageous to the City, a project the City has sought to hring about for twenty years.

(2) Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam in Alameda County, therehy impounding more water, and is enlarging and extending its conduit facilities to Irvington;

(3) The City is building that part of the Hetch Hetchy conduit extending from Irvington to Crystal Springs storage reservoir in San Mateo County;

(4) Spring Valley creates a sinking fund to retire the cost of raising Calaveras Dam and increasing its conduit facilities. If the City's project of acquiring the water supply succeeds, it will also acquire this fund.

(5) Spring Valley pays to the City interest during construction on the cost of the Hetch Hetchy conduit from Irvington, and later approximately $250,000 a year for the privilege of using the conduit to hring in additional water.

As a result of this virtual partnership hetween the City and the Water Company, Spring Valley is now raising Calaveras Dam; the City is building the conduit to Crystal Springs; and the Company has made its first payment of interest during construction on the work so far done hy the city.

Meanwhile the Company, under the terms of the agreement, is extending its mains within the City for the better service of our constantly increasing population.

This development of the supply, increasing the capacity of the system from 42 to 66 million gallons daily, and the necessary refinancing just hrought to a successful issue, spell a new era for San Francisco through the coöperation of the City and this Company under the regulatory authority of the Railroad Commission.

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Ruhr Occupation.

It is the fashion of the hour to say that France and Belgium have done a wrong and foolish thing in taking possession of the Ruhr Valley. This way of thinking—if it may be called thinking—is illustrative of the subconscious sympathy of the American mind with the British mind; for in truth it comes at second-hand, being reflective of views based upon British interest. And British interest is founded in motives both distinct from and antagonistic to the motives that have led the French and Belgians to move into the Ruhr Valley.

There are those—the *Argonaut* among them—who do not believe that in the Ruhr movement France and Belgium have done either a wrong or a foolish thing. It should be remembered that under the Versailles treaty Germany was to pay to France and Belgium various sums at various times for repairing the damage that had been wantonly and maliciously done in the period of the German occupation. Germany has not kept faith. There has been no indication that she has intended to keep faith. Although her industries have been in active operation, and although large numbers of her people have been accumulating wealth, she has pleaded poverty, and upon this plea has gone derelict. She has declined to tax her people as the French have been taxed since the war. With means abundantly in evidence for new construction within her own boundaries, she has failed to meet her promise in the matter of reparations in France and Belgium. Her intention has become evident by hook or crook to get out of paying, and to this end she has been encouraged by the policy of England, which in eagerness to regain German markets has seemed willing to allow payments on reparations account to France and Belgium to go by default.

Is there anybody so innocent as to believe that Germany, already delinquent, would voluntarily have met her obligations to France excepting upon compulsion? Surely there is nothing in the history of German policy to support faith in her voluntary compliance with these obligations. Germany is a notorious welcher. Of this fact San Francisco is a competent witness upon the basis of the record made by various German insurance companies following our disaster of 1906. If France had depended upon Germany to pay voluntarily, if she had disbanded her army and so placed herself in a position where she could not have enforced payment, she would not have gotten anything from Germany. Nor was there anything to be hoped through coöperation of the Allies. England has made it plain that she does not intend to apply force, and Italy long ago withdrew her forces and ceased to be dependable as a factor in enforcement of the Versailles treaty. Even America, while leaving a remnant of her army on German soil, announced that it was not to be employed in any serious effort to compel Germany to carry out her agreements. It was therefore left to France and to Belgium, either to demand what was due them by the only means that Germany could understand or respect, or practically abandon their rights under the treaty.

In taking possession of the Ruhr Valley, France has done the only thing that could by any possibility bring Germany to the snubbing-post. She must now pay according to the contract (or some revision of it) or yield possession of the Ruhr, leaving France to make what she may out of the seecurity she has seized. Furthermore France has done nothing but what lay within her rights and that was provided for in the Versailles treaty. Reduced to a simple explanation, her possession of the Ruhr is precisely what was contemplated and agreed to in case Germany should default in her pledges of reparation.

Settlement must now be made by Germany, since it is the only means by which she can recover the mainspring of her industrial organization. That the full award of the Versailles agreement will be paid is more than doubtful. The terms were not reasonable, perhaps not possible. They need to be revised. There should be reëxamination of the whole situation with expert determination of what Germany can pay and when she shall pay it. This done, Germany will be in position either to do as France did in meeting the indemnity charge following the Franco-Prussian war or by borrowing from whomever will lend her the money to make at least her early payments. This she may do by putting her future national revenues in pledge. But pay she must, else France will continue to hold the Ruhr Valley and to apply upon reparations account the revenues accruing from its industries and its vast coal resource.

Threats to paralyze the Ruhr by strikes mean little or nothing. Given the choice between starving or working—and that choice will be given—the working people attached to the Ruhr industries will return to their labors. Neither in the Ruhr nor anywhere else will men see their families starve rather than work when work and pay are offered them. Strikes may for the moment interrupt industry, but they will not last long. By another month the wheels of the Ruhr shops will all be turning and the coal mines will be pouring out their product under the hands of German workmen.

It was a bold stroke on the part of France and Belgium to take possession of the Ruhr, but it was the only way in sight to bring the Germans to their senses and to force upon them the necessity of meeting their obligations. To have failed to take the only practical measure of enforcing their rights under the treaty would have been on the part of the French authorities, not only to miss an opportunity, but to be derelict in respect of a moral duty.

There have been many critics of the French occupation of Germany territory. Can any critic suggest any other way by which the reparations bill could be collected?

Academic Bigamy.

The plain intention of Southern California to build up a university which shall become another state university is indicative at once of a lack of loyalty to the state as a whole and of a lack of sportsmanship at the southern end of it. California may be large enough to become two states; no one state is large enough to have two good state universitics.

The time may come, and soon, when administrative difficulties attendant upon growth of population may make it advisable to separate what is now California into two parts, one to be known as California and the other as Southern California. For several years the politicians have been building up duplicate state institutions to serve with greater convenience the needs of the country south of Tehachapi. There could be no logical nor political objection to that, and the people of California proper have not made objection, so far as we can recall. In general these duplications have taken the form of branches of existing institutions. In that shape, coördinated with the parent institutions of which they are part, they are capable of the maximum beneficial development consistent with central control and direction. They serve a good purpose, although many believe their real object is state division. Californians realize that the estimable persons constituting the majority of Southern California population are not Californians, but in a sensc, and even substantially, are foreigners from Iowa, Illinois, and other prairie states, constituting the "West," of which this area is certainly not a part. They represent American provincialism, but not the California tradition. They are the people who prefer pickles to olives, and cucumbers to alligator pears, who put sugar in what they call French dressing, and decline the Brie for fear of violating the Volstead Act. They speak some words of a common language with Californians, and in relation to foreign affairs they are good Americans in spite of their puritanism and their prairie vowels. But they know little of the golden California and the cosmopolitan spirit of its metropolis. Talk to them of Comstock days, and it leaves them unstirred. Tell them of the glories of the old California stock company and of Maguire's Theatre, and they are not thrilled. The magic name of Billy Emerson recalls nothing to them. Mention the Emperor Norton and they try to place him on the throne of Napoleon or grow bewildered with thinking about the Man in the Iron Mask. The Bear Flag is to them less than a figure of speech. We have some earthquakes in common, but they had no share in the San Francisco fire nor the rebuilding of the city. They never heard of James Capen Adams. They have no traditions of Concepcion d'Arguello, or Sutter and his riflemen. They know much about oil, but little about quartz. And the Days of '49 are an empty sound to them. In short, they are not of pioneer breed as we know it, and not of Californian ideals as we understand them.

On the other hand they are extremely loyal to the locality they now inhabit, and that loyalty would be quite admirable were it a little less narrow. We think that real California, the California of history, of tradition, of the rolling humor of Mark Twain, the matchless short fiction of Bret Harte, and the poetry of Joaquin Miller, the California of the Mother Lode, the Golden Gate, and the Yosemite Valley, will look dry-eyed on a move toward state division when the right time comes. But until it comes the duplication of state institutions should not be permitted to go the

length of disorganization. Until that time comes there should not be two Universities of California. With all its faults, and with all the tendencies the *Argonaut* has deplored in our state institution of the higher learning, it is still a great and valuable institution, growing in power and in prestige, occupying a unique position in the educational world through its standing with loyal Californians and the respect with which it is regarded abroad. If Southern Californians do not share our affection for it, that is because they are Southern Californians instead of Californians. To attempt to divide it before the state itself is divided is to divide authority, responsibility, and moral and financial support, and to make certain, as President Barrows has said, of mediocrity, instead of distinction and dignity and pride of superior position. An alumnus of Berkeley in Southern California would find himself in the anomalous position of a man with a double, that is to say dubious, allegiance. And this indeterminate sort of feeling would tend to strain the sentiment and relax the bonds that are a main support of the University of California. The present movement in the legislature should not be countenanced. It is premature, destructive of state loyalty, and demoralizing to effective organization. As long as there is one California there should be but one University of California. Two would be academic bigamy.

Spanish Satire and the Nobel Prize.

The annual award of the Nöbel prizes commemorating the name of the inventor of dynamite—oddly enough all dedicated to promoters of peace and constructive culture—is always subject to the type of criticism reserved for arbitrary phenomena of this sort. The Nöbel prizes have, nevertheless, particularly in the field of letters, usually coincided with the popular judgment as to the literary giant of the day. Sienkiewicz, Kipling, Selma Lagerlöf, Maeterlinck, float easily to mind as examples of popular awards; and, after all, popularity is a test that may not be ignored. But the board of directors, who by the terms of Alfred Nöbel's will must be exclusively composed of Swedes and residents of Stockholm, have evidently suffered a change of heart or membership, for the award for 1922 of the prize in literature to the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, shows a departure from the usual selection of the most celebrated writer of the year. Benavente's name, illustrious as it is in the ears of cultivated devotees of the theatre of whatever nationality, is not even so well known as that of his compatriot, Ihañez. True, Ihañez is a romanticist of the heroic school, and Benavente a realist of no school whatsoever—facts which amply explain their respective degrees of celebrity. In fact, the Spanish Benavente forcibly reminds one of the Celtic and unpopular Shaw—not that Benavente is as unpopular with his countrymen as G. B. S. with his English audiences, but his exemption is due to the Latin tolerance of realism and real love of satire. Shaw would make a successful Spaniard, for the Latin reveals his idea by veiling it—an explanation of the fact, if any is needed, of Benavente's unenthusiastic reception among Anglo-Saxon audiences.

One writer has even gone so far as to predict gloomily that Benavente is evidently fated to be one of the recipients of the Nöbel prize whose international fame is not stimulated by that distinction. There were other, despite our summary of Nöbel recipients, as popular favorites: but they were few. The German, Heyse, the Danes, Gjellerup and Pontopiddan, the Swede, Heidenstam, were even less known than the Spanish dramatist lately singled out by the Swedish board of awards as the man of letters who had done most to contribute to the benefit of mankind, as the inventor of dynamite's will piously reads. Still, posterity may even reverse present opinion on the choice of Heyse, Gjellerup, and Pontopiddan. Personally, we are convinced that it will corrohorate Benavente as a great constructive force in modern letters. If dynamite had been invented in 1590 and its discoverer had bequeathed the Elizabethan equivalent of the interest on nine millions to the annual encouragement of worthy authors and scientists it is more than conceivable that Hamlet's creator would not have been one of the chosen and enriched. "Hamlet" is more popular today on Broadway than it was in the early seventeenth century in England. Which argument, logical and circumstantial though it is, is not to imply that the present-day genius of Madrid will become a literary deity with the passage of centuries. Spain has been turning out great art and artists ever since she has been a nationality, but for some national reason or other her art is not popular. Velasquez may be the greatest of painters, as many artists claim, but in popular opinion he does not come up to Raphael. It is likely that one person reads "Don Quixote" for a hundred who read Shakespeare. Benavente will probably not hesitate to accept the fate of his even greater countrymen and satirists. A satirist can not hope to be a popular hero.

A Stirring of Dry Bones.

What the late Walter Page has described as "the stagnant pools of theology" are being mightily troubled by a controversy in which the principals are the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant and Bishop Manning, both of New York. Grant is the rector of the Church of the Ascension, famous as "The Little Church Around the Corner," and Manning is bishop of the diocese. The ruction grows out of recent denial by the rector of the divinity of Jesus and of practically every other dogma that lies at the foundation of the Episcopal Church. The Apostolic Creed, which contains the fundamentals of Episcopalian theology, is as follows:

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered unto Pontius Pilate, was dead and buried; He descended into Hell; the third day He arose from the dead; He ascended into Heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting.

This profession of faith was taken over almost bodily by the Church of England when it broke away from the Church of Rome four centuries ago, and it was reappropriated by the American Episcopal Church when, following the Revolution, it became an independent organization. It is incorporated in the vows of every man who takes orders in the church, and is recited in every formal church service, and is universally accepted by laity as well as clergy.

Dr. Grant's denials are specific. Jesus, he declares, was "perfectly human." Proceeding, he says: "No doubt Jesus did miracles, as they were regarded in his day, but, as M. Coué points out, many of them were acts of auto-suggestion, and would fall under categories clearly and well classified by the psychologists of today. Science understands them. They were not miracles." Continuing:

Take the matter of marriage, baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, extreme unction, etc. Anybody can see advantages in high relationships from giving them the general atmosphere of nobility, of expectation, of high vision; but, again, if we clearly understand that priests have no power to make marriage more than it is, its sacredness, we perceive, comes not from a priest, but from its essential characteristics, which have to do with the attitude and lives of the people involved, and can not be preserved independent of their feelings, will, and behavior.

If the ministry is a mechanical service of the sacraments by people who believe in their miraculous origin and power, any plow boy can take the job; in fact, that is the source from which to recruit the ministry, for their ignorance and credulity would easily persuade them to the miraculous character of the ministry. The unintelletcual quality of the task would require nothing more than they bring from the fields.

The trouble with the ministry is not to be attributed to their scholarship. They have had the best education the country can give. The trouble is the repression of their best thought and study by comfort-loving congregations which do not want to be stirred up by the problems of the day; also, the trouble with the clergy is the repression by officials in ecclesiastical authority who call a halt upon freedom of thought in the pulpit.

A man when he goes into the pulpit ought to feel as free as Voltaire did when he sat down to write—that nothing should bother his mind except the shortcomings of his own power of thought. He is to break away from his shortcomings by every artifice he can think of—by study, by prayers, by physical exercise, by relation to life of such honest perception of its emotional and intellectual possibilities that he is a normal human being and not a freak.

Therefore, self-consecration, which is one of the words you hear frequently in theological schools and among the clergy, is not a monastic and dried-up, narrow conception of a professional relationship to outworn truths.

Some man's hands upon his head, even though they are a bishop's, have put nothing into the head which was not there before.

Bishop Manning's protest against these expressions has taken the form of a letter to Dr. Grant, in which he declares:

The Apostles' Creed is the statement of the Christian Faith which not only every minister, but every member of this church, is required to accept. As a minister of this church you are obliged constantly and publicly to declare your belief in it.

At your ordination you were asked publicly and solemnly, "Will you then give your faithful diligence always so to minister the doctrine and sacraments and the discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded, and as this church hath received the same, according to the Commandments of God, so that you may teach the people committed to your cure and charge with all diligence to keep and observe the same?" To this question you replied, "I will do so, by the help of the Lord." If you can not now conscientiously accept and teach the Christian Faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed, it is plain that you can not consistently continue to hold your commission as a minister and teacher in the Protestant Episcopal Church. * * * I call upon you to correct unmistakably the impression which you have publicly given of your disbelief in our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior, or if it is not possible for you to do so, then to withdraw from the ministry of this church.

It would be interesting to know how many of those who from the pulpit honor this "ghost of orthodoxy," and how many who from the pews give formal assent to it, as defined in the Apostolic Creed, really and truly believe it. Undoubtedly there are some who do in blind faith; but there are those in vastly greater number who accept it as a mere historic formula, now meaningless in any other than a ceremonial sense. A great deal of water has passed over the dam since this creed was formulated, and much that in ages of faith and credulity was accepted as absolute truth is now viewed in quite another light. Bishop Manning implies that he believes it, but he does not say it in direct words. It would be interesting to see if, put to the test, he would categorically declare his belief that Jesus was the Son of God in the sense that the rest of us are not sons of God; that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin; that he descended into hell; that he arose from the dead; that he will revisit the earth and sit in judgment upon the quick and the myriad dead. At least few intelligent persons believe it, or believe that there is such a thing as a holy ghost, or that there is to be resurrection of the bodies of the dead. It is certain that by the world of education and intelligence these are regarded—while worthy of a certain historic respect—as fables, serviceable in their time and place, but outworn and anachronistic.

But it is to be remembered—as Bishop Manning sets forth—that Dr. Grant, upon taking orders, declared his belief in and acceptance of these dogmas, and that for many years he has continued to preach and to teach in the manner prescribed by the Episcopal Church and under its authority. There will be many to read his recent declaration with a sense of intellectual sympathy, but few, we think, to justify him in his pronouncement from a pulpit of the Episcopal Church against doctrines fundamental in the declared belief, the history, and the policy of that organization. Believing as he declares, Dr. Grant has no place as a priest of the Episcopal Church. But his time and place for declaring his defection was plainly ill-chosen. His declaration should have been made first to the authorities of the church, and upon failing to win acceptance and approval there he should have resigned his ministry. There is no argument by which his apostasy from an organization fairly entitled to his support under his ordination vows can be morally justified.

Now it is to be seen if the church will proceed to trial of Dr. Grant for heresy. Under its rules he is clearly a heretic, and under its practice he is subject to trial before being unfrocked. In these days churches shy at procedures of this kind. Heresy is a word that does not fall pleasantly upon the ear of this generation. A public trial—and Dr. Grant and the yellow newspapers will see that it shall be public—will not redound to the dignity of the Episcopal Church nor assist in its appeal. Dr. Grant knows this. He knows that by bringing on a trial for heresy he will grievously damage the organization that has been the source and support of his past career. He ought, without further discussion or agitation, to withdraw from the church, and if he has the spirit of a man and a gentleman he will do it.

The case is complicated by the fact that Dr. Grant, besides being temperamentally and otherwise a sensationalist, has an obvious personal motive in arraying himself against the church. It is only a few months back that he attempted to get the consent of Bishop Manning to marry a divorced woman. Obviously it is because this appeal was denied that he is now promul-

gating ideas that under the rules of the church make him a heretic. Nobody will doubt that if the authorities of the church had been complaisant and had permitted him to contract marriage under the conditions above defined, he would still be preaching and "believing" as he has done these thirty years and more. The public while yielding a certain assent to Dr. Grant's declarations will not acquit him of a course that in the ordinary affairs of life would be regarded as reprehensible, even contemptible.

The Latest Indian Outrage.

The most self-sufficient and historically interesting remnant of our aboriginal population lives in New Mexico. Reference is to the Pueblo Indians, the northern branch of the race that occupied Mexico in the pre-Columbian era. The Pueblo tribes or communities shared in the semi-civilization of their Aztec kin; and to this day, although more or less affected by Spanish and American influences, they retain the essentials of their aboriginal character. They live in communities so curiously adjusted as to hold their property in common and at the same time yield a high degree of liberty to the individual. At no time since the coming of the white man have they engaged in other than defensive warfare, always as against their savage neighbors. For centuries they have lived peaceably and wholesomely upon what is left of the vast territory that was once their own.

Under the Spanish régime each community of the Pueblos was granted in perpetuity a tract of approximately 17,000 acres of land. This they have cultivated since time out of mind, maintaining themselves independently of outside aid and in a manner of life approximating civilization—in truth at some points far in advance of much that goes under the name of civilization. At one time or another these communities have had extensive dealings with their white neighbors—other than squatters—and universal testimony goes to sustain their repute for intelligence, honesty, and kindliness.

Since time out of mind the Pueblo communities have practiced that very important branch of industry, agriculture under irrigation. Two centuries ago they impounded the waters in cañons within or adjacent to their immediate properties, holding back the winter floods and carrying them in summer in systems of ditches to their fields and gardens. With the coming of Europeans they took on the business of animal husbandry and have been prompt to adopt courses tending to maintain and improve their herds. They have prospered, not largely, but variously and wholesomely.

That all this should have attracted the attention and cupidity of a certain class of white men goes without saying. Even before New Mexico became American territory, encroachments were made upon the Pueblo grants by white men, Spaniards and Mexicans. More recently scalawag Americans have had their share in this disreputable business. Little by little squatters—in other words, land thieves—have pushed in upon the Pueblo grants. It has been a slow but steady progress. In the case of one of the Pueblo communities its landed possession has been reduced to a few acres and only a half-starved remnant of aged Indians remain. Other of the communities have been more fortunate, but upon all of them the aggressive squatter has encroached heavily. A race native to the soil, industriously making use of it to wholesome ends, has all but been driven from its home. The watersheds that have served them for centuries have been wantonly polluted to the end of impoverishing them. All the shabby means by which cupidity moves upon helplessness have been employed and are being employed to the destruction of these self-sustaining and kindly people.

Now comes in the shape of a measure known as the Bursom bill, pending in Congress, that which must destroy or disperse the Pueblo communities. The Bursom bill proposes to confirm to the land thieves the tracts they have occupied or claim within the Pueblo grants. This bill, than which no scheme of land robbery was ever more wanton and vicious, has been stamped with approval by the Secretary of the Interior and has thus been given the status of an administrative measure. It is representative of the greed of an army of squatters and their legal aids and promoters, and of nothing more worthy. It is "popular" in New Mexico, just as all measures of aggression against the Indian have been popular since the day of Columbus. Secretary Fall, being a New Mexican and a politician, falls in with a movement that has the support of his associates and constituents in New Mexico.

Our Pacific Coast magazine, *Sunset*, has taken upon itself the kindly task of championing the cause of the helpless Pueblos. In a series of articles, currently published, it is setting forth the facts and pleading for these helpless people. The *Argonaut* applauds the work of *Sunset* and seconds its appeal. It is an outrageous thing that is proposed in New Mexico, nothing less than use of the powers of government to oppress and rob a group of innocent and kindly people who, as the wards of the government, are entitled to its protection.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Robert Woods Bliss, who has been appointed by President Harding as Minister to Sweden, is almost a Californian. He is the son of Mr. William H. Bliss of Santa Barbara, and his wife is the daughter of Mrs. Bliss—father and son having married mother and daughter. In recent years Mr. Bliss has been an occasional visitor here, and in spite of his nominal citizenship in New York, his home, in a domestic sense, has been here. For more than twenty years Mr. Bliss has been connected with the diplomatic service, having been secretary of legation in Brazil, and in the Argentine, and more recently at Paris. He held the latter post during the period of the world war. With reorganization of the national administration under President Harding, Mr. Bliss became Third Assistant of the Department of State. He has distinguished himself by effective work in his various assignments, foreign and domestic, and his promotion is a natural and proper recognition of his services.

SHOULD WE CANCEL THE WAR DEBTS?

Some Considerations of Ethics and Economics That Are in Danger of Being Overlooked.

There is something appealing in the suggestion that the United States begin unwinding the tangled skein of European finance by canceling the war debts due from European countries. When put forward by Americans it seems to promise a continuation of the generosity, the altruism, the spirit of self-sacrifice which we take pride in believing were our moving impulses in entering the war. We are pretty much a nation of sentimentalists and idealists after all, and are too generally disposed to let people off when they are in trouble. Our governors pardon murderers that ought to hang, our judges deal leniently with automobile thieves. There is a bill in our own California legislature to abolish capital punishment—to palter with murder because it is so distressing to the sensibilities of our humanitarians to make the lives of honest men more secure by making those of malefactors less so. So we grieve for the distresses of our recent comrades in arms, we cherish loyalty and devotion toward them, we feel, perhaps, that our culture is a bit inferior to theirs anyhow and wish them to encourage us a little by thinking agreeably about us, and are generally indisposed to hold them to any strict account. On their part, some of our European friends take the attitude of the debtor who if his creditor was willing to throw off half the debt was willing to throw off the other half.

In the somewhat nebulous state of the American mind on the subject—there is nothing nebulous about the European state of mind—it is well that we have had a common-sense rather than an emotional administration, with a hard-headed Secretary of State and a perhaps harder-headed Secretary of the Treasury, and that they have had, among them, sufficient resolution to send the British chancellor of the exchequer and the governor of the Bank of England home with every assurance of their distinguished regard, and a well-grounded notion that the debts would have to be paid; although, to be sure, on pretty easy terms. Congress will be asked for authority to make a low interest and a long maturity, and there will perhaps be a low rate for amortization. And as even such conditions may seem hard to some, it is well that we have lately been supplied with a comprehensive statement of the nature of the war obligations and of what their cancellation would mean. The subject is one of much complexity as to origins and relations, although of relative simplicity as to results. And a brief consideration of those results will show them to be questionable.

It takes an expert to see his way through this maze. The statement is supplied by Mr. Garet Garrett, in the course of an article recently printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Garrett has been a financial writer on the New York *Sun*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the New York *Times*, the New York *Evening Post*, editor of the New York *Times Annalist*, and lately an associate editor of the New York *Tribune*. He has had to keep track of the complicated financial transactions involved, from the outbreak of the European war. In accordance with Emerson's admonition to "ask the man that knows" we should give a little attention to Mr. Garrett's statement. We are not likely to get a clearer one. It has been reprinted in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Notes on the War Debts," and it is good pamphleteering.

This statement opposes the theory that we ought to cancel because we were so late into the war. If we were late in with our troops we were early in with our dollars, and dollars are the proper burthen of the song. We can not be accused of being mercenary, for it is likely that if we had not entered the war, and the Allies had won, which of course was impossible without us, we should not have heard of cancellation. They would have expected to pay up, like any other debtor, unless he be a German. Private loans were being made to them before we went in, and through that relation the public loans became in part retroactive. "The proceeds of Liberty bonds to the amount of more than a third of a billion dollars were loaned to pay off debts contracted by Great Britain with private bankers before this country had put itself into the war." The same is true in less amount of French loans. And we kept on lending long after the war was over, and, indeed, after the cancellation propaganda had begun. That was hardly mercenary. The fact that we entered the war late, although it was, by several shades, better than never, is held against us by our European debtors, whereas it has properly nothing whatever to do with the obligation in a moral sense, and less than nothing in a legal sense.

The record of the debts is of prodigious extent, according to Mr. Garrett—not at all readable, and "few people have ever been seriously interested in it, merely taking right consummations for granted." He adds that no one person has yet read the whole of it. But we may be sure that whatever the record contains, a great deal of money was spent. It has long ago been observed that matrimony can not subsist on love and kisses; and neither can war. We love our late allies, but we have to pay our labor; also our capital, and our management. While we were singing "Over There," and "Somewhere in France Is a Lily," and getting all het up by our Four-Minute Men, and the boys were drilling and going across, the expenses were piling up worse than delinquent taxes, but few of us were looking at them. We were watching the flag go by, and cheering the boys that marched. The war was for humanity, but it cost just as much as though it had been for conquest and enslavement, and with less chance of getting back our bait. Every few minutes we exploded a million dollars, like a gigantic star bomb, filling the night sky with beautiful scintillations and lighting up the world for our overcoat and gum-boot profiteers and our cost plus 10 per cent. contractors.

We spent $22,000,000,000 on our own account, when we didn't have it to spend, and we raised our national debt from a pre-war bagatelle of about $1,500,000,000 to the proud figure of $26,590,000,000 when at its peak in August, 1921. It is now more than $22,000,000,000. All of us owe that to some of us, but we are not talking cancellation. By next July our budget will balance. The last Liberty bond will be paid, whoever owns it. Great Britain, however, has suggested cancellation, and has kept it up for four years. She had a right to suggest it, although, considering how the debt arose, it hardly seems in good taste—but perhaps good taste is too much to expect from people that like their lamb rare. The suggestion has had a peculiar psychological effect on some of our own folks. It was such an unheard-of thing that many of them supposed there must be some merit in it or it would not have been made. They gave our ally the benefit of the doubt, and they did it with the same spacious generosity with which they waived all claim to indemnity for the crimes of Germany. They could not conceive of America asking to be excused unless there were something on our side by way of set-off, as the lawyers call it. So they assumed that there was a large set-off account in this case. But examination of the facts shows no such thing. We paid for all we got, and we paid the full price, and in many cases we had to adopt rather rough methods with our friends to prevent them from charging us more when we bought from them than we ought to have paid. It will be news to many patriotic and sentimental Americans that our friends were thus thrifty in their friendship. Yet we must take them as they are—only, we should not be so foolish as to lose sight of their little financial peculiarities. They loved us greatly once; but like any nice girl with a too ardent lover we had to be on our guard. An instance will illustrate more than a lot of description; and a good illustration is Mr. Garrett's account of the jute matter.

Jute is an Indian monopoly, and was an essential war material. For money, the people of India delight the hearts of the people of Nevada and Colorado by preferring silver to gold. Nobody understands why, any more than any one understands the fifty-seven varieties of Hindu philosophy, which appear to be about as rational; but so it is. We had to buy our jute in the British market, and we were charged more for it than the British government was paying. This was while we were comrades in arms against a common foe, and while our price-fixing machinery was defending the

British against any higher prices for goods bought in this country than our government was charged. Our War Industries Board protested against this discrimination in the price of jute, and was told that the British government could do nothing because the price of jute was an affair of the Indian government.

Meanwhile, German emissaries had almost started a panic in India by insinuating that the Indian government could not redeem its rupees in silver because it had no silver. That was true. We had it. A run on the Indian government for redemption started and it looked as though the Hindu's confidence in the British raj was going to be shocked into coma, if not something worse. It was a case of monopoly against monopoly, for about all the available silver in the world had somehow got into the basement of the United States Treasury at Washington. We lent some of it to Great Britain, but our War Industries Board made it a condition that we should have jute at the rate charged the British government. And the British government found at last that it could be arranged with the Indian government; just as Germany will find she can pay if she must. Not nice to have to talk to your friends that way; but when it is necessary to prevent them from doing you an injustice they will respect you more for it than if you just let things slide. No friendship worth anything was ever yet gained by a weak-kneed amiability.

And they tried it with wool, and with tin, and we paid them $90,000,000 for transporting a million of our troops to France to shoot Germans for them, that time they had their back against the wall. There is no intention here of embittering the business—merely of recounting some pertinent truths. Perhaps the English people knew as little about it as our people cared about it at the time, and perhaps their officials were overzealous in protecting the British treasury and British trade; but facts are facts, and you don't get anywhere unless you face them. As the Rev. P. Stickney Grant observes, the truth is what is. The War Industries Board had to threaten an extra charge of 10 per cent. on everything the British were buying in the United States if the British government continued to charge us an extra 10 per cent. on wool.

And the French were good at this charging business, too. Before we got into the war, Allied vessels were exempt from port charges in France. When we began sending our boys over to save the sunny land of France, the aforesaid sunny land of France taxed our vessels in French ports. We paid rail mileage for the cars and locomotives that ran on French rails conveying troops to save the sunny land of France, and we paid damages for the roads we built. We paid for stone we dug out of the sunny land of France to pave and patch the roads for which we paid these damages. Any suggestion of an all-round debt cancellation should, in justice, be accompanied by the proposal to pay us back, but it never is. They owe us, and we do not owe them, so they are willing that we just forget it.

There is much more in this pamphlet than we have space to discuss here. There have been long delays, when Lloyd George stood us off, like a slow-pay tenant. There is the Balfour note to the powers owing Great Britain, in which the acting secretary for foreign affairs expressed his grief at the fact that the Americans stood in the way of wholesale forgiveness of debts by Great Britain, because they would not forgive Great Britain's debt to them—followed by a poor opinion of us in Europe, which still expresses itself in japes and jibes and cartoons both hostile and indelicate. And there is a discussion or presentation of the arithmetic of the business, from which it appears that in a general all-round *compensatio* and *confusio* cancellation orgy we should cancel debts of some $10,500,000,000, while Great Britain would cancel debts of $9,750,000,000 exclusive of her uncollectible claim on Germany; and as $4,250,000,000 of that would be what Great Britain owes us, we should be losing $5,000,000,000 more than Great Britain. The thing won't even itself that way, despite the popular notion that both sides of the equation are the same and X equals nothing.

But perhaps Mr. Garrett is strongest when he gets down to the fundamental economic fact that the debt is one for things, for commodities, bought here on tick, and paid for with borrowings, and that if they could be produced in this country to the extent of the Allied debts in about nineteen months, it is mere flub-dub to argue that they can not be produced in the Allied countries, and sold in world markets for enough to pay us up, some time within the next twenty-five or fifty years.

Friendship is not a merchantable commodity. Nobody ever bought a friendship that was of any value. If we canceled the whole debt today, it is likely that Europe would not thank us for it, for it has got itself into such a frame of mind that it thinks it is only our duty to cancel. Mr. Garrett says it has developed a sort of debtor's hysteria, and thinks it is being crushed, despite the fact that it has paid little as yet. It is like the Englishman in the story who complained that his wife was always after money, but who, when pressed for a statement of her ways of spending it, admitted that he hadn't yet given her any.

As far as these debts are mutual and circular among the Allies in Europe, the place to break the circle is in Germany; and the French have attacked it at that point, and will probably have some success. For since the extinction of the sabre-toothed tiger, the earth presents no such example of grim determination as a Frenchman collecting a debt. And that is not to the Frenchman's discredit. Debts ought to be collected.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Portrait.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the ghastly rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said—"The thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet,
There stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched out my hand, I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side:
And at once the sweat broke over my brow:
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began:
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered, . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I returned, "let the dead decide:
And whosesoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young Priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

—*Robert Bulwer-Lytton.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph Clark Grew, who with Richard Washburn Child, Ambassador to Italy, and Admiral Mark L. Bristol, commander of the American ships in Turkish waters, has represented America at the Lausanne conference, has been our representative in Switzerland since September, 1921. Mr. Grew is a Bostonian, having been born in the Hub City as recently as 1880. He prepared to enter the diplomatic service from boyhood, when he traveled extensively in Europe and the Orient. His official career began in 1904, when he was appointed clerk to the consulate-general in Cairo. Since then he has represented his country in steadily ascending positions in the diplomatic scale in Mexico, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna, till in 1920 he was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Denmark, and the same to Switzerland the following year. Mr. Grew attended the pre-armistice negotiations at Versailles as secretary to Colonel House, October-November, 1918, and was appointed secretary-general of the American commission to negotiate peace at Paris, November 30, 1918. Again at the peace conference in 1919 Mr. Grew was designated American secretary on the International Secretariat.

James Simpson, newly-elected president of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, has spanned in his life the typical plot of Alger's book for boys. Starting with the same firm as a seventeen-year-old office boy, he has reached the top of the ladder before he is fifty.

Samuel Moffet Ralston, recently elected senator from Indiana on the Democratic ticket, is a former governor of Indiana. Senator Ralston, whose election to the Senate from a "key"state shows developments of real political importance, was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1886 and is now the senior member of the law firm of Ralston, Gates, Lairy, Van Nuys & Barnard.

Colonel Edward H. R. Green, Hetty Green's son, is a radio enthusiast. The son of America's one-time richest woman has built a broadcasting station on his Round Hills estate and installed complete wireless experimental laboratories.

King George is said to be one of the finest shots in England, and his horsemanship is second only to his shooting. His third and fourth hobbies are reading and stamp collecting, the latter being the only thing that tempts the king to turn from pressing duties. He is one of the best informed men in the kingdom, owing to his habit of calling in all the interesting people of the hour for consultation and discussion. Though laying no such claim to Beau Brummelism as that maintained by his father, Edward VII, the king has an immense wardrobe, exclusive of more than ninety uniforms.

Mrs. Allen Potts of Middleton, Virginia, is the only hereditary master of hounds—or mistress in this case—in the country. The original Castle Hill hounds, which are so closely associated with the Orange Hunt Club of Virginia, were collected at least twenty years prior to the Revolution, and George Washington frequently rode to their hunting. The strain has been kept pure ever since.

Oressa Anderson, the fifteen-year-old heroine of the Arverne conflagration of last June, was awarded the gold medal of the Safety Institute of America recently for "the most notable act of heroism in New York in 1922." During the $2,000,000 Arverne fire in which 1500 were made homeless Miss Anderson, despite burns and a sprained ankle, entered two burning bungalows and saved seven people, five of whom were small children. The youthful heroine is a Girl Scout.

Lieutenant William N. Williams, U. S. A., retired, of Washington, D. C., is the oldest veteran of the world war. "Dad" Williams, as he is called by the boys of Washington Post, was born on January 15, 1837, at Newton Stewart, County Tyrone, Ireland, and was brought to America by his parents when three months old. At the outbreak of the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846 Williams, then a lad of ten, tried to enlist as a drummer boy, but was repeatedly rejected because of his youth. In later wars, however, he was more successful. As a private in the civil war he fought in most of the decisive battles and later saw active service in the Indian wars on the Western frontier. In 1878 he was retired from the army as a second lieutenant and was promoted to first lieutenant in 1904. When the United States entered the world war Williams was turned down because of his advanced age. But finally the desperate officials had to pacify him and assigned him to active duty with the Quartermaster Corps as a first lieutenant. Lieutenant Williams is surgeon of George Washington Post, No. 1.

The remarkable story of the Countess Margaret Cassini, the greatest belle of Washington diplomatic circles when she was in this country some years ago as the daughter of the ambassador from Russia, has lately been exploited partly as publicity for the countess' present and post-war business project, a dressmaking establishment in Florence. Her dramatic story began when she was ten at the imperial court in Peking, where she was the pet of the dread Dowager Empress and the great Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who taught her Old Chinese, the classic tongue, in five years. At fifteen she was sent to Paris to complete her schooling, although she already read eight languages, five of which she speaks fluently. Count Cassini's appointment to Washington was succeeded by one to Madrid, where the youthful countess met and married Count Loievsky, a secretary at the Russian embassy there. The reverses of the world war gave a new turn to the countess' always dramatic career. It was when "the little Cassini" was reduced to sewing by the day to support her two sons that she happily met a former friend from Washington, Contessa Cornelia Fabbricotti, *née* Scovel, who helped her to her feet and eventually to the little hat and gown shop in Florence which the daughter of one of Imperial Russia's greatest statesmen now runs with a good simulation of bourgeois business ability.

A CALIFORNIA SENATOR'S TRAVELS.

Hon. James D. Phelan Follows Puck and Puts a Girdle Round About the Earth.

Former Senator Phelan has done it, too. He has circumnavigated the globe and written a book about it. This book was to have been a limited edition affair, for private circulation and perhaps for personal reference when the impressions of the trip should grow dim, but when Alexander Robertson looked over the copy he decided it would be a pity to limit so much good stuff, so we have it as a regular Robertson publication. In typography, illustration, and text it does not disappoint, but recounts with the familiar interest of our former senator's most classic platform manner his long wanderings and his political observations in the field. One may not always agree with him, and there may be passages which make us feel that our senatorial Marco Polo brought back a good deal of the luggage with which he started, but there is at least no timidity about stating conclusions, even long-held ones, and the senator's political courage enables us to know with certainty just what he thinks on a number of subjects of pressing importance—the Japanese immigration question, for example. Nothing he saw in Japan appears to have altered his opinion on that. Indeed, if anything had there would have been nothing left in human nature on which to rely, and so it is with a certain relief that we read:

> Look at unbappy California. The Federal government refused to recognize tbe Japanese menace until today. Now there are one bundred thousand reasons urged by Japan wby we sbould do notbing. Tbe rigbts of resident Japanese—one hundred thousand in one state and three hundred and fifty thousand in the United States—unassimilable, indigestible, creating economic disturbance and labor distress, are pressing for consideration. Tbey steal in between the meshes of tbe law and breed with alarming rapidity.
>
> Let us assume that all are agreed on a rigorous exclusion policy. We still bave tbe problem. We must scatter the Japanese in California to save the rural population. I see but two ways of doing it: By firmly denying them naturalization and land ownersbip (whicb we do now and sbould not relax) and so cause tbem to seek other fields; and by effecting at the same time land settlement on a generous scale under state auspices, so as to secure a desirable population, American, or clearly, potentially American, whicb will be loyal to the country in peace and war.

As to the problem of Hawaii, rapidly turning Japanese, Senator Phelan has this to offer:

> Why not now take up the two questions in a big way? Why temporize? Tbe expedient proposed to gain time, namely, to admit a limited number of Chinese for five years, might give our government a chance to turn around, like tbe strategic move of a general confronted witb stubborn facts and an agile enemy. It would be distinctly distasteful to tbe Japanese, because tbey can not meet Cbinese competition at bome or abroad. Tbe Cbinese wants are few, their industry well known, their skill in agriculture unquestioned. They would be able to replace the Japanese, or economically destroy them, as tbe *Vedalia Cardinalis* devoured tbe pests in the California orcbards.

Even a wayfaring man might infer from this that the erstwhile mayor of San Francisco feels little enthusiasm for the Japanese in California, either as citizens or denizens, and that as far as he is concerned he would master his emotions and remain dry-eyed if most of them stayed home, or went to Manchuria or Siberia or Saghalien or other furrin parts. This conviction grows as one reads. He never does become really amiable over the thought of making California a great Japanese-American state. And as he started, so he returns—ends as he began; perhaps more strongly convinced than before, by his direct inspection. The verbal pictures are very clear and significant, like this:

> As tbe train pulled into Osaka, the greatest industrial city, not only in Japan, but in the Orient, I saw a forest of chimneys, some, I am told, seven bundred feet higb, belching out fumes generated by no less than one million tons of coal annually. The manufactures are bardware, leather, matcbes, glass—but principally cotton and woolen goods, the spinning and weaving of whicb requires two hundred and eigbty thousand spindles and creates an output annually valued at one bundred million dollars gold. The population bas grown from about three hundred thousand in 1882 to one million tbree bundred tbousand in 1921.

There is a picture which might well give an American pause, whether he considers the Japanese in his own state, or in their home; for such industrialism means power. And Japanese power has been exerted not always considerately.. Of Korea he gives us this glimpse:

> I was entertained at a native feast by a group consisting of an American miner, a Standard Oil Company agent, the Associated Press representative, an English insurance agent, and the American consul, and their ladies—a little club that fills in tbat far land the craving for bome and country. We went to a tea-house, sbed our sboes, squatted on tbe floor and took up our cbopsticks. Tbe bospitable hosts cooked the meal in pots over cbarcoal braziers. It consisted mainly of rice, bits of tender beef, onions and other vegetables, all simmering before one's eyes, and it proved a delicious and wholesome chow. Time after time the tickled palate, witb a new interest in the cuisine of the East, would demand more. The dish, which won a triumph, is called "Tsukiyaki"—rare because no one probably can call for it!
>
> Tbese Americans are enjoying Japanese protection in their business, and at dinner the ranking Japanese official of Korea familiarly participated in the feast. He was a bland, agreeable servant of the Mikado. Why did he come? To promote silence.

Retrospectively, Japan in the world of today must appear to Senator Phelan very like that genie the foolish fisherman in the Arabian Nights tale delivered from the bottle—with Uncle Sam as the foolish fisherman, and no way to get the unwelcome person to return and be corked in again. He says:

> When Commodore Perry, doubtless following the instructions of President Millard Fillmore, coerced Japan in 1854 to open her doors to trade, the spirit of commerce, and, perbaps, good will and humanity, inspired the youthful republic. But it was a bold step, and, notwithstanding the frequent platitudes, where oratorical unction smears the incident with "ancient friendsbip," the Japanese hate us for it. Tbey say smilingly tbat "we introduced tbem to tbe Western world," but it was very much the same way that a policeman migbt introduce a malefactor to the "third degree." A Japanese authority says: "The total intention of Perry's fleet was to threaten us and to take tbe Okinawa Islands by force in order to coerce this country if we did not obey his orders." This unfortunate move was tbe mother of the Japanese navy and the cause of tbe ferment in the Pacific! Japan sbould have been opened by a diplomatic key, or not at all.

No; in the senator's breast affection for the Japanese aopears to be a passion tempered by many co-relevant considerations. As to the Chinese, he seems to share the tolerance that has accompanied the reduction of their numbers in California under the Geary Exclusion Act—a confirmation of the principle that the less you have of people the better you like them. Compared with his attitude toward the Japanese, the senator's attitude toward the Chinese appears quite charitable, not to say appreciative. In China:

> Witb more patriotic than artistic pride, I was borne by my friends to a cemetery on a hill six miles out of town, where Chinese from all parts of tbe world bave contributed duly inscribed stones which mark the resting place of the seventy-two martyrs wbo fell in the revolution of nineteen hundred and eleven. It is a shrine where I paid my reverent bomage. I saw the names of Chico, Stockton, and San Francisco conspicuously displayed on the stones of the pyramidal mausoleum, marred by the bad art of a bungling sculptor who tried, with the best intentions, to reproduce at the apex Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. It reminded me of the expression of the citizen who made a toilsome climb to see the unveiling of Mayor Sutro's idea of the subject on a San Francisco hill: "If that be liberty," said he, "give me death."

One is almost tempted to exclaim: "How these mayors love one another!"

Some blighted dyspeptic remarked lately: "If oil should be discovered in the Philippines the Filipinos won't be fit to govern themselves for another hundred years." The senator has his views on Philippine independence, which, independent of oil and other things, he sets forth thus:

> To understand tbis hank scandal, one would have to be familiar with the Filipino character, simple and confiding, witbout guile, and not conspicuously endowed witb the sense of responsibility. A resident gave me tbis story as a personal experience to illustrate just wbat happened. He said: "I had a young Filipino in my employ and entrusted bim with fifty pesos to pay some petty bills about town. At the end of a few weeks I asked him for a statement, and he could not account for six missing pesos. He frankly admitted tbat he had given them to a friend. But I asked, 'Why did you do that?' and he said his amigo asked bim for them, 'and how could one refuse bis amigo?' But I told bim it was not his to give, and it slowly dawned on him that I was right."
>
> It will thus be seen tbat sucb easy and unstandardized ways are not conducive to eitber private or public morality. Tbe idea of *meum et tuum* is not firmly differentiated, and, until it is, government itself will fail for lack of moral sustenance.
>
> I got a clear impression from my confidential conversations that the most patriotic Filipinos do not believe, wbatever may be their public professions, that independence sbould be given at this time, because tbe people are not yet able to conduct free and honest elections and administer the affairs of state in a satisfactory manner; that tbe measure of power tbey now bave is ample for the present and will serve to firmly pave the way to an ultimate capacity for independence; that tbe government control by tbe United States is in no wise oppressive, but greatly belpful, and tbe Islands, without the United States, would be an easy prey to the acquisitiveness of other nations.

And before leaving the subject of the Philippines here is a bit of history that may be new to many good Americans who supposed the victory of Admiral Dewey was as satisfying to him as it had been to the rest of the country:

> Admiral Dewey often spoke to me in after years of his personal feelings of love and gratitude for the City by the Golden Gate; but bis life was embittered by tbe frost, the chilling frost, wbich fell upon his fair dreams of popular recognition. At one time be bad packed bis belongings to leave America forever, wben a single note of kindness expressed in a New York paper, justly stating tbe obligations of his country to bis valor and skill, turned his rebellious thought aside. He deserved better of his countrymen.

By this time the reader will have detected that the trend of the book is political rather than æsthetic; and that is, in a travel book, a real relief. Bill Nye said there were five million dogs in the United States and it had been estimated that three million could do all the work. Similarly it may be said that the number of literary old maids that have described the Taj Mahal by moonlight is now nearly sufficient for all practical purposes, and our author appears to have found it better just to print a picture of it and let it go at that—who shall say mistakenly? But on Indian politics he has his opinions, and he states them. His deep sympathy with the Indian aspiration for freedom may grow in part from a slight suspicion that England is not all she should be—not to stigmatize his expressions on that subject as Anglophobic in any degree. And yet he makes the statement that India is not sane! He follows it with the observation that "no passionate people are sane on the subject of freedom or religion." Nevertheless he said it—said India was not sane. And it is probably true, and probably always has been true, and probably the aspiration for freedom has little to do with it and the fact would remain if the British departed tomorrow. There is as much use talking about Indian freedom as about the freedom of the Napa State Hospital.

So much for India. On to Egypt! Here it is, past and present:

> A more puerile set of impositions were never practiced anywhere more successfully than by the Priest-Caste upon the early Egyptians. The wonderful museum at Cairo contains rare antiquities, and you can purchase there surplus scarabs, jushebtis (small icons wbich, buried with you, give exemption from post-mortem labor), and even mummies—the desiccated dead, in gaudy boxes—and obelisks with hieroglyphic inscriptions. Many of them for sale, the irreverent say, are made in Connecticut! I told Shar, our dragoman, that he should not traffic in the dead, and that in America the dead had rights—the right, at any rate, to remain buried! But he said, with delightful naïveté, "Are not their estates robbed?" He must have been associating with members of a nameless profession.

Our author could not have entered Palestine without thinking of Zionism, and seeing the Holy Land in the light of it; and he must perforce again see British arms and see them in this relation to peace:

> As to the policy of Zionism from the Jewisb standpoint, tbe advocates bave a strong national consciousness, and, very reasonably, desire to give the oppressed Jews of Europe a refuge in their ancestral bome. They are trying to put the immigrants, coming in at the rate, I am told, of a thousand a montb, on tbe soil. They take tbe allotment, according to tbe current report, and employ Arabs to cultivate the land and barvest tbe crops, while they, accustomed only to trading, open a sbop. In this way Palestine will never be properly settled by the Jews and the immigrants made self-supporting. Tbey will continue, it is feared, dependent upon tbe generosity of their friends in foreign lands, and when this source fails they will be worse off than before, and he at tbe same time surrounded by bostile elements.
>
> So it is a nice question what should be done, but the Musselman opposition bas weakened tbe Britisb heart, and, without British arms, Palestine would be again a slaughter house.

The senator's observations of Rome are delightfully clear, direct, and pertinent. He says in part:

> St. Peter's is tbe greatest building in the world, and never disappoints. It is, bowever, too vast for devotional purposes, and it is scandalous to behold, as I did, on Easter morning, wbile mass was being celebrated at the main altar and other services at subordinate shrines, a mob surging bither and thither—irritating and pestiferous as insects, in tbis awful presence. It is a sbock to the uninitiated American to learn, of his own experience, that there is apparently no devotion in Rome. In the mob it is mechanical mummery. Perbaps Rome itself is at fault for taxing the credulity of visitors, which often leads to unseemly levity.
>
> Still on tbe Capitol is tbe bronze representative of Romulus and Remus; the sbe-wolf snarls at the intruder, giving warning, just as tbe geese bad apprised the Romans of tbe approaching foe. Tbey say that an American scboolgirl, wben asked what object she most admired in the "Eternal City," said, "The big dog at the Capitol." "But there is no big dog at the Capitol," she was told. "Yes," she insisted, "there is a big dog there giving nourishment to Romeo and Juliet."

Well, be that as it may, as Macaulay says, our senator proceeded on his travels to Ireland, and there he found things as he must have expected them. "'Twas the most distracted country that ever he had seen," and he recounts this episode:

> As an example of Micbael Collins' style and direct speech, a story whicb he told is repeated in bis little volume of addresses made during the campaign for the Dail. When the plenipotentiaries in London were about to sign the treaty, he received a telegram dated San Francisco from a valiant "Soldier," with an explosive mouth, not unknown in Ireland for his mischievous meddling. Tbis is the way Collins put it: "I am not going to hide anytbing for the sake of American popularity. I received a telegram from San Francisco asking me to stand fast, and they would send me one million dollars a month! My reply was, 'Send us balf a million, and send us one thousand men fully equipped.'" That was a good punch! Ireland wanted men who knew bow to die, and Collins intimated, very delightfully, tbat San Francisco's long-distance-wire-patriots would be unable either to raise a montbly million, or, witb all tbeir braggadocio, a thousand men.

Here is his picture of the closing days of Arthur Griffith's life:

> As tbe doctor ascended I, affected by atmospheric conditions, asked him to be good enough to inform the bristling soldiers, alert against attack or treachery, that I was a friend; so I passed the sentry at the doomed man's door. Entering, I will never forget his pale face and large eyes, astonisbed and affrighted, almost unearthly. He motioned me to sit down, and we quietly discussed tbe sad story of disaffection and disunity. Wben I urged that certainly America, which had always followed tbe fortunes of Ireland—even though it be at a distance—could bring about peace, he said, "No—it is too late. It is impossible. Every door has been closed to conciliation, and it must be fought out to the end." It was painful for him to speak. The world was slipping from under his feet; he seemed embittered by the ingratitude of his countrymen, after a life of service, and realized that his race was run. Within a few days he died of apoplexy. And so passed a great organizer and capable statesman.

And here is a bit of history not generally known:

> In Paris I met my friend, Colonel E. M. House, at a dinner party, wbere several diplomatists were present, and, when grouped together after dinner, the ever-recurring discussion of the war, its causes, conduct and consequences, took place. There was nothing confidential about it. Colonel House, having held a position which made him peculiarly qualified to speak, said that, at one time, it was much more likely that America would have been at war with England than with Germany; and had not Germany blundered so grievously, by the invasion of Belgium and by the prosecution of torpedo warfare, the destruction of American ships and American lives, the had faith of her promises and the insulting character of her communications, she would have won a victory, because, not only would America not have gone to war on behalf of the Allies, but she would have waged war against England for the violation of international law and the invasion of her neutral commerce—blockading, seizing, and searching vessels, denying coaling facilities, diverting cargoes, blacklisting merchants and, in every possible way, calling down the wrath of the American people, never too friendly to English ambitions and aggressions. Conditions had become intolerable, when the ineptitude of German diplomacy and the ruthlessness of German warfare on the high seas, turned the scale of sentiment, and made it necessary for America to strike.

Travel and Comment. By James D. Phelan. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $4.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending January 27, 1923, were $144,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $119,500,000; an increase of $24,700,000.

Although, as illutsrated by the reports of the commercial agencies and various other experienced observers, quieter conditions have developed recently in industry, many of the accepted indices of trade still continue in highly favorahle contrast when compared with the showings of a year or so ago, says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*. Take, for example, the hank clearings, which are regarded as the most accurate measure of husiness volume we possess. According to the figures compiled hy the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the total volume of checks passing through the clearing houses of 118 cities of the country during the week ending November 25th last amounted to $7,436,795,265, against $5,863,793,995 for the same week in 1921. The increase was 26.8 per cent., hut of even greater significance than that is the fact that Novemher 25th marked the thirty-fifth successive week this year in which the hank clearings exceeded the totals of the corresponding weeks during 1921.

When it comes to the earlier periods of 1920 and 1919, the hank clearings do not show up as well as when contrasted with last year, hut they indicate improvement and a well-sustained volume of present industrial activity. The seeming contradiction contained in the reports of a slackening up of husiness at a time of expanding hank clearances is explained on the score that the contraction is confined largely to wholesale lines, manufacture and transportation; in other words, the primary markets; and is offset, at least temporarily, by the demands of retailers incident to the holiday season. Quieter conditions are indicated by diminished freight car loadings, a more liberal supply of railway equipment and a pronounced decline in the sales of fabricated structural steel. On the other hand, the production of automobiles has shown some recovery from the sharp slump in Septemher. Although the output of pig iron and steel are well maintained, prices have heen showing an easier tendency, with new huying lacking in vigor and volume.

In the tendencies of husiness mentioned above there is really nothing that can not be accounted for on the score of seasonal considerations. The closing month of the year, for instance, is very rarely, if ever, characterized hy large activity in wholesale husiness. But to the contrary, it is a hetween-seasons period; a time given over to closing up accounts, inventory taking and the like, when husiness men do not care to stock up with merchandise or increase their obligations unduly or unnecessarily. And, again, although the distrihutors of merchandise have hought with greater freedom recently than they did a year or so ago, they are hy no means, as yet, disposed to purchase speculatively or to anticipate their requirements largely or long in advance.

In all likelihood the quieter conditions which have developed in general husiness would have attracted no particular attention at this time and would have heen set down entirely to seasonal influences, hut for the fact of their occurrence in connection with two other events of importance: namely, the outcome of the national congressional elections and a liquidating movement, attended hy a sharp decline in prices on the stock exchange. There may he no relation whatever, of course, hetween these three factors, hut the community has fallen into a way of thinking that the stock market always discounts coming events. In other words, that an advance in prices always anticipates an improvement in industrial conditions, though nothing that would seem to justify such an expectation may he in sight at the time; and, conversely, that a reaction in stocks invariably precedes an unfavorable tendency in husiness, of which existing conditions give no clear indication or warning.

Though hy no means conclusive, it is interesting to apply this theory of anticipatory movements to the course of the stock market and the trend of industry during the last year or so, or since the recovery, which dates from midsummer 1921, set in. Nothing appeared less likely than a sustained improvement in prices at that time. The crops promised well, to be sure, with the exception of cotton, and that staple was hy no means as seriously impaired as the Crop Reporting Bureau made it appear. But the farmers were still heavily in debt, the prices of farm products were low and out of line with manufactured goods and the purchasing power of the most important element in the country was much curtailed. There was a large unemployment of labor, industrial activity was at low ehh, with the production of steel not far from its lowest point—which was ahout 30 per cent. of capacity—and commercial failures were increasing rapidly, hoth in respect to numhers and the amount of defaulted liahility. Liquidation and readjustments were still in progress and extreme industrial depression was reflected in a large accumulation of idle money.

As measured hy security values, the extreme low point of the industrial reaction was reached in midsummer 1921. On August 21st the average price of twenty active railway stocks, 65.52, was reached a few weeks earlier, or on June 20, 1921. In the course of the improvement, an almost unhroken recovery, the industrial stocks advanced from 63.90 on August 24, 1921, to 103.43 on Octoher 14th last, or 39.53 a share on the average, while the rails moved up from 65.52 on June 20, 1921, to 93.70 on Octoher 16th, or an average of 28.18 a share. There were numerous gains both among the industrial and the railway shares, far ahove the averages, of course; some of the advances among the former amounting to as much as 60 to 100 points and even more, while certain of the rails moved up from 30 to 50 points.

Very much of this enormous enhancement in security values was accomplished in the face of an unfavorahle and, at times, a highly disturhing industrial and political situation. For a long while the upward price movement was regarded hy experienced observers as artificial, professional, and manipulative; it was criticized as unwarranted hy the existing conditions or by the prospects of the near future. But the movement persisted, nevertheless, and prices continued their advance: they improved despite serious lahor difficulties, like the great strikes among the New England textile workers, the anthracite and hituminous coal miners and the railway shop craftsmen—developments which cost the country and its wage-earners hundreds of million of dollars—and they improved despite the increasingly unfavorahle aspects of the financial affairs of Continental Europe, arising out of the German reparations matter and the unhalanced hudgets of France, Italy, and Belgium, and out of the crisis in the Near East.

It hecame apparent even to the douhtful and the skeptics in time, however, that despite the many and seemingly insurmountahle obstacles that husiness actually turned a corner and was slowly improving. There were signs of awakening textiles, due primarily to a short crop and a sharp advance in staple cotton. Then the production of automohiles showed a marked expansion, and huilding operations increased. This reflected in turn in the primary markets, and the output of pig iron, steel hillets, and finished steel improved under larger and more confident huying. Railway car loadings and railway earnings made hetter showings as compared with the preceding months or year, and the carriers began to place large orders for equipment. Bank clearings expanded, and, as already noted, the comparative gains in clearances have heen continuous now over thirty-five successive weeks; and latterly the tahles of commercial mortality have heen showing a gratifying reduction in numher of business failures and the amount of defaulted liahilities.

Improvement has not heen continuous, nor has it heen equally distributed throughout the different trades or sections of the country. The coal and railroad strikes interfered seriously with the recovery, hy adding enormously to the costs of production, hy cutting into the profits and earnings of railway and industrial corporations alike, hy reducing the purchasing power of the community, and hy interfering with the free transportation of commodities and manufactures and hy causing an acute congestion of freight from which the country is still suffering. When it comes to the unequal distrihution of activity or industrial revival one feature which has attracted widespread atention centres in the fact that while the output of motor cars has expanded largely, chiefly as a result of huying hy the agricultural classes, the production of farm implements has shown no material increase.

What stands out in strong relief in looking back over the last twelve months is that there has heen an improvement in business, as a whole, and if the stock market ever anticipated or discounted industrial tendencies, it most certainly anticipated and discounted the hetterment on this occasion hy the improvement in security values, honds as well as stock, very long in advance of the fact. The stock market has shown a change in tendencies recently. The average price of the twenty activc industrials already mentioned was 103.43 on October 14th. It declined to 92.03 on Novemher 27th. In the meanwhile the average price of twenty active railroad issues, which was 93.70 on Octoher 16th, declined to 82.17. It required fourteen months, or from August 24, 1921, to Octoher 14, 1922, for the industrials to advance from 63.90 to 103.43, an average of 39.53 per share, and sixteen months, or from June 20, 1921, to Octoher 16, 1922, for the rails to move up from 65.52 to 82.17, an average of 28.18 per share. The reaction which carried the industrials down from 103.43 on Octoher 14th to 92.03 on Novemher 27th, 11.40 per share on the average, or 28.8 per cent. of the total advance, and depressed rails from 93.70 to 82.17, an average of 11.53 per share, or 40.9 per cent. of the aggregate improvement, was accomplished within a hrief six weeks.

The programme, recently announced, for enlarging the scope of operations in securities conducted through the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange has commenced to take active form hy the admission of the following corporations to associate membership: The National City Bank, the Bank of Italy, Messrs. Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, and Messrs. Cyrus Peirce & Co.

The creation of associate membership is the result of the realization hy the committee of the recent extensive growth in the husiness of handling securities hy the leading hond houses and large hanks. It was felt that the time had arrived to introduce alterations in the constitution of the exchange under which corporations were excluded from membership, and to admit them to the privileges of the organization to the extent of enahling them to do business through member firms on a recognized hasis of commissions. Such corporations will, after admission, he known as associate members and will, equally with full members, he suhject to the regulations of the Stock and Bond Exchange framed primarily for the protection of the investing puhlic.

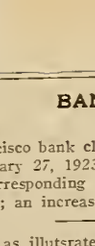
With the additions ahove mentioned, it may he said that something like 70 per cent. of the business in securities done in the district will he transacted through the medium of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange.—*R. F. Berkeley.*

Retail trade is a factor of primary importance in any estimate of the husiness outlook. The bulk of the output of industry, whether textiles, hoots and shoes, food products, or automobiles, is finally dependent on distrihution through retail channels. Production, transportation, distribution, and the whole complex structure of finance are based on the purchases of the ultimate consumer.

Measured hy these standards, last year was one of recovery. A comparison of the volume of business for the year as a whole with that of the preceding year is hardly a fair measure of the degree of improvement, for during the early months retail trade was at a lower level than during the corresponding months of 1921, and even during the summer months it was not at all encouraging. During the last months of the year retail trade was consistently better than during the same period of the preceding year. In most parts of the country it compared favorahly, in volume, with that of normal years, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York.

The outlook for retail trade during 1923 is good. Wages in most industries are high, and unemployment is practically non-existent. The position of farmers, while still unsatisfactory, is hetter than it has heen at any time

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since 1920, and the character of sales by mail order houses indicates that they are no longer confining their purchases to the barest necessities.

Stocks of goods, already low, in many lines have been depleted to the point of exhaustion during the past few weeks, and retailers are coming into the markets to replenish them. Wholesalers', jobbers', and manufacturers' stocks are not heavy, and any general replenishment of stocks by retailers will necessitate increased production by manufacturers in order to supply the demand.

The most important factor of the immediate future in retail trade is price. After two years of stinted buying and waiting for prices to come down, the public has at last come into the market, not buying rashly and extravagantly, as in 1919, but to meet needs which long have been neglected. That increase in prices of raw materials and rising labor costs will be reflected in higher retail prices for spring trade is foreshadowed by the recent advances in catalogue prices amounting to about 10 per cent., by two of the largest mail order houses. Only actual test can determine whether a general increase in prices will tend again to curtail or stifle the habit of normal buying which is only beginning to be reëstablished.

Even if the public should be willing to pay higher prices there is danger that as a result widespread demands for higher wages will arise on the plea of necessity because of the rising cost of living. A race between prices and wages would likely bring to an end the present period of comparative prosperity. It is to be hoped that this will not occur, but under the circumstances a conservative policy is desirable. Sufficient confidence to take advantage of expanding business is necessary if much-needed profits are to be made, but experience has demonstrated that over-confidence based on an expectation of indefinite expansion of business through a long period at rapidly rising prices will sooner or later be followed by disillusionment.

There is as yet little evidence of the seasonal slackening which usually occurs in a number of industries in midwinter. Manufactures which were active at the close of the year are maintaining and, in some cases, expanding their operations, and industries slow to benefit by the business improvement of 1922 are sharing increasingly in the general betterment.

The money market has reflected the easier conditions which are usually expected at the beginning of the year. The ruling rate for commercial paper is 4½ per cent. The amount and variety of paper offered have notably increased. There is little demand from country banks and New York City banks are buying moderately.

Call rates have fluctuated in response to the many factors which affect the market at the turn of the year, but the renewal rate on January 15th was 4 per cent., the rate of thirty days ago. Offerings at this writing are abundant with moderate demand. The rate for time loans against securities, all maturities, is 4½ per cent. bid, 4¾ per cent. asked. The rate on December 15th was 4¾ per cent. bid. The brokers' selling rate on prime bankers' acceptance is 4 per cent.

The apparent stabilization of money rates is due to two main causes. To a large extent the Federal Reserve Bank rediscount rate measures the mean level below which the call rate does not tend to go. The availability of short-time United States government securities as investments exerts a similar stabilizing influence on rates. Holdings by reporting member banks of United States obligations have almost doubled in a year, being $1,000,000,000 higher than on the corresponding date of 1922. It is true that part of this enormous diversion of funds has been due to lack of demand for money for commercial purposes sufficient to utilize the volume of credit released by the liquidation which took place during 1920 and 1921. Any notable advance in the prices of United States securities would tend to divert bank funds into commercial channels if occupation could be found for them there, but as long as large new offerings are made by the United States treasury this is not likely to occur.

At the close of the year there was some buying of bonds in anticipation of an expected profit when January funds should become available for investment. Prices advanced slightly during the first three or four business days of the new year, but afterward receded somewhat, because of new offerings and uncertainty as to the duration of the period of cheaper money in the face of continued business activity.

The markets for securities, cotton, grain and the exchanges all have displayed a remarkable equanimity while France has been carrying out her long-threatened plans for the sizure of the Ruhr, the industrial centre of Germany. To be sure, this invasion has been accomplished with a minimum of troops and so far has lacked any seriously untoward incidents. Doubtless there is a large element of politics and "bluff" in the whole affair. France probably hopes that this rattling of the sabre may put the fear of God into Germany and induce her to put forth more strenuous efforts toward meeting her obligations. Also it may be thought that it will help reconcile the French people to the government's announced plan of raising the tax rate 20 per cent. Certainly this measure is long overdue. The French people, during the war and since, have been taxed materially less than other participants, and meanwhile, with her enormous military and reconstruction burden, France has been piling up a debt of heroic proportions, which now exceeds her estimated national wealth of 1913. The condition has reached a point where correction must begin soon or else the country will head for financial disintegration. Three possible remedies are available, to collect more from Germany, to increase taxation at home, or to largely decrease expenditures. France's attempt to enforce the first has been followed by her announcement of plans for the second. But economy and work will prove the real cures for her financial evils.

The withdrawal of our troops from the Rhine has excited a good deal of comment, and though it has been contemplated for a long time it may now probably be considered as indicating our disapprobation of the turn affairs have taken. We are for peace and are decidedly against a course of action which is sure to engender national hatred and breed the seed for a future war.

Practically all the news regarding the business situation at home is of a favorable character. The steel mills are operating at somewhat over 80 per cent. of capacity, with the prospect of an increase rather than a decrease in the coming months. As was to be expected, the unfilled tonnage statement of the U. S. Steel Corporation showed a slight decrease, but it is not significant and it is likely that next month will bring an increase.

The same cheerful outlook that exists in the steel trade is present also in nearly all industries. The automobile manufacturers think 1923 will be a banner year. The rubber, textile, and mining industries are all entering a period of excellent profits. While the public utilities are generally prosperous, with steadily increasing earnings, the situation of the railroads is not quite so satisfactory, but even here it looks like great improvement within the next few months. Undoubtedly large expenditures will be necessary for maintenance and additions to equipment, but the volume of traffic is bound to continue very heavy, so that reasonable net earnings seem assured. Because of the fact that most of the rails have had relatively little or no advance, compared to the industrials. However, there are still good opportunities among the oils, equipments, public utilities and specialties, provided one uses proper care in selection.—*The Trader.*

"Utility rates at all times have been maintained at levels distinctly below the cost of living, according to figures compiled by the Federal government and the commodity price indices of Dun and Bradstreet," says H. W. Brundige, president of the railroad commission of California.

"While living costs are given today by the U. S. Bureau of Statistics as being 66 2-3 per cent. above the 1913 base, electric prices are only 16 to 20 per cent. above the pre-war levels. In the peak of 1920 living costs went to 219 from a base of 97 in 1913 from a base of 100. In other words, the cost of living went up 122 per cent. and is still up 66 2-3 per cent., while electric increases ranged from 30 to 43 per cent. at the peak and present rates throughout the country are only 16 to 20 per cent. above the normal base of 100."

Net profits for the Hawaiian Pineapple Company for 1922 were $1,493,000, it was reported to the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange last week. This profit was made after allowing $235,000 for depreciation and $302,000 income-tax requirements. Gross profits for the year were $2,030,000.

The bond market is displaying a decidedly improved tone. Two very favorable influences have come into play since the first of the year. One is the relaxation in money rates and the other the strong reinvestment demand which normally develops at this season. As somewhat of an offset, new offerings have increased in number and volume, but, nevertheless, average prices have advanced about one point from the levels established in the latter part of November, says *Forbes Magazine.*

The outlook for the bond market during 1923 is encouraging. It is doubtful if financing will be as heavy during the current year as that which took place in 1922. Enterprises which suffered reverses through the contraction of inventory values and the general depression of 1921 have largely completed the funding of current liabilities. Capital expansion also will likely be along conservative lines throughout the present year. Business has a cheerful outlook, but there are few indications of a boom that would warrant large expenditures for additional plants and equipment. Commercial demands for credit will no doubt expand with an increase in business activities in the spring, but available credit appears ample, and there is likely to be a considerable excess for investment purposes.

The question of the feasibility of tax-free bonds has come into a good deal of prominence by the President's recommendation of an amendment to the Constitution eliminating the privilege. The Secretary of the Treasury also has taken up the cudgel in the fight against tax exemption. There is a great deal of misunderstanding of the subject and out of this is borne the objection of states and their political subdivisions to surrendering the right of tax-exemption for their obligations. Government, state, and municipal obligations now outstanding can not, of course, be taxed, the proposed amendment simply eliminating this feature from future bond issues. Including Federal securities having exemption features, there are outstanding at this time, it is estimated by Dr. Seligman of Columbia University, in the neighborhood of $30,000,000,000 of bonds upon which the government is not receiving the income tax nor surtaxes.

By the end of 1926 most of the Federal securities will lose their exemption, and it is estimated the amount of tax-exempt bonds will be in the neighborhood of $20,000,000,000 at that time. It is safe to say that with $20,000,000,000 of tax-exempt bonds outstanding the Federal government is losing in the neighborhood of $400,000,000 annually in revenues. The separate states also lose tremendous amounts annually through inability to subject these securities to state, property, or income taxes. These losses certainly transcend any theoretical or actual gain that arises from the better credit established by the exemption feature.

The output of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc in California in 1922, according to preliminary estimates by Charles G. Yale of the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, was valued at $21,625,600, an increase of $673,177 over that in 1921. The yield of gold, however ($14,845,000), was $859,822 less and that of silver (3,181,200 ounces) was 448,023 ounces less than in 1921. The production of copper was 22,660,500 pounds, valued at $3,036,500, an increase of 10,917,096 pounds and $1,521,601; that of lead was 6,260,800 pounds, valued at $356,800, an increase of 5,136,524 pounds and $306,208; and that of zinc was 3,615,900 pounds, valued at $206,100, an increase of 2,558,169 pounds and $153,213.

The first disbursement to be made of the common stock of California Petroleum since July 1, 1913, will be distributed to shareholders on March 1st, to stock of record February 20th, following the action of the directors in placing the common on a 7 per cent basis with an initial declaration of $1.75. The regular dividend on the preferred stock was also declared, payable April 2d, to stock of record February 20th. This action bears out the reports that California Petroleum's recent strength was predicated on expected favorable dividend action.



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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The late Baron Rosen's record of "Forty Years of Diplomacy," which has appeared in serial form in the *Saturday Evening Post* and which is now published in two official-looking volumes by Mr. Knopf, was doubtless kept and written by the distinguished Russian ambassador to throw open to the public his quota of inside information on this crucial period. And to a large degree he has done so. The layman in international governmental matters —that is to say, most of us—receives considerable enlightenment at the point of the baron's polyglot pen. And as for the high officials, chiefs of the secret police, cabinet ministers and such to whom the baron's book might be an old story, they are mostly dead anyway—a fact which the author frankly admits as conducive to his unusual candor in "Forty Years of Diplomacy." But though one has many a vicarious thrill at being let in, albeit a generation or two too late, to the baron's immense confidence, the most vital significance of the diplomat's official biography is rather as an interpretation of Russian character, of the hopeless, heterogeneous, over-expanded disorganization that is Russia. Text-books and historians may harp on the facts, but one really realizes them as he reads Rosen's poignant regrets for the series of catastrophes which led to his country's present chaos, from the assassination of Alexander II, in 1881, the last of the strong czars, to the resignation of Count Witte and the assassination of Stolypin, the last two strong prime ministers. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Baron Rosen blames the corruption of the great masses of Russia, slaves till a half-century ago and utterly unaccustomed to the prerogatives of ruling classes, partly on the teachings of Tolstoy. In another question, but apropos of the same point—Russian unripeness for participation in any government —he quotes Mr. George von L. Meyer, American ambassador to Russia during the period of the adoption of a constitution and the organization of the Duma. Ambassador Meyer, writing to President Roosevelt, said: "Russia is entering upon a great experiment, ill prepared and uneducated," and again with reference to the Russian populace at that time, "They do not know what they want, except that they want everything at once—what has taken other nations generations to acquire." The key to the Russian muddle might be found in those two cryptic remarks.

But the Russian is not the only national psychology expounded by Baron Rosen. Long an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Japan over two different periods of critical Russo-Japanese relations, Baron Rosen has, in addition to a very particular knowledge of Japanese politics, an interesting theory to account for Japan's sudden rise from a semi-barbarous nation to one of the five ruling powers of the world—namely, that Japan, armed with her ancient culture, came into Western politics in the middle of the last century as might a power from another planet, utterly unbiased by Western prejudices, traditions, and enmities. Thus unhampered she was able to capitalize her resources. A true neutral power, she had all the advantages and none of the usual disadvantages of playing a lone hand.

The Balkan situation is another adequately clarified by the Russian diplomat, who had the advantage both for his own store of secret diplomatic lore and for our later enlightenment to have served in every governmental hotbed extant during the last forty years of the Russian Empire, from Mexico in Diaz' day, when the Mexican court was the most formal and formidable that our author had ever been presented at, to the even more turbulent courts of Mittel Europa. But though the baron's memoirs leave us wiser they also leave us sadder, since the more one understands Russia the more hopeless he becomes and the more desperate the situation there seems.

R. G.

FORTY YEARS OF DIPLOMACY. By Baron Rosen. In two volumes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

An Old Castle.

The late C. T. Winchester, whose memorial volume of lectures, "An Old Castle and Other Essays," has recently come from the press, is not so well known as he deserves to be, either on the merit of his work, *per se*, or in his indubitable position as one of America's leading critics. Cleverness is so much a *sine qua non* of American celebrity that it is not surprising Mr. Winchester lived and died comparatively removed from the bright rays of publicity. Nor was his official position as professor of English literature at Wesleyan University conducive to bringing him before the public. The distinction of holding a chair in a sectarian college is usually more local than international; and yet it is reported that the late Sir Walter Raleigh once said: "Of all the men I have met in America the most interesting was a man by the name of Winchester, from a place I never heard of called Wesleyan." The tribute is unqualified. But for the present gathering of Winchester's lectures most of Winchester's countrymen as well as Sir Walter Raleigh's would remain in ignorance of the latter's most interesting American acquaintance.

We have implied that the late Professor Winchester lacked cleverness, but the term is used here rather with reference to the type of smartness and of subjective personalities that masquerade so extensively nowadays as criticism. No other form of writing is so afflicted with them, and it is therefore the more remarkable to find pure criticism singularly free from any striving for effect. The English critic, Mr. Nevinson, who writes a pleasant appreciative introduction to "An Old Castle," refers to Winchester's "horse sense" and to the fact that his criticism was entirely based on sane judgment. Having carefully wrested the title of cleverness from him, we should hasten to add that he had, however, charm to a rare degree. The title essay of the memorial volume, "An Old Castle," conveys a charming illusion of sixteenth-century atmosphere. In fact the Elizabethan era was Winchester's favorite and his forte; the other Shakespearean essays in the volume being only second in fascination to "An Old Castle."

AN OLD CASTLE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By C. T. Winchester. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.

Roget's Thesaurus Revised

A revision of Roget's Thesaurus is an event interesting to every devotee of that indispensable desk book. The dictionary itself could be more easily spared than this famous old "complete book of synonyms and antonyms," nor was its lack of revision particularly noticeable. However, the new book claims to have brought the old standby completely up to date, marking such words as obsolete or obsolescent as have fallen into desuetude since Roget's day (lest, we suppose, youngsters should fall into the pernicious habit of archaic speech), and adding the hundreds of new words—foreign words made familiar by the war, scientific terms many of which had their birth in the same catastrophe, slang, colloquialisms, etc., unknown to old Roget. In short, "Roget's International Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases," as the new book is called by its reviser, C. O. Sylvester Mawson, is guaranteed as a thoroughly modern reference book which incorporates Roget's original work rather than revises it.

ROGET'S INTERNATIONAL THESAURUS. With numerous additions and modernizations by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.

The Enchanted April.

It is hard to speak of "Elizabeth's" latest ebullition, "The Enchanted April," without bubbling enthusiasm. Hers are the sort of books that defy criticism, since even unadulterated praise falls flat beside the airy balance and light gayety of Elizabeth's creations. Neither would one insult her competent art by enumerating its virtues—as soon flatter the incomparable beauty of Lady Caroline Dester, whose radiance goes so far toward making "The Enchanted April" a successful holiday for its readers as well as its characters. But Lady Caroline is only one of four, and though the only beauty present—even now there is a contest among newspaper artists to see who shall best depict her dazzlingness, a real contest, you understand, not staged in the book—she has not a monopoly of all the charm and attractiveness which Elizabeth has pretty well cornered in "The Enchanted April."

Readers of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Caravaners," and even "Christopher Columbus," will need no persuasion to indulge in the luxury of "The Enchanted April," which is simply the story of a month's lease of an Italian castle. But then are not Elizabeth's books always simple? It is the best thing they are unless—— But no, "The Enchanted April" deserves not to be picked to pieces. It is futile to analyze magic.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By "Elizabeth." Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.90.

A Vagrant Tune.

"A Vagrant Tune" is the strain from an old-fashioned song, and Bryan Holland's book gives one much the same relaxed enjoyment as an air from other days. It hums in the sunshine of an English village, and for a few peaceful hours progress drops out of consciousness. It has charm, it has humor of a quaint and quiet kind, and it makes no intellectual demand whatever.

Bryan Holland is a grandson of Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Cranford," and while "A Vagrant Tune" sounds a faint echo of the art which created a classic, it lacks the divine

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An extended review on the front page of The New York Times Book Section says:

"It is given to few people to project into the poiltical forum an idea so fundamental that, if accepted, it would undermine the basis of existing thought and sweep ancient axioms and familiar phrases into the dustbin. It is given to still fewer to state the idea so clearly, with an outlook upon our political system at once so realistic and so finely philosophic, that dissent becomes very difficult. But that is what the author of this small volume has done."

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spark that has lighted "Cranford" for two generations. However, Mr. Holland's hook is well done, and its very difference from the current type of fiction will hring a sense of relief.

A VAGRANT TUNE. By Bryan T. Holland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.75.

Ann and Her Mother.

"Ann and Her Mother," hy O. Douglas, is not a story in any sense of the word, hut rather a reminiscent autohiography full of detached incidents. It reminds the reader of the Victorian plays, which opened with a maid and a feather duster telling the butler all ahout it. For Ann and her mother tell each other many things which they already know, and which a little art might have got over to the reader in another way.

There is good material in the hook, though —Scotch humorous anecdote and good dialogue. The character sketching is clever, the scene is well set, hut there is no theme and no action. Nothing happens. One hegan to hope much from a man who walked into the middle of the hook, stayed for tea, and walked out again. But he never came hack. The hook, for all its good points, is rather like a hox of attractive huilding hlocks, out of which nothing has heen constructed; it leaves the reader in want of a real house, with lights in the windows and people moving about inside.

ANN AND HER MOTHER. By O. Douglas. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Notes of Books and Authors.

It is rumored that the Gentleman with a Duster is writing another hook, entitled "Men Who Have Failed Us."

"Sous la Rose" is the title of the new book hy Anatole France, which will first see the light of print in serial form in the *Revue de Paris.*

Under the title "Modern Auction, 1923," Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out a new and thoroughly revised edition of Grace G. Montgomery's accepted authority. The new edition is the twenty-third.

A new satirical comedy by John Galsworthy, "Windows" has heen puhlished hy Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Century Company has made up a miniature hook, with a green linen hinding decorated with the orange and green cover design of the full-size work, of the sixth chapter of Frederick O'Brien's "Atolls of the Sun." It is for distrihution to any one who cares to write and ask for it.

In the *Bookman's Monthly* listing of hooks most in demand in the puhlic lihraries of the United States for the past two years "The Americanization of Edward Bok" has heen among the first six hooks twenty-one times. It is now in its twenty-second printing.

Among the spring Macmillan titles is the new Wells novel, "Men Like Gods," which presents a picture of the world two thousand years hence. Another is "Children of Men," by Eden Phillpotts, who says this will he his last Dartmoor novel. There is also "The Poor Man," a story hy Stella Benson—its scene laid in California and in China, a new volume of short stories hy Sir Harry Johnston, and Edgar Lee Masters' new novel, "Skeeters Kirhy."

Selma Lagerlöf is now engaged in writing her memoirs. The first volume, which has just appeared in Sweden, deals with her childhood. Its title is "Marhacka," the name of her father's home, which she has recovered and rehuilt as a harhor for her old age. This hook, like her first one, "Gösta Berling," is a series of short stories strung together like heads on a thread, hut the style has changed from a restless, vibrant staccato to a stately, measured rhythm.

New Books Received.

ALCATRAZ. By Max Brand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.

A Western novel.

PERADVENTURE. By Robert Keable. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

A novel.

THE EAST WIND. By Hugh MacNair Kahler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

And other stories.

LOVE'S LEGEND. By H. Fielding-Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

The story of a honeymoon in Burmah.

THE STEP ON THE STAIR. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A mystery story.

THE WESTERN QUESTION IN GREECE AND TURKEY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.

Based on first-hand information.

THE CHURCH ON THE AVENUE. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

A novel by the author of "Tillie the Mennonite Maid."

LINCOLN. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $3.

An account of his personal life.

MY LADY'S BARGAIN. By Elizabeth Hope. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A love story of the time of Cromwell.

THE GATE OF REMEMBRANCE. By Frederick Bligh Bond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

The case of the recovery of two lost and buried chapels of the ruined Abbey of Glastonbury through information given in automatic script by John Alleyne.

GREEK BIOLOGY AND MEDICINE. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

In Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

VIRGIL AND HIS MEANING TO THE WORLD OF TODAY. By J. W. Mackail. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

In Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

ARGONAUTS OF '49. By Octavius T. Howe. Cambridge: Harvard University Press; $3.50.

The history and adventures of the emigrant companies from Massachusetts, 1849-50.

MODERN AUCTION, 1923. By Grace G. Montgomery. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

New edition, largely rewritten, and the laws of auction.

NORTH. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

A story of Alaska.

HERODOTUS. With an English translation hy A. D. Godley. In four volumes, Volume III, Books V-VII. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25.

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CLAUDIAN. With an English translation hy Maurice Platznauer. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25 each.

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LIVY. With an English translation by B. O. Foster. In thirteen volumes, Volume II, Books III and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25.

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POLYBIUS. The Histories, with an English translation by W. R. Paton. In six volumes, Volumes I and II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25 each.

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ÆSCHYLUS. With an English translation by Herbert Weir Smyth. In two volumes, Volume I. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25.

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XENOPHON. Anabasis, Books IV-VIII. With an English translation by Carleton L. Brownson, and Symposium and Apology with an English translation by O. J. Todd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25.

The Loeb Classical Library.

MANY MEMORIES. By G. B. Burgin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

More memoirs of a clubman.

THE SHADOW ON THE GLASS. By Charles J. Dutton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

A detective story.

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Volume III.

THE PROBLEM OF POPULATION. By Harold Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

An economic consideration by the editor of the Edinburgh *Review.*

THE EAST IN THE LIGHT OF THE WEST. By Rudolph Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.75.

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BOOKS

Books reviewed in *The Argonaut* are to be found at

The Childrens Book Shop.

This week's titles include:

Forty Years of Diplomacy. By Baron Rosen.

The Enchanted April. By "Elizabeth." *Ann and Her Mother.* By O. Douglas

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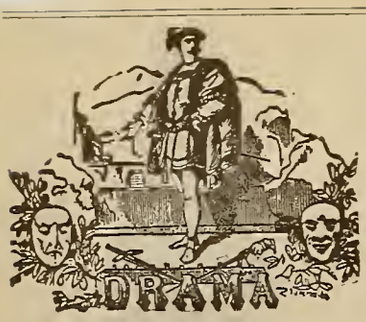
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MOTHER'S MILLIONS.

This play, which was written to order all around May Robson and her ways by Howard McKent Barnes, palpably has Hetty Green for its inspiration. The play is openly, frankly, disarmingly theatrical; by which I mean it is not a slice of life. Nor does it make any pretenses—or perhaps only a few—to being so. It is old-fashioned in its careful arrangement of a stage entrance for the millioned hut parsimonious heroine; in its careful handling of "the big scene," in which Hetty—no, Harriet—downs the financial wolves who are after her life. It is old-fashioned, too, in the treatment of Harriet Breen's character: that of a family despot who will not allow her children to enjoy the fruits of her financial genius; who snaps at sentiment—while enjoying it—and, like the rich, grouchy uncles in the old comedies, ends by loving and blessing everybody all round. Except, it should be added, her greatest enemy, whose hide she gets at the end.

However, all this suits May Robson to a T. She is very much the same in all her plays: and that suits her appreciative public. It's her personality they're after; her jolly, wholesome, unaffected personality, which, *malgré* a few stage mannerisms, affects them like a healthful breeze.

Miss Robson is such a favorite here that she comes at regularly recurring intervals. And she always finds a numerous and constant public to welcome her. The downstairs auditorium of the Columbia was full, Monday night, flowers were sent over the footlights, and laughter and applause greeted the star.

And Miss Robson rewards her constant clientèle by periodically spending, out of the profits yielded by their steady patronage, the wherewithal to secure a new play.

As for the old ones, they disappear; at least we never seem to hear of them again. They are too intimately written around and about May Robson; her age, her looks, her tones, her ways, her mannerisms.

In "Mother's Millions" the canny playwright—or perhaps it was the canny star—presents a view of the shabby interior of Hetty Green's—no, Harriet Breen's—bome. Harriet afflicts her children, who, nevertheless, feel affection for her, by her insistence on plain living and economical thinking. In the end, however, during an old-time downing of enemies and embracing of a formerly estranged son, Harriet, still in the atmosphere of old-school comedy, makes a mighty resolution. Spreading her arms wide to embrace the pleasures to come, she cries, "I am going to enjoy everything!"

And woman-like, she begins on clothes. Or no, to be fair to Harriet, she first makes her children happy by giving them what they want: her daughter her sweetheart, and her son power and authority.

In the meantime Harriet blows herself in for a regal costume. Never before have I seen Miss Rohson so opulently and becomingly arrayed. All in black and silver, her lace mantle topped with a mighty collar of the latest pure white ermine, her hair becomingly dressed and her head filleted with silver, the homely frump of the earlier scenes looked quite queenly as she advanced into the wolves' den of her greatest enemy.

It is rather amusing to think of the famous model upon whom the character is founded dressing up for a grand financial coup. But "Mother's Millions," as I have said, is not a slice of life. It is written to entertain Miss Robson's admiring clientèle, and it succeeds thoroughly in its mission.

Miss Robson is supported by a mixed company, some fair, some good. The names are unfamiliar. The players are probably the utilitarians of the profession. But it doesn't matter. The men, Walter Ayres in particular, do well in the big scene, and so does Lillian Harmer in her lesser ones; and as for the rest they merely contributed to the central, entertaining figure.

"MISS SPRINGTIME."

In this tuneful little operetta, with its lively comedy and its sweet and pretty romance, the Rivoli people will be sure to meet the expectations of their clientèle. Emerich Kalman's music has refinement and real charm, the love lyrics are wooingly sweet, and between them Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse—the man who writes comic novels—have arranged the text to suit an American public without subtracting from the story its European distinctiveness.

Ferris Hartman, the jolly comedian, is flourishing this week in a congenial part that gives him plenty of opportunity to establish a risible entente with his audience, and the singing principals of the company—in particular Lillian Glaser, Nona Campbell, Elfrieda Steindorff, John Van and Robert Carlson—are provided with rôles in which they appear to great advantage.

"Miss Springtime" has a romantic story. Rosika, the village maiden with the crystalline soprano, banks on the promised visit of the great tenor, Rudolph Marto, to his native town to win a hearing that will open to her a famous future as an opera star.

Auspiciously enough, the tenor falls in love with little "Miss Springtime," as he calls the fair young warbler, and she has her chance at the end. And she turns it down.

Now the question is, would the Rosies of real life have done so? Chorus: they would not. What girl would prefer the good old home town, mated to a very uncertain young man as to the straight and narrow, and whom she did not seem to be quite sure she loved, when a romantic tenor was opening the gates to fame?

I think, by the way, that a few footprints of time added by John Van to a rather youthful countenance would have made Rosie's decision more comprehensible. Mr. Van did whiten his temple locks, and said a few things in a minor strain intimating that he was no longer a gay young bantam, but that is as far as he went.

John Van, by the way, did particularly well with his rôle, both vocally and in his expression of the gentleness and pensiveness which seemed to be Marto's character keynote. And the calm deliberateness which is a characteristic of Lillian Glaser fitted very well into the rôle of the meditative Rosie, who was not a young woman given to rapid decisions.

Miss Glaser's melodious voice gave much pleasure to the audience in the numerous charmingly melodious lyrics she sang, and Nona Campbell sang the Habañera with dash and fine vocal effect.

And Mr. Carlson, whose personality does not incline him toward dash and brilliancy, put compulsion upon himself and made a good impression as the Toreador.

The explanation of all this is that the last act is located at the opera house at Budapest, where they are conducting a rehearsal of "Carmen," and where the romantic story draws to its close.

This, of course, makes an excellent wind-up, and gives an effective background to the scene of Rosie's decision.

The production of "Miss Springtime" is quite ambitious, both scenically and from the costumer's point of view. The skirts of the chorus girls, by the way, disdain to follow the prevailing length, being of the giddy brevity that is dear to the admiring male.

THE ORPHEUM.

You can't have a big headliner like Raymond Hitchcock, and expect the rest of the bill to touch high-water mark. Nevertheless, they had a number of good things, from the vaudeville standpoint, on this week's programme. In "A Night in Argentina" the playing of the Razatti quintet on their stringed instruments was spirited and really enjoyed more than the warblings of their vocalist, which tetered on the wobbly plank of an uncertain pitch. But the genuine foreignness of the eight people in the act and the dancing of De la Plaza, who was first seen by Americans as the dancer in "The Four Horsemen," with that of his black-haired partner, was enjoyed. Somehow one thinks of the South American Latins as hot-blooded, dangerous. But these Argentinos looked quite disappointingly and unsmilingly respectable; nothing exotic about them but their coloring.

Jack La Vier—who looks as if his name ought to be Brown, Jones, or Robinson—gave capital and very amusing iooling as an acrobat pretending he could do what he couldn't. Besides heing a real, under the pretended, acrobat the performer excelled in amusing patter, given as if scrouged out of him by his clumsy antics on the acrobat-swing.

Two rather tame young men Hurst and Vogt seemed. But they finally, after hard work, made the hit their souls longed for, with an amusing novelty, and retired blissful.

Parker and Allen's act contained too much meaningless gibberish in their songs and too many equally meaningless gyrations in their dances to be sure fire. The girl was an agile contortioning dancer, but there was no beauty in her movements.

The audience saw, in the Valand Gamble act, one of those lightning calculators in figures, who don't know how they do it; hut they do it.

"Stars of Yesterday" contained Barney Fagan, Lizzie Wilson, Joseph J. Sullivan, Tony Williams, Little Mae Kennedy and Corinne; all but Mae Kennedy former favorites exhumed out of the past and invited to show what they could do in the present. The men made no attempt to conceal their silvery white hairs, but the women were compelled by stage tradition to make up to be as near youth as possible. Their act, singing, dancing, and some extremely interesting reminiscing, which consisted mainly of names and

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City and Water Company Co-operation.

In line with the fulfillment of its obligation toward the people of San Francisco, Spring Valley Water Company has just arranged for refinancing its debt of $22,000,000, giving as security all of its properties now under option of purchase by the City.

The necessity of financing an increased water supply for San Francisco during 1923 was one of the fundamental facts that caused the Railroad Commission two years ago to devote the most careful study to the problems confronting this company. The result was the Commission's order of August, 1921.

In that order the Railroad Commission laid down strict conditions for the development of the water supply, and the City authorities added still other conditions before executing the new "water contract."

By the terms of the new arrangement which is now being carried out—

(1) Spring Valley gives the City a twelve-year option to buy the water system at a price most advantageous to the City, a project the City has sought to bring about for twenty years.

(2) Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam in Alameda County, thereby impounding more water, and is enlarging and extending its conduit facilities to Irvington;

(3) The City is building that part of the Hetch Hetchy conduit extending from Irvington to Crystal Springs storage reservoir in San Mateo County;

(4) Spring Valley creates a sinking fund to retire the cost of raising Calaveras Dam and increasing its conduit facilities. If the City's project of acquiring the water supply succeeds, it will also acquire this fund.

(5) Spring Valley pays to the City interest during construction on the cost of the Hetch Hetchy conduit from Irvington, and later approximately $250,000 a year for the privilege of using the conduit to bring in additional water.

As a result of this virtual partnership between the City and the Water Company, Spring Valley is now raising Calaveras Dam; the City is building the conduit to Crystal Springs; and the Company has made its first payment of interest during construction on the work so far done by the city.

Meanwhile the Company, under the terms of the agreement, is extending its mains within the City for the better service of our constantly increasing population.

This development of the supply, increasing the capacity of the system from 42 to 66 million gallons daily, and the necessary refinancing just brought to a successful issue, spell a new era for San Francisco through the coöperation of the City and this Company under the regulatory authority of the Railroad Commission.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

dates, was received cordially by a friendly audience.

The Berzac Circus included the usual meek, resigned doggies, and the gayly-caparisoned, chuhhy little Shetland ponies going obediently through their paces. But the mule-comedian, whose natural powers for kicking are trained to a marvel, and whose ears and teetb are also remarkably histrionic, gave much joy to those who stayed for the last act. That mule is a mule personality; he was the star of the circus, and I think he knew it and enjoyed it with impish glee.

Raymond Hitchcock rambles through a variety of subjects in his big-voiced monologue, which does not come freely and spontaneously with the jaunty confidence of less well-known men. But it is Mr. Hitchcock's own special manner, and the comic points of his discourse seem to come out with a "plop!"; but they come, and the audience responds in kind.

Mr. Hitchcock seemed to have a shivery feeling that he was cold and lonesome on the stage without the usual girl cohorts, and begged the audience's indulgence. But he did not really need it.

His discourse, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, reveals him as a man devoid of illusions; that is concerning his surroundings. The allusion to a long-past scandal and the amused and entirely care-free smile that accompanied it showed this, and also showed, I thought, a lack of taste even for vaudeville.

The Children's Theatre at the Plaza will resume activities on February 10th, when the Chinese fairy tale "Li Chen" will be repeated. It is now planned to conduct the Children's Theatre as an independent organization, the mothers of movie-mad children hailing it as an escape. It provides the child imagination with something beautiful, choice, and much desired, as was proved by the greatly increased attendance during the holiday performances.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Rivoli.

Making what is declared to be the first production of the piece in stock, Ferris Hartman and Paul Steindorff have scored a success in the comic opera "Miss Springtime" at the Rivoli, and announcement is made that the second and last week of the piece will start Monday evening.

Notable features are found in the musical score by Emerich Kalman, composer of "Sari," and in tbe book and lyrics, which are the work of P. G. Wodehouse, author of "The Indiscretions of Archie" and other popular novels, and Guy Bolton, the dramatist. Among the song hits which have found favor with theatre-goers are "Throw Me a Rose," "She Was a Very Good Girl on Sunday," "Life Is a Bluff," "The Garden Romance" and "The Little Country Mouse."

All the members of the Hartman-Steindorff organization are represented in the cast.

At the Curran.

Beginning with the performance Sunday night "The Bat" will enter upon its third and final week. A curious thing about "The Bat" is that in most cities where it has repeated the business has been better than upon its first visit, and this has been the case at the Curran. The final performance here will take place next Saturday night. The next attraction at the Curran Theatre will be Sir Harry Lauder in new songs and old favorites.

At the Columbia.

Analysis of the success of Fritz Leiber and his supporting company, coming to the Columbia Theatre, Monday, February 12th, for a two weeks' engagement in a repertory of the plays of Shakespeare, seems to show that he has made the plays more moving and generally understandable. Mr. Leiber employs the "natural method" and insists that his associates play in the same style, so that the plays are given without bombast and as originally intended by Shakespeare.

During Mr. Leiber's local visit he will give, for his first week: Monday, "Macbeth"; Tuesday, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday matinée, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday night, "Julius Cæsar"; Thursday, "Othello"; Friday, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday matinée, "The Merchant of Venice"; Saturday evening, "The Taming of the Shrew."

May Robson's final week at the Columbia begins February 5th. Miss Robson has a very well-balanced company, and one favorite, Miss Parmer, is doing some clever work in Maria Peppy, the maid of all work.

Salons Intimes at the St. Francis.

In a setting of futuristic art Estrellita, the Spanish dancer, will make her reappearance here next Monday afternoon at Reginald Travers' "Salon Intimes" in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis. Estrellita has a collection of Spanish shawls that reveal a chapter of the romance of her native land. Some of the most valuable of these she acquired in California, and so they are also a part of the early history of this state.

The performances are given every Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening, and each week an entirely new programme is staged. During the intermission coffee and cigarettes are served.

Rachmaninoff and the Bells.

The house has been entirely sold out for Rachmaninoff's recital at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, and late comers will not be admitted until after the completion of the opening numbers.

Rachmaninoff's hands command a stretch of several notes above the octave. Power is the keynote of his playing, but at the same time he renders the works of other composers with insight, and is, in particular, an excellent Chopin and Mozart interpreter. Moscow is a city of bells, and the chime of these bells echoes through much of the music of Rachmaninoff, sometimes tender and plaintive, with a voice of silver purity, but more often with the heroic clangor of the tocsin. Nor are the great bells which peal in the Rachmaninoff Symphony in E minor with a barbaric festal note, and which thunder in the "Prelude in C Minor," the gentle carillons of Antwerp and Bruges. They are Muscovite bells, Slavic bells. Even in Rachmaninoff's setting of Poe's poem the chimes are Russian. The bell voices of Russia may be considered in some sort a characteristic leading motive, a racial keynote in Rachmaninoff's achievements as a composer.

Ruffo at the Auditorium.

Titta Ruffo, the Italian baritone, will be heard in San Francisco for the first time Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at the Exposition Auditorium. As Ruffo is now at the apex of his popularity Manager Frank W. Healy, under whose direction he will appear, predicts an afternoon of sensations. Richard Aldrich in the New York *Times* wrote in part of Titta Ruffo's performance in the Ambroise Thomas opera, "Hamlet":

"The enormous audience flamed into enthusiasm at all the opportunities given it by Mr. Ruffo, which were many. The power of his voice and the sensational quality of the high tones are some of its most striking features."

Mail orders with self-addressed stamped envelopes for return of tickets will be filled, commencing Monday, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The People's Symphony.

The People's Symphony Orchestra will give the fifth of its series of twelve educational concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium Tuesday night, February 6th, under the direction of Mr. Alexander Saslavsky. Tbe numbers will include the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, first performed in Vienna in December, 1808. The string orchestra will play the Napravnik intermezzo, "Night," and the programme will conclude with the famous "Nut Cracker" suite of Tschaikowsky, composed when this otherwise morbid Russian genius was in a jocund mood.

There will be a short talk by Mr. Joseph S. Thompson on the themes of the symphony and on one of the most useful instruments of the orchestra—the clarinet. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Best seats, $1; others, 75 cents and 50 cents; no war tax.

The phrase "baker's dozen," meaning thirteen, arose from the practice among English bakers of throwing in an extra loaf to avoid being punished for giving short weight.

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2. Intermezzo, "Night" .....Napravnik
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VANITY FAIR.

Its women having attained the suffrage and healed therehy all mundane ills, heing no longer under any necessity, real or imaginary, of holding manless meetings behind closed doors, having in fact little left to do of a serious or inperative nature, society in New York has heen forced to new forms of "self-expression." What interests it now particularly is not self-expression through the dance, nor through psychoanalysis, nor yet through the various devices of drugless healing, nor by shuddery dealings with spooks and ghosts, hut hy the old reliahle and well-known medium, the drama. The younger set and those that have determined to remain young and resist any and all efforts at extruding them from that category, are going in strong for amateur theatricals with professional hox-office trimmings, for worthy purposes, of course, among which will prohahly he numbered that of supplying provender for the array of teachers and coaches always necessary to this fascinating form of diversion. The trend was perceptible some weeks ago, and in spite of all that could he said and done it has taken definite shape during the past month. Two organizations of dramatic, or of more or less dramatic, amateurs are in the field. They are the Junior League of New York, now said to be the nerve ganglion of a national epidemic (or is it a focus that an epidemic has?) and the Amateur Comedy Cluh. The Amateur Comedy Club seems to have some sense of comedy, for it is interested in presenting the third play, entitled "Junk," of a trilogy the other legs of which were laheled "Bunk" and "Punk." One could not suspect the Amateur Comedians of a disposition to satirize the professional stage, and yet there is seeming propriety in these names. New York theatrical producers of far more experience and skill than the society amateurs are in many cases willing to testify that most of the offerings nowadays are hunk and junk and of those that reach the puhlic the puhlic's verdict is that most are punk. Yet as far as affording New York society a medium for self-expression is concerned, these playlets ought to fill the hill. They are hy Henry Clapp Smith. A performance was given in the Children's Theatre last Thursday, at which the officiating amateurs were, besides the author, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Drelincourt M. Martin, Mrs. Herhert Groesbeck, Jr., Mrs. S. Hinman Bird, Mr. Lloyd Aspinwall and Mr. Philip Cobbe.

The Junior League held forth with "The Gay Pretenders" at the Waldorf-Astoria on January 30th and 31st and February 1st. The trio of performances not only marked the twenty-second year of the Junior League, hut formed one of the main social incidents of the season thus far. Of course the proceeds of these efforts go to charity—the receipts of the Amateur Comedy Company to the Hecksher Foundation for Children and the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and those of the Junior League to the Prospect Hill Shelter and Boarding Homes, where hahies whose mothers are in hospitals may receive temporary care. Mercifully enough, neither mothers nor hahies are compelled to witness the performances. It is said hy keen ohservers of social developments in New York that the origin of these organizations (the Amateur Comedy Club is thirty-eight years old) marked "the collective beginning of the era of self-expression in society" which has recently hecome the dominant theme in New York and other American cities. But to the profane as distinguished from the initiate, it would look more like self-exhihition. Much eagerness to be admitted animates the younger set. In 1901 Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey founded the league, with a memhership of eighty young women. The membership now approaches 2000, with hranches all over the East. This year seventy young women of leading New York families "made" the league, and we may presume were correspondingly uplifted and self-expressed. It is better than discovering suddenly that you own authentic *Mayflower* furniture. And some are approacbing the gleaming goal hy way of the dance, inasmuch as casts are likely to require dancers. Miss Gloria Gould, the youngest of the children of Mr. George J. Gould, has just made her début at Carnegie Hall as an artist dancer in East Indian character. How closely the performance might have resemhled a real East Indian hoe-down it is not possible at this distance to say.

Society in Paris is flocking to the Riviera, and in our Eastern states to Florida. The yachts are daily dropping their anchors in the narhor of Miami, and the heach is gay with striped umbrellas, and with hathing costumes sufficiently large to support stripes if the stripes he narrow. The annual South Florida golf tournament has been on at Palm Beach and has attracted many amateurs. Among them was Mr. Harold S. Vanderhilt, who has a house at that place. William K. Vanderbilt, in his yacht the *Alva*, went clear down to Miami. Judging from the long lists of craft and of owners from as far west as Indianapolis, Florida is in for a full, gay season. It is quite near the Bahamas, and Bermuda, and Bimini, and other ocean hases, from which it is hut a short run home to the statue of "Liherty." On American territory, however, excitement has become so thin and attenuated that jaded interest has to he aroused by the most violent form of indoor sport left us, and so pugilism is extending its sway from New York, where it was a sort of autumn festival a few months back, to the resorts of Florida. The Palm Beach colony is especially keen on it, and every Tuesday evening the ringside seats are filled with society people, including many maids and matrons. Social dinners precede the houts; and so far gone are the society folk in devotion to their new fad that at a Tuesday dinner given recently hy a group of golfers the centre piece took the form of a miniature prize ring, as chocolates in Madrid candy stores take the form of toreadors and hulls. It is said the guests could hardly wait for the fun to hegin, and golf is taking a hack seat as a topic for conversation—which ought to he some gain. San Francisco has some interest in Palm Beach this winter, for her old social favorite of the cluhs, Addison Mizner, is reported as a resident of Palm Beach's Main Street, the Ocean Boulevard South, a sacred strip of territory inhabited hy sucb lights as Dr. and Mrs Frank London Humphreys, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Kay, Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Honoré Palmer. The colony fishes a good deal, or runs around the great peninsula for cruises in the Gulf.

Steering a young cuh with a million or so safely through the matrimonial shoals of society is no joke for an anxious mother, especially in these days of beauty parlors and beatification prescriptions. One wealthy widow from Gotham had an anxious time in San Francisco recently, hut it was not caused hy any local attempt on her carefully guarded offspring, for it was said the hoy would have heen perfectly safe among the San Francisco girls. Mother and son were memhers of a world-touring party, one of those that travel on a ship, playing hridge in the cahin, whence they can look out the window and say they have seen Naples or Hongkong or Constantinople, or Calcutta. A famous woman artist, no longer young, was of the party. While the ship was in this port most of the excursionists that were not superannuated spent an evening and the fore part of the following morning dancing in the Rose Room Bowl of the Palace. They all seemed to enjoy themselves more than they had since they left New York, except the widow ahove mentioned, who watched with a piercing stare the graceful glide of her twenty-three-year-old son, waltzing with the artist. Finally resentment had to find expression, and she said hitterly to a San Francisco man she had met earlier in the evening: "Look at the cradle robber! My poor kid is just befuddled over her. It's been that way down the Atlantic coast, through the Canal, and up the Pacific Coast, and I suppose it'll keep up across the Pacific. I don't know how I'm ever to get him home. She's got her claws in him a foot deep. And clever! She could write fiction a-plenty, I'll testify to that, if she ever needs a recommendation. When she came aboard the ship the night before we sailed from New York she had gray hair, and the next morning it was completely cured. And do you know what she told that young saphead of mine? She told him she'd been at a masquerade ball the previous evening and had forgotten to take off her wig. Did he helieve her? Of course he did, the poor fish. A hoy that's as smitten as he is can believe anything about a woman that he and she want him to. And they never get over it. My only hope is that she loses her bottle of dye. If I can find it I'll drop it overhoard myself."

The Neglected Pawpaw.

The season of the pawpaw is here. The pawpaw is the most neglected of American fruits; few people like it, and some way it is as despised as the mule and very unpopular, says the Emporia *Gazette*. People always laugh when the pawpaw is mentioned, though why, heaven knows, for it has a rich and luscious flavor—not unlike the custard apple of the Hesperides. It digests easily in the human stomach, and cheers hut does not inehriate. Yet humanity has left it alone. It crowns no festal hoard. It forms the centre of no famous dish. The pawpaw is not pickled, preserved, dried or stored away against any day of want. No pawpaw pie nor pawpaw pudding is known to man; the pawpaw, stewed or baked or fried, never has appeared upon any housewife's table, however humble it may he. In all the famine that followed the droughts of the early days of the pioneers, when want was forever peering around the corner of tomorrow, no one ever turned to the pawpaw for preservation. The coffee hean, the sheep sorrel, the pignut, the sorghum plant, the hackherry—a lean and cadaverous refuge—the dandelion and the poke, all helped men stave off the famine and the fever, while the willing pawpaw lingered amiably about and no one noticed it or cared; It never served, although it was glad to "stand and wait."

Probably the pawpaw's limitation comes from the fact that it is hard to eat with any dignity. No woman would dare eat a pawpaw in the presence of her lover; the sight is disgusting to the point of utter disillusion. Byron is said to have hated to see a woman spit. If he could have seen a woman eat a pawpaw, he would have been a different man. "Don Juan" might never have been written. No one can eat a pawpaw who is not willing to revert to barharism, to jump hack to the forest. A pawpaw prohahly was intended for a feast in a tree crotch, where spitting seeds is easy and natural. A monkey migbt get away with a pawpaw gracefully, hut a man must be willing to surrender bis dignity for tbe joy of the fruit.

So, we have the pawpaw neglected. Some other age may come to the pawpaw and find there the elixir of youth, the nectar of the gods, the fountain of immortality. For surely wise nature has not created so delicious a fruit in vain. Man is not up to the pawpaw yet. He left it when he descended from the trees, and is not worthy yet to have it hack.

Berlin is hedeviled with exacting servants who will not work longer than eight hours, says the *Scientific American*, so that a servant is a luxury in a Berlin household. This has resulted in a great development in devices which will tend to do away with the lahor of maids, and the vacuum cleaner, electric washing machine, and other labor-saving devices are very much to the fore at tbe present time.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two high school principals were discussing the modern trend of psychological research. One asked, "Is thought transference possible?" "No," said the other, "it isn't." "You seem positive," remarked his friend. "Yes, positive. If it were possible my students would hire a college professor to sit in class."

A new arrival at a Western ranch was persuaded to mount a bucking horse, according to that authority on Western life, the Boston *Transcript*. He was scarcely on the animal's back before he was off again—over the horse's head. "What's the matter?" asked the old-timer who picked him up. "Why, she bucked," said the tenderfoot. "Bucked?" returned the other. "Bucked? Go on! She only coughed."

James was a privileged retainer who had grown old in the service of his master and mistress. He was waiting at table one day when a guest asked for a fish fork, but her request was ignored. "James," ordered his mistress, "Mrs. Jones hasn't a fish fork. Get her one at once." "But, madam," protested James, "the last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish fork."

Ex-Governor Miller at an Albany reception was discussing the divorce evil. "It isn't only in the effete East," he said, "that love dies. I once heard a mountaineer's wife describe a thrilling hand-to-hand struggle between her husband and a bear. At the end of her description she took the corn-cob pipe from her mouth and said calmly: 'That wuz the only fight I ever seen whar I didn't keer a cuss who won.'"

Upton Sinclair was commenting on our national trait of speed. "Everything is short-lived in this swift-moving country of ours," he said, and illustrated his point by the following: "The other day I went to offer my condolences to a young woman whose husband had just died, and there she sat rattling off ragtime on the piano. 'You bear up well,' I said; 'I expected to find you in the deepest grief.' 'Ah,' she said, 'you should have seen me yesterday.'"

Augustus Thomas was talking about Buskin, the great comedian of a former day. "Buskin," said Mr. Thomas, "was always getting married and divorced and married again. At the supper celebrating his marriage to Mrs. Seck a tragedian drank too much champagne and indulged in profane language. Buskin, of course, was very angry. He hunted up the tragedian and said, 'See here, if you can't keep a decent tongue in your head, I shan't invite you to any more of my weddings.'"

Traffic regulations in Ireland are evidently peculiar. Major A. W. Long in his book, "Irish Sport of Yesterday," reports on the last stage of a journey in the west of Ireland, where his conveyance narrowly missed running into an ass cart, "on the wrong side of the road as usual." Larry, the writer's driver, after abusing the driver of the cart, said: "Them fools would drive on the wrong side, even if the right side was the right side, and anyhow it's easier and safer to drive a car on the wrong side."

On a lecture tour in Virginia, Bret Harte was once seized with so terrible a headache that he would have cheerfully died on the morning of his arrival in Harrisburg. Instead, however, he went for a walk, accompanied by the native who was to introduce him to his audience in the evening. The latter held forth at great length on the healthy climate of Harrisburg, whose low death rate was one per diem. "Great heavens!" exclaimed Harte, who had been telling his escort how he felt. "Has today's man died yet?"

Old Amos is a member of the class of rural society who employ the phrase, "What say?" when they do not understand clearly something you have said. The morning after his boy had got back to the farm from college old Amos was obviously depressed. His wife, noticing his unusual gloom, asked, "What's the matter, Amos?" "Mary," he sighed, "I've spent nine hundred dollars on that boy's education and it's wasted, plum wasted. Why, he doesn't know as much as when he went to college! Last night I said to him that it looked to me as it'd rain tomorrow, and what d'ye suppose he said? Why, Mary, he begged my pardon!"

Not long ago an advertisement appeared in a London newspaper calling for a healthy young man to accompany a big-game hunter on an expedition into the wilds of Africa. The ad, which set forth in detail all the requisites and told of the risks such a trip entailed, caught the attention of a young Londoner and deeply impressed him with the dangers with which an explorer's life is beset. He finally rose from his bed at a late hour and sought out the address of the African hunter. His knock was answered by a tall, powerful man, who replied that he was the big-game hunter in question. Choking with indignation, the young man blurted out, "I just come to sy, I for one wan't gow!"

The captain of a negro company, anxious to make a record, had taken his men on a long forced march. The darkies were all in when the captain addressed them with: "Tomorrow we'll have another try for that record. But I don't want any man to go against his will. All those who do not want to go, step forward." The entire company sagged forward, except one man, whom the captain addressed approvingly, but with scorn ringing in his voice for the slackers. "Private Jefferson, I'm proud of you. You are the only man in the company who is ambitious and game." Jefferson, beaming at the praise, said, "You see, sah, I jest didn't have the energy to step forward."

Lady Jersey, the well-known traveler and writer of travels, tells a story of an experience of the late Lord Halsbury. "Being a lord chancellor does not render a man immune from belief in ghosts," writes Lady Jersey in her autobiography. "I have more than once heard the late Lord Halsbury relate his adventure in this line. As a young man he went to stay with a friend, who put him up for the night. After he had gone to bed a figure entered his room, and taking it to be his host he spoke to it, but it made no reply and left as silently as it entered. At breakfast next morning he said to the master of the house—I suppose jokingly—'If you did come in my room last night I think you might have answered when I spoke to you.' Both his hosts looked embarrassed, and then his friend said, 'Well, to tell you the truth, that room is considered to be haunted; but it is our best room, and my wife thought that a hard-headed lawyer would not be liable to be disturbed, so we put you there.' Mr. Giffard, as Lord Halsbury then was, left without further incident, but some time after, meeting his friend again, he said, 'Well, how's your ghost getting on?' 'Oh, my dear fellow,' was the reply, 'don't talk of my ghost. My aunt came to stay with me and we put her into that room. The ghost came in and tried to get into her bed, and she will never speak to me again!'"

Jefferson Boyce enjoyed a local reputation as an eater of no mean dimensions, and on numerous occasions had won wagers on his capacity and endurance. One day a friend offered to bet that he could not down thirty-six doughnuts at one sitting. "Never tested my ability on doughnuts," said Jeff, "but I just take a chance to the extent of five dollars." Stakes were put up and the contest was scheduled to take place at Pete's Original Coffee House at 6 p. m. About 5 o'clock Jeff hunted up his challenger. "Say, you don't want to make that bet twenty dollars?" he queried. "Huh! You must think you've got a cinch on this!" "That's what I have," rejoined Jeff; "I've just got through making a test."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Time.

Sages have sung in every clime
In honeyed phrase of precious Time,
From Heraclitus and the rest
Down through Swoboda and E. Guest.
They say it is the leisure hours
You should employ to swell your powers;
And that for intellect and force
You take That Correspondence Course.
The time X spends at bridge or dance
Will make Y Captain of Finance,
If he will occupy himself
With Pelman and the Five Foot Shelf.
Each moment to a task allot;
Spare time, O Reader, spare it not.
From verse like this you may divine
How excellently I use mine.
—*"Eyak" in New York World.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The Rev. D. Charles and Mrs. Gardner of Stanford University announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. Paul H. Talbert of Forth Worth, Texas.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Clara Van Ness, daughter of Mr. Frank Van Ness and granddaughter of Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness, to Mr. Macdonald Denman.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Hopkins and Mr. Edward Bates Pond took place last Saturday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, on Jackson Street.

The marriage of Mrs. Ethel Nixon to Mr. John Wilhoit takes place on Friday, February 2d, at the home of the bride on Broadway.

The marriage of Miss Genette Riley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rohinson Riley, whose engagement to M. Georges Manset was recently announced, took place on January 24th in Nice, France.

Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tohin gave a fancy dress hall on Saturday last. Several dinners preceding the hall were given; among the numher those given hy Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Josephine Drown, and Miss Mary Bernice Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling gave a motor picnic on Sunday last in Woodside.

Mrs. Herhert Allen was hostess at a luncheon last week given for the déhutantes at her home on Broadway.

Miss Caro Shaw and Miss Mary Forhes of New York, who are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tohin were the guests of honor at a luncheon given hy Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris gave a theatre and supper party last week for their niece, Miss Jeannette Norris.

Miss Katherine Stoney gave a hridge-tea at her home last week in honor of Miss Margaret Buckhee.

The opening night of the Salons Intimes, under the direction of Reginald Travers, was held last week in the Hotel St. Francis hallroom.

Mrs. Orville Pratt was hostess last week at the Francisca Club at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained a few friends at dinner recently at their home on Pierce Street.

Mr. Fin Lund, the Danish consul and Mrs. Lund gave a dinner last Saturday evening in honor of Prince Vladimar of Denmark who is visiting in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gihbons were recent hosts at a dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore gave a large tea last week at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of her niece Mrs. Conrad Babcock.

Mrs. William S. Porter gave a dinner at her home on Jackson Street last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler have heen giving a series of dinners at their home on Washington Street the first two having taken place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker entertained at a small luncheon recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colt of New York.

Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck Peters of Portland was the guest of honor at a luncheon recently given hy Miss Elena Folger.

Mrs. Leonard Ely, the daughter of President and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilhur of Stanford University, was the guest of honor at a large reception given on Thursday hy Mrs. Wilhur.

Miss Barhara Sesnon is giving a luncheon and hridge party on Friday of this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon, on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a luncheon party last week in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

The last of the series of supper-dances of the Club Royal will take the form of a Mardi Gras Ball, and will he given at the Fairmont Hotel on Februaty 13th.

Miss Josephine Drown entertained a few of her friends at a luncheon last week given at her home on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. William Denman gave a luncheon on Saturday in honor of her niece, Miss Clara Van Ness, whose engagemeent to Mr. Macdonald Denman has heen announced.

Mr. Stanley Stillman, Jr., gave a dinner at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, on Saturday night.

A musicale tea will he given on Yerha Buena Island on Saturday hy Mrs. George W. Landenherger. There will he a reading of the light opera, "Monsieur Beaucaire," hy Sydney Francis Hohen.

Miss Caro Shaw and Miss Mary Forhes of New York were the honor guests at a tea given hy Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dihhlée gave a dinnerdance last Friday night at the Palace hotel in honor of their déhutante daughter, Miss Betsy Dihhlée, and Mrs. Dihhlée's niece, Miss Isahel Sherman, daughter of Mrs. Harry M. Sherman.

There will he an entertainment hearing the name of "Thc Passé Show" given at the Burlingame Country Club on Saturday of this week. It will be a travesty on the "Flapper Fads and Fancies" recently given hy the Junior League, and those taking part term themselves the Senior League.

A dinner-dance was given last Friday night hy Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes for Mrs. Keyes' niece, Miss Kate Boardman, who is going to Europe very shortly.

Mrs. Warren Clark was hostess at a luncheon given last Friday at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mme. Calvé was the guest of honor at a tea given hy Miss Louise Veiller at the Fairmont Hotel last week.

Miss Helen Woolworth gave a luncheon on Monday last at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Perry Eyre was a luncheon hostess on Thursday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Oliver Kehrlien will give a reception on February 9th at her home in Oakland in honor of her mother, Mrs. A. P. Dudley.

Mrs. U. S. Grant will give a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Monday next.

A dinner-dance was given at the San Mateo Polo Club last Saturday in honor of the army polo team.

Mrs. J. Winfield Scott Davis and Mrs. John Dempster McKee gave a large luncheon last week in honor of Miss Annette Ruggles, whose engagement has heen announced to their nephew, Mr. Arthur Boole Wellington.

Mrs. Edward von Adelung of Oakland was hostess at a luncheon given on Monday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday at the Town and Country Club.

Master Booth Knox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox, was the guest of the lord mayor of London at the juvenile party he gave at the Mansion House on January 11th. It was a fancy dress affair and Master Knox impersonated Sir Walter Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall entertained on Sunday at a luncheon given at their home in Burlingame.

A luncheon will he given at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday next hy Mrs. John Huhert Mee.

Mrs. Alhert Rees was a recent luncheon hostess at her home on Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. Farragut Ashe gave a tea last week, complimentary to Miss Virginia Nugent, whose engagement to Mr. Ashfield Stow has heen announced.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy her mother-in-law, Mrs. Francis H. Davis, at the Town and Country Club on Monday last.

English Rural Types at Elder's.

Edith E. Leach, lecturer and impersonator, will give a reading from her own compositions of "English Dialects and Character Sketches," taken from real people and real incidents in life, in the Paul Elder Gallery, Thursday afternoon, Februaty 8th, at 2:30 o'clock, at which Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will preside. Miss Leach's close acquaintance with rural England, particularly in the celehrated "Wordsworth Country," may account for her vivid portrayal of country folk and dialects.

Her programme will include "Traveling Companions," "Honeymoons and Shrimps," "Mrs. Burhlethwaite's Funeral," "Village Entertainments," "Wonderful Walker," "Sheep Shearing and Sweethearts," "Th' 'Lile Lass O'Malachi Cranke's."

Little Theatre Is Gaining.

The statement has been made hy Ruth Brenner, director of the Sequoia Little Theatre, 1725 Washington Street, that without outside hacking or guarantee the Little Theatre is holding its own, and that through strict adherence to the ideals of the modern theatre in the selection of plays and their production its work has made itself known among the play-lovers of San Francisco. The books show that last season, the first in the career of the Little Theatre, the attendance at performances increased each month from 25 to 40 per cent., and that this year the first month's attendance was three times that of the hest month last year.

Forty-four talented San Franciscans have played at least one part at the Little Theatre, and four local playwrights have had their plays given first presentations. Nearly forty more plays have heen hrought to light at the weekly readings, and three more have heen chosen for the All San Francisco bill to he presented early in the spring.

The American comedy on the bill that closed Tuesday, January 30th, is "Piety and Pie," hy Blanche Cumming, a local writer. It had such a successful run at the Little Theatre that dramatic organizations for three neighhoring cities have written the director requesting her to hring her production to their playhouses.

Commander and Mrs. Earl Shipp, who are living in Virginia, are heing congratulated on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge are being congratulated on the arrival of a son.

CURRENT VERSE.

California—A Song in Exile.

The valleys voice a song for me—
A song that chants the praise
Of grain-filled field and fruit-hung tree
And hammock-swinging days.
For me the valleys voice a song—simple sunshine song;
And saints join in the fond refrain, a soft-voiced Mission throng.

The rivers wind gold chains for me—
Gold chains of wondrous weight
That stretch from mountains to the sea,
Out through the Golden Gate,
For me the rivers wind gold chains—such fair, enchanting chains
Of sea-worn ships, and Argonauts, gold fever in their veins!

The hills hold out their hands to me—
Hands filled with flowers of home;
Dream flowers that woo the woodland hee
And fill its honeycomh.
To me the hills hold out their hands—their poppy-laden hands.
Is there a Californian here? "Yes!" Well, *he* understands!

—Clarence Urmy in Munsey's Magazine.

In Memoriam: Alice Meynell—November 27.1922.

The withered leaves are falling from the trees
And the drear wind is sighing through the woods:
Autumn is on the world, and in our hearts
Who now sing naught hut sorrow. She is dead.

Call her. Oh, call her. lest she linger yet,
Lonely. ahout the hody where she lived
And turn away to wander with the shades,
Leaving us only Grief, the starry-eyed
Daughter of Nemesis—she may return;
She may return again. Call her. Oh, call.

She does not answer; not to all our calling;
Only the wind, wailing ahout the woods,
And the loud surges heating on the shore
Echo ahout the heart's sad vacancies.
She has gone out with the departing Summer,
But with the Spring she will not come again,
And Autumn lingers always in our hearts.

Yet she has left us those sweet words she wove,
Frail, delicate petals of the flowers of thought,
Fragile as gossamer and strong as steel.
These are with us, and when we are dust
And all our songs are silence they will live
And speak to men across ten thousand years.

—S. Matthewman in the London Sphere.

Who'll Ride with Me?

Who'll ride with me in the gipsy weather
(Youth held lightly is youth held fast!)—
Light and light as a white owl's feather,
Till we win the world's last edge at last?

Who'll ride with me to the ultimate faring
(Dream won sorely is dream held long!),
Till the winds are knives in the teeth of our daring
And the last lone star is a thin-spun song?

For what is youth hut a coin to squander
(Youth spent lightly is age deferred!),
And what is dream hut a voice out yonder,
And what is life hut a flying hird?

—Wade Oliver in Poetry.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mme. Horace de Parodi of Gibraltar is visiting Mrs. William E. Dargie at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Roy Bishop has gone to Pasadena to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wheeler of New York, who are visiting Southern California.

Dr. Emma K. Willitts, chief of staff of the Children's Hospital, left for New York last week and will sail for Europe on February 3d.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, accompanied by her son, sailed last Thursday on the *Resolute* for the Orient. Among the other passengers on the *Resolute* are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dale King and Miss Geraldine King of Piedmont.

Miss Gamble is chaperoning a small party of girls on a European trip. The members of the party are Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Alice Requa, and Miss Jessie Knowles. They left San Francisco for Washington, and will sail from New York on February 10th for Europe, to be gone about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tevis, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Burlingame, have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. Howard Spreckels left for New York last week en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse of Burlingame left last week for Southern California to attend the polo games.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury left last week for the East, and on their return will come by way of the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bates Pond, who were married last Saturday, will make their future home in San Mateo.

The Eleventh Cavalry polo team were the guests this week of the San Mateo polo club, and a dance was given on Saturday in their honor by the San Mateo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughter, Mrs. Warren Smith, left last week for Santa Barbara, where Mr. and Mrs. Smith will take the steamer for Caracas to join Mr. Smith. Mrs. Otis, after visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. Robert Canfield, will return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore have returned from the East to their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Felton Elkins spent the last week-end in Montecito as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Courtney.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colt of New York spent a few days in San Francisco last week, sailing on Wednesday on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and her brother, Mr. Ogden Mills, of New York, have arrived from the East and are at their home at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe of Los Angeles are visiting Mrs. Ashe's mother, Mrs. Herbert Younger.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman, who were recently married in New York, arrived in San Francisco last Friday. Mrs. Shuman was Miss Cornelia Clampett, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Clampett.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Alice Moffitt, will go to Europe early in the spring for a stay of several months.

Many Californians are passing the winter on the Riviera, among the number being Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui, Mrs. Joseph Redding, Mrs. Ward Barron, Commander and Mrs. Randolph Miner, Miss Frances Jolliffe and Miss Ella O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson have returned from a short trip to Europe and are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Peter Janss of Los Angeles are visiting San Francisco, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William S. Kuhn will go East very shortly to join her daughters, Miss Katherine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, and her sister, Mrs. William B. Scaife, at Palm Beach.

Miss Josephine Drown will accompany Miss Jeannette Norris on her return to Oregon, and will visit her uncle, Mr. Frank Preston, and Mrs. Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp spent the past week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark at Pebble Beach Lodge.

General Charles Morton and Mrs. Morton and Miss Elizabeth Huff have returned to Fort Mason, after an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy has returned from New York and is at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth will spend the summer at Woodside, where they have bought a country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Oze Van Wyck, whose wedding took place recently in San Francisco, have gone to Los Angeles, where they will make their future home. Mrs. Van Wyck is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman.

Mr. James H. Vinter left on Wednesday for a visit to Guatemala and expects to return home in April.

Commander and Mrs. Charles S. Kerrick, who have been stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard, where Commander Kerrick was on the staff of Admiral McKean, have taken up their residence in San Francisco at the St. Xavier Apartments.

Mrs. Cordelia de Moran of San Salvador, accompanied by her daughters, Miss Margherita, Miss Blanche, and Miss Cordelia de Moran, will leave very shortly for the East en route to Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Miss Jennie Flood left last Saturday for Santa Barbara en route to New York.

Community Placement Bureau Moves.

The Community Placement Bureau, heretofore located at 908 Phelan Building, will move into its new quarters at 67 Sutter Street about February 5th, occupying the second floor. The bureau was organized three years ago by Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., and associates, numbering fifty-two stockholders, in order to provide an employment agency placing trained office help at the lowest fee possible. The success of the bureau has justified the small amount of money originally invested by the stockholders, who have recently been paid the 6 per cent. yearly interest allowed. The actual cost of maintaining the bureau, together with interest, is met by charging applicants placed a fee of only 10 per cent. of the first month's salary.

The Bohemian Club Annual Exhibit.

The Bohemian Club has put on a more than usually interesting exhibition this year, owing in part to the steady improvement of the regular exhibitors and partly to better organization in assembling exhibits. Artists were urged to send their best, not their odds and ends that happened to be collecting dust in the home studio. The result is a showing of native talent of which both artists and laymen may well be proud.

Among the more striking canvases are the two by John A. Stanton, "Wonderland" and "Desert Trailer": desert-scapes probably taken in Arizona or New Mexico. Will Sparks and Charles Rollo Peters have their usual quota of California nocturnes on show, and Sandona has some charming portraits in chalk and some etchings. Perhaps the best of the portrait paintings is Spencer Macky's of Dr. David Starr Jordan, which Stanford has lent for the occasion. Macky's portrait of Dr. Jordan has a Chase-like simplicity and directness. James G. Swinnerton is showing some interesting and fresh little desert and Western scenes, and Frank Van Sloun is represented by some decorative canvases of riotous color. There are also a number of good marines, but space prevents adequate mention of each of the eighty-nine exhibits.

On the whole, the sculpture is not so happy as the painting, although there are a good bronze dog and bronze fawn by A. B. Proctor that are slightly reminiscent of Paul Manship's exquisite little bronzes of similar subjects. An aspect of the show that is largely conducive to its success is the admirable arrangement of hanging and lighting. The canvases are so distributed as to enhance one another's tone, lighting, etc., as much as possible, and the result is more successful than the ancient custom of skying bad pictures and playing up good ones regardless of the general effect.

Oldest Dress in Europe.

What must be the oldest garment in Europe has just been found in Sweden, according to the New York *Tribune*. Some peat cutters were at work in Gerum Fen, near Skara, when they discovered a voluminous cloak just a few feet under the surface of the peat. The preserving qualities of the fen water had kept it intact since the Bronze Age, about a thousand years before the Christian era.

Several noted professors have examined the cloak and all agree as to its antiquity. The state geologist of Sweden, Dr. L. von Post, has no doubt as to its age.

Pieces of material handwoven in the same period are tabulated in the British Museum. These were taken from the Swiss lake dwellings, and the officials in charge of the Bronze Age Department say there is no reason why the new find should not be perfectly genuine.

It is thought that the peat areas of Ireland probably cover and preserve much that would throw a great deal of light upon the little-known race of the Bronze Age period of Northern Europe.

The latest in golf drivers is from England, an ingenious club head that actually registers the length of drive. The self-recording meter which is built into the head of the club will probably show many 250-yard wallops have only been 175 after all.

A curious plant found in Queensland, Australia, is the bottle tree *(Brachychiton rupestis)*, which not only looks like a vast bottle, but yields drinkable water when tapped.



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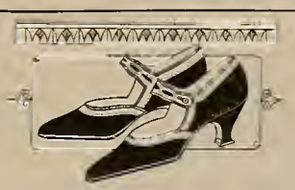
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Witness (in police court)—I swear to tell the truth, the royal truth, and nothing like the truth.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Hemmandhaw—I've invented a new rubber heel. What would you name it? *Shimmerpater*—Why not call it "The Eavesdropper"?—*Judge.*

Stude—And poor Harry was killed hy a revolving crane. *Englishwoman*—My word! what fierce birds you have in America.—*Cornell Widow.*

"Are you saving money for the rainy day?" he asked. "I am not," was the reply. "As far as I'm concerned, it's raining now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Author—I suppose the death scene is very trying? *Actress*—Oh, terrihly so! When I finally give up the ghost I'm nearly dead!—*Stockholm Kasper.*

"Well, well, if it isn't you, Mrs. Hennessy! And how have you heen all this time?" "Sure, I'm like the average—seldom sick and never well."—*Life.*

"How long has it heen since yuh read de Bihle, nigger?" "Lessee. Lemme figger. I aint nevah read it a-tall. How long is 'at?"—*Nashville Tennesseean.*

Hard-Looking Tramp (to passing motorist)—Hi, mister, I'm going your way! *Passing Motorist*—So I see, hut I'll get there hefore you do.—*Washington Star.*

"Of course you know, captain, there's alcohol in everything that grows." "I know, parson, an' yet t' think there's sinful folks that don't helieve in the Almighty!"—*Life.*

"But this is one of the cleverest police dogs that we have." "You'd never know it hy looking at him." "Well, you see, he helongs to the secret police!"—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

"I wish the street-cars would put their numhers on the hack as well as the front." "What good would that do?" "Well, a fella likes to see what he missed."—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

Irate Calonel—Take that hat off immediately, sir! *Deaf and Short-Sighted Luncher*—Why, are they playing the national anthem? *Irate Colonel*—No, you idiot, it's my hat!—*London Opinion.*

"Mamma! Mamma! The hahy just swallowed my nickel!" "Quick, Willie; run for the doctor!" "Gee, whiz! Aint you got another nickel?"—*New York Sun.*

Old Lady (who has been watching the gesticulations of two Fascisti conversing unrestrainedly)—I've often wondered what this conversation of energy was which they talk such a lot ahout, but it's really quite simple, after all.—*London Morning Post.*

"When I was shipwrecked," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a trihe of wild women who had no tongues." "Good gracious!" cried the fair maiden. "How could they talk?" "They couldn't!" replied the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild!"—*Peorson's Weekly.*

Professor (to new charlady)—If you must move a thing, Mrs. Craddock, you should always put it hack again. Why, your predecessor would even replace an empty matchhox exactly where she found it. *New Charlady*—I expect, sir, that was just 'er sarcasm.—*London Humorist.*

"Did you have any trouble learning to play the saxophone?" I asked a young man, who is proficient on that deadly instrument. "Yep," he replied, jazzily. "I got a load of hirdshot in me, an' I lost two teeth. But it was easy after I took to practicin' in the woods."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"My friend, you have no ear for music. I don't think I can teach you to play the violin, so I hesitate to take any more of your money." "It's all right, professor," urged the other. "I only want to do a small tune while standing on my head. It's for an act in vaudeville."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

Her Father (to the hopeful suitor)—No, young man, you can't have my daughter. I don't want a son-in-law who's such a fool that he contemplates marrying a young woman who hasn't got more sense than to inspire you with hopes of getting her. Get out!—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

The Secretary—Here's a letter from a man who compliments us on the improved service, saying he hasn't failed to find a seat on the cars at any time during the last two weeks. *The Traction Magnate*—Reply, thanking him for the information. Then issue an order to the traffic manager to take off 20 per cent. of the cars at once.—*Judge.*

Lady Candidate (to heckler, who has been pestering her for a plain "yes" or "no" to his various questions)—If I ask you a question, will you answer yes or no? *Heckler*—With pleasure. *Lady Candidate (employing well-knawn device)*—Have you stopped heating your wife? *Heckler*—No, I heat her this morning. *Lady Candidate*—What!!! *Heckler*—Yes, three up and two to play.—*Punch.*

AN HISTORIC REPETITION.

Just about 100 years have elapsed since the trainer of King George IV of England was subjected to the ignominy of heing "warned off the turf" hy the triumvirate of stewards of the Jockey Cluh in England, which may he said to constitute the supreme trihunal of the racing world throughout the length and hreadth of the British Empire—a trihunal from which there is no appeal—for a man to he warned off the turf carries with it about the most cruel form of sporting and social ostracism, says the Washington *Post*. It means that the offender has forfeited every claim to be considered a man of honor. It entails his exclusion from Newmarket Heath, an access from every race-track and hetting ring under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Cluh.

King George chose to regard the penalty thus inflicted upon his trainer as heing aimed at himself and in the light of a reflection on his honor, and immediately resigned from the Jockey Cluh, withdrew from the turf, and dispersed his racing stahle. Nor was it until near the end of his reign that, through the intercession of friends, he hecame reconciled to the Jockey Club to a sufficient degree to institute the annual Derhy Day dinner in honor of the Jockey Cluh, which has heen continued hy British royalty ever since. It was held from the time of King Edward's marriage until his accession to the throne close upon forty years afterward at Marlborough House, and from that time on until today at Buckingham Palace.

Under the circumstances and in view of the extremely delicate and even strained relations that exist hetween King Fuad and Great Britain, it is, to say the least, awkward and emharrassing that the stewards of the Jockey Cluh of Egypt, four in numher—three of them English and a fourth French—should have found it necessary not long ago to warn the Egyptian ruler's English trainer off the turf after conviction of the responsihility for the doping of one of the king's horses.

The trainer is a former officer of the English army, and as the penalty to which the trainer in question was thus suhjected was puhlished in the London *Rocing Calendar*, which is the official organ of the British and European racing world, a lasting stigma was placed upon King Fuad's stahle. Of course, when a trainer is thus convicted the moral, if not the judicial, responsihility rests upon his principal and, as in the case of King George IV, is accounted hy many as a reflection upon his honor. Naturally it has served to emhitter King Fuad and his immediate adherents more than ever against the English.

Conditions in the Orient render the democracy of the turf very difficult, if, indeed, not impossihle. Any hey or pasha who is foolish enough to race his horse against that of his sovereign and to win is well-nigh certain to forfeit the favor of his liege lord, and yet racing in the Orient would hecome monotonous and wearisome if the monarch were always allowed to win.

He-men you can usually recognize hecause they are always husy using popular hrands of safety razors, smoking leading hrands of tohacco, getting into some of the hest hrands of underwear, eating standard hrands of baked heans, and in general living a he-man's life. They are married to women called housewives and their children are known as kiddies. They live in a place called Advertising Land.—*New York Sun.*

Noiseless riveters operating on a rotary vihratory system are now offered, of hench or pedestal type, which it is claimed will rivet the most intricate joh in silence, at a speed limited only hy the operator's ahility to feed the work, according to the *Scientific American.*



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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Tip to Germany.

Relatively recent history supplies a precedent that should help Germany to solve her immediate problem. In the year 1871, as we recall it, a German army was encamped on French soil—there to enforce the collection of an indemnity that a victorious Germany had assessed against a defeated France. France wasted no time in conferences and vain protests; she went to work, earned the money in short order, paid the bill, and so speedily "got shut" of her unwelcome guests. It was not a pleasant experience; France did not enjoy it; but by it she won the respect of the world and—what was better—preserved her self-respect.

Now, the means by which France got rid of Germany in 1871 should instruct Germany how to get rid of France in 1923. There is an obvious way to do it, and that is to pay the bill or so secure its payment as to satisfy France. France is not now in Germany for the pleasure of it, albeit—human nature being what it is—there must be a certain satisfaction in the reversed status. She is there to enforce payment of what is morally and legally due her. Seeing that Germany was welching her obligations, she moved over into the Ruhr Valley, precisely as Germany, half a century ago, encamped in northern France. If under the conditions of 1871 Germany had a right to be in France, surely under the conditions of 1923 France has a right to be in Germany. Furthermore, France has now what Germany had then, namely, the might that according to German theory makes right.

There is only one other means by which Germany can get rid of the French and that is—if she can muster men and arms—to drive them out. Easier said than done; and even if it could be done, a serious business. For it will take a fight to drive the French out, and a fight under the methods of modern warfare, however it might end, would make of the Ruhr Valley first a shambles and then a desert. It would do to the Valley of the Ruhr what it did five years ago to the Valley of the Marne. And Germany would not like that—verily she would not. For the Valley of the Ruhr is the centre and core of her industrial system. Wrecked as it would be by artillery fighting, it would be to Germany a loss incalculable. It would be nearly as disastrous as her own wanton and barbarous work five years ago in northern France.

Germany's best policy would be to pay the bill the French hold against her. As France did once, Germany should do now. She will gain nothing by paltering and blustering.

First Fruits of the Budget.

There is required in the governor of California, if the plain intention of the public in electing him shall be given effect, a certain quality of ruthlessness in dealing with entrenched political interests and even with irrational sentiment on the part of many of the voters. Society suffers not so much from malefactors of great wealth as it does from malefactors of no wealth, because they never produced any, who persist in getting into office and squandering the wealth produced by others. And the mutual aid these persons give one another amounts to conspiracy against the public welfare. In this state they are particularly ingenious about tricking voters by means of schemes of progress that would be nice to put through if we had nothing else to do with the money, and in concealing, at the time they formulate their proposals, the fact that we have a number of other things to do with the money and no money to do them with.

California was startled last fall, or if it was not startled it should have been, by a showing from the state board of equalization to the effect that the state with its political subdivisions was in debt $522,149,144, instead of $321,616,238 as the public had supposed. Spendthrifts are always surprised when you show them the figures, and John Mitchell's report at that time occasioned considerable astonishment. It indicated that we were getting close up against the bonding limit and that the tax-eaters had not only been eating up our taxes, but also our credit. Friend William Richardson had been nominated, and it showed the wisdom of his nomination. It may have had something to do with his election, and also with the rejection of the insane scheme to bond the burdened state still further for a plunge into socialism by way of the Water and Power Amendment.

But it is doubtful if even the board of equalization showing has brought home to the people with sufficient distinctness just what some of the politicians and sentimentalists have been doing, and committing them to; for some commitments must be recognized. The governor's message accompanying the budget points out a few specific symptoms, and indicates the nature of the disease.

It is a good message. With one wave of his plump hand, its author dismisses the notion that we have magically escaped state taxation by making the wicked corporations pay it. You can almost see his amused smile when he says that "the people ultimately pay every dollar of tax, whether it be direct or indirect." Certainly they do. "After the increase of rates on public utility corporations at the last session of the legislature the railroad commission increased the rates on fares, light, water, gas, telephones, and the people found they did pay the tax." And that was only fair, as it was inevitable, if such services and commodities were to be further enjoyed. The only persons that pay no taxes are the unborn and the dead. And the way to keep taxes down is not to try and saddle them on the corporations, but to refrain from voting for attractive and costly sociological speculations that are dispensable and that we can continue to get along without. The governor says he is faced with the necessity of keeping state expenses below state income. But nobody can expect him to do that if we continue to countenance a lot of idealistic experiments under the delusion that we are promoting progress. Let the money be spent by the people that earn it, and they will make the progress themselves. It is hardly ever assisted by politicians.

Of late, the politicians have found rich pickings in the field of education. It enjoys an immunity from criticism that has attracted some of the most astute pretenders the country produces. Business men get on boards of education and then admit they know nothing of educational requirements, but must make a showing of development, and straightway import some "expert" from a long distance, who proceeds to develop education by getting other experts to establish courses in tatting, and embroidery, whether with thread or cobwebs, and stilt-walking of various sorts, and after large appropriations have been voted for such purposes they can be defended on the specious ground of aggregate accomplishment. The new job-holders (teachers, they are called, but it degrades the name and insults the real ones) add themselves to the old machine, and with all their aunts, uncles, nieces, and sometimes their lady-friends, wedge themselves into their new jobs. Critics are repelled with the charge that they are enemies to education, and hardly a more damning thing could be said about anybody in this country. We have no doubt this charge will be slung at the governor, for he has said:

> Extravagance in educational matters has run riot during the last few years. This budget shows an increase of $8,618,627.60, or 23 per cent., in the last two years. Politicians in the guise of educators have squandered the people's money with a lavish hand. A great political organization has been built up, which has cost the people an immense sum, but has added little to the value of education given school children. The expenditure of school money in this state must be put on a business basis, and the schools must not only teach but practice thrift.

The governor also says:

> Educators should be left in control of educational matters, but sound business men should be in control of expenditures.

Well, that won't always work—we have seen it tried. The business men are too easy to fool, outside their own shops and offices; too ready to believe that the object of education is to produce more filing clerks and stenographers and plasterers and carpenters instead of the disciplined sort of character which, if given filing or stenography or plastering or carpentering to do, is, by reason of its real culture, incapable of botching the job.

For much of the extravagance that burdens us, the people themselves are to blame. They have voted too easily for fads and ideals at the suggestion of impractical sentimentalists. There seems to be a regular business of inventing such things. For the ills of society they adopt quack medicines like the State Farm for Delinquent Women, or encourage legislators to adopt them. The governor has dealt too tenderly with that particular humbug, which he says should be given a sympathetic trial—when it has already had it, though never entitled to it in the first place. But he also says the delinquents coddled there at the expense of women who are not delinquent could be just as well taken care of in the state hospitals, where it would cost but $21 a head a month, instead of $80.46. And he also says the majority of the people seem opposed to the pur-

of the "farm," and that "the bill in the first place appears to have become a law by mistake." That was careless. But it can be corrected. The institution should be abolished, the farm sold, and the money covered back into the state treasury, to be applied ultimately to the redemption of state highway or other bonds; and it should be done no matter what high-falutin' resolutions are passed by the women's clubs interested in this expensive piece of nonsense.

On the consolidation of institutions with overlapping functions the message is particularly strong. We hope the governor has the required resolution and ruthlessness to carry out or induce others to carry out such recommendations, and we think he has. It is his job. He took it, and the *Argonaut* believes he will carry it through. For the next biennial period, the total requirement as set forth in the budget is $78,974,628, which, as the message says, "does not exceed the revenues." That is new, and promises relief, but the message also carries this sinister truth: that "many of the departments are in charge of hostile officials who have handicapped us in every way." We shall probably hear from them later.

Forces Making for Lawlessness.

Before the Ohio State Bar Association at Columbus, Ohio, last week Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler dug deep into the underlying causes of the disposition to lawlessness, obviously a widespread and growing evil. First on the list of fundamental causes Dr. Butler arraigned the elective system under which students in many of our schools and colleges are permitted to choose courses of study. The undisciplined tastes or perhaps the whims of a youth, he said, are permitted to take the place of human experience and the general interest in determining how a youth shall spend his time while in the process of formal education. We quote:

> A quick effect, and indeed an almost unconscious effect, of the practice of such a doctrine is to displace discipline and to arouse in the mind of youth contempt and disregard for those things which he has not chosen to know, regardless of what may be the opinion of others concerning their value and importance. In this way the individual learns to separate his own tastes, his own interests, his own occupations, from those of the community of which he is a part, and only to prefer and to follow his own. That subtle and many-sided influences would in this way be set in motion to make for lawlessness seems obvious.

Before the day of the elective system, the ruling notion in education was the importance of general discipline and general knowledge developed by coöperation between the home and the school. This notion has been succeeded by the vicious conception that all disciplines are particular and all capacities specific. It is sober truth, declared Dr. Butler, that much is being done by our costly schools to implant a spirit of lawlessness in those who come under their influence. In effect, the youth of the country is taught both at home and in school that there are no fundamental underlying principles, but that the world is each man's oyster, to be consumed at such time and in such fashion as he may see fit. It should be needless to add that this is no proper preparation for life; that on the other hand it is too often a training in the spirit of lawlessness; since "no person can be called educated who will not do effectively something that he does not wish to do at the time when it ought to be done."

Then there is the fact that our legislatures and administrative boards are largely made up of persons whose ruling passion is a statute or an administrative order. In our public administration there is constant appeal to force—to the police power of the state. We have too many laws, too many administrative orders, which, taken together, constitute a powerful force for the spread of lawlessness. Not all enactments are law. Nothing is law in a true and effective sense unless it is upheld by public opinion. Every statute and every decision lacking the fundamental support of general opinion is written in water. This applies especially to restrictive statutes and orders which, in our system, now far outnumber the "verboten" rules of Prussia. We have made into nominal crimes a multitude of innocent departures from the conventional and entirely harmless infractions of good manners and good conduct: and it is not surprising that an intelligent and self-respecting public revolts at a system thus complicated by trivialities and absurdities.

In this multiplication of needless and oftentimes vexatious statutes the law itself is committing a trespass before which many a tyrant of olden days would have hesitated. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution is at once an illustration of the impotency of law and a stimulant to the spirit of lawlessness. Communities which in effect control eleven of our states, in protecting themselves from the dominance of ignorance and incapacity, have in effect nullified a law fixed in the Fifteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution; and from the doing of this there has followed in the regions affected a state of lawlessness that has become a shame and a reproach to America. The question is asked whether, if the Fifteenth Amendment were repealed, the political and social condition of the colored man in the Southern states would not be improved.

The Eighteenth Amendment is discussed by Dr. Butler with a candor that is edifying both in its calmness and its vision. The revolt against it, regarded as a stimulant to lawlessness, is the more serious because it is nation-wide. Dissent is based upon the ground that the restriction is "a forcible and tyrannical invasion of private life and personal conduct." We quote:

> They have no possible interest in the liquor traffic, and they are without exception opposed to the saloon, but they are equally opposed to making the Constitution of the United States the vehicle of a police regulation affecting the entire country, and dealing not alone with matters of public interest and public laws, but with the most intimate details of personal and private life, including food, drink, and medical treatment. The moral sense, as well as the common sense, of very many people is affronted by a policy which will expend millions of dollars and take the methods of Czarist Russia and of the Spanisb Inquisition to enforce one provision of law, while others of far greater significance and public importance are accorded conventional treatment or less.

Pursuing this phase of the subject, Dr. Butler quotes an expression unanimously adopted by a recent grand jury of Kings County, New York, referring to the existing laws for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. This grand jury says:

> Whatever may be our individual ideas upon the subject of temperance and prohibition, we believe that there can be no doubt but that this law tends to debauch and corrupt the police force. It interferes with the liberty and private life of moral, law-abiding citizens. It even goes so far as to brand good men felons, because in their own conscience they desire to indulge in personal habits in which they find no harm. It has not checked the misuse of intoxicating liquors, but it has seriously hampered their proper use. We feel that it can never be enforced, because it lays down rules of private conduct which are contrary to the intelligence and general morality of the community. It is an attempt by a body of our citizenship, thinking one way, to interfere with the private conduct of another body, thinking another way.

We have given only the outlines of an address which in its entirety is a mighty protest against the growing spirit of lawlessness and an appeal for reasonableness, for common sense, on the part of authority in its dealings with society. Not least among the evils growing out of things already defined is the unwillingness of the people to think seriously, and the unwillingness of public men to discuss frankly that which is disputed or disagreeable. "There are not so many as there should be to take the risk of being unpopular for the sake of being right."

"What Is Christianity?"

"A Constant Reader," whose letter will be found in another column, settles the question—What is Christianity?—apparently to his own satisfaction by a quotation from the late John Ruskin. Ruskin, it is true, was a man of high intellectual repute, and in a sphere that he made his own his authority, if not unquestioned, was very great. But Ruskin was an artist in phrases rather than a close and sound reasoner. There is small ground to claim for him infallibility in anything, least of all in matters of theology. His idea that a man, to be a Christian, must believe certain dogmas of mediæval origin can not go unchallenged. We venture that to be a Christian does not call for belief in certain miracles defined in the Apostle's Creed or in Ruskin's version of it. Surely one who reveres the character of Jesus, and who makes his teachings the foundation of his philosophy of life and the inspiration of his moral consciousness, is a Christian. Assuredly Christianity is not more a matter of belief in mediæval dogmas than of acceptance of Christian standards.

Our correspondent accurately defines the issue in the matter of the controversy between Mr. Grant and Bishop Manning. The question is not if one believes in the formulæ of the church; it is one of honest compliance with the obligations assumed by a minister of the church. One who enters the ministry of the Episcopal Church must declare his belief in certain doctrines and promise to teach these doctrines. If a time comes when he no longer believes, and when he may no longer in good conscience teach these doctrines, then his duty to the church and to himself is plain. He must retire from the church; and if he has the fundamental qualities of a gentleman, he will do it with the least possible disturbance to the organization to which he has been attached.

To deny the fundamental doctrines of the church, to claim the right to discredit and denounce these doctrines from its pulpit, to flout its authorities—these illustrate an insensibility in respect of moral standards and manly obligations inconsistent with refinement of feeling or with common integrity.

The American-British Settlement.

The foreign debt problem, in so far as England's share in it is concerned, seems in fair way of solution. England owes us in round figures $4,500,000,000. It is proposed to fund this obligation under an interest rate of 3 per cent. for the first ten years, and thereafter at 3½ per cent. until the total is liquidated. Interest shall be paid each year as it accrues on the full amount of the debt remaining due. Annual payments are to be made on the principal beginning at $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year and increasing in amount every three to five years so that the entire debt shall be liquidated in sixty years. Payments of $20,000,000 a year for the first five years and an increase of $10,000,000 a year for each succeeding five-year period would total $4,500,000,000 in sixty years, payments the last five years being $130,000,000 a year. Interest for the first five-year period would approximate $135,000,000 per annum. For the last five years it would be reduced to approximately $10,000,000 a year. Thus as principal payments increased interest payments would decrease with the total annual principal and interest payments approximating $150,000,000 a year throughout the sixty-year period.

The terms as above defined grow out of a plan proposed tentatively by the American commissioners—Mellon, Hoover, Burton, *et al.*—after conference with a commission representing the British government. This proposal has been accepted by the British cabinet. It has the approval of President Harding and now awaits sanction and authorization at the hands of Congress.

The only possible objection relates to the interest rate. The United States government borrowed from the American people under a series of "Liberty Loans" the money advanced to the British government, and is paying its creditors interest rates somewhat higher than those provided for in the adjustment above outlined. There will be those to insist that the interest rate on the British debt shall be equal to that paid by the United States to its creditors. Under the circumstances, this is not a generous view of the matter. The settlement proposed is quite as advantageous as anybody has expected; even more so. It reflects honor upon the British government, which alone of our European debtors appears to take its obligation seriously. Universal judgment, we believe, will commend this adjustment, and there is hardly a doubt that it will be accepted by Congress, as it should be.

The matter is one that should be considered entirely apart from and independent of other considerations. It has no proper relationship to any other interest or issue, and ought not to be complicated with any matter of domestic policy. We urge the point because there is manifest at Washington a purpose to tie up the matter of British payments with the issue of the soldiers' bonus. Proponents of this raid are making ready to demand as the price of acquiescence that the British payments shall be applied to the payment of what they style "adjusted compensation," this phrase being a euphemism for the bonus.

And since this raid upon the treasury is now to be renewed it may not be amiss to rehearse the considerations adverse to it. First there is no obligation on the part of the government to pay a bonus. The government owes nothing to the men who did not "get across" or to those who "got across" and came home sound. Every man of them gained in the service—in the training camps or in Europe—something that vastly enriched his life. Only those who were wounded or otherwise disabled have any claim against the government, and all such are being looked after generously.

There is another consideration, and a more important one. It is related to the character of service men. They did nothing more than their duty, and no man should accept a bounty for doing his duty. Something

of self-respect must be lost to every man who takes a bonus, and assuredly something of self-respect has been lost to those who have joined in the demand and in the agitation for the bonus. The immediate demand and the manner in which its enforcement is proposed illustrates the point. It is a plain case of "hold up"; members of Congress are to be intimidated to the end of making their political support dependent upon an unworthy act—that of withholding their votes from a proposal of manifest equity and propriety unless they shall be assured that the money received from the British treasury shall be applied to payment of a bonus. The suggestion shames alike the bonus raiders and the officials (congressmen) to whom it is addressed.

Republican Leadership in the Senate.

Probably Senator Lodge is the only man at Washington who does not know that he lacks the qualifications of a leader in the Senate or out of it. It would seem that recent experience should have made the matter plain to him, but nothing is ever plain to a New Englander of the Brahman caste when it relates adversely to himself. Mr. Lodge is in many ways a man of merit. He has a background of historic breeding and he is easily the man of most individual intellectual culture in congressional life. His deficiency is at the point of temperament. He lacks the grace of sympathy. There is in the man something of the spirit of condescension. But for all this, Mr. Lodge desires to hold the post of Republican leader in the Senate, and there are sentimental along with some practical reasons why he will be allowed to retain it. Perhaps the main reason is that no man of positive capabilities wants the job, or is available for it. Reed of Pennsylvania would make a more effective leader, but he has only recently come into the Senate and is still a stranger to its practice. He needs the ripening process of experience with better knowledge of senatorial traditions and practice. Senator Jim Watson of Indiana would like the leadership, but he, too—although quite in another way—is minus availability.

It is now practically determined that Mr. Lodge shall retain at least the nominal headship of the Republicans in the Senate, but for the sake of placating certain elements he will be given two coadjutors in the leadership—probably Wadsworth of New York and Lenroot of Wisconsin. This arrangement is of doubtful working efficiency. There are those in the conservative group who believe that as a matter of policy it would be wise to substitute for Lenroot a man of more radical type; and there is even a suggestion of bringing La Follette into the syndicate of leaders as a means of attaching him more closely to the party whose label he bears. There is futility, or something worse, in this suggestion. La Follette, in common with others of the group of irreconcilables, lacks the coöperative mind. He declines to work with anybody who will not yield obedience to his policies, however whimsical or inconsistent. For all his pretensions, La Follette is not a Republican. He accepts no obligations to the party; he is never happier than when putting obstacles in its way. The wisest course in dealing with La Follette would be, not to coddle him, but to treat him as a renegade and a traitor.

The *Argonaut* ventures to prophesy that any effort to place party leadership in the Senate in the hands of a syndicate will end disastrously. Leadership is an individual matter. So wise an observer as Macaulay has said that no successful army was ever commanded by a debating club. The principle is applicable in legislative as well as in military affairs. Leadership involved by a syndicate will be no leadership at all; its determinations, besides always coming too late, will represent the weakness inherent in compromise. If the slender Republican majority in next year's Senate is to be effective, it must be forcible, prompt, decisive. In the hands of a syndicate it will be halting, tardy, uncertain—and it will fail.

The Ship Subsidy Bill.

It looked for a time as if there would be a compromise under which both the farm credits bill (in one form or another) would receive the votes of the Administration group, and in return the farm-blocers would support the President's ship subsidy bill. No announcements have been made, but it now looks as if the farm-blocers would get their bill through without aid from the supporters of the ship subsidy, thus leaving the latter in the lurch. This appears to be the situation today, and the significance of it is that the ship subsidy bill is practically laid to rest. What might have been its fate if the President had wielded the "big stick" is a matter of speculation. But he has not done it and seems unlikely to do it; and unless the wiseacres are mistaken, the President's favorite project is already on the scrap heap. It is a pity, since the President's proposal has appeared to be the only way of salving anything from a bad situation.

The main protest against the ship subsidy bill has come from interior states that have no direct connection with ocean commerce and therefore small knowledge of its requirements or what is to be gained from it. But there are other considerations to which we can not but yield a certain sympathy. American ships in foreign trade must compete with the ships of other nationalities. Our rivals may build or buy ships in the cheapest markets, and they may man them free from restrictions as to wages, numbers of crews, etc. American ships must be operated under restrictions imposed first by our tariff laws, and what is even more serious by regulations imposed at the behest of organized labor. Americans may not build ships at minimum cost, nor may they operate them at minimum expense. We will not venture to define the margin of disadvantage, but it is great, so great that many of our ship owners, notably Mr. Robert Dollar of San Francisco, find it necessary to place their ships under foreign registry. It is not an unreasonable argument against the shipping bill that it proposes to take funds from the national treasury to make up to American ships what they must sacrifice in obedience to our restrictive laws. Better, say the protestants, abolish restrictions and give enterprise a free hand.

One thing is certain. Until such time as we may, by one means or another, maintain ships bearing the American flag on the high seas, we shall pay tribute to England, Norway, Japan, even to China, in connection with our export trade. Furthermore, this trade must be embarrassed by the fact that our deliveries are dependent upon facilities of our rivals. The short of it is that our export trade will be hampered and limited until such time as we shall make it possible to make deliveries in ships owned by Americans and operated in the national interest. Until that time we shall work at disadvantage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What Is Christianity?

Santa Barbara, February 4, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* Your admirable reference, in the *Argonaut* of February 3d, to the controversy stirred up by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant points out most clearly the unworthy characteristics of Mr. Grant's action. As you well say, the question is not whether one believes in the formulæ of the church or not; the matter is one of honest compliance with the obligations the minister has assumed. Mr. Grant's difficulties seem to be two—an unquenchable liking for the limelight and a lack of the fundamental qualities of a gentleman.

Your discussion, however, hints at a matter far more important than the acts of this sensation-seeking minister, and that is the confusion in the minds of most men and women, even those of high intelligence and of wide reading, as to what Christianity itself is, not what we ourselves believe, and not what liberal-minded people find suited to their own spiritual development. What in essence have Christian ministers obligated themselves to teach?

John Ruskin in the last years of his life, when he was writing his "Præterita," sought to frame this distinction clearly and in a few words. What he wrote was this:

"One must say a firm word concerning Christianity itself. I find numbers, even of the most intelligent and amiable people, not knowing what the word means; because they are always asking how much is true, and how much they like, and never ask, first, what *was* the total meaning of it, whether they like it or not.

"The total meaning was, and is, that the God, who made earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sustained the pain and died the Creature he had made; rose again after death into glorious human life, and, when the date of the human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and the love of, God thus manifested. Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for ought I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine."

A Constant Reader.

At Thebes, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, archæologists from Pennsylvania University have found demotic, or common-language, papyri that fill a gap in history from B. C. 309 to 246, says the *Scientific American*. This period includes the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was so successful in levying heavy taxes with a minimum of injury and dissatisfaction. As the manuscripts deal mainly with financial affairs, our own Ptolemies may perhaps learn from them how to create in us a nation of cheerful givers.

German typewriters are being sold in Cuba in considerable quantities, largely because the agent for a German manufacturer is selling on the deferred-payment plan.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

WHERE IS THE LEAGUE?

(Boston Transcript.)

Events in Europe for the last fortnight raise the question of the whereabouts of the League of Nations. Its cis-Atlantic partisans continue their propaganda in its behalf. To drive America into membership in that war-breeding alliance in cynical defiance of the mandate of November, 1920, is still the goal toward which they press. Having failed to fool the people by making their proposal the paramount issue of "the great and solemn referendum" of that year this little band of internationalists are now soliciting support for their pet project by protesting their own non-partisan attitude. They doubtless hope to be able in one state to induce the Democrats to declare again for the League of Nations, and in another state to obtain from the Republicans a declaration to the same effect.

Meantime Europe, the home and the headquarters of the league, appears to be indifferent to its existence. Italy has offered to mediate between France and England, which are in dispute over reparations. These three nations are members of the league. Why do they refuse to employ its machinery of mediation? Dispatches from London, Paris, Rome and Brussels are laden with rumors of a new war. Such a condition is clearly provided for in the organic law of "the evil thing with a holy name." Its Article XI reads:

"Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any members of the league or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole league, and the league shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. . . . It is also declared to be the friendly right of each member of the league to bring to the attention of the assembly or of the council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

England, France, Italy and Belgium pretend to regard developments in the Ruhr as threats to international peace, but the league has done nothing about it. The expensive secretariat, which the so-called super-government maintains at Geneva, is apparently silent and supine before the refusal of Germany to pay and the resolve of France that Germany shall pay.

Again Article XVI of the covenant of the league provides:

"Should any member of the league resort to war in disregard of its covenant it shall, *ipso facto*, be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the league, which hereby undertakes immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nations of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the league or not."

In view of the fact that the Allied nations now in dispute in regard to reparations are members of the league, why have they ignored this article of their own treaty of alliance? Have they no faith in the league? Have they no respect for its organic law? And the cis-Atlantic partisans of the league continue to berate the United States for not going to the rescue of Europe when the rescue of Europe is specifically provided for in the league into which these partisans continue to try to drive us.

But the failure of the league to function in a grave situation such as now exists in the Ruhr is not new. History is repeating itself. It was two years ago this month that the super-government at Geneva set up in business. Within thirty days thereafter Poland, a member of the league, invaded Russia. It did not consult the league in advance. It did not even protest to the league against the existing boundaries which were the cause of its dissatisfaction. There could be no clearer violation of the article above quoted, but the league ignored Poland's invasion of Russia and Poland is still a member of the league in good standing. Soon there followed the Russian invasion of Poland. But the league did not save Poland from disaster. It was the assistance of French troops and French munitions that enabled the Poles to prevent the destruction of their nation by the invading armies. Finally the war between Russia and Poland was brought to an end, not by the League of Nations, but by a separate treaty between Poland and the Soviet government.

In the summer of 1920 Turkish troops invaded Armenia, bent upon the destruction of the newly set up government in that stricken country. Armenia appealed to the League of Nations to protect her. But the league ignored the appeal until after the Turks had almost wiped out the armed forces of Armenia and massacred many thousands of helpless women and children. The assembly of the league called upon the council to go to the rescue of Armenia. But the council passed the buck to the Washington government, whose President was prevailed upon to act as mediator. They continued to wage war upon the Armenians until the country lost its national independence and its territorial integrity. And again America was called upon to pull the league's chestnuts out of the Near East fire.

Europe may have forgotten about the league, but it is still a live topic in the United States. It will be an issue in the presidential campaign of 1924, probably the paramount issue in that contest. The Democratic national platform of 1920 indorsed unconditionally the entry of America into the league. The Republican standard-bearer in 1920 unconditionally opposed the Democratic position. This will be the line-up of the two parties two years hence, and Republican candidates who lack the stomach for the fight will do well to keep out of the contest. For it is going to be a fight to the finish, a fight between the two great parties with the Wilsonians on the side of the league and the Rooseveltians against it.

OUR NAVAL BASES.

(Quarterdeck in the New York Tribune.)

The report of the Board on Naval Bases is of vital importance to the navy and to the country. It outlines a policy founded on considerations of naval strategy and the readiness of the fleet for war; and it will prevent the annual misappropriation or waste of many millions.

Heretofore the development of our naval bases has been controlled by local influences and political pull, with little regard for the best interests of the navy or the welfare of the country at large.

There can be no question as to the governing principle of the board's report. The navy must have two main bases on each coast. Geography and strategy, not politics, must determine where these bases are to be. The harbor and facilities of each one of these four bases must be adequate for the anchorage and repair of the whole fleet, not simply for a fragment of it. A fleet in time of war must be kept mobilized at all times. It can not scatter in the face of an enemy. This consideration forces the selection of San Francisco and Puget Sound for the two main bases in the Pacific and Chesapeake Bay and the New York-Narragansett Bay regions for the two main bases in the Atlantic. New York and Newport are connected by Long Island Sound. No enemy fleet would dare to penetrate into this waterway. The whole of our fleet can find shelter there. There are no harbors on either coast other than those selected where a fleet could be mobilized.

And the board's selection of two "advanced bases" is simi

iarly beyond criticism—the Canal Zone and the Hawaiian Islands. Any intelligent citizen of this country can understand this. Hawaii is our one defensible outpost in the Pacific. It must be impregnable and it must have facilities for the maintenance of the fleet. Otherwise the west coast of the United States will he at the mercy of a hostile navy.

As for tbe Canal Zone, it is the key to our communications from coast to coast. It is the first point that our enemy would seek to control. Tbe destruction of the canal locks would be his first tbought. We must guard this waterway at all hazards.

The board made no recommendation for bases at Manila or Guam. It would be futile to do so. The Washington Conference forbids the United States or Japan from developing bases in the islands of the Asiatic area. Moreover, we need bases at home first. Until Congress gives us money for bases at San Francisco, Panama, and Hawaii—which they have declined to do up to date—how can we ask for bases five thousand miles from home? If we can't maintain our mobilized fleet on the Pacific Coast today in time of peace, how can we hope to maintain it in Asia? We must take the first step before attempting the second.

The board has made very sensible suggestions for aviation and submarine bases. These are vital. Without them our surface navy will be helpless.

The relative value and usefulness of the various navy yards and stations have been intelligently discussed. Some are more important than others. The needs of the fleet must govern the decision. The largest appropriations must go to the stations that are most necessary in peace and war. Economy demands that other stations shall be kept in working condition at the least possible expense to the government.

SIZE IS NOT EVERYTHING.

(New York Herald.)

Bowdoin College's decision to resist the tendency toward greater expansion in the size of its student body, which was announced by President Sills at the annual dinner of the New York alumni on Friday evening, is wisely made.

President Sills said the duty of Bowdoin was to accept no more than the number of students it can train without sacrificing the high scholastic standards that have distinguished it for a century and a quarter. That number has been fixed at approximately 500. Bowdoin at present has 506.

The oldest college in tbe State of Maine made its fame as a small college. The record of its graduates who arrived at national eminence is one that many larger institutions might envy. It includes on its roster the names of Hawthorne and Longfellow, President Pierce. Chief Justice Fuller, Tom Reed and Admiral Peary.

There are things a small college can give that a larger institution can not. A more intimate contact between students and the faculty is possible, and when a college can command the services of men of high character and ability, as Bowdoin can, that contact is a privilege which youth later estimates at its true value.

It is also in favor of the small college that some boys respond to its stimulus more readily than they do to that of tbe great university. To the small colleges occasionally come boys who tried the university first and who found themselves unhappy there and without direction. The small college often restores their confidence.

In restricting the field of its endeavor Bowdoin need not cause any constriction of the opportunities for higher education which Maine affords. The population of the state is 768,014. Besides the old college at Brunswick there are Bates and Colby and the University of Maine. The four institutions together have a registration of nearly 3000 students. They need not all adopt the policy of limitation.

America needs great universities and she needs small colleges with the standards of great universities. It is that second need which Bowdoin aims to fill.

VARIOUS KINDS OF DIPLOMACY.

(New York Times.)

There is a vast debate on at Washington over the new diplomacy and the old, the secret and the open, but too much of it is like heating the air. No senator, no representative, defines its terms. It would do all of them good to read the short article in the January *Quarterly Review* by Sir J. Rennell Rodd. Writing on this subject with the background of a man who served under all the English foreign ministers from Lord Salisbury to Lloyd George, he packs more good sense into his ten pages than could be found in many congressional speeches of ten hours. Sir Rennell admits that there is a sense in which there is a new diplomacy, but it has to do with material more than method. The old diplomacy may be said to have ended with the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Since that date the importance of the United States has made itself increasingly felt in international relations; colonial questions of all kinds have pressed for consideration; Japan has risen to power, and commercial matters have demanded a place on diplomatic agenda in a way unknown to the older school.

Thus the modern world presents to diplomacy tasks more complicated and difficult tban those with which it used to have to deal. But it does not follow from this that the essentials of skillful diplomacy have altered. Tbere is need, to be sure, of wider knowledge, longer training, more careful study of international psychology, but the fundamental rules for conducting foreign relations have not been changed. We need not assume, writes Sir Rennell Rodd, with a reference to English politics which will he easily understood, "that recent manifestations have been more than transitory divergences from the normal course, such as may periodically occur when a statesman with the self-confidence of genius directs the helm of state."

Strangely enough, in the mind of this experienced diplomat, all diplomacy boils down in the end to just two kinds—good and bad. He seems to care little about the precise technique of the work, provided it is well done. Diplomacy by international conference, diplomacy by confidential communications between governments, diplomacy by means of three men sitting around a table, all may be wise and useful, or all may be simply a fussy failure. Everything depends on the diplomats behind the diplomacy. Publicity for their negotiations is only a matter of more or less. Lord Salisbury once compared tbe work of the Foreign Office to that of bees in a glass hive. Sir Rennell Rodd quietly comments: "We shall not advance matters by illuminating the hive electrically."

FAIR EXCHANGE.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The sneer that America can buy art but not produce it has been answered in the galleries of Europe, where American canvases are not shamed by the best contemporary European work.

And now the wail of the foreign critic that all the great masterpieces of the classic periods of painting have gravitated to this country, drawn by the power of the dollar, is hushed by an extraordinary transaction in New York. The Salomon collection of Italian primitives, consisting of fifteen fine canvases, has been sold to an English dealer for a rumored million, and doubtless will be taken abroad for dispersal.

Such a purchase in England by an American would fill the columns of the *Times* with letters of protest. It creates scarcely a ripple here. Not that American enthusiasts feel complacent over the loss of a noble collection, assembled at great cost of both effort and money, but the very splendor of the aggregate of fine paintings in America reconciles us to a sort of reciprocity in art purchases.

OLD FAVORITES.

Dark Rosaleen

(Supposed to be Hugh O'Donnell's address to Ireland when she was expecting help from Spain and the Pope. It has been an inspirational poem during the Irish revolution. Reprinted from Padraic Colum's Anthology of Irish Verse.)

O my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen.

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long in unrest,
To and fro do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give my life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal, and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

—*Translated by James Clarence Mangan.*

Drake's Drum.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin', —
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?);
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin', an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

—*Henry Newbolt.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Marguerite Lindsley is the only girl ranger on the rolls of the National Park Service, and incidentally the only girl born and raised in the Yellowstone National Park. Miss Lindsley is completing her studies in bacteriology at the University of Pennsylvania. During her three months' summer job as guide and ranger in the Yellowstone she has also been assistant to the park sanitary engineer.

England's oldest active Tommy Atkins is Lance Corporal Edward Pierce of the Second Inniskillings. Corporal Pierce, who has fifty-six years of army service to his credit, holds the Punjab, Queen's South African, Coronation and Long Service medals, and displays twelve good conduct stripes on the sleeve of his uniform.

Sir Frederick Kenyon, director of the British Museum and formerly president of the British Academy, is coming to this country to assist at the opening of the new building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York. The distinguished guest is to deliver the principal address at the formal opening, which is to take place February 22d.

Recent international marriages between Americans and ex-royalties, and the present project of marrying the young King of Bulgaria to an American heiress, recall the fact that until now there has been but one woman of American birth who has actually shared a European throne. Miss Alice Heine of New Orleans, daughter of Michael Heine, banker of the Crescent City, became in 1889 the consort of the reigning Prince of Monaco, the late Prince Albert, of oceanographic fame. At the end of fourteen years the marriage, which was contracted on a footing of perfect equality, was dissolved by the decree of the tribunals of Monaco. The one-time Miss Heine still retains her title of Princess of Monaco, although her step-son reigns in his father's place.

Miss Lucille Atcherson of Columbus, Ohio, expert in international law, foreign politics, commerce and trade, and European conditions past and present, is to be America's first woman diplomat. She will probably be connected with the embassy at Paris, where Ambassador Herrick, a personal friend and most active sponsor, will supervise her activities. Her career has been that of the infant phenomenon. Graduated from Smith College at eighteen, a traveled expert in history and economics by twenty, she went as Miss Anne Morgan's secretary on her committee for devastated France at the outbreak of war. The work put her in touch with American embassies abroad, and after her return to America she deliberately prepared herself for a diplomatic career.

Major-General Henry Trueman Allen, who has been in command of the American occupation in Germany, and who has recently dispatched his doughboys for home, is not returning with our Rhine forces, but is remaining to straighten out records, dispose of property, and settle claims. General Allen is a Kentuckian, a graduate of the United States Military Academy, and is in his sixty-fourth year. He became a major-general in the national army, March 6, 1921. His varied services to the government include explorations of Alaska, 1885-6, serving as military attaché in Russia and Germany, and a term as governor of the Island of Leyté. Appointed commander of the Ninetieth Division of the A. E. F., in 1917, he participated in the Toul sector, and in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. In 1919 he was appointed commander of the American forces in Germany, where he has been ever since. General Allen is the author of the "Military System of Sweden" and "Reconnaisance of Copper, Tannana, and Kuyukuk Rivers, 1886."

General Maxime Weygand, one of the most picturesque figures in the French army, is said to be slated for chief of the French General Staff, and incidentally as high commissioner of the Ruhr. At the beginning of the world war General Weygand was a colonel of Hussars. Foch called him at once to the general staff and they fought together the Yser campaign in the autumn of 1914. The two have remained together ever since. It was Weygand in 1920 who, when the Bolsheviki were hammering at the gates of Warsaw, went to the rescue of the Polish defenders with 600 French officers. At that time Marshal Foch paid tribute to Weygand's military genius as follows: "General Weygand, with great intelligence, activity, vigilance and precision, has proved once more his wonderful faculties and remarkable knowledge of military questions. General Weygand proved victoriously his ability to lead forces to the front, and to create and utilize the possibilities of the rear." His career in the French army has been one of rapid recognition and promotion. On completing his studies at Saint-Cyr, the French West Point, he was selected among the few permitted to follow post-graduate courses, dubbed "marshal's courses" because of the almost certain promotion awaiting these candidates. His vigorous outdoor activities with the light cavalry, in which he was soon given high rank, have kept him young and fit. His shock of black hair was unique among the gray heads at the Versailles council, where the young Frenchman was an intimate confrère of Major-General Sir Henry Hughes Wilson, the English representative, and of Premier Orlando and General Cadorna, the Italian members.

HOOVER AND SOCIALISM.

Seven Years of Turmoil Have Confirmed His Confidence in the American Individualistic System.

Mr. Hoover's book on "American Individualism" sells for a dollar. It ought to sell for 10 cents. Mr. Hoover does not need the dollar, having already several million of them, but the country needs his book, and the world needs it. It is an effort by a business man, executive genius, and administrator to point out some things about their system that shall make his countrymen value it without having to lose it in order to find out what it is worth. Such an effort is a patriotic service, and it should be put forth by more persons of experience and success in affairs; except for the fact that such persons are not often well equipped in other particulars to do it.

Paternalism, appealing to childish inexperience and the immature imagination, creeps over us progressively, taking a hundred apparently harmless forms of "betterment" and "regulation" and "welfare work," which contract the field of individual activity or restrain the individual in the exercise of what might be beneficial industry, and achieving in the aggregate a constantly increasing discouragement of effort. We are over-legislated and over-regulated. The impression in the mass seems to be that government is either divine or at least all-powerful and greatly to blame if it does not cure all human ills at once. And if you mention some nuisance or questionable practice against which the individual could easily guard himself through the exercise of what choice of conditions is left him, the man in the street will instantly tell you "we ought to have a law against that." Entire freedom of conduct is perhaps impossible, but we should be jealous of encroachments on what we have left of liberty. Mr. Hoover has no faith in anarchy, any more than other sane person has. But he has found no way of conducting human affairs and supplying human needs better than the way that is the foundation of American life, free effort as far as that may be. Of the convictions generated in him by recent events in the world he tells us:

> For myself, let me say at the very outset that my faith in the essential truth, strength, and vitality of the developing creed by which we have hitherto lived in this country of ours has been confirmed and deepened by the searching experiences of seven years of service in the backwash and misery of war. Seven years of contending with economic degeneration, with social disintegration, with incessant political dislocation, with all of its seething and ferment of individual and class conflict, could but impress me with the primary motivation of social forces, and the necessity for broader thought upon their great issues to humanity. And from it all I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist. But let me say also that I am an American individualist. For America has been steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism.

The key to American life and development Mr. Hoover finds in equality of opportunity. This does not mean equality of rewards. Men are paid for what they do; not merely because they are men, nor according to their needs. And what they do differs in value to society. With us, there was a comparatively even start in the condition of the colonies, and society has never been permitted to crystallize into castes so that a man born in one station had to remain there, hopeless of advancement and seeing no promise in effort. And this equality of opportunity is a state to be preserved. According to Hoover:

> If we would have the values of individualism, their stimulation to initiative, to the development of hand and intellect, to the high development of thought and spirituality, they must be tempered with that firm and fixed ideal of American individualism—*an equality of opportunity*. If we would have these values we must soften its hardness and stimulate progress through that sense of service that lies in our people.

That is an indication of a place at which to draw the line of regulation; or, rather, the line of freedom of individual conduct. The capitalistic system, which has grown out of individualism, and is its fruit and flower, must not be permitted like old Chronos to devour its children. It would do that as surely as socialism would, if it saw a profit in it. Perhaps to some extent it does do it, in certain fields of endeavor, because it represents, and it now operates through, excessive organization, submerging the personal unit. Nevertheless, capitalism is the thing that supplies civilization, always has, and always will, better than any substitute men have been able to invent. And as for socialism, that great invention for curing poverty and abolishing human greed, Hoover pays it his compliments thus:

> The will-o'-the-wisp of all breeds of socialism is that they contemplate a motivation of human animals by altruism alone. It necessitates a bureaucracy of the entire population, in which, having obliterated the economic stimulation of each member, the fine gradations of character and ability are to be arranged in relative authority by ballot or more likely by a Tammany Hall or a Bolshevist party, or some other form of tyranny. The proof of the futility of these ideas as a stimulation to the development and activity of the individual does not lie alone in the ghastly failure of Russia, but it also lies in our own failure in attempts at nationalized industry.

There are things government can not do—lots of things. The immature imagination, the person inexperienced in government or unobservant of it, can not understand why it can not do everything. If it can take your property away from you in taxes, can it not return it in even better form? What a noble ideal it is for all to be brothers and all share alike! But to the man that fed the stricken Belgians and did his best for the reconstruction of Europe, seeing, daily, human beings in desperate action and observing their motives and most persistent impulses, such visions do not appeal as anything but visions. And his opinion is that of the observant, common-sense American who tries not to be misled by his youthful delusions:

> We in America have had too much experience of life to fool ourselves into pretending that all men are equal in ability, in character, in intelligence, in ambition. That was part of the claptrap of the French Revolution. We have grown to understand that all we can hope to assure to the individual through government is liberty, justice, intellectual welfare, equality of opportunity, and stimulation to service.

Hoover saw peoples deprived of leadership. He saw the ascendancy of others that had not been so deprived. Not at all a military man, he understands perfectly how necessary leadership is in a world where somebody must make the decisions on which men act. And leadership is not a commodity that can be ordered from the store or commanded by an act of legislation:

> Leadership is a quality of the individual. It is the individual alone who can function in the world of intellect and in the field of leadership. If democracy is to secure its authorities in morals, religion, and statesmanship, it must stimulate leadership from its own mass. Human leadership can not be replenished by selection like queen bees, by divine right or bureaucracies, but by the free rise of ability, character, and intelligence.

But leadership has its dangers. It can not be permitted to become a fetish, especially an enslaving one, toward which it has a tendency. Through all group action, through all organization, the personal unit must be kept with its powers of service intact:

> The spiritual reaction after the war has been in part the fruit of some illusions during those five years. In the presence of unity of purpose and the mystic emotions of war, many men came to believe that salvation lay in mass and group action. They have seen the spiritual and material mobilization of nations, of classes, and groups, for sacrifice and service; they have conceived that real human progress can be achieved by working on "the psychology of the people"—by the "mass mind"; they yielded to leadership without reservation; they conceived that this leadership could continue without tyranny; they have forgotten that permanent spiritual progress lies with the individual.

Individualism connotes, not the selfishness with which its opponents seek to associate it in the popular mind, but the service of all by individual effort—a larger things than politics can organize. That is what the socialist wants, too. He fails to see to what a vast extent we have it now, and how the idea of it grows with the years of common aspiration; or how completely his proposed system would demolish it in common ruin.

Hoover is practical. Therein is his value, both to himself and the nation and the world. He can recognize the inequalities of distribution, but he also knows unerringly that there had better be some inequalities in distribution than absolute equality with nothing to be distributed. So the main problem is that of production; not sharing, which to the socialistic intelligence seems so simple a thing if men would just forget their personal interests and unite for the common welfare. Our author is frank in recognition of the imperfections of the system he defends, but as it is a good system he can, in a controversial sense, afford to be. He says:

> While there should be no minimizing of a certain fringe of injustice in sharing the results of production or in the wasteful use made by some of their share, yet there is vastly wider field for gains to all of us through cheapening the costs of production and distribution through the eliminating of their wastes, from increasing the volume of product by each and every one doing his utmost, than will ever come to us even if we can think out a method of abstract justice in sharing which did not stifle production of the total product.

That might have come from Mussolini. But there is this blessed difference, that while Fascismo has to enforce its policy with mobs, and cruelties, in an extra-legal manner, the good sense and moderation of the Americans are sufficient to insure against the demolition of their policy, once they get a clear notion of what is at stake. When they see that in its proper political terms, they will no longer tolerate politicians that yield to every gust of sentimentalism pressing them to pass paternalistic laws, nor to every organized demand for special privileges for this, that, or the other industrial group.

And there is a strain of optimism in him. The Russian disaster may have been necessary, after all. At least it constitutes what used to be called a horrible example, like those lurid pictures of the drunkard's stomach we had in the physiology text-books in school. He says on this line:

> Although socialism in a nation-wide application has now proved itself with rivers of blood and inconceivable misery to be an economic and spiritual fallacy and has wrecked itself finally upon the rocks of destroyed production and moral degeneracy, I believe it to have been necessary for the world to have had this demonstration. Great theoretic and emotional ideas have arisen before in the world's history and have in more than mere material bankruptcy deluged the world with fearful losses of life. A purely philosophical view might be that in the long run humanity has to try every way, even precipices, in finding the road to betterment.

We have had in recent years quite a development of employee ownership, and various profit-sharing schemes simulating it or intended to bring about the same benefits without managerial responsibilities or real ownership risks. That their effect has been to allay very much of bitterness and industrial unrest in this country is problematic. Probably they were more expedient than just, and mere expedients without justice ought not to win. There has at the same time been growing up a salutary condition of user, or consumer, ownership, proceeding from the individualism that is the basis of American life, and promising more than legislation can, because it is voluntary and can be abandoned the moment the individuals participating cease to see benefit in it. This condition appeals to Mr. Hoover as desirable, or at least as symptomatic of growth, and he remarks:

> The number of persons in partnership through division of ownership among many stockholders is steadily increasing—thus 100,000 to 200,000 partners in a single concern are not uncommon. The overwhelmingly largest portion of our mobile capital is that of our banks, insurance companies, building and loan associations, and the vast majority of all this is the aggregated small savings of our people. The directors and managers of large concerns, themselves employees of these great groups of individual stockholders, or policy-holders, reflect a spirit of community responsibility.

Now, this is the sort of thing individualism can produce. And if individualism can produce desirable changes, it is not a petrifaction, not an unprogressive thing, but capable of all the progress humanity can make. Again, what is needed is liberty; not total license for every one to get rich by beggaring his neighbor, but rational freedom, and all of it we can stand. The ascendancy of the war profiteer properly has its place in Mr. Hoover's estimation as a passing phase, and he says of it:

> Much of our discontent takes the form of resentment against the inequalities in the distribution of the sacrifices of war. Both silently and vocally there is complaint that while some died, others ran no risk, and yet others profited. For these complaints there is adequate justification. The facts are patent. However, no conceivable human intelligence would be able to manage the conduct of war so as to see that all sacrifices and burdens should be distributed equitably. War is destruction, and we should blame war for its injustices, not a social system whose object is construction. The submergence of the individual, however, in the struggle of the race could be but temporary—its continuance through the crushing of individual action and its inequities would, if for no other reason, destroy the foundation of our civilization.

Then, is everything all right, and are we just to let things run by force of gravity? That is not his idea:

> To curb the forces in business which would destroy equality of opportunity and yet to maintain the initiative and creative faculties of our people are the twin objects we must attain. To preserve the former we must regulate that type of activity that would dominate. To preserve the latter, the government must keep out of production and distribution of commodities and services. This is the deadline between our system and socialism. Regulation to prevent domination and unfair practices, yet preserving rightful initiative, are in keeping with our social foundations. *Nationalization of industry or business is their negation.*

Nor are things going to pieces just because they are humanly imperfect. Our complaints may be justified, and there is much to be done before we can produce the millennium, but in the meantime kicks have their uses, and are not likely to plunge us into destruction for a few days yet. They may be indicative of vigor instead of decrepitude:

> Many people confuse the exposure of wrongs which were below the surface with degeneration; their very exposure is progress. Some accredit the exposures of failure in our government and business as evidence of standards of a lower order than in some other nations. A considerable experience leads me to the conviction that while we do wash our dirty linen in public most others never wash it.

But it is just as well not to encourage too much of the misrepresentation and misinterpretation that is directed only in the destructive direction. We are a tolerant people, but enough is enough. The demagogue is always with us, and always skillful. He is to be feared for his effect on our social judgments, for in this country the people have the deciding to do. It is to meet the demagogue that this book is adapted, and perhaps for which it was made. And so we get this warning:

> An even greater danger is the destructive criticism of minds too weak or too partisan to harbor constructive ideas. For such, criticism is based upon the distortion of perspective or cunning misrepresentation. There is never danger from the radical himself until the structure and confidence of society has been undermined by the enthronment of destructive criticism. Destructive criticism can certainly lead to revolution unless there are those willing to withstand the malice that flows in return from refutation. It has been well said that revolution is no summer thunderstorm clearing the atmosphere. In modern society it is a tornado leaving in its path the destroyed homes of millions with their dead women and children.

And finally, there are these clear notes which no one can afford to ignore:

> Individualism has been the primary force of American civilization for three centuries. It is our sort of individualism that has supplied the motivation of America's political, economic, and spiritual institutions in all these years. It has proved its ability to develop its institutions with the changing scene. Our very form of government is the product of the individualism of our people, the demand for an equal opportunity, for a fair chance.
>
> The American pioneer is the epic expression of that individualism, and the pioneer spirit is the response to the challenge of opportunity, to the challenge of nature, to the challenge of life, to the call of the frontier. That spirit need never die for lack of something for it to achieve.
>
> Our individualism is no middle ground between autocracy—whether of birth, economic or class origin—and socialism. Socialism of different varieties may have something to recommend it as an intellectual stop-look-and-listen sign, more especially for Old World societies. But it contains only destruction to the forces that make progress in our social system. Nor does salvation come by any device for concentration of power, whether political or economic, for both are equally reversions to Old World autocracy in new garments.

This is the sort of book that makes you glad the printing press was invented.

American Individualism. By Herbert Hoover. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 3, 1923, were $156,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $126,500,000; a gain of $30,300,000.

Sir Eric Geddes estimates that the merging of 120 or more railroads of Great Britain, which went into effect January 1st, will result in a saving of £20,000,000 or approximately $100,000,000 a year.

In all Great Britain there are about 23,000 miles of railroads. By the merger 19,881 miles of line are brought into four big systems, as follows:

	Mileage.	Capital.
Great Western	3753	£136,500,000
Southern	2200	145,000,000
London & Northeastern	6464	348,000,000
London, Midland & Scottish	7464	430,000,000

Here in America there has been endless talk of merging railroads along scientific and economical lines, but little more than talk. We have an idea the British are phlegmatic, but they have accomplished more in one year toward correcting their transportation troubles than we have in twenty, says *Commerce and Finance*.

In more than one way the action of the British is revolutionary. British and American railroads were built on the theory that transportation must be conducted on a competitive basis in order to insure low rates and the best service. The French and some other people have another idea. They contend that transportation is a natural monopoly as the telephone, the trolley, electric lighting and such have been proved to be. Accordingly the French protect their principal railroads in their particular fields of service.

By the British merger Great Britain has accepted the French plan. The four systems recently created will control transportation within their territories without competition.

The United States has ten times more railroad mileage than Great Britain. If, by merging American railroads, as great an economy could be effected as Sir Eric Geddes predicts in Great Britain, it would mean a saving of approximately a billion dollars a year.

One of the high lights in the British affair is that labor has been strong in support of consolidation. Here it is otherwise. Necessarily there will be a pronounced reduction in employees, from officers down to rough labor, by the merger. Men retired from service will be indemnified. Labor sees in the merger a step toward nationalization of the railroads. Capital apparently sees profit, for there has been a marked appreciation in the value of railroad shares, either of new issues or those "swapped" in the merger transactions.

The capitalization of British railroads seems frightfully high when compared with that of American roads. The initial investment was monstrous in Britain because there the railroads had to be built through a well-settled country and the cost of acquiring right-of-way into cities was heavy. Here, as a rule, railroads got land grants and sometimes money grants as an inducement to build. Broadly speaking, most of the cities of America were built owing to the railroads "opening up" the country to development.

Transportation is much different abroad from what it is here. The British railroads get the bulk of their revenue from passenger traffic and less-than-carload freight. Here the railroads get profit out of bulk freight and little out of passenger traffic, while less-than-carload freight entails a heavy deficit.

The British handle their terminals immeasurably better than do the Americans. This is particularly true of less-than-carload business. In America, according to figures furnished by L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson some years ago ago, the freight car is on the main lines in gainful employment on an average of less than two hours and thirty minutes out of every twenty-four in its life. The full significance of this is slow in sinking into the consciousness of those most concerned.

There is no reason to believe there has been much improvement in the freight car's employment since Mr. Loree submitted his figures.

Railroad problems are going to bulk big in public notice this year. The action of the British, if its results are productive of economy as Sir Eric Geddes estimates, will force earnest discussion of the American transportation question.

We have dawdled shamefully with one of the most important matters in our whole economic life—while the British have gone to the root of their trouble and done a really great work of reform and rehabilitation.

The flood of new financing which begau with the new year continued unabated last week. No less than $232,276,000 par value of bonds were offered. With the exception of the previous week, that was the largest amount of record for one week. Thus far since January 1st, the par value of new emissions this year has totaled $750,000,000. The figures are unprecedented, says *Commerce and Finance*. They furnish a striking commentary on the tremendous volume of investment money in the market. However, all good things have an end. It is probable that the market is about surfeited with new securities. It is one thing for well-organized underwriting syndicates to buy bonds and market them. It is quite a different matter to distribute them to the ultimate consumer. The underwriting syndicate is the wholesaler of the investment business. The underwriters pass the bonds on to the smaller or retail dealers in securities for distribution to the public. Indications are that the retailers have about all the bonds they can handle for the present. Until the bonds already sold have been "digested," Wall Street is likely to experience a slowing down of new financing.

So far this year the market for investment has been unique for the magnitude of the industrial financing which has been done. First came the huge refunding operations of Armour & Co. Last week was notable for the tremenedous flotations made to swing the big Anaconda-Chile Copper deal. It was astonishing that $150,000,000 bonds of one corporation should have been not only sold, but oversubscribed in two days—$100,000,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds on a 6.25 per cent. basis taken on one day, and $50,000,000 convertible 7 per cent. debentures sold at par the following day. Even in these days of big capital operations that was an achievement. On the one hand it demonstrated the buying power of the investing public; on the other it proved their faith in the future of the copper industry. The new Anaconda-Chile combination owns the most valuable body of copper ore in the world and holds a dominating position in the industry.

The second largest piece of financing last week was the Republic of Cuba loan of $50,000,000. Distribution of the Cuban bonds, which were offered at 99¼ to yield 5.55 per cent., was slower than that of the domestic issues. The bankers who brought the loan out had made no announcement at time of this writing regarding the success of the offering. Privately they said the bonds were being well taken. The sponsorship of the loan is such that no doubt the Cuban issues will be distributed successfully. However, the public is not keen for foreign bonds at present.

Listed bonds plainly reflected the severe competition of the flood of new financing. Prices generally were lower. The drive by investment bankers for funds for the enormous loans that have been floated so far this year has distracted attention of investors from the opportunities the market for seasoned issues offers in way of values and income return. A great many bonds of proved merit can be purchased on better terms than some of the new issues being put on the market.

Selling of the railroad bonds which were stricken from the savings bank list continued. Passing of the bonds of the St. Paul and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from the list has caused quite a little discussion of the merits of the law defining eligibility of securities for investment by savings banks. The object of the act of course is to protect investors. However, there is room for question whether the method of arriving at that laudable end is the best that could be followed. The law requires railroad corporations to pay at least 4 per cent. average dividends on outstanding capital for five consecutive years before their bonds may become eligible for savings banks.

However, continuation of dividends is not under all circumstances a sign of financial strength. The law tempts railroads to go beyond bounds of conservatism to maintain dividends when perhaps sound business policy would dictate suspension of payment. On the other hand the law ignores certain statistical relationships which prudent investors always study, such as ratio of earnings available for interest charges to fixed charges; ratio of maintenance costs to gross earnings; amount of margin of earnings above fixed charges, and dividends. Careful investors are less concerned whether a road pays dividends than whether it keeps up its roadbed and equipment and maintains a surplus which assures regular payment of interest, taxes, and other permanent charges.

Foreign bonds are feeling the effects of the French policy in the Ruhr on the one hand and the rift in the debt-funding negotiations on the other. Almost without exception foreign bonds declined last week.

The committee of bankers formed to protect the interests of holders of Imperial Russian government five-year 5½ per cent. dollar bonds of 1916 has filed with the Department of State at Washington claims on behalf of depositors under the protective agreement and extended the deposit time for another eighteen months' period in order to give all holders an opportunity to deposit their bonds. It is not believed that any recognition of any Russian government can be accorded without considering the securities which were sold in this country and bought in food faith by investors.

From a news standpoint the developments in Europe overshadow such events as have occurred at home. Although the French occupation of the Ruhr is seemingly fraught with dire possibilities, our securities markets continue to display the utmost confidence. One explanation is that stocks to a large extent are still lodged in strong hands. That is to say that, since the break of last November, the reaccumulation and subsequent rise, there has been no large public participation in the market and therefore no opportunity for extended distribution. This is the technical viewpoint that appeals to the student of price movements. However, there is another way of looking at the matter. Our present bull market and business prosperity is based almost solely on our home demand for goods plus what we export to South America and the Far East. During the past two years Europe's purchases have been comparatively small, so small that any change is likely to be an increase, no matter what developments transpire. Hence the only effect on our stock market of the French advance into Germany has been to slow down trading and cause a waiting attitude on the part of the public. As to the outcome of France's move, it is idle to predict, but at least it may mean some sort of an early solution of the reparations matter after four years of haggling.

The outstanding financial event of the past week has been Anaconda's acquisition of the control of Chile Copper and the immediate oversubscription of the two bond issues aggregating $150,000,000. The ease with which this tremendous piece of industrial financing was accomplished is splendid evidence of the sound condition of the investment market. Anaconda now becomes the United States Steel of the copper industry, with a present owned or controlled production of 500,000,000 pounds of the red metal annually in addition to an enormous output of silver and zinc.

The December railroad reports show a gratifying improvement, giving a promise of better earnings in store for the carriers during the

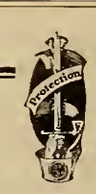
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coming months. Particularly notable is the record of Southern Railway, showing about $4 a share on the common stock in 1922, with even better prospects for this year.

The improvement that has taken place in the steel industry perhaps is best illustrated by Chairman Topping's statement when dividend resumption was announced on Republic Iron & Steel preferred. After two years of continuous quarterly deficits, the final three months of 1922 showed preferred dividend requirements covered almost twice over and Repuhlic is not known as a low cost producer.

There has been a general rise in prices of crude oil and also of crude rubber, which should increase greatly the profits in these industries. Although not booming, most other lines of business are enjoying healthy activity, with the outlook for this year even more satisfactory than last

For the reasons given above most desirable speculative opportunities are to be found in the rail list, while most public utilities and many oils, industrials and specialties are very good purchases.—*The Room Trader.*

On the Cumbre ridge of the mighty Andes for close on twenty years a bronze statue twenty-six feet bigh has been re-proclaiming the precepts of the Galilean—forgotten almost as soon as heard.

In 1898 Argentina received from Chile an ultimatum demanding arbitration over the boundary that separated the two countries. Through the influence of General Julio Roca the dispute was referred to King Edward of England, and his decision was accepted.

Fearful that at some future time they might forget their religious professions, the two nations agreed to erect on their boundary line a statue of the Prince of Peace, in token of their conviction that quarrels should be settled in what they deemed to be a Christian way.

On March 13, 1904, tbe statue was unveiled in the presence of thousands of pilgrims from both countries—Argentinians ranged on Chilean soil, Chileans on Argentine soil. Between them the sacred figure—right hand held up in blessing, in the left the symbol of the common faith. Tbe statue was dedicated to the whole world, in the hope that the example might be followed.

Not yet has the full purpose of the actors in that wonderful drama been fulfilled. Defiance is at this very moment being hurled at the Lonely Watcher amid tbe snows. For two great peoples of the earth can not forget the terrible history of 300 years; others have yet longer memories to curse them. To turn the other cheek is indeed the hardest tbing that can be asked of tbe human beast.

And we, here in America, but for our politicians, could do so much! Were it permissible to assemble them all (world parasites) on one imposing funeral pyre, it should not be difficult to find volunteers for the job of firing it.—*R. F. Berkeley.*

The railroad question is one of the most important before the country today, says George E. Roberts, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York.

In the first place we can not get along without railroads. It is often said that agriculture is a basic industry, and it certainly is, but it is usually said in the same connection that agriculture can not live in this Middle West without cheap transportation, and if that is so then transportation is a basic industry also.

A new theory about transportation charges has obtained considerable vogue of late—that they should be adapted to the ability of a shipper to pay, without regard to the cost of the service. That is clearly unsound. It is the theory of our legislation upon the subject that railway charges shall be based upon cost, including a sufficient return upon the capital employed to induce the investment of the required amount. That is as far as it is possible to go on limiting charges and continue to have railroad service. When transportation is supplied at cost, production and trade must adapt themselves to the economic conditions. It is not conclusive to say that a certain business can not be carried on at a certain place because transportation costs too much; perhaps the business is in the wrong place. It does not follow because the cost of transporting a given commodity a given distance is more than the producer receives that the transportation charge should be reduced; transportation costs are as real as production costs, and may be greater; moreover, it is possible that the commodity should not be transported such a distance. I have seen complaints that hay could not be produced west of the Missouri River and shipped to dairy farmers in the East at a profit, but possibly hay and dairy products can be produced closer together than that.

In short, traffic must adjust itself to the costs of transportation: distance, mountain ranges, the cost of motive power and labor are facts that can not be disregarded. Traffic must pay for overcoming them or it is not worth while.

Not only is it true that we can not get along without railroads, but we must have improvements upon the railroads constantly, giving them greater capacity, and the improvements are always requiring new capital.

This need for new capital is something that a good many people seem to overlook. There appears to be an idea prevalent that we have the railroads, and tbat the owners are in about the position of the saloon-keeper of tbe old-time story. His bartender sticks his head in the back room and says: "Is Mike Mulcahey good for a drink?" "Has he it?" "He has!" "He is!"

That may be the situation of the owners of the existing roads. They may bave to take what they can get on their past investments, hut the biggest railroad problem is how to get the new capital that is constantly required to keep the roads up to the growing needs of the country. You can not sell new securities to get more money into the treasuries of the companies if the owners of the old securities are dissatisfied and trying to unload them at a loss.

It is unfortunate that the ownership of railroad securities is not more generally distributed over the country. In the West tbe investments of the people naturally have been in land and development work, and in new industries that pay, or promise to pay, better than railroads. In tbe East railroad securities are a common form of investment for all classes of people. So it has come to be that the Western railroads are mostly owned in the Eastern states, and people in tbe West have been led to believe that they are owned in Wall Street and by bankers and speculators. But both stocks and bonds of the old and well-known roads are owned in the main by investors and are widely distributed. The Pennsylvania Railroad has 140,000 stockholders, 58 per cent. of whom are women, and the women own one-third of the stock.

The securities are owned largely by savings banks, insurance companies, and other organizations which hold them as trustees, and in the aggregate it is safe to say that the number of people interested in them is much greater than the number upon the railroad payroll.

In the long run railroad securities must be sold to people who buy them as a source of income and support, and it is in the public interest that railroad investments shall he safe and pay a fair return and have the confidence of the investing public, in order that new capital will be forthcoming for railroad improvements. Every sensible person will agree that railroad investments must be fairly comparable with other investments in order to attract new capital.

The question of what is a fair return is not an abstract question that can be settled by argument or by a mass meeting. The act of investment is a voluntary one, and tbe individual investor has tbe last word. There isn't a man in this audience who will invest unless his own judgment as to the safety of the investment is satisfied, and of course you will expect no one else to do so on any different basis. Moreover, tbe more certainty there is attached to the payment of a fair return the lower the charge will he. because that is the condition which creates competition for investments.

You don't want to have any question about your intentions or about your credit if you have to raise money from the public. It pays to say as explicitly as possible what you intend and propose to do.

This is the explanation of the provision in the Cummins-Esch law which instructed the Interstate Commerce Commission to so adjust railroad charges as to produce a fair and reasonable return upon the capital actually invested in the roads, and named 5½ per cent. as such a return for the first two years following the enactment of the law, with an allowance of an additional one-half per cent. to cover a class of necessary improvements not productive of revenue.

The policy of regulating railroad charges was adopted for the protection of the public against excessive charges. Every person who invests his money in railroads does so knowing that the earnings of tbe road are subject to regulation. He knows that an unfriendly and unwise administration of the authority may impair the value of bis investment, and in recent years many people have believed that tbe public supervision was harsh. The law always bas provided that charges should be reasonable, and fairly interpreted that meant tbat they should yield fair compensation, but in administration tbe emphasis was always upon restriction.

The action of Congress in naming 5½ per cent. gave a definite interpretation to the declaration tbat charges sbould be fair and reasonable. It was intended to give assurance of fair treatment to investors, and to help in restoring railroad securities to favor. It amounted to an instruction to the Interstate Commission not to carry its policy of restriction so far as to deprive tbe investor of what was defined to be a fair return.

It is said that the law makes railroad property a favored class of property by guaranteeing a fixed return upon it. A guaranty in order to be effective must provide that if the fixed return is not realized from original sources it will be made good from some other source. The critics of the law sometimes go so far as to assert that in this case any deficit will be made up from the United States treasury. Notbing of the kind is contemplated or provided for. In fact, in the year 1921 the realized net earnings were only about 3 per cent. on the valuation fixed by the commission and in 1922 about 4 per cent., and no steps have been taken to make good the "guaranty."

Tbe idea is constantly conveyed that the owners of railroad property have certain returns definitely assured, and are able to rely upon them, free from the stress of tbe competitive conditions which surround other kinds of business. This misrepresents the situation for even if earnings for all the railroads aggregate a sum equal to the fixed percentage or the aggregate value of all railroad property, there is no assurance that any individual road will get that percentage upon its own valuation. The roads must compete with each other for their shares. Some may get more than the fixed percentage and others less, and this is the way it will inevitably work out.

The critics who complain that the provisions of Cummins-Esch law is favored treatment of the railroads overlook tbe fact that it is a restriction as to charges or limited as to what they may earn. The intent of the law is that charges shall be fixed as nearly as practicable to yield the rate fixed by the commission at all times. The very fact that charges are regulated, and that earnings are restricted practically to an ordinary interest rate, implies and requires that there shall be some assurance of regular returns. It can not be expected that people will invest tbeir money upon the understanding that they will be restricted to 5½ per cent. interest in good times and less than that or perhaps nothing in bad times.

The borrower of money agrees to pay a fixed rate of interest. He expects to use the money to yield a profit, and if successful tbe profit is all his own; tbe lender has no claim upon it. On the other hand, if he loses, the loss is all his own; the lender does not share in it. The risks of loss and chances for profit are compensatory; they go together.

Interest rates are a fair indication of the return tbat must be paid to obtain capital, although investments which involve greater risks than mortgage loans must pay higher rates. Real estate mortgages are now in abundant supply at from 5 to 6 per cent., and Land Bank bonds, the income from which is exempt from taxation, may be had, bearing interest at 4½ or 5 per cent. These bonds are secured by first mortgages upon farming lands valued at double the amount of the loans.

In view of such alternative opportunities open to investors, can it be said that the percentage rate fixed hy tbe Interstate Commerce Commission as a fair return upon railroad property is excessive? And what would be the natural result of repealing the assurance that has been given to investors?



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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The average knowledge of Colonial America heing derived from jejune text-hooks of early youth and from the prettyfying imaginations of native historical novelists, it is not strange that the era should be sadly misrepresented. In addition the pre-revolutionary and the post-revolutionary are the most sacrosanct periods of our history. One may criticize even current national history with greater impunity than the national dawn whose popular heroes we have deified rather even than idealized, and whose scenes have almost always been reconstructed exclusively on picturesque lines. For although even the text-hooks differentiate sufficiently to draw a sharp line hetween North and South, their generalization is of chromo picturesqueness—there was great privation in the North and great plenty in the South—good material for movie scenarios as the creators of those commodities have recently discovered. In fact the movies are busy adding their quota of misinterpretation to the period under discussion. For, unfortunately, source books of American history and the scholarly histories derived from them enjoy their vogue most particularly among the class of professional students of history. Alexander Brown, Bruce, and even the better known Beer are not the historical grazing ground of the majority—a fact that makes a recent publication of the Princeton University Press pertinent and perhaps more timely now than ever before when popular interest is concerning itself with the inherent nature of Americanism.

"The Planters of Colonial Virginia," by Thomas Jefferson Wertenhaker, dispels the luxurious picture of the old South of the seventeenth century of great estates and many slaves, both hlack and white, and furnishes instead statistical accounts of an old South cut up into many small holdings, many of which were held hy ex-indentured servants, the slaves of pseudo history. It seems that there are more great plantations in the noveis than there ever were in the South, and far more wealth and luxury than there were in a period that complained of lack of proper material for hurgesses—men of wealth and education. Happy colonial Virginia, to suffer a dearth of politicians! But the need speaks for the purely imaginary quality of the hordes of great gentlemen turned planter and their accompanying appanage, the great estate. As every one knows, the settlement of Virginia was a husiness project, hut not every one realizes how cold-hlooded husiness was in the seventeenth century, when in addition to the normal crudity of the time husiness policy was shortsighted and prone to cut off its nose to spite its face—tactics that added greatly to the discomfort and even keen want of the small planters of Virginia. For an adequate picture of the times discussed we heartily recommend Mr. Wertenhaker's résumé, whose unanswerahle statistics will go far to shrivel generalizations in the lay mind concerning colonial Virginia. R. G.

The Planters of Colonial Virginia. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Princeton: Princeton University Press; $2.50.

The Anarchist in Fiction.

In "Laura Creichton," Elinor Mordaunt, the majority of whose novels run in the well-oiled grooves of English country life, has made a departure. Laura Creichton belongs to the class so intelligently held up to our ohservation in Mrs. Mordaunt's novels, hut she has the misfortune to fall—unknowingly—in love with an anarchist.

Through the greater part of the hook we accompany the innocent Laura on her strange life's journey with a group of foreign Terrorists, whose war against society the gentle English girl never guesses.

Mrs. Mordaunt shows a surprising perception as to the anarchistic order of mind, painting the Groho family group as domestic, affectionate, and calmly resigned to the peril ever hanging over the heads of people who hide bomhs in their homes.

Despite its sensational events, "Laura Creichton" does not belong to the class of sensational fiction. Mrs. Mordaunt has a flair for the interesting points in human nature, and it is entirely from the point of view of human psychology that she treats the story of Laura and her marriage, making an extremely interesting contrast hetween the conventional Creichtons and the anarchistic group.

Laura Creichton. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.90.

Powys' Poems.

"Samphire"—little, but oh my!—is a volume of poems which, if we are to judge from the quotation on the title-page, are plucked from the terrible steeps of the poet's agony. On turning over the leaves we find that the contents are devoted to a poetic recital of awfulness. Slime, "dead things," "the worm of the pit," "the she-ape of Mephistopheles," and "the rats and weasels of fate" that "eat at our liver and gall" may afford some clue to the nature of the themes treated.

Mr. Powys has considerahle felicity in versification, hut his collective poems are not such as will wind themselves into the affections of lovers of true poetry. He is too hent on awfulness, and yet his awfulness isn't awful enough to wring the heartstrings.

Samphire. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $1.

Portrait of Mrs. W.

In tbis play Josephine Preston Peahody has evoked the lovely presence of Mary Wollstonecraft, whom she depicts as a past victim to man's cold calculation, and a present recipient of love and tenderness. Mrs. Peahody is a warm-hearted champion, and her touch on the tenderer sentiments has an exquisiteness too fine for the popular taste. Her appreciators will savor with delight her evocation of an epoch during which Robert Southey, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemhle and William Godwin lived. All these and other noted personages appear, naturally and simply, in the play, wbich has its own heauty, hut is not for popular consumption, in the theatres at least.

Portrait of Mrs. W. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Campany; $1.75.

A New Zealand Novel.

"The Strange Attraction"—rather a meaningless title as applied to the novel reviewed—is the story—as far as it goes—of a decidedly emancipated and very capahle young woman in the journalistic ranks of New Zealand. Valerie Carr is hard-headed, rather hard-hearted, and amhitious. In furtherance of amhition she accepts a post on a new tri-weekly just heing started in a small hut bustling New Zealand river town, giving up a less important post in Auckland.

Miss Jane Mander evidently had the same ambitions as her heroine, who aims at a London career. Miss Mander has left New Zealand, but she is discerning enough to realize that the comparative unfamiliarity of her home land to readers of fiction makes it good material for her pen to work on.

However, human nature and the psycbology governing the relations hetween men and women are the groundwork of her theme. Her hook is written with freshness of feeling, and she seems to share, in some degree, her heroine's cool contempt for ordinary conventions. That is if we may deduce so from her failure to slap a Sunday-school moral on to the recital of Valerie's serene assumption of the right to do what she pleases.

The Strange Attraction. By Jane Mander. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.90.

Futility.

Most of the reports that have come out of Russia have not prepared us for the delicate comedy called "Futility," hy a young writer said to he equally English and Russian, William Gerhardi. Edith Wharton has written this hudding novelist a letter which appears on the jacket of his hook, and which ought to do more toward selling it than all the hlurh puhlicity hetween the Atlantic and Pacific, hut though we are in nowise concerned about that end of "Futility's" fate, we feel with Mrs. Wharton that the hook should he introduced to American readers for their own sakes. English reading audiences everywhere will understand Slavic literature the better for reading "Futility," which combines the perfect disillusionment of the Russian genius with an Anglo-Saxon optimism that is quite the most wonderful amalgam we know in literature. If the fusion of two such dissimilar races were a certain recipe for producing such literary halance of strength and delicacy as Mr. Gerhardi exhihits with enviable ease, we should he in favor of the Shavian cult of the superman. Unfortunately, we fear, Mr. Gerhardi is a happy accident. But we trust his book isn't, and that it will be followed hy others as ironic, skeptical, and generally as light-hearted and devil-may-care as "Futility."

Futility. By William Gerhardi. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.75.

Notes of Books and Authors.

A perfectly naïve revelation of the point of view of some people that regard our own form of civilization as "harbarous" is rather jolting to our racial superiority. That China in 1793 so regarded the England of that day Mr. Bertrand Russell shows us in "The Prohlem of China," recently puhlished hy the Century Company. In the latter part of the eighteenth century a British ambassador arrived in China to request furtber trade facilities. The answer of the Emperor Chien Lung admits that the British memorial is cast in terms whicb "reveal a respectful humility on your part that is higbly praiseworthy." But "Our Celestial Empire possesses all things in abundance and lacks no product within its own borders. There is therefore no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians in exchange for our own produce. But as the tea, silk, and porcelain which the Celestial Empire produces are absolute necessities to European nations and to yourselves"—the limited trade hitherto permitted is, after many more condescending words, graciously allowed to continue. "What I want to suggest," says Mr. Russell, "is that no one understands China until this document has ceased to be ahsurd."

Rex Beacb was in Chicago, in the fire-brick business, when he first received his inspiration to become an author. "I was doing very well in the fire-hrick business," says the author of "Flowing Gold" (Harper's), "when a friend showed me some stories he had written for a harvester company's trade journal. I determined that if this fathead could write and sell his stuff, another fathead could. So I sat right down and wrote a piece ahout Alaska. I sent it to *McClure's Magazine*, thinking to start at the top and let it work down to the *Poultryman's Review* hy the natural law of gravitation. But *McClure's* accepted the story and asked for more. Then I threw all my bricks out of the window and went to work at the author business."

One result of the puhlication of "Party Battles of the Jackson Period," by Claude G. Bowers, is to bring into prominence John Forsyth, a former Secretary of State, about whom little is known. Forsyth was the minister who negotiated the purchase of Florida; was for a period of years considered the most ahle dehater in the Senate; prevented Georgia from going with South Carolina into the nullification movement; directed the affairs of the State Department through the Franco-American crisis, and served for six years as Secretary of State. In collecting material for bis work Mr. Bowers came into possession of Forsyth's portfolio, in which he carried his papers to the palace of Ferdinand in Madrid while negotiating for Florida.

There is quite a vogue for novels of Alaska just now—Edison Marshall's "The Isle of Retrihution," to be published in February, heing the latest of the tribe.

A new edition, the fourth of that standard work, "Photography in Colours," hy George Lindsay Johnson, was puhlished in December hy E. P. Dutton & Co. It has been revised and brought to date, everything of value that has been discovered since the last edition having heen included. It comes at an opportune time, hy reason of the recent increase of interest in color photography and the announcement that a practical method has been devised of applying it to the making of moving pictures. Tbe book is comprehensive, beginning with chapters on the nature of light and color and the sensation of color which give lucid presentation of the latest accepted theories of science. It then tells the story of the evolution of color photography and makes a complete exposition of theories and practical methods. A chapter on color in moving pictures describes and discusses hoth theoretically and practically recent developments in that art with regard to their successes and their limitations.

Some time in April the Century Company will publish in hook form Johan Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings," which is now running serially in the *Century Magazine*. We are informed that the very interesting magazine illustrations, for which the artist, Sigurd Skou, was commissioned to go to Norway, will he used in the hook. An exciting hit of adventure, according to the publishers, was part of Mr. Skou's experience—he was unpleasantly surprised to find himself detained for twenty-four hours in Germany as a suspect in the case of the Rathenau assassination. It is easy to surmise that the artist was glad, in accounting for himself, that he had so definite a commission and so clearly defined an errand. Another fact which we hear concerning Joban Bojer's novels in this country is that "The Power of a Lie" is heing made into a film play.

Among the new Dutton puhlications is a book by Agnes Platt, who has been famous for many years as one of the foremost coaches for the stage in London. Many of the greatest English actors of the last twenty years or more were trained by her. More recently she bas made a study of acting for the moving-picture screen, and the forthcoming hook will offer "Practical Hints on Acting for the Cinema." Her previous book, "Practical Hints on Training for the Stage," proved so valuahle that cinema actors, both those who are and those who would be, will read the new one eagerly. It is said to explain how cinema acting differs from tbe stage work; how each helps the other; how to express character and emotion hy facial expression, gesture, and movement, and it discusses the cinema actor's relation to the puhlic. Some of the cbapters deal with film acting as a profession and the important question of how to get an engagement.

While "My Lady's Bargain," Elizabeth Hope's just-published romance of Cromwell's time, is a first novel, it is not the author's first literary venture, nor likely to be her last. She is known as a short story writer in England, and the Century Company is to have first choice of her next two novels. "My Lady's Bargain" is expected to he hut the first of a group of historical novels which the author intends to make accurate, but first of all absorhing tales. It is puhlished in England as well as here.

J. C. Squire is editor of the London *Mercury*, a poet, and author of the series called Books in General. He is possibly best known as the author of a volume of prose and verse in constant demand, "Collected Parodies."

An interesting experiment in constructive criticism is heing tried hy the Syracuse, New York, Puhlic Library. The staff of the li-

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brary does not constitute itself a board of censorship, but rather a board of recommendation. All the current worth-while books are put on the shelves. As a guide for the readers, however, in the present-day stormy sea of literature while so many books are being published and tastes are so varied, the staff of the library posts a list of "Gold Star American fiction," on which are recommended what they consider the best of the recent books. At the head of the current list is "Flowing Gold," by Rex Beach, followed by "One of Ours," Cather; "In the Days of Poor Richard," Bachelor; "Yellow Butterflies," Andrews, and several others. "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis, is second from the last.

Harper & Brothers announce for publication February 9th a new text-book, "The Development of the American Short Story," by Fred Lewis Pattee, professor of American literature at Pennsylvania State College and author of "A History of American Literature Since 1870." The book includes not only the development of the short story from the time of Irving down to the writers gathered in O'Brien's annual anthology, but also a study of the evolution of short story technique.

Arthur Weigall has written a number of novels, of which the best-known just at present (owing to the photoplay derived from it) is "Burning Sands." A noted archæologist, he is now reporting Egyptian discoveries for American newspapers.

Lord Dunraven, now well over eighty, is of the family of Wyndham-Quin and holds about 40,000 acres in Ireland. He saw America first in the days of the genuinely wild West (1869) and was twice challenger of the America's Cup before Sir Thomas Lipton appeared on the scene.

Harper & Brothers announce that Frederick L. Allen, now secretary to the Corporation of Harvard University, will soon join their editorial staff. Mr. Allen graduated from Harvard with the class of 1912. He taught English at Harvard for two years, and then became an assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1916 he assumed the managing editorship of the *Century Magazine*, relinquishing that position at the outbreak of the war. He is the author of a considerable number of magazine articles, essays, and humorous sketches, and during the past year or two has contributed frequently to *Harper's Magazine*.

The Literary Modernist.

There are a good score of modernists who have succeeded so brilliantly as to damn their school forever, says Archibald MacLeish in the *Yale Review*. Their specular art, their decorative task, is unbelievably well performed. Bewilderment is refracted from bewilderment with a nice, a calculating skill. Actuality, the thing seen, is so starkly, so purely, so perfectly painted that the painting deceives no more than a photograph deceives: we know it always for a copy having no life in its true self. Language, the form used, is so weeded and picked over and sorted for perfect and absolute expression of the thing pictured, so utterly stripped and naked of all allusion and connotation, so markedly, so startlingly apt, that only the words remain and no shadow of the thing described. There is no vagueness, no suggestiveness, no possibility of imaginative realization, nothing but the hard, red, waxy apple balanced on a shining silver dish. What more should there be? An apple is a botanical enigma. A silver dish is the riddle of labor. And the apple is very red indeed like sealing wax or lacquer, and the silver dish is of a weight and of a substance. There is nothing more to be seen. There is nothing more to be said. And yet nothing has been seen and nothing said, for the object and the words used of it remain always color and sound, outline and sound, as unintelligible as a metal bell glinting in a winter's sun.

New Books Received.

THE PLANTERS OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Princeton: Princeton University Press; $2.50.

A record of the development of the colony of Virginia.

THE SNARE. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

A story of the Napoleonic wars.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; $4.

"An account of our general knowledge of history."

ENGLISH WORDS AND THEIR BACKGROUND. By George H. McKnight. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.

The study of words.

PAGAN LOVE. By John Murray Gibbon. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A novel.

THE PEST. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A novel.

NARRATIVES IN VERSE. By Rutb Comfort Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.

LOST WAGONS. By Dane Coolidge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A story of the Western frontier.

FUTILITY. By William Gerhardi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.75.

A novel on Russian tbemes.

THE TWELVE-HOUR SHIFT IN INDUSTRY. By the committee on work periods in continuous industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies. Foreword by Warren G. Harding. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

A general survey.

WE ARE HERE—WHY? By Edna Wadsworth Moody. Boston: Marsball Jones & Co.; $2.

An optimistic philosophy.

PENDER AMONG THE RESIDENTS. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

A novel.

Gissing the Humanist.

By whatever type-name he would have chosen to call the novelist, Gissing's conception of him should be clear: "truth, for the artist, is the impression produced on him" and his business is to convey that impression with "entire sincerity"—a fine ideal, and one which Gissing attained in no mean degree, says Stanley Alden in the *North American Review*. It is not by choice that he writes so largely of the submerged or semi-submerged world. He wrote oftenest of the people, the places, and the life that he knew best; the life of a literary toiler in London, a young man educated usually above his class and thus alien from it, as well as from the casual associates which his poverty and lack of social connections forced upon him. In a number of novels this hero recurs. Godwin Peake will come to the minds of those who have read that not very life-like novel, "Born in Exile." And besides him there are Earwaker, Piers Otway, Osmond Waymark, Julian Casti, Kingcote, Harold Biffin, and Whelpdale, and other less conspicuous wanderers in "the Valley of the Shadow of Books." But he does not confine himself to portraying the unfortunate dwellers in the poorer quarters of London, though he is best known as the exponent of Lambeth, Clerkenwell, Tottenham Court Road, and of all that sordid East Side which, in so different a guise, is now being pictured by Mr. Thomas Burke.

The glimpses one gets in the Gissing novels of Surrey, Yorkshire, Devon and Cornwall, and the detailed pictures of Italy and Greece, are no less vivid and no less accurate and complete in detail. Of the life in these places, however, we hear less, and certainly what he tells us makes no such lasting impression as those pictures of squalor and distress with which his London scene abounds. Mr. A. C. Benson says of Gissing's novels that they had, "when he treated of his own peculiar stratum, the same quality of hard reality which I value most of all in a work of fiction. The actors were not so much vulgar as underbred; their ambitions and tastes were often deplorable. But one felt that they were real people." If we were speaking of Gissing's settings alone, realistic would be a fairly adequate tag; but obviously enough, setting is only the background for his picture of life.

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SAN FRANCISCO



"THE BAD MAN"

What luck, oh, what luck! How did it happen that we ever had the stupendous luck to see Holbrook Blinn and "The Bad Man" at one and the same time? Holbrook Blinn himself said in his curtain speech that he was so afraid that they would give "The Bad Man" here in his home town with some other actor in the leading rôle that that's how it happened. He really couldn't bear, he intimated, to give up such a juicy, such a magnificently succulent rôle to the other fellow.

He was right. It is impossible to imagine the rôle without Holbrook Blinn, with the poise he gives the handit, the poise of an outlaw with a price on his head who lives for the day.

Mr. Blinn's fine person appears to advantage in the brigand's dusty but embroidered garments, and he has so contrived his makeup as to change himself into a Latin; a handsome, black-haired daredevil, devoid of fear, devoid of morals, devoid of imagination, but dowered with some stray ethics.

Lopez is really a delightful creature—when he is on your side. His philosophy of life is so simple, so lucid, so perfectly consistent: Love your friends, and steal for them. Kill your enemies—and the man you don't like is an enemy—take any woman you fancy, unless she helongs by prior claim to a dear friend, eat, drink, and he merry, crack a joke with a royal air; be a monarch, in fact; a monarch with a Pedro conveniently at hand to do the smaller killing johs, Lopez choosing his moment for a grand coup that saves a desperate situation.

Out here we are so far away that we don't see a play writer developing. We remember Porter Emerson Browne more particularly hy "A Fool There Was," and a clever playlet or two in vaudeville. We never knew that he had graduated and could write anything so paradisaically enjoyahle as "The Bad Man." There is not a line in it but has a snap like a whiplash; not a situation hut is absorbing. Lopez doesn't appear until the end of the first act, hut all during that act, while the love and money drama is unfolding before us we are so interested that we temporarily thrust into the hackground our eagerness to see the star. But when he comes he is the king; the easy, unswaggering, self-assured king of the moment, with a fine Latin dignity all his own. He chats and eats—royally, from the end of his knife—he points out the discrepancies in our law, he promises the woman who has won his favor that she shall live richly and fully, and he puts his heel on the human rattlesnake, "the h'evil man," with such royal aplomh that our only shock is that of intense relief; for we had been frightfully uneasy lest "the h'evil man" should get off, with all his sins triumphantly on his head.

This is one of the merits of the play, the really fresh and naïve attitude of mind in which the dramatist places us. The drama is dynamic in its hrisk movement, even while the two lover-rôles are given over to many long moments of inaction. But while there is plenty of suspense there is never suspension in the plot, which keeps us on the qui vive. And furthermore each character is so sharply and clearly outlined, and its special dialogue so thoroughly in keeping, that we can't afford to lose a word; for there is no stuffing, and the spice of humor is ever present.

Mr. Browne has permeated his play with the most luscious humor. Plainly he has studied the Mexican type, and conversed with the bandit in his native wilds; or in his native hahitat, prohahly after he has, like Villa, reformed, and is a safe proposition to run across.

The perfectly ripping element is the conviction, while enjoying the play, that it isn't just comedy-melodrama, hut that Lopez is founded on Villa, and that there are strong points of resemblance hetween the two. For, like young children listening to charming fairy stories and saying wistfully at intervals, "Is it true?" we want the story that so charms us to approximate reality.

It is, of course, too good to he true. And besides the playwright has neatly gathered up all the loose threads that threatened to unwind the fahric of the two lover's lives in a way that doesn't happen in life. Nothing is forgotten, not even Gilbert Jones' stolen cattle.

There is, also, a series of cleverly conceived surprises in the final winding-up, during the unfolding of which the guilelessly absorhed heings that we have hecome are mightily swayed by interest, apprehension, intense relief.

"The Bad Man" is the kind of play that will delight hoth men and women. Like silly little Angie, we are mightily taken with the kingly Lopez, who, by the way, in spite of his lordly annexation of Lucia, recognizes, like the general he is, that when Angie won't she won't, and "we must be pa-si-ent."

Which recalls the piquant vernacular that the dramatist put on Lopez' mellow tongue. Delicious, really delicious! Dear Lopez! How could we have gotten along without his coming our way? Really, I must look up details of Villa's life and character, and learn how much of this fascinating and perfectly matter-of-fact killer is real.

The delightful characteristic of this brigand is his sense of justice. I think Mr. Browne must have evolved that out of his imagination. But that loyalty to friendship is a trait, if we may believe records in the wild stories of early California, that these simple-minded Latin murderers of the desert are more capable of than the highly-civilized Anglo-Saxon, who sometimes cheats his friends in his love for cold cash.

Mr. Blinn's matchless personation of Lopez was set in a background worthy of it. Mr. Wilkes has gathered at the Alcazar a really good company, as they have already proved in several plays and as they have proved again hy the genuine excellence of their support. One rôle in particular—that of the long, lean, inquisitive, meddling, carping, and perfectly candid down east man from Bangor, Maine—was a perfect portraiture as played by Charles A. Sellon.

This is not Nana Bryant's week, her rôle necessitating many head-drooped silences, like that of Jerome Sheldon. But both players made themselves the centre of the throhhing hopes and fears of the audience.

Miss Hope Drown made a cute little, silly little ingénue, and Charles E. Vogan presented an evil Wall Street villain who made our young blood hoil in our young veins until we panted for his gore; always with the tremhling hope that dear, providential Lopez would come to our relief.

Norman Feusier gave a very good presentation of a hatefully stingy profiteer, Brady Kline was the West itself as a cowhoy, and half a dozen others did their lesser rôles with excellent spirit and detail.

But Lopez was the crown and glory. How Mr. Blinn must adore the rôle! It is heautifully done, the sovereign calm of a royal dispenser, the Latinness in look, and tone, and accent, the penetrating eye, the handit's indifference to blood-letting, which is conveyed with such genial satire by both author and actor that we in front are shameless in our enjoyment of Lopez's lawlessness. And we must not forget that what particularly endeared Lopez to us what that he had a dignified sense of humor, no self-consciousness or theatrical airs, but an ohservant eye that takes everything in, and a willingness to take a little time from a handit's perilous flittings to set aright circumstances involving a friend that are out of joint.

All this was conveyed by Holbrook Blinn so delightfully that I feel sure men and women will go a second time to cultivate further acquaintance with Lopez, most fascinating of brigands.

SALONS INTIMES.

Reginald Travers, following the custom of vaudeville houses, has subtracted some features and added others to his *Salons Intimes* programme of the week. Estrellita is quite a strong card, with her marked Spanish type and her Spanish method of dancing, consisting principally of graceful and provocative posturings, with occasional whirlings of gilded or gossamer petticoats.

Estrellita also sings; coquettishly, with little Spanish allurements of dark eyes, an inviting fan, and rich colorings of her unpretentious but highly expressive voice.

Besides this dancer, Katharane Edson remains on the bill. Miss Edson has a talent for costumes, and makes several striking appearances, her most artistic effort heing in "Japanese Epigrams." There was also a hit made hy Verna Mersereau with her "Indian Sun Dance."

Another change is the substitution of a scene from "The Rivals" hy Emelie Melville and Reginald Travers—"The Smoker" being withdrawn—in which Miss Melville always wins admiration by the fine authenticity of her Mrs. Malaprop.

Besides these additions the hest of last week's hill was retained. Ione Pastori, with her pure and beautiful soprano and the excellent method she employs giving a fine vocal finish to her every note, run, or trill, is a prominent feature. "The Merry Death" is well acted hy the same trio of players, and Verna Mersereau and Carl McCullough amuse hy their staccato comedy in "A Country Wedding," in which they are supported hy a chorus with fresh ringing voices.

This week the high light is Estrellita, with her sensuous Spanish fascination, her beautiful Spanish shawls and costumes, and her coquettish Spanish songs. Next week it will be Mabel Gump in "Big Kate," for which there are perennial requests.

There seems to be an impression in some quarters that *Salons Intimes* programmes are given hy amateurs. As a matter of fact there are a number on the programme who are well-known professionals, while the other and less familiar names helong to players who have had considerable experience before a paying public.

RACHMANINOFF AND MOISEIVITCH

Two pianists of note have drawn exceptionally large audiences within the week in San Francisco, although so popular are the well-named Popular Concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra that in itself, without the drawing power of a big name, the orchestra can on occasion almost fill the Exposition Auditorium. Add to that, however, the drawing power of a Moiseivitch, and it means that many, even in that vast amphitheatre, must either go seatless or he turned away.

They have begun to give a complete symphony on each of these popular programmes, and what was hegun as an experiment has proved a success, if one may judge from the response at the last popular concert. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, although it was played with a tempo that seemed over-slow, held the audience, which reacted pleasurahly to the lighter numbers, the "Italian Caprice," Liszt's "Tarentelle," and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" having been chosen as a solvent for a rather severely classical programme.

Both Rachmaninoff and Moiseivitch have an immense drawing power for the young earnest students of the piano, whose united numbers at the two concerts amounted to some thousands. Moiseivitch they have heard beforc, and it is to he hoped they have appreciated the blend of power and buoyancy in his more dynamic passages; a hlend of qualities that is notably missing in the execution of some great players.

Both Rachmaninoff and Moiseivitch are marvelous technicians, but in the countenances of the two men are expressed the temperamental differences which cause the Russian pianist to make a more poignant appeal to the emotions.

In Rachmaninoff's countenance we read the traits of the Slavic artist. We see there the racial melancholy, the sadness and yet the power that are expressed in Russia's boundless steppes.

It would be difficult for many of Rachmaninoff's most enlightened auditors to divine how this master of pianistic expression conveys the infinitely fine gradations of emotional interpretation.

Were it not for his surpassing sincerity, and the perception that here is a fine and rare soul conveying, through the medium of the piano an inspired interpretation of nohle emotions, we might almost think of him as one working magic with the keys.

Sergei Rachmaninoff's coming was very eagerly looked for. Five days after the sale opened Mr. Healy announced that the house was sold out, and there were many disappointed ones in consequence. But so great has been the interest felt that, while there is not a promise, there seems more than a prohability that Rachmaninoff will return to San Francisco at a not too remote date.

THEY UNDERSTAND!

My goodness, but the young generation of the wealthy classes actually understands French! La Gaité Française, Mr. Ferrier's little French theatre on Washington Street, was full of them on Wednesday and Friday nights of last week, when Eleanor Spreckels made her début in a French comedy. And, hy the holy smoke, those youngsters were as quick as a vaudeville audience at catching every funnyism on the fly.

I had settled down so surely, I thought, to the conviction that only one in ten who studies French gets to speak and understand it. And, hy the way, I'll bet a dollar that the majority of those young things who rose so quickly to the joke couldn't crack one in French to save their souls.

Quite a proportion of the maturer women in our community have mastered a knowledge of French. But they have done it by heginning the study in early childhood, keeping the reading of it up through the years, always having a French maid in the house, and making periodical trips to Paris. But I confess I was staggered when these young people were so at home in listening to a play in French. The only explanation can he that they had French *bonnes* from earliest infancy, and did not conquer the language hy hard study. For after all language, like hreathing, is a natural instinct, and should he naturally assimilated, not conquered.

The little French theatre, hesides having drawn a number of audiences from the exclusives in social life to see the young aspirant patter French (like an American, hy the way), drew an audience of another kind recently, Mayor Rolph having signified his royal pleasure to patronize this most interesting feature of our San Francisco life. No doubt the mayor was keeping his larboard orb on a few French votes, hut I shouldn't wonder if, as a loyal San Franciscan, he really wanted to noise abroad the fact that we San Franciscans enjoy this unique possession, our French theatre.

Nor could the mayor and his supervisorial friends hit on a hetter occasion to take in the Frenchness of it. "Sophie Arnould" is permeated with the most exquisite French sentiment, its tender and haunting melancholy lighted by Sophie's delicate wit and airy playfulness. And Mme. Ferrier looked like a figure in a Watteau picture come to life, so French she was, so gracefully complete in her old-world charm. Mons. Ferrier, too, entered



City and Water Company Ties

San Francisco's water supply, always an indispensahle factor in our community life and community growth, is now joined to the City and County government of San Francisco by strong ties of constructive coöperation.

It is known that all San Francisco is definitely committed to the municipal ownership of its water supply.

At any time that the voters may determine within the next ten years, San Francisco may exercise its option to purchase Spring Valley without having to pay the enhanced value of the lands, and place it under municipal ownership, paying for it a price that was fixed by the Railroad Commission acting as umpire—a price which the Commission declared to he most advantageous to the City.

This is a tie hetween the City and the water company that makes for a sympathetic understanding of each other's problems.

But there is another and closer tie hinding the City and the water company in intimate and harmonious relationship.

San Francisco and Spring Valley are coöperating in a programme of construction that will increase the water supply of our rapidly growing city from 42 to 66 million gallons daily.

Twenty-four million gallons daily will he added to the supply when Spring Valley completes work now under way at Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County, and the City finishes the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy aqueduct, through which the additional water will flow.

Both San Francisco and Spring Valley are actively prosecuting this work, and it will be finished within three years according to a halanced schedule of construction that calls for uninterrupted enforcement of the Railroad Commission's decision and the City agreement.

The recent refinancing of Spring Valley's $22,000,000 debt permits the company to further concentrate attention on this needed development of the water supply as required by the Railroad Commission, urged by the City, and auspiciously undertaken hy joint action of the City and company.

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completely into that old-world atmosphere, and assumed, with really distinguished authority, the air of the nobleman.

The other piece, "Le Cuvier," together with "L'Anglais tel qu'on parle," constitutes the present programme, in which Miss Spreckels is seen in a becoming light as a young eloper whose American assurance is temporarily eclipsed by the timidity of an American girl eloping with a French sweetheart and facing the embarrassment of engaging rooms in a Parisian hotel.

It is a most amusing comedy, easily understood—there are English-speaking parts in it, which makes it easier—and played with great spirit by the entire company.

ONE-ACT PLAYS.

It never rains but it pours. All the smaller dramatic organizations devoted to one-act plays finally get gay and devote themselves to full-sized drama. And yet there is an immense and growing collection of strikingly dramatic one-act plays, more particularly of American authorship, although Continental writers are contributing their quota.

It seems as if there should always be a place in a city of this size for programmes of one-act plays, which fact is recognized by the Sequoia Little Theatre. La Gaité Française also frequently presents a programme of shorter plays. But the Players Theatre has shown a marked tendency for some time to get away from their old friend, the one-act play, and become more ambitious.

An occasional return, therefore, to its old love, or loves, is welcome. It draws more fully on the talent of a dramatic organization, pleases the public by the variety of motive, or theme, or mood, and makes for novelty by its departure from routine. Besides, it gives us an opportunity to become acquainted with representative compositions of the day. This week, for instance, the players have a Dunsany play, "The Queen's Enemies." One can read the Dunsany plays, but only to lose the full flavor of their dramatic quality.

"The Queen's Enemies" is not one of Dunsany's best, but all the same it leaves a strong impression on the mind, for the imagination is stirred to activity by its dynamic culmination. The fault of the play is Dunsany's failure to indicate in the innocent-seeming queen any movement or trait indicative of the feline cruelty of her deed. His idea, perhaps, was to show how unconsciously, and innately, and childishly cruel and treacherous she was, but that is a conception too subtle for the average player.

"The Man in the Stalls," by Alfred Sutro, shows a very tense and absorbing situation, which, at its climax, holds an audience spellbound in their intense interest as to the outcome.

"The Ghost Story," by Booth Tarkington, presents one of the popular American playwright's delightfully natural conceptions of adolescent love.

"Fourteen," by Alice Geerstenberg, will be remembered as the playlet in which a perplexed hostess is making frenzied efforts to keep her depleted list of dinner guests away from the fatal number thirteen.

These four playlets united to form a very interesting programme, in which some two dozen players acquitted themselves with credit, "The Man in the Stalls" striking the highest note of dramatic tensity.

SHAKESPEARE AND JULIET.

Shakespeare seems to be all the fashion in New York, what with John Barrymore in "Hamlet," Warfield as Shylock, Ethel Barrymore as Juliet, and Jane Cowl treading upon her heels in the same rôle. Although by this time Miss Barrymore has probably retired in fairly good order and Jane Cowl is launched. Added to all this, Julia Arthur will play the closet scene from "Hamlet" in vaudeville, Miss Arthur appearing as Hamlet and Mona Morgan as the queen.

To keep the bard still more before his perennially constant following Clemence Dane's play, "Will Shakespeare," has been running, and excited a good deal of controversy in the New York press. It is a play that no one can be indifferent to, but spectators of the piece seem to have been very much riled by the departure from the established idea of Shakespeare.

The dramatic departments of the leading New York papers have also been fairly crammed with communications about Barrymore's Hamlet and Warfield's Shylock. Both impersonations have been much praised, but a word of dissent about a reading, or a scene conception, or a cut in the text seems to stir up a foam of controversy, to which Belasco himself has contributed by a long, defensive article full of information, quotations, references and scholarly allusions.

Miss Barrymore's Juliet was treated respectfully. The Barrymores are sacrosanct in New York. But one rash reviewer dared to intimate that she is overweight for a Juliet. And indeed it is rather surprising that Miss Barrymore ventured on the rôle, considering—well—considering.

But breathes there an actress with soul so dead who never to herself has said, "I want to play Juliet"? Anyway, it was asking too much to expect a favorite actress, and one who is handsome, and fascinating, and can always draw good audiences at high prices, to refuse such a rôle.

But it looks as if Jane Cowl would knock her out of the ring.

The Cowl Juliet began at the Henry Miller Theatre on January 24th, and judging from the notices of Miss Cowl on tour, she has won her public by the sweetness, the youthfulness, the glamour, the girlish playfulness, the tenderness, and the tragic power displayed in her acting. All these qualities expressed in the rôle cause one critic to say of her Juliet, "New York should bend low in its praise and place her on a pedestal hailed as the greatest Juliet of the present century." Rather extreme, perhaps, but certainly reassuring, not only to the actress and her friends, but to the expectant theatre-goers of New York.

WAR-CALLOUSED SENSIBILITIES.

War, as has been demonstrated by the aftermath of crime since the world war, is an alarming brutalizer. Any policeman will warn housewives to be careful about opening their doors to whining beggars with fake ailments, and, judging from a printed interview with Pinkerton, the famous detective, recently in town, the beggars and hold-up men are ready murderers, when circumstances point to murder as a safe issue from a profitable situation.

But, calloused though the more brutal spirits became during the European shambles, it is rather surprising, as revealed at the Grand Guignol, theatre of "horrors" in Paris, that a collection of ordinary theatre-goers no longer responds with pre-war awe to the suggestion of death.

At the Grand Guignol, for instance, a powerful play called "Prowling Death" failed to cause the once customary reaction to the terrifying idea of fatality to a lonely signalman from some unknown source.

Mere murder was not, indeed, enough to cause the dramatic thrill to the audience. An element of the supernatural was necessary. That added, the frivolity of audiences finally evaporated, for another really terrible result of war and widespread death is the increased susceptibility to the supernatural, and the increased belief in the ability of the dead to revisit earth. And here, by the way, is an idea for the playwright: to stage a thrilling séance with the moved dupes weeping as they listen to a voice, or hear a touch which the tricky imagination persuades them is familiar; and then—lights up!—and show the medium caught.

It is old stuff, but, for some reason, not in the drama. It is needed now, with the element of the ridiculous added to a scientific demonstration of what the medium can do, in order to banish the delusions of credulous mourners. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Salons Intimes at the St. Francis.

Estrellita, the Spanish dancer, will appear again next Monday afternoon and Tuesday evening, February 12th and 13th, at the Reginald Travers *Salons Intimes* in the Colonial ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

The dances that Estrellita is presenting are new to San Francisco, and the setting in which she appears makes a picture of rare beauty. Her dances take the audience from Bagdad to Spain. The stage settings are by the French artist, Lucien Lahaudt. He has produced a real art theatre with gorgeous color schemes for a background.

Another interesting feature of the performance is the appearance of Mahel Gump in the Russian one-act comedy, "Big Kate." This is being presented by special request, as Mrs. Gump's portrayal of the difficult rôle of Catherine of Russia created a sensation here when it was first produced.

The bill includes Emelie Melville, who is presenting one of the scenes from "The Rivals." Mrs. Melville has added to her fame through her interpretation of Mrs. Malaprop.

The young soprano, Ione Pastori, is offering a group of songs. This is her first public appearance in San Francisco since her return.

Another attractive feature of the programme will be given by Carl McCullough, the humorist.

Coffee and cigarettes are served during intermissions. The afternoon performance begins at 2:30, and the Tuesday evening performance at 8:30.

At the Columbia.

The first of the Shakespearean protagonists to reach the Coast this season will be Fritz Leiher, who will play two weeks at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday, February 12th, giving six of Shakespeare's masterpieces, under the direction of George Ford. Mr. Leiher comes to this city following triumphs in the East and Chicago, playing to more than 100,000 in five weeks in New York and in Chicago to capacity houses during his stay of four weeks. A noteworthy company supports the star.

"Red Bull Dogs," from the pen of the actor-author-producer, Willard Mack, a story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and a companion play to "Tiger Rose," comes to the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement starting Monday, February 26th.

The People's Symphony.

The sixth educational concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, which is scheduled for Friday night, February 23d, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, will open with the Goldmark symphony, "The Rustic Wedding," and will be followed by the overture to "Mignon" of Thomas and an adagio from "Terzetto" for violins and violas, of Dvorak. In response to many requests, the orchestra will repeat the Strauss waltz, "Roses from the South." The soloist for this concert will be Mrs. Everard Meynall, contralto.

The programme will be preceded by a short talk on the bassoon, one of the bass instruments of the woodwind family, often referred to as the "clown of the orchestra." Tickets are 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1 (no war tax), and are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Irene Castle's return to the stage in San Francisco has provided the Orpheum headline. Her final week will begin Sunday, February 11th. A fun show which promises to be the laughing hit of the season appears with Mrs. Castle, and features Harry Langdon, the famous comedian, and the Ten Seattle Harmony Kings, a new syncopated organization. New dances and new gowns will be offered by Mrs. Castle during her second week's stay.

Harry Langdon, comedian extraordinary and master builder of farces—who will be remembered for his screamingly funny "Johnny's New Car"—brings a new one this year entitled "After the Ball." The skit is based on the ancient and honorable game of golf, but does not deal with the technical side of it.

With the rage of syncopated hands still at its height the Seattle Harmony Kings, ten boys who can both sing and play, have created a furor, beginning in the West and having taken the East by storm.

With humorous sidelights on politics, a keen sense of satire and of extemporaneous humor, Milt Collins, nationally known monologist, and called "The Speaker of the House," discusses every angle of the nation's affairs from a humorous viewpoint.

With a new arrangement of songs and dances Francis X. Donnegan and Julia Steger return to vaudeville, after two successful seasons in musical comedy.

Hap, Farnoll, and Florence, whose impromptu humor and lyricizing make them a real novelty, offer "For No Reason."

Johnson and Baker do more things with hats than the man who invented them would have thought possible.

A Frenchman has just appeared before a Paris court charged with concealing $180,000 war profits to escape taxation, according to the *Scientific American*. When war broke out he kept a small café at Saint Denis, his wife attending to the inn while he peddled with a push-cart. He bought old scrap iron and made so much money that he paid $5,400,000 for the war stock of the American camp at Romorantine.

The United States is not the only country that has fool examination papers for the hedeviling of ex-service men, says the *Scientific American*. One English soldier in answer to the question, "How far is it from the earth to the sun?" replied, "I can not say the exact distance of the sun from the earth, but it is not sufficiently near to interfere with my properly discharging the duties of my office."

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VANITY FAIR.

New York society is taking this theatrical thing seriously. Here's Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, not satisfied with sculpting, has gone and writ a play. Nobody knows what is in it yet, and the manager that is to be given the opportunity of presenting it to Broadway has not been selected and apprised of the fortune that awaits him, but it will all come out in due time. The play deals with modern social life—truly, an original theme—and that is all that is known about it for the present. If it deals with social life intimately, but not too discreetly, it ought to be a success. Modern social life carries enough freight of scandal, intrigue, and malice to make it supremely interesting if some one on the inside would only expose it. The difficulty in handling the subject thus far has been that it has not been handled by those in the know, but only by way of inference and conjecture. If plays could be written that would expose as much of society as some society women expose of themselves there ought to be a good demand for seats. Mrs. Whitney is a sculptor, beyond question; but is she a dramatist? The two are dissimilar at several points. In a drama something must happen, but that is not expected of a statue. Mrs. Whitney makes them look as though something had happened or were about to happen, as she demonstrated in her work at our Exposition of 1915. Certain works of hers there involved in the architectural decoration, in the west wing of the Tower of Jewels, for example, looked very much as though something were about to happen of an interesting nature. There were some episodes of the dado, or whatever it was, leading to the fountain as to which there was a question whether they should be left right out there for everybody to see. They were beautiful, but they made one feel like yelling for the police. But they were duly exposed to the public gaze, and the public gazed, and then parked its wife in some rest room, and sneaked back and gazed again. In view of which, one wonders what sort of drama of modern society the sculptress may have written. New York society will await it with what old-time novelists used to call bated breath; whatever that may mean.

And speaking of New York society, just what may that enchanted state of being be? Have the readers of Sunday supplements been getting the real dope on it, or dope on the real tbing, or has that column hurglar known as the publicity expert, with bis insinuating ways, heen filling his space with dubious material? Tbe *Ladies' Home Journal* has undertaken to furnish the answer in the current number, and has presented an article from inside the wall that is likely to stir the dry bones as effectively as the heresy of Rev. Percy Stickney Grant. The article deals with the social ladder and various ways of climbing it, and is from the pen of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, who drove the first pony phaeton ever seen on Fifth Avenue—a descendant of Maria de Peyster—that is, Mrs. Van Rennselaer is a descendant of Maria de Peyster, not the pony—sister to old Ahraham de Peyster, one of tbe first mayors of New York, when it was New Amsterdam, who sits in bronze on his block of granite on the Bowling Green, glaring at the United States Custom House. Mrs. Van Rennselaer dares write: "Men of no social distinction have frequently become prominent in society by marrying women of hlood and breeding. The Vanderhilts, the Astors, the Belmonts and other present leaders have attained their station largely through the infusion of aristocratic blood into tbeir line tbrough marriages with the old families. Their wives made them. The rule does not work both ways. Women of social standing may elevate obscure husbands to their own level. Men who marry heneath them usually sink to the standards of their wives." This is to inflict a wound and then ruh in the vinegar. And again: "Readers came to regard those persons most featured by the press as helonging to 'old Knickerbocker families.' In nine cases out of ten their judgment is wrong." And she proceeds to say that of the Vanderhilts, the Astors, the Morgans, the Davidsons, the Belmonts, the Lamonts, the Vanderlips, Reids, Villards, Goulds and Millses, only one family, that of Astor, enjoyed any social recognition until after the civil war. She does not insinuate that you can smell the varnish on them yet, but the reader might infer as much.

In old New York, social eminence was based on lineage instead of wealth. That is an ideal condition, but one that never can endure, as the devolution of society in England has amply demonstrated. Original New York society, however, had amazing vitality and held its power for 250 years. It did not trace descent from democratic conditions, hut came over from Holland, when Holland was the most highly civilized and socially developed country in Europe. Today its real representatives live in seclusion, in old houses on side streets well down toward the lower part of Manhattan; not on Fifth Avenue nor Park Avenue, and not at all on Central Park West. They have no publicity agents and do not tender "copy" to the editors of the daily press. They are living their own lives, serenely indifferent to, perhaps contemptuous of, the general public's curiosity, which they probably conceive to be well enough satisfied with the accounts of the antics of the millionaires and the peck measures of diamonds on their wives. Let otbers dress themselves up "like a mule in buggy harness"—they do not proclaim themselves with trumpets. They are indifferent to printers' ink and the spread head. Of course their original Dutch stock was diluted with a few Welsh, Irish, Scotch and English names, but the traditions of caste were preserved, and one of them is reticence. They do not have to advertise in order to breach in. A recent dinner given to about fifty of them by a representative of this old régime had no mention in any society columns, but among the names of those attending were Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Mrs. James Gore King, Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mrs. Sumner Gerard, Mrs. David Leavitt Hough, Mrs. Franklin Hoyt, Mrs. John H. Iselin, Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, Mrs. George W. Wickersham, Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Mrs. Christopher Wyatt, Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mrs. George C. White and Mrs. Ellsworth Magee. Yet they seem now like the representatives of a remnant. The social power of the old set was hroken after the civil war hy newly created wealth which provided more splendid entertainment than the old set could. A crack in the Chinese Wall was made when a successful Wall Street figure threatened with ruin the members of the committee having in charge the invitation list for the Assembly at Delmonico's, unless he received an invitation. It worked—once. The following year he and his wife were almost the only persons present except tbe waiters. Tbat ended the Assembly, and its successor as the main social event went into the control of a secret committee that couldn't be threatened with ruin. But in 1874 the end of the great tradition came witb a splendid masquerade ball to which a lot of the new people were invited, and the old dictators gracefully went into their present eclipse. All this, according to Mrs. Van Rennselaer. Cash to some degree took the place of lineage. It always will.

Yet there must be a good deal of the old Dutch lineage left, if we may trust that veracious narrative, the Knickerbocker History of New York, by Washington Irving. Our first successful man of letters therein presents us with evidence concerning the exploits of one Antony Van Corlear, trumpeter to old Hard-Headed Pete Stuyvesant, and general herald of the colony. Sent on a mission to the Yankees of Connecticut, he there learned the ancient art of bundling, which he subsequently practiced with so much energy that the whole region round about was soon filled with little trumpeters. After him Corlear's Hook was named, if nothing else. And his disastrous attempt to swim the creek dividing Manhattan Island from the mainland, "in spite of the devil," gave that particular point its name of Spyt den Duyvel. So if Antony the Trumpeter died out, the strong Dutch race did not, as witness the names we hear with Holland sounds, such as Van Wyck, Van Dyck, Ten Eyck, Van Ness, Van Tassell, Van Groll, Van Winkle, Van Wart and Van Dam; and the Vander Hoofs and Vander Voorts and Vander Pools and Vander Spiegels, and the Ryckmans and Dyckmans and Onderdonks and Hogebooms and Rosebooms and Roosevelts and all the rest of them—a sturdy hreed, well adapted to holding their own against all ordinary assaults on their social position. But time brings changes and wars bring new people, and the new people are persistent, and determined to ascend the social ladder, and if the Dutch society of New York held its own for 250 years it did extremely well. The new people are in—but the old are not out, by a long shot. They still function socially.

What Do They Like, Anyhow?

In a character study of Aaron Burr in *Harper's Magazine* Gamaliel Bradford writes: "In all his eighty years he never made the ghastly discovery that a pretty woman can he a bore. He would meet a charming stranger, chat and flirt with her for an hour, kiss her hand respectfully, sigh over her departure, forget her, and be ready for tbe next. All fashions and all types suited him. The plump, the thin, the dark, the fair, the gay, the grave, even the plain, so they were merry, or witty, or tender, or tantalizing—all alike had a fascination for him. And as he found all women attractive, so they responded with an almost unanimous cordiality. One can not say what the secret was: one seldom can in these cases. He was not strikingly handsome, though his courtly and gracious manners, his sympathetic voice, and his intense, quick eyes may have helped. . . . Burr liked women, and women liked him: that was all there was to it. The gay loved him to laugh with him, the pious to reform him, both with the same ardor, though not with the same success." And Bradford continues: "He had murdered his rival, conspired against his country, deserted his followers, robbed bis friends, made an utter mock of female virtue; and really one shudders to think where he must have gone to. Yet he had done it all in the most amiahle spirit. 'Revenge, you know,' he says, 'is not in my nature.' And he referred casually in company to his great adversary as 'my friend Hamilton—whom I shot.'"

Putting the Brakes on La Danse.

Dancers and dance hall proprietors of the Finistere are up in arms against an edict that has just heen issued by the Catholic priests, apparently following the receipt of a letter from Rome, says a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald*. Not only are dancers prohibited indulgence in fox trots and tangoes at all times, but dances of any sort after a marriage supper are strictly forbidden, the clergy considering that marriage as a provocation of levity among the younger wedding guests is not in keeping with the church's idea of the sanctity of the event. Offenders will he regarded as no longer communicants, and if they want a churcb wedding they must not expect to wear white as a symbol of virginal purity.

A special anathema is laid upon dance hall proprietors, who will be denied deathbed confessionals unless they repent the evil ways of their business and leave instructions that it he closed up. If hy chance they should recover from their illness special penance is to be exacted. Failure to ohey the church's ukase prevents hurial in a Catholic cemetery. And as a final menace the priests declare that the offspring of either dance hall proprietors or their clientèle can not he baptized at the hours set for children whose parents are more faithful to Christian precepts.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

This said to be the shortest ghost story in the world: A lady awoke from sleep feeling frightened: it was pitch-dark: she was about to reach out for the matchbox, but before she could do so the box was placed in her hand.

A young woman of heroic build met a man who had known her father and mother. As he gazed at this plump Juno the light of memory came into his eyes. "Let me see," he mused, "which side of the house do you resemble most?" "Sir," she cried in accents far from mild, "I don't resemble the side of any house."

A San Francisco lawyer called up a sick friend in one of the hospitals and asked the usual banal question, whether there were anything he could do. "Nothing," said the invalid; "absolutely nothing. All I need is money." So the lawyer went out on Montgomery Street and bought him a nickel's worth of marks.

Mrs. Borden Harriman said at a dinner in New York: "I am glad to see the psycho-analysis craze is dying out. Psycho-analysis solved all the problems of modern life, but its solutions were just about as satisfactory as the schoolboy's. 'James,' said a schoolteacher, 'why are the days so short in winter?' 'Because,' James answered, 'the nights are so long.'"

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, said at a recent dinner: "Young men rise easily from the ranks here in America because the American spirit is so democratic. In Europe now—— In Europe one day a clerk remarked to his employer: 'I think we are going to have rain, sir.' 'We?' snarled the employer. 'We are going to have rain? How long have you been a member of the firm?'"

An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods, says the Edinburgh *Scotsman*. On one occasion a woman called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." "Madame," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

In 1918, when our destroyers were "over there," representatives of the English admiralty with Admiral Sims and his staff were reviewing some American destroyers lying in an English habor. Admiral Sims asked, "How do they look to you?" "Very well," answered the English admiral, "but they do not look like real fighting craft—too woman-like." "Ah," retorted Sims, "and wasn't it one of your countrymen who said, 'The female of the species is more deadly than the male?'"

The cowpuncher had applied for a policy and the insurance agent was catechizing him in the usual manner. "Have you ever met with any accidents?" "No," said the cowboy, but added in an effort to give some helpful information, "A bronc kicked two of my ribs in last summer and a rattlesnake bit me in the ankle a couple of years ago." "My word!" faintly expostulated the insurance agent, "don't you call those accidents?" "Naw," said the knight of the branding iron, "they done it a-purpose."

The great Lord Salisbury was noted for his immense capacity in failing to recognize even those with whom he was in daily contact. In his reminiscences Mr. Douglas Ainslie relates the incident of the neighboring squire dropping into lunch. "Lady Salisbury was rather apprehensive that her husband might fail to recognize this somewhat obscure person, and was greatly relieved to find when Lord Salisbury entered the dining-room a little later that he immediately engaged their homespun guest in conversation, which he kept up vigorously till the end of the repast, when the squire rather hastily took his leave. Lord Salisbury then casually remarked: 'I was glad Lord Roberts dropped in to luncheon today; but I fear he is not what he was intellectually. He appeared to me to be remarkably vague as to our military dispositions in Egypt, and his views on Indian questions seemed even more nebulous. But we all grow older.'"

The story of the love troubles of a stage cleaner whose husband, one of the stage hands, "did a bolt" with another woman, is told in a book of theatrical reminiscences, "From the Wings," by Elizabeth Fagan. "Towards the end of the week I was in my dressing-room and heard the following conversation outside between the forsaken one and a sister-char. Said the latter: 'Well, if it was me, I wouldn't stand it, that I wouldn't—steal me 'usband, indeed! W'y, I'd a gone to the very 'ouse.' 'And that,' said Mrs. Ripinton, solemnly, 'is what I did. I went to the 'ouse, and I rang the bell, and she comes to the door 'erself, she did, as bold as brass. "Is Mrs. Ripinton at 'ome?" I said, as I might be speaking to you now. "Is Mrs. Ripinton at 'ome?" "I'm Mrs. Ripinton," she says, and she went all colors like. "Ho! You're Mrs. Ripinton," I says, just like that. I says, not a bit louder. "You're Mrs. Ripinton, are you? *Then—'oo—the—'ell—am—I?*"' That settled the matter evidently, for the char-ladies went about their work."

Two characteristic mots of the late King Edward are given by Douglas Ainslie in his "Adventures Social and Literary." The first was in connection with Constantine Phipps, "great at racing and grand duchesses," and at that time British minister at Brussels. "When Phipps went to Brussels he was always dashing over to England for some race meeting or other, and I remember his appearing in the royal enclosure one Ascot week and manœuvring himself under the eye of King Edward. 'Well, Phipps, why aren't you at your post?' was all the conversation he enjoyed, for the king, having thus recognized his minister to Belgium, turned on his heel to converse with somebody else. This remark is paralleled for brevity with another he made at Doncaster, in the lady's stand, to a friend who had dared to appear on Leger Day in a bowler hat instead of the orthodox topper: 'Hullo, Raikes, been ratting?'"

The shabby-looking girl approached the employment manager of a cafeteria and asked for work. There was something about her ghastly pallor and nervous shyness that arrested attention. "Where did you work last?" she was asked. The girl after writhing her shoulders and twisting her gloves burst out with, "Aw, I may as well tell the truth. I'm just out of prison. My husband is still in. We were sent down for raising bills. I used to slice the bills edgewise and he would paint the blank sides. But now I want to go straight." "That's all right, little girl," said the employment manager sympathetically. "Talent like yours isn't going to be wasted long. Come right along now. We have a job for you at the roast beef counter."

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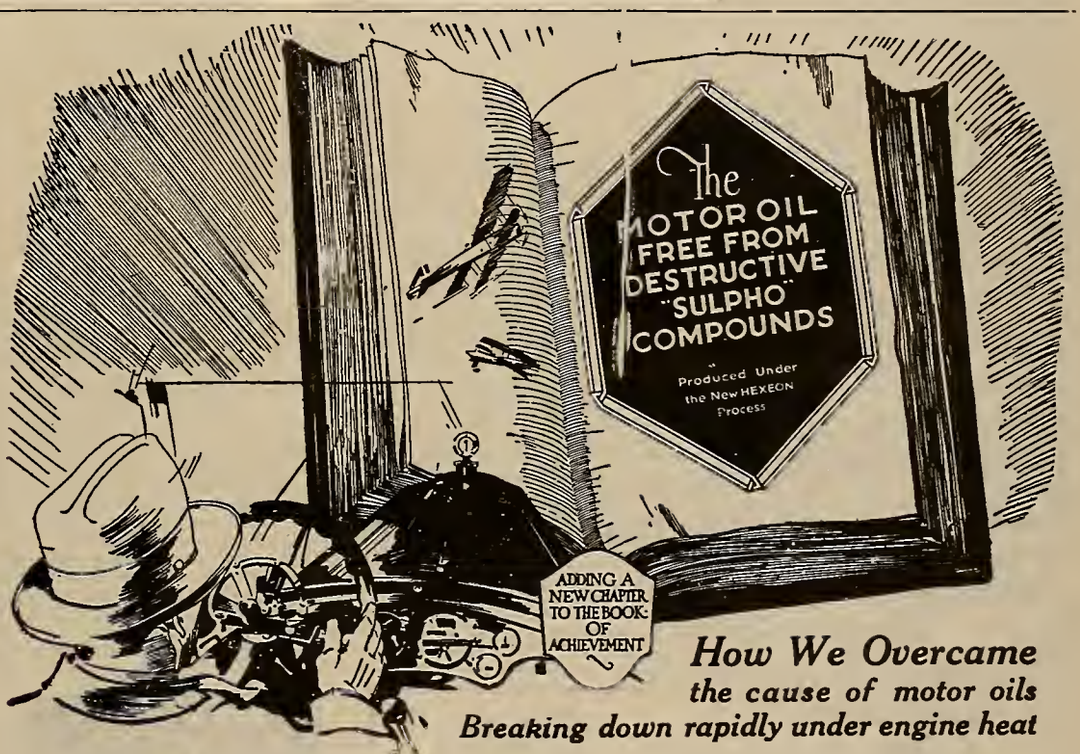
I know you sometimes hanker for a great big cage of glass,
You'd like to be a hanker, boy, and watch the people pass?
I know it looks attractive, but it's not the life for you—
Just think of all the Algebra the man must have to do.

Ah! life is very trying in that multitude of cheques,
Such a lot of multiplying, such a lot of truck with x;
What with adding and dividing and the lunacies of y
He will die of too much Algebra—oh, what a way to die!

But Finance is less exacting in the literary line;
A little quick subtracting is the most I do for mine;
And, if nothing else commends it as a likely life for you,
Just think how little Algebra your father has to do.
—*A. P. H. in Punch.*

To Men, Only!

You chided,
When we wore skirts, short;
Derided,
When we wore 'em, long;
We chatter,
As a last resort,
No matter
What we wear we're wrong.
The last ones
Pick up germs and dirt;
The *fast* ones
Pick up men, who flirt;
So if you have a panacea,
Just come across with your idea.
—*Charles Irving Corwin in Judge.*



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Among the Burlingame residents who are going to Southern California for the polo games are Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin and Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr.

Mrs. John L. Howard, who has been visiting her sons and daughter this winter has returned to her home in New York.

Prince Valdemar of Denmark, who made a brief visit to San Francisco, has sailed for Vancouver, where he will meet his son.

Mr. Haig Patigian, who has been in Europe with Mr. Harrison Fisher, has arrived in New York, and will very soon return to his home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Martin Ericson of Los Angeles is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna.

Mr. Frank Kennedy has rented the house on Vallejo Street belonging to Mrs. Anna Olney Girard.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle left last week for New York via the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman, who were recently married in New York, have arrived in San Francisco and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson at their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned from their trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have returned to their home in Burlingame and have as their house guests Miss Caro Shaw and Miss Mary Forbes of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter, who were recently married, have returned from a motor trip through Southern California and are established in an apartment on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Edgar Allen Poe, Jr., and her mother, Mrs. Charles O. Richards, have arrived from Coronado, and are making a short stay in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Owens of Baltimore is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, and her cousin, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Kate Boardman, left for New York on February 1st, from where they will sail for Europe.

Miss Mary Whitman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman of New York, has arrived from New York and is visiting her uncle, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mrs. Crocker.

General and Mrs. Frank Winn have arrived in San Francisco, where they will make their future home, and are established for the present at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, which they will occupy during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman in Europe.

Mr. John B. Casserly has gone East to join Mrs. Casserly and their daughter, Miss Cecelia Casserly, in New York.

Mrs. James Parker, wife of Commander Parker, U. S. N., and her sister, Mrs. Chilion Howard of Montreal, have arrived in San Francisco, and are at the Langhorne home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond of Washington and her sister-in-law have arrived in Santa Barbara, and will be joined later by Mr. Hammond. They will visit San Francisco before returning East.

Sir Michael and Lady Oppenheimer of England are visitors in San Francisco and are staying at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Raymond Armsby with his niece, Miss Leonora Armsby, left last Saturday for New York via Southern California. They were accompanied on their trip to Coronado by Miss Frances Ames, daughter of Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barton Anderson left last Friday for New York, and from there will sail for Europe the latter part of February.

Mr. Gordon Armsby, who went East with Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby in December, sailed for Europe last week on a trip around the world.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Chidester of San Mateo sailed last week on the S. S. *Colombia* for a trip through the Panama Canal to Cuba and Florida.

Mrs. Horace D. Van Sickel and her mother, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, left for New York on Wednesday last for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing of Washington, D. C., sailed on the *Manoa* last week for Honolulu.

Dr. Emma K. Willits sailed from New York for Europe last Saturday for a Mediterranean cruise.

Mrs. Edward F. Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron are leaving for Honolulu for a short visit.

Mrs. James L. Flood and her daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Major Lawrence Redington, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Philippines and will sail on February 24th. Mrs. Redington with her little son will join Major Redington in a few months.

Mrs. Conrad Babcock, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eels, will return to her home in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. George Converse, who were married recently in Santa Barbara, are sailing on February 10th for Europe, and will spend some time in Zurich, Switzerland, with Mrs. Antoinette Converse, mother of Mr. Converse.

Miss Ruth Richards of San Diego has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. George Willcut in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McAfee have gone to Southern California for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Anne Peters has returned from Stockton, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. L. Six.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have gone to Portland for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Swift Train of Southern California are visiting Mrs. Train's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, at their home near Mt. Diablo.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver with her sister and niece, Mrs. Goodhue and Miss Goodhue, are sailing on February 13th for Europe. Mrs. Beaver expects to be joined by her niece, Caroline Madison, who is at school in Florence, and they will travel during the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Knight sailed on Thursday for the Orient. Mr. Knight will accompany her as far as Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft sailed from New York on the *Samaria* for a world cruise, extending over a period of four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson, who have lately returned from Europe, have taken a house on Mason Street near California.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nina Peixotto, left for New York last Saturday, from where they will sail on a Mediterranean cruise.

In honor of Miss May Robson and some members of her company Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell entertained informally at tea Sunday afternoon. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Crofton, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cehrian, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Lady Annesley, Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Dorothy Lennon, Miss Beatrice Horst, Mr. Allan L. Benson of New York, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. George Sterling, Mr. G. C. Horst, Lord Glerawly and Mr. De Witt Peters.

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CURRENT VERSE.

A Ship in a Pier.

A ship is a slight thing
To moor alongside a city.

Masts are frail
Against steel and stone.

Chanteys are silent
When streets are talking.

Sails are furled
Where the towers rise tall.

A city is white like lightning
And straight like pride—
And a ship is a gray whisper
Tired at its feet.
—*Alexander Jarvis in the Measure.*

Never Did I Dream.

I never thought that I should walk
In ecstasy the streets of town,
Or find a heart more beautiful
Than red leaves fluttering down.

I did not know archangels pass
In human guise among the trees;
And never, never did I dream
That I should walk with these.

But by my side one went today;
I saw, and I had speech with him:
And I forgot, who ne'er forgot,
How cold are streets, how grim!
—*Harold Cook in Poetry.*

My Desk.

All that I ask
Is a desk—
With blotting paper white,
Changed every night;
No litter, but the good
Company of cool wood;
A glass inkpot, so clean
My pen can wade therein
Up to her waist and not
Be liable to blot;
Also, laid in her place,
A crystal pencil-case,
And in that glassy bed
Pencils new sharpened;
Nothing to vex the soul
In the neat pigeonhole.
And, finally, there must
Be not a speck of dust.

And I would have the wall
Austerely virginal,
With nothing to intervene
(Above my desk) between
The thing I try to see
And me.

There let me sit
And write at it—
Content with this
Slim doorway to infinities.
—*Humbert Wolfe in Westminster Gazette.*

A GRAVEYARD OF THE GREAT.

A simple ceremony in London recently drew attention to the fact that the authors of the two most popular works in the English language are buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. These authors, whose works have been more widely read than any books produced since the birth of English literature, are John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Daniel DeFoe, creator of "Robinson Crusoe," dear to the heart of boyhood the world over.

The ceremony, which has revived interest in the literary and other associations which cluster about Bunhill Fields, the historic burial ground of English Noncopformists, was the dedication of the restored monument to John Bunyan. This little cemetery, long closed for purposes of burial, but maintained as a public sanctuary, contains the dust of a greater number of notabilities than any other burial place in England with the sole exception of Westminster Abbey.

DeFoe is buried only a few yards from Bunyan. Near the creator of Robinson Crusoe is the tomb of Isaac Watts (1674,1748), author of 600 hymns. His best inspirations are among the finest hymns in the English language; and, although much of his work has become obsolete with the passing of time, a dozen or so of his pieces may still be found in any standard hymn-book—among them "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." Nearer to the Bunyan tomb, but across the walk from Dr. Watts' grave, sleeps the redoubtable Susannah Wesley, mother of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, and of Charles Wesley, the hymn writer.

Southey called Bunhill Fields "The Campo Santo of the Dissenters." This is so to a great extent, but not exclusively so, for probably every denomination of Christians has here found a resting place, including Catholics and certainly members of the Established Church. The place probably dates from about the Reformation. In Strype's Stow we read that in 1549 more than one thousand cart loads of human bones were removed from the charnel of St. Paul's Cathedral and deposited here. In the two centuries preceding 1852, when the cemetery was closed, not fewer than 120,000 burials were made.

Nor is it ignoble dust that molders about the graves of such worthies as Bunyan and DeFoe and Mrs. Wesley and Dr. Watts. Here are notable men and women of all professions and of all religious communions—divines, authors, artists, statesmen—a crowd of worthies whose works and achievements not only adorned the age in which they lived, but have become to a greater or less extent part of the imperishable heritage of mankind.

Some of those who hereabouts sleep are Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law; Dr. John Owen, Cromwell's chaplain; Strothard, the painter, and William Blake, the artist and engraver, who achieved undying fame in his illustrations of the Book of Job; and Rev. James Hughes, founder of the Bible Society. The Unitarians claim Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, author of "The Credibility," and Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the Encyclopedia. Ritson, the antiquary, and David Nasmith, founder of city missions, both are here, as are Dr. Daniel Neal, historian of the Puritans, and Dr. Nathaniel Mather, of the English Mathers, represented in America by the Revs. Increase, Richard, and Cotton Mather, stalwart Puritan preachers, all of whom are buried together in Copps' Hill Cemetery, Boston.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. Raymond Armshy entertained a few of his friends at a recent dinner at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga was the guest of honor at a bridge party given by Mrs. William Cavalier of Oakland last Thursday.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Laveaga Cebrian was christened last week at the Spanish church and received the name of Juan Crofton Cebrian. A reception was held afterwards at the home of the parents in Sea Cliff.

There will be a dinner, followed by a reception, on February 12th at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of the newly-appointed ambassador to the United States, Mr. Masanao Hanihara, and Mrs. Hanihara. The hosts are the members of the Japan Society of America and Consul-General and Mrs. S. Yada.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a farewell dinner last week to Miss Leonora Armshy, who will shortly leave for New York.

The annual art exhibit of the Bohemian Club, which has been held for the last week, will come to an end on Saturday night, when a reception will be held at the club.

Mrs. William H. Crocker, who left for New York last week, will be joined early in March by her daughter, Miss Helen Crocker and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott and they will sail soon afterwards for Europe.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker and her brother Mr. Harry Crocker were hosts at a small dinner last week in honor of Miss Frances Ames, Miss Josephine Drown, and Miss Leonora Armsby.

Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter gave a dinner last week at their home on Vallejo Street in celebration of Dr. Porter's birthday.

Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw was a recent hostess at a large bridge party which included Mah Jongg, given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

The travesty given by the Senior League last Saturday night at the Burlingame Country Club was largely attended by guests from the Peninsula and San Francisco. A number of dinners, including a large Dutch Treat dinner at the club, preceded the "Passé Show of 1923."

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Louis Monteagle at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels made her début last week as an amateur actress in a farce given at La Gaité Française by pupils of M. André Ferrier.

Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant gave a dinner preceding the play at La Gaité Française last week and entertained their guests at supper after the performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy gave a dinner this week in honor of Miss Caro Shaw and Miss Mary Forbes of New York.

Major-General and Mrs. Charles Gould Morton will give a reception on Monday evening at their home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Harry East Miller gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss May Rohson, who is a former Californian.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained at dinner at their home on Broadway last week in honor of Mrs. William E. Dargie, who has recently returned from Europe, and of Mrs. Horace Parodi of Gibraltar, who is visiting Mrs. Dargie.

Miss Virginia Nugent, whose engagement to Mr. Ashfield Stow has been announced, will be the guest of honor at a large tea given by Miss Nellie Stow, an aunt of Mr. Ashfield Stow.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were hosts at a small dinner last week.

The young bachelors of society are giving a dance on February 9th at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. A number of dinners will precede the dance, among the hostesses being Miss Mary Emma Flood and Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

Miss Dorothy Woodworth, who has frequently appeared in amateur plays in Berkeley, made a first appearance at the Players Club Little Theatre last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman were entertained last week at a farewell dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John G. Johnston at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton gave a bridge party last week in honor of Miss Mary Owens of Baltimore.

Sir Michael and Lady Oppenheimer were entertained last week at a luncheon given by Captain Aste of Porterville, formerly of the British flying squadron.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood Darling is giving a luncheon on Friday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Richard J. Hanna.

A large dance is to be given on Friday, February 9th, at the Officers' Club at the Presidio, with a buffet supper. A number of dinners will precede the dance.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark gave a tea last Friday at her home on Washington Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt were hosts at a dinner on Thursday at their home on Broadway.

Miss Hélène de Latour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, gave a dinner on Thursday of last week.

The golf tournament to be given at Pebble Beach will be given on Friday, February 9th, ending on Monday, February 12th.

Mrs. Ralston Page entertained at a tea on Thursday of this week.

Dinners preceding the bachelors' dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club on February 9th will be given by Mr. James and Mr. Jerome Kuhn and by Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark.

Miss Adrienne Sharp was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers celebrated the fifty-sixth anniversary of their wedding last week.

Mrs. William S. Porter was a recent dinner hostess at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin Johnston gave a farewell dinner last week at their home on Clay Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, who have lately gone to New York en route to Europe.

Miss Marion Zeile entertained a dozen of her friends at a luncheon on Monday last at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz were recent hosts at a dinner at their home in West Clay Park in honor of Mischa Elman, the eminent violinist, and of Benno Moiseivitch, the Russian pianist.

Miss Ruth Richards of San Diego was the guest of honor on Monday afternoon at a tea given by Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson of Piedmont gave a masquerade dance on Saturday evening last at the home of Mrs. Helen Uhl on Hillside Avenue. A number of dinners preceded the dance.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Frank Deering at her home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu was hostess at a small luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lander Redmond, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Wallace I. Terry last week.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her cousin, Miss Leventritt of New York.

Mrs. Ralston Page gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Van Sicklen, who left for New York the following day.

There was a large dinner-dance given last week at the Assembly Hall at Fort Scott by the officers stationed there.

Mrs. James Flood was hostess at a large luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. MacMonagle, who is leaving very soon for her home in Paris.

The Junior Art Association.

The Junior Art Association of San Francisco is a club of children that meets every Wednesday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel for studies in music and art, pursued in the spirit of play. It has analogies with the kindergarten plan of juvenile education. Studies of the classic operas are made simple, accompanied by development of themes upon the piano. Its basic idea is to give children something of the fundamental culture, especially in music, that is the possession of children of older countries. The Italian child early becomes something of a musical critic. The German child has advantages in the same general line. English children know something of these things. And from all this they gain that which becomes a permanent enrichment of life.

The Junior Art Association is under the direction of Miss Constance Beardsley and Miss Dorothy Crawford, the former in charge of the musical part of the work and the latter of its dramatic interests. The season for 1923 opened last Wednesday, and will continue to July 1st. The work of the association may be extended to schools or public libraries, but at present it is limited to members of the class at the Fairmont. Members of this class include Catherine Goodfellow, Grace Folger, Eleanor Folger, Roy Folger, Marie Molton, Arden Law, Irene Beaufort, Winifred Carriras, Lucy Hanchett, Burke Hanchett, Eleanor Kentzel and many others.

An Evening On Mt. Lassen.

Sundry lovers of the outdoors are planning an entertainment in honor Mount Lassen, to be held in the gold hallroom of the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening, February 26th, at 8:15 o'clock.

The Mount Lassen Geographical Research Society is sponsoring the affair. An interesting feature of the evening will be fifteen-minute speeches by Mr. Wigginton Creed, Mr. Fletcher Hamilton, and Mr. Robert Newton Lynch. Mr. George Douglas will tell of the sources of inspiration of some of Bret Harte's and Mark Twain's stories, while Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn will talk on the life of Peter Lassen. Mrs. Janice Surratt will, as a belle of pioneer days in hoopskirts, pantalettes, and curls, sing a group of old ballads. Mr. August J. Carson will sing of the open road, the coyote, and the eagle. Mrs. Daisy Kimball Adams, in costume, will read the account of "An Imaginary Overflow of Mount Lassen, 10,000 Years Ago," from "Yermah, the Dorado." The final number will be a visualizing of the Indian legend of the mountain, by means of colored slides, beginning with the eight-mile-high eruption of May 22, 1915. During the transition Miss Helen Colburn Heath will chant Carlos Troyer's "Zuni Sunrise Call," in the native tongue.

At the St. Francis.

Monday's sunshine lured scores of the fashionable folk up from the Peninsula, and the Garden and Fable room of the Hotel St. Francis were the scene of many informal luncheon parties.

Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, and Mrs. Walter Filer were at one of the tables in the Garden. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran were together. At another table Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent was hostess to Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. George Cameron, and Mrs. Raymond Welch. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn had Miss Celia O'Connor and Mrs. Virginia Ford with her, and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker were another of the small groups.

Mrs. Julius Eppstein entertained a party of six, and other groups included Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Tiny O'Connor and Miss Evelyn Barron, who had as her guest Mrs. Algernon Gibson.

Squirrels are responsible for the appearance of nut-bearing trees in unexpected places; they are forgetful little elves, and many of the carefully hidden nuts they have cached for the winter are overlooked, germinate, and become trees, according to the *Scientific American*. Walnuts, because of their large kernels, are especial favorites with the squirrels; these trees are troubled by few pests, furnish fine shade, and are commercially valuable; the timber makes excellent airplane propellers and gun stocks. The war thinned our resources in black walnut down to 820,000,000 feet, and half of this is inaccessible for commerce.

The cucumber is one of the oldest of the garden vegetables. Some 3000 years ago in the Far East, probably in India, it had its origin.

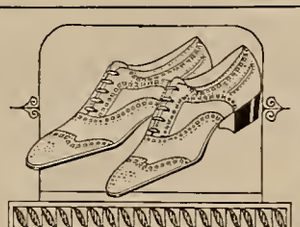


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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Poor Mildred's husband died from poisoning." "Well, Mildred can't say her chem course wasn't of value."—*Boston Beonpot.*

"I'm surprised that Black should lend himself to any such scheme." "He didn't lend himself; he was bought."—*Boston Transcript.*

She—Shall we make mud pies? *He*—No, mud pies gets ye all dirty an' first thing ye know somebody springs a bath on ye.—*Life.*

"Guess whom I saw today, doctor?" "I'm afraid I'm a poor guesser." "Oh! you can't be. You have such a wonderful practice."—*Life.*

Reginold—They say the violin is the nearest approach to the 'uman voice. *Lillian*—No, reely? I thought the gramophone was.—*Punch.*

"I wonder how a bachelor feels at a wedding celebration?" "Glad to have a chance to kiss a girl without incriminating himself."—*Judge.*

New Cook—What is the first thing you want me to do? *Mrs. Howard*—Get through telling me how lovely your last mistress was.—*New York Sun.*

Bobby (to father enjoying sea view)—Muvver ses it isn't safe there, father, and you've either got to come away or let me carry the sandwiches.—*London Humorist.*

"Congratulations, old man, I hear you're engaged. Good-looking?" "Well, to be honest, she's no Venus." "Intellectual?" "Heavens, she's not so homely as all that!"—*Judge.*

"You did not return the engagement ring when you jilted the young man?" "No," replied the heartless girl; "I found that he is unworthy, but it is a perfectly good ring."—*Woshington Star.*

Mrs. Doctor (to husband returning from a hunting trip)—Did you kill much? *Doctor*—No, nothing at all. *Mrs. Doctor*—You would have done much better had you remained at home!—*Medicol Quip.*

Vicar (to new porishioner)—I've just been on a visit to my son at Oxford, my old university. It seemed strange to be stopping at "The Mitre." *Profiteer*—Ah, yes. The dear old Alma Mitre.—*Punch.*

The bootlegger, finding himself completely hemmed in and surrounded by revenue officers, stammered, "Well—er—well—I'm glad to see I'm among friends—even if tbey're not mine."—*Nashville Tennesseean.*

"Well, anyhow, it doesn't cost anything to build air castles." "The mischief it doesn't; it cost me a diamond ring, a wedding ring, a marriage license and my pay envelope every Saturday night."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Hub (stonding before mirror)—It is going, it is going, it is going—— *Wife*—Why, John, you're repeating the Coué formula. Do you believe in it? *Hub*—It is certainly true when applied to my hair.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Have you any fresh vitamines?" asked the young bride. "Yes, mum," said the veracious dealer. "We've got some that was caught on the coast yesterday." "A pound, please." She got shrimps.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

He—Was your father very angry when you told him of our engagement? *She*—Not particularly. He said he'd been rather fortunate in the stock market of late, and figured it was about time for his luck to turn.—*Boston Transcript.*

Clerk—Can you let me off tomorrow afternoon, sir? My wife wants me to go shopping with her. *Employer*—Certainly not; we are much too busy. *Clerk*—Thank you very much, sir; that'll suit me nicely.—*London Passing Show.*

Artist (to son home for the holidoys)—I've been looking at this report of yours. *Son*—How funny! I've just been looking at this notice of your things in the Bond Street show. They don't seem to think much of either of us.—*Punch.*

Friend of the Family—William, can it be possible that I heard you say, "Hallo, governor!" to your father? *William*—Yes, it pleases poor old dad. You see, he never has any say in anything at home. Mother's the real executive.—*Boston Transcript.*

"What's the matter, little girl?" "Two boys were fightin' and I got struck with a stone." "That's it; the innocent bystanders always gets hurt." "But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about."—*London Weekly Telegroph.*

To a tramp who wanted to earn a bite to eat a woman said: "If I thought you were honest I'd let you go to the chicken house and gather the eggs." "Lady," he replied with dignity, "I was manager at a bathhouse for fifteen years and never took a bath."—*Boston Post.*

"What profession is your boy Josh going to select?" "I'm going to educate him to be a lawyer," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's naturally argumentative an' bent on mixin' into other people's troubles, an' he might jes' as well get paid fur his time."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"I notice Mr. Grabcoin and Mr. Wadsleigh in earnest conversation." "Well?" "The financial world trembles at their nod. They are probably talking in terms of millions." "They may be, but their very earnestness makes me suspect they are swapping bootleggers."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"I want a wife," said the Frencb count, "with golden hair, ruby lips, teeth of pearl, a silvery voice and eyes that sparkle like diadiamonds." "Yes," replied bis American friend, "and if you get her it's ten to one her friends will find her in a pawnshop before the honeymoon is ended."—*Indianapolis Stor.*

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ADAM IN BABYLON.

Dr. Edward Chiera, assistant professor of Assyriology of the University of Pennsylvania, has deciphered a Babylonian clay tablet of about 2100 B. C. which contained an account of the fall of man paralleling the account in Genesis in many particulars, says the New York *Times.*

The account is in the form of a dialogue between a man and a god. It resembles the biblical story in references to a forbidden food, to the disobedience of man, to man's unlawful attainment of knowledge, to his being driven into a desert and compelled to labor. His adoption of clothing as a result of knowledge is also indicated.

The god—which Babylonian god is not indicated—drives man away in self-defense rather than as a punishment. Man is accused of aspiring to a place with the gods, a theme which has been treated in other Babylonian literature.

The moral consideration is unimportant in the Babylonian legend, man's position being like that of Prometheus, a criminal in the eyes of a god, but a patriot from the point of view of man.

"The date of this tablet is about 2100 or 2200 B. C.," said Dr. Chiera. "The writing of the Hebrew account took place, according to the best autborities, at some later date than 1000 B. C."

The tablet is in the Sumerian language and formerly belonged to the library of the temple at Nippur, from which excavations for the University of Pennsylvania Museum have recovered several thousand tablets.

According to the Assyriologist, the ancient Babylonian story was apparently taken over by the Hebrews and adjusted to fit their monotheistic system. He puts forward a long series of arguments to prove that the original account of Genesis was Babylonian, and that, while the Hebrews modified it, they retained many features in the Bible story which are inconsistent with the Hebrew theology.

In his argument for the priority of the Babylonian account, as against the Hebrew, Dr. Chiera said:

"The first point of variance in Genesis from what we would expect to find in an account original with Hebrews is the fact that they place the scene in a garden. A garden presupposed an agricultural state. We know that the Hebrews were nomads. Yahveh, or Jehovah, did not dwell in a garden, but, as a god of a nomadic tribe, he dwelt on the mount of Sinai. Therefore the placing of the story in Genesis is entirely wrong, if we are to regard the story of Hebrew origin.

"The Hebrew prophets are constantly battling against the establishment of an agricultural colony and seeking to induce their people to go back to the primitive simplicity of nomadic life. Why should we imagine that they would fix the beginning of the race at a place where they did not want their people to be later on?"

The Sumerian text just decipbered is the oldest account of the fall of man. Supposed references to it have been found in clay documents of the same age, but nothing which clearly relates to the fall has been found of so ancient a date.

The Hebrews, in the opinion of Dr. Cbiera, appropriated the story, not during the Captivity, but some time before 1000 B. C. By that time, he said, the Sumerian story had probably received wide circulation in the Semitic-Babylon language, which replaced the Sumerian. A hoard of diplomatic documents in Egypt of a date shortly before 1000 B. C., indicates that Semitic-Babylonian was the diplomatic language then prevailing and was used in international messages by the Babylonians, Egyptians, Hittites and other nations. Palestine was the cross-roads between Egypt and Babylonia, the two great centres of early civilization.

The Hebrews of Palestine could easily master tbe Babylonian-Semitic language, which was much like their own, and drew largely on it for their culture and for the illustration of their religion, according to Dr. Chiera.

The Babylonian tablets of the University of Pennsylvania are the fruit of four expeditions to Nippur, the first of whicb was made more than thirty years ago. Up to date only about 10 per cent. of them bave been translated.

Nine Hundred Years on the Farm.

In a recent competition beld by the ministry of agriculture of France with the view of compensating landowners, applicants were asked how long they and their families had been tilling tbe land, says the Wasbington *Post.*

The first prize went to a family established near Pau in tbe Pyrenees which produced authentic documents to show that the family had worked the same piece of land for more than 900 years.

A document dated 1074 showed that the probable head of the family at that time was having a dispute over the ownership of the land with a neighbor.

For this record the family received a silver medal and a good-sized check from the ministry.

Science and the Pyramids.

The designer of the Great Pyramid in Egypt must have had an absolute knowledge of the figure of the earth, an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles, according to Colonel A. O. Green of the Royal Engineers in Egypt, says the New York *Tribune.* This assertion is based on the fact that the pyramid stands at the true centre of the land surfaces of the globe, according to Mercator's projection.

It is truly oriented to the four cardinal points of the heavens with an accuracy apparently unattainable in any building at the present time. The "Great Circle," coinciding with the centre lines of the ascending and the descending passages, and the "Grand Gallery" must, at the date of building, have coincided with a wonderful stellar conjunction which can recur only once in every 25,826 years, the number of years in the precession of the equinoxes. Hence, according to Colonel Green, this establishes the date of the commencement of the construction of the Great Pyramid as 2170 B. C., at which period Egypt was ruled over by the hated Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings.

In carrying out the measurements of both space and time two units have been used, the "pyramid inch," which is equal to 1001 Britisb inches, and the "sacred cubit" of twenty-five pyramid inches, which has the same length as the cubit employed in the construction of the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, and King Solomon's Temple, and is exactly one-twenty-millionth of the earth's polar axis of rotation.

By dividing the length of one side of the Great Pyramid, which is 9131.055 pyramid inches, by the sacred cubit, the product is 365.2422, the exact number of days and fractions of a day in the solar year.

The two diagonals of the base added together are within a fraction of the number of years in the precession of the equinoxes—namely, 25,826.6.

The estimated weight of the Great Pyramid is just one-billionth of the estimated weight of the earth, or, roughly, 6,000,000 tons. There is enough stone in it to build a wall six feet high all around France.

An engineer of a gas company in California has adopted a novel metbod of minimizing the stealing of lanterns, says the *Scientific American.* He takes an ordinary lantern and casts a cement block around the base, ten inches square and four inches thick. An opening is left so that the reservoir of oil can be filled. The wire handles are also removed, so that the lantern is of very little use to any thief.

Eating earth is common among uncivilized people.



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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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In the Sacrosanct Name of Education.

There is loud outcry from Professor Wood against the state budget as prepared under the direction of Governor Richardson and as presented to the legislature with his endorsement. If we might believe the professor we should conclude that the governor was proposing to throttle our whole educational system and to allow the youth of California to grow up illiterate. This is nothing more or less than sheer "bunc." The truth is that our professional educators have built up a vast machine which takes something more than 60 per cent. of our taxes, and uses a considerable part of the millions committed to it for frills and other non-essentials. Your professor is always a man of expansive ideas. He knows little or nothing of practical things, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he contributes not a penny to the funds he handles so lavishly. The educational machine of California has grown into a colossus. Its "organization" alone consumes enormous sums. What with supernumeraries, their salaries, their traveling expenses, their automobiles, etc., they have become a privileged caste spending like drunken sailors. Apparently they lie under the conviction that everything else in California was created to the end of supporting the "system." And the system devotes itself rather more to politics than to the legitimate business of education. Governor Richardson in his long experience as state treasurer knows all about this department, its weaknesses and its crimes—we advisedly use the word crimes—for all came under his notice. Now that he sits in the chair of authority, he proposes to enforce a policy of elimination, plus a careful pruning down. What he proposes will in nowise affect the efficiency of our schools. What it will do is to eliminate the extravagances of a department of the state government that has held itself exempt from ordinary rules of financial prudence, and which conceives that it can command popular support for its extravagances by public appeal in the sacrosanct name of education. More strength to the governor's arm!

A Glance Ahead.

Alabama makes an early start toward the presidential campaign of 1924 by presenting her favorite son to the consideration of the Democratic party. And in Senator Oscar Underwood she puts her best foot foremost. Underwood is a man of parts. He has a vital temperament, a strong and independent mind, knowledge, experience, health. At the points of qualification and availability—both are important—there is but one other man in the Democratic ranks comparable to him. That other man is John W. Davis. Between Underwood and Davis the latter has an advantage in a certain atmosphere of individual distinction; and in politics as in other spheres distinction is a very real asset. Either Underwood or Davis would make an ideal candidate; either would make a good President. With either the one or the other the Democratic party would better lose than win with an inferior man of the Bryan, Cox, or McAdoo type.

Here is a point that political parties have not sufficiently regarded. In the search for availability it is too often forgotten that a great political organization owes it to the country—to itself as well—to uphold the standards of public life. It is an obligation of political parties to present to the country something better than "vote-getters"—candidates of moral and mental stature such as to sustain rather than depress the moral and mental level of our political life. The Democratic party may easily do this in 1924, since in Underwood and Davis it has two men at least whose candidacy would be a contribution to the dignities of politics and an inspiration to patriotism.

On the part of the Republican party speculation respecting next year's campaign has not gone beyond inquiry as to the personal desires of Mr. Harding. It is a practical certainty that he will be nominated for a second term if he desires it. The issue, no matter what superficial trivialities may present themselves, will be the Harding administration; and since the Harding administration will be on trial, its logical champion will be Mr. Harding himself. Whether or not he will wish to take upon himself the burden of another term is as yet undetermined.

Mr. Harding's term in the presidency up to now has been a period of stress. He took the head of the government at a time of confusion. His administration inherited, not merely the abuses that had grown up in the war period, but a series of problems growing out of new motives and standards in politics. It seemed an impossible task; yet the Administration has come through with many creditable achievements. It has met the embarrassments attending the change from war conditions to conditions of peace with vision and courage. It has so far reduced the expenses of the government as to bring current cost within current income. Despite the delinquencies of Congress, the Administration has plowed a straight furrow and has brought about results beyond the hopes of even its most ardent well wishers.

President Harding has visualized the presidency, not as a personal possession, but as a representative function. Going about his task in sincerity and in manly humbleness, he has carried its obligations with fidelity and with success. With a patience comparable to that of Lincoln he has met the sterner requirements of his post with all the strength that was needful. With all his graciousness and blandness of manner, he is a strong man; witness his veto of the bonus raid; his firm assertion of the right of a citizen to work upon his own contract under protection of the government; his veto of the latest and most iniquitous of pension raids; his insistence upon business methods in governmental affairs; and greatest of all, his bringing about of conditions making for peace in the Pacific world. These are the acts and achievements of a man of practical mind, a man of resource, a man worthy of the highest respect.

Presumably Mr. Harding will represent his party in its next appeal to the country; and it is fortunate in its possession of a man with a record of achievement, one who combines established titles of respect with individual qualities that inspire friendship, and something closely approaching affection.

The Railroad Adjustment.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in May of last year, directing divorce of the Central Pacific properties from the Southern Pacific, was based upon the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The purpose of that law, in so far as it relates to railroads, was to enforce competition. Transportation experts have always insisted that the Sherman Law is wrong in principle, in that by interdicting pooling it has tended to limit the coöperation of railroads, and to increase the cost of transportation. But despite expert counsels, the policy of the government for upwards of twenty years was to enforce competitive conditions, and it found in the Sherman law an effective means of discipline.

When early in the war the government assumed possession and control of the railroads it became manifest that the principle of the Sherman Law was restrictive in its operation. To meet the exigencies of war service it was found necessary to work the roads coöperatively; and the fallacy of the Sherman Law as it applied to transportation became a positive demonstration. But while the policy of the government was thus altered the Sherman Act remained fixed in the law, and it has so remained up to this time. Thus, acting under the law, the Supreme Court last year rendered a decree in the case of the Central Pacific at variance both to the logic of scientific transportation and to the more recently established policy of the government.

Following the war there was superimposed upon the still unrepealed Sherman Law a law styled the Esch-Cummins Act, authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make radical readjustments of the railroad systems of the country with the idea of increasing their efficiency and establishing conditions tending to economy in transportation. The powers thus bestowed upon the Interstate Commerce Commission were far-reaching; they even included authority to nullify determinations of the Supreme Court made under laws of precedent date. It is under this authority that the commission has overridden the mandate of the Supreme Court as related to the Central Pacific, and has justified the historic association of that property with the Southern Pacific. This determination is both just and fortunate. It confirms to the Southern Pacific that which belongs to it by right of ownership, and which is necessary to it as a coördinated and efficient system of transportation. It prevents what would have been the tearing apart of related and essential links of rails, and what would have been a disaster, not only to California, but to the whole Pacific Coast. It answers the practically unanimous demand of the Pacific Coast region that the Southern Pacific system be left undisturbed.

Unseen by the general public there has been behind this controversy an attempt on the part of the Union Pacific to gain for itself a near approach to monopolistic command of transcontinental transportation

Having in its Salt Lake-Los Angeles branch a line to Southern California, and in the Oregon Short Line a connection with Portland and Seattle, it sought to supplement its holding and to strengthen its position by acquiring the Central Pacific line from Ogden to San Francisco. It was a bold project, so bold as to have in it an element of piracy. It has failed as it deserved to fail, and all who in California have any interest in transportation may congratulate themselves upon its failure. Something wearing the look of a compromise has been effected. It is defined in a series of engagements very formidable in appearance, but in effect making no practical change in working conditions as they have existed for many years. Under this arrangement the Union Pacific is to have certain definite rights relating to interchange of traffic, conditions in effect precisely what they have been since time out of mind.

The final determination is eminently satisfactory. Had the decision of the Supreme Court under the rule of the Sherman Law been carried into effect, it would have been a serious blow to the prosperity of California. It would have made the Central Pacific line between San Francisco and Ogden an attachment of the Union Pacific. It would have transferred the headquarters of the system from San Francisco to Omaha. Locally it would have broken up a system that was created under different names, but as a unit, in response to the transportation requirements of California.

The National Budget.

One of the fundamental adversities of democratic government—in other words, government by public opinion—is the tendency of the public mind to ignore whatever lacks the spice of dramatic interest. Thus, very often, matters of tremendous import are thrust aside while public attention centres itself upon matters relatively trivial. In point, the national budget. Something very like a fight between the President and the Washington bureaucracy has now been going on for a year or more, and excepting for a brief hour when General Dawes jazzed up the atmosphere with a few righteously red-hot phrases, the public seems not to have given the least attention to it.

The 1924 budget, prepared under the direct authority of the President, and having his positive approval, is now before Congress. It appears to be in the way of enactment, but the road behind it has been a rocky one and there are bunkers ahead of it. The main trouble is the attitude of a majority of the bureau chiefs and minor government executives. Probably a majority in both houses of Congress, if they dared, would throw the project over and go back to the old log-rolling system—an order of things that has many advantages from the congressional standpoint as providing a fine line of political patronage. But for the firm stand of the President for the principle embodied in the budget, and for the economies proposed, the project would have been sidetracked months ago. And if this had been done there would not have been achieved the economies, great and small, that have brought the government down from the habits of extravagance and waste developed in the war period to a point where its outgo is within the limits of its income.

Our delectable daily newspapers, which always find room for the doings, actual or prospective, of the McCormick family, which unfailingly exploit the matrimonial eccentricities of the sprightly group descended from Jay Gould, which recite in full detail ten thousand other trivialities and vulgarities, failed last week to report an extended argument in support of the budget persented by President Harding to an assemblage of bureau chiefs. The President was suave but positive. If he held forth the velvet glove, there were suggestions that within it there was a hand of iron. The President pointed out that there was never a time in the history of the government when revision of its financial procedures was so urgent and necessary. The habits of careless expenditure of public money, he said, must be corrected; and the means of correction was in the budget—a plan appropriating to each department, bureau, and sub-bureau the amount essential to its work, and limiting its expenditures to the appropriation. The handling of public money, he said, is a public trust. He showed by records and figures that lavish habits of expenditure established in the period of the war tend to incalculable mischief, and he declared that the powers of the Administration would be employed to their correction. In conclusion he said:

> If you have become discouraged and wearied at this continuing insistence upon economy, if you have labored, as possibly some of you have labored, without apparent recognition of your services, we should remember that what we are doing is not for ourselves, not for our immediate chief, not for the President of the United States, but for the people, the stockholders of this great business, who are dependent upon us for the welfare and the proper conduct of this great business.

Under the budget system each man charged with powers of expenditure is given opportunity and aid to present in advance his needs for the coming year. All are prone deliberately to hold back until after the sum of their estimates has been announced. Then—after the record has been made—there is disposition suddenly to "discover" that something of vast importance has been overlooked and to slip in a supplemental or deficiency estimate. This vice grew to amazing proportions during the Wilson administration, when there was a fury for spending with little restraint from any source. Mr. Harding has checked this vice, but has not yet been able to exorcise it. Supplemental and deficiency estimates for the year 1924, submitted and allowed since the budget was made up early last month, aggregate more than $200,000,000.

On the Hill—the "Hill" being Washington slang for the Capitol—a steady movement goes on to discredit the budget with a view to ultimately smash it. The House carries along the old rule that forbids a member having place on more than one committee of the first class. Thus, for example, a member of the Naval Affairs Committee may not also sit on the Appropriations Committee. Under the traditional practice he must give up one or the other. Now, the way to make the right sort of budget would be to have the Committee on Appropriations made up of the chairmen of the legislative committees that have to deal with the several departments. The Appropriations Committee should consist of the chairmen of Naval Affairs, Military Affairs, Postoffice, Agricultural, and so on through the list. In their own committees these gentlemen could reach decisions on policy and present their findings. Then these several chairmen should take these figures to the Appropriations Committee, and there fight out the matter of division among the several departments. Having reached agreement, the whole committee with their individual committees back of them could present a solid front to the House.

The chief complaint in the House over the budget scheme is that the departmental committees such as Naval Affairs and Military Affairs are shorn of real authority. Under the plan above outlined, which is that recommended by former chairmen of the Appropriations Committee, committee chairmanships would be even more authoritative than they are today. This, it is true, would permit the creation of a machine of concentrated legislative power, but that is precisely what is needed.

It remains to be said that while the budget scheme has worked tremendous good, it has also exhibited human imperfections that bring it under attack and raise questions as to its usefulness. Secretary Fall has called attention to some of these defects in connection with the Bureau of Pensions. The actuaries of that bureau announced that the existing pension laws will require an expenditure of $281,000,000 during the coming year. Without giving careful thought to the obligation entailed by law, or to the fact that expenditures of this sort are in a class apart from those wherein executive discretion may operate, the budget makers arbitrarily scaled down the pension figure to $254,000,000 for the purpose of effecting a "saving." In other words, the budget makers made a paper showing of economy. But no economy was or can be achieved, since the pension laws call for the full sum of $281,000,000. Before the end of the fiscal year Congress will have to appropriate as a deficiency the sum of $27,000,000, the amount presumed to have been "saved." This sort of blundering is harmful as affecting the budget system, since it supplies an issue upon which its critics may logically stand.

Washington's Social Side.

The gossips are just now giving us interesting glimpses of much that makes up the background of official and political life at the national capital. The wife of a senator who, having failed of reëlection retires next month, set the ball rolling, and various considerations more or less sinister have served to accelerate its speed. The lady in the case is Mrs. Miles Poindexter, wife of the senator from Washington. Mrs. Poindexter has both a ready and a sharp pen; and she has vented the bitterness of disappointed ambition in a series of letters to her home-town paper at Spokane, by recitation of trivialities and follies of social life at Washington, highly spicing the same with personal allusions and caustic reflections. Others have done the same or worse since time out of mind without attracting special notice. Mrs. Henry Keyes, wife of the senator from New Hampshire, has been putting out month by month for a long time past in the *Good Housekeeping Magazine* a series of more or less pertinent recitals, but nobody has seemed to care anything about it. In the case of Mrs. Poindexter the matter is complicated by the candidacy of her husband for the Peruvian mission. Those who oppose Mr. Poindexter's appointment are making much of Mrs. Poindexter's letters on the theory that in her character of social critic she might be an embarrassment both to the country to which her husband may be assigned and to the government which he hopes to represent.

When Mrs. Poindexter told the home folks that Cabinet officers and their families have government automobiles to ride about in, and that the Secretary of the Navy is privileged to take his family for long cruises on government vessels, she told nothing that had not previously and recently been told times without number. To old-timers, whose memory runs back to the Grant administration, it was a reminder of an ancient scandal under which one of the best Attorney-Generals this country has ever had was driven from office because his wife had made a round of calls in the department landaulet. Times have changed and that which once made a scandal has become a universal, if not an approved practice. They all do it, and perhaps legitimately, since the requirements of Cabinet positions at Washington now run so far beyond official salaries as practically to limit the holding of these places to men of wealth, unless there be attached to them a generous allowance of official perquisites.

Official life at Washington has become tremendously money-consuming. What was once a mere interchange of simple hospitalities has grown into an elaborate routine. There must be interchange of visits, of dinners, of the all-and-sundry that goes to support the lavish organization of Washington social life. To neglect these quite definite obligations is not merely to be regarded as unsocial and mean. It puts positive limits upon the associations that may in their sum constitute the difference between failure and success in official life. It is truly a pity that this is so. None the less it is so, and it made a situation that has been relieved by allowance to high officials of certain privileges at the expense of the government. It has become the rule, open and unquestioned; and if the rule does not constitute legitimacy, then what does?

The extent to which social life enters into and makes contribution to official life can hardly be conceived by those who have had only distant observation of how things are done at Washington. Its analogies with ordinary social activities are few, since its motives, like a celebrated brand of sarsaparilla, are "peculiar to itself." The social game as ordinarily played in this country is engineered by elderly ladies of active temperament who, having nothing else to do, find in it a vent for energy and a goal for ambition. No very lofty ambition, to be sure, but better than nothing. It may not unfairly be described as a marriage market, since its stellar figures are for the most part the débutante and the endowed youth. But at Washington the débutante and the endowed youth are lay figures. The motives of entertaining at Washington relate to more significant things. Dinners are given to flatter constituents from home; to bring together people who, for one reason or another, are desired to be brought together; candidacies for appointments are sought to be promoted; votes for this or against that are sought to be gained—all over dinner-tables. Oftentimes it is a sordid game, none the less it is a big game, and in one measure or another everybody in official life plays at it.

Editorial Notes.

The fact that Germany lacks the gold to pay France need cause no misgivings. Other nations can supply it in return for German goods.

Ferrero, the Italian historian, has it about right in this cyclical history matter. He says history repeats itself sometimes; and sometimes not. We fancy you will look about a good deal before you find anything exceeding the veracity of that.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What Is Christianity?

PACIFIC GROVE, February 10, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* Instead of taking John Ruskin's views on the above topic, why does not "Constant Reader" accept Christ's?

His were simpler. The Gospel quotes them thus: "By *this* shall all men know ye are my disciples if ye have *love* one to another."

Applying the same, when His disciples disputed who should be the greatest, He declared that he who best served his fellows was chief. ANOTHER READER.

A Sharp But Not Unfriendly Critic.

FORD RANCH,
SAN FERNANDO, CAL., February 8, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* I do not like your editorial of February 3d under the heading "Academie Bigamy." I do not care what you say about the present population of Southern California, if you say it with a smile. Your editorial, besides being several other things, is stupid and unworthy of your editorial page, which I have read with pleasure for many years.

I do not know how much of a Californian you are, but I was born within the sound of the mission bells at San Gabriel, of a mother who came to California, not in '49, but in the early '50s. I am a graduate of the University of California, and besides keeping the wolf from the door anad educating my children, I have tried to keep posted on California matters. Most of the passwords that you mention as being well known to a true Californian do not even register with me. Frankly, I do not know Emperor Norton, Billy Emerson, or James Capen Adams. The other passwords I know something about, and in my opinion the tradition of Concepcion d'Arguello is better known to the people of Southern California than to the people of your traditional country, due to the great work of that good Irishman, John Steven McGroarty.

Let us for a moment call up the personal past. As a boy I visited San Francisco and for several months lived in a family hotel on Bush Street—a hotel where two fine old justices of the Supreme Court made their residence; I mention this to show that we did not live in the slums. The daily pastime of the youths of Bush Street after school hours was "rocking the Chinks"; and this was the eommon amusement of the young of that time. The people and the officers of the law stood hy to see that the Chinamen did not injure their assailants. If you can get any comfort out of reading the history of California's treatment of the patient Chinamen, you are welcome to it.

Once since the fire, as I was passing through San Francisco from Third and Townsend to the Ferry, I saw a hunch of strikers pull a teamster off his wagon and hreak his arm on the rear wheel, and no one, neither citizens nor officers of the law, dared interfere. Once, traveling on your municipal or other street railway, a crowd of strikers pulled a motorman off the car and carried him away, and nohody interfered. I never heard whether he was executed without henefit of clergy or not. If you can get any comfort out of reading the history of California Vigilante days, and of the graft prosecutions, you are welcome to it; to me it is a sordid tale of citizens neglectful of their duty at the polls, allowing their city to hecome so rotten that it was necessary to use Fascisti methods.

I love San Francisco and some of her people, and I really feel more at home there than I do here, but wben it comes to comparing the people of the north and the present population of the south, the latter are more worthy of my respect, even if they do eome from Illinois, New York, and Ohio.

Mr. Editor, reaeh up and take down from your shelf "Two Years Before the Mast" and read the description of the harbor of San Pedro in the '30s, and compare it with the description of San Franciseo Bay at the same period, and if you do not take off your hat to the people of the south for their achievements I misjudge you. You have wandered over the deserts of Santa Ana and Pasadena in the early '80s; have you been there recently? I often laugh at the wild schemes of these hustling, bustling people, but before I get through my amusement they are horrowing money at the banks on their schemes, and finally sell out at a profit to some newcomer, or even to an old Californian like you or me.

I think that we old Californians should guard against envy and he a little more sweet than your editorial indicates. In your editorial writings you should persuade the old Californians in your section to be more charitable with these newcomers. A little smiling ridicule between the two sections does no harm, but has your editorial helped to level Tehachapi? I think not, and that it has done positive harm. By your angry fault-finding, which has stirred up the animals, you may have drowned out the true voice of the south.

I have searched your issue for an editorial an reapportionment. You complain that our people here are not good sports; how ahout it, Mr. Editor? Are not the people of the south, even if they do come from Ohio and Iowa, entitled to reapportionment, and who are the better sports, when it comes down to hrass tacks? I am inclined to think that the thing which you complain of—the projected division of the university—is due to the unsportsmanlike attitude of the people of the north on this question of reapportionment. There are many of us, old and new Californians, who are not in favor of dividing the university, and we have an appointment with the Board of Regents at their coming meeting in Los Angeles to try and persuade them not to put a university on every one of our new real estate subdivisions.

Mr. Editor, yours is the only San Francisco paper I read, and I am anxiously waiting to see what kind of a sport you are. In your next issue let us have an editorial on reapportionment. VOLNEY H. CRAIG.

A Grave Issue.

BERKELEY, February 11, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* President Harding's proposal of a constitutional amendment to prohihit issue of tax-free securities should challenge grave consideration. It is urged that such exemption places unjust and increasing burdens upon property that is suhject to taxation.

Investment in tax-free securities is stimulated hy tbe harshness of the inquisitorial income tax; and the Federal incentive to such an amendment is to increase the yield of this tax.

States and municipalities, as well as the nation, are at liherty now to issue taxable securities, if they elect to do so. But all of such governments sell their honds now at an augmented price, the increase heing estimated by huyers as reasonably equivalent to taxes that are evaded. In other words, such governments collect their taxes in advance.

If tax-free honds are prohibited, these securities will depreciate in sale value to the extent of anticipated taxes, with insurance added for uncertainty. But the Federal government will not permit states or their suhdivisions to tax its securities. Furthermore, hy indirect taxation, through its income tax, the national government will lay heavy taxes upon states and their political subdivisions, as the buyers of such securities will he its tax collectors.

Moreover, the income tax increascs with the amount of income, and this will restrict the market for such honds among persons normally best ahle to purchase them. This will tend further to restrict and weaken the hond market.

Should there be the slightest ambiguity in such constitutional amendment, or even without, the Federal government is liable to lay direct taxes on state and municipal honds, in addition to its indirect income tax.

Sudden exposure to taxation of vast sums that now are free will lead to an orgy of unwise expenditure of suddenly inflated public revenue which will continue until the people awaken to the fact that they carry the hurden, and not the hond huyers.

Have we not had sufficient experience with the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth Amendments, with perverted sectarianism and militant feminism, to check the clamor of the impetuous for constitutional changes and to give the judicious cause to ponder? GEORGE EDWAROS.

Plain Talk From Colonel Irish.

OAKLAND, February 12, 1923.

TO THE EOITOR—*Sir:* The splendid heginning made by Governor Richardson in keeping his promise to the taxpayers that they shall have 100 cents' worth of service for every dollar they pay to the tax collector is producing its natural result in an uprising of the tax-eaters who are wearing the taxpayers' flesh to the bones. While the personal reasons that actuate them are in great variety, they all muster behind the sacred cause of education, and the captain of the sacrosanct host is the state superintendent of education. It is since he held that office that the cost of public education in this state has advanced to an oppressive figure and is still going up. Our school system has been so loaded up with useless but costly fads that Horace Mann would not recognize it as a school system at all. The taxpayers are paying for teaching hallroom etiquette, how to make pies, darn socks and do everything but read, write, spell and perform the arithmetical operations which are the basis of all mathematical science. In addition to this we have laws which require that about half the money voted for schoolhouses shall he spent on useless architecture, on ornamentation and not on education. It was well said that a log with Johns Hopkins on one end and a boy on the other would be a university. I have visited one puhlic schoolhouse in which was a large and fine room equipped with bathtubs and hot and cold water in which to bathe scores of children helow school age, and another fine room full of haby heds in which they took their morning nap after the hath—all paid for by the taxpayers. So look where you will in our school system, it will be found loaded with costly things that are not related to education at all. In the last generation "the little red schoolhouse" was our pride and boast, and the pupils trained in it could cipher, read, write and spell better than the university graduates of today.

But now the horn is sounded for the destruction of the "little red schoolhouse" and it is heing replaced hy architectural elegances, and the few and ahle teachers that were required to teach the fundamentals of all knowledge are succeeded by a salaried army trying to teach the fads and fooleries and non-essentials of education, and the whole system exists for the uses and the glory of politicians who call themselves educational experts.

The friends of education are men like Governor Richardson who want to purge the system of its costly pretense and expel the daughters of the horse leech from its administration.

The teachers are hlameless. They have to teach what is handed to them by the politicians, who take the profits while they do the work. JOHN P. IRISH.

Guns and Treaties

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* The three-mile limit at sea is on "the order of the day." The validity and the execution of the clauses of this universal agreement hetween seafaring nations is attacked hy some persons in the United States, they taking a party or personal view of the ease. The newspapers report that a certain Dr. Clarence T. Wilson of Washington goes so far as to express his warlike opinion upon the subject in these words: "At this time the American people can not be expected to be patient with far-fetched legal technicalities. The American people have always known the answer to insult and injury. The government should make that historic answer, and it can be hest spoken from the throats of naval guns." If correctly reported this statement of his is most inconsiderate, and certainly the United States can not very well be held responsible in the eyes of the civilized nations for such unwarranted utterances. That any treaty, agreement, or convention can he changed, or modified, hy mutual consent and understanding of the all-contracting parties, is a recognized mode of procedure, but to make an appeal to "the throats of guns" of the United States Navy hecause said parties remain within the bounds of an existing agreement or convention made is preposterous. The contrary should he more liahle to elicit such a result. The doctor's opinion, which is perhaps shared by others, regarding a nation honoring its given signature, is similar to the one a Teutonic mentality produced in the past and to that of the German mentality of today. Both Teutons and Germans have always, and do still, advocate the principle that any treaty or agreement signed hy them may be disowned or renounced hy them if it is to the advantage of their ruler, or in the interest of the state, to do so. They recognize that force, "the throats of guns," should he used when necessary to cancel liabilities incurred hy a mutual agreement which has become ohnoxious and disadvantageous to them. As far hack as Charles V, better known as Charles Quint, Emperor of Germany (beginning 1500), down to Frederie the Great, and still further down to the "late" Kaiser and to the present German government, the Teutons' rule has always been not to honor treaties and the like made by tbem. The reason invoked hy them is always that the existing conditions at the time of signing having changed, tbey are justified in considering said treaties, etc., non-existent, as far as regards their exeeution, and consequently they consider themselves dispensed from abiding hy them and exonerated from the duty of fulfilling them. Is Dr. Wilson in favor of the United States adopting such a dangerous and dishonest course? JORIS VAN ANTWERPEN.

Creeping Paralysis.

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY, January 29, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir:* I have been a subscriber to the *Argonaut* for a numher of years, and I wish to say that of all the newspapers, journals, and magazines that I read or have read there is not one other that stands quite so high in my estimation as does the *Argonaut* in its logical common sense and vigorous treatment of the various current issues of human interest and endeavor. And, logical on all issues, there is nothing in which it is more logical than in its luminous and forceful exposition of the utter fatuity of the socialistic tendencies of the day.

Socialism might he termed "tuberculosis" of the body politic. It creeps upon its victim, the state, hy imperceptible degrees. The social organism in which it hecomes once intrenched is doomed to a condition of wasting vitality which must eventually issue in dissolution. Indeed, I can conceive of hut one possible way hy which a civilization can destroy itself, but one way by which human government can become a failure, and that is by following to the end the lead of paternalistic, socialistic, communistic principles.

Every step towards the socialization of the state means necessarily a further increase in the extent and complexity of the machincry of government and therefore an added expense in administration; every such step means a lessening of the number of citizens productively employed and an increase in the number non-productively engaged, such as governmental agents—tax-eaters. Every successive step in the socialization of the state means tbat the individual producer works more and more under the discouraging conditions of diminishing returns for his labor; conditions of discouragement that hecome absolute when in the proeess of socialization we reach the point—the avowed consummate flower of socialism—where private property rights are annulled.

At this point all incentive to individual inventive genius shall cease and all impulse to progressive civilization find end. Here the individual, finding that he is not to be directly and principally the heneficiary of bis personal exercise of industry, thrift, self-help, initiative, will cease to exercise these attributes. In other words, convinced that he is not to reap what he sows, he will cease to sow—that is, anything but wild oats—unless he is made to by some external power stronger than he is. And so, when this stage of socialization is reached, behind every man with the hoe, so to speak, you shall have to place a man with a gun in order to have the hoe perform its intended function; the man with the gun advisedly keeping beyond the reach of the hoe. (See communistic Russia.)

If with the Russian experiment before them the socialists elsewhere in the world have not been convinced of the impracticability, absurdity, madness of their theories, then this fact psychopathically explains why they believe in socialism.
W. H. BRASHEAR.

A MENACE REMOVED.

English Speaking World Now Accepts the Sane View That a Debt Is a Debt.

In telling Congress that the funding of the British debt is "a re-commitment of the English-speaking world to the validity of a contract" President Harding has strengthened the foundations of business life and added to the security for human welfare. He has fortified a basic principle that has been the object of attack in every "debtor movement" throughout our history. The entire course of the Administration in regard to the issue of refunding or cancellation has been of a character to reassure ciivlization that its efforts to get on its feet would not be dampened and discouraged by setting up in people's minds the doctrine that debts can safely be ignored.

Business is essential to life, national or domestic or individual. It is not a beautiful thing, in itself. It is actuated by selfishness, takes on sordid forms, does immoral things for gain and for unjustifiable advantage. It is a thoroughly unmoral force, and efforts to sublimate it into altruistic service are, in any useful measure, futile. As far as one can see today, it will always be so. These things may be granted and worse might be said of it. But business in its essential characteristics has always been necessary to meet the requirements of man, unless he lived on a desert island, and apparently always will be. No régime under which its selfishness and sordidness are to be eliminated promises production. Production is where Russia falls down and Italy gets to its feet today. And business depends on the validity of contracts. It can not be done if men in general are going to beat their bills.

Governments are the "necessary evil" of nations; yet it is amazing how many persons, especially in this country, are disposed to take the acts of government as examples to be followed. In this case we were confronted by the possibility of a public evil example of tremendous magnitude and authority. The British debt is, in the words of the President, "the largest international loan ever contracted." It was, moreover, contracted under the most dramatic circumstances under which an international obligation could be formed. The thing was not done in a corner. It was as near being universally known as any financial transaction ever will be. It has been the talk of this country for five or six years, and since the armistice the talk has been accompanied by whispers in favor of cancellation, and often by outspoken advocacy of it on the part of some very patriotic and level-headed men; and that in turn has been followed by anxious inquiries as to whether we ought to cancel the debt, and what would be involved if we did. In solving that question, which to many was a real and pressing one, it did not help much to hear from the so-called economic interpreters of history, nor from the journalistic financiers whose main stock-in-trade was a lot of involved discussion of rates of exchange, exports, depreciated foreign paper, foreign consumption and the like—mere befogging details of the stupendous whole. The fact always remained that here was a vast debt owed by one nation to another, and the question to which the discussion always returned was whether, if we could afford cancellation, the debt should nevertheless be collected. And few people seemed at any time to grasp the conception of the deleterious effect cancellation would have had on future business morals. We are all in business, all the time, to some extent, just as we are all in politics, whether voluntarily or not.

President Barrows of the State University said cancellation would weaken the authority of government just when that authority was most needed and just when it was being most widely challenged. It would have done worse—weakened all obligations and gone far toward a general destruction of credit. And without credit modern industry can not be carried on.

Cancellation would not have stopped with the British debt. In time it would have meant repudiation; how widespread nobody knows, but no doubt to a generally demoralizing extent. The President has spoken of the possibility of general repudiation. If the nations, represented by their governments, with their vast authority over the minds of men as examples of permissible conduct, could adopt courses in evasion of financial obligations, then that commercial honesty which mankind in civilized society has so long labored to establish as the general rule, and which twelve thousand years of Chinese experience has proved, to the satisfaction of that ancient people, to be indispensable, would have been seriously imperiled. Arguments in favor of cancellation always involved the proposition that the debtor could not afford to pay. If that was to be a reason for waiving collection, farmers that owed on mortgages and found the going hard would have wanted cancellation. Every delinquent tenant would have been willing to let his landlord wait still longer, and then cancel altogether. Public opinion might easily be so far perverted as to long and plan for a general sponging of the slate. Repudiation would have become a mania of hard times whenever they occurred—instead of people bending their backs to their tasks and working things out with industry and patience and self-sacrifice, which are the only rational headache cure after a gambling bout or a spending spree. For repudiation is a contagious disease. In business a little of it is always going on, and where sales contracts are made in wholesale numbers business can stand it. But in the spring of 1920, if memory serves aright, "cancellation" of buying orders as it was called (really, in this field, repudiation) became almost a national vice and was so generally practiced as seriously to threaten our internal trade. The New York commercial organizations had to recognize the contagion as a general menace and take stern measures to bring it to an end.

No, we do not ueed any public example of debt cancellation. Debtors are too much inclined that way as it is. And not even England could have afforded it. She is the world's greatest creditor, and has far more owing to her in various forms from all over the world than she owes us for this war. Englishmen whose heads were on straight did not believe in welshing their debts, for fear their debtors would wish to welsh, too; this in addition to the fact that most of them were good enough sports to wish to pay anyhow.

Socialists may call this bourgeoise morality, and point to its quite material basis as proof of its lack of ethical foundation. Let 'em point. They do a great deal of good, pointing out things like that—make us take account of our real reasons for carrying on as we do. It is sufficient answer that life can not be lived without business, and business can not be carried on without credit, and credit can not exist without a general enforcement of obligations, and collection of debts. No loose ideas of humanitarianism are serviceable in such matters. There are only one hundred cents in the dollar—it won't stretch. The debtor and the creditor can not both have it, and the man that ought to have it is the one to whom it belongs. That is simple, and essential.

One of the worst effects of cancellation would have been in the debated field of war or peace. If the nations could make war without having to pay for it, the military parties in the nations, headed by those professional gentlemen who feel themselves wasted unless they can have a chance at humbug heroics and military victories at least once in a generation, would be greatly encouraged in their war-making proclivities. But if the peoples have to pay up, they are more likely to hold such gentlemen to their emergency uses as servants of the civil state and not masters of it; and to regard war makers as the people of Vienna have learned to regard Ludendorff: as national grave-diggers. So it is an excellent thing for the French to collect from Germany. And it will be an excellent lesson for all involved for everybody to have to square accounts for the purchases made on tick while the war was on.

If we had to cancel the debts for the last war, certainly they could not have expected us to furnish the boots and blankets and machine guns and shells and poison gas for the next one. A great arms company in the East had to "cancel" the debt owing it from Russia for machine guns. It is safe to say that Russia will not be able to buy any more machine guns from that company, even though its cause might be just and its existence necessary to freedom everywhere.

Terms of payment have been made very easy and considerate of English distresses. We can not be further accused of Shylocking. The amount forgiven is small in comparison with the benefit of getting the business settled and liquidation started. England will see a chance to pay out, and will take pride and renewed self-respect in doing it. That "re-commits the English-speaking world to the validity of a contract." Great words, those, significant of sound policies and of much friendship and mutual confidence. Leave cancellation to the German-speaking world—if it can get away with it. Again let us quote the President: "The call of the world today is for integrity of agreements, the sanctity of covenants, the validity of contracts. Here is the first clearing of the clouded skies in a debt-burdened world." It is curious that what the foreign debt commission has called "the principle of repayment of the capital sum" should have needed reassertion. But if it did, it has it. We are on the way back to sanity.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

Washington

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood,
Which redly foamèd round him but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm.
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

. . . . . .

Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint,
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.
Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now, nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The wingèd years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

. . . . . .

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.
What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
That soul serene, impenetrably just,
Modeled on classic lines, so simple they endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white
The track it left seems less of fire than light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion for
But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
That fire was fed with substance of the soul,
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.
Soldier and statesman, rarest unison:
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his noble temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's,—Washington.
Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights,
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orbed completeness; and this balanced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes
This energetic passion of repose.
A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
They feel no force in that calm, cadenced phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
His broad-built hrain, to self so little kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that horrow height of haze:
It was a world of statelier movement then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

. . . . . .

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Maurice Francis Eagan, former American Minister to Denmark, has been awarded the gold medal of merit by the Danish government.

General Degoutte, commanding the Freuch forces in the Ruhr, comes from that great school of French fighters, the wars of colonial expansion. He was not schooled in the staff college at St. Cyr, but in Tunis, Madagascar, China and Morocco. He is another of the soldiers that started as colonels and ended commanding armies.

James Garfield of Boston, grandson of the late President James A. Garfield and son of Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College, was married at Albany, New York, recently to Edith de Peyster Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick de Peyster Townsend of Cooperstown. Mr. Garfield was graduated from Williams in 1911 and later from Harvard Law School. He was an aide to President Wilson in Paris and served as military attaché to Secretary Lansing.

Howard Carter, the American archæological expert who has just uncovered for Lord Carnarvon the tomb of Tutenkhamen in the Valley of the Kings, is no amateur, but a graduate of the school of experience. In 1903 he was inspector-general of the antiquities of Upper Egypt, and was entrusted by Theodore Davis, a wealthy patron of archæology, with the direction of some excavations that disclosed the tomb of Thutmose III. In the same year the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut was cleared out by him, on a Davis endowment. Under a Davis commission Carter discovered the last resting place of Queen Ti, mother of King Akhnaton, predecessor of Tutenkhamen. He quit his government post in 1904 to prosecute his recent search.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lately made affidavit to the efficacy of mediumistic healing in support of a bequest to establish a college for spiritual mediums, but a marble-hearted English judge turned it down flat with the statement that it was "not worth being classified as evidence—nothing but a vague expression of opinion, and lacking in detail."

A. E. Housman, author of "Past Poems" and "A Shropshire Lad," was graduated from Johns College, Oxford, and became a clerk in the patent office in London, where he remained for ten years. He was then appointed professor of Latin in University College, London, and later professor of Latin at Cambridge. "A Shropshire Lad" was published twenty-six years ago, apparently as one of the first fruits of his release from the patent office, and it excited the most favorable comment. Professor Housman is sixty-four years old, and seems to dread publicity. Much of his time has been devoted to the editing of classics. He is said to look more like a soldier than a scholar, and might even be mistaken for a captain of industry.

Stephen Raditch, the Croat politician, is said to hold the key to the whole southern Slav political situation. He resents the Serbian rule at Belgrade, and is tireless in pointing out its vices, demanding autonomy for his fellow-Croats. In the last Skuptchina, or Jugo-Slav Parliament, he commanded a bloc of fifty seats, which at times appeared to threaten the extinction of Jugo-Slav solidarity. Belgrade statesmen fear that he may become a second De Valera or D'Annunzio. Raditch is a short, square-built man, with broad hands and stubby fingers, and so near-sighted that he almost has to hold his nose against the paper when he reads; but he is said to have a prodigious memory. His basic doctrine is that the Serbs are a Balkan people, still showing Turkish absolutist and militarist influences in their political conceptions, while the Croats are a European people with democratic aspirations. He wants short-term military service on Swiss lines, instead of the incessant soldiering which he charges is the one thing the Serbs understand. Before the war he was sent to jail seventeen times by the old Hungarian government for his efforts on behalf of Croatian autonomy. He begins every stump speech with the sign of the cross and is regarded by the Serbs as a dangerous agitator.

Leroy W. Baldwin, president of the Empire Trust Company, into which very prosperous New York financial institution the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has recently bought, is a modest Yankee from Vermont. His bank began business in 1901 with a capital of $25,000, in the corner of a drug store. Today it is a sixty-million-dollar business with prospects of huge deposits from the brotherhood. Mr. Baldwin began as a poor young man, but pushed himself to the front by hard work and hard thinking. When he saw that the Brotherhood Bank of Cleveland was going to make New York connections he went after it. He thinks the combination may mean a new era in banking, and perhaps a beginning of the settlement of labor disputes.

Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is a college man. He was born in Ainsworth, Iowa, in 1860, and educated at Washington Academy and Western College. On leaving college he became a fireman on the Rock Island, and was promoted to engineer five years later, when Miss Carrie E. Newell of Agency, Ohio, consented to marry him, having held him off until he could support a family. He became a leader in the brotherhood, and was elected to take the place left vacant by Chief Arthur in 1903.

AN ARGONAUT IN BUCKSKIN.

Life Story of James Capen Adams, the Man That Used Grizzlies for Pack Animals.

A passing allusion in an *Argonaut* editorial has evoked several inquiries as to the identity of James Capen Adams—so many as to suggest that the changes of time have brought us a perverse generation that knows him not, and whose faith in its state is not founded on the rock of the fathers; and uncles. Know then, as the beguiling Scheherazade used to remark to the Sultan, that Adams was a man that used bears for burros. The "Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California," by Hittell, is, in its original edition of 1861, a treasure trove of Californiana, rare enough; and if by any possibility you could get hold of a copy of the pamphlet written by the old hunter himself you would pay high for it and have one of the only two copies known to the catalogues. Fortunately an Eastern publishing house so valued the Hittell version as to bring out an edition of it in 1911, which was illustrated with about twelve pictures from the originals by Charles Nahl.

In the queer, hugger-mugger San Francisco of 1856, the year of the murder of James King of William and the eruption of the second Committee of Vigilance, under William T. Coleman, a sign on the south side of Clay Street near Leidesdorff announced "The Mountaineer Museum." It must have been about where Tadich's Cold Day grill now serves epicures with roe herring. Under the sign a flight of stairs descended to a basement, where Adams had a hand-picked menagerie he had picked himself. Theodore Henry Hittell, who became a historian of California and its resources, was in charge of the local department of the *Bulletin*, and, from many conversations with Adams, wrote his "autobiography"; and made an excellent job of it for second-hand narrative. The 1911 edition opens with an introduction in which the historiographer presents his hero in proper zoological setting:

> Descending the stairway, I found a remarkable spectacle. The basement was a large one, hut with a low ceiling, and dark and dingy in appearance. In the middle, chained to the floor, were two large grizzly hears, which proved to he Benjamin Franklin and Lady Washington. They were pacing restlessly in circles some ten feet in diameter, their chains heing ahout five feet long, and occasionally rearing up, rattling their irons, and reversing their direction. Not far off, on one side, likewise fastened with chains, were seven other hears, several of them young grizzlies, three or four hlack hears, and one a cinnamon. Near the front of the apartment was an open stall, in which were haltered two large elks. Further hack was a row of cages, containing cougars and other California animals. There were also a few eagles and other hirds. At the rear, in a very large iron cage, was the monster grizzly Samson. He was an immense creature weighing some three-quarters of a ton; and from his look and actions, as well as from the care taken to rail him off from spectators, it was evident that he was not to he approached too closely. In the midst of this strange menagerie was Adams, the proprietor—quite as strange as any of his animals. He was a man a little over medium size, muscular and wiry, with sharp features and penetrating eyes. He was apparently ahout fifty years of age; hut his hair was very gray and his heard very white. He was dressed in coat and pantaloons of huckskin, fringed at the edges and along the seams of arms and legs. On his head he wore a cap of deerskin, ornamented with a fox-tail, and on his feet huckskin moccasins. An excellent likeness of him, as well as of his favorite hear, is presented in the illustration, drawn from life hy Charles Nahl, entitled "Adams and Ben Franklin."

This was Grizzly Adams, known of the pioneers, and through Hittell's "autobiography" known to their children—and who should be known to their children's children, and then on. He was early California. In reading his adventures you can smell the dry red earth of the Sierra foothills, see the towering firs and the antlered manzanitas, and the shameless, rosy limbs of the madrone. You can see great tulé elks, and antelope herds, and cougars and bears; always bears. Here is California, sensuously beautiful and eternally wondrous, the paradise from which no true son, native or adopted, willingly departs for another.

Adams was a Yankee, a Massachusetts man, whom fifteen years at a cobbler's bench and several subsequent commercial failures had filled with a passion for solitude that for awhile displaced his love of men. He had crossed the plains from St. Louis, where a fire had wiped out his savings; and at one time in 1850 he had thousands of dollars' worth of cattle in the vicinity of Stockton, most of which were stolen in a night. Out of the wreck of his fortunes he retained "an old wagon, two oxen, an old Kentucky rifle which used thirty balls to the pound of lead, a Tennessee rifle which used sixty, a Colt's revolving pistol, and several bowie knives." There were a few blankets and some remnants of clothing. And with these chattels:

> Notwithstanding such scanty preparation, I drove up into the mountains with a huoyant and hopeful spirit; and it gives me pleasure, even now, to recall my lively feelings upon mounting the scarred and rugged shoulders of the Sierra. The roads were very rough; my team was none of the strongest; I had to rely on my rifle for provisions and the roadside for pasture; hut the new and romantic scenes into which I was advancing enchanted my imagination, and seemed to inspire me with a new life. The fragrance of the pines and the freshness and heauty of nature in these elevated regions were perfectly delightful to me. The mountain air was in my nostrils, the evergreens ahove, and the eternal rocks around; and I seemed to he a part of the vast landscape, a kind of demigod in the glorious and magnificent creation. The country ahout the headwaters of those rivers, which run from the Sierra into the San Joaquin, is suhlime on account of the magnitude of the mountain masses which compose it. The cliffs are of enormous size and extent, and everything conspires to render the scene grand and imposing to the last degree. In many places the rocks rise in towering proportions, perfectly hare, from the midst of forests which, though composed of giants in themselves, seemed dwarfed in comparison. The trees are, many of them, of the most magnificent description, principally of evergreen kinds; hut there are also oak, ash, and other deciduous species. The soil is generally scanty; hut along the streams there is much that is good; and there are many valleys affording ahundant herbage and heautiful meadows. In almost all of the defiles, gorges, and cañons there is chaparral and hrush in crowded profusion, among which are to he found manzanita, juniper, laurel, whortleherry, and many other mountain hushes; also many vines and weeds, which form tangled, and almost impenetrahle, thickets. I now chose out a little valley, on a northern hranch of the Merced River, twenty or thirty miles northeast of the famous Yosemite, and a hundred and sixty miles east of San Francisco.

It should now be plain that this is not a white-collar book. Neither is the Odyssey; and old Adams was in a sense Homeric. He did not, like the Prince of Wales, do his hunting in a silk hat. He dealt with the elemental as the elemental appeared in California.

Here is his picture of one of those elemental things with which he dealt:

> The mountains which I have heen describing are the favorite haunts of the grizzly hear, the monarch of American heasts, and, in many respects, the most formidahle animal in the world to he encountered. In comparison with the lion of Africa and the tiger of Asia, though these may exhihit more activity and hloodthirstiness, the grizzly is not second in courage and excels them in power. Like the regions which he inhahits, there is a vastness in his strength which makes him a fit companion for the monster trees and giant rocks of the Sierra, and places him, if not the first, at least in the first rank, of all quadrupeds.
>
> The grizzly hear of California, in the consciousness of strength and the magnanimity of courage, alone of all animals, stands unappalled in the face of any enemy, and turns not from the sight of man. He may not seek conflict, hut he never flies from it. He may not feed upon royal meat, nor feel the flow of royal hlood in his veins; hut he is unapproachahle, overwhelming. The lion and the tiger are like the deserts with their fiery simoons and tornadoes; the grizzly hear of California like the mountains with their frosts and avalanches.
>
> The California grizzly sometimes weighs as much as two thousand pounds. He is of a hrown color, sprinkled with grayish hairs. When aroused, he is, as has heen said before, the most terrihle of all animals in the world to encounter; hut ordinarily will not attack man, except under peculiar circumstances. It is of this animal that the most extraordinary feats of strength are recorded. It is said, with truth, that he can carry a full-grown horse or huffalo, and that, with one hlow of his paw, he can stop a mad hull in full career. When roused, and particularly when wounded, there is no end of his courage; he fights till the last spark of life expires, fearing no odds, and never deigning to turn his heel upon the comhat. It is to him that the appellations of science, *ursus ferox* and *ursus horribilis*, are peculiarly applicahle.

Elks were not to be despised as fighters. Adams had a set-to with one, of which he tells us:

> Another adventure occurred about this same time, which might have cost me my life; this was a comhat with an elk. The morning of the day we expected to complete the trap, as fresh meat would he needed for hait, I sent my comrades ahead with the mules, hut myself made a circuit for the purpose of killing a deer. In the course of a few miles I discovered a hand of five or six elks. There was one of them, a splendid huck, with fine antlers, and magnificent hearing, which particularly attracted my attention. Could he have heen transported, as he stood there, into the midst of the world, poets and painters would have paid tribute to his beauty; no stag of Landseer has a nohler mien, or more of the spirit of freedom in his limhs. It was impossihle to approach nearer than seventy-five yards without alarming the hand; and consequently I fired from that distance. The buck fell, and supposing him to he dead, I drew my knife, and, as is the usual practice upon shooting an animal of this kind, I rushed up to cut his throat. The elk, however, was only wounded; and when I reached him he suddenly sprang upon his feet, and jumped with his fore legs upon my shoulders. This knocked the knife from my hands, hut hastily drawing my revolver, I discharged the barrels, one after the other, in quick succession, while hopping around to avoid his terrific lunges. Fortunately one of my shots took effect at the hutt of his ear and stunned him; when, seizing the opportunity to grasp my knife, I ran up, plunged it to the heart, and the red tide of life spouted from his side.

The hunter met his brother from Massachusetts, who had prospered in the northern mines, and with him made arrangements to trap animals for menageries and ship them to "the states." In pursuance of this business he organized a little party, inclusive of his two faithful Indians, Stanislaus and Tuolumne, and migrated from his camp on the Tuolumne River to the wilds of Oregon and Washington. After various experiences in those solitudes, during which he ferried a raft of wild creatures across the Columbia River and shipped them from Portland to Boston, he returned to his first love, the Sierra of California—which throughout the narrative, by the way, he does not once make the blunder of referring to as the "Sierras." In 1854 he entered the Yosemite Valley, that granite-walled paradise carved in the mountains east of San Francisco. There was in him a simplicity of character fit to comprehend such grandeur and beauty, and he leaves us this impression:

> Our road was rough and difficult; hut, after traveling three days, we arrived upon the hrink of the great valley. The first view of this suhlime scenery was so impressive that we were delayed a long time, as if spellhound, looking down from the mountain upon the magnificent landscape far helow. It is vain to attempt to convey the effect produced hy those giant and picturesque cliffs three thousand feet high, that romantic valley-hottom with its green carpet and silvery stream, and those groves of trees, which are formed and placed as if a skillful artist had disposed them to portray the essence of romance. It is vain to attempt with words alone to convey the impressions produced upon the mind hy such an enchanting sight; magnitude may he imagined, heauty may he conceived, hut the hreadth and scope of these rocks, the tempered tints of these distances, the influence of these suhlime forms, inclosing within their compass lawns and groves and grassy hanks, presenting at every turn new and unimagined splendors—all these must be seen and felt, to be fully comprehended.

It was somewhere on the upper waters of the Merced that Adams found a large grizzly's den, watched it for three days and nights, and after this fashion slew its giant inhabitant:

> During these few minutes I stood as motionless as a statue, hardly hreathing, waiting and watching an opportunity to fire. Had I met such an animal unawares, in an unexpected place, her ferocity would have made me tremble; hut after my long watch, I was anxious to commence the attack, and felt as steady as a piece of ordnance upon a hattery. As I watched, I saw her turn her head towards the den; and, fearing she would retire, I gave a low, sharp whistle, which brought her to her feet again, with her hreast fronting directly toward me. It was then, having my rifle already drawn, that I fired; and in an instant, dropping the rifle, I drew my pistol in one hand and my knife in the other. The hear, as the hall slapped loudly in the fat of her hreast, staggered and fell backwards, and hegan pawing and hiting the ground—a sure sign of a deadly hurt. Copious streams of crimson hlood also gushed from her hreast, and I knew that they came from the fountainhead. The work was, indeed, nearly done; hut so anxious was I to complete it at once, that I commenced leaping over the hushes to plunge my knife in her dying heart; when gathering her savage strength, she rose, and with one last desperate effort, sprang towards me. The distance between us was only thirty feet, hut fortunately full of hrush, and she soon weakened with the prodigious energy requisite to tear her way through it. I discharged the six shots of my revolver, the last of which struck under the left ear, and laid her still for a moment; when, leaping forwards, I plunged my knife to her vitals. Again she endeavored to rise, hut was so choked with hlood that she could not. I drew my knife across her throat, and after a few convulsive struggles she expired.

Our old rover crossed the Sierra, crossed the desert of Nevada and the valley of Great Salt Lake, meeting the Mormons at home, and pushed on to the Rockies. After killing his share of bears and panthers and wolves and a few buffalo, he returned with quite an assortment of menagerie stock.

The character of the motley communities of the pioneers is a source of never-ending interest. They exhibit various phases to various sorts of contact, and the narrative of Adams gives us this little picture of early-day Stockton, the thriving city east of San Francisco, the point of departure for the "southern mines":

> I suppose I must have presented quite a figure with my huckskin costume and unshaven face at Stockton, for I found myself followed hy a large crowd; and when the cages were placed upon the wharf for shipment hy steamer to San Francisco there was a great multitude of people collected. Some of them, more curious than wise, poked sticks at and otherwise annoyed the hears, until one individual, happening to get too close to one of the cages, suddenly lost a pawful of meat, the want of which prohahly interferes with his comfort, while sitting, to this day. The consequence at that time, as was to have heen anticipated, was an excitement; and the gentleman so unceremoniously treated drew his pistol and swore revenge. Now, I have always heen an admirer of that passage in "Hamlet" which runs, "Nay, and thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou," and snatching my own pistol, I informed the gentleman that the hear had committed nothing more than a justifiahle assault and hattery, and I would, therefore, stand hy it to the last wag of my eyelids. The gentleman swore not a little at this, and I ranted in return, while the crowd shouted, "Hurrah for the wild Yankee!" This interference of the crowd cooled the gentleman's ardor, and he soon afterwards withdrew; hut the crowd remained, and, as soon as the animals were shipped, I could do no more than ask them to drink at my expense; and they were not hackward, as my purse soon experienced.
>
> A California crowd is very different from a crowd in any other part of the world of which I have had any experience. It is usually composed of men who have seen much of life, and learned much of human nature. Though given to excitement, and disposed often to disregard the formulas of society, they almost invariahly arrive at the moral right of a subject and do justice with more unerring certainty than the most nicely-adjusted legal trihunals, which are too much bound up and hampered hy antiquated dicta and decisions.

For the trapping of the mammoth grizzly, Samson, who became an ornament of San Francisco, we have no space here. It was a long process and makes a good story. Afterwards Adams spent some time ridding Corral Hollow, in the Livermore Valley, of mountain lions, and here also he killed bears. Today that valley is more troubled with ground squirrels. Then he worked down the San Joaquin Valley to Tulare Lake, and his story presents this picture of the wild life of the region:

> On the horder of the lake, near the mouth of King's River, there was an Indian village, which we visited on the day after our arrival in the neighhorhood. There were about a hundred Indians in it at that time, and I engaged two hoys of them to take me to an island in the lake, where there were said to he elks in ahundance, and hirds of various kinds in astonishing plenty. We set out on foot from the village, where I left my animals, and, after wading through the tules nearly a mile, reached a canoe, which was made of several logs fastened together side hy side, and caulked with tules and mud. In this, we crossed an arm of the lake, and landed on a small wooded island, which was a place of hirds indeed. There were hirds in almost incredible numbers—ducks, geese, swans, cranes, curlews, snipe, and various other kinds, in all stages of growth, and eggs by thousands among the grass and tules. There were also heavers' works in every direction; and we saw also elks in numbers, which fled into the tules at our approach.

One naturally wishes to know what became of the old Hercules. In 1860 he sailed, with many of his pets, on the clipper *Golden Fleece* for New York, where he gave exhihitions with Barnum for awhile, afterward traveling with the circus through Connecticut and Massachusetts. But he had not escaped from the hazards of his occupation. Near his old camp in the Sierra he had fought it out with a large grizzly dam, and sustained serious wounds, one of them in the head. Of these injuries he died in Massachusetts in 1860. He was a fine figure in buckskin, and his life illustrates a California that is not altogether of the past.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS. By Theodore H. Hittell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Along the Carolina coast the egret, protected from plume hunters, is breeding up again.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 10, 1923, were $144,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $120,800,000; an increase of $24,000,000.

Our security markets have continued apparently to be quite immune to the European developments, although there are traces of uneasiness when the Turkish matter assumes a threatening aspect. After a further decline, French and Belgian money and bonds have rallied somewhat, due probably to speculative short covering, and the slightly more favorable tenor of the news regarding the Ruhr occupation. It is hard to believe that the present situation there is likely to last for any great length of time. It surely would mean the economic collapse of Germany, but with indemnity payments stopped and the enormous expense incident to the military occupation, France, in order to balance her budget, has only two alternatives, additional internal loans or recourse to the printing press. Already Italy is beginning to suffer from the lack of German-mined coal and, according to recent cables, this has caused a decided curtailment of her train service. An early settlement is hoped for.

The acceptance by England of the American commission's terms for the funding of the British debt is an event of real constructive importance and should do much toward bringing the two nations into closer accord. Opinion here is somewhat divided as to whether the terms are too easy or too onerous, but Congress should not delay ratification, and certainly should not regard these funds as a source of "pork barrel" spoils.

The most gratifying feature of home news has been the generally excellent December railroad reports, which promise to average above 5 per cent. on valuation. These statements, together with the recent records of car loadings, clearly indicate that earnings for nearly all the carriers are rapidly on the increase, with every probability of continuous improvement this spring.

While the Steel Corporation's report for the last quarter of 1922 was disappointing, showing only 97 cents on the common dividend, this was counterbalanced to a large degree by Mr. Gary's remarks regarding the cheerful outlook for business and the likelihood of increased prices and profits. Indeed, with low-priced contracts practically worked off, it would not be surprising if current quarterly earnings should approach the $40,000,000 mark.

During January the investment market was called upon to absorb a huge amount of corporate financing, aggregating over $600,000,000, of which total less than $55,000,000 was for the railroads. In view of this it is not surprising that the general bond list has been rather heavy. Undoubtedly there will be required this spring two or three hundred millions of financing for the railroads, and this is regarded as one of the factors likely to make for a strong market in these stocks.

The stock market has broken out of the trading range it has been in since the French invaded the Ruhr, and responds to the more favorable reports of our home business. Practically all lines of industry are quite active, with the prospect of extremely satisfactory earnings this year. Good rails, public utilities, equipments, oils and selective specialties look like a good purchase.—*The Trader.*

Guaranteed stocks such as those suggested here are entitled to an investment rating comparable to that of the highest-grade first mortgage bonds. The high degree of safety comes about by virtue of the fact that the dividends guaranteed have claim to the earnings of the guarantor's company on an equal footing with that of the interest on the guarantor's underlying bonds, says *Forbes Magazine.* For example, a large railroad system may desire a certain short line as a connecting link between two trunk lines, or entrance into some traffic centre. Terms agreed upon in acquiring a lease upon such a line often take the form of a guarantee to pay dividends at a certain rate on the capital stock. The value of the short line to the lessor, of course, is the main point in determining the rate of dividend.

In other cases, a number of railroads unite on a common project, such as the construction of a bridge or terminal which all will use, and form a separate company for the construction and operation of the property. The public is sometimes invited to furnish a part of the capital, and the railroads using the facilities jointly guarantee to pay the costs of operation and a certain return on the invested capital.

The guaranteed stocks in the present group are exempt from the 8 per cent. normal Federal income tax, with the exception of those guaranteed by the Delaware & Hudson Company.

The Albany & Susquehanna Railroad's capital stock has a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum guaranteed by the Delaware & Hudson Company. The line extends from Albany to Binghamton. It was leased in 1870 to the Delaware & Hudson, rental being interest on bonds and dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. on the stock until 1902, and thereafter at 9 per cent. By a saving which grew out of refunding 7 per cent. bonds at 3½ per cent., a special dividend of 30 per cent. was paid on the stock in 1909, and 3.45 per cent. in 1910-11-12 and 13, and 3¼ per cent. in 1914-15-16-17-18. In 1920 a special dividend of 1½ per cent. was paid. In 1921 and 1922, 2 per cent. each, and so far in 1923, 2 per cent. There is $3,500,000 of stock outstanding, the annual dividend requirements amounting to but $315,000. The margin of safety is very large.

The Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad Company was leased in 1871 to the Pennsylvania Railroad for 999 years. The rental amounts to interest on the bonds and 7 per cent. on the $11,237,800 capital stock of $50 par value. The line runs from Rochester, Pennsylvania, to Cleveland, with branch lines in Ohio. This road is not operated on its own account, but as part of the Pennsylvania Railroad system. The Pennsylvania Railroad has earned its total fixed charges on the average 2.65 times annually for the last ten years.

The Georgia Railroad & Banking Company owns a line from Atlanta to Augusta, Georgia, a total of 307 miles, including various branches. The banking business of the company was transferred to a separate organization in 1892. In 1881 the railroad property was leased for ninety-nine years at a rental of $600,000 a year. The lease is held jointly by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. There is $4,200,000 capital stock outstanding, dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum calling for $504,000. Dividends have been paid continuously since 1836, with the exception of 1865. This stock is not listed on the New York Stock Exchange, but can be procured through brokers specializing in such issues.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Sainte Marie leased line stock certificates were exchanged for Wisconsin Central preferred stock when the latter was leased for ninety-nine years in 1909. A dividend of 4 per cent. per annum is guaranteed on the leased line certificates and they are secured by deposit of the Wisconsin Central preferred stock. The "Soo Line" in turn is controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Mobile & Ohio 4 per cent. stock trust certificates have dividends guaranteed by the Southern Railway Company. The Southern Railway owns $5,670,200 out of $7,739,000 stock of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and has issued its own stock certificates, par for par, against shares of Mobile & Ohio. The dividends have a very wide margin of safety and the stock offers an attractive high yield investment. Not listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The Morris & Essex Railroad was leased in perpetuity to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad in 1868. Rental consists of interest of the bonded debt and dividends of 7¾ per cent. per annum on the $15,000,000 of capital stock ($5 par value).

The New York & Harlem Railroad extends from New York City to Chatham, a distance of 137 miles, including branches. The Grand Central Terminal and station property in New York City is owned by the company. In 1873 the company was leased to the New York Central Railroad for a term of 401 years. The rental consists of 10 per cent. dividends being paid on the stock of $50 value, and interest on the bonded debt. The New York Central in 1911 offered to purchase all the stock offered at $175 per share and consequently acquired approximately $6,700,000 out of a total of $10,000,000.

The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway was leased in 1869 for 999 years to the Pennsylvania Railroad. The lessee assumes all obligations and guarantees 7 per cent. on the capital stock.

The Rensselaer & Saratoga Railroad was organized in 1832 and in 1871 was leased in perpetuity to what is now the Delaware & Hudson Company at an annual rental of 8 per cent. on capital stock and interest on the bonded debt. The dividend received by the stockholders, however, is now approximately $7.20 a share. This comes about because of a clause in the original lease that stipulated the lessor be not required to pay any income tax that might be imposed. About 85 per cent. of the stockholders agreed to a deduction from the dividend to meet the Federal taxes. The tax amounts to approximately 80 cents per share per annum, this being deducted semi-annually at the time dividends are paid.

The St. Louis Bridge Company owns the bridge from St. Louis, Missouri, to East St. Louis, Illinois, and is leased to the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis for 500 years from 1898, at a rental of 6 per cent. on the first preferred, 3 per cent. on the second preferred, and interest on the bonded debt. The association is a corporation jointly controlled by fifteen railroad companies having their terminals in St. Louis. The stock offers a very high-grade investment.

Neither the Transportation Act of 1920 nor any other law, state or Federal, guarantees any income whatever to the railroads, William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific Company, pointed out in an address before the American National Live Stock Association, which has just completed its twenty-sixth annual convention here.

"There is no guarantee that any railroad shall earn even 1 per cent.," said Mr. Sproule. He showed that the Transportation Act of 1920 "merely makes a declaration that to a certain percentage (fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission at 5¾ per cent. on the value of the physical property used for transportation purposes), if any railroad happens to earn to that point, it will not be considered in excess of a reasonable return."

Stocks and bonds of railroads have nothing to do with the figure upon which they are permitted to earn a reasonable return, if they can, under economical and efficient management, Mr. Sproule said.

A railroad may have outside properties, but unless the property is actually devoted to railroad business it is not considered in fixing a valuation upon which a reasonable return is permitted, the railroad president showed.

Mr. Sproule reviewed briefly the war-time experiences of the railroads that loaded them with increased operating expenses with which they are still largely burdened. He referred also to the collapse in business generally that followed the war. He continued:

"Gradually this country, with the capacity for survival and revival that belongs to a new and glorious and progressive nation, has come up until today your chairman informs you that the cattle business is coming into its own again. The railroad business is gradually coming along until we are in hopes—but so far it is only in hopes—that it, too, will come into its own again."

Judge Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation, declared that if he had the power to readjust all price levels in industry reasonably, he could install the eight-hour day in steel manufacturing without hardship to any one or increasing the price of steel. "Our workmen are not getting any more than they need and it would be a hardship to cut them, either by reducing wages or hours," he said. 'Some workmen are getting more than their share. Germany and France are getting back to the twelve-hour day, because they must produce and compete with us, and there is agitation in England to the same end. It comes down to this: The price of an eight-hour day would be more than business would pay."

The second volume of "Income in the United States, Its Amount of Distribution, 1909-1919," by the National Bureau of Economic Research, Inc., has been issued. The

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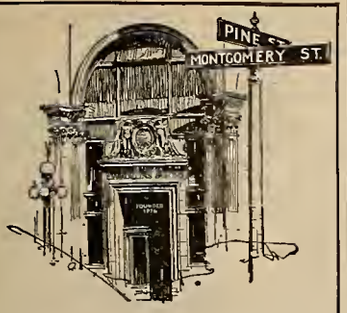
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first volume, which came out about a year ago, summarized the results, while the second gives them by industries with much greater detail.

This inquiry into wealth production, the purpose of which is to ascertain as closely as possible what is the amount of new wealth annually produced in the United States and how it is distributed, is the most thorough investigation of the subject ever made. Moreover, the inquiry has been made by statisticians and economists of the highest standing for ability and impartiality, under the supervision of a board of directors representing various economic interests and classes in the country, each of whom has given his personal approval to the findings. The regular board of directors at large is composed as follows: T. S. Adams, advisor to the United States Treasury Department; John R. Commons, professor of political economy, University of Wisconsin; John P. Frey, editor of the *International Moulders' Journal;* Edwin F. Gay, editor of the New York *Evening Post;* Harry W. Laidler, secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy; Elwood Mead, professor of rural institutions, University of California; Wesley C. Mitchell, professor of economics, Columbia University; J. E. Sterrett, member of the firm of Price Waterhouse Company, accountants; N. I. Stone, labor manager, Hickey-Freeman Company; Allyn A. Young, professor of economics Harvard University.

The directors representing specific organizations are as follows: Hugh Frayne, American Federation of Labor; David Friday, American Economic Association; W. R. Ingalls, American Engineering Council; J. M. Larkin, National Personnel Association; W. H. Nichols, Jr., National Industrial Conference Board; George E. Roberts, American Bankers' Association; Malcolm C. Rorty, American Statistical Society; A. W. Shaw, American Publishers' Association; Gray Silver, American Federation of Farm Bureaus.

A financial writer whose opinions are held in respect in many quarters describes the outlook as "confusing to a degree that is almost unprecedented." Looking steadily for a considerable period at a kaleidoscope is confusing and we sympathize with any one from whom the public expects financial clairvoyancy under existing circumstances. Day by day, in every way, shifting sands. Yet nothing happens, markets persist in treating the continents of Europe and Asia as if they did not exist; Wall Street being, as usual, a safer guide than the "economic experts," says Strasshurger & Co.'s *Review.*

"One never knows what may happen," but probabilities, not possibilities, are the proper study of operators in markets. For the moment Europe has ceased to he a factor. What is happening has, for some months at least, been seen to be inevitable. Uncertainty as to when and to what extent France would take action was the unsettling influence—now removed. We know where we are. Germany is beginning to see that she has no friends until she has made up her mind to compel her industrial magnates to disgorge. That done, no nation, not even France, is disposed otherwise than to treat her with the utmost consideration.

We are being regaled with stories of a Red army of a quarter of a million men, well fed, well equipped, ready to advance against the French. Who is feeding them is not stated; how there has been time for even Krupp's agents to equip them as they must he equipped to make a good showing is not explained. The thing is absurd. Russia has her soiled hands full, is unable even to help Turkey effectively, has no love for Germany, is too astute to quarrel with this country and Britain, from both of whom she has "expectations."

The exercise of caution is always good advice, but it is most unlikely that markets will afford in the immediate future any not easily withstood incitements to rash conduct.

A new issue of $275,000 Hunter-Banks Company first mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold honds are being offered by Bradford, Kimhall & Co. and Shingle, Brown & Co., joint underwriters.

The Hunter-Banks property is located in Elko County, Nevada, and the honds are secured by a closed first mortgage on more than 18,000 acres of irrigated hottom and range lands. The property is appraised at $845,254, which affords $3073 of security for each $1000 hond. The company also controls valuable lands adjacent to the property.

It is estimated that earnings will not be less than $54,000, or approximately three times the interest charges. A sinking fund will he established to call the entire issue prior to maturity at a price of 105, which practically guarantees the investor the minimum return of 7.20 per cent.

The property is reported to he one of the best halanced and most complete cattle ranches in Nevada. The management of the business will continue under the direction of George Banks, a stock man of long experience, who, with the assistance of Senator Hunter, has huilt up the business over a period of twelve years to its present prosperous condition.

The proceeds of the present financing will he used to huild up the herd from its present total of 2500 head to ahout 4000 head. The halance of the money will he used for the acquisition of the property known as the Thomas Hunter ranch.

"No class of producers," says Samuel M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, "is losing more hy the inability of the railroads to handle all the freight offered to them than the farmers. The greatest need of the farmers and other producers and shippers at present is not lower rates, but more transportation. They can not ship all the products they produce now. Their loss from shortage of transportation is far greater than from increased rates."

Money has an interesting history. Most commodities that have been objects of desire, for possession or exchange, may he considered as rudimentary money.

The earliest forms of which we have records were greenstone, from which primitive man made his hatchets, and the ochre with which he painted his body.

A higher stage is found in shells, whole or cut into beads. The stretches of piles from Delaware Bay to the eastern limit of Maine are largely composed of the waste pieces discarded by the makers of "wampum," the shell heads used as money by the colonists in their trading with the Indians. Wampum was for some time legal tender in New England and New York, as the records of Harvard College show. The use of metals as money hegan in the form of gold heaten into the shape of shells, on the west coast of Africa.

Skins of animals were another of the earliest forms of currency. Our forefathers had a partiality for heaver skins; business in these, amounting to millions of dollars, having been done for a long time in this country.

As the hunting era yielded to the pastoral, the animal itself hecame the principal form of currency. Our word "pecuniary" is derived from the Latin "pecus" (cattle). "Cattle rents" are well known in the United States.

Grain has been a world-wide monetary standard. Many leases were granted in Boston and New York, and in England, too, for "corn rents," which held good until recently.

Leathern money was current for a long time in ancient Rome. Wooden sticks were used as exchequer tallies in England as late as the end of the seventeenth century.

Cocoanuts and red feathers are used at present in the South Sea Islands. Tea is still the measure of large trade transactions in Russia. Even tohacco has been desecrated to this hase use—among the laws of Maryland may be found one of 1639 making "My Lady Nicotine" legal tender at the rate of 4 cents a pound—think of it! Salt has been used in Mexico and Abyssinia. The Fijians used the teeth of certain animals. Dried and salted codfish passed at one time as money in New England and elsewhere. To which may he added coal, terra cotta, bones and tusks, portions of the human skull and kneecap, precious and semi-precious stones of many kinds.

The largest money in the world is the "fei," a medium of exchange on the island of Yap, a piece of limestone rock ranging from one to twelve feet in diameter. The largest sizes do not often change hands.

Money, the economists tell us, should be useful, transferable, limited in supply. Its utility is indisputable; its transferability will be testified to by every married man; that it is limited in supply needs no argument. It has other desiderata, such as value in inverse ratio to weight and size; divisibility without loss of value, and the capacity for reunion.

A harrowing subject! The deeper we go into the subject, the more interesting it becomes—to those who do not have to think of it.—*R. F. Berkeley, Strassburger & Co.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Breeding of Men.

The Problem of Population. By Harold Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

The ascetic, the puritan, the prude, the old school theologian and the unlimited militarist will not like "The Problem of Population," because in it the subject of begetting children is dealt with rationally instead of being shushed into mystery and obfuscated by false ideals of welfare. But the rational sociologist, and especially the political economist, will be glad it was written, and glad his attention has been called to one of the most rigidly reasoned theses on the subject of birth control, eugenics, and Malthusianism that have come off the press for many a long day. The author is Harold Cox, M. A., editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, honorary fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and author of "Economic Liberty." The problem, he well says, "is one from which man can not escape." It affects the health of women, the happiness of families, the mental and physical qualities of the human race, and the peace of the world. And almost every attempt to deal rationally with it has met with the condemnation of a large part of the clergy, and with persecution by ignorant legislators and policemen.

There is another unreflecting body of sentiment that condemns any interference with the accidental and haphazard production of human beings, a mode of production that would disgrace the intelligence of a drunken dog-breeder, on the ground that it is "unnatural." Pitilessly the author manhandles this hot-house opinion. "It is a little difficult," he says, "to discuss this attitude in a spirit of courteous tolerance. The whole of human progress is due to man's interference with the normal processes of nature. It is not natural to wear clothes; it is not natural to use soap; it is not natural to ride in railway carriages, or eat cooked food, or to appeal to science to cure disease, or to live in houses, or to do any of the many thousand things that have become part of the daily life of civilized human beings. If the people who idealize 'nature,' whether on theological or on any other ground, were honest with themselves they would vigorously denounce all these artificial habits and demand that man should go back to his primitive nudity. . . . More recently the practice of giving women anæsthetics in childbirth has been condemned by some theologians as a defiance of God's decree that children should be brought forth in suffering. Like other protests against other innovations, this will be forgotten as soon as the innovation is well established."

Germany and Japan have within recent years exhibited the condition of countries that have evoked over-population for war purposes and have then been forced into war by over-population. This gives the problem an international aspect, and a Japanese judge has within the past few months declared that the world was moving toward a state in which birth control would have to be arranged by international agreement. But most subjects of internationalism must pass through a preliminary nationalism. So you might as well get ready some opinions on the subject, and this book is the best preparation we have seen lately for intelligent discussion. There is another aspect of the matter, and that is its reflex on the happiness of individuals as wife and husband. The only way to rescue love, the anatomical relation of the sexes, conception, and birth from animalism and gutter vulgarity is to deal with the business on the basis of reason—not to drive it into the back alleys of the mind and the limbo of shame as matter of prurience and putrescence, or to permit our notions of modesty and morality to be prescribed by cops. The author finds the attitude of the church on this subject far less than helpful—it is not only irrational, it is unnatural, and internally inconsistent. The clergy in general will have to advance a little.

The book grasps fundamental elements. The birth rate is related to the death rate, so that without balancing one against the other, the birth rate indicates nothing about a country's growth. The different chapters present such considerations as urbanization, immigration, the law of diminishing returns, trade jealousies and racial antipathies, the cradle competition between France and Germany, machine industry and child labor, abortion, tuberculosis, statistics of illegitimacy, the multiplication of the feeble-minded, and the sterilizing of mental and physical defectives; all which subjects are informingly treated.

The injunction to be fruitful and replenish the earth was spoken when the earth was very sketchily inhabited. If you will walk down Fifth Avenue, New York, below Thirty-Fourth Street, at noon, when the sweat-shop operatives possess the sidewalks and depress the price of fancy real estate, you will probably agree that the job of replenishment has not only been done, but overdone, done to saturation. And the same deduction might be made in the slums of London and Peking, and Bombay and Naples, on Indian plains and in the Valley of the Ruhr. And here comes another crowd that opposes birth control, and for its own peculiar strategic reason: some of the socialists. "They apparently fear," says the author, "that if the sufferings of the poorer classes were alleviated by a reduction of the birth rate, those classes would be less ready to engage in a social revolution, and therefore the progress which socialists anticipate from the establishment of their scheme of social organization would be postponed. Some socialists appear to go even further and deliberately to desire an increase of popular misery in order to provoke a social revolution." That's hard, but this reviewer believes it is not unjust. And like the rest of socialism it won't work, for, as the author observes, "poverty does not produce the type of individual from whom we can expect a rebirth of mankind."

Part of the population problem is the perennial slum problem. The British government tried to handle it socialistically by building houses, fell down on it wretchedly, and when the nation had been saddled with a loss of £10,000,000 a year to continue for sixty years, it scrapped the whole visionary project. And the author of "The Problem of Population" says: "The only practicable method of getting rid of the evil of slum life is to persuade the slum dwellers to refrain from continually refilling the slums. . . . The sole reason for the big birth rate in poor families living in such horrible surroundings is that the parents are either too careless or too ignorant to take precautions against the production of children whom they do not want. Therefore it is reasonable to infer that if such parents were taught how to prevent conception, some of them—perhaps indeed many of them—would spontaneously take measures to keep down the size of their families."

Feeble-mindedness is hereditary. In primitive times the feeble-minded were permitted to die early, if they would; now their lives are preserved, and many of them propagate. "No one has a right to produce children for other people to maintain." In Indiana, says this illuminating book, a law provides for the sterilization by vasectomy of all inmates, both male and female, of state punitive and corrective institutions who should be judged by a commission of three surgeons to be unfit for procreation. *And in about fourteen years 176 men requested the operation themselves.*

This is a valuable work from every point of view. Its facts and conclusions are set out with the logical clarity of a master of literary exposition, and it treats its intimate subject with that candor which is the only genuine delicacy. The population problem is the problem of all mankind, and should not be left to theologians and legislatures. They have had their way with it so long that today it is just an ungodly mess. M. T.

The Soldiers' Angel.

Florence Nightingale. By Edith Gittings Reid. New York: Macmillan Company; $1.25.

"Florence Nightingale," by Edith Gittings Reid, is written by one who was impelled to choose this subject by her heartfelt appreciation of the sublimity of pity in the character of the famous English nurse. The author puts a simple realism in her play, showing, in a series of scenes, Florence Nightingale as a woman of character, independence, resolution, in spite of the atmosphere of county gentility in which she was reared, and which tended to crush initiative.

The strong woman breaks the meshes which hold her, and in later and very moving scenes she is shown, an angel of mercy, among the neglected wounded in a Crimean hospital, for whose suffering sakes she works like a Titan to bring order out of chaos. One reads with thrills of admiration of the clear-headed, splendidly executive woman with her intolerance of the obstacles created by red tape, which she swept aside with undismayed courage.

A play which reflects a long life can not be a drama of personal emotion, and Florence Nightingale was marvelously impersonal in her devotion to the sick and suffering. But this play, properly presented for selected occasions, would be a great aid in stimulating a sense of conscientiousness toward keeping up aid for the Red Cross.

The American Panorama.

Gigolo. By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

Edna Ferber knows the American and his womankind—particularly his womankind—from A to Zed. In a volume called "Gigolo," consisting of eight short stories, she shows how completely she sees through the thatch covering young heads—and old heads, and middle-aged heads—into the brain beneath.

In "The Afternoon of a Faun" she makes us realize, in the person and mental make-up of an Americanized Slovakian who works in a garage, that elusive, faun-like magnetism which makes the girls chase after him—generally in vain. There is a story or two about young wives in perpetual pursuit of daily excitement, which will make young husbands chuckle and slyly quote, one about an old man living through his days of inaction, one of an old woman, still girlishly eager for the pleasantnesses of life which have eluded her, but swamped by filial selfishness and grandmotherly devotion.

"Gigolo" shows that Edna Ferber went to Europe "in the mad year of 1922," with her eyes wide open. It is the story of how an American ex-soldier, "finished, done for," earned his bread and cheese in the midst of the gay whirl created by touring Americans.

All these stories reflect the cool, keen, dispassionate, yet kindly and genial observation of one who knows, who estimates, who understands, but still loves the human kind.

A Mystery Story.

Mystery at Geneva. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.75.

Oh, you Rose Macaulay! Designing Rose Macaulay! This novelist will be more particularly remembered as the author of "Dangerous Ages." She is an intellectualist, but the "Mystery at Geneva," or so the author explains in a foreword, "is simply a straightforward mystery story, devoid of irony, moral, or meaning." And, then the author proceeds, with the skill of an expert and discerning observer of the human family, and with a satire that will probably sting, to show up the inept way in which man—and picked, selected man—conducts himself when he tries to run a League of Nations.

The funny thing is that Rose Macaulay apparently believes that the poor old stupid world is in need of a League of Nations. Only, in her book it makes an ass of itself trying to run it.

Everybody in the league at Geneva tries to grind his own axe. All questions are surveyed through the haziness of a personal prejudice. All this we gather through the agency of a mystery story in which there are several surprises.

Evidently Rose Macaulay hoped to lure the man in the street to get a few ideas in his skull by the bait of a mystery. All power to her pen! For the human family is mightily in need of shedding its national egotism, its national selfishness, and working for the general good. And this is what Rose Macaulay was after when she wrote this extremely perspicacious novel.

Loyalties.

Loyalties. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

The printed copy of this now well-known Galsworthy play has been eagerly read by the many who could not see the play acted. "Loyalties" seems, on the face of it, to be a story of English upper-class loyalty only. But there are other loyalties involved: that of the solicitor to the law, that of brother officers to each other, and even of De Levis, the Jew, to his own race. There have been mistaken ideas that in this play Galsworthy has attacked the Jewish race in the person of the young Jewish millionaire who was robbed by an English army officer. On the contrary, De Levis' great fault is that he is a climber. But once he has felt the solidarity of the English aristocracy, and the hostility awakened by his tactless though true accusation, his pride of race comes back to him. Galsworthy is not a man given to racial rancors, or, indeed, rancors of any kind. Loyalty, not rancor, is his theme, and he presents a strikingly interesting picture of the drawing together of those within the pale to protect, and divert suspicion from, the offending member.

Perhaps one of the elements in the play which has caused it to make so general an appeal to the interest of play-goers is the inward realization of each, as he perceives the terrible plight of Captain Dancy, the thief, "There, but by the grace of God, might be I."

For, whatever the kind of sin it might be that caused the stumble, well does the average man know that life is a thicket set with traps against honor, and the reputation that goes with it.

This is the tragedy of the play. In yielding to one moment's mad impulse a fine soldier who has love, and friendship, and the joy of living, destroys his life beyond recall. And all the loyalties that spring to offer him succor can not bind the fragments together again.

Brides, Take Notice.

Love's Legend. By H. Fielding-Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Here is a book for brides, although bridegrooms might add some mellow wisdom to their knowledge of womankind by reading it. It is called "Love's Legend," and is a charming chronicle of the moods and tenses which sway the bride more particularly when a young couple have blended their lives into one, because, as it is prettily put by the author, the bride's wedding day is the birthday of her real living. She begins for the first time, now that her careless, unthinking girlhood is left behind, to feel herself an intrinsic element in the real drama of life.

The author, H. Fielding-Hall, is a prose poet, a philosopher, a life-interpreter, a seer, and he makes the bridegroom all these things, and a lover as well; but a most wise, most inspired lover.

Leshia, the bride, is a narrow, prettily intolerant little remnant of mid-Victorianism, but her flawless feminity is her great charm. She does not seem to be at all typical of the girls of the present era, who would be out of place in the pages of this book, in which the husband-lover, by the help of legend and fairy tale, opens his bride's eyes most delicately and beautifully to the meaning of life as creative power meant it to be lived and shared by a mated pair.

The story, or the recital, is written with Burmah for a background. Down a vast Burmese river the couple glide on their honeymoon, living in a little house erected on a great log raft, in the comfort and even luxury with which English people in the Orient contrive to surround themselves. The author has a keen sense of beauty, a pleasing felicity of style, and a love for humanity which extends to the humblest among his village friends in Burmah.

An Alpine A. B. C.

An Alpine A. B. C. and List of Easy Rock Plants. Arranged by E. Methuen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.

The making of an Alpine garden is one of the fascinating by-ways of gardening, and this little manual, which gives a list of easily-grown rock plants, fills a long want. For not only is there a complete catalogue, but there are cultural directions as well, with instruction as to soil, location, and climate. One might wish there were a few more every-day names given in the list, for the beginner not yet familiar with the classical language of gardens, but the enthusiast will find it all out in the end and learn much by the way.

Old World Art in New Spain.

Art of the Old World in New Spain and the Mission Days of Alta California. By Mary Gordon Holway, B. L. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $3.

A notable book recently published in San Francisco by A. M. Robertson is "Art of the Old World in New Spain and the Mission Days of Alta California," by Mary Gordon Holway, B. L. There is an interesting foreword by Bernard Mayheck, architect of the

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Fine Arts Palace, and the work itself is a valuable contribution to the history of California.

The first half of the volume deals with the destruction of the indigenous Aztec art and its transition into the forms of European art. The second half shows the contrast between the church architecture of Mexico, the result of wealth and enthusiasm and the outgrowth of European art grafted on an already far-advanced native culture, and the "primitive, meagre product of the California padre, with untrained, savage assistants."

In spite of this, the earliest art impulse on the Pacific Coast was given by the building and decoration of the missions, and California owes her first knowledge of the early inhabitants to the mission fathers, who gleaned much in their dealings with the neophytes. The missions themselves furnish an art theme in the shape of the drawings in a book of travel, which was published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

There are many interesting reproductions of the mission murals, and of the wooden statuary and paintings brought from Spain, with descriptions of ecclesiastical equipment sent to this far outpost.

The murals, as well as the stonework, carved doorways, and leather and metal work show the readiness of the California Indian to respond to artistic training.

Mary Lee.

MARY LEE. By Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

"Mary Lee" is a curious study of the working and development of a child's mind, with perhaps too much of the book devoted to childhood and adolescence, and not enough to the resulting character and aftermath. The story moves slowly against a background of early Methodism in England in the first half of the last century, and is chiefly concerned with the effect produced on a child's mind by intensive religious teaching of a kind that fosters a curious subjective mental state.

The development of the child, in spite of her abnormal training, and the end of her search for light and understanding, form the better part of the book, which is further enhanced by well-drawn pictures of the England of that day and a glimpse of France during the latter part of the régime of Napoleon III.

Notes of Books and Authors.

D. Appleton & Co. issue the twenty-fifth anniversary edition of "David Harum." No other novel of American life (with the possible exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin") has had so great a sale. Fifteen years ago the publishers announced that the sales had long since passed the million mark and were rapidly approaching a million and a half. The author died a few monthts before the book was published, but he left behind him a piece of property which has brought a fortune to his estate in the royalties accruing from the book and the play. Believing that the book will furnish as great enjoyment to the present generation of book readers as it did to the readers of twenty-five years ago, the publishers determined to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary by issuing a sumptuous new edition uniform in style with the Leloir edition of "The Three Musketeers." The volume contains a photogravure portrait, many photogravure and half-tone illustrations from pictures by B. West Clinedinst, and about 135 pen-and-ink sketches throughout the text by Mr. Clinedinst and C. D. Farrand.

William Brown knows all about Coué, Freud, and Bergson, and has distinctly the gift of telling what he knows. His M. D. was conferred by Oxford and he is also a Doctor of Science. He is Wilde reader in mental philosophy at Oxford and lecturer on medical psychology at the Bethlehem Royal Hospital in London.

Harper & Brothers announce that manuscripts for their prize novel contest for young authors have been coming in at a rate ranging from five to twelve a day. The contest closes on March 1st, and the winner will be announced as soon thereafter as possible, and not later than May 1st. The prize offered is an award of $2000 outright in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty. The good springboard the winning of the contest will be for a young author, in the way of drawing particular attention and arousing widespread curiosity in his work, is a further intangible, but very valuable contingent to the prize.

A plateau the sides of which rise sheer and cliff-like out of the surrounding Arizona badlands, on the top of which wild horses can be seen who have some undiscovered passageway for getting down to the level of the plains for drinking water, is announced as the latest discovery of Zane Grey, author of the now famous "Wanderer of the Wasteland." Grey has made several trips of exploration all about the mesa to discover the secret of the passageway, but so far he has been unsuccessful. The sides of the mesa are so cliff-like as to be impossible of scaling by horses, he adds. He has proved to his own satisfaction that the horses have means of coming down to the level of the plain, by observing with his binoculars some with peculiar markings, as they grazed near the edge on the top of the mesa, and later seeing these same horses below.

Harvey O'Higgins, acknowledged leader in the psychoanalytic method of telling a fiction story, has won the wide admiration of the British critics with his latest book, "Some Distinguished Americans." *Punch*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Athenæum*, the *New Witness*, the *Spectator* and the Manchester *Guardian* all have united in praising his book as expressing a typically American initiative in producing a form of literature with a breath of newness in it, combined with sanity.

"British and Continental Labor Policy," which the Duttons announce for early publication, will be a work of interest and consequence to all who want to keep abreast of the modern movement of economics and governmental policies toward industry. It deals with both the political and industrial developments of the labor movement in five countries during the past twenty-two years, and its immense accumulation of facts and its general conclusions drawn from them make a contribution of value to the study of the problem. The five countries covered are Great Britain, France, and the three Scandinavian lands.

New Books Received.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Gerald Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Story of a long-haired lit'ry feller converted to usefulness and solvency.

UP AND COMING. By Nalbro Bartley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.90.

Story of the struggle between a peasant body and a patrician brain, belonging to the same person.

THE SHINING ROAD. By Bernice Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

At last, romance in Iowa.

SUZANNE AND THE PACIFIC. By Jean Giraudoux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

A French girl Robinson Crusoe.

THE SIGN OF THE SERPENT. By John Goodwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

A yarn of yachting and kidnapping.

THE ODYSSEY OF A TORPEDOED TRANSPORT. By Y. With an introduction by William McFee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

Translated from the French by Grace Fallow Norton.

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

The last book of a naturalist.

THE REAL SOUTH AMERICA. By Charles Domville-Fife. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

By the late correspondent of the *Times* in South America.

THE NEW THRIFT. By Bolton Hall. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $1.50.

Everyday economics.

BLACK OXEN. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

A novel by the author of "The Conqueror."

FLAMING YOUTH. By Warner Fabian. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

A novel from the viewpoint of the younger generation.

MYSTERY AT GENEVA. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.75.

A novel by the author of "Dangerous Ages."

LOCHINVAR LUCK. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A dog story.

STAR OF EARTH. By Morris Dallett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

A story of South America; and the author's first novel.

DAVID HARUM. By Edward Noyes Westcott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

Twenty-fifth anniversary edition of a great American novel.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FINE ARTS. By ten members of the American Institute of Architects. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $3.50.

Written for the layman and edited by the committee on education of the American Institute of Architects in their campaign for a better understanding of the fine arts.

PROUD LADY. By Neith Boyce. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

A novel about a misunderstanding soul.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A novel of the Europe of the 1920's.

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT. By Grant Overton. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A novel about a Fifth Avenue girl in a hospital kitchen.

THE FORCING HOUSE. By Israel Zangwill. New York: Macmillan Company; $2.

A sequel to Mr. Zangwill's drama, "The Cockpit."

THE LONG JOURNEY. Fire and Ice. By Johannes V. Jensen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

The first two parts of Jensen's historical cycle.

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FRITZ LEIBER'S MACBETH.

It seems to be Fritz Leiber's task to be the Shakespearean standard-bearer when Robert Mantell steps down and out. That time is presumably coming, since Mantell is full of years, honors, and appeased ambition. And besides, he has grown rich on his Shakespearean presentations. So may Fritz Leiber, if be sticks to his present line as consistently as Mantell did.

The experience of the new star with Mantell evidently opened his eyes to the possibilities. No doubt he was aware that his former chief was not a great actor, and possibly he knows that he himself is not, either. But, looking backward along the smooth road that Mantell has traveled, he evidently said to himself, "If he, why not I?"

His task, as was Mantell's, will be to satisfy the interest in Shakespearean drama of the young generations, as they come crowding along, and also to make periodical bids for the patronage of a certain proportion of theatregoers who always turn out for Shakespeare, without waiting for the less frequent visits of the great lights of the stage.

Fritz Leiber follows Mantell's lead in respect to the character of his support. His scenery is simpler and less conventional than Mantell's. He has made a point of psychological lighting, taking a leaf from Belasco's book; and, being of a younger generation, he has departed somewhat from Mantell's style of reading, which was an intelligent rendering of the old declamatory mode.

Fritz Leiber's reading aims at the simplicity which has so charmed the admirers of Barrymore's Hamlet. Indeed, tbe day of stage declamation is over, and well over. For the declaimer can no longer make the character seem alive. It must be endowed with those touches of nature that make the whole world kin.

I rather wonder that Fritz Leiber began with "Macbeth." It is a largely declamatory play, and the supernatural element so momentously involved, together with the numerous desperate crimes committed by Macbeth, are not the elements that tend to put the star rôle into the position of making a sympathy-arousing appeal.

Furthermore, Mr. Leiber's conception of the character of Macbeth is that of a weakling, whose crimes engender constant terror in his breast: a conception which is just as correct as the more humanly appealing one of a man made so desperate that he can not take one step backward on his dark, self-appointed path.

For that kind of Macbeth we have more pity; more particularly as he embroiders his dark musings with the most exquisitely-worded tboughts; tbe thoughts of an instinctive poet. For it was not only the poet Shakespeare that was speaking those thoughts, but the Thane of Cawdor, whose sensitive and brooding imagination invoked the terrors that a coarser nature would not feel.

Sometimes, in his desire to be natural, Leiber elides a syllable or so more than is customary in Shakespearean verse and, although infrequently, his discourse loses for a word or so the scholarly perfection that should be the characteristic of a Shakespearean star. But, generally speaking, his reading is very good, and very clear in its conveyance of the meaning.

We shall look to a different kind of rôle to see if the actor's vigor and fire can arouse us to a more sympathetic response than we felt in "Macbeth."

The support is reasonably good, the general effect being tbat of a play staged and acted with considerable intelligence, even if we do take exception to the use of so much green light in the supernatural effects, as it eventually becomes monotonous, and finally a little tiresome.

Olive Oliver's Lady Macbeth was well attuned to Mr. Leiber's Macbeth, her remorse being well acted. She read her lines well, except that her voice occasionally, in its higher tones, took on a note too vigorous for the mournful beauty of tragedy.

The staging merits much praise, and there was an economy of time in the quick succession of scenes which shows considerable efficiency in the handling of the innumerable details.

As I remember Mr. Leiber as he appeared as leading man in "Richelieu" with Mantell he was handsome, graceful, picturesque. So he should make a Romeo of parts in respect to looks, and his Hamlet will have the rare grace of youth. Indeed, during his two weeks' engagement at tbe Columbia we may see him in half a dozen or more of the great Shakespearean rôles.

HARRY LAUDER.

The popular Scotch songster, now at the Curran, has his special public that always rallies to see him, and has now begun to sing with him, for one of Lauder's qualities is his skill in establishing an entente with his audience. Even on the Victrola he can make you laugh by the sheer contagion of his own mirth, and his genial presence is provocative of hilarity. So much is this the case that he wooed the entire audience on Monday night to sing the choruses to his ditties, and to join all hands round in other choruses of a purely risible nature.

Sir Harry's voice is as full and genial as ever, his laugh as irresistible, and he has several new songs, the titles of which are "Bella, tbe Belle of Donoon," and "Singing Is the Thing That Makes You Cheery." There is really nothing new to say about the Scotch singer, for his is a form of entertainment that does not change. The titles of his new songs show that he sticks to what he knows will please, for the canny Scot is too good a business man to depart from profitable specialties. He also is careful to provide good stuff in the vaudeville numbers that precede his appearance. His specialty, it seems to me, is of a kind that appeals more particularly to men's tastes, for men love laugbter above all. Men are only boys grown tall, but women are women. But men or women, Sir Harry's public is constant to him, as was shown by the flowers, the laughter, the song participations, and the applause on Monday night.

"MLLE. MODISTE."

This tuneful operetta by Victor Herbert will be remembered as the one in which Fritzi Scheff, now quite a time ago, made such a fascinating appearance. Also, by the troop of skilled and pretty drummers led by the deft Fritzi; also by the two songs, "Kiss Me Again" and "I Want What I Want When I Want It." As that song voices a universal wish, its revived popularity became at once apparent when it was vigorously sung by George Kunkel.

Lillian Glaser, who made so pleasing an appearance in "Miss Springtime," has a rôle of some similarity in "Mlle. Modiste," in which, however, she figures rather more dashingly than in last week's piece. But, like little Miss Springtime, Fifi has talent and stage aspirations, and like her she sings charmingly to show her vocal promise.

In the last act, however, Fifi, unlike the more domestically inclined Rosie, has gained ber ambition, and we now see her figuring as a paid cantatrice at the gorgeous home of her sweetheart's father.

Ferris Hartman and she have quite a pretty little scene together with the human touch to it; that in which a benevolent and well-intentioned American millionaire smoothes the way for the charming little Parisian milliner girl to attain her ambition.

The genial Ferris fits nicely into the rôle, his natural, beaming sentimentality putting him well in accord. His attack on the topical song which is the centre of his bet with Raymond Hitchcock was so backed up by the applause of his audience that he has ample hopes, no doubt, of winning his bet. But everything Mr. Hartman does goes. He is firmly rooted in the favor of the Rivoli audiences.

The chorus, as usual, gave a good account of itself, and the general company is well placed. The production is particularly well costumed, and the audience was demonstrative, on the opening night, in its applause of the tuneful numbers, of which there are many.

The very shrewd policy pursued by the management of inviting the public to vote for its choice for the next opera results this time in the selection of "Pinafore." But many of us are looking forward confidently to hearing "Madame Sherry," which is sure to win many votes, as its great popularity in the past makes it a particularly appropriate piece to revive.

GROWING APPRECIATION.

Increased audiences seem to indicate a growing appreciation in the community of the work being done by the People's Symphony. The compositions are selected with the utmost care, Beethoven's Sixth Symphony having been chosen for last Thursday night's programme, evidently because of its essential differences from his otber symphonies whose emotional significances are so much more profound.

Besides this central feature of the programme, Nepravnik's "Night" and Tschaikowsky's always popular "Nutcracker Suite" were given.

Alexander Saslavski conducted, and Joseph Thompson gave the customary discourse, pleasing his audience by refraining from a pedantic attitude and by recognizing the humorous possibilities in the clarionet when it is amateurishly treated.

Besides the increased attendance, another encouraging feature of the People's Symphony is the indication of greater smoothness in the work of the orchestra, whicb means, also, a gain in correct interpretation.

The whole idea is educational, and for that reason the steps toward a full appreciation of the finest possibilities in classical and symphonic music are made as gradual as possible.

LONDON SANS OPERA.

Our impending opera season at the Curran should make us properly appreciative of our blessings. For even London has to go without opera; London, the metropolis, wherein, during the season, the most secure, exclusive, and conventionally organized aristocracy in the world used to take its pleasures picturesquely, regarded gapingly by the poverty-stricken proletariat, as it passed to and fro on its imperial diversions, in sport costume, in garden party costume, in opera costume, and, when attending court, in the stately costume prescribed for that regal function.

Now all that is changed. Our own wealthy class, undismayed by the writing on the wall, continues to expend its millions on showy luxuries, in full sight of the red-eyed anarchists. But the aristocracy of England is being taxed out of existence, only the multi-millionaires among the profiteers being able to keep up the tradition of past luxuries.

Grand opera is one of the most expensive of pleasures. And it is more expensive than it used to be, because the most famous of tbe operatic stars are charging prohibitive prices for their services. When we compare the figures of what they get now witb tbose of the first decade of this momentous century we find that the operatic stars are charging double their former prices.

Oscar Hammerstein's opera-house has gone over to pictures. Covent Garden's gorgeous opera seasons are dead. And the British National Opera Company and lesser houses can not seem to revive the corpse of that costly luxury that Londoners still long for.

The expense is so great it often seems to mean ruin for the producer. The New York Metropolitan Opera Company, realizing that there is an immense music-loving public in London, considered giving a season in that



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city, but was obliged to give up the project on learning that the prices they would have to charge could not be met by King George's impoverished subjects.

This is one of the innumerable details that make us realize the present extinction of the Europe we once knew. That Europe is dead, and the United States, hated by some and disapproved by many of the European nations, is now the world's seat of comfort and luxury. Whether it will ever be the chosen seat of the arts is another question that only time can answer.

PARIS LIKES THEM.

Apropos of some remarks that were made in this column last week about one-act plays, it apears that Paris likes them; at least the part of Paris around Montmartre.

This does not necessarily mean that the playlets are of the Grand Guignol "shocker" and "thriller" type, but that, like American playlets, they offer a reflection of life. Once upon a time Parisians turned down the one-act play programme, but the art of writing has developed; and besides, Parisian theatre-goers have discovered the convenience of a programme which allows you to arrive late, or leave early, and yet see several complete dramas.

As France, once so isolated and self-sufficient in its art and literature, is much more curious than formerly about the work of our American dramatists, it is possible that the French may turn an interested regard on what America can do in this line. The field over here is big, and growing, in spite of some evidence that the playlet of artistic merit has been barred from vaudeville programmes; probably because vaudeville audiences insist on levity, pure and simple.

But the "little theatres," in spite of some failures and withdrawals, continue to be an essential and healthy part of America's dramatic life. Much talent has been evidenced among the writers of one-act plays, among whom, let us remember, was Eugene O'Neill, before his growing fame caused him to write full-length plays for full-sized theatres.

So it would not be surprising, if the vogue spread in Paris, if some enterprising American would collect an American company of first-class players, build up several programmes of the most effective among our native crop of one-act plays, and successfully storm the Parisian theatre-goers with his wares. After all, the old saying, "variety is the spice of life," holds good.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

It takes some bygone booms a long time to come back. It is only within the week that the *Scientific American* tells us the site of ancient Carthage is being sold off and divided into building lots, and the surrounding hills, rich in history, are being slowly covered with residential villas.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
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Monday, Feb. 19—Second and Last Week
FRITZ LEIBER
In Plays of Shakespeare
Monday ..... "HAMLET"
Tuesday ..... "MACBETH"
Wed. Mat..... "TAMING OF THE SHREW"
Wednesday..... "ROMEO AND JULIET"
Thursday ..... "JULIUS CÆSAR"
Friday ..... "HAMLET"
Sat. Mat..... "ROMEO AND JULIET"
Saturday ..... "MACBETH"
Feb. 26—WILLARD MACK in "RED BULLDOGS."

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"MLLE. MODISTE"
Don't miss the advance showing of Spring Millinery Styles. Hats from Zobel's.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Opera at the Curran.

Too infrequently do music-lovers hear such an array of talent as that announced by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in its forthcoming engagement at the Curran Theatre, beginning Monday, February 26th. There is reason for the impression that something unusual in music-drama may be looked for from Impresario Fortune Gallo's aviary. Prima donnas and tenors are especially plentiful, and the variety of operas announced possesses something of appeal to almost every admirer of this form of art. The voices are classified as follows:

Sopranos—Mmes. Alice Gentle, Marie Rappold, Tamaki Miura, Anna Fitziu, Sofia Charlebois, Josephine Lucchese.

Mezzo Sopranos—Mmes. Stella de Mette, Anita Klinova, Alice Homer.

Tenors—Messrs. Rogelio Baldrich, Leonardo Delcredo, Romeo Boscacci, Francesco Curci.

Baritones—Messrs. Richard Bonelli, Giuseppe Interrante, Mario Valle.

Bassos—Messrs. Pietro de Biasi, Natale Cervi.

Conductors—Messrs. Carlo Peroni, Aldo Franchetti.

Operas for the first week are: Monday, February 26th, "Mme. Butterfly" (Miura); Tuesday, "Rigoletto" (Lucchese); Wednesday matinée, "Martha" (Lucchese); Wednesday evening, "Aïda" (Rappold); Thursday, "La Bohème" (Fitziu); Friday, "Carmen" (Gentle); Saturday matinée, "Lohengrin" in Italian (Fitziu); Saturday evening, "Il Trovatore" (Rappold).

Second week: Sunday, March 4th, "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Gentle) and "Pagliacci" (Charlebois); Monday, "Traviata" (Lucchese); Tuesday, "Tosca" (Fitziu); Wednesday matinée, "Lucia" (Lucchese); Wednesday evening, "La Gioconda" (Rappold); Thursday, "Carmen" (Gentle); Friday, "Faust" (Charlebois); Saturday matinée, "Jewels of the Madonna" (Fitziu); and Saturday evening, "Aïda" (Rappold).

Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the entire engagement.

At the Rivoli.

Although unusual interest has been taken in the revival of "Mlle. Modiste" at the Rivoli Opera House, announcement has been made that the second and last week of the piece would start Monday evening. Hartman and Steindorff plan to adhere to their policy of producing a new opera every other week.

"Mlle. Modiste" contains some of the prettiest selections Victor Herbert has ever composed. The production is remarkable for the team work between principals and chorus. Harry Tyler has provided remarkable scenery for the various sets. The fact that the opening scene takes place in a millinery shop is used for an advance showing of the spring millinery styles.

Dixie Blair, the new character comedienne, scores pleasantly in the rôle of Mrs. Hiram Bent.

At the Columbia.

Fritz Leiber will offer San Francisco his conception of "Hamlet," using this historic playbill to begin his second and last week of Shakespearean repertoire at the Columbia Theatre Monday night. Following "Hamlet," Mr. Leiber and his company will present "Macbeth," Tuesday night; "The Taming of the Shrew," Wednesday matinée; "Romeo and Juliet," Wednesday night; "Julius Cæsar," Thursday night; "Hamlet," Friday night; "Romeo and Juliet," Saturday matinée and "Macbeth," Saturday night. Mr. Leiber's performances have attracted record crowds, probably because this will be the only Shakespearean star to visit San Francisco this season.

When Willard Mack is seen at the Columbia for a limited engagement starting Monday, February 26th, local theatre-goers will have the opportunity of seeing the man whom David Belasco describes as "the most picturesque figure in our theatre." "Red Bull Dog," which Mr. Mack describes as a companion play to "Tiger Rose," and his present vehicle, is said to be the best effort from the pen of this popular actor-author-producer.

The Columbia Theatre has a series of strong stage attractions for the near future. Among them are Fred Stone in his complete production of "Tip Top" and Elsie Ferguson in "The Wheel of Life."

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ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY, Conductor
Friday Night, February 23, 8:30
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2. Overture, "Mignon" .....Thomas
3. Three Songs .....
Grazia Carbone, Contralto
4. "Roses from the South".....Strauss
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Best seats, $1; others, 75c and 50c; no war tax. On sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Orpheum Next Week.

William Faversham comes to the Orpheum in a one-act play entitled "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Alfred Sutro. Garnet and Lucille appear in "Love Twins," and Carl Francis and Claire in "Thanksgiving." Jack Osterman shows in "Fifteen Minutes of Something." Lucas and Inez present "An Art Classic," and Al and Art Barnton have an act they term "Kentucky, U. S. A." Francis Williams, Miss Vannessi, Arthur Freed and Jack Gifford are all on at once; and Frank Davis and Adèle Darnell present "Birdseed."

The People's Symphony.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alexander Saslavski, will give the sixth of its scheduled twelve educational concerts at Scottish Rite Hall, Friday night, February 23d, at 8:30 o'clock. The soloist will be Grazia Carbone, in private life Mrs. Everard Meynall of Belmont, San Mateo County. The programme will be interspersed with explanatory remarks on the themes of the compositions played, and Mr. Robert C. Newell will talk on the bassoon. The programme will include the Goldmark "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, the overture, "Mignon," of Thomas, and "Roses from the South," by Strauss, repeated by general request.

Spring Blossom Show.

With the entry of the California Club, and the California State Floral Society, the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association will give an exhibit and pageant in the Palace Hotel Rose Room Bowl on April 20th-21st.

Mrs. Elmer M. Woodbury is now the president of the Spring Blossom Wild Flower Association. Miss Alice Eastwood, head of the botanical section of the Academy of Sciences at Golden Gate Park, is first vice-president. Miss Katherine Chandler, author of "Habits of California Plants," "As California Wild Flowers Grow," and "California Wild Flowers Children Love," is second vice-president. Mrs. W. A. D'Egilbert, president of the Children's Society of the American Revolution, is third vice-president. Mrs. E. C. Sutliffe, member of the California State Floral Society, is secretary, and Mrs. S. E. Hirstel is financial secretary. Mrs. Joseph Mell is treasurer.

Some of the endorsers are James Rolph, Jr., mayor of San Francisco; John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park; Alice Eastwood, botanist, Academy of Sciences; Margaret Mary Morgan, supervisor, and Mrs. W. A. Fitzgerald, of the Federated Women's Clubs.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Howard I. Milholland will give a reading from popular authors at the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, February 24th, at 2:30 o'clock. Among his selections for this occasion are "A Philosopher," Sam Walter Foss; "Mr. Travers' First Hunt," Richard Harding Davis; "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin," James Whitcomb Riley, and "How Did You Die?" Edmund Vance Cook.

Early Recognition of Genius.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her book of reminiscences, "My Life and Some Letters," tells a story of her first acquaintance with Mr. George Arliss.

"Artists always feel eager and interested when they come across original work. I remember an actor at a rehearsal I was taking saying to me, 'Yes, yes, quite so, thank you, I understand,' for at least a quarter of an hour, then my impatient, 'Well, why don't you do it?' and his very polite reply, as he looked at me through an eye-glass, 'I wonder if you would mind my showing you for one moment what I myself would like to do?' And then he showed me. I remember our eyes met, and how merrily I laughed in happy recognition of his skill. There being no part for him in my next production, and wishing to retain his services, I let him cross the stage as Gerald du Maurier's valet, with a coat over his arm, humming a scrap of an Irish song—he brought down the house."

The Byron Palace at Ravenna, where the poet lived in 1920, has been destroyed by the Fascisti because it was the headquarters of the Socialist Coöperative Society.

To the First President ---and the Sixteenth

THESE ten days in mid-February bridge the birthdays of the two outstanding Americans. Each year adds lustre to their names---to the nobility of the causes which, in great crises, they so triumphantly upheld.

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VANITY FAIR.

The social event of the past year in Peking was the wedding of P'u-yi, the boy-emperor, to the Princess Kuo Cbia Si. The ceremonies took place in the Forbidden City, and within the little plot of ground the emperor is permitted to regard as his imperial domain. Although Cbina is putatively a republic, she is also thrifty, and did not propose to throw a perfectly good emperor into the discard until sure this republic thing of the Western barbarians was going to work. As it looks less and less as though it would, the canny Chinese are probably better and better satisfied with their Scotch policy of not throwing out dirty water until they have clean, which means in imperial terms that they retain their emperor for use in case of need. He has his pedigree, and the weight of centuries of tradition and authority, and all the formidable sentiments of loyalty and religion could he put into operation tomorrow if necessary to establish government on the old plan. So the wedding, although confined to a small space, was just as official as though the young couple were about to mount the Dragon Throne and rule as the prince's ancestors are supposed to have ruled. And aristocratic Cbinese were just as eager to please him and his bride, for you never can tell what might happen. About two thousand Manchus, the real Old Dutch of Manhattan as far as the Celestial Kingdom could boast such an element, were invited, and attended to a man. Tbe ceremonies are described as gorgeous to the Oriental limit, with a smother of silks and embroideries and lighted canopies and parasols, and pearls and gold; and the little princess was carried to her lord in a litter borne by thirty-two men, although one would think a brace of piano movers could have turned the trick. The guests arrived about midnight and waited around until 3:30 in the morning to see the princess go by in her yellow silk palanquin with the thirty-two bearers.

The actual wedding rites were simple. Bride and groom sat side by side on the Dragon Bed and were served with wine in two cups tied together with red and gold ribbons. They exchanged these cups and took a drink together, a mystic ceremony that in the happy pre-Volstead days has sealed many a deal in the West as well as in the East. And the rest is silence. The purpose seems to be that the imperial family shall not die out, but that is something requiring more than ceremony. Substitutes can not be hired, and the Ta Ch'ing Ch'ao, the "Great Pure Dynasty," will have to he propagated just like the line of any coolie. It is understood that in this case there are two assistant wives, but they were not considered sufficiently important to get their names in the papers.

When you run across the name Rice it does not indicate that the owner is descended from lascars or coolies or other simple, *ecru* persons that subsisted on that mild and uninteresting vegetable, but on the contrary that he probably traces his lineage back to some old Welsh marauder that could take an elm bow and drive an arrow through a horse, and then eat the horse, unless he could steal some border Englishman's cow—a chieftain that called himself Ap Rhys, and pronounced it with a rolling r, and a gutteral vowel, like huttermilk gurgling out of a jug, but ended it with a hiss like a moccasin snake. Evolution has reduced it from a carnivorons to a vegetarian name, so that it suggests rather a law-abiding than an invigorating diet, and most of its owners can now be depended on to keep the peace if their neighbors will—quite a metamorphosis. The reflection is suggested by the news that Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice are building themselves a home in Fifth Avenue, New York, between Seventy-First and Seventy-Second Streets, opposite the park, to cost half a million dollars. Though names may change, the uses of a house do not, fundamentally, and this one will supply the same old needs, social and domestic, that houses have supplied since Trebius Valens built his in Pompeii—and before that. This will be one of the most impressive of American city houses. It will stand on a lot sixty feet wide, which is generous for Fifth Avenue, and will have a large, U-shaped court, occupied by garden beds. The building will be in the French Renaissance style, and the outer material is to be St. Quentin stone, quarried in France. There will be an impressive staircase, after the European mode, for in some ways European architects (especially Spanish architects) appear to have grasped more firmly than some of ours the decorative possibilities of stairs. On the main floor there is to be a ballroom, some thirty-two feet wide and fifty-four feet long, a sufficient indication of the fact that the dance bas not lost its position in the primitive instincts of the race. There is to be a Gothic library, two stories higb, in which to hang tapestries. Tbat is one use for a library. Mrs. Rice is a daughter of the late William L. Elkins of Philadelphia, and was the widow of George D. Widener. One son, Henry Elkins Widener, was drowned when the *Titanic* sank, and the other, Mr. George D. Widener, married a daughter of Mr. Henry T. Sloan. Mrs. Rice married Dr. Rice in Boston in 1915, and it is felt that the new house will do much to establish the Rices as fixtures in New York, where they have many friends.

As a way of getting beyond the three-mile limit, yachting has engaged the attention and the dollars of persons on the Eastern coast more than ever before. The automobile has its pleasures and its possibilities, but it is a long way to Canada or to Mexico, whereas a few miles from our Atlantic coast are certain spots of verdure sunning themselves under the Union Jack that to thirsty souls look like the islands of the blest. Their wharves are groaning under stores of refreshments waiting for export, and their villages are alive with brokers that can at short notice supply a cargo at reasonable rates if one cares to take a chance. As a result there is much yachting activity in Southern waters this winter, and observers at Palm Beach and other Florida resorts say it is the greatest yachting season Florida has ever known. The popularity of the sport does not subside—on the contrary it seems to build up witb every passing week. The yachtsmen can not be accused, nor even suspected, of smuggling, but there is nothing against an occasional run to the Bahamas for a cocktail. More tban ever before they are learning the meaning of the phrase "the freedom of the seas." As compared to the freedom of the land it seems a real instead of a shadowy thing.

Cambridge is getting all fussed up over the question of giving degrees to women. The great Whig institution of learning has no objection to women owning degrees in and of itself, being rather tolerant and not a little progressive; but the degree carries with it eligibility to the senate, corresponding to tbe board of trustees of an American university. Dispatches describe the dons and deans and proctors and other book chappies as deeply perturbed by the possibility. At present women can have a tripos, but a tripos does not assist them to mount the senatorial stairs like a degree. Women are not to be encouraged at Cambridge, for at Oxford they have have raised the deuce, staying out nights, cutting up rough, climbing over the walls in spite of spiked railings, and at times even compelling poor, helpless men students to help them. The champion of degrees for women at Cambridge is Miss Blancbe Athena Clough, daughter of Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet who is just retiring, silver-haired, after thirty-five years as principal of Newnham College, Cambridge. Miss Clough's ideas are advanced for an Englishwoman. She says the flapper has not been deeply injured by cigarettes, and she advocates football for women, which must shock the Britons to their sturdy boots. She says people suppose the Newnham College girls are monstrosities of intellectuality, whereas they are quite normal and it is just as hard to get things through their dear little heads as through the heads of any other co-eds. She declares Cambridge will relent and give women degrees, for it can not afford to remain the only English university that does not. Whether they will then proceed to burgle the senate she does not say.

It may be that, through the law of compensation, automobile casualties will diminish as long skirts come in. More pedestrians will look wbere tbey are going.

Harold McCormick and Ganna Walska have been married again—many happy returns of the day, so to speak.

British Diamond Cutting Slumps.

The British diamond-cutting industry has come a complete cropper, says a London dispatch to the New York *Herald*, and the much-discussed national factory for disabled soldiers is to be shut down. Thus ends an ambitious project for employing ex-service men.

The scheme of an English cutting industry was promoted hy the late Sir Bernard Oppenheimer, created a baronet for his efforts along this line. The minister of pensions and labor took it up, and hundreds of crippled ex-soldiers were trained.

The factory was opened in 1917, in hopes of beating out the Dutch, who had practically a monopoly in this field. At Brighton alone about 700 men received grants of training under Dutch and Belgian experts. For a time the Britisb were so skilled that tbey threatened to rival the Hollanders.

Then came the slump in luxuries, and two years ago, shortly before the death of Sir Bernard, the factory was left with a stock of more than £2,000,000 worth of diamonds. The wounded men were first placed on short time, and then gradually the less skilled were discharged, until finally the entire plant was closed. Many veterans, in great distress, face eviction from their homes. It is understood the factory will pass into tbe bands of the Dutch, and the books and stock be transferred to Holland.

One of the oldest and most famous of British industries—gold and silver wire drawing—is feeling the pinch of hard times and economy. "We're not a dying business at all, but if they're going to economize all over tbe place the prospects at the moment are not so good," said a prominent member of the trade.

One reason advanced is the slump in army and naval uniforms, which are less resplendent nowadays. This was the backbone of the business, though much gold and silver wire is used in embroidery in England. It is also said that women are using a substitute for gold in their gowns.

The industry's tradition dates back to the time of Moses.

A charter was granted to the trade in 1623, but was withdrawn by James I. The present charter was granted by William the Silent and today the British article is regarded as preeminent among the world's work in precious metals.

Princes in Beggary.

The German princes, proud and wealthy relics of royalty, are in sore straits, and some of them are making persistent appeals for public aid. Oscar of Prussia and Rupert of Bavaria are imploring the German government to pension them as former generals of the imperial army, while the former Duke of Saxe-Meiningen wants to return to well-paid duty as inspector-general.

As for William Hohenzollern, formerly Kaiser, he contents himself with claiming the property belonging to him. In Berlin and the suburbs he claims fifty-three palaces or other residences. Many houses in Berlin are mortgaged to him; he has properties all over Germany, and his wealth is so great that the Prussian minister of finance, who is in charge of auditing his accounts with the government, declares himself incapable of estimating it fully.

And tbe Kaiser does not pay a cent of tax on his income.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young lady at a crowded seaside resort was explaining to a circle of admirers: "Yes, it was dear mamma's birthday, yesterday. I gave her a crimson parasol, with hroad white stripes. She is so pleased! And so am I. Mamma is pleased to have a new parasol, and I am pleased hecause now I can see her coming a long way off."

William Glackens, the well-known painter, was talking ahout certain new and extravagant tendencies in art. "The pictures of these fellows," he said, "remind me of the lady who ohserved: 'I went to the dadaists' exhihition last week.' 'Yes?' said her friend. 'How did you like it?' 'I was so glad to get away,' she said, 'that I was glad I went.'"

The request of Mayor Curley of Boston that Quehec return tbe small gun said to have heen captured hy the British at the hattle of Bunker Hill recalls the comment of an Irish cahman who used to drive tourists to the various points of interest in Quehec. Perhaps he is a taxicah driver now. The cahman on nearing the spot where the gun is located would say to his passengers if they happened to he Americans: "Whin ye get inside they'll show ye a little hrass cannon. An' they'll tell ye that they took it from ye at the hattle of Bunker Hill. But don't ye care. You've got the hill."

Winston Churchill, the novelist, was praising the New Hampshire air. "How you do sleep in New Hampshire!" he said. "A Sunapee hotelkeeper had to take his head waiter to task one day for late rising. 'Where's the alarm clock I gave you?' he demanded. 'In my room, sir,' said the head waiter. 'I guess you forget to wind it up?' 'No, I don't, sir.' 'You don't set the alarm, then?' 'Yes, sir, I set the alarm every night.' 'But don't you hear it in the morning?' 'No, sir. I don't,' said the head waiter. 'That's just the trouhle. You see, the hlamed thing goes off while I'm asleep, sir.'"

Pierre Frothingham, the well-known hanker. said at a dinner in Boston: "Our European allies offer to help us out of our unemployment difficulties. The remedy lies, it seems, in shipping them our gold, remitting their dehts and lowering our tariffs on their goods. It's a good remedy, perhaps, hut it reminds me of Dauher. Brush said to Dauher: 'What a fix I'm in! Here I've gone and taken a new studio and it's got no stove in it.' 'Oh, that's easily remedied,' said Dauber, 'all you've got to do is to get a man to cart your coal to me. I've got a grand stove in my studio and you can come and warm yourself at it any time you've a mind to.'"

Leonidas P. Newhy, the newly-elected Most Excellent Grand Master of the Knights Templar, is noted for his witty after-dinner speeches. At a recent wedding hreakfast in Knightstown, Indiana, he said: "A Knightstown man went into a hakery the other day. 'I'm getting married next week,' he hegan, 'and I want to huy a wedding cake.' 'I suppose you know, sir,' said the shopgirl, 'that it's the latest thing to choose wedding cakes which harmonize with one's husiness or profession. For instance, an athlete would have a cup cake, a musician an oat cake, a man who gouges his friends a sponge cake, a pianist a pound cake, and so on. What, may I ask, is your calling?' 'I am a doctor,' the hridegroom answered. 'In that case, then,' said the girl, smiling, 'we would, of course, prescrihe an angel cake.'"

Governor Ephraim Morgan of West Virginia was talking at a dinner ahout certain coal mine complications. "Well," he said, "let us hope nohody does anything rash. Rashness—hut perhaps you have heard the story of Roland. A certain man got married, and one night on the honeymoon he was awakened hy the voice of his young hride talking in her sleep. 'Roland,' she sighed, 'Roland—Roland.' Over and over, you know, like that. It was terrihle. The man grew wild with jealousy, for his name was Hank, not Roland, and seizing the poor girl hy the throat, he put an end to her then and there. A rash deed, helieve me, for Hank learned afterwards from her family that his wife had worked for several years in a restaurant, and he 'Roland' he had heard from her dreaming ips was really 'roll and,' meaning, of course, in order for 'roll and hutter.'"

When he was regent, George IV made a het with Richard Sheridan, the dramatist, that so ittle attention would he paid to the reading of his speech that he could interpolate any nonsense he liked without any one showing surprise. The het was accepted. The regent paused in the course of the address and said distinctly, "Baa, haa, hlack sheep," and then went on. No one took notice of the strange words. Chagrined at the loss of his wager, Sheridan asked George Canning, the premier, if he had noticed anything strange. "Oh, yes," said Canning, "I heard the prince say, 'Baa, haa, hlack sheep,' hut as he was looking straight at you at the time, I took it for a personal allusion."

Dr. Cutler Symes, the well-known alienist, said at a dinner in Chicago: "I think that the writings of my confrère, Oliver Wendell Holmes, were overrated. Why, what was the man hut a punster, after all? And there's nothing easier than punning. Suppose, for instance, I were describing the condition of my patients à la Holmes. 'The astronomer,' I'd say, 'is looking up and the cohhler is mending. The editor, however, keeps on declining. The dentist will pull through, hut the hanker is failing. The hutcher is nothing hut hones. The convict is in for it. The pugilist shows a striking improvement. The actor is on his last stage. The colonel is rallying. But the cashier, alas, is gone!'"

In the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's life of Stephen Hawker, the poet-vicar of Morenstowe, is reported a dialogue hetween the vicar and an old lady in his flock who, like most of her neighhors, was "no scholard." The vicar read and wrote her letters. On this occasion he was reading one from her son in Brazil: "'I can not tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties (mosquitoes) torment me. They never leave me alone, hut pursue me everywhere.'" "To think of that!" interrupted the old woman. "My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I'm interrupting. Do you go on, please, parson." "'Indeed, dear mother,'" continued the vicar, reading, "'I shut my door and window of an evening, to keep them out of my room.'" "Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman, "what will the world come to next?" "'And yet,'" continued the vicar, "'they do not leave me alone. I helieve they come down the chimney to get at me.'" "Well, well, now, parson," exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands; "to think how forward of them!" "Of whom?" "Why, the Miss Kitties, sure! When I were young, maidens would have hlushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimhley, too!" After a pause, mother's pride overmastering the sense of what hefitted her sex: "But Ezekiel must be rare handsome, for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties is quality folk, too."

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With hope of making good my doctor's hunch.
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And follow all his rules for losing weight;
And though I've starved religiously, my girth expands prodigiously,
And gains in gauge at most alarming rate.

I'm craving foods that satisfy my appetite and that is why
I gladly hail the famous British sage,
Who comes along assuring us that diets, far from curing us,
Comprise the master menace of the age.
This learned man advises us, which pleases and surprises us,
That doctors dope the thing entirely wrong.
He says that what we ought to eat is any kind or sort o' meat
Or other stuff for which our palates long.

Oh, doctor, great and erudite, I truly hope I hear you right,
And that you really said the things they claim,
That when we mortals try to dine on calory and vitamine,
We're gumming up the anatomic game.
I'm tired of dining meagerly and so I'll hasten eagerly,
To eat the finest cuts my chef can carve,
For I've found it most disquieting to be forever dieting,
And eating the stuff that lets a fellow starve.

—*Felix Miles in Judge.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mahel Hathaway, daughter of Mrs. William Lee Hathaway, to Mr. Louis Jefferys, son of Mrs. Henry Scott Jefferys and the late Mr. Jefferys.

Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Annette Rolph, to Mr. John Percival Symes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symes of Berkeley.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Beatrice Cehrian, daughter of Mr. J. C. Cehrian, to Señor Miguel Sanz, son of Count and Countess Lizarraga of Madrid.

The marriage of Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Mrs. George Moore and the late Mr. George Moore of Chicago, to Mr. Edmund Leslie Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor of Piedmont, took place in Oakland on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Rosetta Baker was hostess recently at a tea in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Charles S. Mann. There were about forty-five guests.

Miss Marion Zeile was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont last week in honor of Mrs. George Perkins Raymond of New York and Mrs. Arthur Cheesehorough.

Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given hy Mrs. Stetson Winslow at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle entertained a few friends at tea last week at their home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess at a recent luncheon given at her home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Sara Redington of Santa Barbara.

Miss Elizabeth Moore is giving a hridge-luncheon in Piedmont on Friday, February 16th, in compliment to Miss Katherine Bentley and Miss Margaret Buckhee.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt were hosts at a house party at their country place in Ross, their guests enjoying as well the Valentine dinner-dance at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin were hosts last week at a dinner and theatre party.

Miss Ruth Richards of San Diego was the guest of honor recently at a hridge party given hy Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker celehrated last week the twenty-sixth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman, who were recently married in New York, were the guests of honor at a dinner given hy Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison.

The surgeons and physicians of the Letterman General Hospital are giving a dance on Friday of this week, to which outside guests are expected as well as officers and their families from the Presidio and other posts.

The Baroness von Kormatzki was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club hy her nieces, Mrs. Ernest L. Gunther and Mrs. Huhert Mee.

Mrs. I. Lowenherg gave a luncheon last week at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton.

Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters of Portland was the guest of honor at a dinner given hy Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman.

Mrs. Lewis Luckenhach of Long Island was the guest of honor at a tea given hy her sister-in-law, Mrs. Camphell McGregor.

Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, chairman of the hoard of trustees of Stanford University, gave a dinner at his home on Thursday evening of last week to President-elect W. W. Camphell of the State University at Berkeley.

Mrs. Edward Schmiedell was hostess at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club on Thursday last in honor of Mrs. Cunningham of Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Warner Bliss gave a tea last week for Miss Helen Foster, whose engagement to Mr. Eugene Tracy of New Jersey has been announced.

A luncheon was given last week hy Miss Alice Moffitt at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt are giving a dinner on Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel in celehration of the wedding anniversary of their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt.

Mrs. James Moffitt gave a large tea in her new home on Webster Street last week.

Mr. Richard Tobin was host at a dinner last week at the Bohemian Club.

There was a circus and Mardi Gras dance given at the Burlingame Club on Tuesday evening. Among the dinners which preceded the party were those given hy Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz and Mr. and Mrs. John Clark Burgard.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams gave a luncheon last week at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss May Rohson.

Mrs. Philip King Brown gave a luncheon recently for Mrs. George Perkins Raymond of Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. Ahraham Lincoln Brown were hosts at a recent dinner given at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of friends from Boston who are visiting California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell entertained a few of their friends at their home in Atherton, having Miss May Rohson as their guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kuhn gave a dinner at their home in Broadway last Friday night preceding the dance given hy the hachelors of society.

Seventy-five of the hachelors of society gave a supper-dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club last Friday night, in compliment to the dêhutantes and the hostesses of the winter.

Among other dinner hosts on Friday night were Mr. and Mrs. Dearhorn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

A large dance was given at the Presidio last Friday at the Officers' Club. Among the dinner hosts were Colonel and Mrs. John T. Knight, Colonel and Mrs. Kensy J. Hampton, and Colonel and Mrs. Francis J. Koester.

Mrs. R. T. Harding gave a tea last week in honor of Miss May Rohson and Mrs. George T. Moody of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott are giving a dinner on Friday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club were hosts at a costume party last Saturday night at the Yacht Club in Sausalito. A numher of dinners were given hefore the dance.

The golf tournament held at Pehhle Beach over the last week-end was the occasion of a large social gathering of enthusiasts from San Francisco and the Peninsula.

Mr. Elmer Garnsey's Pictures

San Francisco has been the stopping place this past week of a collection of paintings, on their way to Honolulu, which would have brought joy to the art lover had only their stay heen longer and their advent better known. The artist, Mr. Elmer Garnsey, whose achievements as a mural artist are already well known from his work in the Congressional Library at Washington and elsewhere, has put into these half hundred pictures all the wonderful impressions of color and beauty that he has found in the Orient and in our own California. There are over a dozen paintings of old Provincetown on the Cape Cod coast showing the lovely sea-tints, the dunes, and the old wharves, and recalling earlier and more bustling days.

The California pictures are so true to our own beauty of line and color that one regrets they are to leave the country. There are pictures from Carmel, with its plunging surf, to Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, and the desert on the south, where some of the best of Mr. Garnsey's work has been done. The wonderful desert lights appealed more, perhaps, than any other part of California to his highly developed sense of color.

Among the island pictures are Honolulu Harbor, "Where Trade Winds Blow"; "Diamond Head," the sea shimmering with its marvelous colors "like the glint of a pheasant's wing," to give Mr. Garnsey's own phrase; and "Eastern Morn," with its great uplifted cross.

From farther East there are several pleasing Japanese paintings, and from China and Manchuria some canvases that are among the high lights of a collection which is so rich and varied that it is difficult to put one picture before another.

The beauty of Mr. Garnsey's work lies in his genius for color, and in his mastery of the technique that reproduces it on canvas. That which he has tried to do—"to faithfully render the coloring of nature"—he has succeeded in accomplishing, and so happy is the result that one loses sight of the long training in the art of mixing pigments, and the study of the science of color qualities which made it possible.

To quote Mr. Garnsey, who has a fine gift of expression in words as well as pigments: "There are scales and gamuts in color, just as in music. As a musician may transpose an air from G to C and make a new melody from the old, so the artist transposes his colors from a lower to a higher register. Monet, for example, transposes the lower registers of greens, blues, and reds of the Fontainehleau school to a higher key of hrilliant cadmium, yellows, blues, and violets.

All this is technical, perhaps, but one does grasp the thought that the higher the register in which the artist works, the higher the note he sees in nature, and inevitably he seeks to give a higher expression of nature. He finds, therefore, what he looks for—and his art is to make less gifted eyes see it, too.

At the Palace.

At a tea in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel last Saturday afternoon the engagement of Miss Lela Margaret Dickinson to Mr. Laurence Stowell Adams, Jr., was announced. Small betrothal cards in the corsage bouquet of each guest bore the news.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Field and Miss Antonia Maria Field are guests of the week at the Palace Hotel. Other recent visitors include Mr. and Mrs. Herman Baehr, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wallace, Chevy Chase, D. C.; Mrs. Theodore N. Vail, New York; Dr. Livingston Farrand, president of Cornell University; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Tattersall, Manchester, England.

Mrs. William Cluff has returned to San Francisco, after several weeks' sojourn at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and is domiciled at the Palace.

To prove his skill with the razor, a London barber had himself hlindfolded and shaved two men in two minutes ten and two-fifths seconds.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. George Perkins Raymond of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mrs. Edgar Stow has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. James Robinson, at her home in Woodside.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Ernest Folger have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Oze Van Wyck of Los Angeles spent a few days last week with Mrs. Van Wyck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Chauncey Boardman.

The Baroness von Kormatzki has arrived from her home in Europe and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry St. Goar.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle left on Friday last for New York en route to her home in Paris.

Mrs. Lewis Luckenbach of Long Island is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor.

Mr. Richard McCreery, who has been abroad with Mrs. McCreery, has returned to his home in Burlingame. Mrs. McCreery and her little daughter, Isabel, who are in Paris at present, will join him in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Detrick, who have been living in Honolulu, will soon return to California.

Colonel Samuel F. Dutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dutton, who are living at Highlands Inn at Carmel, are staying in town at the Cecil for a short visit.

Mrs. William Miller Grabam of Santa Barbara, accompanied by her son, Earl Graham, left last week for New York, from where she will sail for Spain. She will spend three months there.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne passed the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. William S. Kuhn with her two younger sons has gone to the Kuhn ranch in Wendell, Idaho. From there Mrs. Kuhn will go to Palm Beach, where she will join her daughters, Miss Marianne and Miss Katherine Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark Burgard, who have been staying at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale have gone to Southern California for a short visit.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Mary Jolliffe have returned from a short visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tubbs of Calistoga are visiting Mrs. William B. Tubbs at her home in Broadway.

Captain Loftus Bryan of Ireland who has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown at Woodside has gone to Southern California with the San Mateo polo team.

Mrs. Young, wife of General S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., retired, has arrived from the East and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Knight, and Colonel John T. Knight, U. S. A., at Fort Mason.

Mr. Hugh Wiley, the writer, who has been living on Russian Hill, has rented a house at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Hugh Wallace has gone to Washington, D. C., to join Mr. Wallace.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fleischner are leaving in a short time for a trip to Europe.

Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp are house guests of Mrs. Charles W. Clark at Pebble Beach.

Mr. Charles Warren, Ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Warren are at the Palace Hotel en route from Toyko to their home near Detroit.

Mr. Sherwood Chapman is expected to return shortly from England, where he has been visiting during the past few weeks.

The China Society.

A formal meeting of the China Society will be held at the studio of Messrs. Bentz, 570 Sutter Street, on Monday, February 19th, at 8 p. m. The principal speaker will be Professor Fryer, and his subject "The Three Great Chinese Buddhist Pilgrims to India."

The Lure of Fashion.

Quelch, the famous pirate, was drawing nigh to his prey, a Portuguese brig, when to his surprise a large, red, stolid face rose like an early sun above the bulwarks, says Arthur M. Harris in *Adventure Magazine*. One man had evidently remained as a reception committee, and he certainly not a Portuguese.

He claimed to be a Dutchman when the pirates had flocked over the side of his ship and blustered about him, brilliant with their new silk breeches and formidable with an assortment of cutlasses and pistols.

This unconcerned Dutchman seems to have been far from temperamental, and entirely unacquainted with nervousness. He casually spat over the side and asked who they were that thus jumped a fellow's ship. He had no trouble finding folk among the pirates who could palaver enough Dutch to get along with. He added that there was a pretty good gain in the ship—sugar to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds and gold and silver Portuguese coins worth about fifty more. It was not his property.

He lolled against the mast, watching with dull eye the transfer of the sugar from the Portuguese to the *Charles*, drawn in closer for that purpose. He noted without a flicker of expression the fine silk breeches of these sailors, and gazed ponderingly down at his own garments of canvas. Silk breeches, eh? He strolled slowly up and down the deck in the hard labor of reflection.

Silk breeches did it. With the last boatload of cargo went the Dutchman. He was made to feel right at home, Quelch seeing his value as a pilot, an interpreter, and an extraordinarily cool hand.

The practice of throwing an old shoe after a bride is, it seems, quite misapplied when it is done by some of her companions for luck. According to the spirit of the ceremony, which is of very ancient lineage, it should be done by the parent or guardian of the bride, as indicating a renouncing of authority over her. Chieftains in feudal times took off their shoes and handed them to their conquerors in token of accepted defeat, from which practice this slipper-throwing custom is said to have descended.

CURRENT VERSE.

Astronomy.

They sail, they sail—those lighted ships—
Star-schooners out and on,
Cold eddy of the last thought slips
Smooth at their keel and is gone. . . .

Proud they come down on winds unspiced
With aught but the cold scent
Of space, to keep (who knows?) what tryst
Beyond the firmament?

The ultimate spume of light will toss
Upon their sails, and fall
Pearl-spray, to leave dark sheets that cross
Seas with no light at all.

Ghost-craft they steal—how far, how far!—
In what black foam, with stem
Plunging in the wine-dark seas that are
The years that plunge with them.

On, on they steer, span after span,
And only find to lose
What seemed the star Aldcharan
In the shadow of Betelgeuse.

On still; and time—a bowstring—drawn
With a deep sigh must break,
And sink with scattered dark and dawn
Soundlessly in their wake.

On still and out; and space will drop—
Back, back; and the dark host
Anchor where thought itself must stop—
But beyond thought drives the ghost.

—*Humbert Wolfe in the Spectator.*

The Unknown God.

When, overarched by gorgeous night,
I wave my trivial self away;
When all I was to all men's sight
Shares the erasure of the day;
Then do I cast my cumbering load,
Then do I gain a sense of God.

Not him that with fantastic boasts
A somhre people dreamed they knew;
The mere barbaric God of Hosts
That edged their sword and braced their thew;
A God they pitted 'gainst a swarm
Of neighbor Gods less vast of arm.

* * * * * * *

O streaming worlds, O crowded sky,
O Life, and mine own soul's abyss,
Myself am scarce so small that I
Should bow to Deity such as this!
This my Begetter? This was what
Man in his violent youth begot.

The God I know of I shall ne'er
Know, though He dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.
Yea, in my flesh His spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far for me to know.

—*Sir William Watson.*

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Stranger (slumming)—Are you safe in Chinatown? *Native*—Yes, if you keep away from white people.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Before the headwaiter you are sometimes covered with confusion, but for this there is no cover charge.—*Judge.*

Every dayski, in every wayski, Poland seems to be getting Wojciechjewskier and Wojciechjewskier.—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher—Now, who can tell me about a groundhog? What is it, Tommy? *Tommy*—It's a sausage.—*Judge.*

She (relating experience)—Really, for a time I was quite beside myself. *He*—You had a charming companion.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Why do you associate so much with that old hen next door?" "Well, snapped his wife, "that old hen helped me to lay the carpet."—*Judge.*

Two Altoona men were quarreling recently. One said: "You are of so little consequence that you are not even asked to sign petitions."—*Altoona Tribune.*

Teacher—Jack, what is the greatest change that takes place when water is changed into ice? *Jack*—Why, the greatest change is in price, I guess.—*Judge.*

Modern Girl—Ask your fiancé to postpone your marriage so I can be there. *Second M. G.*—Sorry, but I don't know him well enough.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Baby was nodding. "The sandman's coming around," softly sang the young mother. Just at that point a vender in the alley yelled, "Fresh spinach!"—*Judge.*

Sightseeing Guide—We are now passing one of the oldest burlesque houses in Chicago. *Small-Town Rounder*—What for?—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Among the day's pathetic figures is the local storekeeper who, locked in a telephone booth by a hold-up man, didn't have a nickel to phone for the police.—*Judge.*

Madge—Did you say I painted? *Marie*—No, I merely said you powdered. *Madge*—Oh, well, that puts a different complexion on the matter.—*Boston Transcript.*

She—Papa said you had more money than brains. *Reggie*—Ha! That's one on your father, I'm broke. *She*—Yes; papa added that you were.—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

"Huh! Your papa is a shoemaker and you haven't any shoes!" "Huh yourself. Your papa's a dentist and your little brother's only got three teeth."—*Paris Le Rire.*

She—And will you love me when I am old and homelier? *He (meaning well)*—My darling, you can not avoid growing older, but you can never grow homelier.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That fellow is as fine as they make 'em. Generous, square, anxious to see every one get along and——" "Yes, I know he is. He's a rotten business man."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"She had him arrested for kissing her and he was fined $20." "And yet they are good friends now?" "Yes, he announced in open court that it was worth the money."—*Boston Transcript.*

Tom—What makes you think she doesn't like you? *Vic*—She told me she thought there was a fool in every family. *Tom*—Well, what of that? *Vic*—I'd just gotten through a moment before telling her that I was an only child.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"Why did you remove that 'Do it now' sign that hung on your desk?" "I couldn't stand the way the bill collectors looked at it when I told them to call again tomorrow."—*Boston Transcript.*

Editor—That was a bad mistake—our bringing Ivan Tartileff to America. *Publisher*—How? *Editor*—Why, he's learned to play golf, sleep with the windows open, and take a cold shower every morning—and now he writes like an ordinary American author.—*Life.*

Magistrate—Did the prisoner offer any resistance? *Officer*—Only half a dollar, yer honor, an' I wouldn't take it.—*London Answers.*

"Will silk stockings be worn?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but they will not, as heretofore, constitute most of the costume."—*Washington Star.*

Old Lady—Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute? *Beggar*—I was like you, mum—a-giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

The Visitor—Your boys are leaving college very late. What kept them back so long? Are they delicate? *The Proud Father*—Delicate? On the contrary, they're athletes.—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladoffovitchskioffsky, "Ivan Ninespotsky died in battle! You say he uttered my name as he was dying?" "Part of it; he did his best," replied the returned soldier.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Comedian—Drop into my place and let us see your face occasionally, old man. *Tragedian*—But, laddie, your good wife likes me not. *Comedian*—Oh, that's all right—it amuses the children.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Hypochondriachal Patient (to doctor)—I've been reading this medical encyclopædia here on your waiting-room table, and I don't think much of it. Why, I've got several ailments that it doesn't even mention!—*Judge.*

"John," she said timidly, "are you sure—perfectly sure—certain that you love me?" "Darling," he murmured, soulfully, "if I don't, you'll have the laugh on me after the preacher gets through!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Wife (with newspaper)—Just think of it! A couple got married a few days ago after a courtship which lasted fifty years. *Hub*—I suppose the poor old man was too feeble to hold out any longer.—*Epworth Herald.*

A terrible tragedy is reported from Suburhia. It appears that a lady recently wrote to an evening paper to say that she, at least, had found the perfect husband. Unfortunately, her letter was never published, as the gentleman in question forgot to post it.—*London Humorist.*

Women are like clocks. Some of them are fairly reliable with but little attention, while others need almost constant care, and it is not always the high-priced, jeweled ones that are most dependable. They may have pretty hands, pretty faces, and pretty movements, but they are liable to get out of order and when they do they are all very hard to regulate.—*Oregon Leman Punch.*

THEY YEARN FOR KNOWLEDGE.

The annual "howler" competition of the *University Correspondent* has again produced a joyous collection of schoolboy mistakes contributed by their masters and mistresses, says the London *Times*. The translations of Smith Minor from the dead languages are always fruitful. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* produces on this occasion as an English version "There's nothing but bones in the dead," and *Ne plus ultra* "There's nothing beyond Ulster." *Tertium quid* "is a legal term meaning six shillings and eightpence."

There are some excellent examples of miscellaneous "information." "A grass widow," we are told, "is the wife of a dead vegetarian." The author of "Britain has a temporary climate" was evidently a youthful cynic, and one suspects the same hand in the definition of "ambiguity" as "telling the truth when you don't mean to." Other specimens are:

Palsy is a kind of new writer's dance.

Letters in sloping print are hysterics.

Etiquette is the noise you make when you sneeze.

In the departments of history, geography, grammar and literature the following occur:

The capital of Norway is Christianity.

No one has yet succeeded in edifying the dark lady of the sonnets.

The French Revolution was won violently, not by "freedom slowly broadening down from President to President," as Tennyson wrote.

Guy's Hospital was built to commemorate the Gunpowder Plot.

Oceania is that continent which contains no land.

Mephistopheles was a Greek comic poet.

A mathematical problem is swept out of the way with a broad gesture in the definition "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else." An expert in child psychology is required to explain the tortuousness of "One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning in," and "A circle is a round figure made up of a crooked straight line bent so as the ends meet." There is, however, a simple directness about "the plural of forget-me-not is forget-us-not."

To all which *John o' London's Weekly* has added:

Plato was the god of the Underground.

Cassandra was a Trojan profiteer.

The Calvinists believed in free destination.

In Henry VII's reign even the most turbulent barons received a cheque from the king.

Sir Thomas Wentworth and George Eliot had been friends at college.

Bacchus first taught the Greeks to get drunk and Raleigh named tobacco after him in honor of the Virgin Queen.

Cæsar swam the Rubicon because his boats were all burnt.

Il me reste peu de temps.—I have little time for resting.

Tu es un noble cœur.—You are a noble sister.

Les femmes suivaient leurs époux.—The women survived their husbands.

Il sut s'en rendre maitre.—He knew how to give it back to his master.

La reyne le veult.—The female fox wished for him.

Climate lasts all the time, but weather only a few days.

Teaching is a sedimentary profession.

Wells' history is a veritable mill stone on the road to learning.

Sub judice is the Bench on which the judges sit.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

Psyche was a black boxer who fought Carpentier.

A New Pekine e.

Since Harper & Brothers announced the forthcoming publication of the first book on *Pung-Chow* (Mah-Jong), the new Chinese game that has taken the country by storm and threatens to displace bridge, some confusion still seems to exist in the minds of a few as to what *Pung-Chow* is.

A small medical journal asked for an advertisement, saying that its columns were used extensively as an advertising medium for all the breakfast foods.

And as Baron Munchausen would have said, "Believe it or not," a young lady wrote in and asked if Harper & Brothers could supply both males and females for breeding purposes.

It is not generally known that a freedman of Cicero invented a system of shorthand with which he took down "a verbatim report" of his master's famous Catalinian oration delivered in 63 B. C.

In a lecture entitled "Our Country" a speaker in a Western county school explained: "One reason the United States keeps so far ahead of the other nations is because we are getting up and going to work every morning while the people on the other side of the globe are just going to bed."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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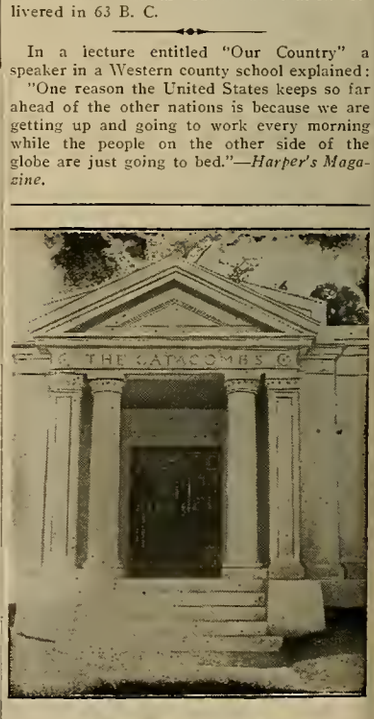
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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The European Mess and American Policy.

The fears that attended the advance of France and Belgium upon German territory are not being justified by events. None of the predictions that troubled the world forty days ago have come true. There has been no revolution in Germany; there has been no movement for alliance between Germany and the Soviet government of Russia; if Germany is, as has been declared, "permeated by the communistic spirit" it has not taken reckless form. France's estimate of the German psychology has proved to be sound. Day by day she is tightening her grip on the industrial vitals of Germany, and the Germans, instead of making formidable resistance or starting revolutions or affiliating with Bolshevism, are merely squealing and groaning in decreasing intensity. France is getting away with it. The time is coming—and it is not far away—when Germany will be forced to accept that which all financiers conceive to be a necessity for the rehabilitation of Europe, namely, an international receivership over the revenues and finances of the republic in order that German currency may be stabilized and reparation payments guaranteed.

The occupation of the Ruhr has gone far to satisfy outraged French opinion and has made possible some practical method of approaching anew questions that have tormented Europe during the past four years. Germany must soon ask and France must consent for expert readjustment of the reparations programme. Four years ago American financial experts found that Germany could pay to the tune of $12,000,000,000. But despite this estimate, the sum was fixed at three times this figure. France and England were mainly to blame; but America had her share in the discreditable adjustment through the consent of President Wilson. Four years of progressive financial and moral debility have followed this gross maladjustment. It now becomes necessary to take up the issue of reparations at the point where the inquiry should have begun over four years ago, and to impose upon Germany a verdict which shall come within her means. It is now a case where neither the passions of France, the political exigencies of England, nor the complaisance of America need be considered. The motives that controlled in the first instance must now all be thrust aside. The new adjustment must look to justice to France in so far as it is attainable, to the rebuilding of Germany, and to the revivification of Europe in general. There must be no concession to the politics of any country. Not only civilization, but humanity, demands that in revision of the German obligation the motive shall be void of the passion that dominated the councils and prescribed the evils that proceeded from the table of Versailles.

We have said that Germany must concede. She must concede because there is no other way by which she can get the French out of the Ruhr Valley and at the same time preserve the mainspring of her industrial life. France will not retire excepting upon the basis of adequate security. Even assuming that Germany might develop the power needful to drive her out of the Ruhr Valley, the job could not be done without a fight, such a fight as must, to borrow a phrase already familiar to these columns, first make of the Ruhr a shambles and then a desert.

The situation as it has developed fully justifies the course of the Washington administration in recent months. There were those—Senator Borah of Idaho chief among them—who insisted that this country should so far intrude its counsels as to invite a conference to lay down the law for France and Belgium on the one hand and for Germany on the other. There were others who demanded that our government should emphatically and forcibly approve the French movement in the Ruhr. Neither of these diverse groups gave consideration to the essential facts of the situation or to what would be entailed by a course of meddling on our part. It was nothing less than gross assumption on the part of these short-visioned folk that the Washington administration was uninformed and indifferent. Of course Messrs. Harding and Hughes knew what was going on in Europe. They knew that outraged French sentiment could not be stayed from its purpose either to receive payment on reparations account or to advance in force upon German territory. They knew better than their critics that there was danger in the inevitable French movement and that there was greater danger in attempting to thwart it.

Behind the discreet restraint of Harding and Hughes there was the light of a great national experience. Both grew up at a time when the popular political sport of this country was twisting the British lion's tail. In their opinion—and it was a sound opinion—American antipathy to Britain of that period traced back to Britain's several attempts to project herself into our civil war, ostensibly in a humane effort to bring about peace, but, as conceived in the North, to help the South. Hughes believes that if Britain had punctiliously and consistently minded her own business and avoided giving aid and encouragement to the South she would not have suffered those long years of unpopularity in this country. American antipathy to the British in times past has done vast harm to Britain, not only politically, but economically as well. Hughes has not wanted us to duplicate Britain's civil war error. At a private luncheon recently he is reported to have declared in most un-Baptistlike language that "we do not propose to stick our nose into something that is none of our godam business."

A Voice of Authority.

A high authority in the field of American education, and in American life in general, is Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of New York. A man of wide experience and of practical wisdom is Dr. Pritchett. His career began in a professorship in St. Louis. From there he was drafted by President McKinley for national service. From that service he went to the presidency of the Boston School of Technology. His achievements were so notable as to attract the attention of the late Andrew Carnegie, who invited him to New York as an associate in the work of putting to humanitarian uses his vast fortune. Dr. Pritchett is head of the Carnegie Corporation, which holds and employs to constructive purposes the Carnegie millions; he is further the head of the Carnegie Foundation, whose special function it is to administer that portion of the Carnegie funds especially appropriated to the cause of education.

Just now Dr. Pritchett, as is his custom each winter, is spending a few weeks at Santa Barbara, and on Saturday last, responding to an invitation from the local Rotary Club, he gave a brief address before that body dealing with conditions in California as affected by the policies sought to be promoted by our new state administration. The Santa Barbara *Press* of last Saturday gives a fairly complete report of remarks that ought to go far with the public in sustaining the efforts Governor Richardson is making to bring the cost of government—especially of our educational system—down to legitimate limits. The efforts of the governor, he said, will make educational institutions prove their worth and save them for solid service. We quote:

> The expenses of government, both in the nation and in the state, are increasing beyond the ability of the public to support. Such extravagance in government is reflected in similar extravagance of the individual. The government of California has become one of the most expensive on earth, and Governor Richardson, in making this the central issue of his campaign, did a great public service, and he has made good his pre-election statements by practical action in boldly cutting down the present high cost of government and in stopping the policy of indefinite increase in cost.

Declaring that the governor deserves the support of thoughtful citizens, Dr. Pritchett proceeded to puncture the fallacy that mounting costs of government may in some mysterious way be saddled upon the corporations. The costs of government, he declared, are paid by individual citizens of all classes. Not only the man of wealth, but all others pay, and unnecessary cost bears its hardest force upon the wage-earner. Any man who undertakes to make any element in the community—most of all the wage-earner—believe that the expenses of government, of public improvement, of the luxuries as well as the necessities of life can be paid for in any other way than at the cost of the great body of the people who do the work of the country is either incapable of reason, or else is willing to gain temporary and personal political advantage at the cost of infinite harm later:

> The experiment has been tried a thousand times, from the days of the Greek republics to the Russian Soviet. Wherever the notion, that the cost of government could by some hocus pocus be provided in any other way than at the expense of the people, has been pursued long enough it has ended in breakdown of government and in poverty and misery for the people who tried it.
>
> It is no more possible for a people to get something for nothing than it is for the individual citizen to do the same thing.
>
> Great as is our obligation to Governor Richardson for his honest and sincere action in cutting down the growing cost of the state government, we are the more indebted to him for boldly attacking the economic fallacy that the people of California could spend these stupendous sums without having the expense come home to every man who earns a day's wage or receives an income from capital.
>
> There are a great many people who will agree with Gov-

ernor Richardson in theory who will hesitate to give him their support in the actual performance of his great task. Governor Richardson can not cut down the expenses of government without cutting off many sources of waste that give salaries to people who would find it hard to earn salaries in the ordinary business of life. It is very difficult to make gentlemen in this situation believe in the need of those economies that cut off their salaries.

With reference to the large group of persons who believe that government should have its hands in all the business of the people, and who characterize Governor Richardson's proposal to eliminate various commissions and administrative agencies as "reactionary," Dr. Pritchett said that it is possible that the governor may have made mistakes, but he added: "If the governor shall cut down a few flowers with the huge crop of weeds with which he is so manfully struggling, let us thank God that somebody has had the courage to tackle this job. * * * If somebody does not call a halt in our reckless programme of state expenditure, the State of California will be facing bankruptcy in a measurable time."

Reverting to education, Dr. Pritchett declared that the governor is dealing with one of the most thorny questions of the day. Noting that over half of the revenue of the state is now being spent for public education, he declared that it would be impossible to curtail general expenses unless limits should be put upon educational extravagance. Again we quote:

> In New York as well as in California the cost of education is so high that it has practically overtaken the ability of the people to pay. * * * They believe rightly that education is the hope of democracy, but the system has reached a point where the public must be shown that it is justifying its enormous cost. * * * The situation, as developed under Governor Richardson's efforts, is likely in the end to help education in the true sense, not to hurt it. There must be clear answers to the questions: "What is the school for? What sort of school is needed for our present-day needs? Are we getting in the form of sincere and thorough education what we are paying for? Are we spending a large part of the present cost of education on schools that are both superficial and unduly expensive? Are the schools, from elementary schools to the university, sending in to our citizenship well-trained, efficient young men and women?"

Referring to the advance in the cost of education in recent years, Dr. Pritchett spoke of the growth in school population, the better facilities demanded in modern schools, and the rise in the scale of pay of teachers. But he added there is a second group of factors none the less influential:

> Among these the most important are the widespread notion that a college education is the panacea for all ills and the admission and retention of pupils in high school and college ill adapted for formal school training. The so-called "enrichment" of the curriculum has probably done more to raise the cost of education than any other one factor. So great is the increase in studies that the differences between the high school of today and the high school of twenty years ago involve fundamental differences as to the conception of what a school is for.
>
> The other characteristic common to all our schools is the superficial quality of the education. In our schools the pupil seldom learns anything thoroughly, he learns superficially a little about many things. Our high school curriculum of studies is like the bill of fare of the ostentatious country hotel—it offers all the dishes of the most expensive city restaurant, and yet one finds it difficult to obtain from all this array a simple and wholesome meal.
>
> I hope Governor Richardson will be able to find an answer to the question, What is a school for? And when he does that, he will come very near to knowing what it can teach and how much it ought to cost.

Verily, these be timely words, and wise. They have value and emphasis as coming from a source of high authority in the field of education, an authority in which are combined the essential values of ripe scholarship, of wide experience, and of sound and practical acquaintance with the working world.

A Congressional Vacation.

President Harding has set his face against a session of Congress between the adjournment next week and the regular session beginning in December. It is his judgment that the country needs a vacation from congressional activity, and he has clearly expressed the wish that Congress shall attend to all needful business in the few days that remain between now and March 4th.

The public is tired of Congress, and the fault is with Congress itself. There has rarely been a time in the history of the country when the basis of partisan differences has been so slight, yet there has rarely been a Congress in which partisan differences and calculations were so emphasized. We can think of but one measure—that of the British debt settlement—that has been discussed during the session from other than a partisan standpoint. Every other notable legislative proposal has carried the flavor of politics; and what is worse, it has been the politics of faction rather than politics relating to broad principles or to national policies.

Under the influences that have surrounded membership in Congress since the direct primary came into operation the vision of individual congressmen has been narrowed down within personal and parochial limits. The politics of his district has become more important to the individual congressman than the issues of the nation. The new order has made of almost every congressman first of all a mere schemer for votes. Today there are few men in Congress who can say as Tom Reed once said: "I do not have to look after my district; my district looks after me."

The situation in Congress has been further demoralized by a lack of competent leadership. For all its faults, the old convention system selected many men of forceful character, men qualified by nature and by habit and by established prestige for leadership. The new system works to other ends; it develops subservience of character rather than force of character. Thus it is that during the recent session neither in the Senate nor in the House has there been anybody on either the Republican or Democratic side competent to the business of party leadership. We have the natural result in a situation that recently led Senator John Sharp Williams, in announcing his retirement after thirty years' service, to add that he "would rather be a dog and bay the moon than serve longer in Congress." In similar mood, Secretary Weeks recently declared "Congress was never at so low an ebb."

Congress has been pretty constantly in session now for six years. The Sixty-Fifth Congress met in special session on April 1, 1917, and held continuously until October 6th—a period of 188 days. It convened again December 3d of the same year, and sat until November 21, 1918—354 days. It convened again on December 2d, and adjourned March 3, 1919—92 days. The Sixty-Sixth Congress convened in May, 1919, and held through to November 20th of that year—185 days. It convened again December 1, 1919, and adjourned June 5, 1920—188 days. It met again December 6, 1920, and held to March 1, 1921—89 days. The present, or Sixty-Seventh Congress, whose term expires next week, has held four sessions, the only Congress to make this record since the first Congress of 1789. The Sixty-Seventh Congress was called in special session April 11, 1921, and held until November 23d—227 days. It met again December 5th of the same year and continued until September 22, 1922—292 days. It convened again on November 20th last, and held until December 4th—15 days. The present session met in December, and on March 4th, when its mandate expires, it will have been in session for 90 days.

Verily, it is time for a congressional vacation; and if, in the few remaining days of the life of the Sixty-Seventh Congress, it shall do the things it ought to do—things that can easily be done—there will be no need for congressional action until December, when the Sixty-Eighth Congress will convene automatically.

Alice Meynell—Essayist and Poet.

Alice Meynell's death last November caused little public stir in England and perhaps less in America, and yet as one commentator has justly stated she ought to have been poet laureate. That the foremost woman writer of half a century should have been so little known is a curious fact. Praised lavishly by Meredith, Ruskin, Rossetti, and by Coventry Patmore, who made her the only exception to a swingeing arraignment of women writers, Mrs. Meynell profited not at all by publicity. Always she preferred a place removed from the limelight. The loss was not hers, but the public's. For her own part Mrs. Meynell conserved time and energy by retirement, and no one ever wasted time less or exploited opportunity more than she.

Remarkable as Mrs. Meynell's work is, both in prose and verse—and she is among the few writers whose output was so uniformly high that critics can not agree as to which is finer, verse or prose—she is perhaps even more remarkable as a personality. And here is a strange thing: her work, by the very nature of its sensitiveness, and also because she made no effort that it should be otherwise, is distinctly feminine, whereas her character, in its strength and integrity, would have been remarkable for a man. She was spiritually rather than intellectually great—a fact that may account for the deference, even reverence, in which she was held by all who came in contact with her. And she was, from her marriage at twenty-seven to her death at over seventy, the centre of a constantly shifting but constantly adoring literary circle.

Mrs. Charles Clark (Celia Tobin), to whom Mrs. Meynell's last book was dedicated and in whose home in San Francisco Mrs. Meynell's one visit to America was mainly spent, has sketched her life as she knew it, from fragmentary references of Mrs. Meynell or her elder sister, Elizabeth, Lady Butler. The youth of the two sisters was largely spent abroad, often in Italy, near Genoa, where their parents had a villa; also in the Isle of Wight—a wandering youth, which is said to account for the strangeness that always hovered over Alice Meynell. The secret of a certain remoteness of personality probably was in a mind tuned differently from even the intellectually élite with whom she associated. Alice Thompson's first book was published in 1875, when she was twenty-five. It is characteristic that she did not publish another for twenty years. Quantity of output was less than nothing as a criterion to the perfect balance and just values of her mind. But the hiatus is also accounted for by her marriage at twenty-seven to Wilfrid Meynell and her subsequent career of domesticity and journalism, which left no time for letters, *per se*. She would not do at all what she could not do perfectly. And though, as J. C. Squire has written of her, "there was never any risk that she should turn herself into a machine," yet she was an indefatigable worker. It is recorded of her that she wrote her usual "copy" for the *Pall Mall*, a column called "The Wares of Autolycus," on the day on which one of her seven children was born.

Mrs. Meynell's conversion to Catholicism several years before her marriage was one of the pivotal facts of her life, and after her marriage she threw herself into the work of assisting her husband to edit his two Catholic weeklies, the *Weekly Register* and *Merry England*. In addition, in her early journalistic career she contributed to Henley's *Scots' Observer* and won thereby its editor's unstinted admiration. The English man of letters who did not admire her is not known. Profesionally she was a universal favorite, admired equally for the beautiful quality of her work—a quality that was not accidental, but the result of untiring revision under the standards of an infallible taste—and the fine quality of her personality.

We have said that Mrs. Meynell's work was feminine, but to imply that it was typically so would be going too far. It was so only because it could hardly have been produced by a man. It expressed a woman's emotions and it was done with a sensitiveness never equaled in its charming delicacy by a man, probably never equaled by any one. Mr. Squire says: "She was among the six or seven best women writers in the records of English literature, and the only one of them to achieve greatness as an essayist." Though it is easy to list the other five or six with whom this critic places her, it is impossible to recall another woman writer who shared with Alice Meynell the quality that is so notably hers. There have been few men, and in that respect—the quality of workmanship—her work was masculine. Apropos of this point she was a suffragist and resented the imputation of women's inferiority in art or letters. How she reconciled Patmore's bitter discrimination against her sex in intellectual or artistic matters with her admiration of him, and his for her, is one of the puzzles of literature.

It is interesting to note her own estimate of her work. Until her later years she preferred her prose to her poetry. She resented the popular acclaim that greeted and followed "Renunciation." Popularity was not to her taste. However, she turned to verse rather than prose to express the passionately intellectual ideas of her later years, and she was convinced that she had reached her high-water mark in the last volume of her poems, published shortly before her death. Death came to her at the height of her powers, and it was as she wished it, for almost her last words were: "This is not tragic. I am happy!" Truly an ideal ending to a perfect life.

Editorial Notes.

In his search for "hot stuff," Mr. Bryan has hit upon the "lame duck" as a subject of criticism. Now, the lame duck is one of the side products of our scheme of government. He is a man who, having served in Congress, has failed of reëlection. In four cases out of five, his defeat has been brought about by the exercise

of an independence of mind that has for the time destroyed his "popularity" in his own state or district. In many cases—perhaps in most—it is for his virtues rather than his demerits that a statesman has been transmuted into a lame duck. Presidents very commonly are observant of the facts, and it frequently follows that the lame duck is retained in public service by executive appointment. He is taken into the Cabinet or he is sent on a foreign mission, or in some other way is kept in public service; and it is fortunate in many cases that this is so, for the lame duck is always a man of experience, familiar with affairs of government, and commonly a man of strong character. After every "landslide" there are available a considerable number of lame ducks, and following the election of last November the crop was unusually large. Among them was Senator Harry New of Indiana, who it is said is to be taken into the Cabinet as Postmaster-General. Another is Senator Poindexter of Washington, who is to be Minister to Peru. The President has done well in both instances. It would truly be a pity if these men, not to mention others admirably qualified for public service, should be thrust aside.

At a public dinner in Chicago last week a flashlight used as an aid to photography exploded with disastrous effects. Several persons were burned painfully, while others were seriously hurt in a stampede which followed. The incident will have served a good purpose if it shall call attention to the impropriety of photographing semi-public gatherings. It is a practice that has grown upon the enterprise of photographers and the vanities to which it ministers. Here in San Francisco the practice has been run into the ground. At a moment when diners are or ought to be devoting themselves to the purpose of the gathering, a halt is called and everybody asked to look pleasant while the photographer lets off his bomb, often with blinding effect, and always to the disturbance of the spirit and dignity of the occasion. Then, when the result has been hurriedly wrought out, spielers hawking their pictures make further disturbance. This practice mars the dignity of every public occasion. It has become a nuisance and an abomination.

More interesting than the alabaster lotus vases, for the light it casts on the intellectual status of Egypt in Tutankhamen's day, is the construction of the stand on which one of these vases was photographed. The frame-work contains a perfect truss, satisfying in all essentials the requirements of the modern civil engineer. The weight of an object supported in the centre of the table is distributed through this form to the vertical supports, or legs, in a manner many modern builders do not understand, and in fact in a way some of them seem unable to grasp. It is identical with the device carpenters use to span door and window openings in house frames, and the principle is very generally used in bridges, whether of steel or timber. The vases exemplify the ancient Egyptian love of the beautiful, but the construction of these stands, of which there are more than one, suggests the possession of an advanced mechanical science.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Completely Reinstated.

Honolulu, February 10, 1923.

Argonaut Publishing Co., San Francisco—

Gentlemen: I am delinquent on my subscription to the *Argonaut,* and in order to reëstablish my credit with you I enclose check for two years' subscription. Rather than be without the *Argonaut* I am prepared to subscribe for the rest of my natural life, but find it difficult to work out the term. Anyway I hope to be a reader of your most admirable publication as long as I am able to sit up and read anything.

Very truly yours, E. F. Bishop.

Takes Exception.

South Park, February 18, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* A Mr. Joris Van Antwerpen claims that Germany has always broken treaties, which is not true, and her transgressions and conquest of the world's area and population compared with other European nations is rather small. England in particular has more sins to answer for than all the others combined. As to France, see Charlemagne Williams' "Conquest of England"—Louis XIV, Napoleon—he overthrew and created independent nations at his pleasure. (Father P. E. Gazeau's "History of Europe.")

Charles Houseman.

The Apostolic Creed.

New York, February 16, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* Through a friend, a native of San Francisco, I have had the privilege of reading your paper this winter. Its sane, conservative optimism, even in the face of such dangers as the occupation of the Ruhr and the possible action of the radical element in our National Senate, has been most reassuring.

When, therefore, in your issue of February 3d I saw your article, "A Stirring of Dry Bones," I was surprised at its misstatements and unfairness. The enclosed clippings must prove to you that Bishop Manning and many intelligent laymen do believe in the Apostle's Creed. In one place you say, "It [the creed] is universally accepted by laity as well as clergy," and in another place you say, "Few intelligent persons believe it" [the creed]. Does this imply hypocrisy?

The ascension of the body in the flesh and the existence of a material hell somewhere under this earth have not, for centuries, been accepted as literal by churchmen.

A closer study of the subject might modify your views and prevent your hurting the feelings of some of your readers.

If one believes in no God, that is "beside the mark." Believing in a God should make us considerate as to the manner of worship of that God by our brother.

Very truly yours,
Dr. Charles Hitchcock.

Frederic Harrison.

Pasadena, February 18, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* My first impression of Frederic Harrison was of a little old gentleman in a brown velvet suit, reading—without spectacles—the new Arden Shakespeare, and obviously enjoying it. He was then over ninety, but still possessed the interest and elasticity of mind so often absent from age—no stagnant pool surrounded by dying vegetation here, but the rushing clear stream, life-giving and life-receiving. His memories carried him back to almost incredible lengths. As a boy he had heard Mendelssohn conduct a London concert—this was in 1845; he had seen Dickens daily when writing "Domhey & Son"; he had visited Meredith at Box Hill; he was an intimate friend of Tennyson, and a companion of all that great Victorian circle of writers, poets, and thinkers. Italy and France he well knew in their revolutionary '70s. He was then *Times* correspondent in France, and the restricted French press, to their fury, used to translate back his articles into their papers, Harrison having access to information denied them. Finally this led to his expulsion.

Talking of the great singers he had heard—Grisi, Jenny Lind, and Patti—he said that Patti's voice was the most uniformly perfect, and that Grisi alienated her public by her jealousies and fickleness.

He had seen the introduction of croquet, a game much adapted to surreptitious manœuvring of balls under the crinoline ladies of the period; but tennis was his game, and he had only given it up under compulsion to his beloved wife at the tender age of eighty. Golf he thought a lunatic's sport and their links a too frequent blot on the downs and hills over which he loved to walk.

He considered the freedom of women by far the greatest change he had seen during his lifetime, and with the farthest reaching effects.

And now the last of the Victorian giants has passed over, and we are the losers of a vivid personality, but the richer for having known so complete a life. P. A.

Mayor Rolph's Candidacy.

San Francisco, February 20, 1923.

Editor the Argonaut—*Sir:* Has Mayor Rolph roused himself from the political lethargy into which he was sunk? A special writer on political topics in a morning newspaper recently said: "Mayor Rolph will be a candidate to succeed himself." That paper is friendly to the mayor and the statement, probably, was inspired. As it is only a few months since his honor was quoted as being bored with office, as saying that when his term expired he would gladly betake himself to his business, to which, thereafter, he would devote his exclusive attention, the curious may wonder what caused the sleeper to awake. Any one may hazard a guess. Suppose he saw the pro-Johnson press—of the type of the *Examiner, Call, Bee*—lambasting Governor Richardson in nearly every issue; suppose he heard the raucous voices of the pro-Johnson politicians (some of them ex-office-holders now) objurgating the governor day in and day out, keeping equal step thereat with the *Examiner* and its co-lambasters; suppose that he failed to recall that none of those pro-Johnson newspapers and none of those pro-Johnson politicians supported Governor Richardson during the primary, but, to the contrary, were all blatant for another candidate and for Johnson—might he not surmise that the "Johnson gang," hailed by Candidate Richardson's ante-primary and pro-election "economy-anti-machine" announcements—afterwards by the governor's "budget"—from subjecting the state to their own selfish purposes—*i. e.,* the maintenance of the pro-Johnson machine at the expense of the taxpayers—had taken to the bush in guerilla warfare against the party chief and would likely remain "out" during his administration—might he not assume (especially if there chanced to be a bee in his bonnet, if he were pricked by vanity) that if he, Rolph, should be actively in politics when the next gubernatorial primary came along (as he would be if then mayor of San Francisco), perhaps, if he ran hard enough, he might get the gubernatorial nomination in the Republican primary therefor?—perhaps, also, egged on some by political malcontents?

Now it chances that the fatuousness of the pro-Johnson type of politicians in California has reached that swelled-toad dimension that is almost beyond comprehension—of the Duodreary sort that "no feller can ever find out." They appear to take themselves, seriously, as being of a superior caste to the great body of plain citizens. Seemingly they have hitherto rested in the comfortable assurance that the politician's right to hold down his job as long as his own party is in power had attained unto a state of political sanctity—had reached a kind of *stare decisis* as the lawyers might term it—which no chief of that party might lawfully meddle with or disturb. Recently we have witnessed how ruthlessly and rudely the governor jolted them in his "budget." (Poor things!)

Being seriously minded to *really serve* the people who elected him to serve them, by his "budget" the governor has put a stop to the perpetuity in office of the pro-Johnson political heelers—drying up the fiscal teats of the state against them. Hitherto on political pap they have flourished and grown big. Hence their clamor.

Why do the office-holders rage and the politicians imagine a vain thing? Can they not remember as far back as the happenings of last fall? The late election was a revolt of the taxpayers. It accounted for Governor Richardson's enormous majority, the largest ever given to any governor of California—larger than any the Johnson machine could ever corral for him. And Governor Richardson had no machine; he was "on his own," plus the zealous assistance of the country press. Does any sensible person doubt that his place in the hearts of the people will endure? So long as he is there the State Capitol will be a place exclusively devoted to the transaction of *the business of the state. In nowise for the transaction of politics!*

But why worry? The writer is credibly informed and believes that the Republican party will never nominate the father confessor of San Francisco union labor to be governor of California. Edward A. Belcher.

The tropical East, says a traveler, is developing a taste for California fruit and marine engines. The people of that region seem blessed with healthy appetites.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

SENATOR BROOKHART'S IDEAS.

(New York Times.)

Senator Brookhart sponsors a railway bill which is not a casual thought. It is the mature embodiment of views expressed in his first speech to the Senate before Christmas and which the chairman of the Western Railways Committee then characterized as a "baseless and reckless" attack on the railways. First, Senator Brookhart would strengthen the Interstate Commerce Commission's power over the railways, but would abolish the Labor Board. He would reduce values for rate-making purposes so that rates would not be allowed to earn anything on what the senator calls the "unearned increment" of railway property to an amount between three and four billions. He would also squeeze several billions more from the railways' watered securities. The effect of the bill would be to reduce the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation to around $12,000,000,000. Also, the senator would restore the control of the states over all intrastate commerce.

These views of the Iowa senator are the expression of a sentimeot resolved upon goverooment ownership. Facts are wasted upon the advocates of that policy. The valuation which they reject is the result of their own orders both to make it and how it should be made. They are in full flight from it now because it does not meet their hopes. But when the Supreme Court comes to make its own valuation for the prevention of confiscation of railway property it may be trusted to pay little attention to a policy of rate reduction for reasons of selfish politics.

A different and more wholesome sort of politics cootrols the relation between state and national commerce. The Constitution has fixed it and the Supreme Court has defioed it repeatedly and with precision. There is no such aotagooism between the Federal and state railway commissioos as the railway haters seek to create. The state aod ioterstate commissions consult together on suitable occasions. As though in anticipation of the farm bloc's policy, Interstate Chairmao Meyer has written to the Natiooal Associatioo of Utility Commissions a letter emhodying, he says, the Federal commission's views that the state commissions are useful regarding all rate questions which do not concern the relatioo of local to national rates. Questions outside the Federal regulation include half the passenger traffic and a fifth of the freight traffic, besides the bulk of electric traffic. Water, gas, trolleys, telegraphs, all need state regulation aod can oot be regulated by Federal power in the larger part. Each sort of commission is needed to supplement the other, aod harmonious relations between them are desirable.

Last May a committee representing both sorts of commission arranged a plan of cooperatioo with the avowed iotention of wiping out state lines in trade relations. Senator Brookhart fancies that he can keep the Federal commission alive, and yet transfer to the state commissions the power to dominate regarding rates designed to discriminate in favor of state over national commerce. No doctrine contrary to the Shreveport decision supporting the Interstate Commerce Commission in that ruling can be repealed hy any statute, hecause it is an integral part of our Constitution, fortified by the Supreme Court decision. Senator Brookhart is not so alarming as he would like to be thought.

"SOCIETY" AND CRIME.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

A group of prominent lawyers went into court in New York last week and made a plea for lenieocy for four La Montagne brothers, members of a distilling firm, who had pleaded guilty to indictments of conspiracy to defraud the government by means of forged permits for the withdrawal of liquor from bond. And their plea was based oo the "social prominence" of the defendants and on the ground that their business has been changed overnight from being a legitimate one to being a crime, with the result that they had found it difficult to adjust themselves suddenly to the oew conditions.

This strange notion that "social prominence"—whatever that may mean—ought to give those who possess it immunity from punishment for crime is unfortunately too familiar to those who watch the hahitual administration of justice in the courts. In this particular case it is pointed out that these are the first men "of such prominence and standing" to be sentenced to prison terms under the Volstead Act, for Judge Winslow was deaf to the appeals for leniency and sent them all to jail, in addition to imposing fines.

The whole principle on which these pleas were hased is radically wrong. These men were engaged in a business which, while "legitimate" under the laws prior to the prohibition amendment, was for many years under attack as demoralizing and evil, and they had ample warniog of the han which that amendment and the legislation which followed were to impose upon their operations. If the social prominence and the high standing which formed the basis of the pleas in their behalf meant anything, it iodicated that they were men of superior intelligence and of higher knowledge than the average of the inevitable consequences of deliherate violation of the laws.

There is often valid excuse for the ignorant who break the law, hut there ought to be none for those higher in the scale of social intelligence and progress. Indeed, the latter are under a greater responsibility to obey the law or to take the consequences, for leniency in their cases invariably gives credence to the complaint that justice is hlind only in theory and that immunity belongs solely to the rich and "socially prominent." These defendants knew very well what they were doing, and leniency for them would have heen a miscarriage of justice, a flagrant display of bias and favoritism which could not have failed to deepen disrespect for the courts and the processes of criminal justice.

THE EVE OF GREAT TIMES.

(Washington Post.)

The United States is on the eve of great prosperity. From every corner of the country, and from every product, comes the same story of increasing demand. The nation has been strait-jacketed for more than ten years, partly on account of the European war and partly because of had legislation affecting the railroads and industrial corporations. The people have suffered severely from absurdly high prices, stoppage of building growth, profiteering in public expenditures, strikes, and other evils. Private enteprise has been checked in many directions, and public enterprises in many cases have been misdirected. The times seemed out of joint. The period from 1914 to 1923 has been a nightmare to millions of Americans who had a right to enjoy prosperity as a result of their industry in building up solvent businesses. It is high time that the tide of prosperity should hegin to flow.

Millions of citizens are in need of homes and have the money to pay for them. The shortage of huildings in the United States is a double evil which should be remedied forthwith. It is evil in itself because of the inconvenience and hardship it imposes through increased rents for poor accommodations, and it is evil indirectly because it prevents factory and office expansion which would increase employment and production. The country should have building construction on a scale far beyond anything ever seen, if it is to keep

pace with the growth of population and the pressing needs of the people. The increase in building operations during the last few months is evidence of the greater activity that is at hand. Let no one entertain fears of overbuilding. That fear has obsessed shortsighted men since the founding of the republic. It has been the builders, the daring ones, who have reaped fortunes in all the cities, from Maine to California. Washington, for example, is growing faster than at any preceding period, and yet it is famishing for housing accommodations.

The basic industries, such as the production of coal, steel, copper, petroleum, timber and foodstuffs, are thriving at a remarkable rate, and yet they have not reached the stage where they meet the nation's necessities. There is need of more than the farms and factories are producing. This need arises from the previous shortage of the war period, and from the demands of the increased populations. It should be remembered that the United States turns out 1,000,000 ablebodied men every year, along with other valuable products. There are about 5,000,000 young Americans of draft age who have never been in uniform. This fact illustrates the tremendous rate of America's growth, and incidentally it throws light upon the reason why industries of all kinds are becoming prosperous.

The growth of the United States and the prosperity of its people constitute a market here which far excels the entire remainder of the world, so far as American producers are concerned. If they can fill the needs of the United States they need not worry over Europe's demands, although Europe in normal times absorbs certain surplus products and thus serves as a balance wheel. The new tariff law, by stimulating production, has cut down unemployment and increased the demand for all kinds of goods. An era of good times is consequently beginning, comparable with the good times that followed the enactment of the McKinley tariff.

Another factor of great importance in encouraging American industry is the improvement in the world situation. Gloomy reports are numerous, as usual, but nevertheless the world is working out of its worst difficulties. The French experiment in Germany remains an uncertain adventure, but there is some comfort in the fact that it is an economic struggle, thus far, and the propability of war seems to become less as the days pass. The quarrel between Turkey and Europe is in process of adjustment, in spite of the devious methods adopted by the Turks to avoid a settlement. The Russian red army is no longer feared as an aggressive agency, since it has been acknowledged by the Soviet leaders that the soldiers will fight only in defense of Russian soil. Finally, and not least, the adjustment of European debts to the United States has been given a powerful stimulus by the British debt agreement, now successfully running the gauntlet of Congress. All these signs point unmistakably to clearer skies, the return of peace, and the resumption of work by European peoples. With Europe actively at work, values will return to its currencies, and increased purchasing power will manifest itself in larger demands for American products.

The obvious duty of Congress is to enact the shipping bill, in order that the United States shall own its carrying system and pay ocean freight bills to itself. With a suitable merchant marine this nation will be complete unto itself, whether in commerce or war. The adjustment of its minor difficulties at home will come naturally, under the tremendous pressure of necessity and the impetus of good times. This is a time for all Americans to take hold and develop their country, with long vision and absolute faith.

WHO ARE NOW THE DOLLAR CHASERS?

(New York Evening Mail.)

Lord Carnarvon is reported as having been guilty of the egregious vulgarity of having had his coronet painted over Tutankhamen's tomb. Furthermore, it is reported that his lordship has planned a colossal scheme for exploiting his discoveries commercially.

If an American were guilty of conduct such as this the European newspapers would have some very cutting things to say of the "dollar chasers." We trust they will pay some attention to this hereditary nobleman if he should act as it is feared he will act.

American Egyptologists have been giving Lord Carnarvon the most splendid help in his excavations. They unselfishly left their own important work to do so. And it is safe to say that had they been lucky enough to discover Tutankhamen's tomb they would not have tried either to commercialize the discovery or to commandeer all the news of the priceless relics found.

A PLETHORA OF MERIT.

(New York Times.)

Mr. Charles F. Murphy is a veteran political pathologist. Tens of thousands of extreme cases of hunger and thirst for office have been examined in his East Fourteenth Street laboratory. Yet at Albany, where he has been holding a preliminary clinic and dispensary, the number and the violent symptoms of the patient surprised even his scientific phlegm and professional reserve. He threw up protesting or despairing hands. The inappeasable up-state Democratic craving for jobs was the most virulent observed in his long experience. In fact, the up-state faithful make Manhattan Tammany look like the National Civil Service Reform League in comparison.

Not merely for fat posts does that gnawing rage. A thousand or thereabout of patriot "sports" hanker incurably for places on the boxing commission; and to have their "men" on the state fair commission and so near to the rural heart is the longing of many a county "leader." The harvest is small and the laborers are many. Every Democratic hashaw whose county "went for Al" has the election figures in his pocket and "claims" and "demands" on his tongue. Mr. Smith's modest plurality of 479,000 in this city seems to be forgotten.

If the up-state magnificos didn't invent Mr. Smith, at least they made his candidacy successful, they say. Was it Kelly of Onondaga or Fitzpatrick of Erie who first and most beat back Mr. Hearst's spirited charge on the nomination? Both, the judicious observer will admit, unless he is looking for trouble and has forgotten the trouble these Samsons made for themselves and Governor Smith in his first term over this cardinal matter of patronage. "Jobs, not policies," is the legend of the masters of county machines. Democratic Saratoga exalts its horn. Democratic Albany crows over is 17,000 plurality and sharpens its spurs for a fight with Democratic Rensselaer in the next yard. When boss meets boss, then comes the tug of war.

Somewhere in the works of Artemus Ward is a picture of Republican officeholders plunging down the chimneys and crawling up the stairs of the White House in 1861. "Mr. Ward, they come on me from the bowels of the airth," or words to that effect, says Mr. Lincoln to the proprietor of the Great Moral Show. Some such importunate swarm Governor Smith has to face. Fortunately he is an old hand at men and business and office. His necessary refusals will make him fewer enemies than most men's; and he has given the mob of applicants notice that only capable persons, who will give their full time and energy to their work, will be appointed.

It is a happiness to know, if it wasn't known before, that Democrats up-state are just as eager as, or if possible more eager than, Democrats down-state to take office; usually, of course, "at great personal sacrifice." The same burning readiness prevails among urban and bucolic Republicans. Our Republican friends aren't entitled to shrug superior shoulders at the Albanian comedy. It was played as heartily, with an all-Republican cast, in 1919. The wails of the "leaders" and henchmen over Governor Miller's ruthless decollation of superfluous Republican placemen have hardly yet died away.

BLOOD STAINS ON THE NATION.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Within eight months this nation has seen a Herrin, Illinois, a Mer Rouge, Louisiana, and a Harrison, Arkansas—all symptoms of the same general disorder, of contempt and disregard of the law. The results at Mer Rouge and Harrison are hidden in the future, but we are seeing the aftermath of Herrin now.

These are not hopeful. Williamson County has chosen to remain "Bloody Williamson." Remembering the twenty graves in the Herrin "potters' field," the nation must draw a broad black circle about the reddened name of Herrin. Its name has come to be an ugly symbol and its shame will live.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lasca

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of hooks or creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly hound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
The cattle gained on us—just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise
Lasca was dead!
I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides
Into the rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still, like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

—*F. Desprez.*

Intellectual anarchists, despisers of authority, evangelists of Utopias whose chief substance is riotous rhetoric, have never done more than destroy. They have disintegrated authority, but they have never built states.—*Shailer Mathews.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edward Terry Sanford of Knoxville, Tennessee, just appointed a justice of the United States Supreme Court, is fond of motion pictures and golf. He figures as a fan at both these sports, and is ever ready to tell the world of a good picture or a good golf score—although down in Tennessee they say he seldom makes one of the latter. Outside these avocations he is very studious, and interested in educational matters. He is not fond of society, although gifted with the broadest human sympathies. Judge Sanford is not of old Southern stock, being the ninth in direct descent from Thomas Sanford, who reached Massachusetts from England about 1634, and became one of the pioneer settlers of Milford, Connecticut. On his mother's side the judge is of French Swiss descent, his maternal grandfather having gone to Tennessee from Switzerland in 1848. Judge Sanford's father arrived in Tennessee in 1852 and entered the sawmill business. The judge was born in 1865, attended the public schools of Knoxville and the University of Tennessee, where he was valedictorian of his class, and then went to Harvard Law School, where he became editor of the *Harvard Law Review*. He has traveled in Europe and studied at the Ecole de Sciences Politiques. He has been an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States and United States District Judge for the Eastern and Middle Districts of Tennessee. He is married and has a married daughter.

One of the recent personal sensations in Moscow is Claude McCay, an American negro poet born in Jamaica. He went to Russia last November as a delegate to the Third Internationale, representing the American Workers' Party, affiliated with the Communists, and has remained to study the Soviet system and write a book on it for American negroes, which is not expected to help much in solving the race problem.

Nell Brinkley, the artist, is, in private life, Mrs. Bruce McRae, Jr., and has recently come into possession of a son, Bruce McRae 3d.

Sam Huff, a Seminole Indian, has been engaged by society women at Miami, Florida, to teach them archery. Sam shoots close, and with Glenn Curtiss, the aviator, recently defeated Mike Brady and Walter Andrews, the golf professionals, in a mixed golf and archery match, the first of its kind.

Mrs. Nellie Burdett Miller of Colorado Springs is said to be the only poet over seven years of age in the United States whose "poems" have not been published in book form. It is suggested that a grateful commonwealth should make her laureate.

Fritz Thyssen, arrested and fined mildly for refusing to carry out the orders of the French in the Ruhr, is the son of August Thyssen, whose revelations of what he had been promised by the German high command in case it won the war were a sensation of recent times and a demonstration of German world ambition. He was to have Australia to exploit, but he did not get it. Fritz, who appears to have assumed active control of the vast interests of his father, is described as a rather fat and jolly person inclined to take things as they come, but to the German imagination he is the head and front of resistance to the French. It would seem that corpulence is no detriment to a German hero.

John Buchan is head of the English publishing house of Nelson and author of a number of mystery-romances as well as of a history of the great war. His previously most successful book of fiction, "Greenmantle," is soon to be republished in the forthcoming Murray Hill Library.

Tennessee Claflin, Lady Cook, widow of Sir Francis Cook, once a conspicuous figure in America, has recently died in London at the age of eighty-two.

Mme. Lillebil Ibsen, granddaughter-in-law of the Norwegian dramatist, and a dancer who has made her mark on the continent, is to make her American début soon in "Peer Gynt." Mme. Ibsen is a pupil of Fokine.

Major-General Adolphus Washington Greely was in New York recently to receive a medal from the Explorers' Club. He is hale and hearty and seventy-eight, spending his winters in Washington and his summers at Center Conway, New Hampshire, where his physical activities are said to be the marvel of all the other cottagers. The general was the first volunteer private in the civil war to reach the rank of brigadier, and during that progress was three times wounded. After the war he constructed more than 2000 miles of telegraph line in the West, and in 1881, on a recommendation of the Hamburg International Geographical Congress, was put in command of a government expedition of twenty-five men to establish one of a chain of thirteen circumpolar stations. This expedition discovered new land north of Greenland and crossed Grinnell Land to the polar sea, but the party was forced to retreat to Cape Sabine, where all but seven perished of starvation. After two futile attempts at rescue the survivors were finally brought in by a relief party under Captain Winfield Scott Schley. Under General Greely's direction there have been constructed more than 24,000 miles of telegraph and cable line in this country and its dependencies. He was in charge of relief work in this city in 1906, and represented the United States at the coronation of King George V in 1911.

GREEK AND TURK.

A More Judicious View of an Inflammatory Condition Than We Usually Get.

The prepossessions and predilections of Professor Toynbee might have been expected to incline the balance of his judgment towards Greece in her difficulties with Turkey. That would have been but human. The ordinary citizen, even of the class those dear socialists call the *intelligentsia,* might be expected to lean a little in the direction of his interest, if it were nothing but his supposed intellectual affinity. But if there is value in the academic point of view, that value lies in its independence of the prejudices that slant the judgment of ordinary men. And that is the reason why our universities must be free and our university men courageous. The world needs reliably judicious views about matters it can not follow in detail; and the person that can give time to investigation, and competent judgment to his conclusions, is invaluable.

Professor Toynbee appears, from his book on "The Western Question in Greece and Turkey," to be such a person. He was a fellow and tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, until 1915, when he went into government war work; finding himself, by 1918, in the political intelligence department of the foreign office. He was a member of the Middle Eastern section of the British delegation to the Paris peace conference, and is now Korais professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek language, literature, and history in London University. So there tug at his sleeve not only the British affiliation with Greece, in the tradition of Byron and the diplomacy of Lloyd George, but every temptation to sympathize with the martial litigant whose traditions and spirit it is his professional business to expound. And yet, after extensive travels throughout the Near and Middle East, scholarly browsings in the field leading so far that it takes a map to trace them, he is sufficiently impartial to say:

> The Greeks have shown the same unfitness as the Turks for governing a mixed population. The Turks, in their turn, have become exponents of the political nationalism of the West. The break-up of the Ottoman Empire has been arrested at the borders of Anatolia, where Turkey has asserted her independence as successfully as her former Near Eastern subjects have asserted theirs in the Balkan Peninsula; and in this last stage in the redistribution of Near and Middle Eastern territories, the atrocities which have accompanied it from the beginning have been revealed in their true light, as crimes incidental to an abnormal process, which all parties have committed in turn, and not as the peculiar practice of one denomination or nationality. Finally, the masterful influence of our Western form of society upon people of other civilizations can be discerned beneath the new phenomena and the old, omnipresent and indefatigable in creation and destruction, like some gigantic force of nature.

The book assists the growing theory that in Western estimation the Turk has not yet received a square deal, and will not as long as we take our impressions of him from the partisan utterances of some of our missionaries.

The phrase Middle Eastern, occurring in the text, needs definition. It is, in the author's view, "the civilization which has grown up from among the ruins of the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It is not our contemporary, but our junior by about six centuries." The author is mainly concerned, within his theme, with the action of Western ideas on the more or less inchoate, or at least fluid, attributes of this Middle Eastern culture, as that action has appeared in the recent conflict and its preliminary attritions. And his theme he thus defines:

> For good or evil, the barriers between the West and the Near East are down, and the interchange of currents seems certain to go on increasing until the waters find a common level. It is to be hoped that the Western level will not have to be permanently depressed in order to enable the Near Eastern to rise to it. But at any rate, as has been suggested above, the process will probably be spread over a long period. There is one sphere, however, in which it may produce important immediate effects, and that is in the relations between the West and the Middle East. The equally desirable adjustment between these two civilizations is so difficult, and is in so delicate a stage, that it is affected by imponderables. A hardly perceptible Near Eastern pressure in the Western scale at this moment might make the desirable balance between West and Middle East impossible.
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> This question is the special subject of this book, and is the point of permanent historical importance in the Græco-Turkish conflict after the close of the European war, for in this connection Greece and Turkey represent respectively the Near Eastern and the Middle Eastern worlds.

By the flames of Smyrna we have lately seen the integrating effect on a loosely organized people of an attack on their national boundaries. But it is expensive illumination, and might have been avoided. The sack of Smyrna had not occurred when Professor Toynbee wrote his book, and yet he could almost have predicted it. In spite of his service under the Lloyd George government he testifies:

> But the most serious disturbance in the relations of West and Middle East has been produced by the Greek occupation of Western Anatolia. Tbe mischief has been out of all proportion to the extent of the territory. The area provisionally assigned to Greece round Smyrna under the treaty of Sèvres was small compared to the territories mandated to Great Britain and France in Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. The whole area carved out of the Ottoman Empihe since 1821 to make an independent Greece is even smaller in comparison with the vast French and British dominions over Middle Eastern peoples in India, the Nile Basin, and Northwest Africa. It is the misfortune as well as the fault of Greece—and the unmitigated fault of Allied statesmanship—that the occupation of Smyrna has had speeially untoward consequences, but the circumstances could not fail to make trouble. The Greek troops were sent to Smyrna, with a mandate from the Supreme Council and under cover of the guns of Allied warships, more than six months after the armistice with Turkey. The landing—technically camouflaged as a movement of Allied troops for the maintenance of order—was probably contrary to the letter of the armistice, for no previous local disorder had been proved, and it was certainly contrary to its spirit. Within a few hours of the landing, the troops committed a bad massacre in the city; within a few days they advanced into the interior; and a new and devastating war of aggression against Turkey began in her only unravaged provinces. In the sixteenth month of this war, the powers gave Greeee a five-years administrative mandate in the Smyrna Zone, with the possibility of subsequent annexation. Turkey was the leading state of the Middle Eastern world, Greece a Near Eastern state of reeent origin. She had been admitted with generous facility into the Western eoncert of nations; but the mandate now given to her—to govern a mixed population in which one element was of her own nationality—would have been a difficult test, in parallel circumstances, for the most experienced Western power. It was wanton rashness to make such an experiment at Turkey's expense; and after the experiment had proved a failure, it showed blind prejudice and partiality on the part of Western governments that they should continue to give Greece material and moral support in her enterprise as an apostle of their civilization.

This is rough on the policy of his own government, but if it is justified by the facts it ought to be said, in the interest of a better understanding of the situation The extent and results of the conflict he thus depicts:

> On the 15th May, 1919, a destructive force was let loose in Western Anatolia, as sudden and apparently incomprehensible in its action as the eruption of a volcano. One morning, six months after the close of the European war, civilians and disarmed soldiers were massacred in the streets of Smyrna; whole quarters and villages were plundered; then the rich valleys in the hinterland were devastated by further arson and bloodshed, and a military front came into existence, which cut off the ports of Smyrna and Constantinople from the interior and ruined their trade. As the war continued, capital investments like houses, bridges, and tunnels (with which the country was already too poorly provided) were steadily destroyed, cattle lifted, crops commandeered, human beings conscripted, deported or otherwise driven away, if they eseaped being murdered. In fact, a wholesale ruin of the country and extermination of its inhabitants began, over an area which extended with alarming speed. Within eight months the destruction that started on the Smyrna quays was at work in Cilicia, at the other end of Anatolia. Within eighteen months it had overwhelmed the Armenian Republic of Erivan, beyond the northeastern boundaries of Turkey-in-Asia.

To understand this turmoil—that is the great desideratum. But to understand it, a few historical data are required, and the scene is remote, and it is much easier to read "At midnight in his guarded tent the Turk lay dreaming of the hour" and then give harborage to the improbable concept of a whole nation of villains, who are villainous because they have never been baptized. It is here that Professor Toynbee utters this valuable warning against our own too easy and almost rudderless mental drift:

> Where Frenchmen or Italians held tournaments or built cathedrals in the Middle Ages, there are mostly still French and Italian populations anxious to be citizens of modern France and Italy. But in most parts of Anatolia where in the Middle Ages there were Orthodox Greeks belonging to the Near Eastern world, there are now Middle Eastern Moslem Turks. The continuity has been interrupted; the past offers not foundations, but treacherous ruins; and the Greeks make matters worse by digging down below the mediæval stratum to memories of Ancient Hellenism. For this folly we Westerners are largely to blame, for while we prudently refrain from importing the exploits of Ancient Romans, Gauls, or Goths into our contemporary national politics, and content ourselves with King Alfreds and Hohenstaufens and Joans of Arc, we have taught the unfortunate Greek peasant and merchant to say, parrot-wise, "I am a descendant of Pericles," like foolish parents who bring up their children to be more affected than themselves.

Now, as a matter of fact, the modern Greek is related to Pericles about as intimately as Charlie Chaplin is to King Tutankhamen. It would not have been much to his credit if he had been even more nearly related, for Pericles was no saint, and there were few saints among his contemporaries. But it certainly does not qualify any people to dispose of the property and lives of others to have them believe they were made from some specially chosen kaolin while the balance of us are just common bath-brick material. It makes them feel too cocky. What the West needs to know is that the Greeks are no better than anybody else; and that if the Turks are worse than others there are reasons for it outside their peculiar culture.

Of the striking personality that has formed the surprise of recent events in Anatolia and, by projection of his warrior image, at the Lausanne conference, our professor tells us:

> In regard to Mustafa Kemal Pasha I have therefore only to say that he is not a Jew; not a member of that group of politicians who controlled the Committee of Union and Progress, and through it the Ottoman Empire, for half a dozen years between the *coup d'état* of January, 1913, and the armistice of October, 1918; and not under suspicion of making money or other personal gain out of his present position. He comes, I understand, from a Rumili Moslem family; he is a professional soldier; and at a time when smart officers in Turkey had as brilliant prospects in politics as smart lawyers in Greece, he distinguished himself, like Mr. Sterghiádhis, by sticking to his profession. At the Dardanelles he is reported once to have saved a critical situation by taking the command out of his German superior officer's hands. At any rate, he made sufficient mark to incur the jealousy of Enver, who used his powers as minister of war to keep Mustafa Kemal in the background from that time onwards till his own downfall. The effect was the opposite to wbat Enver had intended, for when the triumvir fled the country, Mustafa Kemal emerged as a popular figure—a soldier with a fine record who had been persecuted by the men responsible for the national disaster. Just because he was known to be a personal opponent of Enver, the tame government kept by the Allied powers at Constantinople let him loose in Anatolia (with the approval of the Allied military authorities) as an inspector-general of the Ottoman forces in the early summer of 1919, a few weeks after the landing of the Greek troops at Smyrna. Once there, he taught his countrymen a new answer to an old riddle. High Ottoman officials, at the instance of outraged Allied High Commissioners, recalled, degraded, and eondemned the audacious rebel, but to no purpose. He proved by a personal demonstration that a Turk can be his own master in Anatolia without having to wait for a better world, and under his inspiration the National Movement sprang to life.

Reverting to the perennial atrocity question, because with so many people it is the main one, our author urges these pertinent considerations:

> In judging Greek and Turkish atrocities, Westerners have no right to be self-righteous. They can only commit one greater error of judgment, and that is to suppose that the Turks are more unrighteous than the Greeks. Much mischief has been done in the Near and Middle East by this eommon Western opinion. The argument generally advanced is that Turks have committed a very much greater number of atrocities upon Greeks than Greeks upon Turks since the two peoples first came across each other. The fact is true, but the deduction is fallacious, because a second factor bas to be taken into consideration, and that is the opportunities enjoyed by the two parties for respective ill-treatment. From 1461 to 1821, very few Greeks in the world were not in the power of the Turks, while the Greeks never had considerable numbers of Turks in their power till 1912. To obtain properly comparable figures (if one really can give quantitative expression to moral values), one ought to divide the total number of atrocities inflicted by each people upon the other by the number of its opportunities to inflict them, and then correct the result (if the evidence suffices) by the strength of the stimulus in each particular case. I shall not attempt this calculation, but I recommend it to any one who believes that there is much to choose between the Greek and the Turkish record.

Still hewing at prejudice, and perhaps knocking a few chips from that stubborn trunk, the author says:

> Among the Western publie, the names "Greek" and "Turk" are chiefly familiar as pegs on which people hang false antitheses—always to the Turks' disadvantage, except among a small minority who are generally driven by exasperation into the opposite extreme. I have heard believing Western Christians, in comparing the Turks with the Near Eastern Christian peoples, stigmatize the former as "incapable of progress." These same Christian Westerners would be horrified at the doctrine that negroes, or women, have no souls. Yet this is only a theologieal form of the proposition whieh they make, with regard to the Turks, without hesitation. It is not the first case in which theological prejudice has led estimable people to count fellow human beings among "the beasts that perish." Western statesmen are little better, for though they have recently become more chary of religious allusions, the other current defamations of the Turks could hardly have been more pithily formulated than they were by the Allied governments in a note dated the 11th January, 1917, and addressed to President Wilson, in which they enumerated, among their war aims, "the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, which has proved itself so radically alien to Western civilization." This diplomatic document and the sectarian prejudice alluded to above cover between them the principal fallacies by which the confused relations of the Greeks and Turks with the West and with one another have been worse confounded. These are the three false antitheses of Christianity and Islam, Europe and Asia, civilization and barbarism.
>
> The traditional partition of Eurasia into two continents is unreal, and the ancient Greek scientists who first introduced it as a parochial division in their miniature world never succumbed to the illusion that there was some mysterious difference of soil or climate predisposing "Asiatics" to viee and "Europeans" to virtue.

Nobody ever harmed himself by being just; and this whole Turkish question calls for reëxamination. If Anatolia has become a focus of war infection the need is all the more evident. With Constantinople a pledge of peace more vital than Mosul and its oil, the need of a better understanding among those involved is apparent. The author makes this plea for more rational procedure and a more open and tolerant mind in dealing with the subject:

> But, as in the case of Greece, the concrete actions of Western powers in war and diplomacy have mattered less, for good or evil, than the overwhelming though imponderable "suggestion" exercised upon the Turkish by the Western mind. We have injured the Turks most hy making them hopeless and embittered. Our skepticism has been so profound and our contempt so vehement that they have almost ceased to regard it as possible to modify them by their own action. They incline to accept these Western attitudes as fixed stars in their horoscope, with a fatalism whieh we incorrectly attribute to the teaching of their religion, without realizing that our own conduct has been one of its potent causes. But while they are discouraged, they are not deadened to resentment. They see us in a light in which we too seldom look at ourselves, as hypocrites who make self-righteous professions a cloak for unscrupulous practice; and their master grievance against us so fills their minds that it leaves little room for self-examination. If a charge is brought against them from a Western source, that is almost enough in itself to make them harden their hearts against it, however just it may be. They do not get so far as to consider it on its merits. They plead "not guilty," and put themselves in a posture of defense, to meet what experience has led them to regard as one of the most effective strokes in the Western tactic of aggression. In 1921, I seldom found the Turks defend the fearful atrocities which they had commited six years previously against the Armenians, hut repentance and shame for them were not uppermost in their minds—not, I believe, because they were incapable of these feelings, but because they were preoccupied by indignation at the conduct of the Allied powers in fomenting a war-after-the-war in Anatolia. Remorse can not easily co-exist with a grievance, and until we relieve the Turks of the one, we shall certainly fail, as we have done hitherto, to inspire them with the other.

The book is closely compacted of first-hand information and cool opinion, tempered with tolerance of human differences. The course of the diplomacy involved is set out in detail, and so fully that the chapter on that subject might stand as a diplomatic history of the entire Greco-Turkish imbroglio. The style is clear and strong, and in some passages rises into vivid imagery, as interesting as any you will find in recent fiction. It is an admirable effort to spread the light.

The Western Question in Greece and Turkey. By A. J. Toynbee. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 17, 1923 (five days), were $147,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $130,000,000; an increase of $17,200,000.

The year 1923 opens with the building world looking forward to a period of activity which it is expected will equal, if not surpass, all previous records in the real estate field.

It has been estimated that new construction in the United States during the year will reach the enormous total of $6,000,000,000.

The major part of this building programme will be financed by first mortgages on real estate against which first mortgage bonds will be issued, says R. D. Maxwell in *Forbes Magazine*. This method of financing large real estate transactions was born of necessity about forty years ago, when the amount of capital involved became so great that the average investor could not carry the mortgage. It became necessary to draw the funds from many sources and the only way this could be done, and still give the lender the same degree of safety and protection, was to split the mortgage up into small units.

After this method of financing real estate was perfected, building construction was greatly stimulated, and small investors, as well as those with large means, found a very lucrative investment field.

The first mortgage real estate bond is merely a small part of the large mortgage and enjoys the same rate of interest and protection that the parent mortgage does. There are several kinds of mortgage bonds, but the same principle in all cases is applied by bankers to protect their clients.

When, for instance, a real estate operator desires to construct an office building the estimated cost of which is, say, $1,000,000, of which he has accumulated $500,000, he is in need of an additional $500,000. To obtain this he will go to a mortgage banker and open negotiations for a loan. When the banker has satisfied himself that the proposition is sound he will undertake to raise the money by depositing the original mortgage and other necessary papers with a third party, called a trustee. Bonds equivalent to the full amount of the mortgage will then be issued, usually in denominations of $100, $500, and $1000, which find a ready market because there are a great many individuals looking for such investments. The interest is safe, and the lender does not have to worry about details for these are taken care of by the mortgage banker.

Moreover, this system enables investors to obtain an investment with either a short or long maturity, depending upon their individual needs. Bonds are now issued for short terms, at the expiration of which new bonds may be issued and a new class of purchasers may then invest. The usual period of a bond issue is five years. If the investor wishes to sell his bonds before maturity, he can usually do so by taking them to his mortgage or investment banker, who will take them at a small discount.

Has the progression of this country been checked? Is it the part of wisdom to prepare against a long season of depression? Has the high point in general consumptive capacity been reached and must we anticipate a declining demand, or can we confidently look forward to increased production and prosperity during this year and the long future?

These are questions concerning which every careful man will give deliberate thought, and reach definite conclusion, for a hesitating business can not be satisfactory, says Elbert H. Gary in a pamphlet entitled "Looking Forward by Looking Backward Twenty Years." During the last two years there has been some business growth, but not sufficient. The increase in the savings bank deposits alone would demonstrate that the country as a whole has not slipped backward, although undoubtedly there have been interruptions. Yet most of us have operated at less than capacity and profits have not been large or even fair. What does it all mean?

There is always with us a large group, possibly a majority, who look at every unfavorable symptom with the utmost pessimism, who say that there is no chance ahead; that everything is dark; that we can not hope to go forward farther; and that we shall be lucky if we hold what we have. With these views I can not agree. I have heard the same thing too often. Those who judge the condition of business by their emotions rather than by the law of supply and demand inevitably conclude that every depression is permanent. And there are others who take every boom to be the attainment of enduring prosperity.

The record of the last twenty years shows that while, with our present knowledge of business, we do not seem able wholly to prevent either depressions or inflations, the line of progress in the volume of goods consumed is rising. In the long swing of events the dips are purely transitory and all but negligible. They have been important only at the moment.

The capacity for making steel in this country has more than doubled in the last twenty years, which means roughly that the capacity of the people to use steel has doubled. During the same period the population has not doubled. It is perhaps fair to take steel as an index to the consumption of goods in general.

We are not usually able to supply all of the goods that mankind needs, and have only temporarily been able to supply more than it could buy. The population of this country is growing, and its capacity to consume is increasing. Luxuries are gradually becoming necessities, as for instance steam heat in residences. New facilities are constantly being adopted for increasing the efficacy of the individual, as for instance the automobile. Each improvement brings with it the opening of a new industry, a new and larger purchasing power, and the demand for more goods. Twenty years ago, to take the most familiar example, the making of automobiles was scarcely an industry; we all know what it is today. Steel of course forms a relatively insignificant part of a woman's corset, yet the making of corsets annually absorbs many thousands of tones of steel. It is truly astounding how small changes in modes of life create demands on industry. There is no economic reason why this should be less in the future than in the past.

A big city seems to build more slowly than a mining town; but actually the consumption per capita of everything in the city, where the average income of the individual is relatively high, is greater than in the mining town. Every man is justified in making his plans for the future extension of his business in accordance with his capital resources, and no other sort of expansion is ever justified.

We are carrying a very heavy governmental financial burden which will not soon be fully discharged. We must reckon for some time to come on taxes that will be none too easy to bear. Substantial addition to the present burden of taxation might be crushing. This is realized by the President and his associates and they are ably endeavoring to lighten the load. But until a large part at least of the cost of the war is paid, no amount of governmental economy can reduce taxes to a point where they will not have to be seriously reckoned with. Industry has proved that it can function under the present burden, but if new weights are added through oppressive laws, then the future is in doubt.

I can not see other than good business ahead, provided natural economic progress is not interfered with. The greatest danger to the consistent and logical development of the country is in the possibility that attempts may be made to substitute unwise and sometimes vicious laws of man for the laws of nature, thereby interrupting the even movement of supply and demand.

The natural law of supply and demand should not be interfered with by the government or by any administrator of the laws excepting in cases involving turpitude, and this applies to every business transaction and all who are involved in the transaction. Only a little while ago when the war was on, this law had to be suspended because neither the supply nor the demand arose from natural causes, but were influenced by the exigencies of war. Some were even heard to say that nature's laws could permanently be suspended. Everything that has happened since the war goes to prove otherwise, to prove that only as the law of supply and demand is permitted to operate can a country and its citizens soundly prosper. Serious trouble or disaster has followed every contrary course.

It is to me unthinkable that we should rear in this country any aristocracy of special privilege, whether that aristocracy be made up of those who sell the use of their hands, their brains, or their money. I am strongly opposed to special privilege of any kind. The progress and prosperity of no nation can long endure if any single factor in economic life shall be especially favored or punished or exempted.

Equality before the law is fundamental to industrial peace and prosperity. Yet the disposition seems to be to pass laws which in a degree exempt labor organizations and farmer associations from governmental investigation, supervision, and control against wrong. Not only are they exempted from certain restrictive provisions of the existing statutes, but they are affirmatively permitted to do certain things prohibited to other groups of citizens.

To permit labor associations or farmer organizations to do, as the result of combination, things that are claimed to be beneficial to them, but which are denied to others, is to create classes, to favor some of them and to injure the whole body politic. It tends to array class against class, and it materially adds to the cost of production. And be it remembered, the general purchasing public, in the end, must pay the bills. This, as a net result, is certain. This is not equal opportunity and equal obligation.

I willingly admit as to labor, towards which no one has better intentions than I have, that in the long past, as the result of class existence, it was not justly treated. Also, I know by experience and otherwise that the farmers, the most essential element of our national life, have not as a rule received adequate financial returns on their investment and labor. Every fair and reasonable measure to overcome this should be encouraged.

There is no reason why any group should not organize to gain for itself a better economic position if it believes that through organization that position can be gained. But it is not in the public interest to permit any group secretly to expend large sums of money for subversive propaganda. The public is entitled to know the facts about the expenditures of money to influence public opinion. The public is entitled to the record of receipts and expenditures of every kind and character of organization; of every business corporation, of every labor union, of every association, whether or not it be formed for profit.

The surest and wisest of all regulation is public opinion, but sound opinions can not be formed excepting on the facts. To deny to the public the right to investigate any organization is in effect to deny it the right to gain the facts on which to base a judgment.

It is hardly possible to have serious industrial disturbance if all the facts are known. In the graver strikes of the last several years the facts have not been generally known.

Above everything else, strict observance of the criminal laws should be enforced.

The progress of prosperity has been halted by these strikes, which could not have lasted so long in the face of an enlightened public opinion, and there will continue to be stoppages of trade as long as full publicity for every factor in trade is not compelled by law.

There is, however, another phase. If any group be permitted to gain exemption from the law, to have a privileged position, then it may use its advantage to obstruct the law of supply and demand for its own benefit.

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Such a privileged group will not in the long run gain anything of a permanent nature, for the economic laws are inexorable. Artificial prices, based on other than the law of supply and demand, will disturb industrial equilibrium and prevent the business of the country from freely functioning.

Many of our prices are still artificial. Profits are too low and costs too high. Where the natural law has been permitted to work, costs have lowered. But transportation and coal are both artificially high and this prevents trade from flowing as freely as the condition of the country would warrant. There is propaganda tending toward spreading the belief that profits and wages can be maintained at artificial levels in certain lines without injuring the prosperity of the country as a whole. But employers know that continuous prosperity comes only from capable, honest management.

They have not always recognized this. Twenty years ago, the managers of some of the large private corporations apparently believed that it was enough if their conduct was within the technical rules of law; that if, no public law was violated the corporation should be permitted to secure unlimited profit and treat indifferently its customers, its employees, its competitors, and even the general public.

And not a few officials, with this reasoning, were inclined to take advantage of inside, advance information to promote their own pecuniary interests. They ignored the moral principles. They gave no thought to the Golden Rule. Competition was tyrannical and destructive. Weaker competitors were forced out of business, often by means not only unethical, but brutal. Instead of competition being the life of trade, it was the death of trade. Instead of monopoly being destroyed, it was encouraged. Letters written during this period by owners and managers of some of the great industrial concerns furnish indisputable evidence of a disposition to ignore the prineiples of etbics.

This school, following tradition, did not give just consideration to employees. The welfare of the workmen was decided almost entirely from the standpoint of utility and profit, a little thought and credit, of course, being given to safety and physical condition as affecting ability to serve.

Within the last twenty years or more there has been a decided change in the standards and conduct of business. Thousands of business men all over this country, who then believed that the subject of ethics had little, if any, rightful place in business conduct, now insist that it is controlling. Business throughout the United States is today transacted on a higher plane than ever before, though of course there is always need for further improvement.

Radical leaders start with tbe presumption that business is essentially dishonest, and there is not a little evidence that business may during this year be subjected to many unfair attacks which have as their end the obtaining of an advantage to a class and not to the country as a whole. The business man who sincerely believes himself honest will have the courage and strength to stand solidly against any unworthy attack touching his management. He can afford to be courageously patient while waiting for the real facts to develop. But this is no reason why a man in business should be the less equipped, if necessary to defend and better to assert the economic basis of his position.

Those who attack business are often permitted to seem possessed of all the facts and the logic, whereas as a rule their statements are usually inaccurate and their logic vulnerable. Few men actually engaged in business have taken the time or the trouble to school themselves as theoretical, as well as practical, students of commerce.

A larger attention to economic fundamentals on the part of the man in business would do much toward checking the effectiveness of unfair attacks. Business is today a science and it needs to have a scientific equipment. And also its outlook might well be broadened, for the well-being of business and of the nation are inseparable.

Public investigation of business affairs by governmental committees is sometimes necessary and generally productive of good. Some investigations have been of great benefit in exposing to the public facts relating to misconduct or mismanagement, and have resulted in correcting evils. But some investigations are a public nuisance which go beyond the legitimate domain of the examination, and more particularly, when misrepresentations or unfair methods are indulged in. Frequently they are harmful because politically partisan and managed without regard to the rules which govern legal procedure.

The public interest is properly protected only when the facts are given to it by an honest, impartial, and intelligent investigation by a board of undoubted merit which is nonpartisan in character. Governmental regulation of industry can not he proper or desirable without the condition that there shall be no discrimination and that all lines and departments of economic activity of similar importance shall be subjected to the same treatment.

Without at all discussing the merits of governmental regulation of industry, it can not, in my opinion, ever be satisfactory or permanently successful unless and until it is fair and reasonable and, above everything else, is applied without discrimination. If any man urges legislation that especially favors or punishes any class or division of industry, he should frankly avow that he is after something intended to be contrary to the general spirit of the Constitution of this country.

Legislative enactments or the modification or extension of existing laws for the regulation of industry are being frequently debated in and out of Congress and, personally, I welcome this in so far as it is sincere, unselfish, and non-partisan.

Investigation and publication are desirable, if they are not carried to excess. Constant, partisan, and reckless indulgence in this pastime hy representatives of government, or, what is much worse, by self-appointed, unqualified, or dishonest individuals or associations, posing as public benefactors, may be and often is misleading and antagonistic to the general welfare.

At other times I have said that occasional investigation of investigators might result in exposure of a good many rascals; and I would emphasize the statement. Often the man crying "stop thief" in the loudest tones has the stolen goods in his pocket. If a man by his manner and methods gives evidence of personal hostility or selfish designs, it is well to scrutinize his conduct and motives before giving credit for his work or placing reliance upon his statements.

There are many vicious bills pending in Congress which bear upon economic progress. They tend to unsettle industry, to induce fear. It is no answer that the fears usually prove groundless.

Even the mere appropriation bills which provide the necessary funds for governmental administration often precipitate trouble and demoralization and occasionally business depression. It is not so much that large expenditures are proposed as it is the spirit generally exhibited. Selfishness, greed, and vindictiveness are displayed. Not infrequently efforts to promote political or personal advancement are strongly in evidence. Many things other than the public welfare are apparent.

It can be said with some positiveness that if we do not have prosperity this year it will be because of agitation and laws, no matter what their altruistic guise, which are directed against the general welfare.

Neither the tariff nor the debts owing to us from Europe out of the war will in my opinion have any considerable effect upon business.

The tariff is, as always, unsatisfactory, and no satisfactory tariff law will be passed until the two major political parties agree upon the principles of the tariff and take it out of politics. The saving grace of the tariff bill just passed is that its provisions may be modified by the President.

This will work to prevent injustice or profiteering and it is a step in the direction of the appointment of a commission of well-paid, high-minded, intelligent, eompetent and non-partisan citizens to ascertain continuously the facts on all tariff matters. A thoroughly helpful tariff is one that has no favorites, but looks solely to the fair protection of industry without oppressing consumers.

I do not agree that our own economic position would be better if we forgave the debts owing to us from abroad. We should only be adding to our own burdens. Perhaps if all of the debts were paid to us at once and in gold we should have a monetary disturbance, but this is not a danger to which we need give much thought, for there is no possibility that the debts will overnight be paid to us in gold.

I think that the foreign nations can and will pay their debts, some sooner than others and some of them sooner than is now generally expected. We should be willing to extend payments at reasonably low rates of interest and also we should be glad to make new loans whenever we have the confidence that they will he repaid. It is a solely a question of business reciprocity. These debts were voluntarily and fairly contracted. They can not be canceled without doing violence to every principle of justice and propriety. To the extent that they are paid to the same extent will our own taxation be lifted. If they are not paid we shall he no worse off than we now are. The interest may be paid in goods, but the largest possible volume of these goods will not be great enough seriously to interfere with our home production.

Just at this time it is generally recognized there is a shortage of labor, although now and generally there are considerable numbers of idle men who do not ask for or desire steady work. For various reasons many workmen have returned to their homes in foreign countries.

The shortage in labor, however, bas come principally as the result of the percentage immigration laws, which have limited the number of workmen who would now come to this country if not prevented by the laws referred to. After some experience these laws are now believed hy large numbers to be unreasonable.

Ostensibly at least these laws were aimed at the sudden and large increases in the number of foreigners who were locating here, many of them entertaining views hostile to tbe ideas of our government.

These laws ougbt to be changed promptly. The restrictions upon immigration should be directed to the question of quality rather than numbers of foreigners coming to this country. Measures for limiting the number of immigrants to those who are clearly shown to be healthy, morally, politically, and physically, ought to be clear, strict, and enforceable; but the number allowed to come here should he equal to the necessities of our industries.

The administration of the law could be under the control of a competent and impartial governmental commission or department to he managed for the benefit of the general public, and not for the protection of any special class or the exploitation of any impractical or injurious theory. This immigration question is one of the most important now being dchated by people throughout the United States.

We undoubtedly need more workers, and the wise business man will give attention to seeing that those who work with him are fairly treated and are paid the highest feasible wages on a basis of fitting the wage to the work. Employers who attack labor are not entitled to more consideration than lahor that attacks employers. Both are hindrances to prosperity.

If this country is to maintain the economic position to which it is entitled in the onward march of nations, we must have sufficient numbers of competent workmen adequately to supply our industries. To prohibit this would he disastrous, as can he logically demonstrated in a full discussion of the question.

We can prosper only on a fair give and take practice, and if the business of the country operates on such a basis there can be no question but that this year holds for us a large and general prosperity.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Black Oxen.

Black Oxen. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Mrs. Atherton's latest book, "Black Oxen," strikes a note in fiction both new and arresting, and if anything in this day can he either novel or startling, it is all that and more. It is, in fact, a sort of *dernier cri* of all the riots of a turbulent age.

Possibly for the first time, the miracles of recent science have been made the theme of a modern novel, and the result has involved certain awkward explanations which seem to belong rather to the pages of a medical journal than to those of a best seller. They have been handled with a candor which will not only provoke criticism, but adverse comment as well.

The autbor lays her cards on the table early in the book, and the rest and best of it concerns the working out of the entirely novel theme. Whatever the meaning between the lines, whatever the reaction on tbe reader, it is surely hand-written on the walls that if the human clock be turned back past the striking point, something goes wrong with the delicate adjustments of Nature, and when we bargain with Nature we pay.

The best pages in the book give the contrasting pictures of the mature woman of the world, trained in European courts and embassies—the product of an older and more finished social culture than ours—and the crude younger generation of the day swinging the social pendulum, and flapping aimlessly about with unfledged wings. One might read and revolt against pictures drawn with angles so unlovely, and colors so garish, and relegate them to the lists of the impossible, were it not for the many duplications in and out of New York. Mrs. Atherton has held a mirror up to a phase of social evolution, showing the truth in all its naked ugliness, and the only hopeful thing about it is that it is a phase and will pass, and that evolution generally develops something better.

In short, there is the theme, with its working dénouement; the woman, brilliant and beautiful, moving serenely through the changing scenes, and of course the man, with his strong appeal to the liking and the sympathies of the reader. He is drawn with a skill that in a way surpasses art, for he is a bit of nature itself, consistent to his traditions and character from his first entrance on tbe scene to the closing of a drama which, if it leaves him where it found him, also leaves him facing in another direction.

There are some interesting chapters filled with the literary folk of New York—the Sophisticates—to give them their new name, and they furnish a welcome and refreshing change of character and thought.

While the *jeune fille*, if there are any left, might bemoan the writer's frank philosophy of life, and deplore the rending of the veils of illusion, and while the purist might wish that adjectives fetched from afar were sometimes replaced with simpler equivalents, the general reader, and there will be many, will find the book not only daringly original, but from a technical point of view, a piece of sound workmansbip.

The Real South America.

The Real South America. By Charles Domville-Fife, late correspondent of the *Times*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

In "The Real South America" Charles Domville-Fife, late correspondent of the London *Times*, has given his readers a vivid picture of the little-known regions of that continent. Seeing it all with the trained observation of tbe newspaper man, he makes his readers see it, too, as scene after scene of the strange landscape is described.

Tbe ordinary traveler sees little beyond the coast cities—Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires on the Atlantic coast, and the Pacific Coast cities of Valparaiso and Lima, and places further north, but unless he penetrates into the interior he sees nothing of the real South America.

The writer passes from the coasts of Cbile and Peru, across the Atacama Desert, up to the Plateau of Bolivia, to the terminus of the wonderful Andes Railway at Oroya and the Great Divide—the summit of the Andes. A panorama of strange natives, stranger animals, ruins of past empire, and magnificent scenery unfolds before him until an altitude of over 15,000 feet is reached. From this great height the traveler makes his way on mules down tbe eastern slope to the Amazon, where the journey is continued by canoe and launch to the Atlantic coast. It is a book of travel full of facts stranger tban fiction, and pictures that live in the memory of the reader.

Berlin to Eden.

Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon. By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $5.

"From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon" sounds like something out of the Arabian Nights, and in reading the book one has the sensation of stepping on a magic carpet, and of being borne rapidly over land and sea, with a moving panorama of towns and villages, rivers and ruins, slipping by far below.

The Rev. J. A. Zahm, who has written several books of travel dealing chiefly with South American countries, has given in this book an account of his latest long trip, which carried him from Europe across Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf. He gives a graphic account of his travels and makes the most of historical landmarks and legendary associations, and the reader follows with interest the lengthening journey which begins on the Danube and continues to Constantinople, across the Dardanelles and into Asia Minor. The author devotes several chapters to the Asiatic Turks and to tbe Osmanlis, wbom he learned to know and to like, and gives an interesting account of the history and construction of the Bagdad Railway, which with the Anatolian Road links the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf.

These railways carried him across Asia Minor to the eastern terminus of the Bagdad Railway, and from there he went by caravan to Mosul on the Tigris opposite the ruins of Nineveh—thence, on a goat-skin raft, down the Tigris to Bagdad. It was a long and arduous journey, but not complete until he had gone from Bagdad to Babylon in an automobile, stopping en route to visit the site of tbe Garden of Eden.

The Mohawk Ranger.

The Mohawk Ranger. By D. Lang. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Company; $1.50.

The boy of twelve or fourteen who does not thrill to a good volume of Indian adventure is indeed a rare specimen, and Mr. Lange with several high-grade books to his credit is satisfying a great need of American boyhood and American parenthood as well.

"The Mohawk Ranger," lately published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd Company, has for its background the hair-raising days of the French and Indian war. The historical setting of the tale, the skillfully introduced natural history, and the authentic rehearsal of the habits of the Indian, will recommend the book to any one that has a boy's development at heart; while the well-told story, full of exciting episodes, will delight Mr. Lange's young readers, wbose interest will still further be fired by the dramatic struggle of their ancestors to preserve North America under the dominion of English-speaking people.

Edith Dart on the Moors.

Sareel. By Edith Dart. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Sareel, a recently published novel by Edith Dart, is a story whose lack of originality of plot is redeemed by its setting, and by the graphic and almost poetic descriptions of the wind-swept moors of the north of England.

The story, while not new, is well told, with a certain charm of style, and the few characters in the simple drama are well drawn. Sareel's simplicity of nature and beauty of character make of her an appealing heroine, and the reader rejoices in the closing, which leaves her on her well-beloved moorlands.

Human Nature in the Bible.

Human Nature in the Bible. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

On public occasions and at church services we should invariably use the Authorized Version, well of purest English, says Professor Phelps. "And except for special purposes," he adds, "it should be used exclusively in private reading." His own book might be considered one of these exceptions. It is instructive, but it is also interesting and amusing. In it we meet "Captain Joshua and General Holofernes, and Saul the cowboy, and Daniel tbe expert psychoanalyst and many divinity students" (the terms are Professor Phelps', not the reviewer's). Professor Phelps tells the Bible stories with skill and with a wealtb of mediæval and modern parallels. He can not (but he does not try to) resist Americanizing persons and events; with the result that much of the time we feel as if we were out on the plains. Indeed, the author tells us that the characters of the Bible are as real to him as Theodore Roosevelt; and verily Cain, Moses, Elisha, Joseph, Nebuchadnezzar and the rest, if at times more Rooseveltian than biblical, are nevertheless living and human.

A chapter of no little value and seriousness is devoted to the Apocrypha, and the book concludes with two appreciative essays on "The Wisdom and Philosophy of the Bible" and "Human Nature as Revealed in Bible Poetry."

The Histories of Polybius.

The Histories of Polybius. Translated by W. R. Paton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.25 each.

Polybius, formerly known to classical students, historians, and political scientists as a Greek who wrote in his own language a history in praise of the Roman Empire and its institutions, will now extend his audiences, since the Loeb Library adds two volumes of him to its famous series of texts and translations. Of the forty books of Polybius' history, five remain complete; numerous other fragments are extant in epitomes and excerpts. The present volumes include the first four books.

The translator having died in 1921, the introduction was prepared by Colonel H. J. Edwards, and tells how Polybius, though apparently always resigned to Roman supremacy in his own country, was brought to Rome with a thousand other Achæans to be tried for favoring independence. Polybius and a few others were at length released, but not before Polybius had made powerful friends among the Romans. They believed in him and consulted him; he was with Scipio at the burning of Carthage, and in Greece he was commissioned by the victors with reconstruction work in many cities. Statues were raised to him.

Meanwhile the idea of the Roman Empire filled him with increasing admiration; and having taken part in great affairs, he felt himself qualified to write in its honor, tracing its growth and singing its glory, before writing of more contemporary events. "He was a Stoic and he believed that the Roman order of things was part of a divine Providence that ruled the world."

Mr. Paton renders him in a pleasant, flowing style. Between them, author and translator make extremely interesting reading.

More One-Act Plays.

Five One-Act Comedies. By Lawrence Langner. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company; $2 net.

These comediettas, by Lawrence Langner, have the honor of an introduction by St. John Ervine. They belong to the ever-growing output by quick-witted young dramatists who can devise a clever one-act drama to illustrate a conviction, destroy a sophistry, and pour bitter scorn on a hypocritical convention.

Mr. Langner has nothing stereotyped about him, and each of the five plays shows emancipation from jog-trot conventionality. "Matinata" is one of the witty little modern harlequinades to which the young playwrights of the present era are somewhat addicted. "Another Way Out" is a satire directed against the tendency of irregular unions to become as frequent and as dull as matrimony. "The Family Exit" pokes fun at the complaisance of a wealthy family toward the moral irregularities of one of their kin, until he corrects his obliquity by marriage with his mistress; when they immediately fall away.

"Pie" exploits another irregular union, tbe joke in this case consisting of the alarm felt by a roving wife in literary and artistic Bohemia when there is a terrifying possibility that she may be obliged to put up again with the companionship of a husband who has been blissfully consorting with her super-excellent ex-cook.

It is only in "Licensed" that tbe author releases the full intensity of his bitter cynicism. In this play tbe unsatisfactoriness of the social code toward youth at the mating age in the toiling classes, and the clergy's bland noncomprehension of buman nature and the urge of sex, is bitterly exemplified.

Pagan Love.

Pagan Love. By John Murray Gibbon. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2 net.

John Murray Gibbon, author of "Pagan Love," bas carried through a mystery, or a sell, so cleverly in his novel that it is only in the latter half of the book that a light begins to dissipate the bepuzzlement of the reader. His perplexity is due to an enigmatic attitude on the part of the Czecho-American millionaire toward the young Scot who has rescued him from drowning. The reader's task is to solve the mystery of this enigmatic attitude. For the intrepid magnate (whose

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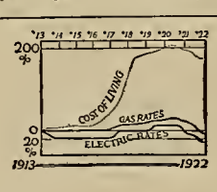
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Notes of Books and Authors.

"Skeeters Kirby," by Edgar Lee Masters, is announced by the Macmillan Company. Skeet's career is here followed from the Mitch Miller period through his young manhood.

Since the recent death of Elihu Vedder in Rome the newspapers have had much to say in appreciation of his qualities as an artist and illustrator. We have been again reminded of the really wonderful series of drawings which he made forty years ago for "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and of the powerful and weird imagination which expressed itself again and again in his painting. Curiously, little has been said about Elihu Vedder as a writer and poet, and yet "The Digressions of V," and certain other books of his in prose and verse, show him to have been an unusual and vivid personality which expressed itself as readily through the medium of his pen as of his brush.

Forest Reid, who has been called "The Flaubert of Ireland," lives in Belfast, where he was born in 1876. From Ireland he went to Cambridge University to finish his education, and since then he has devoted most of his time to literary life. His last book, "Pender Among the Residents" (Houghton Mifflin Company), shows a marked advance over his earlier novels, "The Spring Song," "Pirates of the Spring," and "At the Door of the Gate." It is a psychological and psychical story, with strange twists and turns in it. Describing his methods of work, Mr. Reid says he begins with the characters. After realizing them thoroughly in his mind and the atmosphere proper to them, they begin to act. Next he makes out a plan of each chapter, with notes and fragments of dialogue and description. Then be writes a first draft of the story very rapidly in pencil. This first draft always departs materially from the original plan, and is worked over slowly and deliberately, with cuts and additions. This second draft is again gone over with an eye to the style and the hook is done.

According to the authors of "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," G. A. B. Dewar and Colonel J. H. Boraston, Lloyd George, who was an exceptionally clever leader in the "war game" of politics at home, and a brilliant speaker, knew next to nothing about military operations. "Yet he dabbled in them, questioned the generals, British and French, and evidently expected them to be glib in their replies. In subordinating the British army to Nivelle he was really intervening in military plans. He spurred on Nivelle to a headstrong course which ended in disaster. It is quite possible that, had he exercised judgment at that period, and refused to intervene in a plan of operations which he did not comprehend, the two military leaders might have arrived at a much better arrangement."

The Carnegie Free Library annual reports from all over the country indicate that the most popular current fiction writer for the year 1922 was Zane Grey. The statistics of the library of Gaffney, South Carolina, are typical, reporting that Zane Grey's books were loaned 582 times, with the second author 133 times. It is an interesting fact that many books greatly in demand at the libraries are not at all popular in the book stores.

Theodore G. Roberts is spending the winter in the New Brunswick woods. Between hunting excursions and life in the outdoors, he has found time to read the proofs of his new book, "Tom Akerly," an adventure story, which will appear this spring from the list of the Page Company, Boston. Theodore Goodridge Roberts should not be confused with his elder brother, Charles G. D. Roberts, although both are writers of nature and animal stories, as well as tales of adventure, nor with Theodore Roberts, the motion-picture actor.

"Europe Since 1918," by Herbert Adams Gibbons, is the title of a forthcoming spring publication announced by the Century Company. Mr. Gibbons' "The New Map of Europe," which was such a tremendous success during the early part of the war, will in the new book treat of Europe since the armistice was signed. "The aftermath of the world war is proving to be more dangerous to the peace and well-being of the world than was the war itself," says Mr. Gibbons. "As long a time has elapsed since the signing of the armistice of November 11, 1918, as the total period of the war. One of the five treaties of the Paris settlement—the treaty of Sèvres with Turkey—has broken down entirely and has been discarded. The other four treaties are perilously near nullification—the treaty of Neuilly with Bulgaria because of the collapse of Greece; the treaty of the Trianon with Hungary because of the unsettled conditions in the Succession States of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; the treaty of Saint-Germain with Austria because of the vanquished country's political and financial bankruptcy; and, most important of all, the treaty of Versailles because of the failure of the Reparations Commission and the encouragement proffered Germany by Russia."

William Lyon Phelps, eminent critic and professor of English in Yale University, says of Ferdinand Ossendowski's amazing account of his perilous journey through central Asia, "Beasts, Men, and Gods," recently published by the Duttons, that it "is one of the most thrilling stories of adventure I have ever read, and it is all the more interesting because it is contemporary."

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the early publication of "Medical Psychology and Psychical Research," by T. W. Mitchell, president of the British Society for Psychical Research. The work deals with those three branches of medical psychology—hypnotism, hysteria, and multiple personality—which have thrown most light on problems of psychical research, and its examination of such pathological states will be an aid to the understanding of many psychic phenomena.

New Books Received.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Story of a successful American family, from pirate to flapper.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edison Marshall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.75.

A novel. Looks like a hum-dinger.

THE LORD OF THUNDERGATE. By Sidney Herschel Small. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.

Romance of an American masquerader.

A KING IN BABYLON. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

As though Rider Haggard had started with the movies.

HOW TO PLAY MAH JONG. By Jean Bray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

This was bound to come. Well illustrated and looks practical.

SANDY OORANG. By Horace Lytle. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; $1.75.

Confessions of an airedale; and some wilderness stories.

THE MORALITY OF NATURE. By Robert Williams Gibson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.

Evolution carrying on.

THE CHARING CROSS MYSTERY. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

Good writer, so must be good story.

ROUGHING IT SMOOTHLY. By Elon Jessup. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Deals with family camping; author is associate editor of *Outing*.

GEORGIAN STORIES. By some of the best recent masters. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

An enticing volume.

PROSPERITY—HOW TO ATTRACT IT. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Success Magazine Corporation; $1.75.

What we should all like to know.

THE HOUSE OF YOST. By Georg Shock. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Novel, by an understanding person, about some Pennsylvania Germans.

GOING TOGETHER. By Louise Dutton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.90.

Novel of the problems, hopes, and dreams of adolescence.

THE GLOBE HOLLOW MYSTERY. By Hannah Gartland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

Said to puzzle the best guessers.

THE ETERNAL MASQUERADE. By Dennis Bradley. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

A sort of sardonic Sartor Resartus, by an authority on clothes.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE MOVEMENT. By Albert Léon Guérard. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A tooting of the horns of Jericho at the barriers of national speech.

CHALLENGE. By V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

Youth and romance in the isles of Greece.

THE TALKERS. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

One of a long and still growing list.

SOLILOQUY. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A novel by the author of "Sonia."

A RECEIVERSHIP FOR CIVILIZATION. By Duren J. H. Ward. Boston: The Four Seas Company; $3.50.

A plea for a socialized church.

R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots). By Karel Capek. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50.

A play about some Frankenstein monsters.



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FRITZ LEIBER'S SHYLOCK.

Fritz Leiber, in his interpretation of the character of the Jew, sticks to the established idea. The Jew, having been baited so heartlessly by the young gallants of Venice, has become a mass of hatred and inner revolt. His chance comes when he has Antonio on the hip, and with settled malignity—for which, fortunately for the interest attached to the character, no reasonable spectator really blames him—he prepares for a literal and actual carrying out of the bond.

Fritz Leiber pictures him thus, his farewell to Jessica giving to the character that touch of simple humanness that brings the wretched outcast of the courtroom scene within our sympathies.

In fact, any player who can not make us rebelliously sorry for this would-be vengeful murderer has missed the point of the thing. For why did Shakespeare give that burning apostrophe about a Jew's sharing the traits of the rest of humanity unless he wished us to feel some movings of sympathy?

Some of the New York critics say of Warfield's Shylock that he was a gentle Jew, and even pathetically childish in his despair at the end.

Mr. Leiber, like Mantell, gives his spectators a chance to smile a little at the Jew's literalness when Portia counsels mercy and the kindly service of a surgeon; but generally speaking he is the consistent hater of Christians, full of "lodged hate."

Fritz Leiber is a clear interpreter. Poet in his interpretations he is not. There is none of that "light that never was on sea or land" in the souls of his Shakespearean characters. But he reads always with full heed to the meaning to be conveyed, so that the youngest and most literal of the spectators feels himself in the grip of the story, and understanding the soul of the protagonist, as Leiber conceives it.

The young men who undertook the numerous rôles of that lively group of Venetian spendthrifts who were so in need of being bastinadoed for their careless cruelty gave respectable support to the star, who was also efficiently seconded by Olive Oliver; although Virginia Bronson sometimes alternates in the rôle of Portia.

Olive Oliver seemed miscast in the earlier scenes at Portia's palace; but when, as the learned doctor, she removed the artificial flood of sunny locks that were rather too assertively like a golden fleece, and assumed dark hair with the scholar's cap and gown, she was much more human and in sympathy with her rôle.

As Jessica, Alma Lind spoke in a notably clear voice that has a regrettable tendency to sing the words, and Carol Kohl was strictly utilitarian as Nerissa.

FRITZ LEIBER'S HAMLET.

All the best points noted by attentive followers of the Shakespearean repertoire at the Columbia this week were repeated in the Monday night performance of "Hamlet," with still better ones added. "Hamlet," of course, is always the favorite of the Shakespearean tragedies, for its appeal is to all youth that has any poetry and imagination in its soul, and to all age that has not allowed the world to kill that soul.

And Fritz Leiber's Hamlet is intelligently conceived and clear in its interpretation. Mr. Leiber shows us a worn, ascetic-looking Hamlet, pallid, hollow-eyed, but still a young Hamlet, slender as a stripling. That slenderness and the sharpened outline of the features are invaluable assets for the rôle of Hamlet, whose midnight musings and anguished irresolutions should leave more traces on his countenance than has been the case with many Hamlets of the stage.

Sometimes Mr. Leiber's reading left something to be desired in a lack of mournful beauty in his rendering of the lines. It may be because of his adherence to new standards set for Shakespearean reading, which brings these legendary characters nearer to our modern consciousness. But he never fails to give clarity of meaning to the understanding of his listeners.

On Monday night the star was in discomfort, due to some necessary professional treatment, and he seemed to be suffering from the remains of a cold. But these disqualifications did not prevent him from giving forth ample vocal strength, and flashes of fire, in the more moving scenes of Hamlet's Calvary. Mr. Leiber's Hamlet pleasingly expressed that quality of princely charm toward those he loved which is indispensable to a sympathetic portrayal, and the humor expressed in the few lighter scenes was genuine, promising well for his Petruchio.

Virginia Bronson's Ophelia had some pleasing qualities, although faintly stereotyped, but the actress is given to sudden brief descents into an uneuphonious intonation.

An enjoyable feature in the performance was the way it brought out the better qualities of the company. It is difficult to convey the rollicking merriment of the young Venetian bloods in "The Merchant of Venice," and besides I believe that young Shakespearean aspirants can not but particularly love these rôles in "Hamlet." There is the atmosphere of tragedy at its most beautiful, and they can almost feel their sympathetic auditors following them syllable by syllable as they utter the familiar passages.

In the performance Monday night there were a number of very good impersonations. Louis Léon Hall's Claudius was excellent in its depiction of the king's villainy and coward fear. Olive Oliver's queen matched it in its sterling reading, and its conveyance of various emotions, and both players expressed the dignity of royalty. Philip D. Quin's Polonious, Richard Allen's Laertes, and John Burke's Horatio were all three given with a flavor of that greater simplicity which is the new keynote, Mr. Quin's Polonious being particularly commendable. I have heard the Ghost's lines uttered with a rich Irish brogue by some nondescript player in a long past and forgotten company. But Mr. Leiber had seen to it that the part was in the hands of an actor—Anthony André by name—who could give the lines with all the mournful deliberation demanded by tradition.

As before, the staging of the tragedy inspires respect. The longest wait is three minutes, and many waits were only one minute long. The use of curtains was most effective, and the lights were well contrived and in accord with the prevailing sentiment of each scene.

All this being established, it follows that the ambitious young star, nevertheless, is not perfectly satisfied; a state of mind which would be death to improvement. But greater improvement he promises us in a beckoning future. As yet Fritz Leiber is not a great actor; but his commendable ambition, and the thoroughness with which he has won results so early in his independent career, make his future full of promise.

His Hamlet is a portraiture worthy of admiration and praise. Its faults are not those of neglect or carelessness, but more particularly of a lack of full dignity and beauty in the delivery of the more famous and beloved passages, and of a sureness of tread when Hamlet bridges the dark and dizzy gulfs in man's inner consciousness.

And one might say of Fritz Leiber's Hamlet what should be felt toward every Hamlet; that the spectator feels movings of affection toward this poetic embodiment of the struggling human soul.

"PEER GYNT."

Poor dear New York is manfully tackling "Peer Gynt." I don't envy the New Yorkers for that, although I have envied them many times for other stage attractions. But I saw "Peer Gynt" played here once, and I never want to see it again.

It was after Richard Mansfield's death, if I remember aright, and Louis James—a Shakespearean actor now, in this short time, probably unknown to the younger generation of theatre-goers—bought up the production and gave us the play here in San Francisco.

Ibsen did not write "Peer Gynt" for stage use, and whether on or off the stage one should not try to assimilate this long and bewildering epitome of the spirit of man without help; Georg Brandes', for instance, who, although Ibsen's most depth-plumbing interpreter, has declared parts of the play to be scarcely comprehensible.

And so we found it. Nobody not previously armed with long commentaries on this shapeless and chaotic play knew what it was all about. Following out man's tendency to boggle up his life and break the hearts of his womankind, Peer antagonized every one in front. For of course Ibsen meant the drama to be thoughtfully read and weighed in the closet.

Plays like "Peer Gynt" and G. B. Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" are not for the theatre-going public. They are for college professors and high-browed young intellectuals who pant for intellectual nuts to crack.

And so it will be surprising if the Theatre Guild will not find that it has not appealed to the interest even of metaphysicians. I seem to detect in the printed comments on the production a tone of revolt. Full credit is given Joseph Schildkraut for his assumption of certain aspects of the character of Peer, and the critics speak with due respect of Komisarjevsky's—the art producer's—"expressionism." But even the most respectful, I dare swear, yawned and wanted to go home long before the play was over. For when Ibsen wrote "Peer Gynt" and when G. B. Shaw wrote "Back to Methuselah" they did as Wagner did when he developed the dialogue of that dreadful old bore Guernemanz in "Parsifal." They deliberately let themselves go, and reveled in floods of verbiage, just as if they said defiantly, "On this occasion I will *not* be interrupted."

FAVERSHAM AT THE ORPHEUM.

William Faversham, supported by Miss Helen Daubé, is appearing at the Orpheum this week in a one-act play by Alfred Sutro called "A Marriage Has Been Arranged." The play consists of a frank conversation between a self-made multi-millionaire in search of a wife selected from the ranks of the socially elect, and a titled but portionless young woman who fills the requirements. Each scorns the other, but is ready to embark on the dubious undertaking of a perfectly loveless marriage for their mutual convenience.

The clever playwright, however, brings around a state of friendliness and good-will, and the issue pleases the spectator, who wants the pair to be mutually satisfied.

It is getting rather unusual to have playlets as playlets on the Orpheum stage nowadays, and I am questioning the judgment of keeping at arm's length those people who will consent to spend the greater part of an evening laughing at lively nonsense, provided the programme is leavened with a flash or so of drama. As a general thing what purports to be a playlet on a vaudeville programme nowadays is merely a humorous sketch.

I have noticed, however, that vaudeville audiences enjoy a playlet if it is a comedy; and we have in the past, before the economies induced by war, seen many very clever comedies at the Orpheum. Besides wanting to laugh, vaudeville patrons want to be thrilled. Therefore they like melodrama. To my mind every ideal vaudeville programme should have one or the other; that is, a comedietta or a melodramalette.

The piece presented by Mr. Faversham is rather too much in the line of social cynicism for the guileless vaudevillian. But those who made a special pilgrimage on account of the drawing power of William Faversham's name saw this popular actor appearing to advantage in a well-written playlet, supported by a handsome young actress who suggested by her drawing-room ease, her English speech, and her ability to shine resplendent in evening dress a due connection with English society.

Mr. Faversham, of course, shone preëminent. But if he tries this game again a society melodrama is what he wants, as his ripened art would enable him to work to an effective climax; and effective climaxes are indispensable in melodrama.

At one time vaudeville houses showed some tendency to engraft upon their programmes the playlets that had made a special success in little theatres; "The Clod," for instance. But at present little theatre authors are working out a new line of playlets in which the cynical reflection of passing phases of life plays a prominent part.

Now vaudeville patrons are generally naïve and sentimental in their view of life as seen on the stage, even though they themselves may be harpies. So the little theatre plays are seen no more in vaudeville, which is becoming largely a rather monotonous round of "nut" comedians, monologuists, and dancing and quizzing partners.

So Mr. Faversham's play was a pleasant breach of monotony, even though, as I have intimated, it was not a particularly inspired selection for vaudeville. But this actor's name is prominently connected with the annals of the American stage during the last decade or so, and it is a drawing name. Patrons of the Orpheum may therefore this week see the actor whose name and fame are identified with "The Squaw Man," "El Galeto"—I forget what English title they gave to the famous old Spanish classic—"Lord and Lady Algy"—played with Maxine Elliott—"The Faun" and the Shakespearean tour in which he played "Julius Cæsar."

CUTTING OFF A RUN.

Wonderful, wonderful! John Barrymore cut off his run in "Hamlet" while it was still promising an indefinite continuation. One can easily imagine the feelings of his manager, who naturally looked at the question from the financial point of view. One can imagine Arthur Hopkins' burning eloquence, as he tried to stir up the proper mercenary longing in the bosom of the young star.

In vain, all in vain! Not only was John Barrymore unimpressed, but he seems to have remained uninterested.

And talking of burning eloquence, one can imagine rivers of it, molten floods, rolling in a sulphurous chorus of moral indignation from the New York managers who took sympathetic note of the defection. And for that matter plenty of other people will condemn the act of the Shakespearean star for its lack of worldly sabe, its apparent capriciousness in dropping business and its financial rewards for a trip to Europe. A trip to Europe, forsooth, when business was excellent in New York, and the simoleons were rolling in!

But, my friends, that's the whole point. John Barrymore is an artist, and it is departing from artistry to play the same rôle so many nights plus in succession. Others do it as a matter of course, you may say. Yes, and they suffer, and eventually their art suffers; or at least the spirit back of the art which gives it soul. Sometimes they are obliged to do such violence to the artist's instinct, but John Barrymore was not. He was probably getting tired of Hamlet and his sea of troubles, and he cut the Gordian knot, and said good-by to Denmark for a time. By so



Co-operation for Community Growth.

San Francisco's water supply was approaching a critical condition when the City and the water company effected a coöperative arrangement that happily removed all danger.

Consumption of water was rapidly increasing, leaving a margin between total capacity and use that was altogether too narrow for comfort.

At this juncture the City and the water company were brought together by the Railroad Commission, which required acceptance of a plan to eliminate the possibility of shortage.

Fully realizing the need for action—which, indeed, it had frequently pointed out—this company welcomed the opportunity to coöperate for community growth.

By the terms of a plan that is now being actively carried to completion, twenty-four million gallons daily will be added to San Francisco's water supply, and the water needs of our growing community will be cared for for years to come.

Outstanding among the terms of the agreement by which the City and the water company are cooperating to increase the supply is the twelve-year option given the City to purchase Spring Valley at a price fixed by the Railroad Commission—a most advantageous price, as the Railroad Commission pointed out, since the City will not have to pay any more although the lands enhance in value.

Thus, while coöperating to increase the water supply, the City also approaches nearer to that goal of municipal ownership which it has kept steadily in view for many years.

Within three years City and water company will have completed the work necessary to increase the supply as urged by the Railroad Commission, required by the City authorities, and facilitated by the recent refinancing of the company's $22,000,000 debt.

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doing his future impersonation of Hamlet will greatly benefit, for his overworked imagination may now take a rest. It is true that people do act with the imagination in a frost-bound condition, but the plain, cold fact is that we all know Hamlet and other Shakespearean plays so well that, unillumined by the light of imagination in the players, they are a bore. It is so with the stories of familiar operas. Some one in the cast must have his imagination functioning so as to start ours. Otherwise it is just a tiresomely familiar old story.

With a star who is an artist—which presupposes the possession of a poetic imagination—each Shakespearean play becomes a fresh and wonderful revelation. Possessed by the beauty of this revelation we pass over the vulgarities of the Elizabethan jests for the groundlings. We can overlook the crass cruelty to the Jew of the Venetian gallants in Shylock's city of beauty and malice. We are oblivious of the hitches in the Shakespearean plot, the remarkable density of lovers who fail to recognize the loved one merely on account of a change of costume, and Shakespeare's serene use of improbabilities when they will help out the story.

Imagination gilds every jarring theme, and sad indeed it is to see the player waste this precious possession.

And so, Johnny Barrymore, more power to your arm! Go off on your European holiday, repair the wearied thews and sinews of your art, and when next your prince will be seen it will again be the living, breathing Hamlet that gave the ancient tragedy new life.

CHILDREN'S THEATRES.

The reopening of the Children's Theatre at our local Plaza is a good move that parents, for the sake of the immortal souls of the poor youngsters, ought to encourage by their patronage. It really makes one shudder to think what droves of child materialists are being molded by the purely objective drama of the movies. And few to try to balk them.

A New York philanthropist has endowed a children's theatre in New York, and we are sure to hear of others starting in various parts of the country.

Columbia, Missouri, supplies us with a case in point. In that city is a woman whom we may truly call public-spirited in that she understands the needs of children, who, we must not forget, are the future molders and directors of the nation. Gladys Wheat, the lady in question, is planning to build a small theatre on a 20x60 lot for the entertainment of children. As the lady is a painter and designer by profession, she will interest herself personally in the stage setting and lighting.

Students from the Missouri and Columbia colleges will act, and talented local people will undertake to supply the necessary plays; probably, as is the case in our local children's theatre, in order to save the expense of royalties.

Miss Wheat means to have three performances on Saturdays, one in the morning and two in the afternoon, in order to overcome the disadvantage of an auditorium that is planned to accommodate only one hundred.

All this must be extremely interesting to those who are running the San Francisco children's theatre, and without financial guarantees, so far as we outsiders know.

Wealthy philanthropists are skeptical about theatrical ventures, and the needs of children do not seem to attract their attention, so this local venture will probably have to poise giddily on box-office receipts as a basis for future permanence.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Jump-off.

The following is related of an old Maine tavern-keeper by Burges Johnson in *Harper's Magazine:* "Folks wonder," he said, "why I don't fix up the corduroy road that runs in to this place. The reason I don't is because I got all the people I can take care of. The same folks come here year after year. Good fishin', good cookin', good care, that'll make folks come to any place. I got all I can handle 'thout I put up some more cabins and build bigger kitchen quarters. I'm makin' all the money I need. If I fixed up that road, folks would come in automobiles, and we'd begin to get more money than we could spend. Then that boy of mine he'd want an automobile, and my wife she'd get kind o' restive, and they'd want me to start a hotel out to Central City. Good cookin' is what makes a hotel, and we'd get more people at Central City than we could handle there, and we'd make more money, and I'd have to start a hotel down to Portland. If a man gets rich in Portland in the hotel business, he starts one down to Boston, and if he gets too much money there, then he goes to New York. An' I want to know what in hell's beyond New York?" Then he put his pipe back in his mouth.

The movie theatres in Java are so constructed, says the *Scientific American*, that the screen divides them into two parts, the Europeans sitting on the side from which the picture is produced and the natives on the other.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

Willard Mack, who comes to the Columbia Theatre, Monday, February 26th, for a limited engagement in his latest play, "Red Bull Dogs," a story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, is one of the two author-director-actors in America, the other being George M. Cohan.

When Mr. Mack wrote "Tiger Rose," a former success, he placed the Northwest Mounted Police in the American Theatre. We had never before had a successful play of the Royal Mounted upon our stage, and the reason for this was the fact that those who wrote most of the police knew the least.

The cast for "Red Bull Dogs" has been personally selected by Mr. Mack and includes Miss Phyllis Connard, from the Repertory Theatre, Liverpool; Clark Marshall, who played the drug-soaked youth in Mr. Mack's "Kick-In"; George Sherwood, Gus P. Thomas, George Morrell, Claude Boardman, Sanford Dodge, Forrest Cornish, Beatrice Banyard (Mack), whose recent appearance locally in "Raw Law" is so well remembered, and Aimée Torriani, formerly of the "Tiger Rose" company.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

An illustrated lecture, "Rome, Capital of the Cæsars," sketching the growth of Rome from the first settlements to the period of its greatest glory and world supremacy, will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, Monday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, by Charles Upson Clark.

Dr. Clark will draw on the material he gathered during a sojourn of several years in Rome as director of the School of Classical Studies of the American Academy. He was for fifteen years on the faculty of Yale University and is now director of the Massawippi Summer School, which he established in North Hatley, Quebec. He is widely known for his lectures delivered on country-wide tours and will speak in San Francisco under the direction of Paul Elder.

Last Municipal Symphony March 3rd.

The last popular municipal concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will take place at the Exposition Auditorium on Saturday evening, March 3d. When the series was originally planned the date for the final concert was set for March 1st, but as it was found impossible to clear the Auditorium of the Automobile Show by then, the later time was fixed. The original season tickets, dated March 1st, will be honored.

Efrem Zimbalist, the eminent young Russian violinist, will be the guest artist on this occasion and with the orchestra he will play Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor. Accompanied by Harry Kaufmann, who is touring America with him, he will also play Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise" and the Ysaye arrangement of Saint-Saëns' "Valse Caprice."

Warren D. Allen, the distinguished organist of Stanford University, will preside at the console of the great municipal organ in Boellmann's Fantasie Dialogues, op. 35, for orchestra and organ.

Reservations may be made at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Curran.

Beginning Monday night, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company will open a two weeks' engagement at the Curran Theatre with a complete repertoire of American and European standard operas with a notable cast of stars whom Fortune Gallo has engaged especially for the Pacific Coast, including Marie Rappold, Alice Gentle, Anna Fitziu, Tamaki Miura and a number of others.

Following are the complete casts and operas to be given the first week: Monday evening—"Mme. Butterfly," with Miura, Klinova, Valle, De Biasi; conductor, Peroni. Tuesday—"Rigletto," with Lucchese, De Metter, Baldrich, Bonelli; conductor, Peroni. Wednesday matinée—"Martha," with Lucchese, Klinova, Boscacci, Interrante; conductor, Franchetti. Wednesday evening—"Aïda," with Rappold, De Mette, Del Credo, Bonelli, De Biasi; conductor, Peroni. Thursday—"La Bohème," Fitziu, Charlebois, Baldrich, Valle De Biasi; conductor, Peroni. Friday—"Carmen," Gentle, Lucchese, Del Credo, Bonelli; conductor, Peroni. Saturday matinée, "Lohengrin" (in Italian), Fitziu, De Mette, Boscacci, Valle; conductor, Peroni. Saturday evening, "Il Trovatore," Rappold, Klinova, Del Credo, Interrante; conductor, Peroni.

Literature in Modern Spain.

No European literature suffered more than the Spanish from the rigid optimist grin that overspread the novel in the nineteenth century, writes John Dos Passos in the *Dial*. From the time when the Byronic outburst that had followed the failure of the first revolution had evaporated in tears and pistol shots to the late 'nineties, everything was good humor, taste, and gentility. A writer was a well-bred person in a stock who hurt no one's feelings and told comical stories enlivened with an occasional tear for the benefit of prosperous merchants and their clerks and wives. Facetiousness and *genre* were the keynotes. The genial fatuity of the novels of Valdes and Juan Valera is almost incredible. A tremendous epic sense of events hardly saved Goldós from the same doldrums. It took the entire police court docket of murder, rape, and lunacy to wipe the smile off the face of Echegaray. Funnily enough, it was the Sugar Trust and "Remember the *Maine*" that first shattered the complacent dream of order and progress. The jolt of the disasters of the war brought a new generation into consciousness. This was the famous generation of '98, men who read German and English and forgot to go to mass, and who started about everything that is going on in thought and writing in Spain today. A half-dozen of Baroja's novels will probably remain their most solid and typical expression.

Mrs. J. T. Kelley of Camilla, Georgia, who died at the age of forty-seven, was the mother of three pairs of twins. She also left eight other children.

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VANITY FAIR.

Congress has been pretty well riled up of late by a number of things, such as the ship suhsidy and the European debt, both and similar subjects related to the welfare of the country and the money to he left to the taxpayers perhaps, if any; but nothing has so stirred it to its patriotic depths for many a long day as the terrific onslaught made hy Representative Blanton of the Seventeenth District of Texas on the House of Representatives' restaurant. At the House end of the Capitol there has long been a luncheteria, where the battling statesmen could get their daily sustenance, and some say perhaps a little to moisten it with. If the latter insinuation is true, it was not that which provoked the attack of the terrible Texan, but the fact that the restaurant is costing the nation some $36,000 a year to carry on. As any schoolboy can figure if he can remember the number of months in a year, that amounts to $3000 a month, and it does seem a preposterous sum to appropriate for the mere feeding of congressmen. Mr. Blanton appears to have been bitten by a specimen of that *bacillus budgetarius economicus* which recently sunk its horrid fangs into our own governor and caused consternation among the creditors of some of our favorite job-holders—to say nothing of the job-holders themselves. Havoc menaced the lunch, and panic threatened among the regular boarders when Miss Alice Mary Robertson, member of Congress for the Second District of Oklahoma, came to the rescue. Alice Mary, who was elected on the platform "I am a Christian, I am an American, I am a Republican," was not snatched like Cincinnatus from the plow, but she was elected from her restaurant in the fragrant-sounding city of Muskogee, and she knows what it costs to set a table. She summoned to the defense Representative Allen T. Treadway, from Massachusetts, who has spent a life in the hotel business, and together they satisfied the necessary committee that such a restaurant, serving one meal a day to an uncertain custom with fickle appetites, could not possibly break even. That seemed plausible and might justify the costs; but it left unanswered the inevitahle question, Is Congress worth it? We can figure the price of food and service, but the value of Congress has never yet been calculated with any satisfaction.

Angora, the Turkish capital, is described as a dull place. Barring the peculiarity of having a few spare wives, it seems that the Turkish farmers in the vicinity are very like those in Kansas or Nebraska, in being restrictive in their ideas about a good time. They like Angora because it is sedate and they can let the boys go in of a Saturday night knowing that they will not become corrupted hanging around places devoted to dubious amusements. There is a reform wave on in Turkey, and it threatens to swamp every joy. Angora has been slow for centuries, and now the reformers refuse to let it get lit up. It is said to be flatter than Washington itself, and to have won the approval even of those zealous Mohammedan Pilgrim Fathers, the Senussi sect of Central Africa, which wars relentlessly on beer, tobacco, coffee, or anything else that promises to relieve the monotony of existence in that tedious region. The Turkish national assembly is said to be dominated hy pious rural congressmen from up the creek, who will stand no foolishness, and who declare that anybody that has follies to market can market them elsewhere. They especially fear the evil influence of Constantinople, where the boys can learn to drink and shoot the hones like Christians, and the girls get to going around without their veils, and that is why the capital will probably not go back to the shores of the Bosphorus. It is proposed, in short, to save Mohammedanism from the influence of Christianity, and the virtue of all the harems from the evil example of the flapper. Finding by experience that even Mohammedan prohibition is not air-tight, they have passed a prohibition law in addition to the one the Prophet gave them, and have interdicted the importation of all foreign luxuries such as silk stockings, corsets, lip-sticks and playing cards. But it is hard for Mohammedan reformers to keep up with the ingenious degeneracy of Christian countries. They may prohibit corsets as part of the paraphernalia of unrigbteousness; it will only save the girls the necessity of parking them when they go to a dance. We may yet have to send to Angora or Central Africa for missionaries.

If you see a young lady whose hair is gray, but not with years, nor grew it white in a single night as men's have done from sudden fears, do not be alarmed for her. She is simply following Paris fashion and using a little orris root or chloride of lime, or whatever it is with which they whiten beauty's tresses. Paris has decreed it and the fashionable world will probably observe the decree. The white wig is not in style, but white locks are. It is fortunate that it does not become the fashion for men: some of these old chappies around the clubs would have no place to put the whiting. The new mode of smokeless powder is said to have been started by American women, who disdain hoth dyes and artificial transformations. The Parisiennes promptly took it up, and now they sit around wishing that nature would bless them with albino tresses so it would look genuine. Dress colors that go with the new style of hair are all in brown, from chestnut to pale ash, and the effects are striking. This is especially the case when some new styles of hair dressing are affected. One style is to roll all the bair in a thick, round pad that covers the back of the head and the neck clear around to the ears. It looks, in form, like one of those straw haskets the Smyrniotes used to pack figs in when they had time to pack any figs in the intervals of dodging the Greeks and Turks. Some have gone back to the ancient Greek statues for their form of hair dressing, but when they have it in that classic shape they insert a tall Spanish comb, which gives a grenadier appearance and makes you think of a drum major. The Venus de Milo would present a new view with one of these combs in her head. It merely goes to show that whatever you have been doing is soon going to be the wrong thing.

Culture in this country is threatened with its farewell knock-out. It has been beaten to its knees and is hanging on the ropes, as the late Mr. Sullivan would say, with its breath wheezing in its throat like a steam siren. An English observer observes that the men are so busy making money that only the women attend lectures. He felt his position keenly; especially when he reflected how much larger the gate receipts would have been if every woman that attended his lectures had been attended in turn by her husband. That shocked him to his centre of gravity. It was the saddest thing he ever saw, and he hastens to warn us whither we are tending. He fears that culture will become feminized, and that when we discover its condition we shall not want it any more and shall scrap it. His idea is that lecturers inevitahly respond in some degree to the nature of their audiences, and if they have only women to talk to they will soon have nothing but woman-talk to deliver. It certainly seems reasonable, just as the Hearst newspapers give their readers the sort of thing their readers resemble. Yet he ought to have understood that the absence of the husbands was what made possible the presence of the wives—somebody having to make money enough to pay the British dollar hunters that come over here and point out our crudenesses and vulgarities to us. His animadversions were excited this time by the fact that few but women were attending the lectures of a Frenchman, M. Coué. Of course, that proves it. If culture depends on the men of America taking M. Coué seriously then culture's chances are not bright, and it is doubtful whether it lives through the early spring. But as to its feminization if it should live, there is perhaps more competent testimony on that head in the body of a speech delivered at Baltimore recently by Dr. Samuel B. McCormick, of the University of Pittsburgh. He said America was rapidly becoming feminized, and if that has become evident at Pittsburgh it must be so. Dr. McCormick is close to the rolling mills, and ought to know. And then there is Lady Susan Townley, whose book contains this entry about the American husband: "In New York he allows himself to be reduced to a state of bondage by the selfishness of a petty tyrant—his wife. His nose is kept constantly on the grindstone, and I have heard him alluded to as 'the purse.' He apparently counts for nothing in the house, and is not expected to appear when his wife is entertaining, unless the entertainment happens to be a dinner." Well, it may be so. On the other hand, did Lady Susan Townley visit Boyle's Thirty Acres when Mr. Dempsey was giving an afternoon reception to another gentleman of his profession? And if that was not culture, how about the fistic feats of that flower of English civilization, Beau Brummel?

Spoiling a Good Blacksmith.

Describing the influence of American life on immigrants who have returned home, Viola I. Paradise and Helen Campbell write in *Harper's Magazine:* "Unpleasant effects of Americanization were especially conspicuous in remote villages, where one met, not only the prosperous returned immigrant, but had a chance to know the peasants and to get some idea of what the emigrants were like before they went away. We met an *Americano* splurging around in a showy overcoat and Stetson hat, who had originally been a blacksmith, but in the United States had risen from a manual laborer to be a restaurant keeper and steamship agent. He insisted upon acting as guide about the village, always pointing out how much better things were in the United States. Once, when he had been unduly boasting, a peasant turned quietly to us and said in Italian, with a shrug, 'And he was once *such* a good blacksmith.' We joined with him in regret at a real loss. America had ruined him."

Flexible Courting.

Writing of the personal character of Benedict Arnold in *Harper's Magazine,* Gamaliel Bradford says: "The most piquant feature of Arnold's love-making is his letters. In the spring of 1778, when he was a widower thirty-seven years old, he wished to marry Elizabeth DeBlois of Boston, and wrote her ardent letters, declaring that his whole happiness depended upon her consent. Take one sample of the quality of his wooing: 'Friendship and esteem founded on the merit of the object is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon, and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.' Just six months later this undying affection, which had been declined by Miss DeBlois, was transferred to Miss Shippen and expressed itself with the same transport and, mind you, in the very same words given above. Now what do you make of that? I can not explain it. Was the man a Lovelace, cynically convinced that one cheap artifice of Eros would suffice for all women alike? Or was he simply a husy man, who thought that ladies liked to have nice things said about them and, having got one convenient model, perhaps from the complete letter-writer, used it to serve every turn?"

Many returning tourists delight in having acquired antique ivories, packed in leather-covered boxes, often hearing the crest of some noble French family, says the *Scientific American.* They are, however, the victims of a new school of "bone sculptors" which is making Paris its centre. The "artists" are specializing in imitations of carvings executed between the ninth and sixteenth centuries. It has been found that by simply boiling in infusions of tobacco juice and an alcoholic infusions of raisin seeds or washing in hydrogen peroxide, followed by an oven treatment, it is possible to give the finest coloring of age in a short time.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, intends to settle in England.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The English are nothing if not conservative. There is to be an automobile show in London to demonstrate what motor-cars can do, but the police insist that they shall work only on clay pedestrians.

There was recently brought before a police judge in Atlanta a culprit to whom, among others, the magistrate put this question: "Where were you born?" "Memphis." "And were you brought up there?" "Yes, yo' honah, ve' often."

A young chap had proposed to a beautiful girl. The girl, blushing and weeping a little, had accepted him. He folded her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers and whispered: "Dearest, is this the first time you have ever loved?" "Yes," the girl sighed, "but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last."

Hazit was returning early one morning and finding the front hall very hard to navigate. After bumping the ballusters and then the hat-rack he took a roll to starboard, heeled clear over, and fell full length. "Henry," called his wife, "what in the world is the matter with you?" "I don't really unnerstand," he said. "I think the canary pushed me."

"What's the meaning of the word pedestrian, pa?" asked Tommy, hustling through with his lessons so he could get out to the movies. "Well, Thomas, a pedestrian is a man who stands on the curb and watches the parade of motors going by and wonders when in the dev—I mean dickens, he's ever going to get across the street to be home in time for dinner," replied pa, somewhat heatedly. "I suppose you said that for my benefit," said ma, with a slight sneer, "by way of excuse for being late for dinner, as usual."

An expedition was moving through reputedly unexplored African bush. Its members emerged one day from the dense tropical undergrowth into a small clearing, where they were astonished to see a pile of empty whisky bottles with a Scotch label. "There has been a Scot here," remarked one of the party, himself a Scot and proud to think that one of his nation had been first in this lonely place. His pride was soon turned to wrath, for another voice broke in: "Nonsense! If that had been a Scot he'd have taken the bottles back with him."

An officer in a volunteer regiment, in an address made to his troops, offered a stirring allusion to the medals worn by some of the army veterans in the ranks. One of the volunteers afterward went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind and next morning he came to parade with several medals on his breast. Said the officer: "I didn't know you had been in the regulars." "I haven't," said the man. "Well, how about all those medals on your chest? They can't be yours." "Can't they? Well, they are! My old cow won them medals at the county cattle show."

Editor Oswald Harrison Villard said at an advertising man's banquet in New York: "Business men are flighty. They have strange crazes. What a ludicrous craze scientific management was! Scientific management was like the old farmer in the malarial swamp district of Maryland. The farmer's son withdrew his knife from his mouth one morning, pushed his plate of pie back wearily and said: 'Pap, my chill's a-comin' on.' 'Be she?' said the farmer, as he rose briskly. 'Wall, hold her jest a minute till I git the churn fixed up for ye.'"

A stranger journeying to a far distant dale in Yorkshire proceeded at the railway station to engage a seat in the horse vehicle plying to his destination. Asked whether he required a first, second, or third-class ticket, he took a first-class one, though he was not a little mystified by the request. However, after a five-mile run on the level, the driver pulled up at the foot of a tremendously long, steep hill. "First-class passengers," he directed, "sit still; second-class, get out and walk; third-class, get out and push."

A judge was pointing out to his court that a witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he altered a statement he had previously made. "For instance," he said, "when I entered this court today I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home." When the judge got home that night his wife said: "Why all this bother about your watch—sending four or five men for it?" "Good heavens," said the judge, "what did you do?" "I gave it to the first one who came; he knew just where it was."

Social progress is often fortuitous, like having some one strike oil on your land and put you in the royalty list. A Washington miss at an embassy dinner dreaded being taken out by a United States senator who was noted for his inhuman dignity and generally freezing reserve. To the surprise and envy of several matrons who had tried in vain to charm a dozen words out of him, they were early observed in the most animated conversation, and it lasted throughout the dinner. "How in the world did you manage it?" afterward asked her mother. "What did you say to get him going?" "I just happened to remark," said the young lady, "that they had awful hungry fleas in the Italian hotels; and we were off to a flying start."

Lady Astor said at a dinner in Baltimore: "Woman, now that she can vote, is beginning to take an interest in practical affairs. It wasn't always so. I once knew a Virginia woman who, having overdrawn her account, went to her banker and said angrily: 'Why did you refuse to pay that $10 check I gave to Sands, the grocer?' 'Because, madam, we had no funds to pay it with,' the cashier answered. The woman hurried home to her husband. 'I'm done with that Second National Bank,' she said. 'The idea of a great big bank like that not having a miserable little $10 bill to pay the check I gave to Mr. Sands yesterday. It's perfectly disgusting the way some people do business nowadays.'"

The passengers in the smoking-car chatted on many subjects, finally reaching ambition. "Yes, gentlemen," said one, "real ambition starts in childhood. And if we obey its impulse we not only attain it, but actually we go far beyond it. Yes, our ambition is gratified beyond our wildest dreams. Look at me. In my boyhood I was anxious to become a pirate. Today"—and he gazed proudly round the car—"today I run a successful hotel."

At a party at the British Embassy in Berlin, an Irish attaché saw a Prussian general at the refreshment table, trying to force a hulky package into the pocket of his gorgeous, gold-laced coat. Moving closer he saw the claw of a lobster protruding from a copy of the *Tageblatt*. The Prussian glared at him truculently, and demanded, "Vell? Vat abouid id?" But the Irish officer proffered a hoat of mayonnaise, remarking casually: "Oi'm afraid ye've forgotten the sauce."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Knock-Out.

"Ghosts in these days enhance the value of property."—*Observation in court at the Middlesex Sessions.*)

Alarm has been raised in the region
Where phantoms foregather and meet;
The whole supernatural legion
Is up on its horrified feet.
For the voice of the lawyer has spoken
And put the poor things in their place—
The spell of the spook has been broken
And blown into space!

With clanking of fetters and glidings
From spirit to spirit are spread
The truly calamitous tidings
That nobody views them with dread;
Gray Ladies may vanish or tarry,
But no one feels any alarm,
And who cares if Sir Rupert does carry
His head on his arm?

Nay, more—the affront is directer,—
Your ghost is entitled to grouse
When hoggart and hanshee and spectre
Increase the demand for a house!
To think that Sir Jasper the Groaner,
The Soul that can Never Repent,
Is just an excuse for an owner
To put up the rent!

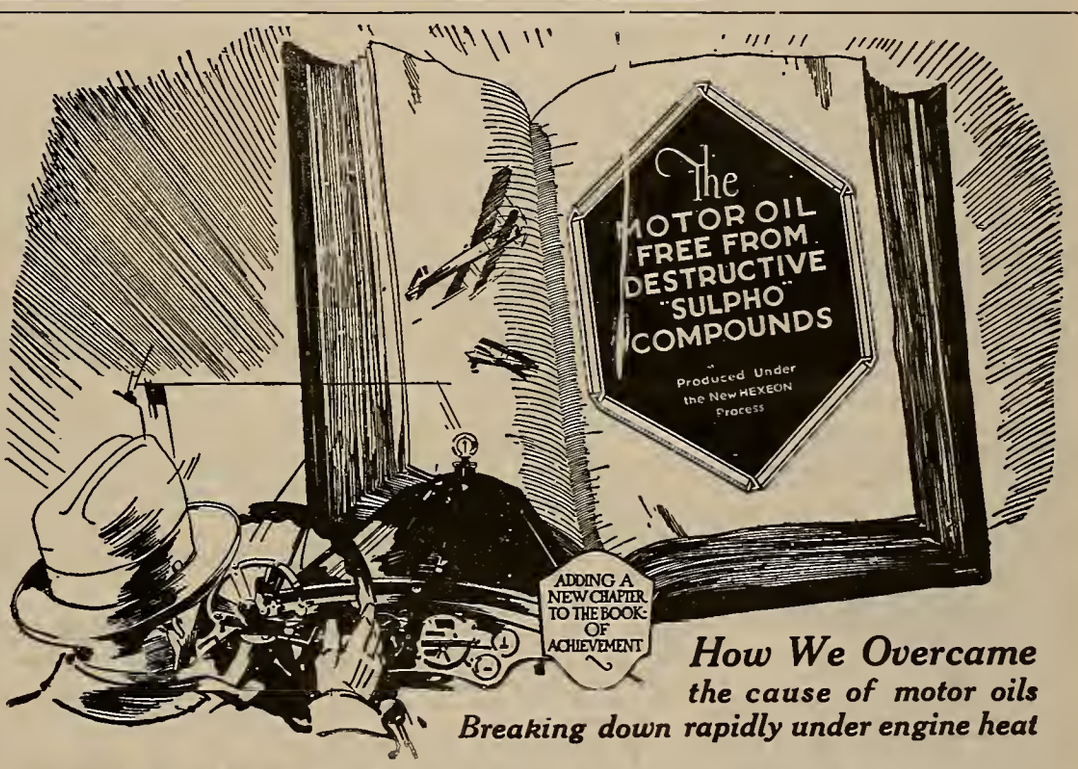
—*Lucio in Manchester Guardian.*

The Pendulum.

What change is this that in my fair
Dulcinea appears?
What magic's lent to one short month
The processes of years?
For she who lately, unconcerned,
Displayed her dimpled knees
Today's ahlush should prankish wind
E'en *stir* her draperies!

—*R. H. B. in Life.*

ORNAMENTALS, FRUIT TREES,
VINES AND FIELD GROWN ROSES
Open Daily and Sunday to visitors and purchasers
GEO. C. ROEDING, Pres.
California Nursery Company
(*Founded in 1865 by John Rock*)
NILES, : CALIFORNIA



How We Overcame
the cause of motor oils
Breaking down rapidly under engine heat

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

CYCOL will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

When your oil contains destructive "sulpho" compounds it breaks down rapidly under engine heat. Its lubricating value becomes quickly impaired. The oil film is broken and serious damage may result.

Have your crank case thoroughly flushed—not with kerosene. Use the correct grade of CYCOL as shown on the CYCOL Recommendation Chart. Use Associated Gasoline. Then notice the improved performance of your motor.

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

CYCOL
MOTOR OIL
FREE FROM DESTRUCTIVE "SULPHO" COMPOUNDS

PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement bas been announced of Miss Janet Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Knox of Berkeley, to Mr. Benjamin Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron H. Wilson of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brayer of San Francisco announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bertha Brayer, to Mr. Ulysses Grant Dent, son of Mr. Wrenshall S. Dent and the late Mrs. Dent.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky, to Mr. George Leih of San Francisco took place last week in Paris.

A large reception, followed by dancing and supper, was held last week by General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton at their quarters at Fort Mason. A number of dinners were given before the reception.

Mr. Challen Parker and Mr. Charles H. Sabin of New York were the guests of honor at a dinner given by the Bohemian Club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and their daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, were recent bosts at a dinner given at their bome on Franklin Street.

Mr. Dean Witter gave a dinner at the Pacific Union Club last Friday night for Mr. Challen Parker and Mr. Charles H. Sabin of New York.

A large reception was held recently at the Century Club on Franklin Street and a large number of friends of the members called during the evening.

General Frank Winn and Mrs. Winn were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes at their home on Jackson Street.

A dance was given at the Fairmont Hotel last week by the American Field Service for the benefit of the endowment fund of the organization.

Mrs. Wallace Alexander gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel in bonor of Mrs. Masanao Hanihara, the wife of the Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

A bridge-supper was given at the Officers' Club at the Presidio last week by Lieutenant William P. Fitts, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fitts, and Lieutenant Frank LaRue, U. S. A., and Mrs. LaRue.

Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Hanchett gave a luncheon last Friday in honor of Miss Bernice Moore at their bome in Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and their son, Mr. George McNear, Jr., were bosts recently at a bouse party given at their bome at Mt. Diablo.

Mrs. Eugene Lent was a luncheon hostess last week at her home in Pacific Avenue.

Former Senator James D. Phelan entertained a house party recently at Montalvo, his country place near Saratoga.

Mrs. Charles B. Warren, wife of the American Ambassador to Japan, held an informal reception at the Palace Hotel last week.

Mr. F. W. Wetmore of Piedmont gave a dinner in honor of his sister, Mrs. Warren, and Mr. Charles B. Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Miller's little son was christened last week at St. Mary's Cathedral by Father Ramm, and received the name of Robert Folger. A reception was held later at the home of Mr. Miller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Miss Katherine Bently and Miss Margaret Buckbee, whose engagements bave recently been announced, divided the honors at a luncbeon last Friday given by Miss Elizabeth Moore at ber home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Warren Spieker was hostess last Friday at a dinner given at her bome in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner last Friday at their home on Pierce Street in honor of Miss Mary King of New York.

A luncheon was given at the Fairmont Hotel last Wednesday by the local branch of the American Pen Women in honor of Mrs. Sanborn Young (Ruth Comfort Mitchell).

The annual ball of the Lafayette Club was given by the French colony at the Scottish Rite Auditorium last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick were dinner hosts last week at their bome in Vallejo Street.

Mrs. D. S. Lisberger gave a luncheon last week at the Women's Athletic Club in bonor of Mrs. Masanao Hanihara wife of the new Ambassador to the United States and Mrs. Charles Breeden Warren, wife of the Ambassador from the United States to Japan.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a luncbeon last week at the Town and Country Club for her mother, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker.

Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a tea and Mah Jongg party at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Mabel Hathaway, wbose engagement to Mr. Louis Jefferys bas been announced.

The American Women's Overseas League will give an Oriental evening next Wednesday at the residence of Miss Gladys Emmons in Alameda.

Colonel William Meade Morrow, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morrow were hosts at a dinner given at their quarters on Alcatraz Island.

Sir Harry and Lady Lauder were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William Morris on Monday last at the Hotel St. Francis.

A vaudeville concert for the benefit of the French orphans was given on Monday evening in Notre Dame Hall of the French Church, under the direction of Countess d'Audiffret of France and under the patronage of the French consul and the fathers of the church.

Miss Alice Moffitt was complimented at a birthday dinner given last Friday at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

Miss Helen Perkins gave a dinner last week in honor of Miss Margaret Buckbee and ber fiancé, Mr. John Boyden.

Miss Alberta Morbio gave a bridge party last week at the Hotel Fairmont in honor of Miss Margery Lovegrove, wbose engagement to Mr. Dohrman Pischel has been announced.

Mrs. Henri Napier Carmer, who has recently returned to San Francisco, is giving a series of interesting talks at the Women's Athletic Club, beginning last Monday.

There was a private exhibit of portrait studies in oil, miniature, and photography by Mrs. Elizabetb Church held at the Fairmont Hotel last week, and a number of afternoon teas took place at the same time.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a tea on Monday afternoon in farewell to Miss Elizabeth Huff, Miss Mary Lewis, and Miss Roberta Jennings, who are leaving shortly for Honolulu.

Miss Carol Andrew gave a luncheon last Saturday in honor of Miss Cornelia Sutton, whose engagement to Mr. Joseph Mason Reeves, Jr., has been announced.

Mrs. Leroy Herrick of Minneapolis was the guest of honor at two recent luncheons given by Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Mrs. Richard Bayne.

Mrs. Frederick Morley gave a luncbeon at the Town and Country Club on Monday last.

At the Palace.

William B. Hamilton, collector of the port of San Francisco, was tendered a luncheon at the Palace Hotel by a group of old friends, marking the forty-ninth year of his service with the government here. Mr. Hamilton has advanced from less important positions in the customs office to his present berth, and the original badge given him in 1874 was remade and again presented to him at the luncheon.

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Beatrice Lichtenstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lichtenstein of the Bellevue Hotel, to Mr. Joseph Shemansky was made at a dinner in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel, at which Mr. Henry Sieroty was host. The large horseshoe table was banked with brilliant spring flowers and blossoms and sprays of acacia. The wedding will take place in March.

At a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank Bishop at the Palace Hotel for Miss Annette Ruggles, fiancée of Arthur Boole Wellington, Miss Mary Frances Porter had a surprise in store for the guests in announcing her engagement to Edward Steen of Piedmont. Miss Porter is tne daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren R. Porter and niece of Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst. The marriage will be an event of June.

At the St. Francis.

Monday brought many of the fashionable folk from the Peninsula and around the Bay to San Francisco for luncheon and shopping, and several small groups met for luncheon in the Fable room and Garden of the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling and Mrs. Thomas Eastland took luncneon in the Garden. Lady Lauder was hostess to a few friends. Miss Helen Hammersmith entertained Miss Helen Foster and Mrs. Rupert Mason. Mrs. Albert E. Schwabacher and her daughter, Mrs. Carl Raiss, lunched together. Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton were another interesting group.

Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer bad a group of four with her, and Mrs. Julius Eppstein had a few friends at her table. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was hostess to a few friends. Others who entertained were Mrs. George Cameron and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weil, Mrs. Max Wolf and Miss Tiny O'Connor.

JOHN BARRYMORE ON HAMLET.

The Hamlet of John Barrymore, recently withdrawn but hoped for again when the star has recuperated, made a deep impression on New York audiences, and especially on New York critics, who regarded it as a serious study. Barrymore's own theories of the character were presented in a recent issue of the New York *Tribune*, through the following interview granted to Beauvais Fox.

"I believe the tragedy of Hamlet," said Mr. Barrymore, "lies in his inability to compromise with life. The man who doesn't compromise in this world has a pretty bad time of it. Hamlet is so direct that the facts of life rebound and hit him full, owing to his lack of obliquity. He is like the handball player who is struck on the rebound because be will not step aside to let the ball pass.

"As a matter of fact, Hamlet is super-sane. He is an 'arch-artist,' an artist in spirit and intelligence—though he did happen to be born a gentleman! And a man so sensitive, so artistic, so fine, bas a prophetic sense; and I believe he knows the truth without the balting aid of the evidential process.

"Hamlet clearly divines the quality of his associates in the court of Denmark. He knows that Horatio's isn't a brilliant mind. But he loves him because he is real. He discerns in Horatio something that is lacking in either the king, queen, Rosenkranz or the others, and tbat is character in the noblest sense. There are what might be called overtones that reach his extraordinary powers of perception. He sees everything with tremendous clearness and imagination. I think, for instance, he would laugh at Napoleon. Napoleon was an objectivist. The prince would see through his showmanship and obvious dramatic posture."

If Hamlet saw so clearly, why the long delay in executing a purpose he had every reason to form at once unless he is convicted of weakness of character?

"In the first place," suggests Mr. Barrymore, "a vision and touch so sensitive would make for procrastination in action. Hamlet is inordinately just. In an early soliloquy matching up his suspicion of the king with the ghostly disclosures, he says, 'The spirit I have seen may he of the devil.' Previously, at tbe meeting with Horatio and his friends, Hamlet in a flaming outburst had cried: 'As touching this vision here, it's an honest ghost, that let me tell you!' Yet, not trusting its sanction, he later admits that the spirit might be a malevolent agent. This inaction is not due to weakness of character. Again, he questions whether he is 'thinking too precisely on the event.' Not that he is 'three-quarters coward,' but because of his inordinate desire to be certain of the event. And just as in life when sundered from the immediate perspective of events one is able to think clearly about them, so Hamlet, who was packed off to England after the slaying of Polonius, turns back on his track at sea resolved as to his immediate course. This is shown in the subsequent soliloquy which is omitted in the acting version we use in this production.

"In the second place I doubt that there is warrant for the belief that Hamlet's vengeance is unreasonably deferred. A few days after the opening vision and after killing Polonius, hoping it is the king, he is shipped to England. Two days at sea, then he returns, intimates clearly to Horatio that the interim is his, although 'the time is short,' and is forced in the 'half hour of life' left him to accomplish what he had already definitely made up his mind to do. One of the amazing touches in the play is that Shakespeare makes the king, through his own machinations, his own destroyer, as Hamlet kills him immediately before Fortinbras arrives with the 'news from England' of Hamlet's utilization of his own death warrant against the king's emissaries. As a neat guess there have been approximately forty-two million articles written on the subject since the author's demise. But there seems nothing to disrupt tbe theory that the entire action of the play covers little more than a few days, which seems a reasonably short time for any one to take for the elimination of a chief executive without being accused of undue procrastination!"

In the course of the table talk Mr. Barrymore touched on some of the tecbnical angles of his presentment of Hamlet's deportment, and particularly in the scene where the king's conscience is snared by the enactment of the tragedy of Gonzago. Touching this passage some of the reviewers have alleged that Hamlet should maintain an alert surveillance of the king throughout the interior play, whereas Mr. Barrymore permits his eyes to follow the various sallies with Ophelia and the queen and is himself an interested spectator of the dumb show until the crucial moment of the counterfeit murder, when he smites bis eyes upon the guilt-stricken king.

"But Hamlet does not underestimate the astuteness of his uncle," the actor parried. "So wise is he that he provides against betrayal by his instinctive dislike of the king. Claudius has a keen intuition of his nephew's suspicions. Obviously, a too careful scrutiny by the prince would carry notice of the driving power of his actions and the trap would be discovered. A personality so dynamic as Hamlet's, a man of such extraordinary intellect, a mind of so many facets, requires but a flasb at the king in the critical instant. He arrives at the truth without the devious processes of the ordinary man.

"O course, it would be theatrical to cover the king as with a gun throughout the players' episode. It would be easy to get a pyrotechnical effect; I have done that in other plays, I regret to say. Perhaps an audience might like to see the actor take a rabbit from his bat. But that isn't Hamlet!

"Hamlet is a great gentleman and has all the attributes of one. As Shakespeare writes it, he writes like life rather than like the dramatist, so called. Hamlet is full of consideration for others; his history before his soul-shattering cataclysm is that of an enemy of restraint, suspicion, gloom or resentment. He bas a sense of humor, is intensely human, and, even when dreadfully wounded in spirit, he cloaks his feelings, as is inevitable with people of finer instinct and breeding. Tortured and outraged from the very opening of the action, he has his hysterical outbursts, but he has too much charm, too much humanity, to be gloomy or lugubrious when he is in control."

Woman's Wine Shop.

Mrs. Fisher, sole proprietress of the firm of Maurice Meyer, has an enviable profession, remarks tbe New York *Tribune*. She is the only woman wholesale wine merchant in England and was the first woman to buy at a public wine sale, buying some port which came from Queen Victoria's Balmoral cellars.

She has just launched a new scheme which is proving very popular. In her basement cellar she has set up a retail department for women, run by women, where women can come and buy. She has done this because she has found that the average Englishwoman is diffident about going into a wineshop to purchase drinks for dinner parties, while others do not like to buy only a dozen bottles, so they burden themselves with a dozen cases.

Besides being the only place where a woman is catered for especially in a special room, her cellars in Crutched-Friars are noted for their antiquity. They contain a piece of the old Roman wall, one of the two pieces now remaining in London, and said to date from A. D. 120.

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"Unusual Valentines"
Flowers telegraphed to distant cities.
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In Mill Valley, Throckmorton Ave., large house, 14 rooms, 2 bathrooms, beautiful grounds. Inquire 704 Market St., Room 5[illegible].

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Special Winter Rates
$1.50 and up per day, without bath, $10.00 weekly rate. $3.00 and up per day, with bath, $15.00 weekly rate. All rooms steam-heated and modern in every respect.
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Hotel Rafael is but 50 minutes from San Francisco via ferry and train or auto. Delightful, invigorating trip.
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Winston, Jr., have gone to Southern California to visit Mr. Winston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Winston of Los Angeles.

Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, with her friend, Miss Mary Lewis of Pennsylvania, sailed for Honolulu on Wednesday last.

The Honolulu polo team, who have been entertained by the San Mateo polo team, have gone to Del Monte and from there will go to Pasadena, Riverside, and Coronado.

Mr. Challen Parker, formerly secretary of the Bohemian Club, but now living in the East, is visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. Charles H. Sabin of New York is spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Oze Van Wyck have returned to their home in Los Angeles, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman in this city.

Miss Eleanora Sears of Boston is visiting Mrs. Charles W. Clark of Burlingame.

Miss Frances Ames has returned from her visit to Southern California.

Mr. Henry Dater of Santa Barbara has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker returned last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain of Pittsburg will visit California this summer.

Miss Sara Redington, after giving lectures on art and travel at the Women's Athletic Club and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Menlo Park, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur D. Brandeis, who has been traveling in Europe, has returned to San Francisco and is staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Moore and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Moore of Piedmont, will leave for New York next week, and will sail for Europe in March for a trip extending over several months.

Miss Josephine Grant will sail for the Philippines very shortly. She will visit General Leonard Wood and Mrs. Wood and their daughter, Miss Louise Wood, at their home in Manila.

The Eleventh Cavalry polo team has gone to Los Angeles, where it played the Midwick team last Sunday.

Lieutenant O'Farrell Knight and Mrs. Knight of the Presidno of Monterey were recent visitors to Fort Mason, where they were the house guests of Colonel John T. Knight and Mrs. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Miller have returned from Europe and are at their home in Menlo Park.

Rear-Admiral William H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., is visiting San Francisco and is staying at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Percy Pettigrew will leave in March for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Robert Mackinlay and her daughter, Miss Anna Mackinlay, of Santa Barbara are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Mackinlay in this city.

Mr. William Allen Taylor has returned from the East where he has been for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Doyle have returned from Europe and are at their home in Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, accompanied by Miss Eleanor Goss of New York and Miss Mary Eyre, has gone to Santa Barbara, and from there will go to the Grand Cañon en route to New York.

Mrs. William F. Perkins and her daughter, Miss Helen Perkins, have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker, accompanied by several house guests, has gone to the Crocker ranch at Cloverdale for a short stay.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke of San Rafael has gone to Del Monte for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron with their guests, Miss Mary Forbes and Miss Caro Shaw of New York, left this week for a motor trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman, who arrived from the East several weeks ago, have taken an apartment on Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore have taken Mr. Arthur Hill Vincent's house at Pebble Beach for a short lease.

Mrs. Howard Park has gone to Santa Barbara.

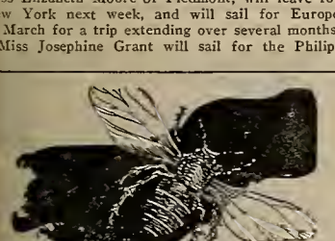
Mr. and Mrs. James Howells were recent weekend guests at the home of Mrs. Howells' parents, Major Philip Gray Wales and Mrs. Wales of Menlo Park.

Prince Waldemar of Denmark has returned to San Francisco from the north, and has been joined by his sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Schwabacher left on Monday for a six weeks' trip to New York. They will be at the Ritz-Carlton for a month or so and plan on enjoying the opera season in New York.

The Wakikuyu tribe of East Africa believe that death is "catching," and therefore that no one should touch a dead person. If one of the tribe is about to die, he is carried out of the village by his relatives and is left to die in the open.

A Russian journal offers a month's subscription for 1,200,000 roubles and a two months' subscription for 3,000,000. The increase is accounted for by the estimated depreciation of the rouble.



Bee's Knees

A new delicacy on the musical menu of HERMAN HELLER and the Rose Room Bowl Orchestra. One of the biggest dance hits of the season. Dinner dances every evening except Sunday.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Symbols.

No more of gold and marble, nor of snow
And sunlight, and vermilion would I make
My vision and my symbols, nor would take
The auroral flame of some prismatic floe,
Nor iris of the frail and lunar bow,
Flung on the shafted waterfalls that wake
The night's blue slumber in a shadowy lake—
To body forth my fantasies, and show
Communicable mystery, I would find,
In admantine darkness of the earth,
Metals untouched of any sun; and bring
Black azures of the nether sea to birth;
Or fetch the secret, splendid leaves, and blind,
Blue lilies of an Atlantean spring.
—*Clark Ashton Smith in the London Mercury.*

Sailors.

There's women on the quay when the Peter's flying,
Some are full of jokes and some are crying,
Blinded by their weeping, while the wee bairns clack.
Mary pity women when the sky turns black!

Some men with their money and their words are thrifty,
Whether they sail one year or ten or fifty.
It's for them their wives are laughing while their sisters cry.
Mary pity women when the sea runs high!

How is it they fare when the wage they're earning
Melts into the air like a candle burning—
Burning in a garret on a bare, round plate?
Mary pity women when she's posted late!
—*Wilfrid Thorley in the New Witness.*

After Victor Hugo.

Climb, squirrel, climb the tall oak tree
To where the last sprays dizzily
Lean out and tremble, reedy-soft!
Fly, doting stork, that still dost dwell
Beside thine ancient pinnacle
From spire to rampart and the fell
Height of the frowning keep aloft!

Old eagle, quit thy cleft and ride
Above thine ancient hills that hide
In raiment of eternal ice!
Low-nested bird whose songs begin
When dawn first brings the daylight in,
Fly upward with thy happy din,
O lark, to gates of paradise!
Gaze from thy tree, or mime the moon
From topmost towers of marble hewn,
High tor or heaven! Seest thou then
Horizon-far through mist the pale
Glint of helm-feathers on the mail
Or shod-hooves beating like a flail
To bring thy lover home agen?
—*Wilfrid Thorley in the New Witness.*

The Plain.

Ages ago, on the curving plain,
Burnt by the sun and drenched by rain,
Lived the ancient vanished races—
Lived and died there, and baked and brewed,
Ground their grain in the quern, and hewed
Wood for their woven, wattled walls,
Pyres and faggots for festivals.
Why, if I listen, their voices still
Rise from the wind-swept shelving hill
And the shaded woody places.

Gone are your skin-lined sunken cots,
Broken your grey and earthen pots,
You old, old vanished people.
Only rabbits with furry feet
Find their way to your hidden street,
Turn up your slug-shaped pins and clasps,
Beaten hinges and bronzy hasps.
Surely you're there, and you lie and think
Stretched on the grass; your queer eyes blink,
And you stare at Salisbury steeple.
—*A. F. Trotter in the Cornhill Magazine.*

English and Continental Drama.

In the most lasting element of the art of the theatre, the drama, the English theatre, compared to that of other countries, has nowadays little to teach us, says Stark Young in the *North American Review*. Shakespeare, of course, belongs not only to the English, but to all English-speaking theatres, since Shakespeare's England no longer exists. And even Shakespeare handed on no dramatic form that later dramatists have been able to use. There seems to be a darkness and chaos at the very heart of his art that remains more or less unmanageable. But granting everything to Shakespeare, if you like, the fact remains that England is almost the last place to see him played. The renowned schools of Irving and Tree only botched him up; they prettified Shakespeare's magnificent intelligence and ungovernable current of life; and Forbes Robertson, for all his fine moments, played that favorite and stupid English trick where the classics are concerned of turning everything into the Bible, which, whatever its virtues may be, is scarcely the Shakespeare of the seventeenth century. Leaving Shakespeare out of it, then, very much as we might leave out Spenser or Milton or Aristophanes, we turn to the English drama of later times. Meantime we must remember that we do not look just now at a drama for its special and unique merits. We look to it as a possible influence for our own; and such a possibility depends on the gift it shows for expressing its matter in terms of the theatre, and on its gift for form that is significant as a dramatic vehicle. In this sense there is always on the Continent a dramatist who is better than his English competitor in the same kind.

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Music in the Mines.

In recent years an almost paradoxical phenomenon has manifested itself in Borinage, the Belgian coal region of which Horchies forms a part, says the New York *Tribune*. From among the underground workers has emerged a series of singers—tenors, baritones, and bassos—wonderfully endowed by nature; Dufresne, who has become one of the most applauded pensioners of La Monnaie, of Brussels; Bouilliez, whose beautiful vocal organ won him the same fortunate destiny; Ansseau, whom the Opéra Comique of Paris, since last year, has carried away from the transports of admiration of the Belgian auditors, and Descamp, who, in Faust, has eclipsed in La Monnaie the memories of many a famous seducer of Marguerite.

And at the entrances to the pits of the coal basins of Liége, says a *Figaro* correspondent, there is frequently heard, rising from the bowels of the earth, magnificent song gushing forth from throats of men who are now no longer ignorant of their latent wealth.

Has the special atmosphere of the "black lands," even as the meridional land of blue and gold, the virtue of developing the vocal organ? Many a miner, while playing with the pick-axe, already practices in the rôle of the Ethiopian Amonsaro of "Aida" or the sombre Brahmas of "Lakmé."

Here are two interesting extracts from a recently-published volume of French memoirs. Talleyrand is described as "a mixture of grand seigneur, woman, cleric and cat." Comparing Talleyrand and Fouché, the writer says: "If Talleyrand is the most revolutionary of gentlemen, Fouché is the most gentlemanly of revolutionaries."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what are the great majority?" "Fools."—*Landan. Answers.*

Millions of voters are in favor of light wines and making Milwaukee famous again.—*Life.*

Our idea of nothing worth getting excited ahout is a haskethall game.—*Los Angeles Times.*

He—What do you say to a tramp in the park? *She*—I never speak to them.—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Flubb—Jenks always appears to he in low spirits. *Dubb*—That's hecause he takes prohibition seriously!—*Judge.*

"Yes, he knows her past; she told him everything." "What courage!" "What memory!"—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

Fatty Arhuckle will confine his efforts in motion pictures to directing. He will go and cinema no more.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Ruth—Why did you lead me out here? *Bob*—So I could talk to you. *Ruth*—Let's go hack and dance.—*Boston Beanpot.*

From a Brooklyn schoolboy's essay on Washington: "The President of today is the 2-cent stamp of the future."—*Life.*

The principal part in "Treasure Island" is a one-legged character. How very different from our revues!—*London Opinion.*

Youngwife—It was just hy luck that I was ahle to get this steak. *Younghusband*—It was sure tough luck.—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

Smith—So your son is in college? How is he making it? *Smithers*—He isn't. I'm making it and he's spending it.—*Detroit News.*

Ted—So your maiden aunt has gone in for the Coué cure? *Ned*—Yes; she's taught her parrot to say the day hy day for her.—*Life.*

"Most of us," said Uncle Ehen, "is careful 'hout rilin' up an enemy, hut don' hesitate to hurt de feelings of a friend."—*Washington Star.*

"Do you keep your ear to the ground?" "Not now," said Congressman Swayhack. "I gotta radio outfit."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Rose—Drink makes Evelyn's hushand hrutal. *Lily*—Where does he get the stuff? *Rose*—He makes it. It's a case of home-hrutality.—*Judge.*

"Do you ohject to my hathing suit?" inquired the heach helle. "Not personally," replied the village cop, "only professionally."—*Washington Star.*

The honors that a husband wins exalt his wife's position in society; the honors that a wife gains helittle her hushand in the eyes of the world.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"Does your hoy Josh do much work arounn the place?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossel, "not since they found a way to equip the flivver with a self-starter."—*Washington Star.*

Gym Teacher (to girls)—Lots of girls use dumh-hells to get color in their cheeks. *Bright One*—And lots of girls use color on their cheeks to get dumh-hells.—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

"Are you an optimist?" "I am," replied Farmer Corntossel, "But I can't convert the commission merchant to my way of talkin'."—*Washington Star.*

Fare (entering taxi in blinding snowstorm)—Really wintry weather this, isn't it? *Driver (grimly)*—I'll give yer my word, sir, I aint seen a hutterfly all day.—*Punch.*

Attempts are heing made hy super-dentists to isolate the tooth ache microhe. It is supposed that they want to teach it some new tricks.—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

The Professor—I noticed you were talking during my lecture this morning. *Student*—I heg your pardon, sir. I do not recall it. I must have heen talking in my sleep.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Hast—Those, my dear, are my great-aunt and uncle. *Small Guest*—I suppose they are dead? *Hast*—Yes. *Small Guest (after a pause)*—May I ask you whether they died of illness or oldness?—*Los Angeles Times.*

Huntsman (vainly trying ta get to hounds an railway)—Have you see the fox? *Surfaceman*—No, there aint heen no fox 'ere. The fish train's just gone hy. That's what your dogs be runnin' after.—*Punch.*

"I have never seen a man with murder flashing in his eye hefore," said a witness in a London police court. Then it is fairly evident he has not mingled with a domino fan on the eve of comhat.—*Punch.*

Scatchman (endeavaring ta revive friend's feeble memory)—Now, listen, Douglas, you mind paying for me a drink last forenoon? *Douglas*—Och, yes! It's only my memory that's affected. I can still feel pain.—*Judge.*

J. Fuller Gloom entered a street-car the other day, and, catching a strap, remained standing. "Sit down, Mr. Gloom," suggested an acquaintance, shoving over in his seat. "No, thank you," was the reply. "I am in a great hurry to get downtown."—*Kansas City Star.*

Mother—Good gracious me! What on earth's the matter? *Maid*—It's all hecause she don't like her new gloves, 'm. *Mother*—Why? They look very nice. *Small Child (between sobs)*—They may—look nice—hut they taste—simply horrid!—*Punch.*

The Boss—We need a far-sighted man for that joh, you know. Do you really think Jones is that sort? *His Partner*—Well, he and I helong to the same church and I've attended more than a dozen Sunday-school picnics with him and he's never forgotten his umbrella. *The Boss*—He'll do.—*Legion Weekly.*

An inspector had made a special visit to a certain elementary school in a hig provincial town, and from his point of view good results had heen obtained. "Well," he said, "is there any lad who would like to ask me something?" "Yes, sir," cried a voice. "What time does your train leave?"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Judge—How is it that you picked up a numher of comparatively worthless articles, and left the money, which was close at hand, untouched? *Criminal*—I hope your honor won't find fault with me for that. My wife has heen hard enough on me ahout it!—*Judge.*

THE RUSSIAN PICTURE.

Until there is a radical change in economic conditions in Russia that country can offer no attractions to capital for investment, says a London dispatch to the New York *Times*. This is the opinion at which William Thompson of New York, former president of the American Cotton Oil Company and well known for his interest in lahor questions, has come after examination of those conditions on the spot.

He went out to Russia as financial adviser with Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and Professor Earl M. Howard of Northwestern University, in connection with a concession granted hy the Soviet government to the Russia-American Industrial Corporation for the establishment of clothing and textile factories in Russia. After he had looked over the ground he was compelled as a husiness man to advise strongly against accepting the Soviet offer.

Explaining to the New York *Times* correspendent his reasons for so doing he said:

"We expected to start two textile mills and seven clothing factories, hut when we reached Russia we found that all that was offered us was the right to suhscribe $1,000,000 to the funds of the Clothing Syndicate. We were not, we learned, to have any say in the running of the factories. The syndicate itself, as far as we could learn, had no definite control over the trusts or even complete authority over their finances, as there was nothing to prevent them raising capital for themselves, and I failed to see that we had any security for the money we were to put in.

"It appeared to me that we should merely be handing over to the government a large sum of money for its own purposes without having real control as to how it was to be employed or any certainty that we should have a real husiness investment."

Russian industries, Mr. Thompson explained, are all under the Supreme Council of National Economy. The Russian-American Company might have a contract with the Clothing Syndicate and the syndicate might have every desire to carry it out, hut it could not he certain that it could do so. The government could intervene at any moment on the ground of national necessity and defeat its hest efforts.

"Why," said Mr. Thompson, "it would he the easiest thing in the world for the government department which did not approve of the situation to make operation impossible through exercise of the government's monopoly of foreign trade to prevent the importation of some indispensahle articles. Moreover, even though a foreign concern has received a government guarantee of interest on its investment it can not he certain of getting it. For when the time comes for its payment there are sure to he so many claims falling due the government will he ohliged to disregard some. If it decides to let the foreign capitalist wait for his money, what redress has he?

"I do not think that such a thing would happen through any deliherate malice. Russia has so many wants today that it might occur as the result of an adverse vote. Russia can not purchase from ahroad everything she wants. She has so much want that she must, for a long time, he hard put to it to buy the ahsolute necessities."

Mr. Thompson made it quite clear that, although he does not himself helieve in communistic theories, he is quite convinced of the earnestness of a certain numher of Russian communists. They work very hard and have a keen sense of their duty to their fellow-citizens. But that does not alter the disastrous effect of the common industrial prohlem.

As an illustration be pointed to an estimate of the running costs of factories, which be had drawn up from the hest possihle sources. It showed that while the workers earned pitiful wages, according to American standards, the cost of skilled workers and technical personnel which in an American factory would he ahout 10 per cent. of the wage hill, in Russia today runs up as high as 40 per cent., to which must be added extremely heavy overhead charges, so that the cost of production is such that the mass of poorly-paid potential consumers can hardly afford to huy at all.

Optical Stunts.

What strange liherties our story writers take with their characters' eyes! Here are a few examples:

"Her eyes roamed carelessly around the room."

"With her eyes she riveted him to the spot."

"He tore his eyes from her face and they fell on the letter at her feet."

"He drank her in with drowning eyes."

"Their eyes met for a long, hreathless moment and swam together."

"Marjory would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea."

"He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to hoth." We should think it would.—*Boston Transcript.*

No Time to Brood.

"No douht," insinuated the tourist, "you find life here in the Ozarks a trifle monotonous at times?"

"Well, no; not precisely," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "What with wife a-yellin' at me every now and ag'in to do this or that and some of the children getting snakehit or chopping each other with the ax, or getting tromped on hy one of the mules or something that-a-way, and wife sorter yelling at me ahout something or nuther and some feller stopping to tell the news or merely to pick a fight, and one of the children falling in the well or getting a fish hook stuck in his nose or some place else, and wife a-yelling at me ahout whatever it is, and mehhy some gent happening along with a dram of licker, and White Caps pestering around, and somehody taking an occasional shot at me from the hrush, and, of course, wife a-yelling at me for good measure, and so on, I find life yur, taking it hy and large, as the feller said, tollahle lively."—*Kansas City Star.*

Perils of Psulette.

Yes, there was a man following her.

No douht about it.

He had the audacity to ride up and thrust a paper into her hand.

This on the public streets?

Nothing else.

He asked her to meet him.

And, as she read the document, she knew that she would have to meet him——

At 10 o'clock in the Traffic Court.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Preparations are heing made to obtain salt from the sea on a large scale at Athlit, about ten miles south of Haifa, in Palestine, according to the *Scientific American.*

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Late Senator Perkins.

George Clement Perkins served the State of California long and in many ways. He was one of the early and one of the most energetic builders of the commonwealth. He established here and sustained for many years a great constructive activity. Later he entered the political sphere, serving as a member of the legislature from 1869 to 1876. He became governor of the state in 1879, serving until 1883. He represented California in the Senate from 1886 to 1915. To each of these posts Mr. Perkins brought intelligence, industry, and an enthusiastic love for California. He was an optimist, and with optimism he combined the spirit of friendliness. With a naïve modesty, he always disclaimed character as a statesman; yet it will be remembered that he gave to every issue associated with his authority as a public man careful and intelligent consideration, and that his final judgments were invariably founded upon the rock of principle. We do not recall an important issue of public policy in which Mr. Perkins, as legislator, governor, senator, did not stand for what was essentially sound. Viewed in its entirety, the career of Mr. Perkins was both an example and an inspiration. It was a creation that rested upon the foundation of character. Beginning practical life at the age of fifteen with scant education and without material inheritance, he advanced by successive promotions from a stow-away sailor boy to a senatorship; and in every post he won respect and consideration. From the State of California, to whose service he gave his life-long energies, he merits, as he is borne to his grave, that noblest of benedictions—Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

An Open Political Season.

In the nine months now to intervene between the adjournment of the Sixty-Seventh and the coming in of the Sixty-Eighth Congress we may look for a vast deal of the kind of political activity which always fills the year preceding the national party conventions. It will be a season when all the factions of all parties will be laying wires and tuning up for the coming presidential campaign; and the season promises to be an active one, due to the patent fact that there are no assurances in relation to the year 1924. It is a case where the chances of success are open to anybody, a situation that always inspires a multitude of hopes. It will be a period of what the politicians call "campaigns of education," and to this end programmes of propaganda are already forming.

Senator La Follette, nominally a Republican, but in fact a man of no party, above all an apostle of discontent, is planning to go on what he styles a lecture tour of the country. His main purpose will be to discredit the Harding administration, and beyond question he will have a wide hearing. The American public, sad to say, loves to listen to declamatory arraignment, and while it commonly reserves its judgment, it unfailingly turns out *en masse* whenever a professional denunciator rings his bell. La Follette still cherishes hopes of attaining the presidency, and this, of course, is the motive of his proposed tour. Senator Borah, also nominally a Republican, but one who holds himself exempt from party discipline, will take the stump for the purpose of telling the people what is wrong with everything, more particularly what is wrong with the Harding administration. Our own Hiram, whose tendency now is toward a more conservative attitude in hope of getting himself in better relations with the party, is preparing to dodge immediate issues by going abroad. He disclaims presidential candidacy, but that is only a bit of diplomatic policy. If he sees a chance—or half a chance—he will get his hat into the ring. President Harding, who is a very weary man, is going South for a vacation of several weeks. If he has any plans related to next year they are as yet reserved. He will return to Washington some time in April and later he expects to visit the Pacific Coast, with Alaska as a possible objective. He will, so it is announced, make the fewest possible speeches, and when he does speak it will be only upon occasions of courtesy. Whether or not he shall be a candidate for a second term, he will make nothing that wears even the suggestion of a personal campaign.

The Democratic party, which fared so badly in 1920 as almost to appear defunct, is not without hopes for better luck in 1924. It sees its old rival, while in possession of the government, divided and broken into factional groups heedless of fundamental principles, contentious within itself, without coördination or discipline, discredited by a record of many derelictions. In truth, the situation is one of obvious opportunity for the Democratic party, and if it were thoroughly coördinated, and wisely led, it might not unreasonably hope to sweep the country next year. But, in truth, the demoralization of the Democratic party pretty closely parallels that of the Republican party. Singularly shy at the point of recognized leadership, it has too many leaders of mediocre type. Then there is conflict between its radical and its conservative elements; and under recent development of the bloc system there is confusion of both geographical and personal factions. At the moment there is making on the part of conservative Democratic leaders an effort to bring forward Senator Oscar Underwood of Alabama as a presidential candidate; and in the judgment of many his nomination—or that of John W. Davis—would strengthen the party and give it sound hope of success. But the movement for Underwood is getting nowhere. More and more it becomes apparent that in the shifting of political currents the tendency of the Democratic party is away from conservatism and towards radicalism; and we are not, we think, going far afield in the prophecy that in the line-up of 1924 the Democratic party will more nearly reflect the fallacies so long preached by Brother Bryan, rather than the sounder philosophies associated with the name of Senator Underwood. By this we do not mean that Bryan is likely to be the candidate. His day—for which the good Lord be praised—is done for good and all. But Bryanism in its manifold vagaries is still a vital quantity and it is more than likely to set the tune in the coming national party convention.

It is still early for speculation as to the Democratic nominee. The field is a large one. But besides Underwood and Davis there is not a figure of first-class rank in the group. Cox, besides being a failure of record, is a commonplace man. McAdoo is something very much worse. Perhaps the most portentous name in the list of possibilities is that of Henry Ford, although Mr. Ford does not as yet know whether he is a Democrat or a Republican. In truth, he is neither. But he is plainly open to a deal with the Democratic party, and in many respects he can bid higher than any other man. Modern American politics is largely conducted on the principles of merchandising. A candidate is advertised to the people and his personality is sold to them in the same manner in which a brand of soap is made popular and its sales forced. Ford is the one man who has a commercial organization established in practically every county in the United States, and is in intimate touch with a very considerable part of the voting population. Ford agencies and Ford service stations are everywhere, and Ford's name and fame are on the wing along every highway and down every country road. It would not be difficult to convert the machinery involved in the selling, repairing, owning and driving of Ford cars and tractors into a temporary political organization capable of reaching, through direct personal association, a prodigious body of voters. Ford has in addition the active support of the Scripps-McRae chain of newspapers. It hardly needs saying that in respect of anything unrelated to the tin-lizzie business Mr. Ford is abysmally ignorant. But his ignorance, with his outspoken contempt of history or statecraft, constitutes an asset with a great number of potential voters.

It needs to be remembered that Mr. Ford, although a Northern man, can make strong appeal to the South, always a formidable factor in Democratic conventions. Already he has a very considerable identification with the South. It looks to him and to his Muscle Shoals project as the herald of a new era of prosperity for the South. Last week the Democratic convention of Wayne County, Michigan, took a first step toward advancing the Ford-for-President movement. It made Ford the head of its delegation to the state convention. Although a later effort to put through the convention a resolution favoring the nomination of Ford for President failed, this result was founded on considerations of strategy rather than of sentiment.

Under all the circumstances, the nomination of Ford would tend to clarify the political situation nationally. It would bring about a natural order in politics; it would make the Democratic party more nearly the party of radicalism and it would make the Republican party more nearly the party of conservatism than it is today. Conservative Democrats would either sulk or go into the Harding camp, something after the manner of 1896. With Harding representing the Republicans and with

Ford representing the Democrats, the contest would be fairly clear-cut. It would be a magnificent sporting event—and something more.

All signs now point to Harding as the Republican nominee next year, whether he wants it or not. There is no competitor in sight. His administration, despite the points at which it has failed, is the party's most formidable asset. It will be easy to demonstrate that the country is better off for the administration he has given to it than it would have been under the leadership of any other factional chief in either party. In assuming the presidency he entered upon what all recognized as an impossible task. Anything like a rounded success was, under the conditions, out of the question. In the face of multitudinous confusions, in spite of obvious failures, his achievements have been notable. Withal he commands the respect and liking of the country. It is a practical assurance that he will be drafted for service as a second-term candidate; and while his reëlection is not an assurance, the portents are largely in his favor.

British Opinion and the Ruhr.

Neither Lloyd George nor Bonar Law has it all his own way in his public deprecation of the effort of France to collect from Germany. Day by day the London *Daily Mail* prints communications from readers that are probably far more representative of the real feeling and good sense of the English people. Large numbers of them are looking directly at the merits of the matter, and see both the futility of further juggling, and the folly of playing Germany's game. We reproduce from the columns of the *Mail* a number of these letters, for the light they throw on the reaction of the British mind to the French attempt:

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* If a vote of the British public was taken through the *Daily Mail* on the question of the occupation of the Ruhr by the French I, and all whom I have spoken with on the question, are of opinion that at least two-thirds of the British public would agree with your sentiments. I, like many others, can not understand the reason for the government's attitude in this matter, and am of opinion that we should have joined the French and Belgians in Essen and demanded from the Germans the opportunity of auditing their books to ascertain whether they could not have made more adequate reparation J. Smith Ross.

St. George, Greenfield Gardens,
Golders Green, London, N.W.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Bravo, France! You are up and doing while England meditates. We are proud to think that you, at least, realize and appreciate what our brave boys left home and sacrificed their young lives for.

Brantham. Mrs. V. E. Wood.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Thanks for your noble lead showing to our allies that they can now, and always, rely upon the whole-hearted support and loyalty of the common-sense section of the country. G. H. Corbett.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Your support of the French naturally meets with approval. Their action is logical and is readily understood. But what, to me, is totally inexplicable is the attitude of our own government. We have sacrificed thousands of lives and millions of pounds in the war, and now apparently the government programme is that we should pay every penny that we owe, but that we should not expect any repayment of the money which we have lent our allies, and, above all, that we must on no account put the slightest pressure on Germany to compel her to pay her just debts. Can any one explain it? Hugh H. Paynter.

25, York House, Church Street, London, W.8.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Well done, France! Go in and win! You have the sympathy of the British nation behind you, an "Entente Cordiale" based on the good-will of the masses of the British public who, with their invariable sense of "fair play," want France to get a little of her own back. Vera H. Wheeler.

Cypress House, Sidmouth.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* God bless and prosper France in this matter.

An Englishwoman of Devon.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* I am pleased to see France taking the hull by the horns while we play with its tail. S. Woodward.

Ringwood, Altrincham.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Thanks for your grand leading article, "Germany Should Have a Better Memory." Rest assured that millions of Englishmen will have read it with great joy. Eyra Alston.

4, Ranger Mansions, Upper Norwood, London, S.E. 19.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* You pointedly and rightly ask in a leading article, "What would Germany have done to us and France had *she* been victorious?" She would have had long since every penny we possessed, and would even have filched the children's pence savings from the penny banks. It "passeth all understanding" to know why we hesitate in the silly, senseless way we do. In any case, France is thoroughly justified, and every sensible man and woman will back her up in making every possible effort to secure her just rights. Robert W. Greensmith.

West Derbyshire Unionist League for Long Lane,
Osliston and Thurvaston.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* What grounds are there for the assertion that the measures being taken by France to bring the Hun to book are misconceived? France knows the mentality of Germany, and, better still, she acts upon the knowledge which, unless forced by public opinion, England will never do. P. H. Bayer.

Hatch Beauchamp, Withdean, Brighton.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Many British eyes are watching the avenging steps of the French in Germany—more, perhaps, than Mr. Bonar Law has any idea of. The German nation has never shown the slightest sign of repentance till now. Surely it must be a higher power that compels them to draw their blinds and go to church and utilize the Sabbath for a very becoming mourning.

J. J. W. Livett.

Edinburgh Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* I am sure every Briton will endorse your article, "God-Speed to France." It must be a great comfort to the French people to know that they have the majority of the British public behind them, for it is quite plain to us all if Germany is allowed to get out of paying her indemnities it is only a question of time when she will not only carry out her plan of overthrowing France, but this country, too. H. Stock.

Oak Lodge, Winslow, Bucks.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Those reparations have got to be fetched, not asked for. It is our money we are asking for, and we are at liberty, after four years, to get it how we like. W. A. R.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* The Gallic cock is picking up the corn while the British lion is slumbering as usual. Eighty-Five.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* I am glad to hear that France has started to march into Germany. I saw it stated in the *Daily Mail* that Germany is going to have her flag half-mast and hold special services in the churches as an act of mourning. Did she do that in 1914 when the Germans killed so many women and children in Belgium? No, the only service they had was to rejoice in it as a victory. My mother and brothers suffered a great deal under German rule, my brother being wounded in the back with a bayonet for failing to get off the path when a German came along. Now he is a soldier in Germany, and glad to think he is getting some of his own back. Good luck to France and Belgium. A Belgian.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* I am a fervent reader of the *Daily Mail*. I am glad to see how many people in England are standing by France, even though their government is not. It warms the hearts of all Frenchmen and makes them realize that they are not alone in wanting the Germans to pay. A Frenchman Living in London.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* As an ex-service man I think that France is doing quite right in advancing into the Ruhr Valley, for if Germany is let alone much longer we shall not get a red, raw cent from her. We ought to put our foot on her neck and keep it there till she pays the whole indemnity. C. J. H.

To the Editor of the Daily Mail—*Sir:* Bravo, *Daily Mail!* Keep on publishing letters—the more the better. It shows the feeling of good old England, and shows some of the other papers that they do not voice public opinion, but their own only. I cut your letters out and send them to relatives in the United States to convince them of our feelings and to counteract the Hun propaganda. E. S.

America and An International Court.

President Harding's urgency upon the Senate that it take action that will make the United States a participant in the International Court established by the League of Nations comes late for action at the present session of Congress, which ends with the current week. There will, of course, be those to object, and the rules of the Senate, which permit unlimited debate, will make obstruction easy. It is a foregone conclusion that the matter will go over to the next Congress.

There is every reason why the United States should join in maintenance of a tribunal to which matters of difference between nations may be referred for judicial examination. Such a court can not hold definite authority, but its determinations can hardly fail of high moral value. While in its present constitution it is an arm of the League of Nations, it is in its plan measurably an American institution; for it will be remembered that Mr. Elihu Root participated in the counsels that defined its plan and prescribed its working conditions. It may easily be believed that the President's action has been taken after consultation with Mr. Root and that the reservations proposed have his approval.

There will be those to say a court lacking means of enforcing its findings can be nothing more than a debating club. Those who hold to this notion lack the vision to comprehend moral as distinct from concrete values. It is true that The Hague Tribunal came to little in a practical sense, but a good deal of water has gone over the dam in the period since that agency came into existence. In the intervening years there has been some gain in experience and practical wisdom; and it is further to be said that the new conditions tend to emphasize, as never before, the need of coöperative diplomacy in the matter of differences arising between nations.

Of course there will be opposition to the President's proposal. It will come from the group that objects to anything and everything suggested by Mr. Harding. La Follette, Borah, Brookhart—and probably our own Hiram—will get into full cry when the matter comes up for serious consideration next winter. None the less we believe the proposal will carry. It is harmonious with the spirit of the age. It promises a vital contribution to the cause of international justice and to the machinery of advancing civilization.

The *Argonaut* hopes, though with scant sense of assurance, that there may be somebody to remember that its editor, writing in these columns from Paris in the period of the Peace Conference in 1919, ventured this prophecy:

> The final result, in my judgment, of the effort to bring the nations into coöperation will be enlargement of authority of The Hague Tribunal or the establishment in its stead of a court to which nations participating in its organization—and other nations as well—shall refer their differences. Such a court can not, in the nature of things, have power to enforce its determinations. None the less it must in the moral values associated with its investigations and its determinations become an effective agency of civilization.

The Senate Filibuster.

The ship subsidy bill urged upon Congress by President Harding and supported by a multitude of sound considerations has failed in the Senate. It has failed, not because there were lacking votes in its favor, but because under the rules of the Senate anybody who chooses to obstruct a particular measure may do it by the process of talking it to death. The practice is an old one and goes by the rhetorically descriptive name of "filibustering." Many times it has been proposed in the Senate to restrict freedom of debate to the end of putting a curb upon obstructive tactics. But all such efforts have failed upon the theory that in a deliberative body whoever has anything to say should have the privilege of saying it. Well enough if the practice matched the theory, but it is quite another thing when chronic objectors hold the floor, not to the end of legitimately declaring their views, but to defeat measures for which a majority stand ready and eager to vote.

Thanks to the late Tom Reed, the practice is better in the House of Representatives. Reed came to the Speakership of the House at a time when that branch of Congress had become all but impotent. Under the rule of unrestricted privilege of debate it was possible for a minority—even a small coterie—to prevent action upon any measure by keeping up an interminable chatter of irrelevant talk. Under Reed's hand, the rules were so revised as to hold debate within reasonable limits. Of course there was protest. Echoes of it abide to this day. The Speaker was nicknamed "Czar," but he bore the title with such dignified indifference that it became finally, not a reproach, but a mark of honor.

It is high time for reform of the Senate procedure. There is neither rhyme nor reason in maintenance of a rule of courtesy which gives license and opportunity of obstruction to men wholly lacking in courtesy or the spirit of propriety and decency. The right of majorities to rule is a fundamental principle in our system. Whoever wantonly and in the spirit of obstruction nullifies this rule becomes in effect a traitor to our form of government. Means of protection against filibustering practice lies within the power of the Senate itself, and very obviously a time has come for applying a discipline calculated to prevent abuse under license of unrestricted discussion. Filibustering is not discussion; it is in its effect a nullification of the authority of majorities.

The ship subsidy proposal having failed, the country

has now to suffer a loss of something like ten million dollars per month under war-time laws governing the administration of our war-time shipping equipment. A few senatorial irreconcilables in their jealousy and hatred of the Administration have imposed this very serious condition upon the country. In a sense this loss will be reflected in criticism of the government, but the government—limiting the phrase to the executive Administration—is not to blame. No case was ever more clearly presented in all its bearings than by the President in his address to Congress urging passage of the subsidy bill. For this failure and its consequences Mr. Harding is in nowise responsible. He did all that any man in his place could have done. But the outcome does reflect seriously upon the Republican party. The party has a clear majority in the Senate; and if those who style themselves Republicans —who were elected as Republicans—had stood faithful to their obligations, we should have another and better result.

America Not a "Dollar Chaser."

The notion that America is a nation of "dollar chasers" appears fixed in the European mind. At all times it is more or less reflected in the European press, and whoever goes much abroad gets many more or less polite reflections of it. It is true that America has become wealthy—that certain individual Americans have become enormously so. But it is also true—and it is a fact that Europeans ought to bear in mind—that the fame of our wealth has largely grown out of beneficences in which Europe has shared.

The Rockefeller fortune with the manner of its employment may be cited as illustrating the spirit of America. It has not halted at national boundaries. For twenty years or more it has been a large contributor wherever there has been need calling for humanitarian action. Before, during, and since the war it has poured millions into relief funds and into reconstruction enterprises. It is carrying education and sanitation into half a dozen countries. Similarly the Carnegie fortune has sought and found ways of promoting civilization, not only in its present seats, but in backward regions where there is hope of betterment. America, through its Red Cross organization, did and continues to do a vast humanitarian service in Europe. Truly it is an ungracious return for these favors to disparage the nation that dispenses them.

Today American money is feeding millions in Russia who otherwise must starve. It is helping to reconstruct France; it is even contributing to the welfare of Germany by supplying food and clothing to the children orphaned by the war. It is carrying food and sanitation to the all but houseless multitudes in the devastated areas of France. It is rebuilding the historic library of Louvain, and others elsewhere. It is sustaining impoverished schools in half a dozen countries. In brief, it flows out in a hundred directions beyond the seas, in works both large and small, of charity and beneficence.

Our foreign critics would further do well to note the spirit of America in dealing with distressed or backward countries everywhere. It is only a few years ago that a great indemnity was awarded to various countries following the Boxer war in China. The countries of Europe accepted their share in the award. The United States alone declined to take the money.

The course of America towards Cuba may well be remembered. After driving out the Spaniard, we turned it over to its own people, and since, at no inconsiderable cost, have stood its guardian and helper. In Porto Rico we have tremendously advanced the fortunes of a backward people. In the Philippines we have spent and are spending millions to build up the country in a material sense, and to bring its people up to a point where they may safely assume the burden of self-government. In Mexico we have endured and continue to endure injuries and even affronts where we might by little more than a proclamation make the country and its vast resources our own. Further to the south, we have guaranteed the integrity of countries too weak themselves to maintain their independence and protect themselves against the aggressive greed of colony-hunting nations.

There is no instance wherein American influence or authority in relation to any other country has been turned to financial advantage. In every case where duty has called us to go we have bestowed benefits, we have demanded nothing. The fixed habit of Europe from the day of Imperial Rome to this hour has been to exploit subordinated or dependent countries. Witness England in Ireland, in India, in Egypt and elsewhere. Witness France in Africa, in China, and elsewhere. Witness Holland and her colonial dependencies. No such record attaches to America. Our hands are clean.

It is further to be remembered that in the late war America sent two millions of men to fight the battles of Europe and that she spent in this enterprise the inconceivable sum of twenty-six thousand millions of dollars. And let it further be remembered that in apportioning the awards of victory she has asked not one penny in compensation of her expenditures or her losses. In the history of the world no country has so generously or so continuously directed its courses under the inspirations of humanitarian feeling as has the United States. We do not ask or wish the world to make special acknowledgment. What we have done has been done of free good-will, not with hope of reward, still less of praise. But upon the record we deserve something better than the reproach that we are a nation of "dollar chasers."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

San Francisco Artists Become Art Patrons.

San Francisco, February 28, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* The artists of San Francisco and the Bay region have oversubscribed to the replica of "The Bacchante," by Bernard, the contemporary French sculptor. It is to be their gift to this city of art lovers, as well as their latest expression of sympathy with some of the extreme tendencies in modern art. With this column of plaster, the artists see fit to hope that the sooner they show the city what they really like in sculpture, the sooner the city will really like what artists like.

This new comer, the Goddess of Modern Art, made her first appearance in the innermost room of the French exhibition of modern art at the Exposition Auditorium. Her second presentation will be at the California School of Fine Arts. The third and final place is yet undecided. However, many are the pilgrims to her shrine and many are the curious and wondering. There is a rosy glow of romance over this plaster person from Paris, even more than her pinkish cast seems to lend, for she is being "talked about" over many studio tea-cups, as many a great lady is hound to he. Columns have heen entirely devoted to her character and potential influence on our civic growth. Several of these articles have heen written hy the "lay mind," and they surely "lay her out." One asks the eternal question of suitability in woman. "Could you live with her, day hy day?" And the artists answer, "Better and hetter," and all the rest of it.

Of course, of the many artists, not all recognized her worth at once. There are those who disliked and scoffed heartily at first, hut remained to suhscrihe, and there are those who still "can't see her at all." The thing to do, if you are a sincerity seeker, is to peer into the dark side and take in all the high lights for yourself. You will really enjoy meeting the discussion face to face. You recognize her at once as the "Bacchante," a grape-hedecked damsel, hut not the spirited one of tradition. This figure is alive, hut not kicking. She hends her knees in suhtle flexion, squeezes grapes in amourous arms and savours of peasant peoples, the fruitful earth and autumn festivals, through the ages. Her sure grace and quiet movement are almost Oriental and Far Eastern in origin. She is the soul of animated solidity and firm-footed stability—hoth worthy things to worship, these fleet-footed times.

She certainly isn't pretty; her face is a symhol of a feminine face, well removed from personality. Neither is she fashionahle, nor would her lines lend well to the stream line of modern costuming. As a Parisienne, she should he *chic* in every sense of the word, hut she is without *chic*. Why, somehody's hushand passed her hy with the declaration that she looked like a "giant Kewpie"! Which shows again that we see what we choose to see. Some one else said, "Why didn't they huy a Rodin?" "Rodin, never," assert the artists. "We are past that phase in art; this is the hig thing from now on." Yet there are many (a minor knowing many) who have not a qualm ahout the pleasurahle qualities that make this "Bacchante" a thing of eternal value in their eyes. They are impressed with her "economy of expression," her "simple modeling in mass," the "linear cadence of her varied line." The future only will tell. The present is too torn with opinions.

For those who demand ancestry, she has handsome lineage. Not the same ancestry, however, that other recent gift to the city hoasts of. We refer to the family known as "Laocoon," whose cold gray marhle replica of father and sons wriggle in gymnastic and classic agony at the entrance of the Palace of Fine Arts. The "Bacchante" could scarcely he called "classic." Her descent is almost direct from the archaic ages, when all form was unsophisticated and rhythm was heautifully poised on simple movements of mass. She is an enigma, this throwhack, to the primitive, yet without the decadent tendency that lately imitates the primitive.

Added to ancestry, she has proper credentials from the hest schools of anatomy and connections with the higher laws of composition. Will she finally he accepted hy those who are undecided or will she stand silently and say nothing to those who seek her? It is still to wonder whether she will become an outcast or set a standard in the great art of sculpture. This gift is another of the unsettled questions that only time will answer, when the many have come to sanction the viewpoint of the few. Genevieve Hailey.

Laws, Laws, More Laws.

San Francisco, February 26, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* Of making many laws there is no end. Of the hundreds of acts hefore this legislature perhaps a score or so may he needed, though a suffering community might worry along without some of these. The legislators would do well to note that the fiction "ignorance of the law excuses no one" is an ohsolete axiom.

The best-intentioned man, working thirty-six hours a day, could not in a lifetime even glance through the innumerahle laws, ordinances, orders, regulations, etc., inflicted upon us hy Congress, legislature, supervisors, accident commission, hoard of works, income-taxers, hoard of health, department of electricity, Velsteaders and traffic squadders. "Regulation 62," issued hy the Income Tax Bureau, is a volume of 420 pages, while a recent text-hook on the same law contains 1740 pages.

Our fundamental law should be revised to read, "knowledge of a law is reason enough for resenting it."

Nathaniel Blaisdell.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

COST OF GOVERNMENT.

(Indianapolis News.)

People who are demanding, and rightly, a reduction in puhlic expenditures and a lowering of taxes, ought not, in their meditations, to overlook one very important truth, and that is that the more government they have the greater will its cost be. The great expansion of government activities began about a quarter of a century ago, and it has gone steadily forward, until today our governments, national, state, and municipal, are performing tasks which no one would in the heginning even dream of assigning to them. Public pay-rolls have grown enormously, and they are still growing. A few days ago Representative Rainey said, in an address hefore a farmers' meeting in Illinois, that "every two persons in the United States engaged in productive lahor have on their shoulders at least one person who is supported entirely hy taxes." We have multiplied inspectors, supervisors, special agents, divisions and hureaus to an alarming—and a very hurdensome—extent.

The people might as well make up their minds that they can not have a paternal, henevolent, philanthropic, interfering, meddling, regulating government which shall at the same time he economical. We could save hundreds of millions of dollars simply hy taking the government out of business which it should never have entered. If the people could he made to realize all this, the so-called reformers and progressives who now hesiege Congress and the state legislatures demanding new measures of regulation and control would find the going much harder than it now is.

There could he no greater reform than the restoration of our government to something like "normalcy." The result would he good in every way. There would follow a lessening of cost, a reduction of taxes, an increased efficiency, and a much more self-reliant spirit in the people. No reform that is suggested today hegins to compare in value and importance with the reform that would hring such things to pass. It used to he an axiom that the government which governs least is hest. Now the idea seems to he that the more a government does, and the more it costs, the hetter it is.

PATERNALISM.

(Baltimore American.)

The plaint of Senator William H. King of Utah at the annual dinner of the Southern Maryland Society that the Federal government has become too paternalistic has become a popular plaint in Congress as well as elsewhere.

But the trouhle with the anti-paternalists is very much the some trouhle that afflicts the log-rollers; they are against it in principle and for it in practice.

The Democratic party, of which Senator King is a memher, is a states' rights party especially. That is, or it is supposed to he, the Democratic party's excuse for living. But the memhers thereof have helped saddle paternalism upon the country in just ahout the same proportion and with just ahout the same enthusiasm as the Repuhlicans.

They have gladly and with sweet unanimity proceeded to vote away the rights of the states whenever they thought the particular "cause" under discussion would prove in a general way a popular cause in their own states, or whenever some group or clique interested in special legislation got after them.

The Republican party has not changed much. It has always been primarily a nationalist party and it still is; hut the Democratic party has practically merged its fundamental ideas with those of the Repuhlicans, and that is why the two of them look like peas in a pod, except when the question of lynching in the South comes under discussion. Then it is when the Southern Democrats rise up heroically and with one accord to defend the nohle and immutahle principles of states' rights against all comers. And that only is when they do it.

The situation in the Democratic party has, indeed, become so ludicrous under the leadership of opportunists of the Bryan type that memhers of the Republican party, like Senator Wadsworth, for example, have felt impelled to raise their voices in hehalf of the principles that the Democrats are supposed to protect simply in order not to let the halance as hetween the state and the Federal powers be too far disturhed.

Paternalism, senator?

Why, the hest way to remedy that disease is to call a caucus of your own party and talk turkey to it!

WHAT GOVERNMENT CONTROL HAS DONE.

(Detroit Free Press.)

What was it forced the country to dip into its pocket to pull out approximately a hillion dollars so that the railroads of the country might he kept running?

Government control and mismanagement.

What was it that provided service which made traveling a nightmare and freight delivery a gamhle?

Government control and mismanagement.

What was responsihle for a general deterioration of the railroad equipment which after six years has not been wholly repaired?

Government control and mismanagement.

What was it sent passenger rates and freight rates sky high and created conditions that for the most part kept them there until now?

Government control and mismanagement.

What was it that created conditions of unrest among railway employees which culminated last autumn in a disastrous strike?

Government control and mismanagement.

How can any senator or congressman with rudimentary common sense or with ordinary understanding of cause and effect advocate a return to government control of the railroads and to inevitable mismanagement?

We give it up.

AMENDICITIS.

(Springfield Union.)

With the opening of the next session of Congress will come the time for all good men to rush to the aid of the Constitution; that is, provided there are any good men that are without designs on this famous document. Never in all its history has it heen threatened as it now is; in fact, the impression seems to prevail that this is an open season on the Constitution, and that every one is privileged to take a shot at it. More than fifty [Now 71.—Ed.] proposed amendments are in the works, and the number is increasing day by day. Considering the fact that the venerable instrument which forms the foundation of our government and our laws has managed to pull through 136 years with only nineteen amendments, this sudden outbreak of amendicitis is nothing short of appalling.

The proposed amendments aim to cure everything from divorce evils to the extra-privileged status of women. Every senator or congressman with a fad, hobby, or a reform idea in his head has incorporated it into an article to he tacked on to the poor, cowering Constitution. Some are not satisfied to take one shot at the ancient document, but are preparing to fire hroadsides of amendments. This is especially true of the new members of Congress, who, some of them hailing fr

the hackwoods, naturally regard themselves as experts in Constitution-tinkering.

One thing, however, which will strike some observers as very strange is the omission of what seems to be the most important and, indeed, necessary amendment of all, an amendment requiring candidates and prospective candidates for Congress to pass an intelligence test. With such an amendment adopted and ratified there might still be some hope for the poor old Constitution.

THE TEN "MAGIC" BOOKS.

(Boston Transcript.)

It is a characteristic of the times in which they live that Americans, as a general rule, do not rest content until they have card-catalogued things in the proper order of their magnitude and importance. We must know,and the information must he of mathematical exactitude, who are the twenty wealthiest of our countrymen. We must know, to the last inhahitant, the twelve higgest cities in the United States, and "higgest," hy the yardstick which we are so prone to apply, more often than not implies the finest and best as well. Beginning with Washington and Lincoln, we like to rate our public men one, two, three and four, as the graduates of many colleges are classified on the commencement lists. It is this trait of ours that lends the spark of a genuine interest to the lists recently published in the New York *Herald,* in which a number of prominent nien and women have given the names of the ten hooks that they would take with them as companions if a harsh fate were to exile them permanently to a desert isle. Such lists pique our curiosity, and gratify our passion for card-cataloguing. If cities can he numbered, and given a rating in the scale of importance, why not hooks and literature also? Surely there must he ten "magic" hooks that in themselves carry the full flower of literary achievement, and unlock the doors to the chamher of indispensahle knowledge. What joy to get the names of these volumes, from one to ten inclusive.

The lists suhmitted nevertheless are as heterogeneous as the character and tastes of the individuals suhmitting them. The wide latitude of the choice destroys the hope that there are ten all-sufficient magic hooks, whose possession would satisfy the general run of educated men and women, if marooned in this apcoryphal desert island. So sage an ohserver, and so astute a man as former Vice-President Marshall declared that ten hooks were nine too many. With the Bihle he would find ample reading to "consider the problems of life, death, and immortality, and all supplementary reading would he valueless." Shakespeare, in addition to the Bihle, would have a place in a majority of the lists. A solitary vote is cast for the *Congressional Record,* for the not altogether conclusive reason that most persons after reading a few issues would he satisfied to remain indennitely marooned from the homes and ways of men. The lists suhmitted include hooks as divergent in style, suhject matter, and interest as Petronius' Satyricon, Plato's Repuhlic, and Aristotle's Ethics, Montaigne's Essays, Gulliver's Travels, Wells' "Outline of History," the Encyclopædia Britannica, Henry James' "The Amhassadors," Boswell's Johnson and Butler's "Way of All Flesh." The idiosyncrasies of taste are as marked as the points of common agreement.

Literature, in short, defies the methods of the statistician and the census enumerator. The individual's personality, his tastes, and the hias of his mind determine his choice of books; his neighhor's list, on the other hand, might seem flat and uninspiring. A soldier might include Cæsar's Commentaries, and the Field Service Regulations; a lover of poetry, one who shared with Virgil a sense of the "lacrimæ rerum," might well include a copy of the Æneid and Georgics, and a volume of Tennyson's poems—the singer of modern times who seems most to share the Virgilian grace, and the Virgilian sadness. A philosopher would do well to include Kant's "Prolegomena to All Future Metaphysic," whereas persons without a penchant for the problems of philosophy, who find its nomenclature as puzzling as the Greek alphahet, would douhtless leave uncut and unthumhed the pages of Kant. If the world, in short, or any portion of it, were to be marooned on a desert isle there would he as many lists as there would he persons to he exiled therein. Under such circumstances, a thousand persons would he ahle to assemhle a library that would contain a very fair portion of the world's hest literature.

EVERYDAY LATIN.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The hoys of the Reading High School have set ahout proving that Latin can not he eliminated from everyday life, even though you hanish it from the classroom.

They have made for Professor Kramlich, their Latin instructor, a shield hearing the trademarks and slogans of widely advertised commodities, all of which draw their inspiration from the classic tongues.

Everything is there, from a toothpick to a toaster. There is the "Quod Tuum Tene," "Hold what you have," of the National Aniline Company , there is the "Rex" top, the "Vesta" storage hattery, "Lux" for laundering, the "Corona" typewriter, the "Regina" hair net, the "Magnavox" loud-speaker for radio, the "Sonora" phonograph, the "Luna" soap. "Fred," whoever he is, of "Reading's Dependahle Clothing Store," says in an advertisement, "De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum." Newspaper headlines are drawn on for other examples: "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi," "Ponzi's Farewell," "Young Schaefer and Daddy First Pater et Filius World's Sport Champions," "Congress Adjourns Sine Die." And to make good the "toothpick-to-a-toaster" promise, there are "Selecto" toothpicks and the "Vulcan" toaster.

These are not all the examples of everyday Latinity found hy the scissor-wielding students, who, hy the way, include the "Aut Scissors aut Nullus" of *Life's* miscellany page. But they are sufficient to point the way. A casual glance at almost any newspaper or magazine will reveal to the curious other examples of the commercial use of Latin words that have hecome so familiar that they pass almost as English.

It is pretty safe to say that while Latin remains in the advertising and news columns, it will not pass out of the schools and colleges.

HALF-BAKED GRADUATES.

(New York Tribune.)

Dean Harlan F. Stone of the Columhia Law School is in a good position to say how well the colleges do their work, for they supply the students to his institution. The material he receives is, in his opinion, somewhat raw.

In his annual report he complains that the college graduate too often hegins law study "with mind undisciplined, with the critical faculty undeveloped, without the hahit of logical thought, and with little or none of those powers of analysis which should he the first fruits of a liheral education." His criticism is fortified hy the fact that seventy-seven students had to he dropped from the school last year—almost one-tenth of the student hody.

College faculties probahly have heen too easy-going. The wide demand among them for selective admission and rigorous weeding out shows that they are aware of something wrong. The number of applicants for entrance to the leading colleges is so large that restriction is hecoming necessary. If it is intelligently practiced the standard of scholarship is hound to improve.

The law school, however, is not so much a test of acquired learning as of diligence. It is no place for a lazy man. The psychological quiz at entrance is not so valuahle as a gauge would he, if it were possihle to find one, of the pupil's inclination and capacity for hard work—"the intensive, intellectual work," as Dean Stone affectionately describes it, "necessary for the mastery of the intricacies of the law."

The hest thing about the graduate schools is their insistence on sawing wood. The colleges up to date have heen too easy with the loafers. They are the ones to keep out. A hachelor's degree ought to he a guaranty that its possessor will huckle down to his joh.

OLD FAVORITES.

Joe Bowers.

My name is Joe Bowers,
I've got a brother Ike;
I come from old Missouri,
It's all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you how I came here,
And how I came to roam,
And leave my good old mammy,
So far away from home.

There was a gal in our town,
Her name was Sally Black;
I asked her for to marry me,
She said it was a whack.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch for life
You ought to have a little home
To keep your little wife."

Says I to her, "Dear Sally!
All for your own dear sake,
I'm off to California
To try to raise a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the man to win,
Here's a kiss to hind the hargain,"
And she threw a dozen in.

When I got to this country
I hadn't nary red.
I had such wolfish feelings,
I almost wish I'as dead.
But when I thought of Sally
It made those feelings git,
And raised the hopes of Bowers—
I wish I had 'em yet.

And so I went to mining,
Put in my higgest licks;
Come down upon the houlders
Like a thousand of hricks.
I labored late and early,
In rain an' sun an' snow,
I was working for my Sally—
'Twas all the same to Joe.

One day I got a letter,
'Twas from my hrother Ike;
It came from Old Missouri,
And all the way from Pike.
It was the darndest letter
That ever I did see,
And brought the darndest news
That was ever hrought to me.

It said that Sal was false to me—
It made me cuss and swear—
How she'd went and married a hutcher,
And the hutcher had red hair;
And, whether 'twas a gal or hoy
The letter never said,
But that Sally had a hahy,
And the baby's head was red! —*Anon.*

Fair Ines.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And roh the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love hest,
With morning hlushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her hreast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivaled hright;
And hlessèd will the lover he
That walks heneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had heen, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly hy thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no honny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With hands of noble gentlemen,
And hanners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have heen a heauteous dream,—
If it had heen no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light hefore,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that hlessed one lover's heart
Has hroken many more! —*Thomas Hood.*

Bronze is very old, but brass was unknown to the ancients. An ingredient of brass is zinc, which is one of the few metals extracted from the ore by distillation, and it has been available for only about a century.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Another master pianist is Harold Bauer, who after being the rage in Boston has easily become the rage in New York. Bauer was born in London and began his musical life as a violinist, but observing the large number of violinists he became converted to the keys. He took a few lessons from Paderewski, but is mainly a self-made pianist. It is said that in New York people have been climbing over one another to get in a hall to hear him play.

Mr. Bonar Law is a business man, who received his education at the Glasgow High School, and he has the typical business man's outlook and appraisals. He is shrewd and practical and disposed to critical analyses of all proposals. His power in debate is universally acknowledged, and arises not only from his analytical instinct, but from a tremendous verbal memory, which arms him with copious diction and rounded phrasing like our own oratorical immortelle, Mr. Bryan. He has the Scotch temperament, courageous but pessimistic. As a speaker he is the more impressive for rarely using notes.

Viscount Burnham, the owner and active director of the London *Daily Telegraph,* has been the presiding spirit over the several international labor congresses in Geneva—conferences that have been more productive of results than the congresses of the kindred League of Nations. Lord Burnham describes the great international labor organization in Geneva, which embraces no less than fifty-six nations, as "a big clearing house and steering gear for the industrial repair of nations." It is said that no better man could be found to direct the activities of these labor congresses than Lord Burnham, who is remarkably free from political partisanship and prejudice, and whose services to the state have been of an extensive and varied nature. He served in the House of Commons for thirty years and since the war has been actively concerned in the relief and employment of the many thousands of invalided and demobilized officers.

Dr. A. C. D. de Graeff, the new minister from the Netherlands, has had most of his diplomatic experience in Java. Mme. de Graeff, who was Miss Angelique Van der Wyck, was born in Java when her father was governor there, and married the present minister to the United States when he was in the Dutch colonial service. De Graeff has also been Dutch minister to Japan.

Secretary Denby of the Navy is a man with an obvious relish for existence. Born in the freshwater state of Indiana, he craved a life on the ocean wave, and also seems to have liked shooting, for in the Spanish war he served in the navy as a third-class gunner's mate. Instead of being surfeited with the sea, he enlisted in the Marine Corps in April, 1917. As head of the Navy, the Secretary will admit he is having a fine time. Last year he went to the Orient on a transport, flew around China a bit in a flying machine that crashed with him, had some rides in a submarine, and then, to crown it all, a few days ago he had a good coon hunt over in Virginia, with dogs and colored functionaries 'n' everything.

Alan Cobham, an English aviator, is out to beat the record of Jules Verne. Mr. Cobham plans a trip by airplane around the world in sixty days. He will leave England March 24th in a 240 horsepower De Haviland.

Professor Stuart Pratt Sherman of the University of Illinois has been elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, to succeed the late Thomas Nelson Page, well-known writer and former ambassador to Italy. Professor Sherman, who received in 1904 the degree of A. M. at Harvard, following that of B. A. at Williams in 1903, has held professorships in several colleges and is the author of books on "Contemporary Literature" and "Matthew Arnold," besides being a contributor to several journals.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rennselaer has been unanimously awarded the gold medal for distinction in literature by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. She is well known as an author and art critic, and has written "English Cathedrals," "Art Out of Doors," and a history of the city of New York in the seventeenth century.

Claude Farrere, the author of several novels and popular stories of the sea, is an officer in the French navy, and has served many years in the Orient. Like Pierre Loti, he has felt the appeal of Mohammedan culture, and has written much in defense of Turkish, Moroccan, and Algerian manners and customs, generally regarded in Europe as somnolent and decadent. In gratitude, the Turks have named a street in Constantinople after him, issued a postage stamp with his portrait, and authorized postal frankage for all letters addressed to him. His home in Paris is a museum of Turkish splendors sent him as gifts by friends in the Near East. Many of Farrere's books were written at sea, and his writings are always dated by the Turkish calendar. He is distinguished in France for his inventiveness and capacity for "plot" in the American sense. His stories all have some striking situation elaborated with richness of incident, and for this reason they have been extensively and successfully dramatized and filmed.

THE SATIRICAL STORY OF CLOTHES.

Character of a Nation Traced Through the Apparel of Its Different Periods.

Many efforts there have been to formulate a philosophy of clothes, but from Sartor Resartus and before to the present they seem to be dry and barren. Clothes simply are. Sometimes they are in style, and sometimes not, they express character or they do not, they are related to great historical movements, perhaps—and perhaps not. The decrees of fashion are the decrees of fate, but who makes them? Why did Tutankhamen wear a short skirt and Benjamin Franklin short trousers, when both appear to have been free men? Are bustles less indelicate than short skirts? If so, why? And after long skirts have "been in" for a year or two, will short ones seem immodest again? What is this tyranny of fashion, anyhow? Do you know about those palpitating bosoms of inflated rubber, and the ardent lover that busted his beloved's bust trying to pin a flower thereon? When the gentlemen of the Tournabuoni and other mediæval families wore tights instead of trousers, and one leg was pink and the other blue, what did that indicate?

It can not be said that H. Dennis Bradley has answered all these questions in his recent handy volume, "The Eternal Masquerade," but he has made a consistent effort to illustrate history with costume. The book may be regarded as a history of England thus illustrated, or as a sartorial treatise illustrated by the history of England. At times he accomplishes the object of showing the nexus of cause and effect, but not always; but he is always interesting, and has the fresh attack. Discussing clothes, he begins quite properly with nakedness, which gives him an unhampered start. It is a good gambit, for almost everybody begins that way. Viewing things from this angle, he says:

> Our world is ruled by clothes. Without his physical trappings where is man's power? Could a naked king rule? Could a nude prime minister inspire anything but rihald laughter? Picture the treaty-makers of Europe with their Hotel Majestic gestures, settling the destinies of posterity, not only destitute of mental vision, but visihly destitute of physical covering. One can conceive the grotesque effect of this dual exposition of their nakedness.
>
> The vision of nakedness, if gazed upon too deeply, would strip us of all accepted illusions, and we should be compelled to create afresh. The theatres would be forced to a new standard of drama; without the aid of frills dramatic characterization would demand a more polished subtlety. We should require to find a new set of matinée idols, and many leading ladies would find themselves deposed by understudies. Revue productions would he simplified and their cost a pleasantly irreducible minimum. The stage censors would have the time of their lynx-eyed lives.

Extreme, perhaps, to claim that the world is ruled by clothes, but nevertheless, if you don't think them important, try going without them. That will not be safe, until it becomes the style; fashion, of course, being able to enforce any decree.

The plan of Mr. Bradley's book is to present the historical background of his costumes, and then describe the costumes; a procedure that gives us clothing evolution side by side with political and military developments. The severity, almost barbarity, of costume in Saxon times is set out by way of quotation from the description of the apparel of Cedric in "Ivanhoe," but the flavor of his own sarcasm is in his remarks on costume after the Norman conquest: particularly in the day of William Rufus:

> While the women made the men's dress the fashions remained undecorative. They hrooked no risks when their husbands went abroad. It was only when a Norman tailor, named Baldwin, settled in England that an advance was made and rich fabrics and fine clothes were introduced.
>
> Individuality crept into the reign of the second William. Women woke up to the possibilities of their bodies, and Welshmen wore loose trousers to indicate their morals. The fabric of women's garments became richer, and though by lacing she disclosed the shape of her breast, she was modest enough to hide her legs—at least to the multitude.

The author finds that in the warlike reign of Stephen, men's garb was simple and dismal. They had on their fighting togs, and those did not need much in the way of ornament—by contrast with modern fighting togs. But women's vanity developed while the men were busy killing and racking one another, for, he observes, "when war is depleting menfolk, instinct impels women to allure other men to preserve the species." We doubt if that is the real motive—it is more apt to be the consciousness of competition. However, when woman had taken her fling at the remaining men, with form-fitting gowns, and diaphonous skirts, and ribbons in her hair, came the reign of Henry II, with its ecclesiastical disorders and the troubles of the royal household. These may or may not have had their effect on dress, but more likely it was mere desire to try something new; and the sartorial historian recognizes that fact:

> Woman, in her eternal desire for change, adopted a demure and nun-like garb. She wore a chin band and covered her hair with a wimple—the linen folds of which protected her shell-like ears from the sound of uncouth oaths; and she hound her neck up to the chin as a guard against unmannerly chucks. Her gown was loose, shapeless, and apparently meaningless, but although the design appears unattractive to us now, she had excellent reasons for it then.

Fashion is traced through many reigns, in some of which we can discern causes for it and in some not. One is quite clear in the time of the short-lived Edward V. The succession of this boy of thirteen was, in the words of Mr. Bradley, "a godsend to the axe grinders. . . . So many nobles were sent to the block that it is not strange that black velvet was all the vogue during this reign." But with Elizabeth, England entered on that amazing series of adventures which were to lead her to dominance of the civilized world, and perhaps these liberalizing experiences led to the extravagance in dress which characterized and even caricatured the court of the Virgin Queen. At any rate:

> It was the age of fantasy. In clothes it was tbe period of gestation of design. Styles ran riot. Comicality had free play. Experiment was hailed. Grace had a following, hut the grotesque had a vogue. Things were not what they seemed, and the human form hecame a peg for hombast. National character in dress lost its insularity, and merged into tbat of the continent. Fashion mixed its breed in wild confusion. Convention was cast aside and the old formality hecame a feeble force.
>
> The Spanish hat gayly sported itself on top of the Italian ruff, and the ruff held itself starcbily aloof from the French doublet, while the German hose looked arrogantly down on the Flemish shoes.
>
> The great ruff cockily and uncomfortably encasing the neck was the distinguishing feature of the reign. Then a she-devil in Flanders discovered the art of starching camhric, and added to life a new misery from which we fools of men suffer unto this day. Another fiend in England, by name Mrs. Turner, gained notoriety hy inventing a receipt for yellow starch. She was afterwards hanged at Tyhurn for another crime.

Not long after came Cromwell and the long nightmare of Puritanism, when whatever was enjoyable was wrong and whatever was beautiful was a snare. "Ugliness was godliness. Man clothed himself like the tyrannical fool he was. His breeches were beastly and shapeless. Picture him in his broad-brimmed hat, with the tall, narrowing crown of the clown." And woman followed suit, as well as she was able considering the differences of anatomy.

Humanity stood that as long as it could, as it stands its tribulations under the present compression of artificial morality, and then it blew off the lid and called back the gayest figure of royalty ever seen on any stage: Charles II. The Restoration drama has been trusted to represent to us the profligate era that followed, but here is another presentation through Restoration costume:

> Never in nistory was there such a sudden and sweeping change of fashion in dress. The clothes of yesterday were impossihle today. To appear in them damned one as of a bygone age. With a cry of joy at relief from her hondage of sobriety my lady tore the Puritan garb from her back and one is amazed to find that silken undergarments with pointed lace and dainty embroidery had remained hidden beneath so severe a mask. Imperiously she commanded the harassed costumier to drape her in a gown of gay colors post haste.
>
> My lady threw away the Puritan collar which had stiffened her character and neck, and exposed her bosom in its natural delicacy; and that her arms might caress more freely she bared her sleeves to the elbow. The *perruquier*, coming with a revived joy into his own again, aided the dressing of her hair with his art, and playing with her curly locks gave them such a character that they were christened with names. The little loose curls on the forehead were called "favorites," and the locks over the ears were "heart-breakers," and the coy little curls flirting with the blushes on her cheek were unquestionably "confidants."

The next decided change is noted in the time of William and Mary. The Dutchman is described as "a man of cold and sickly presence; completely ignorant of letters or art; unattractive, sullen, asthmatic and consumptive." England had plenty of trouble, but by contrast dressed the part of generosity and gayety:

> It was the age of powdered wigs, with curls innumerable and colossal, some brown and some smothered in meal.
>
> The dandy carried a small muff, and the high heels of his rihboned shoes were red. His cane hung by a rihhon to his wrist, enahling him the more elegantly to take a pinch of snuff from its dainty box. When he walked abroad his stick languidly dangled after him, aping the manner of its master as if resenting tbe necessity of taking the air.
>
> Claret-colored suits were the rage. It was the age of hlood.

So we come into the early eighteenth century and the reign of Anne, last of the Stuarts, and the Duke of Marlborough. If that reign was in some respects dry and sterile of all save profits for His Grace, clothes had attained a momentum of their own which carried style still farther on the way to artificiality, and:

> My lady, unable to keep pace with the elegance of the gentlemen of tbe period, extended her circumference. Man, she must have thought, must be kept in his place. Her hair was simply dressed and her frontage became fragile, and the comparatively new wired side-pannier was discarded for an enormous hooped skirt. Her cheeks protruded with plumpers, an artificial contrivance for filling them. An obvious invitation! Her waist was still pinched and crossed-laced to a point. Her neck was beautifully bare and her bosom was invitingly natural, but from the waist her anatomy ceased. Somewhere in the vast space there were legs, else how it would it he possible for this great halloon to slither? But her feet were furlongs from her furbelows. And heneath her capacious skirt it was possihle to hide at least a dozen lovers.
>
> Queen Anne is dead, but Venus lives forever.

There followed the Georges, and, toward their end, the dandies. And here the author probably approaches as closely as any one ever will the true philosophy of clothes, for he says: "Foolishness is contagious." It is hard to improve on that. Beaux wore wigs a foot high, with little "beano" hats. Woman beat that half a foot, and surmounted the absurd structure with a straw ship, or coach, or a flower garden. And suddenly she discarded the hoops and approached grace and beauty by way of the Empire gown, revealing her figure instead of hiding it. The great age of dandyism was ornamented by the names of Selwyn, Gilly Williams, Beckford, Lord Byron, Count Alfred D'Orsay, and that almost regal figure in the bell-top hat and lace ruffles, which the genius of Mansfield invested with pathos and dignity, George Bryan Brummell. The Georges went out, with him, and there entered Wiliam IV, and the author presents us this historical background for the manners and the times:

> The absence of a legitimate beir to the throne had long caused a naive perturhation among the seven middle-aged sons of George III.
>
> The illegitimate lines were many and various, hut the descent of a crown is governed hy a rigid etiquette—an etiquette of which the Duke of Kent was the more or less willing martyr.
>
> The family negotiations which hrought about the sacrifice of the fifty-year-old duke, with the hald top to his head, his carefully dyed hair, and his cherished mistress on the altar of marriage for the sake of providing an heir to the throne is among the purely comic passages in history.
>
> And the Duke of Kent was not altogether willing. True he needed the money, hut, on the other hand, he was perfectly happy and was become intensely domesticated. Still, he had a sense of duty, and as he told Creevey, "Although I trust I shall be at all times ready to obey any call my country may make upon me, God alone knows the sacrifice it will he to me, whenever I shall think it my duty to become a married man. It is now seven-and-twenty years that Mme. St. Laurent and I have lived together; we are of the same age and have heen in all climates and in all difficulties together, and you may well imagine, Mr. Creevey, the pang it will occasion me to part with her. I put it to your feelings—in the event of any separation between yourself and Mrs. Creevey."
>
> But stern necessity compelled the awful step, and to make assurance douhly sure if possible, both the elderly Duke of Clarence and the elderly Duke of Kent put their heads in the matrimonial noose in the sacred cause of the legitimate succession.
>
> The Duke of Kent begat Victoria and died.
>
> The Duke of Clarence became William IV, and died childless.
>
> Each was dissatisfied at the remuneration a grateful country voted for his services.
>
> His accession to the throne well-nigh drove William the Fourth mad with excitement.
>
> There was nothing of "the manner" about William, and he could hardly be expected to acquire it at the age of fifty-six.
>
> A good-natured old eccentric, saturated in port wine and seafaring lore, he horrified his ministers, shocked his flunkies, maddened his sister-in-law the Duchess of Kent, and on the whole pleased his people.
>
> Not only had the crown ceased to interfere with the people, but it amused them, and if the nation ever spared time from its work of reconstruction to think seriously of its hubbling old turkey-cock of a king, it smiled kindly and tolerantly.
>
> After all, he did little harm, and he enjoyed being king immensely.
>
> But while he was genuinely fond of little Victoria, he could not abide her mother, the Duchess of Kent, nor her uncle, the prim and somewhat sanctimonious Leopold of Belgium, who was later to figure so prominently as a would-he adviser of the young queen.
>
> For one thing, of course, Leopold drank only water.
>
> "God damn it, sir!" expostulated the royal William in disgust, "why don't you drink wine? I never allow anyhody to drink water at my table."

And then came the Victorian age, despised of the long-hair. It was an age of "mad little overcoats, sloppy greatcoats, ill-fitting frock-coats, comic morning coats; children clothed like freaks; carbuncular bowler hats, bell-bottom trousers and Dundreary whiskers." And worse follows:

> Then in the 'sixties art took the knock-out and retired to the undressing- room. Very wide crinolines came in. It was the age of production and utility, and with women the fashion of modernity was maternity. It was in every way a prolific period, in which every woman did her bit, and her disguise not only successfully concealed her condition, but suggested in its design an optimism more exuberant than exhilarating.

As to the men, things might have been better with them; could not have been worse than this:

> Between 1860 and 1870 the styles became more horrible than any conceived in history. As a concession to the much-needed gayety of the nation, it hecame the great age for whiskers. The Dundreary pattern added to the merriment. The lapels of the coat were niggardly and narrow, little howler hats like hlack carhuncles were perched on the head, and the legs were encased in a couple of loose bags made in materials of execrable design, finished perhaps an inch or so too short. Then some inventive genius introduced hell-bottom trousers to disguise the ungainly feet, and the masher, striving to make some impression, donned a tight little lounge jacket, cut so short that it stood out in a feehle flounce and exposed most of his seat.
>
> In the 'eighties the evening suit was the hest garment worn, and the type worn today is an improved adaptation, but the entire effect was often spoilt by an ugly low polo collar, which gave the men a hang-dog look. Utility was probahly again responsihle, for waltzing was vigorous and perspiration prevalent. In manner men were stiff-looking fools, and starch was their only stand-by.

The crudities of woman's dress were perhaps unexampled in any time properly designated modern. In the 'sixties this is partly what they made themselves look like, although it seems incredible:

> Beneath her crinoline, which stood six inches from the ground, peeped the frilled hem of her long drawers, holdly inviting puhlic inspection. This must have hecn a disclosure of desperation indicative of the times, for lovers of lingeric prefer a more delicate discovery and resent all public exhibitions. The first Victorian illustrations of this plural garment are, however, historically interesting. It is the record of a first appearance which in its attenuated shapelessness endured an ugly infancy. The garment must be conceded the dignity of invention, for prior to its existence its place was occupied hy nothing. Since these crude days it has developed in suhtlety, has long since ceased to he a lengthy exposition, and short as the inverted growth of the skirt has hygienically hecome, the more intimate garment in its variety of designs and transparent adornments has acquired the delicacy of hecoming shorter still.

As to modern dress, "it has attained a cleanliness masked in drab stupidity." Utility controls. We have "negative fashions and stagnant styles." There was farce and comicality in the Victorian era. Now, "there is no picture in history so gloomy as man's dress," hut woman is emancipated sartorially as well as politically and socially. She is the arbiter of her own styles, and the results are—well, they are as you see. Woman is "still mistress of the art of disguise."

THE ETERNAL MASQUERADE. By H. Dennis Bradley. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending February 24, 1923 (five days), were $136,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $110,000,000; an increase of $26,800,000.

The bond market as a whole is firm under the influence of an expanding volume of credit resources. Foreign issues have been subject to much irregularity, with pronounced weakness in the case of French bonds, followed by a rally. The bond market, as well as the stock market, discounts in advance such developments as may effect security values, and because of the variable element which enters into such a movement, prices are frequently carried lower or higher than is shown afterwards to have been justified, says *Forbes Magazine*. It now appears that the French bonds were sold more precipitously than actual conditions warranted, and former owners are repurchasing. There are grave possibilities in the Ruhr occupation, but at present levels French bonds afford speculative possibilities They should not be bought for pure investment, and even those speculatively inclined should not indulge too heavily.

Among domestic bonds the second-grade issues are more attractive. While there is no indication of higher money rates at this time, neither is there an indication of much lower rates. First-grade bonds have their values determined principally by credit conditions, and the outlook, consequently, is one of little price movement in either direction. The values of second-grade bonds are determined by both credit conditions and a variable margin of safety. Earning power in nearly all branches of industry, and especially in the transportation field, is gaining, and the issues where interest has not been covered by a very wide margin heretofore are assuming an attractive position. In this group, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul convertible 5s, 2014, Chicago Great Western 4s, 1959, and Erie General 4s, 1996, are well worthy of consideration for speculative investment.

The year 1922 established a new record in financing. Total new offerings amounted to $5,080,245,054, according to the *Financial Chronicle*. Of this amount, $807,106,192 was used to pay off or retire existing issues, leaving the net new financing at $4,273,138,863. This compares with $3,581,958,412 in 1921, $3,634,834,192 in 1920, and $3,388,403,408 in 1919. Municipal financing showed a moderate contraction aggregating $1,072,484,757 in 1922, as against $1,208,768,274 in 1921. Foreign government bonds amounted to $431,305,000, against $385,270,000.

Two weeks ago the market, apparently ignoring the European complications, broke out of the trading range it had occupied during January. This advance, gathering momentum, has continued with practically all groups of stocks participating, and even the bond list showing signs of rallying from its recent sluggishness. What is extremely significant from a technical standpoint is that the average of thirty industrials is now slightly above the high point reached last October, which may be considered as a strong indication of a decided rising market trend. The rails are still five or six points on the average below their last year's tops, but here also all the signs points to higher prices before long.

All of our home news affecting industry is of a most favorable character. The December railroad earnings as whole show remarkable improvement and, judging by the January car loadings reports, which have exceeded all previous records for this time of year, January earnings should be even better. The steel trade is entering a period of real prosperity, with orders booked far ahead and prices increasing substantially for all the various products. The Steel Corporation's unfilled tonnage report shows the largest amount of business on the books since February, 1921. Furthermore, the higher prices mean that the steel companies now are operating at a profit. It is not improbable that U. S. Steel will report earnings for the current quarter of around $39,000,000 as compared to the $27,000,000 of the last quarter of 1922.

The improvement that has occurred in the sugar industry has been truly extraordinary. The huge sugar surplus has completely disappeared, and now Cuban raw is commanding a price of above 5 cents a pound as compared to 2½ cents and under a year ago, and an extreme low of 1¾ cents a little previously in the worst of the depression.

Additional advances in the price of crude oil and of refined products testify to the healthy condition of that industry. Indeed, the same may be said for most trades. We are in an era of rising prices, a period of secondary inflation, and, as is always the case, rising prices make for increasing business activity, in the earlier stages at any rate.

With the probability of the continuance of the present easy money conditions it looks like stocks will work to higher levels. Good rails, public utilities, equipments, and selected issues among the oils, mines and industrial specialties look good.—*The Trader.*

Having a mixture of good and bad news to weigh and sift out, according to its best judgment, Wall Street in its formation of day-to-day sentiment has chosen to magnify the good and minimize the bad, says *Forbes Magazine*. But the good news has been of a very definite nature, easily understood and rapidly translated into off-hand convictions; the bad news has been rather indefinite and more in the nature of apprehension lest an unfavorable turn come in conditions at home and abroad.

It is doubtful if too much importance can be attached to the probable consequences of the good news that England and America have reached an agreement on the war debt. This is the first definite step toward financial rehabilitation since the armistice, and is expected to lead the way to other inter-Allied agreements that will eventually bridge over all the debt and reparation difficulties.

And by those who look through to ultimate results the French occupation of the Ruhr is regarded as more likely to produce favorable than unfavorable consequences. At least, the stock market has ignored all rumblings of troubles from this direction. This piece of "bad news" has fallen flat. The market may have to meet the test of further "bad news" of important extensions of the area of occupation, along with the usual crop of "scarehead" rumors; but, having taken its stand that good will likely result in the end, Wall Street will probably stick to its position.

How badly misled were those speculators who sought to make capital out of the French "invasion" has been revealed by the abrupt recovery in francs and French government bonds. On the New York market, French "dollar bonds" recovered more than six points and francs rose nearly 13 per cent. in a few days—after it was found that there was to be no cataclysm.

One piece of bad news that Wall Street may not have been quite right in ignoring was the disappointing earnings statement of the U. S. Steel Corporation for the last quarter of 1922. It was generally expected that speeded-up operations at the mills had more than made up for losses and added costs due to the coal and railroad strikes and the 20 per cent. advance in the wages of common lahorers; but this expectation was not borne out. Steel common declined to around 104 on the news and then rallied strongly, and because the rally seemed to be more impressive than the decline, Wall Street professed to be much impressed hy excuses for the poor earnings statement.

The wage advance became effective last September, and the report for the third quarter sbowed that net earnings for September fell to $7,019,590, against $10,615,085 for August. The report for the fourth quarter reveals the following monthly earnings: October, $8,566,354; November, $9,663,351; December, $9,322,687. Considering the rapid movement of steel from the mills in the last quarter of the year, following the settlement of the coal and railroad strikes, it must be regarded as disappointing that net earnings did not in any month reach the high levels of June, July, and August. Since operations were at a high rate in the last quarter of 1922, it is difficult to see how a slightly higher rate for the first quarter of 1923 will be more effective in offsetting higher wages and higher prices for fuel and coke.

After the publication of Steel's earnings, an interview quoted Cbairman Gary as saying that the tendency of steel prices, in line with the movement of wholesale prices in general, was now upward. The interview also pointed out that the 20 per cent. wage advance had added $4,000,000 monthly to the corporation's payroll. If this means that U. S. Steel is to abandon its policy of price stabilization and follow the lead of the independents in marking up prices, the inference may be bullish, temporarily. But can Wall Street so soon have forgotten the merry chase that ensues when prices begin to run after wages?

To turn again to the favorable side, recent railroad earnings statements have been very encouraging. December reports have, in general, showed improvement in both gross and net over results for the last month of 1921. In several cases gains in net revenues for the full year are shown in comparison with 1921; while gross business for 1922 generally ran substantially higher than in 1921 and about equal to 1920, which was one of the record years of railroad history. And further basis for optimism has been furnished by preliminary reports of January revenue car loadings. Atchison reported an increase over January, 1921, of 37 per cent.; Illinois Central, 33 per cent.; Cbicago & Eastern Illinois, 30.4 per cent.; Chicago & Northwestern, 32 per cent.; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 31 per cent., and Rock Island, 13½ per cent.

Basing their operations on the improvement in earnings, several pools have been active in the low-priced rails where least difficulty is encountered in obtaining a public following. Baltimore & Ohio, St. Louis & San Francisco preferred, Southern Railway, and St. Paul have been actively strong, and may be expected to work higher under favorable market conditions, while they should suffer little from a general reaction.

With regard to the general market, the writer is inclined to believe that, although preliminary estimates indicate that in many instances good earnings results are to be expected in annual statements for 1922, more attention will be paid in the near future to the unfavorable situation as to labor, raw material, and other production costs which are cutting into profits, as revealed by the statement of the Steel Corporation. So far the workings of this factor tending to retard business improvement are but faintly revealed; but if mounting costs continue to invade profits, the check to business may become widespread and plainly apparent.

And should the market run into a "February thaw," this side of the picture would be given more attention. Moreover, it hardly sems likely that a sustained "spring rise" will start from current levels, at least for the overboomed industrial section of the market; so that the cautious speculator, pending a sizable reaction, should confine his purchases to the low-priced rails, such coppers as Anaconda, Kennecott, Utah, and Cerro de Pasco, and such backward industrials as Central Leather, American Agricultural Chemical, U. S. Rubber, Wilson & Co., and American Beet Sugar. Avoid for a time the stocks that scored wide advances last year.

The new rates for all electric service supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, not only on its own system, hut on the system wbich it leases from the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, are now in effect. On the entire system supplied by the company there are 311,469 consumers, and inasmuch as the new rates supersede all old schedules and fixes rates for such classes of business, all of these consumers are affected by tbe recent decision of the railroad commission. The new rates, which become effective for all bills on and after February 20th, will mean a reduction to users of electricity on tbe Pacific Gas and Electric Company's system of approximately $2,500,000.

There has been established three schedules for lighting consumers. The first scbedule is applicable in San Francisco and East Bay cities; the second lighting schedule is applicable in all incorporated cities and towns except tbose mentioned above, and third schedule established for lighting service covers all territories supplied outside of the limits of incorporated cities.

The reduction in street lighting schedule will average about 15 per cent. and will result in a saving to the cities supplied street lighting service by this company of approximately $150,000 per year.

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all benefit by the reducstion in rates, as will the smaller power companies who purchase their energy from the P. G. & E. Co. as the reduction in the resale amounts to about 11.5 per cent.

The new rates for domestic service will no doubt bring an increased use of electric appliances, as there are optional low rate schedules for electric heating and cooking.

Consumers should get copies of these schedules and advise the company which they desire to have apply. There is also provided a combination rate whereby lighting, heating, and cooking can all be supplied through one meter at special low rates.

Copies of the new rate schedules may be had at the local office of the company, where an explanation of their application will be made.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering $905,000 People's Gas Company (New Jersey) first mortgage 7 per cent. gold bonds, Series "A," due May 1, 1942. The company agrees to pay interest without deduction for the Federal normal income tax up to 2 per cent.

The People's Gas Company owns and operates modern gas plants and supplies artificial gas through a system of high-pressure transmission and distributing mains to fifty communities in the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Salem and Cumberland, all in the State of New Jersey. The main gas plant is located at Glassboro, the geographic centre of the territory served. The largest city enjoying the service of the company is Vineland, with an estimated population of 15,000, while the total population served is approximately 85,000. The company's territory is located south and southwest of Camden, New Jersey, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the cities and towns in this section are rapidly developing residential suburban communities.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on properties whose value, as determined by the New Jersey board of public utility commissioners, is largely in excess of the company's funded debt. The reproduction value of the properties of the company, as determined by independent engineers, is approximately $2,000,000. The first mortgage bonds of the company are followed by $480,700 par value cumulative 7 per cent. preefrred stock and $600,000 par value common stock.

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Underlying conditions have not changed during the last thirty days. The volume of advance orders indicates increasing confidence in the continuance of good business for some time, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York. Most manufacturing industries are operating at elose to capacity, wholesale trade is good, and retail trade in dry goods and related lines has shown much less than the normal seasonal dullness. Building and construction are at record levels for the season. Increased activity in the manufacture of agricultural implements and in other industries the product of which must be sold to farmers is based on the improvement in the agricultural situation which has taken place in recent months.

While there is as yet little evidence of overordering or duplication of orders in the expectation that they will be scaled the excellent outlook presents a temptation in this direction. Such practices produce an appearance of false activity and lead to speculative price advances. No factor contributed more than this to the severity of the depression of 1920-21.

Money was firm from January 16th to February 15th, with a moderate upward tendency. The commercial paper market has been quiet and featureless. Offerings are in fair volume, with a good distribution of names. New York banks are practically out of the market. The Middle West is buying paper, and there are some inquiries from other parts of the country. The rate in prime names is 4½ to 4¾ per cent.

Rates for call money have fluctuated through a wide range. Material declines result immediately in prompt withdrawals of out-of-town funds, while rising rates result in a renewed supply. The renewal rate is 5 per cent. Time money is at 4¾ per cent. bid and 5 per cent. asked, the only business transacted being at 5 per cent. Demand for time loans is good, but offerings are small.

The acceptance market was fairly active during the last thirty days, but offerings of bills were limited and the aggregate of transactions was not large. Brokers' selling rate on prime bankers' acceptances is 4 per cent.

The controlling factors in the money market today differ fundamentally from those prevailing at any previous period since the close of the war. On January 31st, the latest available date, total loans, discounts, and investments of reporting member banks, including rediscounts with the Federal Reserve banks, were $16,273,000,000. Tbis is an increase of more than $1,500,000,000 over the corresponding date of 1922. The total is $1,000,000,000 below the peak reacbed in October, 1920, but it is only $450,000,000 below the figure for the end of January of that year.

This expansion of $1,500,000,000 in a year is not due to an increase in commercial loans and discounts, which are only $100,000,000 higher than a year ago. Rediscounts of member banks with the Federal Reserve banks are also practically the same. It is largely the combined result of increases of $600,000,000 in loans on stocks and bonds and nearly $1,000,000,000 in boldings of United States securities by member banks.

These heavy boldings of United States securities are to be considered in relation to government refinancing which must be done between now and July 1st. On March 15th two series of United States certificates of indebtedness, totaling $382,000,000, are due. On May 20th Victory Notes amounting to about $850,000,000 mature. These are now being redeemed on presentation, but because of the premium at which they have been selling since this announcement was made, it is not likely that redemptions before maturity will be very large. On June 15th another issue of $273,000,000 of United States certificates of indebtedness is due, making a total of maturities between now and July 1st of $1,500,000,000. In the face of these requirements, any prolonged period of easy money seems unlikely.

Bonds declined a little from January 16th to the close of the month, after which prices rose slowly until on February 15th the general level of prices was about the same as thirty days ago. Day-to-day fluctuations in prices were narrow and trading was in moderate volume. The dominant influence in the bond market is money rates which will continue to be influenced by government refinancing.

The recent passage by Congress and approval by the President of the Debt Funding Act which makes effective the agreement for the funding of the debt due the United States from Great Britain will be the first constructive steps taken anywhere toward the establishment of order out of the international financial chaos left by the world war. It is easy to over-emphasize its immediate effects. In each of the next ten years the annual payments for interest and sinking fund will approximate $160,000,000, a relatively small sum when measured either by the income of the Federal government from taxation or by the total amount, nearly $16,000,000,000, of Liberty and treasury bonds outstanding. Tbe indirect results are certain to be very great, for the settlement signifies that at least as far as concerns the English-speaking world, war hysteria has passed. Practical economic considerations govern once more.

It is equally impossible either to forecast the outcome of the situation on the Continent or to measure its possible effects on American business. The United States has shown a remarkable power of independent recovery, but every event which retards the return toward normal economic life is certain to exert an adverse influence. It is therefore obligatory upon those responsible for business policy to exercise a greater degree of conservatism than would be necessary if Continental conditions were other than they are.

In the consolidation of the country's railroads as contemplated by the Transportation Act of 1920 all the existing parts of the Southern Pacific system should remain together, L. J. Spence, director of traffic, Southern Pacific Company, stated before the Interstate Commerce Commission recently.

Mr. Spence's statement referred to that part of the commission tentative railroad consolidation plan outlining system No. 17, Southern Pacific-Rock Island.

As to the merging of outside properties with Southern Pacific lines Mr. Spence said: "The Southern Pacific Company does not covet the property of any of its neighbors. Our system efficiently accommodates the traffic within the section of the country in which it operates. From a purely selfish standpoint we would prefer not to have the system extended into the territories beyond its present gateways. However, mere suggestion to be left alone would not be helpful to the commission. Desiring to be helpful, we approach the subject upon the assumption that there are to be a limited number of consolidated systems formulated by the commission."

The witness suggested that the present Rock Island system, suitably supplemented and strengthened, might be made a separate Southwestern system, which would naturally complement the Southern Pacific lines and preserve the existing through routes and channels of trade and commerce between the Middle West and Southern California, Arizona, Mexico, New Mexico and Texas, including export business through Gulf ports.

"The inclusion of the Rock Island in the same system as the Southern Pacific and El Paso & Southwestern would create a logical consolidation except that the lines of the Rock Island running from Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs would have no appropriate place anad would perform no useful function," Mr. Spence continued. "In such a consolidated system the Southern Pacific fully concurs with the Union Pacific as to the impropriety of including those lines in System No. 17 and joins in asking that they be eliminated from such system."

Mr. Spence showed that the Southern Pacific lines in Texas and Louisiana are not in themselves self-sufficient and are not capable, if left alone or if united with other Southwestern lines, of maintaining for the public a high degree of efficiency in operation.

"These rail lines," he continued, "depend for their access to the Atlantic seaboard territory upon our steamship service between Gulf and north Atlantic ports. They provide a half rail and half steamship through route between California and the Atlantic seaboard territory which, by its inherent economy of operation, may continue to engage in competition for business between the two coasts, for which the more expensively operated all-rail lines can not compete with the Canal steamship lines, to which the freight between the two coasts, of a character that can be handled by steamship, bas been almost entirely diverted."

Central Pacific properties should remain with other Southern Pacific lines, he said.

'Central Pacific and Southern Pacific are as interdependent for use and operation as they are interlaced physically and interrelated historically and financially," said Mr. Spence. "Efficient public service at minimum cost is the heart of the transportation problem. It is the goal of the Transportation Act and has been the aim of transportation managers. That the Southern Pacific system has provided a transportation service of unexcelled efficiency will, we think, be conceded by all."

Mr. Spence pointed out that objections previously entertained by the Union Pacific to continued control of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific were removed by the conditions recently imposed by the commission upon continued control of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific in its decision of February 6, 1923.

"The Southern Pacific does not recognize or admit the necessity for the imposition of these conditions, but does not oppose their continuance in connection with a consolidation whereby Southern Pacific and Central Pacific are kept together. On the contrary, it joins with the Union Pacific in requesting that such conditions be continued in force as an obligation of such consolidated company created under the consolidation act, in order that the door of future controversy may be forever closed."

Concerning roads in which the Southern Pacific is half owner, Mr. Spence suggested continued joint ownership by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé of the Northwestern Pacific in Northern California and of the Sunset Railway in Kern County.

Regarding the San Diego & Arizona Railway, 50 per cent. of stock of which is owned by the Southern Pacific and 50 per cent. by John D. and A. B. Spreckels, Mr. Spence said:

"While there is no necessity of an immediate change in the present partnership status, the only system in which it could be logically embraced is the Southern Pacific system, and doubtless some administrative economy might be eventually effected by such consolidation."

After eighteen years the Isle of Pines treaty has been postponed again.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Hudson In Person.

A Hind in Richmond Park. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

Probably the last thing one would think to associate with William H. Hudson is paradox, and yet his posthumous volume presents the phenomenon of the intensely personal work of a man noted for being impersonal. None of his other books—not even the one or two that purport to be autobiographical—is a tithe so personal or so filled with Hudson's temperament as "A Hind in Richmond Park." We learn, for example, that he had been married—a fact that may be recorded elsewhere in his writings, but we doubt it. That it was known to his English associates is probable, but the point is that heretofore Hudson has been the extreme example of a non-self-revealing writer. A large part of the strange charm of his style was due to its neutral lucidity, unclouded by personalities. And it must be confessed that the typical Hudson charm—the quality associated exclusively with Hudson—is notably lacking from his last book—the austere, superhuman otherworldliness. It is hard to adjust the focus to this new Hudson as egoistical and concrete as the rest of us. Undoubtedly some folk will like him the better for his late revealed earthiness, but to those of us who loved the impersonal Hudson of the earlier books the final volume is something of a shock. It is conceivable that, knowing it to be his last hook, he indulged in the luxury of introducing himself to his public. And there is still another explanation. More than any of its predecessors, "A Hind in Richmond Park" was written for a public—his earlier books were done rather for his own satisfaction. Hudson was never under the necessity of potboiling. That ranch in the pampas evidently saw him prosperously through a long life empty of any profession other than his beloved following of the field-naturalist.

As for the content of "A Hind in Richmond Park," it is once more the book of a naturalist, but with a difference. Where his former studies in his chosen field have consisted of essays or papers on this or that phase of animal life, his latest book has a consecutive and very limited theme throughout. It is a consideration of the lesser-known senses in man and animal; smell and hearing in particular. His speculations take him and his readers into many outlandish fields of human knowledge, or rather human ignorance, for the regions chosen for exploration are almost all virgin country.

Some critic, probably a Frenchman, has said—borrowing his terminology from the plastic arts—that in his youth a writer works in the round, in his maturity in bas-relief, but in his old age he throws his work into perspective. If this trueism has any truth, Hudson was as striking an exception to it as he was to most literary canons, perhaps because he was not primarily a literary man, but like Pierre Loti—another example of great clarity of style, but as intensely personal as Hudson was the reverse—wrote rather as a side issue to his other profession. However, "A Hind in Richmond Park" has less "form" or perspective than any of Hudson's other books. Strangely interesting, as anything he wrote must have been, it has less variety than any of its fellows and is, despite the personal note that recurs so often in anecdote and illustration, more strictly scientific than any of its author's previous published work. Hudson, in short, seems to have reversed the Frenchman's maxim. Beginning with the perspective treatment of "Far Away and Long Ago" and working through such bas-reliefs as "A Shepherd's Life," his last book is literally in the round—its subject, animal senses, worked out in hundreds of concrete details. R. G.

About Nurses

The Convalescents. By Charles F. Nirdlinger. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

"There are two kinds of women," a famous doctor declared, "nurses—and the other kind." In "Convalescents" the nurses by all odds carry off the honors.

Mr. Nirdlinger's book is a sketch of the inner machinery of a great hospital; a character portrayal of several convalescents; and most of all an account of the reactions and romance of one particular patient in the great hospital at—is it Baltimore?

It would hardly be fair to tell in these lines what attribute the author presents as the most "precious and potent quality" of a trained nurse; it is sufficient to say that his doctrine is conclusively and scientifically proved and that his creed will find many eager adherents.

The style is concise, replete with theories both clever and original, and is so very different from what the reader expects that, for a few pages, he wonders what language he is reading. Then he finds the pace and is initiated into something infinitely more artistic than anything he may have imagined the book to be. There are no explanations—the actors in the little drama carry on their parts much as though the story were a play, and the reader is left to form his own opinions and draw his own conclusions.

More Mystery.

The Charing Cross Mystery. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

This detective story, from a hand well practiced in that line of literature, begins, as an English mystery tale should, with a murder in a railway carriage. There is the usual amateur detective who undertakes to follow clues and unravel circumstantial puzzles; and there is a police inspector who does not particularly impress the reader with his cleverness. Then there is a diamond necklace, and there are two tattooed ladies, a man bent on blackmail, and a case of kidnapping; after which comes a man hunt, and the book terminates in the extinction of the wicked, and general explanations.

Although the story moves along without any great amount of excitement, producing no thrills nor cold shivers nor tense moments when the reader can not make up his mind to put the book down and go to bed—it is well thought out, and the situations follow each other in quick succession. The author has a reputation as a master of plot, and in the "Mystery of Charing Cross" he proves himself skillful at inventing unexpected situations and introducing the important element of surprise.

Young Freedom.

His Children's Children. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Arthur Train has many disciples among American readers. "The Earthquake" and "The Goldfish" are merely two of his successful books; and the unique character of old Mr. Tutt has a distinct following.

In "His Children's Children" we are given a skillful picture of the life in New York of a family of wealth and power. With swift touches the achievements and ideals of three generations are indicated, though the action takes place in America at the present time.

It is nearly impossible to find the novel today which does not in some vein deal with the problem of a too-free younger generation. Every age is an object of criticism to a more conservative age, and it may be that the war has for this generation turned the hands of the watch forward with undue haste. At any rate, the resulting kaleidoscope is like the reel of a motion picture turned so fast as to create an unbeautiful and grotesque impression of the actors. The explanation that "the whole world is in revolt against the old hypocrisies" and that the young particularly, are facing truth for the first time, is very possibly a true one, but it does not add grace to the unlovely phases of the revolt.

This problem, however, is not the only present-day question that is treated with logic and justice in Mr. Train's book. We have a feeling of being guided through the pages by an expert hand, and the fine underlying traits that run through the family, as well as the optimism and real kindliness in the story, make exceptionally good reading.

"His Children's Children" is perhaps the most comprehensive of Mr. Train's novels. It is an excellent piece of work, and shows the touch of a master hand in writing.

Nalbro Bartley Again.

Up and Coming. By Nalbro Bartley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Nalbro Bartley has added another to her list of popular novels, but in many ways "Up and Coming" lacks the strength of "A Woman's Woman" and the interest of "A Gorgeous Girl." It deals with a theme dearly beloved of American writers—the rise and success of the American family after three generations of American opportunity. The drama generally starts in the rural districts and ends in the gold rush of the city, but in "Up and Coming" the founders of the family are both foreigners and city dwellers. They are married in a lion's cage in order to secure the coveted prize of a set of black walnut furniture; hence they have rather far to go before achieving culture and social position.

In describing the upward climb of the Bynight family there is a certain lack of continuity, inasmuch as the standard-bearer of the second generation does not advance the family fortunes, nor does he carry the family culture to any higher plane. He is not even a worthy son of worthy parents, and rather trails the family banner in the dust, instead of making it into an oriflamme of inspiration. The only service he renders his generation—and it is a great one—is to marry a really fine woman of New England ancestry and sufficient education and character to determine that her children shall reach up to something better. This mother is one of the best-drawn characters in the book, and although nearly submerged by a life of drudgery and disillusionment, holds fast to her ideals and is a big factor in the final success and achievements of the son she idolized.

The character of this son, the resultant of a life of poverty, ambition, and maternal adoration, is made an interesting study by the author, and his life, with its problems and its search for happiness, furnishes the chief interest in the story.

The Ladder That Led Nowhere.

Soliloquy. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

"Soliloquy," by Stephen McKenna, is essentially an autobiography—somewhat after the fashion of "Dear Diary," but addressed in this instance to a younger sister. Marion Shelley, who reviews her life by the light of middle age, spares the reader nothing of inner motives and mainsprings of action. She is a woman whose ambition in life was a purely social one; not rising beyond the career of a modern London hostess and the building up of a salon where the lions of the day met and roared at each other. We are given an informing glimpse into a London where social life is broken up into little circles, each revolving around a centre and one overlapping the other—"an intimate world of a thousand people." It is a world where a hostess with aspirations had to develop a working scheme, with lines finely drawn. There were lists to be made of people who were socially impossible; and lists of others who were socially unattainable—for the present. There was, besides, a science to be acquired in regard to sorting and mixing people; a science in exploiting and advertising; and manœuvrings whereby the "diplomats were reached through the foreign office, the foreign office through the politicians and the foreign correspondents."

Into this complex social scheme came a very young woman, already disillusioned, brought up in a university town and seeking an escape from a too narrow existence. Thrusting aside all obstacles, and trampling on everything from the family ties to the natural longings and ideals of a normal woman's nature, she reached a stage at last where not only none of the things she had given up mattered, but none of the things she had won satisfied her; she had climbed a "ladder that led nowhere."

The story does not make pleasant reading, but on the whole it is well written, with cleverness and insight, and it serves admirably as a mouthpiece for the author's views on contemporary literature.

Pirandello Plays.

Three Plays. By Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50 net.

Nothing as original as the Pirandello plays has attracted the attention of either literary reviewers or theatre-goers. Luigi Pirandello belongs to young Italy, although he is in the fifties. His art is mature, but he was never one to grow rigid in a mold. He is a metaphysician, but he is also a clever craftsman in his art, and each of these three plays holds the fascinated interest in dramatic suspense, in spite of the sometimes teasingly complex motive.

Pirandello for years has been interested in the idea of the radical differences in each individual's perception of a fact, a truth, a reality, whether it is a character or a situation. In carrying out his ironical treatment

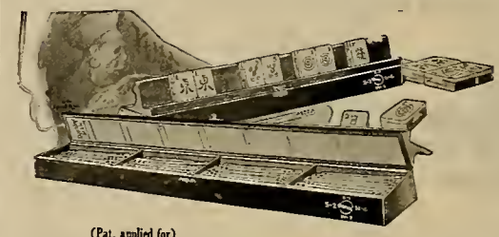
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of this idea in each of these three plays the reader, or spectator, lends himself willingly to the mental complexities that ensue because they are so amusingly, or touchingly, or dramatically presented.

"Six Characters in Search of an Author" has been played in New York, but it is surprising that "Henry IV"—a curious and most dramatic study of a peculiar case of borderland mania—did not have first choice; or "Right You Are," a comedy with lively and amusing situations centering on a motive of tragic and deeply pathetic import.

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Notes of Books and Authors.

Boston appears to be the literary goal for authors and writers of Canada. Bliss Carman, the poet laureate of Canada, has published practically all his work under Boston imprints (some dozen hooks in all, including "Pipes of Pan," five volumes); as have Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "The Kindred of the Wild"; Theodore Roberts, author of "Red "Feathers"; Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe" and "Beautiful Joe's Paradise"; L. M. Montgomery, originally of Prince Edward Island, but now married and living in Toronto, author of the perennial favorites, "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," and William Kirhy, late of Montreal, whose "The Golden Dog" is read by and known to almost every tourist to Quehec.

The Macmillan Company announces the following publications of the Williams College Institute of Politics: "Modern Italy: Its Intellectual, Cultural and Financial Aspects," by Tommaso Tittoni; "Russia's Foreign Relations During the Last Half-Century," hy Baron S. A. Korff, D. C. L.; "Near Eastern Affairs and Conditions," hy Stephen Panaretoff; "International Relations," hy James Bryce; "The Evolution of Hungary and Its Place in European History," by Count Paul Teleki; "Economic Imperialism and International Relations During the Last Fifty Years," by Achille Viallate.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a new novel hy Gerard Hopkins, "An Unknown Quantity," in which the author takes up the career of a young author, his Bohemian circle, and his marriage to a girl of very different type who deftly steers him into philistinism and success to the scorn of his artist friends in Chelsea.

H. L. Moseley, the veteran bookseller of Madison, Wisconsin, where stands the University of Wisconsin, writes as follows: "I have examined 'Town and Gown,' hy Lynn and Lois Montross, and having lived all my life in a university community, I found it particularly interesting. It is the first book I have seen which portrays the college life of today accurately and understandingly. Although the hook has a wealth of humor, every story deals in a sympathetic and realistic manner with some actual problem of college life, problems which may be as deep and tragic as anything in mature life, a fact which no former fiction writer has, to my mind, fully appreciated. The irony is clever and well-placed. It is time that some one wrote college stories about something hesides proms, football games, and varsity pep."

An invigorating tale, with an historical basis and an atmosphere of reality, is James L. Ford's "Hot Corn Ike," a novel of New York in the eighteen-eighties, which E. P. Dutton & Co. have published. It is a story of underground politics in the old Eighth Assembly District, of Coney Island before it had become famous, and of a political intrigue that grew from the smallest of heginnings to a strength and power that changed the results of a presidential election.

"Ralph Herne," a novel hy the late W. H. Hudson, is about to he published hy Alfred A. Knopf. It is a story written some years ago, but only prepared for puhlication a short time before the death of the writer. The introduction was never completed.

John Middleton Murry, editor of the *Athenæum* and recognized in both England and the United States as a critical writer of singular keenness and delicacy of thought and refinement of taste, is the author of "Countries of the Mind," a collection of essays in literary criticism which the Duttons have recently puhlished. Two of them deal with Shakespeare and others are concerned with the work of Flaubert, Amiel, Baudelaire, Walter de la Mare, Stendhal and others. Underlying all the essays is a theory of the psychology of literary creation, one tenet of which is the conviction that "compulsion has produced far more good literary work of every kind than the unembarrassed pursuit of an artistic ideal has ever done." Two novels by Mr. Murry, "Still Life" and "The Things We Are," which the Duttons published last summer, attracted much attention, while some of his literary essays that have appeared in American magazines have been read with interest.



A novel of new flavor has just been puhlished hy the Macmillan Company. Its author is Robert Cutler, and its title, "The Speckled Bird," is descriptive of Abigal Vane, in whom are mingled two diverse inheritances, and whose resulting individuality dominates with flashing color and high spirit every scene where she figures. Her story abounds in life lived at its fullest, and Mr. Cutler pictures hrilliantly her conquests, her failures and the great test of her loyalty.

W. H. Hudson's last hook, "A Hind in Richmond Park," finished just before his death last summer, has heen published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The hasis of the work, from which it takes its title, is the author's observation of a hind in a large field, especially with regard to its senses of perception and its mental endowments in comparison with those of man. But this beginning leads him into far countries of the world and of the mind, and the reader follows him as he writes about music and its evolution, the power of the wind, odd superstitions and their causes, the origin of the instinct of migration, the sense of smell and many other things. The book has a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Hudson from a drawing hy Rothenstein, and there is a hiographical and critical introduction hy Edward Garnett. The hook is heing published at first in a limited edition, but this will be followed at once hy a popular edition.

In a new hook called "Memories of Travel" are recorded Lord Bryce's impressions of a visit to Iceland in 1872, to the countries of Poland and of Hungary in 1878, to the South Pacific Islands in 1912, the Altai Mountains in the following year, and to Palestine in 1914. The chapter most recently written is that on the "The Scenery of North America," under date of 1921. "Memories of Travel" was puhlished recently hy the Macmillan Company.

New Books Received.

In the Wake of the Buccaneers. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: The Century Company; $4.

Travel, adventure, romance and history.

The Psychology of Golf. By Leslie Schon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25.

For duffer and expert.

Putter Perkins. By Kenneth Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

A funny book on golf, with pictures by Kemble.

On. By Hillaire Belloc. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

Essays on many subjects.

Maxa. By Robert Elson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.90.

Episodes in a woman's life.

Going-to-the-Sun. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.

A poet turns artist, with an apparently fine effect.

Human Australasia. By Charles Franklin Thwing. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

A worth-while book by the president of Northwestern University.

The Best Short Stories of 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.

One of a well-selected series, beginning in 1915

American Nerves and the Secret of Suggestion. By Anne Sturges Duryea. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A book dealing with the suggestive technique of M. Coué.

Blowing Weather. By John T. McIntyre. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

Romance of an American port in the days of tall sailing ships.

Pithy Points in Auction Bridge. By William C. Morris. Chicago: Reilly & Lee Company; $1.

Condensed handbook on a popular game.

Gladiola Murphy. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

Study of heredity and environment.

The Immigrant's Day in Court. By Kate Holladay Claghorn. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.50.

A study of the experiences and problems of the immigrant.

The Invisible Gods. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

The dramatic clash of the older generation and the modern rush of business.

The Really Romantic Age. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

The story of a child who is the controlling force in the destinies of grown-ups.

Windows. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

A comedy in three acts for idealists and others.

The Tree of the Garden. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

The story of the deepening experience that love brings to sensitive youth.

Lass o' Laughter. By Winifred Carter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

Happy tale of a happy girl.

Tiger River. By Arthur O. Friel. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.90.

A story of adventure in the Andes of Peru.

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"MADAME BUTTERFLY."

Wonderful little Tamaki Miura! Of all the personations I bave seen in the artificial realm of opera there is none, not one, tbat approaches in grace, in pathos, anad in sbarp reality ber Madame Butterfly. Even though it is changed since I saw it before, tbis is so. Tbe prima donna berself is cbanged, indeed, having sligbtly matured in appearance. And as her nationality, whose stamp is deeply impressed upon ber pbysically, restricts her to Japanese rôles, it follows that she must bave an over-acquaintance with tbe rôle of Madame Butterfly.

And yet she enters into it beart and soul, and, as ever, makes us feel Cbo-Cbo-San's tragedy as no one else can make us feel it.

It is astonishing bow tbe cbarm of imagination exerted by the tiny singer Japanizes the Nipponese cbaracters of tbe play. Toucbing as it always is—to my mind the only opera wbose story is moving througbout—witb ber as Madame Butterfly it becomes the core and centre of a profoundly pathetic experience, wbicb by its cbaracter so influenced the composer tbat as the drama ascends to its climax the poignant expressiveness of the music keeps pace. So that as Cho-Cbo-San stands patiently at ber nigbt-long watcb tbere is sometbing in tbat flow of wonderfully poignant music, with its voice-like insistence of irremediable pain, tbat always makes you want to weep. And of the many operas I hear there are few indeed tbat are conducive to tears, except in some individual arias.

With Tamaki Miura in tbe cast, however, we instinctively concentrate on her, never moving our gaze from tbe tiny, expressive figure while sbe is on tbe stage. And so complete and absorbing is ber depiction of the tragedy of the forsaken one that all tbe others, and even tbe music itself, are but contributory to that central figure wbicb expresses so beautifully and feelingly a woman's cbarm, a woman's love, a woman's agony.

In respect to ber vocalism Mme. Miura's voice bas cbanged, so that I tbougbt, during ber first off-stage aria, tbat it bad lost something. A more extended hearing sbowed a very appreciable gain in volume, but sometbing is lacking that played more instinctively on the emotions in tbe sligbter, earlier voice. But it is a beautiful organ, fresh and clear, and of surprising volume to issue from such a diminutive form.

There was good support. Romeo Boscacci, the possessor of a virile tenor, presented a reliable, althougb very Italian-looking Pinkerton. Mario Valle was, as we bave found bim on other occasions, tbe rigbt man for tbe rôle of the kindly but sensible Sbarpless, Signor Valle singing tbe rôle in his fine, dependable baritone with sufficient mastery of the necessary contrasts to be expressed to Pinkerton's frolicksomely amorous mood.

Anita Klinova made a satisfactory Suzuki, and the general cast was suhtly rounded out. Aldo Franchetti was an efficient leader, and under his baton the patbos of tbe more familiar orchestral passages was amply developed.

It was noticeable that tbe men and women of Mme. Miura's race are feeling a growing pride in their compatriot's increasing fame, for they turned out in mucb larger numbers tban usual on the opening night, and one could not turn the eyes to any part of tbe tbeatre without observing Japanese faces. It was the kind of nigbt tbat makes managers bappy, for every seat in the downstairs auditorium was occupied; wbicb means, doubtless, that the same conditions prevailed upstairs.

"RIGOLETTO."

A young, slender, and attractive Gilda with an ample and pleasing if not great soprano, and a Rigoletto of unusual power, both dramatically and bistrionically, contributed to a performance of "Rigoletto" that was well worthy the approval of the large audience assembled at the Curran on Tuesday nigbt.

Ricbard Bonelli was the one in tbe cast who won first bonors, his Rigoletto demonstrating on the part of the singer the vocal virility, magnetism, histrionic power, and mastery of resources that are requisite to make Rigoletto the central figure of this drama of Latin intensity. Mr. Bonelli's full-toned baritone is used and controlled with such admirable technique that he inspires confidence in his audience at once, and carries them witb bim. His natural gifts include tbe instinctively correct use of a fine, well-rounded organ, but be has supplemented tbem witb a complete equipment of the resources of bis art, and tbe conjunction, if tbe young man has staying powers, promises to carry bim to fame.

Josephine Lucchese also bas dramatic gifts, and expressed to the appreciation of the audience the plaintive emotions of Gilda. Her voice, wbile not brilliant, bas an intonation that is pure and sweet, and she sbows ample capability in Gilda's more ambitious vocal flights.

Rogelio Baldricb as the Duke did not make so good an impression. Either be was not in good voice or his tenor is unreliable, for only within a limited range did it seem to be dependable, lacking greatly in the roundness and silver ring of tbose upper notes that are indispensable to a tenor voice.

Stella De Mette's ricb contralto made an effective fourtb in the quartet, and Natalie Cervi and Pietro de Biasi completed a very good cast whose only really weak point seemed to be the tenor's upper notes. On Tuesday night Signor Peroni conducted, bolding bis force under efficient command.

"RED BULLDOGS."

It is rather salutary for us Americans to realize occasionally how mucb better tbey do some tbings in Canada than we do bere; policing the country districts, for one tbing. Willard Mack, we learn, has been up there in his time working with the Royal Nortbwest Mounted Police, and tbe character of Sergeant O'Fallon in tbe play, and the many things he says apropos of tbe methods of "the red bulldogs," wbo put duty before everything, sbow an adherence to standards that are much rarer in our politician-ridden country.

"Red Bulldogs" as a play is frankly tbeatrical. So is Willard Mack bimself, with bis histrionic voice and person, and the slight swagger witb wbicb he wears the red-coated uniform of tbe mounted force. So, also, is a sligbt, carefully restrained, but unmistakable tendency on the part of tbe handsome Irish sergeant to brag a little of his methods, and the fact tbat tbe force is omniscient. But it all fits in, for it is all, however tbeatrically, founded on realities, and tbe story interests.

It centres about the devious ways of bootleggers, and the much more triumpbantly devious ways of tbe "red bulldogs" wbo circumvent them. The love interest is made into a complication by tbe fact tbat Sady's father is a bootlegger, her wooer a sergeant in the force, and her loved sweetbeart an unknown factor wbo is under suspicion.

The result is that when Sady and Pop Sbade are at bome baving a private conversation about half the entire settlement takes a turn in skulking about Pop's shack, and applying an ear to the keyhole.

It is undeniable, though, that it is effective: the ligbted interior, with its homely, backwoods comfort, and outside, as seen by a very successful arrangement, the patb leading to tbe bouse backed by tbe dark woods, with ever and anon a dim figure gliding to the window and taking furtive observation.

Mr. Mack bas written the play about bis own bandsome person, and has been pleased to make the mellow-tongued Irisber unlucky in love. But of course, while we perceive that Sady loves her tall engineer too truly to be compelled to lose him, we wonder at ber ability to resist tbe manly charms of ber red-coated wooer.

Mr. Mack bas written a play of intrigue, and has a regular, old-time, new-time villain in the cast; one of the gentry tbat, when he finds a man in bis way, expeditiously removes bim with a pistol shot. Wbicb gives "tbe red bulldogs" opportunity to get in their deadly work.

There are several scenic effects tbat successfully convey the idea of the forested Nortbwest and its wooded solitudes, and the rustic types are tbere to make you smile appreciatively.

Fortunately the men are well represented, the part of the Frencb villain, with bis well-designed and neatly executed French-English, being cleverly played by Clark Marsball, wbo gives bim the necessary sinister aura.

Otber members wbose work was noticeably satisfactory are Claude Boardman as "Pop," and George Sberwood as Sady's enigmatical sweetheart, tbe author baving cleverly kept us on the anxious seat for some time in respect to the young man's true worth.

The women in the cast are nothing much, and the character of "Mullens" seems to be insufficiently worked up. For certainly, since Mullens is on tbe scene, tbe only reason for her being there would be througb ber lines being amusing, wbicb tbey are not. In fact, as Mullens is at present she ougbt to be ruthlessly suppressed.

Mr. Mack bimself, bowever, is tbe central figure, and fits well into the sort of play be writes. His Irish sergeant is an engaging fellow witb a mellow brogue, and with a twinkle in bis eye masking its keen scrutiny of men and tbings; a very effective impersonation.

"Red Bulldogs" is not for the lover of character psycbology, but for the playgoer wbo enjoys intrigue, moonligbt mysteries, rascality under sleuthful observation, a crime or two, a surprise or two, and virtue rewarded.

LYTELL AT THE ORPHEUM.

Bert Lytell bas at last come back to play before San Franciscans. I always thougbt tbat if he ever did return to us it would be as Holbrook Blinn bas done during his present season: to star at tbe Alcazar. And indeed, if Mr. Lytell sbould so incline, it migbt be wortb bis and Mr. Wilkes' wbile to tbink it over.

"The Valiant," written by Robert Merriam and Holwortby Hall, was played originally at a Lambs' Club gambol. It is not the kind of piece that ordinarily would be written for vaudeville, as patbos is its dominant note. There is hardly a smile in it. But as tbe criminal class, in tbis topsy turvy era, seems to interpenetrate all orders of society, tbere are doubtless many men in a vaudeville audience wbo look upon tbat pale prisoner in tbe shadow of the gallows witb sometbing of the same awe and infinite, comprehending sympathy as bas been expressed in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," wbicb has been called the foremost and finest ballad in the English language.

"The Valiant," tbe play is called, because tbe prisoner does not fear deatb, and in consideration of those he loves guards well the secret of his identity. I had thougbt the secret was likewise preserved from the audience, but with great tact and skill the authors so convey it that the warden and cbaplain are still left unenligbtened. And so is everybody else, for that matter, except the privileged auditors.

"The Valiant" is well written witb conciseness, and yet real patbos, wben tbe moment of revelation comes; that revelation tbat is so jealously guarded from all but the invisible watchers in front.

Lytell has always been an actor of great charm. That is his particular quality; that and the sympatby which be evokes in a sympatbetic rôle.

Nobody bas ever called bim wonderful, or tbougbt of him so, but he can take a sympatbetic rôle like tbis of the condemned man, and become, to our imagination, completely the cbaracter represented. I had tbought from tbe pictures in tbe papers tbat be must be greatly cbanged. But no; tbere is tbat same suggestion of youthfulness in his countenance, due partly to an upward and slightly patbetic curve of the corners of bis mouth; a curve tbat no doubt has influenced Bert Lytell's destiny.

Robert Warwick bas it, too; or used to; and I bave noticed that be is a perennial favorite.

Bert Lytell is well supported. Forrest Robinson's sterling work as the warden lends a strong element of reality. James Marcus' sympatbetic treatment of tbe rôle of tbe priest furthers this element, and Ida May gives appropriate simplicity and girlishness to the demeanor of the prisoner's last earthly visitor, before he goes, ever valiant and faithful, under guard.

"DEAR BRUTUS."

A few weeks ago I read J. M. Barrie's play, "Dear Brutus," with the sense of pleasure in his poetic dallyings with the fantasy of life as he can conceive it that he so often offers as a grateful benison. And when I saw that it was being played at the Berkeley Playbouse by a company organized by Irving Picbel I made a special pilgrimage to see it.

It is a queer, moving conception; that of people whose lives have gone awry winning a second cbance, if they have the courage to plunge into the magic wood that Puck—grown old in tbe play—locates capriciously in various different places on English midsummer eves. And the group of moderns that Barrie shows us have the courage; all but one old lady wbo wants to go to bed. Tbere is the husband wbo has ceased to love, the girl whose love he bas won, tbe scornful wife wbo follows them, anotber wife, also scornful of a tippling husband, and yearning for freedom, and the tippling husband. There is also tbe ancient husband of the old lady who went to bed. He thinks that if he bad not had a competency be migbt bave written bis *magnum opus*. There is also tbe pilfering butler, and the titled lady wbo was most bard on him.

So tbere, in the second act, we see tbem, like Helena and Hermione, wandering in tbe magic wood. And the ambitious would-be author still plays about. The husband, now married to the first-act girl of his cboice, is assiduously pbilandering about witb ber wbo bad been bis wife. The thievisb butler bas become a famous promoter. The tippling husband, relieved of tbe society of his discontented wife, is blissfully bappy painting and being a fond father to an encbanting daugbter; the daughter wbo had never materialized in bis other life.

The discontented wife, divorced and married to some one else, is still discontented, and a failure; and so it goes. It is not, Barrie would say, an outer destiny tbat molds our lives and characters, but tbat essence of our being tbat is ourselves.

It is all charmingly and prettily told, and was, if unevenly, still intelligently acted by Mr. Picbel's group of players, several of wbom, notably Violette Wilson and Marian Stebbins, are dowered witb personality, as well as talent.

Mr. Picbel also acted with bis usual intelligence, and the representation was much strengthened by the presence of George Friend, a familiar figure in tbe professional field.

It was tbe play, bowever, that primarily interested me. George Jean Nathan asserts tbat

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Consumption of water was rapidly increasing, leaving a margin between total capacity and use that was altogether too narrow for comfort.

At tbis juncture tbe City and the water company were brougbt togetber by tbe Railroad Commission, wbicb required acceptance of a plan to eliminate the possibility of sbortage.

Fully realizing tbe need for action—wbicb, indeed, it bad frequently pointed out—tbis company welcomed tbe opportunity to coöperate for community growth.

By the terms of a plan tbat is now being actively carried to completion, twenty-four million gallons daily will be added to San Francisco's water supply, and the water needs of our growing community will be cared for for years to come.

Outstanding among tbe terms of the agreement by wbicb tbe City and the water company are cooperating to increase tbe supply is tbe twelve-year option given tbe City to purcbase Spring Valley at a price fixed by the Railroad Commission—a most advantageous price, as tbe Railroad Commission pointed out, since tbe City will not bave to pay any more althougb the lands enbance in value.

Tbus, wbile coöperating to increase the water supply, the City also approacbes nearer to that goal of municipal ownersbip which it has kept steadily in view for many years.

Witbin three years City and water company will have completed the work necessary to increase the supply as urged by the Railroad Commission, required by the City authorities, and facilitated by the recent refinancing of the company's $22,000,000 debt.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

Barrie has reached his apogee. "Dear Brutus," however, shows that bis fresh and fertile fancy has not failed him, but his stagecraft did, as several of the scenes, notably that between the father and daughter in the wood, were too long. I think that Barrie fell in love with Margaret—tbe daughter—and he found some difficulty in tearing himself away from her. Sad to say, it is always dangerous for authors to fall in love with their character creations, as tbey are apt to lose the attitude of judicious detachment. They must be fate, calm, ruthless, dispassoinate.

THE EASTON RECITAL.

Florence Easton's prestige as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, together with the pleasant influence she has exerted on those who have heard her sing in opera, combined to attract an extra large audience to her Monday afternoon recital in the ballroom of the St. Francis. Miss Easton was revealed as the possessor of a comely platform presence, and as an intelligent lyric interpreter. Her voice has abundant volume, and if a slight bardness, and in the upper notes a tendency to sharpness, did not characterize its fresh, clear tones one would pronounce most favorably upon it. This lack of the velvety quality that is so great an aid in conveying the tenderer sentiment lyrically is, however, a slight indication that Florence Easton's may not be tbe temperament that will enable her to walk the heigbts. But she demonstrated that she is a very agreeable recitalist, well able to draw and please discriminating audiences.

Her accompanist, Mr. Ralph Leopold, played with excellent taste, and that careful sympathy so soothing to a vocalist. In his one group of selections his technical mastery of the piano was ably demonstrated, and in the Chopin Nocturne in D flat in particular his gifts as an interpreter of poetic emotion were warmly recognized by his hearers.

RACIAL ATMOSPHERE.

In their different ways it may be said that there is a similarity in the standing and aims of our local Stage Guild—which is coming back—and our local French theatre. Each has had amateurs molded into semi-professionals by skillful professionals. And the heads of each love their work, and are animated by the holy enthusiasm of the artist.

I saw the representation given by the Stage Guild of "S. S. Tenacity," and the other night I saw Vildrac's play in André Ferrier's La Gaitè Française.

It was on the latter occasion that I noticed that the Gallic atmosphere so artistically yet almost instinctively contrived by M. Ferrier and Lucient Labaudt, his art director, was the element that particularly made the play go.

Played with full intelligence by nearly all the Stage Guild cast, it yet went slowly, and not really interestingly. Played by the French cast, it was a bit of French life moving before us. I can not say that this or that one was individually brilliant, but the team work was good. M. Ferrier is a good director. He can take raw material and mold it, not into actually finisbed, but certainly expressive shape.

As played by M. Ferrier, Hidoux was an amusing seaside character, and the two young men were real beings unconsciously revealing themselves.

Vildrac's presentation of two varying male psychologies was amply presented. The character of Thérèse he viewed like a Frenchman. She was just an accident, a stray chip that accidentally dulled the blade of a new ax, and diverted it from usefulness.

It is true, there are poetry and philosophy, as M. Ferrier pointed out in his short address, in the play; but it is because it is pulsing quietly, inexorably with life and character in the making. And this was brought out because the humble little seaport hostelry, as presented at the French theatre, was permeated with racial atmosphere.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

Probably the largest musical comedy organization that will visit the Coast this year is the company headed by Fred Stone in his musical extravaganza, "Tip Top," which will be seen at the Columbia Theatre, Monday, Mareb 12th.

In "Tip Top" Stone has a new series of acts covering the widest range of characterization. They include an exuberant office boy; an Indian chief who performs startling feats with Australian bull whips; an expert sharpshooter; a deep sea diver; a necromancer; and, for a climax, a rough rider on a galloping horse. This is the most daring stunt that Stone ever perpetrated, even though the horse is running on a treadmill manipulated by a small army of stage hands. The magnitude of the extravaganza is apparent from the fact that two extra large baggage cars are required to transport the scenery and mechanical effects. "Tip Top" is said to be the most elaborate spectacular extravaganza now on tour.

Some of Fred Stone's companion merrymakers are the Six Brown Brothers of saxaphone fame, the White Sisters, the sixteen London Palace girls, and the Globe Theatre Chorus. There will be only one matinée Saturday each week during the engagement.

Willard Mack and his play, "Red Bulldogs," are attracting large audiences to the Columbia Theatre, where the second and final week of the engagement will begin next Sunday night. Mr. Mack's rôle in the play, that of a rollicking sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, is in reality a continuation of his part in "Tiger Rose." The piece has been given an elaborate staging.

At the Rivoli.

Gilbert and Sullivan's merry classic, "Pinafore," will enter upon its last week at the Rivoli Monday evening, in spite of the fact that the interest which has attended the production has been such as to warrant a longer engagement. The presentation makes the first Gilbert and Sullivan revival of the Hartman-Steindorff comic opera season, and its success has been such that arrangements are to he made for the production of more Gilbert and Sullivan pieces in the near future. Announcement is made that "The Idol's Eye" will be the production to follow "Pinafore."

Attractive features of the "Pinafore" performance are to be found in Hartman's comic handling of the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter and in the solo work of Lillian Glaser, John Van, Rafael Brunetto and Robert Carlson. George Kunkel in the rôle of Dick Deadeye ably seconds Hartman's comedy efforts and a spirit of team work between the principals and the chorus contributes to the enjoyment of the piece. Lavinia Winn, Elfrieda Steindorff, Dixie Blair, Paul Hartman, Lillian Leonard and Gracie Barrett are among the members of the cast who come in for individual success.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Generous portions of comedy, song, and dance are offered in the Orpheum bill which starts Sunday afternoon, March 4th. Two headline attractions are Jessie Busley and company in "Batty," and the Ford dancers.

"Batty" is a satirical farce, described as a terrible result of the mystery play, "The Bat." Ford was a famous name on the stage even before Henry invented the Lizzie.

Rarely have singers from the concert stage been so successful in vaudeville as Allan Rogers and Leonard Allen. On their final week's stay they are to present an entirely new programme and production.

A humorous argument with melodic accompaniment is indulged in by Harry Steppe and Harry O'Neal in "Just a Debate."

Edwin George is a travesty comedian *par excellence*. His "Comedy of Errors" is burlesque advanced to its highest degree.

Billy Dougal and Ted Leary offer a joyful combination of songs, music, and smiles.

Josephine Amoros, "That French Girl," retains the characteristics, smartness, and chic of her homeland in her unusual presentation.

Leonard Gautier presents his "Bricklayers," who are really dog masons with a high degree of animal intellect.

Plaza's Return Season.

A return season at the Plaza is promised by Jessica Colbert, the manager of the Stage Guild, which has been slightly reorganized. Later, the idea is to incorporate and have a permanent organization. It is also planned to have several improvements made in the Plaza Theatre, including a new heating plant and a partioning of excess space at the back of the auditorium for a more commodious lobby.

Mrs. Colbert bas a plan for the friendly cooperation of all the important dramatic groups in San Francisco and Berkeley, and also exchange visits with the Pasadena and Santa Barbara community playhouse companies.

Much satisfaction has been expressed at the continuance of the Children's Theatre. Mrs. Cuddy is still in Chicago, but Violette Wilson will soon stage at the Plaza "Alice in Wonderland."

The following is the list of plays to be put on at the six weeks' return season. "The Faithful," by John Mascfield. To be given by the Greek Theatre players, Everett Glass, director. "Rollo's Wild Oat," by Claire Kummer. "King Lear's Wife," by Gordon Bottomley, a performance by the students of the School of the Arts of the Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Browne and Ellen von Volkenhurg (the two heads of the school). "Doubling in Brass," by Charles Coldwell Dobie; to be given by the Players Club, Reginald Travers, director. "If," by Lord Dunsany, Greek Theatre players, and on Easter week "The Tidings Brought to Mary," a religious piece by Paul Claudel, which will he given with an all-star cast.

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VANITY FAIR.

On Paris boulevards, wben the weather these February days permits, the boulevardiers sit at the little, round, iron-legged tables sipping their syrop water or their *bier* and discuss the latest conspiracy, not among the German reparation dodgers, but that of the police and the coiffeurs looking toward the suppression of bobbed hair. The question whether or not it will work is said to be exciting more modest wagers than the success or failure of the venture into the Ruhr. The coiffeurs decreed the death of bobbed hair, but the women folks declined to execute the sentence. So the police will help. They proclaim that hereafter when women of doubtful—or certain—character fall into their clutches those delinquents shall have their hair cut short in the women's prison while awaiting preliminary examination. This is intended to force the respectable to grow long hair once more. But the cynical boulevardier asks when it has been the case that some style or practice of the *demi monde* has failed of a large and enthusiastic following among the most respectable wives in the capital? Has any one found respectability hanging back from the adoption of a style that attracted, because of its invention or adoption by a *fille de joie?* Has it not, on the contrary, ask these ironical observers, been the fact that the wives and sisters and daughters of the most respectable wait until the *demi mondaine* have demonstrated by successful experiment exactly what style will prove most fetching with the male of the species, and then proceed to make it so common, and ultimately so commonplace, that it is first raised to respectability and then made a bore? And if bobbed hair and the bare neck, said to be most attractive to a Turk, and known to be reasonably so to Christians, has not yet lost its charm, can it be robbed of it merely by treating the wicked to a free hair cut? That remains to be seen. Some effect the decree of the coiffeures has had, for their salons are well patronized by women looking for tonics to make hair grow fast. The old-fashioned switch, recently renamed "Jane," threatens to return, sanitary or not; and it is said that the spring fashions will revert to the styles of 1830, witb no definite form prescribed, but with a lot of little curls and bangs and otber hot-iron creations suggesting a wig blowing aft in a hurricane.

Lent has not caused much desolation in the social circles of the metropolis this year. Gone are the times of real penitence, when New York young ladies lived forty days on a few tea wafers and sought their diversion in the company of a chaperon and the tombstones of Trinity churchyard; or were supposed to. They no longer appear to think about their sins, as of old tbeir mothers and grandmothers did. Thirty years ago Lent called a halt to everything enjoyable. It interrupted the strains of the violin, the piano, and the bull fiddle, and left the dance with one foot in the air, so to speak. But while it could stop the violin, the saxophone has proved of more refractory stuff. It zoos right along in its woozy way, delighting and deluding and ensnaring and intoxicating, and threatens to keep it right up until Easter, and beyond, putting the younger social set on a nonstop dancing schedule. If that younger set thinks of its sins it does not appear to think badly of them. Nor does it appear to list frivolity among them. And the disconcerting feature of it to the older set, the people of the Sabbath visit to the graveyard, appears to be that they get no chance to say, "I told you so," for the Lenten gayeties don't seem to have demoralized society so much, after all. Conduct is about as usual—a matter of individual taste. The elders were horrified recently to learn that a notice had been sent out, toward what should have been the end of the social season, that read: "Owing to the observance of Ash Wednesday the fourth of the series of Wednesday Early Dances for the benefit of the Yorkville Centre will be held tomorrow (Thursday) in Sherry's, with several dinners arranged in advance." And if Lent was to begin that way, with the approval of society, how was it to continue? Well, some New Yorkers say that the pace of the oncoming generation has not decelerated. Subscription dances for charity went right on. There was a revival of the Friday Lenten dances at Sherry's, and a score or more besides were scheduled and the schedules were observed. And the music clubs went along, contributing their peculiarly informal and delightful character to Lenten doings. In fact, it would appear that in New York, at least among the saxophone crowd, Lent has been dragged out of the churchyard and made a season of gayety instead of penitence. It is a strange development, but these be saxophonic days.

Not even at Washington is Lent very solemnly observed. One correspondent, the vivacious "Dolly Madison," has written the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:* "Maybe Ash Wednesday rang down the curtain, but it's evidently a spring roller. It didn't stay down for more than a few minutes. Tbere was a big official dinner Ash Wednesday night, the one that Eugene Meyers gave for the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge, with a musicale and reception following. And but for the indisposition of Secretary and Mrs. Hughes there would have been a big dinner in their honor at the Pan-American Building, with the Minister of Uruguay and Mme. Varela as hosts. The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Davis entertained at dinner." Of course, Washington official society is peculiar, inasmuch as when it is official it is not society and when it is Society, with a large S, it is not official. A great many persons could visit the White House that couldn't get into an embassy—except, perhaps, to sell a book. And there are even rarer privileges than the entrée at some embasies. The old, blue-blooded, white-boned set of the Washington before the civil war still preserves some of its vestiges and prerogatives, like the Old Dutch of Manhattan, and to mere political persons is as inviting as the horeal solitudes around the Pole. And perhaps this is as it should be. It tends to make congressmen (and congressmen's wives) feel that there are still heights to be attained.

Just as an indication that San Francisco really belongs, we note with pride the appearance in a Geary Street jeweler's window of the finger watch, where it has been on display in various forms for some time. A platinum ring is made with an oval bezel large enough for a negro minstrel's diamond, and in this cavity is anchored a platinum watch. The ring is worn on the first finger preferably, which thereby becomes a veritable gnomon, reminding tbe wearer when it is time to start home from bridge and heat hubby's stew—for we suspect a connection between fancy jewelry and stew; all these things having tneir reactions, or repercussions, or whatever the modernists call them, albeit in most cases mysterious and veiled from the eyes of the vulgar. Of course, the finger watch is not worn during the stew-warming process, which is done in most cases either by a general sense of the fitness of things, by feel and taste, or by the old six-dollar kitchen clock. The finger that tests the temperature of the stew does not need to wear a timepiece, although the rule may not work the other way. Besides, as the Mad Hatter, or the Doormouse, or somebody at that tea party remarked, "butter would not suit the works"; and neither would stew gravy. So ladies that wear finger watches should be careful to keep them out of the goulash. If they are to be worn in the kitchenette, it is better to do the tasting witb a spoon. The wrist watch is less exposed; but how archaic now! It may be recalled that the wrist watch came along just in time to save the Providence manufacturing jewelry trade from the bad slump luxury was getting into in 1912, or thereabouts. Just what the finger watch is going to save us from is still conjectural. We may in time look back at the advent of this tiny chronological recorder as one of the important events of history, like the invention of gunpowder, or that of the silk hat, which in 1836 played havoc with the beaver-trapping industry in the American Northwest, and seriously affected the development of that territory. You never can tell what a fashion will do. Once set going, it may become more tyrannous than kings. And hence the wise will observe the styles.

ENGLAND CHANGING HANDS.

Although the break-up and the sale of the big landed estates of England is not now progressing with the celerity it enjoyed from 1918 to 1920—the period that is known as "England changing hands"—it is nevertheless still under way, says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. So much is this so that the country manager of what is perhaps the biggest firm in London auctioneering off these old estates told a *Tribune* representative that the "era of the big estate had gone forever."

Now the sale of the famous Ellesmere estates in Lancashire and Cheshire comes to lend weight to this statement. Following on the heels of the sales of Trafford Park and Heaton Park, two of the most noted estates in the country, it indicates the passing of the country squirearchy. The coming generation will have to turn to the pages of "Tom Jones" if it wishes to know what country life in Merrie England was.

The Ellesmere estates belonged to the Egertons, a family that can trace its history to the days of William Rufus. The hall was a grandiloquent mansion in red brick, in which the royal family and the Duke of Wellington were entertained by Lord Ellesmere in 1851.

The estate comprised about 12,000 acres. But not all of it is agricultural land. With it were sold six pits, wharves, and coke works, and the purchase price is reported to be between two and three million pounds (from ten to fifteen million dollars). The buyers were a syndicate of big industrialists.

When John Galsworthy wrote his "Skin Game" he wasn't merely drawing on his imagination. The downfall of the country gentleman before the advance of the urban capitalist is going on in England today, and the advertising columns of the newspapers are heralding the story.

The break-up of the big estate is, of course, owing to the fact that the landowner can no longer afford the expense of its upkeep unless he were to raise rents to unprecedented levels. But the high cost of living and the decline in agricultural prices render the tenant unable to stand any increase in rents. The only exceptions are men like the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, who having valuable city property, are able to defray the costs of their country estates from the income of their urban sites.

Another feature of last year's English agricultural history is that men are starting to buy their own farms again. Reduction in current rates of interest and the renewed willingness to lend money on mortgage on sound landed securities have encouraged farmers to buy their own places.

It is significant that the tendency is to restore arable land back to pasture. This marks the definite defeat of the government's ambitious efforts to make England self-supporting in its food production.

During the war the government bent every effort to encourage and stimulate greater crop cultivation. After the war this took the form of guaranteeing to the farmer the difference between the cost of production and the market price. The act stated that there would be no change in this provision for four years.

But the government grossly underestimated the subsequent decline in agricultural prices. Alarmed at the drain on the treasury that threatened to become greater, the Lloyd George cabinet in less than a year repealed its agricultural act. The failure of the farmer subsidies doomed the movement to make England a self-sustaining nation.

One of the extraordinary features of devilfish is their method of swimming. They draw water into their bodies and then force it out of a hole just below the head. The force of water as it rushes out propels the creatures. Usually the devilfish swims backward, but it can swim forward simply by turning its flexible siphon in the opposite direction.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old woman in a country town was recommending her doctor to a new neighhor, and after eulogizing his skill and success, added: "Yes, he's the best in the town. When my old man was sick he came to see him, and he said he'd die—and die he did."

A burglar dropped in at a fashionahle cluh in evening dress to locate the plate, and was drawn into a poker game. "How did yer make out?" afterward asked his pal. "Well, de foist pot a guy calls me, an' w'en I lays 'em down he says it's a gentleman's game an' it ain't necessary to show 'em; just say wot yer got. After dat I win 'em all."

"Did you ever employ college hoys on your farm?" "I tried it one year," said Mr. Cohhles, "hut they were not satisfactory." "Didn't they work hard?" "Oh, yes. But every time they got through with a joh they'd gather around to give their college yell and stampede all the cattle on the place."

It had heen Teddy's first term at school and his mother had heen telling the rich old uncle how well he was getting on and how dearly he loved his lessons. "Well, my little man," said the uncle, as the child entered the room, "and what do you do in school all day?" "I just sit around and wait until it's time to go home," was the reply.

One of our naval vessels is commanded hy a hard-hoiled skipper renowned for his flintiness ahout shore leave. In the history of that ship every excuse that could he invented had heen tried, but none had worked. Finally a desperate ahsentee telegraphed: "No excuse for staying away except that money is not all spent. Would like five days' extension." He got it.

Pat Hegarty had just purchased a mule, hut he did not obtain from the animal all that he required of it. So he wended his way back to the horse dealer. "You said this mule was quite tame," he said to the dealer. "And so he is tame, isn't he?" replied the dealer, in an aggrieved tone. "Not altogether—only partly so," the disconsolate Hegarty replied. "He is tame in front, I dare say. hut he is desperately wild behind."

"Do you sell many of these expensive clocks?" asked a visitor at a jeweler's. "We do, indeed," said the salesman. "The other day a man came in from Oklahoma. They had struck oil on his ranch, and he was huilding himself a twenty-room house. He hought nineteen clocks. He said he wanted one in every room except the hath. He omitted the hath, hecause, he said, he didn't care how much time he fooled away Saturday night."

An old Irishman came into a doctor's office, shut the door carefully behind him, and at once hegan a long and confidential consultation ahout his mother. After the symptoms had been dealt with exhaustively, the doctor said, "Well, you know, I can't tell you anything about the case until I see your mother. Bring her in tomorrow or next day and I'll look her over." "But, doctor," said the old man, "she's in Ireland!"

An English barrister, after a particularly trying day, came home with his nerves on edge, and at once sought refuge in his own study, well away from the noises of the household machinery. He sat down hy his fire and was gradually getting calmed down, when the cat, who had been sitting there, too, got up slowly and walked across the room. The master turned on her and said indignantly, "Now, what are *you* stamping around here for?"

It was a hot sultry day in a great city, says a contrihutor in *Judge*. Seven cars were lined up in front of a husy filling station. Third from the end stood a leaking, steaming, rattling little five-passenger. In due time the line dwindled and the little five-passenger found itself parallel with the gas pipe. "How many?" the man asked impatiently. "One," answered Mr. Fliv with the air of a Rockefeller. "One? What cha' tryin' to do? Wean it?"

The country doctor was driving along a mountain road, when a man came out of his house and hailed him. "Say, doc, has that man up the creek got smallpox?" "Well, I can't say just now—I'm not sure." "My mother-in-law says it's smallpox." "Really! Has your mother-in-law seen the case?" "Naw." "Well, has your mother-in-law ever seen a case of smallpox?" "Naw. But that don't make no difference to my mother-in-law!"

Senator La Follette was holding a hearing at Washington the other day to learn if possihle why the farmer has to pay so much for gasoline. He seemed to he in fine fettle and uttered a lot of facetious little asides as the testimony came out. After one he considered particularly good he turned to the stenographer and said: "Of course, you will not put these little jokes of mine in the record?" "But, senator," inquired the pot-hook hound, "how am I to know which the jokes are?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Dat Ver' Good Dog.

I t'ink she's ver' nice dog I got;
She's tres hahile, dat leetle Dot.

She's stay hy me for t'ree, four year.
Mos' all de tam she's leevin' here.

Some tam I'm hongry, I don't care
So long as Dot, she's got he's share.

You t'ink dat she's ongrateful, now?
Jes' wait, my fran', I tell you how

Las' night I smoke my pipe an' sit,
Dat Dot come in—jes' t'ink of it—

She's hring home seex more pups for show
Her ol' man how she love heem so!

—*Toronto Goblin.*

Indian and Sky Devil.

Blanchfield left Elko ahout on schedule time, writes John Bell in the New York *Tribune*. After passing Battle Mountain he ran into the full force of the storm in zero weather. He tried for a landing. He knew he was miles from the Red Line Air Road and took a chance. He "set her down" in mid-desert, with no object visihle. Walking in circles in the snow for five hours, he came upon a little shack huilt into the side of a hill. There were sagehrush corrals ahout filled with sheep. He knocked on the door of the shack. An Indian, white-haired, wrinkled and hent, opened the door a trifle. He made a noise from his throat that was neither squeal nor yell, and slammed the door. The helmeted, goggled figure was too much for him He had never before seen an aviator in his regalia. It took Blanchfield a half-hour to allay the fears of the red man. When at last the Indian opened the door he stood well back with a cocked Winchester in his hand and motioned Blanchfield to a seat on a hox near the primitive fireplace.

"I never realized before that I was an orator, hut I had to he to convince that native American that I was real and that I was in trouhle and wanted his help," said Blanchfield "I soon convinced the old man that I was a man and not some sort of a devil. He fed and warmed me. I could not make him talk. Just as I was hecoming discouraged an old white man came into the dugout. He also was long past the threescore and ten—a simple-minded, clear-eyed old fellow. He had not much to say. He and the Indian knew what a plane was, having seen pictures and once in a great while would see a ship high above them and hear the roar of the motor. This old man also had a little hand of sheep. He told me that I was twenty-five miles from the nearest hahitation of any kind and fifteen miles from the railroad. I prevailed upon them to accompany me to the ship, a couple of miles away. I wanted their assistance in cranking the plane. When we arrived at the ship it was covered with snow and the motor ice cold."

The Indian would not come within a hundred yards of the plane. "Sky devil" was all he would say. The old white man said he would have nothing to do with it. Blanchfield was in a quandary. On the fields it takes three "motor macks" to turn the propeller and start the motor. Blanchfield put on the gas and sucked in the mixture, put on the switches, and at the third try she kicked off. When the motor helched her roar those two old fellows took to their heels in a flurry of snow dust, and that was the last Blanchfield ever saw of them except when he got in the air, which was some joh through that snow. The storm had ahated somewhat and he made Reno Field late in the afternoon and did not default the mail.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. Walter Scott Hobart announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Ruth Hobart, to Mr. William W. Crocker, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker of Burlingame.

Mrs. Homer King gave a luncheon last Friday at her home on Broadway, when she entertained a group of old family friends, many of whom were present at the celebration of the golden wedding of Mrs. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, at Napa, twenty years ago.

The marriage of Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, daughter of Mr. Percy Selby, to Mr. Harry Hunt, son of Mrs. E. L. Hunt, took place on February 21st at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart in Burlingame.

The marriage of Miss Janet Christy Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knox of Berkeley, and Mr. Benjamin Lightbourne Wilson of Cleveland, Ohio, took place on February 23d at the home of the bride's parents.

Mrs. Walter I. Baldwin gave a tea recently in honor of Mrs. Edward Cunningham of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope were hosts at an informal Sunday luncheon last week at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward Cunningham of Boston was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Leroy Herrick of Minneapolis. Mrs. Herrick has been the honored guest at several teas and luncheons since her arrival in San Francisco, among the hostesses being Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Philip King Brown, and Mrs. Richard Bayne.

Mrs. James Eaves entertained at a bridge party last week at her home on Jackon Street, at which a number of guests from across the Bay were present.

Miss Edith Grant gave an informal tea at her home on Broadway last week.

Mrs. James Flood entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday last.

Mrs. W. H. McCarthy gave a luncheon last week, complimentary to Mrs. Leroy Herrick, formerly Miss Jane Sanderson of San Francisco.

The quartermaster officers stationed in San Francisco will give a dinner on Wednesday next at the Bohemian Club, in honor of Colonel John T. Knight, who will be promoted to the rank of brigadier-general on March 8th.

There will he a Rose Ball given on March 7th, Mid-Lent, at the Hotel St. Francis, by Mr. Richard S. McCreery, Mr. William W. Crocker, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Miss Janice Kergan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Kergan of Oakland, gave a tea at her home recently in honor of Miss Betty Barrows, daughter of President David P. Barrows of the University of California.

A bridge party was given last week at the Hotel Rafael for the benefit of the San Rafael Red Cross fund.

Mrs. Fentriss Hill was hostess at a luncheon on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Grace Hutton entertained at a luncheon and Mah Jongg party last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave an informal dinner last week at their home in Burlingame.

There was a polo match on Thursday, February 22d, between the San Mateo polo team and an army team from Hawaii.

Miss Helen Perkins will entertain at a luncheon on March 21st in honor of Miss Margaret Buckbee, whose marriage to Mr. John Boyden will take place early in April.

There was a tennis tournament held on the courts of the Hotel Rafael in Marin County last Saturday and Sunday.

Mme. Hedwiga Reicher, a distinguished European artist, was the guest artist of the University Fine Arts Society on Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. William W. Crocker gave a week-end party at his lodge at Pebble Beach. Included in his guest were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, and Miss Ruth Hobart, whose engagement to Mr. Crocker has just been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin entertained at an informal dinner at their home in Burlingame last week.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. James Lowe of Paris were the honored guests at a tea given by Mrs. Clarence M. Smith at her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard gave a luncheon and bridge party last week at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel were hosts at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday of last week.

Mrs. William Babcock gave an informal tea recently at her country home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Preston Drown entertained a few friends at her home on Washington Street last week, having as the guest of honor Mr. William Faversham.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart entertained at a dinner at their home in Burlingame last week, at which the engagement of Mr. Hobart's daughter, Miss Ruth Hobart, to Mr. William W. Crocker was announced.

Mrs. Andrew McCarthy was hostess at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Leroy Herrick of Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle gave an informal dinner last week at their home on Franklin Street.

Before her departure for Southern California, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the honor guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. George A. Pope at her home in town.

Mrs. Douglas Wilson Dodge entertained at a bridge-luncheon on Tuesday at her home on Broadway, in honor of Mrs. William Shuman and of her niece, Mrs. Howard McCandless.

Mrs. Warren D. Clark entertained at a dinner recently for some friends from Honolulu who are visiting San Francisco.

Miss Helen Lichtenberg was hostess at a bridge party and tea last Saturday in honor of Mrs. Ellsworth H. Van Patten, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGraw, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford were the complimented guests at a dinner given by Mrs. William S. Porter last week.

Mrs. Robert Rogers of Spokane was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frank Somers on Thursday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. John Drum and Mrs. Frank Deering were each hostesses at informal luncheons at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday last preceding the symphony.

There were a number of luncheons at the San Mateo Polo Club on Sunday, on the occasion of the game between the San Mateo and Army teams, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin, Colonel John T. Myers and Mrs. Myers, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a dance at the home of Mrs. Hamilton's father, Mr. John D. Spreckels, on Wednesday last for their niece, Miss Marie Huntington Spreckels.

The Count and Countess André de Limur are being congratulated on the arrival of a son, who was born on February 23d. The Countess de Limur was Miss Ethel Crocker before her marriage.

Ruffo and the People's Symphony.

Titta Ruffo, Yvonne D'Arle of the Metropolitan Opera House, Max Merson, a pianist recently arrived in this country, and the People's Symphony Orchestra of San Francisco augmented to eighty of the city's best musicians, will unite their talents when they appear at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at 2:30 o'clock.

Ruffo has a voice that is remarkable, being a true baritone of great resonance with a range that extends into the tenor and basso registers. At a recent concert in Philadelphia one of the critics wrote: "Mr. Ruffo sang four numbers—that is there were four on the programme, but he sang fourteen times in all—and these numbers were the cream of the baritone repertoire. He is easily king of baritones."

The Symphony with Zimbalist.

There has been an unprecedented demand for seats for the final popular municipal concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium this, Saturday, evening, March 3d, at 8:20 o'clock.

The occasion will be made doubly notable by the appearance of Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. The concerto for violin and orchestra that Zimbalist has chosen is that in E minor, by Mendelssohn, and he will also play the Havanaise by Saint-Saëns and the Ysaye arrangement of Saint-Saëns' Valse Capolice. In the latter numbers Zimbalist will be accompanied on the piano by Harry Kaufmann, who travels with him.

Warren D. Allen, organist of Stanford University, who has just returned from a professional tour, will play, with the orchestra, Boellmann's Fantaisie Dialogue, Op. 35.

Conductor Alfred Hertz' contributions will be the Tschaikowsky "1812" overture, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes," and "Under the Linden Trees," from Massenet's "Alsatian Scenes." In the last-named number Walter Ferner will play a 'cello obligato, and H. B. Randall, will play a clarinet obligato.

Seats are to be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices ranging from 25 cents to $1.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

"The Gods of Chinese and Japanese Buddhism" is the subject of an illustrated lecture to be delivered by Professor Kenneth Saunders in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, March 10th, at 2:30 o'clock. The lecture is based on Professor Saunders' personal experiences of ten years spent in the Orient, during which time he lived in Buddhist monasteries in various countries, and on his deep studies of Buddhism in its present-day developments, as well as in its great achievements in the past. It will provide a sympathetic approach and general understanding of the Buddhist objects of art that are scattered along the Coast. Professor Saunders is the author of several authoritative hooks. The lecture is under the direction of Paul Elder.

At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were crowded with small informal parties Monday, the delightful weather being an incentive to an afternoon in the city for the smart folk from the Peninsula and around the Bay. Mr. and Mrs. George Romanovsky had Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weil as their guests. Mrs. Thomas Eastland entertained a few friends, Miss Mary Jolliffe being a member of this group. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith was with Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mrs. John Rosseter, who has just returned from the East, had four guests, and another of the groups included Mrs. Leopold Michels, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mrs. Preston Drown, Mrs. Harry H. Scott and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling.

Lord Curzon, when governor-general of India, was responsible for many restorations and embellishments at the Taj Mahal as well as at Lucknow and elsewhere.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Major Harry Tilghman Bull, U. S. A., arrived from Washington last week and is visiting his parents, Commodore James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull.

Mrs. Edward Cunningham of Boston is spending a few weeks in San Francisco, and will visit her mother, Mrs. Samuel Perkins in Santa Barbara before returning East.

Mr. Daniel C. Jackling has gone East on business and will be absent a month.

Miss Janet Coleman has returned from Europe, where she has been traveling with her sister, Mrs. Noble, and Professor Noble of Berkeley.

Baron and Baroness J. C. V. Van Eck have returned from Europe and are at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein have rented Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot's house on Gough Street.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, sailed recently for Europe on the *Olympic*.

Miss Helen Crocker, who is at present at Palm Beach visiting Mrs. E. H. G. Slater of Washington, will join her mother, Mrs. William H. Crocker, in Paris in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson were hosts at a Sunday luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club last week in honor of Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck Peters of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., will go to Bolinas very soon, where they have a summer cottage.

Mrs. Arthur Cheeseborough and her two little sons, after paying a visit to her father, Mr. William Mayo Newball, has returned to the Newball ranch in Southern California. Mrs. Newhall is still in Europe and will not return to San Francisco until next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welsh have gone to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado for a short visit.

Mrs. George A. Pope will join Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Potter of Santa Barbara are guests at the Hotel Fairmont.

Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the well-known Russian novelist, is visiting San Francisco and will deliver several lectures while here.

Mr. James Flood and his daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, left for the East last week and will join Miss Cora Jane Flood in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs will arrive in California next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh de Haven have returned from the East and are at their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., who are at present in Paris, will return to California in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson, who have been in Europe for the past year, have returned to this country and are at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore have gone to Paso Robles for a month's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman will occupy the house on Washington Street belonging to Mrs. Dillman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore.

Miss Eleanora Sears, Miss Marion Hollins, and Mrs. W. C. Setts of Chicago are leaving very shortly for the East, and Miss Sears will sail for Europe in March.

Mr. Walter Macfarlane, who has been passing the winter in California, will sail for his home in Honolulu on the *Matsonia*.

Mr. and Mrs. Max A. Bertheau left last Saturday for the West Indies and Florida by way of the Panama Canal. Later on they will visit their daughter, Mrs. Edmund H. Stillman, and Captain Stillman, U. S. A., at Galveston, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, who have been visiting in Southern California, have returned to their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis, with Mr. and Mrs. David Farragut Ashe, spent the last week-end at the Davis ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and their daughter, Miss Hélène de Latour, after spending a week in Santa Barbara, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. Lena Butler Stoddard has returned from a visit to Mexico.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Terry, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Terry, and a small party of her friends, spent the last week-end at Truckee.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury recently returned from the East, accompanied by her little daughter and by Miss Olive Edrington, whose engagement to Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, who have been visiting Mrs. Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, during the winter, will leave for their home in Ireland some time in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Pond returned yesterday from New York, where they went after their recent marriage in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Weeks of Oyster Bay, who have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., at their home in Burlingame, have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Gregory Parrott left for the East last Monday, and soon after joining Miss Helen Crocker in New York they will sail for Europe.

Mrs. Clement Tobin has returned from Europe and is at present at Palm Beach, Florida.

Miss Edith Grant will leave for the East next week and will pass the greater part of the time in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, with their guests, Miss Caro Shaw and Miss Mary Forbes of New York, have returned from Southern California.

Miss Amy Brewer, who is traveling at present in the Orient, will pass the summer in Marion, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins Raymond of New York are visiting in Southern California and in San Francisco.

Sir Harry Lauder and Lady Lauder, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vallance, sailed last week for Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King have taken the Sprague home in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Horace de Parodi of Gibraltar, who has been visiting Mrs. Thomas Dargie at her home on Jackson Street, has gone to Annapolis, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Dyer, and Commander H. A. Dyer, U. S. N.

Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson, who has been in the Orient, has arrived in Seattle and will visit San Francisco en route to her home in Connecticut.

Mrs. William S. Porter, accompanied by Miss Cornelia O'Connor, spent the last week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ford at their ranch near Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Irving Williams, who have been visiting in San Francisco, are in Santa Barbara on their way to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman of San Mateo have been in Santa Barbara, visiting Mrs. Lyman's father, Mr. Henry E. Bothin, at Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have returned to their home in Burlingame, after a short visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Harry Gantz of Santa Barbara is visiting Mrs. Russell Wilson at her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant and their daughter Edith left on Friday for New York, via New Orleans, Florida, and Havana. Miss Josephine Grant sailed last week for Manila, where she is to be a guest in the household of Governor-General Wood.

Mrs. George P. Baxter has returned from an extended tour of Europe and is now at home at Hotel Oakland.

CURRENT VERSE.

Nests.

"The blackbird's nest in the briar,
The sea-gulls' nests on the ground—
They're nests, and they're more than nests," said he,
"They are tokens I have found."

"Here, where the rain-dashed briar is,
A mark in the empty glade,
The blackbird's nest is seen," he said,
"Clay-rimmed, uncunningly made;

"By the inland lake, its shore,
Where the surgeless water shoves,
The sea-gull have their nests," he said,
"As low as the cattle's hooves."

I heard a poet say it,
The sojourner of a night;
His head was up to the rafter,
Where he stood in candle's light.
"Your houses are like the sea-gulls'
Nests—they are scattered and low;
Like the blackbirds' nests in the briar," he said,
"Uncunningly made—even so."

"But close to the ground are reared
The wings that take widest way,
And the birds that sing best in the wood," he said,
"Were bred with their breasts to the clay.

"You've wildness—I've turned it to song;
You've strength—I've turned it to wings;
The welkin's for your conquest then,
The wood to your music rings;

"Till your own like other peoples;
Till the breath of your need be stopped;
Till your salt shall lose its savour,
And your virgin soil be cropped."

I heard a poet say it,
The sojourner of a night;
His head was up to the rafter,
Where he stood in a candle's light.
—*Padraic Colum in the London Mercury.*

Blossom.

Know you the Kentish horders,
With Sussex close behind?
In the husy town I sit—
And dream—and call to mind
Mile after mile of Orchard
In the full tide of Spring,
Sweet with a thousand perfumes,
And white with blossoming.

From Ham Street into Appledore—
And on—again—and on—
Where like a fairy-isle, snow-girt,
Lies shy Kenardington;
Up the hill to Wittersham—
And turn again, and then—
By the toll-gate at Small Hythe
That leads to Tenterden.

Through aisles of trembling blossom—
'Neath the blue arch of sky—
By winding lanes to Peasmarsh—
And back again to Rye;
Out on the Romney marshes—
For company the sheep.
Might I wander in my dreams
I could not choose but sleep. . . .
—*M. E. Mason in Poetry Review.*

Tonnage Taxes.

The Paris wits have just got a fresh start in making merry over the novel of Henri Beraud, "The Martyrdom of the Fat Man," says the New York *Times*. It won the Goncourt Prize of 1922. Presumably, M. Beraud learned in suffering what he taught in song, as he confesses to a weight of about two hundred and forty pounds. He is at present in Athens, where his confrères gravely express the hope that "art and nature and ancient monuments, not to speak of recent events, will teach him fine lessons of restraint and moderation." But they also hasten to disturb his Greek calm by sending him word that a town in Sweden has begun levying a tax on obesity.

The reason solemnly given for this new form of taxation is that the fat man stands accused, by the very fact of his too solid flesh, of gluttony and laziness. These vices can be supported only by those having fat purses, and what are the latter for except to disgorge for the state? The Swedish municipal counselors go on to argue that the tax will be in the interest of health and sobriety. It may be thought of as a bygienic measure. But to make the tax democratic and equal it begins low down, the man weighing *no* more than a hundred and fifty pounds having to make a small payment. Then the tax is scientifically graduated upward, so that the unhappy being who rises two hundred pounds will have to pay 10 francs for each added kilo. Thus will the motive for keeping one's figure svelte be strengthened at the same time that the public treasury waxes more corpulent.

In vain will the doctors protest that excessive fatness may go with abstinence and activity. They prate about the fat "diathesis" which makes some persons obese no matter how they order their lives. This will not go down with the Swedish taxlayers. To be thin is a civic virtue. Fatness is a vice to be taxed out of existence. So there is to be a direct levy on the fat man whom nobody loves. It can not be known as yet whether this process will be more fruitful than the famous American plan of "frying the fat" out of protected manufacturers.

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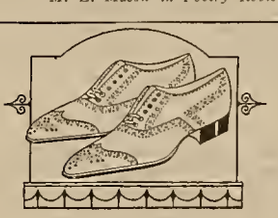
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A war vet tells us he has been gassed twice, once by Congress.—*Fitchburg Sentinel.*

"Lend me your umbrella for a few minutes." "Not much; that's bow I got it."—*Life.*

"Wby have Scotsmen a sense of bumor?" "Because it's a gift."—*London Morning Post.*

"That's a nice dog you've got there, boy." "Yes, sir. He's bit over forty people."—*Judge.*

"Have a cigar, Tom?" "No, I've given up smoking." "Well, tell us about her."—*Boston Transcript.*

Jones—Going abroad again this spring, old man? *Smith*—No! I've sworn off drinking for a year.—*Life.*

The color which is prevailing througbout Germany at the present time is French dun.—*Portland Express.*

"Say, there's a football player out here wants bis picture taken." "Full face?" "No, balf back."—*California Pelican.*

Prosecuting Attorney—You say you attended tbis Polish wedding? Who were present? *Witness*—Tbat would be hard to say.—*Life.*

Teacher—A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Jobn, can you name one? *John*—Yes, ma'am, a pair of stockings.—*Washington Post.*

Ryce—Have the Neweds completed tbeir house plan yet? *Nyce*—Practically; they've decided on a sleeping porch and a sbower bath.—*Washington Star.*

Wealthy Judge (lecturing a prisoner)—A clear conscience, my man, is more to be desired than riches. *Prisoner*—All right, sir. I'll swap witb you.—*Life.*

"Get a man ready. Tbis expedition is going to try to climb Mount Everest." "Tbey say it can't be done." "Nonsense. Our cameraman will have to do it."—*Judge.*

First Lady—The papers are borribly full of scandal nowadays, aren't tbey? *Second Lady*—Yes, it's dreadful! I can't get to my bousework till 11 or 12 o'clock.—*Answers.*

Bill Junior—Pa, can we see sound? *Bill Senior*—No, my son. *Bill Junior*—Then wbat did you mean by saying tbat mamma's new hat looked like tbunder?—*Princeton Tiger.*

"How did the collision occur?" "A fast driver with the rigbt-of-way, and another fast driver who was sure nobody would be using the main thoroughfare."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Reggie (who has offended her)—Won't you look up at me? *Peggie*—No; if I did you'd kiss me again. *Reggie*—No, honest, I won't. *Peggie*—Then what's the use?—*Washington Post.*

Wben asked by bis Sunday-scbool teacher if be didn't want to go to Heaven, a little fellow replied, "No, thank you. It's not been long since I came from tbere."—*Boston Transcript.*

Policeman (to autoist driving wrong way on a one-way street)—Here, can't you read those signs? *Autoist*—Yes, but this road is so rougb I can't tell whetber I'm coming or going.—*Judge.*

Dramatic Critic (to confrère)—We won't begin applauding until after the second act; in tbe intermission I'll find out in the lobby how we like tbe play.—*Munich Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

Constable—Wbat are you doing around here, waiting your chance to steal a cbicken? *Colored Man*—No, sah. De jedge reformed me last montb, and I'se jest out testin' maself.—*Judge.*

"Yes, sub," said Brother Simmons, "any of my race wbut wants to live in Illinois can go dar, how an' w'en dey likes, but ez for me, I'll stay whar I is—'mongst de folks I raise and bo'n wid, an' ef I is lynched, please God, I'll be lynched by my friends."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Old Sea Captain (in his parlor)—It's getting late; I think I'll go below. *Friend (in a whisper to sea captain's wife)*—He forgets and tbinks be's at sea. *Sea Captain's Wife*—Ob, no; it's the cellar he refers to.—*Treat 'Em Square.*

From a laundry advertisement we learn that collars go througb seventeen separate processes before they are returned to tbe owner. From the usual result we figured on at least twice that numher.—*Answers.*

A contemporary says tbat tbe Ten Commandments do not need to be re-written so mucb as to be re-read, and yet lots of people bave read them witbout any particular effect.—*Boston Transcript.*

A little girl was spending her first night from home. As tbe darkness gatbered she began to cry. Tbe bostess asked, "Are you bomesick?" "No," she answered, "I'm beresick."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A ten montbs' haby girl in Louisiana weigbs fifty pounds, is forty-two inches bigb, and has sixteen teeth. Her advice to all tbose desirous of equaling ber record is, "Drink and smoke all you like. Take plenty of fresb air. And don't worry."—*Life.*

"Where were italics first used?" asks a subscriber. The first time we remember seeing tbem was on a printed slip wbicb read: "Tbis is *past due.* Please give it your *prompt* attention."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Friend—Frank told me he can bardly restrain himself from falling down and worshipping ber. *Rejected Suitor*—Tell bim to keep control of bimself, sbe'll tbrow him down soon enough.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Johnson—So you dispensed witb your radio machine? *Mrs. Pannell*—Yes, on account of its bedtime stories. They always came on at least three hours before Mr. Pannell and I were ready for bed.—*Judge.*

A Moving Picture.

"— —," announced the butler.

As I bowed sbe rose and greeted me with a smile. "— —," she invited, making room for me on the sofa beside her.

"—," I replied.

Her eyes laugbed saucily at me.

I moved closer.

"—," sbe tbreatened, putting a pillow between us as a safeguard against such movements.

I turned my back. Silence. I waited.

"—," she coaxed.

No reply.

"—," pouting now.

"—," I wbispered as tbe pillow fell to the floor.

"—," struggling.

Tbe door opened. Wild confusion.

"—," said she, clumsily, greeting ber motber.

"—," I added, looking up from the fire tbat I bad been punching vigorously.

"—," was ber laugbing reply.

There was an embarrassing pause. Molly poured out the tea.

Her mother glared. I wished I bad not come.

"—," said I, looking at tbe beavy clouds outside.

"—," her mother answered, frigidly.

I took my bat and gloves.

"—," said ber motber, ignoring my proffered band.

Molly blusbed.

The door closed behind me.

"—," said I, softly.—*Stanford Chapparal.*

Coue Distanced.

Here's a passage, belpful or not, as you may regard, it from one of those New Tbougbt writers: "Everytbing is new, always; keep tbat in mind. However many times you have met your neighbor, remember that this is tbe first time you bave met him, tbis time. However many times you bave kissed your wife, know that this is the first time you have kissed her, tbis time. Tbus everything is always tbe first time and therefore new."

Jerusalem's Water.

Tbe solidity and enduring quality of Roman masonry have been a proverb for generations, says the *Living Age.* Tbat tbey may be put to modern uses is not so familiar an idea, in spite of occasional instances. Most remarkable of these is the present employment, by tbe department of public works in Palestine, of tbe reservoirs built during tbe Roman régime to supply Jerusalem with water.

Tbe Pools of Solomon—which have notbing to do with tbat monarch except tbat tbey are located near tbe gardens named for him—were constructed by Roman engineers to supply a population that must bave been mucb the size of tbat which occupies the Holy Land today. Tbey consist of three large reservoirs witb a total capacity of 40,500,000 gallons, and are situated about eight miles from the capital. Two have been cleaned out, the leaks tbat have developed during centuries of disuse bave been stopped up, and—presto!—Jerusalem bas waterworks as modern as the neart of an engineer could desire.

Even the surface aqueduct and tunnels tbat tbe Romans left have been repaired and are in use, connecting tbe pools with their source of supply, a large spring rising in the cavern called Bir Darasb. The latter operation required tbe removal of a buge quantity of silt and stones.

"McTeague" in Motion Pictures.

"McTeague," Frank Norris' dynamic characterization of a buge, almost mindless creature trying clumsily to extract bis little bit of security and comfort out of a complex civilization and driven by pitiless circumstances into brutal degeneration, is to be dramatized for the motion pictures by Eric von Stroheim. Tbis announcement bas reawakened interest in tbe group of young writers, led by Frank Norris and Stepben Crane, who twenty years ago fought for tbe realism of truth against "the literary soothing syrup" of the romantic novel then in vogue. Tbe artistic creed of Frank Norris is empbasized over and over again in bis critical writings.

"Tbe people bave a rigbt to the truth as they bave a right to life, liberty, and tbe pursuit of bappiness. It is not right that they should be exploited and deceived witb false views of life, false characters, false sentiment, false morality, false heroism, false notions of self-sacrifice, false views of religion, of duty, of conduct and manner."

Rules for Golf Players.

Golf as it is played on public links needs a protective set of rules to assure tbe safety of the players and facilitate traffic, according to H. I. Pbillips in the *Globe Trotter.* These are a few of tbe helpful ones whicb be suggests:

1. Not more than six players sball drive off the same tee at tbe same time, except in self-defense.

2. In driving off any tee a player sball wait until the player immediately preceding bim has taken botb feet off the tee and started walking.

3. Taking aim at a departing player is prohibited, except in cases wbere you are keeping score by hits and misses.

4. Combination sbots shall be allowed only when the same ball bits two or more players in the head.

5. Should a player drive a ball at anotber player's head witb sucb accuracy that it lands directly in tbe said player's mouth as be turns to grin, it shall be scored as a bole in one.

Our Educational Movies.

Peter Kyne and Gouveneur Morris are not the only critics of motion-picture "bokum." It is especially serious in tbe field of foreign relations, and the Pbiladelpbia *Ledger* prints a letter on the subject from S. S. Liu, Chinese student at Ann Arbor, to Mr. Will H. Hays, calling attention to these aspects of the matter:

"Tbe gross distortion of facts that we meet with almost everywhere on the American screen has poisoned the American mind with a misunderstanding far worse tban ignorance. Tbis misunderstanding has steadily grown into belief and conviction, resulting in a general disrespect for, and even contempt for, a civilization whicb bas stood the test of centuries. That tbere is much in tbat civilization whicb would tend to enlighten and uplift tbe American people is a foregone conclusion.

"Such outstanding characteristics and edifying virtues of the Chinese as, for instance, filial piety, business probity, feminine faithfulness, etc., whicb are higbly susceptible to vivid presentation, have been given scanty treatment by the American film producers. Many of the heartening changes whicb have taken place in our country bave heen lost sigbt of entirely.

"The queue, for instance, is no longer typical of a Chinese gentleman. Gambling is no more a national institution tban it ever has been before; it is, as in every other country, a pastime of the idle. It is impossible to exhaust the list of specific cases in wbicb Chinese life bas been misportrayed."

Englishwomen are conservative in tbeir bome fixtures, but tbey are beginning to take a real interest in tbe many inventions on the market. Electricity is not installed in every Englisb bome, and so a band vacuum washer for clotbes has had a great sale.

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Vital Issue at Sacramento.

For several years there has been a growing consciousness on the part of the people that the cost of government was increasing beyond all reasonable and proper bounds. This consciousness took concrete form in the state campaign of last year in the nomination and election of Friend W. Richardson to the governorship. Now, to make good his promise of retrenchment and elimination Governor Richardson has brought in a budget which wipes out the tidy sum of twelve million dollars in the charges for the coming two years as compared with the two years last past. To achieve this result he has made many eliminations and some radical cuts, and naturally there come from various departments and divisions of the state government a chorus of loud wails. Superintendent Wood of the state politico-educational machine insists that the governor is "cutting the heart out" of our school system. Similarly other groups of official spenders are prophesying grave evils to follow if the governor's plans shall be carried into effect. Now it is pertinently to be said that the governor's judgment is not infallible. It is quite possible, even probable, that he has made mistakes. Certainly no general reform was ever effected with absolute and unquestionable wisdom in respect of every detail.

But the intent of Governor Richardson is plainly right and he is not working in the dark, since in his extended experience as state treasurer he had opportunity of observation better than that of any other man in California. At least he is trying in good faith to carry out his promise to the people of California. In this effort he has the right to support of those who have put this great task upon him. If he has made mistakes, they may easily be corrected later; and in the meantime he deserves the support of public confidence. The *Argonaut* has been asked to protest against the proposed eliminations and curtailments in several instances. Those who makes these requests do it, no doubt, in sincerity and the belief that they are serving the public interest. But the *Argonaut* will have no hand in attempting to thwart the governor. His main purpose is one of such obvious merit as to deserve help rather than criticism. The *Argonaut* will not join the pack that is tripping at his heels and pulling his coat tails. If mistakes have been made, time and events will define them, and when they become obvious there will be time and opportunity for correction. Strength to the governor's arm!

California is not the only state where the results of "progressive" legislation, vastly expanding the scope and mutiplying the agencies of state government, are pressing hard upon those who provide the money. In all the Western states there is a rising tide of protest against the excessive cost of government. The farmer class with other presumptive beneficiaries of costly paternalistic loss are loudest in denunciation. But nowhere, it would appear, is there a legislature with courage and determination to get down to fundamentals, to lop off excrescences and cut expenses. The legislative tendency is, not to lift the burden, but to shift it. Where income taxes already exist, drives are being made to increase the rate; where income taxes are not the order of the day, similar drives are making to establish them. Numerous excise taxes are proposed, and many of them seem in a way of being applied. Business, as a result, is being made the goat.

For example we may cite Wisconsin, where the narrow line of division between La Folletteism and socialism was almost obliterated in the last election. The result is that the socialists have combined with the disgruntled farmers, who find their taxes intolerable, and are attempting to abolish the National Guard and other instruments of legitimate government, and to impose higher rates of income tax and new excise taxes. Industry, which must bear the chief burden, threatens to move out of the state, and in some instances it has already started to move. Business in Wisconsin is up in arms, but it can do nothing. Similar stories come from Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Washington, and other Western states where the socialistic idea has taken a strong hold.

One of the earliest of the states to take on a semi-socialistic system was Illinois; and by the same token Illinois was one of the first states in which industry felt the pinch of excessive taxation. Illinois found in Governor Lowden a reforming hand. Bringing the legislature into coöperation by sheer personal force, he eliminated at a stroke one-hundred-and-twenty-five commissions that were driving the state treasury to the precipice of bankruptcy. In their stead he substituted nine departments to which the multifarious activities of the commissions were given over, with substantial increase of executive efficiency and with no harm to any legitimate service. By this change a multitude of officials and commission attachés were cut from the state pay-roll, thereby saving enormous sums of money and at the same time breaking up an iniquitous political organization. This was the work of one man in the governor's office, indifferent to political effects, working against an organized political gang, but in harmony with general public sentiment.

What Governor Lowden did in Illinois, Governor Richardson is in process of doing in California. He is going at the task with vigor, with courage, with good nature. He is not permitting himself to be disturbed by the clamor of politicians, or by the appeals of earnest folk who in their folly would stay his hand. The legislature now in session at Sacramento is being brought by the governor into coöperation, not we suspect willingly, but under the whip which the governor holds by virtue of his official powers. The outcry on the part of politicians—notably the head of the education department—is loud and sustained, but, we suspect, for every protesting wail there will be two shouts of satisfaction.

Now the Boot is on the Other Foot.

In the speech of Chancellor Cuno before the Reichstag on Tuesday we have a naïve exposition of the Prussian mind. Its inability to see anything or to comprehend any situation from other than the German standpoint finds reflection in every paragraph. Only lacking is the bluster that aforetime found expression in the rattling of the German sword and in arrogant boasts of prowess. Herr Cuno pictures an innocent, kindly, and honest Germany standing apart and alone, a victim of misjudgment and cruelty. He visions her as faithful to her promises under the Versailles treaty, yet abandoned by those who owe her friendship and protection. He is horrified at the spectacle of the advance of France and Belgium—even Belgium—upon a people "without arms," and strong only "in the will of free men who oppose violence in obedience to justice." Honest-hearted Germany is pained at the horrid spectacle of France and Belgium's rude advance upon territories that are not their own. Why, asks the chancellor, do not England and America come to the relief and protection of an innocent and outraged people?

Yet innocent, outraged, impotent, suffering as Germany is, "German pride" will not consent to make direct advances looking to retirement of the French and Belgians from the Ruhr. She will suffer passively, conscious of the purity of her spirit, the innocence of her people, and of the overwatching providence of "Gott." Manifestly the government that can utter and a people that can hear with approval expressions like these have yet much to learn. Among other things, they must come to know that conduct which is outrageous in others is not allowable to them. They must come to comprehend that the cruelties which they imposed upon Belgium and France, in contempt alike of agreements and of humanity, are not consistent with pleas of innocence and virtue. If they can not understand it, they must be forced to yield to the fact that in the eyes of the world they stand as breakers of faith, as welshers of obligations, as a nation devoid of common standards of chivalry and honor.

In reaping the natural harvest of ten thousand infamies the Germans must cease to regard themselves as the victims of a cruel injustice, and they must come to realize in its full significance that under the test of force they were not merely thwarted, but beaten. They must, if they are ever again to conquer the respect of the world, cease wailing and justifying themselves and turn their energies to the hard business of making up to the full of their ability the damage they imposed upon others. The world is not impressed with appeals for mercy on the part of those who in their pride showed no mercy; those who in their arrogance assumed to be masters of the world; those who regard their solemn pledges as mere scraps of paper. They must be made to accept the fact, even if they can not understand it, that there is no consistency in a situation marked by denial of defeat and pride which refuses to accept its inevitable consequences. There is just one way by which Germany may get rid of the French in the Ruhr Valley, and that is to make terms with France and Belgium. By her own confession Germany is not able to drive them out; and even if she should develop strength to do this, it could only be at the cost of ruinous destruction of her fairest territory, of the main factor of her

industrial life. She must make terms with the French, else the French will stay in the Ruhr. Protests will not avail; nor will tearful appeals be effective.

There is no real difficulty about it. All Germany needs to do is to pay or furnish securities that will assure payment. These terms are due to France and Belgium; and it is only an inveterate arrogance and a silly vanity that puts off to another day a settlement which must ultimately be made. Germany only deceives herself with the idea that she can touch the heart of the world by melodramatic demands for sympathy and help. She does not deserve sympathy and she will get no help. The world does not wish to see Germany destroyed, but it would gladly see her humbled to the degree of realizing the facts of her situation. Her fate is in her own hands.

Unconventional Diplomacy.

Colonel Harvey has been sharply criticized at home on the score of deficiencies in the arts of conventional diplomacy. And, in truth, there is not much filigree work in Harvey's ways of doing and saying things. But he knows how to talk straight when plain English is required, and he gave a notable illustration of straight talk in a speech last week at a Pilgrims' dinner in London. His theme was the British-American debt, and while he handled it with courtesy. he spoke with a directness that cleared up something of the fog in which this subject, to a greater or less degree, has been enveloped during the past four years. There have been in Britain several points of misunderstanding concerning this subject, and those who have spoken for the British government have not been at pains to put the matter straight. It was time for plain talk.

After complimenting the country to which he is accredited by declaring that "the United Kingdom continues to rest on the rock of financial integrity and national honor," Colonel Harvey recounted the circumstances under which the debt was incurred. He made it clear that the millions loaned to England were not scooped out by shovelfuls from a bursting treasury, but were borrowed from the citizens of the country. Our treasury, he explained, had no available funds, and in order to raise the money to supply Europe in her need resorted to increased taxation and the pledging of its credit. He showed that in very considerable measure the money loaned to England went to provide food and clothing for people living in England. With a quite undiplomatic bluntness he set forth the fact that the first advance made by the United States to any ally was a sum of several hundred millions to enable Britain to discharge a pressing obligation and maintain her waning credit. Refuting the implication that the United States had enacted the rôle of a Shylock, he made it plain that money sent to England was scraped together by costly processes, and that it was still owed by our government to individual owners of our promises to pay, this at rates of interest in excess of those fixed in the recent settlement.

With special emphasis Colonel Harvey refuted the gossip that has made many believe that before we advanced money to allies other than British we demanded a British guarantee. "Great Britain," he said, "was never asked to guarantee, and never did guarantee, the payment of a single dollar loaned by the United States for the use of any other country than of Great Britain itself." He would not, he said, have mentioned the matter "but for the circumstance that an official statement of the British government promulgated August 1st last contains the specific assertion that under the arrangement arrived at the United States insisted, in substance if not in form, that though our allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it." The reference was to an utterance by Lord Balfour, obviously upon misunderstanding of the facts. Continuing, the ambassador expressed the hope that at some suitable time "the British government will, with equal formality and no less explicitness, remove the misapprehension created by this unfortunate expression."

It is to be remembered that Colonel Harvey has very recently been in this country and that he spent several days at Washington, where he was a house guest of the President. Concurrently he was in conference with Secretaries Hughes, Mellon, Hoover and other high officials of our government. His speech at the Pilgrims' dinner was beyond question a reflection of Administration ideas and sentiments, and in all likelihood it followed definite instructions. The Washington administration, we may easily believe, had grown weary of a situation which, through misinterpretation, has been made to misrepresent the United States in dealing with its foreign debtors.

Having cleared up questions as to the debt, Colonel Harvey set forth a few points that both Europe and America would do well to bear in mind. In addition to lending four-and-a-half billions to Britain, borrowed by our government from our own people, we also loaned to other allies around six billion dollars; and upon the latter sum we have received no interest, while we are still paying interest to our own creditors at the rate of two hundred and fifty millions yearly—this besides largely increasing our domestic taxation. He told his hearers that America's part in the war had cost in round numbers fifty billions of dollars in cash. Though steadily meeting the interest charge due to our citizens who advanced these vast sums, we have never dunned England or any other country. He reminded his hearers that in very large part the sums paid by us for our participation in the war were disbursed in France and England, and he further called to mind the fact that when it came to apportioning whatever had been won from Germany in the way of ships, materials, and reparations, not one dollar had been asked for by the United States.

The cables inform us that this straight talk did not sit well on the British stomach. This is often the way with plain truths. Those who speak for nations—even Lord Balfour, as we see—commonly reflect the prejudices and misapprehensions and whatever of selfish bias attaches to those they represent. It has of late become the fashion in England, in more or less polite ways, to discredit the United States, creating the impression that, because we have not sponged the slate of European debts, we are a set of grasping dollar-chasers. A time had come when the truth of history, and when our national self-respect as well, called for a plain setting forth of facts, and Colonel Harvey did it in phrases free from the ambiguities of conventional diplomacy. It now remains for the British government to take heed of Colonel Harvey's very direct and pertinent suggestion that it correct the error into which Lord Balfour fell in his famous pronouncement of August 1st.

America and the International Court.

It is hardly conceivable that the President expected Congress, in the last days of its session, to act upon a matter so debatable as his proposal that the United States participate in the Court of International Justice. True, this particular court is precisely the thing that has been advocated by a long list of American statesmen, including Root, Taft, Roosevelt and very recently Borah. But to Congress and to the country at large the proposal comes practically out of a clear sky; and in the nature of things it calls for a process of education. Ultimately the President's recommendation will in all likelihood be adopted, but it will not be until the matter shall have been thoroughly threshed out. Mr. Harding has a keen political instinct, and it is possible that, in putting the matter before Congress—and before the country—now it would provide a subject for popular consideration in the period now to intervene before the next Congress assembles in December.

From the standpoint of the Administration the subject is not new. So long ago as October last Secretary Hughes, in a speech at Boston, explained the desirability of our becoming a participant in the court; and the following day President Harding expressed the desire of the Administration to link itself with the forty other nations in recognizing the new tribunal. Now it is asked, why was there delay to the last days of the Sixty-Sixth Congress to put the matter before the Senate?

The answer, no doubt, lies in the fact that the Administration has had many matters in hand and that it has not wished to so crowd the calendar as to make confusion. A further explanation is that, being sensible of the ebb and flow of political currents, the Administration has realized that before the country will approve of the proposal it must be educated up to it. The educational process will now begin and it will continue to the next session of Congress, and probably longer.

Although a creation of the League of Nations, the Court of International Justice is in its operation independent of that organization. It functions under the league, to be sure, and its judges, each chosen for nine years, are elected jointly by the Assembly and the Council of the league, but once elected they stand quite apart from the league's machinery. The court is not closed to the United States. The very statute creating it permits nations not members of the league to have free access to the court for trying out their disputes with other nations. This country is even provided with a process of nominating candidates for judgeships without having to join the league. It is not unrecognized by the court, for one of the most distinguished American international lawyers, John Bassett Moore, sits on the bench by the election of the league.

What, it may be asked, are the advantages to be gained by the United States in seeking a more direct connection with the court? The position taken by Secretary Hughes is that national self-respect and pride require that we abstain from a position where we receive actual and potential benefits from the court while giving it no support. Under the scheme upon which the court was created by an international committee, of which Elihu Root was a member, and under the statute of the league, there is but one method by which a nation may participate in the election of judges, although a non-member nation has a method of nominating. The Administration obviously is not willing to have the United States limited to offering a nomination to be passed on by a body of which this nation is not a member.

The issue comes down to the simple question: Is it worth the price for the United States to put delegates into the league's assembly and league council for the sole purpose of participating in the election of judges under the limitations suggested by Secretary Hughes? Of course, there is no real answer to the charge that by doing this we are getting into the league by the back door or on the installment plan. But on the other hand there is no real answer to the assertion that in no other way can we participate honorably in the maintenance of and accept the benefits of this court, the constitution of which squares at all points with American ideals and American demands. On these lines the matter is to be fought out.

In the Love of Books.

The Book Club of California increases the debt California owes it by publishing "The Letters of Ambrose Bierce," reviewed in this number of the *Argonaut* by Mr. Morton Todd. It has thus preserved part of Bierce's brilliant personality; and the manner in which that has been done will be a gratification to all lovers of literature that see the work.

The Book Club is not an organization for profit, but to serve the love of books. By discriminating patronage it is upholding the standard of book composition in San Francisco—and that is much to do, for the standard has been, and is, high. No better work in book production is to be had anywhere, with the possible exception of Edinburgh. While it has not confined its efforts to California authors, the club has done a great deal to give beautiful dress to the work of such writers as Harte, Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Edwin Markham and Clark Ashton Smith. It published a fine edition of Robert Ernest Cowan's monumental work, the "Bibliography of the History of California and the Pacific West." It also published "The City of the Golden Gate," by Samuel Williams; and an account of the Vintage Festival at St. Helena by Sarah Bard Field. Going abroad, it has printed "The Kasidah," by Sir Richard Burton, and "Nationalism," by Rabindranath Tagore. These things are done in the love of books and not of money. The works are issued in a format of beauty, executed with the utmost precision, and ornamented, if at all, in exquisite manner. As a result, there is a San Francisco way to print books, and it is a way of excellence, and while not all, nor many, of our print shops pursue it, at least they have, held before them, a high type of execution and a gauge of taste. But when it comes to costs, that is the shadowy side of the picture, to say the least. And it is something the Book Club might well take up.

Book Club publications are for Book Club members, and are in closely limited editions. But the club should have more members interested in sustaining so fine an art in San Francisco. Through such an organization, this city can be kept in its old place as the literary centre of the Coast, and that is worth a great deal. To be known the world around as a place of first-class book production, and of high literary appreciation, is an invaluable asset. The organization, the interest, and the spirit of beautiful work are here. All they need is a more general participation by Californians. Art is one

of the lasting things, and the greatest art is literature. And this state has made some noble contributions to the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

Editorial Notes.

Ambassador Herrick has said: "The 1,400,000 men killed, the 8,400,000 men mobilized, and the ten departments of France invaded and practically devastated would mean proportionately for the United States 4,200,000 men killed, 25,000,000 men mobilized, four states (among the richest and most industrial) invaded and partially devastated." In France 4,690,000 inhabitants evacuated their homes, of which 4,335,000 have returned; 3256 municipalities were evacuated, of which 3216 are called returned; 7271 schools were destroyed, of which 6884 were restored; 4,000,000 acres were devastated, of which 3,000,000 have been tilled anew; 1000 miles of standard railroads were destroyed which have been repaired, while 1400 miles of other local tracks were destroyed and 800 miles repaired; 4700 factories employing more than twenty workmen each were destroyed, of which 3645 have been restored. That is appalling, but there were 711,883 homesteads destroyed, of which 329,000 have been provisionally repaired and only 671 rebuilt. Hence, many inhabitants of France still live in dugouts, cellars, corrugated iron huts and the like. France has spent 9,000,000,000 francs in reconstruction, and has received from Germany 1,500,000,000 francs. Germany can never pay for the rape of France and Belgium, but she can pay for the unreasonable destruction, and we think France and Belgium can not be swerved from that position, nor would America if similarly situated.

Mrs. Pauline Fulcher-Milward-Boyer-Flinn and other names too numerous for recital is a Federal prisoner under duplicated charges of bigamy. She confesses to four marriages, contracted minus forms of divorce, and is presumed to have been involved in seven others. Explaining her matrimonial multiplicities, the lady has this to say: "I have always been popular with men because of my light-hearted disposition and good nature." There you have it, ladies, the secret of husband-getting. The sure card to matrimony is a light-hearted disposition and good nature. It worked in the immediate case eleven times in quick succession and it has never been known to fail. The whole world is on the hunt for light-hearted disposition and good nature. The masculine half of humanity is particularly susceptible to these graces. Intellect, the higher culture, beauty—all may fail. Cultivate the light-hearted disposition and good nature—that's the winning trick.

The newest temperance movement in England takes a form of greater moderation than our own. An association of churches, Protestant and Catholic, has been formed for restriction of the liquor traffic. There are four planks in its platform: (1) no sale of liquor to minors; (2) local option; (3) no sale of liquor on Sundays; (4) supplying of liquor to clubs to be subject to grant under annual license by local justices. The movement proclaims that it does not aim at prohibition. Cardinal Bourne, in addressing a meeting at the Mansion House in which all the churches were represented, expressed regret that the word "temperance" had become degenerate in respect of its limited application. Temperance, he said, does not mean total abstinence.

A news dispatch from Berlin declares that "Germany is losing patience." If France and Belgium don't mend their manners, if they do not cease taking over German territories, possessing themselves of German industries, assessing fines against German towns, disciplining rebellious German officials, she will "sever diplomatic relations." Really, really, also well, well! In this burst of heroic resentment we find something remindful of a more or less classic story: "You have, sir," declared one driven to the verge of desperation, "slandered my mother, insulted my wife, kidnaped my daughter. Have a care, sir. Do not go too far!"

Government ownership is wrong because it is socialism, and socialism is wrong because it is government ownership.

Truly it is a painful spectacle, that of Belgium—we quote the phrase of Chancellor Cuno—"violating the liberties of Germany"!

The cafeteria may be older than we think. Judging from the gestures of some of the modern "interpretative" dancers, the ancient Egyptians must have been a nation of tray carriers. Children thus instructed in Egyptology will be able to correct the errors of the Egyptian artists.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Double Punishment Under the Volstead Act.

New York, February 28, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* On December 11, 1923, the Supreme Court of the United States decided the Lanza case.

The only question which the court considered was whether Lanza could be punished under the Volstead law by Federal authorities for the same acts for which he had already been punished by the State of Washington. The court closed its opinion as follows:

Conviction and punishment in a state court, under a state law, for making, transporting, and selling intoxicating liquors is not a bar to a prosecution in a court of the United States, under the Federal law, for the same acts.

In the Lanza case the court held that "the power confided to Congress" by the Eighteenth Amendment "was in nowise dependent on, or affected by, action, or inaction on the part of the several states or any of them."

Certain states have passed laws for enforcement of the constitutional amendment, while other states have either omitted to pass such laws, or have rejected them.

What support could now be secured for such state laws since we learn that they involve double punishment for *"the same acts,"* once by the state courts and again by the Federal courts?

The question relates entirely to the preservation of our civil rights. Assuming that prohibition ought to be enforced, the great fundamental principle that there ought not to be double punishment *"for the same acts"* appeals to prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists alike.

The Supreme Court has now notified the country of the consequences of our state enforcement law. What is our duty? There is no middle ground. Either we still hold every day to the great fundamental principle, not to permit double punishments "for the same acts," or we abandon it. This state may provide that one who has been punished in a court of the United States shall not be subject to punishment again "for the same act" in the state courts, but the state is powerless to protect from punishment again in the Federal courts one who already has been punished "for the same act" in our own courts.

Under our state enforcement law the penalty for a first offense is not more than $500 without imprisonment, "and for a second offense not less than $100 nor more than $1000, *or* imprisonment for not more than ninety days."

Under the Volstead law the penalty for a first offense is not more than $1000 "or imprisonemnt not exceeding six months," and for a second offense the defendant *shall* be fined not less than $200 or more than $2000, *"and* be imprisoned not less than one month, nor more than five years."

The net result of the two laws is that a citizen of this state who has been convicted in our courts of a second violation of our enforcement law and paid $500 fine and served a three months' term in jail may, at once thereafter, be prosecuted in a court of the United States, and in the case of a second offense *must* be sentenced to imprisonment, the term of which may extend to five years, or a total possible punishment in both courts of $3000 fine and more than five years in prison, "all for the same act."

It is needless to add that the trial in the state court provides the Federal authorities with all the needed proof, and we have no reason to suppose that other Federal district attorneys will be less ambitious to secure double punishments than was the district attorney for the Western District of Washington.

We hear much talk of disrespect of law by individuals, but what shall be said of a sovereign state that writes into its statute law its disrespect of so fundamental a doctrine as that which is designed to protect a citizen from double punishment "for the same act"? This is law-made lawlessness.

What political party could expect support at the polls that put such a doctrine in its platform? Austen G. Fox.

When Germany Did It.

San Francisco, March 5, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut: As we read so much of the invasion of the Ruhr district by the French it might be of interest to some of your readers to hear about the invasion of Germany by the Germans. I quote (translation) from "Empire Liberal," by Emile Ollivier (Volume VIII), in regard to the invasion of Bavaria by the Prussians in 1866 (1): "Frankfort was made to suffer severely by the conquerors. Arbitrary arrests, insolence and extortions. . . . The inhabitants were oppressed in every possible manner. . . . Falkenstein decreed that the city had to furnish a pair of shoes for every soldier, eight cigars daily for every man, three hundred good horses and the army pay for one year, that is: 5,748,008 silver florins. He promised that, these conditions being complied with, no further contributions would be exacted. . . . Falkenstein was replaced by Manteuffel. No sooned had the latter taken command than Bismarck ordered him to exact a contribution of twenty millions of florins, to be deposited within twenty-four hours. . . . The promise made by Falkenstein was invoked, but the reply was: 'The promise made binds Falkenstein, not me' (2). . . . However, the contribution was reduced by Bismarck (3) to nineteen millions of florins. Such an enormous amount could not be found in so short a time, it found at all. . . . A delegation of leading men, headed by Rothschild, supplicated the military authorities not to plunder or destroy their city, the menace to do so having been made by the invaders. Manteuffel refused to make any concessions. He left the next day for the front, leaving Roeder to do the collecting. . . . Roeder authorized the legislative bodies to meet and to deliberate, and as the city's resources would not permit of the payment, it was decided to send three delegates to the king. Roeder informed the burgomasters Fellner and Muller to furnish him with a list of the names of all the members of the two legislative bodies and the amount of property owned by each of them. Felner refused to abide and committed suicide by hanging. The committee of leading men was informed that if they did not pay, all communications, post, telegraph and railways, would be forbidden. All stores and public buildings would be closed. A military blocus would forbid any one leaving the city. . . . An old lady of the nobility said later that she had witnessed in the past various military invasions, but that of all of them, she had never seen such a rule of the sabre and reign of terrorism." The forcgoing is forcible and succinct data.

Joris Van Antwerpen.

(1) Bavaria owed no debts to Prussia.

(2) This is a German, both military and civilian, mode of procedure, so that the successor in power is not bound by pledges made by predecessors in power. This rule was followed by the Germans in the invasion of Belgium in 1914-1918. See proclamations by Von Bissing and others.

(3) Bismarck, a great German from a German point of view, was notoriously unscrupulous. He forged, or rather falsified, the famous Ems telegram in 1870, which caused the Franco-Prussian war.—J. Van A.

SUBSIDIES OR SHIPS?

It Seems That Our Merchant Marine Must Sail on Its Own Bottom or Rot at the Dock.

The ship subsidy bill has been talked to death—again. This time a senatorial bloc is blamed for its demise. Last time we had no blocs in this country that we knew by that name, but we had the same hostile sentiment. It never dies. It grows right out of the soil of the Middle West and is handed down from father to son, as a sacred tradition of the United States. Like it or not, this is not a country that subsidizes shipping. And unless it can get a merchant marine some other way it seems unlikely to have one.

The effort to pass the subsidy bill arose out of a creditable desire on the Administration's part to liquidate the vast shipping investment which the sudden cessation of war had left high and dry. If we had not found ourselves with those millions and millions of dollars' worth of ships, costing for their maintenance and their experimental and unprofitable operation some $50,000,000 a year, it is not likely that President Harding would have ventured on a course inharmonious with traditional American sentiment. The ship subsidy bill grew out of the war, and is one of the losses of the war. And those gentlemen who for their private purposes have advocated subsidies may as well give it up. They will get none, and persistence will merely delay the solution of the problem and postpone the day when we may perhaps have a merchant marine.

Notwithstanding the sincerity of the President and Mr. Lasker, a sad lot of misinformation gets into the public mind when the question of American merchant shipping grows acute. No problem of equal importance except the tariff and the coinage has been so muddled with ambiguity. The effort to subsidize shipping has been made several times since the civil war, and always with the same result, for the same reasons. And the abruptness with which the agitation dies out of public discussion and disappears from the newspapers every time a subsidy bill is killed yields an amusing indication of the fact that what some of the most active agitators was really thinking about was the subsidy rather than the ships.

Under normal circumstances, not the abnormal conditions inherited by the present Administration, the agitation for subsidies proceeds by four main fallacies, some of which the people always seem dimly to detect in time to grow resentful. One of these is that the British subsidize their shipping; another, that lines of fine passenger steamers are in some way necessary to our foreign trade; another, that we can not have them unless we subsidize them; and another that a merchant marine is worth bailing out government money to have, to whatever extent it may be necessary in order to get it. None of these things is true in a pertinent sense.

The British do not subsidize their shipping, in any manner or to any extent that effects the problem or that would be worth imitating by us in order to compete with them. That is, they do not subsidize their shipping in the American meaning of the word. The term "subsidy," in Great Britain, does not mean what it does in this country. There, it signifies merely payments for services rendered, and those payments have been so closely figured and dealt cut in such a niggardly way that the Peninsula & Oriental Line once threw up the contracts under which it was receiving them because instead of being helped by them it was losing money. That was a demonstration that if the British merchant marine did receive "subsidies," it only received them in the English meaning of the term. It was not "built up" by them, is not based upon them. A few vessels on transatlantic runs receive these dubious benefits, in return for which a number of onerous conditions and expensive services are exacted. The whole tonnage to which these so-called "subsidies" are paid is negligible in comparison with the total British tonnage, which is in no way affected by them. Almost the entire merchant marine, practically all that part of it which is serviceable in promoting and sustaining trade, receives never a shilling of help from the British government. It moves under its own steam, because it is economically built and economically operated, and finds the business. If you don't believe it, ask "Captain" Dollar. He operates British ships out of this port and out of Vancouver, and the admiralty has never paid him a cent. He doesn't need it. All he needs is that reasonable freedom in capitalization and operation which is denied him under the American flag. His American ships go coastwise, being protected against foreign competition, and are of no account in foreign commerce.

The ships that serve the great bulk of British business are not the plush-upholstered passenger liners, but the dirty and unfashionable tramps, bucketing about the seven seas and available wherever they can find freight. These form a mobile scouting force, active because they are hungry. They don't need subsidies. Probably all they need is to be reasonably free, as they are. It is getting pretty difficult, however, to imagine anything American that is free. Last week the House of Representatives of South Carolina passed a bill prohibiting the playing of pool and billiards anywhere in that state. Neither commerce nor people can thrive under laws conceived in that spirit.

If every British ship that receives any sort of pay-

ment from the government should sink tonight, those that receive nothing from the government would still constitute the greatest merchant marine afloat. And if that can compete, as it does successfully compete, with the Japanese and the Norwegian and the German and Dutch vessels, then it does not matter whether those others receive subsidies or not, we should be able to compete with them if we could hold up our end with the British; which we can not do at present—but not for lack of subsidies.

What shipping needs is to be free. Our shipyards say they can not build ships in competition with the yards on the Clyde. If that is true then we should buy our ships on the Clyde, or anywhere else that ships are cheap. That is the rational way to dispose of the obstacle of excessive capitalization. But we do not know whether it is true or not, and we can not find out except by trying it. The testimony of shipyard owners on the subject is worthless, for they are interested. To put the thing to a real test it would be necessary to modify our navigation laws so that anybody could buy a ship anywhere he found it cheapest, and sail it under the American flag, which can not now be done.

The obstacle of over-capitalization, through having to build ships in protected American yards, is not the only one, and perhaps it is no longer the most serious. There are operating costs made artificially prohibitive. Having protected the shipyards by our navigation laws at the expense of the shipping (and that began long ago in the days of wooden ships when it did not hurt because we could build those ships cheaper than the British), Congress took to coddling sailors, also at the expense of shipping. The La Follette Seamen's Act is enough to discourage any industry in the world, to say nothing of one heavily handicapped already. If our vessels have to be over-manned, and if the needless number of sailors has to be fed on fresh mushrooms and early asparagus, and provided with bathrooms and Florida water, that business is not going to look irresistibly seductive to any business man with sense. He may operate ships coastwise, where he can be in turn protected from foreign competition, so that he can hand the excessive costs along to the shipper and so to the consumer; but he will not venture abroad. He will never become a drummer in China for California canned peaches and cured prunes. The steaming radius of his investment will be Seattle or Alaska on the north and San Diego on the south, and way stations, and perhaps Hawaii—good, safe places where we already have business. Not very adventurous, that, nor helpful in the expansion of foreign trade.

And then, because we are not maritime people in any effective sense, and our officials know little about the business and care less, our shipping is harassed in a number of other ways. It pays excessive tonnage taxes in every port because of over-measurement, and it must replace its boilers 25 per cent. too soon because of unreasonable inspection. There is now a 50 per cent. import duty on repairs. And there is always more or less friction with the coddled crew—either its breakfast eggs are boiled half a minute too long, or the sea-cook forgot to trim the crust from the toast, or there is some other cause of complaint and embarrassment before the nearest American consul or commissioner, often a politician with a soft berth in a distant city for delivering a good labor vote in Amity, Indiana, or some similar seaport; or perhaps a civil service appointee rooted to his chair.

When the professional subsidy advocate sees he can't get the money, he stops talking about the ships. The propaganda breaks off as short as a Scotchman's treat. There has been practically nothing in the newspapers about our distressing need of ships since the latest subsidy bill was gassed to death. As far as the professional subsidy advocate is concerned we can fret along without a merchant marine. And probably we shall, and probably shall not suffer greatly thereby.

The whole thing is overrated, exaggerated, inflated in importance. Why do we want a merchant marine? To serve, protect, and propagate our vast foreign trade? How vast is it? We have strangled it with governmental meddling and labor coddling in the interest of monstrous infant industries, now of war babies, but thank God we have been prohibited from strangling our interstate commerce that way—or it would have been done. Hence our exports of manufactures are less than 4 per cent. of our production. It might well be more if we had a merchant marine of our own in the offshore trade, and it could be a great deal more without our noticing it much; but as it is, it is about the best we can do, and it is being hauled for us either by American corporations forced by our laws to sail their ships under foreign flags, or by foreigners willing to do it cheaper than we could afford to if we were permitted.

An Englishman can buy ships anywhere and sail them under the British flag; but that has not closed the British shipyards. Last year there were launched in Great Britain 426 merchantmen aggregating 1,538,000 tons; in Germany 195 merchantmen. How many, besides ferryboats, in the United States? Yet it is not wholly a matter of first cost. Under present operating laws our ship-owners could hardly be induced to accept war-time vessels as birthday presents.

Before anything else is done about shipping, these handicaps ought to be removed. Shipping should be free. And if it were free we should have, automatically, just as much of it as it would be profitable to have. More we should not worry about, for the excess amount would be a hot-house flower, of some sentimental beauty, but little substantial value.

And if the amount of merchant marine we had under free conditions, or conditions equal to those of our competitors, proved to be none at all, it would merely indicate that we were too prosperous to engage in that sort of business; that our time and our talents were better employed, on production and internal development in general; just as a bank president's time and talents are better employed than they would be if he kept an express wagon with which to haul his own trunks to the station.

We ought to have a merchant marine if one will grow naturally. But it should be given a chance to grow naturally. It is useless trying to offset the artificial disabilities with which we have crippled it by grants of money, open or disguised. The public will not have it, even to salvage the war shipping.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

To the Nile.

Mysterious Flood,—that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
Which were not, hut for thee,—

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,
Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs hegan,
When dawned upon thy fresh, untrammeled shore
The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
Where the gray Past records its ancient speech;
But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and fears
Run hlended, o'er the plains of History:
Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand years
Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals?
Or Memnon's music on the Thehan plain?
The carnage, when Camhyses made thy halls
Ruddy with royal slain?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines were huilt
For worship of thine own majestic flood;
For thee the incense hurned,—for thee was spilt
The sacrificial hlood.

And past the hannered pylons that arose
Ahove thy palms, the pageantry and state,
Thy current flowed, calmly as now it flows,
Unchangeahle as Fate.

Thou givest hlessing as a God might give,
Whose heing is his hounty: from the slime
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the halm
Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I hring
No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme;
But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
To float upon thy stream!—*Bayard Taylor.*

There Is No Unhelief.

There is no unhelief;
Whoever plants a seed heneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unhelief;
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light hreaketh hy and hy,"
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unhelief;
Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

There is no unhelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumher deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unhelief;
Whoever says "tomorrow," "the unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that power alone,
He dares disown.

There is no unhelief;
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unhelief;
For thus hy day and night unconsciously
The heart lives hy the faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why. —*Lizzie York Case.*

Perhaps the most important waste fuel in the United States has been spent tanbark. A rough estimate would indicate that this material generated a few years ago an amount of steam that would have otherwise required the yearly consumption of about 2,000,000 tons of high-grade coal. Yet at one time it was considered a mere detriment and an expense to the leather industry. It was disposed of by dumping it into rivers, by filling in waste ground, and by making roads with it, often necessitating the payment of large sums for its disposition. The improvement of a furnace converted a substance supposedly incombustible into a valuable fuel and an enormous waste was converted into an equally great saving.

BIERCE IN HIS LETTERS.

Book Club of California Supplies Pictures of the Human Side of a Great Writer.

It is not best that a genius should die a common person's death. For such the soul demands tragedy; or better, mystery, as though the gods had loved him, and after bedeviling him to their satisfaction, in the manner of those capricious beings, had snatched him behind a veil. Did not a philosopher jump down the crater of Ætna? It is nine years since Bierce disappeared, wandering southward, waving his careless farewell to his country, and turning his hawk's eyes, now grown dim, toward the fate that awaited him across the Mexican border. What did he journey to meet? We shall not learn. The land of blood swallowed him. Some peon bandit, perhaps, shot him as casually as he would a common man; but we may not lay impious hands upon the veil. We have a picture in a reporter's notes of a Gringo with ruddy face and white hair, who stepped contemptuously before a firing squad of Villaistas, and took his death along with a captured muleteer. That would look, and be, like Bierce. But it was never verified, even by his faithful friend George Sterling; so the mystery remains. And while he had no touch of the histrionic, perhaps he would have preferred that.

Feeling age advance, he wrote a friend:

> You must try to forgive my obstinacy in not "perishing" where I am. I want to he where something worth while is going on, or where nothing whatever is going on. Good-hy—if you hear of my heing stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life. It heats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To he a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia!

Some letters are now published by the Book Club of California, to reveal the human side of a man too little known except as a vial of acid, corroding, with such satire as the English-speaking world has not seen since Swift, the base-metal he found so abundant among our parish characters. Why was the acid wasted on merely local persons? Well, we have just as good material for satire in San Francisco as they have anywhere; and Bierce had the sense to love California. And if there were some that knew him only for his withering jibes, that was tragedy, too; for in him burned the clean flame of a poet, capable of smelting out fine gold. Who but a poet of poets, and a poet's poet, could have written that exquisite lyric, "The Town of Dæ"? Or could have written "Geotheos"? And who but one of vast, earth-rocking humor could have produced his "Thanksgiving"? Or who but a seer could have written his "Invocation"? Sincerity was his, a lofty "keeping of faith with himself," as manifested in the grandest collection of enemies any man could boast. He was never a respecter of others' prejudices, what they call their faiths, meaning their beliefs. Not for him the Pollyanna piffle of "Pippa Passes." He knew that whether God was in his heaven or not, all was not right with the world—that in truth extremely little was right with it, or ever stayed right with it long. For this he had no cure, no Painless Parker treatment—but at least he refused to gurgle optimism about it, in the manner of Browning, or Whitman, or the post-prandial orator of a Rotary Club or an Ad Men's Convention. Rather he liked to take some disgusting theological or sociological humbug and fry the unction out of it, and cook the flesh off its bones, and burn the bones, and fling the shameful ashes on the dunghill of his scorn. At this, the man was magnificent. He that does not know his "Arma Virumque," written as we were about to embark upon our holy crusade against the Spaniards in Cuba, should learn it now. It goes:

> "Ours is a Christian Army"; so he said
> A regiment of hangomen who led.
> "And ours a Christian Navy," added he
> Who sailed a thunder-junk upon the sea.
> Better they know than men unwarlike do
> What is an army and a navy, too.
> Pray God there may he sent them hy-and-hy
> The knowledge what a Christian is, and why.
> For somewhat lamely the conception runs
> Of a hrass-huttoned Jesus firing guns.

Could Voltaire beat that? Perhaps; but he didn't.

By many San Franciscans Bierce is remembered as the writer of "Prattle," which began in the *Argonaut* and was continued as a Sunday feature of a local daily paper—a column, before the vogue of the "colyumist," of what Bailey Millard called "the most wickedly clever, the most audaciously personal, and the most eagerly devoured column of *causerie* that ever was printed in this country." Yet this man who compelled the critical Mencken to declare him the first wit of America could make his own son cry out: "My father is a greater man than Christ! He has suffered more than Christ!"

Needless to say, these letters were not written for publication, and lack the jewel hardness to which Bierce polished his work. But they show the man more, some quite intimately. He had his own valuation of the bread-and-butter part of his trade. To a magazine editor that had rejected a satire and offered him money for a story he said:

> No, thank you; if I have to write rot, I prefer to do it for the newspapers, which make no false pretenses and are

frankly rotten, and in which the hadness of a had thing escapes detection or is forgotten as soon as it is cold.

I know how to write a story (of "happy ending" sort) for magazine readers for whom literature is too good, hut I will not do so, so long as stealing is more honorahle and interesting. I have offered you . . . the hest that I am ahle to make; and now you must excuse me.

The first epistle in this book is to Blanche, then a beginner at letters, and his advice defines a great writer's attitude toward his art:

You receive my suggestion about trying your hand . . . at writing, with assent and apparently pleasure. But, alas, not for the love of the art, but for the purpose of helping God repair his botchwork world. You want to "reform things," poor girl—to rise and lay ahout you, slaying monsters and liherating captive maids. You would "help to alter for the hetter the position of working-women." You would he a missionary—and the rest of it. Perhaps I shall not make myself understood when I say that this discourages me; that in such aims (worthy as they are) I would do nothing to assist you; that such amhitions are not only impracticahle hut incompatible with the spirit that gives success in art; that such ends are a prostitution of art; that "helpful" writing is dull reading. If you had had more experience of life I should regard what you say as entirely conclusive against your possession of any talent of a literary kind. But you are so young and untaught in that way—and I have the testimony of little felicities and purely literary touches (apparently unconscious) in your letters—perhaps your unschooled heart and hope should not he held as having spoken the conclusive word. But surely, my child—as surely as anything in mathematics—Art will laurel no brow having a divided allegiance. Love the world as much as you will, hut serve it otherwise. The hest service you can perform hy writing is to write well with no care for anything hut that. Plant and water and let God give the increase if he will, and to whom it shall please him.

Suppose your father were to "help working-women" by painting no pictures hut such (of their ugly surroundings, say) as would incite them to help themselves, or others to help them. Suppose you should play no music but such as—but I need go no further. Literature (I don't mean journalism) is an *art;*—it is not a form of henevolence. It has nothing to do with "reform," and when used as a means of reform suffers accordingly and justly. Unless you can *feel* that way I can not advise you to meddle with it.

It would he dishonest in me to accept your praise for what I wrote of the Homestead Works quarrel—unless you should praise it for heing well written and true. I have no sympathies with that savage fight hetween the two kinds of rascals, and no desire to assist either—except to hetter hearts and manners. The love of truth is good enough motive for me when I write of my fellow-men. I like many things in this world and a few persons—I like you, for example; hut after they are served I have no love to waste upon the irreclaimahle mass of hrutality that we know as "mankind." Compassion, yes—I am sincerely sorry that they are hrutes.

It would clear away a great deal of pink fog if everybody could read this, on the function of literature:

I know, dear Blanche, of the disagreement among men as to the nature and aims of literature; and the subject is too "long" to discuss. I will only say that it seems to me that men holding Tolstoy's view are not properly literary men (that is to say, artists) at all. They are "missionaries," who, in their zeal to lay ahout them, do not scruple to seize any weapon that they can lay their hands on; they would grah a crucifix to heat a dog. The dog is well heaten, no douht (which makes him a worse dog than he was hefore), hut note the condition of the crucifix! The work of these men is better, of course, than the work of men of truer art and inferior hrains; hut always you see the possihilities—possihilities to *them*—which they had missed or consciously sacrificed to their fad. And after all they do no good. The world does not wish to he helped. The poor wish only to he rich, which is impossihle; not to he hetter. They would like to he rich in order to be worse, generally speaking. And your working woman (also generally speaking) does not wish to he virtuous; despite her insincere deprecation she would not let the existing system he altered if she could help it. Individual men and women can he assisted; and happily some are worthy of assistance. No *class* of mankind, no trihe, no nation is worth the sacrifice of one good man or woman; for not only is their average worth low, hut they like it that way; and in trying to help them you fail to help the good individuals. Your family, your immediate friends, will give you scope enough for all your benevolence. I must include *yourself.*

And later he told Blanche something about books that will interest all lovers of those attractive deceivers:

So you hegin to suspect that hooks do not give you the truth of life and character. Well, that suspicion is the heginning of wisdom, and, so far as it goes, a preliminary qualification for writing—hooks. Men and women are certainly not what hooks represent them to he, nor what *they* represent—and sometimes helieve—themselves to he. They are better, they are worse, and far more interesting.

George Sterling had his profitable contacts with Bierce, who held him to such rigid standards of performance and poured on him such concentrated counsels of perfection as must have discouraged any one but the real poet unable to live without creating poetry. Being a poet, and high-hearted, Sterling was more or less exposed to the infection of socialism, and so his mentor endeavored to immunize him:

Of course I deplore your tendency to dailiance with the demagogic muse. I hope you will not set your feet in the dirty paths—leading nowhither—of social and political "reform." . . . I hope you will not follow ——— in making a sale of your poet's hirthright for a mess of "popularity." If you do I shall have to part company with you, as I have done with him and at least *one* of his betters, for I draw the line at demagogues and anarchists, however gifted and however heloved.

Let the "poor" alone—they are oppressed hy nohody but God. Nohody hates them, nobody despises. "The rich" love them a deal hetter than they love one another. But I'll not go into these matters; your own good sense must be your salvation if you are saved. I recognize the temptations of environment: you are of San Francisco, the paradise of ignorance, anarchy, and general yellowness. Still, a poet is not altogether the creature of his place and time—at least not of his today and his parish.

Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns" delighted the Titan. It had cosmic grasp, the universal sweep, and the splendor of stars. And through Bierce's appreciation of it comes again the admonition on the subjects of vocation and avocation:

You shall he the poet of the skies, the prophet of the suns. Don't fiddle-faddle with such infinitesimal and tiresome trivialities as (for example) the immemorial squahhle of "rich" and "poor" on this "mote in the sunheam." (Both "classes," when you come to that, are ahout equally disgusting and unworthy—there's not a pin's moral difference between them.) Let them cheat and pick pockets and cut throats to the satisfaction of their hase instincts, hut do thou regard them not. Moreover, hy that great law of change which you so clearly discern, there can he no permanent composition of their nasty strife. "Settle" it how you will—another beat of the pendulum and all is as hefore; and ere another, Man will again he savage, sitting on his naked haunches and gnawing raw hones.

Yes, circumstances make the "rich" what they are. And circumstances make the poor what *they* are. I have known hoth, long and well. The rich—*while* rich—are a trifle hetter. There's nothing like poverty to nurture hadness. But in this country there are no such "classes" as "rich" and "poor": as a rule, the wealthy man of today was a poor devil yesterday; the poor devils of today have an equal chance to he rich tomorrow—or would have if they had equal hrains and providence. The system that gives them the chance is not an oppressive one. Under a really oppressive system a salesman in a village grocery could not have risen to a salary of one million dollars a year because he was worth it to his employers, as Schwah has done. True some men get rich hy dishonesty, hut the poor commonly cheat as hard as they can and remain poor—thereby escaping observation and censure. The moral difference hetween cheating to the limit of a small opportunity and cheating to the limit of a great one is to me indiscernahle. The workman who "skimps his work" is just as much a rascal as the "director" who corners a crop.

And here is a sort of confession from a man that had thought much upon literary values:

My favorite translation of Homer is that of Pope, of whom it is the present fashion to speak disparagingly, as it is of Byron. I know all that can he said against them, and say *some* of it myself, hut I wish their detractors had a little of their hrains. I know, too, that Pope's translations of The Iliad and The Odyssey are rather paraphrases than translations. But I love them just the same, while wondering (with you, douhtless) what so profoundly affected Keats when he "heard Chapman speak out loud and hold." Whatever it was, it gave us what Coleridge pronounced the best sonnet in our language; and Lang's admiration of Homer has given us at least the next hest. Of course there must he something in poems that produce poems—in a poet whom most poets confess their king. I hold (with Poe) that there is no such thing as a *long* poem—a poem of the length of an Epic. It must consist of poetic passages connected hy *recitativo,* to use an opera word; hut is perhaps hetter for that. If the writer can not write "sustained" poetry the reader prohahly could not read it. Anyhow, I vote for Homer.

To a friend imploring him to return to California, after he had been some time in Washington, Bierce replied:

Please don't persuade me to come to California—I mean don't *try* to, for I can't, and it hurts a little to say nay. There's a hig bit of my heart there, hut—O never mind the reasons; some of them would not look well on paper. One of them I don't mind telling; I would not live in a state under union lahor rule. There is still one place where the honest American lahoring man is not permitted to cut throats and strip hodies of women at his own sweet will. That is the District of Columhia.

And here are his respects to some of his literary contemporaries:

No, you had not hefore sent me Upton Sinclair's article explaining why American literature is "hourgeois." It is amusingly grotesque. The political and economical situation has ahout as much to do with it as have the direction of our rivers and the prevailing color of our hair. But it is of the nature of the faddist (and of all faddists the ultra socialist is the most untamed hy sense) to see in everything his hohhy, with its name writ large. He is the humorist of observers. When Sinclair transiently forgets his gospel of the impossihle he can see well enough.

If your neighhor Carmelites are really "normal" and respectable I'm sorry for you. They will surely (remaining cold soher themselves) drive you to drink. Their sort affects *me* that way. God hless the crank and the curio!—what would life in this desert he without its mullahs and its dervishes? A matter of merchants and camel drivers—no one to laugh with and at.

Did you see Gorky's estimate of us in *Appleton's?* Having heen a few weeks in the land, whose language he knows not a word of, he knows (hy intuition of genius and a wee-hit help from Gaylord Wilshire and his gang) all about us, and tells it in generalities of vituperation as applicable to one country as to another. He's a dandy homh-thrower, hut he handles the stink-pot only indifferently well. He should write (for the *Cosmopolitan)* on "The Treason of God."

Here is a bit of advice for many an ambitious writer:

I've no recollection of advising young authors to "leave all heart and sentiment out of their work." If I did the context would prohably show that it was because their time might hetter he given to perfect themselves in form, against the day when their hearts would he less wild and their sentiments truer. You know it has always heen my belief that one can not he trusted to feel until one has learned to think—and few youngsters have learned to do that. Was it not Dr. Holmes who advised a young writer to cut out every passage that he thought particularly good? He'd he sure to think the heautiful and sentimental passages the hest, would he not?

And as the observation of a competent observer of history in its eternal evolution there may be a present value to the nation in the following:

If I had my way nohody should remain in the civil service more than five years. At the end of that period not one of them cares a rap for the good of the service or the country—as we soldiers used to do on thirteen dollars a month (with starvation, disease, and deatb thrown in). Their grievance is that the government does not undertake to maintain them in the style to which they choose to accustom themselves. They fix their standard of living just a little higher than they can afford, and would do so no matter what salary tbey got, as all salary persons invariahly do. Then they damn their employer for not enabling them to live up to it.

If they can do hetter "outside" why don't they go outside and do so; if they can't (which means that they are getting more than they are worth) what are they complaining about?

What this country needs—what every country needs occasionally—is a good hard bloody war to revive the vice of patriotism on which its existence as a nation depends. Meantime, you socialists, anarchists, and other sentimentaliters and futilitarians will find the civil service your best recruiting ground, for it is the Land of Reasonless Discontent. I yearn for the strong-handed Dictator who will swat you all on the mouths o' you till you are "heard to cease." Until then—How? (drinking). Yours sincerely, Ambrose Bierce.

And yet, Bierce hated war. Every one of his soldier tales is a crystal-clear presentation of war's brutalities and horrors.

Bertha Clark Pope's introduction to these letters is sound writing.

The volume opens with a picture of an eagle sitting in an armchair—so fine and beautiful is the personality that flowers in the crest of waving hair and glows in the fiery eyes. Bierce was the youngest major of the civil war, and when he discussed military matters he knew what he discussed. He was one of that brilliant group of writers that formed the *Argonaut,* taking his desk the year Frank M. Pixley founded the paper—1876. The departments, which are still maintained, and which are a continuing source of the paper's unique vogue, were almost all his conception. And although he came to be at outs with the *Argonaut* later, it is glad to pay this tribute to one of the greatest of American literary men. It is hard to specify his standing; artistic appraisals being so largely subjective. His work is the despair of thousands that write, and he raised the plane of American intelligence. How many have done that?

The Letters of Ambrose Bierce. Edited by Bertha Clark Pope; with a Memoir by George Sterling. San Francisco: the Book Club of California. Printed by John Henry Nash; the edition limited to 415 copies; $10, to members only.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edward Willard Deming, the painter of American Indians and animals, whose work has just been given a comprehensive exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum, has had an unusually interesting career. As a boy his playmates were the young of the Winnebago tribe in the wild country of Illinois in the 'sixties. Associating with the Winnebagos until he was a young man, he became so absorbed in their life and customs that he decided to make a study of them and other Indian tribes his life work. Accordingly he became a wanderer from Hudson Bay to the southern part of Mexico, living with red men and making innumerable studies with brush, pen, and camera.

The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been awarded to Professor Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago for application of the "interferometer" to astronomical measurements. Its use by Professor Michelson to measure Betelgeuse, the huge reddish star in Orion, was declared of speeial importance. Professor Michelson graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1873, and was instructor at the academy in physics and chemistry for a period of four years. He has been a student at foreign universities and has received a number of medals. He was awarded the Nöbel prize for physics at the Swedish Academy of Sciences in 1907, and is the author of several scientific works on light.

King Khama, chief of the Damagwato in Bechuanaland, has just died at the age of ninety-five. He was described by Sir Frederick Lugard as the greatest living African; he ruled over 35,000 subjects and his life was one of the romances of missionary work. He was associated in his childhood with his father in his work as a witch doctor, and later met David Livingstone, on Livingstone's first exploring journey in Central Africa. In his early twenties he with his wife became a Christian, and they were both baptized. He infuriated his father by refusing to be a polygamist, or to be associated with witchcraft. King Khama was a great prohibitionist; he fought the manufacture of kaffir beer by his tribe, and was so furious with the white settlers who, after repeated warnings, refused to stop selling spirits that he exiled them from his territory.

Dr. Louis Agricola Bauer, famous astronomer and magnetician, is director of the department of terrestrial magnetism at the Carnegie Institute, Washington. He and his staff are now engaged in determining corrections between the standard instruments in the Washington laboratory for measuring the earth's magnetism, and the instruments sent to other parts of the country. Although the street-cars are half a mile from the laboratory, the "leakage" from the electric lines affects the instruments so much that absolute precision is impossible. Therefore for a week or two auto buses took the place of the "owl" service from the Calvert Street bridge to Chevy Chase Circle. Dr. Bauer is a graduate of both American and German universities, is a lecturer on terrestrial magnetism, has received prizes from foreign scientific societies, and was Halley lecturer at the University of Oxford in 1913.

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the Indian scientist, was educated both in India and in England. He talks and lectures like a Western scholar, and with the vocabulary and cultivated accent of a Cambridge man. His researches in plant life, as well as inorganic matter, have revealed curious facts hitherto unknown to the Western world. He is the author of a number of scientific works, among the best known being "Response in the Living and Non-Living," "The Response of Inorganic Movement to Stimulus," "Life Movement in Plants." And among the curious discoveries made in the course of his experiments are the qualities of fatigue, response to stimulus, and death in metals.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending March 3, 1923, were $160,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $142,900,000; an increase of $17,200,000.

The French and German economic struggle in the Ruhr region appears to he no nearer settlement than a week ago, and in fact various new complications have arisen. It is impossihle to predict the outcome, hut it does seem fairly certain that unless France soon attains some measure of success in her venture the depreciation in her currency and consequent rising cost of living of the French people will exert a powerful influence toward some sort of a compromise agreement. While sterling has advanced nearer to parity than at any time since the artificial restrictions were removed, francs are almost at their lowest point and German marks have enjoyed a curious rally in spite of the continued enormous output of the government printing presses.

Our security markets continue to reflect the view that our prosperity is to a very great degree independent of events iu Europe. Almost all classes of stocks have advanced under active huying, and daily there is increasing evidence of puhlic interest. In practically all instances the 1922 annual reports, now heing puhlished, show marked improvement over 1921 and point to much hetter earnings for this year. The stock market appears to he headed for much higher levels, hut, as always in any such hull movement, we must expect sharp reactions from time to time. Brokers' loans have risen slightly ahove the high point of last year, hut as yet there are no signs of strain in the credit structure. There is a plethora of money in the country, and the statements of the Federal Reserve banks are plain evidence of the soundness of our financial position.

Although there is much complaint regarding the shortage of labor, operations at the steel mills have expanded somewhat and the average now is close to 88 per cent. of capacity. Demand is heavy and shows no signs of slackening, with the result that prices are heginning to he increased, especially hy the independent producers.

Mexican oil output showed a further reduction in January, which, of course, adds to the hullish outlook for the American companies. Our domestic consumption is increasing, so that inroads are likely to he made soon upon the huge stocks of crude in storage. With the present rising prices for crude oil and refined products, the large and financially strong companies should make splendid earnings this year.

Based on the returns to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the 193 Class A railroads earned last year an average of 4.14 per cent. on their tentative valuation as compared with 3.28 per cent. in 1921. Of course this is still much under the 5.75 per cent. fixed hy the commission as a fair return, hut, considering the tremendous expense of the strikes, there seems to show a prospect for a much better showing this year. Such of the earnings statements for January as have come to hand already indicate great improvement.

As the market advances more care should he taken in making one's speculative commitments. This is especially true in the case of the industrials, many of which are selling at far from hargain prices. On the whole the rail list seems to offer the best opportunities, although there are still good purchases among the puhlic utilities and specialties.

A glance at the map in Strasshurger & Co.'s window should give pause to those who have heen turning up the whites of their eyes in holy horror at the news concerning the sums disbursed hy the puhlic utility companies in order to protect the property of their shareholders—mostly men and women of moderate means—from politicians out for loot.

The map shows what has been accomplished by men of ahility and large vision, with the help of the savings of the common people; work that has placed California on record as the most enterprising state in the Union, that has spread her fame throughout the world.

If a hurglar announces his intention to pay you a night visit with an empty sack, and you know also that he proposes to depart with a full one, is it to he regarded as a crime to huy a gun and use it? If the property which he proposes to take away is not your own, hut is held in trust for others, the purchase of the gun would seem not only not criminal, but an ohvious duty.

The managements of the puhlic utility companies of California have spent a small portion of the surplus funds saved hy them (as a wise precaution) out of wbat you have invested in the properties shown here—against a rainy day. The rainy days comes, in the form of a raid on your property, and they used a portion of these funds to protect your much larger interests.

That is all, and they are entitled to our thanks.

To reimhurse the treasury of the North American Edison Company and Cleveland Electric Iluminating Company for moneys actually expended therefrom within five years next preceding the 31st day of March, 1922, for the acquisition of property and for the construction of additions, extensions, and improvements, there were authorized and issued 52,818 shares of additional common capital stock. This stock was offered to holders of the common and 6 per cent. preferred stocks of the company at par, $100, in the ratio of one share of new stock for each two shares held hy them as of April 1, 1922. The entire offering was sold to stockholders without discount or underwriting expense to the company.

During the year 1922 new records were estahlished hy the generating stations of the company in respect to maximum demand and to total units of energy generated. The maximum demand was reached on December 14, 1922, when carrying a peak load of 181,112 kilowatts, an increase over that of the previous year of 27.7 per cent., and over the highest peak of 16.8 per cent. The total output generated for the year was 688,149,162 K.W.H., an increase of 21.8 per cent. over that of 1921.

The Lake Shore Station, on the shore of Lake Erie at East Seventieth Street, with an installed capacity of 203,000 kilowatts, is helieved to he the largest steam power plant under one roof in the world. Orders have heen placed for two additional generating units, which will he installed during 1923. These units will give the Lake Shore Station a capacity of 258,000 kilowatts.

As of Decemher, 1922, the company was furnishing electricity to 196,517 consumers, an increase in the number of electrical consumers of 14,241, or 7.8 per cent. over the numher heing served at the conclusion of the previous year. As of Decemher 31, 1922, the company was furnishing steam for heating purposes to 323 consumers.

The total operating revenue of the company shows an increase of 16.3 per cent. over that of the preceding year. This increase is in a large measure due to the improvement in industrial conditions, resulting in an increased demand for energy hy manufacturers and hy other puhlic utilities. The company continues to supply about 80 per cent. of the energy required to operate the street railway system of Cleveland and its suhurhs.

The past year has heen a favorable one for the company; puhlic relations have heen of the hest, economies of operation have heen effected, and there has been an increasing demand for the company's product. The growth of the community, together with the present industrial activity, encourages the management to hope that the present prosperous conditions of the company will continue.

The stock market worked irregularly higher the past month, and prices throughout the list are generally higher than the previous month. Outside of the news from ahroad, conditions were generally favorahle to higher prices, says E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review.

Steel stocks were in hetter demand, and reports regarding this industry were more optimistic than for some time past. Mills are generally running at full capacity with premiums being paid for quick delivery.

Copper stocks came to life with the metal quoted around 17 cents and a good export demand. Tbese issues have heen dormant so long that the action of the market was as encouraging factor throughout the list.

The advance in raw sugar put new life in the sugar stocks, and they came in for their share of activity.

However, when it looked as if the market could only go one way, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York advanced its discount rate to 4½ cents and this, with a rise in call money to 6 per cent., hrought ahout a check in the advancing tendency of the market and some liquidation made its appearance, which took the edge off the market temporarily at least.

Outside of the bigher money rates, all the news was constructive. Business, in general, is good and promises to continue so into the summer months, as most manufacturing concerns are booking orders far ahead at full prices.

European news changes from day to day, hut has lost its effect marketwise. On the whole, it looks as if we are now in the upward swing that is known as the "spring rise" and, if money rates do not advance ahnormally, higher prices for the good grades of stocks can confidently be expected.

There was considerahle activity the past month hoth in the speculative issues and high-priced rails, in anticipation of favorahle earnings reports for January, indicated hy tbe heavy car loadings that bave continued to exceed all previous records for this season of the year. The upward movement in railroad shares was further strengthened hy the fact that as each day passed there was less apprehension felt hy timid investors that tbe radical members of Congress who favor anti-railroad legislation would be able to secure consideration of any measure affecting the carriers hefore next Decemher, and that the railroads will not, therefore, in the meantime, be hampered or further restricted in their operations hy any legislative act.

While the amount of business handled during the past three months has heen unprecedented, the "car shortage" has gradually declined, hut the chances are that it will increase within the next few months, as the movement of freight usually hegins to increase in March, and there is now more husiness in sight to he handled than ever hefore at this season of the year, with every prospect of a heavy demand for cars continuing for months to come.

The coöperation of shippers with the railways in the matter of heavier loading, as well as the prompt loading and unloading of cars, will do much to help them render the hest possihle service with their present supply of cars, which will he materially increased as soon as the new equipment, ordered for delivery this year, is received hy the various lines that have made large appropriations for the purchase of additional freight cars and locomotives, to enahle them to handle more traffic and therehy increase their earnings.

Predictions of better railway earnings have been confirmed by those roads that have issued their January statements, notahle instances heing that of tbe Northern Pacific, which reports a net operating income of $1,021,272 as compared with a deficit of $624,563 for the same month last year, and the Southern Pacific, showing an increase in net income of $1,400,426 for January, 1923, over January, 1922.

The present bullish fervor seems most active in the line of industrials rather than in the rails, the mines and utilities. There are, bowever, a lot of industrial shares that are inordinately high, technically over-hought and out of reach of conservative huyers, says E. E. Mentzer of McDonnell & Co. If you have carried such from low levels it may be wise to switch your holdings to other good assets which have not become so inflated in price. Many of the financial writers suggest that rails are safer than industrials generally and endowed with more possihilities of profit during the final stages of the hull market, despite the

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fact railroads are fettered like chain gangs from the penitentiary and broken in managerial spirit. Then, too, coppers and electric equipment manufacturers are favorably mentioned.

Some people get aboard "movers" only, regardless of value or late change of price. That is hunc. Stocks move like squads of an army. One group of stocks advance, then others are brought up or moved farther ahead. Thus the whole list advances. Hence, if you happen to hold inactive issues, which have real value and earning power relatively greater than price, your stocks will probably advance sooner or later. But frequently it is wise to switch from lately moved shares to others which have been lagging behind. It is value that counts in any speculation—the value of a man, a farm, a crop, a stock, and if you get the idea of value into your hean, you'll have a different view of any speculative situation, and, too, of the stock market. The question is the relation of current price to near future value.

Stock prices do not rise or fall of their own accord, *i. e.*, automatically, nor is artificial manipulation all there is to the stock market. No stock, of course, will ever rise until somebody thinks its price is below its value and advertises that fact, hut usually movements once started go too far. When a group of rich men decide that a stock is priced below its value, and the market trend is upward, their huying lends activity to that issue; the activity advertises the stock and the competitive puhlic huying is the real thing that advances the price. Pools and large operators concentrate their efforts, and when a stock in which they are interested advances considerahly they divert their attention to other shares. But no wise pool manager or operator bucks either the economic or speculative trend of the market. The point is, pick out issues of worth that are priced helow value and have not moved much of late. Then in bear markets do the reverse, hut watch the quick-changing trends even more carefully.

If any people in the world need enlightenment in economic and financial matters it is democratic Americans. A lot of us are inclined to give off-hand opinions without thinking of the influence our words may carry. Some opinions are neutral, some inspired, some superficial, all influential.

The stock market will need intelligent use of "short sales" when prices hegin to drop as the "covering" of short interests, *i. e.*, the huying of stocks previously sold short tends to check the plunges of prices to low levels. Short sales are merely sales of borrowed securities. Suhsequently the short seller must huy like issues in order to return that which he horrowed. If the price drops after a sale of horrowed stocks, and like issues are purchased at less than that sale price, the short seller makes a profit. It is a nice arrangement of the stock market. It halances the processes of speculation, which creates the market, and makes that liquidity and marketability which is so vital to present finance and husiness of all sorts.

To set at rest once and for all persistent rumors suggesting that financial considerations influenced an old estahlished local wire brokerage house to sever its connection with the Bush Street Mining Exchange in favor of membership of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange (it has even been hinted that the seat on the latter was obtained without payment), it may he stated definitely that no such statements contain a vestige of truth. Some idea of the value attached to membership in the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange may he gathered from the fact that the prices paid for the last three seats were $13,000, $15,000, and $17,500.

Who realized hefore that cast iron weighs less than tin? It's a fact, the difference heing six pounds to the cuhic foot—456 pounds heing the weight of a cubic foot of tin. When it comes to value, however, it is another story.

In the realm of precious metals platinum tops the list, an appraisement of $2,312,328 heing put on a cubic foot—almost seven times the value of the same amount of gold. And platinum is heaviest as well, weighing 1344 pounds to the cuhic foot.

These interesting figures are part of a compendium made by the safe deposit departments of the American National Bank incident to a display of a cuhic foot of "gold" set on an ornately decorated pedestal. Relative weights and values of ten or a dozen metals have been presented. With a caution characteristic of the conservative banker, Manager Arthur R. Bird of the safe deposit vaults has introduced the word "approximate" at the head of the table, but he presents his figures down to the last dollar.

The complete tabulation gives the value and weight per cubic foot in pounds as follows:

	Value.	Weight.
Platinum	$2,312,328	1344
Gold	362,963	1204
Silver	9,552	655
Tungsten	1,247	1247
Nickel	196	548
Tin	178	456
Copper	78	560
Lead	50	710
Aluminum	37	162
Zinc	31	438
Iron (cast)	5	450

The annual report of Deere & Co. for the year ended October 31, 1922, recently published, shows a loss, after charges and taxes, of $2,520,778 as compared with a loss of $2,752,801 for the previous year, and net earnings of $4,647,718 for the year 1920.

Mr. William Butterworth, president of Deere & Co., in his remarks to stockholders in the annual report, says in part: "Sales for the year were slightly less than for the preceding year, and were approximately 40 per cent. of a normal year's volume. Even though expenses were greatly reduced, the loss for the year approximated that of 1921. The loss was caused largely hy the liquidation of inventories, and the consequent restriction of factory operations. The period of liquidation has practically passed, however, and factories are now operating at ahout 66 2-3 per cent. of capacity.

"The past two years has been exceedingly trying for the implement industry. Farmers hought only to supply their most urgent needs; in fact, with the exception of 1920, the farmers have not purchased their normal requirements of farm implements since prewar days. The hottom was apparently reached in the spring of 1922. Since that time improved prices of farm products have enahled the farmer to come into the market for agricultural implements, and there has heen a slow, hut steady, increase in the purchase of farm supplies.

"There is still, however, a marked disparity between the prices the farmer receives for his produce and the prices he is compelled to pay for his purchases, a disparity which is largely due to the very high freight rates; to the fact that coal is 137 per cent. ahove pre-war level; material prices ahout 92 per cent. higher, and to the increasing hurden of taxation. While the outlook for 1923 is hrighter than for the two preceding years, a lowering of all these items of cost is essential to a return to normal conditions."

Deere & Co. preferred stock is quoted in the market at ahout 71½, while the ten-year 7½ per cent. gold notes, due May 1, 1931, are quoted at 101½.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Roots of Our Speech.

English Words and Their Backgrounds. By George H. McKnight. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.

It is a pity that the Greeks, always in their own records ready to damn either with faint praise or more vociferously everything concerning the science of language, have handed the superstition down to us, who with Anglo-Saxon literalness have taken it at its face value. It is probable that even the smartest of Greek epigram writers did not think grammarians such dull dogs nor their science so revolting as their quips have implied. It is probable—though also problematic—that if Greek literature were not shot through with ironic references to grammar and its sponsors, the science of language in all its ramifications would not he today the least generally known branch of human knowledge.

Or it may he that a grudge against lingual idiosyncrasies is inherent in human nature. We do not know. But that language, philology, semantics, or whatever you want to call it, can yield as rich a crop of human interest to its researchers as any other science is proved every time a good book on the neglected subject is published. The author of one of the latest, George H. McKnight, should be offered a vote of thanks hy the general public, most of whom are innocent of special philological knowledge, but none of whom will suffer hy having the hloom of their innocence removed hy "English Words and Their Backgrounds."

The growth of the meanings of words, or semantics as it is technically and formidably known, is the more special suhject of Professor McKnight's book, though he deals rather with results than with the law hehind the results, as hecomes the making of a popular hook on philology. Not that Professor McKnight hesitates to introduce his readers to a scrap of historical grammar now and then, even if he does not go in for Old English declensions. But it is a relief to see the adverh "slow" explained for the henefit of latter-day English purists who have probahly never heard of irregular adverhs heing formed from the genitive of their adjectives instead of hy adding the more usual suffix "like" or "ly." It is to he hoped that all such imperfectly prepared zealots will at last succumh to the fact that the adverh is "slow," not "slowly." And the warning, "School, Drive Slow," is good English. Another interesting moot point is loan or lend as a verh. Loan is good Old English, hut modern taste prefers "lend"; publicity agents and their ilk to the contrary.

The average reader will not hecome enamored of the suhject through heing introduced to some one or other's law; as a more technical though still quite intelligihle book such as Greenough and Kittredge's does. But we do not hesitate to say that even the college student of the subject would get a richer hackground from the present hook than from the standard text of Messrs. Greenough and Kittredge—which is no disparagement of the latter. The two books would make a good running pair. They are complementary rather than competitive. And neither of them conflicts with another popular work on the subject—and popular philologies are not redundant—Professor Fernald's "Historic English." We recommend the three to the layman that he may speak even the "President's English" with less unconsciousness of the meanings past and present connoted hy his more or less limited vocahulary. R. G.

Tales in Verse.

Narratives in Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.

In this recently puhlished volume Ruth Comfort Mitchell has incorporated an earlier hook of poems called "The Night Court," and to the little Chinese playlet at the end she has added another short play, "Edith Cavell."

The poems in the first collection are still the hest, and indeed it would be difficult to surpass in charm and beauty of expression "In the Court of Ahundance," or "The Orient," to say nothing of the deeper note sounded in "The Night Court," and the pathos of "The Sweetmeat Game." The foremost exception, however, would he "The Foreign Nun," which stays with the reader like some haunting melody.

To a graceful facility of expression, Ruth Comfort Mitchell adds an understanding heart, and speaks a language belonging to the finer feelings and the higher emotions.

For Shakespeare Lovers.

Shakespearian Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50.

An edition that will serve to introduce it to a new generation of readers has been issued of "Shakespearian Synopses," the outline hook of the plays of Shakespeare hy J. Walker McSpadden, first puhlished twenty years ago, and serving ever since as a ready reference to the plots and characters of Shakespeare for students, young or old, scholarly or amateur. The new edition of this useful desk hook contains a hrief biography of Shakespeare and notes for each play on first editions, sources, duration, etc., not contained in the first issue. Aside from its perennial use to students, the "Shakespearian Synopses" are invaluahle to the average reader in clarifying the frequently complicated Elizahethan technique of the plays.

Religion and Science.

The Understanding of Religion. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

As a scientific man who has been a teacher of astronomy and geology at Andover Academy, Mr. Brewster approaches his suhject with an open mind, and hecause his own studies have led him to a plane where religion and science can meet he generously shows the way to other wanderers.

There is an interesting chapter on "The Astronomy of the Bihle," and another on "Primitive Souls and Ghosts," and in the end he takes up the age-old problem of survival. The author has surely written his book without hias; a hook that makes the reader think for himself.

A Baffled Sleuth.

The Red Redmaynes. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Macmillan Company.

Eden Phillpotts is about the last writer one would suspect of hreaking into the unpoetic realm of the detective story, though it seems that "The Red Redmaynes" is not even his first offense. Still, since the reading of detective yarns is most people's favorite vice—showing, the psychoanalysts say, our inherent and suhconscious love of crime that will out in one form or another—it is not surprising that any writer with his wits ahout him should seek to profit by supplying the demand. Perchance we wrong Mr. Phillpotts. It may be that mystery stories are the hreath of his life and writing them his favorite relaxation. But a certain mechanical jangle ahout the works of the hook in question and a lack of verisimilitude in characters, etc., suggest lack of loving workmanship. "The Red Redmaynes," notwithstanding, is a fairly good yarn which the inveterate detective story fiend will do well to follow up. Gory, as its name implies, fairly dripping in spots with lifehlood, it has a plot with a double percussion. If the highest criterion of mystery stories is an end that may not he guessed, "The Red Redmaynes" may he said to live up to it. Of course, the more unfathomable the clue, the more improhable it is, hut Mr. Phillpotts has at least made the parts dovetail with considerahle accuracy, and the story, after the first dragging third has heen got through, is strange enough to challenge interest. In addition, Mr. Phillpotts has worked in the satiric touch of a great Scotland Yard sleuth haffled and failing time after time on the scent of the super-clever crook whose misdeeds we must not further give away.

Life as it Must Be Lived.

The Invisible Gods. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

This story of modern American life is a crowded drama, a stage whereon two generations play their parts. The first, composed of three hrothers, one in the East, one in the West, and one in mid-America, where the story centres, passes hefore the reader as a sort of prelude to the real and more engrossing drama enacted hy the children of the second generation.

These work out their destinies as the Invisible Gods decree, and though one falls hy the way, the light of his life shines on after him. Maisie, the finest of the three, moves serenely through a life of service and sorrow, hut comes into the sunshine at last. The canvas is a hit crowded, and the reader meets many people, each with his separate story; hut then that is life after all, and in many of the passing souls there is something fine, even though unexpresed. As one of the characters puts it: "Perhaps there is something more in every one than he can quite express in his lifetime. I used to think of it in the war, when I looked at the faces of those who had died. It was as though each had something more than he could ever quite express in his everyday ways."

A Modern Viking.

Titans. By Charles Guernon. New York: Duffield & Co.; $2.

Charles Guernon in his first novel, "Titans," has gone to the North Seas for setting, and a wild and stormy setting it is, lightened with infrequent gleams of sunny hours and peaceful days.

The writer shows a knowledge of the fisher folk of the Northern Islands, and understands their hopes and fears and elemental passions. He has drawn in John Strong a man who might have been a Viking of old, with his physical strength and his mental supremacy over those among whom he lived. He takes his life in his hands and molds it after his purposes, until he comes up against a reality he had not reckoned with. If fate overthrows him at length, the best in him triumphs, and he finds within a strength he had only looked for without. His story is hound up with the other characters in the hook—the woman he loves—and the woman who loves him—the hrother, who is more his child—and the old parson, whose voice failed to reach him until he heard it for himself in the depths of his soul.

Now It's a Quadrangle.

The Hinges of Custom. By Ednah Aiken. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A famous lecturer once said to an audience of young people, "Your lives may he wrecks at forty, hut you will still have the appreciation of hooks and of heauty and of music—no one can take that from you." The Englishman who moves through "The Hinges of Custom" is nearly—very nearly—pinned beneath his wreck. A book of poetry, held in a feminine hand, is the rope hy which he pulls himself into a position where he can grasp at a life that is his hy inheritance and education. A rehirth, or gradual "coming hack," invariahly furnishes an ahsorhing theme, possihly through the feeling of sympathy and fellowship it arouses. This is well handled hy Ednah Aiken in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Hutchinson that leaves the reader a little excited and hreathless, too.

Though an eternal quadrangle is the main issue in "The Hinges of Custom," the author's convictions are stated with strength and justice; and though her characters, who struggle with the temptation to drop from the hinges, are not offered a perfect solution, nor even a satisfactory compromise, they at least put up a good fight and make an effort to do the decent thing.

A Throw-Back to the Good.

Gladiola Murphy. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

The reader closes this book with a feeling of relief and satisfaction—for the story, keeping well away from the entanglements and subways of sex, leaves hehind it the pleasant fragrance of a clean life. It is just the history of a human heing who rose from a childhood of poverty and degradation to a girlhood of heauty and promise; who made her mistakes like any other girl, looked life in the face hravely, and met her problem with courage.

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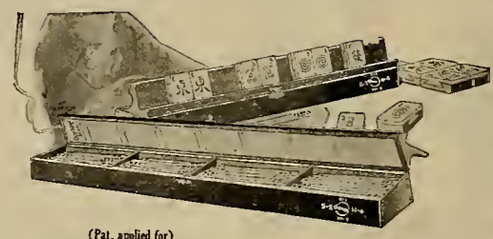
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with this point the author gives an interesting theory evolved by Mendel:

"So the soul of Gladiola dropped from her all immediate heritage of evil, and harked back to an earlier ancestry which bred in her only goodness and beauty, a love of nature, of art, and of life at its best. In her unhappy childhood she read from the open book of nature and learned of her kinship with life, and as she grew older she entered the wonderful world of art. The friendships she made, the human help from kindly souls, the wisdom she gained by slow degrees, were all stones in her house of life."

Gladiola Murphy is well written and well worth reading.

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Notes of Books and Authors.

"Sterne's Eliza," by Arnold Wright and William Lutley Sclater, has just been issued by Alfred A. Knopf. Four entirely different interests are to be found in these delightful eighteenth-century letters, hitherto unpublished, the narrative and commentary to which have been ably written by Mr. Wright and Mr. Sclater, who is himself descended from Eliza Draper. First, it was for and to Eliza Draper that Laurence Sterne wrote his "Sentimental Journey": she was "the one great passion of his life shining through a decade of flirtations." Second, the letters give an admirable picture of India in the days of the East India Company. Third, Eliza Draper herself was a fascinating person; her charm of personality shines through every sentence of her letters and every act of her life. And fourth, there is a great and ever-increasing interest in the bringing to light of genuine eighteenth-century literature.

Herbert V. Coryell, head of the junior department, Brown and Nichols School of Cambridge, recently asked the boys under him, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen, who were their favorite heroes. That two of James Willard Schultz should receive fifth and sixth places, just below Robin Hood and well above Napoleon, William S. Hart, and Pershing, will surprise many who are not in touch with the modern boy world. Pitamakan and Tom Fox, an Indian boy and his white companion, have been the heroes of a number of Mr. Schultz' stories of the old Wild West. These two boys continue their adventures from volume to volume, and so the young reader has a chance to know them intimately. A new volume, called "The Danger Trail," will be published this spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those that delight in tales of adventure, but demand that it be true, will welcome "Prisoners of the Red Desert," by Captain R. Gwatkin-Williams, soon to be published by the Duttons. This is a story of the capture by Arabs of the crew of H. M. S. *Tara*, which was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. The men were taken into the Lybian desert and held prisoners from early November until they were rescued by the Duke of Westminster's column on the 17th of the following March.

Alice Brown's story, "Old Crow," has been chosen by Hugh Walpole, the English novelist and critic, as one of the six best novels of 1922. He says: "Its beauty is unforgettable. Two at least of the characters should have permanent places in the gallery of American fiction."

At the Cleveland Dog Show to be held in March a copy of "Polaris: The Story of an Eskimo Dog," by Ernest Harold Baynes, will be given to the best Eskimo dog in the show, at the request of the show secretary. Mr. Baynes stopped at his publisher's the other day to autograph this copy of the story of the finest Eskimo dog in the world, as he was called by Captain Bartlett and as he is admitted to be by all the many friends who remember him well.

"Utah: The Land of Blossoming Valleys," by George Wharton James, is a new volume in the See America First Series, published by the Page Company. It is the story of the great State of Utah, of desert wastes, of huge and fantastic rock formations, and of fertile gardens in the sheltered valleys; a survey of its rapidly developing industries; an account of the origin, development, and beliefs of the Mormon church; and chapters on the flora and fauna, and on the scenic wonders that are a heritage of all Americans.

In "Seneca Indian Myths," by Jeremiah Curtin, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Mr. Curtin presents the Indian legends in their original forms as dictated to him by aged Senecas while he was acting as an agent of the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. His teacher in the Seneca language was Sim Logan, an Indian, who was in Washington in government employ and was willing to add to his earnings by acting as Mr. Curtin's tutor. At the end of four months Mr. Curtin had acquired a considerable knowledge of Seneca, and when Logan left for his home in Versailles, New York, Mr. Curtin followed him to begin work in that field. In collecting the myths he assembled the Indians and told them why he had come to the reservation; that the bureau of ethnology wished to preserve their traditions and that this could be done only by writing them down. A young man named Two Guns immediately advised the people to have nothing to do with Mr. Curtin, as he was there to get hold of their religion and store it away as a curiosity. He had considerable influence, and Mr. Curtin might have been unable to get any of their traditions had not Soloman O'Beal, a wise old "pagan," stood firmly by him. O'Beal was highly respected by the old Indians of the tribe, and after he had told Mr. Curtin all the traditions and myths stored in his mind, each man was willing to add what he knew. It was only the old who possessed any knowledge of Seneca mythology—middle-aged and young had "thrown it away."

Rumor will not down nor whispering cease in literary circles that there is to be another "Pollyanna Glad Book," following the famous "Pollyanna" and "Pollyanna Grows Up," which books, published by the Page Company, have reached a circulation of more than a million copies.

Recently "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer" was translated into Japanese by a young woman university graduate, who believes that Mrs. Palmer's life must be the best model for girls of the Far East. About the translation she wrote to Professor Palmer: "Three years ago, I read your lovable and respectable book, 'The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.' I felt an unusual inspiration from your book. Having the great interest in woman problem or girls' education, I intended to translate the book into Japanese. Japanese women are now awakening from their long asleep of ignorance; and I believe that your book should be just worth introducing to them." It will be interesting to follow the career of Mrs. Palmer's "Life" in Japan. In this country it is now in its forty-sixth thousand.

New Books Received.

Poor Pinney. By Marian Chapman. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Sympathetic story of one our 105,000,000 bluffers.

The Girl Next Door. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Crabbed chronicle of a misanthrope; het you he marries her.

Studies in North Africa. By Cyril Fletcher Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

From the Phœnicians to the French; studied on the ground, though not always at the time.

Mainly East. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

Travels with a writer and sketch book.

Trooden Gold. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

Novel showing that kind hearts are more than coronets—new idea.

The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play. By Percival Wilde. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.

Shows a person that can write a play just how he can write a play.

The Unoerstanding of Religion. By Edwin Tenney Brewster. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

An aid to the understanding of the Bible, the historic creeds, one's neighbor's religion, and one's own.

The Holy Tree. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Another narrative about love.

An Heir at Large. By John McCutcheon. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merill; $1.75.

The story of a young man who is left fifteen million dollars.

Many Marriages. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huchsch, Inc.; $2.

The story of one man's marriage.

Honoré Daumier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

Appreciations of his life and works.

The Tide Comes In. By Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A collection of lyrics, philosophical poems, and love verses.

Out of the Night. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.

A personal experience that led to the conviction of immortality.

Ghosts What Ain't. By Ellis Parker Butler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

A book to assist those who have unsmiled smiles to smile them.

President Hadley on the Railroads.

"Factors in the Railroad Situation," by Arthur T. Hadley, formerly president of Yale University, and a well-known specialist in economics, will be the leading article in the April *Yale Review*. With regard to the present state of the railroads, which he considers in many respects unsatisfactory, Mr. Hadley asks two questions: "First, how did we get into this condition? Second, which way shall we move in order to have the best chance of getting out of it?" The April *Yale Review* will be out March 15th.



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by T. R. GLOVER, "the most unique life of Christ in existence"—It challenges and inspires and gives the truth in splendid proportions—It demands first place in our thinking during Religious Book Week. Other excellent titles are "The Theology of Jesus," by W. E. Orchard"; "Theology for the Social Gospel", by Walter Rauschenbusch; "Facing the Crisis", by Sherwood Eddy; and "The Reconstruction of Religion", by Elwood. Also

"THE STORY OF MANKIND,"

by Hendrik VanLoon, is good supplementary reading—thereby new avenues are opened and different thinking stimulated.

Books reviewed in The Argonaut this week can be had at this shop.

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OPERA AT THE CURRAN.

Overflowing houses are the rule at the Curran this week, every opera produced seeming to he a well-established favorite. The lightest audience, I noticed, was for "Martha," hut this, perhaps, was owing to the soprano, Josephine Lucchese, not heing so well known here as the other leading singers, although the lady, added to her youth and attractive person, has solid qualities as a vocalist.

Those who went to see "Martha" consisted, prohahly, in great part of the faithful ones who have always loved its mellifluous melodies. Its fun and comedy are somewhat dimmed hy time, and nohody dreams of taking Lionel's love-tragedy *aux serieux*, as they do those of Butterfly, Rudolfo, and Don José. But the old melodies hold their own, and the excellent chorus contrihuted greatly to the pleasure of the audience.

Josephine Lucchese's girlishness of appearance and pleasing vocalism made of her a more acceptahle Martha than many we have seen in the past who were greater, not only in fame, but in girth.

Anita Klinova's Nancy had the necessary equipment of sprightly coquetry, and although her voice is a little heavy in the lower tones, its volume told well in the concerted numhers. Romeo Boscacci is expert in conveying romantic expression in spite of a physiognomy and person indicative of one who appreciates the more material joys of life. The tenor quality in his voice is the real thing, the notes in the upper range always showing commendahle clearness, ring, and reserve power.

Giuseppe Interrante also has a fine, resonant, and mellow haritone, and Plunkett's drinking song was very heartily and demonstratively enjoyed.

Thursday night's audience was a huge rally, second only in size to the "Butterfly" night. Even the hoxes were filled hy the crowd that loves the mingling of the lights and shades of the story adapted from Murger's famous work. For the majority of the famous old operas are entirely devoid of the contrast of smiles and tears that make up life.

An excellent cast was selected for the occasion, Anna Fitziu making her first appearance of the season in the rôle of Mimi. The lady did not strike me as being temperamentally at home in the part, the gentleness and plaintiveness of the operatic Mimi heing the keynote of the character, in spite of the original Mimi heing an undependahle young light o' love, much given to periodical disappearances when the cuphoard shelves were hare. The hrilliance of Mme. Fitziu's voice, in the earlier scenes of the opera, was rather too unshaded, hut in the second act at the scene of farewell, she revealed a soft, plaintive, and lovely tone in full accord with the sentiment of the scene of parting.

Rogelio Baldrich's claims to respectful consideration revealed themselves in "La Bohème" in the first interview hetween the lovers, in which he sang Rudolfo's "Narrative" with really lovely expression, in spite of the limited scope of a tenor that is more particularly pleasing only in its middle range. But, though his voice thins in its higher notes, it retains sweetness; and in fact hoth the acting and the singing of Signor Baldrich showed that he is well placed in a romantic rôle; a conclusion which the audience, hy the generosity of its applause for Rudolfo's "Narrative" reached with evident unanimity.

Sofia Charlehois acted the rôle of Musette with vivacity, hut her voice is only fair, lacking roundness and sweetness. However, she and Mario Valle together pictured the livelier pair of lovers appropriately in the lighter spirit of comedy, Signor Valle, as in the character of Sharpless, capturing the liking of his audience, not only hy vocal, hut hy temperamental mellowness.

De Briasi and Interrante completed the frolicsome quartet, the four men entering with apparent gusto into the youthful capermgs of the students.

Once upon a time, however, San Franciscans saw a quartet of singers in these rôles that did not have so many good dinners in their past history as the average opera singer. That representation in this city hy a stray opera company just returned from Mexico was the first of this opera in the United States. All opera lovers went crazy over it, for the opera had to them the same unspeakably grateful freshness, charm, gayety and pathos that it had to the young singers giving it. And I wouldn't he a hit surprised if hard times on their route from Mexico hadn't given them a hunger that made them enter with even more quickened imagination into the feelings of Murger's hand-to-mouth Bohemians. At any rate the opera troupe gave it with lifelike freshness and spontaneity.

Operas in the nature of things must have perpetual repetition. And perpetual repetition, however well the music stands it, makes the story frayed and worn. And so every San Franciscan who heard "La Bohème" given here hy the Royal Italian Opera Company a couple of decades ago not only figured in the musical history of the United States, hut enjoyed a rare treat that he can scarcely hope to have repeated in a lifetime.

ART AT WHITE HEAT.

Once, on the occasion of Mme. Calvé's single operatic season in San Francisco, I saw her as Santuzza. She was, although suffering from a cold, a splendidly dramatic Santuzza, her face like a tragic mask. But not even Calvé, with her superh talent as an actress, reached the heights of jealous frenzy portrayed by Alice Gentle last Sunday night. No other singer that I have seen in the part ever represented such terrihle anguish, or the awful fury of a passionately loving woman who is scorned and ahandoned.

To add to the passionate fervor of the representation, Alice Gentle's powerful soprano pours out in a mighty flood, intensely dramatic in its expression, the general effect heing enhanced by the Latin coloring of her beauty.

Alice Gentle, like Tamaki Miura, is committing the fatal error of allowing a dangerous plumpness to invade her proportions. It is, as often ohserved, much easier to accumulate curvilinear disadvantages than to get rid of them, and I should judge that hoth ladies lack the heroic mettlè that makes self-denial possible.

But it should he practiced. It is a duty owed hy opera singers to their puhlic, which is not so indulgent as it used to he, perhaps because many men and women have learned hy their own experience that reducing is heartbreaking, hut possihle.

The hest incentive for a pretty woman is to keep in sight two photographs of herself as she looks at the two extremes of her weight. For there is no self-deceiver to equal the stout woman who is unequal to the heroism of reducing herself.

I hasten to say that neither of the two singers mentioned is stout. But the cry is, danger, danger! However, what I started to say a paragraph or so hack is that the violent emotions so superhly depicted hy Alice Gentle seemed to go with the ripe, splendid woman through whose whole being they raged rather hetter than they would accord with the undeveloped passions of a green girl.

There has heen some shifting ahout of tenor rôles, owing to illness from the prevalent colds, and Rogelia Baldrich instead of Romeo Boscacci—who was slated for Canio in "Pagliacci"—appeared as Turiddu. I have heard Baldrich three times now, and every time his voice seemed different. The unevennesses noticeahle in the rôles of the Duke and Rudolfo seemed to have disappeared, the voice heing of ampler spread. And yet the lyric sweetness noticeahle in "La Bohème" was less. But this young man sings and acts with much expression, and his easy suhmergence into the rôle of Turiddu, the impatience of the chilled lover alternating with a sort of masculine complaisance when the two women's jealousy raged around him, admirahly strengthened the illusion created hy Alice Gentle's remarkahly intense impersonation.

Anita Klinova and Giuseppi Interrante were so satisfactory in their respective rôles that they did a good share in completing a performance, hoth from the acting and the singing point of view, that will not easily be forgotten.

And then we had another sensation in "Pagliacci," Richard Bonelli winning by his extraordinarily fine delivery of Tonio's prologue the most demonstrative shouts and calls of admiration from the aroused audience that I have heard so far this season. Mr. Bonelli has a magnificent voice, and a free and expressive method in acting. There can he no doubt that the hig impresarios in the East will nah this fine singer hefore long.

Sofia Charlehois has a light and not wholly sweet voice, but shè has intelligence and vivacity as an actress, and these, together with her youth and the gipsy looks she lent to the part, created the necessary illusion already begun hy Mr. Bonelli.

Another extremely well done piece of work was that of Romeo Boscacci, whose virile tenor and whose excellent representation of Canio's passionate jealousy won for this conscientious artist the warmest encomiums he has yet received. Interrante and Curci completed the group, and did well with their lesser rôles.

The general staging, hy the way, was done in a manner to further the illusion that is generally ohtainahle in these two operatic representations of Latin jealousy, and the orchestral and choral accomplishments were alike in keeping with the notahle efforts of the principals.

There seem to be no off nights this season, and the Curran had a capacity audience.

LAST POPULAR CONCERT.

The last of the recent series of municipal popular concerts given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Alfred Hertz, was enthusiastically attended last Saturday night hy a capacity audience that flowed into the furthest and most avoided corners of the vast Exposition Auditorium. The popular success of the series thus received its final endorsement.

Supervisor Hayden, speaking for the mayor and the hoard of supervisors who had perceived and carried out the wishes of thousands of citizens, intimated from the platform his conviction that a summer series of concerts would also he enjoyed, his words seeming to receive a sufficiently emphatic endorsement from his nine or ten thousand hearers to encourage the carrying out of the idea.

The programme included the variety of compositions which such diverse elements in an audience make expedient. No douht the severe classicist would smile indulgently at the open preference of the majority for Massenet's "Under the Lindens" from "Alsatian Scenes," the melodious measures expressing the tranquillity of rural life and the sweet emotions of sentimental youth. A much appreciated element in the pleasure of the hearers was the heautiful ohligato with 'cello and the clarinet hy Messrs. Ferner and Randall.

Liszt's "Symphonic Preludes," the first number on the programme, contains passages of similar purport to those in "Under the Lindens," although the composition has a more dramatic culmination, and this piece also was warmly appreciated.

A "Fantaisie Dialogue," hy Boellman, was chosen to exhihit the notahle skill at the organ of Warren D. Allen, organist at Stanford University, and the familiar Tschaikowsky overture, "1812," with its mingling of military explosions and national hymnals, made an effective finale.

The special feature of the programme was due to the presence of Efrem Zimhalist, who played the violin passages in Mendelssohn's concerto for violin and orchestra in E minor, and also Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise" and the Saint-Saëns-Ysaye "Valse Caprice."

Mr. Zimhalist's playing was greatly appreciated hy the throng, which entered with zest upon the usual contest of wills for an encore or so. Mr. Hertz' rule prohibiting encores is an excellent one, and no doubt helieved in by the sensihle majority. But the leader can gracefully yield when the demand becomes too insistent, as he did on this occasion.

Mr. Zimbalist's selection of compositions were such as to exhihit his virtuosity rather than reveal a temperament that can work on the emotions, and it was as the brilliant virtuoso that the audience admired and approved his playing, and asked for all it could get.

"THE BAD MAN."

Holbrook Blinn and his popular vehicle are now drawing for the fifth week, a run of unusual length for San Francisco. And now the question is, does "The Bad Man" draw because it is a melodrama centring ahout a tough handit, or hecause it is a clever satire holding up our wise solons and our sapient government to reproach?

As a matter of fact it is hoth. Every real lover of the theatre can enjoy a well-written comedy-melodrama, provided the comedy is genuine, and not fustian. When you go to see "The Bad Man" you must take your sense of humor along with you, for it is most indispensahle haggage.

And do not bristle at Lopez' calm hrutality when he says to the woman, after approving of her teeth and shape, "I will take you with me." For do not forget that he was a handit, and a most consistent one. We do not want the imitation article, but something approximating the real, and that is Lopez' special virtue; plus a few others that make him as a handit a likahle one.

Do not forget that when he said simply, "I will take you with me," the author refrained then and throughout the play from gross suggestion. Children are aware as well as their seniors, from old tales told and retold, of the delightfully terrifying tendency of handits and Indians to carry off women and children, and thus create wild romance.

Not that there is wild romance in "The Bad Man," which is thoroughly up to date. The handit, Lopez, is plainly founded on Villa, who turned out to he a man of parts, ahle to negotiate to save his hide when handitry hecame too hot for him. And what citizen hut will not suhscrihe, with a chuckle of relish, to the humor of Lopez instead of the government protecting the luckless rancher whose patriotic services to his country and whose hard work as an individual were not going to save him from being stripped to the skin hy law-ahiding rascals?

As to the title of the drama, there is a joke in it, too. Who is "the bad man"? Lopez, on the face of things. But there are two blood-sucking rascals in the play to contend with him for the honor, and in my opinion Porter Emerson Browne felt that beside their merciless rapacity Lopez' simple, direct methods, whether as a mere thief, or as a majestic Providence to his sore-heset friend, were as white compared to dirty yellow.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

Professor W. L. Phelps, the well-known American critic and professor of English literature at Yale, says that "the honor of having produced the hest novel of 1922 goes to Ann Sedgwick for her 'Adrian Toner'—it was my favorite novel of the year."



A Great Civic Improvement

The City of San Francisco is at present building the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy aqueduct. It is right now driving the Pulgas tunnel, through which water will flow into Crystal Springs Reservoir in San Mateo County, and is acquiring right-of-way for the rest of the line.

In Alameda County, Spring Valley Water Company is at present increasing the height of Calaveras Dam, and is preparing to enlarge and extend its conduit facilities from Calaveras Reservoir to Irvington.

These are two closely related items in the programme of cooperation wherehy City and water company, working harmoniously, will hy 1925 add 24 million gallons daily to our water supply, increasing it from 42 to 66 million gallons daily.

This important work, now actively in progress, results from the agreement made hetween the City and the water company in accordance with a decision rendered hy the Railroad Commission.

As part of that agreement, it was recognized that San Francisco's goal is municipal ownership of the water supply, so the City was given a twelve-year option to huy the Spring Valley system at the advantageous price fixed hy the Railroad Commission for the election of 1921.

While thus approaching nearer the goal of municipal ownership, the City is assured of that speedy enlargement of the supply necessitated hy our rapid community growth.

Meanwhile, Spring Valley must create a sinking fund to retire the cost of its part of the work, which fund the City will acquire if it acquires the water supply properties, and is paying the interest on the Hetch Hetchy honds sold to finance the City's work between Irvington and Crystal Springs.

Recent refinancing of the company's $22,000,000 debt facilitated Spring Valley's coöperation in this great programme of community development.

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At the Columbia.

Probably the largest musical-comedy organization that will visit us this year is the company headed by Fred Stone in his extravaganza, "Tip Top," which will be seen at the Columbia Theatre Monday, March 12th. In "Tip Top," Stone has a new series of stunts covering the widest range of characterization. They include the exuberant office boy, the Indian chief who performs startling feats with Australian bull whips, the expert sharpshooter, the deep-sea diver, the necromancer, and, for a climax, the rough rider on the galloping horse. "Tip Top" was written by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. The latter has conceived and directed all the spectacles of the New York Hippodrome for the past seven years.

There will be only one matinée during the engagement, the regular one on Saturday.

The Orpheum Next Week.

An aggregation of stellar lights, including Julian Eltinge, Joseph E. Howard and Ethelyn Clarke and Richard Kean, will be seen at the Orpheum starting Sunday matinée, March 11th.

Julian Eltinge, known as America's foremost delineator of feminine fads, foibles, and latest fashions, brings a new presentation of gowns and characterizations. This is Mr. Eltinge's first appearance in the West in vaudeville in a number of years.

Joseph E. Howard, with charming Ethelyn Clarke, is going to present memories from his musical-comedy successes, introducing characterizations of the different stars who appeared in them.

Mr. Richard Kean, one of the best known of English character actors, is to present, in vaudeville, characters from famous plays.

"Marry Me" is a musical comedietta written by Alan Brooks, and is one of the smartest tabloid affairs offered in vaudeville. It has a large cast headed by Guy Voyer.

A human incident which practically every one has experienced is used by Alan Coogan and Mary Casey in "Bidding Her Good-Night" for an irresistibly funny skit.

Of all the nuts from the tree of fun there is none more popular than Charlie Wilson, "the Loose Nut," who is always inventing new ways of getting chuckles and laughter.

Mignonette Kokin and company offer an allegorical and dance fantasy called "The Future of the Ad," which is a new idea cleverly interpreted.

Leonard Gautier's "Bricklayers," exceptionally trained actors, are a delight of both young and old.

The Loring Club.

The third concert of the forty-sixth year of the Loring Club is announced for the evening of Tuesday, March 13th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, on which occasion a notable programme of music for men's voices will, under the direction of Wallace A. Sabin, be presented by the club with the assistance of Benjamin Moore, pianist, and eight strings with William F. Laraia as principal violin, Charles F. Bulotti being the solo tenor.

In this programme one composition which will be heard for the first time at a Loring Club concert is the madrigal, "Now Is the Month of Maying," by Thomas Morley, a contemporary of Shakespeare and one of the most famous musicians of his time.

Other important features of the programme are Schubert's "Great Is Jehovah" as arranged by Franz Liszt for solo tenor and chorus of men's voices with accompaniment, and "Fair Semele's High-Born Son," from Mendelssohn's setting of the "Antigone," the latter calling for two choruses of men's voices with strings and piano.

A number of other attractive works of smaller form for men's voices, some of them unaccompanied and others with accompaniment, are included in the programme.

More of Titta Ruffo.

Titta Ruffo will be heard in San Francisco for the first time in his eventful career Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at the Exposition Auditorium. Ruffo's coming is the culmination of nine years of effort on the part of Manager Frank W. Healy. The great baritone has a popularity in South America and Italy unapproached by any singer, and the same is true of his appearances in the great opera houses of Europe.

A Boston critic, reviewing a Ruffo concert in that city recently, says in part:

"Beyond peradventure Titta Ruffo is good company in the concert-room, especially when his spirits are as gamesome as they were yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He seems glad to come to his audience and would turn it into a reciprocal gladness of expectation. 'Make a circle round me while I sing,' he seems to say, in that quick, wavy gesture of mingled invitation and acknowledgment, quite as though he and the rest of us were gathered in a Neapolitan square. Whatever the chosen number, he declares upon it not one of the necessary powers to the utmost of his giving."

By arrangement between the music committee and the advisory committee of the People's Symphony Orchestra all accompaniments for Mr. Ruffo's arias, and for the numbers presented by his assisting artist, Miss Yvonne D'Arle, youngest of the Metropolitan sopranos, will be played by the orchestra, which will be augmented to eighty musicians for this occasion. Max Merson, a most capable accompanist, will be "at the piano" for Ruffo's group of Spanish and Neapolitan songs.

Tickets are $3, $2 and $1 (war tax extra), and are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Genevieve Taggard, whose recently published book of verse, "For Eager Lovers," is regarded by many critics as placing her with Edna St. Vincent Millay in the front rank of contemporary poets, will talk in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, March 17th, at 2:30 o'clock, on "The Spirit in Poetry of the Younger Generation." Miss Taggard will also read from her own work as well as from that of Miss Millay, whom she herself considers the greatest living lyricist. George Sterling will preside. The lecture is under the direction of Paul Elder.

Free Lecture on Stellar Distances.

Dr. Walter S. Adams, assistant director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, will deliver on Friday evening, March 16th, at Native Sons' Hall, an illustrated popular lecture on his recently developed method of finding "The Distances and Motions of the Stars."

The solution of this problem has long eluded the efforts of the ablest astronomers. Dr. Adams' work has therefore aroused much interest and has brought him the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. His results indicate that nearly all the stars show a marked preference for motion in the plane of the Milky Way, and that all the more rapidly moving stars, some of them having speeds of over 100 miles a second, are going in the general direction of the centre of our stellar universe. He has also found that the small stars are moving more rapidly than the larger ones, so that the energy of all stars, large or small, is not far from a constant quantity.

Dr. Adams has the reputation of presenting his subject in an interesting manner, easily understood by popular audiences. His present lecture is the final one of the present series under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and is free.

Scenery and Shakespeare.

No one who reads the dramas of Shakespeare with understanding can doubt that they were acutely visualized, intensely spiritualized, from Juliet or Hamlet down to the servant Peter and the Second Grave Digger, down to each guest at Capulet's old accustomed feast and the off-stage murmuring of the Danish populace, says John Corbin in the New York *Times*. But we have allowed them to become the arena of an actor's holiday. In the nineteenth century the plays were ruthlessly cut and rearranged in senseless patterns—crushed and distorted under the incubus of irrelevant scenery. The havoc thus wrought can still be seen in Mr. Belasco's perversion of the adroitly varied and cumulative narrative of "The Merchant of Venice." The twentieth century has witnessed the rise of a new "art" of stage decoration which, while it admits of an adequate text played consecutively in the proper order, so clutters up the stage with meaningless stairways, arcades, and what-not that the vitality of every scene and character, the very soul and spirit of the play, is swallowed up in empty declamation. The dancers in the House of Capulet churn about in a square box; the Ghost of buried Denmark flickers on the backdrop while his voice proceeds from behind painted walls; King Claudius says his prayers to the bald-headed row and Ophelia is buried under the front stoop.

There have been murmurs of late that Mr. Barrymore reduced the play of "Hamlet" to a series of monologues and declamations centring in the prince. The fact is that no text in modern memory has been so full, that no more genuine effort has been made by a leading actor to give an adequate rendering of the play as a play. But, thanks to the intrusion of the setting Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones have provided, scenes and passions that should flow freely upon an unencumbered stage are dispersed to odd corners, are plastered on the backdrop and projected into the auditorium. One and all, the actors do not act; they declaim. Mr. Barrymore's prominence is due solely to his greater ability and to the prominence of his part. But he is an equal sharer in the tragedy of a production of "Hamlet" that has extinguished the play.

Carl Brandorff has composed a grand opera entitled "Noah." The action shows the building of the ark and the embarkation of Noah, his household, and the animals two by two.

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VANITY FAIR.

Here's a pretty mess. Viscountess Rhondda, directing her clarion tones toward a London audience gathered together hy the Ethnological Society at the Royal Sanitary Institute, shrills at them the horrific opinion that woman is in danger of slipping hack to the position in the world that her grandmother held fifty years ago. "We have only got half way up the ladder of the emancipation of women," she shudders, "and I am not certain whether we are going forward." No more is any one else. And when we contemplate some of the uses to which woman has put her new-found liherties, we are distressed with douhts as to whether going farther forward is just what is needed; even to get woman past her equivocal position "half way up the ladder." Nor do we know whether this he, properly speaking, an ethnological problem, or a problem of sanitation; it looks more like a problem of sanity. But if woman is to go much farther than she has gone, one is tempted to inquire: "What comes after cigarettes, hriar pipes, cocktails, and more or less free divorce? Is there something worse ahead? Or would a return to the condition of the grandmothers fifty years ago he a consummation devoutly to he wished?" Perhaps those grandmothers did pretty well and had a pretty good time, on the whole. Lady Rhondda declares the idea that woman should he ornamental, not useful, has heen cropping up again. How sad! But has it occurred to our latest sanitary ethnologist that when woman is most ornamental perhaps she is really most useful? What hetter can she do than he heautiful—and take the consequences? How hetter can she serve the sane requirements of nature and of society than hy heing as lovely as God will let her he—as elusive, as alluring, as desirahle, as tempting a prize to the hold, the sagacious, the fleet of foot, competitively speaking, as she can make herself? The queen hee is the prize of the strongest flier, and so her progeny is fit. She wastes no time elevating her sisters; her joh is more hees. And when elevating the lot of women is so intimately related to the cocktail and the hriar pipe within the coral lips that should have other enticement than the smeli of stale tohacco, one wonders whether it would not he just as well for woman to climh down and revert to the condition of her mother or her grandmother of fifty years ago. *She* was not terrihle to men—at least the increase of population during the past half-century does not indicate it. If the styles were horrihle, at least they were efforts at allurement. And in most cases women that married were soon too husy to notice whether they were going up the ladder or down. That was good for them.

"Ten or twelve years ago," said a springs hotel-keeper, "one prospect in ten asked, 'How close are you to a golf course?' Today that question is heing asked hy nine out of ten. It has become as necessary to play golf well as to play hridge well. Hence the popularity of the country cluh and the prosperity of the professional golfer. People think they must have lessons, and if you could see some of the playing around here you would think so, too."

The Florida resorts report their greatest season. The Miami Chamher of Commerce says the tourist crop is unequaled. Here on the Coast we are accustomed to think of it as a perquisite of Southern California, and to feel that Brother Wiggin and his colleagues must he getting it all, hut there must he a good deal more of it than we can detect with the naked eye from Twin Peaks. It is estimated that 300,000 visitors have already gone to Florida this winter and have put into circulation there some $30,000,000—not rouhles nor yet marks, hut good American hard money. Hotels are springing up all over the Southern part of the country, and all have golf courses if it is possihle to get land for them. One would suppose that the main industry of the United States among those ahle to afford it is going South and playing golf. Florida leads in the number of her cluhs and her winter resorts. One of the newest of the cluhs is also the most famous: the Everglades, of Palm Beach. It was founded hut five years ago hy Mr. Paris Singer, and is now an important element of winter social life in the East. Mr. Singer is still its president, and E. Clarence Jones of New York and Edward T. Stoteshury of Philadelphia are its vice-presidents. President Harding is an honorary memher—one of two. The governing hoard is filled hy such men as Messrs. Pierre Lorillard Barhey, William Lawrence Green, Lewis Quentin Jones, Henry Carnegie Phipps and Henry T. Sloane, with Messrs. Edward F. Crozier, Charles A. Munn and Edward T. Stoteshury of Philadelphia and Mr. Walter J. Hitchell of Boston among the associate governors. In the list of memhers are the names of Messrs. Vincent Astor, Charles B. Alexander, Le Roy W. Baldwin, Cortlandt Field Bishop, Harry S. Black, J. Leonard Replogle, Peter Cooper Brvce, several men of the Brokaw family, E. Victor Loew, Alfonso de Navarro, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Ogden Reid, William MacN. Rodewald, William Boyce Thompson, Harold Stirling Vanderhilt, Henry Walters, George Henry Warren, W. Seward Wehh and Payne Whitney. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is one of the "lady associate memhers." The Everglades Cluh is the centre of Palm Beach social life, although a good part of the congenial dining and dancing, as well as the golfing, are done at the Palm Beach Country Cluh.

Next to golf, perhaps the outdoor sport that grows most rapidly in popular favor just now is trap shooting at clay pigeons. Men and women indulge in it, winter and summer. Such organizations as the Westchester Gun Cluh are devoted to it, and it is even threatening to invade the links. During the war, trap shooting was encouraged hy the government and even prescrihed for aviators, and the ammunition makers and gun factories have seen large profits in keeping it going as an outdoor sport. Carried on with a scatter gun it is looked on with some scorn hy many of the old-fashioned riflemen. One was even so tactless and vitriolic the other day as to refer to the shotgun as a "Chinaman's weapon." Nevertheless it grows in popularity. Three years ago little James Bonner, seven years old, hegan hreaking clay pigeons under the instruction of his dad at the Lincoln Park Gun Cluh, Chicago; and last week, at the Westchester Gun Cluh he executed 99 out of 100. It is douhtful if trap shooting can ever take the place of golf—or if anything else ever will, now that the country is thoroughly infected and so many otherwise good rifle ranges have gone into links. But at least clay pigeon shooting has the advantage over live hird shooting that it seems more nearly to conform to the humane standards of modern sentiment. Why it is less cruel to kill a pigeon with a load of hirdshot swirtly and almost painlessly administered than to wring its neck for a pot pie or permit it to die wretchedly of old age and starvation in some lofty cote, may he still open to dehate; hut at least a clay pigeon is insensate. And if society can get used to the kick of the gun, the clay pigeon may save it from a great deal of *ennui*, when golf has lost its power to tease and charm.

Traveling Americans discovered the Mediterranean Sea and its resorts some time ago, and some have even known of the Alps, since Hannihal and Mark Twain made them famous. It is now heing discovered that a good way to use the Alps is to use them on the Austrian side, since the Austrian hotel-keepers are inclined to he reasonahle ahout prices. A great many American visitors to Austria are spending happy winter days at Semmering, the northern gate of the Austrian Alps, which can he reached in a few hours from Vienna hy train or motor. Here they find large and self-contained hotels, where everything comfortahle is supplied at rates seldom over $2 per person per day. In some of the more modest hostelries the rate is as low as $1.30. There are heautiful mountain panoramas all ahout, and the social life is enjoyahle. Boh sledding is all the go, hut at night the scene changes from the primitive to the most artificial, steam-heated culture. Sport clothes are laid aside, men appear in the severest evening dress and the women display the latest creations of the Paris or Viennese doctors of fashion. They dance all night, and hardened sportsmen that expect to quit the hay hy 8 o'clock to hunt the hounding chamois or the elusive snipe, or whatever they have to hunt in that region, may he seen taking their night-caps at 3 o'clock in the morning. Life at Semmering is quite gay and carefree, and not in the least suggestive of the fact that Austria is the poorest country in Europe. Perhaps the visitors feel that they are helping Austria out of her trouhles, and so take joy of such cheerful philanthropy.

Mrs. Gould's Jewelry.

The estate of Edith Kingdon Gould, who died suddenly while playing golf at Lakewood, New Jersey, in Novemher, 1921, was appraised recently, showing a gross value of $1,690,020. The net estate amounts to $1,583,705 and the heneficiaries of the will include George J. Gould and the children, Mrs. Marjorie Gould Drexel, Lady Vivian Decies, Mrs. Edith Gould Wainwright, Miss Gloria Gould, and the sons, Kingdon, George, and Jay Gould, who are all made residuary legatees in equal shares, says the New York *Herald*.

Among the principal items of the estate were Mrs. Gould's jewels, which included a festoon of pearls and diamonds, set with many small stones and appraised at $21,000; a pearl and diamond crown set in platinum, $22,000; a diamond tiara, $45,000; a diamond necklace, $26,000; a diamond and emerald corsage, $200,000; a diamond and emerald pendant with two unusually large stones, $35,000; a pearl necklace, $105,000; a second pearl necklace, $127,000; a rope of pearls, $85,000, and a pearl sautoir appraised at $32,000.

Two town houses are included in the estate, one at 177 East Sixty-Fourth Street and the other at 857 Fifth Avenue. Both these houses were in Mrs. Gould's name and the total valuation of the real estate which she left is placed at $783,000. The Fifth Avenue home is valued at $759,000. Her personal estate, which consisted mainly of the jewelry and numerous household effects, totaled $907,-027.

Sartorial Sublimity.

In view of the prediction from Atlantic City that the "shirt waist man" will he hack in our midst this summer and announcement from Chicago that galluses are to he stylish, millions of hearts in the hreasts of America's male population must he doing some joyous shimmying, says the New Orleans *Picayune*. The reason suspenders are going to he just the thing, explains A. Lincoln Stadler, chairman of the style committee of the National Association of Merchant Tailors, will he largely hecause of necessity, as trousers of proper design are to he high-waisted, hrutally depriving the leather helt of its joh in the hold-up husiness. The upward tendency of the waist line, it is explained, is to add height to the hips. The effect, as we catch the idea, will he on the "princess" order which many of the ladies at least will fondly recall. Perhaps next year the male waist line will rise yet to higher altitudes, and with shoulder straps instead of galluses present a fetching "evening gown" effect. With a sport shirt and a pearl necklace the male thus attired indeed would he charming to gaze upon.

Power of Public Example.

The Berlin police recently discovered in the suhurhs of that city a strange ahode called the Poor Men's Hotel. It was a well-appointed residence, surrounded hy a heautiful garden, adorned with statues and fountains and serving as a retreat for professional heggars, says the New York *Tribune*. People in perfect health and elegantly dressed were seen entering and shortly after leaving apparently crippled, legless, hlind, maimed and mutilated. The police locked up the impostors, some of whom are millionaires, and the most of whom own houses of their own.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A lady bank clerk had completed her first week and a friend asked her how she liked the work. "Oh, it's glorious!" she replied. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank."

A Stanford professor, who had just recovered from an attack of the flu without having received a single inquiry as to his health from any of his faculty neighbors, remarked: "I might have died, and nobody would ever have found it out till the wind changed."

To a colored convert a Southern clergyman said: "Supposing you were walking along the road and saw a low-hanging branch and on that branch a nice fat chicken, what would you do?" "Please don't ask that question, boss," begged the convert. "Oh, yes, tell me what you would do." "Well, boss, you know I's only an infant in de kingdom."

"I bought some good, safe, dividend-paying stock, thinking it would go up and I would make enough on it to buy an automobile," said a San Franciscan the other day. "And, of course, it went down," said his friend. "It did not. I sold it for enough profit to get a car." "Where's the car?" "Why, I found after I sold the stock that I needed the dividends to buy the gasoline."

A great many tourists ask about Indian nomenclature. The agent on a reservation was trying to explain. "It used to work this way," he stated. "If a girl saw a timid fawn, she was called Fawn Afraid. If a young buck happened to spy a crazy buffalo, he might be called Crazy Bull. That's the way the Indians got their names." "But the deer and the buffalo have disappeared. Times have changed." "That's just it. Half the girls in this tribe are named Tin Lizzie."

It was past 11. The old man entered the parlor and, approaching his daughter's admirer, said, "Young man, do you know what time it is?" The timid youth leaped to his feet and, stammering "Y-y-yes," hurried into the hall and then out into the night. The old man stood bewildered. "That's a queer fellow to have calling on you, Mabel," he remarked. "Why did he rush off in that fashion? My watch had stopped, and I merely wanted to get the time."

"When I see a ragged man," said the chairman virtuously, "I say to myself, there goes one of life's wasters. There goes a man who has refused to make the most of his gifts. There is no excuse for poverty, gentlemen. Every one should rise. Every one may carve out a good position for himself if he wishes." "Perhaps you are right," interposed a member. "Only today I met a newspaper man who told me that twenty years ago he came to Chicago with exactly $5 in his pocket. He is now worth $40,000, and he owes this entirely to his own ability and energy, combined with good health and a high code of ethics, and to the fact that his uncle recently died and left him $39,995."

A member of the bar of Cincinnati tells of a youthful lawyer who had been retained to defend an old offender on the charge of burglary. The rules of the court allowed each side one hour in which to address the jury. Before his turn, the young lawyer consulted a veteran of the bar who was in the courtroom. "How much time," he asked, "do you think I should take in addressing the jury?" "You should," answered the old-timer, without hesitation, "take the full hour." "The full hour! Why, I thought I should take something like a quarter of an hour." "You ought to take the full hour." "Why?" "Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."

The subject under discussion by several congressmen, sitting in a hotel lobby, was the different brands of hospitality. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio told of this experience while driving with a friend through one of the Southern states: "One night darkness overtook us while traveling along a lonesome road through a strip of seemingly interminable pine timber. After a couple of hours of slow plodding we saw a light ahead. When we reached the house I yelled like the Indians used to tell down in John Garner's state. A bewhiskered old fellow opened the front door and asked what we wanted. When I said we wanted to stay all night, he looked us over mighty carefully and said: 'Wal, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' We thanked him politely and went in and found it was only a one-room cabin, just swarming with kiddies of all ages. There were six or eight in sight and others within hearing. We were disappointed at seeing only one bed and wondered if we would have to sit up in chairs all night. We were so dog-tired and sleepy that we could scarcely hold our eyes open. After giving us a good supper of hog and corn cakes, the mother put the two youngest kids to bed. In less than three minutes they were sound asleep. She took them out and laid them over in the corner on the floor and put the next two in bed, and so on. When all the little ones were asleep on the floor the old folks strolled out to the woodshed and told us we could use the bed. We hopped in without delay. Imagine our surprise when we awoke at daylight the next morning and found ourselves lying over in the corner with the kids and the old man and woman snoring in the bed."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Women, Women.

The other night in my sedan
There was just her and me—her man.
I talked of rain, and shine, and old
Forgotten days, and pirates bold,
And ships and sealing wax, and gold.
Then all at once she said, "I'm cold."
So I, though cool, took off my coat,
And wrapped my muffler 'round her throat.
And then I talked of golfer's stance.
The styles in clothes, the latest dance,
And how the mediums faked a trance.
And I grew cold, but gosh! her glance
Was colder yet. I ask of you
Just what it was I failed to do?
—*Chicago Phœnix.*

One of the oddest cargoes on record was probably that carried lately by a British steamer bound for Morocco. It consisted of 2,000,000 gallons of purified drinking water for the use of the Spanish troops fighting the rebels.

A Bible Class for Plunder.

It is heartbreaking and humorous to see what shifts and turns the Christian outcastes of India try in order to exist, and to discover how literally, out of their bodily hunger, they sometimes interpret the offer of the bread of life, writes Danial Swamidoss in *Asia Magazine*. In a certain village in the Telugu country lived one of these naive Christians. He was a teacher-pastor named Timothy, a weak brother among the great number of able and honorable Christian leaders. He taught school six days in the week, led a Bible class on Sunday morning and preached twice on Sunday for his congregation. He had a wife and six children and he received a salary of $2 a month from the mission. The mission would not increase his salary because he had studied only up to the fourth standard, the end of the primary course. Timothy felt that he must have more money. He had a real economic problem. Because of his status in the village, he could not resort to begging. He was too poor to borrow. The only alternative was to steal. But he was too old to steal. So he organized the young men of his Bible class for a plundering expedition. They scoured the neighboring villages and brought home a stray cow. The animal was slaughtered, the meat was apportioned among the young men and the skin given to the teacher-pastor, who sold it to the skin merchant for $3 or $4. Thereafter a similar raid was conducted each Saturday evening while Timothy was preparing his sermon. Four trips a month brought him $12 to $16. One day a rather recent acquaintance, seeing that Timothy's wife was attractively dressed and not without jewels and that his children were growing fat, asked him, "How is it that you seem to be prospering on $2 a month?" The teacher-pastor, with a happy smile, answered calmly, "Ah, the Lord is mindful of his own." Three or four days later this friend, who had heard some of the village gossip and had come to know the truth, said to him, "Timothy, how *can* a man who does the sort of thing you do be a preacher and teacher and talk to these poor people about God's love?" Then Timothy said contentedly: "Well, sir, if I can not testify to God's love, who can? I have done this for ten years, and the good Lord has never once handed me over to the police."

The editor of *Playthings*, the leading New York paper devoted to the toy trade, says in a recent number of the magazine: "Industrially and commercially Germany is more active than any other country of Europe. Actual reparations payments are practically insignificant in comparison with the amount other countries, like France, England, or the United States, are paying on their bonded debts. The collapse of the German mark is caused largely by the fact that the Germans themselves want nothing to do with it. To the mind of the writer, the collapse of the German mark is no indication whatsoever of the collapse of Germany, but a sure indication that Germany does not intend to pay its debts."

Two Americans climbed to one of the most majestic heights of the Swiss Alps last summer. When they got to the top one of them produced a pair of dice and they shot craps until nearly dark. This incident is typical of foreign travel by Americans this season. The travel notes of many Americans contain accounts of just such wonderful days.—*Life.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna announce the engagement of tbeir daughter, Miss Virginia Hanna, to Mr. Chandler Kellogg, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Kellogg of Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Renwick Smedberg entertained last week at a card party at tbe Town and Country Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks entertained at a dinner on Wednesday preceding the Ball of the Roses.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright were hosts at a dinner last week in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mrs. Donald Bradford gave a large bridge party last Friday in bonor of Mrs. Howard McCandless.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline were bosts at a dinner recently in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary was bostess at a luncheon last Tuesday given at the Francesca Club in bonor of her niece, Miss Margaret Crocker Buckbee.

Miss Olive Edrington, whose engagement to Mr. Evan Pillsbury has been announced, was tbe guest of bonor at a diner given last week by Mr. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. de Ropp, and Mr. Alfred de Ropp, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. de Ropp took their guests afterwards to the Columbia Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer and tbeir daugbter, Miss Lawton Filer, were recent bosts at a dinner given in their apartment on California Street.

Among the dinners preceding tbe dance given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton were tbose given by Miss Elena Folger and Miss Lawton Filer.

Tbere was a mid-Lent Rose Dance given on Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis by Mr. William W. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Richard McCreery. A number of dinners preceded tbe dance, among tbe bosts being Mr. and Mrs. Latbam McMullin and Miss Louise Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks and Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson.

Mrs. Leigb Sypher was bostess at a luncbeon last week at ber home in San Mateo.

General and Mrs. George Barnett, U. S. M. C., were the bonored guests recently at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ames at tbeir bome in San Mateo.

Mrs. Bradley Wallace entertained at a small bridge and mab jongg party last week.

Miss Helen Garritt will leave for New York on Wednesday next, and will sail on the *Aquitania* for Europe to be absent for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Curran gave a box party on tbe opening nigbt of the San Carlo Opera Company.

Miss Katberine Bentley, wbose engagement to Mr. Raymond Pbelps bas been announced, will be the guest of bonor next Friday at a luncbeon given by Mrs. Harry Husb Magee at tbe Women's Athletic Club.

Mr. Homer Curran entertained a few of bis friends at a box party at "Madame Butterfly" last week, and later on took tbem to tbe St. Francis for supper and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele entertained at a tea on Sunday last at tbeir home on Vallejo Street in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. Tabasbi Komatsu.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smitb gave a dinner last Saturday night at tbe Burlingame Country Club, followed by bridge and dancing.

Mrs. Hugb Porter, wbo was a recent bride, sbared tbe honor with Miss Margaret Buckbee at a luncbeon given on Thursday by Mrs. Harry East Miller and ner daugbter, Mrs. John Knox, at tbe Town and Country Club.

Mrs. John Drum entertained at a luncheon last Friday in bonor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Rennie Pierre Scbwerin gave a mab jongg party followed by a tea last week at ber home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery were bosts at a dinner last week at tbeir bome in San Mateo in bonor of Miss Rutb Hobart and ner fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker.

Miss Rutb Hobart and ber fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker, were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen.

Mrs. William Cluff, wbo bas recently returned from the East, gave a dinner last week at tbe Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Arthur Letts.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was the bonored guest at a dinner given by Mrs. Mountford Wilson at ber residence in Burlingame.

Mr. Léon Walker entertained a group of friends over tbe week-end at tbe bome of bis parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, at Pebble Beacb.

Mr. Cyril McNear is bost at a bouse party at the McNear ranch on tbe Russian River.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs and ber daugbter, Miss Emilie Tubbs, entertained at a luncheon last Saturday at their bome on Broadway.

Mrs. Chester Shepbard will entertain at a bridge party on March 14tb in bonor of Mrs. Cbester Williams and Mrs. Howard McCandless.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman was tbe guest of bonor at a dinner given in Burlingame last week by Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear entertained a bouse party over the week-end at tbeir country home near Mt. Diablo.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was bostess at a farewell lunch on Monday last at her home at Millbrae.

Miss Betty Knigbt Smitb and Miss Betty Klink were bostesses at a large tea last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Knight Smitb on Jackson Street

Mrs. Oilver Stine entertained at a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Jane Nugent, whose engagement to Mr. Ashford Stow has been announced .

Mrs. Stewart Edward White entertained at a tea recently at her home in Burlingame in bonor of Mrs. John Wetherill of Arizona.

Del Monte Polo.

The Pacific Coast suh-committee of the American Polo Association has announced the programme of events for the first annual Coast championship tournament, which opens at Del Monte on Marcb 23d and runs until April 15th.

The outstanding feature will be the open event for the Coast title. The conditions are that teams of aggregate handicap not less than twelve goals will be eligihle. Teams entered are the Midwick, the Del Monte, the Cardinals of San Mateo, the Hawaiian Islands' army four, the Fort Bliss, Texas, cavalry team, and perhaps one or two others.

Another event of importance will he the play for the S. F. B. Morse Poppy Cup, for a match hetween Northern and Southern California. The Pacific Coast Circuit Cup for teams whose aggregate handicap does not exceed ten goals will draw a hig entry to include San Mateo, Denver, Riverside, Midwick, Eleventh United States Cavalry of Monterey, Honolulu, Del Monte and Fort Bliss.

The tournament will be the largest and longest ever held in California. It is the first time that the American Polo Association has sanctioned a Coast championship.

At the Palace.

Miss Beatrice Lichtenstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Lichtenstein, and her fiancé, Mr. Joseph Shemansky, were the complimented guests at a delightful dinner-dance given in the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Buckland and Mr. and Mrs. John Morris were the hosts.

Entertaining for Miss Cecile O'Connell, Miss Alyce F. Daly was bostess at tea recently in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel. Miss O'Connell, witb her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O'Connell, will leave sbortly for a six months' tour of Europe.

Monday afternoon Mrs. C. A. Parmelee was hostess informally to several friends at tea in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel.

VIEWS OF DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST.

"Golf is the quintessence of the absurd, alike in the futility of its ends, the fatuity of its methods, and the grotesque inadequacy of its implements," according to tbe spirit of Dr. Samuel Johnson as written by R. M. Freeman in his book, "The New Boswell," which purports to be "some account of the purist's conversation with Dr. Johnson upon present earthly matters," as quoted in a London dispatch to the New York *Herald*.

"Never, I believe, sir," Freeman bas Johnson telling Boswell, "was so great a husiness made of employing so many inefficient tools to compass so worthless a purpose."

Nothing Boswell could say would alter Dr. Johnson's tone of contemptuous derision of the game, and Dr. Johnson summed up bis contempt cbaracteristically with the remark:

"I am told, sir, that the art of hopscotch presents manifold excellences to those wbo study it with any degree of attention."

The work which has just heen puhlished is replete with humor and cleverly presents Johnson's supposed opinions on modern affairs, bringing out his uncompromising dictatorial manner in connection with modern-day events and customs.

Johnson rejects the request of terrestrial spiritualists to establish communication with him, for when Boswell accompanied by Oliver Goldsmith hroached the subject the doctor, according to Freeman, did not mince matters as to his reason for refusal, saying:

"For I consider, sir, that tbey would exhibit me in a materialized form to a circle of gaping blockheads, like a fat woman at a fair. And then, sir, they would levitate me in a dark room six feet from the floor at imminent risk to my neck. And if this were not enough, sir, they would transmit my conversation through the lips of an ignoramus medium, who would split my infinitives, alienate my relatives from their antecedents, and generally ungrammaticize my English out of all recognition."

Johnson, when asked for his opinion of the statesmen of the last century, could find little good to say of any of them. He admits that Lord Beaconsfield "was not so arrant a rascal as some of them," hut Boswell draws down the fierce invective of Johnson when he tries to defend Gladstone, Lord Salishury, and Sir Camphell Bannerman.

Dealing with Herbert Asquitb and David Lloyd George, Freeman quotes Johnson as saying: "Sir, I find it bard to determine on which of these two the palm of villainy sbould he conferred. Lloyd George, sir, in the past has gone to viler lengths of demagogy than Asquith ever did. On tbe other band, he has recently shown some signs of repentance—a thing Asquith has never done.

"I would put it, sir, this way: Lloyd George has sunk lower and climbed bigher, while Asquitb bas consistently followed tbe middle road of infamy. No douht, sir, on striking a general halance, you will find it a hard thing to choose between them. To be sure, sir, this man Asquith has one advantage. He is at least an Englisbman. Other tbings heing assumed to be equal, a had Englishman is better than a bad Welshman."

Johnson employs a new phrase in denouncing London telephones. When some one tried to hring him to Elysium he told Boswell: "Sir, it was the most maddening outhreak of homhifacent incoherence that ever heat on the drum humanial."

A deputation of shades approacbes Johnson during a festive occasion on the River Styx, mistaking him for W. E. Johnson, the American prohibition advocate. Of this Johnson says:

"Sir, I was never among such a perverse pack of blockheads. The rascals, it appears, are part of a precious gang of Rechabites who bave a craze for suppressing nectar traffic. They actually confounded me with a certain American feliped whom they supposed to have passed over in the nick of time to lead them in their campaign for a dry Elysium."

Bird Memorial.

A fitting memorial to W. H. Hudson, British naturalist, sometimes known as England's John Burroughs, will probahly he erected in the form of a statuesque drinking fountain for hirds, says the New York *Herald*. Plans were made at a meeting last week of the committee of prominent Londoners. Among those sponsoring the plan are John Galsworthy, Lord and Lady Grey, Edmund Gosse, J. C. Squi and other social and literary leaders.

Lord Grey, speaking at the committee mee ing, recalled Mr. Hudson's last letter, in whi he said it was to the younger generation th the world must look for justice and symp tby for the hirds, there heing little to expe from the grown-ups of the present gener tion, as they had become incorrigible. H declared the teaching of hird lore in t school was the only hope.

Lord Grey said that instead of followin the nonsensical custom of placing hird san tuaries near rivers and creeks, where the was no need for them, the memorial to Hu son should be placed at some spot where would he appreciated hy his feathered friend The memorial, he added, should he symhol of the great naturalist's spirit.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs has returned from Santa Barbara, where he visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Dabney.

Miss Virginia Hanna has gone to Los Angeles and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Martin Erickson.

Mrs. Harry Gantz, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Russell Wilson, on Pacific Avenue, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin is at her country home near Goleta. She was joined over the week-end by Dr. Franklin and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall.

Mr. Fin Lund, the consul from Denmark, accompanied by Mrs. Fin Lund and Mrs. Fin Lund's mother, Mrs. Breen, has gone to Southern California for a short visit.

Mrs. Alfred Holman left on Wednesday last for Santa Barbara for a short stay with her daughter, Miss Helen Holman.

Mr. Barreda Sherman, whose engagement to Miss Cornelia Ripley of Tacoma has been announced, has left for New York en route for Europe. Miss Ripley is traveling in Europe with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Ripley, and the marriage will take place some time in April.

Miss Ruth Richards, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt, has returned to her home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Doyle, who recently returned from Europe, were week-end guests at the country home of ex-Senator James D. Phelan near Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, accompanied by their son, will go East very shortly to join their three daughters and spend the Easter holidays with them.

Mrs. Walter Hobart is spending a few weeks at her ranch in Nevada, where her son, Richard Magee, has been living this winter.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing of Washington, who has just returned from Honolulu, is making a short visit in San Francisco before leaving for her home in Washington.

Mrs. Douglas Wilson Dodge, accompanied by her little daughter, is leaving for a visit to New York and Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White are guests at Pebble Beach.

Miss Adrienne Sharp is visiting friends in Pasadena, and will return very soon to her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Coleman, accompanied by Miss Janet Coleman, Mr. Coleman's sister, have returned to their home in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauretz Holmblad have gone to Del Monte. On their return they expect to sail for the Orient.

Major Lawrence Redington sailed for Honolulu last Saturday on his way to his new station in Manila. Mrs. Redington will accompany him as far as Honolulu and after a short stay there will return to California. She will remain with her sister, Miss Emilie Parrott, in San Mateo until the end of the summer, when she and her little son will join Major Redington in Manila.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, whose departure for the East has been postponed, will leave very shortly for New York, from where she will sail on March 20th for England. She will visit her daughter, Lady Ward, and Sir John Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna have returned from Los Angeles, where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Gardner Bullis.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman has arrived from her home in New York, and is visiting her brother, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Mrs. Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Mary Martin is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann have returned from a short stay in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and their daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, are leaving this week for Europe.

Mrs. Chillion Howard, daughter of Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, left last week for her home in Montreal.

Mrs. James Parker, daughter of Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, has returned to her home in Annapolis, where Commander Parker is stationed.

Mrs. Leroy Herrick has been visiting Mrs. Sands Forman in Coronado.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond and her niece, Miss Mary Hoyle, are staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois, after visiting Mrs. Gallois' mother, Mrs. Norris, in San Rafael, have returned to their home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Edward Barorn, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Mrs. Platt Kent will sail for Honolulu next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly left for New York last week, and will sail for Europe on March 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark are leaving soon for Virginia Hot Springs.

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THE PALACE HOTEL

At the St. Francis.

All the newest modes of spring were exemplified Monday by the fashionable women who made up the many informal parties in the Garden and Fable room of the Hotel St. Francis, both rooms being taxed to capacity with smartly gowned groups.

Mrs. Walker Salisbury was hostess to Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. Fentress Hill, and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery. Mrs. Winston H. Obear and her daughters, Miss Sally and Miss Nance Obear, were another group. At another table, Mrs. George Cameron presiding, were Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Miss Marjorie Josselyn and Miss Tiny O'Connor.

Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was hostess to Mrs. George de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour. Mrs. Robert Miller had Miss Anne Peters and Miss Elena Folger with her.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, who is leaving shortly for her home in Ireland, was with Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. Other small groups included Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Lawton Filer and Mrs. James A. Cooper.

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Wash of the Nile.

Tutankkh-Amen! whose wealthy tomb
Starts from its millenary gloom
To journalistic glory,
Whose gilded chairs and painted beds
Have set a hundred learned heads
Deciphering your story;

You may be he who dared to fix
The crushing tale of strawless bricks
The Sacred Book discloses,
Until the hardened Hebrew elan
Escaped in endless caravan
With Aaron and with Moses.

But, though you were extremely kind
In leaving such a store behind
(As we acknowledge gladly),
One item of your rich bequest,
Exciting special interest,
Has let us down quite badly.

Your splendid household goods are sure
To start a style in furniture,
So greatly they inspire us;
But, Pharaoh, it was hardly fair
To set us guessing with a square
Of your inscribed papyrus.

The record of each written leaf
Is tedious, however brief;
The learned tell us clearly
That your papyri are but sets
Of what the maid calls "serviettes,"
Her mistress, "napkins" merely.

And yet we feel, although the case
Appears extremely commonplace,
Its pathos deep and inner;
For even Egypt's wealthy lord
Could not, as it appears, afford
Clean napkins for his dinner.

Perhaps at first the monarch tried
Egyptian laundries far and wide
(Blue Lotus or White Lily),
And had his costly linen hack
In rags and tatters, blurred with black,
With edges frayed and frilly.

And so the thrifty Pharaoh said,
Paper would serve his turn instead,
And hence the sheets that we see
Folded in dozens, soft or stiff,
Marked with royal hieroglyph
In Thirteen Something B. C.

O Pharaoh! you have know the ills
Of laundries and of washing bills,
That drive us all demented;
Our brotherhood with you we claim,
Tutankh-Amen! (I hope the name
Is properly accented.) —*Punch.*

The Smallest Thing.

I have seen a purple sunset
O'er the hills that line my home,
I have seen the stars in triumph
Pierce the color-scattered dome;
I have watched the woods in summer,
Bird and bud and flaming flower,
While the fears of man lay conquered
In the stillness of an hour;
I have known the sound of laughter
Turn the heart of foe to friend:
But I know 'mid all my folly
That the greatest things must end.

Lord, I have lived and loved and wandered
While Thy merey held the sky;
At Thy banquet I have feasted,
'Tis a small thing left, to die.
—*J. D. Gleeson in the New Witness.*

Island Witchery.

A few days ago the wireless station on Easter Island, a thousand miles off the coast of Chile, failed to answer during a period of thirty-six hours, and a report was almost immediately broadcasted that the island had been swallowed up by the sea. Commenting upon this, the New York *Tribune* said in an editorial, "Not even the sophistication which has accompanied the spread of science has succeeded in divesting islands of their subtle lure." One might add, "And it never will succeed." As A. Hyatt Verrill, author of "Islands and Their Mysteries," says, "an island is a body of land surrounded by water, and by romance and mystery."

In "Islands and Their Mysteries," A. Hyatt Verrill explains why it is that islands exercise a mysterious charm over the imagination. One of the reasons is because of their insta-bility; their sudden appearances and equally sudden disappearances, and their constantly changing formations. In this book he tells many stories that justify the popular belief in island witchery. There was, for example, the city of Port Royal, Jamaica. In the old pirate days it was noted throughout the world as the foregathering place of the sea robbers and "the richest and wickedest city in the world." "One Sunday morning," writes Mr. Verrill in his book, "there came a severe earthquake and most of Port Royal sank beneath the waves, carrying with it scores of the pirates with all their booty and ill-gotten gains."

Another equally mysterious catastrophe about which Mr. Verrill writes occurred in Nevis. Nevis, he says, "was a favorite watering place for all the society of Europe and the West Indies, but the chief town, Charlestown, shared the same fate as Port Royal, the entire city sinking suddenly under the sea; and today, in clear weather, one may row above the submerged town and, looking through the crystal-like water, may trace the outlines of the streets and buildings of the once gay and populous town." And then there was the island that vanished immediately after it had been annexed to the British Empire. This island suddenly rose above the sea a few years ago, off the coast of Trinidad in the British West Indies. "It was newborn land," says Mr. Verrill, "wet, muddy, and bare, but it was land nevertheless and apparently stable. The authorities visited it, took possession as a dependency of Trinidad, and set up the British flag; but a few days later this new acquisition to the British Empire disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Housewife—What do you work at, my poor man? *Tramp*—At intervals, ma'am.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"But why are you pawning all your night-shirts?" "I have got a joh as a night-watchman."—*Karikaturen.*

Today we have a new God. It is called the Subconscious Mind and is worshiped without heing understood.—*New York Tribune.*

Rea—Liza, what fo' yo' huy dat odder hox of shoe hlackin'? *Liza*—Go on, dat aint shoe hlackin'; dat's my massage cream.—*Burr.*

Old Dohhin had his faults, hut you did not have to pour hot water on him to get him started on a cold morning.—*Los Angeles Times.*

She—You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you? *He*—No, hut my hrother does and this is his hat.—*Phœnix.*

John—I hear Bill was kicked off the squad. *Jack*—How so? *John*—He was told to tackle the dummy and he tackled the coach.—*Virginia Reel.*

"I note hy an exchange," writes J. B., "that a Mr. Vowell has just died. Let us he thankful that it was neither 'u' nor 'i.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

"A man kin have an education dat he can't use," said Uncle Ehen, "same as he kin have a grand piano wifout hein' ahle to play it."—*Washington Star.*

Man from Iowa (questioning a New York policeman)—I'm tryin' to find a place to park my car. Where the heck is this here Park Avenue anyhow?—*Judge.*

Gentleman Crook—Pardon me, sir, hut haven't I held you up hefore? *Weary Victim*—Well, the gun looks familiar, hut I've forgotten the face.—*Octopus.*

Maud—What happened when your father told your fiancé he ought to put something aside for a rainy day? *Lois*—A little later Dad missed his raincoat.—*Tiger.*

"A farmer has to he patient." "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "but he overdoes it when he don't do nothin' hut sit on a fence an' wait for a real estate hoom."—*Washington Stor.*

Prospective Tenant—But why do they make the apartment so small? *Real Estate Agent*—That, madam, is so the tenants will have no room for complaint.—*Honey Comb Briefs.*

"Dar is such a thing as misplaced hravery," said Uncle Ehen. "Tryin' to interduce loaded dice in our Saturday Evenin' Club crap game ain' nuffin' hut a waste of courage."—*Woshington Star.*

Noro—The fellow I used to keep company with has asked me to go to the firemen's costume hall, hut I don't know what to impersonate. *Maggie*—Why not go as an old flame?—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Nurse (returning with charge from juvenile party)—Good gracious, Betty, how sticky your hands are! *Betty*—So would yours he if you had two meringues and a chocolate eclair in your muff.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fred—Bilkins is about the world's most cautious man, I guess. *Ted*—Why? *Fred*—He's the only man I ever saw read the contract on the hack of a telegraph hlank hefore writing his message.—*New York Sun.*

Orchestra Drummer—I'm the fastest man in the world. *Violinist*—How's that? *Orchestra Drummer*—Time flies, doesn't it? *Violinist*—So they say. *Orchestra Drummer*—Well, I heat time.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Motorist (frantically flagged on o lonely road)—What's the matter? Is the hridge out? *Native*—It's my missus, mister. She's goin' to prayer-meetin' an' she's got some grease on her coat. She wants to know would you let her have a haff-a-pint o' gasoline.—*Life.*

From the report of a shipping case: "She proceeded on her way until 7, or rather later, when a noise was heard as of a heavy hody like an anchor or a chain being dragged along the deck from the funnel aft. It was the mate's watch."—*Liverpool paper, quoted in London Punch.*

At a dinner, Sir James M. Barrie was seated next an individual who, at a loss for something to say, remarked: "I suppose, Sir James, that some of your plays do hetter than others." "Yes," replied the famous man. "Some peter out and some pan out."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A teacher of music in a public school was trying to impress upon her pupils the meaning of *f* and *ff* in a song that they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said, "Now, children, what do you say; if *f* means *forte*, what does *ff* mean?" "Eighty!" shouted one enthusiastic pupil.—*Youth's Companion.*

A little girl was regarding with a critical eye her newly-arrived hahy hrother. The proud father, who was decidedly hald and was rather sensitive ahout it, was seated nearhy. "What a pity our new hahy hasn't got any hair," she said. "It'll grow heautifully later on," replied the nurse. "But hasn't daddy heen a dreadfully long time starting?"—*Boston Transcript.*

As regards telegrams I think they are the most difficult things in the world to write elegantly and in good taste. I know one man who, when he is in the country, writes heautiful telegrams to his aunts in town on the least provocation, as: "What pleasing prospect nature evening eye delighted with distant groves fields meadows cows sheep soul soothed awed contemplation of infinite will you send on another twenty pounds temporarily short Henry." And he generally gets it, too.—*Beachcomber in London Express.*

TOO MANY BUFFALO.

The huffalo is coming hack, says the Toronto correspondent of the Manchester *Guardion.* So successful has heen the effort of the Canadian government to preserve it from extinction that it has heen necessary to plan for some day this fall or winter a mammoth huffalo "kill." A thousand animals will he slaughtered. It is forty years since anything like that numher of buffalo have heen killed in a year.

Many men still living rememher when the huffalo roamed the North American continent literally in millions. When they stampeded the earth shook and the roar struck terror into the heart of any living creature that happened to he in the line of advance. Estimates say that once there were hetween twenty and forty millions in existence. But the huffalo, though formidahle, was an easy prey for the hunter. His size and his gregarious instincts made him a shining target for slaughter in the mass. By the time the Canadian Pacific Railway invaded the west only hig piles of bleached hones remained to attest the slaughter. But these hones gave the infant railway its first freight. A huge tonnage was carried east to Montreal for use in a sugar refinery.

The extinction was almost complete, hut not quite. Lord Strathcona gathered together a few animals for his Manitoha estate. A small herd survived in the far north Peace River country. But these alone remained, except a few animals privately owned in the United States.

Twenty-five years ago the Canadian government hought Lord Strathcona's herd and took it to the national park at Banff. For years it was regarded only as a sort of curiosity. Then it dawned on the authorities that their little herd had potentialities. A game preserve for the Northwest was decided upon. Accordingly, 162 square miles of sandy, rolling prairie, dotted with clumps of poplar and little lakes, and unsuitahle for agriculture, was set aside and girt with a woven wire fence ten feet high. Into this enclosure were turned antelope, moose, elk, deer, and with them some 709 huffalo. The huffalo consisted of the small herd from Banff and of those hought from Michael Pahlo, a Montana rancher. Turned loose under the hest natural conditions in this park situated at Wainwright, Alherta, ahout 100 miles due east of Edmonton, Alherta, the huffalo thrived from the start. Last spring the caretakers counted 6146 animals, and though the 1922 calf crop can not he counted until the huffalo are herded into winter quarters, it is estimated that there will he an addition of from 1000 to 1500 woolly little humphacked calves following their fierce, shaggy mothers.

Besides the herd at Wainwright, Canada also has 300 head at Elk Island Park, Alherta, twelve head at Banff, and a few huffalo in the zoos at London (Ontario), Vancouver, Toronto, and at a few other points, to say nothing of the wild herd at Peace River, which, roaming over a vast area of prairie and hush, makes computation of its numhers hopeless. The mounted police at Forth Smith estimate the Peace River herd at anywhere from 600 to 2000 head. So it is possihle that Canada has hetween 8000 and 9000 huffalo today.

The Wainwright preserve has just ahout reached the limit of its capacity. That is one reason for thinning out the herd this winter. Another reason is that the hulls have hecome too numerous, and fights, many of them fatal, frequently occur.

THE DIGNITY OF THE LAW.

To obtain the evidence on which a large part of Washington's police force and nine automohiles were kept husy the other day, J. L. Asher assumed a few new rôles and adopted a partner, Harry Bauer of the capital's police force, who plays opposite Asher as the "lead," says a Washington dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

As fruit hucksters, fish peddlers, plaster-of-paris statuette salesmen, an itinerant harpist and singer and grind-organ artists, the team toured sections of Washington already under suspicion as possihle "hootleg" centres, and used their noses and eyes to find out what they could.

They were hy turn hoth Greeks and Italians, and hecause they evaded the language test managed to fool all comers, even members of the police force, into helieving that they were the real thing.

Washington liquor retailers had heen lured into a sense of false security hecause of the report that Asher had heen sent to new fields. Now they refuse to helieve anything they hear and little that they see. There were a few of the persons that the pair accosted who were still on the lookout for Asher. Once or twice the shave was very close, hut they managed to play their parts successfully.

Once they had concluded negotiations for a pint when the wife of the vender walked in as the flask was heing wrapped up.

"You ought to have hetter sense than to sell to people you don't know," she said.

"Go on, woman. Don't interrupt me with such foolishness. I know what I'm doing," replied the hushand.

"How do you know but this fellow is Asher?" the wise lady said.

"Don't mind her. You know how women are," said the soon-to-he disillusioned hootlegger.

"Who is this Asher?" the very man himself asked.

"Huh? Haven't you heard of Asher?" returned the vender. "He's a hell cat."

"Well, you don't think I look like a hell cat," was Asher's parting shot as he pocketed the evidence and the hootlegger the marked hills.

The hootlegger's comments now are omitted.

On another occasion Asher threatened his own life.

"These revenue men are getting too smart for us poor folks," one of his sources of supply told him. "Jest think of that guy working as an ashman to get the goods on us: They're getting too smart, that's all there is to it."

"Dees fella ought he shoot," Asher, playing a heavy Italian rôle, replied. "Ida lak to meet dees man Ashur."

It was the Italian part that came near ending hadly. Asher and Bauer, posing as hucksters, were accosted hy a real specimen from Italy who wished to discuss the Fascisti movement. A few eloquent shrugs of the shoulders was the only contrihution the revenue agents could make to the conversation, so they drove off to an important engagement in haste.

The strolling trouhadour works hest, though, according to Asher himself.

"As far as disguises go," he said, "the wandering minstrels had all other disguises beat. It was an 'open sesame' to hooch houses. The man who sings disarms suspicion naturally. The singer is the man who likes his little nip. That's where we had them. Doors flew open before our harp and violin. It's lucky we knew how to play a few pieces. At any rate we gave them their money's worth."

It was in the disguise of a fruit huckster that Bauer made his greatest coup. To test his costume, he went to work in his own neighhorhood and sold apples to his mother with out being recognized.

"But, your honor, protested the speeder who had just received a jail sentence, "you don't realize that my time is worth money." "Oh, indeed!" said the judge. "Well, if you can produce a single citizen who doesn't consider that his life is more valuahle to him than your time is to you, I'll let you off with a nominal fine."—*Boston Tronscript.*

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Noble Gateway.

The Federal government appears to be in need of more and better buildings in San Francisco to house various administrative activities now scattered in rented quarters through the business district. There is a Federal office, that of the Packers' and Stockyards Administration, in the Merchants National Bank Building; another, the Naval Recruiting Station, is in the Claus Spreckels Building; another, the Reclamation Service, is in the Pacific Building a block west. Another block west, in the Lincoln Building, is the Veterans' Bureau. Up at Seventh and Market, in the Grant Building, is the Special Intelligence Bureau. There is another bureau, or part of a bureau, in the Russ Building, another in the Mills Building, and another in the Merchants Exchange Building; and they are not all. Most of them could be grouped in Federal buildings of beauty, worthy of the city and the government they represent. And if it be done, what better place could there be to do it than where it would beautify the entrance to San Francisco? Mr. Theodore Hardee, director of the government savings organization of the Federal Reserve Bank, suggests that such new structures be erected along the Embarcadero, from Clay Street south to Mission. The frontage between Market and Mission could be used for a new branch postoffice, and it would be none too large, for the Ferry branch has long outgrown its accommodations, and refuses to stop growing. Piecemeal additions have failed to give relief, and some better solution for this problem must be found. Then there are various offices sheltered in the Custom House and the Appraisers' Building which have outgrown their quarters. There is no doubt of the need of expansion, and Mr. Hardee's suggestion to put the new buildings on the Embarcadero is pertinent and in the line of city beautification. They would flank the opening of Market Street like great pylons, and if well designed would impress the arriving visitor with the dignity of the Federal government, and the importance of the city that has to so great a degree become its Western capital. For that is San Francisco's political significance. The naval base is to be on the Bay, and by a recent ruling of the Treasury Department the city will become the clearing house for the shipping documents of the Coast, instead of their being sent on to Washington. Here are situated the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the sub-treasury for all the country west of the hundredth meridian, the army headquarters of the West; to recall but a few of the important functions of the Federal government discharged here. And any Federal building scheme should take advantage of the opportunity offered by the present condition of the Embarcadero to present to foreign travelers as well as Americans arriving by ferry a symbol of the majesty of the country. It is an opportunity such as few cities offer, and future plans should be based upon it.

Germany's Way Out.

Whatever hopes were cherished by Germany of protest on the part of Great Britain and the United States have come to naught. In the meantime she is suffering grievously. Her industries outside the Ruhr Valley are dependent upon a coal supply of which the Ruhr is the normal source. She has in recent weeks drawn measurably from England, but the supply is inadequate. Already there is a partial coal famine and before long there must come through default of deliveries something closely akin to general industrial paralysis. What then will Germany do? It is a case of what she will have to do. She will have to swallow her pride and make terms with France and Belgium. They hold the key to the situation; they alone can give to Germany that which is essential to the maintenance of her industrial life and what will soon be more immediately important—the means of feeding her people. German pride—or we would better say German vanity—rebels at the "humiliation" involved in asking terms. There is insistence that Germany will never yield. It is a vain boast and one that in the world's history has been made ten thousand times only to be nullified. There is not a people in the world that has not at one time or another had to confess defeat. Germany has yielded before and she will yield again. She will yield because there is no other way by which she may regain possession of her territories now in the hands of France and Belgium; further because there is no other way to supply the immediate necessities of her people.

It will not be bad for Germany to learn a lesson in humility. She needs it. She has long visualized herself as the centre of the universe; she has long fed her vanity with false and futile dreams. She needs for her own good to re-orient herself in her attitude toward the rest of the world. We say for her own good because the first of all her needs is to regain the respect of mankind. She lost it through national conceit, through a pose of arrogance, and through policies based upon vain misconceptions. It is largely because she has failed to see herself as all the world sees her that even in the period since the war she has made no progress towards reinstatement in the world's respect. Instead of accepting the fact of defeat and going diligently about the business of meeting her obligations, she has wearied the world with clamors of self-justification and has sought to evade the penalties of her own misdoing.

Whatever, we repeat, Germany's hopes may have been at the beginning of the Ruhr invasion, she can now have no illusions. British imperial policy is so complicated that the hands of the London government are tied. The United States is under no such disability, but there is no disposition here to step out from our happy isolation to mix in the struggle. The case was stated very clearly last week by Mr. Elihu Root:

> A lot of people wanted us to stop France from going into the Ruhr. We would have no more right to do that than France would have to come over here and make us naturalize the Japanese. Many people who realized that wanted us to mediate between Germany and France. We had no right to do that unless both countries were willing. An inquiry was made, apparently to ascertain if they were, and it seemed they were not. That ended it.
>
> That stopped us unless we were willing to violate rights of France and Germany which we would not permit them to violate in our case. In most cases, international and individual, after the facts are correctly and intelligently stated, there is no room left for argument.
>
> The duty to respect independence places a limit upon what we can and ought to do with regard to the affairs of others and what we will permit them to do regarding our affairs. In the course of the growth of civilization there have been developed certain ways in which nations can help one another—mediation, conciliation, arbitration—various forms of compulsion justified only when the nation exercising it does so in asserting its own rights, and then it has only the right to assert its own.

Besides being in itself complete, this argument has the value of falling in with American sentiment. While it is indubitably true that there are those who would like to see the United States step in as a friend of Germany, the great overbalancing weight of American sympathy is on the side of France. America, broadly speaking, sees in the invasion of the Ruhr by France and Belgium an exercise of retributive justice. America not unwillingly witnesses a helpless Germany gagging under a generous dose of the medicine she imposed upon France and Belgium. When a horrified Germany raises its hands to high heaven and calls upon mankind to witness what is going on in the Ruhr, the American people, reflecting upon what Germany did to France and Belgium, are left cold. And they will remain cold so long as Germany continues even in her impotence to prate of her innocence and demand the mercy she did not yield.

In her present situation Germany has the right to plead that the verdict of Versailles put upon her demands over and beyond her abilities and powers. She has the right to plead that that verdict was founded (1) upon the exigencies of British politics at the moment under the hand of Mr. Lloyd George; (2) in the wish of France to so cripple as to destroy any menace that she might hold as a future potential enemy. The motives in both cases were irrational and unworthy; and, we are bound to add, not less unworthy was the acquiescence of the American negotiator, who disregarded the counsels of his own experts, giving consent as a point of temporary policy when he should have stood for principle and the justice upon which it rests. American experts who made careful inquiry with respect to the conditions and abilities of Germany reported that she could pay on reparations account somewhere between twelve and fifteen billions of dollars. Somewhere hereabout the total should have been drawn and the times and conditions of payment should have been made definite.

Germany has the right now to demand a reassessment of her conditions and resources with readjustment of the penalty imposed upon her in accordance with the facts. Any fair mind will concede this much; and if German statesmanship will take the initiative in asking for such revision of the terms that shall bring them within her competence the plea will not fail of

endorsement. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who has recently returned from Europe, where he visited both Germany and France, puts the matter effectively. He says:

> What now needs to be established is how much Germany can pay and how she can pay, and these must be done by men who have no personal interest or prejudice in the matter, sitting as a commission. This commission would not only decide these questions, but it would stay in Berlin to exercise a budgetary control, to see that taxes were paid, and, with the support of the several governments, including the American, impose a settlement upon Germany.
>
> I am speaking only as a business man, but it seems to me a start has got to be made some day. * * * I think America should take part in such a commission, and I suggest that we do the most we can to help Europe.

That America will join in any rational effort to relieve the situation that has come about through the defalcation of Germany, the adventure of Belgium and France into the Ruhr, or through any other circumstance, goes without saying. America has never declined to lend her aid in whatever form it might be serviceable or by whomever it has been asked. But it is alike outside of her tradition and practice to impose herself uninvited on situations—in Europe or elsewhere.

As the matter stands today the solution of the French-German situation is in the hands of Germany. It is for her to take the initiative after the only way in which appeal can be made logically or justly. Germany must cease her whining, cease her boasting, put aside her pride and her vanity, and upon this basis ask for arbitration. It is the only thing she can do, and the sooner she does it the better all around—particularly the better for herself. France and Belgium can not be driven out of the Ruhr, and assuredly they will not move out voluntarily. Mr. Schwab's plan is at once simple and practical, and sooner or later it or something like it will be put into effect.

Cost of the Federal Government.

Appropriations in support of the Federal government voted in the year 1914 for the following year 1915 aggregated $1,107,309,690. Appropriations for the same purpose made for the year 1924 come in the aggregate to a total of $3,939,899,026.80. The difference between these aggregates is made up of two factors—(1) the normal growth of governmental expense due to the general growth of the country; (2) extraordinary charges growing out of the war. The following table recording Federal appropriations made in 1914 for the year 1915, and made in the year 1923 for 1924, exhibits in detail the comparative cost in the several departments in the periods preceding and following the war:

	1915.	1924.	Pct. Increase.
Agriculture	$ 29,993,840	$ 69,536,653.00	132
Commerce and Labor	15,333,688	26,295,601.00	91
District of Columbia	13,225,716	22,778,915.00	72
Independent offices	9,473,497	496,634,371.00	514
Interior	211,679,101	294,674,700.00	39
Legislation	13,957,439	12,706,071.00	*8
Navy	148,941,975	294,456,528.00	97
Postoffice	316,169,190	584,872,996.50	85
State and Justice	16,967,616	33,250,421.30	95
Treasury	149,773,428	115,386,510.17	*23
War	181,834,200	336,347,200.00	85
Indefinite (chiefly interest on public debt)	.....	1,389,753,303.15	...
Deficiency bills	.....	269,115,756.68	...
	$1,107,309.690	$3,939,899,026.80	

*Decrease.

These figures are worked out of Treasury statements, and if not absolutely accurate are substantially so. It will be noted that the Treasury Department makes an excellent showing for itself, mainly by a bookkeeping device. It shifts the tax refunds, interest on the public debts, and various other charges to an "Indefinite" account. Thus there is the appearance of economy. The department has, in truth, effected some economies, but it has so many new duties connected with the tax laws and the public debt that its cost is actually increasing. The comparison as to the other departments, however, is reasonably accurate. The charges on legislative account exhibiting decrease are due to the fact that the 1914 Congress sat for an exceptionally long period.

The largest increase it will be noted, is shown under the head of "Independent Offices," which includes the Veterans' Bureau, which next year will absorb $481,000,000. The War Department shows an increase of 85 per cent., and the Navy 97 per cent. These increases represent necessary and legitimate charges due to increase of the services named.

But when it comes to the Department of Agriculture it is not easy to justify an increase of 132 per cent. That increase is not the product alone of the agricultural bloc, although the rate of increase has been sharper under bloc control than it was before. Money is literally poured into the Department of Agriculture, for the presumptive benefit of the farmer, but it is not easy to see what has been accomplished by it. It goes largely in department organization that does—if truth be told—little to justify its prodigious cost.

The Department of the Interior records an increase of 39 per cent.—practically all due to increased pension payments resulting from a series of laws passed in recent years. Annual pension payments, disbursed by the Secretary of the Interior and charged against his department, now call for the round sum of $254,000,000. Apart from pension payments, the operating cost of the Interior Department is approximately $40,000,000.

The large increase in the cost of the Postoffice Department is due partly to the general growth of the country, but perhaps to a greater degree to the tremendous increase in the volume of traffic representing governmental correspondence, etc. Matters growing out of the war have largely increased the tonnage of mail matter that is loaded day by day upon the postal service.

It was only a few years ago that the annual expenses of the government passed the billion-dollar mark. Today the government is spending at the rate of four billion per year and there seems small chance of any reduction from this prodigious charge. With interest on the public debt calling for more than a billion, with hospitalization calling for half a billion, with pensions calling for above a quarter of a billion, it would appear that the regular charges of the government are likely to increase rather than diminish.

The Centenary of a Skeptic.

The centenary of the birth of the great French Orientalist, Ernest Renan, is related curiously to two other features of the news of the day, the French invasion of the Ruhr and the British invasion of Egyptian tombs. It is fruitful to reflect that the lurid light refracted from the polished surfaces in Tutankhamen's tomb is not the light which never shown on land or sea before. For some thirty-five years ago Egypt and her antiquities were the fashion even as they are now, but whereas today, with the calloused humor which the last generation has shown, we have regarded the Egyptian furor with our tongue in our cheek, in Renan's epoch Egypt was sacrosanct. But not to Renan, the broadest if not the most open mind of his day. St. Loe Strachey has recorded that Renan and a party of distinguished visitors once visited a collection at the Louvre that was supposed to dispose finally of the Greek theory and to prove the superiority and the priority of ancient Egypt in everything from wall painting to crockery. The keeper of Egyptian antiquities at the Louvre punctuated his lecture with the remark, frequently reiterated, "And so, you see, the Greeks invented nothing." Renan stood it as long as he could. "Nothing," agreed Renan, "nothing, only the beautiful." The epigrammatical remark, aside from its pleasant topical allusion today, illustrates Renan's lack of prejudice. Himself a Semitic archæologist, he was not to be led astray from the truth by either professional pride or popular fancy. It is significant, too, that the man who is most popularly remembered for his poetic studies of Celtic genius should have based his appeal to posterity on the results of his explorations in Phœnicia. But Renan's life, character, and mind were a continuous series of contradictions.

The most facile expounder of the aristocratic theory in the nineteenth century was born in Tréguier, the son of a line of small fishermen and traders, February 27, 1823. Renan's father was a staunch republican, his mother a daughter of royalists, conflicting inheritances that haunted Renan through life and which account partly for his indecision, partly for his lack of prejudice. Trained from infancy for the priesthood and very desirous of embracing the monastic life, Renan's name is synonymous with cultivated doubt. Early in life his philological and scientific studies imbued him with a passion for the scientific method. Renan was a Germanophile of the deepest dye—until the Franco-Prussian war. Poor Renan! Fate herself would not allow him consistency. Deprived of his religion by his scientific training, he was in turn deprived of his scientific idol and allegiance by the discovery of the unscientific emotion of patriotism. Even in the latter he could never rest content. His blood inheritance, mixed strains of Breton and Gascon, were always at war in his nature by his own account—a fact that the sharply swerving curve of his life does nothing to contradict.

We have said that Renan's fame rests on his studies of his native Bretony and kindred Celtic topics, but he is equally known as the writer of a "Life of Jesus"—a fact not lacking in paradoxical interest when one remembers that though he was the only man in France qualified to hold the chair of Hebrew at the Collège de France he was dismissed shortly after his opening lecture, when he referred to Christ as "an incomparable man," amidst loud applause from his audience.

Some at least of Renan's idiosyncrasies must be attributed to the influence of his older sister, Henriette. Left to himself, it is possible he would be known today as one of the finest flowers of Catholic priesthood, so native was his religious bent and so anxious his desire to become a priest. But Henriette willed otherwise, and urged him to the further study of Hebrew and antiquities that shattered his remaining belief. However, the devoted sister, who subordinated her own genius to his throughout her life and who died as a result of accompanying him on an archæological sojourn in Phœnicia, was not the sole perverter of Renan's faith. His studies in philology had introduced him to the scientific method, but he was identified with it beyond hope of recovery after his acquaintance with the chemist, Marcellin Berthelot, whom he met when the latter was a pupil under him in a boys' school. The friendship and the scientific environment continued to Renan's death in 1892.

The two wars of his lifetime were pivots in Renan's career, but they swung him, needless to say, in opposite directions. The revolutionary year of 1848 made Renan an ardent democrat. A long treatise written in that year on the future of science was an attempt to reconcile his beloved theory of the greatest good for the greatest number with the existence of a privileged and superior class. While a democrat, Renan was not a socialist. But the Franco-Prussian war made him an aristocrat. He ate his words of '48 and wrote "La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale," which attempted to convert his country to the aristocratic theory of her conquerors. Failing again, and Renan's life might be epitomized as a long list of brilliant failures—a fact that does not belie his Celtic origin—he was again reconciled to democracy.

Renan was an indefatigable worker. He began his "History of Israel" at sixty. His "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," after the life of Jesus the work by which he is best remembered, was also the product of his old age, as were his "Ecclesiastes" and "Drames Philosophiques." It is pleasant to recall that in his latter years the gentle, ironic skeptic received some overdue honors. The Collège de France, though it had deprived him in his prime of the post to which he was preëminently entitled, made him an administrator, and his government a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. And so the life that was begun exactly a hundred years ago in a humble Breton fishing village ended some seventy years later full of dignity and honor.

Editorial Notes.

We have to thank our free-speaking ambassador in London for starting something that needed to be started. Ever since the peace conference there has been growing in the European mind a feeling that America ought to sponge the slate of the European debts; and this notion was confirmed—whether by inadvertence or adroit art we shall not say—by Lord Balfour in his now famous letter of August last. The recent settlement with Britain has not exorcised this feeling nor nullified the ill-will attendant upon it. There has been needed something spoken with sufficient directness and force to exhibit the essential verities of the situation. It is not to be doubted that President Harding, Secretary Hughes, and Colonel Harvey discussed the matter during the latter's recent visit to Washington, and that it was then determined that misconception and misstatement had gone far enough. Colonel Harvey chose the occasion with discretion. The Pilgrims' Club of London is mainly an association of Americans and it is non-political in character. It afforded a situation precisely to the hand of Colonel Harvey, who violated no propriety in speaking his plain mind to a group of his fellow-countrymen over a dinner-table. Spoken in America, what the ambassador said would have attracted little attention; spoken in London—even though to an audience of Americans—it went straight to the mark. Lord Balfour comes back lamely. He would better

have admitted his error. There is neither fair play nor dignity in discursive evasion. It turns what might have passed and indeed might have been a slip of the pen into something perilously near moral delinquency. In this country we have thought highly of Lord Balfour, appraising him as representative of the highest ideals of British manhood and of British statesmanship. Something of this is lost in a painful, worked-out explanation, where a frank apology would have been more becoming. If the incident is now closed, it is better to have ended it this way than to have suffered in patience under the reproach based upon something not far removed from slander.

Last year American purchasers bought from Europe "antiques" and other objects of art at an aggregate cost of $8,000,000. In the year previous similar purchases aggregated $10,000,000. In the several years since the war the figures run to a total of $40,000,000. The willingness of Europeans to sell their treasures has its motive in heavy taxation and the shrinking incomes of many English and French families. Sir Claude Phillips, art critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, commenting on American inroads on European art treasures, says:

I started trying to prevent the exportation of valuable objects of art thirty years ago. I hate to see masterpieces leaving, because the new homes in America lack the traitions surrounding them here. I am afraid there is no way to prevent the exportation. Our wealthy families are less inclined to leave the huge bequests necessary to enable art galleries to be maintained complete, though we are trying to encourage them to do so and to induce the government to furnish aid more readily where it is necessary to prevent valuable works from leaving this country.

Experts, or those who pretend to be experts, differ as to the causes of the increased consumption of narcotics in this country. There are those who attribute it to conditions growing out of the war, while others charge it to prohibition of the liquor traffic. Be this as it may, the fact is that there has been enormous increase in the consumption of narcotics in the period coincident with prohibition. All the states have laws against the use of narcotics and are in process of making new laws to the same effect; none the less the traffic goes forward by leaps and bounds.

Governor Richardson's campaign for elimination of executive commissions and for consolidation of public services finds its counterpart in a campaign now on in New York. Governor Smith proposes a Department of Public Works to take over duties now discharged by the State Engineer and Surveyor, the Superintendent of Public Works, the Commissioner of Canal Funds, the Highway Commissioner, the State Architect, Trustees of Public Buildings, the Interstate Bridge Commission, the New York Bridge and Tunnel Commission, the Commission on Boundary Water, the Water Power Commission, the Water Control Commission, and the Commission of River Regulation Districts. Similarly Governor Smith is proposing to eliminate overlapping commissions dealing with education, charities, state parks, etc. The general scheme is in line with the reform worked out by Governor Lowden in Illinois in the period of his administration some four years and more ago. It is likewise in line with projected reforms in Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and several other Western states. Experience, that oldest and most inexorable of instructors, is teaching the country a lesson in practical economics. It is found everywhere that the commission system is costly and ineffective and that it tends to augment the machinery of government and to multiply the corruptions of politics.

Harvey and the British Debt.

(New York Herald.)

The American ambassador's speech will carry into all of Europe the truth about our financial contribution to the victory. It will remind associates on the Continent that we gave as freely as themselves of the labor and material needed to win the war. It will blow away the notion, all too prevalent in Europe, that the United States was only dipping into a treasure chest of unlimited gold. Every dollar that America loaned to her associates, whether it was in money or goods, was borrowed from her own people—borrowed from their pockets, their mines, their farms, their factories or their muscles and brains. Mr. Harvey brougbt this matter home to Englishmen when he recalled to them that the money cost to the United States in expenditures, debt, and future pensions was practically the same as Great Britain's money cost.

Mr. Harvey uttered one sentence which ought to sink into the consciousness of all the statesmen of all the earth. "My country has no intention," he said, "of ruining any other nation's credit by canceling that nation's debt." He might have added that we are not going to make war easier for the world by reducing the cost of it. But his aphoristic remark ought to convey to the Continent—he could not mean it for Britain, for the matter of her debt is settled—the expression of a principle from whicb the United States should not recede even if its wealtb were a hundred times greater than it is.

In the course of Cbancellor Baldwin's speech to the Pilgrims he remarked tbat the common language of America and Britain, which is usually accepted as a bond between the nations, really acted as a bar to perfect mutual understanding. Tbe average Englishman, he said, feels that he knows America and bas nothing to learn about it. It is obvious from Ambassador Harvey's speecb that he has discovered that flaw. So, instead of treating England to a standardized diplomatic speecb made entirely of sweet stuff, he delivered a message of truth and strength as well as of hearty friendship.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Displacing the Experts.

San Francisco, March 13, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut: During the closing days of tbe last Congress the Administration submitted its programme for reorganization of the Cabinet and the various departments of the government. Among proposed changes appears tbe following item:

"The non-military engineering activities of the War Department, including the board of engineers for rivers and harbors, the district and division engineer offices . . . are transferred to the Department of the Interior."

Doubtless this seems a logical step, but there is a practical phase of the matter that deserves careful consideration of business communities, particularly of San Francisco.

The authority exercised by army engineers over our rivers and harbors is of the highest importance. In the constant conflict between the necessity of public utilities and the safeguarding of navigation they must hold a delicate balance. In two pending cases, for example, and in many others to come in the next few years they must decide what location and type of bridge is permissible in San Francisco Bay. An ill-considered judgment unduly favoring either land transportation or maritime interests against the other would be disastrous.

At present this authority is exercised by a body of men who graduated at the head of their classes from an institution of the highest academic standards. There is probably no colonel of engineers who could not today command a salary of $20,000 in civil life, while many have refused much more.

As a result there has never, in all the discussion, been a suggestion that tbe final decision of these important questions would not represent the best engineering judgment, that it would not safeguard the interests of the public or that it would be influenced in any way by politics.

By whom is this body of men to be replaced? What salary is Congress going to allow the civilian engineers who are going to take their places and wbat class of engineers are we going to get on those salaries?

The average citizen, if sufficiently distant from Washington, is apt to think of the United States government as an omniscient as well as an omnipotent body. Only with actual experience does he realize that its judgment is actually exercised and its decisions largely made by a body of ill-paid subordinate employees whose ability is measured by the parsimonious allowance for their salaries made by Congress. For reasons too patent to need recapitulation the army and navy are the exception, commanding talent out of all proportion to their inadequate pay. Before our rivers and harbors are taken out of the jurisdiction of the body of men representing the best brains available in government service the business men of the community sbould be given a chance to be heard.

Sidney Ballou.

The State Game Laws—Reasons in Support of Pending Legislation.

San Francisco, March 10, 1923.

Editor The Argonaut—*Sir:* Forest fires, beginning with the opening of the season for deer hunting, were so devastating last fall, and the complaints following were so numerous and insistent, that the fish and game commission, after notice, held public inquiries, at which farmers, cattlemen, and others appeared and testified. As a consequence a bill has been introduced and is now pending in the state legislature wherein it is provided that the hunting season for deer shall open a balf-month later than formerly, viz: on September 15th, and that not more than one buck per hunter shall be killed in any one season, etc.—at most a bare sop to Cerberus. And now the tenderfoot deer hunter, careless of fires, mindful of naught save his personal pleasure, has come out in hostility to the proposed betterment of the law on the ground that it will needlessly curb his sport, that "corporate interests" and "timber barons" only are tbe forces behind the proposed amendments, that no one else is injured by forest fires and, as to tbem, no one need think of the matter twice, as nobody cares whether they are injured or not. The answer to tbat demagogic complaint is, of course, flat denial. Farming communities and cattlemen, the Federal forest service, the state board of forestry, and the fish and game commission are supporting the proposed remedial legislation. No "corporate interests" are involved save as bydro-electric companies are compelled to protect their flumes against forest fires; and there isn't a "timber baron" in the mountains. The merchantable, available timber was long ago cut. But say the forests were still virgin and that large acreage thereof had passed into private ownership, what ethical distinction can be perceived between the careless act of firing the timber of the private owner or that of the government? And, as toucbing the ownership of the forests, both the state and the United States are less concerned as to that than they are over the conservation of the watersheds. The conservaion of the watersheds is of supreme importance.

An ancient miocene river channel, having a generally northerly-soutberly course (as shown where exposed by the erosion of modern rivers and tbeir watersheds), ran along what is now the western flank of that part of the Sierras comprehending a large part of the watershed of Bear River and American River in Nevada and Placer counties. (I refer only to a particular section. Miocene channels exist in other parts of tbe state.) At Dutch Flat, Gold Run, at other points, it was upwards of a mile wide. Rich in gold, the miners thronged to it as bees to hidden sweets, and from '50 down to late in the last century, wben decrees of courts enjoined hydraulic mining, it was mined extensively. For miles along the mountain flank large quantities of lumber were used in the construction of flumes and tunnels and in the building of mining villages like those on the right bank of Bear River opposite Dutch Flat—Red Dog, You Bet, Last Chance, etc.—long since gone to decay. The construction of the Central Pacific Railroad required immense quantities of lumber. Towle Brothers, operating lumber camps and mills at Towle and other points in that region, largely supplied such needs. The timber appetite of the "Mother Lode" and of its towns, of the "Comstock," of Virginia City, also, was Gargantuan. The Sierras supplied it. In the years the cutting was prodigious. Inevitably the available merchantable timber was cut. As a consequence the forests of today consist mostly of second growth and brush. But this second growth and brush forest is of incalculable value for the conservation of watersheds, for pasture as well—tbere is no other pasture in the mountains. It must be preserved against both fire and axe. Every one should know the cause of the far-extending deserts of central and western Cbina—fire and axe. Nature's punishment for tbe folly and cupidity of man is there writ large—for tbe ages.

Along the line of the railway from Rocklin almost to Summit fruit orchards and vineyards abound; but there are no hay fields; hay is imported. In that section cultivation of the soil for production of crops demands water, and water is a commodity, and as water for irrigation costs money it is used only in intensive cultivation, *i. e.*, on the orchards and vineyards. In tbis behalf old-timers will recall that in mining days the water of tbe mountain streams was all gathered by the hydraulic mining companies and—save small quantities for domestic purposes—conducted long distances through ditches, flumes, and pipes to the mines, where, under pressurc and through little giants, streams were directed with great force against auriferous gravel banks, tearing them down and washing them into the sluice-boxes. When, by reason of injunctive decrees, the mining companies were forced to cease mining by that process, their valuable water rights, ditches, flumes and pipes were sold to the hydro-electric companies and from them all water for irrigation of orchards, etc., is purchased. In summer the mountain farmer pastures his cattle on tbe cut-over, bush-covered mountainside, leased from the forest service or from private owners. He has no other pasture. There his cattle browse and grow fat. Doubtless the greater portion of the westen flank of the Sierras, outside of reservations, is leased for and used as summer range for cattle.

This is the haven sought by the tenderfoot hunter in deer-hunting season. Here, annually, he comes to offer his burnt-offering for the gratification of the holiday spirit within him—his burnt offering the forest! Here, upon the poor mountain farmer ever struggling against reluctant nature—snow, drouth, killing frosts—sometimes against the acts of man, also, as when a railway strike destroys his fruit market, incidentally his year's labor as well—tbis town wastrel, licensed to hunt deer, is turned loose with dog (prone to chase cattle) and gun (apt to mistake calf for deer) and cigarette to be tossed anywbere—quite likely to make his camp-fire over the forest mulch where it will spread underneath and break out again, quite likely as well to leave camp in the morning without putting out his fire!

At that time the forests are like tinder. With tbe return of the tenderfoot, in his season, the forest fires begin. In that season the farmer anxiously scrutinizes the surrounding horizon for smokes. In that season, also, wben tbe spirit of "Don't care a dam!" is turned loose in the woods, not infrequently the forest rangers are compelled to summons all summonsable males to fight raging forest fires. And the deer are being exterminated. Nobody seems to care.

Year by year the state pays an intolerable price to provide the tenderfoot deer hunter with an opportunity to blaze his destructive trail through her forests. Why? Toleration of the criminal syndicalist has ceased—as to him, punishment, though a cripple, has arrived! How much longer is the town wastrel deer hunter to be tolerated? Edward A. Belcher.

WHY BELGIUM IS IN THE RUHR.

A Simple Matter of Collecting a Bill of Damages that Otherwise Could Not Be Collected.

Belgium has joined France in entering the Ruhr, not for revenge, which every Belgian knows costs more than it is worth, but as the only way to recover any reasonable part of her just compensation for the ruin of her territory and the outrage of her people. As there is a deplorable tendency on the part of many persons to forget certain pertinent events of the past few years, the *Argonaut* presents the following facts about the Belgian account against Germany.

In accordance with Article 233 of the peace treaty, the amount of reparation to be paid by Germany was fixed by the Reparations Commission, on April 27, 1921, at the sum of 132,000,000,000 gold marks.

By the treaty of Versailles and subsequent international agreements it was also provided that, (1) Belgium should be relieved of her "war debt" (this amount to be repaid by Germany to the nations who had lent money to Belgium), and that, (2) Belgium should, furthermore, receive, as compensation for damages, 8 per cent. of the total German indemnity of 132,000,000,000 gold marks, viz: 10,560,000,000 gold marks. It was also agreed that Belgium should have a prior claim on the first 2,000,000,000 gold marks in cash paid by Germany on the general reparation account.

About the first of 1922, Germany asked a partial moratorium, and the Reparations Commission, in March, acceded by fixing German payments for 1922 at the reduced sum of 720,000,000 gold marks in cash, and reparation in kind to the equivalent of 1,450,000,000 marks.

In July, 1922, Germany asked for a complete moratorium. This was refused by the Reparations Commission, but Belgium relieved the situation and prevented disunion among the Allies, by accepting German treasury notes, guaranteed by the Reichsbank, in lieu of the 270,000,000 gold marks, cash, due her for the remainder of 1922.

Toward the end of 1922 Germany again demanded a complete moratorium for several years.

On December 31, 1922, Belgium's account with Germany stood:

	Gold Marks.	Equivalent in Belgian Paper Francs.	Equivalent in Amer. Dollars.
Amount due Belgium under peace treaty..	10,560,000,000	31,680,000,000	$2,508,000,000
Amount received from Germany in cash, promissory notes, and in kind, not including upkeep of forces on Rhine, nor restoration of stolen property	1,500,000,000	4,500,000,000	356,250,000
Balance due....	9,060,000,000	27,180,000,000	$2,151,750,000

It will be seen that four years after the armistic

Belgium has received from Germany only about 10 per cent. of the reparations due her.

In view of the German demand for a moratorium, the Allied ministers met in December, and after being unable to agree, adjourned until January 2, 1923, when France submitted a plan which included a partial cancellation of interallied debts, and a partial moratorium to Germany. In view of Great Britain's objection to the occupation of the Ruhr, France proposed, as a substitute, to take over only certain economic guaranties.

The British government, however, declined to accept this plan and proposed a plan of its own which included no special guaranty of fulfillment except two committees, one including a German, an ally, and an American as arbitrator, and the other comprising four allies, a neutral, and a German as presiding officer with deciding voice in case of equal division. This scheme provided for cancellation of certain interallied debts, and a great reduction of German reparation payments.

Under the British plan, Belgium would receive new German reparation bonds, first series, of a face value of 1,900,000,000 gold marks, subject to redemption by Germany at 50 per cent., 60 per cent., or 78 per cent., according to date of redemption. Taking these bonds at the value of 60 per cent., they would yield Belgium approximately 1,140,000,000 gold marks, equivalent to about 3,420,000,000 Belgian paper francs, or $270,750,000. In addition to this it was proposed by the British plan to cause Germany to issue to Belgium in 1933, a number of second series bonds, whose approximate value as estimated by the British would be 1,662,000,000 paper francs. The issuance of these second series bonds would be contingent on certain circumstances, and they might not be issued at all.

The Belgian position, under the British plan, would have been as follows:

	Paper Francs.	Equivalent in Amer. Dollars.
Amount already received by Belgium	4,500,000,000	$356,250,000
Estimated present value of German 1st Series bonds	3,420,000,000	270,750,000
Estimated value of German 2d Series bonds (if issued)	1,662,000,000	131,575,000
Total reparations to Belgium	9,582,000,000	$758,575,000

The British plan further provided that Belgium should cancel approximately 600,000,000 francs of German treasury notes which she accepted last year in lieu of cash, and which amount is included in the above-mentioned 4,500,000,000 francs of receipts. This would reduce Belgium's final reparations to less than 9,000,000,000 paper francs, even assuming that the second series bonds should eventually be issued. This plan also provided that Belgium should give up her right of priority, but on protest from the Belgian delegates that part of the proposal was withdrawn.

Assuming that, under the most favorable conditions, Belgium would receive 10,000,000,000 paper francs under the British plan, this would be less than one-third the amount originally fixed by the Reparations Commission. But Belgium has already spent seventeen or eighteen billion francs and will have to spend ten or twelve billion more before the devastated districts are restored. In addition to this Belgium has paid out seven billion francs to redeem the German marks which were forced on the inhabitants at par value by the German authorities during the occupation, and for which no provision was made by the treaty of Versailles. Furthermore, during the occupation the German authorities levied forced loans upon Belgian communes and provinces to the amount of three billion paper francs, for repayment of which no provision was made in the peace treaty.

Assuming that Belgium received ten billion paper francs under the British plan, it would be just about sufficient to wipe out the two last-mentioned items, leaving her to bear the whole expense of approximately thirty billion paper francs required for restoration of the devastated districts.

Evidently the acceptance of the British plan would have meant ruin to Belgium. Under these circumstances there was nothing for Belgium to do except to adopt the French plan.

That Germany's default in deliveries in kind during the year 1922 was voluntary and wilful was officially recognized by the Reparations Commission by the votes of three out of four members. The British member, although he acknowledged that Germany was in actual default, declined to vote.

In exposing the above situation to the Belgian Chamber of Deputies the prime minister, Mr. Theunis, gave reasons for thinking that Germany's default is wilful and that the German government has consistently sought to avoid its obligations.

After referring briefly to Germany's lack of good faith in the trial of war criminals before the Leipzig tribunal, and mentioning the pressure which had been necessary to secure disarmament in accordance with the treaty of Versailles, Mr. Theunis pointed out the numerous defaults in deliveries of coal, timber, etc., and recalled the following facts:

By the peace treaty Germany agreed to deliver 2,000,000 tons of coal per month. Up to July, 1920, the Allies had succeeded in obtaining only 900,000 tons per month. At the Spa conference Mr. Stinnes, backed by a representative of the labor unions, declared that it was physically impossible to deliver more than 1,100,000 tons per month. Thereupon the Allies issued an ultimatum demanding 2,000,000 tons per month under penalty of invasion of the Ruhr, and immediately the physical impossibility disappeared and 2,000,000 tons per month were delivered. During 1922, however, the coal deliveries have again fallen behind.

In 1922 France, Belgium, Italy and England demanded a certain quantity of timber. It was found in December that the amount of satisfaction given to these demands varied from only 14 to 54 per cent., although over 30 per cent. of the German forests belong either to the communes or to the government domain and their production in 1913 was eleven times the quantity demanded by the Allies.

Similar evasion has been shown even in small matters. In 1921 Belgium demanded 4500 tons of potatoes, but only 412 tons were delivered. In 1922 the demand was reduced to 1000 tons, but only 173 tons were delivered. In matters of finance, also, Germany has shown the same bad faith, and under such circumstances Belgium feels that she can not depend uoon Germany's good-will to perform her contracts.

The British plan provided no effective guaranty of fulfillment, and even had it been realized it would have given Belgium but a small fraction of the damages to which she is justly entitled. If accepted it would have meant Belgium's financial ruin, just as the German invasion meant her material ruin. In view of that prospect, and in view of the inertia of the German government and its evident desire to welsh its obligations, the Belgians decided that the occupation of the Ruhr was the only course to pursue.

The Belgian and French governments are acting in complete accord and there is perfect coöperation between the representatives of both governments in the Ruhr. The action of the Belgian government seems to have met with the general approval of the Belgian people. The marked recovery of Belgian government bonds and French government bonds on the New York Stock Exchange also indicates the confidence of American investors in the successful outcome of the effort.

OLD FAVORITES.

St. Patrick Was a Gentleman.

O, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady,
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a Saint so clever;
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And hothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hills of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much higger still,
Much higher nor them hoth, sir.
'T was on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And hanished all the varmint.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist, etc.

O, was I hut so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'T is I'd he hound that from that ground
I nevermore would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabhages—and ladies!
Then my hlessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling Saint O!
O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint, O!

—*Henry Bennett.*

Proud Maisie.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou honny hird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six hraw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the hridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady!"—*Sir Walter Scott.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor William Conrad Roentgen, the discoverer of the X-ray, who recently died, was professor and director of the Physical Institute of the University of Munich for twenty years. He retired from active duty about three years ago, when he reached his seventy-fifth birthday, but pursued his scientific investigations up to the time of his last illness. Professor Roentgen, because of his discovery of the X-ray, was elected to membership in nearly all national and international academies of science. He received the title "Excellency" and was raised to the nobility. In 1896 he declined employment with one of Germany's largest electrical concerns, saying, "What I have discovered belongs to the universe." His body was cremated in Munich.

Mrs. Josephine Miller of New Orleans has built up a large and lucrative locksmith business, which brings her in between $5000 and $7000 a year. She has two apprentices in her shop, and makes a specialty of fitting out ships and big buildings with keys. This last is known as master-key work, a phase of the trade which has developed noticeably during the past few years. A big building is equipped, not only with keys for each of the hundreds of tenants, but a master-key for each floor and a grand master-key for the entire building. Mrs. Miller believes her trade has many possibilities as a new field for women, as the locksmith can depend upon a steady flow of small work. She finds her calling a fascinating one, and even romantic. She says, "I have had raps on my door in the dark of the night, pleas from sea-faring men, and calls to open a rusty safe wherein lies a will disposing of a fortune."

Jacinto Benevente, the winner of the Nöbel prize for literature this year, has for many years been one of the most commanding figures in modern Spanish literature, and since 1913 he has been one of the thirty-six members of the Royal Academy. He was born in Madrid in 1886, and was trained for the law, but soon turned to literature. He was the son of a doctor, and after leaving the university he tried many paths. He even traveled with a circus, and afterwards became an actor, and later a playwright. Few writers can compare with him in fertility, as he has published ninety plays in twenty-seven years. Several of his plays have been produced in America, and two volumes have been published. Problems dealing with children have always interested him. Some years ago he started a theatre for children, and wrote a number of charming little plays for it. Benevente is at present making a tour of South America, and will visit the United States on his way home.

Over half a century of ice-boat sailing is the record of America's veteran ice-boat skipper, Elisha W. Price. The charter member of the famous Long Branch Ice-Boat Club, who piloted his first yacht when he was sixteen, has taken forty-five prizes and four championships, which include the one-mile record of twenty-five seconds.

Zaprian D. Vidoloff, the secretary of the Bulgarian legation, first came to this country ten years ago, intending to devote himself to the pulpit. He completed the course at a Baptist theological seminary in Massachusetts and then studied at Harvard. It was not until two years ago that he left the ministry for the diplomatic service.

The tallest of British peers, taller even than Lord Dunsany, is Lord Clifton, who has been a recent visitor to New York. Lord Clifton stands six feet seven inches in his stockings, thus exceeding the stature of his six-foot-five father, the Earl of Darnley. Clifton did good service in the world war, first as a commander of the Royal Naval Reserve at sea, later as a major of the Royal Flying Corps. Since his demobilization he has gone into business, his visit to this country being in the interests of his firm, Duncan B. Gray & Co., a London stock brokerage concern.

Mrs. W. J. Morden, who has recently had celebrity thrust upon her as a result of her big game hunting with her husband in British East Africa, was a canteen worker with the Y. M. C. A. in France during the war.

Miss Theresa Bonney is the fourth woman of any nation and the tenth American to receive the doctor's degree from the Sorbonne. Miss Bonney is now collaborating with French authors on plays for production in America.

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, California lawyer, is the first woman Assistant Attorney-General and is therefore the only member of her sex to act as Attorney-General, since she has taken the place of Mr. Daugherty during his recent illness. Mrs. Willebrandt is a graduate of the University of Southern California and was admitted to the California bar in 1915. She has held her present post since 1921, where she has been in charge of the division handling cases under prohibition and tax laws.

Chief Big Hat of the Hayausaupi Indians, though he has reached the comparatively advanced age of one hundred and ten years, is still an active hunter and big brave. He has been decorated by King Albert of the Belgians.

A REAL DETECTIVE AT WORK.

How the British Secret Service Dealt with German Spies and Other War Troubles.

There will always be a glamour about Scotland Yard: that limbo of mystery, whether tavern area, or stable court, or mere office building, endowed by the popular imagination with wizard intelligence and an executive arm as long as the Tropic of Capricorn straightened out. As a little boy, reading of it furtively in forbidden masterpieces of fiction that sold at a nickel, the writer always pictured it to himself as a long, dim, cobble-paved alley filled with Scotchmen in kilts, who were superhumanly canny, and could at a second's warning assume any disguise that would cover their knees and go forth to save the distressed damsel or the beleaguered British Empire, unerringly and swiftly, and bring everything out safe and still virtuous in the last breathless chapter. Later, Sherlock Holmes threw doubts on the superhuman wisdom of Scotland Yard operatives. And the institution became even less romantic when seen as an office building overlooking the Victoria Embankment, probably filled, not with those clever Scots on whom the existence of the British Empire so largely depends, but with troubled and puzzled plain-clothes policemen trying with all the power of their quite ordinary brains to outguess society's enemies.

Interest in Scotland Yard has been revived by the European war, and by the fact that it handled the problem of the German spy system. One would like to have been there and seen the way English intelligence was pitted against German. Detective headquarters for the British Empire must know a great deal about how the war was conducted and what mysterious treasons the enemy sat going to decide the fate of the world. Sir Basil Thompson, now director of the special branch of the Metropolitan Police, and during the war assistant commissioner, has visited us on a lecture tour, and his police theories have attracted attention. Romance will see many of these operations through its usual rosy haze. But to the minds of matter-of-fact persons it will be even more interesting to read of actualities, and they will welcome Sir Basil's book reciting "My Experiences at Scotland Yard." It may be said that Sir Basil is not a Scotchman, being a son of the late Archbishop of York, one of the offices in England that a Scotchman did not get—and he thus supplies the contrary to the old proposition that most professors are the sons of policemen.

His book is written with good-natured cleverness, and is very interesting reading. The style is simple, befitting a subject that requires no especial ornament; and the author thus pays his respects to the great drug addict who was always paying his disrespects to the Metropolitan Police:

> Real life is quite unlike detective stories; in fact, in detective work fiction is stranger than truth. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, to whom I take off my hat with a silent prayer that he may never appear in the flesh, worked by induction, but not, so far as I am able to judge, by the only method which gets home, namely, organization and hard work. He consumed vast quantities of drugs and tobacco. I do not know how much his admirable achievements owed to these, but I do know that if we at Scotland Yard had faithfully copied his processes we should have ended by fastening upon a distinguish statesman or high dignitary of the church the guilt of some revolting crime.
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> The detection of crime consists in good organization, hard work, and luck, in about equal proportions: when the third ingredient predominates the detective is very successful indeed.

The training of English detectives, says Sir Basil, is almost entirely legal, but he differentiates between the detective and the "thief catcher." The latter is a less scholarly person, who has to use his wits. He tells of one that followed a pickpocket who had stolen a watch, afraid to arrest him for fear he might have gotten rid of the watch and so "have the law" on the thief catcher, until the suspect started for a pawn shop. The policeman ran ahead, took off his coat, and got behind the counter, when the thief produced the watch and tried to pawn it to his pursuer. That took thinking speed, and is worthy of the best romance.

Another case showed even more resourcefulness on the detective's part. During the war there was an epidemic of romantic lying by young persons, and a physician in the Midlands was annoyed by a flood of anonymous letters, supposed to emanate from his wife's maid, who could not be caught delivering them. Scotland Yard, however, fastened her guilt on her thus:

> There was nothing to go upon except the bundle of letters, which certainly bore out the description which the chief constable had given of them. I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes would have taken another injection of cocaine and smoked three or four pipes over them before he sat himself down to analyze the ink and examine the paper under a powerful lens. The detective inspector to whom I entrusted the case did none of these things. He asked for the bundle of letters and took the next train. I thought that the case might take him a week, but it took him exactly two hours. When he returned next day he gave the following account of his proceedings.
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> On the way down in the train he read through the letters and made a note of every word that had been misspelt. There were seventeen. He then composed a piece of dictation which took in the seventeen words. It must have been like composing an acrostic. On his arrival at the house he summoned the entire household—the doctor, his wife, the children, and the five servants—into the dining-room and, adopting the businesslike procedure of the village schoolmaster, he served out paper and pens.

The guilty person was afraid to write, and had to confess. And that shows the great advantage of education as equipment for a career of crime.

With romantic lying there was an epidemic of spy mania. It looked as though whatever was overheard and misunderstood was to be interpreted as some sort of spy communication. This went to absurd lengths and was exceedingly troublesome, especially where pigeons were involved:

> London is full of pigeons—wood pigeons in the parks, blue rocks about the churches and public buildings—and a number of amiable people take pleasure in feeding them. In September, 1914, when this phase was at its height, it was positively dangerous to be seen in conversation with a pigeon: it was not always safe to be seen in its vicinity. A foreigner walking in one of the parks was actually arrested and sentenced to imprisonment because a pigeon was seen to fly from the place where he was standing and it was supposed that he had liberated it.

And then there were the suffragettes and hatchet women, who annoyed the country about as a lot of flies might annoy a paper-hanger with both hands busy:

> While the Indian students were still active the suffragettes took to crime. I am not sure that these ladies were not a more troublesome problem than all the rest put together. They steered clear of assassination, but they burned down churches, blew up the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, damaged priceless treasures, set valuable property on fire, smashed half the plate-glass windows in Regent Street, and attempted to throw the king's horse at the Derby. Most of them had quite forgotten the vote and were intent only upon the excitement. Many of them lived in studios where they could plot and contrive street pageants uninterrupted by their elders to their hearts' content. When they were caught they used to scream down the witnesses or the magistrate, and when they were committed to prison they went on hunger-strike. The so-called "Cat and Mouse" Act was devised to meet this contingency, but many of them eluded re-arrest by a large expenditure of money on motor-cars, and by an ingenuity that might have been employed upon a better cause. In official circles I was stigmatized as an incurable optimist when I said that the violent tactics of the suffragettes would end as suddenly as they had begun, and perhaps they were right, because neither I nor any one else had foreseen the war. On 5th August, 1914, there were actually three women in custody for an assault upon Downing Street. On that morning a deputation of suffragettes called at the Home Office to demand their release. It was felt that these women quite probably would throw all the misdirected energies into the national cause. The three culprits were released, and from that moment the militants undertook war work, and in not a few cases gave conspicuous service to the country. Sometimes their enthusiasm was embarrassing, as when they began to denounce the wrong people as being traitors to their country, but on the whole they did more good than harm.

And here is Sir Basil's account of an incident familiar to this region:

> The headquarters of the Indian conspirators who were being manipulated by the Germans in America were at Berkeley, California. It was there that the "Ghadr" (Mutiny) newspaper was printed in the vernacular, and arrangements were made for shipping arms to India at the German expense. It took many months to convince the Californian police authorities that there were ample grounds for taking action under the neutrality laws, but when they did move they moved to some purpose. The two Indian leaders were arrested. When they were brought to trial one of them, convinced from the intimate knowledge of his secret activities disclosed by the prosecution that the other had turned informer, slipped a pistol from his pocket and shot his companion in open court. But such incidents do not disturb the presence of mind of assize court officials: the deputy sheriff whipped an automatic from his pocket, and from his elevated place at the back of the court, aiming above and between the intervening heads, shot the murderer dead. And so, in less than ten seconds the sentence which the judge was about to pronounce was more than executed.

Our newspapers are incessantly accused of inaccuracy. That is at least as accurate as the average newspaper account, and it is not by a cub reporter, either.

There was not much amusement to be had from the Belgian business, but comicalities of human nature may turn up in the most unpromising times and places, and here is one of them:

> Considering that the refugees included all the unemployable and most of the disreputable parts of the Belgian population, as well as the industrious and the intellectual, it is remarkable, on the whole, how well they behaved. There were one or two amusing incidents. I remember hearing that at one of the receiving stations in London a couple who spoke Flemish but no other language were received late in the evening. The woman was shown into her room, and shortly afterwards the supposed husband was conducted to the same apartment. Immediately a fearful uproar arose, and the interpreter had to be telephoned for. It then appeared that neither of the couple had ever seen the other before.

It is Sir Basil's theory that Great Britain entered the war with the worst intelligence service in Europe and ended it with the best, while Germany reversed that process. There was a sharp opening attack on the German spy system in England, which made possible the despatch of the Expeditionary Force to France without the loss of a man or a horse, and without the knowledge of the Germans. But the spies came back. Germany was afflicted, however, with bitter rivalry between the army and the navy intelligence systems, each belittling the reports of the other. Bureaucracy usually gets into fights with itself; and this was helpful to the British, for it caused confusion in the ranks of the enemy. Englishmen took service in German spy organizations, and filled them with misinformation. The Germans hired cheap operatives, who sold news to both sides. Dealing with these characters had its own interest. There was a little low armchair in Sir Basil's office in which sat about four suspected spies a day and answered questions, and under adroit suggestion spilled a great many beans. Curiously, the warning that anything they said might be used against them seemed to make them loquacious; and the armchair itself had this peculiar psychological effect:

> I made a discovery about that low armchair. For some time I had noticed that whenever a particularly disconcerting question was put the suspect instinctively raised himself by the arm to reply to it. My assistant, in peace-time an eminent K. C., suggested one day that I should sit in it and be interrogated by him. I felt at once an irresistible impulse to raise my face to the level of his. The fact is that if you want to get the truth out of a witness the worst way is to put him in a box above the level of the cross-examining counsel; if our law courts were intelligently constructed the cross-examiner should take his stand in a kind of lift and be suddenly elevated to the proper position just before his cross-examination begins. Primitive races have found this out, for their chiefs stand erect while their inferiors squat on the ground when they are being questioned.

As to female psychology in the spy duello, Sir Basil observes:

> It is no disparagement of the sex to say that women do not make good spies. Generally they are lacking in technical knowledge, and therefore are apt to send misleading reports through misunderstanding what they hear. Their apologists have urged that one of their most amiable qualities, compunction, often steps in at the moment when they are in a position to be most useful: just when they have won the intimacy of a man who can really tell them something important they can not bring themselves to betray his confidence.

And here is an instance of the manner in which Scotland Yard is related sometimes to the thorny problems of the Levant:

> One of the most romantic incidents in the war experience of Scotland Yard was the arrival in England of an educated Jew who had, against his own will, been closely associated with Djemal Pasha, the commander of the Ninth Army in Palestine. According to his account, there had been attempts on the lives of both Djemal Pasha and Enver. In one attempt Djemal had received a bullet in the cheek. He gave a very curious account of the relations between Enver and Djemal. According to rumor, though they kiss one another on both cheeks and travel in the same car, each man has his hand upon his revolver as they sit side by side. The popular rumor at the time was that Enver had six hundred men specially told off to protect his life, and in 1916, when a plot against him was reported, he executed forty-two people merely on suspicion without any trial.
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> I heard afterwards that this man had been out to Egypt and Palestine, where he had put his local geological knowledge to good use. A year later he came to see me, and he was convinced that from El Arish northward there is a water zone where water can be tapped at semi-artesian depths. This he had discovered when he was agricultural adviser to the Zionists. Borings in this area produced water, which rose to within thirty feet of the surface. He was a great reader, and he told me that his attention had been first called to the water question through reading Josephus, who describes Cæsarea as being surrounded by gardens for an eight hours' walk in every direction, whereas now it is a sandy desert right up to the walls through the encroachment of the sand. He said that he had tried very hard to persuade engineers to try the experiment, but when at last they did there was an abundant supply of water, and it was no longer necessary to bring tanks by rail from Egypt. He was convinced that experimental borings in the Sinai desert would produce water in the same way, and thus the Mosaic miracle of striking the rock with a staff may be performed again in the twentieth century.

It takes a war to bring out the queer phases of humanity. While the Zeppelins were bombing London one person, at least, appears to have remained the captain of his soul. It is a relief from spies to read this passage:

> All sorts of queer people came to light through the censorship of letters. One would have thought that during the agonies of war there would have been no time for the innocent forms of internationalism, but it is a fact that in nearly every country in the world one could find international chess-players so detached from public affairs that they were actually conducting games by post in 1917. The censor stopped a post-card in a foreign handwriting addressed to Spain with the usual chess formulæ on its back. The card was tested in every possible way for secret writing, and it seemed so incredible that any one should be playing chess with a foreign antagonist at such a moment that we concluded that a new form of spy communication by means of chess formulæ had been adopted by the enemy. After some search we found the writer. He proved to be a young Spaniard, little more than a boy, who lived in a squalid room near Tottenham Court with practically no personal effects except a chess-board. He was genuinely astonished at being haled before the authorities. During the daytime he was a waiter at a restaurant, but in his spare moments—and there could not have been many of them—he was conducting twenty-four games of chess by post with antagonists in foreign countries whom he had never seen. He had heard that "there was a war on," but apparently as long as it did not interfere with his games it was no concern of his.

And here is a quirk of German, as distinguished from human, nature:

> There seemed to be nothing to prevent a prisoner of war interned in one of the Allied countries from being interned in another, and it was decided to send Von Rintelen over to America in British custody. A curious light is thrown upon the Germany mentality by an incident that took place just before he embarked. He stopped to make a solemn protest as a prisoner of war against his life being placed in jeopardy from German submarines if he were embarked upon a merchant vessel. His escort listened quite gravely to his protest, and asked him to move on.

Nine out of every ten persons examined in the little armchair were exonerated. Sir Basil was regarded in a friendly light; his work aroused little resentment. There were all sorts of spies, brave and cowardly, clever and stupid, and some of the stories are fascinating. Such persons figure in these "experiences" as Matahari, Lody, Fernando Buschman, Ignatius Timothy Trebisch Lincoln and Sir Roger Casement. And there are strange manifestations of war-time credulity, such as the well-remembered episode of the arrival of the Russians in Scotland; which never happened, although Mr. Asquith declared that from a legal and evidential standpoint nothing was ever more clearly proved. Altogether, this is an entertaining, amusing, and informing book.

My Experiences at Scotland Yard. By Basil Thompson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.: $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 10, 1923, were $143,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $128,900,000; an increase of $14,600,000.

The time is not far off when holders of investment bonds should consider switching their long-time issues into short-term paper, says *Forbes Magazine*. The present buyer of investment bonds may as well anticipate the market of the not distant future and make his commitment in short-term issues. The necessity of switching from long-term into short-term paper, within the next few months, is based up two reasons.

Interest rates have probably seen their low on the movement downward which started late in 1920, and even a somewhat higher level may rule soon. The seasonal trend in interest rates is normally upward during the spring because of increasing seasonal activities. Business is expanding on a broad scale that is independent of seasonal influences. Such increased activity calls for increased commercial accommodation and is a drain on the money markets. Neither the seasonal nor the general trend in business has made an impression on interest rates so far, and the Federal Reserve system shows rediscounts to be smaller than a year ago. This is because country banks have financed the requirements so far, but their resources are probably well taxed and it will soon be necessary for them to rediscount their bills at the District Reserve Banks. The combined Federal Reserve statements always lag about three months behind actual conditions and the demand for credit can be substantially greater before there is any reflection there.

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The other reason that makes it advisable to switch into short-term bonds, where price fluctuations are narrow, is the prospect of higher commodity prices. Bond values move inversely to commodity prices. If commodity prices advance during 1923, as many economists believe they will, there is quite certain to be a reaction in all investment securities bearing a fixed rate of return, those having the longer period of time to run before maturity experiencing the wider movement.

The securities suggested in the following paragraphs have but from two seven years to run and an upturn in interest rates and commodity prices would have only a small effect on their market quotations. Thus in the case of the Central Leather 5s, for example, a movement of one point in either direction would adjust the yield one-half per cent. If the bond sold at 100 it would be on a 5 per cent. return basis, and if the price moved down one point from present levels to 98, the bond would be on a 6 per cent. return basis. If this issue had thirty years to run to maturity, and should sell from a 5.50 per cent. to a 6 per cent. yield basis, the fluctuation in market value of the bond would be six and a half points. By buying short-term issues the investor is well protected against violent market movements.

The American Agricultural Chemical Company under normal conditions is a satisfactory earner and should have no difficulty in covering its full fixed charges, including interest and sinking fund, on the $30,000,000 of 7½ per cent. bonds which it found necessary to issue in 1921 at least twice over. The convertible 5s, 1928, are outstanding to the amount of $6,247,000 and are secured by a first mortgage on the entire property of the company and upon certain collateral consisting of the capital stock of affiliated companies. The bonds are convertible at par into 6 per cent. preferred stock. The company is one of the largest concerns in the world, engaged in the manufacture of fertilizers and allied products, owning and operating fifty plants throughout the United States. The recovery in prices for farm products has benefited the company substantially.

The American Telephone & Telegraph collateral trust 4s, 1929, are outstanding to the amount of $78,000,000. They are secured by deposits of collateral valued at $102,909,650. This company has never earned its full fixed charges less than three and three-fourths times over, annually, for a number of years. The growth of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company is too well known to need comment. Earning power has grown as rapidly as the investment increased and dividends on the capital stock are now at the highest rate ever paid.

The Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s, due July 1, 1925, are outstandnig to the amount of $74,910,025, secured by a first lien on 702 miles and a first collateral lien on 375 miles of road. B. & O. has a heavy funded debt, but the equity is high. The strikes of last summer cost the company about $10,000,000. However, the effect of these is now over.

The Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 4½s, 1930, are outstanding to the amount of $31,390,000. The conversion privilege expired on February 1, 1920. This issue is well secured, but is not an underlying bond. Chesapeake & Ohio normally earns its fixed charges about one and one-half times over.

The Central Leather first 5s, due April 1, 1925, are outstanding to the amount of $26,328,650. The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the entire property of the company, and by deposit of certain stocks and bonds of subsidiary companies. Central Leather lost heavily through depreciation of inventories in 1921, but is recovering its earning power rapidly.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific refunding 4s, 1934, are outstanding to the amount of $94,941,000. Secured by a first lien on 1175 miles of road and a second lien on 4657 miles. Also secured by leasehold interests on 1283 additional miles and on terminal property, equipment, and so forth, aggregating $49,648,138.

The St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien "C" 6s, due July 1, 1928, are outstanding to the amount of $10,598,000. There are four series of prior lien mortgage bonds, aggregating $132,595,000, secured on the entire property, leasehold interests in the Kansa City, Fort Scott, Memphis Railway, on collateral and equipment. Net available for fixed charges in 1922 amounted to $15,490,000, while fixed charges were approximately $10,000,000, including full interest charges on the income and adjustment bonds.

Standard Gas & Electric convertible 6s, due December 1, 1926, are outstanding to the amount of $6,095,000. Secured by about $7,200,000 of bonds and about $22,000,000 of stock of subsidiary companies. Fixed charges are normally earned from two and one-half to three times over. Preliminary statements for 1922 show earning power the highest ever recorded. The bonds are convertible into 8 per cent. prefererd stock at 110.

The Union Pacific 4s, due July 1, 1927, are outstanding to the amount of $26,835,225. This issue is not secured by a mortgage. Union Pacific normally earns its fixed charges from three to four times over. Income available for fixed charges in 1922 amounted to $26,621,319 from the operation of the railroad.

Wilson & Co. convertible 6s, 1928, are outstanding to the amount of $16,600,000. These bonds are convertible into common stock at the rate of ten shares for each $1000 bond. The heavy losses of 1920 and 1921 are now a thing of the past and earning power in 1923 will be not far from normal. Interest charges should be earned two to three times over.

The second month of the year witnessed remarkable expansion in both production and trade. Stock prices have been advancing—to new high records—copper leading the entire market. The outlook for the railroads continues to improve; car loadings showing tremendous increases over last year's figures, the demand for freight cars causing shortages well over 80,000 cars; greater efficiency in handling the traffic the most satisfactory sign noticed in the labor market for a long time. Freight rates are higher than during the boom period of 1919-1920, enabling the roads to spend freely for replacement and equipment, says Strassburger & Co.'s monthly review.

The United States Steel Corporation is working well over 90 per cent. capacity, notwithstanding which orders are running ahead of shipments. Automobile production is still indulging in breaking records. The building industry has the bit between its teeth, contemplated work nearly double that scheduled this time a year ago. Residential construction leads, totaling 50 per cent. above the figures of a year ago; industrial and business buildings nearly 15 per cent. ahead; public works 13 per cent. Building costs remain about the same, there seems no evidence of any decline —nor will be until supply approaches nearer demand. There is some slight improvement in the agricultural situation.

The recent action of the New York and Boston Federal Reserve banks in raising the discount rate, viewed in some quarters as an intended check on expansion, is merely a move in the direction of a uniform rate throughout the country.

The bond market is to be regarded as in a healthy condition. There has been no real weakness, new offerings have been well taken, and investment demand is sustained.

The talk about a danger of inflation may be disregarded. The situation is well in hand; the lesson of experience is too recent to have been yet forgotten. Inflation periods do not fall over each other.

"The American farmer is more directly concerned with the international market than is the American manufacturer," says *Commerce Monthly*, magazine of the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

"While it is impossible to foresee how rapidly domestic needs will absorb all the country's output," continues the bank's magazine, "or to forecast the importance of foreign markets for American farm products in the more distant future, considerations would seem to indicate that the relative decline of agricultural exports may proceed at a rate much less rapid than was the case in the decades preceding the war.

"For some years to come, most certainly, markets which absorb a surplus above domestic needs equivalent to one-sixth, or one-tenth, or even a smaller percentage, of the value of our total agricultural production, are of the greatest importance to the American farmer. Experience still fresh in memory has shown that unsold surpluses may have an influence on prices out of all relation to their size. The rapid pre-war decline in the proportion of exports to production may suggest that it is only a matter of relatively few years before the agricultural output of the United States with the exception of tobacco and cotton will be no more than sufficient to supply domestic requirements, when it will cease to be a producer for the international market. While the future trend will no doubt continue in this direction, there are factors which may modify substantially the rapidity with which the transition is made. For the future, immigration is likely to be more restricted than has been the case in the past and the inflow of immigrants formerly contributed very largely to the rapid growth of population and consequently to the correspondingly rapid expansion of domestic requirements for farm products.

"A second factor is that the industries of the United States have, by and large, now reached a point where they are not only capable of fully supplying domestic markets, but, if their plant is to be used at capacity, they must themselves seek foreign markets for their surplus output. In the foreign field, however, American manufactures must meet, without tariff protection, competition from industrial Europe and from certain non-European countries, such as Japan, which are rapidly expanding their industries. In view of this situation it may well be that the future growth of American industry will be at a somewhat less phenomenal rate than that which characterized the decades immediately preceding the war. Further, since the United States supplies an important part of Europe's food and raw materials requirements, European consumers will tend to bid for supplies aaginst domestic consumers—a process which in fact occasioned the tremendous expansion in exports of foodstuffs during and after the war.

"The percentages which exports form of total production, however, do not fully indicate the true importance of foreign markets. Many farm crops, including several which rank highest in value, are not cash crops, but are actually, to a very large degree, raw materials for the farmer which he uses in the production of other more marketable products. Nearly 85 per cent. of the corn crop, the most valuable of all the crops, is consumed on farms, the bulk of it being fed to cattle and hogs, which are marketed. Hay, the second most valuable single crop, is also largely consumed on the farm. These and other similar crops make up no inconsiderable part of the total value of agricultural production, but do not directly provide a monetary income to



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the farmer. Such crops, naturally, are not usually exported in large volume.

"On the other hand a very substantial part of the great cash crops, such as cotton, wheat, hogs and tobacco, which do provide the major part of the monetary incomes of the country's farmers, are exported. Thus in the fiscal year ending June, 1922, nearly one-third of the wheat crop, 35 per cent. of the tobacco production, 14 per cent. of the hog products and a half of the total cotton crop and excess carryover were marketed abroad. When so considerable a proportion of the country's major cash crops is exported, it is clear that conditions of foreign demand and of competitive foreign sources of supply necessarily exercise a marked influence in determining the values, not simply of the crops exported, but through their interrelations with other crops, of a good part of American agricultural output. These exports provide the foundation for the maxim that American agricultural prices are determined in the international market.

"As long as the United States produces a substantial surplus of agricultural commodities over its domestic needs, and exports that surplus to foreign countries, the domestic market necessarily becomes part of the broader international market for such commodities and it must be influenced by, as it influences, the international market. On the demand side, selling in the international market affords a broader group of purchasers, with all that that may imply as to greater stability and broadened opportunities for profitable transactions. On the other hand, in distributing his surplus product in foreign markets, the American farmer comes into direct competition with alternative sources of supply in other parts of the world.

"It follows that foreign conditions of demand and supply are of the utmost importance to agricultural producers in this country. The fact that the value of our agricultural output is in very large degree determined in the international market is of broad significance. It means that the agricultural prices are the basic prices to which in the long run the prices of other commodities and services must be adjusted. This does not imply that agriultural prices can not rise—the improvement in the past year proves that they can. It does mean that the values of farm products are determined on the basis of the realities of the world situation.

"As a whole, American agricultural producers make up the most important group of consumers of American manufactures. The volume of their purchasing depends on the ratio which the price of what they buy bears to the price which they receive for their crops. The latter, as has been pointed out, is based, not on local or national, but international conditions, largely beyond the control of the farmer. It follows that the sound basis for prosperity lies in the adjustment of prices of consumption goods generally on levels in harmony with the basic prices of farm products."

The William R. Staats Company is offering $375,000,000 City of Los Angeles Municipal Improvement Districts No. 18 (Los Angeles Mesa) and No. 19 (Sawtelle) 5 per cent. bonds, exempt from all Federal income taxes and California personal property taxes.

The legality of these issues is subject to the approval of John C. Thomson, Esq., of New York City.

These municipal improvement districts lie within the corporate limits of the City of Los Angeles and have been formed for the purpose of constructing and acquiring with the proceeds of these bonds adequate water distributing systems.

District No. 19 covers the territory formerly included within the limits of the City of Sawtelle, an area of 1.82 square miles having an estimated population of 7500. District No. 18 is situated in the southwestern part of the City of Los Angeles known as Angeles Mesa, a well-developed residential section with an estimated population of 2000.

These bond isues are direct obligations of their respective districts and payment of principal and interest is provided for through the levy and collecton of taxes in the same manner as other city taxes.

California corporate bond financing in January, 1923, aggregated $29,530,000 and far exceeded in volume any other month since Cyrus Peirce & Co. began their compilation of such issues. It is probable that January broke the record for all time. This total exceeds by nearly $6,000,000 the month of May, 1922, which previously showed the largest total for any month.

That California was not favored by any special circumstances is shown by the fact, according to Cyrus Peirce & Co., that the month also established a record for corporate issues in the United States as a whole. The volume of the classes of issues under consideration amounted to $438,533,000. Including railroad, foreign, municipal and farm loan bonds and stocks (none of which are considered in the Cyrus Peirce & Co. computation) a stupendous total of more than $879,000,000 was reached for the month. As was to be expected in view of the great volume of Eastern industrial bonds, including Anaconda Copper Mining Company, Armour & Co. of Delaware, Bethlehem Steel Corporation and Republic Iron and Steel Company issues, the California percentage of industrials—3.19 per cent.—was slightly under the state's theoretical proportion of 3.23 per cent. On the other hand, the large Spring Valley Water Company issue resulted in California offering the greatest percentage of utility bond issues for any month with the exception of January, 1922.

Holders are advised that the definitive bonds of the Sinclair Pipe Line Company twenty-year sinking fund 5 per cent. gold bonds, due October 1, 1942, are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates which you now hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary exchange and send you the permanent bonds by registered mail and insured.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is preparing to spend between $17,000,000 and $18,000,000 in further hydro-electric development on the Pit River, and for transmission to load centres of the resulting power.

The wonders of the Pit River region for purposes of power development have attracted public attention far and wide in recent years.

"Electric rates in the territory served by the company are now below pre-war levels and, on the whole, the cheapest to be found anywhere in the United States," said Manager Britton. "This should have the effect of stimulating demand, and, coupled with the natural growth which may be anticipated anyway, creates a situation which the company is preparing to meet."

The outstanding recent event in financial circles was the raising of the rediscount rates of the New York and Boston Federal Reserve banks from 4 to 4½ per cent. Wall Street professed to be rather surprised by this action, and there are some who claim that it is intended as a warning against over-speculation in the security and commodity markets. However, a careful survey of the situation makes this appear a superficial view, not justified by the facts, and indeed an action quite logical and proper for the banks to take. The New York and Boston bank rates have been merely brought into line with the rate prevailing in all the other districts except San Francisco, which may be expected to follow suit soon. Brokers' loans are only moderately larger than they were early in January, and there have been no restrictions in new offerings of call money. To be sure, the aggregate total of these borrowings is large as compared to former years, but what a few years ago would suggest dangerous over-expansion is nothing abnormal now, considering our normal banking strength. Except in a comparatively few instances there has been no violent or unwarranted rise in prices, and neither has there been as yet excessive public participation in the market. Therefore, so far as speculative securities are concerned, the trend is still strongly upward.

The investment outlook is quite different. The flood of new security offerings shows no sign of let-up; the government and the railroads have an immense amount of refinancing to do, and the increase in industrial activity means much larger demands on the money market. All of these influences tend to advance interest rates and eventually will bring lower bond prices.

The most hopeful feature of the foreign news has been the rise of sterling exchange, which is now closer to parity than at any time in the past four years. It is eloquent testimony of the financial strength of Great Britain, her economic recovery and success in balancing her budget. The European situation remains about in *status quo*, neither better nor worse.

The steel industry reports a heavy rush of buying far in excess of the present output, and this in spite of the decided increase in prices. The news in nearly all other lines of industry is equally cheerful, with the prospect of a year of excellent business yielding very satisfactory profits. The weekly car loadings continue to run at a record rate for this season, which, of course, means that railroad earnings will show a most gratifying increase.

In view of the fact that most of the rails have enjoyed comparatively little advance, they offer the safer medium for speculation. Although there remain some splendid opportunities for profit among the industrials and public utilities, these stocks as a class are at such a level that considerable care should be used in making one's selections.—*The Trader.*

The recent shopmen's strike cost the Missouri Pacific Railway $5,000,000 and the Burlington $3,000,000. We need not have the estimates of the other large systems to obtain a fair idea of the grand total. Nor need we have any estimate as to the losses entailed by business and the public.

Who can fairly contend that the public has no right to prevent lockouts and strikes on public utilities and natural resources industries? The public stands the losses and in addition pays the costs in higher rates and prices.

The bill recently introduced in Congress by Senator Brookhart of Iowa would, on the senator's own theory, "transfer from the Interstate Commerce Commission to Wall Street the power to make a valuation of the railways," the *Railway Age* asserts in its current issue.

Senator Brookhart, in introducing his bill, said it was designed to break the hold of Wall Street on the railroads, but the *Railway Age* points out that Wall Street can have a hold on the railways only through their securities. Senator Brookhart's bill provides that the valuation of the railroads shall be continuously based upon the value of the securities, which he asserted was only twelve billion dollars in 1920, or about seven billion dollars less than the tentative valuation made by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"The best available measure of the market value of railway securities is the prices for which they are bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange," says the *Railway Age*. "On the senator's own theory, the securities are controlled by Wall Street. Naturally Wall Street wants a high valuation of the railways. On the senator's own theory Wall Street could boost the prices, and obviously if it could do so it would do so. The higher prices were advanced, the more the valuation would have to be increased. The sky would be the only limit."

A traveler can ride for seven hours by railway train, or more than 300 miles, between Singapore and Penang, through the Federated Malay States, and not once lose sight of the rubber plantations which support this country.

INDIVIDUAL circumstances affect the policy that any investor should follow. For some, long-term securities are advisable, for others, short-term; for some, the interest rate is more important than ready marketability; but under all circumstances security should be looked upon as the main consideration.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Barbarity de Luxe.

Studies in North Africa. By Cyril Fletcher Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

At present the name of the Dark Continent does not readily bring to mind the Boer war, the Cape to Cairo railroad, the exploits of Stanley or Livingstone, nor, receding to still more ancient history, Antony's adventures with Cleopatra nor Dido's with Æneas. It is almost trite to say that Africa now suggests Lord Carnarvon. So it is the more refreshing to encounter a hook on Africa, the Mediterranean coast at that, and of an archæological nature, that does not so much as flirt with the subject of Egyptian antiquities, though one was prepared for the worst from Cyril Fletcher Grant's title, "Studies in North Africa"; a hook more valid in content than form, for it represents a mêlée of impressions ranging from old Carthage to modern Algiers, hut pleasantly ignoring Egypt, past and present.

Mr. Grant is, we suspect, rather an archæologist than a historian—his studies being the result of a long study of inscriptions and mosaics, on which he has drawn to give us a charming picture of town and country life among the North African élite in the opening years of our era. No present-day devotee of field and turf can fail to he enthralled hy the picture of the villa of Pompeianus, whose love of the sport of kings caused him to have his favorites portrayed in tile. "While Altus was the favorite hunter, Polydoxus was evidently the favorite race-horse. Over him we read: 'Vincas non vincas te amamus Polydoxe'—'Whether you win, or not, we love you, Polydoxus.'" Or the description of the racing world of that day, with its four factions, or "colors." Your racing color was more sacred than your political party, for you might change the latter with impunity, hut it was practically unheard of for man or woman to forswear the hue he or she had once adopted, green, red, hlue or white. The names of the horses as recorded on these old mosaics are charming: Acceptor, Delicatus, Scholasticus, Altus. The North Africans were not without a rather modern wit—or rather, fashionahle smartness is far from a modern invention.

But any one who settles comfortahly to read "Studies in North Africa" with the expectation of luxuriating with the smart set of nineteen hundred years ago will receive a shock and we should disillusion him. That is only a chapter or two. The hulk of the hook is given over to the more than a hundred years of the Punic wars and the later Roman colonization of North Africa. Those of us whose chief recollection of that gory campaign was the incident of the Consul Nero throwing Hasdrubal's head into his hrother's camp, would do well to refresh our memories with a chapter of history that is fully as titillating as a blood and thunder detective story. To judge from our fondness for vicarious horrors we have largely inherited from the Romans who, according to our author, could see nothing in Greek athletics, since they were not dangerous. A Roman jockey had his horse's reins twisted around his own hody, thus insuring death if he fell. The modern Briton, who says, "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something," has evidently more analogy with the Roman than their respective empires. But then the Carthaginians outdid them both. It was the latter's pleasant custom to crucify their unsuccessful admirals, and sport was conducted on wild elephants. Prohably we should read the moral of their decline in this playful harharity, hut we always liked the Carthaginians. To others of similar taste we recommend "Studies in North Africa."

R. G.

Hunting for Truth.

Famous Chemists, The Men and Their Works. By Sir William T. Tilden, F. R. S., L. S. O., Sc. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

Though you may find no great interest in chemistry, chronicles of the workings of the law of service and reward in the field of atomic research will prove hoth interesting and inspiring. Lack of funds was met hy government aid in many instances, a practice we have not yet adopted in this country. Ill health, political and religious persecution, social inequality, limited education, and utter lack of either lahoratory or equipment did not restrain these pioneers from great accomplishment.

Personal foihles and domestic inharmony were equally futile as a hindrance. One was wealthy hut quarreled with his hankers for interrupting his work ahout investing surplus funds. One was accustomed to have his hair cut but once a year and seems to have heen well received at that. There was no means of communicating, so that each could enjoy the henefit of the other's experiments. One German is given rank for organization and teaching rather than for original work. Sweden, France, Italy, Russia and England hred the men named. The book itself is the work of an Englishman. In it will he found the records of great achievement in the field of science. It is a panorama of man's struggles to learn the truth ahout his world.

African Atmosphere.

The Mother of All Living. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Of the three novels hy Rohert Keahle puhlished within the past few years, every one is a work with a hackground of personal experience rather than pure creation of the mind. "Simon Called Peter" recounts the effect on a man—or on one man—of life hehind the trenches in France, as it appealed to Mr. Keahle; "Peradventure—The Silence of God" is the history of the author's own spiritual groping and unrest; and "The Mother of All Living" owes its pervasive atmosphere of Africa to Mr. Keahle's life as a clergyman in that country, first at Zanzihar under the Universities Mission to East Africa, and later in Basutoland with the directorate of a tremendous mission field.

As a technically fine piece of writing, as a well-constructed novel, and as an intensely ahsorhing picture of a life with which few in this country are familiar, "The Mother of All Living" is to he sincerely endorsed. As for the tangled love theme, the sex element is overdone; the amorous scenes are so frequent as to be wearisome; and we should appreciate the presence of a few ideals of honor, which doubtless exist even in Africa.

Truly there are few things in this day that may not—and do not—appear in print under the guise of "expression." But good taste still exists as a standard to be reckoned with in the literary world, and Mr. Keahle offends good taste in "The Mother of All Living." With unvarnished English that adds nothing to the merits of the hook he creates an uncomfortahle feeling that the last veil of reticence has heen torn away and that literally nothing is left to the imagination. A few moderns may yet he found who agree with the saying of Napoleon, recorded hy Stendahl in "Rouge et Noir": "There are some things which are not written."

Short Stories.

The Best Short Stories of 1922. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.

This annual offering to the public will he received with varying degrees of enthusiasm. There are always readers who feel that they might have made a hetter selection, and who miss stories already mentally selected, as well as representatives of favorite puhlications. After all, a collection which is the result of one man's judgment and opinion can not fail to he disappointing to many.

Ahout the hest story in the hook is "The Token," hy Joseph Hergesheimer, which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "Belshazzar's Letter," hy Katherine Fullerton Gerould, is also good and very interesting with its psychic hackground. Mr. O'Brien applies what he terms the test of substance, and defines substance as something achieved hy the writer rather than something already present. He also applies the test of form, and doubtless has brought to his task a conscientious desire to he just in his decisions.

The Revival of Italy.

Mystics and Heretics in Italy. By Emile Gehhart. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $4.

"Mystics and Heretics in Italy" exhihits that peculiar excellence of French literary and historical scholarship, sympathetic insight; and the power of making the dead past take on the appearances of the living and the contemporary. No period in history is more fascinating than that of the religious revival of Italy which occurred during the two centuries culminating in Dante—a period when "the sick souls of men sought eagerly on every side to recover the true way of salvation."

This great spiritual revival of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was hoth a protest against the evils that had arisen in the organized church and an emphatic affirmation of the Kingdom of God. Arnold of Brescia came with his message of justice, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit; Joachim of Florence followed with the new old teaching that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Greatest of all came Francis of Assisi, the most joyous follower of Christ that ever walked the earth, who, espousing Lady Poverty, hrought Christ once more into the lives of men.

Francis died. But his spirit lived on in John of Parma, his successor; in Fra Salimhene, "joyous representative of the second generation of Franciscans"; in Giacopone da Todi, "*jongleur* of God"; in Giotto, the painter, whose living soul is revealed to us in the frescoes on the walls of the church in Assisi; and in Dante, eater of the "hitter bread of exile," in whose heart ever burned the pure flame of love.

With an intimate understanding of the lives and deeds of these men, M. Gehhart makes them live anew for us in all their humanity, in all their enthusiasm for the way of righteousness, and in all their indomitable faith in the love of God. We are highly indebted to Professor Hulme, hoth for his excellent introduction on the life of M. Gebhart and for his careful translation, which has preserved so much of the spirit of the autbor's faultless French.

Here Is Portugal.

The House of the Beautiful Hope. By Robert S. Christie. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

"The House of the Beautiful Hope," by Rohert Stuart Christie, has achieved fame in England, and American readers will no douht give it a cordial reception.

While the plot is not original—though for the matter of that few plots are—the setting is unusual and full of heauty. The scene opens in a romantic spot on the coast of Portugal, shifts for a time to London, and then comes back to its starting place like an air with variations and transitions. As for the ending, while it savors a little of melodrama, one rather expects to find melodrama in Portugal and in such a romantic setting anything might happen.

The book is practically in two parts, distinct as to setting, story, and characters, but they are like two halves of a puzzle that fit neatly into each other with a little concealed snap—and even the clever reader does not guess the comhination. The action in the first half is too swift, and the characters might he made of glass, so quickly do they see through each other and divine each other's motives and hidden selves. There are many characters, but they are well-drawn, from the English wife and her father to Pepita and Raphael, whose idyll is as poetic as their own Garden of the Gods. The descriptive portions of the hook, perhaps, are the hest, as they are vivid, rich in color, and full of quaint humor; the dialogue is too often stilted and verhose, with a tendency at times to become monologue. The autbor is to he congratulated on the success attending bis first novel.

Elucidating the Dictionary.

How to Use the Dictionary. By Martin C. Flaherty. New York: The Ronald Press Company; $1.25.

For the person who thinks that the dictionary is an indispensable piece of library or office furniture, but who reserves its use for the occasion when he forgets whether the i precedes the e or vice versa, Professor Flaherty has written his guide to the dictionary. That is to say, for the great American puhlic. For, as the author explains, it is not the hypo.

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thetical man in the street whose unblissful ignorance concerning the dictionary is amazing so much as the professional man generally and the teacher in particular. The subject sounds a bit pedantic, but we defy any one not already converted to read this elementary treatise on "How to Use the Dictionary" and not come away a wiser and more efficient man. But though Professor Flaherty's book might be described as a key to self-education its most significant plea is against the pseudo dictionary sponsored by most public schools. The professor does not concern himself with the political possibilities of graft and contracts. He does not mention them, in fact, though the suggestion inevitably presents itself that nothing else could account for the continued use of the vicious book he describes which is an omnium gatherum of slang, vulgarisms, and English without discrimination and whose definitions, to judge from the samples quoted, have no bearing on the terms they would define. All in all, "How to Use the Dictionary" is well calculated to set a good many people on the straight lingual path.

Traveling at Home.

Mainly East. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

This book, by a well-known Englishwoman, is the latest of a long list of books of travel, and is a record of a jaunt that extended half way around the world and covered about fifty thousand miles. A swiftly moving panorama passes before our eyes—Egypt, Palestine, India, Constantinople, the Dardanelles and the Sudan—all colored with interesting bits of personal experience and naïve comment.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie makes no attempt at writing a guide-book; she is concerned chiefly with the reaction on herself of the scenes through which she passed, and desires only that the reader shall see with her eyes. As for any specific information or historical associations, she suggests authorities and books of reference and dismisses the matter from her pages. She is chattty and conversational, and indeed so friendly are the relations which she establishes with her reader that one gets the impression of a personally conducted tour.

Withal, her descriptions are vivid, and as full of color as her own water-color sketches, which are frequently mentioned, and her adventures and experiences in India and Egypt are particularly interesting. She is keenly interested in the complicated questions of the East, and, while naturally British in sentiment, feels that the ruling powers at home have not acquainted themselves sufficiently with conditions in the outposts of the empire.

The book is long without being prosy, and holds the reader's attention and interest throughout.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Mr. George Santanyana is engaged on a new philosophical work in two volumes, entitled "Worlds in Being."

Another volume of poems is hoped for from Mr. Hardy, who is reported to have been writing during the winter and resuscitating old verse manuscripts.

Readers who enjoyed Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" are promised a pleasure in the coming publication (by Appleton) of "Faint Perfume," by the same writer. It is said to be even finer than "Miss Lulu Bett," retaining the style and method followed in that book. Miss Gale's record is such a good one that the new number on her list will doubtless take its place in the sun. A second large printing before publication is reported by the publishers.

"Candor compels us to recognize that from the political point of view international society is in a backward stage of development." This statement by Philip Marshall Brown, professor of international law at Princeton, prefaces his discussion of certain of the large problems of world organization in a new Macmillan book called "International Society, Its Nature and Interests." Dr. Brown's twelve years in the diplomatic service have given him ample opportunity to study national interests, international disputes, and the possibilities of international organization, and in this volume he considers these matters from all sides.

Magic, divination, and other occult sciences are traced through the late classical, early Christian, and mediæval periods by Professor Lynn Thorndike in a new Macmillan book on "The History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries."

Agnes Platt, known as a dramatic coach and as the author of "Practical Hints on Training for the Stage," has written another book, "Practical Hints on Acting for the Cinema," which has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. This volume tells how acting for the cinema differs from stage work and how each helps the other, how to train for facial expression, and how to express character by movement and gesture without the spoken word.

The George H. Doran Company of New York announces that it has secured the book rights of Samuel Goldwyn's "Behind the Screen," reminiscences of famous film stars and an inside story of motion-picture production. Portions of the book are now appearing serially in the *Pictorial Review*.

The newest Canadian poet since Robert Service is Robert Watson, who has just made a hit in the Dominion with "The Mad Minstrel." It contains a number of poems of the overseas and Western life type and will be popular with every one who likes a good yarn in good verse.

An interesting bit of information in connection with E. Alexander Powell's book, "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," which the Century Company will publish April 27th, is that Major Powell carried with him letters of introduction from W. Morgan Shuster, now president of the Century Company, but at one time Persia's financial adviser. That the name of the author of "The Strangling of Persia" can still prove an open sesame for an accredited traveler was fully proved, it is said, by Major Powell.

A novel of the out-of-doors is Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "Corduroy," which Appleton publishes. The author is living the life of the open in the California mountains, and into her story she has succeeded admirably in incorporating the atmosphere of the open air, pure and undefiled. The story is of a girl of the West and a young fellow from the East, a bit strange to the freedom of ways far from his city home.

All poets are not born self-publicity men, as is proved by the case of A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," which still leads the list for English verse. Ordinarily a volume with such a success would be given a luxurious edition at a high price. Mr. Housman, however, will have none of that, for he wants it to be available to everybody at a low price. No more is he fond of advertisement, even to the extent of letting his photograph appear in the papers, and he has gravely warned his publisher not to assist any such nefarious attempt against a poet's peace of mind.

The startling announcement of a new novel by Jane Austen is made by the D. Appleton Company. Nor is it the product of a fanatic with a ouija board. It is the genuine article, albeit only half the product of Jane's own inimitable pen. "The Watsons" has been concluded by a devoted student of Miss Austen's work, Miss L. Culton, and her collaboration with her long dead heroine is said to satisfy the living members of the Austen family. "The Watsons" is said to be the typical "novel of manners" of English provincial life of Jane's era.

At last Mr. Joseph Conrad, after a good deal of research and application and endless rewriting, has finished his novel of the Napoleonic time. He may be said to have celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday, which fell in December, by doing so.

Mr. Conright Schreiner, the husband of Olice Schreiner, will shortly arrive in London to arrange for the publication of her final literary remains. Since she died a volume of stories and sketches by her has been published, a book on South Africa is nearly ready, and a long novel, said to compare with her "African Farm," is in the distance. There will remain the writing of her biography, and that, it is understood, Mr. Conright Schreiner will do himself.

New Books Received.

Studies in North Africa. By Cyril Fletcher Grant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

The history of North Africa from 750 B. C. to A. D. 1830.

From the Deep of the Sea. By Charles Edward Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

An epic of the Aretic.

How to Use the Dictionary. By Martin C. Flaherty. New York: The Ronald Press Company; $1.25.

A key to the dictionary.

A History of the Association Psychology. By Howard C. Warren. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $3.50.

Roosevelt as the Poets Saw Him. Edited by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

Tributes from American and English poets.

The Flower in Drama. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

A book of papers on the theatre.

Magic Lanterns. By Louise Saunders. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

Five plays.

The Jar of Dreams. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

Verse.

The Sign of the Serpent. By John Goodwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of the sea.

Books and Authors. By Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

The Mirrors of Moscow. By Louise Bryant. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.50.

A composite portrait of Russia.

In the Alaska-Yukon Gamelands. By J. A. McGuire. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; $3.

Introduction by William T. Hornaday and photographs by the author.



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FRED STONE IN "TIP TOP"

Judging hy the way San Franciscans are pouring their dollars into the coffers of the theatre men, San Francisco is one of the most prosperous cities in the country. Opera, melodrama, picture plays, comedies, hurlesques, extravaganzas—everything is grist for our mill. The only thing our theatre-goers seem to balk at is the kind of drama that reflects life. But the latest Mantell season here, Walter Hampden's engagement, and Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean season last month all prove that our community will also support Shakespearean tragedy.

This week they are pouring by the hundreds into the Columbia to see Fred Stone, who is evidently considered the "tip top" comedian in his line. The seats during the Fred Stone season are $3.50 each in the downstairs auditorium. Three-fifty plus the war tax makes three-eighty-five. But when this sum was mentioned at the box-office window the throng produced its ten and twenty-dollar hills, and never batted an eyelash. It wanted to see Fred Stone and the show behind him, and it was prepared to pay.

And certainly "Tip Top" is well named, for it is a tip-top show. It is a musical extravaganza in two acts fairly crammed with novelties, of which the one entire and perfect chrysolite is Fred Stone. Evidently Mr. Stone is one of those fiends for work, for no man could keep his skill so polished up to the nines in half a dozen specialties without constant practice.

Fred Stone's feats in leaping alone are remarkable. But he can dance well, sing—of course, that goes without saying, like a musical-comedy funny man—do lariat whirling and amazing things with the sting end of a huge Australian whip, play on the saxophone, and he is an infallible fancy shot. And into most of these feats the comedian injects that fun and irresistible humor that gave us the unforgettable laughter of our lives when Stone and Montgomery came here together a number of years ago.

The comedian is so practiced in make-up that he is continually giving us a surprise. Sometimes his rather short stature is the only clue, but we are unsuspicious until suddenly the irresistible essence of individual humor makes itself felt, and you hear a murmur over the house, "Oh, it's Fred Stone!"

The lithe and agile acrobat-comedian is as slender as a boy, and he ought to furnish an object lesson to some of the famous comedians of our stage who let themselves become dangerously fat and beefy; which always means that attentive Death is taking a few steps nearer to his prey.

The work that Fred Stone can not but be doing daily to keep himself in such trim means health, mental and physical. For work, when properly balanced, can generally knock the medicos out of a job.

The head man in the saxophone act, though, when he suddenly donned a bridal veil falling incongruously over his stiffly starched white bifurcations, and, his head femininely and modestly drooped, made his saxophone take on a human voice, and utter ridiculous womanisms to the responding group of clown players pressed him close for plaudits.

When the show was over Monday night the audience, alert, bright-eyed, smiling, streamed out giving forth that eulogistic buzz that meant they had had their money's worth. For marked efficiency is back of the show, and working its springs. Everything goes without a hitch, the tempo is brisk and the company does its work well. The play being not a musical comedy, but an extravaganza, it follows that the music is in keeping; jolly, ringing, spirited, hut not characterized by purely musical merit.

There is a lot of excellent concerted dancing done by the London Palace girls, whose uniformity of motion is as exact as a military drill. Besides these seventeen specialists there is a chorus of twelve girls, all as carefully matched in size as the stones on a necklace of pearls.

The novelties in the piece include a cat courtroom trial, and a gorgeously set Indian scene showing all the girl dancers and girl singers beautifully costumed and giving Indian dances, and other effective bits, each one serving as a background to Fred Stone's comedy specialties.

The specialists in the company are principally dancers, Marie Sewell and Roy Hoyer winning plaudits by the cork-light perfection of their dance, and the saxophone players pleasing by the variety of emotions which they made their instruments express.

The White Sisters, two tiny heings that I thought at first were young children, and who rather leave us guessing in that respect, do various specialties in singing, dancing, and comedy work; and win much favor; and Bert Jordan showed neat comedy effects in a small part.

There are several girl parts handled satisfactorily by Inez Forde—who specializes as a pussy lady—and by Julia Roche and Teresa Valerio. But it is collectively that the shapely girls in the show produce their effect, their team work being unusually good.

A resplendent "Land of Heart's Desire" supplies an effective wind-up, after the innumerable specialties which have been amusing the audience, and in this scene the girls look their prettiest, a grand tourbillon of dancing showing off their symmetry and their skill.

The book and lyrics of "Tip Top" are by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside, who are well able to furnish plenty of humor. Ivan Caryll is the composer of the music, which generally is characterized by that dash and élan which make the spirits to rise to fizzing point and the eyes to sparkle.

"THE FAITHFUL."

This profoundly beautiful tragedy is based on the story deeply honored in the historical traditions of Japan, the story of the Forty-Seven Ronins. It was written by the English poet, John Masefield, whose poetic soul enabled him to treat his theme with full beauty and reverence, and was presented at the Plaza by the Berkeley Playhouse troupe.

The Japanese scenes, setting and costumes, the adherence, so far as a Westerner may adhere, to Japanese tradition, and the various evidences of Masefield's careful study of the legend of Japanese manners and customs and Japanese character makes us Westerners enter so completely and sympathetically into the drama that we are apt to forget its English authorship. The Japanese themselves, of course, would observe racial discrepancies; for one thing in the love-making, no doubt, of Lord Kira to the village girl who is brought to his home for his lordly delectation. But by such discrepancies our innocent Western withers are unwrung. To the calm, noble tone of the play, its clear, measured diction, the story of the lofty self-sacrifice of the faithful, and the solemn heauty of the tragedy as a whole, we surrender ourselves with profound æsthetic enjoyment.

In all things concerning the externals of the tragedy the producers have been duly heedful. The striking drops representing the outdoor scenes were painted by Laura Adams Armer, the Berkeley artist, with a sort of vital Japanese impressionism, and the interior of Lord Kira's palace is rich in coloring, aud graceful and beautiful in design.

The costumes and Japanese coiffeurs are faithful to the models, many of the young men and the two women in the play looking approximately Japanese.

But what above all makes the performance as a performance so beautiful, aside from the spirituality of Masefield's treatment, is the beauty of the acting resulting from the mental attitude of the performers. It seemed to me that those young players were almost in the reverential attitude of people offering up a sacrifice to a deity; the god being the spiritual æstheticism of the tragedy and the sacrifice being their selection of a play whose sublimity of theme places it above the taste of the groundlings.

The story of "The Faithful" is late enough in history—1701 A. D.—to be authentic. It is a tale of the cruel way in which the noble young Lord Asano was done to death by Kira, a plebeian raised to high rank, and rapaciously ambitious to swallow up the province over which Asano and Lord Kamei ruled.

To compass his ambition he has himself appointed to instruct the lords in Asano's province in the ritual to be practiced in welcoming the envoy who has come from the Presence; the reverential term used to indicate the emperor. As the emperor is regarded as of divine origin, the audience room in Kira's palace is declared hallowed, and he who violates the sanctity of the place by any unseemly word or deed is a hlasphemer, and liable to be condemned to commit *hari kari*.

Lord Kira lays a trap for the young Lord Asano by teaching him the wrong ritual. Asano seeks to avenge his outraged honor by stabbing the treacherous Kira, thus incurring condemnation to death.

The rest of the tale concerns the long and faithful efforts of the Lord Kurano and the faithful retainers of Asano to avenge the death of their friend. Japanese vengeance, however, as revealed in this tragedy is not like ours. The idea is a form of expiation to be made by the offender for his crime; and each of the faithful, in consecrating his life to bringing about this expiation, is showing a lofty, selfless sacrifice of security, family affections, life itself. The retainers become ronins, that is, masterless or lordless men, wandering exiles from the feudal order, knowing that in the end, when the vengeance is consummated, they in their turn must commit *hari kari* as an act of atonement for taking human life.

The tragedy is solemn in the extreme. There is not a smile in it, as there is occasionally in a Shakespearean tragedy. Nor do we want it, so hauntingly, terribly beautiful is the drama in its complete form.

One would not have believed that these players, not yet wholly professional, as their days have prosaic occupations and only their nights are given to their art, could have presented this tragedy with such simple, self-effacing dignity and such beauty of speech, attitude, and expression.

Robert Plunkett as the young Lord Asano, who was sacrificed to Kira's ravening ambition, was the star of the troupe in this respect. Every accent was music, the youth himself being a thing of beauty in his simple princeliness of demeanor, and in his white robes at the death scene suggesting the innocence of a nobie victim.

In Masefield's version—for expediency, no doubt—the forty-seven ronins become seven ronins. And each of the seven speaks his lines with ample recognition of their musical and poetic value, and with the full and sombre intonation of tragedy. There are almost two dozen young men in the cast, and it is apparent that they have been carefully selected for dramatic talent, intelligence, and heauty of voice.

The leading male rôle is taken by Irving Pichel, who, though not possessed of the statuesque beauty of some of his young con frères, nor the ability to overlay his Western appearance with what we accept as a Nipponese exterior, gives a strongly dramatic portrayal of Kurano, the most faithful of them all, who, under an appearance of penury and drunkenness, preserved an unsleeping vigilance over the movements of the enemy, and finally acted as executioner to the coward lord who lacked the courage to perform his own act of expiation.

Ellsworth Stewart as Kira depicted this treacherous lord as a wily hypocrite full of cunning resource against his marked victims and fruitful in insult. Mr. Stewart entirely lacks in vocal beauties, but his voice, nevertheless, is variously modulated and capable of much expression.

A strikingly picturesque personation was that of Albert Lee's Kamei, and Wilfrid Rand gave a very complete personation of the honey-voiced sycophant who attended Kira.

The dignity of the old envoy was most fittingly conveyed by Ingomar Hoberg, and several other rôles—those of Honzo, of the Captain, and of the youth in Kira's palace—were well expressed.

Strikingly Japanese in its treatment was Virginia Whitehead's portrayal of the loyal, submissive wife of Kurano. So much so that one perceived there the suggestion of directorship or advice by a Japanese artist, for in voice, pose, and gait the actress departed entirely from our Western ideas.

Although less able utterly to sink her identity in the mind and person of a Japanese girl, Katherine Smith showed great intelligence in and gave appropriate expression to.



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In Alameda County, Spring Valley Water Company is at present increasing the height of Calaveras Dam, and is preparing to enlarge and extend its conduit facilities from Calaveras Reservoir to Irvington.

These are two closely related items in the programme of cooperation whereby City and water company, working harmoniously, will by 1925 add 24 million gallons daily to our water supply, increasing it from 42 to 66 million gallons daily.

This important work, now actively in progress, results from the agreement made between the City and the water company in accordance with a decision rendered by the Railroad Commission.

As part of that agreement, it was recognized that San Francisco's goal is municipal ownership of the water supply, so the City was given a twelve-year option to buy the Spring Valley system at the advantageous price fixed by the Railroad Commission for the election of 1921.

While thus approaching nearer the goal of municipal ownership, the City is assured of that speedy enlargement of the supply necessitated by our rapid community growth.

Meanwhile, Spring Valley must create a sinking fund to retire the cost of its part of the work, which fund the City will acquire if it acquires the water supply properties, and is paying the interest on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to finance the City's work between Irvington and Crystal Springs.

Recent refinancing of the company's $22,000,000 debt facilitated Spring Valley's coöperation in this great programme of community development.

SPRING VALLEY
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the varied emotions of the Japanese "fille de joie."

As has happened with other plays, this body of players is receiving for their commendable work much more attention in Berkeley than in San Francisco, a city of six hundred thousand in population, or thereabouts. But such a temple of beauty as these players have reared for the pleasure of their appreciators is not without its reward, for it can not but be that these young idealists serving in the temple of art were very happy in performing their most beautiful service.

THE ORPHEUM.

It is a tragedy in a woman's life—an ornamental woman's, anyway—when she begins to become passé. That tragedy, however, must also face the male impersonator of women, as Julian Eltinge will soon begin to find out. His time must come; only his tragedy will probably be a financial one, unless he has thriftily laid aside for a rainy day.

The dimpled darling still has his beautiful, tapering arms, his long, white, carefully manicured, slender hands, and his legs are dreams, as revealed in a peach-colored silk swimming suit.

But, clever as Mr. Eltinge always has been in cultivating a feminine expression of countenance, that characteristic of the flourishing American business man, a complacently plump jowl, is beginning to masculinize Mr. Eltinge's otherwise carefully emasculated countenance. Therefore, the golden hair with the Cleopatra rig was not a happy thought. Golden hair only goes with the ingénue type, and this well-known woman impersonator does not and never did—and never tried to, in fact—look like an ingénue.

What he did succeed in impersonating was —and perhaps the words should still be "is"—a handsome, fashionable woman, opulently endowed with fleshly charms, and with a deep contralto voice that tones in with the rather full-blown beauties of the owner.

Mr. Eltinge recently declared himself aweary of womaniziug himself, and truly, since he is so cap-a-pie iu respect to fashionable fripperies, it must be a tedious business selecting headdresses, jeweled slippers, and beaded gowns.

He did very well by us this trip, only wearing one really jaded costume. The beaded one and the swimming suit looked spandy new. What a vacation it would seem to a man to cease selecting such fol de rols! But stay! Can Mr. Eltinge make money as a male actor? "That," says Hamlet, "is the question." One that is going to crop up in a few years. To be sure, we have seen the actor playing the male rôle of a lively collegiatc amusing his friends by his talent as an impersonator of a pretty woman. But there he furnished the spice of contrast, and the play was really amusing, when a bass voice issued from a cloud of pearl powder and a huge pipe from rose-hudded lips.

Julian Eltinge is the big headliner at the Orpheum this week, but the bill is unusually attractive.

Mr. Richard Kean was lucky enough to make a big hit in his act, "Characters from Famous Plays." Mr. Kean, an effective, foreign-looking brunette who looks more like a musician than an actor, turns his back to his audience, and in a darkened niche slips on a robe and wig, and rapidly and dextrously makes up his complexion—and there he is, transformed, writhing as Uriah Heap, or appearing a dignified Cardinal Wolsey or a Shylock, or a stage miser. The rapidity of his changes and the effectiveness of his various make-ups constitute Mr. Kean's great card, as he is decidedly stagy as an actor. Nevertheless he made a great hit, as was shown by the prolonged and hearty applause.

Another popular headliner was the musical comedietta "Marry Me," which had a numher of qualifications: a most effective setting, good-looking girls, a leading lady with personality and a leading man with humor.

The half-dozen other acts were rather outshone by the glitter of these three headliners, but they approximated the average, consisting of a flirting pair, a trained dog show rather more elahorate than usual, a nut comedian, a singing number and a dancing numher.

"STRUTTIN' ALONG."

That irresistible tendency to make mountebanks of themselves which is a characteristic of some of the more care-free and irresponsible members of the African race has been diverted toward a very lucrative asset, as may be seen with the work of the amusing burlesquers in "Struttin' Along" at the Century Theatre. These people, including the entire company, are Afric-Americans, the large chorus of young men and women showing the usual and always interesting and picturesque diversity of coloring. Some few show the darkest of the African complexion, fading off into the various shades characteristic of the mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons. Several of the chorus girls are as white as an Anglo-Saxon, and it is almost impossible to detect the faint suggestion in their facial traits of their African origin.

One little beauty looks as if her race might be a mingling of the Chinese and the African. Pretty Zoe Ramee—I think she is the one—the Siamese dancer in "The Sheik's Harem"—has the look and features of a bright, piquant American. She, I noticed is a great favorite.

There is also much variety in the hair of the troupe, which ranges from the satin-smooth shine much affected by the masculine youth of the present period to the permanent marcel wave, or the kinky hair that goes with the full-blooded Afric hue.

They are a happy-looking crowd of entertainers, engaged in a thoroughly congenial occupation. The smiles of the girls somehow look more spontaneous than the more fixed and dutiful tooth displays of white chorus girls.

The colored races, suitably and brightly costumed, are very effective on the stage, the first "Strut"—the show is divided up into "Struts"—of Act II, called "The Sheik's Harem," illustrating this fact. "The Sheik's Harem" is a very funny burlesque of a ceremonial court, and it exhibits the genuine humor and amusing burlesqueries of Frisco Nick, one of the stars of the organization. Frisco Nick, an intelligent looking young negro, has hit upon the idea of backing his comical make-up with a slight exaggeration of a simple, childlike naturalness of tone. The act, with all the variously shaded, smiling brown maidens looking handsome and picturesque in their Arabian costumes, is scenically effective, and is highly amusing, with its effervescence of fun and its clever burlesque.

Another star of the organization is John Rucker, a huge gentleman of color who is expert in inducing laughter, in which he is greatly aided by a mouth of naturally mammoth dimensions. When this useful feature, which is about the size of an elephant's ear, opens, a vocal Niagara pours forth which, except for its possessing a certain darky mellowness, is deafening in its effect, and startles the auditor into hysterical laughter.

Another and particularly clever comedian is Sid Perrin, who gives such a convincing take-off on a Chinaman, not only in features and expression, but in manner, speech, and intonation, that it is really difficult to believe that he is part African.

Mamie Smith with her "Jazz Hounds" is featured in a series of songs, some of which are well known through the vogue of her records. Mamie Smith, who is of mixed white and black blood, is rather a complacent vocalist, with a voice like the flood that pours out of a bassoon. She did not seem at first to draw the usual tide of plaudits, in spite of a sort of showman's self-exploiting gesture which seemed to say, "Aint I just grand?" But the plump lady finally fetched them with "Don't mess with me," in which she gave a very peppery imitation of a shrewish lady in a temper, letting out a Mississippi River of a voice, and darting streams of living fire from a pair of orbs that, in generosity of size, matched little Johnnie Rucker's colossal mouth.

"Struttin' Along" has been "going strong" for a number of weeks. It is, in respect to merit, a strong organization of its kind.

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VANITY FAIR.

That welter of agreeable temptations known as Gotham has developed a fresh peril for home-keeping females to dread and roving males to rush upon; for it seems that males do not have to be "led" into temptation—they jump into it. All they need is to be shown where it is. Greenwich Village, that oasis of tea and cigarettes off Washington Square where long-haired artists and Russian political scientists make an atmosphere attractive to the tourist, has evolved a new sort of social service that may well give pause to wives in Xenia, Ohio, and Pink Mink Marsh, Wisconsin. The managers advertise that for the small sum of $10 they will furnish attractive and unattached ladies to accompany lonely men on their rounds of the "roofs" and "palaces" and "caves" of the metropolis. The strictest references are required, two of a social nature and two business; that is, the references are required from the escortees, or convoys, not from the escorts. These ladies must certify to the excellence of their own morals, must agree not to take any drinks with the men they accompany, not to permit the men to take them home, and to report any tentative advances a customer might make of a super-Platonic implication. This looks like an effort to make virtue profitable. Everything else in New York has brought its price, so why not try peddling propriety and decorum? It ought to rent well. And the mere novelty of the idea should appeal, at least as long as it is novel. There is something almost daring in the thought of a convoy of this sort that would refuse a drink. That should have a kick in it better than the drink itself. We commend the experiment to some old rounder that has tried everything else, although not if he has a weak heart, or has suffered his first stroke. As to flirtatious advances, it seems unlikely that many will be reported, except by those that are disappointed at not receiving any, which every prosecuting attorney knows is a common phenomenon. But while such possibilities of novelty and thrill are offered men visitors to the great wicked, we fear the new scheme has given insufficient consideration to the state of mind of the women the lonely visitor has found it too expensive to take with him on his buying trip. How are they to regard these new facilities? Will they feel that the wandering boy is in good hands, and trust utterly to the management of this new service to see that all the proprieties are observed, or will they suspect another trap for the feet of the unwary? No one can say. It is hard to tell what the women are thinking about these days—or any days.

In New York society, spring will see the opening of the hunting season, and the fox will have a run for his money. February closed with a dinner of Masters of Fox Hounds, at the Biltmore, which was one of the most colorful events of what might be termed a wide-open Lent. It was the annual dinner. Hunting interests of the United States and Canada were represented. Mr. A. Henry Higginson of South Lincoln, Massachusetts, M. F. H. of the Millbrook Hounds, was triumphantly reelected. That made it look bad for the fox. Mr. Harry I. Nicholas, M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Hounds, was elected first vice-president; Mr. Harold Hamson of Montreal, M. F. H. of the Montreal Hunt, second vice, and Mr. Henry G. Vaughan of Boston, M. F. H. of the Norfolk Hunt, was made secretary and treasurer. Fifty clubs were represented, by as many masters—gentlemen who, as Abe Potash once remarked, were at least socially "in the dog business." Every master wore in his coat the colors of his club, and that makes more colors than there are, but the prismatic deficiency was no doubt made up by shades and combinations. There was maroon, and pink, and brown, and apple green, and Nile green, and all the rest of them, and one old master appeared in scarlet and gold—a nifty-looking rig. The waiters had to appear in black smalls, with white stockings and wigs. And yet, with all this beauty and light, one deep, dark shadow lay over the table and the diners and even threatened to affect the well-known spirits of the hound dogs; and that was the shadow of the automobile. Your real fox hunter regards a motor-car on the hunting field as the greatest sacrilege since the children of men tried to build that celebrated skyscraper in Babel in order to scale heaven. And a lot of motor-cars standing about, filled with people that do not hunt but only come to gape, is an unendurable exasperation. They are known as the "gasoline gallery"; and it was resolved to do everything possible to discourage them. Just what horrible fate threatens the automobile from the masters of the fox hounds we may not know so early, but it would serve it right if it were made to play the fox.

The disposition of society to encourage fox hunting having been shown with chromatic splendor, its attitude toward bootlegging has become a serious and to some degree embarrassing matter. There is a book of pedigrees like the Shorthorn records, or the Golden Book of Venice, known as the Social Register, which has been issuing in New York for about thirty years, very quietly, almost privately, and it has recently become known that the names in it have to be selected by a committee; but it is not known, except to its members, just who constitute the ominous Council of Ten. It has manifested itself recently by issuing a number of the Register without the names of the Stillman family, which seems to have been intentional and may prove socially fatal to the omitted. And now people are asking what is to be done in the matter of the Montagne brothers, who have long been socially eminent, but have recently been convicted of relieving thirst in quantity for a price, and handed jail sentences of from two to four months. Are the editors of the Social Register going to keep their names written there, or delete them? If they remain in the Register, why be so particular about the Stillmans, especially Mrs. Stillman, who doesn't appear to have done anything to deserve erasure, except to have been unwise enough once to have been the wife of Mr. Stillman; which hardly seems heinous, for if every woman were erased who had become the wife of a man like Stillman, where would society go? What seems to present the particular difficulty in the Montagne case is the sombre thought of jail. Other social lights have been indicted, some of them convicted of various little peccadilloes, but none of the golden roll thus far, at least since the golden roll has been issued, has had to "do a stretch," as the burglars call it. And if the line is not to be drawn before the jail door, where shall it be? Shall it come to pass that the Social Register give a man's address as Sing Sing? Or state perhaps that he died sitting in a chair from the sudden diversion of enough electric current to weaken the lights down at Yonkers? If the suggestion of such things seems a horrid one, it just shows how careful compilers of Social Registers must be. They are not a joke.

Just to take their minds off the housework a number of New York women have gone in recently for building up racing stables. Mrs. R. Penn Smith, Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, and Mrs. Katherine Elkins Hitt, daughter of the later Senator Elkins, are preparing to burst on the fashionable world with strings of fast ones as soon as the racing season opens at Belmont Park. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Green Tree stable is already famous. Mrs. Hitt is going in for jumpers, has selected her trainer, and is expected to give lovers of the thoroughbred something to look at and admire as soon as she can bring forward some colts. Mrs. E. Henry Harriman and Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey have become interested in the Grassland Stable, consisting only of steeplechasers. Mrs. Robert L. Gerry is said to be one of a group of women that have accumulated a string of thoroughbreds under the name of the Syndicate Stable. And Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart and Mrs. E. B. Cassatt are said to have formed a partnership to race a short string. In this fancy field the automobile has not yet displaced the horse.

At least one San Francisco shop held a rather smart fashion show last week and crowded its second-story space with visitors interested in the spring styles that are to be. There were spring-like decorations, and in the centre of the space there had been constructed what a showman calls a "walkover"; namely a sort of bridge over nothing, with ramps approaching, so that the models on whom the goods were displayed could rise in life and show themselves to better effect. Women crowded the great show room, and there was a sprinkling of distressed-looking men. There was also an orchestra, which functioned as a metronome to set the pace and sufficiently retard natural progress. The show raged for three afternoons and is said to have been quite successful—it certainly appeared to be. The crowds at times were so dense a hook-and-ladder wagon couldn't have driven through. The girls who displayed the newest gowns had not been chosen because they were distressful to look at; and their gait and bearing were the ultimate expression of what modern dancers would think of as grace—that is, they were of the pirouetting style of action, and presented what might be called dissolving poses with much skill. The favorite selection of the orchestra, either through inadvertence or through the perverse suggestion of somebody with a sense of humor, was that chromatic aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." The few men present seemed to recognize its threatenings and its warnings, but they were powerless to do anything about it. There was the whole machinery of female allurement, one hundred per cent. effective, and figuratively speaking the shorn locks of Samson lay all about.

A Seattle maid announces that her life work will be the study of fish. Yes, yes—but not so loud, not so loud!

Sweetness Long Drawn Out.

Among the women's clubs existing in Paris is one that calls itself the "Broomstick Club." The qualifications for a woman to rank as a "broomstick" is that she must be at least five feet five inches in height and not weigh more than 130 pounds. There are thirty-six members of this club, and only a few of them are married. All the members declare themselves keen feminists and maintain that tallness and thinness above the average are not the slightest drawback to a happy life, if only for the reason that the modistes prefer dressing them to their shorter and fatter sisters.

Safety of the Duel.

Dueling lost one of its best friends in the death recently of Dr. Paul Devilliers, who took part as a principal, second, or physician in more than sixty duels during his seventy-four years, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Paris. He was one of a group which actively rather than successfully combatted the efforts of M. Bonnevay, when the latter was minister of justice, to suppress the recrudescence of dueling by prosecution of the principals and seconds under the criminal laws on the ground that such passages at arms were attempts to kill or to do bodily harm. Dr. Devilliers always maintained that dueling was safer than fist fighting.

He declared that it was "an elegant manner for men of the world to settle differences that do not concern the public or the courts" and contended that to suppress it would tend to "suppress the cult of honor, which is what still remains of the beautiful in life."

Tell the World About It.

I hereby give notice that my wife, Clara Walling, has left me without just cause, and this to notify the public that I pay no debts of her contracting.—Luther Walling.

Please excuse my husband for making such a big mistake. It was he that left his wife and darling baby, instead of his wife leaving him. We have been married two years and three months, and he has bought me one dress that cost 89 cents and one pair of stockings for 25. That is what I call good support. And also I will not pay any debts contracted by him.—Mrs. Luther Walling.—*Viroqua (Wisconsin) Censor.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Jack Dempsey told a London newspaper correspondent that he was shocked and pained by the accent of the London poor. "They laugh at our American accent over there," he said, "hut gosh! I heard a chamhermaid at the Savoy correcting a hellhoy one morning. 'Don't say "ax," you vulgar little beast,' she said. 'say "harsk."'"

A lame little hoy moved into the neighhorhood and went to and from school with the other children. Richard had heen instructed to he kind to him and look after him as much as possihle. One day Richard's mother said: "Are you nice to the little lame hoy? Mother wants you to he kind to him." "Yes, mother," replied Richard. "I always hold his hooks for him when he wants to fight."

Oliver Herford, the well-known American wit, raconteur, and author of "Neither Here Nor There," was speaking over the 'phone to Professor Brander Matthews, who had just announced his intention to leave for Europe on the *Celtic*—which he pronounced "Keltic," as hefitted his academic status. "Oh, don't say Keltic, Brander," pleaded Herford. "If you do, you'll have a hard sea all the way over."

The audience at the séance had heen asked for suggestions and one had volunteered, "I should very much like to speak with dear old Cardinal Newman." The "professor" looked duhious, hut suavely said they would try to accommodate their guest. Lights were lowered and a white-rohed figure soon emerged from the darkest corner. The alleged cardinal advanced and spreading his hands in hlessing over his audience's heads impressively said, "Benedictine!"

"Sir, I have no home'" hegan the seedy-looking man. "and——" "No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal hills, no worry over the rise in dairy products! Permit me to congratulate." "I have no joh, and——" "Lucky chap! No danger of heing sacked." "But I am serious. I have no money and——" "No temptations to spend it foolishly on ahlehodied heggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good-day."

A drummer just in town invited to dinner one of the merry-merry sisterhood who helong to the class of Broadway entertainers known as "the heautiful hut dumh." But the drummer had an æsthetic and discerning eye and left the study of hrains generally to the psychoanalysts. When he met his "date" he hreathed appreciatively, "You look like a hit of rare old tapestry." "You're not so snappy looking yourself," she retorted, proving that she had hrains of a sort.

As usual, Rastus Jefferson couldn't find his clothes and was pestering his mother as to their whereahouts. Finally his Sunday attire was complete except for shoes and stockings. "Ma," he whimpered, "does you all know where mah shoes and stockin's am?" "Rastus," said his mother with a deadly calm, "yo' is the goodfernothingest chile I ever seen. Yo' shoes am in de kitchen and yo' stockin's is undah de hed and yo' feet am on yo'. Now see if you all can mingle them."

Senator Porter McCumher said at a dinner in Washington: "The international spirit—the feeling hetween nations, that is—is pretty rancorous today. The nations pretend to he friends, hut it's a transparent pretense. It reminds me of Gettyshurg hattlefield. A tourist said: 'So this is where the great hattle was fought.' 'Yes, sir; this is the place.' 'Have you any relics?' 'Have we? You bet we have. Here, George, mold the gent a couple of dozen bullets and tell Bill to hammer out a bayonet.'"

Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, in his new hiography of Ahraham Lincoln, tells the following story of an important midday conference at which Lincoln's presence was ahsolutely necessary: During the proceedings Mrs. Lincoln sent to say that dinner was ready. The President paid no heed. Another message was similarly treated. Shortly after this Mrs. Lincoln arrived—"a ruffled, angry little figure"—whereupon her worthy hushand lifted her calmly, carried her outside, and deposited her on the ground—shutting the door in her face. She did not return.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, according to a recent reminiscer, was something of a horticultural enthusiast. He was not infrequently judge at exhihitions of New England fruit and vegetahle products. A certain Judge Hoar, who had sent a basket of heautiful pears to such a show, met Emerson, one of the judges, at the Saturday Cluh and told him he hoped Emerson would look upon his pears with favor, since the great essayist in looking at the identical pear tree in question some time previously had recommended more iron and animal matter in the soil. "Forthwith," said Judge Hoar, "I planted all my old iron kettles and a cat and a dog at the foot of the tree. These pears were the result."

Little Rohhie attended a modern school where the mental defectives are graded out hy intelligence tests, designated "suhnormals," and given special instruction in an ungraded department. The other day he asked his father for money. "What hecame of all those pennies I gave you day hefore yesterday?" asked his father. Little Rohhie is a truthful hoy and has never heen made to fear the results of candor, so after hitching ahout from one foot to the other awhile he replied: "I lost 'em playing a funny game with one of those suhnormal kids."

Signor Ricco, the Italian amhassador, was talking at a dinner ahout the forhidden question of tariffs. "If we know a certain kind of tariff hill will do harm," he said, "let us say so frankly. Don't let us just 'wait and see.' A fire once hroke out in a farmhouse in Tuscany and the amateur fire hrigade rushed to the rescue. They found the farmhouse enveloped in hlack smoke. No flames were to he seen. Hence the fire's heart or centre was difficult to discover. The head of the amateur hrigade studied the situation for some minutes; then he sat down on a garden hench and filled his pipe. 'We'll just leave her alone, hoys,' he said, 'till she hurns up a hit. Then we'll he able to see what we're doing.'"

Secretary Herhert Hoover said at a dinner party: "Bolshevism has heen tried and it has turned out to he a failure. Lenin won't admit this, though. Lenin is like the hypochondriac who, after insisting for seven years that he was made of glass, announced one morning that he was dead. Dead, eh? This was rather serious. The hypochondriac would he an intolerable nuisance if he could not he reasoned out of his new delusion. Accordingly the doctor hegan to reason with him. 'Dead men don't hleed, do they?' said the doctor. 'Of course they don't,' said the corpse. The doctor took out a lancet and cut the hypochondriac's finger a little. 'There,' he said, as the hlood trickled out. 'Look at that hlood. That proves that you aren't dead.' 'Not at all,' said the hypochondriac, as he wrapped his handkerchief around his hleeding finger. 'It proves that dead men do hleed.'"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said in a Chicago address: "Be sure your sin will find you out. That is a good thing for us to rememher. A commercial traveler's wife once gave hirth to a haby during her hushand's ahsence and, as she seemed a pretty sick woman, the doctor wrote out a telegram for the hushand to come right home. The telegram was given to the hired girl to send off, hut she forgot all about it somehow. This sin of omission on her part seemed of no consequence, though, for the hushand got home unexpectedly the very next day. Well, he went off again a couple of days afterward, for his wife was now much hetter. A week passed. Then, at the end of the week, the hired girl suddenly rememhered the telegram and she rushed to the telegraph office and dispatched it at once. When the poor commercial traveler got it he came tearing hack a second time in a perfect frenzy of horror and amazement. And well he might he in a frenzy, too, for the telegram, which he kept reading and rereading as the train rocked along, contained these awful words: 'Return at once. Another addition, a son.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Prodigal's Return.

(With thanks to Mr. Poe for the use of his meter.)

In a maze of mournful numbers, interfering with my slumbers,
Grimly I prepare to make my income-tax returns once more;
And with mental acrobatics, delving into mathematics,
Compound fractions and quadratics and equations I explore;
Logarithms, conic sections and proportions I explore—
And I murmur, "Nevermore!"

All the year my only Mecca is to boost the old exchequer;
Now I sweat and ponder how to make it lower than of yore;
And I bless the valuation of my wife's poor relation,
Cutting down the net taxation as it never did before—
The exemption slightly greater than it ever was before,
But I groan, "O Nevermore!"

I would like to take and file 'em in a lunatic asylum
As I look in vain for Schedule C and Section Number Four.
If their figures should refute me, "fare-the-well" you may salute me,
For I'm going out and shoot me with my back against the door;
With my perforated person draped against the chamber door,
Croaking gently, "Nevermore!"

—*Sherman Ripley in Judge.*

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia

Elsie Ferguson, under the management of Mark Klaw, will he the next attraction at the Columhia. She will he seen here in person for the first time in a numher of years, appearing in a new play, "The Wheel of Life," from the pen of James Bernard Fagan.

Nothing quite so entertaining, nothing quite so Broadway-like as the Fred Stone production of "Tip Top," now at the Columhia Theatre, has come this way in many a moon. Stone opened at the Columhia Theatre last Monday night and his engagement is limited to the coming week, including Sundays. Charles Dillingham, who sponsors this production, has not permitted a dull moment to creep into the two hig acts, with their many changes of scene. The Brown Brothers and their saxophones are an undeniahle sensation, and the cute little White Sisters win every one with their fine talents as singers and dancers. The London Palace Girls give San Francisco the hest dancing seen on our stage, and the Glohe Theatre chorus toes the tip-top notch of heauty and cleverness.

At the Curran.

Beginning on Sunday evening and continuing twice daily thereafter, Douglas Fairhanks in "Rohin Hood" will he the attraction at the Curran. Not in the history of the silver sheet has a production evoked so much comment as this picturization of the Elton Thomas story, and its coming is heing eagerly awaited hy the army of picture lovers.

In addition to Fairhanks, who portrays the title-rôle, others in the cast with conspicuous parts are Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, Alan Hale, Sam de Grasse, Paul Dickey and William Lowry.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Two headline attractions of widely diversified character are the outstanding features on the Orpheum for the week starting Sunday afternoon, March 18th. Houdini, the genius of escape, hrings his widely-known productiou of mysteries. His current act with its Chinese water-torture escape has heen acclaimed the most interesting of his career.

Prohably the most important stage family reunion in a numher of years is the coming togethter of the various Cansino children. The Cansinos are Spain's foremost dancers. Heretofore Alisa and Eduardo Cansino danced together as a unit and the two hoys, Angel and José, formed another company. The four are now togethter and present their "Fantasia Espanola," which is described as a tempest of motion.

William L. Gihson and Regina Connelli, popular light comedians, reveal themselves in new rôles in a sketch hy William L. Hughes called "One Night in Spring."

Jack Benny, musician and comedian, combines his talents in such a way as to keep the audience thoroughly amused.

Frances Kennedy, "the Merriest Comedienne," hrings a song monologue of her own conception delivered in her individual style.

Ruth Harvard, assisted by Wynfred Bruce, introduces a series oi difficult aerial feats.

"The Four of Us" are delineators of popular melodies, a male quartet in a novel presen tation.

Mignonette Kokin and company offer the dance fantasy called "The Future of the Ad."

Ruffo in San Francisco.

Titta Ruffo, Italian haritone, and leading male singer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will he heard in San Francisco for the first time at the Exposition Auditorium. Sunday afternoon, March 18th, at 2:30 o'clock.

Assisting Mr. Ruffo will he Yvonne D'Arle, one of the youngest of the Metropolitan sopranos; Max Merson, celehrated pianist, who has hut recently arrived in this country, and the People's Symphony Orchestra, Alexander Saslavsky, conductor, augmented for this occasion to eighty.

At the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, Ruffo gave a concert which the newspapers describe as a veritahle sensation. So great was the enthusiasm that the audience stood up most of the time. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices, $1, $2 $3 (war tax extra).

A Tschaikowsky Night.

Conductor Alexander Saslavsky of the People's Symphony Orchestra has announced that at the eighth concert of the educational symphony series, scheduled to take place next Thursday night, March 22d, at 8:30 o'clock, in Scottish Rite Hall, his instrumentalists will present an all Tschaikowsky programme, and Mr. Saslavsky has selected three of the most heautiful numhers from the music of the great Russian composer.

An interesting feature will he the violin solo, "Serenade Melancholique," played by Mr. Saslavsky, who is a native of Charkov, Russia, where he hegan the study of the violin at the age of nine.

Other numhers on the programme include Tschaikowsky's B Minor Symphony and his "Marche Slave." Mr. Rohert C. Newell will deliver a short talk on the themes of the compositions played, and has selected the horn as the orchestral instrument for discussion.

Tickets are on sale at Sherman. Clay & Co.'s; hest seats, $1; others, 50c and 75c (no war tax).

Mrs. Alan Lowery entertained last week at a small luncheon in honor of Miss Josephine Drown. who has just returned from Medford, Oregon. where she has been visiting her uncle, Mr. Frank Preston, and Mrs. Preston.

PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Catherine Dunne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Dunne of San Jose, to Mr. Willis Arthur Herdman, Jr., son of Mr. Willis Arthur Herdman of Los Angeles.

The marriage of Miss Gracella Rountree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Rouutree of Berkeley, to Mr. Rohert Anderson, son of Professor Neville B. Anderson recently of Stanford University, took place on Friday of this week in New York at the residence of Mr. William H. Sage, uncle of Miss Rountree.

Mrs. Gerald Campbell was at home to a large number of her friends at her residence, No. 2165 Jackson Street, on the afternoon of Friday, March 9th. Mrs. Groome and Mrs. Charles Mason officiated at the tea-table.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen were hosts at a small dinner last week at their home on Broadway.

The members of the St. Francis Riding Club held a costume ride and carnival last week at the Riding Club on Seventh Avenue.

Baron Akerheilm, member of the consular service of Sweden to China, was the guest of honor last week at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Simmons.

Mrs. Ernest Linwood Walker gave a tea at the Palace Hotel recently in honor of Mrs. Putnam, wife of Professor Putnam of the University ot California.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Davis were hosts recently at a small dinner given at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Richard Bayne was hostess last week at a luncheon given in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Claude R. Corbusier, who has recently returned from Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ames entertained recently at a small dinner at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten were hosts at a recent dinner given at their home on Washington Street, celehrating the thirty-fourth anniversary of their marriage.

Miss Adrienne Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharp, was hostess at a dinner last week on Wednesday, preceding the Rose Ball; the affair was given for a number of her friends who have been déhutantes this winter.

Mrs. W. S. Porter will give a luncheon on Saturday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hugh Porter.

Miss Katherine Brown White was hostess at a large luncheon last week at the Women's Athletic Club, given in honor of Mrs. Charles Clarke Keeney.

Mrs. Alan Lowery gave a luncheon last week at which Miss Adrienne Sharp was the honored guest.

Mrs. Jared Howe gave a hreakfast and mah jongg party last week at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Hugh Porter entertained at hridge on Tuesday in honor of Miss Margaret Buckhee.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent gave a farewell luncheon recently at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Hugh Porter was the honored guest at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club by Mrs. Harry East Miller and her daughter, Mrs. John Bryant Knox.

Mrs. Leslie Kent was the guest of honor at a luncheon of welcome given for her by Mrs. Richard Bayne at her home in Jordan Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery were hosts at a farewell dinner given last Tuesday in honor of Miss Helen Garritt.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wilson were the honored guests last Saturday night at a dinner given by Miss Elizaheth Magee at her home in Fruitvale.

Mrs. Walter Filer was hostess at a luncheon last week given at her apartment on California Street.

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of the Countess Annesley at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson were hosts at a small dinner last week at their apartment on Union Street.

General John T. Knight, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knight were the complimented guests at a farewell dinner given last week hy Mrs. Thomas H. Williams.

Mrs. Philip Foster Brown entertained at luncheon on Tuesday last at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Milton Bugbee gave a hreakfast and mah jongg party on Monday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Grace Hutton was hostess at a luncheon last week given at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frank Selfridge was hostess at a luncheon given on Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Helen Foster was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Tuesday by Mrs. Chester Williams.

Mrs. Charles Noble is giving a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Friday.

Mrs. Grace Sutton Powell was the honored guest at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club.

Admiral Alexander Halstead was host at a luncheon given last Sunday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker was hostess this week at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron gave a large dinner last night at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran was a luncheon hostess recently at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz gave a dinner last week at their home in Sea Cliff complimentary to Miss Marie Rappold and Miss Anna Fitziu.

Mrs. James Eaves entertained at a large hridge party last week at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Chester Shephard was hostess at a luncheon last week, when the honors were shared by Mrs. Chester Irving Williams and Mrs. Howard McCandless.

President David P. Barrows of the University of California and Mrs. Barrows were the guests of honor at a dinner given hy the department of military science and tactics of the university on Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Alfred Hertz was the complimented guest last Saturday night at a dinner given by the member of the Musicians' Club.

Lieutenant George Beatty, U. S. N., and Mrs. Beatty were hosts at a bridge party at the Presidio last Saturday evening.

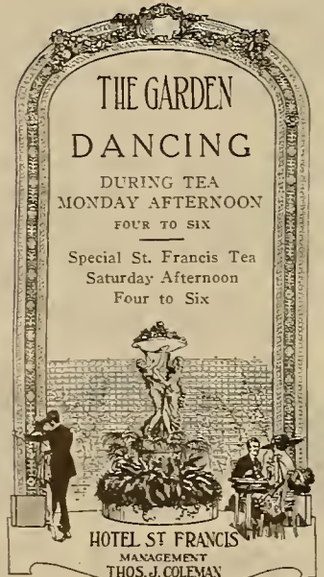
Mr. and Mrs. Blair Brooks are giving a bridge padty and supper at their home in Piedmont on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Knox.

Miss Marian Dunne is giving a bridge party on Friday of this week in honor of Miss Helen Foster.

A supper-dance was given hy the officers stationed at the Presidio at the Officers' Club last Friday night, and was preceded by a numher of buffet supper parties.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Helen Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster, will go to Santa Barbara for the Horse Show. She will be the guest of Mrs. Marie Wilboit.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have gone to Santa Barbara to he present at the wedding of Mr. Park's sister, Miss Jean Park, who will be married to Mr. Brian Kelso in Montecito on March 17th.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Mrs. Richard Bayne have gone to Southern California for a motor trip.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and her daughter, Mrs. Kauffman, have taken the house on Vallejo Street belonging to Baron Van Eck, who with Baroness Van Eck will soon take up his residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have rented their house in Burlingame and have taken apartments at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Charles Clarke Keeney left for New York on Wednesday en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Pond, who have returned from their wedding trip to New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton left last Friday for the Grand Cañon and Colorado Springs.

Dr. Adolph E. Schmidt, U. S. N., who has been stationed at the Naval Hospital at Mare Island since his return from Guam, has been ordered to the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor, and with Mrs. Schmidt sailed for Honolulu on Tuesday last on the transport *Cambrai*.

Mr. Frank Hutton has bought the former home of Mrs. Cauncey Pennoyer in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, who have returned from Southern California, have gone to Pebble Beach for a short stay before leaving for their new home at Beverly Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmer Fuller are making a brief visit in Portland.

Major Edward G. Huber, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Lettermen Hospital for the past two years, will leave shortly for his new post in Boston.

Miss Elena Folger will accompany Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and their daughter, Miss Alice Moffitt, on their trip to Europe.

Mr. Thomas B. Eastland has returned from a recent trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, accompanied by their children, left on Monday for their home in Ireland.

Judge William C. Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet with their daughter, Miss Julia Van Fleet, are in New York for a short visit.

Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter has returned to her home in Los Angeles, after a few weeks' here.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, daughter of the late Mrs. James Cunningham, is in California for a short stay.

Dr. and Mrs. Carroll Landenberger of Salt Lake City are visiting Captain and Mrs. Landenberger at their home on Yerba Buena Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bugbee have rented Miss Helen Chesebrough's house in Burlingame.

Miss Ruth Hobart is visiting Mrs. Daniel Jackling at her apartment in the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Orville Pratt has left town to join Mr. Pratt at their ranch near Durham.

Mrs. Frank Preston and her daughter, Miss Jeannette Morris, have recently arrived from their home in Medford, Oregon. Mrs. Preston is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Preston Drown, and Miss Jeannette Norris is with her uncle, Mr. Charles Norris, and Mrs. Norris.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis C. Hale have gone to Southern California for a motor trip extending over several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris, accompanied by their niece, Miss Jeannette Norris, have gone East to spend several months in New York.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, who has recently gone East, is in Boston visiting her mother.

The Pacific Coast Championship Polo Tournament will open on March 23d at Del Monte, continuing for three weeks.

Mrs. Leslie Kent has recently returned to California, after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Joseph Redding, who has been living in Europe for the past three years, returned last week to San Francisco and is staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Harry Stetson, who recently paid a brief visit to San Francisco, has returned to Europe and joined Mrs. Stetson in Paris.

Miss Helen Garritt left on Wednesday for a short trip abroad.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Raymond, have returned from New York and are at their home in San Rafael.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Paul Elder announces a series of interesting events scheduled for the Paul Elder Gallery in the near future.

Mrs. Juliet James will deliver two profusely illustrated lectures on Tutankhamen. The first lecture will present the historical background of the period and the second lecture will be devoted to the recent excavations at the tomb. Owing to the interest aroused in this remarkable find, each lecture will he delivered twice: the first lecture Wednesday evening, March 21st, and Monday afternoon, March 26th; the second lecture Wednesday evening, March 28th, and Monday afternoon, April 2d.

Peter Clark Macfarlane, author of "Man's Country," who has just returned from a national lecture tour, will speak on Thursday afternoon, March 22d, at 2 o'clock and again at 4 o'clock on the subject of his novel, which started out to he a romance of the automohile industry, hut developed into a discussion of the conflict of business with the life of the home. It is a story revealing hushands to wives and wives to hushands.

Grace E. McKinstry, a well-known portrait painter, will speak Saturday afternoon, March 24th, at 2:30 o'clock, on "Famous Studios," giving personal reminiscences of world-famed artists, including Bougereau, Carolus Duran, Israels, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Sargent and others. After the lecture, views of the studios will he shown on the screen.

Much interest is heing expressed in the San Francisco season of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan, a noted Hindu Sufi mystic, known as a pilgrim of music, literature, and philosophy. He will give several courses, including a series of Wednesday afternoon lectures on music, Tuesday afternoon lectures on Sufi poets, and Thursday evening lectures on spiritual philosophy.

Golf Tournaments at Del Monte.

A numher of social, fraternal, and business associations have arranged golf tournaments at Del Monte for the coming spring, summer, and fall. Dates have been selected and the various committees are now at work making known to their membhers the events which are on the schedule. The list of tournaments is as follows: April. 27th to 29th, Bohemian Cluh; May 4th to 6th, San Francisco Real Estate Board; May 7th to 13th, California Indians; May 18th to 20th, San Francisco Elks Lodge No. 3; June 15th to 17th, Elks Bay Counties Golf Association; June 21st to 24th, California Paint and Varnish Association; September 14th to 16th, San Francisco Rotary Cluh: Septemher 21st to 23d, Olympic Cluh; Septemher 25th to 29th, American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The Investment Bankers of California will hold their tournament some time in October.

At the Palace.

Miss Vera Pearl was hostess at a tea given recently at the Palace Hotel for Miss Emilea Jensen, whose engagement to Mr. Bernard Hicks has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Alhert E. Cohn were hosts at one of the most elahorately appointed dinner-dances of the season, given at the Palace Hotel last Monday evening. The occasion marked the tenth anniversary of their wedding. The guests, numhering sixty-four, were seated at four tables, heautifully decorated with hright spring hlossoms and candelahra with shades in various pastel tones. The hostess was assisted in receiving hy Mrs. Charles Silherstein. After dinner there was dancing in the Rose Room Bowl, and the Concert Room was reserved for hridge, where there were a dozen or more tahles.

Mrs. W. Jarvis Barlow and Miss Kathryn Barlow, of Los Angeles, are guests at the Palace Hotel. Other guests include Dr. Erasmo Gonzales Ancila and Señora Ancila of Mexico City. Dr. Ancila is chief surgeon of aviation corps for the Mexican government. Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Corhett of Portland are also at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Phra Sirishna Sandhividyabadhana and son are recent arrivals at the Palace. This well-known educator is in America in the interests of some six hundred Siamese youths sent to the United States to be educated for governmental positions. He will make his headquarters in Washington.

Six Cylinder Charity.

The Charity Chapter of St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, has hought out the Fulton Theatre for the evening of April 3d (Tuesday). The play is "Six-Cylinder Love." Conservative memhers of the congregation are wagging their heads over the rapid-sounding title of the play. Mrs. William Davis, president of the chapter, and her two aides, Mrs. Waite and Mrs. Nye, smile knowingly and say "they should worry." The play has a long run in New York to its credit, and when Charity Chapter is out for a good time it wants to laugh and have the world laugh with it; so while the argument rages the sale of tickets goes on.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhhs are heing congratulated on the arrival of a son.

Two European capitals, Petrograd and Madrid, were huilt to order, the one by Peter the Great, the other hy Philip II, who chose the lofty site hecause of the asthma from which he suffered.

Outside the old Duhlin general postoffice is a mail hox, with an inscription reading: "This box is intended for letters too late for the next despatch."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Enchanter.

To the cold height of the sky
Where only the swallows fly,
To the waning middle of heaven
Is the Enchanter fled?

The flush has faded,
The light of his eyes is shaded,
The voice, sweet-fluted,
Is suddenly muted,
For that hut an echo is
Fall'n featherlike from heaven,
A wailing waning
Faithless feigning
Of a muted music.
Whither is he fled,
The Enchanter wild?
To the earth's dark mid
Where gold lies hid,
And opals hueless,
Emeralds yet dewless,
And dull roseless marls;
To forests rootless,
Rainless, fruitless—
Whither is he fled,
The wild Enchanter?
To the sea's green deep
Where slow tides stay
The hlanching bones' decay;
Where all motion is soundless,
Sightless and boundless?
Is he fled
To the cold height of the sky,
To the earth's dark mid,
To the sea's green deep?

He is fled.
No voice comes nigh,
No shape revisiting sleep.
For this cloud is not his
But mine, nor this
One sea-soft sigh
Is his.
The Enchanter is fled,
Without touch, without word or sigh,
Or flash in the sky.

—*John Freeman in the London Mercury.*

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is home without a mother?" "An incubator."—*California Pelican.*

The Bootlegger (after a hard day's work)—If I could only get a decent drink!—*Pearson's Magazine.*

Blackstone—Did your wife accept you the first time you proposed? *Webster*—No; I have only myself to blame!—*Judge.*

"He dresses the part, but I never have seen him on a horse. What does he do?" "He runs a correspondence school for fox hunters."—*Life.*

"See that girl over there? She was a war bride." "Good Lord! She must he at least seventy." "Yeh. She was a civil war bride."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

"I guess——" "Oh, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know." "No, I don't know. You English always know, don't you know?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Jack and Emily are going to he married." "Emily! I thought she was one of these modern girls who don't believe in marriage." "So did Jack."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Great Lecturer—In the South Sea Islands it costs eight spearheads to get a wife. *Much Lectured*—In this county, it only takes one honehead.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Professor—What do you find the hardest part of the Bible? *Student*—The book about work. *Professor*—What is the name of it? *Student*—It's called Joh.—*Virginia Reel.*

"Your friends are not very fashionable." "No; I picked them out for one reason." "And that is?" "They travel a pace that I can keep up with."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Soulful Lady—There are times, Mr. Simpkins, when I feel convinced I was on earth in ancient Egypt. *Youth*—I say, you know, it's jolly rare for a girl to joke about her age like that.—*Punch.*

Traffic Officiol (to sweet young thing applying for operator's license)—What vehicles always have the right-of-way? *S. Y. T. (after thoughtful considerotion)*—Baby carriages.—*Washington Star.*

The Professor—In this vast, limitless expanse of nature, my friend, man is so infinitesimal that it makes me feel like a little grub. *Guide*—Wal, le's go down to camp an' git some, then.—*Judge.*

Little Girl (in theotre)—Mother, when do the Indians come in? *Mother*—Why, there are no Indians in this show. *Little Girl*—Well, then, who scalped all the men in the front row?—*Yale Record.*

"That's what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband, as they wended their way home from church. "Yes," was the reply, "but, do you know, I thought it never would he."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Foir Visitor—Is there some place ahoard where I can get a drink of water? *The Gob*—Certainly, miss. At the scuttlehutt, on the starhoard side of the gun deck, 'midships, just for'rud the dynamo hatch.—*Judge.*

Ethel—Did you hear ahout Gladys? She has a position as detective in one of the hig department stores. *Claro*—Well, I don't envy her. Imagine heing known as a plain-clothes woman.—*American Legion Weekly.*

"Yes! Yes! This is Mr. Jones. I am going to luncheon and I will not talk to any one until I have finished." "Oh! Pardon me for interrupting you. I merely wished to inform you that your house is afire."—*Life.*

"Don't you approve of my interest in foothall?" inquired Josh. "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "only I think you'd he more help to me in managing the hired help if you was to specialize on hoxing."—*Washington Star.*

The conversation was flagging. He hazarded: "Very interesting, all this about Tutankh——" "Oh, yes," she replied hrightly, "you mean the man who left all his money to Lord Carnarvon."—*London Morning Post.*

The Belated One—Pardle me, offishah, hut could you tell me if that monument reprethough the Four Horsemen of the Appikker—of the Applok—of the Appok—hang it, never mind—hic—tell me the time inshtead.—*London Passing Show.*

The Professor—Isn't it wonderiul, my dear? They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition. *His Wife*—I have always said, John, that it pays in the long run to huy the hest.—*Punch.*

"I see the children all smoke nowadays." "Well, mother, I think I ought to tell you now that I've had my fiftieth hirthday, that I myself have smoked ever since I was eighteen." "Yes, my dear, I've known it since you were twenty."—*Life.*

"Are you trying to keep the young man on the farm?" "No, sir," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I'm in favor of their goin' to town. There's a heap more moonshine licker made an' circulated in the rural districts than there is in the cities."—*Washington Star.*

"Call on Mrs. Canherra Villa? My dear! Why, her hushand goes to town by the 7:55!" "That's where you're mistaken. He goes hy the 8:30 now, and next year he'll he going hy the 9:15, my hushand says—and then we'll simply *have* to call on her."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Is your hoss a hard man to work for, Mayme?" "He used to be a slave driver, dearie. He'd put in ten hours a day at the office. I was just ahout to quit my joh when somehody got him started to playing golf. Call me up some afternoon."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

BRAX, LONDON'S MUSIC SENSATION.

The annals of modern music contain few more surprising or exhilarating episodes than the rapid emergence into celehrity of Arnold Brax. In 1919 he was not even an *'enfont terrible;* at the opening of 1923 he is generally acclaimed as combining rhythmic dynamism, endogamic Narcissism, Gongorism and instinctual metabolism to a greater extent than any other living composer, not even excepting Botulinsky or Pimpolini. Various conjectures have heen put forward to motivate this exorhitant efflorescence. Some critics have attrihuted it to the extraordinarily protrusive personality of the man, to his jutting and craggy chin, his heetling hrows and the uncanny fluorescence which exudes from his myopic hut coruscating eyes. Others again, ohsessed hy their studies in nomenclature, hold that he was predestined to greatness hy his surname, which foreshadowed the "hraxy" flavor of all his compositions. Others again—hut enough of otiose ætiology.

The simplest explanation of this portent is the truest. It was not Brax' chin or his cranium or his name that suddenly hoosted him on to the pinnacle on which he now is securely perched. It was the musical puhlic, which from the first hearing of his first work hurled him *holus-bolus* into the limelight. When "Tosh" was first performed it was, in deference to a strepitous demand, given four times, heing repeated in its place in the programme and given twice at the end of the concert. It would have heen given five times, only that unluckily the first contra-zoedone player split his lip in the *Coda*. The "Nupiter Piffkin" variations have to he repeated every time they are done. Children cry for them and octogenarians when they have heard them are ready to die. When an audience gives such unmistakahle signs of its pleasure it is needless to seek for other clues.

The connection hetween the music of "Tosh" and its suhject is very close. The exhilaration engendered hy audition makes us desire to take part at all hazards. When we hear "Tosh" we have to control an impulse to pick up anything handy and translate into violent physical action the "Braxity" of our own esoteric toshitude.

The greater part of Brax' music undoubtedly expresses the exuherant energy of an ahnormally resilient personality inroxicated, or perhaps I should say confusticated, with the exuherance of its own poluphloishoisterosity. This is not to say that he is incapable of expressing the gentler emotions—witness the passage in the second of the "Sternutations," in which he has conveyed with wonderful delicacy the stertorous hreathing of a duck-billed platipus. But if Brax owes much to his wonderful "urge" towards dæmonic ehullience it also tends to revenge itself upon him; for hy a strange and paradoxical antinomy it is responsihle for the view taken in some quarters that he is not a serious musician, hut, in the deplorahle jargon of today, that he is a mere stunt-merchant! Philosophically viewed, this contention admits of support. But philosophy is powerless to cope with the synthesis of incompatihles presented hy the myriad-minded Brax.

Minds incrusted with pretentious pomposity are unahle to recognize that an earnestness far transcending their own can underlie the most feverish frivolity. Thus while in a conventional sense a work like "Grillo Misto" may not appear to be as serious as a symphony hy Brahms it is intrinsically and suhliminally replete with a multicellular and metapsychological earnestness. Indeed I dare affirm that Brax is even more in earnest than most composers, hut his earnestness expresses itself differently and in a manner which was not encouraged hy the late Dr. Gaul or hy Mr. Algernon Ashton.

In his preoccupation with tone color and sound Brax is essentially an ultra-modernist. His originality is heyond question, yet he has not heen immune to the teaching of his contemporaries. Foremost among these dominant influences I would place Galgalit, the French Paulo-Postalist; Pohol, the toeless Finn, and the late Cinquevalli. With regard to the last-named, one should always remember that two jugglers may use the same oranges or hilliard halls, *but it is the juggling that counts.* To vary the metaphor—an inevitable result of the limitations of musical terminology—Brax' hrushwork is always his own, and in its superlatively detergent quality it furnishes in music a complete parallel to the vacuum-cleaner in the domain of domestic economy. As a young man he sat down, not to reform the world, but to write music that would make it sit up. Yet, hy another of the strange paradoxes which heset his progress, the repercussion of his efforts has not heen insular or parochial, hut world-wide. I need not dwell on the hrochure of Mr. A. B. Chalkley, in which that learned critic hails in Brax the musical reincarnation of the Piffulence of Aristophanes. More germane to my purpose are the treatise of Professor Pogo of the University of Hokipoki, and the trihute paid to Brax by Dr. Emil Busch of Frankfort, in his recent lecture at Oxford.

Busch points out that in his architectonic handling of chunks of space-time happenings, Brax is the only composer who can he truthfully regarded as four-dimensional. Pogo goes even further and claims him as the greatest of polyphonic Pragmatists, uniting free resort to a voluptuous vernacularism with the austere pungency of an astigmatic amhlyopia. It is a nohle act of homage nohly expressed, and more than justified hy Brax' latest work, "Phuphluns," an Etruscan Rhapsody for solo voice and small orchestra consisting of four piccolos, four trumpets, two Burmese gongs, three electric kettle-drums in C, E and G sharp, and a new instrument called the Brockenspiel. Puphluns, it will be remembered, was the Etruscan Bacchus, and the title is used in its significance of unhridled revelry, with the suhsequent and inevitable reaction to profound depression. The solo singer is given a series of words from an Etruscan inscription chosen solely for their phonetic effect, as the meaning has hitherto defied the industry and skill of all decipherers. They run as follows:

"Ulat tanalareezul, amavchar lautun, veltheinasse sthlafunas slelethcarriu."

Brax has never had a finer theme for the display of his unique tragi-comic genius; and he has risen to, nay, transcended, the occasion in a work whose delirious gayety and inspissated gloom form the finest musical microcosm ever molded hy the hrain of man.—*Evon Edwins in Punch.*

Why Not Tcharley Tchap'in?

There is actually no more sense in spelling Chekhov and Chaikovski with an initial T than there is in talking ahout King Tcharles the First, on his way to tchurch, says Professor William Lyon Phelps in *Scribner's Magazine.* That "T" got in there hecause the sound of "ch" in these words does not exist in either French or German, and there were many translations from the Russian in these languages hefore English ones hecame known. But because the French and German languages are unfortunate enough to he without these sounds is no reason why the English, richer in this respect, should follow their poorer neighhors. The Germans are ohliged to spell Chekhov as Tchekoff. The musical critic of the New York *World* has the courage to write Chaikovski, and he will eventually he followed by others. I am glad that Mr. Sayler writes Shaliapin instead of the French Chaliapine.

A Chicago detective who remembered a criminal's face has just arrested him seventeen years after the offense. Most people would prefer that sort of memory to that sort of face.—*Glosgow Bulletin.*

"One-horse" towns well provided with motor-cars are getting proud of the title.—*Woll Street Journal.*

Food For Thought

What would it be worth to you if your mind were a contented one?

What would it be worth to you if you could free the mind of many of your troubles from mere details for more important things?

What would it be worth to you if you knew that at your death your valuable documents were delivered only to those whom you desired they be delivered?

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FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Political Stage.

With Congress out of the way for the better part of a year the stage is clear for trying out "issues" and the grooming of aspirants for the presidential campaign of 1924. And the business is being attended to with the assiduity for which American politics is justly famous. There is no lack of the raw materials from which platforms and candidates are made. "Problems" domestic and foreign, "demands" just and whimsical, "records" good and otherwise, ambitions worthy and presumptuous—these are in over-plentiful supply. It will be an active as well as an open season. Printers' ink by the barrel, oratory to weariness, whispered conferences by the million will fill the months now coming on. There will be the customary disturbance of business and the unfailing warnings that the country is going headlong to the demnition bow-wows.

A grotesque factor of the situation is the looming candidacy of Henry Ford. It is a new note in American politics. Aforetime in the field of presidential presumption we have had charlatanism, demagogy, ignorance, blind egotism, impertinence and absurdity, but never until now all these in combination. Mr. Ford brings to support of his aspiration the career of a maker of cheap motor-cars, a spectacular exhibition of wealth suddenly acquired, a record of neglect of political duties, professions of contempt for economics, history, and all else that goes to make up the essential equipment of a statesman. His substitute for the qualification proper to a President is a loudly-exploited profession of "humanitarianism," illustrated by givings ostentatiously made and noisily advertised. What may come of this amazing candidacy God in His infinite wisdom may know, but we doubt it. In a country that loves clap-trap, that is dominated by humbug, that is prone to emotionalism anything may happen. The hope of the situation rests upon the Providence that guardians children, drunken men, and damphules.

It has become evident that the carefully nursed ambitions of Mr. Cox of Ohio are soon to burst forth into open candidacy for another nomination. A defeat so overwhelming as to have broken the spirit of a sensitive man appears only to have whetted the appetite of the indomitable Ohioan. Perhaps the atmosphere of Ohio has something to do with it. Mr. Cox will base his claims on the conviction that the international situation is paramount. His "issues," when he shall get around to defining them, will primarily be those of a "broad statesmanship." Already he has broadcasted a statement that it is too early to "crystallize" the situation. However, he goes so far as to remark, in relation to foreign affairs, that "any American can save Europe by an economic settlement acceptable by all the countries on a basis upon which the United States would stand." Here is clarity, truly. A child ought to be able to see it. Equally clear is a further declaration that the Republican party is responsible for the invasion of the Ruhr "with all its disastrous consequences upon the economic fabric of France and Germany." Verily, a Daniel come to judgment! Then we have a word with the bark on—Mr. Cox "will not consider the nomination in 1924 unless his party stands absolutely foursquare on the international question." "Foursquare"—there you have it; could the case be stated in plainer terms?

The calculations of Mr. Cox and his friends are interesting. Mr. McAdoo, they say, can not be nominated because of his identification with government ownership of railroads. John W. Davis is "impossible" because he has abandoned "the South." Senator Underwood is out of the question because he hails from the South. Governor Smith of New York is not in the running because of his "church affiliations." Further declining to define his views, the reticent Mr. Cox declares his dissent from President Harding's ship subsidy plan. He sees disaster to business and distress for the American people in the Republican tariff law recently enacted, which same law, in a further exercise of reserve, he declares will "advance prices of the necessaries of life." For a man who holds that it is still too early for "crystallization" of issues, and who specifically declines to define his position, Mr. Cox is fairly explicit.

Then along with Mr. Cox on the Democratic side there is our old friend Br'er Bryan. It is fair to say that the erstwhile—and sometime back—Boy Orator of the Platte, more recently the son by adoption of the everglades of Florida, has not announced himself—this for once in his life. But it has not escaped notice that at Miami he is wearing a hat of even broader brim than usual, and that he has reverted to the white string tie that is the unfailing symbol of political aspiration in the region below the Potomac. Never fear, Bre'er Bryan is tuning himself up for another flight, which is not surprising when we consider that habit is the most profound motive in life. There is pleasure in the reflection that in the pre-convention period at least we shall have some flavor of the good old times. Truly it would be a lonesome campaign in which that vibrant tongue should be stilled.

It looked for a time as if our own Hiram had abandoned the chase. That was the time when upon his famous platform—"a man must eat"—he moved on from bad to Hearst. There seemed nothing else for him to do. At the moment there was nothing to denounce, and when there is no denouncing to be done Hiram is much in the fix of the newsboy who can find "nothing to holler." Our great constructive statesman, as all the world has observed, is a hairless Samson unless he has an issue adjusted to his special gifts. Now it appears he has found one—or thinks he has, which for campaign purposes comes to pretty much the same thing. His latest bogie is the Court of International Justice. He is ag'in President Harding's proposal for participation in that or any other thing that has any kinship, affiliation, sympathy, or suggestive relationship to the League of Nations. And when Hiram is against a thing, like the man who jumped into a bramble-bush, he goes at it with all his might and main. He has sailed for Europe, avowedly for rest, but the wiser among us knew when with loud acclaim he took passage on an American ship, concurrently denouncing all and sundry who sail by any other kind of ship, that there was deep design in the journey. Simultaneously, Senator George Moses of New Hampshire has taken passage for Europe. The gossips of Washington have it that these gentlemen are working to a single purpose. They are to stock up on close-up observations going to demonstrate the futility and the hazard of "alien affiliations"—and upon returning they are to start a two-ring circus of protest against the International Court project. Hiram will tune up his old denunciator and will tour the country. Moses will assume a more amiable pose, but will in sadness confirm the Johnsonian judgments. Then there will be an attempt to work up a personal organization for service at Chicago next year. The plan is that when Johnson gets into the White House, Moses is to be Secretary of State. Altogether a nice project, a bit weak at the point of background, and we suspect a bit shy at other points. But it will have the support of Hearst, and that ought to go far in its effect upon the Republicans of the country—one way or the other.

That President Harding will be at least a receptive candidate for reëlection is now a practical assurance. Two members of his Cabinet have spoken publicly to the effect that his renomination is inevitable, this without any word from the White House of question or denial. That Mr. Harding will make a "fight" is not likely. He will not have to. It is in the nature of things that a President in office and with another term in prospect shall have the support unprompted of unnumbered friendly voices. But Mr. Harding will hardly need them. His personality, his industry, his obvious devotion to duty and his success in a difficult situation combine to plead for him before the people and to make him logically his own successor. There are those who seek to belittle Mr. Harding and to make light of his achievements. All such are lacking in vision and afflicted with infirmity of memory. They overlook or forget the record, which includes: (1) the Disarmament Conference and its product the four-power pact; (2) the cutting down in governmental expenses with its result of bringing the cost of government down to parity with its income; (3) the policy that has brought the Liberty bond issues to par; (4) the courageous veto of the bonus raid; (5) the equally courageous veto of another pension grab; (6) the righteous enforcement of the principle that an American citizen is entitled to governmental protection in his right to work upon his own contract; (7) the initiation of the governmental budget tending to check abuses and reduce governmental expenditures. The list of achievements under the Harding régime might be extended indefinitely, but enough has been indicated to demonstrate to intelligent and thoughtful citizens that there is a sound and strong man in the White House and that the true interest of the country

lies in keeping him there for another presidential period.

President Harding is enjoying a well-earned vacation in Florida. In an outing which has now run the course of more than a fortnight he has achieved a record without precedent in the history of the country, namely, he has not made a political, a social, or any other kind of speech, he has not sat at a public dinner-table, there is no report of his having kissed a baby. Here is an example of reserve that we commend, not only to future Presidents, but to those who aspire to the presidency. How efficiently it works even in minor relationships has recently been illustrated in California. It deserves to be remembered that our good friend Richardson won the governorship last year without appearing on a platform or attending a fraternity picnic.

Childish Diplomacy.

On Friday of last week the German government made to the State Department at Washington a statement embodying, among other things, terms upon which it would be willing to deal with the French and Belgians now in possession of the Ruhr Valley. In this communication it was set forth that our State Department need not regard it as confidential, the obvious purpose being that the views of Berlin should reach Paris by the round-about way of Washington. A later general statement given out by the German government and widely published refers to the letter sent to the American State Department on Friday, this being an indirect suggestion to France of means by which she may get the German terms. All this is in line with old-type diplomacy in which circumlocution and general vagueness were practiced as a fine art. Under some twist of mind crystallized into custom and sustained by tradition it has been regarded as better diplomacy to deal in this fashion than to act directly and frankly.

Our State Department properly declines to be made a vehicle of communication between Berlin and Paris. Berlin still has a diplomatic agent at Paris, and there is no reason why communication should not be direct through regular channels. Upon this view of the matter Secretary Hughes has directed that the German statement of last Friday shall be placed in confidential files. If the German government wishes to communicate with the French government it must find ways of doing it other than through the State Department of the United States.

It appears to be the idea of the government of Germany that it can sustain its pride—save its face as the Orientals would say—by declining to make direct proposals to France. It is a childish notion and it betrays a kind of vanity that the German government would do well to put aside. If it has anything to say to France it ought to say it without circumlocutory or evasive devices. First or last Germany must knock under to France and Belgium, and the sooner she does it the better all around. We say she must do it because by no other means can the French and the Belgians be got out of the Ruhr Valley.

It has been said before in these columns, and it may well be said again, that the best thing that could happen for Germany would be to lay aside her pride and her fallacious assumptions of dignity. She has fed herself upon illusions far too long for her own good. Truly it will be for her a day of fortunate promise when she shall cease to regard herself as the light and predordained guide and orderer of mankind. Above all things she needs to visualize herself in her true character, in her proper relations to the world, and in her actual situation and conditions.

Mr. Harding Stands Pat.

If Senator Johnson, Senator Moses, or anybody else thinks to frighten Mr. Harding from his project to make the United States a participant in the Court of International Justice, they are in the way of finding themselves mistaken. One of the President's last acts before starting for Florida was to address a letter to Lieutenant-Governor Bloom of Ohio thanking the legislature of that state for its enactment of a commendatory resolution. Among other things, the President said:

> Those who at this time are intrusted with the direction of the international relations of our country are firmly convinced that this move not only would represent the wise policy of our own people, but would be an emphatic testimony of our purpose to encourage every feasible project for establishing the rule of law, as opposed to the rule of power, in this world. The whole story of civilization has been the story of the effort to substitute the domination of justice under law for armed might. I may say frankly that it is inconceivable to me that the American people, who have so long been devoted to this ideal, should refuse their adherence now to such a programme as is represented by this tribunal. Nothing could be further from the purpose of the Administration than to suggest that our country surrender any of its control over its own fundamental rights and destinies. But we may be sure that differences will always arise among states and peoples, precisely as they have always arisen between individuals; and just as courts of justice and equity have been set up to determine issues as between individuals, so it is proper and logical that provision should be made for a like adjudication of those differences between nations and peoples which may properly be committed to such determination. I look upon the establishment of the Court of International Justice, with the jurisdiction that has been given to it, as one of the greatest advances which world society has made toward conditions in which at least the rule of law may be substituted for the rule of force. It looks to the settlement of issues before they become dangerously acute; it contemplates the elimination of the causes of conflict and war. Feeling thus, I can not but believe that our own country should be among the most devoted adherents of such a programme.

From this it becomes clear that the project for American participation in the International Court will not only be kept alive, but that it will be supported by the continued urgency of the Administration.

Bureaucracy in Its Relation to Radicalism.

Many times it has been declared in these columns that Senators La Follette, Brookhart, and other advanced progressives are in effect working, if not to the same purpose, at least to the same ends as our openly-avowed socialists. Socialism, or communism, or any of the other names that mean the same thing, follow logically government ownership of railroads or other projects so persistently urged by the La Follette-Brookhart coterie. In a handbook recently put out by the Communist Workers party of America we find that which is worth attention. The Communist Workers party of America is an offshoot of the Communist party of Russia, and there is abundant evidence that it is controlled directly from Moscow. From its handbook we quote:

> We shall show the reasons why an independent mass labor party could not have developed previously to this time; and shall prove that these causes have disappeared, or are about to vanish. We shall examine two categories of reasons: the one is the rôle of the centralized government power; the second, the structure of the working class itself.

It then goes on to show that in the history of America "there has never been a centralized government power as they understand it in Europe." The authority and function of the state government as distinguished from the Federal government is then very clearly and ably explained. The book proceeds:

> The world war increased the power of the Federal government to an unheard-of degree. There was no department of administration where the control of the national government was not raised. * * * The rights of the separate states were subordinated to the desires of the Federal government. * * *
>
> By means of the world war the centralized government acquired power unequaled, either in the war of independence or the civil war. * * * More and more departments of activity came under the control of the national government. * * * Not only has the number of employees grown, but also the composition of this army of employees has greatly changed. The number of those subject to civil service examination has steadily grown. The number of civil service employees in 1884 was 13,780. * * * At the peak of the war, in 1918, the number increased to 917,760.
>
> This government-examined corps of employees, not affected by the change of administration, and which is constantly growing, has become a government bureaucracy in the European sense of the word. * * * The American government in its third crisis has grown into a mammoth monster of centralization, similar to that of the old European governments.
>
> Centralized government which interferes in the daily affairs of the working class is the basic condition for the contention that politics will attract the passionate interest of the masses, not temporarily, but permanently. * * * The American workers have already had local political organizations. They have shown a splendid militant spirit against individual capitalists or capitalist groups. But they have never formed movements of a national scope against centralized government representing the whole capitalist societies. The workers could not form such movements, simply because there was no centralized government that the workers had to feel daily in every detail of their lives.
>
> The American labor movement could not organize a political struggle on a national scale against the central government, for securing political power, as the workers in the countries of Europe do. They could not do so because there has been no permanent centralized government in the United States.
>
> The historical innovation is that a centralized government has developed in America through the war. * * * This has given the fundamental condition for the formation of a nation-wide mass party—the birth of a labor party.

This is by no means all. The book goes on to show how "the workers and farmers" are one of the "surest guaranties for the victory of the working class, but only if the political leadership is in the hands of the workers." All of which is intended to emphasize the fact that the fundamental condition for revolutionary radicalism must be centralization of the power of government in a bureaucracy. And that seems now in process of achievement.

The Closed Shop Idea Applied to Agriculture.

For several months past there has been in progress at Washington a subterranean war between the ultra-conservationists now allied with the farm bloc and the advocates of land reclamation. Secretary Fall stood for development, and there has been on the part of the opposition a freely expressed hope that the new Secretary, Dr. Work, would reverse his policy. That hope has been dashed by a department memorandum, date or March 12th, from which we excerpt the following significant statement:

> America has been made the greatest and wealthiest nation in the world through the development of its natural resources. For the last century pioneers have pushed their way westward, undergoing the severest hardships, and through their own individual efforts have cleared and cultivated the lands, resulting in the production of bountiful crops. But there remain many acres of land, barren because of the sandy and unwatered soil, that these sturdy pioneers found it impossible to make fertile. So monumental was the task of converting these vast expanses of arid desert into flourishing farm land that even corporations financed by private capital have been unable to overcome these natural barriers. It remains, therefore, for the national government to solve the problem of irrigating and reclaiming these lands, and that particular activity falls upon the Department of the Interior. As the new Secretary of the Interior, I am particularly interested in seeing the successful development of these barren districts of the West until every acre shall be under cultivation producing whatever crops are suitable to their soil. We expect to begin at once an exhaustive investigation of the best single irrigation enterprise in the history of the United States.

On the other side of the issue we find Secretary Wallace and his organization in the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Wallace's position is that we are having an overproduction of agricultural products and that the farmers of the country are suffering from this fact. He wants fewer farms and fewer farmers. In his late annual report he declares that "the greatly accelerated movement of farmers, and especially farmers' sons, from the farm to the cities and industrial centres is one of the hopeful signs." Put in another way, he is opposed to the idea so persistently urged and so urgently promoted by President Roosevelt of getting our young people back to the soil. Recent publications of the Department of Agriculture, accepting the doctrine that farm acreage must be reduced, declares that the areas to be eliminated should be those farthest from markets. At this point the Department of Agriculture, dominated by the Iowa and Middle Western idea, clashes with the Far Western advocacy of reclamation.

Assistant Secretary Puggsley of the Department of Agriculture says: "A great many in the department feel that we are on the eve of a new consideration of agriculture. Heretofore the problem was to get every one on the farm and produce all we could. Now the problem is to make the farm produce sufficiently and economically and to keep on the farm only enough to produce what the world needs, and to release the others so that they can do those other things that the world finds should be done."

Here we find a conflict entirely new as related to American policy. The idea is borrowed from organized labor. It is the idea of the closed shop as against the open shop applied to American agriculture.

The Christopher Wren Celebrations.

The bicentenary of Sir Christopher Wren, the British Da Vinci, which has been kept on a scale of celebration probably never before accorded an Englishman, has its American aspect as well. In fact several Eastern cities of the former British colonies have observed the anniversary, notably Boston and Philadelphia, the custom house in the former and Independence Hall in the latter being Wren's most celebrated legacies to America. But there are at least three other buildings whose plans were made by the man who is credited with the same relation to English architecture that Shakespeare holds to our racial literature or the King James Bible to our language. They are three mansions along the James River, the plans for which were brought from London by the patentee of the minor grants and include Sir Richard Byrd's house, Westover, where the lovely Evelyn held her American court.

Of course St. Paul's is the building that is synonymous with Wren's name, for it bears the distinction of

being, not only his greatest work, and veritably his monument, but also that of being the only great cathedral designed and completed by one man. Begun in 1675, nine years after the great fire which had demolished the then crumbling remains of old St. Paul's, the choir of the new church was opened for use in December 1697, and the last stone of the cathedral was set in 1710 by the architect's son, Christopher, who was born in the year the first stone was laid. The history of the plans drawn during the ten years before work on the new structure was actually begun is interesting. Charles II had asked Wren before the great fire made rebuilding a necessity to make plans for the restoration of old Paul's, then in a state of great dilapidation. The designs Wren submitted in May, 1666—the fire was to come in September—and which are now preserved in the collection at All Souls College are said to be very like those eventually carried out, but very unlike those finally accepted in 1675. The explanation is that Wren did not like—and small wonder—the designs finally accepted, of which the dominant feature was a dome crowned by a lofty spire, and after their acceptance he got the king's permission to make what alterations pleased him without further submission to the Chapter. One can only speculate as to what inspired the nightmare project of the combined spire and dome. Sir Christopher's own account of his aim in remodeling old Paul's, written before the fire, was to be "after a good Roman manner," and not "to follow the Gothick Rudeness of the old Design." It is noteworthy, however, that the Chapter and dean were more partial to the more familiar order of mediæval churches, and hence, perhaps, the reconciling in the projected plans of the "rude Gothick" and the "good Roman." The construction of the stone lantern which finally and fittingly crowned the dome is one of the marvels of Wren's scientific engineering—it is supported by an inner cone of brick work quite independent of either the external or internal dome. Another feature of Wren's designs, scrapped in the vicissitudes of actual construction, was a colonnade somewhat after the fashion of Bernini's at Rome in front of St. Peter's. The English architect was a great admirer of Bernini, whom he visited in Paris in 1665 in order to see his proposed scheme for rebuilding the Louvre and which Bernini forbade him to copy, though Wren said he "would have given his skin" to do so.

The Great Fire and its consequent destruction of the city not only made Wren a great architect—he was an astronomer by profession—but also furnished him a life job. Besides the construction of the cathedral, which alone would have seemed sufficient accomplishment to some men, he was employed to draw designs for rebuilding the fifty burnt churches—several of which by the irony of the gods have been recently condemned, a situation summed up neatly by *Punch's* cartoon, called "Happy Thought," in which the Bishop of London speaks as follows: "Ah, Wren! Great man! What can we do to honor his bicentenary? I know. Knock some of his churches down!" The Manchester *Guardian* takes up the cudgel as bitterly if less facetiously, but seems to see little hope for the doomed churches. In fact the *Guardian* goes one better and quotes an architect who says if constant care is not taken there is serious danger in a generation or two of "a London without St. Paul's." It is probably a case of familiarity breeding contempt, London being full of examples of Wren's genius, which are too numerous even to catalogue.

We have spoken of Christopher Wren as an astronomer and also as a British prototype of Leonardo da Vinci. His talents were perhaps not quite so numerous as the latter's, but one of the remarkable phases of the recent celebration is that he has been claimed, not only by architects, but by mathematicians, scientists, astronomers, navigators, artists and scholars generally. Newton mentions him in his "Principia" as a noted geometrician and he had been a professor of astronomy first at Gresham College, later at Oxford, for the nine years preceding the turn in his affairs wrought by the fire. Bearing in mind his many scientific interests and his great accomplishments, it is obvious that Wren must have been an indefatigable worker, but it is almost incredible that he should have had time for the affairs of government. He was in Parliament for many years, representing Plympton, Windsor, and Weymouth, and he occupied the post, not unnaturally, of surveyor of the royal works for fifty years, but by a shameful cabal was dismissed a few years before his death. Made a D. C. L. in 1660, Wren was knighted in 1673 and elected president of the Royal Society in 1681. Apropos of his great energies is Miss Lena Milman's reference in her biography to the fact that in his retirement at Hampton Court, and past eighty, Wren took up the problem of devising a method to discover the longitude at sea.

Sir Christopher Wren died February 25, 1723, at the age of ninety-one. There is a touching story to the effect that his death was caused by a cold caught during his annual visit to St. Paul's where in his extreme old age he used to be driven once a year to meditate under the shadow of the great dome of which it has been said that stonemasons built it, but Wren hung it in the air.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ADMIRAL SIMS.

His Record of Service and an Appraisement of His Character.

312 Custom House,
San Francisco, March 17, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*My Dear Sir:* So much has been published recently in regard to Admiral Sims that your readers may wish to have an estimate of the man and his work from a naval viewpoint.

Admiral Sims was born of American parents, his mother happening to be in Canada at the time of his birth. This circumstance, and the fact of his later cordial relations with the English, has caused some misunderstanding as to his actual citizenship.

He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Pennsylvania in 1876, and has served in the navy for nearly half a century. His career has been one of steady upward progress, to a position recognized as one of the foremost in the naval profession. In foreign navies Admiral Sims is perhaps the best known American naval officer. Among his brother officers of the United States Navy few are more highly respected and admired. For twenty years he has had world-wide recognition as a progressive leader in naval thought and action. He has been an inspiration to many younger officers and a powerful force for the increased effectiveness of our navy. In a way he is as truly American as Theodore Roosevelt was; but where Roosevelt was vehement, Admiral Sims is smilingly serene, returning to the attack until victory is achieved. He is a "happy warrior."

As Lieutenant Sims, some thirty years ago, he began to rise to prominence as an observer of events in the war between China and Japan. Later he was ordered to duty as our naval attaché at Paris and St. Petersburg.

In Europe he learned that our ships of that date, while excellent in many respects, embodied some defects which foreign navies had corrected. His criticisms evoked a storm of protest in America, but Lieutenant Sims smilingly insisted that abuse of him was no answer to the criticisms; and that such noise would neither obscure the facts nor remedy the defects he had pointed out. The defects were finally corrected.

Next, in the Spanish-American war, our easily-won victories at Manila Bay and Santiago were in danger of creating a feeling of overconfidence in the efficiency of our navy, when Lieutenant Sims again became the storm centre. He asserted that the marksmanship of the American gunners was lamentably poor, and far below the standards which had been attained in the British navy.

The fight for efficiency in gunnery was a long, hard battle, in which Lieuetnant Sims, through various stages of promotion, was the recognized leader, and the navy has benefited immeasurably as a result of his efforts. As naval aide to President Roosevelt and first director of gunnery exercises he drew around him a large body of capable and hard-working officers who first began to systematize the training of gun-pointers and gun's crews and various forms of target practice. The battle efficiency of the United States fleet today rests upon those foundations established twenty years ago by Admiral Sims and constructively developed since then by a succession of able officers.

In various capacities, as captain of battleships, as commander of destroyer forces, and in years of duty at the Naval War College at Newport, Admiral Sims has rendered conspicuous service. Everywhere he has aroused enthusiasm and has inspired officers and men with zeal and interest in their work. The climax of his career came in the world war, when he commanded the American naval forces in European waters, being promoted to the temporary rank of vice-admiral and then to admiral.

His book, "The Victory at Sea," gives some account of his work at the American naval headquarters in London. Interesting side lights are thrown upon Admiral Sims in passages of the "Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page," which deal with American participation in the world war. After the war Admiral Sims again came prominently before the public in the effort to prevent what he considered undeserved awards of honors for service in the war.

He felt that our Navy Department had not been properly organized or prepared in advance for our entrance into the European conflict, and that unless the truth were told a dangerous impression might be created of overconfidence in the navy's readiness for war. He felt that mistakes and errors which had been made might be repeated unless the true conditions were exposed.

After the world war Admiral Sims returned to Newport and resumed his duties as president of the Naval War College, and remained there until his retirement from active service in October, 1922, at the age of sixty-four. He was retired in the grade of rear-admiral, which rank he now holds. His visit to the Pacific Coast is simply in order to accept invitations to speak upon the subject to which he has devoted so many years of thought and effort: the needs of the navy and the necessity for constant vigilance to maintain it always in readiness for efficient service to uphold our national policies and for the preservation of peace.

Yours very truly,
Stanford E. Moses,
Captain, U. S. Navy.

France has had a grasshopper pest of unparalleled severity, says the *Scientific American*. They have not not only destroyed crops, but, according to cable dispatches, they have interfered with train service as well. The insects appeared in such numbers that they blocked train service between Niort and Fontenay-LeComte, a distance of over thirty miles. So thickly were they massed in this region that it was necessary to stop trains frequently to clear the tracks. The train crews were supplied with special implements for this purpose.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE MANIA FOR PROHIBITIONS.

(Boston Transcript.)

A bill has passed the lower house of the South Carolina legislature prohibiting the playing of pool or billiards throughout "the Palmetto State." A bill has passed both houses of the Oregon legislature prohibiting the education of children of school age anywhere except in the public schools. A bill is now a law by action of the legislature of Utah prohibiting the smoking of cigarettes, cigars, or pipes in restaurants or any other public place. These recent enactments signify the sort of legislation which organized minorities all over the United States are placing upon our statute books.

The mania for prohibitions in one form or another is a country-wide disease. It is an affliction to which the busybodies of both sexes are particularly subject. The spread of this disease and the succumbing to it of our law-makers is the chief cause of lawlessness in this country today. An organized minority takes advantage of the indifference of the majority and browbeats spineless legislators into writing into law prohibitions that are in defiance of the will of the majority. The theory upon which this is done is that having browbeaten a legislature into making the whim of an organized minority a legal club with which to tyrannize the unorganized majority, the busybodies afflicted with this mania for prohibition can call upon the courts to force the majority to obey the law.

There is a limit to the patience of a liberty-loving and law-abiding majority. It has been passed in many states and an increasing contempt for minority-made laws is the result. The remedy for this condition of affairs is the restoration of representative government and the election to our legislative bodies of citizens with the character, courage, and common sense to deal with the victims of this widespread mania for the prohibition of the exercise of the will of the majority in the way that such victims should be dealt with—as maniacs at large in the arena of politics.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

(New York Times.)

By choice or compulsion an unusual number of trusty and well-beloved ancients of the Sixty-Seventh Congress won't ornament the Sixty-Eighth. "Joe" Fordney, whose name goes thundering down the ages with that of Senator McCumber, joint titular author of the immortal tariff law, made in "the worst of times" for tariff-making, goes back to Saginaw. He has been in the House nearly a quarter of a century. He loves the trackless woods for their lumber; the lumber for the duties stuck on it. He is going to raise blooded cattle on his Wolverine farm. That is a much more pleasant and useful occupation than raising tariff rates. Health to him and his comate, Mr. McCumber, that sturdy little brother of the bonus!

Whom next of the departing shall we salute? Kellogg of Minnesota and trust-busting; Page, the hearty Green Mountain octogenarian; Hitchcock of Nebraska and Pomerene of Ohio, two stout Democratic champions who may yet "come back"; Culberson, a clear-minded and high-minded senator from Texas since 1899, whose health has not been equal to his talent; Myers of Montana, a trained legal mind; Townsend of Michigan and the railroads, a victim of "Newberryism"—but the procession grows too long. Miles Poindexter of Washington is not dead, but translated to Peru. Harry New is translated likewise; though he, like our own Calder, is no senior, but a freshman.

From the House disappear two commanding figures, Frank Mondell, floor leader in the last and in the preceding Congress. His first service was in the Fifty-Fourth Congress and he served uninterruptedly from 1899 to 1923; a man of brains and force, a skilled parliamentary manager, whose calibre can't be judged fairly by the so largely ineffective and neurotic proceedings of the last two Congresses. Also goes Philip Pitt Camphell of Kansas and the omnipotent Rules Committee. The great loss of the House is, of course, Uncle Joe Cannon, who began to qualify as a veteran in the Forty-Third Congress before "Nick" Longworth was four years old, and has missed but one Congress since.

Good old "Czar," who has given and taken so many hard knocks in fifty years! He will dance a jig on his hundredth birthday. He has done the state long service. He has survived partisanship. He is an original, salient, national character. The Senate is poorer for the voluntary retirement of Mr. Cannon's old friend and foe, John Sharp Williams—"John Sharp," as Mr. Cannon and General Grosvenor and John Dalzell and all the Washington world and Mississippi loved to call him. He has been in one house or the other most of the last thirty years. For six of them he had the thorny post of leader of the Democratic minority—a tough herd to lead. According to "Sam" McCall of Massachusetts, "John Sharp" was "the ablest catch-as-catch-can debater the House has had for fifty years"; and Senator Spooner, a mighty competent judge, said substantially the same thing. His wit, his satire, his ample scholarship are as well known as the Capitol.

In the Senate, more and more, he has taken a perfectly independent position. He has talked and voted exactly as he felt and without any regard for consequences. In his political habit and attitude he seemed a revival of an eighteenth-century or early nineteenth-century type. He was frank and fearless. But he got sick of the show. He has gone back to his books and his plantation.

IN PLACE OF THE LEAGUE.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

At Santiago, Chile, March 25th, the fifth Pan-American Conference will meet. It is unfortunate that Old World events are so threatening that American interest in foreign affairs may be centred on the Ruhr, the Balkans, or Russia at that time. For this meeting at Santiago may have results that will have a bearing for gencrations on New World affairs.

There have been four of these conferences. Secretary of State Blaine told the delegates from eighteen nations who met in the first conference at Washington in October, 1889, that "* * * our common fate has made us inhabitants of the two continents, which, at the close of four centuries, are still regarded beyond the seas as the New World. Like situations beget like sympathies and impose like duties. * * *"

He sounded the note of peace and arbitration that has grown stronger in the passing years. Ten years later, in December, 1899, the second conference met in the City of Mexico. Arbitration held the main place on its programme and a treaty of compulsory arbitration was passed, to be rejected later by the United States Senate. The codification of American international law, both public and private, was begun. More and more the drift was toward unity of action in the New World.

The third conference at Rio Janeiro was made notable by the visit of Secretary of State Elihu Root and a move toward a New World court. The fourth conference at Buenos Aires in July, 1910, followed the trends of the earlier meetings. The great war prevented Chile from calling the fifth conference in 1914.

Thirteen years have gone since the fourth conference and the world has grown older and unhappier, if not wiser. The lessons of that struggle have not been wholly lost on the New World. The official as well as the unofficial programmes for Santiago are significant. Of the nineteen subjects announced

five of the most important have to do with the "closer association of the republics of the American continent," with "judicial or arbitral settlements of disputes," with "reduction and limitation" of armaments and with the Monroe Doctrine.

It is an open secret that the formation of an All-American League of Nations, based upon or maybe superseding the Monroe Doctrine, will be tried at Santiago. That is the real significance of the fifth conference. In case Anglo-Saxon America and Latin America do agree upon a joint course of action on "questions arising out of an encroachment by a non-American power on the rights of an American nation," the Monroe Doctrine may recede into the background and no longer wound feelings of independent nationalism in Latin America.

A powerful group of more than twenty New World countries banded into an "Association of Nations" would be a long step toward the Harding-Hughes substitute for the rejected league. The regret of Secretary Hughes because of his announced inability to leave Washington now is understandable.

Once established, time and circumstances might bring about the necessary modifications and amalgamations for the fusion of this New World Association of Nations and the league now housed at Geneva. That is the not-yet rejected keystone in the arch of the Administration foreign policies.

NOT MUCH CHANGE.

(New York Tribune.)

The denial of the Steuben Society that it was in any way connected with the demand made in its name upon the director of the Public Library to remove the sign under the model of the American library in Louvain which will replace the one wantonly destroyed by the Germans does not do much to mollify those who were rightly incensed by the demand. The funds to rebuild the Louvain library have been raised by the American people, not only as a tribute to Belgium, but also as a memorial to America's dead in the war.

Whether the man who protested belonged to the Steuben Society or some other German organization is incidental. The fact that the protest was made is simply further proof that there are Germans in this country who have learned nothing. Like the "Horrors on the Rhine" gathering and the recent Ruhr protest meeting, this incident shows that these are ready in everything to place the German flag above the American.

One of the unfortunate things is that these Germans do an injustice to their American brethren of German origin. They speak for a loud group of unrepentant pan-Germans and give the impression that they are also the spokesmen for the entire German element in the population. The war has amply demonstrated the loyalty and real Americanism of most of our older German immigrants and of their American-born sons. They are unjustly stigmatized, however, by the activities of their pan-German cousins who, by arousing the antagonism of the non-German elements, foster race prejudice.

Shortly after the armistice the Germans made the plea that we bury the war hatreds and forget the past. Even those who want thus to forget, however, are only too often prevented by the Germans themselves from so doing. Insults such as the protest against the sign under the Louvain library model simply serve to revive a flood of memories that awaken old war antagonisms.

TRIUMPHS OF SOCIALISM.

(Los Angeles Times.)

What are the assets which can be credited to the socialist governments of Europe during the few years they have been in power? It is a question being asked more and more persistently by the civilized and sane peoples of the world these days. In practically every case the answer is:

"Death, famine, disease and bankruptcy."

In Russia has been demonstrated the most complete socialistic experiment. From an authority built upon a foundation of human bones the communist higher-ups still call in siren tones to the ignorant and the selfish to wade through the blood of their brothers for the purpose of sustaining the domination of the bandits in power. They sell what grain they can to outsiders, while millions of men, women, and children are starving to death within their jurisdiction. During the five years of their socialist rule millions have died from famine and preventable disease, without counting the thousands who have been murdered because they were rich or too intelligent to subscribe to the tenets of communism. The little group of iron-hearted tyrants at Moscow, backed by bloody bayonets, have deliberately and with malice depreciated the currency to zero; they have penalized ambition by doing away with all true incentive to progress and prosperity and, not least, they have stifled all respect for law and made of force a god.

Poor, lovable Russia! Land of the Romanticists, home of idealism, nation of seekers after truth and liberty! These are still assets of your soul, in spite of your nameless graves and burial pits, of your starving children and shackles of despair!

But now throughout the steppes stalks death with a Red flag as symbol of that only freedom known to the lowly moujik—eternal sleep. Her assets of communistic socialism are death, famine, disease and bankruptcy.

Hungary, too, had her nightmare of Red rule. But the Magyars awoke in time to save themselves from the devastation of murder and robbery which had been inaugurated by the socialists and, under the régime of Admiral Horthy, have routed the murderers with death penalties and have banished the communist oppressors, who fled from their righteous wrath in time to save the people as a nation. But the remembrance of that Red spasm still rankles in the hearts of the Magyars.

In sad Bulgaria socialism has seized upon the law of the land and twisted it into a rope to strangle the initiative of this once heroic people. Here the revolt of despair has again raised its head in a futile battle for greater freedom, only to be crushed back to a bloody peace by Red bayonets and the firing squad. Not to greater heights of prosperity and freedom have the Bulgars arisen by freedom from Turkish rule, but under the Red flag she grovels in the slime of socialism. Here force again dominates the right of life, liberty, and the happiness of a brave but misguided people.

Then there is Austria! Proud Austria that for nearly 1000 years has been a potent force in European affairs; how fallen from her high estate is now this pauper nation of Europe! Not the hordes of invading Turks, the victories of Frederick the Great, nor the triumphs of Napoleon could debase her before the world; Phœnix-like she rose to always greater heights, in spite of centuries of warfare. To the curse of the Hapsburgs and the unholy alliance with the Hohenzollerns has been added socialism. Now she is wallowing in the slough of despond, broken in spirit, despairing of her destiny, while in the palaces of her princes rule the socialist agitators, intent upon keeping the money presses running to satisfy an army of hungry office-holders, an army that is slowly strangling her economic life and financial resources, while the socialist vampires nest in her beautiful capitol and hatch communistic eggs. Only generous American and English relief has preserved the lives of thousands of her children from disease and death. What are now the assets of her socialistic government? Death, famine, disease and bankruptcy.

And what of Germany? Here socialism has won its triumphs in the defeat of a great nation. Hunger has stalked openly in the land, yet the proletarian rulers have been cheered by the stolen wines of France. Socialist paper money has fallen to a point where values are lost—scraps of paper. And the end is not yet. For, although Germany was not devastated by war, but, on the contrary, had gathered within her borders the loot of nations, she is now rapidly acquiring the assets of socialism—death, famine, disease and bankruptcy.

Under other socialist governments have been harvested the same crops of death, famine, disease and bankruptcy; assets which can not be discounted for the benefit of true freedom under the law.

OLD FAVORITES.

Yuba Dam.

Of Yuba Dam the story's told,
It may be false, it may be true,
How Jones in search of placer gold,
Chanced on the town, while it was new.

He saw a man upon a fence,
The usual chills and fever type,
Who sat and watched the lizards play,
And smoked a vilely smelling pipe.

"What place is this, my friend?" said Jones,
"I think I've somehow lost my way,
I left this morn the Billings ranch,
I seek the prospect, Break of Day."

Still puffing at his corn-cob pipe,
The native looked the stranger o'er,
Then, in a low and peevish voice,
Said, "Yoube Dam," just that, no more.

Astounded at the answer given,
Jones asked once more in terms polite,
"Please tell me what this place is called,
I did not get the answer right."

Taking the pipe from out his mouth,
The more tobacco in to cram,
The native said, "I told you once,
You must be deaf, it's Yu-be-Dam."

The fighting blood of Jones rose up,
He dropped his pack and seized the man,
"You goll darned bunch of bones," he said,
"I'll teach you to say, you be damn!"

The native came down from the fence
And hit the earth an awful slam,
But while Jones rolled him in the dust,
He feebly muttered "Yube Dam."

The contest o'er, his honor cleared,
But angry still, Jones took his way,
And at a cottage near the road,
He saw a little girl at play.

"My dear," said Jones, in sweetest tones,
"Please name the town in which you dwell,
This two-bit piece I mean for you,
When your town's name you rightly tell."

The child looked up with bashful grace
And shyly eyed the stranger man,
One finger stuck within her mouth
And softly lispèd, "Oo be Dam."

"Good God!" said Jones, "I'll ask no more.
Helltown's the name the place should bear,
Where little children, sweet and mild,
At inoffensive travelers swear."

—*Reprinted from "The Argonauts of '49," by Octavius Thorndike Howe.*

Why So Pale and Wan?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her! —*Sir John Suckling.*

On the Desert.

Far on the hot Apache plain
I cinched the girth and buckled the rein.
The glorious girl behind me sang,
But I sprang to the saddle without a pang,
And gave the spur to my wild mustang;
And a coil of the loose riata's fold
Over his flanks like a serpent rolled,
As his hoofs went forward, and forward, and on,
Till the plain, and the hills, and the girl, were gone,
The forests of cactus stabbed and stung,
The sun beat down on my skinless tongue,
The dust was thick in my simmering mouth,
And a whirlwind of flame came out of the south,
From the dry savannas, whose fiery air
Singed the monkeys and paroquets there.
I crashed through the flame, I dashed o'er the sand,
Bearing my songs in my red right hand,
Bearing the songs of this Western land,
Tender and glowing, and fierce and grand.
Take them and read them, and yield me the crown
Which the old Sierras on me cast down
From peaks untrodden, of gorgeous glare,
Cast down upon me and bade me wear!
And whoso denies it, he shall be
Struck, and despised, and spit on me, by me,
As a loathsome snake, as a venomous thing,
Fit but to swelter, and crawl, and sting,
And build his cell in the rotten, rank
Recess of a noisome toad-stool bank,
While I, like a hawk in the splendid sky,
Scream revenge as I wheel on high,
And the sound of my screaming shall never die!
—*Bayard Taylor.*

Retribution.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

—*From the German of F. von Logau. Translation of H. W. Longfellow.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, head of the Women's Bureau of the Metropolitan Police Department of Washington, is the only woman police commissioner in the United States. She is at present on a visit to England, where she is studying London's social problems.

Mr. Henry Clark of Atlanta has proved that a musician can accomplish more things with his clever fingers than the making of sweet sounds from piano and organ. He has just contributed to the Art Alliance Exhibition in Handcraft, now in New York City, a desk in modified Sheraton style, all his own work, and so exquisitely designed and executed that he was offered several thousand dollars for it within the day of the exhibition's opening. He has mastered every detail of cabinet making for his own amusement and as an offset to deep study of musical scores. Mr. Clark's case is reminiscent of Thomas Jefferson, whose two hobbies were to play the violin and to wield the hammer and saw in cabinet-making. Two chairs made by the Sage of Monticello during his presidential office are preserved and venerated in his Virginia home.

The second Elbert Hubbard, who is said in appearance to be an exact reproduction of his father, has made no effort to step into his father's place. As president of the Roycrofters, Inc., the younger Hubbard has steadily worked to increase appreciation of his father's accomplishment, and has let the exploiters promising millions for the name and popularity of the firm pass by. In his studios at East Aurora the elder Hubbard embodied the best of William Morris, Ford Maddox, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, and the architect, Philip Webb, while his inspiration for the arts of bookbinding, woodcarving, and leather work came from Ruskin. Examples of Roycroft bookbinding have brought $300 a volume and many have been bought for museum pieces both here and abroad.

The freshly-returned Member of Parliament from Dundee, Scrymgeour by name, who succeeded Winston Churchill to that post in the epoch-making elections last November, has proposed a prohibition bill for the British Isles that would make our own feeble attempts in that direction seem half-hearted. Mr. Scrymgeour's bill proposes that all alcoholic beverages be labeled "poison" and that five years' penal servitude be doled out to all drinkers caught thrice in the act. Bootleggers are evidently not accounted for, Mr. Scrymgeour believing rather in getting at the fruit than the root of the matter.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois, who after half a century of conspicuous service is retiring to private life with the passing of the Sixty-Seventh Congress, has served longer in Congress than any other man in the history of the United States. He was nominated by an Illinois constituency twenty-five times and elected twenty-three times. He will be eighty-seven in May and is abandoning public life voluntarily to return to the law practice he long ago relinquished. His first vote in the House was cast on December 1, 1873.

M. Vaillant, famous French radiographer, who has lost both arms in the course of his researches, was recently awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor by his government.

Following the ancient rule that it never rains but it pours, another discovery has been made to interest a world newly roused to the thrills of antiquity. Dr. George B. Gordon, director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, has reported the finding by the university expedition in Ur of the Chaldees of an edifice believed to be six or seven thousand years old and the most ancient temple in the world.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, one of Washington's foremost political hostesses, has gone into business, having joined a prominent real estate firm of Washington. Though a grandmother, Mrs. Harriman has the enthusiasm and energy of youth. Her business interests have not crowded out social and political ones. She still maintains her political drawing-room, which is rivaled in Washington only by that of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

There have always been Englishwomen—Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Mary Gaunt, and others—who have been great travelers. The busiest woman traveler at present is Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, who recently sailed for Borneo, one of the few corners of the world which she has not visited. While she is away we shall get a book chronicling her last tour, which occupied two years, and was in the Southern Seas. Mrs. Cameron is a tall, handsome, typical Englishwoman, unafraid of anybody or anything, and that, she says, is why she can safely go to Borneo, or anywhere else.

The newly-appointed Russian Minister to Norway is Mme. Alexandra Michaelovna Kollantay, one of the romantic figures of the Russian revolution. During the early stages of the revolution she was minister of public welfare. Another phase of her activities was the foundation of the workers' opposition to the Bolsheviki policy of 1921. As an orator she is unmatched in the ranks of Russian women communists, but administrative work is said not to be her forte. Mme. Kollantay is in her early forties, is of slight build, has bobbed brown hair, and a fine musical voice. She visited America in 1916 and delivered a series of lectures against the attitude of the German socialists and the war in general.

ARGONAUTS FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

Octavius T. Howe Has Presented Some Valuable Additions to the Records of Early California

Jason is immortal. He will outlive Prometheus, because he is more like the run of men. Not till earth is a cinder shall we humans cease to thrill to the call of gold, or cease to feel the enchantment of that old story of the Argos. And when a later breed of Argonauts were men of your own flesh and blood it is like being descended from the heroes that fared to Colchis. There may have been nothing altruistic, nor morally top-lofty in their enterprise; it may have been earthly and gainful in its motive; but sordid it was not. The gyves of circumstance that bind the limbs of most of us can be broken only with a golden sledge. And it will always be more nearly divine to try to shatter those fetters than to sit at home in sloth or fear. This, to prepare you for scenes in staid Massachusetts, both at Boston and down Cape Cod way, when the call of gold electrified the supposedly tame Congregationalists there dwelling in 1849.

Octavius Thorndike Howe handles his matter in a masterly way, with lively imagination and a vital feeling for his work. Extended research has gone to the making of the "Argonauts of '49. History and Adventures of the Immigrant Companies from Massachusetts, 1849-1850." It is not a perfunctory compilation, nor in any sense a commonplace record. It would have been a great service had he only explored the letters, diaries, log books and company minutes here published for the first time, and set down what he found; but he has imbued the data with the spirit of lively narrative, and sometimes with considerable dramatic power, and the result is a contribution to Californiana not merely valuable as historic material, but fascinating to read.

However pious the New Englanders may have been, no one ever supposed faith made them oblivious to finance, and the news of gold must have hit them with tremendous voltage. They were soon organizing cooperative companies, with mutual guaranties, to sail for California or march overland from Independence, Missouri. The thing must have been as infectious as the flu, and Mr. Howe presents these totals of result:

> The number of company vessels sailing from Massachusetts in '49 was eighty-eight, many of them carrying two or more companies. The largest was the *Edward Everett* of seven hundred tons, the smallest the *Toccao* of twenty-eight tons. The total number of vessels, including company and others, sailing from Massachusetts in '49 was two hundred and fifty, one hundred and fifty-one from Boston, forty-two from New Bedford, eight from Nantucket, six from Newburyport, six from Gloucester and the balance from other ports. In a large number of cases the company owned the vessel in which they sailed. These vessels cost from thirty thousand dollars downwards. The price of shares varied from fifty dollars, the lowest, to one thousand dollars, the highest.

The total movement from Massachusetts with which the author deals he computes at 4567 persons by sea, and 656 by the overland route. Nine overland companies went by Panama, nine by Mexico, and the rest by the South Pass over the Rockies. The distance from Independence, Missouri, to Sacramento could be made, with luck, in about ninety days, but whereas the modern traveler can fill his tank (with gasoline) anywhere along the route, the pioneers arriving at Independence too early in the year had to wait until the spring grass grew. The schooner *Civilian* held the Magellan record: 143 days from Boston. The average for a company vessel around the Horn was 180 days. But the brig *Acosta* shared with the bark *Acadian* the honors of the lowest voyage: 267 days. One ship was forty days beating around the Horn. By Panama the gold fields could be reached in sixty to seventy days, but the route was unhealthy and the Panamanians were terrible gamblers and trimmed the pilgrims too close.

The beginnings of the companies in their New England neighborhoods is thus described:

> As soon as a company was organized and is quota partly filled, it was necessary to find a room which would serve as headquarters, and appoint a secretary. In the smaller cities and towns the room was usually furnished by contributions from those interested: an old table, some dilapidated chairs, a sofa and of course an air-tight stove was all that was necessary. This room then became the village club, taking the place even of that favorite lounging place, the country store. There every evening, and often in the daytime, the would-be Argonauts gathered and gave each other advice on subjects of which they knew nothing, exhibited the useless things they had accumulated for the trip, and talked learnedly of dry and wet diggings, placers, nuggets, and all sorts of things of which they knew the vocabulary but not the substance.

And here is a good moving picture of an overland party on departure:

> Another company to choose this route was the Sagamore of Sacramento of Lynn. This also was a military company, commanded by Francis Dixon, and comprised fifty-two young men. They left Lynn March 29, 1849, to go via St. Louis and Independence. They are said to have made a fine show as they marched down State Street in their gray uniforms trimmed with silver braid, and a hand of music at their head. Each man was armed with rifle, revolver, sabre and sheath knife. Their wagons, of which they had one to every four men, all made to order, were drawn by four horses resplendent with silver-plated harnesses, and from the rear of each wagon projected a swivel gun. On their arrival at New York they gave a dress parade, and their military appearance and the height of Francis Dixon, seven feet tall, towering above the company, excited great enthusiasm and applause. May 20th they are reported on the plains three hundred miles from Independence in fine spirits and condition.

What social nostrum is there that has not been tried, whether record of it persists or not? The church communities of rock-bound shores may well be pardoned for believing in mutual aid and cooperation to the point of socialism. And they tried it in the new activity to which fortune invited them. Our author says:

> The socialistic side also appealed to many and the fact that sickness or death could not deprive them or their heirs of the profits of the enterprise. Another supposed advantage was that most of these companies were formed for trading as well as mining purposes. A large number of companies sailing from Massachusetts in '49 owned their ships; this, it seemed, gave them a double advantage: they knew provisions were high in California and by provisioning the vessel for one or two years they secured a supply for themselves and could sell part at a profit; the remaining space in the vessel could be filled with mining implements, hardware, lumber, and all sorts of luxuries. Some companies carried out steamboats and house frames, and these usually proved profitable. Many carried out patent devices for separating gold from sand and gravel, and these, invented by men who had never seen placer mining, naturally found a resting place on the dumps of San Francisco. Part of the company sailing on these vessels was to remain in the city, practicing their professions or working at their trades, while the rest, provisioned and equipped from the ship's stores, would go to the mines. It was thought the vessel itself could be profitably employed on the Pacific Coast.
>
> The theory seemed sound, but as a matter of fact none of these schemes worked. In the first place the socialistic plan was a failure. It was found impossible to make a large number of men work for the common good. Some were lazy, some dissipated, some too sick to work, and, with one or two exceptions, all the companies disbanded within two or three weeks of their arrival. They had planned that the ship they went out on would either make money running between Panama and San Francisco or remain in harbor, a bome for the boys, where those working in tbe city, the sick or those back from the mines could meet at night and talk over company affairs and count their gains. They did not realize that when they arrived in California it would be impossible to ship a crew, that trading in a dull-sailing, old-fashioned square-rigged ship on the Pacific side was a myth, and that the destiny of almost all company vessels was either to be sold for a song as store or prison ships, or to rot on the sand flats of San Francisco or on the banks of the Sacramento. As a home, too, the ship was a failure. There was but one wharf at San Francisco and vessels had to anchor a long way out so that the loss of time in going and coming made the idea impractical. A few companies made some profit on the cargoes carried out, but this was the exception.

Piteous, isn't it, how many times humanity has been and will be deluded by that socialistic dream. And the fierce individualism of the pioneers, of which they themselves were unconscious, persists in the social and political fabric of California to this day. Here was a manifestation of it, the real spirit of Americanism, back in Maine:

> Another interesting company was that which went out to California under Captain George Kimball of Frankfort, Maine. Mr. Kimball, without means or credit, started in to form a company and build a vessel for the California trade. He chose the little village of Cutler, Maine, for his project and went into the woods alone and began to cut the timber for the vessel. He was soon joined by a friend and others followed: neighbors contributed provisions and farmers cattle. Soon the novelty of the undertaking and the pluck of the man attracted shipwrights and joiners. All work was paid for in sbares of the vessel, the shares being valued at one hundred dollars. The vessel, named the *California Packet*, was launched November 29, 1849. She was 144 feet long, 30 wide, and 15½ deep. She had a house on deck with twelve staterooms besides officers' quarters, a house forward twenty-five feet long for cooking and washing, and thirty-six tiers of berths between decks for two persons each. Her company, one hundred strong, consisted of twelve married men and sixteen unmarried women, and fifteen children, tbe balance being men. All aboard were shareholders. She carried out a freight from Boston valued at fifteen thousand dollars and made a good voyage.

California needed such men as that, and got them, at the expense of New England, and the whole Atlantic coast, and the whole country; not alike, not uniform, but with common qualities of energy and self-reliance. Of the character of the immigration the author says:

> No regiment in Cromwell's Ironsides ever went to battle with more Bibles or more religious instruction than the California mining and trading companies of '49. When the day of departure came and they marched down to the ship or the railroad station throngs of their relations and friends accompanied them and all tried to feel that they were marcbing on to good fortune and not risking all on a dubious game. Some there were who at the last moment drew back, forfeited their passage money, and returned home, and more would have doubtless done so had not pride restrained them. On more than one occasion, parents went to the wharf in a vain endeavor to keep their boy at home.
>
> Although care was taken to select only men of good character, there were some in these companies who had other reasons than love of gold or adventure to cause them to leave New England. A few, at least, fled from their creditors or hoped, in a land where law and order did not reign, to lead freer and more dissolute lives. Some left for the good of their country or families. But take them all together these societies represented all that was best and manliest in the old Bay State: literally armed with Bible and rifle, they went forth to gain wealth and build up a new community. A year later, when California was ruled by a mob of cutthroats and gamblers, when neither life nor property was safe and the law itself corrupt or timid, it was from these men and others like them that the Vigilante Committee was recruited and San Francisco made a place where men could live and do business. The loss to Massacbusetts was great, but the gain to California was greater.

The overland parties were disposed to regard themselves as military by necessity of the peril they anticipated; but the sea companies gave full scope to such mercantile instincts as that of the old Salem skipper who made the fortune of a family with one schooner-load of Sumatra pepper. One adventurer wrote home:

> We arrived at Frisco August 30th after a passage from Panama of 102 days. We took our goods from the *Sweden* and transferred them to the sch. *Decatur* and for the 150 miles to Sacramento had to pay $283 while the freight from Boston to Francisco on the *Sweden* was only $155 for the 17,000 miles. I ranged my cases on the bank at Sacramento and opened shop. My tacks brought a dollar a paper. The brass latches are ornamenting the best houses in the city. I sold an everlasting lot of butts and screws at 60 cents a dozen. The gimlets were nearly all sold and I put the rest in a box and sold them at 50 cents a grab. I sold eleven grabs. My stand was called the Boston Notion Shop. I have also engaged in speculation and made considerable money. Vessels are selling dog cheap. Large fine barks bring $3000 to $5000, schooners suitable for river use $5000 to $11,000, and ships can't be sold.

All which goes to show that trade may be as adventurous as gold digging, and on the average more profitable; for the average miner was not highly prosperous. Yet not all the merchants made fortunes. Conditions could not be visualized at home, nor would they remain stable here:

> Having only a general idea of the necessities of the country, many shipments were doomed to failure from the start. Patent cradles, invented by men who were not practical miners, cooking stoves in a country where they were never used, spades and saddles of a pattern not liked, razors in a country where men rarely shaved, five tbousand lady's hats and three thousand pieces of calico—one shipment—to a city where there were few women; these, and a multitude of things of which there was already a surplus, were promptly dumped and left at the disposal of the passer-by.
>
> There was a famous sidewalk in San Francisco on the west side of Montgomery Street, between Clay and Jackson Streets, composed of one hundred pound bags of Chilian flour, a long line of cooking stoves, a damaged piano which bridged a gully, and ending in a double row of boxes of shoes. It was estimated that the stock of chewing tobacco in San Francisco in 1850 was sufficient to supply every inhabitant of the city for sixty-five years. Of boots and shoes there were fifty pairs for each person. Tbere was enough clotb so that if every man in the city was a tailor and worked for one year making clotbes there would still have remained a surplus. Six great fires in the first eighteen montbs' life of the city served to reduce this.

The work is largely concerned with the journey by sea, and here are two sample voyages:

> The *LaGrange* sailed from Salem for California March 17, 1849, and her voyage was an uneventful one. A journal kept by one of the members states tbat Mr. Bogardus with bass viol and Mr. Kemp with his violin belped to keep the company amused. March 27th three of the hens flew overboard and the vessel was hove to and the fowls rescued. Hens were worth good money in California and they sold those that survived the voyage for twenty-five dollars apiece. They had few accidents on the trip; a man overboard who was rescued, and carrying away the fore-topsail yard, seem to have been the most serious.
>
> The *Capitol* sailed from Lewis' wharf, Boston, January 23d, under command of Captain Thorndike Proctor, with a manifest thirteen feet long having four hundred and fifty-five articles of entry. She carried two hundred and forty-eight passengers and before she had been long at sea they were clamoring for more and better food. The captain tried to pacify them by stating that he gave them wbat tbe owners bad ordered, but this only incensed them the more and some of the bolder threaten to mutiny and seize tbe ship. At a meeting held in the cabin March 1st resolutions were passed, one article of which reads, "Resolved: that we are men subjected to feelings of submission and content and if we are furnished witb tbe United States Navy rations (except ardent spirits), we are satisfied and on no other condition shall the power of two hundred voices be hushed." There was also complaint because there were not spoons and forks enough to go round. Finally their rations were increased and somewhat varied and the excitement died down.
>
> The *Capitol* stopped eight days at Rio for provisions and water. There were at this time two thousand Americans in the city, visitors from the various ships in the harbor, and, as the mayor had ordered no arrests except for crime, they certainly enjoyed themselves. For those so inclined there were cockfights and horse-races to watch, gambling houses and dance halls to visit and cheap aguardiente, two drinks of wbicb sufficed to paralyze the unwary: while the more discreet found plenty of amusement in wandering about the streets, seeing strange sights and customs, listening to the band in the plaza, and drinking fruit syrups.
>
> Tbe *Capitol* reached San Francisco July 19, 1849, and the crew promptly deserted the ship, the captain became insane and committed suicide, and tbe mate, faithful to his trust, remained alone on the vessel. It is stated that twelve of the passengers on the *Capitol* were dead by November 12, 1849.

The book presents that old Hangtown menu, which will always be of high documentary value. We present it for the benefit of those that may not have a copy:

SOUP.	
Bean	$1.00
Ox Tail (short)	1.50
ROAST.	
Beef, Mexican (prime cut)	1.50
Beef, Mexican (up along)	1.00
Beef, plain, with one potato. Fair size	1.25
Same from the States	1.50
VEGETABLES.	
Baked beans, plain	.75
Baked beans, greased	1.00
Two potatoes, medium size	.50
ENTREES.	
Sauer Kraut	1.00
Bacon, fried	1.00
Bacon, stuffed	1.00
Hash, low grade	.75
Hash, 18 carats	1.00
GAME.	
Codfish Balls, per pair	.75
Grizzly roast	1.00
Jackass Rabbit (whole)	1.00
PASTRY.	
Rice pudding, plain	.75
Rice pudding with molasses	1.00
Rice pudding with brandy peaches	2.00

Square meal, $3.00.

Payable in advance. Gold scales at the end of the bar.

Through this whole movement ran the love of adventure for its own sake, and the gratification of that elementary passion was all many got out of their trials and their sufferings. But California derived from them the backbone of a state. She stayed in the Union. And today she repays New England with much canned fruit.

Argonauts of '49. By Octavius Thorndike Howe. Cambridge: The University Press; $3.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 17, 1923, were $165,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $144,700,000; an increase of $21,000,000.

Selling orders preponderated in the bond market last week, with the result that the reactionary trend in prices continued, says *Commerce and Finance*. The feature of the market was the decline in Liberty bonds to new low levels for the year. Losses ranged from 14 cents to $1 on the hundred-dollar bond. Liberties now are selling to yield from 4.27 per cent. to 4.55 according ot maturity, the more distant maturities commanding the better rates. United States government 4¼s, which are the longest term government bond in the list, are selling at a 4.27 basis.

The decline in Liberties is due primarily to the recent advance in the bank rate here, but not solely to that development. The causes of the reaction may be summed up as three:

(1) The decreased purchasing power of the dollar as exemplified in the higher bank rate here, dearer commercial money and rising commodity prices.

(2) The proximity of another government refunding issue.

(3) Liquidation by banks to obtain funds with which to meet the constantly expanding commercial demand for money.

As Liberty bonds are the principal collateral offered by banks when obtaining temporary advances from the Federal Reserve banks, the action of the Federal Reserve Bank in New York in advancing its discount rate to 4½ per cent. had an immediate and vital meaning to borrowing banks.

It is unprofitable to borrow money at 4½ per cent. when the collateral offered as security for such a loan returns less than 4½ per cent. The tendency of Liberty bonds naturally is to seek a level where the return will be slightly more than 4½ per cent. When they reach that level—and some already have—the downward trend should automatically halt. However, should the Federal Reserve authorities decide to order a general advance in the bank rate, now uniformly 4½ per cent., as is believed extremely likely in view of the threat of a dangerous inflation movement, the effect would be to bring about a further decline in the market for Liberty bonds in continuation of the adjustment of income basis to the money market. In any event, there is no reason for believing that Liberty bonds will sell any higher for months to come.

With regard to government financing some confusion of thought appears to exist. Although upwards of $380,000,000 certificates of indebtedness will mature March 15th, it is unlikely that the Treasury Department will refund that maturity for the reason that the first installment of income taxes for 1922 is payable the same day. The Secretary of the Treasury probahly will figure on collecting sufficient funds to pay off the certificates. However, other much larger government obligations will fall due in the spring. On May 20th nearly one billion dollars of Victory 4¾ per cent. notes will mature. The following June 15th other short-term obligations must be met, making a total of about $1,116,000,000 which must be liquidated. Although the second installment of taxes will be payable June 15th, it is obvious that it will fall very far short of meeting the situation. It is absolutely certain, therefore, that the Treasury Department will bring out a new refunding issue in the spring.

Under existing money market conditions it would be impossible for the government to sell another 4¼ per cent. bond at par. Even if a short-term note is brought out, it is unlikely that the government could sell it on a better than 4¾ per cent. basis. Whatever the form of the forthcoming government issue, it will be sold at a new high basis for government obligations brought out in recent months.

As a matter of course the conditions which influence the value of Liberty bonds also determine the market for corporation bonds. Therefore we have witnessed a further recession in values of the majority of listed issues. Only here and there, where a particular bond was selling out of line with the market, was the quotation advanced.

Of $79,444,000 new financing done, $21,100,000 was industrial. The time is peculiarly favorable for financing of that nature because of the general optimism felt regarding the business outlook. Industrial bonds which could not have been sold a year ago, despite the vast accumulation of idle money, are going well now.

Anent the continued flow of tax-exempt bonds it is unfortunate that Congress should have adjourned without adopting the resolution before it providing for a constitutional amendment to abolish tax exemption. In the meantime, the public's attention has been directed anew to abuses in state financing as a consequence of tax-exemption privileges. Announcement was made last week by the Committee on Non-Partisan Facts, of which Herman A. Metz, formerly controller of Greater New York, is chairman, that bondholders of several states have decided to form a committee for the protection of investors in municipal and state bonds. In a report on the subject Mr. Metz cites instances of twenty-nine alleged abuses in the issue of certain municipal bonds which are said to make many invalid. He says:

"Cities are careless in collecting delinquent taxes, one city's arrears equal 80 per cent. of its annual levy. One city's agent paid over 200 bond coupons that did not belong to his city at all. One unusually intelligent board thought that it had a deficit of $300,000 when it really had a surplus of $354,000. Communities are tempted to increase their debts out of proportion because their bonds are easy to sell. The investment broker is tempted to buy bonds without analyzing the public methods of handling debt because his clients demand tax-exempt securities."

The bond market during the past month has been strong, and this strength has been due in part to the widespread distribution of recent issues, says the National City Bank of New York in their March review. The offering last month of $100,000,000 Anaconda Copper Mining Company 6 per cent. bonds enlisted the interest of over nine hundred and fifteen dealers representing every state, and a few days later the same list of dealers participated in $50,000,000 7 per cent. convertibles. During the month $20,000,000 Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company 6 per cent. notes were offered and over five hundred dealers participated in this business. The syndicate managers in making allotments on this issue found that over 90 per cent. of the subscriptions which dealers had entered were for $25,000 or under. These dealers, of course, in turn split up their allotments in very much smaller pieces, and it is safe to say that the average sale of the notes was something under $2000 per customer, which would result in something over 10,000 sales. It is this widespread distribution and the breaking up of large issues into very small pieces which is giving the secondary market its strength. Anaconda 6s were originally offered at 96 and they are now selling at 98-98½, while the 7s which were offered at par are selling at 104-104½.

The breadth of the market is also illustrated by the varied character of the offerings which have appeared from day to day. One of the morning dailies recently carried advertisements on one morning of the following new issues:

$2,000,000 Island Warehouse Corporation first mortgage 6 per cent. twenty-year bonds, to yield 6.20 per cent.

$2,500,000 Exchange Place Building first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds, to yield 6 per cent.

$750,000 Cushman's Sons, Inc., 7 per cent preferred stock.

$5,600,000 Western Pacfiic Railroad 5½ per cent. equipments, to yield 5½ per cent.

25,000 shares Checker Cab Manufacturing Company participating stock.

150,000 shares Independent Oil and Gas common stock.

$13,447,000 Illinois Central refunding 5 per cent. bonds, to yield about 5.05 per cent.

$6,000,000 State of Illinois 4 per cent. highway bonds, to yield about 4.05 per cent.

This is assuredly a wide range of securities The first company leases flour mills to the Pillsbury Company of Minneapolis. The Exchange Place Building is one of the popular office buildings in the financial district of New York City occupied almost entirely by banking firms. Cushman's Sons, Inc., was organized in 1914 to acquire several long-established baking companies and operates twenty-four retail bakeries in New York City. The Checker Cab Company manufactures taxicabs for sale throughout the country and the Independent Oil and Gas Company operates in the mid-continent field. Two equipments and a municipal issue completed the wide variety of securities which were offered for the investor's consideration on this particular day.

In addition to the large number of dealers who have developed sales organizations during the last few years, the banks throughout the country are developnig bond departments and recommending investment securities to their depositors.

The market on foreign government bonds has shown some interesting advances during the past few weeks, the Frencb issues in particular recovering the losses which were suffered at the beginning of the Ruhr invasion. The first large issue of foreign governments offered in this market in recent weeks was $25,000,000 Dutcb East Indies thirty-year 5½s at 88 and interest, to yield 6.40 per cent. The issue was subscribed in one day and this would indicate that the American investor is still very much interested in foreign government bonds. During 1922 there were forty foreign issues of one million dollars or over distributed by public offerings in this country, the total par value reaching approximately $520,000,000. This makes an interesting comparison with a recent report in the London *Economist* showing a total of £130,000,000 of securities of British possessions and foreign countries placed in England during 1922.

At the opening of the month, the market on Liberty bonds was unsettled, but strengthened when it was announced that Great Britain had accepted the recommendation of the American Debt Funding Commission in connection with the funding of their debt to the United States, which amounts approximately to $4,704,000,000. It will be recalled that Great Britain may be in the market annually for somewhere between $150,000,000 and $175,000,000 Liberty bonds as payment on account of the debt may be made in United States government bonds issued since April 6, 1917. Toward the close of the month the Liberty market eased off somewhat on the announcement that the Federal Reserve rate had been increased from 4 to 4½ per cent.

The *Nation's Business* for February gives specific illustrations of the special or indirect tax evil which is loaded onto insurance company policy-holders.

For 1922 the superintendent of insurance of the District of Columbia collected $207,000 from licenses and taxes paid by insurance companies and their representatives in the District of Columbia for which policy-bolders are supposed to receive some service. The actual expenses of tbe department were $13,258.77. The balance of the $207,000, or $193,742, went into the general treasury of the District of Columbia, to which the policyholders had already contributed on the same basis as other citizens.

Thus the money collected from insurance premiums through necessarily increased rates went, not to protect the policy-holders, but to pay out of the general fund bills for street building, police protection, teachers' salaries street cleaning and all the activities of municipal government.

Pennsylvania collected in one year $2,745,

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000 through special taxes on policy-holders and spent $89,620 of this sum in safeguarding their interests. Florida collected $244,500 and spent $4717 protecting the policy-holders. The insurance commissioner's report for Texas shows the department cost less than $25,000, while it turns into the general fund of the state approximately $2,000,000.

These states are no exception to the rule, but illustrate a practice common in all states. As the general bill climbs, it is easier for legislators and politicians to dodge the issue of increasing tax levies by saddling a special tax on to some line of industry and thus collect from a few people by indirection what they fear to try to collect from all the people by direct assessments.

One great New York company, employing 2200 clerks, paid out in taxes and fees of all kinds within a given period of time more than $15,700,000. This was $1,000,000 more than it paid out during the same period for the salaries and expenses of its administrative officers, its medical department, its rent and its force of 2200 clerks. This one company alone paid out in taxes that year many times the total cost of maintenance of all the state insurance departments in the United States.

It is estimated that fire insurance companies pay out in taxation 5.9 per cent. of all the premiums collected.

The excuse for collecting these enormous sums of money which policy-holders must pay is to maintain the work of state insurance departments, but, at the most, not over 10 per cent. of the special taxes thus collected from policy-holders is expended for state insurance departments to insure protection for policy-holders. Ninety per cent. of every dollar thus collected goes for purposes absolutely irrelevant to insurance service or protection of policy-holders.

Announcement that 30,000 tons of British shipping has been chartered for the transfer of coal from the United States to the ports of continental Europe suggests, according to the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank, that our sales of coal to that greatest coal-importing market of the world may return to the comparatively high record attained in recent years. Quite naturally our coal exports to all parts of the world fell off during the past year. The 1922 exports of coal were only 13,500,000 tons against 24,500,000 in 1921, but the fact that the outward movement in the closing months of 1922 was far in excess of the same months of 1921 suggests that the movement to foreign markets has already been resumed and will be further stimulated by the orders coming from Great Britain, the world's greatest coal mining country outside of the United States.

Europe, which has in the past received its chief coal supplies from mines of Great Britain and Germany, developed a marked interest in American coal in the years immediately following the war. Our exports of coal to that continent advanced from less than a half-million tons in 1913 to about 4,000,000 in 1919, the year following the close of the war, and 12,000,000 in 1920, but dropped to less than one-half million tons in 1922, in which year our exports of bituminous coal in the closing quarter of 1922 showed an increase of 50 per cent. in quantity when compared with the same quarter of 1921 and those of December, 1922, alone were actually double those of December, 1921, suggests an early return to normality in the outward movement of this article, of which we are the world's chief source of supply. Coal exports from the United States in the decade ending with 1922 are 231,000,000 tons against 115,000,000 in the preceding decade. The value in the 1913-22 period was $1,170,000,000 against $356,000,000 in the earlier decade.

This statement that the United States is the "world's chief source of coal supply" is fully justified by the record of a world geological congress which met in Canada in the year preceding the war. It was composed of the most eminent geologists of the world, and its statements accredit to the United States an underground coal supply of 3.854,000,000,000 metric tons, against 1,234,000,000,000 in Canada, 996,000,000,000 in China, 423,000,000,000 in Germany, and in the United Kingdom 190,000,000,000. In fact, the United States has, according to this expert estimate, a little more than one-half of the know supply of the world, while the fact that Canada, which holds next highest rank in underground supply, has imported nearly a half-million dollars' worth of our coal in the last five years, that China, which holds holds third rank in supply, is now buying limited quantities from us, and that Great Britain, formerly the world's chief exporter, is now sending ships for American coal, suggests that our mining and distribution facilities promise an even greater percentage of increase in our future coal exports than that of the past.

The world's annual output of coal averages slightly less than 1,500,000,000 tons, of which about one-third is produced in the United States.

Holders of Ohio Public Service Company 7 per cent. cumulative first preferred stock, Series "A," are advised that the permanent certificates of the above issue are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates which you now hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary exchange and send you the permanent certificates by registered mail and insured.

The City of Edmonton, Alberta, has called for payment prior to maturity $300,000 of its 5½ per cent. bonds, due October 1, 1929. These bonds were placed in California in 1920 by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company at 86.58 and accrued interest. The investor has received a net return of 11½ per cent. on this investment. It is anticipated that further calls will be made in the near future.

Holders of Republic of Haiti external thirty-year sinking fund 6 per cent. gold bonds, Series "A," due October 1, 1952, are advised that the definitive bonds of the above issue are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates Cyrus Peirce & Co. will make the necessary exchange and send you the permanent bonds by registered mail and insured.

The strong investment position of Sweetwater Corporation first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds is indicated by the annual statement now being made public through Hunter, Dulin & Co., who underwrote this $450,000 issue in March, 1920. Gross earnings are reported at $171,338.63, with net income, after all expenses and depreciation, of $87,133.30 available for interest charges of $25,200. Of the original issue of $450,000, $45,000 has been retired and canceled through serial maturities, $15,000 of which was paid off January 1, 1923.

Holders of Eastern Cuba Sugar Corporation fifteen-year sinking fund mortgage 7½ per cent. gold bonds, due September 1, 1937, are advised that the definitive bonds of the above issue are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates which you now hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will make the necessary exchange and send your the permanent bonds by registered mail and insured.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are members of a syndicate offering a new issue of $4,000,000 Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation general and refunding mortgage 5½ per cent. gold bonds, Series "F," due March 1, 1943. The price is 97¾ and interest.

The corporation carries on a large and profitable gas and electric business in Los Angeles and controls all of the gas business of Pasadena, South Pasadena, Monterey Park, Alhambra, San Gabriel, San Marino, Watts, Huntington Park, Hyde Park, Hawthorne and Inglewood, together with a portion of the gas business of Vernon, Eagle Rock, and other suburban districts, serving a total population estimated at about 1,030,000.

The gas department as of February 1, 1923, had a generating capacity of 73,750,000 cubic feet per twenty-four hours, holders with a capacity of about 26,700,000 cubic feet, and 1961 miles of mains; the electric department on the same date had a generating capacity of 42,400 kilowatts, about 879 miles of pole lines, and twenty-five miles of underground conduits. In addition the corporation has extensive holdings of very valuable real estate. All the properties are thoroughly modern and are kept in the most efficient operating condition.

The proceeds of this issue, together with a substantial amount of money being derived from the sale of preferred stock, will be used to provide for betterments and additions to the properties during 1923, necessary to take care of the constantly increasing business.

$1,500,000

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Royal Road

Success. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25.

If Lord Beaverhrook has accomplished nothing more than to roh his readers of plausihle alihis for failure his hook, "Success," will have heen well worth writing. That result, at least, we shall guarantee any serious reader of "Success," for the old standhys of luck, trickery, and consistency drop one hy one as we learn that the first two have nothing to do with normal success, since what seems like luck is shrewdness and what looks like trickery is, well, something else in high finance. As for consistency, we agree with the nohle lord that it is one of the most fertile causes of failure. Consistency and prejudices are vices that the would-he success must fight as he would sloth or an inherent tendency to crookedness.

To return to Lord Beaverhrook's major premise. Success is not a chimerical thing that may or may not, according to its own or the god of luck's caprice, reward ahility. To the contrary. True, Lord Beaverhrook is writing for normal people, not the genius who succeeds in spite of chronic phthisis. But for the rest of us he has the optimistic message that success may certainly he achieved by recipe—hy the judicious mixing of judgment, industry, and health. Of course some of us are horn with those talents and our author does not state whether or no luck operates there, his point heing that they can he attained. While agreeing with the Canadian "cement king" that the three ingredients he prescribes are an almost infallihle recipe for holding a joh and a fairly safe guide for steering anything from a grocery store to the British Empire, we are not so optimistic that the three component properties of success may he acquired hy auto-suggestion. Lord Beaverhrook admits that though a man can not add a cuhit to his height, even hy taking the most omnipotent of aids, thought, still he may appear taller by holding himself erect. And after all, apparent success is prohahly as good as real success or it may even he that all success is merely apparent. Sophistry aside, "Success" is a hook to he read hy every one desirous of reaching the—to us—elusive, to Lord Beaverhrook the certain, end of a perfect career. Moreover, we should like to present a copy of it to every slacker, pessimist, and fatalist we know if only to save their weary friends from the ingenious excuses that Lord Beaverhrook so neatly demolishes. However, to do this great puhlicist justice, he, too, admits that success is a constitutional temperament. R. G.

A Noble Effort.

The Significance of the Fine Arts. Ten Essays by C. H. Walker, R. A. Cram, H. Van Buren Magonigle, Paul Cret, Lorado Taft, Bryson Burroughs, Huger Elliott, F. L. Olmsted, E. H. Bennett and T. W. Surette. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $3.50.

Greater popular appreciation of the fine arts is the aim of the American Institute of Architects in the puhlication just issued under their auspices, "The Significance of the Fine Arts," a collection of essays hy ten of the leading exponents of æsthetic endeavor. The exposition of sculpture, for example, is contrihuted hy Lorado Taft, "Music" hy Thomas Whitney Surette, "Modern Architecture" hy Paul P. Cret, and so on. Ralph Adams Cram, who has furnished a chapter on mediæval architecture, is more than a mediævalist in theory, as they can testify who know his St. Thomas' in New York or his Gothic huildings at Princeton University.

Whether or not the handsome volume issued hy the American Institute of Architects will have its desired effect in leavening the taste of the moh is prohlematic. We suspect that only people already interested in the fine arts read hooks on the suhject, and we fear the movies will continue to remain the arhiter of puhlic taste. But as a handhook of the seven arts and as an American production of the sort of hook we usually have to have translated from the French, "The Significance of the Fine Arts" should have an ample success. The photographic reproductions are numerous and larger than is customary in a compact handhook. As for getting them over to the section of the puhlic whose taste needs improvement, we suggest to the august institute that a movie travelogue would he more efficient.

The Modern Library.

Selections from the Writings of Thomas Paine; The Queen Pedauque, hy Anatole France; Sons and Lovers, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents each.

A literary diet for all tastes, hut particularly for readers craving intellectual stimulus is guaranteed hy the editors of the Modern Lihrary, whose latest offerings are the three hooks listed ahove. The Anatole France volume included as one course of the stimulating pahulum is likened hy Cahell, who writes an introduction for it, to a romance hy Dumas, whose characters "hetween assignations and comhats toy amorously with ideas." Philosophy is represented by Thomas Paine, whose famous pamphlet, "Common Sense," is one of the selections; and the radical idea in English fiction hy what is hailed hy admirers of D. H. Lawrence as his masterpiece, "Sons and Lovers."

A Southern Novel.

One World at a Time. By Margaret Fuller. New York: Century Company; $2.

"One World at a Time" is a novel, but it is also the record of an impression left upon the mind of a dreamy child at the age when receptivities are most plastic.

The child, in her comings and goings, is the unohserved witness of a secret romance, which is sympatheticaliy unfolded, hut the greater part of the hook is taken up in giving the hoarded gleanings of her memories; treasured memories of visits to a Southern home which seem to suggest Florida as the locale.

The time is after the civil war, hut hefore the present-day changes in the South had altered the people, the places, and the ex-slaves. There is thus more than a touch of reality to the hook, which is, more than anything else, like the hiography of a sympathetic and ohservant child's loving memories.

Southerners who have lived in that section and heen exiles would prohahly linger fondly over these impressionistic records of a dreamy, sun-drenched territory; the territory of the pine-harrens.

In Berber Lands.

Old Morocco and the Forbiooen Atlas. By C. E. Andrews. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.

Those who must perforce stay within the hounclaries of home owe a deht incalculahle to the man who has fared forth into far-away lands and made what he saw live again in the pages of a hook. Mr. Andrews, whose war-time work carried him through the Balkans and into Greece and Turkey, heard again the call of the minarets, and this time set out for Northern Africa.

Not satisfied with the seaport towns of Morocco, he made his way to the ancient capital of Marrakesh, the oasis city rising out of the desert. Here he lingered, hut romance lay farther on—heyond the great Atlas Mountains, the country of Southern Morocco. This plain of Souss, inhahited only by Berhers, is a part of Africa seldom visited hy white men, and practically unknown to Europeans. The French protectorate extends only to the northern foothills of the Atlas Mountains, hut as the land of Souss is rich and fertile, it is hut a question of time hefore the French carry their boundaries farther south.

Into this heckoning land, therefore, Mr. Andrews and a French traveling companion made their way, crossing the desert, then the Atlas range, and descending into the plain of Souss. As they went without permits or government sanction, the country heing considered unsafe for foreigners, they were not much surprised at heing taken into custody hy a Berher chieftain. After a brief and not unpleasant imprisonment they were obliged to turn their faces northward without going any farther into the country. But although they failed to complete their quest, Mr. Andrews gathered much treasure on the way and brought hack a wealth of strange experiences and impressions.

He interprets the land with sympathy and understanding, and feels its calm to he "the calm of heatitude, the acceptance of peace as the normal state of soul." And as far as a Westerner may, he interprets the mind of the East, "that adores monotony as the West does variety; that enjoys hearing the same music, the same poems, and delights in the same colors and the same designs; and whose art consists in infinite beautiful repetitions, and its poetry in suhtle variations on age-old themes."

Perhaps in some previous incarnation this Western traveler lived in the heart of Berher land, and the lost effort to find his way there again only deepened his sense of kinship with its life.

The Birthday of a Classic.

David Harum. By David Noyes Westcott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

The anniversary edition of "David Harum" has appeared and fulfills the most exacting expectations. D. Appleton & Co., who were the ninth publishers to receive the original manuscript twenty-five years ago, and who, unlike their contemporaries, had the acumen to see the all-American virtues of that homely

Barbara Greene

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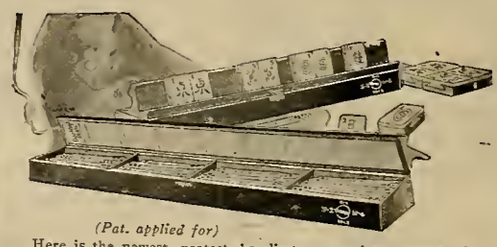
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epic, have celebrated the event with a volume that would surely have filled Westcott's beart with pride. In a foreword giving the private bistory of the book, which, as some one has said, is often more dramatic than tbe book itself, the publishers reprint part of a touching letter of Westcott's in which he says: "If 'David Harum' were to be published, even witbout much delay, it would, in all probability, he posthumous. I have bad the fun of writing it, anyway, and nohody will ever laugh over it more than I have. I never could tell what David was going to say next." Edward Westcott died the spring before his novel was published, "David Harum" appearing in September, 1898. By the end of the following year the total sales were almost 400,000, a tremendous sale for those years; and the million mark in total sales was passed many years ago. Incidentally, the book is almost as popular in England, Australia, and Canada as it is in this country—the explanation of whicb probably lies in the book's inherent sincerity and truth to human nature, as well as to American nature. The birthday edition is illustrated with many charming line drawings and numerous plates, including a portrait of the author, whose pathetic fate it was not to know he had written an American classic.

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Notes of Books and Authors.

One of the most important and interesting literary discoveries of recent years, found in a scrap-book among the papers of Alice Meynell, the poet, after her death, consists of unpublished letters written to her by George Meredith. His favorite form of address was "Dearest Portia." Extracts from this remarkable correspondence will he published in an early number of *Scribner's Magazine,* togetber with a hitherto unknown and unpublished sonnet addressed hy Meredith to Mrs. Meynell. The friendship which this correspondence represents was one of the last and happiest of George Meredith's life, beginning when he was sixty-seven years old and continuing until his death. Late in March, Charles Scribner's Sons will bring out a definitive volume including all of Mrs. Meynell's poems.

The *Nation* announces that its annual poetry prize of $100 has been awarded to Stephen Vincent Benét for his poem, "King David." Mr. Benét's poem was selected by the editors of the *Nation* after careful consideration of more than 4000 manuscripts submitted by about 1500 writers. This is the third year the *Nation* has awarded a poetry prize, and the first year that the honor has not been divided between two poets. "King David" is a narrative poem. The complete poem, of some 400 lines, appears in the *Nation's* mid-winter book number of February 14th. In 1921 the Poetry Society Prize was divided between Carl Sandburg's "Smoke and Steel" and Mr. Benét's "Heaven and Earth" (Holt).

The London publishers are vying among themselves as to wbo shall have the honor of publishing Sir Sidney Lee's biography of Edward VII. The task was given to Sir Sidney as a result of his striking memoir of the king in the Dictionary of National Biography.

Sir Rider Haggard is the proud possessor of a ring which once belonged to tbe mother-in-law of Tutankhamen. It is inscribed inside with the words "Bes Ankh, Ankh Bes" (Bes the living, the living Bes). The story of the ring was told hy Haggard in his novel, "Smith and the Pharaohs," which Longmans, Green & Co. puhlished two years ago.

"The Handling of Words, and Other Studies in Literary Psychology," by Vernon Lee, is a John Lane book to be brought out in this country soon by Dodd, Mead & Co. The author, who is considered one of the most finished stylists of today, discusses such subjects as "Literary Construction," "Style," "Literary Psychology," "What Writers Might Learn," etc. It should be of interest both to students and to experienced writers.

Californians, past, present, and prospective, can learn much from a book called "Rural California," soon to be puhlished hy Macmillan. It is written by E. J. Wickson, emeritus professor of horticulture in the University of California, and it covers California's natural resources, her agricultural and animal industries, her coöperative organizations, and the subject of governmental work for country life.

E. B. C. Jones, author of the remarkably good first novel, "Quiet Interior," and of the later but less successful "Singing Captives," has just published a third, "The Wedgewood Medallion" (Henry Holt & Co.). After leaving school Miss Jones puhlished with Romer Wilson an amateur magazine; during the war she worked in a government office; and later edited a suffrage magazine. In tbe meantime she was writing "Quiet Interior," which was published in 1920, when sbe was twenty-seven. In private life she is the wife of F. L. Lucas, fellow and lecturer in classics and English at Kings' College, Cambridge.

John St. Loe Strachey, editor of tbe London *Spectator,* has suggested that a memorial to the late Walter Hines Page be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Sheila Kaye-Smith, in spite of the number of books to her credit, is still a young woman, barely past thirty. She is very slight and small, wears her hair bobbed, and is partial to a monkish cloak of rust-red when sbe goes out to walk. And her eyes are green. She has a home at Hastings and a studio in London, near Hyde Park. Most of her writing is done very early in the morning.

In his posthumous book, called "Memories of Travel" (Macmillan), are recorded Lord Bryce's impressions of a visit to Iceland in 1872, to the mountains of Poland and Hungary in 1878, to the southern Pacific islands in 1912, the Altai Mountains in the following year, and to Palestine in 1914. The chapter most recently written is that on "The Scenery of North America," under date of 1921.

Recently tbe Houghton Mifflin Company gave permission to the Red Cross to transcribe "The Education of Henry Adams" into braille. The work of transcription is to be done by volunteer workers and then given to the Library of Congress, whose property the book becomes. There it is placed at the disposal of the entire blind population of the United States, being sent and returned free of postage. The blinded ex-service men are given the first opportunity of reading the books thus trancribed.

Mr. Galswortby's play, "Loyalties," has been successfully produced in Swedish translation in Stockholm.

E. P. Dutton & Co. call attention to the movement under way to raise a fitting memorial to William H. Hudson, and add that they will be glad to forward subscriptions from Hudson's American admirers to the executive committee. Subscriptions may also be sent direct to "The William H. Hudson Memorial Fund" at the London County Westminster and Paris Bank, Covent Garden Branch.

New Books Received.

The Vision of Desire. By Margaret Pedler. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.
"The flowering of love from the ashes of disillusion."

Kai Lung's Golden Hours. By Ernest Bramah. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.50.
With a preface hy Hilaire Belloc.

Success. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverhrook. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25.
An analysis of success.

Teodoro the Sage. By Luigi Lucatelli. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
Translated hy Morris Bishop.

Have You an Enchanted Heart? By Gelett Burgess. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.
By the author of "Are You a Bromide?"

Rock-Flower. By Jeanne Robert Foster. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.75.
Verse.

The Barge of Haunted Lives. By J. Aubrey Tyson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A mystery story.

Human Traits and Their Social Significance. By Irwin Edman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.75.
Psychology for every one.

Four of a Kind. By J. P. Marquand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.
Four stories.

The Nineteen Hundreds. By Horace Wyndham. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.50.
Reminiscences of a journalist.

Success Inevitable. By Joseph White Norwood. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; $1.50.
"The truth about applied psychology."

If Britain Is to Live. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.
"A challenge to complacency."

If Hamilton Were Alive Today. By Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.
"American fundamentals applied to modern problems."

Lives of Girls Who Became Famous. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.
Juvenile.

The Goose-Step. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena: Privately printed; $2.
A study of American education.

The Flight. By Muriel Hine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.
A novel.

Cole of Spyglass Mountain. By Arthur Preston Hankins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
An adventure story.

Queen of the World. By George Weston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
A mystery story.

Sir or Madam. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
A novel.

A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt. By Grace Thompson Seton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $3.
Adventures in modern Egypt.

A Beachcomber in the Orient. By Harry L. Foster. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $3.
Travels through Borneo, China, Japan and the Philippines.



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RUTH DRAPER'S IMPERSONATIONS.

Ruth Draper has attained fame since her last visit to San Francisco several years ago. Not only has she now become widely known in the East, and more particularly in New York, but she won great admiration for her remarkable impersonations during a London engagement, so that her fame is becoming international.

Consequently as hers was the fifth event of the Alice Seckels Monday matinées, the ballroom of the St. Francis was stormed on Monday afternoon, and many of the fashionable throng were obliged to turn away disappointed. Fortunately, however, the lady will return, and, on account of the large number unable to obtain admittance, she will appear at Scottish Rite Hall, on the afternoon of April 3d and the evening of April 8th, when new programmes will be presented.

Miss Draper was revealed to her expectant audience as a slender woman with an interestingly graphic face and a most expressive body. But she is equipped for her line of work with a master-force of keenly observant yet sympathetic perceptions, and an ability to reproduce in physiognomy, mien, the play of expression, consistent gesture and a voice that accords the various characters she impersonates.

She began as a French dressmaker, by turns beguiling with honeyed tongue the patronage of a rich customer and addressing in sharp, strident accents her employees in an adjoining room. In this sketch we got a taste of Miss Draper's linguistic ahilities, and also recognized her power in slipping completely out of one investiture of mood or character into another.

Before the afternoon was over we realized that we were enjoying a group of the finest impersonations we had ever seen. We are accustomed to the character travesties of vaudeville, or those sudden but unsustained impersonations that practiced entertainers can give. But these were different. Each was carefully finished, for it is plain that Miss Draper supplements her natural gifts of varied expression with careful attention to detail. While all seems instinctive, the discriminating observer will perceive the results of perpetual study and observation. And then there is that mysterious power that even players themselves are not ahle to analyze, but which must reside particularly in the imaginative faculties, which enables them to shed their own personality and become another being.

That is very remarkably developed in Ruth Draper, who certainly is a remarkable woman. For she first observes her subjects, then studies them, then writes her own sketches, and finally appears before her public and in the course of a couple of hours becomes graphically, vividly, and completely ten or a dozen entirely different people.

All this is accomplished without the adventitious aids of stage sets or costume changes. No other person appeared on the stage, and yet "At an Art Exhibition" I doubt not that to everybody as to me it ceased to be a stage and became an art gallery.

In work whose results stamp Miss Draper as supremely an artist we recognize the application of the familiar saying about genius. For Miss Draper leaves nothing to chance inspiration, but in everything she does, if it is only to pantomime eating with an air of youthful relish, she takes such an infinity of pains that the result is perfect naturalness.

Miss Draper's observation of human life is both sympathetic and humorous, and her taste is so perfect that she never overdoes. In "A Class in Greek Poise," even while her audience was laughing perpetually she herself never forgot that she was a teacher, a conscientious teacher, unconsciously ridiculous to the sophisticated judgment, but wholly admirable to her equally earnest and limited pupils.

It is this admirahle judgment, balance, taste and consistency that, added to her other qualities, causes her character sketches to be so lifelike.

Miss Draper gave a programme of six different sketches, of which one included representatives of three generations in a Yiddish family, and the other showed the same woman in youth, maturity, and age. Besides these she gave a couple of additional sketches as encores, so that we saw her, besides in the impersonations mentioned, as an American débutante, a Scotch immigrant, and an Englishwoman displaying an imaginary garden to an imaginary friend; each portrait wholly differentiated from the other.

Her work is a revelation in its artistic finish, and will probably cause a cloud of followers in her footsteps to take up a similar line under the impression that it is a vogue. But it is not a vogue, for Ruth Draper is *sui generis*.

"ROBIN HOOD."

This motion picture, now running at the Curran, is one of the most if not the most resplendent we have seen. The part of the story centring at the court of King Richard allows for a lot of pageantry, beside which the effort at similar effects in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" hides its diminished head. There is much more finish to the mass effects accomplished in this picture, and so much detail that as the pictures rapidly succeed each other one feels like calling out, "Oh, for heaven's sake, give us a chance to see it all!" But it is always the case. The pictures, which are worth lingering over, must hurry on so that the average movie fan will get his full quota for his money.

Besides all this magnificent pageantry made up of mailed warriors in tilts and tourneys, and marching hosts of crusaders bearing aloft an infinity of standards, there are the camps of the crusaders showing ranks of beautiful military tents. There is the vast castle, a most deceiving structure, for though its stone work does not succeed in looking hoary with age, it certainly looks stony. Architects will be, I should judge, much interested in this tremendous building, in its giant hall which dwarfs the pigmy humans within its confines, and the numerous towers, battlements, winding stairways, donjon keeps, and arched openings in the walls from which we view impressively dwarfed perspectives.

Added to these effects are the beautiful vistas seen beyond the gnarled old oaks in Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood's scores of merry men, the clever traps they laid for King John's remarkably stupid soldiery, and the numerous hiding places in which hundreds of men made themselves invisible when the blundering military appeared.

It was good to hear the delighted laughter of the young men in the audience during these scenes. They were feeling the charm of wild romance in the old story, and responding to the suggested delight of forest freedom and the joy of twitting and outwitting tyranny.

Douglas Fairbanks utilized all his acrohatic stock in trade as Robin Hood. Although his face is filling out, his figure is a knitting-needle of slimness. It is palpable that the camera helps on by speeding up some of his runs and leaps, but nevertheless he goes almost beyond nature in what he can do. And besides his feats in this respect he seems to have scores of acrobats mixed up with Robin Hood's merry young rovers, who mount horses, like Fairbanks, with one spectacular leap, gallop up tree trunks like human squirrels, and leap over huge obstacles apparently in sheer youthful exuberance.

Somehow these lovely movie queens are perpetually disappointing me. Just box-cover prettiness won't wash. They should have some special charm. Enid Bennett is just pretty girl, and that does her up. There is no more to say. There are a lot of other pretty girls rigged up in early Saxon style; long curls, filleted heads, and such abundant draperies that the camera-speeding process to which they have such frequent recourse deprives them of their grace. Darn that camera speeding, anyway!

King Richard and King John are made prominent in the play, Richard's lion heart and other picturesque adjuncts being knocked out of the perspective for the nonce hy the need of keeping the character away from heroic rivalry with that of his friend and favorite knight, the Earl of Huntingdon; later Robin Hood. So Richard is a jolly, laughing king, rather fond of stuffing down food. But Wallace Beery, the actor in the rôle, is a giant of a man, able to carry an adult like a haby, and makes good in the part. De Grasse and Dickey and Alan Hale also do well in their effective rôles of Prince John, Guy of Gisbourne, and Little John.

Of course Douglas Fairbanks is the spectacular figure at all times. And in showing his various feats the story is fitted to the tastes of the thousands who want to be thrilled by improbabilities. But all the same we feel that we have caught resplendent glimpses of the times when Richard reigned, and John schemed, and the good, virtuous outlaws lived in Sherwood Forest, redressing wrongs, and, I do not doubt, cursing the shrewish climate of merry England, which is not favorable to living outdoors.

THE TITTA RUFFO CONCERT.

Titta Ruffo's singing had a powerful rival at last Sunday's concert, and that was the irresistible Titta himself. The Italian singer is a child of nature, which fact was demonstrated on our very first glimpse of his entering smile. It is a rare possession, that smile. It would launch Titta on a pleasant professional journey around the world if he possessed only half his present vocal endowments.

Besides the smile, which came and went fitfully, Titta—of course we all Christian-named him on the spot, for keeps—pantomimed to the audience, metaphysically shook hands with us all, did shake bands three or four times with Saslavsky and an uncountable numher of times with a lot of people up in front, and radiated in every look and gesture the attraction of the unconscious charmer. At one time during the programme, so potent was this charm, the audience's response suddenly burst bounds. His expansive countrymen in particular vivaed and bravaed, called for favorite songs, and addressed Titta in affectionate terms. Titta became grave, said to them in Italian, "Pray, be good!" and shook his finger reprovingly, gesticulated delightfully, meandered around the platform; but no matter how vociferous became the demonstrations of his appreciators you never once saw a gleam of gratified vanity on the singer's decidedly unclassic countenance.

Titta knows by experience that audiences—Italian-American ones in particular—are subjugated by some quality in him that he probably regards as an inconvenience. Being delightfully expansive by nature, he involuntarily responds, and then finds himself up to his neck in work. Then he probably says inwardly, "Oh, dash it all, here I am up against it again!" For Titta looks like an enjoyer of comfort, and the infatuated audience kept the poor dear thing sprinting continually from the roomy spaces at the rear, up the intervening stairs, and far forward to the stage centre.

The same delightful magnetism extends to the famous baritone's singing. His voice is round, and full-hodied, and sonorous, and mellow as golden autumn, and sweet as honey when he sings of love, and as full of mischief as a schoolboy's when he gives the self-exploiting song of Figaro, the town factotum.

That was the numher to remember. Any one who heard Stracciari—whom Frank Healy, local impresario for Titta Ruffo, brought out here several years ago—heard the aria delivered with matchless art; for Stracciari, although his voice has certain limitations, is supremely the artist in his treatment of it. And now, on Sunday, we heard the number given with equal art, and in a voice that is next door to perfection.

As there are few perfect things in the world, Titta Ruffo's voice has its fault; with all its wealth of volume and color, its splendid vitality, and its rolling freedom of delivery, it has a tendency to thin and lose its beauty of tone in the less dramatic phases of bis song. But the general effect is of unusual vocal splendor.

Yvonne d'Arles, a very comely young singer from the Metropolitan ranks, alternated with Titta Ruffo on the programme, exhihiting a rich if cool soprano in her several numhers, so rich in tone and ample in volume that her pressure in the upper register was quite unnecessary.

The People's Symphony Orchestra, which shows greatly improved team work from its continued concerts, did good service in orchestral accompaniment, and contributed three interesting numbers to the programme.

COMEDY AT THE PLAZA.

This week, in contrast to the solemn and lofty beauty of Masefield's tragedy as given last week, the Greek players arc appearing at the Plaza in a jolly comedy nicely adapted to the tastes of youth, called "Rollo's Wild Oat."

Rollo is a harmless and engaging youth whose teasing sister indicates these qualities by the singular number she gives to the lonely oat sown hy her brother.

I forget now whether the oat was Rollo's girl or his going off on a Hamlet-playing jamboree. But it doesn't matter, as the comedy is very light; quite the lightest that I remember from Clare Kummer's facile pen.

She has quite an idea, that of showing the ridiculousness of a lot of inept would-be actors solemnly and portentously setting about the husiness of playing Shakespeare's greatest tragedy. Besides this idea, Rollo's sudden love affair—which is meat, and drink, and nuts and wine to the numerous chuckling, sym-



Pulgas Tunnel

Pulgas Tunnel takes its name from Pulgas Ridge, and Pulgas Ridge from Pulgas Rancho, an old Spanish grant in San Mateo County. Pulgas means "fleas."

Pulgas Tunnel is being drifted through Pulgas Ridge by the City of San Francisco as part of the programme of coöperation hetween City and water company that will increase the daily supply of water from 42 to 66 million gallons by 1925.

Pulgas Tunnel starts northwest of Redwood City and ends at Crystal Springs Reservoir. It will be 8750 feet long. Work proceeds briskly at hoth ends. The tunnel is half finished.

While the City drives Pulgas Tunnel and acquires right-of-way for the rest of the Hetch Hetchy line from Irvington to Redwood City, Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam to a height at which it will add 24 million gallons daily to the water supply. The company is also enlarging and extending its conduit facilities from Calaveras to Irvington.

Pulgas Tunnel is paid for out of Hetch Hetchy bonds, but the bond interest is paid by Spring Valley.

One of the conditions exacted by the City before it approved the "water agreement" drawn up by the Railroad Commission was that the water company must pay interest on all the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to finance the City line from Irvington to Crystal Springs. And when the line is completed, Spring Valley must pay the City for the use of it.

Recognizing that the City's goal is municipal ownership of the supply, Spring Valley acceoted these and other drastic conditions, and is co-operating whole-heartedly in the schedule of development now being carried out.

Recent refinancing of the company's indehtedness in the amount of $22,000,000 has focused attention on the agreement made by the City and company at the instance of the Railroad Commission, and on the work heing done from Calaveras to Pulgas Tunnel.

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pathetic young things in the audience—gets mixed up with Hamlet, and there is a lot of adolescent joy in the piece.

It makes, as already stated, a contrast to the Japanese tragedy, gives a lot of the players opportunity, as there is a large cast, and since the Greek Players can not yet be regarded as full-blown professionals, it gives them the desirable experience of tackling the gossamer lightness of farce-comedy; no easy job, either, light as it may seem.

Lois Austen is attractively artless as the ingénue, Phyllis Blake—who needs badly to revise her over-Americanized intonation—is also appropriately girlish, and Mary Morris gave a professional finish to her take-off of the retired actress.

The group of men players, which included Messrs. Corrigan, Glass, Karp, Barnwell, Herzog and Tulloc, were able in ministering to the joy of the laughers in front, who kept up a perpetual gale of merriment, Messrs. Corrigan, Glass, and Barnwell being the liveliest ministrants.

It is odd what a sixth sense is often possessed by theatre-goers. "Rollo's Wild Oat," like "Clarence," is emphatically a play for the young, and the audience that I saw largely consisted of young people who were enormously tickled by humor that only moderately moved the older, sadder, and more subdued contingent to laughter.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETS.

At the Paul Elder Gallery recently Genevieve Taggard acted as an interpreter, in that the California poetess, who has a most pleasing platform presence, read lovingly, and in a voice of silver, a number of the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

This poetess seems to be regarded by the young school of poets—perhaps more particularly by the women—as their favorite child of her generation, the chosen one who voices most felicitously all that they wish to express. What that may be is something of a puzzle to the older generation. But, setting aside their cult of imagistic verse, in which a mood or a momentary visualization is vividly enshrined, in words that often have a sort of hard, definite glitter, they seem to wish to celebrate their emancipation from the conventions imposed by the Victorians. They scorn the old romantic idea of constancy, even while musically mourning the death of a present love. And they wish to beautify certain phases of love toward which the Victorians preserved a blushing reticence. In this respect they are perfectly, startlingly fearless.

The verses of Edna St. Vincent Millay received charming expression from Genevieve Taggard, a poetess whose own verses, some of which she read, flow musically, and are characterized by modern impressionism, but who has not yet compassed the free and clear expression of moods, emotions, impressions and tendernesses that characterize Edna St. Vincent Millay. As yet Genevieve Taggard's verse has much that is indefinite in expression, and vague in meaning, whereas the better-known writer, in poetry at least, is not apt to set her readers floundering. In fact, one of the established rules of the Imagists is never to allow any superfluous expression in their verse.

It was an interesting experience to hear the verses of one of the most prominent of the standard-bearers of the new school of poetry read by so ardent a disciple, and one of a kind that we bope to be indebted to Mr. Elder to have repeated in the future.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia

Elsie Ferguson comes to the Columbia Theatre on the night of Monday, April 2d, bringing her new play, "The Wheel of Life." The movie fans who have long counted Miss Ferguson one of their favorite screen stars, and the play-goers who admire this actress as one of the foremost of our exponents of the legitimate drama, will welcome the opportunity to see her in a speaking part, the first since she appeared here in "Outcast."

In support of Miss Ferguson we are to see the original American cast, which was so decidedly endorsed in London. The play is from the pen of James Bernard Fagan, an English author. Mail orders for seats are now being received.

The Fred Stone engagement at the Columbia Theatre will come to a close with this Sunday evening's performance of "Tip Top," and the theatre will be dark during the week commencing March 26th.

At the Curran.

Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" will open the second big week at the Curran Theatre on Sunday. Matinées are becoming very popular on account of the crowds that are jamming the theatre nightly.

In this picture Fairbanks has surrounded himself with competent players, fit for the different rôles they portray. Among the more conspicuous are Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, Alan Hale, Sam De Grasse, William Lowery and Willard Lewis. Allan Dwan directed the production.

The Orpheum Next Week.

With the Duncan Sisters making their first Western visit since their stardom and the Cansinos, Spain's wonder dancers, remaining a second week, the Orpheum bill for the week starting Sunday matinée, March 25th, promises to be one of the strongest of the season.

"The Cake Eaters" is a time playlet based on the ways of the "flippers" and "flappers" of our present generations. It is presented by Jean Adair, well-known legitimate actress.

Athletes who have been attractions in such shows as the "Ziegfeld Follies," the "Whirl of New York," the "Passing Show," and "The Music Box Revue" are Rath Brothers, who present a study in endurance and athletic prowess.

"Before and After" is the title of the fine bit of humor offered by Raymond Wylie and Marie W. Hartman.

Fred Hughes is a Welsh tenor who is sure to prove a delight to lovers of music.

A production of artistry and beauty is "Rainbow's End," presented by beautiful metropolitan artists' models directed by Ray Wynne, with ingenious lighting and electrical effects.

Bob Drakeman and company are farceurs, and the Cansinos remain for a second week.

Ruffo to Sing on Easter Sunday.

Immediately after Titta Ruffo sang "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville" last Sunday at the Exposition Auditorium, and while the house was echoing with applause, Manager Frank W. Healy went to the dressing room of the great baritone and obtained his consent to sing a second concert in San Francisco at 2:30 on Easter Sunday, April 1st.

Among the selections for the Easter Sunday concert is the prologue to "Pagliacci." Ruffo is the only baritone who sings it in the original key, and without a cut between the first and second parts. Accompanied by the magnificent organ in the Auditorium, he will sing "Cantabile de Rysoor," from the sacred lvric drama "Patrie" of Paladilhe, the celebrated French composer. He has also consented to sing the "Toreador Song" from Bizet's "Carmen."

As an extra number Ruffo will render an old ballade from Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africaine," in which the semi-savage Nelusko tells of "Adamastor, roi des vagues profondes" (Adamastor, monarch of the trackless deep), a savage invocation to sea and storm, chanted to the rising of a hurricane, by the most dramatic figure among the characters of the opera.

Ruffo will have as assisting artists at the Easter Sunday concert Miss Yvonne D'Arle, lvric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Max Merson, accompanist. Miss D'Arle will sing "Bianca Luce" from "L'Oracolo," the beautiful "Air des Bijoux" from "Faust," and a group of English songs. Mr. Merson will be heard in an instrumental number, "Ballade in B Minor," of Liszt, and the concert will close with the duet from "Thaïs," sung by Miss D'Arle and Mr. Ruffo. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Jessie B. Rittenhouse, antbologist and critic, will visit San Francisco to deliver two lectures and readings in the Paul Elder Gallery during the coming week. Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock she will speak on "Leading Figures in the Poetic Revival," with readings from Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg and Amy Lowell. Thursday afternoon her subject will be "Our Women Poets," with readings from Sara Teasdale, Edna Vincent Millay, and others.

Inayat Khan, Hindu mystic and musician, will open his San Francisco season in the Paul Elder Gallery next Wednesday morning at 10:30, speaking on "The Science and Art of Hindu Music." Thursday evening at 8:15 he will speak on "A Universe in Man."

Monday afternoon at 2, Juliet James will give the first lecture on Tutankhamen, illustrated with lantern slides. The second lecture, describing the find at the tomb, also illustrated, will be given Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

The week in the Paul Elder Gallery will be closed with a lecture by Robin Lampson, formerly a reader in the Slavic department of Stanford University and translator of Russian verse, who has recently returned from Russia. He will speak on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock on "The Moscow Art Theatre and Its Plays," discussing the performance in Moscow and New York.

Prague's Golden Temple.

The theatre holds a position in Czechoslovak life that is almost incomprehensible to a foreigner. The Golden Temple, the national art theatre of Prague, is the greatest of Czech national institutions. It belongs to the people in fact, for it was built by subscriptions gathered in all the villages and hamlets of Bohemia. The entire house is sold out by subscription and the interest of the subscribers is so great that outsiders can rarely buy a ticket to a performance.

Stephen Leacock contributes to *Harper's* an article on "The Modern Piffle Play."

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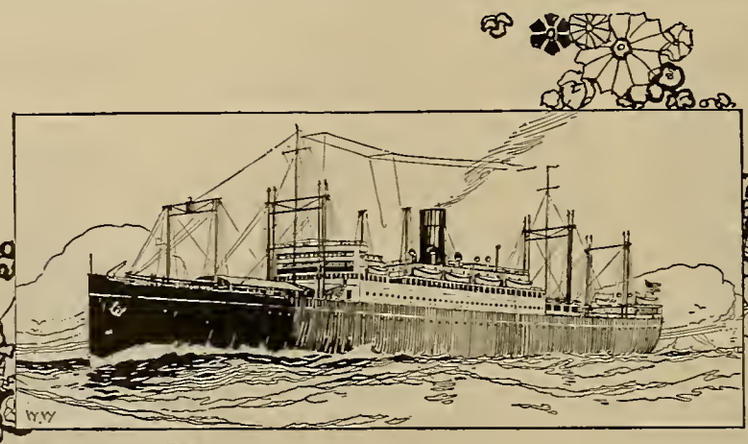
VANITY FAIR.

Persons occupying exalted positions must remain exalted or they will come near to giving up the positions; at least they may expect to descend somewhat. It is not easy for royalty to maintain its pose these democratic days, and every little slip hurts. Not moral slips. Gracious, no! Apparently moral slips never hurt kings. One of the most regal kings in England was Charles II, and when did Charles ever rosin his feet so that he should not slip morally? And think of Henry II of France, and Louis XIV, and Nebuchadnezzar. There seems to be one direction in which royalty is licensed to go as far as it likes; but neither royalty nor any connection of it can mow a comedian's lawn. Lord Mountbatten, chum and cousin of the Prince of Wales, who was over here recently with his bride, and who became much interested in the movie colony at Hollywood, has been caught by the camera, not in the arms of a film blonde, but mowing the grass for Charlie Chaplin; and it is said that certain exalted London personages are deeply displeased. They do not regard it as paying his devoirs to the Muses, not in any sense a service of art or of an artist, but an undignified and rather low thing to do. If Lord Mountbatten had savored a typical Hollywood scandal, if he had followed an example often set by royalty, and temporarily abandoned his bride for one of the beautiful boneheads of the screen, it may be doubted if any exalted personage in London would have taken him to task about it. But when he grasps the handles of Charlie Chaplin's lawn-mower, "puts his back into it," and proceeds to do some honest work, royalty's relation to the social structure of empires is affected and the policies of state are in danger. So much seems to depend on what people expect. Since the days of Prince Hal and his friend Pistol, and, in fact, long before that, subjects have expected sovereigns and nobility to be more or less profligate, but never industrious. Some day some dramatist is going to supply us with a good comedy depicting a prince or a royal duke of scholarly or toilsome proclivities, laboring at the distasteful task of profligacy in order to live up to what the people expect; and perhaps disappointing the empire by relapsing into useful work. The theme is commended to the topsy-turvy Shaw.

It is likely that such inverted ideas of what is becoming in exalted personages are more strongly supported by the women than by the men. There is something charmingly perverse about such episodes as this: a personal friend of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia received from him some photographs of Nicholas and his children snowballing one another, and of a tug-of-war in which his daughters, the archduchesses, were yanking the Emperor of Russia over the grass. The pictures were delightfully domestic scenes, identifying both father and children as units of what some genius has alluded to as the so-called human race. There could not have been a better advertisement for a candidate for governor of an American state, or, for that matter, a candidate for the presidency. Any American patriotic voter would have looked at them and said: "There can't be much wrong with a man that plays that way with his children" (in spite of the fact that some of the worst crooks on earth are fond of children), and because they supposed there was not much wrong with him, they would have voted for him, feeling that he was a safe candidate. They do it by the millions in this country every two years, and oftener when they get the chance. But in Russia things were different. The recipient of the photographs dropped in at the imperial palace for lunch one day, and received an intimation from the empress that she thought the pictures lowered the imperial dignity, and would appreciate it if he would return them; which he did. Think of the good American publicity the Czar lost that time. And it might have been good Russian publicity, too. Who knows but that if the revolutionists had seen such pictures, if they had realized that a Czar was just a man with a man's love for his kiddies, they might not have butchered him and his family. But the Czarina felt no fear of the moral judgment of the Russians—only of their possible reaction to a diminution of the imperial dignity. Alas, poor royalty! Starch failed to keep it on the throne, and today graves are being searched for some of its jewels. Dignity may be all right, if women like it and the people are willing to admire it. But how can it be undignified for a man to romp with his children? Edward I was the stateliest of English sovereigns, but on Christmas eve the servants carried him off in a chair and would not let him down until he had paid a money fine.

The indictment for perjury of Evan Burrowes Fontaine and her mother is likely to prove a gratifying and comforting thing to wealthy parents all over the country, and particularly in New York. It will mean that the susceptibility of male youth is to be better protected, and that the world will be, not exactly safe, but less perilous for Yale freshmen whose fathers have long rent rolls, and safe-deposit boxes stuffed with tax-free bonds; and whose mothers have matrimonial plans for them outside the coterie of footlight favorites. The million-dollar breach of promise suit against young Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney is probably knocked into the proverbial cocked hat by the rude handling of Supreme Court Justice Thompson, who says a fraud has been perpetrated on the court, and implies that the dancer was not the innocent and helpless young thing described in the complaint, whose affections were abused to her undoing, but a married woman, well informed matrimonially, over and above all the information she may have gained carrying a spear and doing steps on the stage. Moreover, the Texas marriage she had annulled on the ground that she had only lived with the bridegroom three hours, hardly long enough to get real well acquainted, never was really dissolved, and so the public may infer that the soft murmurings of love poured into her ears by young Whitney were really void and of no effect in a legal sense, and a rotten foundation for an action at law. The lady is still married, and it looks as though she would have to get her million dollars somewhere else. That ought to knock a large hole in the breach of promise industry in New York, which has been threatening of late to rival the old illegitimate son industry of San Francisco. Yale freshmen will find it much safer to dally with ladies of the chorus of certain or uncertain social status, and their fond fathers and mothers will sleep easier, knowing that no matter what may happen to their wandering boys, the rent rolls and the tax-free securities are comparatively safe. It is a blessed assurance, and society will feel that its foundations have been greatly reinforced. Young Mr. Whitney can enter upon his newly-wedded life completely exonerated, since if he made any promises to the dancing lady she was in no condition to take them seriously and she in her turn is free to resume what the feller called "martial relations" with her Texas husband—if she can find him.

Our female uplifters have hit upon a new fad that promises to enlist, expand, and develop to fourfold energy their already high potency of sentiment. This time it is the teaching of motherhood in the high schools. The idea comes from Detroit, the Wheel City. It appears that there is general dissatisfaction with motherhood as at present achieved and conducted, that few persons are altogether content with the way other persons bring up their children, that there are few persons without children who could not do a better job at rearing them than those to whom it has pleased God to send them, and that in short contemporary mothers know little of their work, and their mothers knew less and are incompetent to advise. The old-fashioned mother that cured most of little Johnny's ills, that kissed away the pain from his bruised finger, patched his little trousers when and where they needed it, fed him what he liked and throve upon, washed his face and combed his hair and sent him off to school, told him fairy stories to heal his little hurts, and rocked him to sleep at night, and when he had anything serious the matter with him sent for the doctor and bad him restored to health, is now a hack number. She did not learn these things in school, according to a bureaucratic formula, and so the system is all wrong. One would suppose that whatever the formulæ for motherhood, the instruction in them might be left until motherhood occurred; but no—high school girls are to be told all about it. The ordinary course of love and nature are too slow, or too crude, or too human. Of course, it is not proposed to teach high school girls how to become mothers—merely how to be mothers after they are mothers. It seems to be recognized in some dim and indeterminate way that in becoming mothers no instruction is needed. But you never can tell. In the current mania for teaching other people how to conduct their lives there may grow some plan of instruction in the most important part of the business, namely, the beginning, or becoming. That ought to make Heraclitus feel real pleased. You can hardly practice motherhood without children to practice it on, and the next step in official interference with private affairs may be at this point, although just how the instruction shall proceed we are at a loss to imagine.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Elizabeth had an active mind and was always ready with an answer for her mother on every occasion. One day her mother ran into her in the dark passageway. "Oh, Elizabeth," she said, "I beg your pardon." Elizabeth looked up and with her ever-ready answer said, "Yes, mother, you're heggared."

The text was the judgment day, and the priest held forth eloquently on the awesome theme. After the sermon one of his parishioners approached him and said, "Father, do ye mean to say that on the judgment day ivery wan will he there?" "Yes, Pat," answered the priest. "And will Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell be there? And will Tim Mahaney and Mike Flannagan he there, too?" "Yes, every one will he there," said the priest patiently. "Ah, father," said Pat, "thin there'll he no judging done the first day."

In Nevada a woman's club with charitahle leanings staged a vaudeville show at the "University of Time," as the state penal institution is facetiously called. One of the women had to return to town early, and not wishing to disturh the other entertainers she appealed to the officer in whose charge they had been placed. The latter courteously offered to send her home in his car with a "trusty" as chauffeur. After starting on her homeward journey with the convict the lady regretted her rashness and decided to extricate herself at all costs. "Are you sure you have time to take me all the way to the city?" she nervously hegan. "Well, madam," the convict answered, "I have five gallons of gas and fourteen years."

Vachell Lindsay, the tramping poet, said in Chicago the other day: "Lynching would cease hut for the fact that our lynchers always think they are doing the right thing. I remember, one hlazing hot afternoon in Georgia, I met a farmer in his Sunday clothes sitting on a fence swearing and cursing terribly. I stopped and said: 'What's the trouble, friend?' 'Why, gosh hang it all,' said the farmer, as he mopped his wet, red face. 'Here I been and legged it all the way from Hogg's Crossin', a matter of seventeen miles, to see Bildad Clay get lynched, and durn me if the sheriff didn't spirit him away somehow, and the hoys were so weak-minded they stood fur it. Stranger——' And the farmer raised his arm in an oratorical gesture. 'Stranger, is the kuntry driftin' hack to harharism?' "

Stories of the late Richard Croker were heing told in a Democratic club. "Croker was in a hurry to get to Alhany one day," said a contractor. "He reached the station just as the train started, so he ran a step or two and grahhed the handrail of a coach and was about to hop ahoard when somehody clutched him hy the coat tails and pulled him off. It was a hrakeman, very angry and hlustering. 'There, I've saved your life,' the hrakeman said. 'Don't never try to hop a train when she's in motion again.' Then, as the train continued to gather speed, the brakeman skillfully swung himself on the steps of the last coach; but Croker, with a strong jerk, plucked him off like a ripe peach. 'You saved my life,' said the boss. 'Allow me to save yours.' "

Hitherto the proceedings of the Filipino legislature have heen in Tagalog or in Spanish, although English is technically the official language. But the last election returned to the legislature a numher of young men educated in English schools in the Philippines or in the United States. They are intent upon breaking up the older generation of Filipino puhlic men, who received their early training under the Spanish régime. Therefore quite a sensation was caused in the gallery of the House recently when English was used for the first time in dehate. The speech was admirahle in point of brevity and can be reported in full. It was addressed hy one of the memhers to a colleague on the floor, and was: "Sit down, boy!"

Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima donna, has heen telling us something about the great men she has met in her lifetime, writes Sir John Foster Fraser in *Arts and Decoration*. As everyhody knows, she is an Australian; indeed her professional name Melba is taken from the town of Melbourne. She tells that when Lord Kitchener arrived in Australia he was so fêted and so many parties were given for him that she felt it would be only worrying him to write. However, she received a letter: "Don't you think it is unkind of you not to send me a little line of welcome in your own country?" and the result was she dined with him and the governor-general and the governor of Victoria. After dinner the three men knelt before her. "I know what you want," she said, "but I won't." Kitchener drew her apart. "Madam," he said, "I have been an exile for eight years. Will you not sing just one verse of 'Home, Sweet Home'?" Melha sat down at the piano and when she had finished singing there was silence. Kitchener then came up and kissed her hand. And down his face two great tears were rolling. "And," says the prima donna, "if anybody tells me that Kitchener had no heart I have my answer ready."

Mrs. Patrick Camphell in her book, "My Life and Some Letters," writes of the Divine Sarah: "Her company indiscreetly told me that Mme. Sarah had never heen known to make fun, or laugh on the stage. In a tobacconist's shop I saw a tobacco pouch made in the shape of a fish, and painted to represent one. I hought it, took it to the theatre, and tied it down to a bit of canvas at the bottom of the well at the fountain. At the performance, when Sarah came to the second act and stood hy the *fontaine des avengles*, she spied the fish and began improvising ahout *les poissons la. . . .* She stooped gracefully over the edge to take the fish out; as it was tied, she nearly lost her balance. Without concern she went on calmly with her part. I laughed, spoiling my lovely little scene. When the curtain fell Sarah did not allude to what had happened, neither did I. The next day when we lunched together she had a strange, preoccupied expression on her face. Later, at the matinée, when we came to the cave scene, at the point where she tenderly takes my hand and helps me over the rocks, she took hold of my hand, hard—squash—she held a raw egg in hers."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The End of the Lend.

I lent a book to him;
He lent it to a friend;
The friend may take a whim
The favor to extend!
He'll lend it to another,
His sister or his brother,
And one of these days, maybe,
My book will be lent to me!
—*LaT. H. in Life.*

The Latest Crime Wave.

"The Egyptian motif will be smart in spring styles."—*Fashion note.*

Poiret will get his model
From Egyptologists;
"Pet seals" will writbe and waddle
In "Tutankhamen twists."
The livest dancing places
Will be disguised as tombs;
Slinkers with gilded faces
Slouch in sepulchral glooms.
Bulls will be known as Apis;
Boozesalesmen bound to please
Will promise, by Serapis,
Pre-Volstead dynasties.
Poets in hieroglyphics
Will garb the higher gammon;
Cats will be called Bubastes,
Babes christened Tutankhamen.
—*Keith Preston in Judge.*

Scientific Diet.

I eat my raisins and my yeast,
Absorb my iron and vitamines.
Three times a day I go to feast
Along these scientific lines.

I take my grape juice in between,
A good thing, as you must allow.
Affairs with me are all serene,
I'm boarding at the drug store now.
—*William S. Adkins in Judge.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Aitken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Aitken of Manila, to Lieutenant William Hine Galhraith, U. S. N., son of Mr. John Howard Galhraith of Columhus, Ohio.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Washhurn, daughter of Mrs. Florence Savier Washhurn of St. Paul, to Mr. Charles Percival Jones took place on February 17th at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Stanley Washhurn, at Lakewood, New Jersey.

The marriage of Miss Hatherly Brittain, daughter of Mrs. John E. Brittain of Piedmont, to Mr. William M. Bliss, son of Mr. William S. Bliss, took place at the home of the hride's mother on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Milton Bugbee gave an informal luncheon last week at the San Mateo Polo Cluh.

Mrs. Francis H. Davis entertained at a tea recently at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. James F. Dunne of Hollister.

Mrs. Howard McCandless will he the guest of honor at a hridge-tea given hy Miss Dorothy Jordan on March 31st.

Miss Helen Garritt was the honored guest at a farewell dinner given just before her departure for Europe hy Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade.

Mrs. Rennie Schwerin entertained at a small luncheon recently at the Women's Athletic Cluh, and later took her guests to the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a farewell dinner last week at their home on Scott Street to Dr. and Mrs. Herhert Moffitt.

Mr. William W. Crocker entertained a small party over the week-end at his home at Pehhle Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Ward Dawson will he hostess at a luncheon next Wednesday at her home in Piedmont in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley.

Mrs. Howard Brush gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Helen Foster.

Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, was hostess at a tea last week.

Mr. George Montgomery was a recent host at a dinner, chaperoned hy Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

A musicale, arranged hy Sigmund Beel, was given last week at the Officers' Club at the Presidio, at which Mrs. Louis Brechemin was the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald, Jr., entertained a dozen friends at dinner last Friday at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Hillyer Brown of San Rafael was hostess on Friday last at a hridge party given in honor of Miss Apple of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who has heen visiting Mrs. Philip Foster Brown.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Casaday gave a farewell dinner in honor of Major and Mrs. Huher at their home at the Presidio.

A picnic was given last Saturday hy Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home, Carolands, near Burlingame.

Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a farewell luncheon last week for Miss Helen Garritt, prior to her departure for the East and Europe.

Miss Dorothy Jordan is entertaining at a series of hridge-teas at her home at the Presidio.

Miss Anita Berendsen gave a bridge party at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Chester Williams and Mrs. Howard McCandless.

Mrs. Charles R. McCormick entertained the memhers of the Monday Afternoon Cluh at a luncheon and card party at the Francisca Cluh.

A numher of farewell parties are heing given for Major and Mrs. Edward J. Huher on the eve of their departure for Boston. Among the hosts are Major Max R. Stockton and Mrs. Stockton, Mrs. Hastie Stuart, and Colonel and Mrs. Euclid B. Frick.

Mrs. Donald Walsh gave a hridge party and shower for Miss Katherine Bentley last week.

Mrs. Somers Peterson and Mrs. Ward Mailliard, Jr., are giving a luncheon on Friday of this week in honor of Mrs. Frank Simmons of Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. Henry Howard Shields entertained at dinner last week in honor of Baron Akelheim of Sweden.

Mrs. Harry Hush Magee gave a luncheon last Friday at the Woman's Athletic Cluh in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery gave a dinner last Friday in celehration of the hirthday of Mrs. Lowery's father, Mr. Charles N. Black.

Mrs. Warren Dearhorn Clark gave a children's party last week at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Charlotte Zeil gave a hridge party last week in honor of Miss Emily Apple of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford were hosts at a dinner at their home on Broadway last week.

Miss Emily Apple was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given hy Mrs. Ralph Palmer.

Miss Louise Sewall, daughter of Mrs. Grosvenor Backus of New York, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy Miss Mary Donohoe and Miss Barhara Donohoe.

Mrs. Walter Filer entertained at a small luncheon last week at her apartment on California Street.

Mrs. George Barnett, wife of General Barnett, U. S. M. C., recently gave a hreakfast and mah jongg party at her home on Gough Street.

Miss Jean Boyd of San Rafael was hostess at a harhecue picnic last week in Bear Valley. Miss Louise Sewall of New York, Miss Emily Apple of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and Miss Bacon of New Jersey were the honored guests. The party was chaperoned hy Mrs. George Boyd.

Miss Ruth Hohart and Mr. William W. Crocker, whose engagement was recently announced, were the guests of honor at a dinner given hy Mr. William H. Crocker at his home in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper were hosts at a luncheon given last Sunday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Harry Hill was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at the Francisca Cluh.

Mrs. Marian Dunne entertained recently at a hridge party in honor of Miss Helen Foster.

Commander Homer B. Poundstone, U. S. N., and Mrs. Poundstone are giving a dinner on Saturday evening at the Hotel Oakland in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Sims.

Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained at a luncheon on Saturday last in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hugh Porter.

Mrs. Hewitt Davenport was hostess at a hridge and mah jongg party last week complimentary to Mrs. Ralph King of Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy gave a dinner last Saturday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Cluh, at which Mr. Edward Johnson, the singer, was the honored guest.

The annual costume hall of the older girls of Miss Burke's School was held last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner last Friday evening at their home on Vallejo Street.

Count Hugo von Lerchenfeld of Bavaria was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Friday evening hy Dr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling were hosts at a luncheon on Sunday last at the Burlingame Country Cluh.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martindale gave a farewell dinner on Friday of last week in honor of Colonel John T. Knight, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Joseph gave a dinner last Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Count von Lerchenfeld.

Among those who entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Cluh on Sunday last were Mrs. Milton Bughee, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gihson and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy.

Mrs. Augustin S. MacDonald was hostess at a hridge-tea last week at her home on Pine Street.

Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten gave a hridge-tea last week in honor of her house guest, Miss Christine Newman of Connecticut.

At a meeting of the Corona Cluh on Thursday Ruth Comfort Mitchell read from "Narratives in Verse," her recently-published book of poems.

Mrs. Frank Deering is giving a talk on Saturday of this week on "Easter in Spain" at the headquarters of the American Association of University Women.

Miss Druscilla Baldwin of Berkeley was hostess last Friday at a mah jongg party and tea in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown gave a dinner and mah jongg party for thirty guests in the Fahle Room of the Hotel St. Francis last Tuesday evening, March 20th.

At the St. Francis.

Monday's weather and the spring fashion shows in the shops hrought the Peninsula folk to town in numhers, and many of the smart luncheon parties in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis enjoyed the inimitahle Ruth Draper in her character sketches, which were presented at a matinée performance in the Colonial Ballroom.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks was hostess to a group of five in the Garden; Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and Miss Josephine Drown were together; Miss Mary and Miss Eleanor Martin had a few guests; Mrs. Paul Fagan entertained a group of four in the Fable Room, and Mrs. Algernon Gihson was a memher of one of the smaller parties.

Some of the other small groups includéd Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, and Miss Mary Jolliffe; Mrs. Robert I. Bentley, who was hostess to a group of four; Mrs. George Newhall and Mrs. Gerald Rathhone; Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Miss Anne Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kittle Boyd are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Ashe of Los Angeles are heing congratulated on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Garton D. Keyston are heing congratulated on the hirth of a son.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman of New York and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker left for New York last Monday.

Mrs. George A. Pope returned last week from Southern California.

Mrs. Mosely Taylor of Boston will arrive in California in April to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer with their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, will return very shortly to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Grosvenor of Chicago have arrived in California, and Mr. Grosvenor will take part in the polo tournament beginning at Del Monte on March 23d.

Colonel George A. Nelson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nelson, who have been stationed in Louisville, Kentucky, arrived in San Francisco last week and will be at the Presidio for the next two years. Mrs. Nelson, who was formerly Miss Mercedes Hoffman, was a resident of this city before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Krutschnitt, Jr., and their children will spend the summer in Alaska.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who has been confined to the hospital in Santa Barbara, is rapidly recovering from her recent motor accident.

Mr. Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, and Mrs. Root have arrived in San Francisco to visit their daughter, Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, and are staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling spent the week-end at her home at Woodside and was hostess to a small party of friends.

Among those who sailed for Honolulu last week were General Charles Gould Morton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron and Mrs. Patt Kent.

Mr. Rudolf César Bertheau has returned from Europe to New York, where he will remain for some time.

Miss Emily Apple, who has been visiting Mrs. Philip Foster Brown in San Rafael, has returned to her home in the East.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle and her daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, left last Thursday for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Edith Grant, who went to New York last month, will leave shortly for Palm Beach.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, have been staying at their ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. George Converse, who were recently married in Santa Barbara, are at present in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Clement are visiting San Francisco and are staying at the Plaza Hotel.

Lieutenant-Commander Robert Garney, late U. S. N., and Mrs. Garney, of Berkeley, are leaving very shortly for Europe. They will be accompanied by their son, Kenneth Bostwick Garney, and Miss Doris O'Brien of Berkeley.

Mrs. Joseph S. Thompson accompanied her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles G. Norris, on her recent trip to New York.

Mrs. Frank Simmons of Ontario, Canada, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Somers Peterson.

Baron Akreheilm of Sweden, who has been making a short stay in San Francisco, has left for the East on his way to his home in Sweden.

Mrs. Edward Eberle has gone to Panama to join Admiral Eberle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farouharson and Mrs. Murray Innes, who went to Europe in January, are now in Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox and Miss Mary Martin have returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Katherine Ramsey, who has been traveling in Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, is on her way home.

Mrs. Constance Ealand of Santa Barbara, accompanied by her son, sailed for the Orient last week.

Mr. Andrew Carrigan has returned from the East, where he has been for several weeks.

Miss Louise Boyd and Miss Katherine Donohoe have gone to Yosemite Valley for a short visit.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and her niece, Miss Mary Emma Flood, are now in New York and expect to go to Palm Beach very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman and Miss Janet Coleman, who have been on a motor tour of Southern California, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Martin Quinn of New York has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, has been spending a week with her uncle, Mr. Orville Baldwin, at his ranch in Mendocino County.

Mrs. Edward Brown of Worcester, Massachusetts has been spending the winter with her son, Mr. Caspar M. Brown, and Mrs. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury have gone to Southern California and are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park of Burlingame have gone to Santa Barbara, to be present at the marriage of Mr. Park's sister, Miss Jean Park, to Mr. Bryan Kelso.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. J. Ord (Eric Ord) of San Rafael sail April 1st for Japan and China to be gone about three months. Mr. Ord is connected with Balfour, Guthrie & Co. of San Francisco.

Mr. Richard McCreary has gone to Southern California and is spending a few days at Miramar, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum are leaving next week for New York and Washington.

Miss Silvia Brenner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Brenner of San Francisco, is visiting the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. James Bailey in Christiania, Norway. Mr. Bailey is the American chargé d'affaire. Mrs. Bailey and Miss Brenner met at Los Angeles recently, and the present visit at Christiania results from a friendship formed at that time. Miss Brenner will visit on her present trip abroad various points in England, Germany, France and along the Riviera.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling left on Monday for New York and will be away for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Miss Hélène de Latour, and Mr. Richard de Latour will leave town in April for their country home at Rutherford in Napa County.

Dinner to Admiral Sims.

The English Speaking Union will give a dinner to Admiral Sims at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday, March 29th, at 7 o'clock. Officers of the army and navy will be present.

Del Monte Polo Line-Up.

Entries have been officially received for the first annual Pacific Coast polo championship, which opens at Del Monte Friday and runs till April 15th. Five events are scheduled, as follows: Pacific Coast Championship, for teams of aggregate handicap of twelve goals and over; Pacific Coast Circuit Cup, for teams whose aggregate handicap does not exceed ten goals; Del Monte Polo Statue, for senior teams at handicap; Pebble Beach Cups, for novice teams whose aggregate handicap does not exceed six goals, and the S. F. B. Morse Poppy Cup, for a match between the north and the south.

The Pacific Coast sub-committee of the American Polo Association has sanctioned the tournament. The members of the committee are: John B. Miller (chairman), Max Fleishman, S. F. B. Morse, Major B. Y. Read, Major Colin G. Ross and W. S. Tevis, Jr.

The line-up of teams follows:

Fort Bliss (colors, orange and black)—1, Major W. W. Irwin; 2, Captain Roy R. Craig; 3, Captain Hohart R. Gay; 4, Captain R. L. Hammond.

Hawaiian Army team (colors, red, yellow, and green)—1, Major Milliken; 2, Major Brewer; 3, Colonel Beverly Brown; 4, Captain Swing.

Midwick (colors, purple and white)—1, Lafayette Hughes; 2, Edgar Miller; 3, Arthur Perkins; 4, Carleton Burke.

Cardinal Freehooters (color, red)—1, George G. Moore; 2, Thomas A. Driscoll; 3, Elmer Boeseke; 4, William Tevis, Jr.

San Mateo (colors, red and white)—1, Lewis Carpenter; 2, Cyril Tohin; 3, William Devereaux; 4, Lawrence McCreery.

Del Monte Seniors (colors, Spanish red and yellow)—1, Harry C. Hunt; 2, Hugh Drury; 3, Eric L. Pedley; 4, Richard Schwerin.

Del Monte Juniors (colors, Spanish red and yellow)—1, Harry C. Hunt; 2, Richard Schwerin; 3, Eric L. Pedley; 4, W. W. Crocker.

Eleventh Cavalry (colors, yellow and black)—1, Captain Pierce; 2, Major Chandler; 3, Captain Wilkinson; 4, Captain Rogers.

Unitarian Evening Meetings.

Unitarianism is being expounded nightly, except Saturdays, at 7:45, at the First Unitarian Church, Fourteenth and Castro Streets, Oakland, by a preaching mission conducted by William Laurence Sullivan, D. D., of New York City, and Augustus P. Reccord, D. D., of Detroit. Lectures began last Sunday, March 18th, and are to continue until April 1st. During these meetings Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Reccord, or the Rev. Clarence Reed, minister of the First Unitarian Church, will be at the parish house every afternoon from 4:30 to 5:30, or at other times by appointment. The applicability of the principles of liberal Christianity will receive full discussion at these meetings.

At the Palace.

Mrs. Allen B. Crow of Piedmont was hostess at a tea given Thursday afternoon at the Palace Hotel for Miss Marian McCreary, fiancée of Mr. Stanford Brown, whose marriage will occur April 3d. Spring flowers, hand-painted place cards in dainty colors, and miniature favors for bride and groom formed the table decorations.

Numerous dinner parties marked the closing dance of the Tuesday Assembly in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel Tuesday evening. Most of these were no-host affairs and included patrons who have attended this season's series.

CURRENT VERSE.

Morning.

If all of us were doomed to die
when we had lived a minute
I think I know what Ann and I
would wish to happen in it.

We'll let our sixty seconds run
where chestnut-blossom hardens
some early morning at Kensington
when spring is in the Gardens.

—Humbert Wolfe in the Chapbook.

There are more women inventors in England today than ever before. Last year was a boom year for the patent office, and a large percentage of the applicants for patents (35,500 in all) were women.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Every hootlegger appears to he entitled to a fair trial hy a jury of his patrons.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Do you know anything ahout Russia?" "No; I've merely heard ahout it, read ahout it, and heen there."—*Life.*

"For goodness sake, he careful, child! You'll drop that haby!" "Don't matter. 'Tain't ours—it helongs to the lidy next door!"—*London Passing Show.*

"So you saw the film version of your story. What do you think of it?" "It's no version; it's a perversion."—*Boston Tronscript.*

Tactless Tom—Do you know I'm afraid I passed you the other day, Miss Green? Immediately afterwards I realized to my horror that I knew you!—*Punch.*

Madge—Would you marry a man to reform him? *Mabel*—I suppose I shall have to—there isn't one of them that suits me the way he is now.—*Boston Tronscript.*

"What's all these knives and forks for?" asked the golf professional. "It's a dinner of sixteen courses," explained his friend. "You'll need 'em all to go around with."—*Judge.*

Mother—I wouldn't whip him this time, Rohert. Wait till he does it again. *Father*—But suppose he doesn't do it again.—*Boston Transcript.*

Diner (perusing his bill)—Do you make any reduction for those in the same line of husiness? *Restourateur*—Certainly. Are you a restaurant proprietor? *Diner*—No; I'm a rohher.—*Punch.*

First Collegian—Why did you sit in the peanut gallery to witness Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"? *Second Collegian*—So my dramatics professor would see me.—*Pennsylvanio Punch Bowl.*

Glodys—My dressmaker wrote to dad that she would make no more dresses for me until her account was settled. *Helen*—And what did he say? *Glodys*—He just sent her a letter of thanks.—*Boston Transcript.*

He kissed the parlor maid and the girl screamed. The wife came in and looked around suspiciously. "Fifi, why did you scream?" "Through joy, madam. The master has just douhled my wages."—*Judge.*

"The dealer made you pay more than this picture is worth," commented the artist. "I know it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm selling him a piece of property, and I want to convey the impression that I am guileless and easy."—*Washington Star.*

Thehauld, ex-service man, had died. Two friends were discussing his affairs at the close of the funeral. "Did he will anything to his wife?" asked Thomanson. "Nohody knows yet," replied Morrison. "He left her his honus."—*American Legion Weekly.*

The cake had been passed to every one at the tahle hut Bohhie, age three and a half years. *Bobbie*—I'll take a piece of cake, please. *Mother*—No, dear, hanana cake is too heavy for little hoys. *Bobbie (after several seconds of thought)*—Well, I'll use both hands. *Judge.*

"I suppose the treating custom has disappeared." "Not entirely," said Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I have noticed that when anyhody huys a flask of alleged liquor from a stranger he always likes to let a friend take the first drink while he stands hy and watches the effect."—*Washington Star.*

Yesterday Judge Johnson said newspapers are cowards and don't tell all. Today Jude called at this desk and tearfully requested that we make no mention of the fact that Jude got hold of some "white mule" last night and got arrested for striking his wife with a car link.—*Atchison Globe.*

Young Lody Visitor (to valet)—Is Captain Mannering at home? *Valet*—Yes, ma'am, he's at home. But I don't think you can see him. He came home very late last night, hung his hoots on the hat rack, went to hed on the hilliard table, and at the present moment is engaged in drinking his bath.—*London Humorist.*

"You've seen them feed camphor to the elephants in the zoo, haven't you?" "Why do they do that?" "Oh, just to keep the moths out of their trunks."—*Northwestern Purple Cow.*

Teddy—You haven't any whiskers or very much hair. *Sister's Hero*—Well, what of it? *Teddy*—Oh, I was only wondering how pa was going to manage it. *Sister's Hero*—Manage what? *Teddy*—He said he was going to mop the floor with you.—*Utico Press.*

College Widow—I think, Madeline, I will go out with either Chollie or Jerry this afternoon. Which do you think will match this dress? *Modeline*—Chollie, hecause he is the thinnest.—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Diggin' Up Dead Ones.

"All this diggin' up o' dead ones that's goin' on may he enlightenin'," remarked Marty McMahon, the retired hartender, "hut it ain't real upliftin'. No sooner do they hegin to hrag ahout diggin' up an Egyptian king that's 3000 or 4000 years in the wood than a fella comes along an' says that's nothin' to a church over in Mesopotamia or some place. They was hittin' the sawdust trail in that church, he says, 3000 years hefore this Egyptian hird was horn.

"Then along comes a professor with a skull that ain't had a thought inside it nor anythin' else except mud an' sandstone fer 500,000 years or so. He's also found a city down in Patagonia that was worryin' ahout exceedin' its debt limit ahout the time they was tuckin' that Two-Tank fella away.

"Another hunch is scoutin' around Mexico some place aimin' to find the ruins of a city older'n what anyhody else has found.

"Now, fer highhrows them things is all right. They got the hrains to stand 'em. When they find a pickled king or one o' them old churches or cities it don't mean nothin' to them only a chance to countersink the foundations of hist'ry a little more. There ain't nothin' human in them things to such men.

"But they oughta keep such things to themselves an' not go spillin' 'em to a lotta lowhrows that can't help hut get kinda downhearted about 'em.

"The furtber back you go an' the more cities an' nations you find out ahout that bad district leaders an' churches an' hoohs an' crooks an' everything that goes to make up a city or a nation today, except cash registers an' telephones an' such gimcracks, the tougher it makes a guy feel.

"It wasn't so long ago that you could count right hack to Adam an' figure that there was a poor guy that didn't even have original sin, an' look how humanity has progressed. It made you feel kinda at home in the world. You could read about who hegat who an' pretty near figure out what relation each of 'em was to you.

"It didn't look like anybody did much hut heget an' beget until you got pretty well down toward modern times.

"But when you get to figuring in the Patagonians an' the Egyptians an' the Mesopotamians an' the hird wit' the sandstone dome that didn't get so much publicity as the begetters, it makes you feel like you was an awful long ways from Adam in time an' an awful short ways in results. It looks like there had heen ahout as much fergettin' as hegettin'.

"Outside o' some inventions to make us talk more an' work less an' kill easier we ain't scarcely no further ahead of Adam than them old Egyptians was. If we could tell what they thought an' what they done when people was livin' in that old city in Patagonia we might find they done hetter thinkin' an' acted hetter than what we do.

"Ahout the only real advance anyhody can point to is prohihition, an' look where that landed us. It looks to me like them highhrows that goes diggin' around the way they do was monkeyin' wit' the world's skeleton closet an' had ought to keep their mouths shut."—*Robert B. Peck in New York Tribune.*

Free Translations.

Here are a few howlers resulting from the struggles of Japanese writers to translate English idioms into their own tongue: "He is a great loss to his country" hecame "he is a great calamity to his country." "He takes things easily" hecame "he is a deft thief." "Spare me five minutes" hecame "spare my life only for five minutes." "He could not find it for the life of him" hecame "he could not discover it till his death." "I shudder at the hare idea" hecame "I shudder at the nakedness of such a thought."

A young French chemist named Mazarin has invented a new alloy resemhling gold and it has heen called "areum." It has the brightness, durahility, and inoxidahility of gold, which qualities will permit its substitution in jewelry and other manufactures where gold is now used. No particulars as to composition seem availahle.—*Scientific American.*

Food For Thought

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Reapportionment.

Regardless of the details of the Boggs bill or the Lyon bill, or any other bill now in the legislature looking to the reapportionment of the state, and equally regardless of the interests of any locality or the results in representation to this town or that section, California should be reapportioned. It has not been reapportioned for eleven years, and the Constitution says it shall be reapportioned after every census. While reapportionment is neglected our law-making body is breaking the law; and if it breaks the law how can it blame the people for failing to observe the laws it makes?

There are stronger reasons for reapportionment than mere legality, and they are equity, fairness, sportsmanship, candid recognition of facts. Southern California has been growing with tremendous rapidity, filling up with imports from the Middle West, who, while they are not Californians, and will not become Californians for a long time to come, nevertheless own property here, pay taxes here, bring up their children here, have the right to vote here, and labor incessantly for the upbuilding of all California—for such is the inevitable effect of their enterprise and energy, whether they mean it or not. They may be mentally sectional, and mistaken as to what is the best part of the state to live in, but they have their rights. It might even be granted that in a strictly political sense they are Californians. Their main city, Los Angeles, with its annexed suburbs, is larger than San Francisco with its more populous suburbs not yet annexed, and continues to grow faster than San Francisco. The disparity in representation between the two sections of the state is now become so great that there is one district in Central California with 18,000 inhabitants and one in Southern California with 63,000. That is neither legal nor equitable, and ought to be changed. Los Angeles in particular, and Southern California in general, should have more members in the legislature than they have at present. It is not likely that San Francisco would have less, except to the extent of one assemblyman and one senator—having been too generously treated last time; and the representation of the Bay region as a whole would probably remain about as it is. But such considerations are beside the mark, for it makes not a cent's worth of difference what the outcome shall be, the Constitution requires that districts shall be "as nearly equal in population as may be"; and at present they are not, and as long as that condition prevails we are withholding from Southern California what is her due. The San Francisco senators that oppose doing justice in the matter show little more judicial attitude or sense of fairness than the members of their race that are pistoling and dynamiting one another in Ireland. It is un-American to be unjust. If America does not mean justice, it has no meaning for humanity. And if California is to remain a political unit one section must not be given cause to feel aggrieved by and embittered against another section. As long as the country south of Tehachapi is inadequately represented it has cause to feel exactly that way. And there is no real benefit to San Francisco from such a condition and it would not be honest nor sporting nor Californian to take advantage of it if there were. Let us have reapportionment, according to the Constitution, equity, and the last census, with no further ballyhooing and bellyaching about it.

Education and the Budget.

Education should be one of the first concerns of a republic, and in California, which has at least a republican form of government, a great many persons have been made to fear that the governor meant no good to the educational system of the state by his method of accomplishing the economies he was elected to enforce. Such alarms are groundless. They are not worrying the governor, who is a hard man to worry, but they appear to call for some reassurance of those good souls whose hearts are right, but whose heads have failed to comprehend what has been going on of late in the field of education, or what has been done to them and their property rights, and their educational system, and even their children, in the sacred name of childhood. The budget general apportionment for education is actually larger than any previous appropriation, and only disappoints the appetite of the insatiable.

The purpose of the governor in halting a growing extravagance is not only to save money for the taxpayers, but to save the schools themselves for the service of the state and of the children that attend them. It has become necessary to save the money in order to save the schools, and to save the schools by saving the money. This seems paradoxical, but it is simple fact. Extravagance is demoralizing the educational system of California and the nation, exactly as it will demoralize a boy, and unless the rioting in fads, fancies, waste and socialistic theory of which our school system has been made the field shall be checked, the schools in fifteen years will cost twice as much per child as they do now, and no semblance of serviceable education will be obtainable in them.

California is not alone in this. Because the name of education is sacred in the United States, where little else is, no one has had the courage to question what some of our school men have been doing, nor even what character of man has taken to the educational field as a fat pasture for a comfortable career. All history proves that any institution above the reach of healthful criticism will degenerate, forget its original object, and become a defensive alliance of place-holders; and if the process goes far enough and the place-holders have time to dig themselves in, the day will come when reform can be accomplished only by revolution. In the school system of California and the country at large men of ambition have seen better chances for advancement than in those less privileged departments of government that have been made the subject of the political reforms of the past thirty years. And the crank, the sentimentalist, the sociological doctrinaire, have been permitted to revel in their favorite vagaries, the socialist to add one improper function after another to the labors of the teaching staff. The metes and bounds of education have been lost, dabbling with many subjects has tended to displace disciplinary scholarship in a few, and the system has been wandering in strange bypaths having nothing to do with that drilling of the character and arousing of the mind which are essential in childhood if the citizen is to repay the state with a proper discharge of his responsibilities in maturity.

In California the educational system is rapidly becoming a bureaucracy, a political overgrowth, and today, through its propaganda and an unmerited prestige, is seeking to nullify the determination of the public, plainly expressed at the polls, to accomplish economies necessary to the state's welfare. The "overhead" has been multiplied by the multiplication of office help, teacher payrolls have been burdened by the addition of freak courses and socialistic functions worthless to education, and now that some of the needlessly duplicated institutions are in jeopardy the whole list, superfluous office help, supervisors of scattering specialties, and teachers to a number approaching 18,000, with their friends, relatives, political backers and janitors, is being alarmed by the fulminations of the heads of the department, and made to believe they must help in some way to beat down the governor's budget or their livelihoods will be cut off.

A typical political agitation, certain to be provoked by any serious effort to save the money of the taxpayers—a smoke screen of place-holders. Women's clubs and mothers' organizations are in a sad state of mind about it, and an outsider would suppose we were threatened with a reversion to savagery—instead of being about to improve our schools by recalling them to their proper function and concentrating their activities on essentials. The agitation is assisted in some quarters by real estate interests short-sighted enough to suppose the existence of some superfluous and expensive institution is worth more to them than relief from tax burdens; and these are represented in the legislature by patriots whose conception of statesmanship is to become the pork agents of their localities.

Through all the agitation runs the curious fallacy that the children are to be made to suffer some loss in accommodation unless the administrative abuses are permitted to continue. The most superficial knowledge of the manner in which the state's politico-educational machine has been constructed would convince any thinking person that the children are not the beneficiaries of this inflation. They derive, for instance, no benefits from palatial school buildings, with community halls, and expensive solid slate "blackboards" on which the "examples" won't show any better nor mean any more than they used to on blackboards of painted wood. The benefits, largely speaking, have gone to contractors and political educators, not to the children, although they have been paid for with mon-

taken from their parents which might better have been reserved for paying off the mortgage and building up the family prosperity. A dollar won't stretch, everybody pays taxes, and every form of extravagance increases the already high cost of living. And business in general is being afflicted with clerks that can't figure and stenographers that can't spell.

Some of the waste has taken absurd form, as it was sure to do. A trustee of a certain city school department not far from San Francisco said recently: "I have had the oversight of finances for the board, and I have signed requisitions for everything under the sun except an elephant and an aeroplane, and I expect to see the aeroplane worked into the business somewhere before long. We sent a man to Washington recently to purchase surplus machinery from the War Department with which to equip our machine shops. Half of what he bought is now rusting in a vacant lot, and one item is a machine for boring cannon." We do not vouch for this statement, having had no facilities for experting the books. To expert the state department of education would begin to approach the magnitude of the Federal government's valuation of the railroads, and with proper economy enforced from now on it would not be worth doing, although some bureau-builder and job-maker will probably suggest it before long. But the story is illustrative, and we believe it does no injustice to the system.

One of the expensive and questionable functionaries that have been engrafted on the schools of late in response to the socialistic tendency of a noisy minority is the visiting nurse in the large cities. It seems as though the visiting nurse would be a grand idea—go about to all the homes and uncover infectious diseases and suppress them. For paternalistic meddling always gets around to the European, Prussian practice of domiciliary visitation. It may look benevolent at first, but it becomes tyrannous in the end, and no people jealous of their liberties and of their domestic pride and privacy should tolerate it except under the most pressing necessity, such as an epidemic of smallpox or bubonic plague. Well, when little Willie used to come to school afflicted with pediculosis, which is the parlor name for what the soldiers call "cooties," and which is extremely catching, the grade teacher or the principal used to send him home and tell him he couldn't come back until he had recovered. That made it the job of his mother to delouse him, and she got the larkspur and the old kerosene can and did it. The new, paternalistic method is to have a young nurse call at the house and prescribe remedies and go over the condition of the family and sympathize with it, and tell it what a grand school department we have; and competent observers say the results are large bundles of annual reports of visits, and more pediculosis and chickenpox and children's diseases in general in the schools than ever before. That is the nature of bureaucracy—it produces large volumes of reports, small volume of results. Government, in general, is comparatively incompetent.

Taking care of little Willie in the home is properly a home affair. It is a duty of motherhood, not of politics. The grade teachers are worked hard enough as it is, and there ought to be more of them instead of so many visiting nurses, and art and athletic supervisors, and other socialistic officials. The grade teachers have real work to do, and most of them are doing it. The weight of the trouble with our schools is not there, but in the offices and in the high schools, and in the numbers of "experts" in nothing educational, and supervisors of extraneous pedagogic specialties.

If the schools are to be made a device for the imposition of socialism on the community, there will be no time left for teaching those fundamentals that go to the formation of character, and to that exercise of the mind that develops it into an effective instrument of life. If paternalism is to be extended, through the schools or in any other way, until all the details of living are supervised and executed by the state, it will require half the people to take care of the other half, which in turn will have to work hard enough to support both halves; and the parasitic half will have to become the task masters and slave drivers of the worker half, in order to keeping it working. That is the drift of bureaucracy and the destiny of socialism. The school system of California, over-generously endowed by a free-handed people, privileged in its functional development beyond any department of the state government, perverted by extravagance, and enjoying a long immunity from criticism, is headed in that direction. The governor has called a halt. It was time. The budget gave him his chance, and the public his mandate, and if he stands pat the rank overgrowth will be stopped.

The head of the educational army is Mr. Will C. Wood, state superintendent of public instruction, who commands its regiments and inspires its press. Mr. Wood is a spellbinder and a good writer of propaganda. He can make a fine Fourth of July speech, edifying to an old settlers' picnic. He is entitled to enrollment in the category of flag-waving patriots, and can defend the Constitution as well as any man, whether it is attacked or not. He can make a sob sisters' club weep at the thought of depriving the children of their new-fangled and entertaining advantages, or their fancy and expensive athletics. And since the budget was first proposed he has not overlooked a trick to make the public believe that the governor was the foe of education and the children. This might look like zeal for his duties, were it not for the fact that Mr. Wood's friends have already begun to talk about making him governor. It is as though they thought the machine had been built up to about the right size, and could now be relied on.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature providing for an investigation of the educational system through a commission of seven to be recommended by the State Bankers' Association, the State Bar Association, the State Federation of Labor, the State Farm Bureau Federation, the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Regents of the University of California and the Trustees of Stanford. If such a board had a proper ideal of education, and could get through its work inside of a dozen years, it might do some good. But Mr. Wood is opposed to it. He "courts the principle of investigation," but if his organization is to be investigated he wants it done by a committee of the legislature: in other words by politicians.

Mr. Wood may not be responsible for certain scurrile utterings and misrepresentations of the issue in the publication of the Los Angeles Principals' Association, but he is responsible for his own articles in the *Sierra Educational News,* the main organ of the school system. He heads one choice effusion "Governor Wrecks State Board of Education and Teachers' Colleges." Of course, the governor has done nothing of the sort, except to the extent that curtailment and concentration were necessary to economy and better functioning. Mr. Wood says that as far as the Richardson budget relates to education it is a "compound of incompetence and chicanery." This seems to pass parliamentary usage, but we doubt if it bothers the governor much. It was a charge bound to be made in some form if any economies were to be accomplished, for some advocate of the dispossessed is certain to be heard.

To these tactics the governor replies with confident good nature and some railery. Of a terrified subordinate active in opposition to retrenchment he says in his plain and homely speech on the occasions when he discusses the subject in public: "I don't blame him a bit for opposing the budget. He thinks if he is separated from the pie counter he will starve, but I am going to pry him loose from the pie counter and he will find a larger usefulness somewhere else. As for Mr. Wood, he is such a valuable official that we want to keep him in Sacramento. Hence his allowances have been so reduced that he won't have so much travel money." And the voters applaud such statements. They believe in the governor, and have little fear that he will wreck anything necessary. He has children; and his service as state treasurer gave him an excellent view of state extravagance. They know that if we are to economize we shall have to curtail, for that is what economy means; and they also know that curtailment of a lot of the extraneous functions that have been appended to the schools of the state in the course of building up the educational bureaucracy is going to be good for the schools, for it will force them back to their proper work of providing mental training instead of mental dissipation. That "enrichment of the curriculum" in the palaver of the "progressive" school men, which has been accomplished by adding one fancy course of instruction or amusement after another, has been productive of much mental indigestion, as well as inflated pay-rolls. It has meant pleasant pursuits and self-indulgence rather than self-government. It turns out smattered minds with scattered faculties, intent upon nothing, incapable of concentration or self-direction, or effective execution, ignorant of simple arithmetic and of English diction and spelling, unable to comprehend the history of their country and the spirit of its institutions, or to use its language with passable precision, although that language is the medium of every transaction of business or of life. The "turnover" of help in the business offices is a discouragement and a disgrace. Young persons of vague and wandering mentality pass in sad procession from the public schools to the desks where they are found unable to type the simplest letter without time-wasting and sometimes costly error, and then go on to some "secretarial school" to have their pedagogic botchwork patched up as best it may be. They can't reach the office in time to start even with the rest of the organization because the socialistic spirit of do-nothing-unless-it-interests-you has invaded the enriched curriculum and there is no longer proper training in personal responsibility, and little or no conscience in performance. The loss to industry is incalculable, the gain to the child is nothing—and to citizenship less than that.

And the element of this decay is extravagance. Too much money has been squandered on education in California. Sixty per cent. of the revenues is too much. Economy will compel a return to the character-building fundamentals. The governor has struck at the right mark. He may have to modify a few details, for the first executive budget was a tremendous labor, but in the main he is right. More power to his fist!

Fellowship Memorials to Heroes.

When President Wilson was calling upon his countrymen to maintain neutrality between right and wrong there were certain ardent young Americans who felt that it could not be done, and who went as far as they could at the time by forming the American Field Service to drive ambulances for the French armies. After we learned that wrong is never neutral and that we should have to enter the war, they enlisted in the American army, but remained in the French service. There were about 2400 of them, from a hundred of our colleges and nearly every state. Driving ambulances along a battle front where if a soldier stuck up his finger he was likely to have it shot off is not exactly safe; and 127 of them were killed—a high mortality, of the flower of American youth. Their memory is to be preserved in the most useful way in which such a thing could ever be done: not by monuments, but by fellowships for American boys, at French universities, established by donations to the American Field Service Association. Under the matured plans, partly in effect already, it takes $25,000 to endow a fellowship in perpetuity. Twelve have been provided for temporarily, and it is most desirable that the money may be found for the other 115. Each will bear the name of one of the boys that were killed in the service of civilization.

If preserving heroic names, and the tradition of generous deeds, were all, this would still be a beautiful and valuable thing to do. But the plan has in addition important possibilities for promoting international understanding, the extension of culture, and the defense of civilization west of the Rhine and the Atlantic. It is most important to our culture that we should understand the culture of the French, as well as of the English—that our rigid Saxon formalisms should assimilate something of the intellectual and æsthetic suavities of the Latin and the Gaul. France has been described as the "mistress of the art of life." From her we may learn. The lingual difference between us, with the American neglect of languages, has been a barrier to the interchange of cultural material and to an understanding of the French by the Americans. Few Americans read French newspapers, reviews, essays, books. There is an old friendship between the two countries, but it helps us hardly at all to understand French ideals, or to warn us of French national perils, which have become our common perils. The merits of the French people are such as to reinforce at vital points those of the American. Liberty animates the French, supported by the popular virtues of industry, frugality, firmness, and devotion to country. They have produced mighty leaders in thought and progress, pioneers of science. Their language is a great asset to humanity. Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, says of it: "It is well-nigh impossible for teacher or expounder to be clumsy, obscure, or disorderly in the French

language." What a blessing that must be to French editors! And what an instrument of discussion, of discovery, and of philosophy!

To send 127 American college graduates there year after year who would dwell with French people and acquire French culture in addition to their own could not fail, in time, to broaden us intellectually and strengthen the foundations of national life. It would go far toward promoting an international understanding that would make for peace and for security. It was to this object that Clemenceau donated the twenty thousand dollars he made lecturing, on his recent visit, and no nobler act has marked the American lecture tour of any foreigner since the war, as far as we have learned.

The association is sponsored by such names as those of Jules J. Jusserand, Myron T. Herrick, Paul D. Cravath, A. Piatt Andrew and F. F. Peabody. On the advisory committee for the Pacific Coast are such men as President Barrows, President-elect Campbell, and Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford, Archbishop Hanna, Rev. Martin A. Meyer, William H. Crocker, Mark L. Requa, Warren Gregory, William B. Bourn. On Thursday night, April 5th, a dinner will be given in the Italian room of the St. Francis, to Paul F. Cadman, president of the association, who won the *Croix de Guerre* at the front and later a law degree at the University of Paris. Professor Gayley will preside, and Mr. Cadman will tell what has been accomplished thus far in the campaign for this fine object. The dinner will be $2.50, and friends of France are welcome. More details can be learned from the office of the chairman of the Pacific Coast Executive Committee, Mr. John B. Whitton, 723 Balboa Building.

Dollar Gasoline.

Senator La Follette is a merchant of hobgoblins. His latest pumpkin lantern is dollar gasoline. From this horrendous apparition he purposes to save the farmers and laborers and white collar workers and all the rest of us, in return for the poor remuneration of our votes. It is most generous. Bless our gasoline saviour! Even those of us that use it only to clean our clothes are to be saved. Even millionaires. He would not save the millionaires, except for the fact that those evergreen sinners somehow declare themselves in on every benefit. It is a way they have; and in this case, having already too much money, they will be saved more money than anybody else. But they can be trimmed later. The great thing now is for the Wisconsin senator to protect us all from the Wisconsin senator's newest jack-o'-lantern. That will serve to switch attention from Henry Ford's candidacy, right in the stations where the lizzies are being filled, and that is, all over the nation.

It is a great service. The senator's perfect exemplar and prototype was the nigger that charged his neighbors 10 cents a head for admittance to his roof to see the eclipse. The funny thing about it was that they paid it. The funny thing about the public is that a large part of it will vote for Senator La Follette, the Ptolemy Soter of Wisconsin, if and when he runs for the presidency. Hundreds of thousands of people will believe that he saved them from dollar gasoline, just as the nigger's neighbors believed that they could see the eclipse better from the roof than from the ground.

In saving the public, the senator starts late. If the oil companies could make more money by charging a dollar a gallon for gasoline, it would have been that price these many years. They would have had no compunction about it, no mercy on the flivver owners. The reason they charge what they do is that they can make more money at that rate per gallon than they could at any other rate per gallon.

Neither competition nor monopoly affects the problem very much. This paper has a monopoly of its character and policies, and would charge a dollar a copy if it could get it, but it knows it can't get it, and that if it set the price at a dollar a copy it might as well warble its swan song. The conclusion responds to a general economic law, affecting everything from gasoline to journalism. But it is not likely to be understood by the average person, who is incapable of visualizing a general law, and equally incapable of understanding economics.

Business sagacity is learning to protect the public against extortion—not competition, which is largely a myth; or, when existent, can be brushed aside any time it interferes with business, no matter what statutes Congress may pass. President Kingsbury of the Standard Oil Company of California, a business man, says "when the price of any commodity goes beyond the point at which satisfactory substitutes can be purchased there will be no buyers for it." But at that, he tells less than half the story. It is not, in the last analysis, a matter of substitutes. If it were, the public might well worry, for there are few good substitutes for gasoline, in quantity commensurate with the demand. The law operates far outside the influence of substitutes; and it is quite likely that Mr. Kingsbury's worst nocturnal anxiety is whether the price of gasoline is yielding maximum returns to his stockholders. For, rest assured, if the Standard Oil Company could find a more profitable price than the ruling one, that price would be the ruling one, and the ivory gates of the demagogue's verbosity would not prevail against it.

Competition or no competition, substitutes or none, demand is largely governed by price. This is especially true of luxuries, and the automobile, while one of our greatest luxuries, is little else. There is a point of balance between price and maximum profits, and it is the job of such men as Mr. Kingsbury to find it. We do not say that he has found it exactly at 20 cents a gallon; it might be less, or more, according to conditions. But it is far more likely to be at that point than at a dollar. And Congress need not hold any investigations about it. The oil companies can be trusted to attend to that—far more expertly than any committee of congressmen ever attended to anything.

Editorial Notes.

The South Carolina House of Representatives recently passed a bill prohibiting the playing of pool or billiards "at any time or any place within the state." Presumably it then adjourned singing:

My Country 'tis of Thee
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of Thee I sing.

Criminals and their sentimental sympathizers will have little commendation for Senator E. J. Gates' proposal to amend the Constitution of California so that three-quarters of a jury can convict of a crime not punishable by death; but persons that have a livelier sympathy for the innocent victims of criminals than for the criminals themselves will greet the plan with approval. Whether it would make convictions easier or not is problematic; that is largely a matter of the evidence, where the jury has not been fixed. Where the jury has been fixed, of course the evidence does not matter—but at least it will make jury-fixing more expensive and increase the cost of living to crooks. And that may tend to decrease the cost of living for those that prefer to be straight. Every little helps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Admiral Sims and the Sinn Feiner.

San Francisco, March 22, 1923.

Editor the Argonaut—*Sir:* This is what Rear-Admiral William S. Sims said in his book, "The Victory at Sea," pp. 83-87:

"The fact is that the part of Ireland in which the Americans were stationed [Queenstown and Cork] *was a headquarters of the Sinn Fein. The members of this organization were not only openly disloyal; they were openly pro-German. They were not even neutral; they were working day and night for a German victory, for in their misguided minds a German victory signified an Irish Republic. It was no secret that the Sinn Feiners were sending information to Germany and constantly laying plots to interfere with the British and American navies. * * * They were doing everything in their power to help Germany. With their assistance German agents and German spies were landed in Ireland. At one time the situation became so dangerous that I had to take experienced officers whose services could ill be spared from our destroyers and assign them to our outlying air stations in Ireland. And this prolonged the war."*

Recently Bernard Shaw quoted an old Dublin Irishman as saying: *"For siven hundred years we've been the pride of the earth and the gem of the sea, and now, bedad, we're found out!"*

Two paddies from paddytown recently foregathered at Saeramento with legislative representatives of similar ilk from the same town with purported purpose to voice their disesteem of Admiral Sims. In the same matter an impertinent message was subsequently sent to President Barrows of the University of California because he had invited Admiral Sims to deliver the Charter Day oration at that university. Do you suppose any of them really care whether the admiral delivers that oration or not—or ever did care? Not a bit of it. 'Twas merely paddy-politics—paddy's method of "whooping-'er-up" for the delight of his constituency, thereby keeping himself ever in their thoughts. Here's an instance on all fours with that "method"—which is: never let any chance to do politics get by. Of a Sunday morning I met an Irish-hyphenate judge on his way downtown. He needed a shave. I intimated that he ought to feel ashamed to go out Sunday morning unshaven. His reply was: "Politically, I can't afford to shave myself; I make the rounds of half a dozen barbers, in turn; they talk; I'm in politics." Edward A. Belcher.

In the offices of the State Department at Washington there are more than 700 officials and clerks.

COSTS ENDANGER THE SCHOOLS.

Carnegie Foundation Finds That Inflated Education Approaches the Financial Breaking Point.

[The matter printed below bears directly upon the tendencies and costs of modern public school education. It is from the report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. On the executive committee are such men as Henry Smith Pritchett, Nicholas Murray Butler, Robert Falconer and Frank A. Vanderlip, men vitally interested in the problems discussed in the report, and in no sense partial. It may throw some light on the present California condition.]

It is one of the anomalies of our educational situation that there are no adequate statistics. We do not even know how many colleges and universities there are, or how many students there are in them. We know only approximately the cost of the public school system and of the colleges and universities, and we know only roughly the sources from which the support of the schools and colleges is drawn. . . .

From the statistics of the United States Census and those of the United States Bureau of Education we know that the expenditure for public schools—elementary and secondary—has risen from a cost of one hundred and forty millions in 1890 to over a thousand millions in 1920. During the same period the cost of the salaries of teachers has risen from about ninety-six millions to four hundred and thirty-six millions.

During this period also the enrollment in the public elementary schools has increased from about thirteen millions to nearly twenty-two millions—an increase of some seventy per cent.—while the enrollment in the public high schools has increased from two hundred thousand to more than two millions—an increase of a thousand per cent. At the same time the increase in college attendance has been likewise a striking feature of the educational growth of three decades. . . .

The outstanding facts seem to be these: While the population has increased between 1890 and 1920 by about two-thirds, the growth in the number of pupils attending the elementary schools increased approximately in the same proportion, but the attendance upon the high schools and the colleges grew at a rate many times faster than that of population; and that, while the national income has also grown notably in these thirty years, the burden laid upon the people of the country has enormously increased. As Professor Seligman, in his paper "Sources of Increased Revenues for Education," states it, while the increased wealth has seemed to keep step with the increase in educational costs, "yet it is an undoubted fact that the relative burden seems to be becoming greater rather than smaller, and that uneasiness and embarrassment are continually augmenting." . . .

The systems of public education—both tax-supported institutions and institutions dependent upon tuition and endowment—are likewise facing a problem of financing for which the money can be had only if it can be shown that the return which the public is to get from its school system justifies the expenditure. Hitherto the people of the United States have accepted their school system as an integral necessary part of the democratic programme. They still believe in education, perhaps as fervently as ever. They are becoming, however, somewhat critical as to whether the system of education for which they are paying is justifying itself in the results which it brings forth, and as to whether the kind of education which our public institutions, both tax-supported and endowed, are advocating, makes for effectiveness, for intelligent citizenship, and for independent character to the extent that it has been assumed in the past that it did. It is a necessary part of the financing of the schools, as it is of the railroads, to show that the educational programme upon which we are embarked will deliver that which the people have the right to expect from education, considered from the standpoint of increased economic effectiveness, of quickened intelligence, and of loyal citizenship. . . .

The rise in the scale of teachers' salaries has not cut a large figure in the total school expenditure until within the period since the war. The item "teachers' pay" in the budgets of the high schools and "professors' salaries" in the budgets of the colleges has shown a marked increase during the whole of the last two decades, but this increase has been due mainly to the appointment of more teachers in more subjects and not to the recent rise in the individual compensation of teachers. Since the close of the great war, during the period in which public attention was sharply directed to the high cost of living, the salaries of the teachers in the public schools, at least of the cities and towns, have had a marked increase. . . .

This overcrowding of the schools, due to a false conception on the part of the public and to a timid attitude on the part of the school authorities, is closely related to a second cause which has perhaps done more to increase the cost of public education than any other one factor, and this is the so-called "enrichment" of the curriculum. Twenty years ago the curriculum of the high school and of the college was comparatively simple, but so great has been the expansion of the curriculum in this interval that the high school today represents a different conception of what a school is for, and what it can do for society. This is the crux of the whole question as to the cost of education. If a high school curriculum is to cover all fields of knowledge and activity, including in its scope not only the elementary training of the students in their own language and in the fundamental facts of their own history, but also all divisions of science and of art; and if it is to offer, not only a moderate grounding in knowledge, but a technical training as well, then there is no limit to the expense which a community may be called upon to undergo in order to satisfy the ambitions of those who advocate this conception of the high school. The responsibility for this movement lies mainly with the teachers themselves.

The high school curriculum of today reminds one of nothing so much as the extended bill of fare one finds in a country hotel. Upon it are printed the names of all the dishes one could hope for in the most ambitious cuisine, and yet out of all these offerings one will find it difficult to secure a simple and wholesome meal. The high school of today has been transformed from a distinctively intellectual agency into one that offers instruction concerning every field of human knowledge and assumes to provide training for many vocations and professions. In the process the notions of sincerity and thoroughness in education have been displaced by the idea that education can be had by superficial knowledge of many subjects and that training for a trade or a profession can be secured by study under teachers, themselves but ill-acquainted with the practical side of the callings which they teach. The total result is to present education, and to present technical training, as ends to be gained by superficial means. It is not too much to say that the vocational training offered in the high schools has so little of the sharp, accurate responsibility of the well-trained technician, and is so poorly related to the facts and circumstances of these vocations, that it is in a great measure an educational farce. The teaching of vocations in the high schools is a mistake. These vocations should be taught through trade schools in which the whole spirit and technique of the training partakes of the accuracy, the sharpness, and the skill that alone can give them significance.

These educational theories are those which have added mo

to the high cost of education. Through the exaggerated enrichment of the curriculum, not only have numherless studies been added, hut pupils have been led to helieve that a superficial knowledge of many things could replace the intellectual discipline that comes from the mastery of a few things. The notion that trade school training could be made a part of general high school work has served to make soft and flahby the general conception of our people as to what kind of skill and energy are needed for the prosecution of an honorable trade. The pay of the teacher has been diluted by the hringing in of great numhers of teachers to offer this variety of studies. The rise in the cost of education has come in large measure out of a transformation of the notion as to what a school is for, aud until we shall come to some definite conclusion with respect to this fundamental matter, there is no hope that the cost of the school system will stop short of the financial solvency of the various states and communities. It is perfectly clear to those who know education—its progress, its development, and its weaknesses—that the cost of education, no less than the educational result itself, depends upon the conception of what a school can do, and the answer to that question is the first step toward a decision as to whether the enrichment of the curriculum shall continue along the lines followed in the last two decades, or whether the school shall conceive of its function in a sharper and more definite sense. The right limit to the cost of a school system will he found in a sound decision as to what a school can and ought to do, and the resolute development of the school system in accordance with this decision. What the school will cost can not he known uutil there is a clear understanding as to this fundamental fact.

The elementary school which, in the United States, opens its doors to children hetween the ages of six and tourteen is the great formative agency of education for the vast majority ot people. The great majority of those who go to school at all receive such school training as they ohtain in the elementary or grade schools. What conception does this school stand for?

A school undertakes to educate its pupils hy two processes: first, hy providing a child with a certain hackground of knowledge; and secondly, hy teaching him in this process how to use his mind. Nearly all differences in educational methods have arisen out of the difference in emphasis laid on the one or the other of these processes. It is clear that a school which stuffs a child's mind with facts alone will do little to arouse his intelligence and teach him how to use it. On the other hand, it is equally clear that in order that the child may learn to think and to use his mind for the solution of the problems that are to arise in his suhsequent life, he must have a certain hackground of knowledge from which to reason. The elementary school in all its history has struggled to carry on these two processes in those years of a child's life that are spent in the elementary school.

The school is therefore primarily an intellectual agency. It goes without saying that the school will have, as by-products, other training than that of the mind. Inevitably, the question of morals, of manners, and of the child's attitude toward human life will he influenced hy his school life and ought to he, hut these results are hest attained when the school realizes its primary purpose and devotes itself vigorously to that purpose. The inculcation of high character, of sound morals, and of good manners will he most successful when the school does not lose sight of its primary reason for existence. . . .

There are certain studies which must form a part of the intellectual hackground of any American child who is to discharge the duties of a citizen and to lead a useful and happy life.

He must know his own language. He must have some knowledge of elementary arithmetical processes. He must know something of the government of his country and his rights and ohligations as a citizeu. Any background of knowledge, therefore, which the school may undertake to hring within the child's understanding must include these suhjects. In this day most people would admit that this minimum must embrace some acquaintance with the processes and results of science. If this he granted, a school offering its pupils four studies, to he pursued resolutely and vigorously during the term of years that a pupil spends in it, would afford one conception of the function of the school and the method hy which that function would he performed.

In contrast with this uotion there has arisen another theory of education: that the child must know something of a great numher of things that are going on in the world. He must he taught something of art, something of science, something of literature, something of political economy, something of every form of knowledge in which the modern world interests itself.

The far-reaching difference in the educational ideals which are presented to the country arises out of this difference in conception as to what a school can do, and as to whether the function of the school as an intellectual agency can hest he carried out hy the thorough study of a few things coupled with the intellectual vigor and training which the mind of the child receives in this process, or whether a hetter education can he had hy teaching the child something of every form of knowledge.

The first conception makes for sincerity, for thoroughness, and for intellectual vigor. The second, only too often, in the endeavor to give the child some grasp of all knowledge, gives him only the most superficial smattering, and instead of quickening his powers of reason tends to give him the impression that he can solve the problems of his own life and of his own country by the same superficial processes that he has learned in the school. . . .

There are few specifics in education, hut hy whatever road a child or a youth seeks education, he will find it only hy the path which leads through sincerity and thoroughness. To master something well is the heginning of education. To know the English language well, to read it and speak it with precision and discrimination, to have acquired the taste for good hooks, constitutes a wiser hackground of knowledge for any American hoy or girl than all the miscellaneous scraps of information that he can gather touching many fields of art and science and literature or even retail selling and advertising.

The enrichment of the curriculum was not only inevitahle, but was a thoroughly sound movement. The mistake which befell the process of enrichment lay in assuming that it was to he had hy indefinite additions. The sound virtues of the old and narrow curriculum were lost sight of in the anticipated glories of the new subjects, and those who directed the school forgot that the real purpose of its existence lies, not in the knowledge of new things or of old things, hut in the intellectual capacity which either the one or the other develops. . . .

It is perfectly clear that if the demands of the schools continue to increase at the present rate, or, as seems more prohable, at an increased rate, the financial inahility of society to pay the cost will in a measurable time bring ahout radical curtailments. In no distant day we shall see, under these conditions, free puhlic education endangered. Under the enormous load of taxation that society carries today, communities will rise against the hurdensome cost of puhlic school education. . . .

That it will he endangered within a comparatively short time is evident, unless the cost of public education shall he hrought within a limit of expense which the puhlic can hear, and unless that education shall fulfill the primary object for which the school exists. . . .

The conception that the puhlic school is an agency in which any child may he taught any suhject is fundamentally unsound and leads to expense heyond any man's ability to estimate.

As a result, the schools are overcrowded with ill-prepared pupils who think they are going to ohtain something which the school can not give them, and whose happiness and usefulness should he found through other means. Both financial necessity and educational sincerity require that those who are responsihle for puhlic school education shall return to a feasihle and educationally sound conception of the school, that they shall frankly admit what it can do and what it ought not to attempt, and that they hend their efforts to carry out those things that are feasihle and necessary. Financial solvency and educational sincerity are to he found along the same path.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sweet Betsy From Pike.

["The Days of 'Forty-Nine" and "Joe Bowers" having been revived recently in this department, the *Argonaut* presents the third panel of the great trilogy of pioneer ballads. It appeared in "Put's Golden Songster," now rare, and its authorship is ascribed to Dr. Put, an obscure but deserving California poet of the "'Fifties." The effort is imbued with the delicacy of modern feminism. Whatever it may lack of spiritual charm it makes up in appeal to the loftier emotions. And while there is a certain roughness in the versification and here and there a gritty spot in the movement, the reader must concede that it is at least as elevating as the work of Carl Sandburg or Amy Lowell, and reaches a nobler end.]

Oh, don't you rememher Sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the hig mountains with her lover Ike,
And two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
A tall, Shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog?
Saying, "Good-hy, Pike County,
Farewell for a while;
We'll come hack again
When we've panned out our pile."

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
'Twas near hy the road on a green shadv flat;
Where Betsy, quite tired, lay down to repose,
While with wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County rose.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsy gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling ahout;
While Ike in great terror looked on in surprise,
Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."
Saying, "Good-hy, Pike County,
Farewell for a while;
I'd go hack tonight
If it was hut a mile."

Sweet Betsy got up in a great deal of pain
And declared she'd go back to Pike County again;
Then Ike heaved a sigh and they fondly emhraced,
And she traveled along with his arm around her waist.

The wagon tipped over with a terrihle crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash;
A few little hahy clothes done up with care
Looked rather suspicious,—though 'twas all on the square.

The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died,
The last piece of hacon that morning was fried;
Poor Ike got discouraged, and Betsy got mad,
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

One morning they climhed a very high hill,
And with wonder looked down into old Placerville;
Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance,
Where Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;
Sweet Betsy was covered with rihhons and rings.
Quoth Ike, "You're an angel, but wnere are your wings?"

A miner said, 'Betsy, will you dance with me?"
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
But don't dance me hard. Do you want to know why?
Dog on ye, I'm chock full of strong alkali."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy got married of course,
But Ike getting jealous ohtained a divorce;
And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Good-hy, you hig lummux, I'm glad you hacked out."
Saying, "Good-hy, dear Isaac,
Farewell for a while,
But come hack in time
To replenish my pile."

Cleon and I.

Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, hut the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth money can not huy.
Cleon harhors sloth and dullness, freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants who would change? Not I.

—*Charles Mackay.*

Ozymandias.

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things.
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing heside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, houndless and hare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

The date of the first Olympiad is 776 B. C.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is not generally known that the only American lecturer at the Louvre is Miss Florence Heywood of Indianapolis, a graduate of Leland Stanford University. She is returning to this country after twenty years abroad to tell American women and American schools why art should have a greater place in our national life. Miss Heywood will lecture in Washington, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and Boston before art museums and schools. She will then spend a month in the Middle West and later a month on the Pacific Coast.

Nicholas John Coundouris, now eighty-seven years old, was one of a small group of merchants in the Near East to teach Englishmen and later some Eastern Americans the use of cigarettes, which were first mistaken by the Occidentals for little candles to be used for decorative purposes. During the Crimean war English officers learned the habit from the French, Spanish, and Turks, but it was not till 1860 that companies were formed to turn out cigarettes already rolled. According to Coundouris: "It was at the invitation of the late Duke of Cambridge that I sent ten bales of Turkish tobacco to England in 1858. At the beginning only a handful of people smoked cigarettes, among them being the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and Lady Mordaunt, who smoked a special brand I made for her."

Cyrus E. Woods, who has been ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Spain since June, 1921, has been recently nominated by President Harding to be ambassador to Japan. Mr. Woods was secretary of state of Pennsylvania when President Harding named him to the Madrid post, and the present transfer is considered not only a personal promotion for Mr. Woods, but a political triumph for his home state. Cyrus Woods was born in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, in 1861, and is a lawyer by profession. He was a member of the Pennsylvania senate from 1900 to 1908, and his diplomatic career began in 1912, when he was sent as minister to Portugal.

Alexander Pollock Moore, newly-appointed ambassador to Spain and known of recent years as the husband of Lillian Russell, disposed a few weeks ago of his paper, the Pittsburgh *Leader*, of which he has been editor and publisher since 1904. Mr. Moore is a native of the Smoky City, where he has been in the newspaper business since 1878, as reporter, city editor, managing editor and publisher. He has been part owner of the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle Telegraph*. The appointment is said to be one of the results of Secretary Mellon's interest in having Pennsylvania represented in the distribution of important Federal jobs.

Ellen Terry, the sole great survivor of one of the greatest periods of the English stage—a day that knew Charles Kean, Irving, Tree and Alexander—recently celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday. Unlike her great French contemporary, the Divine Sarah, Miss Terry has not been active professionally of late years. She still appears occasionally in charity productions and has remained the most popular figure connected with the British theatre. However, as recently as 1919 she played the nurse in Doris Keane's production of "Romeo and Juliet," and she attends all important first-night performances, when her appearance is always the signal for an ovation. Ellen Terry made her début in April, 1856, as Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale," under the management of Charles Kean. She first acted with Henry Irving in 1867, a professional association that lasted till 1902. Miss Terry has been married three times—first to George Frederick Watts, the painter; afterwards to George Kelly, an actor, and finally to James Carew, with whom she played in 1906 in George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

M. Ribot, the former French premier and minister of finance in the Viviani cabinet at the beginning of the war, who has just died at the age of eighty-one, was one of the chief authors of the Franco-Russian alliance, the others being M. Félix Faure and M. Gabriel Hanotaux. He stated several years afterwards that secret conventions between France and Russia were signed in 1891 and 1892 which secured for France "the support of Russia for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe." In March, 1917, M. Ribot succeeded M. Briand as prime minister. During his premiership two important peace proposals were made by the enemy. After the one made in March, 1917, by the Austrian emperor, negotiations followed between Austria and the French, British, and Italian governments, but failed after several months in consequence of the uncompromising attitude of Italy. In August of the same year Germany made extremely favorable proposals through a Belgian diplomatist to M. Briand, who was in favor of accepting the invitation to a discussion. He was supported in that view by the Belgian and Roumanian governments, but M. Ribot refused to agree and turned down the proposals. M. Ribot resigned the premiership in September, 1917, and was succeeded by M. Painlevé, in whose cabinet he again became minister of finance, but was, however, compelled to resign after a secret session of the Chamber at which M. Briand revealed the German proposals made in August and attacked M. Ribot for having rejected them.

WIZARDRY OF ANCIENT NILUS.

The New Woman and the Old Adam Inhabit the Enchanted Land of Moses and the Pharaoh.

Great changes have taken place since Tutankhamen wrapped his linen cocoon around him and lay down to sleep in the Valley of the Kings. Real estate has risen and fallen several times, empires have gone their way to dusty death. those early Africans that lived along the banks of the Nile and started our civilization lost their land to the Arabs, the Arabs lost it to the Turks, the Turks to the English, and the English have given it back to the Arabs and what is left of the early Africans aforesaid, finding it too hot to hold these times, but keeping a sort of string on it anyhow, fearing to let go. The world has had thirty centuries of war and thirty minutes of peace. Mexican Pete, Stutz Motor, and Piggly Wiggly have fretted their little hour upon the stock exchange. Vaccination, flappers, and wood alcohol have been discovered; and nobody has yet been able to find what it was all about. Still the Nile is magical, still Egypt tugs at the heart and drags at wandering feet with enchantment ages old. It is a land of mystery, watered, and some say fertilized, by one of the pleasantest of rivers; and although there is high agricultural authority for the proposition that Nile mud has nothing to do with Egyptian fertility, people like to regard it as the land of the annual miracle, and have so regarded it since the time of Herodotus, and will continue so to regard it no matter what you tell them. And books on Egypt will continue to engage our intensest interest, as they should. When one has seen it so closely and so vividly as Grace Thompson Seton appears to have seen it, to say nothing of her adventure with the amorous Arab, and can so graphically set it forth, the essay should be hailed with gratitude.

Of course, she sees it with a woman's eyes, as a woman would. And it seems that no matter in what part of earth you may wander you will there find today the New Woman. Mrs. Seton says:

> Ever since the gorgeous time of the despotic Pharaohs, when a certain princess responded to the call of curiosity and of compassion and drew up the infant Moses from his hiding-place among the hulrushes to a life of ease in the palace *harim*, and Cleopatra used her lithe body and languorous eyes to change the destinies of men and nations, women have meddled with the affairs of government and caused the Recording Angel to start another sheet in the ledger.
>
> Of all the most unlikely places—at the top of Africa—the New Woman has arrived. She crept into Egypt as far back as 1911 and organized with several hundred members, "La Femme Nouvelle" (literally, the New Woman).
>
> She developed an even more progressive step in 1919, when a group of women, having suffered much in the present struggle which Egypt is making for greater political freedom, formed themselves into the "Ladies' Delegation for the Independence of Egypt," usually called the "Ladies' Wafd." They are pioneers, the Susan B. Anthony, the Anna Howard Shaw, the Inez Milholland of Egypt.
>
> The New Woman has entrenched herself in the Upper, or Pasha, class of Egyptians, Mohammedan as well as the Christian Copt. She has spread through the middle, or *bourgeois* class, by means of the spirit of emulation and the power of education, and she has even penetrated to the *fellaheen*, or peasants, where the possession of money has developed ambition.

In Egypt the New Woman ministers to the raging fever of nationalism, but not with the effect of reducing the temperature. The English banished Zaghlul Pasha, but they permitted Mrs. Zaghlul to remain. And Mrs. Zaghlul no longer confines herself to the harem. She and her sisters are club women now. It might not shock Pharaoh, but what would that fierce old Kurd, Saladin, have thought of it? Here is Mrs. Seton's appraisal of the present condition:

> No intelligent Egyptian, and certainly none of the Zaghlulists, as the adherents of the Independent Nationalists, or "Democratic Party," are familiarly called after their leader, deny the benefits that England has worked in Egypt. But the itch for independence has spread like a fever through all classes. Even as a child, brought up and educated by its parent, seeks to throw off his stern discipline—so the Nationalists are struggling to throw off the governing hand of England. Through the High Commissioner's intercession, this has been accomplished in part. On March 16, 1922, the British Protectorate was withdrawn, with the martial law, rendered necessary by the war, which had been in the land more or less for seven years. And the Sultan was graduated into king of the "Kingdom of Egypt," which was declared "a sovereign independent state."
>
> Meanwhile the real leaders of this strange land of the Nile, Saad Zaghlul Pasha, and the group around him, were banished to the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean, and they remained banished. Zaghlul Pasha has since been transferred to Gibraltar.
>
> Meanwhile Egypt looked with suspicion upon a king and a premier and his cabinet, which were set up by the British and did not represent the will of the people: and Egypt "quieted down" only in the newspapers. The political agitation went on; the women for the first time took a hand in public affairs. They were the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of the banished leaders who formed a militant political group with other leaders in the New Woman movement.
>
> I have a vivid recollection of being taken one morning to a street in the old quarter of Cairo in search of a sign in Arabic, meaning, the "Girls' Club of 'La Femme Nouvelle.'" which is really a school to prepare poor girls to earn a living. An old carved doorway admitted us to a large courtyard where a modern playground apparatus had been installed. The large house, a decayed old palace, belonging, I believe, to one of the wealthy members, was given over to various classes of instruction, in stenography and in the applied arts, suitable for girls.

One can not read the book without becoming convinced that, in this Mohammedan country at least, affairs between the sexes are becoming sadly mixed. The seclusion of the harem is breaking down, and, shameful to relate to any pious Moslem of the Puritanical school, men and women are meeting socially and conversing together, the women with faces bare to male gaze. At a Mohammedan wedding as far back as 1921 champagne flowed, and the wedding guests, men and women, danced together. Upstairs a number of old-fashioned Moslem women called for Saad Zaghlul Pasha, and received him unveiled. The Egyptian New Woman, like her colleague in New York or San Francisco, lives in flats. She writes books, and occasional contributions to the press, she goes to clubs (and probably the movies), and in general deports herself pretty much she likes. And she likes excitement, has grown restless, wants her pretty, pink finger in the political pie.

Not only that, but polygamy is weakening—perhaps because it takes more money to support the New Woman than the old kind; many of our most cherished customs being more economic than moral. It is an innovation to permit the portrait of a Moslem woman to be published, and yet the book is well supplied with photographs of the Egyptian women leaders. As in India, the principle weapon against the oppressor, who keeps the peace, builds irrigation works, does justice and protects the weak in a land of ancient iniquity, is the boycott, and the women direct it. They started one in January of last year. Veiled Moslem ladies addressed Arab men on the streets and asked them not to buy English goods. A year ago they held a parade of protest against Zaghlul Pasha's exile; veiled, it is true, but the veil has been cut down until it merely covers the mouth and chin. At that, it must look worse to a Mohammedan than short skirts.

At the foundation of Egypt is the *fel'aheen*, or bean-growing peasant, for whose service celestial Philæ was inundated by the great British barrage near Assouan. Probably he has not changed much since King Tutankhamen's day. This is what he is like now:

> Indeed, the first thing that impressed me was that the *fellaheen* family seems to have divided a small Noah's ark with its neighbor. A child, woman, or old man will be seen guarding a group of animals whose types have not changed since Joseph's time, nor Pharaoh's time, nor from the time of the first dynasty kings, well-nigh seven thousand years ago. There will be a water buffalo, a donkey, a goat and a brown woolly sheep grazing upon a patch of clover, or pulse, grown for their benefit. The Egyptian animal is an intensive eater, perforce, guided by its shepherd. Only so many square feet a day may he eaten, and the patch is left with roots intact to recover in three months' time for another meal. Verily, as in Bible times, the lower-class *fellaheen* family and its animals lie down together in the mud-walled enclosure called home. After the human small fry take nourishment from the goat, they snuggle for warmth against the soft brown wool of the sheep. The simplicity of the domestic arrangements is so foreign to our highly-developed needs, that, until one can get the animal's point of view, one can not understand how these children of the soil can manage. Their houses seldom have roofs, perhaps a shade of straw matting over one part of the enclosure to temper the sun. There are no floors, no furniture, no water and no sanitary arrangements. No provision for storing belongings, other than a few holes in the wall. There is nothing to store.
>
> A small brazier, a handful of bean-flour, a porous water-jar filled from the river every evening, and a half-dozen copper, or earthern, pots, constituted the entire equipment of a house I inspected near the Tomb of the Kings at Luxor last February. It was built on a slope of the desert without a tree, or a green leaf, in sight!

Cursing the English for ruling Egypt is popular sport with soap-box agitators, but signs of British care for the people strike the impartial observer on all sides. Mrs. Seton says:

> Lord Cromer organized many reforms for Egypt, including the irrigation regulations so that all farmers might get their fair share of water, but the crowning achievement for the peasant was Lord Kitchener's five-feddans law, of which mention has already been made. This provides for the continued possession of that much land (approximately five acres) by a fellah, whether he will or not. He has no power to sell or mortgage his last five feddans. He can not give them away. They are not seizable for debt. They are his, and his children's after him. Gradually the industrious peasant has acquired more and more fields "next to his'n," until many of these hard-working steady sons and daughters of the soil have become rich. The price of cotton has greatly advanced, as high as £40 the bale in 1919. The steady crops of sugar cane, wheat and barley and alfalfa and beans feed him and his animals. His wants are few. He has grown richer, until an income of $75,000 a year is not a miracle and yearly incomes of $40,000 or $50,000 are not uncommon.

Of course, social equality could be secured by a system that would keep them all poor together, but that is not the British way—or has not been until the present influence of the Labor party. What will happen if it gains the ascendancy no one can tell—but that is England's trouble, not Egypt's. Egypt, since Cambyses, has passed under one conqueror after another. Undoubtedly the best state of being she ever attained was her condition under the British, and the actual governance of such men as Cromer and Allenby. Of the latter personification of British power, composure, and justice Mrs. Seton has given us this picture:

> Viscount Allenby looks, acts, and is, the part of the hero of Palestine, and of the brilliant statesman-soldier of troubled Egypt. He was dressed in dark blue "civvies," and, I think, a blue four-in-hand sprinkled with tiny polka-dots. I am not sure of this, for I was so busy looking at his face, which fascinated by its contrasts. The lines of the chin and brow are square, the nose and mouth firm and well-shaped. The hand of the potter did not shake when any part of this face, head, or figure was molded. But it was the eyes that held me. I do not even know their color—perhaps gray-blue. It was what looked out of them that occupied my thoughts—piercing, with steely glints in them, and yet sunshine flashes of humor, and that rare quality—understanding. The iron will of one accustomed to command looked out of these "windows," the unbending, unflinching demand for truth and justice. Also, there flashed, at times, the spirit of a man unafraid, ready to use his sword or his pen in the performance of his duty, but who knows his fellow-man to be a mixture of God and the Devil, and that no man could read the Book of Fate.
>
> I told him that H. G. Wells had said of Mrs. Pankhurst that the government had given Englishwomen the vote because "we could not have two wars on our hands." Lord Allenby laughed. "Wells is a great boy. No, I am not a suffragist, nor am I against woman's suffrage! I am neutral!"
>
> I then asked him if he could tell me about the women in Egypt. He said, "I do not think they have come out of the *purdah* condition, nor do they want to, except perhaps a few who are interested in politics." Alas, I was discovering the Achilles heel of my hero. Did he know anything of "La Femme Nouvelle"? I asked him, and he looked vague.
>
> "But Madame Zaghlul Pasha!" I exclaimed. "Surely she is doing wonders toward the greater freedom of women?"
>
> There was an instant's pause. "Zaghlul?" questioned Lord Allenby, *"Who is she?"*

But conquerors may come and conquerors may go, the Nile rise and subside, civilizations flourish and die, majesty crumble to dust and irreverent archæologists or pilfering Arabs rifle its tombs; one thing holds the human treadmill to its endless gyrations, whether in Egypt, Abyssinia, Lapland, Paris or San Francisco; one thing no legislation will ever abolish, no code nor king much restrain. Our authoress made a camping trip into the Libyan desert, with but one woman companion, and a crew of eleven Arabs under a reliable dragoman. The second dragoman was smitten, but not by the sun. Long he suffered the fierce Arabian ardors of a reverberatory furnace. The reliable head dragoman having become detached from the party, this dusky Romeo succeeded in detaching in turn our authoress. Things reached a pretty pass. He must have taken lessons from a sheik. But let her tell it, inasmuch as the narrative surpasses the powers of this reviewer:

> Gameel being now in charge of my precious person I soon experienced regret at my adventurous spirit. Gameel, as lieutenant of the caravan, had been a quite faithful powerful automaton. Gameel on his own, was a very different character.
>
> Gameel's intent was clear. His blood had been stirred by the weird moonlight revelries of his people. Well-born in the Desert Tribe and educated at a Mission school, he spoke English.
>
> "Gameel, stop. Let go of my hand." He stopped, but did not release my hand until I added, laughing frankly in his face:
>
> "You are very silly. You are in a dream. Wake up." Then, sternly, "Allah will punish you."
>
> I had regained the path by now.
>
> "Gameel, go and get the donkeys and Mohamet. I wish to return to camp."
>
> "He is coming right along," lied Gameel. I learned later that Mohamet never knew of our departure.
>
> We had traveled about forty minutes in silence. Although not desert-wise, I had a growing sense that the direction was not right and it was quite time to be reaching camp. Suddenly Gameel said, exultingly:
>
> "You are alone in the desert with me. No one will hear you cry. You are miles away from camp. Only *I* can take you there. You will be lost—die in the desert without me."
>
> With a contraction of the solar plexus I realized the brutal truth of this. The man was vibrant with suppressed emotion. The prospect was not alluring.
>
> "Oh, no." I bluffed lightly. "George Washington knows the way home."
>
> "Rubbish!" Gameel briefly disposed of this, and with one leap was off his saddle and had thrown the reins to the ground. Rameses the Great, like a Western horse, was bridle-wise and stopped. Another leap, and Gameel had brought George Washington to a standstill. Holding my animal's bridle firmly, the Bedouin, lithe and powerful as a panther, stood in front of me, his face on a level with mine, not a foot apart. His eyes blazed and his picturesque speech came fast.
>
> "For weeks your glorious white face has filled my heart. I can not sleep, I can not eat, because of you. Night and day I am mad for you. You are mine. May Allah forgive me. If I live, or die in a thousand torments, still shall you be mine."
>
> His face worked with emotion, the black eyes darted lightning, the nostrils quivered like a thoroughbred animal. To match my puny muscles with his magnificent physique was futile. I had no weapon of any sort. There was no possible hope of rescue. Alone in the desert with a passion-driven animal! Something must be done, and done quickly. The adventure was becoming too colorful. He flung an iron arm around my waist to sweep me off the saddle.
>
> "Gameel, wait," I said in a tense, arresting tone. He held for an instant. His hot breath on my cheek.
>
> "Ah, madame, give me the honey of your lips, the sweetness of the date shall fill us. Hold not! Many white ladies come to the desert for this. That English madame we passed yesterday. Do you not think she is kind to her dragoman? Be kind to Gameel!" This startling and wholly novel suggestion shivered me for an instant.
>
> "Gameel, that is a lie! But no matter! I did not come into the desert for such things and you shall not spoil it for me."
>
> Gameel did not answer, was not listening. His grip tightened. He was master of the moment and knew it. The situation was impossible. It simply could not be. It should not be. Yes, I had one weapon and I would use it. Why should I hesitate! It was a weapon I had been taught never to use upon a human being save in a matter of life and death. I felt justified in trying it now. It was a glorious opportunity. I could test it without compunction. Would it work!
>
> "Gameel! Look at me! Look into my eyes." The words issued from my lips in a vibrant whisper. My whole soul swelled with power. *I, I* would conquer him!
>
> Startled, the half-crazy man looked into my eyes, not six inches from his. I do not know how long the silent struggle lasted. What he saw there caused his body gradually to relax, his arms loosened their grasp, dropped to their side, his face became drained of every drop of blood, his eyes wide and staring. For an eternity were we posed thus. Then, dropping onto his knees in the sand before me, he wailed: "My God, what are you? Who are you? What have you done to me? See, the proud Gameel is on his knees before you. He will worship from afar. You are a goddess. I am your slave. I am as a reed in the wind, like water is my blood. So long as life shall last, your wish is my wish. Command me even to the ends of the earth and I will come."

Well, some quell 'em that way; others use a hatpin.

A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt. By Grace Thompson Seton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $3.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 24, 1923, were $158,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $122,500,000; an increase of $25,800,000.

The true measure of the industrial, commercial, and financial situation is the relation between physical output, productive, capacity, and the actual movement of goods into final consumption, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York. There is conclusive evidence that physical output as a whole is at or near record rates. With unimportant local exceptions, labor is fully employed, and further marked increases in production seem unlikely unless conditions alter in directions which can not now he foreseen.

There are no reliahle data as to the rate at which goods are passing into final consumption. Car loadings of merchandise are at record levels for the season, but this of itself would not he conclusive evidenec of a satisfactory movement of goods. However, there is a consensus of opinion that general retail trade is and has heen good and that retail stocks are not excessive. Buying of agricultural implements and of other equipment and supplies used by farmers is more active than it has heen at any time since the beginning of the depression of 1920-21. Building materials and supplies of all sorts are being rapidly consumed by the huilding and construction industries and stocks are reported to be light. Reviewing the situation as a whole, the conclusion seems safe that the output of industry is still passing promptly into the hands of ultimate consumers.

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With stahle prices and wages, there would be every reason to have faith in an indefinite continuance of husiness activity at present levels. But prices of important commodities and groups of comomdities are rising and they are rising rapidly. Wages show a similar tendency.

In this situation it is pertinent to inquire as to exactly what is the significance of the frequent statements to the effect that further business expansion is to he anticipated. Unless there is available not only plant capacity, hut men to do the work, higher prices can not result in an effort to secure the supplies already available. Rising prices under these conditions do not indicate business expansion. They are certain to have as their aftermath curtailed purchasing hy domestic consumers and lessened exports as a result of a domestic price level ahove that prevailing in other countries.

The most notable event in tbe money market duirng the last thirty days was the increase in the rediscount rate from 4 to 4½ per cent. by the New York and Boston Federal Reserve hanks on February 23d and by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank on March 6th. A uniform rate of 4½ per cent. is now in effect at all twelve banks.

Second only in importance to the increase in the rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve banks of New York, Boston, and San Francisco was the offering by the Secretary of the Treasury on March 8th of $400,000,000 United States Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness, in two series, hoth dated March 15, 1923, one for six months at 4¼ per cent., the other for one year at 4½ per cent. The offering was ahout 25 per cent. oversuhscribed. In the New York Federal Reserve District definite preference was shown for the 4½ per cent. series.

While the response was moderate when compared with the heavy oversuhscriptions which have characterized most preceding offerings, this is not to he iuterpreted as an indication of any hasic change in the conditions underlying the money market. There can not be much idle money while so large a proportion of the banking resources of the country continues to be absorbed by investments in outstanding government issues and by government refunding operations. The outlook is for relatively stahle money for a considerahle period at not far from current levels.

The trend of the bond market was downward from February 16th to March 15th, a result of firmer money rates. New offerings have been relatively limited. As a result, the market for issues already outstanding has been somewhat more active, hut the effect was not sufficient to prevent lower prices. Keen competition for new issues of municipal bonds has not caused prices to advance. The sale of some new common stocks has been made possible by increasing evidence that domestic industries are on a more satisfactory hasis than for some time past.

No new features have developed in the leading exchanges during the last thirty days. Sterling maintained its strength, advancing to $4.72 5-16 on February 21st, the highest point reached in nearly four years and only 4 cents helow the stabilized rate from 1916 to 1919. It afterward receded somewhat, partly as a result of an increase in the supply of hills, closing on March 15th at $4.68¾.

The many uncertainties of the European situation have resulted in an attitude of caution as to dealings in all the Continental exchanges, and the dullness of the market has been further accentuated by the fact that the season is normally a period of relatively light exports of grain and of cotton. Day-to-day fluctuations were considerable at times, hut there was no general trend.

The leading South American exchanges were featurless on a narrow market. Indian rupees declined a little and Shanghai taels advanced moderately in response to the higher price of silver.

Marked improvement in the volume of new husiness offered and production output during the latter half of last year is noted in the twenty-first annual report of the United States Steel Corporation for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1922, which was made puhlic March 21st.

The report shows total earnings, after deducting all expenses incident to operation and maintenance and a reserve for Federal income taxes of $109,788,916, an increase of $8,997,638 over 1922. After deducting interest on bonds and mortgages, and depreciation of suhsidiary companies, net income was revealed as $58,840,801, compared with $55,957,832 the previous year.

Interest on United States Steel Corporation bonds and premiums paid on honds redeemed reduced the income to $39,653,455, and resulted, after payment of preferred and common stock dividend of $50,634,802, in a deficit for the year of $10,981,346, which was provided for from undivided surplus.

The surplus account showed undivided profits on hand, Decemher 31, 1922, of $499,139,414, exclusive of profits earned by suhsidiary companies on inter-company sales of products on hand in inventories at that date.

Commenting on the report in a statement to stockholders, Elhert H. Gary, chairman of the board, said that the steel industry in the United States in 1922 showed a suhstantial recovery from the unusually low volume of 1921, both in respect of new husiness offered and production output.

The behavior of the security and money markets recently has horne out the view that the increase in the New York and Boston Federal Reserve banks' rediscount rate was not a move directed against speculation in stocks, hut, as the hank managers have since stated, simply a recognition of the fact that money rates generally have gone up and that it was highly desirahle to place local hank rates in line with those obtaining in the other districts. Even now the rediscount rate is considerably helow the market rate for money, and with rapid expansion going on in practically all lines of industry money is hound to he in greater demand, which will mean in due course higher interest rates and eventually possibly somewhat of a money stringency. However, at present money is in plentiful supply and the last-named condition seems far away. When puhlic speculation and the upbidding of prices have reached sufficiently large proportions so that it is desirahle, in order to prevent a crash, to put on the brakes, it will probably not be necessary for the Federal Reserve Board to take the initiative. The local memher hanks, by the mere process of a judicious calling of loans, can supply all the correction needed. In 1919 the situation was very different from anything likely to occur now. The enormous war and post-war inflation found our hanks generally over-extended, with vast sums tied up in loans which they dared not call for fear of sickening losses. The only method of avoiding country-wide panic was a gradual liquidation such as the Federal Reserve Board was able to engineer.

Therefore it seems probahle that the market will continue on its upward course with steadily increasing puhlic participation until a sufficient volume of stocks has passed from strong hands to weak, or, in other words, a more or less considerahle distrihution has occurred, and then we will have the inevitahle sequel of an impaired technical position. This happened three times last year, in June, Septemher, and in Novemher.

Almost all our home news has been of a favorahle character. The January earnings statements of the railroads have heen in many cases even hetter than was anticipated and the carloadings reports are the hest sort of evidence that this happy condition will continue. The puhlic utilities and almost all the industrial companies also are enjoying splendid business at prices which will yield very handsome profits. The huilding trades are complaining only of the shortage of lahor, and much the same state of affairs exists in the steel industry. The advances in steel and pig-iron prices mean excellent profits for the producers.

The French-German imbroglio appears no nearer solution, but it looks as if it will he financial and economic suicide for hoth sides if the struggle is continued many months. Very prohahly a realization of this will force some sort of an agreement long hefore it is likely to have any serious world-wide effects.

It looks as if we should still adhere to the buying side of the speculative market, but of course as prices advance, more and more discrimination is necessary in selecting one's purchases.—*The Trader.*

The public utility industry made a remarkable recovery in earning power in 1922 and the outlook for the current year is just as promising. Public service is a continuous function, fluctuations in general husiness conditions normally making little impression one way or the other on revenues. Rather, there is a cyclical trend which accompanies increased population, industrial expansion and general economic growth; for puhlic utilities supply the essential services of our everyday lives.

That is why depressions affect least the public service corporations, says *Forbes Magazine.* But, of course, like all rules, this has its exception, which applies to those utilities a large proportion of the power or gas output of which goes to industrial corporations.

At the present time industry is recovering, and the general business outlook indicates a period of normal prosperity. While this means a greater commercial demand for electric power, it means more fundamentally an expansion in all lines of puhlic service. Homebuilding is increasing and this calls for more telephone stations, a greater numher of electrical installations, more gas services, and prohahly means a greater density of street railway traffic. This development is part of a broad expansion, very little of which would be lost under the most pronounced business crisis.

Expansion calls for new capital, as is being constantly witnessed. Of the $2,984,790,297 of corporate financing in the United States last year, $975,136,645 was by public utilities and was the largest of any group. The new capital is invested on an earnings basis equivalent to the outstanding capital, and the earning power as a whole, usually, is not materially increased or decreased as a result.

A list of puhlic utility preferred stocks is presented here, which, it is suggested, should be purchased as a group. The investor may purchase one share of each, or multiples thereof. The average yield is slightly over 7 per cent. In all but one or two instances the stocks are entitled to a high-grade investment rating, the speculative issues being introduced to lend some possihility of capital appreciation. The speculative element, however, is not large enough to jeopardize the investment as a whole.

In so far as the rank and file of investors are concerned, a sound puhlic utility preferred stock may be as safe an investment as some of the honds of the same company, while yield is generally larger. A bondholder is a creditor; that is, by purchasing honds he has lent the corporation his funds and these will be returned to him on a certain date—the maturity of the bond. For security, a mortgage on the property or some other pledge is given the hondholder. A preferred stockholder is a partner—with all the risks implied—in the enterprise, and has a proportionate share of all assets after indebtedness has heen paid off.

In the case of puhlic utilities it is not the equity of the investment which determines the investment rating, hut earning power. Actual



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assets whicb could be salvaged if the company were to go out of husiness would not he large on account of the specialized character of the equipment, such as a power house, and the intangible nature of other assets, such as franchises. An industrial or railroad corporation usually controls a considerahle amount of well-situated real estate or other tangihle assets which could readily be converted for other purposes. The offset to this is consistent earning power in the public utility field. So long as earning power is sufficient to cover preferred dividends hy a safe margin, the preferred stockholder is as well off as the hondholder.

The American Light & Traction Company owns control of fourteen gas, electric light, and traction operating companies, hesides other interests. The organization has heen estahlished for a numher of years and has proved a very successful earner. Income availahle for preferred dividends has averaged $30.26 a share annually for the last ten years. This is equivalent to five times the annual dividend requirement and offers a very wide margin of safety.

The Market Street Railway prior preferred is the most speculative stock in the group suggested here. The company was reorganized in 1921, at whicb time it reacquired control of six street railway companies operating in San Francisco. Under the reorganization tbe funded debt amounts to only $14,260,900, outstanding, upon which annual interest and sinking fund charges are only slightly over $900,000. The dividend requirement on the $11,603,000 of prior preference is $696,180. Net income for 1922, exclusive of taxes, was equivalent to $12.25 a share for the prior preferred. The voters of San Francisco have authorized the purchase of the property by the city. A definite hid has not heen made, but even the most conservative valuation would considerahly exceed the present market price of the stock. There is an accumulation of 10½ per cent. in dividends which will no

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douht he taken into consideration for the henefit of the stockholders, if the property is sold to the city.

The Philadelphia Company operates in the Pittshurgh district and, as a consequencc of the industrial depression of 1921, it suffered a reaction in earning power. In 1922 there was a decided recovery and now the way seems clear for normal earning power. The 6 per cent. preferrcd is of $50 par value. Earnings for 1922 were equivalent to approximately 35.16 per cent. on the 6 per cent. preferred ($50 par value), or $17.58 a share. Development work within recent years has been along the line of electric power service rather than natural gas and street railways, and as a consequence earning power should tend to gain.

The Puhlic Service Corporation of New Jersey controls four puhlic service operating companies which in turn lease operating companies. The organization furnishes puhlic service to the northern section of New Jersey and practically all the large centres in the remainder of the state. Population has grown rapidly within recent years and operations hy the company have kept pace. The new financing which has been undertaken from time to time has heen necessary to meet the greater demand for service. The new capital invested has proved of satisfactory earning power. The 8 per cent. preferred earned $30.25 a share last year.

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company is one of the oldest public service organizations on the Pacific Coast. The company has grown along witb the great increase in population in California and is now one of the largest hydro-electric concerns in the country. The increased population is still taxing the capacity of the company and constant development work is necessary. For this reason there is a good deal of capital invested which is still unproductive, and actual earning power can not he gauged accurately. Preferred dividends, however, were earned more than twice over last year.

The Standard Gas & Electric Company is a holding company, controlling or having interest in a numher of electric light and power and gas operating companies in the South, Middle West, and West. Earning power has grown consistently year by year over the last decade. The preferred stock is of $50 par value and earnings applicable to it in 1922 were the largest ever reported.

It is not often that the later weeks of a winter season produce so great a variety of interesting incidents in financial and commercial markets as has marked the period this year. Ordinarily, the winter's ending hrings to such markets something like apathy; a succession of hesitant movements, heginning tcntatively and ending pretty much where they began, says Alexander Dana Noyes in *Scribner's Magazine*. There have heen exceptions —the violent rise on the Stock Exchange in February, 1920, for example, the fall in foreign exchange rates in the same season, their advance in the early months of 1922, and the rapid rise of grain prices toward the end of winter in the two past years. But these were more or less isolated movements; in a number of instances, in the stock market and tbe grain market especially, they gave a wholly false indication of the later trend of values. The course of general trade, in so far as it showed any uniform tendency, has seldom heen emphatic at that time of year. Sometimes, as in February and March of 1919 and 1920, it has been exactly opposite to what turned out later to he the dominant movement of the year.

In contrast with the uncertain markets and unmeaning events which have been usual at the season in other years, we have had in the later weeks of the past winter season so striking a series of market movements as a rise of nearly 10 per cent. on the Stock Exchange in a single month; extremely rapid expansion of business activities throughout the United States; greatly increased demand for goods hy consumers even where, as in the textile trade, an ahnormally high price for the raw material had forced up prices of finished merchandise. We have seen continued advance of prices in a dozen important home markets; food products such as sugar and coffee and metals such as copper, tin, and lead rising to the highest prices since 1920, while cotton nearly doubled its price of a year ago and reacbed a figure, 30 cents per pound, never touched since civil war times except in the three years between our entry into the European war and the middle of 1920. The later winter rise in sterling exchange carried the rate, which had been 50 per cent. below parity three years hefore, to a discount of barely 3 per cent. from its normal value.

Among the incidents of the season were resumption of gold exports on a considerable scale from New York to India and Switzerland (though with arrivals of foreign gold still far overtopping shipments); an advance of the New York Reserve Bank's rediscount rate, for the first time since 1920; tbe Frencb Republic's "dollar honds" falling 10 per cent. in price on Wall Street in a montb, only to recover 9 per cent. the next month; such increase in the pace of German currency inflation that the paper marks printed and issued hy the Reichshank in a single week of February, 450,000,000,000, was actually greater than the entire amount of paper currency outstanding only four months hefore. As against the wild progressive paper inflation hy Germany, the season witnessed also the stopping of the still larger currency issues of Austria, and the carrying into effect of an international gold loan, whose proceeds, it was hoped, would make possihle some sort of "stabilizing" of the Austrian paper crown, and the putting of Austria's industries on their feet.

Collectively, this series of financial events would seem to rcflect a jumhle of more or less conflicting economic tendencies. How far any or all of them may safely he accepted as foreshadowing the financial history of the full year, 1923, is still a disputed problem in the markets. A few of these occurrences stand out more impressively than the others. The recovery of home trade in the United States, the shaking off hy American industry of the influences which remained from the prolonged after-war reaction, was an event of the first importance.

The advancing of the New York Reserve Bank rate from 4 per cent. to 4½ amounted only to placing the New York rediscount rate on a level with the rate already in force at interior reserve hanks. But it was accepted hy every one as recognition of existing or inpending demands on credit caused hy the new activities of trade, and hy many watchers of the markets as a warning that still greater restriction might he imposed hy the reserve hanks if those activities should get the stimulus of excited speculation.

That the two contrasting aspects of the European situation were hrought into sharp relief, on the one hand hy the approach of sterling exchange to par and on the other hy the monstrous inflation of the German paper currency, no one could douht. The financial mind had heen prepared for each hy the sight of tendencies steadily at work in hoth directions ever since 1920; it is only hy imagining how predictions of the present situation would have heen received, three years ago, that one can realize how swiftly events bave moved.

At that not very distant period, as such things are measured, the pound sterling sold at New York for $3.18, a discount of more than 34 per cent. from parity; its recovery within three years of virtually all that immense depreciation, witb the foreign trade halance still running heavily against Great Britain, and with resumption of interest payments on its war debt of $4,200,000,000 to our treasury, would have heen deemed incredihle. It was a little more than twelve years after the civil war that the depreciated United States paper dollar had got as near to its nominal gold value as was the pound sterling in February.

In the early months of 1920 Germany's paper currency was no larger than that of France, and less than three times as large as the amount of our own Federal Reserve notes then outstanding. This year it had reached a magnitude eighty times what it was at the same date in 1920, seventy-three times the present paper circulation of France, and more than a thousand times the Federal Reserve notes now in circulation. It was the hoast of financial Germany in war-time that it was not incurring large indebtedness to other countries, and that therefore its international position, on return of peace, would he stronger than that of any other helligerent state in Europe. During the past six months it has ceased payment even of the war reparations; yet even in those six months its outstanding paper currency has been increased ten times over.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are making public the annual earnings statement of the Southern California Hardwood and Manufacturing Company, whose first mortgage 7 per cent. honds were underwritten hy them in January, 1921. The company reports a very satisfactory sales volume and a good margin of profit for the twelve months' period ended December 31, 1922. The net profit carried to surplus was $102,513.35, after all charges. As was previously announced, $30,000 of the first mortgage honds have been retired since the time of original offering, leaving $435,000 now outstanding. Condensed income statement is as follows: Net sales, $1,299,413.87; net profit on operations, together witb other income, $152,125.60; interest on first mortgage bonds and amortization, $35,710.82; net profit carried to surplus after all charges, $102,513.35.

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Stock and bond issues brought out in January, 1923, aggregated $879,268,265, of which $184,985,824 was for refunding purposes; the balance for new financing. These figures surpass all previous records, and the securities appear to have been absorbed largely hy the investing public, says Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank.

There have heen recent indications of puhlic interest in more speculative issues traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. The trading list is mucb larger than it was a few years ago, so that the facilities for speculation have heen increased. A feature of the recent movement bas heen the upbidding of certain industrial stocks, apparently in the belief that these would benefit enormously from the larger business that the country is doing and from the expansion of the foreign demand for American produce and merchandise.

Mr. B. H. W. Taylor, well-known advertising man, has hecome associated with tbe Drury Company advertising agency in the Monadnock Building, San Francisco. Mr. Taylor has heen appointed production manager in the Drury organization. He will also supervise accounts connected witb the building and construction industry. Mr. Taylor was for a numher of years with the Berg advertising agency of Fresno, and is experienced in the diretcion of art work, engraving, and other advertising production.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Rara Avis.

STAR OF EARTH. By Morris Dallett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

It is always problematic whether the picaresque novel has any excuse for being—its strongest defense being in the men who write it: Conrad, Hergesheimer, Dunsany. Theoretically, at least, dramatic events, *per se*, are better represented on the stage, are in fact ideal material for movies, which can not satisfactorily replace any other type of literature. But how far language can go in painting scenes that have little or no significance beyond being spectacular is, we repeat, problematic, and the legitimacy of that aim even more so. However, the picaresque novel has its appeal to some types of imagination, though we maintain to be handled adequately it requires a master, whereas a problem novel can be written by any psychologist and a novel of manners by a hairdresser or a duchess.

"Star of Earth," a picaresque tale of the purest water, by a young "first novelist," Morris Dallett, invites attention as a *point d'appui* at which to hurl commonplaces on the subject of its genre. Most books can present an alibi of some sort, and if pilloried for being a poor excuse for a psychological solution, can claim to have no such ambition anyway, to have been merely an atmospheric, realistic, or satiric study. But whatever its merits or demerits, "Star of Earth" is homogeneous, and as such deserves some particular kind of award. Some philanthropist ought, in fact, to found or fund an annual award for the most consistent, sustained, homogeneous piece of fiction of the year. The judges would not have an onerous task for, for one hook of which the initial mood is sustained throughout, there are literally thousands in which the author's emotions get the better of him or her about one-third through. "Star of Earth," therefore, registers high on one point, but it is a point irrelevant to its genre, the picaresque story. One wonders if Mr. Dallett will be as consistent in the choice of the field of his endeavors as he was throughout his first attempt and half wishes that he would stray beyond the narrow limits of the picareque. However, if his interests are held by South American revolutions and marooned second officers saddled with pseudo-royalty, we have a word of advice. Joseph Hergesheimer has given "Star of Earth" a good send-off, one that becomes a master of Mr. Dallett's newly-adopted trade to a promising youngster. Mr. Hergesheimer has recommended it to readers who "prefer a land where the walks are laid in patterns of mosaic to the unrelieved bricks of realism." And undoubtedly we all belong to that category at some hour of the day. But Mr. Hergesheimer we suspect of having strayed so long in the land of the patterned mosaics, and of being so thoroughly at home there, that he can orient himself without a moment's difficulty whenever he is deposited far from the bricks of realism. He is an adept at charting his way through imaginary South American semi-republics. But the general reader isn't, and the creator of strange Latin lands with mosaic walks should hear the fact in mind. "Star of Earth" defies the casual skimmer of novels: it must he read rather carefully, and though it may be that a good novel deserves to be read carefully, we maintain that a good picaresque should not require plodding attention to the text. If a writer essays to replace paint or stage wings with words, he must resign himself to a fluid and impressionistic treatment. In short, Mr. Dallett's prose resembles a trifle too closely the mosaic patterns of his chosen land. R. G.

The Young Generation.

ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT. By Grant Overton. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

"Island of the Innocent" is a novel by Grant Overton which shows us the children of the present generation at their work and play. The leading girl character, a college graduate, goes to a hospital kitchen to earn her living, and bumps up against the baseness of existence.

One suspects the author of being one of these sophisticated young newspaper men who know all about the horrors and terrors of metropolitan life. This one, however, has retained some ideals; among others a belief that a dope addict can also retain his.

At any rate he gets his readers curious and deeply interested in the psychology of the addict, whose precariously surviving idealism plays an important rôle in the story.

The author presents quite a gallery of characters, showing, among other things, the rapid deterioration of a once nice girl when she goes into "the newspaper game."

The young men and women in the book, of course, discuss sex with decency—or with perfect detachment and decent intentions—but with that curious unreserve and startling candor which characterizes the new generation. Each of these up-to-date novels is more or less biographical; or offers a reflection of the impressions of the writer on contemporary life and the kind of people he knows.

"Island of the Innocent" is a very leisurely novel, because the writer has a tendency to reflectiveness, and lets his characters do a lot of discussion. These are very earnest people in his book, much given to seeking the meaning of life; and after much travail two troubled souls hit on some sort of solution.

In Praise of Tennis.

SINGLES AND DOUBLES. By W. T. Tilden 2d. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

The tennis enthusiast, be he dub or professional, will eagerly seize upon Big Bill Tilden's "Singles and Doubles," a book in which the third-time and permanent holder of the American Singles Championship Cup makes a plea for tennis as a major college sport, serves us an "outline" of tennis history, and allows both himself and his readers the luxury of his impressions of the great players that have come within his ken. It is not strange that Tilden should hold a brief for tennis, but his argument is sound as well as enthusiastic. Fancy, he says, a group of tired business men running out to the club for a bit of football in the afternoon, or asking your partner to come out and run a mile with you. Tennis, and Big Bill adds even golf, should be taught as major sports at school and college, as excellence in either game requires that the player be caught young. Enthusiasts of the game will be glad to have an up-to-date history, though probably most of them carry it in their heads. But the real charm of the book for devotee and layman alike is in Tilden's informal, good-natured manner of recording his opinions, theories, and anecdotes. A chapter of significance to the serious player is on the psychology of staleness. The world's champion does not go into the technique of the game in this book, which is rather in the line of sporting memoirs, as he has already treated that subject amply in "The Art of Lawn Tennis."

A Mediaeval Romance.

TRISTRAM AND YSOLT. By Thomas of Britain. Translated from the Old French and Old Norse by Roger Sherman Loomis. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

The student of mediæval languages and literature will be interested in the translation into English of "The Romance of Tristram and Ysolt" from the original Norman French of Thomas of Britain. And since archæology seems to be the order of the day, many readers who formerly would have scorned anything older than the vintage of Robert Chambers or Mrs. Rinehart will doubtless find this very early novel of manners instructive. And out of interest for the operatic version recently sung in New York by a visiting German opera company, a few music devotees will be attracted to the "book" in its original form. In fact, we prophesy that it will be filmed before its course of popularity is run, as the copyright expired some time ago. For the benefit of such as have recently discovered that they have long been incipient archæologists, after the fashion of the poet's dumb Milton, and knew it not, we add that the illustrations are reproductions of the floor tiles recently discovered in Chertsey Abbey, supposed to have been ordered by King Henry III to commemorate the Tristram story. The Middle Ages were not without their substitute for the silver screen.

To return to the serious student. Roger Sherman Loomis has used Thomas of Britain's text—written somewhere between 1185 and 1200 for Eleanor of Aquitaine's amusement—but has supplemented it where the story is imperfect with the Norse translation made from Thomas' original for King Hakon of Norway in 1226. The result is probably the most complete authentic version of the story in existence.

Early Professional Struggles.

FOR RICHER FOR POORER. By Harold H. Armstrong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.

A recent book by the author of "Zell," but published in this case under the writer's own name, is an account of the early struggles of a lawyer who has both background and brains, but who, by reason of a peculiar inability to assert himself and express his personality, is settling into a groove of discouragement and failure in his early thirties.

"For Richer For Poorer" makes no pretense of working out a problem or even presenting a social or economic theory. It is the human story of a couple endeavoring to satisfy normal aspirations on an inadequate salary. Since Mr. Armstrong, we are told, is an attorney of thirty years standing we accept with credulity his statement of the meagre compensation received by the young professional man who is merely associated with a firm of famous lawyers. The book is written with a touch of real human interest, and is the sort of "early history" that might have been experienced by any successful lawyer you know.

A Greek Episode.

CHALLENGE. By V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

It is not easy to write of "Challenge," Violet Sackville-West's latest book, without becoming hyperbolic. Its publishers have compared it with the work of Conrad, and if the novel had been issued under the name of the great Pole no one would have marveled unless, possibly, at Conrad's greater felicity in portraying women than formerly. But the curious thing about the two women of "Challenge" is that they are rather masculine conceptions. Nothing like them comes to mind in any other book by a woman, though for original power and virile force Eve challenges comparison with Becky Sharp. True, she is reminiscent of one or two of Conrad's lady diplomats or spies, but where they are lay figures Eve is more terrible than reality. Kato, on the other hand, borders more on the conventional conception of a female secret agent. Both characters are remarkably free from the

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the *Argonaut*, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for April 1, 1923.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher ..... Alfred Holman ..... 381 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.
Editor, Alfred Holman ..... San Francisco, Cal.
Managing Editor, Morton Todd ..... San Francisco, Cal.
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken ..... San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owners are: The Argonaut Publishing Company. Alfred Holman, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

WM. J. MILLIKEN.
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1923.

(Seal) JOHN McCALLAN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires April 12, 1925.)



Pulgas Tunnel

Pulgas Tunnel takes its name from Pulgas Ridge, and Pulgas Ridge from Pulgas Rancho, an old Spanish grant in San Mateo County. Pulgas means "fleas."

Pulgas Tunnel is being drifted through Pulgas Ridge by the City of San Francisco as part of the programme of coöperation between City and water company that will increase the daily supply of water from 42 to 66 million gallons by 1925.

Pulgas Tunnel starts northwest of Redwood City and ends at Crystal Springs Reservoir. It will be 8750 feet long. Work proceeds briskly at both ends. The tunnel is half finished.

While the City drives Pulgas Tunnel and acquires right-of-way for the rest of the Hetch Hetchy line from Irvington to Redwood City, Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam to a height at which it will add 24 million gallons daily to the water supply. The company is also enlarging and extending its conduit facilities from Calaveras to Irvington.

Pulgas Tunnel is paid for out of Hetch Hetchy bonds, but the bond interest is paid by Spring Valley.

One of the conditions exacted by the City before it approved the "water agreement" drawn up by the Railroad Commission was that the water company must pay interest on all the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to finance the City line from Irvington to Crystal Springs. And when the line is completed, Spring Valley must pay the City for the use of it.

Recognizing that the City's goal is municipal ownership of the supply, Spring Valley accepted these and other drastic conditions, and is co-operating whole-heartedly in the schedule of development now being carried out.

Recent refinancing of the company's indebtedness in the amount of $22,000,000 has focused attention on the agreement made by the City and company at the instance of the Railroad Commission, and on the work being done from Calaveras to Pulgas Tunnel.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

usual subjective treatment accorded their heroines by women novelists. As for Julian (and "Challenge" is primarily a study of remarkable personalities in a setting that is miraculously saved from the comic opera atmosphere), he is not so much a *tour de force*. The feminine love of a fine figure of a man peers at one through the descriptions of Julian. But the remarkable thing about "Challenge" is the adroit handling of a theme that would have been tinselly but for the sincere and authoritative touch of Miss West. That the novelist is familiar at first hand with the fringe of Greek islands in the Ægean Sea one does not doubt for a moment. Like Hergesheimer—and since we are dealing in comparisons it is not amiss to say that "Challenge" reminds one of his vivid foreign pictures—Miss West is to be envied and congratulated upon her intimate knowledge of little-known places.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The Century Company has acquired American rights to all of Johan Bojer's books, and will shortly bring out a new one, "The Last of the Vikings."

Thoreau, foremost among American authors who deal with nature, is studied as naturalist, natural philosopher, and humanist in Norman Foerster's new book, "Nature in American Literature." Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Walt Whitman and Sidney Lanier are the poets whose work Mr. Foerster analyzes, Emerson, Thoreau, John Muir and John Burroughs the prose writers. Muir and Burroughs, he says, established a virtually new type of literature—the nature essay. (The Macmillan Company.)

Sir Harry Johnston's new book, "Little Life Stories," is being published by Macmillan. Sir Harry has made a great reputation as an African explorer and administrator, big game hunter, artist and philologist, but it is as the novelist who has retired to an English priory in the shadow of Arundel Castle, to indulge in such picturesque hobbies as the breeding of peacocks and the cultivation of a rose garden that he makes his special appeal to many who have enjoyed his books, "The Gay-Dombeys" and "The Man Who Did the Right Thing." His "Little Life Stories" are short dramatic sketches of love and adventure, full of surprising turns and English color.

Many of our readers have doubtless longed for at least one specimen of the art of Bruce Rogers, probably the greatest printer in the world today; but the price of even the smallest of his books has been forced beyond the ordinary pocketbook by the demands of wealthy collectors. Now, however, for a trifling sum, one will be able to add to his library a very dainty Rogers item to be issued this spring by the Harvard University Press, "Wordsworth in a New Light," by Emile Legouis. At the same time every lover of the great laureate will welcome this new appreciation of his character and poetry by the leading Wordsworth scholar of our time.

In "The Mirrors of Moscow," just published by Thomas Seltzer, Louise Bryant pictures the Soviet leaders, their wives, and their families as she has known them in their homes. The book is illustrated with full-page portraits by Cesare.

At the recent convention of the Subscription Book Publishers' Association held in Chicago, S. A. Mulliken, publisher, of Cincinnati, commented on the fact that the reading public showed a distinct preference last year for educational works and for the more serious novels. "When we learn that the most widely circulated book in the Chicago library in 1922 was James Harvey Robinson's 'Mind in the Making,'" he said, "we realize with a certain surprise the scholarly trend of the public's reading and the new eagerness for self-improvement."

"The Orissers," a novel by L. H. Myers, which was published a month ago in England, will be published shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author is the son of the late Frederic Myers, who was president of the Psychical Society and was the author of a mystical work entitled "Human Personality." It is evident that the son has inherited his father's intense interest in psychological matters, for "The Orissers" is in effect a sort of dramatization of the activities of the subconscious mind.

The mystery of the authorship of "The Burning Spear," published in 1918 in England, has been solved by the announcement that the book is soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons with John Galsworthy's name on the title-page. This pungent satire of a single-minded Englishman, who took too seriously the newspaper headlines and utterances of statesmen in regard to war and peace and went out, like Don Quixote, to put what he read into practice, appeared anonymously in London just after the turning of the tide in the last year of the war. The identity of its author has not been revealed until now. Mr. Galsworthy has written a special preface for the American edition.

Solomon Bulkley Griffin was managing editor of the Springfield *Republican* for forty out of his forty-seven years with this nationally respected newspaper. When the announcement of his retirement was made in 1919, the editorial comment it aroused was nation-wide in scope, and paid remarkable tribute to his personal and editorial qualities. The New York *Sun* called his retirement "a serious loss to the profession and the public it serves," while the New York *Times* said: "It is a pleasure to know that the retirement of Mr. Griffin is not because of declining health, but to take up other work of a literary nature." Little, Brown & Co. announce that the work in question has consisted of writing "People and Politics: Observed by a Massachusetts Editor," which they will publish on May 9th.

The London *Morning Post* says: "Sir James Barrie, it appears, owed the name 'Wendy' in 'Peter Pan' to W. E. Henley's little daughter. Barrie, as usual with children, had become great chums with her, but she could not pronounce his name with the double 'r' in it. One day she heard her father allude to Barrie as 'friend.' Thereupon she began to call him 'Wendy,' the nearest she could get to the word. Hence the name. The little girl, as everybody knows, died early, but she lives as the original of 'Wendy.'"

It is interesting to note the order of popularity of our writers on Far Western themes in England. According to British booksellers the most popular Far West novelist in England is Mr. Zane Grey. After Mr. Zane Grey there probably comes Mr. Rex Beach, and then booksellers would group together Mr. Peter B. Kyne, Mr. Stuart Edward White, Mr. James Curwood, and Mr. Jackson Gregory.

An attractive new series of books of poetry is the "Appleton's Library of Verse." D. Appleton & Co. have gathered in this series a group of interesting volumes by present-day poets, including Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Don Marquis, Edith Franklin Wyatt, Joseph C. Lincoln, Grantland Rice and others. These books now appear in a uniform flexible binding, and at the price of $1.50 apiece. Nine volumes are being issued at this time.

Vachel Lindsay always carries drawing ink in his fountain pen, thus having at hand the means of expressing himself pictorially. The very interesting drawings which illustrate his new book of verses, "Going-to-the-Sun," initiate the public into this new phase of Mr. Lindsay's artistic expression.

A Moscow Soviet weekly says of H. G. Wells: "The chief feature of Wells as a writer and thinker is respectability. He is respectable beyonds words; he drives one crazy with his respectability, that most boring of all things in this most boring of worlds."



New Books Received.

The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Lloyd Morris. New York: George H. Doran Company.

An essay in appreciation, with a biography by W. Van R. Whitall.

The First Year of the Budget of the United States. By Charles G. Dawes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The history of the institution of the budget system and the coördination of the various government departments.

The Bridal Wreath. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

A novel of mediæval Norway, translated by C. Archer and J. S. Scott.

Gates of Life. By Edward Bjorkman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

A novel of Swedish youth.

"Our Little Girl." By Robert A. Simon. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

A story of mediocre talent.

The Bloom of Life. By Anatole France. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.

A sequel to "Little Pierre."

Drums of Doom. By Robert Welles Ritchie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

Romance in Mexico.

The Murder on the Links. By Agatha Christie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.

A detective story.

The Fairies Up-to-Date. Verses by Edward and Joseph Anthony; pictures by Jean de Bosschere. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.

Juvenile.

The Ballad of St. Barbara. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

And other verse.

Abraham Lincoln as a Man of Letters. By Luther Emerson Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

The literary significance of Lincoln's life.

Holding Hands. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

Seventy auction hands.

Mainspring. By V. H. Friedlaender. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A novel.

The Pelham Affair. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A mystery story.

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The Losing Gain

By Blanche Upright

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"DOUBLING IN BRASS."

The title of Charles Caldwell Dobie's new play refers to the practice in traveling tent show companies of having the show people double their services. In this case the doctor who sold the medicines was asked to lend a hand in playing one of the brass instruments. As he was a well-known nerve specialist following incognito the show in order to keep an eye on an erratic flapper-sweetheart who had attached herself to it, his real "doubling" consisted in his focusing his professional eye on a girl in the company suffering from hysteria and saving her from a rascal.

"Doubling in Brass" is termed a melodramatic comedy; which is a very satisfactory classification.

As Mr. Dobie is not yet wholly expert at play-making, nor the Players Theatre company at play-acting, the performance, though fresh, alert, and interesting, is full of crudities. The company, which is heavily called on for the large cast, has been obliged to adjust itself to a larger theatre, and the evidences of effort in some of them are unmistakable, both in voice and acting. Nevertheless they get it over, the extra large audiences assembling to view it testifying the liveliest enjoyment. The large cast, numbering about twenty, showed keen interest in their work, for the author has been lavish—too lavish, indeed—in the number and diversity of his characters. Like Jack Taylor, the young playwright in the play—whom I would advise Mr. Dobie to blue-pencil out of existence—he has wonderful rôles for an over-large number of people. Tbis is an expensive era, and businesslike managers of the commercial theatres would be apt to look coldly upon a play with a large and expensive cast. One or two other characters and lots of extraneous conversation would have to go, for the author begins by being top-heavy witb atmosphere and dialogue. He will have to hurry things up in the opening scenes, cut out a lot of talk, eliminate such stereotyped comedy effects as a perpetually Shakespeare-quoting old waif and stray from Dickens' pages, and advance that moment in the play when we first begin to scent drama; which, I may add, does not arrive anything like as promptly as it should.

It isn't until we detect the sinister nature of Dupont's character, and his brutality to the gentle and unresisting boy helper, that we arrive at that indispensable tension of interest when we say to ourselves gleefully, "Something doing!"

After that there are one or two slightly dull stretches in the dialogue, and there is a need of brightening it up with more snap and crackle of wit and humor. But all the same Mr. Dobie has a play tbat leads up from the calm that precedes a storm to a very successful detonation of dramatic thunder.

In the last act the author worked with greater zest, greater surety. The old-fashioned Dickensianism of his characters was less in evidence, although, in spite of the amusement of tbe audience over the goings-on of the murdered circus man's widow when she was on the witness stand, I am of the opinion that Mr. Dobie will be obliged to do a little more mental sweating over her witness-stand appearance, and make her funnier.

Save for the evidences of a straining of voice and technique, the principals of the company made a creditable appearance, some of the lesser ones, the Misses Isaacs and Barkley, for instance, being able to project the character represented well over the footlights.

Tbe two leading characters are Laura Parks, wife of the circus man, and Felix Dupont, doer of a mind-reading act with the gentle, submissive daughter of the Parks. Verna Mersereau and Dudley Burrows did very well with their respective rôles, save that Miss Mersereau was too palpably working hard. Ann O'Day and Arthur Pierson gave appropriately gentle and pensive personations of the boy and girl who were beginning their young and timid romance, and the concerted work of those present in the courtroom act deserves commendation for prompt tempo and good dove-tailing. In this act Barrie Hopkins as the attorney for the defense gave the illusion, and he was well seconded by W. Russell Cole, who appeared as the prosecuting attorney.

A handsome girl, Rose M. Isaacs, rather lighted up the scene by her looks and costume, although her attractions can not be said to have gone any farther, and Ann O'Day's blonde prettiness was well adapted to the rôle of Gloria Parks. There were several quiet, unornamental rôles that went well: the judge's matter-of-factness, the prosaic demeanor of Samuel Parks, the circus man, etc. In fact, the author did succeed in contriving the necessary atmosphere—in which respect he was backed hy a very effective tent setting in the first act—only he allowed the threads of drama to become perilously slack in establishing it.

The play, however, even in its present faulty condition, has caught on. The Plaza has found itself buzzing with audiences much above its average in number, and Mrs. Jessica Colbert has been contemplating another week's run; which, therefore, may be on at the present date.

EVERYDAY DRAMA.

In "The Mind in the Making" Mr. Robinson intimates many times that our social code will have to be revised. And, indeed, from the time that educated and intelligent women entered the industrial world, it was apparent to any open-minded observer of life that radical changes in the social code would come.

Today the effects of the process of adjustment through which womankind is passing are apparent in the liberty-inebriation of young girlhood. In time these adventurous girls will calm down, and in the present, up-pushing generation of childhood we will see another change.

It has been the custom for many years for solicitous mothers belonging to the prosperous, leisured class to have their daughters watched and guarded over as precious possessions whose purity and innocence must be kept diamond bright. The poor couldn't do it, and so the frail lily too easily plucked, and the flaunting sunflower eagerly courting the notice of the sun-god of wealth, were apt to be severed carelessly and prematurely from their maiden stem.

But nowadays girls are no longer the despoiled innocents of the past. If they transgress they do so with their eyes open. Perhaps, in the future, a race of Amazons will develop wbo will know how to guard themselves, and wbo will have just as mucb initiative in the marriage proposals as the man.

Even in the present day it is very common for the shrewd male wbo objects to working for his bread and 'baccy to fix a predatory eye on the woman-hustler, and decide that she will do for his provider.

In the past, many an heiress has been married for her money. In the present, many a woman is married because she is a successful earner of cash. Her husband, in the early years of illusion, makes a shallow pretense of occupation; and then, some day the wife wakes up. She perceives that she is being used, and expeditiously gets rid of her drone.

Of course the gentle, feminine, timidly worshiping thing of the past is going, going, almost gone. But mating will ever remain, and in the mating of the future there will be fewer tragedies for women. Perhaps—who knows?—more for men. This future of the world—how curious we are getting to be about it. And we must go to our graves with our curiosity forever unsatisfied.

The other night I saw a brief but striking sketch at the Sequoia Little Theatre, on a Russian-Scandinavian programme. Strindberg's "The Outlaw" was very effectively costumed and mounted; Tchekov's "comic scene," "Bliss," is sarcely worth while putting on the stage, but both were probably regarded as more important contributions to the programme than "Champagne"—by which, I suppose, is meant the joy of living. This short play, which has been translated from the Yiddish of Isaac Joeb Peretz by Etta Block—a local translator whose work is intelligently and sympathetically done—is the one of the group of three on the programme that leaves tbe lingering impression. The acting in the general programme rather fell below the standard aimed at, although I felt that Edna Oliver was successful in conveying to us the tragedy of the three women's lives. But it was the dramatic sketch itself that impressed me, with its deep insight and the sympathetic perception of what goes on in women's inner lives displayed by this gentle and faithful chronicler of Yiddish life.

For here is revealed the tragedy of frustration and the tragedy of fulfillment. For the old motber of three daughters, emancipated from the tight-bound convention of the orthodox by the spectacle of her daughters' ruined lives, reveals to a horrified neighbor the hidden tragedy that has developed in her poor hovel.

Her eldest child bad been the loveliest girl blossom of the village, and the mother bad guarded her treasure so carefully that marriage had passed her by; a tragedy in village life, it is easy to comprehend, of wbich our cheerful, handsome, popular, life-enjoying American spinsters know nothing.

The daughter, her beauty faded, hates ber too careful mother-guardian for having been the means of depriving her of her woman's heritage. Anguished by her daughter's cold



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resentment, the mother had encouraged the first suitor for her second daughter, who could not endure a worthless mate and left him. Thus she, in her blossoming youth, is cold and solitary.

And now the broken old woman exculpates herself to her conventional neighbor for the license she allows her third daughter.

"She shall live and be free to make her own destiny," she tells her. And as she speaks the girl enters, showing the effects of too great liberty upon her undisciplined youth, for she is flushed and excited with the drink that they have given her.

We must think of this sketch, too sombre for the taste of the average American, as applying to village life in the interior of Russia. But, while nobody as yet knows what the solution is to be, the man who wrote "Champagne" points out to the stern, rigid adherents of the orthodox, men of the same kidney as those who built up the social code that flourished in the Victorian era, that there is something wrong in the conventions and the code that condemn young and blooming women who are guiltless of fault to solitary imprisonment for life.

LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT.

The Little Theatre Department of the New York Drama League has hit on an idea which might be also worked out here in San Francisco, in view of the "little theatre" activities in the various cities about the Bay.

Their plan is to have a tournament of one-act plays, each separate little theatre to be given an opportunity to present its chosen piece in some selected New York theatre, two other one-act plays from other little theatre groups to appear on the same programme.

As there are to be thirty little theatres represented, ten performances would wind up the tournament. Judges will vote on the merit of the general performances, and from the first decisions will be taken another vote which is to select the very best. Cash prizes of $100 will reward the winners of the first ballot, the final winner to receive a prize signifying distinguished merit.

In view of the fact that in early times David Belasco jumped on the little theatres with both feet, it is quite interesting to note that he is the one chosen to present the final prize.

Since it would be possible to reckon on from half a dozen to a dozen groups drawn from this city and from surrounding towns, it would certainly be very stimulating to interest and provocative of merit to have such a competition.

As we no longer have a drama league, there would need to be a committee of some of the men most interested in the little theatre movement to run the affair, and the cash prizes would have to come out of the cash returns.

Such a move would take time, of course, what with the selection of plays and casts and the rehearsals preceding the public appearances. But it is worth considering, for the little theatre movement has apparently come to stay, and as yet San Franciscans have not done their quota in encouraging a healthy impetus which means much to the idealism of youth.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Beginning on Sunday night, April 15th, Walker Whiteside, the well-known character actor of "The Typhoon," "The Melting Pot," "Mr. Wu," "The Master of Ballantrae" and others, will be seen in his latest vehicle, "The Hindu," which is described as a mystery melodrama of the Far East. Mr. Whiteside is supported by an unusual cast, including Miss Sydney Shields, the emotional actress.

"Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," now playing at the Curran Theatre, will enter upon the last two weeks of its engagement this Sunday. That Fairbanks has won success in this achievement is evident by the long runs the picture has enjoyed everywhere, and by the generous attendance at every performance. The picture is being shown twice daily at the Curran, once in the afternoon and once in the evening.

Ruffo's Easter Concert.

Titta Ruffo, the Italian baritone, was pleased beyond measure at the generous reception accorded him by the San Francisco press and public at his first concert on March 18th, and spent several hours in the preparation of his Easter Sunday programme. He will be assisted by Miss Yvonne D'Arle, Metropolitan soprano, and Max Merson, the Hungarian pianist, and they will give a programme filled with the best to be found in opera.

Ruffo has consented to sing the "Pagliacci" Prologue in its entirety, and it is certain that his interpretation of this number will be remembered. In keeping with Easter, and taking advantage of the fact that the Exposition Auditorium has one of the finest organs in the world, Ruffo will sing the magnificent "Cantabile de Rysoor" (Song of Rysoor) from the opera "Patrie" of Paladilhe, with organ accompaniment. The programme will include "Adamastor, re dell' onde profonde" from Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africaine," and a Ruffo programme is not complete without the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen," to which Ruffo lends all his powers of inimitable acting.

Miss D'Arle will sing "Bianca Luce" from Leoni's "L'Oracolo," which, it will be remembered, is the Chinese play "The First Born" set to music, the locale of which is in San Francisco. She will also sing the "Air des Bijoux" (Jewel Song) from "Faust," in which her voice will be heard to full advantage. The programme will close with the duet from "Thaïs," one of the finest passages from the pen of Massenet. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Columbia

Advance interest manifested in Elsie Ferguson's personal appearance at the Columbia Theatre, a two weeks' engagement which commences Monday night, April 2d, indicates not only the popularity of this player, but the desire of our play-goers to see worthwhile offerings. In "The Wheel of Life," Miss Ferguson believes she has a medium that not only affords unusual entertainment, but at the same time gives her patrons something to remember in association with her work.

Bonnet on the City Organ.

The Auditorium committee of the board of supervisors has concluded arrangements with Joseph Bonnet, the great French organist who is now touring America, for a single recital on the municipal organ, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday evening, April 11th.

This engagement is esteemed of particular importance, as Bonnet stands at the head of his profession. He comes back to America wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, which distinction was conferred upon him by the French government last August, his name now standing with those of such distinguished organists as Cesar Franck, Charles Marie Widor, and Alexandre Guilmant.

Charles F. Bulotti, the tenor, will be the vocalist of the evening. Prices will be popular, and seats may be reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Ethel Barrymore is playing in "The Laughing Lady" at the Longacre, New York.

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VANITY FAIR.

New York is coming right along. It has recently, in the upper circles, been following the example set by San Francisco these many months past by developing a popular symphony orchestra designed to appeal to those who have been passing their quarters and halves, plus war tax, through the little window where the pretty blonde takes them for the benefit of the motion-picture exhibitor. One of the early social incidents of last November was a tea and reception in the Fifth Avenue mansion of Mrs. Lewis L. Clarke to inform the guests that the stork had brought to Gotham at last the City Symphony Orchestra, "dedicated to the service of the people of New York," and intended to bring the best music, under the baton of some famous conductor, to those that may have wearied of the perforated rolls that are fed through the mechanism of the movie house organ. General Coleman du Pont was there, and was presented and duly hailed as father of the newborn organization. Now it appears that the child has had a lusty growth, and many godfathers, some of whom have contributed sums ranging from $5000 to $50,000, are gratified by results. The men having done what men are for in modern society, that is, having put up the money, the women took charge and directed the development of the infant. The other night, at a dinner of 300 men and women at the Waldorf-Astoria, it was announced that nearly 100,000 admission tickets at 25 cents had been disposed of through the school department for the coming fifty-three concerts. The announcement was received as a definite indication of success, in the face of discouragements taking the form of warnings that New York had too many orchestras and other counter attractions. Music has received another promotion in popular favor, and it is said that the first season of the new symphony is but a beginning. Meanwhile, little John Jacob Astor, eleven-year-old son of the late Colonel Astor and the present Mrs. William K. Dick, only one of his name in the American branch of the family, has started his own gallery of paintings by American artists. So it seems that art in New York is getting a real boost—horrible word, but there is no other that seems to met the requirements.

Apparently it costs something to marry your daughter to a royal duke, and the poor Earl of Strathmore is finding it rather rough sledding on top of capital levies and war taxes and all that sort of thing. Announcement is quite gently made that he is disposing of the letters and papers of the Bowes family, which for centuries have reposed in the vaults of Streatham Castle, Durham. It is not to clean out the vaults, for if it were they could just make a bonfire in the back yard of the castle and it would be needless to say anything about it. The word "dispose," like the word "convey," has its own connotation, in the circumstances. In fact, it is admitted that there will be an auction, late this month. One letter written by Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, to Sir George Bowes during the rebellion of 1569 expresses the complaint of Queen Elizabeth that death sentences are being executed too slowly. Another, bearing the signature of Mary Queen of Scots and addressed to Sir George, makes no such complaint: Mary undoubtedly feeling that they were being executed too rapidly. And William Blakiston Bowes, born in 1698, seems to have done his part to confirm the custom now riding the neck of his descendant by writing three letters to his prospective father-in-law demanding a lump sum of 30,000 pounds, and 3000 pounds each for the first two children born of his approaching marriage. It is likely that these ancient demands for dowry will now, through the hypnotic services of the auctioneer, help in supplying the modern dowry. Lucky for the present earl that old William Blakiston Bowes had to write them! Meanwhile the earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, is receiving many presents on account of her coming nuptials with the Duke of York. The Prince of Wales, his brother, has given her a set of sables from the most beautiful pelts. The duke is having a bracelet set with gems for her. Queen Mary is giving her some jewels. King George is giving her a complete set of household silver. There is no mention of an order for groceries, but one should be supplied. Without tea, sugar, and comestibles of that sort, the silver will be nothing but an ornament. An unknown donor handed the duke 2500 pounds, with which to make glad the hearts of the children of London, Glasgow, Cardiff, York and Belfast on his wedding day. Probably he can supply the groceries out of his salary.

The world may be broke, but European travel reports would not indicate it. Germany has had to exclude travelers because they run up prices beyond what it is comfortable for Germans to pay—or she says that is the reason, although it is more likely that the government is tired of having tourists tell the truth about German conditions. Now Paris is worrying about taking care of the flood of travelers from this country, mingling with another flood returning to town from the Riviera—which is in many cases a euphemism for Monte Carlo. The director of the Hotel Ritz says if the rush continues he will soon be turning them away. We have never seen a Paris hotel-keeper turn trade away, but we should expect him to give three heart-broken groans and fall dead. But the Ritz is filled, and old clients are begging for rooms in April. What to do? More hotels will have to be built, especially in Paris, which seems to have recaptured from Stockholm its old pre-war monopoly of tourist attraction. And it is not in Paris alone, nor in Europe, that the shortage of travel accommodation amounts to a housing famine. Florida has been almost swamped this season. Even Philadelphia has felt it, and in most effective degree; that is, they are preparing to build a ten-million dollar hotel at Ninth and Chestnut Streets, to be known as the Benjamin Franklin. It will stand on the site of the old Continental, where Presidents Lincoln, Harrison, and McKinley registered when they visited the Quaker City, and where the Prince of Wales and Charles Dickens stopped. The new hostelry will be seventeen stories high, and will have on the second floor an assembly room seating 1500 persons. That is hardly enough to attract a nominating convention, but it is significant that the need of such a hall in hotels should be so recognized. The main dining-room will seat 500, and there will be a grill in the basement equally large. Some of the business men interested are Charles Gimbel, of the Philadelphia and New York department stores, John C. Martin, Albert M. Greenfield, and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who has been so successful as a publisher by giving the people what they want combined with a little of what they ought to have, but not too much. It should be remembered by Californians with gratitude that Philadelphia was the first Eastern city to welcome the ripe olive.

"Stay me with apples, for I am sick of love" wrote the impassioned Hebrew author of the Love Song of Solomon. We never did know whether he meant that he was lovesick, or just plain sick of it from having discovered what a trouble and responsibility and general anxiety it was, to say nothing of its speculative character. But evidently here was early recognition from a sexologist of standing that apples had or might have something to do with it. Now the ancient writing receives modern, scientific confirmation. Major James E. Ash, Medical Corps, U. S. A., returns from the Philippines and declares that from his observations and studies among primitive peoples it is his belief that the seat of love is not the heart, but the liver. Here is the connecting link with the aforesaid Hebrew blank versifier; for the liver, there is nothing better than apples. In fact, Dr. Ash holds the opinion that an Oriental love philter is nothing more than a dose of herbaceous liver medicine. And in applying his theory to the support of the biblical love poet we can not but feel that it offers a practical solution for one of our worst psychological, sociological, and sexological problems, that of divorce. Hereafter let our judges adopt different tactics than mere persuasion for the reconciliation of those seeking severance of the matrimonial bond. When a man sues his wife for divorce let the judge advise him to go home and eat a box of Newtown pippins. If a lady complainant complains, as the colored sister did, that, while she has nothing in particular against her husband, she has "just lost her taste for him," a recovery of affection might be accomplished by eating a quart or so of apple sauce. Buckwheat cakes with black-strap molasses are well enough in their way, but if a woman wants to keep a family really happy and her husband interested in her all the time she should not neglect to give him plenty of fried apples for breakfast. It is not necessary to pursue the thought farther into the field of materia medica. Let us leave that to Dr. Ash, who has tumbled to a great principle and should be charged with the work of applying it. It is enough to cite the opinion of the ancients as confirmatory of his theory, and his theory as proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures.

A "High-Toned" Duel.

In a character study of John Randolph, the famous Virginian, in *Harper's Magazine*, Gamaliel Bradford writes: "On only two occasions, so far as the records go, did Randolph actually appear in the dueling field, and on both his courage was unimpeachable. The first was an affair at college. The second was the historical duel with Henry Clay, whom Randolph had bracketed with President John Quincy Adams as a combination of blackleg and Puritan. Randolph's conduct was perfectly characteristic. He solemnly assured his second beforehand that on no account would he fire at Clay. Then, losing his temper on the ground, he intimated that he had changed his mind. Then his pistol went off too soon. Then, having received Clay's fire through the white flannel wrapper, which he persisted in wearing—as Sainte-Beuve fought his only duel under an umbrella—he shook hands with his adversary with the utmost cordiality. And the delicious epilogue to the whole thing is furnished by Benton, who gives a detailed account of it: 'It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed.'"

New Resorts of Society.

Arrests, imprisonments, charges and countercharges of corruption have all added to the complexity of the situation in New York City as a result of the non-enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, and probably if the lid were lifted, a similar complexity would be found in every other city in the country, says a writer in the *Forum*.

Here we have the spectacle of four men "socially prominent" in New York going laughingly to jail for having committed a crime against the Constitution of the United States. When we consider that the four La Montagne brothers, who were sentenced to a Federal penitentiary for bootlegging, are the friends and associates of the same "society people" who talk about radicalism and the dangers of the lawless emigrants from Europe, we wonder what has become of what in our youth we knew as the American Tradition.

In early Colonial times, the best American families were willing to die for liberty—the right of free speech—the right to worship God as they saw fit. The descendants of the same families seem to be perfectly ready to go to jail in order to preserve the right to get drunk, and not even the sacred Constitution, of which they are the most ardent defenders when any reformer or progressive wishes to amend it to afford greater protection to those who work with their hands—has any terrors for them when it interferes with hootch. What we may expect in the future if the present attitude is kept up will be that the "society" reporters of the great metropolitan dailies, Mr. Fauley of the *Times* and Mr. Allen of the *Herald*, will be obliged to cover the penitentiaries in order to make their news columns complete and spicy.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The old deacon was the kindest of men, religious and always ready with a good word. One day while he was driving to town he overtook a peddler with a large pack on his back. Stopping his horse, the deacon suggested that the man ride. The peddler carefully stored his pack in the back of the spring wagon and then climbed to the seat beside the deacon. For some time the two talked pleasantly. Then there was a long pause, and, thinking to improve the occasion in a religious sense, the deacon turned and asked, 'My good friend, are you prepared to die?' With a shriek the peddler sprang to the ground and disappeared in the near-by woods.

The late Henry T. Oxnard, the "beet sugar king," often deplored the too commercial spirit of the age. "Commercialism," he once said, "has ruined the arts. A multimillionaire was being shown over a wonderful old castle in Scotland. 'This castle and estate,' the guide said, 'have been in the possession of the Marquis of Macbeth's family for 700 years.' 'And I don't wonder at it, neither,' said the multimillionaire. 'The only way you could get rid of a property like this would be to pull down the house, cut the land up into building lots, and advertise an auction sale, with a special train and a brass band.'"

An Oklahoma editor tells of an old Indian who came into his office to pay for his paper. The editor took the money; then the Indian wanted a receipt. The editor tried to talk him out of it. Mr. Indian insisted. After taking it out, the editor wanted to know why he was so persistent about wanting a receipt. The Indian said: "Me die some time. Go to big gate and St. Peter ask if I been good Indian. I say yes. He say, 'Did you pay editor for paper?' I say yes. He say, 'Where is receipt?' I no have it. I have run all over hell to find you and get receipt.'"

Sir Hugh Maxwell-Grant, the London banker, said at a dinner at Narragansett: "You Americans are very fond of attacking one another. A New York man told me on the voyage over that one day in the crowded lounge of his London hotel he went up to a compatriot and said: 'You're a Chicagoan, aren't you?' 'I sure am,' said the Chicagoan, and he smiled and held out his hand. 'How did you spot me, brother?' But the New Yorker ignored the question and the extended hand. 'Do you mind taking your feet off that chair?' he said. 'My wife would like to sit down.'"

In the days before Mr. Volstead had become famous, or infamous, according to the point of view, the Elks held a convention at Portland, Oregon, and entertained the Pacific fleet, which happened to be in port. Some one afterwards the Pacific fleet had occasion to entertain a British cruiser, and still being mentally influenced by their late hosts, the Yanks, the slogan of the evening was "Eleven o'clock! Time to take a drink!" A British officer, amused by the catchword, took it up and was asked with surprise by an American, "Are you an Elk?" The Britisher looked blank an instant, but with a wicked gleam replied, "Why, er, no. I am only a duke."

"Ambassador Herrick," said a returned tourist, "told me in Paris that a good deal of the so-called extortion we tourists complain about is due to misunderstandings. He instanced the case of a tourist in Brussels who got on a tramcar to make the whole journey around the exterior boulevards. When the conductor asked him where he wanted to go, he said: 'Tout la journee.' He thought this meant, 'The whole journey,' but it really meant, 'All day long.' And so the conductor, treating him down as an eccentric, gave him seven tickets and charged him 15 francs. Fifteen francs! What extortion! The tourist from that day could not knock Europe and European grafters hard enough."

Governor McKelvie of Nebraska said at a Lincoln luncheon: "Farm life is very hard. A young coal miner thought that during the next strike he'd take a kind of rest cure by working on a farm. Being a husky young coal miner, he soon found a job, and the farmer called him to go to work the first morning at 5 o'clock. He wasn't used to such hours, and turned over and took another nap. So it happened that it was quite half-past 3 when he descended into the dark farmyard, where all hands were busy milking. He perceived the lights by the light of one of the lanterns, and strolled over to him. 'Good-morning, hoss. Fine morning,' he said heartily. 'Humph,' grunted the boss. 'It was.'"

Thomas L. Chadbourne, head of the new billion-dollar steel combination, was talking about Russia at the Lawyers' Club in New York. "Russia," he said, "knows she'll have to get rid of the Bolsheviks eventually. Eventually—why not now? Well, its because Russia is like Little Willie. Little Willie fell seriously ill; but refused to take the medicine that the doctor had prescribed. His mother, before his repeated refusals, lost all hope. 'Oh,' she wailed, my boy will die! My darling boy will die!' But from his sick bed, little Willie spoke gently. 'Don't worry, mother,' he said. 'Father will be home soon and he'll make me take it.'"

Among the numerous curious stories told by Lady Butler, the battle painter, in her book, "An Autobiography," is a reminiscence of the fleet at Devonport. "At the port admiral's I was to learn that in the navy you mustn't stand up for our sovereign's health, by order of William IV. This resulted one evening in our sitting for 'The King' and standing up for 'The Kaiser.' There were the German admiral and officers present. I thought that very unfortunate." In a foot-note Lady Butler says: "Some one has explained to me, with what authority I can not tell, that 'The Sailor King' gave this order to his officers with royal tact, being well aware that they could no more stand, at that period of the dinner, than he could himself."

The butler in a Scotch family occupies a privileged and unique position. He sometimes assumes a freedom of speech that seems to American ears to border on impertinence; but to those who know him his frankness is only one of the many evidences of his interest in the family welfare. A young American woman was the guest at a house where a butler of that sort reigns. She submitted to his patronage with much amusement; but one day there were unexpected and important guests for dinner, and a little while before the meal was served the butler waylaid the young American in the hall. "I'm fearin' there'll no be quite enough soup," he whispered, "so when it's offered, ye maun decline it, lass." "Decline soup, James," she said, laughing, "why that would be impolite." "Well, not precisely," said James, with a benignant smile, "but they'll a' make excuse for ye, thinkin' ye ken nae better."

Major Harding Cox, sportsman and writer, whose lively reminiscences, "Chasing and Racing," have been followed by "A Sportsman at Large," tells a story of Queen Victoria at Balmoral and her majesty's visits to an old servant who had been pensioned and established in a cabin qn the farther shores of Loch Calater: "It was the good queen's custom to visit the old lady on a Sabbath afternoon, bringing her various delicacies and taking tea with her in homely fashion. In order to reach the cabin her majesty was wont to be rowed across the loch by 'a couple o' braw laddies.' One day a distinguished traveler (possibly none other than 'Pan' Gordon himself) was talking to Maggie Macfarlane (for such was the old crone's name) about the queen's informal visits. 'I'm sure, Mrs. Macfarlane,' he said, 'you ought to be proud to think the great queen is so kind and friendly to you.' 'Oo, ay,' replied the old lady, 'Ah'm prood enow; het Ah dinna like her'r meejistee a-rowin' a' the loch o' the Sawbath.' 'Oh, come,' exclaimed the visitor, 'surely there's no great harm in that? Why, have you forgotten that Our Lord rowed on the Sea of Galilee on the Sabbath?' 'Oo, ay—certes oor Lor-r'd ded; bet foreby Ah n'ere thoct the hetter-r-r o' Him fer doin' it.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Mystery of the Cafeteria

When introduced I'd found him shy—
A very cogent reason why
His modest note I then should eye
With animation.
The burden of his bashful line
Was that he wished to have me dine
With him—no doubt where bright lights shine
An invitation!

I wore my duvetyn, chic, but grave,
My purple hat which always gave
The men a thrill (a few would rave
In mild vendetta).
He blushed when I hove into view,
Remarking, "This is sweet of you."
And then—Great Scott! He took me to
A cafeteria!

He handed me an eight-foot tray
And let me fight and claw my way
Past lowly bean, past pea soufflé
And sickly salad.
Between the onions and the shad
He told me what a heart he had
And wooed me plaintive-voiced and sad
While I grew pallid.

Outraged, I viewed the simple wight
And thought with what a sweet delight
I'd murder him that very night
Nor e'er bemoan it.
Then sweeter than the flute or spinnet,
And sweeter than the thrush or linnet:
"This place earns twenty beans a minute."
He said "—I own it!"

—Gordon Seagrove in Judge.

From an English boy's examination paper: "When the Duke of Monmouth fled from the battle he changed clothes with a pheasant and was afterwards discovered lying in a ditch." *—Boston Transcript.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. Edward Beylard of San Mateo bas announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sophy Beylard, to Captain Anthony Loftus Bryan of the British army, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Loftus Bryan of Bourmont Manor, County Wexford, Ireland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Bowie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton C. Bowie, and Mr. George Wolf, son of Mrs. J. Fleck of Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore had several guests over the week-end at their country place near Santa Cruz, among them being Mr. Richard Baker of London, the Earl of Chichester, and Mr. C. B. Zabriskie of New York.

Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., entertained a number of guests at a dinner on Saturday evening in celebration of Mr. Hendrickson's birthday. Afterwards the party went to Tait's-at-the-Beach for dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson were hosts at a supper party on Sunday at their home on Mason Street.

The officers of Letterman Hospital gave a dance last week in honor of Major Edward G. Huber and Mrs. Huber.

Mrs. John Polhemus was a luncbeon hostess last week at the Francesca Club.

Mrs. Edward G. Huber was entertained last week by Mrs. Patrick McAndrew, who gave a riding party and luncheon in her honor. Mrs. Huber was also the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Charles Henderson.

The officers stationed at the Presidio gave a reception on Tbursday of last week at the Officers' Club in honor of General James G. Harbord, U. S. A., and Mrs. Harbord.

General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett entertained at tea last week in bonor of General James G. Harbord and Mrs. Harbord.

Mr. Léon Brooks Walker gave a dinner last week at Tait's-at-tbe-Beach in honor of several Eastern friends who are visiting San Francisco. The dinner was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr.

Mrs. Pio Morbio and her daugbter, Miss Alberta Morbio, gave a tea last week at the Fairmont in honor of Countess Vittori Siciliani de Moreals, wife of the new Italian consul to San Francisco.

Miss Janet Coleman was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by her sister, Mrs. Charles Noble, at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Alice Ellinwood entertained at a bridge-tea on Tbursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Ralph King of Lassen County.

Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax was a recent luncheon hostess at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Lloyd Osborne was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Lombard Street in bonor of Mrs. G. R. Randolph and Mrs. R. W. Stevenson of Edinburgh.

Mrs. William B. Storey was tbe guest of bonor at a luncbeon last week given by Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle at ber bome on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon were hosts at a dinner last week in honor of their house guests, Mrs. E. N. Harwood of Pasadena and Mrs. James Sawyer of Los Angeles.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker and Mr. Harry Crocker gave a dinner last week and afterwards took their guests to the opening performance of "Robin Hood."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates gave a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. William B. Storey of Chicago.

Mrs. Benjamin Dibblée entertained at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Ruth Draper.

Mrs. Chester Irving Williams was a luncheon hostess last Friday.

Among those who entertained friends at luncheon on Charter Day were Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley and Mrs. Charles Nohie.

Dr. and Mrs. Moffitt entertained at a family dinner last week in celebration of the birthday of their son, Mr. James Moffitt.

Mrs. Harriett Peterson Miller was hostess at a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Frank Simmons of Ontario.

Captain Harold N. Gilbert, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gilbert and Lieutenant John Ferguson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ferguson were joint hosts at a dance given last Friday at tbe Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in bonor of Mrs. Amy Talbot.

Mr. Elihu Root was the guest of honor at a stag dinner recently given by Mr. William Mayo Newhall.

Colonel W. A. Covington, U. S. A., and Mrs. Covington, who have recently arrived at tbe Presidio, gave a dinner last week at their quarters.

Mrs. Rudolpb Spreckels was hostess at a recent luncheon given at her bome on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Leroy Herrick of Minneapolis.

Mrs. Frank Deering gave a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Erminie Peralta Dargie.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammersmith gave a dinner last week in bonor of General and Mrs. Barnett.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was tbe guest of bonor at a bridge and tea given by Miss Helen Perkins, and a dinner given by Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

The Monday Afternoon Dancing Class gave a fancy dress dance at tbe Fairmont last week. Mrs. Orville Pratt and Mrs. Roger Lapbam were hostesses at small dinners preceding the dance.

Among the hostesses wbo entertained their friends at luncheon on Sunday in Burlingame and San Mateo were Mrs. Rennie Schwerin, Mrs. Milton Bugbee, Captain and Mrs. McCauley and Mr. and Mrs. William Parmer Fuller, Jr.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury will give a large tea on Easter Monday at her bome on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Olive Erdington of New York, whose engagement to Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury has been announced.

Mrs. John F. Merrill will be the guest of bonor at a tea given on April 7th by Captain Holbrook at his home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali has been giving a series of luncbeons at her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her home in San Mateo for Mrs. George Barnett.

Mrs. James Moffitt was hostess at a farewell luncheon last week given for her sister-in-law, Miss Alice Moffitt.

Captain Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger gave a large luncheon on Wednesday for Admiral Sims and Mrs. Sims.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., gave a dinner on Friday night and afterwards took their guests to tbe theatre.

Mrs. Edward Diamond gave a luncbeon last week in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin.

To precede Charity Chapter's comedy, "Six-Cylinder Love," at the Fulton Theatre, Oakland, April 3d, Mrs. Stanford Moses is giving a dinner to a group from the navy set in honor of Admiral and Mrs. McCormick. The proceeds from tbe theatre party will be used for equipment and to enable the chapter to better carry on its activities.

Horse Show at Los Angeles.

Horsemen from all parts of the West will gather in Los Angeles next week in anticipation of the local horse show, the interest in which promises to put the hangtails at Tijuana into temporary eclipse. This year's tanhark exhibition will he held at the hig remodeled arena on the Hotel Amhassador grounds, and will run for five days, opening Tuesday evening, April 3d, and closing with a special matinée and spectacular night performance on Saturday, April 7th. Approximately $12,000 in stakes and premiums will be distrihuted to the winners.

The show will he held under the auspices of the Southern California Riding and Driving Club, of which Marco H. Hellman, Los Angeles hanker, is president. Thomas T. Strain is managing the equine features of the event.

Wild Flowers at the Fairmont.

An exhihit of California wild flowers will be held at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, April 13th and 14th. It will he open to the public. These displays of the native plant life of California have been held annually in San Francisco since the year of the Exposition, 1915. They are given under the auspices of the Wild Flower Conservation League, founded during the Exposition year by those who desire to protect the native flowers and preserve them in their natural habitats. Carefully gathered specimens are sent to tbese displays each year from all sections of California. The work is directed by Mrs. Bertha M. Rice of Saratoga, founder of "Wild Flower Day," assisted by Mrs. Roxanna Ferris.

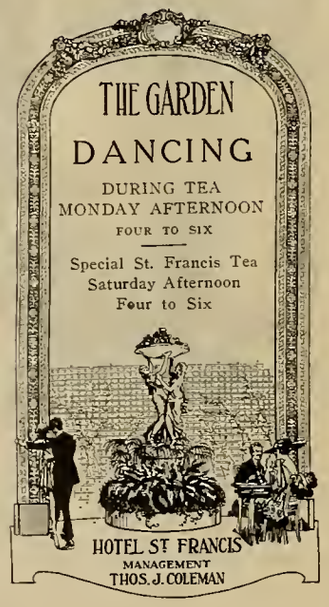
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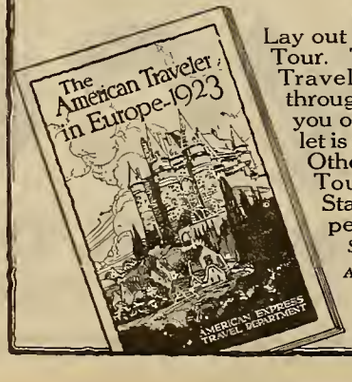
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Homer S. King and Mrs. Richard Bayne are having an extended motoring trip in Southern California and when last heard from were at Imperial Valley. They will visit Palm Springs and Riverside on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have bought the Burlingame residence of Mr. Richard Tobin and will take possession about the first of May.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols have returned from the East.

Mrs. Max Rothschild has returned from her recent trip to Southern California and is at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle have returned from a trip East by way of the Panama Canal.

Miss Louise Mahoney, who went East recently by way of the Panama Canal, is expected to return to San Francisco by April 1st.

Colonel John T. Knight, who has been ordered to Washington, D. C., will sail with Mrs. Knight on the transport *Grant* on April 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster and their daughter, Miss Helen Foster, have moved from the Hotel St. Francis to an apartment on Washington and Gough Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Alexander are in San Francisco for a short stay.

Mrs. Samuel Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall left for New York last Tuesday. They were accompanied by Judge Leventritt and his daughter, who have been spending part of the winter at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Frederick Moody has returned from a motor trip to the San Joaquin Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin.

Mr. De Witt Peters left for New York last week to join his brother, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, Jr. He will stop in New Orleans and Washington en route.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green left San Francisco on March 17th for a trip through the Canal.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mrs. B. A. Edwards of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George G. Moore at San Mateo and will be with them at Pebble Beach during the polo tournament.

Judge James A. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper have gone to New York, where they joined their daughter, Miss Ethel Cooper. Mrs. Cooper and Miss Cooper sailed on March 28th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley and their daughter, Miss Katherine Bentley, have left the Clift Hotel and are living on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Watt sailed for Honolulu on the *Matsonia* last week.

Miss Petsy Payne has gone to Honolulu and will visit the family of General and Mrs. John D. Barrette.

Mrs. Blanche Sharon Farr and her sister, Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown of Piedmont, have taken an apartment on Green Street.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin has returned to San Francisco, after nearly a year's absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Stevenson will occupy the residence of Mrs. John F. Merrill at Menlo Park during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Vleck Anderson, who were recently married in New York, have gone to London, where Mr. Anderson is a director of the Whitehall Petroleum Company. Mrs. Anderson was Miss Gracella Rountree of Berkeley.

Mrs. Horace D. Van Sicklen, who went East recently with her mother, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Storey of Chicago are making a short visit to San Francisco and are staying at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and Miss Frances Pringle will leave for Honolulu next week.

Mr. Roger Lapham has returned from a short trip to New York.

Mr. Harry Stetson, who is spending a few months in California, is staying with his sister, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn are closing their home at Woodside and are leaving for their summer home in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Hughes of Denver are visiting in California. Mr. Hughes, who is the son of former Governor Hughes of Colorado, will play on the Midwick's team in the polo tournament.

Mr. James Otis and his daughter, Mrs. Warren Smith, have arrived in Caracas, where they were met by Mr. Smith. They then proceeded by automobile into the interior of Venezuela.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and her daughter, Mrs. Vida Dodge Mackay, who have been spending a short time in California, have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. Albert Payson Terhune and Mrs. Terbune are visiting California and are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Amy Talbot of Washington, D. C., has been visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Stine are spending the Easter holidays at their home near Saratoga.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan sailed for the Orient last week and will be absent for several months.

Mrs. William Van Fleet chaperoned a house party of young people to Inverness over the last week-end.

Mr. Frederick Barreda Sherman left on Sunday for New York on his way to Europe, where he will join his fiancée, Miss Cornelia Ripley, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ripley, at Gibraltar. The wedding will take place in Paris the latter part of April.

Mrs. Edwin Eddy left last week for the East, where she will spend the Easter vacation with her son, Mr. Selwyn Eddy.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her daughters, Miss Rosamonde and Miss Margaret Lee, who have been passing a few days in town at the Francesca Club, have returned to their home in Carmel.

Miss Francesca Deering is visiting friends in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, who recently returned from Europe, are leaving for New York next week to celebrate the event of Mr. Fries' mother's eightieth birthday. They expect to be gone six weeks.

Wild Flowers and Spring Blossoms.

Plans for the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Exhibition at the Palace Hotel, April 20th-21st, are progressing rapidly under the supervision of Miss Alice Eastwood, curator of botany of the California Academy of Sciences, Miss Ethel Wickes, and Miss Katherine Chandler. On Friday, the 20th, from 3 to 5, there will be a tea and pageant in the Palm Court and the Rose Bowl. The pageant is under personal direction of Ferris Hartman, Miss Morris, Miss Estelle Carpenter, Miss O'Keefe and others. Twenty tables will be decorated by the leading florists in competition for prizes. The president, Mrs. Elmer Woodbury, will have as guests at her table the governor, the mayor, and many other notables. Admission to the flower show will be 50 cents; to the pageant, including the flower show, $1.50.

Fairies in the Book Shop.

On the last Saturday of each month stories are told at the Children's Book Shop, 474 Sutter Street. The Book Fairy appears in costume. The programme continues from 2 to 4 o'clock, and it is planned that the stories told each month shall be part of a constructive whole.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Duncan Frissell of Honolulu are being congratulated on the birth of a son. Mrs. Frissell is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter.

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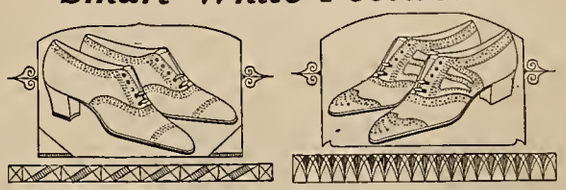
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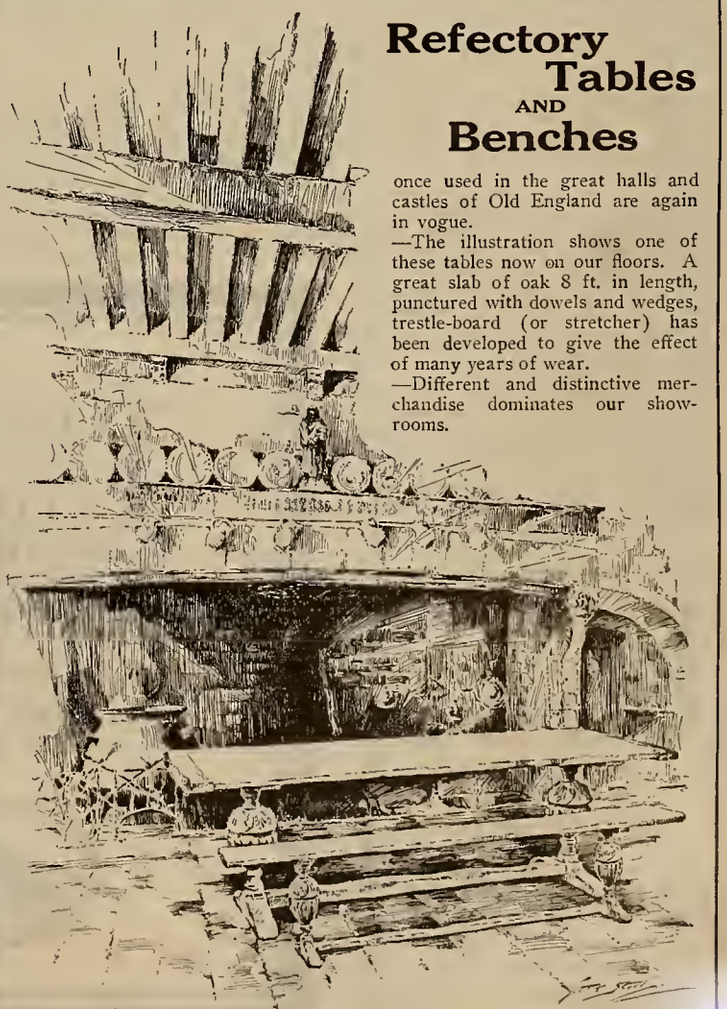
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

This new Chinese game was old stuff to Whittier. Thus:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! Mah Jongg!" he said.
—*New York World.*

"What is the principal resource of Ireland?" "America."—*Cornell Widow.*

"Sir, I am a woman of my word." "Yes, but which one?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"What's the greatest danger in automobiling?" "The police."—*Georgia Cracker.*

Sunday-School Teacher—What if you should break one of the Commandments? *Pupil*—There would be nine left.—*Life.*

"Tell me, John, have you read my new book?" "Yes, but I feel a trifle better by now."—*Copenhagen Klod-Hans.*

"This free verse is getting harder to understand every day." "You are reading the chess problems, my boy."—*Judge.*

An American motorist has reached the age of one hundred. Motorist, yes. Few pedestrians can hope to attain to even half that age.—*Judge.*

"Who is that fellow you just spoke to?" "That is the fiancé of the girl to whom Kelly was engaged before he was engaged to me."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"A fine stenog you are! Call yourself a typist and don't know how to put a ribbon in a typewriter." "Does Paderewski know how to tune a piano?"—*Life.*

The man who conceived of stamping an image of the eagle on American dollars is to be remembered as the world's most subtle humorist.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

New Member—Jolly good of you, major, to fix up this match for me. I hope you told him what a hopeless rabbit I am. *The Secretary*—No, I didn't; he seemed to know.—*Punch.*

Young Wife (to her husband)—But, you see, my darling, it is really to your interest. The more money you give me voluntarily, the less I'll ask you for.—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

"John, I wish to go traveling." "Yes, my dear; shall we go to the Florida Everglades at the Rialto, or to China at the Globe, or picturesque Holland at the Capitol?"—*Yale Record.*

Angry Sire—You never show up at the office except when you want money. I'm mighty glad I have no other sons like you! *Spendthrift Son*—Certainly, dad; so am I.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Jackson—Say, Mis' Johosing, did Samho give Celestine a ring foh hein' engaged? *Mrs. Johnson*—No, Mis' Jackson, he done hettuh 'n dat; he gave huh a engagement wringer.—*Judge.*

At a local movie, recently, one of the actors was a big chimpanzee. "Ooh, look at the bamhoo!" said one woman. "That ain't no bamhoo," corrected her companion. "That's a boomerang."—*Washington Star.*

He—The decree is granted. Now, darling, we can be married at last, just as soon as you have settled the divorce court fees. *She*—Oh, never mind the fees. I have a charge accouot there.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Prof. I—I forgot myself today and spoke sharply to a co-ed. *Prof. II*—Did she resent it? *Prof. I*—For a moment, yes. Then she smiled, and congratulated me on my bravery.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Father (to dilatory son)—When I was your age I was at my desk at 7 every morning. *Son*—That may be, dad, but I know the business is perfectly safe io your hands, even while I'm away.—*Boston Transcript.*

When Aiken met Payne, back in the old home town, he inquired: "How is Umson; and how is Amley?" "Umson is so prosperous he rides in his own machine——" "Yeah?" "And Amley is so well off, he walks for exercise."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Young Lady (assisting friend to choose a hat—to milliner)—I think that's decidedly the best. But don't you think it wants some sort of ornament in front—I mean just to distract attention a little from the face?—*Punch.*

Rich Man (to clerk)—I started in at the lowest rung of the ladder. My first wife got only five dollars a week alimony. Now look at me! Paying three hundred to my last and I haven't stopped climbing yet.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Retiring Sage of Yazoo City.

When the sage of Yazoo City first came to Coogress he used to sit in his seat and watch the performance as a spectator, writes Arthur James in the Washingtoo *Star*. He was not asleep; he was merely getting the hang of how they did things. He had not heen there many months when he arose to make a speech for something that was for the benefit of the congressional district that he represented. A Repuhlican, noticing the slender young man with the Southern drawl and long, curly hair, thought that he would have some fun with the new memher and proceeded to give him a good-natured hazing.

Williams listened to his adversary with polite attention, and then he unlimhered, and ioside of teo minutes he had the House in a roar of laughter at the one who had haited him. He took, figuratively, the hide off of the Repuhlican and stood him up to the unfeeling gaze of the memhers of the House. He flayed him with a flow of language that was nothing hut the purest of English; tied him in knots, howkoots, and double howknots, and when he took his seat the reputation of John Sharp Williams as a fighter had heen made. It was many a day before aoy memher of the opposition had the temerity to tackle him in dehate.

During the days when the Republicans were introducing the system that their opponents called the "steam roller" method Williams caused said machine to list heavily upon more than one occasion, and the writer remembers that once, when the cumhersome machine had run afoul of the Mississippi representative the party leaders sent post haste for Speaker Reed. When they explained the situation to him he exclaimed: "Don't you know any hetter thao to leave an opening like that for Williams to drive his chariot through?"

Reed and Williams respected each other's ability, and it was not often that they engaged in a controversy.

Despite the fact that Williams was a Democrat, he often went to the rescue of some hapless Repuhlican who was heing hadgered hy a Democrat—that is, if he helieved that the memher of the opposing party had a good, clean case—and this characteristic love of fair play won for him many friends on the Repuhlican side of the chamher.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon and Williams had a great deal of respect for each other, and posterity has lost a wonderful collection of anecdotes hy not having ao expert stenographer present when these two warriors sat and told stories. Each has said of the other that he was the hest story teller that was ever in Congress, and the men who have heard them spin their yarns say that their fund of stories was seemingly inexhaustihle. It was, indeed, a rare treat to hear one try to outdo the other, and many a wave of laughter has floated out onto the House floor when these two were engaged in a story-telling duel.

The Writer's Guide

The announcement that there is a new edition of Roget's Thesaurus may hring a thrill to the spines of some writers, hut not to this one. Our old editioo lies dust-covered and unused. It has failed us so often in our searches for *le mot juste* that we have come to look upon it as a false friend.

In the old days we were full of hope. If, let us say, we wanted to find a synonym for "loping," we thought, "Just a minute, Roget will tell us." So we reached for Roget, and found that instead of "loping" we could use "riding on the hack of Benjamin," "opeoing the dragon's cave," "dragging the fish-net through Syria," or any one of a dozen other perfectly dandy phrases meaning nothing except to memhers of the Roget estate. So we finally decided to use the first word that came into mind and let Roget go "galloping with the Archhishop Grimaldi."

On certain occasions we are privileged to wonder what the Gettysburg Address would have read like, had Lincoln heen addicted to the use of Roget in writing. Prohahly something like the following:

"Fourscore and seven Cassandra's hour-glasses ago our Adam's uncles rode into Coventry on this Continent with a new nation, snatched from an old wife's porridge in liherty and huried deeper than Haman's halter to the *sic volo sic jubeo* that all Eve's roustahouts are dropped through the fiery tuh on the same wheel-hase. We are now cutting hlocks with a razor in a great Ahsalom's family affair putting through the mill-race the question as to whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long hold the candle through the hack window of Proserpine's tomh."

However, the Gettyshurg Address would prohahly never have heen written at all if Lincoln had used a thesaurus.—*R. C. B. in Life.*

Paying Our Debt to Europe.

Senator Hiram Johnson told a Paris interviewer that he was going to visit all the countries of Europe during his three-months trip and form opinions for himself. Well, that will serve them right. Quite a numher of Europeans have "done America" in three months and formed conclusive opinions ahout us and our hahits and customs and morals and laws and government and education. It was time we hit hack with a little superficial criticism ourselves—one has to pay these fellows in their own coin.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Man's Duty to Man!

To know that to achieve happiness we must give happiness. To learn that happiness comes from making others happy. To soothe the wrinkles from the brow of care; to turn the sob into a song; to crystalize the tear of sorrow until it sparkles with the gleam of joy. To help the weary along the heavy way. To cheer and comfort and hope and help and sympathize and pity and encourage and condone.

Look for the happiness of others and your own happiness will follow as the day follows the night—as sunlight follows darkness.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Lord Robert Cecil's Visit.

Our latest notable guest from the other side of the world is Lord Robert Cecil, who in the period of the war held a high executive post in the British cabinet. Lord Robert is a son of the late Lord Salisbury and a cousin of Lord Balfour. By heredity and affiliation he is an aristocrat of aristocrats. By temperament and habit he is a democrat of democrats. Individually he is representative of the best in British life. He was one of the earliest proponents of an association of nations, and since the institution of the League he has been an active expounder and defender of that organization. He comes to us with the purpose of promoting friendship for the League here and in hope of securing American coöperation—if not now, later. That he will be courteously received and respectfully heard goes without saying. That is our way. We have done as much even for our late enemies. Witness the wide circulation in this country of the ex-Kaiser's story of what came prior to the war, during the war, and in the period since the war. Again, witness the wide circulation here of General Ludendorff's and Admiral von Tirpitz' explanations and interpretations. But while Americans will listen to Lord Robert, there is scant chance that he will reverse our ideas or our policies. There was a time when we would have joined the League if the then President (Wilson) had been willing to accept certain limitations. But not now nor at any future time will we enter into engagements placing determinations of American policy and employment of American forces in alien hands. First, there is no sentiment in this country that would consent to such an engagement; second, there is not in our system an authority competent to so pledge our government. The Federal Constitution, if there were nothing else, stands as a bar to any proposal to make the government of the United States a participant in any super-government or executive agency, bound to accept its policies and answer its demands. It won't be done—it can't be done. If Lord Robert Cecil has hopes of reversing the judgment of 1919, he is in the way of disappointment. In the friendliest spirit we suggest to him that he abandon his political aims and send for his golf sticks.

Schools and Taxes.

The continuing clamor about the budget, especially about its educational features, is not indicative of confidence on the part of the budget's opponents. The governor appears to be holding his own, mindful of his pre-nomination promises, and "sot" on keeping them. It has been said that Mr. Will C. Wood, state superintendent of our spacious school system, on returning to Sacramento after a swing around the circle in the endeavor to line up the socialists, sentimentalists, sob sisters and other friends of humanity, acknowledged himself greatly discouraged. Poor man! The people appear to have heard his cries of "Wolf!" with skepticism. The structure so laboriously and lovingly built seems about to lose some of its gingerbread ornaments. One can hardly blame his solicitude. Anybody would be anxious in his circumstances. For, as far as we have heard, there is no disposition on the governor's part to provide any money for gingerbread or help institute any courses that are unnecessary.

Economy will be good for Mr. Wood's department, especially if it compels the curtailment of some superfluous functions and the re-marking of the metes and bounds of the field of school activity. The educational system of the nation in general has been running riot with tax money and failing to produce compensating results. It has made us, in the present and the upcoming generations, largely a discontented and irritable people, incapable of orderly thought, mentally pauperized, impatient of sound development, seeking a new thing every hour, destitute of intellectual resources and therefore hungry for artificial amusements—a people that paid $800,000,000 in a single year for motion-picture tickets, to see half-naked women, divorce court scandals, cabaret scenes, crime tales involving telephones and automobiles and radio sets in operation because many had no mental associations and no ideas of anything except the transient clap-trap forced on their attention daily by the newspapers; no interest in science or literature or normal human relations, no background of historical knowledge nor understanding of the significant forces in the evolution of society.

If the public schools had been doing their work properly the public mentality would be a different thing. It would be capable of analyzing the day's events, it would be in no danger of infection by bolshevism, or the soft money craze, or other political quackery, it would understand something about its own welfare, would take a judicial view of the industrial conflict, would recognize political hypocrites as soon as they waved the old flag, would appreciate individual rights, and would be driven by a well-developed sense of humor into loud, health-giving guffaws at the thought of Henry Ford for President. But it behaves in none of these ways unless led by the nose, and then but half-wittedly. It projects in its views and conduct the weakening effect of the schools as now in the main conducted, with their vagueness and lack of defined objective, and the demoralizing results of some of their recently acquired socialistic functions.

The schools need curtailment, top and bottom. They need it at the kindergarten stage. The kindergartens are a device of German paternalism, whose effect on young mothers has been worse than it has been on the children. It has taught them to rely on the public, the government, to coddle and bring up infants. As many of the kindergartens are now conducted, they are official nurseries, and as such inimical to the custom of responsible motherhood. A child is not a thing to be filed away in a public crèche, to have its mind and character molded by an employee of the state, however zealous and devoted that employee may be. It calls for infinite individual care if it is to be developed beyond its natural savagery into a responsible social being. For, contrary to the supposition of the sentimentalists, children are not little angels who only need kindergarten culture to sprout their wings. Embryology shows us that before birth we pass through the forms of evolution, from the fish form up to that of the hairy simian, and beyond. And after birth the process has to be continued through the stages of savagery and barbarism. Children are little savages, primitive creatures needing that discipline which surely falls upon them when they make themselves nuisances about the home. They do not need the amusements of the kindergarten so much as the firm compulsions that train them into the habitual observance of duty and recognition of the rights of others. For the outcome, mothers and fathers are responsible, and they can not healthfully shift that responsibility to the sweet and gentle Miss Bessies of the kindergartens. It is a common observation of grade teachers that it takes about six months, or in bad cases a year, of grade school work to give the kindergartner some semblance of the discipline and concentration necessary to study. If these things are true it would seem that we could dispense with any further expansion of the kindergarten system, worrying along as best we may with what we unfortunately have of it and reducing it when possible.

At the other end of the gamut we have the compulsory education law as recently extended, requiring four daylight hours attendance a week between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years. One of the heaviest handicaps of the schools, and of the taxpayer on account of the schools, arises from the effort to educate too many pupils. This law interrupts the needed industrial development of many boys who should be at work, and loads the schools excessively. There are many students who never can progress mentally beyond the age of fourteen years, or even less, and it becomes worse than useless to attempt to educate them further—they are incapable of benefiting from it. They may be, up to that point, well equipped for a useful part in life, if they could then get out into the world and learn the duties of it. But a mistaken law keeps them prisoners; another legal artificiality. Many of them feel it, and resent it. Two years, four years, of youth is a long period to waste. In most cases in which the student can make no further scholarly progress, it means the establishment of habits of idleness or of useless fooling. Many a boy that would have made a first-class mechanic, perhaps a creative artist, is today fretting hopelessly at the perversion of his natural development; a perversion whose only object is the impossible and undesirable one of making us all alike. Regardless of any interest the labor unions might have in keeping down the number of workmen, this law should be repealed.

There are too many courses in the lower grades that are merely amusing, in the upper grades that are merely utilitarian. Neither thing is education, in the only sense in which education has any value to the society that pays for it, that of equipping the orderly, self-contained mind and drilling the dependable character. If the

schools have less money, they will be forced to eliminate a lot of barefoot folk dancing, story telling, bonnet designing, domestic science, cookery plain and fancy, and the more expensive forms of so-called physical culture —the last-named of which might well be supplied at home by permitting the boy or girl to do a few useful household chores. And it ought to be remembered that a large part of every dollar spent on the schools has to come, in the form of taxation, right out of the home. This is not a contest between the schools and the corporations, or between the schools and some indefinable amusement or luxury fund. It is a contest between useless or demoralizing socialistic activities that have grown like toadstools on the school organization, and the homes on which the money might better be spent by those that earn it. There should be no taxation except for what is necessary. Frills and sociological experiments are unwarranted confiscation.

Socialistic Ethics.

Opposition to reapportionment is not confined to narrow-minded San Francisco politicians. Los Angeles has contributed to its own troubles by arousing fears that it means to eat its neighbors, until there are many Southern California communities that would rather not see the influence of their metropolis increased. And they have the sympathy of a considerable number of Los Angeles business men, whose moral sense has been offended by certain activities of the socialistic Los Angeles municipal Power Bureau, and whose business sense has warned them that it does not pay to despoil their customers, the smaller Southern California communities. The condition that has brought about this feeling is a remarkable illustration of the fundamental immorality of socialism and the ruthlessness of socialistic bureaus. Whether in California or in Russia the spirit is always the same. Socialism feels that the end justifies the means—a doctrine with which common honesty has never been able to get along.

What weakens Los Angeles in her own section just now is worth attention on many counts. Eighteen or twenty years ago some gentlemen, mostly from Colorado, came to California and built power plants on the streams that flow down the eastern slope of the Sierra into the Owens River. They sent the power over to Tonopah and Goldfield at first, but the business grew and the system was extended so that now other towns in Nevada are served. The lines were run south to San Bernardino, Riverside, and Redlands, then into the Imperial Valley, and finally down to Yuma, Arizona. The power company has been serving these towns for a number of years, together with cement and chemical works and other industries in the desert, and as the demand for power increased the company enlarged the power plants and built new ones. One of the last built was in the gorge of the Owens River where that stream flows from Long Valley through a cañon into Owens Valley.

That was an invaluable service to industry and society, but it embodied a terrible fault: the power was not going to Los Angeles. It might be true that the Riverside man wanted power, but so did the Los Angeles man; and as Los Angeles is larger than Riverside, the Los Angeles man has thereby a superior right to the power. At least that is what some of the big-city lawyers and engineers argued, for they proceeded, through the Los Angeles Power Bureau, to condemn the power plant in order to take it away from the private company and add it to the municipal supply of their city. The fact that Riverside and the other towns would suffer did not deter them.

The trial court awarded them the property; Riverside and the other towns were about to be deprived of their share of this power, and the big city was to get it, thus checking their growth and enabling Los Angeles to grow at their expense. But the smaller towns joined the power company in an appeal, the trial court was reversed, and the company was left in possession of its property.

This decision, however, did not daunt the Power Bureaucrats. They want that power. They have gone to the legislature with a bill, introduced by Senator Lyon, that they believe will give them the right to despoil their smaller neighbors. Riverside and its sister cities are to have some kind of compensation, but Los Angeles is to have the power development, on which industrial growth depends. The scheme has aroused such a storm of opposition that for the present it is not being pressed, but persons familiar with the methods of the Power Bureau have little faith that any sense of justice in it will prevent a revival of the attempt should their vigilance be relaxed.

The case will bear examination by any one concerned with present social tendencies. Owing to continuous agitation over a long course of years, part of the public mind has become warped and is no longer able to think clearly. It is written into the law of the state that a public corporation may take property from a private one, a superior right being assumed merely because the first-named is called a "public corporation," or municipality, while the other is not. Both are merely groups of citizens, often of the same locality. Both are organized and exist under the laws of the state for the service of the public. The socialists hope some day to have all activities in the hands of the state or some of its branches; yet everything the public corporation does suffers from politics. It is inefficient, expensive, and sometimes hopelessly corrupt. And the public mind has become so distorted that this kind of organization has the right-of-way over the private corporation with its more efficient and better methods, and generally better service.

Another phase of the case appears in the attitude of those who carry on the business of the municipal organization. They will do things in the name of the public that as private citizens they would consider dishonorable. Outside of Germany the theory that might makes right has been discarded and possibly some Germans now have doubts as to the workability of that doctrine. It is questionable whether the members of the Los Angeles Power Bureau and their assistants, acting as private citizens, would declare that they had a right to take the means of subsistence from their neighbors. Collectively, that is what they intended and probably still intend to do to Riverside and its sister towns. The fact that it took the form of condemning the property of a private corporation does not alter the essentially immoral nature of the proposal. The private corporation is merely one form of the many agencies of the state by means of which service is supplied. It is organized under state law, functions under the law, and performs a needed public service under public control. Acting thus, the power company was doing its work. To take its property was to take much more than could be made good by money payment. The taking of the private property would take from numerous communities a thing essential to their development and transfer it elsewhere to benefit another community. Bad morals inspired the attempt, and good law prevented it.

The public conscience in such matters needs overhauling, and a return to moral fundamentals. Merely because a group of men are elected to some public board or commission does not, of itself, relieve them of the obligations of honor that govern them in private life. The rulers of Germany considered that their position absolved them from all restraint, moral or otherwise. The result was a gigantic war, fought to determine whether this principle should rule the world or not. Again, there is no inherent right in a group of people, organized as a municipality, a district, or a state, to override the rights of another group similarly organized, or of some other group acting under the same laws. A false idea has been crystallized into law, and it should be repealed. Where there is similarity of use, there should be no superior right to condemn. The only time when condemnation should apply is when the right is a superior one. The Power Bureau of Los Angeles should consider these matters and reform its ways.

An Eminent Victorian.

To attain a green old age is generally considered the *summum bonum* of man, whatever the altruists say in defense of other ends. And one great advantage it has. Most men have to die to acquire fame, but popular appreciation may catch up with the nonogenarian. Such a happy fate was Frederic Harrison's: to grow better and better known every decade, and not only that, but to have public opinion reversed respecting the ideals he had fought for as a very radical young man.

Harrison's name stands for different things to different men. He is probably an idol of the educated working man, or ought to be if he isn't, for he was one of a small group to found the first college for working men in London; and at a time when "trade unionism" was regarded much as "bolshevism" is today, Harrison was loud and active in his championship of the right of the workers to pool their forces under organization. An accomplished scholar, Harrison was by profession a review writer and literary critic. That is to say, he never adopted a profession, and it is said that only his indefatigable interest in human welfare saved him from the character of loafer. A well-to-do young Oxford scholar, intended rather vaguely for the church and becoming bitten with the free-thinking cult of Comte, he could afford to devote his talents to human uplift. But he nevertheless was trained for the law, and practiced it, too, for awhile. Returning to his literary output, it is on such books as his fine biographies of Chatham, Ruskin, William the Silent, and on his literary studies, that his fame will rest, though it is with the usual irony of such things that he is best known as a Positivist. Positivism may or may not be alive today, but it must be very unfashionable in our fourth-dimensional, spirit-haunted age. It was the fashionable cult of the Victorian era, or rather the era of Darwin, Huxley, Lewes, in short, the scientific free thinkers, and it made much the same furor, among the same sort of intelligentsia, that is enjoyed by the more ethereal cults of today; with this striking difference, that Positivism was a working philosophy, not a passport to personal happiness. In other words, Positivism, whatever its short-sighted limitations viewed from twentieth-century omniscience, was an unselfish creed. Harrison's definition is as follows: "Between the fantastic unworldliness of Theology, and the cynical worldliness of mere Plutonomy, stands Positivism with its claim to base man's active existence on an unselfish coöperation in the practical welfare of humanity—with no extravagant self-renunciation, but as the natural and healthy end of human activity, under the impulse of social sympathy, as in the long run the best for us all, and the truest source of happiness. This is, in fact, the principle of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' utilitarian in effect, though not utilitarian in motive, but social, unselfish, benevolent." Times have changed since an ardent worker for social welfare had to defend his creed's independence from self-renunciation! Harrison lived to see a good many things reversed. Trade unions are a commonplace today and autosuggestion is a far cry from self-renunciation.

What to a more selfish man would have been the most gratifying leaven of time, however, was neither the honor of being hailed a prophet among sociologists nor a man of letters among his equals, but the corroboration by later events of his political beliefs. Frederic Harrison was a great potential statesman. One idly regrets that he had not stayed with the law, gone into politics and become prime minister. That would have modified some of his views. But though he had the judgment and character, he did not have the essential political personality. A vehement radical in politics in a tory day, he was defeated for Parliament the only time he stood. He did, however, hold municipal jobs with what fervor for improvement one can readily imagine. But it was as an international statesman that he would have shone. No Englishman of his time understood France better. He had a wide acquaintance with her politicians and publicists from the venerable historians, Michelet and Guizot, to Félix Faure and Gambetta, the latter of whom he considered in sagacity the equal of Bismarck and Cavour. And at a time when Germany was the cultural god of Europe, Harrison saw the Teutonic danger. He was perhaps unique in realizing in 1871 the significance for future European peace of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. It was Frederic Harrison who said in 1870: "Why are we to take the future freedom and peacefulness of Germany on faith? We know that for one hundred and fifty years the present dynasty and its servants have held Prussia in the grasp of a strict military discipline. * * * The Prussian rule has ever been defiant of public opinion. * * * Germany will do whatever the Hohenzollerns think most to redound to their personal credit. * * * And we are asked to entrust the peace of Europe to these men." In Gladstone's or Disraeli's place, Harrison would have changed the history of the world. It was his fate to live past the catastrophe of 1914-18 and we may well pardon his vehement reminder to the world of his prophetic foresight which was so wasted on Gladstone. He had the further gratification of living to see Germany overthrown and that strange reversal of historic precedent, France invading Germany. Since his youth there had been a weakening of Toryism, imperialism, and Prussianism—all which he had fought —as well as Positivism and the type of radicalism with which he had tried to vaccinate an ism-infected world.

Which proves either Napoleon's contention that man makes history or the opposite that history makes the man, but we are not sure which. Frederic Harrison died in his ninety-second year full of honors, on the 14th of January, 1923.

Editorial Notes.

A dispatch from Los Angeles quotes Admiral Sims as declaring that "during the war there were no brutalities on the part of German submarine commanders." Our good friend Sims apparently has forgotten the hundred women and children—not to mention the thousand or more men—who were massacred in the Irish Sea when the *Lusitania* went down under the blows of a German submarine.

In many respects the Department of the Interior is at disadvantage compared with the several other administrative agencies of government. Its work for the most part lies far away from Washington, and besides being out of sight, is subject to critical attention at the hands of a multitude of reservationists and other uplifters. The work of the department has in times past been systematically misrepresented by Eastern propagandists; and the impression everywhere east of the Ohio River is that the Indian Bureau, the Reclamation Bureau, the General Land Office and other organizations under the Interior Department are leeches or something worse. Dr. Work, the new Secretary, is setting about it to advertise the department before the country. He has taken with him to the Interior Office the publicity organization that served him well as Postmaster-General, and he is going strong in exhibiting the human side of the department's activities. There is something to be said for the methods Dr. Work is employing to place the Interior Department in better light. By creating a better public understanding he is doing much to relieve the department of a certain discredit that has long attached to it in consequence of the criticism of which it has been the victim.

Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture, as has previously been told in these columns, has tied up with the farm bloc in opposition to the opening up of new farming lands by the Reclamation Service or otherwise. This brings him into open conflict with Secretary Work of the Department of the Interior. The latter has come out with a positive statement favoring the policy of Western development, which is written in the statutory law, but the purposes of which have measurably been defeated by ultra-conservative agitation. Alaska is one of the large bones of contention. President Harding is intent upon making the Alaska trip this year, provided of course that Mrs. Harding's health will permit. His idea is to take Work and Wallace along, herd them together, and, figuratively, rub their noses one against the other. It should be both an interesting and a joyous trip.

Politicians that operate on the bloc system may wish to know the exact strength of the various religious denominations in the country, so that they may understand bloc signals better. Information on that head is offered by the Federated Council of Churches of Christ in America. From a recent survey the total membership of all religious organizations in this nation of 110,000,000 is placed at 47,461,558. The total religious constituency, interpreted as those baptized, adherents of a religious organization, and "those who in the supreme test of life or death turn to a communion," is placed at 98,878,367. In this number the heaviest representation appears to belong to the Methodists, with 23,253,854. The Baptists are credited with 22,869,098, the Roman Catholics 18,104,804, the Lutherans 7,043,854 the Presbyterians 6,726,698, the Jews 1,600,000, the Mormons 604,082. Some actual memberships are given as follows: Northern Baptist Convention, 1,274,250; Southern Baptist Convention, 3,374,165; National Baptist Convention (colored), 3,253,732; Congregational churches, 838,271; Disciples of Christ, 1,218,879; Friends, 106,548.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Pillars That Uphold Society.

San Francisco, March 26, 1923.

Editor the Argonaut—*Sir:* Agitators of all sorts—socialists, anarchists, communists, bolshevists, parlor-bolshevists—unanimous in their dislike of that criminal law which is applicable to themselves, are busy in and about the legislature in an endeavor to secure the repeal of the "Criminal Syndicalism Act." By that enactment criminal syndicalism consists in *"the advocating, teaching, or aiding or abetting the commission of crime, sabotage (i. e., wilful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property) or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means in accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change."* Those who would have that act repealed claim that it was passed as a war measure, that it was intended to meet war conditions only. They have short memories. McNamara and his co-criminals bombed and destroyed the *Times* building—killing, in the act, many employees of that newspaper—also the Llewellyn Iron Works in Los Angeles, long before the world war began; likewise Tom Mooney and his co-assassins—multi-murderers—bombed the Preparedness Day parade, in an endeavor to discourage patriotism, before the United States entered the war. The I. W. W. preach and advocate the destruction of government by violent and criminal means; since the war ended "Big Bill" Haywood, an I. W. W., so taught, was convicted for his teaching, escaped and is now a fugitive from justice in Russia. The trial of Foster and his co-defendants, communists, now proceeding in a Michigan court, is for advocating the destruction of our Federal government by violent and criminal means.

Acts which now would constitute criminal syndicalism had been committed in this state long before the enactment of the present statute upon that subject; but, in its then state, the law was inadequate to smother an attempt—merely as such—before the actual commission of the unlawful act. Probably less attention was given in former times to acts and utterances which would now fall within the statute, possibly because the people were more homogeneous then than now—as they are in England, where, for that reason, the *laissez faire* doctrine obtains in its fullness: because, where there is a homogoneous citizenry, presumptions may be safely indulged—or at least could be—that, however uneasy it might become, the proletariat would *never* commit acts of disloyalty. Possibly such a presumption may be indulged in England today, for the reason that all Englishmen are English and patriotic beyond cavil; but such a presumption can no longer be indulged in this country. The anarchist Haymarket bombings in Chicago in the '80s only partially awoke this country from its long sleep. Then and for years following there was teaching of anarchy in high places by Altgeld and others. Greater things have happened since. Now the country is wide awake. For no longer are we a homogeneous people: to the contrary, all of the country's huge superficial interstices have been filled with the off-scouring of the earth—*sans* loyalty, *sans* obedience to the law when the force that penalizes for disobedience is withheld. Such conditions obtaining for years past, obtaining now (*vide* Foster trial and local I. W. W. trials under way), the states were compelled to adopt legislative safeguards. From necessity, every state in the United States has enacted and today carries on its statute books a criminal syndicalist law. In Washington the I. W. W. uprising in Seattle during Olsen's mayoralty made the necessity for such an enactment quite apparent. In California the various acts of criminal syndicalism hereinbefore mentioned; the destruction wrought by the I. W. W. in the grain fields and elsewhere; the murder of the district attorney of Yuba County by the I. W. W. in the Wheatland hopfields, and the threats of the I. W. W. to kill Governor Johnson if he did not free the convicted murderers; the attempt to bomb and destroy the executive mansion and to kill Governor Stephens and family, and subsequent disorders of a similar nature were adequate to induce the legislature of California to place a criminal syndicalist act on the statute books. It was intended thereby to preserve peace and good order within the state—to afford protection to its citizens and their property—to protect the government from any attempt at subversion. From it the law-abiding class have nothing to fear—only the lawless, the criminal class, mostly foreign-born.

The situation that confronts a people unprotected by law—threatened by the lawless in their midst—is more than serious, merely; it is solemn. What is to be said? If the people are too pussy-footed, too flabby-minded to protect themselves—so much so that they fain would undo the law which is their bulwark and safeguard—who shall protect them? Who will come to the rescue of a fool in the midst of his folly?

As the effort to repeal a wise, safeguarding law purports to be in behalf of free speech (in effect, if successful, it will permit bolshevists and communists to tie firebrands to foxes' tails and loose them in the fields of honest industry!—that is precisely what it comes to!) it may not be improper for a plain man in plain speech to remark in conclusion that *freedom of speech is not license to preach sedition against the government that grants that liberty.* Edward A. Belcher.

Ships and Subsidies.

Princeton, N. J., March 27, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* I have just read with delight your article, "Subsidies or Ships?", in the *Argonaut* of March 10th. It is the sanest treatment of the problem of our shipping which has come to my notice. It voices better than I can my own views, held and expressed for many years.

Since the adoption of the Constitution countless laws have been enacted to foster our shipbuilders, practically none to foster the shipowners. How under the sun the former can be encouraged while the latter get it in the neck can only be understood by a politician. It's beyond me.

You can't stop the ocean's being the field for free trade. The only way to get our share of sea-borne commerce is to let Americans compete on equal terms with foreigners. Until we do that there is no possible hope for our merchant marine.

I agree with you heartily. Would that every congressman had a copy of your argument!

I could write or talk for hours on this subject, but I spare you more than this tendering of my profound thanks.

C. F. Goodrich,
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

Reaches the Whole Family.

Temple Sinai,
Oakland, Cal., April 2, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* Enclosed is a check for another year's subscription to your valuable paper. I can not mention a paper coming to my office which is more stimulating and helpful in my intellectual labors. Your viewpoint differs from my own on many present-day problems, and you have, time and again, compelled me to surrender preconceived notions, or irritated me by your conservative attitude toward innovations.

More power to a weekly whose message compels attention and presents fine literary, earnest, moral, and carefully considered political editorials.

Incidentally, my daughter enjoys the poetry and my son looks eagerly for the jokes. Very sincerely yours,

Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee.

Either an individual is worth something in life or is worth nothing. To think that valueless individuals can combine to make an invaluable society is a good deal like saying that one can make a million by adding ciphers.—*Shailer Mathews.*

THE NEED OF RETRENCHMENT.

Authority on Taxation Calls for General Public Support of the Governor's Budget.

[The following statement has been issued by Mark L. Requa, as an expression of opinions developed from his observation as a citizen and his public services as president for ten years of the Tax Association of Alameda County.]

It was to be expected that Governor Richardson's programme of retrenchment would cause loud outcries from our state bureaucracy. Expectation has not been disappointed. The budget has been attacked, and we are met on all sides with protestations that the state machinery, in part at least, will have to stop. But will it? If California, per capita the most expensively governed state in the Union, can not retrench, what must happen to other states whose per capita expenditures in some cases are less than half of ours?

The purchasing power of the farmers in the United States generally, and in lesser degree in California, is seriously reduced. This is, therefore, largely an appeal to our rural communities to uphold the governor in his programme because of the fact that the farming community more than any other needs economy in public expenditures.

Elwood Mead, professor of rural institutions at the University of California, has pointed out that the great problem of rural development centres around lower rates of interest and minimum expenses, of which latter taxation is the most significant single item.

It's true that methods of taxation such as the King bill are proposed, but the people have come to realize that no matter how indirect the method of collecting tax money, from whatever source it may come, in last analysis it comes from the pockets of the public.

Our officials, by and large, have done little or nothing in the way of retrenchment. Governor Richardson has a realization of the situation; is attempting to meet it, and should receive the loyal support of ALL the people in his efforts. He may make some mistakes; it would be a miracle if he does not; he has an eight years' job to round out fully the programme he has undertaken, and he can succeed in one way, and only in one way, and that is with the support of public opinion, plus patience upon the part of the people, and realization that everything can not be accomplished at once. Mistakes are bound to arise, and the task will be made as difficult as possible by officials who do not want any retrenchment in their departments, and by employees who do not want to be separated from their jobs.

The situation is not new; is exactly what General Dawes encountered in Washington in making the national budget, and can be overcome in last analysis only by weight of public opinion.

To prove that state, county, and city expenditures have grown by leaps and bound over the last decade or so needs only presentation and examination of the following compilations:

TOTAL STATE, COUNTY, AND MUNICIPAL TAXES COLLECTED IN YEARS 1912, 1917, 1919, 1921.

	State.	County.	Municipal.	Total.
1912.....	$18,691,877	$49,766,366	$53,251,005	$121,709,247
1917.....	34,886,139	79,055,350	73,393,193	187,334,683
1919.....	50,681,443	85,556,607	63,577,374	200,815,524
1921.....	65,598,516	166,013,384	93,312,719	324,924,620
Increase in 10 years..	259%	233%	75%	166%

Population increase about 40%.
Assessed value increase about 90%.

BONDED INDEBTEDNESS OF THE STATE, THE COUNTIES AND THE MUNICIPALITIES FROM 1911 TO 1921.

	State.	County.	Municipal.	Total.
1911.....	$ 5,677,500	$22,655,890	$ 65,573,033	$ 93,906,423
1915.....	31,311,500	50,841,291	129,059,914	211,212,705
1918.....	39,367,500	62,947,875	137,018,593	239,333,968
1921.....	54,806,500	117,197,907	149,611,830	321,616,238
Increase....	864%	426%	128%	242%

It is significant that the state and counties have increased in both tax payments and bonded indebtedness in far greater ratio than have the cities.

The day of reckoning has arrived for our state highway policy, under which inadequate construction plus indefensible overloading has caused the destruction within a few years of roads built with bonds that have years yet to run. As the result, we are confronted with a choice assortment of dead horse, for which we shall continue to pay well into the next generation.

Some of our other policies are also due for a day of reckoning. For instance: The total annual tax collection in California, *omitting Federal taxes,* is roughly $325,000,000. Our assessed value is somewhere around $5,000,000,000. On this assessed value we collect in taxes something over 6 per cent., or in round figures $325,000,000. The total value of all field products in California in 1921 was $343,000,000; the value of all minerals produced, including petroleum, was $268,000,000. In other words, our taxes consumed in value an amount greater by $55,000,000 than our total mineral production, and only $18,000,000 less than the entire value of all our field crops. We simply can not go on increasing our taxes. It's not what we would like, it's what we can afford, that's the limiting factor. In the words of Taine, "The economic world, like the physical world, has its laws. We may misunderstand them, but we can not escape them."

Taxation today is the paramount issue before the people, not only of California and the United States, but of the world as well, and the politicians who do not read the handwriting on the wall are going to be treated

eventually to a most artistic example of steam rolling, only, unlike some steam rollers, this one is going to have the public as engineer.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

AMERICAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

(Washington Post.)

An example of the shameless mendacity of the communists is given in the testimony of Charles E. Ruthenberg, one of the men arrested at the communist convention in Michigan last August. He testified last Friday for the defense in the trial of William Z. Foster, charged with criminal syndicalism. Ruthenberg himself is awaiting trial on the same charge.

This man testified that the Communist party has gone out of business and has been succeeded by the Workers' party. He added that the Third Internationale at Moscow was "sharply opposed" to the use of force except against counter-revolutionary activities. The Communist party of America, he testified, was trying to bring into being a labor party in which farmers and all other workers could unite. The trend of his testimony would make it appear that the Communist party, later named the Workers' party, is against the use of force, opposed to the destruction of this government by violence, and working solely through lawful means to organize the workers for the purpose of bringing about an orderly change of the system of government.

This is the testimony of Ruthenberg on the witness-stand, when he is trying to save Foster and later save himself from conviction and imprisonment. But Ruthenberg had a different tale to tell in January, when he wrote an article for the *Worker*, the "organ of revolutionary working class expression." This article, signed by Ruthenberg, was published on January 6th of this year. It reads in part as follows:

"The second convention of the Workers' party is over. The party comes out of this convention a militant, revolutionary party and with greatly increased strength. The party platform adopted by the convention is a clear-cut statement of communist principles and at the same time is a propaganda document which sets forth those principles in convincing form. The relations of the party with the Communist International was a special point on the agenda and was thoroughly discussed and a resolution establishing friendly relations adopted. The second convention will stand as a landmark in the history of the communist movement in this country. Long live the Workers' party! Long live the Communist International! It was with these cheers that the convention closed."

In the same issue of the *Worker* appears a copy of a cablegram signed by the Workers' party, "by C. E. Ruthenberg, executive secretary," addressed to the Communist International, Moscow, Russia, and reading as follows:

"Second national convention Workers' party sends greetings to Comintern. Convention reports with joy absence of all factionalism. Convention devoted itself to constructive work of building a powerful revolutionary movement in America. All reports indicate greater influence of party in actual struggles of workers. We go forward with new strength and enthusiasm. Long live Communism and the International!"

The *Worker* of December 30th last publishes a verbatim report of the executive of the fourth Communist International, by Gregory Zinoviev, who is quoted as follows:

"The workers' government can not avoid the sufferings of civil war. * * * We have severe struggles before us. Iron discipline is necessary. Russia's material position has much improved. The example set by the Russian people should spur on other countries to revolution. The Russian workers have suffered much. Other workers will have an easier task. They will meet with the support of the sixth part of the globe. We must never forget to emphasize that the way to victory leads through suffering. We must combat every illusion that the labor government signifies a peaceful and painless transition."

Another issue of the *Worker*, dated December 9, 1922, contains an address by Trotzky, to the communist party of Russia, alluding to the communist movement in America. This is quoted with approval as embodying the ideals of the Workers' (late Communist) party of America. Trotzky said:

"If the proletariat of this country [referring to the United States] were to capture power, the material foundations, the organization and technical prerequisites for the establishment of socialism would be extremely favorable. The working class there will have enormous difficulties to overcome until the capture of the state power, but when it will have seized power, the pressure on all the fronts on which we have had to fight will be much less."

The connection between the Workers' party and the Communist International could not be more clearly established. The purpose of the one is the purpose of the other—the overturn of governments by force and violence.

A TELEPHONE TECHNIQUE.

(New York Tribune.)

We do not refer to the rules promulgated by the telephone company, the rules which prescribe the distance you should keep the lips from the mouthpiece, the key in which you should converse, the precise color you should give to your phrasing. Everybody knows all that. The technique which we would commend to the telephone user is that which he should adopt as a protection against the telephone conduct of his friends. Yes, his friends. Blame not the fair fugacious flapper, who is commonly held responsible for all that goes wrong on the wire. She has burdens enough to bear without taking on responsibility for the crimes which are daily committed by her nominally respectable boss.

It is getting to be a serious matter. Nobody, it is said, writes a letter any more. Everything goes on the telephone now, from an order for a side of bacon to a proposal of marriage. Business is carried on altogether over the wire. If you doubt this pick up the nearest novel. The great captain of industry in that is always enthroned before a huge, flat, glass-topped desk, studded with push buttons for the summoning of his satraps and adorned with a single, gleaming telephone. Through that talismanic instrument he issues his orders for the cornering of the world's shoe horns and the discomfiture of his enemies.

Now, it is for the frustration of that captain and of those who emulate his nefarious ways that we urge the reader to cultivate a good telephone technique. It is very simple. The thing happens this way: You are absorbed in your work when the bell rings. Being civil by nature, you take the receiver from its hook. Says a flute-like voice, "Is this Mr. Bones?" Still civil, you confess that it is. Then outrage ensues. "Wait a moment. Mr. Brazencheek wants to speak to you," and you are left indefinitely in midair while the creature finishes what he is doing. Then you do a little outraging yourself. You leave him flat. You quit him cold. In a word, you hang up on him.

He blows up in great anguish and bids the flute-like one to call your again. She does so, poor thing. "Is this Mr. Bones?" Reader, you know what to do now, don't you? You hang up on him again, and that finishes him. Do not regret it. By your disciplinary celerity you have destroyed his equilibrium, put him in a temper which causes him to dislocate his affairs, and thereby bring himself right on the edge of penury and want. Remember that boiling oil has gone out of fashion and that in a pussyfooting age one must do the best one can. Somehow, by hook or crook, you must correct his manners, and, since you can't take his scalp, at least substitute for that admonition the handiest rebuke you've got. Teach the bird his lesson. Teach him that the way in which to enjoy a telephone talk with a man whose time is every bit as valuable as his own is to be on the wire when he calls you. Hang up on him.

There is that other pest who gets you through the error of central, and who is not satisfied when you tell him that he has got the wrong number. Idiotwise, he asks, "What number is this?" Hang up on him. Isn't his intrusion annoying enough as it stands, without an interrogation unimaginably superfluous being thrown in? We will admit that there are occasions on which this technique of ours is not available.

OLD FAVORITES.

When the Hounds of Spring.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins!
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls from the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves hare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

The Vale of Cashmere.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

O, to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of her own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun;
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over;
When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And day, with banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Knight's Tomb.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of the spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

There is a movement on foot to bring the name of Miss Jane Addams, the well-known sociologist, under the notice of the committee of the Norwegian Parliament, which annually allots the Nobel Prize. Few persons could be found who fulfill better the chief qualifications of recipients for the peace prize, which is that he or she "should have worked for the cause of fraternity among different peoples, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies, or for the formation or promotion of peace congresses."

In an article on Winston Churchill, Lord Riddell says: "No man has been more criticized than Mr. Churchill. Some people excite criticism, and he is one of them. To repeat Princess Bibesco's clever epigram, 'Winston digs up his faults and throws them at you, whereas most people leave you to do the digging.' The details of his amazing career are well known. As yet only fifty, he has played many great parts—soldier, newspaper correspondent, author, painter, orator, aviator, politician, cabinet minister, and all with distinction. His war dispatches were brilliant. Before he was thirty he had written one of the best biographies in the language and sold it for £8000. He early made a reputation as a speaker. He was a cabinet minister at thirty-two. For eighteen years he has taken a leading part in national affairs, and has been one of the storm centres in British politics."

M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, has made his home in England since the war. He lives in the country not very far from London, and nearly every day he goes up to the metropolis to work in a literary study which he has. There he resembles Mr. Anthony Hope, who used to walk from his London house to office-like rooms in Buckingham Street, Strand, where he wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" and other popular novels. M. Cammaerts' most recent volume has been one of verse, but he contemplates writing his impressions of England as he has come to know it.

Professor William von Röntgen, the discoverer of the X-ray, recently died at Munich at the age of seventy-eight. Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen was born at Linnep, in the Rhineland, in 1845, but he was educated in Holland and took his doctor's degree at Zurich in 1869. He then returned to his native land and became an assistant professor of mathematics and physics at Würzburg. It was at Würzburg that he made the famous discovery of the rays which he christened "X-rays," out of compliment to their mysterious character, but which are also just as widely known by his own name. Röntgen was a careful investigator, and it was not until 1896 that he announced his discovery to the world. Its immense potential importance was at once realized. The practical applications of Röntgen's discovery have developed exceedingly. Besides the invaluable assistance which it renders to the surgeon and physician, the rays are increasingly used in connection with commerce and industry, and have been employed by customs officers for the detection of smugglers' devices.

Darius Milhaud, the noted French composer, who has just concluded a concert and lecture tour in this country, is the leader of the celebrated *Groupe de Sixe*, which represents the newest tendencies in French music, and which has succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as Debussy did a generation ago. The "Six," comprised of five men and one woman, are all young. The oldest of the present group, Arthur Honegger, is only thirty, and the youngest, Georges Auric, is under twenty-five. Their leader, M. Milhaud, was born at Aix in Provence, September 4, 1892. He was educated at the College of Aix and the Paris Conservatoire. In 1915 he obtained the Lepaulle composition prize with his sonata for two violins and piano. During the war he was employed on missions from the French government to the United States. In 1917 and '18 he was in Brazil as attaché to the French legation at Rio de Janeiro. On his return to Paris in 1919 he and his companions organized a concert tour from Paris to England, Italy, Poland, Austria and Holland. The long list of Milhaud's compositions includes operas, choral works, symphonies, chamber music, piano pieces and songs.

From railway station cook to twentyfold a millionaire in forty-five years is the life story of Leopold Mourier, dean of French chefs, who died in Paris recently. Mourier's career had a special interest to Americans, as his fortune was established by catering to the appetites of tourists in restaurants that are the prized associations of every European traveler. After five years' apprenticeship in Grenoble, Mourier went to Paris in 1877 and became the chef at Paillard's. Then came the inspiration to financial success, when with his friends' assistance he obtained the proprietorship of the Café de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Subsequently he built the new Pre-Catelan in the Bois de Boulogne, on the site of the old dairy farm. This resort shared with Armenonville the fame of being the afternoon gathering place of the fashionable of two continents. Fourquet's in the Champs Elysées, a favorite place to take an aperitif, was also an enterprise of Mourier's. Mourier's declining years were spent in philanthropy. Shortly before his death he had received the rosette of the Legion of Honor for his combined services to humanity as the originator of savory dishes and as the benefactor of orphans.

PERFECT BEHAVIOR.

Donald Ogden Stewart Instructs the "Lady" and the "Gentleman" in the Niceties of Modern Deportment.

Manuals of behavior, like encyclopædias, are usually a decade behind the times, and though we understand that a distinguished English lady has recently brought British behavior to the bat, it yet remained for an American to perform a similar service for our countrymen and apply the ancient and honorable rules of decorum to American indigenous conditions. Donald Ogden Stewart, whose lifelike re-creations of college atmosphere in one of our national weekly funny papers are familiar to the élite, has drawn up an outline of American etiquette which he aptly describes as "a guide for ladies and gentlemen in all social crises."

"Perfect Behavior," which is touchingly dedicated "to the bridegroom whose wedding was ruined because the bride came down the aisle on the right instead of the left arm of her father, with deepest sympathy," is more—indeed very much more—than its author claims. It is a tribute to the refinement of modern life and a proof that the fine flowers of chivalry and gentility are not dead. And Mr. Stewart is so thorough! There is, indeed, scarcely a crisis he has not considered—witness the several following:

Ladies walking alone on the street after dark do not speak to gentlemen unless they have been previously introduced or are out of work with winter coming on.

A gentleman walking alone at night, when accosted by a young woman whom he has not met socially, removes his hat politely, bows and passes on, unless she looks awfully good.

Débutantes meeting traffic policemen always bow first in America; in the Continental countries, with their age-old flavor of aristocratic court life, this custom is reversed. . . .

An unmarried woman, if run into and knocked down by a taxicab driven by some one in her own "set," usually says, "Why the hell don't you look where you're going?" to which the taxi driver, removing his hat, replies, "Why the hell don't *you?*"

To be sure, right there is an oversight we wish to call to Mr. Stewart's attention. He says "married woman." He does not give the rule governing a like casualty for an unmarried woman. But then the latter class is usually resourceful.

Another omission of Mr. Stewart's is christenings, although of course we understand that he was writing rather for the younger set and that he was not particularly addressing Baptists. Funerals, too, for the same reason, presumably, are "passed up"; but the third ceremony of life, marriage, is given adequate treatment. In fact, Mr. Stewart is a bit old-fashioned in also giving a great deal of space to the rather passé phenomenon of "courtship." Time is so short and so fast with the modern younger set that courtship is fast being eliminated as an unnecessary evil. However, there is always a conservative element of society, and one should remember that it is well there should be, as Emerson has pointed out several times. For the latter, that is to say, for the conservative young lady and gentleman, there is a chapter on the obsolescent "sport" of courtship of which the following paragraph gives some notion to the unimaginative how the state of "going together" may be entered into with perfect refinement:

This should, above all things, not be done crudely. It is better merely to suggest your wish by some indirect method such as, "Oh—so you live on William Street. Well, well! I often walk on William Street in the evening, but have never called on any girl there—*yet.*" The "yet" may be accompanied by a slight raising of your eyebrows, a wink, or a friendly nudge with your elbow. Unless she is unusually "dense" she will probably "take the hint" and invite you to come and see her some evening. At once you should say, "*What* evening? How about *tonight?*" If she says that she is already engaged for that evening, take a calendar out of your pocket and remark, "Tomorrow? Wednesday? Thursday? Friday? I really have no engagements between now and October. Saturday? Sunday?" This will show her that you are really desirous of calling upon her and she will probably say, "Well, I think I am free Thursday night, but you had better telephone me first."

Another detail it would be well for the would-be gentleman to observe is the ceremony of card leaving alas! almost extinct, so-called calling cards nowadays being more often used in place of Christmas or other greeting cards or as an informal introduction:

If there are any other ladies in her family—aunts, grandmothers, et cetera—it is correct to leave cards for them also. Be sure that the cards are clean, as the name on the calling card is generally sufficient for identification purposes without the addition of the thumb-print.

Mr. Stewart, it is pleasant to observe, knows the history and science of his subject as well as its practice. Returning to the absorbing subject of matrimony, our author tells us:

Even with the advent of Neolithic man, a wedding seems to have been consummated by the rather simple process of having the bridegroom crack the bride over the head with a plain, unornamented stone ax. There were no ushers—no bridesmaids. But shortly after that (c. 10,329—30 B. C. to be exact) two young Neoliths named Haig, living in what is now supposed to be Scotland, discovered that the prolonged distillation of common barley resulted in the creation of an amber-colored liquid which, when taken internally, produced a curious and not unpleasant effect.

This discovery had—and still has—a remarkable effect upon the celebration of the marriage rite. Gradually there grew up around the wedding a number of customs. With the Haig brothers' discovery of Scotch whisky began, as a matter of course, the institution of the "bachelor dinner." "Necessity is the mother of invention," and exactly twelve years after the first "bachelor dinner" came the discovery of bicarbonate of soda.

Such precision! It warms the cockles of the heart of readers of lesser outlines of history, accustomed, alas, to such statements as "Homer was a Greek poet who lived about 1000 B. C." About, forsooth! But speaking of Homer, Mr. Stewart has a word on the subject:

"Matrimony," sings Homer, the poet, "is a holy estate and not lightly to be entered into." The "old Roman" is right. A modern wedding is one of the most intricate and exhausting of social customs. Young men and women of our better classes are now forced to devote a large part of their lives to acting as brides, grooms, ushers and bridesmaids at various elaborate nuptials. Weeks are generally required in preparation for an up-to-date wedding; months are necessary in recovering from such an affair. Indeed, some of the participants, notably the bride and groom, never quite get over the effects of marriage.

Though our author discreetly ignores the technique of christenings, no one is to infer that he is anti-Roosevelt ian. In fact, his numerous references to children and their correct upbringing are both orthodox and original. As a diverting example of his latter vein we quote a paragraph from the chapter on table manners:

Another effective way of teaching table manners to children consists in making up attractive games about the various lessons to be learned. Thus, whenever you have guests for dinner, the children can play "Boner," which consists in watching the visitor closely all during the meal in order to catch him in any irregularity in table etiquette. As soon as the guest has committed a mistake, the first child to discover it points his finger at him and shouts, "Pulled a Boner, Pulled a Boner!" and the boy or girl who discovers the greatest number of "Boners" during the evening is rewarded with a prize, based on the following table of points:

If the guest has dirty hands, 5 points.
If the guest uses the wrong fork or spoon, 5 points.
If the guest chokes on bone, 8 points.
If the guest blows on soup, 5 points.
If the guest drops fork or spoon, 3 points.
If the guest spills soup on table, 10 points.
If the guest spills soup on self, 1 point.

Of course it is often well to tell the guests about the game in advance in order that they may not feel embarrassed, but will enter thoroughly into the spirit of this helpful sport.

Most ladies and gentlemen know at least the rudiments of table manners, and the less fortunate are more to be snubbed than scorned, but even the most cultured of us sometimes is tongue-tied at the dinner-table, especially if one's dinner partner is more than usually dumb-bellish. For such a trying circumstance, Mr. Stewart outlines a plausible and at the same time clever programme of conversation, of which the following represents only the last two courses:

V. *Salad.*
You say to the partner at your right: "What is your favorite salad?"
She (he) replies: "I don't know, what's yours?"
This leads to a discussion of: Favorite Things.
Helpful Facts:
1. Richard Barthelmess is married.
2. B. V. D. stands for "Best Value Delivered."
3. Amy Lowell is fond of cigars.

VI. *Dessert.*
You say to the partner at your right: "I love ice-cream."
She (he) replies: "So do I."
This leads to a discussion of: Love.
Helpful Facts:
1. New York is the hardest state in which to get a divorce in America.
2. Dr. Sigmund Freud is now living in Vienna, Austria.
D. H. Lawrence has a black beard.

There is a very interesting chapter on the conduct of sport. Many make the mistake of assuming that sport is sport. No grosser error could be made. Sport is simply a very active social activity, governed by a strict code of behavior. We are grateful to Mr. Stewart for his fine chapter on this neglected subject. "The Etiquette of Games and Sport," it is needless to say, "covers" everything from craps to boxing, though of course only from the non-professional viewpoint. Mr. Stewart, versatile as he is, would hardly be able to cope with the subject from the standards of the "pro":

Although many of America's foremost boxers have been persons whom one would not care to know socially, yet much fun and pleasure can be had out of the "manly art" if practiced in a gentlemanly manner.

"Boxing parties" are generally held in the evening. The ballroom of one's home can be pleasantly decorated for the occasion, with a square ring roped off in the centre surrounded by seats for the ladies and gentlemen who come as invited guests. Evening dress is usually worn.

The contests should be between various members of one's social "set" who are fond of the sport and can be counted on to remember at all times that they are gentlemen.

The matches should be arranged in tournament form, so that the winner of one bout meets the winner of the next bout, et cetera, until all but two have been eliminated. The boxer who wins this final contest shall be proclaimed the "champion."

Great fun can then be had by announcing that the "champion" will be permitted to box three rounds with a "masked marvel." The identity of this "unknown" (who is usually Jack Dempsey or some other noted professional pugilist) should be kept carefully secret, so that all the guests are in a glow of mystified excitement when the contest begins, and you can imagine their delight and happy enthusiasm when the "masked marvel" cleverly knocks the "champion" for a double loop through the ropes into the lap of some tittering "dowager."

Refreshments should then be served and the "champion" can be carried home in a car or ambulance provided by the thoughtful host.

In the same invaluable chapter is a word or two on the youthful sport of "drinking." Before January 16, 1920, "drinking" was not, properly speaking, a sport. It was merely a pastime. Sport proper, as our English cousins will tell us, connotes danger and cruelty so that drinking, and indeed abstinence, are technically becoming sports. But our author on this point is not so precise as usual. We shall let him speak for himself:

"Drinking" has, of course, always been a popular sport among the members of the better class of society, but never has the enthusiasm for this pastime been so great in America as since the advent of "prohibition." Gentlemen and ladies who never before cared much for "drinking" have now given up almost all other amusements in favor of this fascinating sport; young man and débutantes have become, in the last few years, fully as expert in the game as their parents. In many cities "drinking" has become more popular than "bridge" or dancing and it is predicted that, with a few more years of "prohibition," "drinking" will supersede golf and baseball as the great American pastime.

A further note on the juvenile sport is as follows:

The sport is begun by the host's wife, who says, "How would you all like to play a little bridge?" This is followed by silence. Another wife then says, "I think it would be awfully nice to play a little bridge." One of the men players then steps forward and says, "I think it would be awfully nice to have a little drink."

An "It" is then selected—always, by courtesy, the host. The "It" then says, "How would you all like to have a little drink?" The men players then answer in the affirmative, and the "It's" wife says, "Now, Henry dear, please—remember what happened last time." The "It" replies, "Yes, dear," and goes into the cellar, while the "It's" wife, after providing each guest with a glass, puts away the Dresden china clock, the porcelain parrot, and the gold fish globe.

The etiquette of games, also included in this chapter, is an indispensable part of the lady or gentleman's social equipment. Passing by the etiquette of craps, which may be learned at any cigar stand, we shall quote a word or two from our author on the subject of card-playing. It has been said that every one, even a dry agent or a politician, reveals his true nature over the green felt table. And any one who has sat in on a two-bit stud poker game can testify to the truth of the aphorism. So perhaps it is hopeless to try to polish any one's card manners. The veneer is sure to crack under the acid test of the coin of the realm. But Mr. Stewart has a suggestion or two:

Thus, on the first hand, you "pass." Mr. Watts then says, "Wait a minute, till I get these cards fixed"; to which Mrs. Watts replies, "Theodore, for Heaven's sake, how long do you want?" Mr. Watts then says, "Which is higher—cluhs or hearts?" to which Mrs. Watts replies, "Cluhs." Mrs. Dollings then says, "I beg your pardon, but hearts have always been considered higher than cluhs." Mrs. Watts says, "Oh, yes, of course," and gives Mr. Watts a mean look. Mr. Watts then says, "I bid—let's see—I bid two spades—no, two diamonds." Mrs. Dollings quickly says, "Two lilies," Mr. Watts says, "What's a lily?" to which Mrs. Watts replies, "Theodore!" and then bids "Two spades," at which Mrs. Dollings says, "I beg your pardon, but I have just bid two spades." Mr. Watts then chuckles, and Mrs. Watts says (but not to Mr. Watts), "I beg your pardon." Mrs. Watts then bids "Three spades," at which you quickly say, "Four spades."

However, sport is not all of life, nor, fortunately for most of us, is the crap or red dog game. Mr. Stewart realizes that even a lady or a gentleman is sometimes involved in serious business. The most annoying business of life is undoubtedly correspondence and our author does full justice to this necessary evil. There is, for instance, a very useful "horrible example" of one college student to another:

An Incorrect Letter from a Princeton Student to a Yale Student Congratulating the Latter on His Football Victory

Dear Mike: Here's your damn money. I was a fool to give you odds. Ed.

P. S.—What happened at the Nass? I woke up Sunday with a terrific welt on my forehead and somebody's hat with the initials L. G. T., also a Brooks coat. Do you know whose they are?

P. P. S.—Please for God's sake don't cash this check until the 15th or I'm ruined.

Needless to say, Mr. Stewart immediately follows this incorrect epistle with an illustration of what should be written, for which we lack space:

The subject of acceptances and regrets is of course adequately treated, as, for example:

If one does not care to attend the party, one often sends one's "regrets," although one just as often sends one's "acceptances," depending largely upon the social position of one's hostess. The proper form of "regret" is generally as follows:

"Alice Ben Bolt regrets that she will be unable to accept the kind invitation of Major-General and Mrs. Hannafield for Wednesday evening at half after 8."

Sometimes it is better to explain in some manner the cause of the "regret," as for example:

"Alice Ben Bolt regrets that, owing to an ulcerated tooth in the left side of her mouth, and severe neuralgic pains all up and down her left side, she will be unable to accept the kind invitation of Major-General and Mrs. Hannafield for Wednesday evening at half after 8, at 'The Bananas.'"

This is not, however, always necessary.

It is unfortunate that space prevents our reviewing the contents of the chapter on travel etiquette or "Etiquette for Dry Agents" or "A Chapter for Schoolgirls." But one very important point from the chapter on travel must be included. It is advising the conduct of a lady boarding a car under difficulties and runs as follows:

After taking his number she should enter the car. At the opposite end of the vehicle there will undoubtedly be three or four vacant seats; instead of taking one of these she should stand up in front of some young man and glare at him until he gets up and gives her his place.

It is not customary in American cities for ladies to thank gentlemen who provide them with seats.

The last sentence should be underlined or italicized and sent to every other lady in these United States.

Good form or *savoir faire* can not, alas! be acquired by every one in an equal degree, since the perfection of the art depends on a social flair for that which is *au fait* in the *beau monde*, but it is consoling that students of Mr. Stewart's admirable book have a first-rate start toward the goal. We recommend it as a gift to all young men, gum drops, débutantes and flappers. Older persons will also profit by it, as manners are constantly being demoded, especially in America. It would not be advisable, however, to recommend "Perfect Behavior" to young children or other undiscriminating persons.

Perfect Behavior. By Donald Ogden Stewart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending March 31, 1923, were $132,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $121,100,000; an increase of $11,000,000.

For the month ending March 31, 1923, the clearings were $680,100,000; for the corresponding month of last year, $592,200,000; an increase of $87,900,000.

The American Sugar Refining Company's report for the year ended December 31, 1922, shows net income of $8,554,773 after taxes, depreciation, and interest. Balance after payment of preferred dividends was equivalent to $12.01 a share earned on $45,000,000 outstanding common stock. Above figures, however, do not include $5,358,145 loss in 1922 from repudiation of 1922 contracts, which company charges against profit and loss account.

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Investors have their fads and bonds their seasons. It is the investment banker's task to please the one and to time the other. Just now we are witnessing a change in the character of new investments offered to the public. Railroad and utility bonds are coming in, while municipal and industrial bonds are going out, says *Commerce and Finance*. New financing for railroads accounted for more than half of all the $69,695,000 of offerings laid out on the investment counter by bond salesmen last week. Utility bonds made up half of the balance. Industrial and municipal bonds comprised less than 25 per cent. of the total. It is probable that railroad bonds will continue to figure prominently in the market for some time to come. There are two reasons for that belief. One is the fact that railroad earnings are picking up in the most encouraging way with the result that it is easier to interest investors in railroad securities than it was. The other is that the railroads have a lot of financing to do, especially for the purpose of paying for new equipment.

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If there was any doubt whether investment demand still existed after the enormous volume of bonds sold in the last thirteen months, it was readily dispelled by the success of underwriters last week. Although it was tax week and also a time when huge government financing was being done, an issue of $31,500,000 5 per cent. Pennsylvania Railroad equipment certificates was oversubscribed the first day. Of course the comparatively high basis on which the bonds were offered made them particularly attractive to investors. They were sold for 99½ to return 5.08 per cent. That is about half of 1 per cent. better than investors could have done had the bonds been sold six months or more ago. It was quite to be expected, therefore, that the bonds would go well. Incidentally the Pennsylvania Railroad issue was the largest single piece of railroad financing that has been done since April, 1922, when a syndicate underwrote an issue of $60,000,000 New York Central bonds.

Other large railroad issues are known to be in preparation. The Great Northern Railway has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to sell $60,000,000 5 per cent. general mortgage bonds. The Union Pacific Railroad has applied for permission to sell $5,687,000 4½ per cent. equipment trust certificates. The Western Pacific has sought authority to sell $5,600,000 5½ per cent. equipment trusts. The Southern Railway last week sold to a Philadelphia syndicate $6,750,000 5 per cent. certificates.

The increase in offerings of public utility companies is a logical outcome of the improving earning power of public service companies generally. That is due to lessened cost of materials entering into manufacture of electric energy and also to the more liberal attitude of public service commissions of the various states towards such corporations which has enabled them to increase their rates.

It is not yet clear just why the volume of state and municipal financing is decreasing. However, there is no question but that it is on the decline. The falling off has been quite pronounced during the last ten days. Up to the middle of the month new municipal offerings were only $25,000,000 compared with $125,000,000 for the corresponding period of March, 1922.

The investigation into methods of municipal and state authorities in issuing securities, which was mentioned in this column some time ago, has been started. A committee of municipal hond-holding interests was named recently by Charles F. Cushman of the New York Life Insurance Company. It consists of Howard F. Bebbe, of Harris, Forbes & Co., and a recognized authority on municipal bonds; Harry M. Cutler, vice-president of the National Life Insurance Company; V. A. Letsner, vice-president of the Bowery Savings Bank; Reginald H. Fullerton, of the Bankers Trust Company; Marck T. McKee of Detroit, representing fraternal organizations, and Mr. Cushman. Explaining the object of the organization, Mr. Cushman asserted that there was no idea of raising any question ahout the soundness of municipal securities. The object is constructive, not destructive, to make municipal bonds "even more satisfactory investments than they are today."

The market for outstanding bonds continues to reflect the readjustment of values to higher money. Trading was very dull, volume of sales falling off about half from business done in January, and prices were heavy. All of the Liberty bonds lost ground, declines ranging from 10 cents to 34 cents on the $100 bond. The average price of representative corporation bonds dropped to a new low level for the year.

The Oriental taste for American manufactures continues to grow, as does also the American taste for Oriental raw material. Trade between the United States and Asia as a whole formed a larger share of our total foreign trade in 1922 than in any earlier year. Whether this is due in any considerable degree to the opening of the Panama Canal, which brings the great manufacturing and consuming centres of the country in close touch with the Orient, can not be statistically determined, but it is a fact that trade with the Orient has formed a steadily increasing share of our total foreign commerce since the opening of that gateway which gives direct passage between the Atlantic frontage of the United States and the Pacific frontage of Asia and Oceania. The *Trade Record* issued by the National City Bank of New York estimates that American merchandise sent to Asia formed less than 5 per cent. of our total exports in 1913, the year preceding the opening of the Canal, 9 per cent. in 1920, 11 per 1913, were 20 per cent. in 1916 and 26½ per ports from Asia, which formed 15 per cent. of the merchandise entering the country in 1913, were 20 per cent. in 1016 and 26½ per cent. in the ten months ending with October, 1922, and for the single month of October 28 per cent.

This big increase in the share of our trade which goes to or comes from the Orient is not necessarily due in any considerable degree to the opening of the new gateway, since there are other and equally important reasons which have stimulated the direct interchange of merchandise between the United States and our neighbors across the Pacific. Prior to the war the Oriental colonies of the European countries, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, New Zealand, the Malayan Peninsula, India and French Indo-China sent the bulk of their exportable products direct to the mother country, from which large parts of it were re-exported to the United States, but accredited in our own reports to the countries from whose ports it was sent to us. Much of the india rubber of the world, of which we are such very large consumers, originates in British and Dutch colonies in the Orient, and was prior to the war sent chiefly to the mother country and thence to the United States, and this was also true of tin, chiefly the product of the Malayan Peninsula and the Dutch East Indies; jute, exclusively a product of India; manila hemp, exclusively a product of the Philippines.

With the opening of the war, however, transportation conditions changed, and the habit of sending the products of the colonies to the mother country, from which it would pass to the United States, was discontinued. War conditions rendered inadvisable the movement of merchandise of this character across the Mediterranean or even around the continent of Africa, as ships floating the flag of Great Britain or any of the Allies were liable to destruction en route, and the habit developed of sending the products of the Orient directly across the Pacific to avoid dangers of this character, and this was rendered feasible hy the fact that the opening of the Panama Canal offered new facilities equal to those by which the merchandise had formerly been sent by way of the Mediterranean. But in sending this merchandise of the Oriental colonies to the United States, the market in which it would be consumed, the habit of passing it first to the mother country, Great Britain, Netherlands, or France, was of course abandoned and the Oriental merchandise on reaching our ports was accredited to the country in which it originated instead of being, as in pre-war years, accredited to the mother country of the respective colonies through whose hands it passed before reaching us, and this accounts in part for the increasing percentage of our imports which we now accredit to the Orient.

Industrial conditions generally are good throughout the state. Unemployment is at a minimum and building is at a pace well in harmony with that prevailing elsewhere throughout the country, says the Oakland Bank in its monthly letter. Gold mining is slowly but steadily regaining the importance of pre-war years, and the depression that has ruled with copper properties is being dispelled by the better prices now quoted for that metal. The demand for lumber is resulting in the development of a number of new lumber camps, with the building of their necessary railroads. Perhaps the best indication of the growth of industry in California is expressed by the activities of the electric power companies. All of the important power companies have large development projects under construction, a total of 269,750 horsepower now being in process of development. The rate of increase in consumption is such that company officials have declared the need of preparing to take up the construction of additional projects immediately, and a continuous programme of building by the power companies is seen as a necessity which will call for an expenditure of upwards of half a billion dollars during the next ten years, doubling the present capital invested in electrical power companies. The number of consumers of power for industrial purposes was 10,000 greater in Decemher, 1922, than in the corresponding month of 1921, and the power used for manufacturing showed an increase of 32.8 per cent. in December, 1922, in comparing the records of the two periods.

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According to Cyrus Peirce & Co. the Texas Company reports gross earnings of $130,996,907 for the year ended December 31, 1922, against $102,605,377 in the previous year. Net income, after inventory adjustment, depreciation, Federal taxes and other charges, amounted to $26,588,972. This was equal to $4.04 a share earned on the $164,450,000 capital stock of $25 a share par value outstanding. In 1921 the net income available for the stock amounted to $9,286,129, or the equivalent of $1.41 a share on the capital stock outstanding at that time. After payment of dividends in 1922 there remained a surplus of $6,854,972, and the profit and loss surplus on Decemher 31, 1922, amounted to $94,476,396.

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Announcement has been made of the opening of a San Francisco office of Alvin H. Frank & Co. at 608-610 Royal Insurance Building, with Mr. Ronald Tilton, resident vice-president, in charge.

This firm, established in Los Angeles, is very widely known over the Pacific Coast, and the opening of a local office is in response to the growing demands of the company's investment business in Northern California.

Mr. Tilton brings to the organization a thorough knowledge of Eastern securities, combined with a sound local experience. For many years he was connected with the National City Bank and the National City Company of New York in their operations in New

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York, Chicago, Denver, and Utah. Two years ago he organized the bond department of the Anglo California Trust Company and became its manager. He resigned March 1st from this post to take up his new duties with Alvin H. Frank & Co.

Activity in residential building probably is the most marked aspect of the substantial progress of the Southwest, according to John L. Lilienthal, vice-president of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, who has just returned to his desk, after a two weeks' trip through Arizona, particularly in Phœnix and Tucson. The agricultural territory tributary to Yuma also shows ample evidences of progress. Lilienthal spent a day or two at the company's Los Angeles office.

After a somewhat further advance the stock market appears to have entered a period of irregularity and hesitation. Sentiment in Wall Street has become rather divided, but with most of the brokers' letters either advising caution or else taking a quite bearish view of the immediate market prospect. The result has been the formation of a considerable short interest, which should prove a helpful cushion in the event of a general reaction. However, curiously enough, breaks or severe setbacks in the market are not apt to occur when a large part of the professional speculative community is looking for them and talking about the weak technical position. The reason, of coures, is that this suspicion itself induces profit-taking and short selling, which in turn serve to strengthen the market's position. The time when a really severe break is likely to come is when there is a large public participation and when there is practical unanimity in the expression of bullish opinion. As it looks, neither of these conditions obtains at present, so that, barring unforeseen outside developments, all that we may look for is a short period of irregularity with some of the overbulled leaders possibly reacting sharply while speculation shifts into new groups.

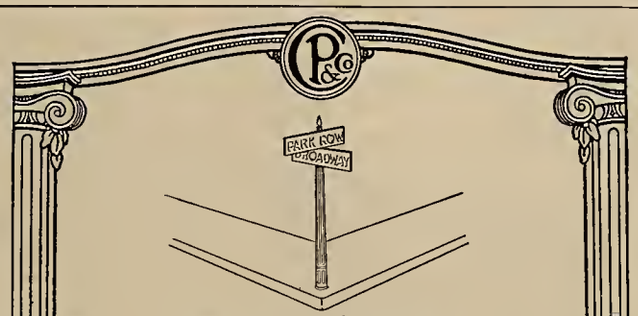
Certainly all the news of business and industry is of a most favorable character. The Class I railroads, which include all but a small fraction of the mileage of the country, reported Janaury net earnings equivalent to 5.54 per cent. on their tentative valuation. This is the best record of any month save one since the termination of Federal control, and is not much under the 5.75 per cent. designated by the Interstate Commerce Commission as a fair return. Freight car loadings continue at record figures for this time of year, which is the best sort of assurance that railroad earnings will not tend to decrease and that in most instances even further improvement may be shown. The steel mills are operating at 90 per cent. or more of capacity, but with orders on hand which would mean full capacity were adequate supplies of labor obtainable. Pig-iron production in February was at the highest daily average since March, 1920. The Steel Corporation's unfilled tonnage report as of February 28th, showing an increase of 373,213 tons as compared with the January figures, equaled Wall Street's most optimistic predictions. The same prosperity that the steel trade is enjoying exists in almost all other lines of industry, and notably so in the case of the automobile manufacturers, who are counting on doing the largest volume of business in their history. Even in shipping the outlook is becoming less gloomy and those companies engaged in coastwise trade report conditions much improved.

Regarding the course of the stock market, it looks bullish, but in view of the rise already enjoyed new commitments should be confined largely to the rails and carefully selected public utilities and inrustrials.—*The Trader.*

Mr. John W. Edminson, vice-president and resident partner of the William R. Staats Company, was elected president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange last week to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of William Edwards. Mr. Edminson has been actively connected in official positions with both the National Investment Bankers' Association of America and the California Investment Bankers' Association and is now a member of the board of governors of the latter organization. Mr. Edminson has been prominently identified in financial circles for the past forty years and associated with the William R. Staats Company since 1911.

The San Francisco-Sacramento Railway Company's earnings statement for the calendar year 1922 shows a better twelve months in 1922 than in the preceding year. Gross operating income was slightly less than for the preceding twelve months, but through reduction of gross operating expenses a slight gain in surplus was effected. There was a 7 per cent. preferred stock dividend of $86,989.75 paid during the year. Increase in freight revenue was mainly due to added productive acreage and additional grain and fruit warehouses. Current assets were shown to be $516,015.88 and current liabilities $155,037.53. —*Cyrus Peirce & Co.*

The annual report of the Kansas City Power and Light Company for the year ended December 31, 1922, shows gross earnings for the year of $7,864,817.49 as against $6,810,737.89 for 1921, an increase of approximately 15½ per cent. Gross income, after all taxes, for the year 1922 was $3,683,267.61 as compared with $3,039,728.92 in 1921 and $2,196,115.22 for the year 1920. The balance sheet of the company shows property, plant, and equipment assets as of December 31, 1922, of $35,944,782.58, an increase of $7,694,139.16 for the year.



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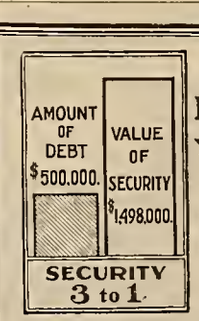
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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Mrs. Meynell's Two Obsessions.

The Poems of Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

It has been said that every writer, and it is particularly true of poets, has a favorite word or two which he uses, unconscious of its frequent recurrence, and which by some mystic law is the keynote of his character. The law is problematic, but reading straight through the collected edition of Alice Meynell's poems arranged in a chronology that would have delighted her heart, bringing as it does all her life simultaneously under one cover, one sees the basis for such a fantastic notion. Mrs. Meynell's word was "delicate." She herself, of course, was a tower of inspired strength, but she was also delicate, using the word as she persistently and fondly did from her earliest poems to her last. Words have a chameleon quality of becoming that which they are associated with, and "delicate," because of its euphemistic use for weak or sickly, is slowly deteriorating. So that it behooves all writers not to become too closely associated with a word that may lose caste for posterity. But the pretty law under discussion does not take cognizance of semantics. And "delicate" properly means fine and light, subtle, accurate, sensitive and nicely adjusted. If one had tried to find precise terms to express the genius of Mrs. Meynell, could he have done better?

Probably because she was so finely adjusted, words were significant to Alice Meynell. It is notorious that any word suffices a loosely constructed person. Nor was hers the art that conceals art, although that claim has undoubtedly been made for her. Her work is wonderfully and nicely constructed, like marvelous cabinet work, and one realizes in like degree the cunning that has gone into it. Her verses can never be mistaken for the *ex tempore* yodeling of peasants, as some of Shakespeares' might, to give a violent example. But she has one trait of workmanship in common with the greatest poets, with Milton himself—a reckless use of words. For she used them recklessly as well as discriminantly. A half-dozen casually taken from the complete edition are: intricate, mathematics, iteration, ambiguous, incalculable, elaborate. Milton, himself, could hardly muster a roll of less poetic words. But the proof of Mrs. Meynell's greatness is exactly that of Milton's, that she stops at no obstacles and somehow makes the grade.

No résumé of Alice Meynell's work, however superficial, would be complete without reference to her peculiar obsession of time. It is a purely philosophic idea, perhaps never before dramatized as she has done it. Mrs. Meynell must have been enchanted when Einstein came forth with time as the fourth dimension, for she had been a fourth dimensionalist all her life. The classic example is her letter to her own old age, but a better concrete illustration is in her verses to her father when she had grown older than he was at death. She likens her case to Dr. Johnson's, who outlived his wife thirty years who had been twenty years his senior. Thus, "Time gave the bridegroom's boast, Time gave a younger wife."

To Mrs. Meynell anything could be accomplished with time. R. G.

Cynthia Stockley's New Novel.

Ponjola. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

Africa has been very much to the fore lately, so it is not strange to find a new Rhodesian tale by Cynthia Stockley fresh from the press and in fact ariving before the promised posthumous novel of Olive Schreiner or the last of Haggard's series of "She." Miss Stockley's latest epic of the Dark Continent is characteristic of her dramatic imagination and penchant for sensationalism—in fact is rather more so than usual. "Ponjola," like all its author's novels, is rich in plot interest, its *dramatis personæ* have the well-known Stockley punch and variety of personality, and Rhodesia, itself, one feels sure is rendered to the life. It is therefore the more regrettable that Miss Stockley falls into the erroneous ways of the pot-boiler or the tyro. She is neither, and a little care on her part would obviate the comparison. For example, she has the knack of colloquial conversation, a talent that many a more artistic artificer would barter half his technique for—and with advantage to himself. But Miss Stockley permits—perhaps she can not help it—the colloquial and even vulgar vocabulary that is so picturesque in the mouths of her informal crew of characters to spill over into the context, with diminished dramatic value for its conversation and artistry. In fact Cynthia Stockley's most glaring fault is complete lack of artistic tenets, her work, brilliant as it is in places and almost always highly entertaining, having the effect of being produced *ex tempore*. A critical attitude on her part, and the habit of careful revision, would enhance her work, unless, of course, her art is so spontaneous that it would wither if submitted to the acid test of technique.

A Portuguese Pessimist.

Sonnets and Poems of Anthero de Quental. Translated by S. Griswold Morley. Berkeley: The University of California Press.

Admirers of Thomas Hardy, Leopardi, the young Matthew Arnold and other representative pessimists will welcome Professor Morley's translation of the sonnets of Anthero de Quental, the Portguese poet born in the Azores in 1842. Granted that pessimism is a worthy subject on which to expend talent, Quental was a pearl among sonneteers. His translator contrasts him with other romance pessimists, and one may place him somewhere between Hardy and Arnold—between Arnold's later repented disillusion and Hardy's growing and persistent subjection to it. The present translation not only introduces the English reading public to a great Portguese poet, but is a distinguished contribution to the still youthful art of translation.

Frankness and Spots.

Anne Severn and the Fieldings. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The story of Anne and the three men with whom her life was bound winds along somewhat like a classic frieze, beginning with childhood and running into youth and maturity, with here and there a symbol to be interpreted later, and at last the veiled form of love holding a tragic mask. Through the frieze Anne is always the central figure, clasping first one brother's hand, then another's.

The book is well constructed, but as one critic has expressed it, it is "frank in spots"; and indeed it is very frank and very spotty, and the spots run into blots and blurs that the reader wants to rub out, leaving the pages clean. For life itself is clean and truth is clean, but both belong to the deeps, and the words that translate them into our vernacular must be chosen with care.

A Czar and a Poet.

The Penitent. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

In this historical novel of the early years of the nineteenth century three men of striking personality dominate the scene. One of these three, Metternich, although not a part of the tale, figures rather as the power behind the throne, a rôle he was well qualified to play. A hard and brilliant character, he sought to save Europe, and Austria in particular, from the coming flood of democracy which began with the tidal wave of the French Revolution, and in Alexander I of Russia—The Penitent—he saw only a puppet obstructing his plans who must be removed at any cost.

Alexander is a striking and pathetic figure, presented to the reader after the Napoleonic wars, when he had lost the elasticity of hope, faith in his fellows, and all the illusions of life. At heart in sympathy with the new spirit of freedom and democracy, he found the problem too big to handle and the vast empire not yet ready for the new civilization beginning in Europe.

The third actor in this drama is the Russian poet Pushkin, whose adventures furnish several romantic chapters. Exiled because of political offences, he went to the south of Russia, and wandered through the Ukraine, the Caucasus Mountains, and into the Crimea. The conditions he met, the personalities with which he came in contact, strongly affected his lawless and roving spirit, and developed his genius, which reached its highest expression when at last he was imprisoned in his ancestral home with only his old nurse as companion. Here he learned to read life in a new language, and from the old Russian peasant woman he gained a wisdom the world had not taught him. She opened his eyes to the beauty of the Russian winter, she told him legends and folk stories of the peasants, she improvised magic romances out of the past, and in the morning Pushkin wrote down in verse the tales of the night before. In this environment he did some of his best work.

This book is the first volume of a trilogy dealing with the world changes and the new era inaugurated by the French Revolution. The other two are to be "The Passion Flower" and "The Pageant Maker." After reading "The Penitent" one can not help hoping that in the two volumes to follow the author will not lose sight of certain rules of construction and the use of words; that no character in the coming books will venture to "promenade his eyes," and that too frequent italicized words and sentences will be dropped.

These defects stand out all the more glaringly, as the book on the whole is well written, the characters well drawn, and the motives and springs of action well analyzed.

Our Policy in Asia.

Americans in Eastern Asia. By Tyler Dennett. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5.

This work deals with the activities of America in the Far East, from the days of the East India trade, following the close of the revolution, to the present. The history is drawn from authentic sources, and is the result of a careful study of records. It begins with the treaty of Wanghau, concluded in 1844 by Caleb Cushing, followed by the Burlingame treaty of 1868, both with China, and taking up Perry's expedition and treaty with Japan in 1854, and Shufeldt's Korean treaty in 1882.

Mr. Dennett emphasizes the fact that political as well as commercial dealings with China and Japan, and Korea as well, have been instituted and carried through by individual Americans rather than by the American government. By individual Americans he means Presidents, Secretaries of State, and certain men who were accredited to negotiate treaties and to handle the problems of the Far East as they presented themselves. The one exception he makes is the occasion when Congress in 1882 intervened and took the initiative in the task of settling the Asiatic immigration policy. This question is dealt with only in connection with Chinese coolie immigration and but brief reference is made to the contemporaneous issues with Japan. Many readers will regret that the subject is not dealt with more at length, and the subject of the opium trade as well. It is of course mentioned in connection with early trading relations and the treaties, but its aspect in this century is not dwelt on.

Mr. Dennett's book is apparently just and broad-minded; he makes no attempt to glorify America as she appeared in the Oriental drama. He makes plain, unvarnished statements, supported by authority, and if these statements do not present our country in the very best light, the reader must perforce accept them and readjust previous conceptions. The real issue in American policy in Asia in the nineteenth century was between an isolated or coöperative policy, to insure the Open Door and an East strong enough to guard it. America followed the coöperative policy as far as the limiting European ambitions permitted, and in Mr. Dennett's opinion it is a policy of the utmost importance for the peace of the world. He says: "But whether we like or trust each other or not, we all have to live together in a world which is becoming smaller every day—and we must either fight each other or coöperate. The basis of coöperation is understanding."

About Living Too Long.

The House of the Secret. By Claude Farrère. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

This fantasy is full of thrills, and seems to belong rather to a bygone age than to a day when the light of science shines into every cranny. But the action takes place within the century, the scene is in the mountain regions of Provence in the south of France, and the theme is longevity—the prolonging of human life beyond allotted bounds. This chimera, so closely allied to the search for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, has dazzled human beings since the days of the alchemists, and glowed again in the pages of Bulwer's "Zanoni."

Why any man should wish to live beyond his time, adjusting himself to new faces and phases and haunted ever by the fear of discovery, is incomprehensible, but it seems to be one of the mysteries of the human heart that every now and then come to the surface. The author then, having selected a difficult theme, contrives to weave it into a fantastic tale and keeps the reader absorbed, up to a crashing finale. It is like listening to a ghost story—one knows it could never have happened, but one simply must find out how it ended.

Claude Farrère is an officer in the French

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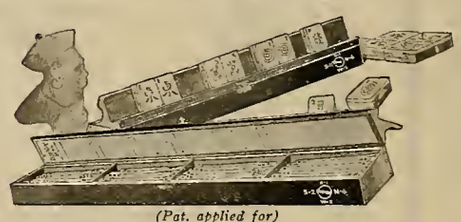
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navy, and has a reputation in his own land for invention and plot. He does much of his writing at sea, and one can picture him thoroughly enjoying himself with the weaving of such a tale as this, whiling away the monotonous hours aboard ship. The story is well written, but in spite of its clever "invention," there are weak points not well covered. The underpinning of the dramatic peak is wobbly, and the reader tells himself that he could have improved upon it: but then if it had been consistent throughout, there could not have been any story.

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Notes of Books and Authors.

One point in common which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln seem to have, besides being saviors of their country in various crises, is a number of early unrequited love affairs. According to William Roscoe Thayer's "George Washington," people still speculate why so many of the young women whom Washington took a fancy to chilled and drew back when it came to a question of marriage. One very clever writer, says Mr. Thayer, thinks perhaps that his nose was unusually large in his youth, and that repelled them. Mr. Weik gives no reason why, for Abraham Lincoln, the course of true love ran so far from smooth, but points out, in his "The Real Lincoln," some little-known facts about Lincoln's early infatuation for three different young women and with what seeming hesitation he finally married his fourth choice. Both of these books were published recently by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"From a dozen points of view, Tony Sarg's most recent puppet play, 'Don Quixote,' might be held to surpass any piece of marionettes that he has shown," says the Boston *Transcript*. The work of Tony Sarg and his marionette show, then appearing in New York City, advances from year to year both as an artistic and as a commercial enterprise. If it were possible to procure the necessary artist-manipulators, Tony Sarg could put several marionette troupes on the road and have them working their "cunning magic" for longer runs than those of most human "stars." Mr. Sarg always has many more offers of engagements for his show than he is able to accept. The curious story of the inception of the Tony Sarg show and the description of how his marionettes work is to be found in "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book," published by B. W. Huebsch, an ideal gift for youngsters. Not only does it contain two marionette plays, but it also tells exactly how children can make and produce a marionette show for themselves. In his fame as a marionettist people sometimes forget that Mr. Sarg is primarily an artist with pen and brush. This book is fully illustrated with his own drawings.

An "I Was There Too" club could be started by the survivors of the famous Cherokee Run of 1893, when 12,000 square miles of virgin land of the present State of Oklahoma were seized by homesteaders between sun and sun. Close to 200,000 persons participated in that grand rush for the last of the government's desirable free lands, many of them young men attracted only by the glamour of adventure. Perhaps this was why so many of them transferred their claims after a short period, and are unexpectedly to be found scattered about the country in every phase of commercial or public life. Probably no large city is without its quota of "survivors," who could doubtless give interesting accounts of their experiences. The whole story of the Cherokee Run is graphically described in Hal G. Evarts' new romance, "Tumbleweeds," just published by Little, Brown & Co.

"Dickensian Inns and Taverns," a companion volume to "The Inns and Taverns of Pickwick," both by B. W. Matz, has been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author is the editor of the *Dickensian*. The text and illustrations of the book afford intimate descriptive pictures of the various inns mentioned in the novels of Dickens.

The Century Company, which is announcing the first book publication in this country of Johan Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings" for April 27th, informs us that they have become the American publishers of the great Norwegian, having taken over his previously translated works from Moffat, Yard & Co. The following titles, in addition to "The Last of the Vikings," are now offered by them: "The Great Hunger," "Treacherous Ground," "The Power of a Lie," "The Face of the World" and "Life."

"Trolls and Human Folk" is the title of Selma Lagerlöf's new book, which Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out in the near future. Velma Swanston Howard, Miss Lagerlöf's friend and translator, who has made the excellent authorized English versions of most of her books, has collected and edited the later



short stories and sketches that comprise the volume. The longest and perhaps the loveliest of these is "The Lady of Böetsholm," a mystical, half-legendary idyll of mediæval Vermland. Another, "The Skull," is the tale of a grave digger who set out to find a guest to share his Christmas dinner. In the spontaneous, flexible short story form Miss Lagerlöf achieves some of her most characteristic and charming effects.

Eliot Harlow Robinson, author of "Smiles" and "Smiling Pass" (Page, Boston), has been temporarily released from his duties as secretary to Congressman Gifford by the closing session of the Sixty-Seventh Congress. He has returned to Boston to resume literary activities, chief among which will be the sponsoring of his latest book, "Mark Gray's Heritage," to be brought out this month by the Page Company, Boston.

Signor D'Annunzio is to direct the publication of a new Italian paper, entitled *Italy of the Italians*.

A book called "Lola," which the Duttons announce for early publication, is translated from the German of Henny Kindermann, and its sub-title, "The Thought and Speech of Animals," gives an indication of its theme. Lola is an Airedale terrier who was selected for the special purpose of seeing how she would respond to training that would seek to develop her intelligence. The book is said to give an astonishing account of the results that were achieved. It contains also a chapter on "Thinking Animals," by Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa.

New Books Received.

Murdo. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
The epic of the life of a gipsy chief.

Demian. By Hermann Hesse. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
A novel translated from the German by N. H. Priday.

The Bungalow Book. By Charles E. Wbite, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.25.
A practical handbook on planning, building, and furnishing the bungalow.

The Lucky Number. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
Thirteen stories.

Nacha Regules. By Manuel Galvez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
A sociological novel by Argentina's leading novelist.

The House on Smith Square. By the author of "The House on Charles Street." New York: Duffield & Co.; $2.
Social and political life in England.

The Field of Philosophy. By Joseph A. Leighton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.
An introduction to the study of philosophy.

After Death. By Camille Flammarion. New York: The Century Company; $3.
The concluding volume of the author's trilogy presenting evidence as to man's survival after death.

The Lone Winter. By Anne Bosworth Greene. New York: The Century Company; $2.25.
The record of a winter on an isolated Vermont hill farm.

Dandelion Down and Small Flowerpot. By Doris Dallas. Boston: The Stratford Company; $1.
Juvenile.

Plays. By Jacinto Benavente. Third Series, 1923. Translated with an introduction by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.
"The Princess Who Learned Everything Out of Books," "Saturday Night," "In the Clouds," "The Truth."

The Secret of Woman. By Helen Jerome. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
Feminine psychology.

The Workshop of the Mind. By Hallam Hawksworth. New York: The Century Company; $1.60.
Psychology for children.

Career. By Dorothy Kennard. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.
A story of love and diplomatic intrigue in Constantinople.

Youth's Way. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.
A story of adolescence.

Fighting Blood. By H. C. Witwer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.90.
A novel of pugilism.

America of Yesterday. Edited by Lawrence S. Mayo. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.
The diary of John D. Long.

Gardening Under Glass. By F. F. Rockwell. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $3.50.
Inviting the amateur to the pleasures of indoor gardening.

So There! By Franklin P. Adams. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50.
The Odes of Horace in the vernacular.

The Barb. By William J. McNally. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.
A story of American state university life.

The Watsons. By Jane Austen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.
Concluded by Miss L. Oulton from Jane Austen's notebooks.

Merry O. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.
By the author of "Prudence of the Parsonage."

Casual Wanderings in Ecuador. By Blair Niles. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.
From the west coast of South America to Guayaquil.

Men of the Inner Jungle. By W. F. Alder. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.
By the author of "The Isle of Vanishing Men."

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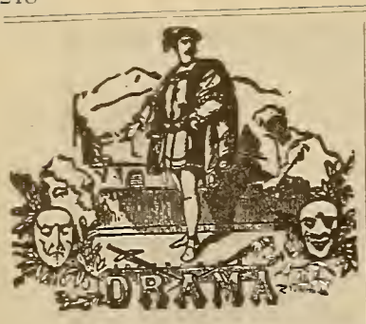
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The lovely actress whose art as seen on the screen seems the most refined and delicate of all the motion-picture actresses is with us again in a spoken drama. "The Wheel of Life" is an appropriately romantic and picturesque play, for Elsie Ferguson is in the atmosphere most suitable to her special charm in plays permeated with the romance of the drawing-room. She is not a realist, particularly, nor an intellectualist. She just belongs to the stage because she conveys as much by instinct as by art the essence of the desirable woman, possessed of the supreme charm of femininity, and pleasing the eye by her beauty and the grace with which can wear opulent clothes.

"The Wheel of Life," however, has an Indian background. The drawing-room is in the bungalow of an Indian officer. It has a punkah moved by the unseen hands of a Hindu hireling, and the Indian servants show that deference to the dominant whites that is probably passing away since the days of Kipling's "Tales from the Hills."

The author seems to wish to skirt the edge of the Indian question, but only the very tiniest of the edge. For the play has no political purpose, in spite of the lovers and their friends being imprisoned for two whole acts in a beleaguered Buddhist monastery, of which Tsering Lama, who is to play a strange part in the drama of Ruth Dangan's secret love for her husband's chief, is the high priest.

In this exotic setting the two ladies who are of the imprisoned group naturally do not wear the gorgeous and glittering vestments of the drawing-room. They had gratified us in the first act. Elsie Ferguson appearing in a diaphanous garment of the shades of peach or apricot, which was gracefully ornamented with streamers of silver leaves. But she lighted the darkened shadows of the old stone monastery with one or two opulent garments which pleasingly affected our æsthetic sensibilities.

In these two later acts the Indian atmosphere is made most picturesque because the scenes are played in the "Hall of the Gods." There is an immense statue of Buddha dominating the hall, and smaller statues of other gods. And on the wall is a representation of "the wheel of life," which, so the Lama tells Ruth, when he divines the love-sufferings that are shaking her rebellious being, is the symbol of human agonies that are but self-created illusions, Nirvana being the only reality.

An arched opening in the stone wall of the monastery reveals two lofty Himalayan peaks on which the changing lights make beautiful gradations of color, as the day declines and is born again.

The story of the love between the pair who are divided because the woman is the wife of another is that of renunciation. The woman alone is rebellious, the man being upheld by the high standards of regimental honor. He can not betray his chief.

The rôle of the self-denying lover is played in romantic spirit by Frederic Worlock, a tall young actor who affects our romantic sensibilities most agreeably. Mr. Worlock is an excellent actor of the romantic school, and his appearance is in keeping.

The rôle of the husband, Colonel Dangan, was delightfully played by Mr. C. T. Davis, an Englishman evidently. Indeed, there were several really truly English accents about; and also, it should be mentioned, a number of native Hindus in small or silent parts, who were very effective in accentuating the atmosphere.

Mr. Davis' attractive personality, and easy, assured art enabled him to give to the husband all the endowment of native kindliness and manliness intended by the author. A comedy rôle was placed in the exceedingly efficient hands of Eric Cowley, who played a dense civilian newly come to India, and running up against various features of Indian life with the rash confidence of the newcomer.

The rôle of his wife was played with charm and vivacity by Irby Marshall, who has the art of drawing-room comedy and an attractive stage presence.

A trio of actors were easy and likable in three other rôles, the drawing-room raillery in the first act with the young subalterns going so gayly as to give a pleasant picture of English social life in India.

In the monastery scenes Mr. J. Francis White presented a strikingly picturesque and at times impressive impersonation of the Lama, the pose of the actor, when the Lama was seated in a niche in silent meditation, being extremely well done in its immobility, and in the suggestion it conveyed of physical relaxation and mental remoteness. Also Mr. White was excellent in his reading of the Lama's utterances.

With all these adventitious aids, however, the play is merely pleasingly romantic, and picturesque in setting. It is an excellent vehicle for Elsie Ferguson, although it seemed, in some of the scenes between the lovers, as if the sympathy of the spectators was much greater for the man than the woman; perhaps because he was so firm and consistent in his renunciation. For humanity is wax before temptation, but full of respect for the few who resist.

The audience was so warm in its prolonged plaudits that Elsie Ferguson finally accepted the tacit invitation and made a speech. From it we gathered that the actress had found California acting like a beneficent balm to her tired spirit. She seemed so fervent and sincere in her reference to the good it had done her during a week's rest in Santa Barbara that, joining this deduction to the testimony supplied by her look of fatigue as the play advanced, I concluded that the actress does well to refrain from wearing herself out in too strenuous a life on the circuits. Her beauty is there, but slightly in eclipse. Her voice, by the way, seemed to have lost something of its music, and her touch did not seem to be so sure in the emotional scenes; although that may have been due to fatigue. But in every respect the play is an attractive vehicle, adapted alike to her kind of acting and to her special charm and beauty.

A MIRACLE PLAY AT THE PLAZA.

Paul Claudel's play, now running at the Plaza, is an impressive epitome of the fear, the superstition, and the religionism of the middle ages. The title, "The Tidings Brought to Mary," is indicative of the symbolism that prevails in the play; a symbolism which is further indicated by a remarkable arrangement of lights. For a faint light seems to play around each speaker, whose figure stands out against a background of mysterious shadow typifying, apparently, the darkness of needless asceticism, of superstition, and religious intolerance.

These deductions, however, are to be made by each spectator. Paul Claudel, the famous author of what one might call a dramatic poem in prose form, has the art of beautiful suggestion. If to that he had added brevity the play—as a play—would be much improved. Those who have read it in advance will remark that the speeches have been curtailed; but they are still of heart-breaking length.

The play seems to be symbolic of the contest, in those intensely religious countries, between the flesh and the spirit, the dark and grasping Mara signifying the longings of the body, while the gentle and self-abnegating Violaine incarnates the aspirations of the soul.

Nothing in drama can ever make a more poignant appeal to human emotion than to witness the drama of human longing and passion play itself out before the hearthstone. So Paul Claudel shows us the simple family life of the Vercars, and the coming of love to the two sisters.

Saintliness is never so impressive as when it is placed in contrast to evil. Mara is evil—according to the mediæval light in which she is seen—in that she typifies desire, in all its ruthlessness and victorious force. But through the saintly goodness of the solitary and suffering Violaine, a soul is born in the bosom of the dark contriver against her sister's happiness.

With this victory Violaine must be and is content, and dies in the sweet odor of sanctity. For in those days there were fanatics whose eyes were always fixed on a far distant heaven.

From the joyous materialists of our era the spirit of the play is strangely remote; and yet, nevertheless, it is remarkably impressive, perhaps for that reason, and also for a certain biblical atmosphere. So much so that those who feel interested enough to go and see a miracle play will probably find that it will leave an unforgettable impression.

For the performance in its entirety, setting, costumes, beautiful and impressive groupings illumined by a light that seemed shining from another world, and above all the acting, more particularly that of the two women, all were beautifully in accord with the spirit of the play.

Hedwiga Reicher, in particular, has that supreme gift of merging herself perfectly with the character she represents. More than any of the others—and perhaps she was aided thereby by her dramatic identification with a character typifying earthly longing—she was to the spectator the vital essence of the character she represented. The fine, robust build and strong physiognomy of this excellent actress, who has a remarkable ability to express in her outward seeming all the inner storms of heart and soul, was in full accord with the character of Mara.

Ellen Van Volkenburg gave a beautiful reading, in her soft and lovely voice, to the lines of Violaine, and, while not always so strikingly submerged in her rôle as Hedwiga Reicher, was at times extraordinarily effective. Those who have seen her in the strange similitude of a pictured saint come to life, and mysteriously luminant with the hues of life, will not soon forget it.

Maurice Browne is not gifted with that elusive, indefinable, inexplicable ability such as is possessed in full measure by Hedwiga Reicher of sinking his identity in his rôle, and his reading has not the beauty of naturalness and simplicity. But in other respects he presented a good conception of the character of Jacques.

An excellent specimen of stage directorship was presented in the merry-making of the peasants. There is absolutely nothing stereotyped in the art of Paul Claudel, and he has given to this stage conception of the peasants of the middle ages the brutality and the rank materialism that prevailed in the era when the lower classes were mere groundlings to minister to the ruling classes. And as such this episode in the play is given. Indeed, the whole performance, except for some indications of immature acting in some of the minor rôles, is so in conformity with the spirit of the play that one feels that the author himself would overlook the minor defects in view of the impressive whole.

TITTA RUFFO'S SECOND CONCERT.

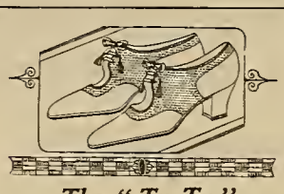
With Elsie Ferguson's engagement at the Columbia, Titta Ruffo and Ruth Draper returning for second appearances, and particularly interesting programmes at several of the regular theatres and motion-picture houses, it looks as if this week will have chronicled a heavy draft on San Francisco pockets. But San Franciscans, who are most determined pursuers of pleasure, seem to show up in considerable numbers every time.

In spite of the Sunday Ruffo concert being the celebrated baritone's second appearance, there were several thousand present, among whom, I do not doubt, were a number who had heard him before, as well as a fresh contingent of Titta Ruffo's compatriots. As on the former occasion Signor Ruffo's curiously magnetic personality captured the audience almost before he opened his mouth. He is patently a simple-minded, sincere man, and his expansive Italian nature causes him to respond with delightful unself-consciousness to the frankly extended adoration of his compatriots; in which, with less, however, of fervor and vocal demonstration, the rest of the audience joins.

What Titta Ruffo's natural and instinctive engagingness begins, his voice completes; more particularly as its "molten, golden tone" is warmed and colored by the charm of his personality.

There were more familiar numbers on the second Ruffo programme, the Prologue from "Pagliacci" and the Toreador sending the Latins in the audience into a frenzy of delight. For the baritone's voice seemed even finer, rounder, more sonorous and warmly glowing in color than during his first concert. Nor was he kept sprinting a quarter-mile or so in response to each call, a very satisfactory arrangement with screens having provided against that discomfort.

Two of the arias sung by Signor Ruffo, the Adamastor from "L'Africaine" and the "Cantabile de Rysoor" from "Patrie," are rarely heard. Signor Ruffo also gave a group of French, Italian, and Spanish songs, and, in response to a complaint of there being no English on his programme, he gave as an encore the English number "Until." Also during the informal conversational exchange between him and his audience, the singer "husted right out"



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Acquisition of right-of-way in San Mateo County for the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy aqueduct is 90 per cent. completed.

This San Mateo right-of-way for the Hetch Hetchy line begins just north of the Southern Pacific Dumbarton Bridge crossing, and runs northwesterly through North Fair Oaks, the plat of Dumbarton, Dumbarton Oaks, and the Boyd and Kent Addition. It crosses the Woodside Road about 100 yards west of Five Points, and runs through Redwood City and Oak Knoll Manor, up Cordilleras Cañon, through Pulgas Tunnel to the Crystal Springs Reservoir of Spring Valley Water Company.

The distance is 11½ miles. Some 250 parcels of land had to be acquired by the City.

This right-of-way is paid for out of Hetch Hetchy bonds, but the bond interest is paid to the City by Spring Valley.

This was one of the exacting conditions that the City insisted on before approving the "water agreement" drawn up by the Railroad Commission.

By the time the Hetch Hetchy line is built from Irvington to Crystal Springs, Spring Valley will have raised Calaveras Dam and enlarged its conduit facilities in Niles Cañon, thus adding 24 million gallons daily to our water supply.

This additional water will be brought into use through the Hetch Hetchy line, for using which Spring Valley must pay the City.

Spring Valley met the City's demands in the proper spirit and is cooperating unreservedly in the programme of water development now well under way.

This company recognizes that municipal ownership of water has "the right-of-way" in San Francisco; meanwhile, aided by refinancing of its $22,000,000 debt, it is maintaining its policy of "useful service."

SPRING VALLEY
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nto English, to the increased delight of his earers.

Yvonne D'Arle harmonizes with the joyous xcitement that so far has been an integral art of a Ruffo concert because of the evilences of a lively histrionic temperament, as hown in look, movement, and gesture. The outh and prettiness of the soprano are pleasng adjuncts to a voice that has clearness, ree outflow, and a greater maturity of tone nd volume than one would expect from her outhful appearance.

RUTH DRAPER'S SECOND PROGRAM.

The wisdom of engaging Ruth Draper for wo return performances was demonstrated n Tuesday evening, when a large audience ssembled at Scottish Rite Hall to hear the alented diseuse give a second series of her emarkably clever impersonations.

Impersonations helong to the class of intiate entertainments, which find themselves in oo spacious quarters in the stately hall on Sutter Street. But Miss Draper's voice, which was amply sufficient to fill the St. Fran is hallroom, seemed unexpectedly light in the ig uptown hall. Still her expressive art carried so well that in "Love in the Balkans" he audience knew perfectly, in spite of the ntire number heing delivered in some unnown tongue, that a hot-blooded woman was watching her mate in a fight, and seeing him verpowered and threatened with death until he and her implacahle stiletto took a hand.

This was the only serious numher in the rogramme, the others heing all in the line of enial satire, to which minute ohservation and marked sense of humor unite to contrihute enuine artistry.

As hefore, Miss Draper gave a series of hort sketches, all of them except "The Dehuante" encore number heing different from hose on her first programme. All that she as done has been perfect in its line, except hat her Yiddish accent, which consists merely f rolled r's, is not characteristic of the hick, unctuous, oozy vernacular that experts uch as Vera Gordon can give us.

Another spot on the shining sun is Miss Draper's inahility to give a real, down East Yankee touch to the speech of the old wife n "In a New England Village."

Read Oliver Wendell Holmes' now almost orgotten novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," and learn how perfectly a aaster hand can convey in print the speech haracteristics of the old-fashioned Yankee uralite. I recommend Miss Draper to look p those books, and I'll wager that she would ather from the conversations in them suggestions which would add some at least of he needed Yankee pronunciation and inection.

In "A Class in Soul Culture" she gave the readfully prevalent uvular r so characteristic f the Middle West and she cleverly introuced names like Warner and Christopher that ould enahle her to emphasize this style of peech. That, however, was its defect. It as too much emphasized, and did not go with the headlong fluency of the French and he French accent in the French dressmaker ketch, given in a previous programme, and which I notice will he repeated next Sunday.

I see that on that occasion she will also ive something which promises a brogue. But nothing can surpass the French in the sketch mentioned, and the German and German accent of the funny sniffing German governess we saw Tuesday night. Her Scotch accent, that we heard on her first programme, was also good, although I thought her Scotch sketch the least interesting of all.

Miss Draper excels in conveying the sloppy speech, the self-conscious intonations, and the restlessly changing poses of the American girly-girl of the period. She throws herself ahout, feels her hack hair, adjusts her shoulder-straps and wiggles her prettily slippered feet quite in the style of the typical nineteen-year-older, whose characteristic vocal inflections she renders perfectly.

Her concluding numher may also be called serious, as it is a tabloid drama, all spoken hy one person; a head waitress in a railway station who goes through all the motions of assisting the injured in a railway accident while her heart is torn hy apprehensions as to the fate of her engineer sweetheart; the most lengthy and detailed of her offerings, and most expressively rendered.

All her pantomime is as carefully expressive as Yvette Guilhert's. She can make us feel sympathetically hungry while she eats an imaginary hreakfast, and can take on age, the appearance of a peasant, and a foreign nationality hy merely slipping a shawl over the hrain-hox from whence so many hright thoughts proceed and altering the expression of her face.

But Ruth Draper is making one great mistake in her work. A close ohserver, one who has followed her in her career, would notice that whereas she formerly gave her hrief sketches in flashes of hrilliant insight followed hy the outward expression of human foihles and mannerisms, she has now enlarged the originals. She has prohahly accepted the poor advice of some showman in so doing, and is therehy endangering the spontaneity of her art. "The Dehutante," "The Children's Party," "The German Governess," even the railway station sketch, could he curtailed. For, cleverly as they are done, there are repetitions of effects, which are fatally liable to induce a sense of weariness in the spectator. If the artist herself hecomes wearied hy departing from her original method it is almost impossihle not to have a reflection of the feeling from the spectator.

I have always remembered with the keenest pleasure Rose Stahl in the original one-act sketch—or monologue, really, wasn't it?—"The Chorus Girl." And equally I have remembered with boredom all hut the original part when the sketch was enlarged into a three-act play. The similarity is not great, hut the analogy is there.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Ninth People's Symphony.

Alexander Saslavsky will conduct the People's Symphony Orchestra in the ninth of its series of educational concerts at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday night, April 12th, at 8:30. o'clock.

The programme will open with Weher's overture to "Oheron," which will he followed hy the "Spring" Symphony of Robert Schumann. Mr. Saslavsky will introduce as soloist Margaret Bruntch, whose contralto is well known to San Francisco audiences. Mrs. Bruntch was formerly prima donna at the Court Opera House in Baden. She will sing the "Romance of Pauline" from the Tschaikowsky opera, "Pique Dame," and Chausson's "Le Temps des Lilas." Mr. Rohert C. Newell will play the accompaniment for Mrs. Bruntch's songs. The programme will conclude with the playing of Brahms' "Three Hungarian Dances."

As a preliminary, Mr. Joseph D. Redding will deliver an interesting talk on the themes and musical ideas of the compositions to be played, and the trumpet has been selected as the orchestral instrument for discussion.

Tickets are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Best seats, $1; others, 75 cents and 50 cents (no war tax).

At the Columbia.

Kolh and Dill, coming in Aaron Hoffman's latest Volsteadian kick, entitled "Now and Then," will arrive at the Columhia Theatre on Sunday night, April 15th, for a stay of two weeks.

The attendance that has marked the engagement of Elsie Ferguson at the Columhia is a trihute to the popularity of this distinguished player. Since the seat sale opened a continuous line of intending patrons has attracted attention to the lohhy. Miss Ferguson's long absence from the stage of this city seemingly has stimulated an enthusiastic desire to see her. The final performance will he given Saturday night, April 14th.

At the Curran.

Beginning next Sunday nigbt, Walker Whiteside in "The Hindu," a mystery play of the Far East, will be the attraction at the Curran. The company includes Miss Sydney Shields. The engagement of Mr. Whiteside will be limited to two weeks, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Douglas Fairhanks in Robin Hood," the massive film production, will enter upon its third and last week at the Curran heginning tomorrow afternoon. Matinées will he given each and every day this week, with the final performance of this highly popular run on Saturday night.

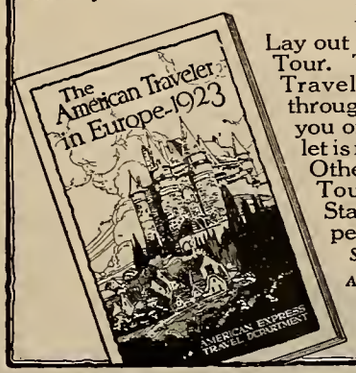
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Peoples Symphony Orchestra
ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY, Conductor
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2. "Spring" Symphony (No. 1, in B flat Major).....Schumann
3. "Pauline's Romance" from "Pique Dame".....Tschaikowsky
"Le Temps des Lilas".....Chausson
4. Three Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Best seats, $1; others, 75c and 50s (no war tax). On sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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VANITY FAIR.

The expected Easter thaw has struck New York society and melted out the floodgates of its activities. This will be a relief to many that cherished a lingering feeling that Lent ought to be observed. For by all accounts, Lent was not observed in Gotham this year to any great extent. It was a wide open season, wider open than in any recent winter. Society refused to sit and think of its sins, but kept right on piling them up. Now it can go abead and do as it likes without compunction. Apparently what it likes will be entertaining the Russians; not the East Side sort, nor those who, by a long course of living on rye bread and bologna in a room with three sewing machines, have managed to make the jump to Washington Heights or the Drive, but the Russian artists of the Moscow Art Theatre, and the Chauve-Souris crowd. It ought to provide a wild time, imbibing Russian culture and Russian manners and morals, as represented by the Moscow actors. And it began in Lent. Some of the high lights of that normally solemn season were furnished by such social beacons as Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. William May Wright, and members of the Amateur Musical Club. At a recent Sunday soirée in the Burden home, the chief guests were Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Mme. Knipper-Chekova, Mr. Stanislavski, Mr. Poseinovski and Mr. Moskvin. Mme. Sembrich is not, of course, very Russian, as yet, but those other names are unmistakable. Besides, they are of the Moscow Theatre. Mr. Cyril Maude, the London actor, was of the party, and so was Miss Marie Doro. The Russians were the real *pièce de résistance*, or short-ribs and potatoes of the occasion. The Wrights have arranged a dinner and musicale for Léon Bakst, the Russian colorist, the art person who composes those fiery dance costumes in colors no orderly rainbow ever dreamed of. Bakst is as Russian as cabbage soup. So it looks as though the Russians were in for a good year as soon as the ice goes out of the river—better in New York than in happy Russia.

It is the Moon of Artichokes. Those civilized and succulent thistles that were introduced, from France, into the San Francisco cuisine in the early years of the latter half of the nineteenth century have been on the menu for several weeks, interesting to the gourmet that understands them, fascinating to the stranger that watches the process of ingestion; for they are not so familiar to the Easterner, and still less to the Middle Westerner. They have possibilities beyond the gastronomic, and supply one of our most beneficial forms of indoor exercise. Some corpulent king was once advised by his physician to toy with a little medicine ball. He got to playing real rough with it, and found that it improved his health, to the enrichment and everlasting reputation of the physician—whose name we forget, and such is fame. The effect might have been accomplished with artichokes. There is almost as much exercise in the eating of one as in a slow game of handball. Perhaps a hundred times the right arm will go through the same process of pulling off a leaf, digging it into the mayonnaise, lifting it to the mouth, and dragging it between the teeth. If the vegetable has been well cooked, and is sufficiently appetizing, the pace is apt to grow rapid and more rapid as the last tidbit, the heart, is approached. And it is a successful viand. The mixture of cellulose, chlorophyl, and water is about right, and the sauce makes up for any gustatory deficiencies. Conversation is little interfered with, reflection not at all, although the exertion aforesaid may make some call upon the wind. We have seen fat men wheeze a good deal from the labor of feeding themselves with the emerald thistle-bud, and even sometimes have to stop and blow.

And there are other possibilities beyond mere physical exercise and the strengthening of the arm and shoulder. A widower had become interested in a widow. She was not much faded. Her dimples were still there, the golden hair had not yet turned, and he didn't mind a little touch of the rabbit-foot and the lipstick, because those adjuncts are now well-nigh universal. But he was puzzled about her dental equipment—puzzled and concerned. "I couldnt' tell when I looked at 'em," he said, "whether they were or whether they weren't. I was getting real interested in her, and about to make proposals leading to the establishment of one more old folks' home for two. But I couldn't stand the thought of hearing them, on a cold night, chattering on the bureau. If they were not, she had taken wonderful care of herself in addition to having had a good outfit to begin with. If they were, the dentist was an artist, for he had staggered them a bit, and they looked as natural as life. But I knew how old she was and I couldn't believe my eyes. So I took her to the Palace, and we wound up a luncheon with preserved figs. She got away with it—smiled and crunched on, with the fortitude of a missionary on the grill. Another time I tried her with strawberries. She got by again, like a Spartan, and always smiling. I bet she was smiling at the thought of what she would do to me when she had me hooked. I was going to try corn on the cob, but there was none in market, and it would have looked too obvious to order the preserved kind—besides, boiled corn is terribly obvious anyhow. She had me going, but I wanted to give her another test if I could think of anything good to do it with. And then I remembered artichokes. It takes some bite and holding power to decorticate an artichoke leaf of its fleshy envelope—quite apt to tip the molars unless they are rooted in. I watched her strip leaf after leaf, and I was about reaching for her hand when she slipped on the twenty-fourth leaf. I saw that expression of surprise when they let go at the rear; that gagged and strangled look. The smile vanished, the napkin screen went up. What fig and strawberry seeds could not reveal, because they inflict only pain, the artichoke exposed. After that we saw each other less and less frequently, and then not at all. She was a good scout, too, and well preserved; and hardy. I have never cared much for these Powell Street chickens—too hard to keep 'em in the yard. She would have made me a good second. That's three years ago. I'm getting on, and getting lonely. Sometimes I almost wish those damned artichokes had never been invented."

The American woman is going right along with her invasion of British politics, and where she possesses the audacity of the former Nancy Langhorne may in time influence the course of imperial history. John Bull does not know how much farther the thing is going, and while he is not easily fluttered, he is at least taking notice. A writer in the New York *Herald* offers this significant comment on the new development: "Still another American-born woman has given British political circles something to talk about. She is Lady Alan Johnstone, whose sudden appearance in the political arena resulted in the unexpected election of her son, Harcourt Johnstone, one of the youngest men in England to reach Parliament, who defeated Colonel G. F. Stanley, in the by-election for the East Division of Wellesden. Stanley, because of his experience in political affairs and his strongly intrenched position as undersecretary of home affairs in the Bonar Law cabinet, was a particularly difficult opponent, and Johnstone's victory was totally unexpected on the part of the government. With true British sporting spirit the Wellesden constituency is giving the larger measure of the credit for Johnstone's election to his mother, Lady Alan Johnstone, who was Antoinette Pinchot of New York, and a sister of Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania. So perhaps politics runs in the family. One of her most appealing arguments was this: 'I want you to vote for him because he is my son,' she would say, pointing to a stalwart six-foot-three young man standing on the platform and watching his mother's first attempt in politics. Young Johnstone is twenty-six and served in the war from the beginning of hostilities to the time of the armistice. The feminine appeal of the mother struck a responsive chord in the women voters of Wellesden and it is largely by their influence that the Conservative candidate was beaten. Lady Johnstone gave credit to this element in the voting population of Wellesden when she said after learning of her son's election: 'I am enchanted and I must confess somewhat surprised. The women of Wellesden were wonderful.'" Indeed the women of Wellesden were wonderful—nothing less. And they showed the uplifting intelligence of the female vote. That was a great reason for unseating an experienced and qualified under secretary for home affairs, wasn't it—that he was a woman's son? How many candidates are not? At least, male candidates?

Amenhotep the Discreet.

An American Egyptologist, Dr. H. F. Lutz of the University of California, tells us that Tutankhamen's father, King Amenhotep, or Ankhenaton, married a commoner named Taia, whom he made Queen of Egypt, says the New York *Herald*. The mother of Tutankhamen, however, was one of a number of wives who held an inferior place in Amenhotep's court.

Amenhotep's romance is recorded in the inscriptions on a marriage scarab in a collection owned by the University of California. Taia, a lady in waiting at the court, appears to have been the daughter of a captain who commanded mercenary troops. Amenhotep did not marry Taia until he had come to the throne and could act in his love affairs without interference.

Even in that ancient day princes sometimes refused to walk in the narrow path established court convention laid out for them. It is not hard to imagine the youthful Amenhotep lolling about his father's palace, waving aside a fan-bearer who was obstructing his view of the comely Taia.

He must have been a discreet youth, who knew enough to bide his time. He probably realized that if he went to his father and said, "Governor, if you really want to do the right thing by me, I'd like you to know that I haven't seen anybody in Egypt I like as well as Taia, and I want to marry her," the king would have sent him off to live with the Abyssinians.

Amenhotep knew better than to do that. But he must have found being a prince of the royal blood just as irksome at times as any heir of a reigning line in modern Europe has found his job.

Lithuanian Amber.

For those who love amber, smoked and clear, the Lithuanian legation in Washington can display some exquisite specimens and give some entertaining information, for Lithuania produces more than three-fourths of all the amber used in the world, and it may be seen deftly carved in small articles either for utility like paper-weights, ink-wells, or card trays, or as beads, bracelets, or belt clasps, says the Washington *Star*. Amber in Lithuania is presumed to hold magic powers to ward off disease and danger, and it is the good luck stone par excellence in all of northern Europe. Every bride has her bit of amber, every new-born child receives a piece, and its presence in many forms in every household, even the most humble, shows the universal potency attached to it. The carving of amber is among the folk trades of the Baltic countries and in Lithuania has become a fine art. Clear amber is more popular than the clouded, which is so often seen here, and which was known for centuries in pipe-stems and umbrella holders before the present vogue of stringing it into necklaces and girdles. A wealth of pretty legends clusters about amber, and its carvers and the good fairies enter the story always bearing the yellow stone. So much interest attaches to amber in this country that some of the folklore about it is to be translated into English.

The house at Pieve di Cadore in which the great painter Titian was born has been proclaimed a national monument by the Italian government, as has the birthplace of the poet and dramatist Count Vittorio Alfieri at Asti —*Scientific American*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

To George Ade, the incorrigible bachelor, a friend observed in the library of the Chicago Athletic Club: "It says here in this magazine, George, that married men live longer than single." "Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Ade. "They live shorter."

According to the Charleston *News and Courier*, the old story has been revived of the tall Kentuckian who hurt the feelings of a friend about half as tall. The smaller man began pounding the big colonel in the stomach. The big man looked down and said: "What are you doing there?" The furious small man exclaimed: "I'm fighting, sah, by gad, sah!"

"That guy," said the proprietor of a soft-drink emporium, confidentially indicating a departing figure with his thumb, "is a prohibition enforcement guy looking for bootleg whisky." "So'm I," replied the new customer draping himself along the edge of the counter. "Wot? You a prohibition agent?" demanded the other in alarm. "No—oh, no, no, no!" hastily. "But I'm on the same errand."

The obscure stock company found upon arriving in the equally obscure town that the scenery provided by the local playhouse was inadequate. The first play on their repertoire was "Porchester Towers" and the scenery furnished was a Venetian canal. Finally the stage manager hit on a way out and instructed the actor whose part consisted of the announcement, "My lord the carriage awaits," that this line would have to be changed to "My lord, the gondola is at the steps." The actor clutched his hair and groaned, "Good Gad! More damned study!"

In the early days in Illinois (according to the latter-day legal authority, *Judge*), when Abraham Lincoln was beginning the practice of law, judges "rode the circuit" and held their sessions of court in schoolhouses, where seats were rough-hewn benches. One day, during a session of court, the judge in arising from his bench caught his trousers on a sliver and tore a hole in the back of them. Upon adjournment an attorney of jocular turn of mind circulated a subscription paper for a new pair of trousers for the judge. When the paper came to Lincoln he wrote: "I have nothing to contribute to the end in view."

Historians have quarreled over the last words of the English statesman, Pitt, but according to one commentator they have failed to go to the right source. The moot point has been between "My country! how I leave my country" and "My country! how I love my country!" Sir Algernon West says: "Years after the event a cynic related how Pitt's old valet was (what is now called) 'interviewed' as to what his last words actually were. 'Do you remember them?' said he. 'Why, of course I do; as he was dying he turned to me and said, in a feeble voice, "Port, more port," and those were the last words he spoke.'"

The late Guy Barham, who was a leading figure in Los Angeles, had a reputation for wit. At a dinner party one evening Mr. Barham sat beside a lady whose neck and shoulders were very beautiful. Proud of their beauty, the lady always wore outrageously décolleté gowns, but she would modify or veil this décolletage by means of a spray of orchids, which, however, had more than once been known to fall out of place. And now, between the soup and the fish, the orchids, as their habit was, dropped to the floor. Mr. Barham picked them up and restored them to the beautiful lady. "Your fig leaf, madam," he said.

Charles Klauder, the architect, said at a dinner in Philadelphia: "American architecture stands today as high as any in the world, but there was a time when we were most proud of our terrible jerry builders. An American, gazing at the stupendous and citadel-like masses of the Spanish Cathedral of Toledo, said to his guide: 'How long did it take to run up this affair?' 'Five hundred years, señor,' the guide answered. The American gave a contemptuous laugh. 'Five hundred years? Holy smoke!' he said. 'Why, over in God's own country we could build a structure like that and have it fall to pieces in our hands, all inside of two or three years.'"

Among the many anecdotes concerning the British great and near great recorded by Sir Algernon West in his "Political England" is one about Lord Chelmsford, a lord chancellor: "It was said that Lord Chelmsford [, as a young barrister [name of Thesiger], sprung into notice from a joke he made when he was engaged as junior counsel in a case where the point in dispute was whether a servant might throw up his agreement on finding that there were bugs in the house. Counsel on the other side commenced his statement by saying: 'Our contention, my lord, is that on the defendant taking over the house there was not a single bug in it.' 'Exactly the plaintiff's case, my lord,' said Thesiger, jumping up; 'they were all married and had large families.'"

Admiral Hugh Rodman said of the Bolsheviks: "The way the Bolsheviks blame other nations for the harm that they have done to Russia is amusing. The Bolsheviks are like a boy who used to carry dinner to his father. One day the boy was inveigled into a game of marbles, and while he was playing the good hot food in the dinner-pail grew cold. Well, when the boy reached the mill his father took a bite out of a potato and said: 'These potatoes are cold, Georgie. How about it?' 'I knowed darn well they'd be cold,' said Georgie. 'Ag'in all I could say or do, mother insisted on b'ilin' 'em in cold water.'"

Prior to the world war, naval officers did not wear their decorations except on special occasions, but by the fall of 1917 all that was changed. An officer at that time who had an appointment with his wife was standing disconsolate and beribboned waiting for her in front of a New York department store. Several typical metropolitan urchins gathered around him and began speculating on the source of his decorations. One of them asked him, "Hey, mister, you been to France?" "Yes," replied the officer. "How long wuz you over there?" "About a year." "How many battles you been in?" "None." "What's all them t'ings yer got on yer chest?" "They are ribbons indicating medals." "What's the yaller one?" "That one is for China." Then realizing that he was going to be questioned about each ribbon in turn, the officer, pointing to each, explained what it was: "This one is for the Spanish war; that one is for the Philippines. This one is for China and——" But the disappointed youngsters had heard enough. Cutting short the officer's remarks, the largest one said in a disgusted tone: "Ah, cum on, fellers! He only got doze t'ings fer visitin' places."

Senator Robert M. La Follette's favorite story is said to be the following: "Some years ago a sub-committee of three senators—Ollie James of Kentucky, Charles E. Thomas of Colorado, and myself—was considering a tax bill, the purpose of which was to provide revenues through the taxation of luxuries. We considered a great many items, and finally reached the subject of printed matter. About this time Senator James was called away to the telephone. When he returned he asked us if we had decided on any more luxury taxes, and we told him that we had. We had decided to tax all Bibles costing more than $2 apiece. Senator James was dumfounded. 'I don't like that idea at all,' he said. 'Well, senator,' Mr. Thomas explained, 'what we have in mind is that type of elaborate Bible with colored pictures, fancy binding, gold lettering and all that sort of thing which is not essential to a Bible. We have felt that if we fix the limit at $2 every one who wants a modest Bible will be able to get it. There is little question that a Bible costing more than $2 is a luxury.' Senator James sat back determinedly. He spoke slowly and with force. 'You fellows can do it if you want to, but I'll be a —— —— —— —— —— if I vote to put a tax on the Word of God.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Turn of the Wheel.

(It is generally predicted that, inspired by the recent discoveries, the forthcoming fashions, both for garments and hairdressing, will display an Egyptian tendency.)

With zeal that is truly terrific
The diggers now burrow and bore—
Each trophy, each new hieroglyphic
Looms larger than ever before:
For frocks as for trimmings and tresses
This message triumphantly rings—
Dame Fashion has moved; her address is
The Valley of Kings.

The glance at each Chloe and Clarice,
Still stalking distinction and style,
Is turned from the pageant of Paris
To dwell on the news from the Nile;
Now Molyneux, Fashion's high Brahman,
Must bow to a rival decree—
For *chic*, you must try Tutankhamen,
Carnarvon et Cie!

—*Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.*

Every Man His Just Desserts.

The orator eats tongue, we hear,
The Sultan, turkey lunch,
The undertaker drinks his bier,
The pugilist his punch.
The acrobats spring water drink,
The banquet man eats toast,
Surveyors eat their stakes, we think,
And editors a roast.
Shoemakers have fillet of sole,
The printer, pie and sweets,
The hungry actor eats his rôle,
Policemen munch their beats.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

Give a boy everything he wants and some day he will be wanting a pardon from the governor.—*Atchison Globe.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Helen Bowie, daughter of Mrs. Hamilton C. Bowie, to Mr. George Wolf of Los Angeles took place in Los Angeles on Tuesday last.

Admiral Sims was the guest of bonor at a dinner given last week at the Fairmont hy the English-Speaking Union. A reception followed the dinner.

Mrs. Chester Irving Williams was tbe principal guest at a bridge and tea given recently by Miss Anita Berendsen.

Mrs. James Francis Dunn was a recent hostess at a large tea given at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Albert Long gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Annette Rolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham were hosts at a dinner last week at their home on Jackson Street.

Miss Annette Rolph was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the Francesca Club by Mrs. Prentiss Cobh Hale.

Mrs. Frederic Bradley is giving a dinner on Saturday for Miss Annette Rolph and her fiancé, Mr. Percival Symes.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh entertained on Wednesday of last week at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. William W. Crocker is entertaining a house party, chaperoned hy Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, at his bome at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merrill Brown gave a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their Stanford Court apartment in honor of Miss Margaret Buckhee and her fiancé, Mr. John Boyden.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newton Lynch were recent hosts at a dinner given for Admiral Christian Joy Peters and Mrs. Peters and Mr. and Mrs. William Kettner of San Diego.

Miss Margaret Buckhee was the complimented guest at a hridge-tea given by Miss Helen Brack.

Mr. William T. Sesnon gave a luncheon yesterday at the Francesca Club.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt gave a luncheon last week for Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, who has recently returned from Europe.

Miss Edith Slack entertained at a luncheon on Easter Monday in honor of Miss Janet Coleman.

Mrs. Samuel Pond gave a small mah jongg party last week at her home on Scott Street in honor of Mrs. Ralph King of Lassen County.

Miss Virginia Nugent and Miss Clara Van Ness, whose engagements have been recently announced, divided the bonors at a luncheon given on Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel hy Mrs. David Farragut Asbe.

Mrs. Clarence Coonan was a recent hostess at a tea given for her sister, Mrs. Harold Mortenson, who has recently returned from abroad.

On Tuesday next there will be a hridge and mah jongg party in tbe Laurel Court at the Fairmont Hotel, given as a benefit for the scholarship fund for the Bryn Mawr School for Women Workers in Industry.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz took farewell of their friends at a dinner and reception given last week at their home at Sea Cliff.

Mr. Frederick Sherman recently gave a dinner at the Bohemian Cluh in honor of Mr. Alfred Cortot and Mr. Jacques Thihaud.

Miss Katherine Bentley gave a dinner on Saturday night in honor of Miss Margaret Buckbee.

Miss Lawton Filer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, gave a dinner on Thursday of last week, followed by dancing, at their apartment on California Street.

Mrs. William Orrick will give a luncheon on April 15th at hor home in Berkeley.

Count and Countess Viterrale Siciliani di Morale and their daughter, Countess Graziella, were the honored guests at a dinner given last week hy Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter.

The members of the Pacific Club gave a dinner last Friday in bonor of Admiral William Sims.

Colonel Frank Cbeatbam, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham entertained Admiral Sims and Mrs. Sims at a tea following the official review at the Presidio.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin presided at a large family dinner at ber home on Broadway on Easter Sunday, given in welcome to her granddaugbter, Mrs. Ward Barron, who has lately returned from abroad.

Mrs. Herriott Small will give a bridge-tea on April 19th at her home in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner and theatre party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury has postponed her tea to be given this week until April 16th.

Miss Mary Martin was hostess at a dinner and theatre party at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday of last week.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis in farewell to Miss Alice Moffitt.

Mrs. Howard McCandless was the guest of bonor on Thursday at a bridge-luncheon given by Mrs. L. B. Cullen Jones.

There was a dance preceded by a no-host dinner on Saturday last at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Elwyn Stebbins gave a small luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Clarence M. Smitb will entertained at a dinner on Monday next at ber home on Russian Hill in bonor of Mrs. Franklin Lane and the Baroness Kornatzski.

A dinner was given on Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis hy Mrs. Edgar Preston.

Among the luncheon hosts at the Burlingame Country Cluh on Sunday last were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mr. C. M. Weatherwax.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop the writer was the guest of honor at a meeting of the San Francisco Branch of the League of American Penwomen last Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Edward R. Rice gave a bridge party at her home at Belvedere last Friday in honor of Mrs. Frank Simmons of Ontario.

General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett gave a mah jongg party on Thursday evening.

Prizes for the Flower Show.

Prizes for decorated tahles have beeo donated hy leading merchants of San Farncisco for the California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association's Pageant Tea in the Rose Room Bowl of the Palace Hotel on the afternoon of April 20th.

The pageant is under the direction of Mr. Ferris Hartman, Miss Flora Norris, Miss Estelle Carpenter, Miss Sylvia Hanson, Miss Hilda Carling and Mrs. Sara F. Robinson. The flower show is headed hy Miss Alice Eastwood, Miss Margaret Curry, Miss Alice Wickes, Mrs. George T. Marsh and Miss Katherine Chandler.

Dr. Cole and the Huntington Collection.

At a luncheon of the San Francisco Booksellers' Association at the Clift Hotel, Thursday, April 12th, Dr. George Watson Cole, librarian of the Henry E. Huntington lihrary, will describe the institutioo for the study and preservation of literary and historical originals which Mr. Huntington is soon to open to specialists at San Gahriel, just outside of Pasadena. Luncheon tickets may be ohtained from the secretary, Mr. John H. Williams, 604 Mission Street.

It is said hy those familiar with this collection that only such old and rich institutions as the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the Lihrary of Congress at Washington surpass in importance the lihrary that Mr. Huntington has built up. In the long list of manuscripts which workers in American history must hereafter journey to California to examine are Franklin's autobiography, and the journal of Major André telling his part in the snaring of Benedict Arnold, together with Arnold's own letter to Lord North receipting for the price of his treason (£6000) and soliciting a British commission. There is a group of letters of George III, explaining why he let the American rebels go.

British war taxes forced many an ancient English family to choose hetweeo its lands and its ancestral collections of hooks and art, and as land in Great Britain is often a peer's sole source of income, the hooks and pictures had to go. This was the opportunity of American collectors, and Mr. Huntington's recent purchase of Gainshorough's "Blue Boy" from the Duke of Westminster, at the reputed price of £170,000, suggests the scale of his pursuit of such treasures. In his letter announcing Dr. Cole's address Mr. Williams thus hints at the splendor and utility of the Huntington foundation:

"An institution that holds among its thousands of important manuscripts the illuminated Ellesmere copy of the 'Canterhury Tales,' the Chester and Towneley mystery plays, Milton's 'Comus,' and Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' and among its printed hooks the most perfect Gutenherg Bihle, twenty-five Caxtons, and the world's finest collection of Shakespearean folios and quartos must always he a Mecca for experts."

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Claude Postel are being congratulated on the hirth of a daughter. Mrs. Postel was Miss Norma Burling hefore her marriage and a granddaughter of Mrs. William Burling, formerly of San Francisco.

Wild Flower Dance.

An interesting affair of the week will be the Wild Flower Pageant and Tea-Dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday. It is given in conjunction with and precedes the Ninth Annual State Exhibition of California Wild Flowers, which will he open to the puhlic at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday and Saturday of next week, April 13th and 14th. This display of native flowers and shrubs is given each year to interest the people in the work of the Wild Flower Conservation League.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Major Charles E. Ide and Mrs. Ide have arrived from Manila and are visiting Mrs. Ide's father, Mr. Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, returned from the Orient last week, after visiting China, Japan, and the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood have gone to their ranch near San Diego for a short stay and will go to their country home at Menlo Park on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole have gone to Warrenton, Virginia, and will soon sail for Europe to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, who have been in Santa Barbara for the wedding of Mr. Park's sister, have returned to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Will Carrigan of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro at their home in Piedmont.

Judge Max Sloss and Mrs. Sloss left last week for a visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs left for New York on Saturday last on their way to Europe.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie has returned temporarily from Santa Barbara, where she has bought a new home.

Mrs. William Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs are leaving very shortly for Coronado.

Mrs. Edward Cunningham of Boston will leave this week for Belvedere, where she has taken Dr. Tillman's house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Devereux, Jr., of San Mateo, have gone to Del Monte, where they were joined by Mr. William B. Devereux of Colorado and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Knight Prior have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

General Charles Gould Morton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton returned from Honolulu last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., of Los Angeles, are visiting Mrs. Russell's mother, Mrs. Henry Payot.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman have gone to Santa Barbara and will spend a fortnight at Miramar.

Mrs. Alan Van Fleet with her two little daughters and her sister, Miss Minna Brune, has gone to Inverness for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. George Cameron and her guests, Miss Mary Shaw and Miss Caro Forbes, of New York, have gone East.

Miss Elizabeth Cunningham left for New York on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh and her daughter, Miss Marian Fitzhugh, are spending a short time at their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz left for the East on Sunday last, on their way to Europe, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, after passing the winter in Town, have returned to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde, who have been living on Russian Hill during the winter, have gone to Woodside for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cebrian, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton and the Countess Annesley passed the Easter week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, accompanied by their children, have gone to Texas, where they will visit Mrs. Livermore's family in Galveston.

Mr. Taylor Pillsbury has been passing the Easter holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, and will shortly return to his school in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery spent Easter weekend at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick will soon close their house on Vallejo Street and go to their country place at Atherton for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned from Mexico, where they visited their son, Professor Otis McAllister, and are at present in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell gave an out-of-door luncheon last week at her summer home in Los Gatos.

Major Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. A., and Mrs Grant have gone to Del Monte to spend Easter week with Mrs. Grant's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Root.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins Raymond have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker left this week for New York on their way to Europe.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt with their daughter, Miss Alice Moffitt, and Miss Eleanor Folger, left for Europe on Sunday last.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin has gone to Brookdale for a short stay with her three little daughters.

Admiral Sims and Mrs. Sims have returned from Southern California, and are guests of Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis have left the Fairmont Hotel and have gone to their country bome in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and will spend the summer at their ranch at Hollister.

Colonel Edward G. Huber and Mrs. Huber left on Wednesday on the *U. S. Grant* for New York via the Panama Canal.

At the St. Francis

Scores of the fashionables assembled for luncheon in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Miss Geraldine Grace presided at one of the tables. Mrs. George Newhall had as her guests Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn presided over one of the smaller groups in tbe Fable Room. Another group included Miss Marion Dunn, Miss Nance Obear, and Miss Sally Obear. Mrs. W. D. Fennimore entertained Mrs. Joseph Thomas Grace and Mrs. Eric Hauser, the latter being here on a visit from Portland.

Mrs. Jesse Whitehead invited a group of six to meet Miss Florence Rogers, who as "Miss Seattle" has been on a trip to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Mrs. John H Rosseter was one of the members of this party.

A luncheon was given in the Fable Room by Mrs. Emma Rosenbaum, who entertained a group of ten. Dainty spring flowers in the various shades of pink were effectively used as table decorations.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, who make their home at the St. Francis, are leaving next week for a five or six weeks' stay in New York. They are planning to be in tbe East in time for the eightietb birthday of Mr. Fries' mother, Mrs. Charles Fries, for which events several members of the family are coming from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schwabacher, who have been in New York for the past month, have returned to their Hotel St. Francis apartments.

At the Palace

A smart luncheon of the week was that at which Mrs. Albert G. Lang of the Palace Hotel presided Wednesday. Mrs. Howard McCandless, a recent bride; Miss Annette Rolph, whose engagement to John Percival Symes has been announced, and Miss Helen Foster, fiancée of Eugene Tracey, were the complimented guests. Luncbeon was served in the Palm Court, where Mrs. Lang received, and later the party attended the performance of Elsie Ferguson at the Columbia Theatre.

An attractive tea of the week was given by Mrs. J. Emmet Hayden for Miss Dorotby Downey, who has announced her engagement to Joseph Alfreitz.

Mrs. William A. Limbaugh entertained at a tea for her daughter, Miss Vera Josephi Limbeau, in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon. Miss Limbeau, who is well known in San Francisco for her interesting art work. has announced ber engagement to Mr. Charles Lucien Bertin, and their marriage will take place early in June.

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Bernhardt Baer entertained at a dinner-dance in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel Saturday evening. Their complimented guest was Mrs. Baer's mother, Mrs. A. D. Brandeis, a visitor from New York. Twenty-four guest were invited to meet Mrs. Brandeis.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Lewis V. Hentrich was hostess at a tea given at the Palace Hotel, entertaining twenty friends, all of whom are members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill are being congratulated on the arrival of a son, who was born on March 23d.

The Joseph Bonnet Recital.

The musical public is greatly interested in the recital of Joseph Bonnet, the renowned French organ virtuoso, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium next Wednesday evening, April 11th. This distinguished organist created a profound impression when he first played on the great municipal organ in this city in the latter part of 1919. Bonnet has prepared an interesting programme for his only San Francisco appearance. He will open the evening witb the Sonata in D minor, No. 1, by Guilmant. His Bach number will be the Prelude and Fugue in D major, and he will play César Franck's "Pièce Héroique" and the Finale to the First Symphony of Louis Vierne. Compositions of his own will be the "Matin Provençal" and his Berceuse, and another group will include compositions by Du Mage, De Grigay, William Byrd, Palestrina and Buxtehude.

San Francisco's tenor, Charles F. Bulotti, will be the vocalist of the evening and be will be accompanied by Uda Waldrop. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Islam Temple's Pageant.

An Arabian Nights Pageant and Mardi Gras is to be staged in the Exposition Auditorium April 26th, 27th, and 28th by Islam Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. The cast will include more than 600 people, most of them Nobles of Islam Temple, their wives and daughters. There will be a ballet of 275 girls. Many internationally known operatic stars are to sing.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Frank C. Thompson will give an hour of "Impersonations of Famous Dickens Characters" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Thursday afternoon, April 12th, at 2:30 o'clock.

"Mental Problems for Parents" is the subject of a lecture by Dr. Robert Lewis Richards, psychiatrist, Affiliated Colleges, to be delivered in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, April 14th, at 2:30 o'clock.

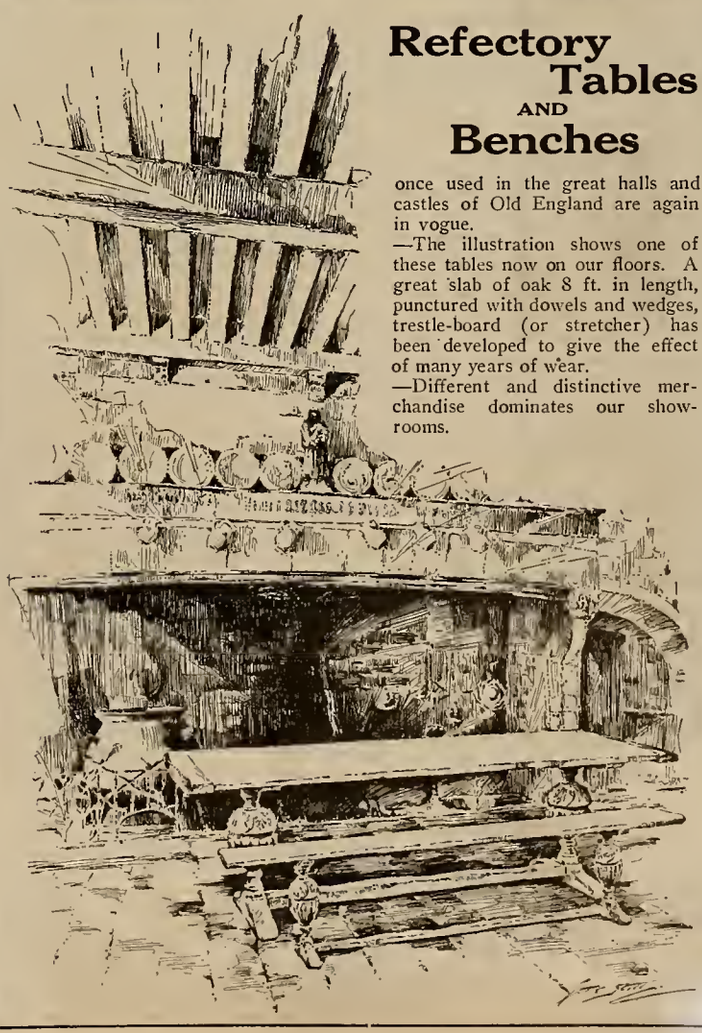
Inayat Khan is scheduled for three lectures in the gallery during the coming week. Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock he will speak on "Omar Khayyam." Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock his subject is "The Healing Power of Music." Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock he will talk on "Revelation When Awake and When Asleep."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

'Tis better to keep silent and he thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt. —*Utah Humbug.*

The dancing fellows have quit calling 'em suhscription dances; prescription's the word. —*Virginia Reel.*

Madge—See that man? He's a phrenologist. *Mame*—Heavens! What a lot of religions there are!—*Boston Transcript.*

She—There isn't a single man that I really care for. *He*—That's all right. I'm married. Shall we sit down?—*Denver Parrakeet.*

An explorer says he has found where Noah's ark landed. A more timely joh would he to find where the dove went.—*Washington Post.*

Little Joan (saying her prayers)—An' make me a good girl—at least you needn't really bother, 'cos I'm a Girl Guide now!—*London Opinian.*

The heautiful renditions of several numhers by Miss Martha Scraggs was well worth the admission fee, which was purposely made small.—*Nevoda Paper.*

"How come I don't see you mixin' round socially no moh?" "As far as I is concerned, sassiety is through! I'se done ostracized it." —*Nashville Tennesseean.*

Owner af Dog—Twenty-five dollars ain't much to pay for that pup. That pup's got a pedigree. *Little Girl*—Would you take 30 cents for it, without one?—*Life.*

He—And to think that you have no hath in the house! *She*—Well, you see, our circumstances permit us to spend three months at the seaside every year.—*Buffala Express.*

Golfer (to chance partner, introduced simply as "Dr." Smith)—Say, doctor, before I tackle this confounded lie, mind telling me if you're a D. D. or an M. D.?—*Life.*

Griggs—There are summer, winter, and fall resorts, hut never any for spring. *Briggs*—That's hecause spring is good enough for anyhody anywhere.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Footpad—Nah, then, guv'nor, wot would yer say if I fetched yer one on the nut wiv this life-preserver? *Professor*—I should say that the instrument's appellation was a singular misnomer.—*Punch.*

"Would you marry a man for riches?" "Not without careful inquiry," replied Miss Cayenne. "Some men get rich hy such close economy that nobody can hreak them of the hahit."—*Washingtan Star.*

The Lody in the Bax (gloamily)—Do you realize, now that she has refused the rich man and married the poor one, we shall have to sit out that ghastly coat and skirt for the rest of the play?—*Punch.*

"In your wine rooms you always have dominoes?" "Yes." "Not much of a game—dominoes." "They serve a useful purpose." "As to how?" "When the dominoes are all double sixes you go home."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Shivering Apartment Tenant—Don't you know that a room is not healthful unless the thermometer registers 70 degrees? *Janitor*—An' I suppose you think I ain't got anything else to do hut go around and shake thermometers up!—*Judge.*

"Why didn't you study your French lesson last night?" demanded Harry's teacher when that hopeful gave no evidence of heing prepared in this relation. "To tell you the truth, sir," said Harry. "My throat was so sore that I could scarcely speak English."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"I can't help taking life seriously," she said. "When I thought of all those poor Armenians and little Russian children starving to death, and the dreadful famines in China—I just felt that for their sakes I had to give up something during Lent. So I gave up inhaling."—*Judge.*

Neighbor Woman—So your mother wants to borrow my clothes-wringer, does she? *Tenement Child*—Yes, 'cause hruvver put Kitty's tail in it 'n spoiled it all to pieces, 'n muvver says you're a horrid old woman if you don't; hut don't tell her I said so, 'n I think you are anyway, so there—where's your wringer?—*Horvard Lampoon.*

"Ah, madam," said the pious visitor. "I am going about giving advice and consolation to unhappy wives. Do you know where your hushand is every night?" "Indeed, I do." "Alas, madam. You think you do, hut he may be here, there, anywhere." "Well, if he gets out of the place where he is now, he has to raise a granite slab that weighs a ton, and when he was alive he couldn't lift a scuttle of coal."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

CAREER OF AN ANIMAL KING.

Hamlyn is dead. John D. Hamlyn of St. George's Street, hack of the docks in East London, says Clair Price in the New York *Herald.* And so the last of the world's wild animal kings leaves us. And St. George's Street, once the Holy of Holies of the world's wild animal trade, lapses to a squalid waterfront row of rag pickers' holes and horse meat shops.

You knew Hamlyn. In Singapore, Sumatra, Calcutta, Durhan and St. George's Street, all the collectors knew Hamlyn.

I'll tell you who Hamlyn was, if you didn't know him: He was the man who put on the monkey show at the Alexandra Palace in London in 1889—1020 apes, chimpanzees, orangs and monkeys, ahsolutely the greatest collection the world has ever known—advertising Brookes' Monkey Brand Soap.

Picked 'em all up in fourteen days. Wired the pilots at Portland to keep an eye on all ships from the Cape and cahled every ship's cook calling at Port Said, Malta, and Gihraltar from the East. That was hefore a hoard of trade regulation prohihited seamen from handling wild animals, and monkeys were cheap then.

Hamlyn started as a shipping clerk at the London docks until he bought a monkey from a sailor for $2 and sold it an hour later for $5, and tnat in time made him the greatest monkey man in the world, a giant of a man with thick lips, stuhhy white heard, and a derhy hat, who talked in capital letters and looked as hig as Buffalo Bill in a dinner suit.

As for St. George's Street, it is a story in itself. In the olden days knife fights between crimps and foreigners kept it husy. Sailors' boarding-houses, with crossed flags or ships in full sail painted crudely on their windows; slop shops flaunting oilskins and sou'westers or old figureheads or the effigy of a naval officer in the uniform of fifty years ago; shops where advance notes were changed, whose windows were a muddle of foreign hank notes, clay pipes, china tohacco jars and sixpenny walking sticks; sailors with earrings, print shirts, and helted trousers, and women with gigantic feathers in their honnets—in this setting one found the whitewashed windows of the inconspicuous little wild animal shops hy which St. George's Street ruled the world.

At Hamlyn's, in St. George's Street, the live stock was kept in a four-story stahle, fitted throughout with iron harred cages. I got my first sight of the stock hy joining a crowd of small hoys around a motor truck at the hack door. A crane was swung out from the third floor, and from the end of the dependent chain hung an iron cage violently agitated by a hlack panther (price $360), which reminded me, as it felt itself slowly rising through the air, of Mark Twain's blown-up cat "a-snorting and a-clawing and a-reaching for things like all possessed."

As its cage finally swung into the third floor, where a stableman was on hand to receive it, it darted ahout to face its new enemy and threw itself with flattened ears against the hars of its cage and sent a windy hiss from its wide white and red mouth. "Thank you," said the stableman hy way of greeting.

Behind the hars of these four floors Hamlyn would show you a solemn chimpanzee (price $200, very tame), who salaamed gravely three times and then waited to he asked to shake hands; a Sumatra civet cat with a small foxlike head and a magnificent tail and an awkward-looking row of sharp teeth; porcupines, hlack swans, antelopes, howling cranes, lions, a wild llama——

"Look out! He's going to spit!" Possihly you ducked in time and possihly you didn't. It seemed he didn't like the shape of your hat.

The roar increased at feeding time, the emus and cassowaries stretching their long necks as far as possible hetween the hars, the pelicans and cranes yelling agonizingly, the elephants shaking the huilding with their trumpeting and the leopards moving hack of their hars in lightning darts—all in sharp contrast to the unruffled house cat at Hamlyn's heels, watching for such fragments of food as dropped to the floor.

There were other cats in cages, too valuahle to be allowed to run loose, magnificent Angoras and Carthusians, who ruhhed their heads against the wires and extended their paws in an appeal to he petted. And as a finishing touch to the scene, put down Hamlyn's great figure in the midst of a floor of cages, finishing his feeding by dosing a sick monkey with an apostle spoon out of a priceless Ming vase full of gruel, which he had picked up at random in one of the curio rooms.

Ah, life was pleasant in those days. Tbe world didn't take itself as seriously as it does now. Hamlyn was retained hy Barnum & Bailey on all their visits to London. He supplied the Noah's Ark at the Royal Alhert Hall Bazaar which Queen Alexandra opened in 1904; he ransacked the Congo hasin for anthropoid apes to he used in experiments hy the Royal Commission on Tuherculosis in 1905; he went to Cape Colony and Natal in 1906 to start a South African natural history collection; and all the way down to the outhreak of the war he collected for Bostock, Womhwell, and Hagenheck, the greatest animal showmen across the Atlantic.

But the war has put an end to the wild animal business, temporarily at least. It stripped St. George's Street of its customers right and left, and it left the collectors of St. George's Street stranded with their live stock on the other side of the world. After a year or two of suhmarine warfare there was not food enough to feed even such stock as there was already in Europe's puhlic and private zoos and its circuses.

An Impression of Impressionism.

The good hequeathed hy Impressionism can be quickly summarized, says Thomas Craven in the *Dial.* The drab palette of former periods was supplemented hy a clean, light, exciting gamut which lent to pictures a range of sharp contrasts equivalent in intensity to those of nature; the relation of light-values to color was fully and scientifically prohed; hut in actual accomplishment the movement flourished for forty years, and hrought forth nothing more vital than a numher of very real and convincing representations of sunlight. It was an art that inveigled the pictorial interest through arrangements and through scenic characteristics of suhject-matter, heing in this particular a sort of chromatic photography equipped with an elaborate technique. Its energies were focused, not on the rehahilitation of form, hut on the invention of a new means of reduplication; it was utterly suhservient to appearances—the model was painted exactly as seen, and not studied as a motif for creation—and all form disintegrated into floating veils of atmospheric iridescence. Today it seems incredible that an uprising with so little to recommend it could have enlisted the sympathies of so many men of talent.

The Mild West

Out in the romantic, magnetic, and virile West; out where the cold, gray mountains are colder, grayer, and more mountainous than any cold, gray mountains you ever saw; out where the men are all 100% he-men, two-fisted and likewise two-footed, two-eared, two-eyed, not to mention two-tonsiled; out thar (that is not a typographical error), out thar there's a town which calls its Garhage Department the Table Refuse Department. Tie that!

It was disappointing to discover that the gar—pardon—the tahle refuse collectors wore the conventional overalls rather than the somewhat more appropriate flannels with jacket of shetland homespun and cap of the same material.—*Life.*

Sayings of Women Drivers.

Trixie Tornado—I came, I saw, I shut my eyes.

Sarah Skidmore—Don't stop for a traffic signal till the cop can see the whites of your eyes.

Ruth Rigid—For how can one die better than in a glorious smash?

Desdemona Desperado—Give me gangway or give me death!

Griselda Grim—You can dodge some of the pedestrians some of the time, hut nohody can expect you to dodge all the pedestrians all the time.

Imogene Imp—Surrender the right-of-way in the name of Women's Rights!—*Life.*

The dictionary is a comforting hook. One always can find how to spell a word if one knows how to spell it in the first place so one can find it in the dictionary.—*Seattle Times.*

Man's Duty to Man!

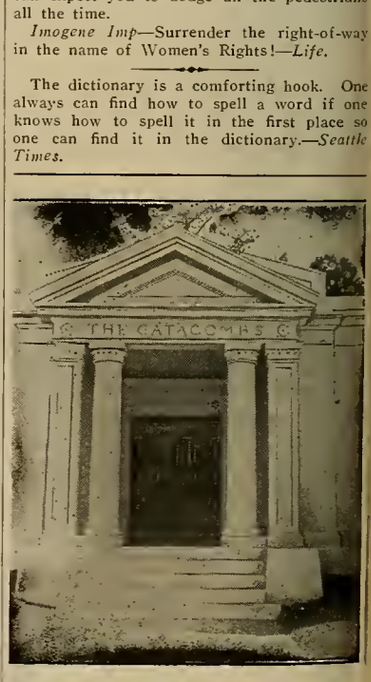
TO KNOW that to achieve happiness we must give happiness. To learn that happiness comes from making others happy. To soothe the wrinkles from the brow of care; to turn the sob into a song; to crystalize the tear of sorrow until it sparkles with the gleam of joy. To help the weary along the heavy way. To cheer and comfort and hope and help and sympathize and pity and encourage and condone.

Look for the happiness of others and your own happiness will follow as the day follows the night—as sunlight follows darkness.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Hiram's Trip Overseas.

Let nobody be deceived in the notion that Hiram has gone to Europe for the benefit of his health or merely strange countries for to see. Nor has he gone with an open mind seeking information with the idea of defining his ideas about foreign affairs. That is not Mr. Johnson's way. His way is to make up his mind first, then to seek arguments, something just as good, in support of predetermined "policies." Mr. Johnson sees what is plain to everybody else, namely, that the presidential campaign of next year will in the main hinge upon issues of foreigns relationships. His attitude with respect to these issues is already defined. To borrow a phrase once employed in these columns to later embarrassment of him who writes—the concrete is set. What Mr. Johnson is searching for in Europe is something that will go down with American audiences tending to sustain positions he has already taken. As he peers into the oncoming year he sees President Harding urging American participation in the Court of International Justice. Mr. Johnson cares not one ding-dang about the Court of International Justice, excepting in so far as it may afford him an opportunity to get into high-gear opposition. For opposition is his game and he will play no other. His position is that the court is a futility because it has no sustaining force; and he will be opposed to anything in the nature of sustaining force because that will point to the League of Nations. Now the League of Nations so far as America is concerned is a dead issue, but it may be sufficiently vital in the public memory to give the senator "something to holler."

And there you are! Mr. Johnson wants something to holler; and he will find it in Europe. That is what he is there for. It may be of little consequence and it may be irrelevant, but he will work it up into forms mightily impressive when pronounced to the accompaniment of a heaving bosom, a frenzied eye, and a shake of the familiar foretop. Even as we write, we can in fancy hear that vibrant voice—"Gentlemen of the opposing side," etc.

Mr. Johnson will come back from his six weeks' whirl-about with something of the thoroughgoing knowledge of Europe that has its parallel in many a European savant's knowledge of America acquired in a motor ride about New York, a night run to Chicago, and a half a day in Washington. He won't know much about Europe, but at least he will have been there. And from many a stump next year he will awaken the old echoes with the old stuff, plus a new line of bunc founded upon "personal observation."

Once the presidential bee gets busy in a man's head it never ceases to buzz. Mr. Johnson's eye is upon the White House and his immediate hope is to enlist the radicalism of the country, at the same time retaining technical status as a Republican. On the chance that Mr. Harding may not be nominated next year, he plans to be thar or tharabout.

The Proposed Community Property Law.

The women's clubs all over the state that are resoluting for radical change in the community property system, and the earnest souls who are besieging the legislature in the same interest, no doubt, in their innocence, believe they are promoting a great and worthy reform in behoof of womankind. But their eyes are shut against the ultimate effects of what they are seeking to bring about.

By the main provision of the proposed law women possessing community property rights are made actual and immediate partners with their husbands, with all the rights pertaining to that status. At death it would be a wife's privilege to bequeath her community interest wherever or to whomever she might please. A little reflection will indicate the possible—indeed the inevitable—confusion of such a rule. It would make a wife holding community property rights a party to every transaction, and thus in many cases destroy the initiative that is the essence of every successful business. Incidentally it would affect the credit that is essential to every successful business. It would make a condition that by its complexities and by its delays would put upon business an intolerable burden. Under the proposed law a wife holding community property rights might at her death make anybody a partner of the surviving husband to his injury or embarrassment. To the wife with children by a former marriage the temptation would be great to provide for them at the cost of a surviving husband. In cases of separation where the legal marriage status has been sustained—as frequently happens—the wife at her death, or at any time, might put upon the husband that which would imply his financial ruin. In any event the death of the wife holding a community interest would put the business of the surviving husband under supervision of the courts and subject it to the charges as well as the vexations of administration.

The women's clubs that are proposing this change see in it only a consideration of equity; and on the score of ideal equity something, but not much, may be said for it. But there is in the matter a deeper meaning, nothing less than a handicap upon matrimony. A law that might take from a man control of a business of his own creation, that would tend to involve him in vexations and complications, and that might bankrupt him—such a law would invariably cause many prudent men to halt at the point of marrying. The innovators deny this, but they who do so know little of human nature and nothing of the forces that control action as related to social conduct. Already we see that the tide is setting against the institution of matrimony. The increasing complexity of life, the high and advancing cost of living, the increasing competition of women in business and in the professions—all tend progressively to restrain marriage at a time when the war, to some extent in our own country and largely elsewhere, has made a condition in which women outnumber men. While the significance of all this is plain enough to students of social conditions, it seems to have no meaning to earnest souls of the single-track type of mind. They fail to see that there is developing a situation that tends to demoralization of women through a partial breakdown of the institution of marriage.

Last week a committee of women representing a woman's club of San Francisco called upon the editor of the *Argonaut* and asked his support for the proposed law. Upon his replying in the spirit of what is above written their spokeswoman remarked: "Mr. Editor, you need have no fear; men will always love women." So they will! But loving women is one thing and marrying women is quite another. And God help womankind in a world where men in considerable numbers love women, but decline to marry them.

How Much for Education?

According to information from the governor's office at Sacramento, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who is a progressive of progressives, a friend of man, and of woman, and of children, an uplifter in a world of down-trodden and down-treaders, a regular Jack-the-Giant-Killer of those monsters the corporations, complains that education is costing his state too much: viz., and to-wit, 40 per cent. of the budget. In California, education costs 60 per cent. of the budget, and to hear Mr. Wood tell it you would think that unless its cost can continue to swell, our children will grow up as ignorant as a lot of Digger Indian berry-pickers.

If 40 per cent. of the budget is too much in Pennsylvania, if that undefiled uplifter, Governor Pinchot, whose idealism and sentimentalism make him the idol of every sob sister in the land, can find it in his pure heart to deplore so great an outlay for schools, what would he think of our 60 per cent., and how can Governor Richardson be blamed for trying to keep it from going higher?

Pennsylvania needs educating more than California does. Pennsylvania's industrialism is more sordid, more degraded, more sunken in mass hopelessness than the situation here will ever exhibit. Pennsylvania is the state of rolling mills and heavy manufactures, of soot and coke and cinders and slag piles, of imported "hunky" labor and the state constabulary necessary to keep it in subjection to the laws, of the Molly Maguires, the Homestead riots, and Grover Cleveland Bergdoll. A real Californian traveling through the steel districts of Pennsylvania would groan and pull down the car window shade. We are not "attacking" the great state of Penn and Franklin and Carnegie and Frick and Secretary Mellon. On the contrary, we are sorry for it, and cite these things merely to show that there is probably no section of the United States more in need of education and uplift of the right sort. Moreover, it is well known that Mrs. Pinchot is at least half governor. Mrs. Pinchot is a woman; she would be. She is a mother; that sometimes happens, even in our better families. She had much to do with directing—and financing—her husband's campaign, and there are those who say he would not have been governor without that direction, which it is thought by the informed will probably continue. And if the Governors Pinchot, *père et mère*, or perhaps better, *mère et père*, can stand the

thought of a department of education running in Pennsylvania on 40 per cent. of the revenues, then 40 per cent. should be enough in California.

We do not suggest that the budget for education should be reduced to 40 per cent. That has been made impossible by those who built up the system; and a large part of the budget apportionment for the biennium, over $45,000,000 in a total of $49,788,415, is for fixed charges and recurrent appropriations. But if 40 per cent. is enough in Pennsylvania, surely 60 per cent. is too much in California. And why should our women's organizations not combine to support a plan that would leave a little more money to the homes, instead of spending so much more than enough on the schools? If Pennsylvania had our 60 per cent. its educators could wallow in fads. Our educators have been wallowing in them, but want more.

Part of the appetite for more has reached its present intensity through pedagogic stimulants obtained at the university. The *Argonaut* is informed that one pedagogical pundit at Berkeley told his pupils recently that the next step of progress in the schools would be the X-ray machine, and they had better perfect themselves in its use. Instead of teaching, paternalism, or maternalism, is to be developed, to the point of photographing little Willie's insides, and by the most expensive sort of photography. We do not know whether Pennsylvania is prepared to Americanize her large alien population in this manner, but it seems that unless some practical providence intervenes our grade teachers will have to let up on spelling and arithmetic and devote themselves to taking pictures of the roots of little Willie's teeth and the attachment of his ribs to his backbone; useless in most cases; and, when useful, the proper business of the medical profession; and dangerous at all times. There is only one way to stop such nonsense, and that is to shut off the money. We can not get it down to Pennsylvania's 40 per cent., but we can at least keep it from rising above our own 60.

The Minimum Wage Decision.

The act of the Supreme Court in the minimum wage case coming before it from the District of Columbia is likely to cause less admiration for its courage than disgruntlement for its conservatism, especially on the part of our forward-looking reformers, who can see progress only in applying some pet poultice to the evil of the hour. Considering the widespread sentiment in favor of those that toil, and the general disposition to grant them any demand in reason, the decision required some courage; but that is a quality Federal courts fortunately do not lack. Moreover, the extremely clear and almost forceful re-statement of the fundamental principle involved is most creditable to President Harding's recent appointee, Justice Sutherland. It is too early to say how Justice Brandeis, who was appointed for his "progressivism," stands upon the issue. He did not state; which may have been owing to illness, disqualification, or an intention of filing a more vigorous dissent than Justices Taft, Sanford, or Holmes. Or it may have been a plain "duck." Unless he shall file such dissenting opinion, however, the decision is not that of five to four, but of five to three, a very different matter.

The majority opinion, as presented by Justice Sutherland, is a clear handling of the main issue involved. There has been much loose talk about "nullifying the will of Congress and the legislatures of fourteen states," but what Congress and the legislatures of fourteen states tried to do was to nullify the plain intent of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution; part of what is regarded as the American Bill of Rights, embodying a basic principle that was always needed in the world and can not safely be thrown away in order to make living conditions temporarily better for part of our people.

What our Hiramjohnsonian uplifters, in their eagerness to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, can not seem to get into their amiable heads is that it is more valuable to society to have its individuals protected by the Constitution in their right to make private contracts than it is to carry on a lot of sociological experiments with the fundamentals of life and liberty in the hope of making everybody happy all the time. And they are unwilling to concede that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. They would be quite unwilling, for example, to have a maximum wage law to go with the minimum wage law—yet there have been imposed all sorts of restrictive laws and practices to prevent profiteering, which are in reality maximum profits laws, or in effect maximum wage laws applied to employers. And we have never heard of a labor union objecting. Yet Justice Sutherland is irrefutable when he declares that "the power to fix minimum wages carries with it, if lawful, the power to fix maximum wages." And that would be a bad thing, too. Justice Sutherland was right when he called this a "price-fixing act," and there is nothing more clearly proved in economic history than the proposition that price-fixing by law is a public calamity.

It must be conceded that the minimum wage law in California has been so conservatively administered during the eight or nine years of its active operation as to disarm criticism of its practical results. It has not, as far as we can learn, curtailed either production or employment; at least not to any considerable extent. It has standardized wages, and while it has been on the statute books the manufactures of the state have made, on the whole, a satisfactory growth. But that is not all the story. A basic principle, necessary to human happiness in the mass, was invaded and in part destroyed by the act, and without necessity in any public emergency. What we seem to need is a clearer understanding of the difference between those devices that are temporarily attractive and rules that are basic and always necessary to our welfare. And among the latter is the right of private contract. That can not safely be destroyed, nor can the Supreme Court be justly accused for defending it.

An Epidemic of Propaganda.

Even after liberally salting Admiral Sims' broad whitewash of the German submarine record, there still remains a sound and timely warning against the prevailing epidemic of propaganda. It has become the fashion among promoters of movements of interests and of what-not else to spread before the public elaborately worked-up presentments calculated to inspire judgment favorable to particular ideas or aims. Propaganda has become a fine art and it halts at nothing where selfish interest or socialistic aims are in the balance. Recent activities of the pacifist associations are in point, notably a widely circulated diagrammatic chart "demonstrating" that 85.8 per cent. of the national budget for 1924 will be expended for past and future wars. The usually careful *Literory Digest* and other notable publications have fallen for this grossly fictitious presentation, and the always-credulous clergy—some of them raising the figures to 95 per cent.—are preaching sermons founded upon it.

It will be instructive to inquire how the figure of 85.8 per cent. is reached, since, regarded as a statistical achievement, it is in the language of the day a "lulu." The cost of support of the army and navy is figured at 20.2 per cent. Pensions and care of soldiers is credited with 25.9 per cent. Interest on the public debt, 26.6 per cent.; retirement of the public debt, 12.7 per cent.; miscellaneous activities pertaining to recent wars, 4 per cent. Taken at its face and worked up into a graphic diagram, the showing is overwhelming. None the less it constitutes an outrage on the truth, since it includes elements that have no place in an honest statement. For example, it is obviously a falsification to reckon public debt charges in their variety as a support of pacifist appeals and proposals. But not content with this adroit dishonesty, the pacifist propagandists have resorted to distortion and expansion of figures. The Budget Bureau, classifying expenditures by functions, shows that the cost of national defense proper is not 20.2, but 13.5. It places interest on the public debt at 25.2 instead of 26.6; pensions and care of soldiers at 19.2 instead of 25.9; retirement of the public debt at 9.2 instead of 12.7. A further important point is that in actual practice the pacifists make their drives upon Congress only upon the one small classification for national defense. They never assail pensions or interest on the public debt or other non-military activities.

Another example of propaganda highly seasoned by misstatements presents itself in the current news. Certain owners of timber lands, aided by the organized conservationists and the national forest service, are engaged in an effort to spread the belief that the end of standing timber in the United States is in sight. Similar drives have been made in time past, resulting in advancement in the capitalized value of timber lands, with accompanying advance in the cost of much that goes into home-building. It is in effect a movement to bull the timber and lumber market. A contingent effort is being made to secure exemption of timber land from taxation. As a result of these efforts Congress at its recent session created a special Committee of Reforestation. Chief Forester Greely appeared before this committee last week with an array of figures to show how fast the timber supply is diminishing. He placed the present timber resource of the United States at 2,200,000,000,000 feet, with the annual cut at 60,000,000,000 feet.

We have had successive waves of this statistics-made propaganda, beginning back in 1880 and reaching the high point in 1905, when the Forest Service was created. Immediately thereafter that service issued a pamphlet entitled "The Timber Supply of the United States," by R. S. Kellogg, Forest Inspector. In this statement Mr. Kellogg assembled the government statistics that had appeared from time to time on the standing timber supply of the country. Reduced to tabular form, the figures were as follows:

Year.	Board feet.
1880	856,290,100,000
1898	1,400,000,000,000
1900	1,390,000,000,000
1902	2,000,000,000,000
1905	1,970,000,000,000

Our next authority is a report printed in February, 1911, by Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations of the United States, the Forest Service collaborating, of his investigations of an alleged timber trust. Mr. Smith presented the figure of 2,800,000,000,000 feet, a figure considerably in advance of any previous estimate. Now in the year of 1923 comes the Chief Forester of the United States with a new figure of 2,200,000,000,000 feet, or 200,000,000,000 feet more than was certified twenty-one years ago, 230,000,000,000 feet more than was certified in 1905 and 200,000,000,000 feet less than Commissioner Smith certified in 1911. In the meantime conservation propagandists have issued widely varying estimates. All this tends to hopeless confusion. What the truth is, God only knows. Mere mortals can deduce only that forces are at work again to bull the timber market.

Since we are dealing with matters of statistics and propaganda, it is pertinent to refer to a compilation upon the basis of government reports relative to socialistic and advanced labor publications. This report says in part:

> More than 2,000,000 copies of socialist and "direct action" publications are circulated monthly in this country. Union labor publications, including official organs, have a combined monthly circulation of over 4,330,000 copies. The outpouring of radical, anti-American propaganda costs $750,000 monthly. Compared with this tremendous distribution, the publications issued in behalf of legitimate business and industry are pitifully few and of small circulation; in fact, they do not exceed a total circulation of 100,000 copies monthly and an expenditure of $15,000 monthly. That labor places utmost confidence and hope in the publications issued in its behalf is plainly evidenced in the report of the proceedings of the forty-second annual convention of the American Federation of Labor in 1922. Referring to the labor press, it says: "The labor movement owes to the labor papers a great debt of gratitude for giving voice to labor's cause when often other avenues of publicity are closed. Every possible support should be given to the bona fide labor press in order that it may be strengthened for still greater work that lies ahead." Of the hundred and five labor publications generally recognized as of largest circulation and importance, forty-four are official organs of national and international trade unions and sixty-one are of general circulation and pertain to organized labor in its entirety. Heading the list are the ten official organs of the railway crafts with a monthly circulation of over 1,100,000; the mine workers' journals, circulating monthly more than 450,000 copies; carpenters, 370,000; machinists, 175,000; electrical workers, 140,000; motormen and conductors, 105,000; painters and decorators, 97,000; bricklayers, masons, and plasterers, 70,000; boilermen and iron shipbuilders, 70,000; typographical, 63,000; plumbers, gasfitters, and steamfitters, 55,000; molders, 40,000; other publications representing various unions complete a total exceeding 3,400,000 copies per month. In addition to the above-mentioned are the sixty-one general publications, ranging in circulation from 300,000 to 1000 monthly. Those of most importance contained under this list are *Labor*, published in Washington; the *State Federationist*, New York City; the *Jewish Daily Forward*, Chicago; the *Union Record*, Seattle, Washington, and the *Union Leader*, Chicago. In addition to the publications issued by organized labor are those of the socialist or radical group, with a known circulation estimated at over 2,000,000 copies monthly and largely distributed among the working people of the country.

Never at any time or in any country has there been carried on a propaganda so costly and searching as that illustrated in the above statement. Publications representing radicalism are in three groups—"radical," "socialistic," and "liberal"—but their objectives are the same. All preach doctrines subversive of the funda-

mental principles of our system. In so far as their influence goes—and it goes far—they all tend to undermine the foundations of American life and of the civilization out of which it has grown. These publications are the more effective because in the main they are addressed to minds little accustomed to independent reasoning, to minds biased by prejudice or presumptive self-interest. They voice the sentiment of the mass militant consciousness and tend to unify and to lead workers against their presumptive enemy, the capitalist class, under the catch-phrases, "Curb the Courts," "Down with Government by Injunction," and similar slogans.

But the propaganda carried on by publications avowedly anarchistic or socialistic is only one feature of the movement tending to demoralization as related to our system. There are the Hearst papers with their insidious and persistent appeal to class sentiment, and such smug molders of opinion as the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Survey*. With varying pretensions and in a variety of appeal they are all working toward a common objective, a purpose that bodes no good to a system in which numbers rather than capacity for judgment hold the decisive voice.

Lord Northcliffe's Library.

The literary pastime of the moment is choosing the ten books one would prefer to be marooned or incarcerated with, and some of the lists carry the inference that their choosers believe in making a clean job of martyrdom. Libraries, too, are usually selected on the allopathic principle—the harder to take the more benefit to be gained. Most persons and a great many personages, too, feel that in their libraries and in their lists of ten indispensables they must put the best foot forward; whereas a rude disregard for public approval in reading and library selection is an enviable mark of distinction. Lord Northcliffe had it. The result is that the catalogue of Northcliffe's library issued by a London bookseller (at prices that make one regret living on the rim of civilization) is a measure of the man sufficient for the technical biographer of the future to tailor the usual literary shroud.

Meanwhile, the catalogue of Lord Northcliffe's books makes profitable reading. It would be even more profitable if one were at hand to take advantage of such enormous bargains as, for example, the thirty "profusely illustrated, half blue roan, gilt-edged" set of the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes for the paltry sum of £6, 15s. But though its contents make the mouth water we can get but a vicarious kick from the victorious collector on the spot. It is not divulged why the late lord's treasures are going for a song. For instance, Northcliffe's library of books on angling, probably the most thumbmarked in a collection not one volume of which seems to have been chosen for other than personal interest, includes a copy of the famous Major's first edition of the Complete Angler, "very scarce, with an inscription to Lord Northcliffe," for the moderate collector's price of £22, 10s. But though a large portion of the collection relates to sports, angling, ornithology and coaching, and an equally large portion is occupied by travel, the books were not all of the recreational order. Three other hobbies are registered in the catalogue—a sumptuous collection of art monographs, a gem of which is the rare "Houghton Gallery of Pictures," an exhaustive library of Napoleonic literature, and a similarly extensive collection of books on trials and criminology. A feature of Northcliffe's marked taste for topographical literature is the fine assortment of books on Surrey. The topography and history, social and political, of London obviously fascinated him. For the rest—of the not quite thousand entries—they are miscellaneous, more conspicuous for their artless lack of dignified and indispensable titles than for their inclusions. There are no Greek or Latin classics not even in translation, few foreign writers other than Balzac, of whom he was evidently fond, few old English writers other than Chaucer and Shakespeare, and very little fiction, standard or otherwise. The few novels include Fielding, Goldsmith, Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, Stevenson, Hewlett, Turgenef and Balzac, with a few sporting novels and scattered miscellanea. Not for nothing had Alfred Harmsworth learned the value of essentials, of which a pompous front is not one.

No comment on the library of the owner of the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* would be complete without reference to Northcliffe's own files of those two famous dailies. The complete file of the *Daily Mail* is going—probably has gone—for £80; the Manchester edition of the *Daily Mail* for £60; the Paris edition for £40. And a complete file of the *Times* is listed for £100, of which it is said the binding alone must have cost three times as much. It has been estimated that Northcliffe's library contained between four and five thousand volumes. It is to his redounding credit that he hewed the straight line of his personal tastes, not once falling victim to the temptation of the founder of a library to include books which "no gentlemen's library should be without."

Editorial Notes.

Before the anti-Fascisti organizations now forming in New York and elsewhere get going it might be well for them to find out what the Fascisti did and why they did it. The truth of the matter is that there had developed in Italy a condition just a step short of bolshevism. Radicalism had taken possession of the industrial system of the country and was fast moving toward control of the government, which was powerless either to maintain the old social order or to defend itself. The Fascisti movement was in a sense revolutionary, but it was of a wholesome sort. It aimed to protect and conserve rather than destroy—and that is precisely what it seems to have done. It has substituted order for chaos; it has restored that which was necessary to the common welfare and to the vitality of the governing system. At many points the achievements of the Fascisti may be compared with the work of San Francisco's famous Vigilance Committee of the early 'fifties. There was here a complete breakdown of the machinery of social order. An organization of criminals had overawed the courts and taken possession of the town. There came a time when for maintenance of the rule of law and order it was necessary to proceed by means aside from the law, but in its spirit. And there was found in the community manhood and hardihood enough to do what was needed. The work of the Fascisti appears to be in fairly close parallel. It has not overturned the government, but, on the other hand, has restored its authority, at the same time reforming its methods. It has made life and property secure. In brief, it has done something that needed to be done to save Italy from impending ruin.

An account book found recently in possession of a captured "society bootlegger" at Washington contains the names and addresses of 320 presumable patrons, including the names of generals, admirals, and other military and naval officers of all ranks, officials of the Department of State and of other departments, with society folk of high standing. There is nothing to prove that the possessors of these names have trafficked with this particular bootlegger. It may be that many of the names recorded are those of "prospects," and not actual purchasers. The matter has been brought to the attention of the State, War, and Navy departments, but each has found a reasonable excuse for declining to take action. In truth they do not dare to do it, for beyond question inquiry would disclose too much. The departments take the position that it is for the prohibition officials to find proof against the persons listed. If the prohibition officials should find that a certain army officer or diplomatist has been buying bootleg stuff the department might then put the unfortunate man on the carpet. But this is not likely to happen. The prohibition enforcers—for reasons we suspect they would hardly be willing to explain—are not likely to prove anything against the bootleggers. In the meantime there is distress on the part of many naval officers stationed in and about Washington. They have been hurrying to Assistant Secretary Roosevelt with alibis and protestations, and young Teddy, being something of a diplomat and in all respects a good fellow, has gently shoed them out of his office. The more hard-boiled army and marine officers, and the experienced diplomatists are saying nothing and sitting tight.

The cost of running the United States government during the six months ended December 31, 1922, was $1,628,230,650. This was $209,676,782 less than the operating costs of the government during the corresponding six months of 1921. Expenditures of all departments showed a decrease, but the most notable decreases were in the Treasury, War, and Navy departments.

Tea, sugar, and tobacco are becoming substitutes in England for alcoholic drink, according to the annual report of the customs and the excise department.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE SEETHING EAST.

(New York Times.)

The British government has decided to release Saad Zaghlul Pasha, leader of the Egyptian Nationalist movement, at present interned in Gibraltar. He is a hard man to handle. Either free or in prison, he has made a vast amount of trouble for the British. When he was minister of justice himself a decade or more ago he suppressed disorders firmly, but when he was out of office disorder centred around him. After the war his followers made so much trouble that he was deported to Malta. The British presently discovered that his absence annoyed Egypt even more than his presence. They released him, and he went to the Paris peace conference. He talked for Egyptian independence, vainly so far as Egypt was concerned; but his speeches furnished material for senatorial attacks on the League of Nations.

After two years in Europe he returned to Egypt in the spring of 1921. For good or bad, he was the leader of the nation beyond a doubt; nobody else could govern. But his hasty followers broke out into riots, and his influence made so much trouble that he was deported again in December of that year. In his absence his wife carried on his work. Zaghlul is a sick man, and his diseases are said to have been aggravated by a tropical climate. All Egypt was convinced that the British had sent him away to die. The London authorities presently had him brought back from Seychelles to Gibraltar, which could hardly be regarded as a Black Hole; but Zaghlul continued in poor health. His political enemy, Adly Pasha, remarked a year and a half ago that the British might better have let him stay in Egypt and drink a bottle of brandy a day, in which ease they would not have had him on their hands very long.

Evidently he is still a sick man, for he is going from Gibraltar to Vichy. But it would be too much to expect that the Egyptians will be mollified by his release, whatever happens. Zaghlul is the symbol of steady resistance to every compromise proposed by the British. Desirable as they may seem to neutral opinion, these compromises do not satisfy the Egyptians. It is a new development in the history of empires, this stubborn refusal on the part of a subject race combined with hesitant action on the part of the rulers. The British will use force to suppress riot or rebellion, but they will not use force deliberately. They do not shoot Zaghlul and stand by to put down the subsequent rising—they can't. What can they do with Egypt if Egypt refuses to compromise and England can not bring herself to use the mailed fist?

The long trial of the cabinet which brought Bulgaria into the war in September, 1915, has ended, and the defendants will stay in jail, where they have been held for more than three years. Some of them will stay for life, others for terms of from ten to fifteen years each. They were tried under an *ex-post-facto* law, passed after the armistice when their political enemy Stambulisky, whom they had locked up for opposing their war venture, had come into power. They were charged with responsibility for the national misfortunes—specifically, with declaring war without the consent of Parliament and with having failed to stop, look, and listen. In effect, that is to say, they were tried for getting in on the losing side. And the formation of the specially selected court which conducted the trial under this special law made it clear from the first that the defendants would be convicted.

It is interesting to note one point in which Bulgarian justice resembles ours. The Men Higher Up got away. The real criminal was Czar Ferdinand, and next to him Premier Radoslavoff. Both escaped to Germany after the war ended. Radoslavoff was sentenced to life imprisonment, but apparently in absentia. General Jekoff, chief of staff during the war, had also migrated to Germany, but gallantly came back to face the music. It was thought that he might be acquitted, or at least let off with a nominal sentence; but he got ten years. They mean business in Bulgaria. And to prove it they saddled these life prisoners with fines running up to millions of dollars. Some of the accused had apparently profiteered on the war they helped start; for most of them, however, these fines were probably in the character of indemnity rather than reparations.

All this is, to some extent, politics rather than justice. Stambulisky, thrust into jail for telling the Czar he was making a mistake in 1915, is giving his enemies their own medicine. But the pacifism of his farmer party, like much of the rest of this proceeding, is *ex post facto*. Some of his ministers fought brilliantly in the war. But the Bulgarians, as do other people, like to get something out of it when they go to war. Statesmen who guessed wrong receive exemplary punishment. It is possible that if this example were generally followed—as it was followed, for instance, by the Greek revolutionists last fall—we should have fewer statesmen who guess wrong.

SPORTSMANSHIP.

(Los Angeles Times.)

In politics the dominant note is selfishness. The first question raised concerning any measure relates to its expediency, and this is measured by the political advantage of the individual. If there is a chance for personal advancement or advantage it will be called expedient. It should not be necessary to urge fairness and good sportsmanship as reasons for a fresh legislative apportionment of the state. The Constitution says it must be done. There is no legal way of avoiding it. Yet there are members of the assembly who have taken oath to fully observe the Constitution who now defy that document and take an aggressive pride in saying so. It is a case of a few politicians entrenching themselves against the law of the land and the sentiment of the state. A leading newspaper in San Francisco says: "While reapportionment is neglected, our law-making body is breaking the law; and if it breaks the law, how can it blame the people for failing to observe the laws it makes?" Another Northern California source frankly concedes that there are stronger reasons for reapportionment than mere legality. They are equity, fairness, sportsmanship and a candid recognition of the facts. If Southern California is advancing with wonderful speed she at least merits the recognition which the Constitution accords the whole state. There are assembly districts in the northern part of the state that have not more than 18,000 population. There are districts in the Los Angeles belt that have nearly 70,000. The Constitution says that they must be as nearly equal as possible. With the support and consent of Southern California, San Francisco has two United States senators. Southern California has never refused the north end of the state anything in reason. The southern counties pay the greater proportion of the taxes. Decent sportsmanship would inspire the north to ungrudgingly concede the southland such representation as its numbers would compel.

LITERARY SLEUTHS.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

David said in his haste all men are liars. The habitual plagiarist hunter says in his leisure all authors are thieves.

The latest indictment is against Charles Dickens, duly subscribed and sworn to in the London *Times*. After scanning the evidence one is surprised that the author of "David Copperfield" is not slated as "drunk and disorderly," for his ac-

cusers infer that his plagiarism is a kind of literary kleptomania and that he didn't know he was "cribbing" when he was appropriating whole phrases at a time.

What a waste of time and effort on the part of these literary sleuths and phrase detectives! It is almost as useful to the human race as that similar discovery that Mark Twain "gurgled" his story of "The Frog of Calaveras County" from an old moth-eaten book of Greek fables. But the habitual plagiarist hunter has a suspicious nose beyond which he can not see. He has no sense of perspective or proportion, and his vocabulary consists of but two words, "Stop thief!"

Kipling must have known of these gentry when he wrote his "Barrack Room Ballads," for he circumvents them by a full and complete confession in a prefatory verse:

When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre
'E'd 'eard men sing on land and sea,
And wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went and took, the same as me.

FASCISM DEFINED.

(Syracuse Post-Standard.)

Those Italians who have been stimulated by the success of the Fascisti to organize a Fascisti of their own in the United States to solidify the Italian vote and to make their own ideas influential in politics would do well to ponder these words of Signor Mussolini, supreme oracle of the order:

"Fascism is not afraid to declare itself illiberal or antiliberal. It has already passed and, if necessary, will again pass, without the slightest hesitation, over the body, more or less decomposed, of the Goddess of Liberty. Neither communism nor Fascism has anything to do with liberty."

The objective of the Fascisti and the communists are antithetical. Each asserts the exclusive power of his class in society to rule. The dictatorship of the bourgeoisie versus the dictatorship of the proletariat. Both deny the right of any popular choice. Both declare force to be the necessary means. Fascism is then no more American, although it is more attractive and less destructive than communism.

The enthusiasts who have organized the American Fascisti have been hypnotized by the results it has attained, for it has rid Italy of communism, without considering as they should the methods it employed.

BRITISH FINANCES.

(Washington Post.)

If any proof was required of the political uncertainties still prevalent in Europe, it would be furnished by the difficulty even experienced financiers have in forecasting financial conditions for twelve months ahead. When a year ago Sir Robert Horne, then chancellor of the exchequer, drew up the British budget he estimated the possible surplus at from £6,000,000 to £7,000,000. It has actually exceeded £101,000,000.

According to British law, this surplus, unless the Parliament passes a special law disposing of it otherwise, would automatically go to the reduction of the national debt. Needless to say, however, in view of the large surplus, the much-burdened British taxpayer has promptly begun to agitate for a reduction of the crushing amounts now paid by him, especially in income tax.

If the surplus had been due to increased revenues, it would be difficult for the present chancellor of the exchequer to resist these demands. But the surplus is mainly due to a drastic cutting of government expenditure. The civil service expenditure, estimated at £450,000,000, was actually cut to £287,000,000, and the estimate of £190,000,000 for national defense was reduced to £111,000,000. The chief increase of revenue recorded was one of £50,000,000 above the estimated yield of the income tax. This, however, was more than neutralized by the falling off of £64,000,000 on the estimated revenue from the excess profit duty and the sale of war material.

As little further reduction of expenditure can be looked for, the chancellor of the exchequer regards the present surplus as one that is very unlikely to be repeated, and he is therefore inclined to be conservative in reducing the existing sources of revenue. In addition in the coming year he must make provision for the payment of the American debt. At the same time a strong body of financial and commercial opinion holds the view that the government has pursued too conservative a policy in the matter of deflation and the reduction of the national debt.

The view is popularly held that the only thing required to stimulate trade and industry is relief from the existing heavy burden of taxation. The advocates of a diminution of taxation propose a reduction of one shilling in the pound on income tax, together with a reduction of one penny a pint on the beer duty and a substantial reduction of the duty on sugar.

HUNTING FARM STATESMEN.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The sudden death of Milo D. Campbell, "dirt-farmer" member of the Federal Reserve Board, undoes the solution of one of the President's most exasperating problems. The farm bloc forced through the provision that a "dirt farmer" should be placed on the board. For months the President combed the country to find a man who would be acceptable to the wrangling farm organizations and to the elements that make up the farm bloc.

The obvious man for the place was James R. Howard, then president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, a genuine farmer and one who had never held public office. He was committed to the ship subsidy. When his federation suddenly turned its back on the subsidy, replaced Howard as president, and withdrew its indorsement of a year before it became plain that Howard would not do. What the Administration was after was to please the bloc and the federation that fathered the bloc.

The President looked farther. Months passed in the searching, weighing, and balancing. Finally there was a reluctant compromise on the Campbell appointment.

Now the whole wrangle will get under way again. The Cotton Belt will have a candidate; so will the Corn Belt and the Northwest. Politics will get itself further mixed up with dirt-farming. The dozen elements of the farm bloc will shove forward their candidates. The searching and sifting must begin once more.

The trouble is that there are not so many outstanding farm financiers as there might be. Few men who are "dirt farmers" can fill the other requirements of the job and at the same time get the approval of the various farm organizations, most of them battling with each other and all eaten up with mutual jealousies.

No matter who is named during the congressional recess, there is bound to be a first-class row over it. We submit that a President's life is just one thing after another and that he is born to trouble even as the sparks fly upward.

THE FUNCTION OF HISTORY.

(Washington Post.)

In President Harding's letter to Dr. Sills of Bowdoin College a noble concept is put forward of the function of history in stressing the essential unity of mankind and therefore in contributing materially to strengthen the purpose and sustain the efforts of those who have to deal with the great problem of human destiny, particularly with that of preserving peace and outlawing war. History is not, as the cynic said, a series of agreed upon fictions nor, as Bacon would have us believe, is its sole office to represent the events themselves together with the counsels and to leave the observations and conclusions thereupon to the liberty and faculty of every man's judgment. Rather it is, as phrased by Bolingbroke, quoting Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who in turn refers the dictum to Thucydides, philosophy teaching by examples. Hence when Mr. Harding posits it as everlastingly true that on the whole the best guide to the future is to be found in a proper understanding of the lessons of the past, he is on sure and firm ground.

Unfortunately, those same lessons of the past have been sometimes woefully misconstrued owing to the rash judgments and unreasonable prejudices of men. It will be a symptom of returning sanity and even of wisdom of a high order if much of the education of the new and sobered world that has emerged from the fiery ordeal of the last eight years is devoted to the reading aright of the lessons which history has taught and constantly teaches—if, to repeat the phrase, philosophy is allowed free rein to teach by example. As the President truly says, there is need for a vast deal of this kind of work on the part of educational institutions and learned societies, not only of this country, but also of the world.

It is further to be hoped that what the President says about the want of interest displayed and the absence of serious study given to our own national story will be taken to heart and sink in. Here is a subject which is not generally pursued as it ought to be, but which, if cultivated as it deserves, could result in nothing but good to the nation. It would do what Seeley postulates for history at large by not merely gratifying the reader's curiosity about the past, but by modifying his view of the present and his forecast of the future.

OLD FAVORITES.

O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but their story we can not unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died,—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still followed each other like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye; 't is the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*William Knox.*

The Last Buccaneer.

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

"Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the Gulf of the rich Carribees?"

"From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below our bark, dies the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"Tonight there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de Verde,
A loud crash, and a louder roar;
And tomorrow shall the deep, with a heavy moaning, sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore."

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride,
In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now flies fast,
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's worthy port, from Havana's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edouard Baillaud, director of the Observatory of Paris, has been awarded the Bruce gold medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, being the third Frenchman to receive this honor. It was conferred at the American Embassy in Paris by Ambassador Herrick.

Professor Charles Cheney Hyde by his recent appointment as Solicitor of the State Department at Washington becomes, next to Secretary Hughes, the President's closest adviser in matters having an international bearing. Professor Hyde, who is the author of "International Law Chiefly as Interpreted and Applied by the United States," has been professor of that subject at Yale since 1908. Before then he was lecturer on diplomacy at Northwestern University. Professor Hyde was born in Chicago in 1873 and is a Republican.

Mme. Tsipouras, wife of a colonel in the Greek army, formerly Miss Mary White and a near relative of Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court, is known as the "angel of mercy," or "Mme. Merciful," among the stricken Greek refugees in Athens. Wherever in Greece there has been want and suffering Mme. Tsipouras has been found working for its relief. She personally visits camps in the distribution of relief supplies in order to cut the entanglements of government red tape.

General Nelson Monroe, nephew of President Monroe and veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, recently celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday in Arlington, Massachusetts. General Monroe was born in Boston, March 24, 1825, was educated at the first public Latin school of that city, and later attended the University of Pennsylvania. While he was an undergraduate trouble broke out in Mexico and he left college to enlist as a private. During the height of the gold fever, in 1849, General Monroe was sent out West to guard the Golden Gate at San Francisco from pirates and thieves, who at that time were numerous and most dangerous. He saw service throughout the civil war, with the Thirteenth, One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh, and One Hundred and Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania regiments and took part in many important battles. His war record was a remarkable one, and it was during the civil war that he rose to the rank of general. General Monroe has lived in Arlington Heights since 1886. For years during his residence there he was actively engaged in the insurance business, giving up this work only a few years ago because of his advanced age. The general has the distinction of being the oldest living member of the John A. Andrews Post, No. 15, G. A. R., of Boston.

Excavations will never cease. The latest to seek archæological fame is Mussolini. Not content with being a mere dictator, the originator of black sport shirts has announced his intention of digging up the site of the Church of S. Adriano in Via Bonella, hoping to recover and restore the Curia, thus becoming the resurrector of Ancient Rome as well as the savior of the modern state.

It is forty-five years since Anna Katherine Green published her first successful mystery story, "The Leavenworth Case," and in the interval between that and the appearance of her most recent one she has written thirty others. Miss Green, who is now in her seventy-seventh year, is in private life the wife of Charles Rohlfs, once an actor in Booth's company. Later he became a designer of furniture. His work is internationally known. The Rohlfs make their home in Buffalo.

Jean Louis Forain, the caricaturist, has just been elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Léon Bonnat.

René Doumic has been elected permanent secretary of the French Academy, succeeding Frédéric Masson, the authority on Napoleonic literature, whose far-famed brusqueness of manner overlaid a heart of gold. The secretary of the Immortals must himself be an Immortal. M. Doumic was elected to a chair in the Academy in 1909, succeeding the savant, Gaston Boissier. The permanent secretary receives a salary of 6000 francs a year, while an ordinary Immortal draws only 1500 francs. He is also entitled to living quarters in the Palais Mazarin. But his work is enormous, since he has to administer numerous prize-giving foundations. Doumic is the editor of *La Revue de Deux Mondes* and a contributor along critical lines to all the other first-class French papers. He founded the popular magazine, *Lectures pour Tous*, and is known as one of France's most brilliant and indefatigable writers.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, whose famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," has been delivered thousands of times, earning more than four million dollars for the Temple University in Philadelphia, has been awarded the Edward Bok prize of $10,000 for contributing "a service calculated to advance the best and largest interests of Philadelphia." Although this is a strictly local prize likely to go to a man or woman of local interests, it has been given this time to a man of national repute and service. Dr. Conwell has been newspaper correspondent, preacher, and lawyer, and is now president of the Temple University at Philadelphia.

THE AUTO-ODYSSEY OF OSSENDOWSKI.

One More World-Wandering Ulysses From the Great Conflict Spins His Epic Yarn.

At intervals, usually following wars, Ulysses returns from Hades and after wanderings on strange waters writes another Odyssey. He does not send for Homer, but does it himself. We have had from this war the story of the *Emden's* crew, the story of the English imprisoned in a town of the Lybian desert, the tale of the Czech army that magically formed itself in Russia from prisoners taken from the armies of Austria, and the fleet-load of Far East Republic refugees from Vladivostok that put into Manila a few weeks ago. These are of the rich, epic material produced when men are torn from their soil by the gusts of war and blown rootless about the world. And here we have "Beasts, Men and Gods," by Ferdinand Ossendowski, *Officier d'Académie Française*, a Polish professor holding an official position in Russia, who was almost caught in the meshes of the revolution, but fled, most of the time in company with some officers of the "White" army, down through Siberia, into Tibet, back to Siberia, into Mongolia, and thence to Peking. It is an amazing tale, without a tedious page.

Dr. Ossendowski, a government scientist, lived in the village of Krasnoyarsk, on the Yenisei River, in Siberia. At a friend's, he learned that his house was surrounded by Red guards. Promptly he borrowed an old hunting suit and some money, bought a rifle and 300 cartridges, an axe, a knife, some bread and tea and a kettle, and stepped into the woods. He was a little better off than Joe Knowles, the "nature man," but not much, for he was himself hunted like the beasts. His wanderings took him over a considerable part of Central Asia. Like Ulysses, he encountered every imaginable peril, and met at least one siren—for where there are men there are sirens, usually about in the ratio of one to one. He went where life was cheap as camel chips, and murder as casual as taking a smoke; and he penetrated to the city where dwells the Living Buddha of Mongolia, object of the diplomacy of Czarist Russia, then of China, and now of the Soviets. He starved and froze, and fractured his skull and was wounded, and arrested, and escaped again, and seemed always to be wandering in a world of madmen, or on another planet. His recital forms one of those literally breath-stopping tales one can not lay down.

The Soviet masters of Russia were operating in the valley of the Yenisei, and early in the book he gives us this picture of the fruits of their beneficent rule:

> Watching this glorious withdrawal of the ice, I was filled with terror and revolt at seeing the awful spoils which the Yenisei bore away in this annual retreat. These were the bodies of the executed counter-revolutionaries—officers, soldiers, and Cossacks of the former army of the Superior Governor of all anti-Bolshevik Russia, Admiral Kolchak. They were the results of the bloody work of the "Cheka" at Minnusinsk. Hundreds of these bodies with heads and hands cut off, with mutilated faces and bodies half burned, with broken skulls, floated and mingled with the blocks of ice, looking for their graves; or, turning in the furious whirlpools among the jagged blocks, they were ground and torn to pieces into shapeless masses, which the river, nauseated with its task, vomited out upon the islands and projecting sand bars. I passed the whole length of the middle Yenisei and constantly came across these putrifying and terrifying reminders of the work of the Bolsheviki. In one place at a turn of the river I saw a great heap of horses, which had been cast up by the ice and current, in number not less than three hundred. A *verst* below there I was sickened beyond endurance by the discovery of a grove of willows along the bank which had raked from the polluted stream and held in their finger-like drooping branches human bodies in all shapes and attitudes with a semblance of naturalness which made an everlasting picture on my distraught mind. Of this pitiful gruesome company I counted seventy.

With a companion, and some forged passports, the fugitive arrived at the once prosperous village of Karatuz, where they had a narrow squeak; from which we derive this picture of the new rulers of Russia:

> In the building of the Soviet, where we came to exchange our horses, there was being held a meeting of the "Cheka." We were immediately surrounded and questioned about our documents. We were not any too calm about the impression which might be made by our papers and attempted to avoid this examination. My fellow-traveler afterwards often said to me:
>
> "It is great good fortune that among the Bolsheviki the good-for-nothing shoemaker of yesterday is the governor of today and scientists sweep the streets or clean the stables of the Red cavalry. I can talk with the Bolsheviki because they do not know the difference between 'disinfection' and 'diphtheria,' 'anthracite' and 'appendicitis,' and can talk them round in all things, even up to persuading them not to put a bullet into me."
>
> And so we talked the members of the "Cheka" round to everything that we wanted. We presented to them a bright scheme for the future development of their district, when we would build the roads and bridges which would allow them to export the wood from Urianhai, iron and gold from the Sayan Mountains, cattle and furs from Mongolia. What a triumph of creative work for the Soviet government! Our side occupied about an hour and afterwards the members of the Cheka," forgetting about our documents, personally changed our horses, placed our luggage on the wagon, and wished us success. It was the last ordeal within the borders of Russia.

And there you have socialism: no realities—just visions and dreams, and their materialization expected from the least competent elements of the community.

Somewhere in Mongolia the wanderer found himself called upon to attend a nomad princess, and here he found the truly eternal feminine. He had stopped a bosebleed for a Tartar, and thus acquired a reputation as a physician. So he must heal the princess, who was ill in her beauty, and much distressed thereby, for it threatened the loss of her empire. He thus describes the case and treatment:

> I asked the princess to show me her eyes and I found the typical conjunctivitis from the continual smoke of the *yurta* and the general uncleanliness. The Tartar brought me my medicine case. I washed her eyes with boric acid and dropped a little cocaine and a feeble solution of sulphurate of zinc into them.
>
> "I beg you to cure me," pleaded the princess. "Do not go away until you have cured me. We shall give you sheep, milk, and flour for all your company. I weep now very often because I had very nice eyes and my husband used to tell me they shone like the stars and now they are red. I can not bear it, I can not."
>
> She very capriciously stamped her foot and, coquettishly smiling at me, asked:
>
> "Do you want to cure me? Yes?"
>
> The character and manners of lovely woman are the same everywhere: on bright Broadway, along the stately Thames, on the vivacious boulevards of gay Paris, and in the silk-draped *yurta* of the Soyot princess behind the larch-covered Tannu Ola.
>
> "I shall certainly try," assuringly answered the new oculist.
>
> We spent here ten days, surrounded by the kindness and friendship of the whole family of the prince. The eyes of the princess, which eight years ago had seduced the already old Prince Lama, were now recovered. She was beside herself with joy and seldom left her looking-glass.

They struck out for India, through Tibet, but found the country impenetrable because of robbers. Backward, then, into the land of Jenghis Khan, once dominating half a world and threatening Europe itself, now prostrate under the tyranny of so humble a dictator as China; but stirred into violent bursts of nationalism by a half-crazy German-Hungarian and a mystical Kalmuck. What is Mongolia? Our author thus characterizes that strange world:

> Mysterious country of the cults of Rama, Sakkia-Mouni, Djonkapa and Paspa, cults guarded by the very person of the living Buddha—Buddha incarnated in the third dignitary of the Lamaite religion—Bogdo Gheghen in Ta Kure or Urga; the land of mysterious doctors, prophets, sorcerers, fortune-tellers and witches; the land of the sign of the swastika; the land which has not forgotten the thoughts of the long deceased great potentates of Asia and of half of Europe: that is Mongolia.
>
> The land of nude mountains, of plains burned by the sun and killed by the cold, of ill cattle and ill people; the nest of pests, anthrax and smallpox; the land of boiling hot springs and of mountain passes inhabited by demons; of sacred lakes swarming with fish; of wolves, rare species of deer and mountain goats, marmots in millions, wild horses, wild donkeys, and wild camels that have never known the bridle, ferocious dogs and rapacious birds of prey which devour the dead bodies cast out on the plains by the people: that is Mongolia.
>
> The land whose disappearing primitive people gaze upon the bones of their forefathers whitening in the sands and dust of their plains; where are dying out the people who formerly conquered China, Siam, Northern India and Russia and broke their chests against the iron lances of the Polish knights, defending then all the Christian world against the invasion of wild and wandering Asia: that is Mongolia.
>
> The land swelling with natural riches, producing nothing, in need of everything, destitute and suffering from the world's cataclysm: that is Mongolia.

The Mongols would have had little to learn from our pony express riders, about to be celebrated. The professor tells of a Mongol courier that galloped 1800 miles in nine days.

The aforesaid mystical Kalmuck, who came and went softly and secretly and was received by Mongols with a mixture of reverence and terror, would have made one of the outstanding characters of fiction. Persons that opposed him had a queer tendency toward disaster. Tushegoun Lama was a close friend of the Dalai Lama in Lhasa, and was a famous witch doctor. He had fled from the Russian revolution, and started stirring up the Mongols, so that soon he and Ungern had Mongolia boiling. Of this mysterious being Ossendowski gives us this weird picture—the Kalmuck speaking:

> "There is very much unknown in Nature and the skill of using the unknown produces the miracle; but the power is given to few. I want to prove it to you and you may tell me afterwards whether you have seen it before or not."
>
> He stood up, pushed back the sleeves of his yellow garment, seized his knife and strode across to the shepherd.
>
> "Michik, stand up!" he ordered.
>
> When the shepherd had risen, the Lama quickly unbuttoned his coat and bared the man's chest. I could not yet understand what was his intention, when suddenly the Tushegoun with all his force struck his knife into the chest of the shepherd. The Mongol fell all covered with blood, a splash of which I noticed on the yellow silk of the Lama's coat.
>
> "What have you done?" I exclaimed.
>
> "Sh! Be still," he whispered turning to me his now quite blanched face.
>
> With a few strokes of the knife he opened the chest of the Mongol and I saw the man's lungs softly breathing and the distinct palpitations of the heart. The Lama touched these organs with his fingers, but no more blood appeared to flow and the face of the shepherd was quite calm. He was lying with his eyes closed and appeared to be in deep and quiet sleep. As the Lama began to open his abdomen, I shut my eyes in fear and horror; and, when I opened them a little while later, I was still more dumfounded at seeing the shepherd with his coat still open and his breast normal, quietly sleeping on his side and Tushegoun Lama sitting peacefully by the brazier, smoking his pipe and looking into the fire in deep thought.
>
> "It is wonderful!" I confessed. "I have never seen anything like it!"
>
> "About what are you speaking?" asked the Kalmuck.
>
> "About your demonstration or 'miracle,' as you call it," I answered.
>
> "I never said anything like that," refuted the Kalmuck, with coldness in his voice.
>
> "Did you see it?" I asked of my companion.
>
> "What?" he queried in a dozing voice.
>
> I realized that I had become the victim of the hypnotic power of Tushegoun Lama; but I preferred this to seeing an innocent Mongolian die, for I had not believed that Tushegoun Lama, after slashing open the bodies of his victims, could repair them again so readily.

Why the mad Baron Ungern von Sternberg did not kill the fugitive for a spy when they met at Urga is not quite clear, except that the latter expressed offense at some statement of the Baron's, which a spy would not have done. The terrible general who had once stolen the Living Buddha from his Chinese guards, and who was waging bloody war with the Bolsheviki amid the anarchy that the revolution had stirred up in Central Asia, is pictured to us in this wise:

> "Come in!" was the answer in a high tenor. As I passed the threshold, a figure in a red silk Mongolian coat rushed at me with the spring of a tiger, grabbed and shook my hand as though in flight across my path and then fell prone on the bed at the side of the tent.
>
> "Tell me who you are! Hereabouts are many spies and agitators," he cried out in an hysterical voice, as he fixed his eyes upon me. In one moment I perceived his appearance and psychology. A small head on wide shoulders; blonde hair in disorder; a reddish bristling moustache; a skinny, exhausted face, like those on the old Byzantine ikons. Then everything else faded from view save a big, protruding forehead overhanging steely sharp eyes. These eyes were fixed upon me like those of an animal from a cave. My observations lasted for but a flash, but I understood that before me was a very dangerous man ready for an instant spring into irrevocable action.

They grew friendly, and Von Sternberg disclosed the springs of his behavior; strange, mad impulses in a mad sort of world:

> "I was telling you that I want to found an order of military Buddhists in Russia. What for? For the protection of the processes of evolution of humanity and for the struggle against revolution, because I am certain that evolution leads to the Divinity and revolution to bestiality. But I worked in Russia! In Russia, where the peasants are rough, untutored, wild and constantly angry, hating everybody and everything without understanding why. They are suspicious and materialistic, having no sacred ideals. Russian intelligents live among imaginary ideals without realities. They have a strong capacity for criticizing everything, but they lack creative power. Also they have no will power, only the capacity for talking and talking. With the peasants, they can not like anything or anybody. Their love and feelings are imaginary. Their thoughts and sentiments pass without trace like futile words. My companions, therefore, soon began to violate the regulations of the order. Then I introduced the condition of celibacy, the entire negation of woman, of the comforts of life, of superfluities, according to the teachings of the Yellow Faith; and, in order that the Russian might be able to live down his physical nature, I introduced the limitless use of alcohol, hasheesh, and opium. Now for alcohol I hang my officers and soldiers; then we drank to the 'white fever,' delirium tremens. I could not organize the order, but I gathered round me and developed three hundred men wholly bold and entirely ferocious. Afterward they were heroes in the war with Germany and later in the fight against the Bolsheviki, but now only a few remain."

With Sternberg, Ossendowski visited the Living Buddha, who at times is elevated on an altar and worshiped as God. It seems that the Buddha's tastes have, in the corporeal envelope that holds him to earth, progressed far beyond Mongolian tea, and that somebody some time must have slipped him a little jackass brandy of post-Volsteadian potency, for our author "had heard of his love for alcohol, which had brought on blindness, about his wife drinking deep with him and receiving in his name numerous delegations and envoys." From the inner shrine, and out beyond the palace gateway, stretched a long rope, which crowds of pilgrims, crawling on their knees, touched, thereby drawing virtue from this holy fountainhead; indicating that the aforesaid holy fountainhead was familiar with long-distance transmission, but had not yet learned about "wireless." It is not often that a Westerner gets a chance to see a Living Buddha doing his stuff, but here is the proceeding:

> After half an hour the Lama secretaries suddenly showed signs of deep fear and began listening closely by the entrance to the shrine. Shortly they fell on their faces on the ground. The door slowly opened and there entered the Emperor of Mongolia, the Living Buddha, His Holiness Bogdo Djebtsung Damba Hutuktu, Khan of Outer Mongolia. He was a stout old man with a heavy shaven face resembling those of the Cardinals of Rome. He was dressed in the yellow silken Mongolian coat with a black binding. The eyes of the blind man stood widely open. Fear and amazement were pictured in them. He lowered himself heavily into the easy chair and whispered: "Write!"
>
> A secretary immediately took paper and a Chinese pen as the Bogdo began to dictate his vision, very complicated and far from clear. He finished with the following words:
>
> "This I, Bogdo Hutuktu Khan, saw, speaking with the great wise Buddha, surrounded by the good and evil spirits. Wise Lamas, Hutuktus, Kanpos, Marambas and Holy Gheghens, give the answer to my vision!"
>
> As he finished, he wiped the perspiration from his head and asked who were present.
>
> "Khan *Chiang Chün* Baron Ungern and a stranger," one of the secretaries answered on his knees.
>
> The general presented me to the Bogdo, who bowed his head as a sign of greeting. They began speaking together in low tones. Through the open door I saw a part of the shrine. I made out a big table with a heap of books on it, some open and others lying on the floor below; a brazier with the red charcoal in it; a basket containing the shoulder blades and entrails of sheep for telling fortunes. Soon the Baron rose and bowed before the Bogdo. The Tibetan placed his hands on the Baron's head and whispered a prayer. Then he took from his own neck a heavy ikon and hung it around that of the Baron.
>
> "The Gods call me," he whispered, and slowly moved into his private shrine, where he prayed loudly about two hours, kneeling immobile as a statue. His prayer consists of conversation with the invisible gods, to whose questions he himself gave the answers. He came out of the shrine pale and exhausted, but pleased and happy. It was his personal prayer. During the regular temple service he did not participate in the prayers, for then he is "God." Sitting on his throne, he is carried and placed on the altar and there prayed to by the Lamas and the people.

This is a clear, naïve, and fascinating tale. Probably much of it is true. At least it takes one far from home scenes, which is often worth the money.

Beasts, Men and Gods. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 7, 1923, were $152,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $140,200,000; an increase of $12,400,000.

The American raisin is making a new record in its invasion of the world's markets. The total exports in the fiscal year 1923, which ends ninety days hence, will exceed 100,000,000 pounds against 50,000,000 in the fiscal year of 1922, and 75,000,000 in 1916. The value of the year's exports will approximate $15,000,000 and will also exceed that of any earlier year.

This high record in the quantity and value of our raisin exports, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, is especially interesting in view of the fact that the other great raisin field of the world, the Levant, has recently resumed its contributions to the world market. Prior to the war, the area fronting on the eastern end of the Mediterranean was a large contributor to the world raisin markets, especially those of Europe. With the reduction in agricultural activities in that area during the war, production was greatly minimized, and raisins from the United States were largely imported by Europe and in some cases supplied to their troops in the field, and the world thus came to know the value of the American raisin.

A LIBERAL YIELD
A SMALL PREMIUM
Mayfield, California, School District 5% Bonds
to yield 4.60%
GOVERNMENT BONDS MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION
FREEMAN SMITH & CAMP CO.
SECOND FLOOR
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
Douglas 2121
Oakland: Syndicate Building

The growth in world popularity of our raisins is evidenced by the fact that the exports advanced from 16,000,000 pounds in 1913 to 56,000,000 in 1918, the closing year of the war, and 110,000,000 in 1919. With the return of the Levant to raising production and exportation, however, our exports fell to 53,000,000 pounds in 1920 and 33,000,000 in our short crop year 1921. With the high record of production of 1922, however, which is materially in excess of any earlier year, our exports for the current fiscal year seem likely to equal the high record of 110,000,000 pounds in the calendar year 1919, in which the Levant had not yet reëntered the world markets.

The raisin is a comparatively new factor in our export trade. It was only in 1898 that the quantity exported was of sufficient importance to obtain a place in the export records of the government, and the total exports of that year amounted to only 3,000,000 pounds, advancing to 5,500,000 in 1908, 56,000,000 in 1918, and 110,000,000 in 1919.

It is due, however, to the growth in home demand that the raisin industry of California, our chief raisin producer, has so rapidly developed. The total production of raisins in California was in 1913 130,000,000 pounds, in 1919 360,000,000, and in 1922 450,000,000, and we are now producing more than one-half of the raisins of the world. About four-fifths of this big production is consumed in the United States. Of the 3,000,000,000 pounds produced in the past decade, 17 per cent. was exported and the remaining 83 per cent. consumed at home. Even this big consumption from our own fields does not fully cover the requirements of our people.

Great Britain is the largest single buyer of American raisins, our total exports to that country in 1922 having been 44,000,000 pounds against only 5,000,000 in 1921. Canada ranks next to Great Britain the takings of American raisins, in 1922, her total for that year being 29,000,000 pounds. Japan has suddenly developed a taste for American raisins, exports to that country in 1922 totaling something over 4,000,000 pounds as against 2,000,000 in the preceding year. All the world seems to have developed a taste for American raisins, the number of countries to which they were shipped in 1921, the latest year for which details are available, was seventy-five, and represented every grand division of the world.

An error was made in the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company's advertisement last week. It should have read: "Increasing earnings year by year indicate the soundness of Nevada-California Electric Corporation 6 per cent. hydro-electric bonds. Price to yield 6.30 per cent."

The William R. Staats Company are members of a syndicate offering $7,500,000 Union Oil Company of California serial 6 per cent. gold bonds, Series "B."

The company, organized under the laws of the State of California in 1890, is one of the oldest and most firmly established oil companies in the United States, combining in its activities producing, transporting, refining and marketing of petroleum and its products.

The company owns in fee, or mineral rights in fee, approximately 600,000 acres and has under lease approximately 70,000 acres located in California, Wyoming, Texas, Colorado and Colombia, South America. The company's deliveries during 1922 (including oil purchased) amounted to 30,072,498 barrels, or about 23 per cent. of the marketable oil produced in California during the year.

The company owns 823 miles of pipe line, having a daily maximum capacity of about 225,000 barrels and its storage facilities are being increased to approximately 28,800,000 barrels. It also now owns a fleet having a total carrying capacity of 950,000 barrels, and refineries having a daily capacity of about 75,000 barrels.

The consolidated balance sheet of the company as of December 31, 1922, certified by Price, Waterhouse & Co. (without giving effect to this financing) shows total assets of $128,163,920, after deducting reserves for depreciation and depletion of $43,947,753. Current assets amounted to $45,006,938 as against current liabilities of only $10,002,141.

For the fiscal year ended December 31, 1922, the company's net income after taxes, depreciation, depletion, and interest was $10,735,875, and for the past five years, net income after taxes, depreciation, depletion and interest has averaged $9,992,871 annually, or well in excess of the total amount of the Series "B" bonds.

These bonds will be the direct obligation of the Union Oil Company of California and together with $7,823,000 first lien 5 per cent. bonds under closed mortgages and $9,746,000 Series "A" bonds outstanding under this trust indenture securing the present issue, a total of $25,069,000 will constitute its entire funded debt, exclusive of purchase money obligations amounting to $913,406.

The San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation has just issued its report for the year ended December 31, 1922, showing the company to be in splendid financial condition, says Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investors' bulletin. The report, in the form of a "Year Book," discusses at length the progress of the company and its plans for the future. In a short historical sketch the reader is brought to more clearly realize the tremendous progress that has been made in the hydro-electric industry in the past thirty years, and particularly the part the San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation has played in this progress.

A paragraph from the "Year Book" states: "Twenty-six years ago, in 1896 to be exact, the present company's predecessor built a hydro-power plant on the San Joaquin River about forty miles northeast of Fresno. This plant, with a capacity of 1400 horsepower, was the first in the world to generate electricity successfully to be carried as far as thirty-six miles—a remarkable undertaking of that time."

Records show that in 1896 the system supplied current for 165 arc lights, 5000 incandescent lamps, and 460 horsepower for motors.

The present generating capacity of 182,533 horsepower supplies light and power to 134 towns and cities, giving service to more than 60,000 consumers, 8000 of whom operate motors. The corporation had on December 31, 1922, 1746 employees; 12,668 bondholders and stockholders; 5000 miles of electric transmission and distribution lines; 165 miles gas mains; twenty-seven miles water mains. During the year $513,731.89 was paid in taxes, $2,157,880.82 in wages paid to employees. A total of 451,390,040 kilowatt hours was generated, and 624,187,500 cubic feet of natural and manufactured gas was sold during the year. Storage capacity of water for generating purposes is now about 16,315,100,000.

Railroad issues in general moved very irregularly during the past month, according to E. F. Hutton & Co.'s monthly review. The speculative issues presented a strong front, but lacked snap as they were borne down, at times underselling by parties who had bought, expecting exceptionally favorable traffic earnings statements for February, and were disappointed by the falling off in net income of many lines as compared with January, due to the severe weather and heavy storms that seriously interrupted traffic in February. Speculation broadened materially in the high-class dividend-paying shares such as New York Central, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, while the non-dividend payers were headed by Baltimore & Ohio, based on expectations that earnings for the first quarter of this year would probably break all records. Revenues for the first two months of the quarter were good, and the continued improvement in general industry, coupled with increased car loadings, has furnished unmistakable evidence of improved earnings for March so that while the net earnings of the railroads in February were less than 5 per cent. as compared with 5.54 per cent. in January, the March earnings will be higher.

The railroads are breaking all records for this time of the year in moving freight, and their earnings statements not only for March, but for subsequent months, will, without doubt, show a great improvement over the corresponding period last year, which in some cases is likely to prove sensational, as indicated by the exceptionally favorable showing made by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway for the months of January and February, notwithstanding unfavorable weather conditions then prevailing, which materially increased operating expenses and interrupted traffic.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering $72,000 Mayfield School District, Santa Clara County, California, gold 5 per cent. bonds in denominations of $1000. Tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes and no declaration of ownership when cashing coupons.

Mayfield School District is situated in the northwestern part of Santa Clara County, California, and contains approximately 10,833 acres of land, including the town of Mayfield. This district is devoted largely to fruit raising and farming and its proximity to Stanford University makes it an attractive residence community. Transportation is furnished by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the Peninsular Interurban Railway, and the State Highway.

These bonds are issued for the purpose of constructing a new modern grammar school.

Before the government's failure to manage the railroads had been made manifest to the meanest intelligence, the great sport was flaunting before the eyes of their managements the red cloak of state socialism recommended for their wear instead of a business suit. The sport has been resumed since the roads have been de-controlled and returned to those who understand how to run them—returned in the worst condition known for many a long day. Legislators from all parts of the country are leaving their pig-pens and corn-cribs, getting ready to duplicate the celebrated effort "made in Kansas" not long ago, by which it was provided that whenever two trains approach a crossing at grade both should stop, neither proceeding until the other had gone on its way!

If the interference of a hunch of ignorant and interested politicians affected only a few millionaire owners of the roads there would, of course, he nothing to worry about. Who cares for millionaires? But it so happens that the owners of the railroads of the country, the actual stockholders principally affected by the abysmal stupidities of Washington, are some twenty millions of the "common people," one-fifth of the population. Everything that affects the railroads touches their pockets, they it is who are the real victims of the swashbucklers.

This is not all. Is it generally realized how far behind other countries we are in railroad mileage in proportion to area? That France, Germany, Britain, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Hungary, Austria, Italy, are better off in this respect? That, in proportion to population, we need nearly 250,000 additional miles of railroads, to break even with Canada; that Australia, Argentina, New Zealand whip us? The shortage of transportation is stifling production, is responsible for speculation in distribution, is a principal factor in rising price levels. The resultant losses come out of the pockets of the people, are the price they pay for permitting froth and declamation to be their guides in the selection of men to misrepresent them in the councils of the nation.

Of the gray mare all have heard; some of us know her quite well. When she starts nagging we quit working, compelled to listen to her inanities with patience acquired in the



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school of adversity. Not otherwise is it with railroad directors. Their enthusiasm and energy alike are paralyzed by the stream of legislation that is destroying the effect of every effort put forth to furnish better facilities for the distribution of our agricultural and industrial products. These men know transportation needs, are ready to supply them—but their hands are tied (by comic opera voting).

Call off the gadflies. Send business men to Washington instead of windbags. Give the men who know what is wanted the chance to do it.—*R. F. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.*

California shippers have made a definite request that the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system be left intact. E. O. Edgerton, director of the Shippers' Committee Against Dismemberment, testified at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing held here, asking that the temporary order continuing the merger of these lines be made permanent in the national railroad consolidation plans of the commission.

"There is a definite and pronounced public opinion in California in favor of the union of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific lines," declared Edgerton, "and this feeling is not political or sentimental, but economic. There is a remarkable unanimity of sentiment on the matter, and we therefore urge the adoption of the commission's tentative plan instead of that proposed by Professor Ripley."

Edgerton, called as a witness by the California railroad commission, explained that he represented the Shippers' Committee which took so active a part in the recent successful campaign in this state against the disruption of the present unified railroad system. He declared that this committee is made up of more than 1700 of the largest shippers in the state, who pay in excess of $250,000,000 a year in freight charges, and numbers in its membership practically every important traffic man in California. The committee was organized, he said, to present in a unified way the attitude of California shippers and included in its membership many bitter enemies of the Southern Pacific, who nevertheless believed that the interests of the state demanded continuation of the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system.

"Until the Supreme Court decision of last year, the separate corporate ownership of the Central Pacific was generally unknown," Edgerton told the commissioners. "Even the state railroad commission paid no attention to it. The decision caused a sharp awakening."

Industries had grown up for forty years along the lines of the Central Pacific, with no knowledge of conditions under which these lines were owned. Many would not have been located there had the danger of dismemberment been known. Dissolution of this system would seriously injure many business enterprises

Production of gasoline in the United States in January amounted to 623,823,337 gallons, and established a new high monthly record, according to Secretary of Interior Work. The figures, which were compiled by the Bureau of Mines, show an increase of approximately 39,000,000 gallons, or 6.6 per cent. over the previous record month's output, that for December, 1922.

Reports from 301 refineries operating during the month indicated that on February 1st the nation's stock of gasoline amounted to 1,002,857,273 gallons, the largest supply ever recorded. Stocks of gasoline were increased during January by 119,000,000 gallons. Gasoline stocks on February 1st were nearly 300,000,000 gallons in excess of stocks on the corresponding date in 1922.

The indicated domestic consumption of gasoline in January was 443,128,456 gallons, excluding imports for which figures are not yet available.

Refineries operating in January had a total daily indicated capacity of 1,927,667 barrels. Based on the crude oil run to stills, these plants operated at 81 per cent. of their capacity.

Exports of gasoline in January, including shipments to insular possessions, amounted to 61,630,469 gallons.

Domestic production of kerosene in January amounted to 212,447,902 gallons. Consumption of kerosene was 123,214,097 gallons; exports were 94,847,333 gallons. Stocks on hand February 1st were 275,436,804 gallons, a decrease of more than 5,000,000 gallons during the month.

Production of gas and fuel oils in January is given as 989,376,102 gallons. Consumption of these oils amounted to 931,829,391 gallons. Exports were 97,199,839 gallons. Stocks on hand February 1st were 1,265,074,722 gallons, a decrease for the month of 39,000,000 gallons.

The output of lubricants in January amounted to 87,077,868 gallons. Consumption of lubricating oils is reported at 49,061,520. Exports were 33,061,486 gallons. Stocks on February 1st amounted to 240,689,649 gallons, a decrease of 5,000,000 gallons during the month.

Import figures for gasoline, kerosene, gas, and fuel oils and lubricants are not yet available.

A comparative statement of consolidated earnings of the Continental Gas and Electric Corporation for the year ended December 31, 1922, has just been received by Cyrus Peirce & Co. A comparison of this statement with the earnings for the same period of the preceding year, and also for the twelve months ending November 30, 1922, reveals a very satisfactory increase in earnings for both periods. Gross revenue for the year 1922 increased almost 50 per cent. over that for 1921, while operating expenses, taxes, maintenance and interest showed less than 37 per cent. increase. Net earnings were 51.8 per cent. greater, while balance, after interest and dividends, increased 73 per cent. over the corresponding perior of 1921.

The upward trend of industrial activity has continued during the past month, and in nearly all important lines is reported close to capacity or restricted only by the lahor supply. The present output of construction materials, transportation equipment, and manufactured goods generally has never been surpassed, says the National City Bank of New York. Moreover, it is worthy of note that the activity of 1917, the year with the greatest production record, was largely expended upon war equipment and supplies. The output of iron and steel was then going largely into guns and shells, while now it is going into building material, railroad equipment, automobiles and machinery. The output of the textile industries was going largely at that time to clothe the armies, while now it is going to supply the general trade demands. The use to which things are put has hearing in the long run upon the level of prices. The present level is chiefly due to the fact that for several years our industries were busy upon production that added nothing to the necessary equipment of the country. We were not building dwelling houses or railroad equipment to meet the growing needs of the country, and now we are trying to catch up. One of the reasons why farm products are not on as high a level as other things is that the demand for farm products is not cumulative. The fact that consumption is stinted in one year does not make a larger demand in the next year; people do their eating for each year in that year.

We have constantly emphasized the equilibrium in industry as the fundamental condition of prosperity. It is rarely maintained in full degree for very long; we are usually either rising to it or falling away from it. This is because the industrial organization is a voluntary one, in which everybody is free to make his own policies, and the business community is prone to go one way or the other with a rush. The movement of prices is largely a matter of psychology: if the idea gets abroad that prices will rise, buying sets in on a scale that may carry them beyond all reason, and on the other hand if the idea spreads that a decline has set in, the market may be overweighted on the selling side, to such an extent as will carry them far too low. These swings of sentiment and of prices affect production, employment, and consumption.

During the war we had a great swing of prices upward, under such pressure for manpower that nearly all products and services rose rather closely together; and so long as the equilibrium was fairly well maintained, we had the appearance of prosperity, although in fact it was a false appearance, because so much of the industrial effort was being wasted. That was bound to make itself felt eventually. It could not be always covered up by the advancing wages and prices. The situation was steadily getting out of balance, and eventually collapsed.

If everything had come down together, so that the equilihrium would have been maintained on a lower level, a quick recovery would have been made, because there would have been buying power in the markets equal to full production. Some of the industries, however, successfully resisted deflation and found themselves up in the air for a year or more, with only a limited demand for their products or services. Moreover, on the falling market buying was arbitrarily curtailed and industries were halted in lines where a shortage actually existed, as in construction work of various kinds. House-building should have been going constantly since the war, the iron and steel industry should have been operating to capacity, instead of falling in 1921 to 53 per cent. of the output of 1920. When, however, the opinion spread that prices were as low as they were likely to go, at least for the time being, the pressure for needed construction and replenishing supplies in many lines forced a resumption of buying, and the revival began. As prices began to rise, confidence gained, and expenditures increased until the country has reached the full swing of expanding activity and rising prices. It is working now not only to supply present needs, but to make up the deficit inherited from the war and the idleness of 1921 and provide for anticipated needs.

For the time being the situation is fairly well balanced, for while agriculture is not back fully in line as a purchaser, the accumulation of demands in other quarters for the present makes good the shortage in that quarter.

How long will the equilibrium be maintained? The outlook for business at this time is very good. If industrial costs and the general level of prices could be held where they are, there is every reason to believe that this pace might be maintained at least through the present year, perhaps longer; moreover, with some modifications, such as naturally would occur if not met with organized resistance, the period of prosperity might be extended indefinitely.

The check will come as the relationships between various groups of producers are altered, affecting the basis upon which they exchange services. The farmers regained in 1922 a part of what they lost in 1921, but in January, 1923, farm products had but 68 per cent. of the purchasing power over other things that they had in 1913. The tendency now, as other things are rising, is against them. The producers of flour, meat, and most of the foodstuffs are supplying them to the wage-earners of the other industries upon an exchange basis that is unfair to the farmer. Moreover, farmers are not the only people being placed at a disadvantage. A great number of the wage-earners will not be able to get their pay increased to correspond with the rises that are talked of in some of the favored industries. As prices rise all those whose incomes are not increased in equal proportion will have to curtail expenditures somewhere.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are making public the annual earning statement of the Corona Foothill Lemon Company, whose first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds were underwritten by them about five years ago. Interest charges were earned by a satisfactory margin as shown in the following schedules: Gross income, $339,015.83; operating expenses, including depreciation and amortiation, $248,313.44; net income, $90,702.39; interest charges, $14,400; balance, $76,302.39.

Holders are advised that the Kingdom of Belgium will redeem on June 1, 1923, at 115 and accrued interest $2,300,000 of its outstanding twenty-five-year external 7½ per cent. bonds, due June 1, 1945. If holders will notify Cyrus Peirce & Co. of the numbers of their bonds they will be promptly advised whether or not their bonds have been called for redemption.

Holders are advised that the Fisher Body Corporation will redeem on August 1, 1923, all of its outstanding serial 6 per cent. notes, Series "D" and "E" due August 1, 1924-25, as follows: Series "D" at 101 and accrued interest; Series "E" at 101½ and accrued interest. Upon receipt of the notes which have been called Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary collection for the account of holders and transmit the proceeds to them as soon as available.

Railroad traffic volume, which has set new records in successive weeks this year, touched a still higher mark on the basis of returns compiled by the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association during the week ending March 31st, when 938,725 cars were loaded with revenue freight. This total exceeded loadings for the corresponding week in 1922 by 116,917 cars, and those of the same week of 1921 by 275,554 cars.

"THE REVIEW"

(April)

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Modern Stylist.

The Tree of the Garden. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

It has been the not too happy fate of the novel during the past few decades to become a feminine accomplishment—a strange end for the progeny fathered by Fielding, DeFoe, and Smollett. The course of its deterioration would be interesting to trace, but we have space merely to wonder why the art that Fielding and Thackeray raised to a creative dignity comparable to the accomplishment of a Rodin or a Beethoven should be itself so poorly classified. Why is it that any printed piece of fiction running to three hundred pages is called a novel? We do not know, but so it is. A titanic mass of clay sketchily outlining some form of life is not called sculpture unless it measures up to a certain criterion recognized by the knowing. But the novel has had a poorer fate, and we do not hesitate unchivalrously to blame the ladies. One could prove a priori that by the very nature of things a woman can not be a novelist, despite her native long-windedness and love of romance. One says "a priori" and remembers Sheila Kaye-Smith, for there is not a shadow of doubt that that young woman's work would pass the imaginary line that alas does not today define the difference between a novel and three hundred pages of print. But with consistent resentfulness toward the sex that has corrupted the seventh art we rejoice that the author of "The Tree of the Garden" is a man, Edward C. Booth, the author, incidentally, of several other books, none of which we can suppose to be so good as "The Tree of the Garden" or they would have been heard of.

"The Tree of the Garden" is quite the best thing we have encountered in recent, we feel tempted to say modern, fiction. Other reviewers have hailed it as the best thing since Hardy. It is a tall measure to liken a man to an immortal, but there is not much risk: taste is always indisputable. But we would go further and say that Mr. Booth's novel is better than one of Hardy's, for it is more readable and more human. It is not so grisly or so saltlessly humorless as "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," to which it is compared. In fact to the myopic eye of memory Mr. Booth's fund of epigram is happier and more intelligible than Meredith's. The rich figurative style of "The Tree of the Garden," which is like nothing we know of since the fallow Victorian days, is Mr. Booth's natural vehicle of expression. It would be niggardly not to give him his full mede of praise.

Style aside—and it is for style, chiefly, that "The Tree of the Garden" stands head and shoulders above the best serious work of other contemporary writers—its realism has an unwonted ring of authority. Where is the lady novelist, we ask, who would have seen Thursday Hardrip to her inglorious end, who could have refrained from idealizing the noble strains in that muddy peasant nature? Mr. Hewlett has written at length in his Wiltshire Essays on the queer mixture of brute and angel in the peasant woman—regardless, we believe, of her nationality. Mr. Booth has seized the same dramatic fact and created what our old friend the Manchester *Guardian* calls "one of the great women of fiction," but which we amend to one of the few real women in fiction. R. G.

Growing Fainter.

Faint Perfume. By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.

"Miss Lulu Bett" has a poor successor in the latest novel published by Zona Gale, and while "Faint Perfume" is going to be read by any number of people because of the tremendous success won by the former book and play, it is just as certainly going to fall short of widespread popularity.

The main theme of the novel is the contrast between the girl Leda, sensitive, æsthetic, and beauty-loving, and a confusing family group of Crumbs, her relatives, whose watchwords are materialism and crude reality. The contrast may be said to exist more because the reader is repeatedly told it is there than by any convincing character portrayal.

In the trend of human affairs, when two people discover that they are tuned to the same pitch and care for the same things, they are drawn together, undoubtedly, but we do not think that many would express in such downright language the difference between their exalted plane and the plane of ordinary mortals, or analyze the matter with such self-satisfied superiority as do Leda and her lover in "Faint Perfume." We are rather amused and a little irritated at this persistent attitude, and wonder at the same time why the principal actors have not enough "hustle" in their make-up to change the conditions that so disturb them. There are two living characters in the book, Grandfather and the child Oliver, and some of its scenes are consistently drawn; but Miss Gale does not get her idea into the open and the main purpose of the novel falls distinctly flat.

A French Caricaturist.

Daumier. Appreciations of his life and works by Duncan Phillips, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Guy Pène du Bois and Mahonri Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

The limited edition of "Honoré Daumier," just issued by the Duttons, forms the second of the Phillips Publications, the series of monographs of great artists who have already joined the majority and whose work is represented in the Phillips Memorial collection in Washington, D. C. The present volume on the great French satirist and caricaturist consists of the several appreciations listed above, forty-six full-page reproductions of Daumier's paintings and lithographs, a photograph of the artist, and a portrait painted of him by his friend Corot. Daumier was for many years the brightest spirit of the French funny paper, *Charivari*, and the 4000 lithographs of his produced in that periodical have characterized every phase of his age, political and social, through the various vicissitudes of empire and republic in the France of his lifetime. Supreme in the field of caricature, Daumier was not popular as a painter, but his realistic studies of commonplace life are becoming more appreciated by every artistic generation.

Romance With a Difference.

The Really Romantic Age. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

This is a pleasant and winsome tale of a nice Englishwoman of means who adopted a baby. Thereby she incurred the reprobation of a large invoice of relatives, who preferred that her generosity should be expended on their progeny rather than on the little war-baby, who was the orphaned child of a dead friend.

But the happy woman, who was born to be a mother, and who had always shown to her numerous dominant relations the submissiveness of a sweet and unselfish nature, is unexpectedly firm, once the maternal passion is awakened in her breast.

The book is written by a child-lover who does not dispense mere drivel, and who does not falsely smooth away all the obstacles that arose in the new mother's path. But the sympathetic reader delights in the recital of her experience.

The Pennsylvania "Dutch"

The House of Yost. By George Schöck. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

The author of this book is a woman whose rightful name is Katherine Loose, and who wrote twelve years ago a first novel called "Heart's Contending." This was the subject of favorable comment from so high a critic as William Dean Howells, and made a place for itself in the annals of American fiction. The present work, like the first, deals with the Pennsylvania Germans, who by some local corruption have been given the name of Pennsylvania Dutch—an erroneous translation of "Deutsch." These descendants of early German colonists from the lower Rhine provinces, Bavaria, and Saxony have retained to the present time, not only the dialect they brought with them, preserving in it many old and curious words, but old-country characteristics, customs, and religious forms.

Miss Loose has given in "The House of Yost" a picture of the life of one of these communities, and draws plain, unvarnished portraits of the types to be found there. The story is as simple as the lives of the people, and so artlessly told that each character speaks for bimself.

The backdrop of the scene is full of beauty and the dwellers therein move about with a simplicity and directness they have unconsciously absorbed from the nature about them. The characters of the two principals in the drama are finely drawn and they move on to the climax with consistency.

Successor to the Book of Susan.

The Girl Next Door. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

"The Book of Susan" was clever, and the latest publication by the same author is something more. Charm in a literary sense is a much overworked word for a rare quality, but it is the word that most nearly describes an elusive characteristic in "The Girl Next Door." The story may not be new—it makes no difference; we have never heard it told as Mr. Dodd tells it, and we are surprised into

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Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit 2,034,026.11
Cash and Sight Exchange 8,950,520.49
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$102,253,236.54
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a laugh at the audacity and originality of a twist early in his book. The plot has been compared to some of the earlier work of W. J. Locke, but we are reminded at the same time of W. H. Hudson, who possessed in a still greater degree the art that may recount a simple incident and hold his reader by actual weaving of words. This is not to say that "The Girl Next Door" is an incident or a series of incidents. It has a live plot and even verges at one point on the border of melodrama, but we are sure, even in the tense moment, that tragedy is not to follow. In short, the "misanthrope" and his "crabbed chronicle" gives us pleasure throughout a very readable novel and we are grateful to store away in our memories something of his whimsical philosophy.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Hugh Pendexter, author of "Pay Gravel" (Bobbs-Merrill), is said to know as much about the old West, the real West, Indian lore and the frontier, as any one alive today.

John Bojer says he is coming to America next September to lecture, but unlike most of his foreign colleagues he is not intending to make a coast to coast tour. Bojer says he will stay in Minnesota and Dakota, where his compatriots are most thickly settled. His latest novel, "The Last of the Vikings," is being brought out simultaneously in this country and France.

Writing in a recent number of the New York *Times*, Kate Douglas Wiggin says of Winifred Holt Mather's book, "The Light Which Cannot Fail," recently published by the Duttons, that 'those who read it experience a fresh impulse to help their fellow-men 'blinded in battle,'" and adds that "surely there was never a cause that made a more universal appeal, and an added sale of the book will swell the fund needed to carry on the French Lighthouse," to which the profits of the book are devoted.

Among the spring books announced by the Marshall Jones Company are "Letters from a Business Woman to Her Daughter," by Zora Putnam Wilkins; "Egyptian Mythology," by W. Max Muller; "Parties and Party Leaders," by Anson D. Morse; "Some Makers of American Literature," by William Lyon Phelps; "As I Was Saying," by Horace J. Bridges, and four new volumes in the series, "Our Debt to Greece and Rome."

A unique copy of Anatole France's "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," in two volumes, printed on Whatman paper from the first edition plates in 1893, with twenty-five original water colors by Leroux, has just been sold in Paris for 25,000 francs, probably a record price for a modern book. Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing this spring an extremely handsome edition of this book in English with remarkable illustrations by Frank C. Papé, whose pictures for "Jurgen" made him famous.

The Houghton Mifflin Company published on the 28th of March "The Sea Hawk," by Rafael Sabatini; "Island Gold," by Valentine Williams; "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul," by Demetra Vaka; two volumes of poetry, "Preludes," by John Drinkwater, and "The Magic Flame," by Robert Haven Schauffler; and a book of adventurous travel, "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush," by W. Lavallin Puxley.

Although several voyages have been made through the 283 miles of the Grand Cañon, it has never been accurately surveyed, and the Geological Survey in Washington is planning to have it surveyed during the coming summer. Lewis R. Freeman, whose books, "Down the Columbia" and "Down the Yellowstone" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), testify to his ability as a hardy voyager, has been invited to handle one of the boats in the expedition. The trip will occupy about three months, and is expected to be the most difficult and dangerous piece of surveying ever attempted in any part of the world.

Anna Katherine Green, author of "The Step on the Stair" and other well-known mystery tales, makes a plea to reviewers not to give away the plot of stories which depend upon plot for their primary interest. It is in some sort a challenge as well as a plea, for she remarks: "I can see the reviewer's difficulty, but any one can write a 'notice,' while it takes real gray matter to write a review."

William Patterson White, author of "The Rider of Golden Bar" and other thrilling tales of Western life, whose latest novel, "The Wagon Wheel" (Little, Brown & Co.), has just been published, casts his vote for the scenic marvels of the West, after having compared them with European wonders. He says: "I lived as a youngster at Lausanne, Fribourg, Neufchatel and Samaden. Until I came to New Mexico I thought Samaden in the Engadine the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth. But Hembrillo Cañon is much more superb. It's the coloring, of course. Switzerland is white, gray, brown, black and green, while here at Tularosa we have mountains of solid lavender, others of red, still others of pink and green and yellow and black."

James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" is being translated into Japanese, according to Dr. Robinson's publishers, Harper & Brothers. The translation is being made by Yusuke Tsurumi, a high official in the Department of Railways of the Japanese government, who is an excellent English scholar and familiar with American books.

Mary Johnston's "1492" (Little, Brown & Co.), now in its seventh printing in America, will be published in England shortly by Thornton Butterworth under the title of "Admiral of the Ocean-Sea."

Rupert Hughes' novel, "What Will People Say?", has just been published in Poland, translated by the wife of Reymont, the leading Polish novelist. The book sells for 12,000 marks a copy. "This is evidence of the value of the marks rather than of the book," writes Mr. Hughes in a letter to Harper & Brothers, his publishers.

New Books Received.

Figaro: The Life of Beaumarchais. By John Rivers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.
By the author of "Greuze and His Models."

Bliss and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
By the author of "The Garden Party."

Pro Vita Monastica. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.50.
"An essay in defense of the contemplative virtues."

Pilgrim's Rest. By Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A novel of South Africa.

Garden Whimseys. By Charlotte Rider Lomas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.
For garden lovers.

Bubbles of Gold. By Arthur Crew Inman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
Verse.

Jessup. By Newton Fuessle. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
A novel.

The Road to Calvary. By Alexey Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. R. S. Townsend. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.
A novel of pre-Bolshevik Russia.

The Neighborhood in Nation-Building. By Robert A. Woods. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.
An expanding process of social reconstruction.

Specimens of Biblical Literature. By James Muilenberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.
A collation of Biblical specimens for the student.

Pay Gravel. By Hugh Pendexter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.
A story of the gold-seeking in the Black Hills of Dakota by the author of "Kings of the Missouri."

The Marriage Verdict. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.
A novel.

The Coming Renaissance. Edited and arranged by Sir James Marchant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.
A symposium on the subject of the restoration of society after the war.

Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century. By Edward Cressy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.
A general review of the mechanical and chemical progress of the century.

The Vegetable Garden. By Adolph Kruhm. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.
The amateur's book of the Garden Series.

The Unbidden Guest. By Silvio Villa. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A novel of Italy and America.

Footlights. By Rita Weiman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.
Short stories of theatrical life.

Coué for Children. By Gertrude Mayo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.50.
With an introduction by Emil Coué.

Say It with Bricks. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Say It with Oil. By Ring Lardner. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A few remarks about husbands and a few remarks about wives.

Stone Crop. By Cecile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.
A novel of Croatian peasant life.

Times Have Changed. By Elmer Davis. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.
An adventure story.



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"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT."

The divorce laws of Great Britain evidently make its thinking citizens blush for the intelligence of British legislators. It must be that the sense of responsibility felt by a legislator makes him ultra-conservative, and as the motto of the average British citizen seems to be, "Distrust all change," mischievous laws last there indefinitely. The rooted longevity of the law against the awful depravity of marrying a deceased wife's sister supplies a case in point, although it was finally, after a long and wearisome effort, pried loose from the code.

So the British legislator chronically takes his stand against all modifications of long-established laws. "Let the other fellow do it" is his idea, if it should be done, and then the perfect respectability of his mentality will never be impeached. And tacitly he intimates,

This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

Hence, in order to work out her theme properly—which is the cruelty of chaining a man or woman indefinitely to an insane marital partner—Clemence Dane dates her play, "The Bill of Divorcement," some ten years ahead of the present, and invents a reasonable revision of the present divorce law.

So that, when in her now well-known play the former husband, Hilary Fairfield, escaped from the lunatic asylum and went straight, like a lost child on the home stretch, to the familiar place that meant safety, affection, and peace, his wife was divorced and on the eve of marrying another man.

Clemence Dane's idea is to be perfectly fair; so with a Galsworthian impartiality she shows both sides.

We see the natural and involuntary response to her wooer of the sweet and gentle woman who had been Hilary's wife; and her urge toward the sunshine of a new hope and a new love. We see, also, the deep stab inflicted on the home longings and home affections of her once husband, who is not an engaging person, and whose tragic imprisonment has wrung his wife's soft heart with pity, but not with love's sorrow.

The crux of the drama becomes apparent with the advent of the family physician, who, studying the afflicted man, and perceiving that his apparent cure is only partial, still has the kindness and the wisdom to try to make him understand. The few, he tells him, must suffer for the good of the many; the mentally tainted must step aside in favor of the mentally sound. It is expedient, and it is the law.

The author also brings in another thesis; and two theses in one play are generally confusing. Still in this case the two seem to pair logically. For it turns out that there is insanity in the family of the Fairfields, and Hilary's condition is only precipitated, not caused, by shell-shock, as everybody had believed except the secretive Aunt Hester, sister to Hilary, a most unpleasant individual, who believed in keeping family secrets. Miss Fairfield is Aunt Hester because of a daughter; and there comes in the complication. The mother's stock is sound, but the family taint is in the blood of frank, independent Sydney, who had believed, in common with the rest of twentieth-century youth, that it was simple to plan out a pleasant, busy, affection-illuminated life that was worth living.

Poor Sydney! She had to be the lamb of sacrifice. We are all the sorrier for her because she is so bright and brave and helpful and plucky, and because she is the only one who can keep Aunt Hester in order; a talent that apparently was to be exercised considerably, in view of the fact that the two women's presence in Hilary's daily life would be indispensable. Aunt Hester is so fundamentally cantankerous that we long to have Sydney administer the grand bounce; and then cold, pale reflection admonishes us that it can not be. Both must dedicate their life and service to Hilary. With what surgical cleanness Sydney cuts herself away from her Kit's life and affection. She even lays the wires for Kit's possession of a new love.

For all the time Clemence Dane is sounding that warning note: it is expedient that the few be sacrificed for the many.

So Sydney goes into the discard as well as Hilary, and the life with its bright promise of happiness and usefulness is to be dedicated to a nervous invalid who is not quite all there. For, when Hilary, confounded by his wife's statement of her divorce, looks at the grave and sympathetic doctor and taps his forehead, we know then that his apparent cure is only partial.

I wonder if Allan Pollock, in his impersonation of the poor waif from the asylum, is seeking to convey an idea of the antipathy engendered in the healthy and sane being by necessarily intimate association with one whose mentality is diseased. At any rate that is what people got from it. Hilary was shattered, a derelict on life's troubled sea, pitiable, and yet we turned from him in distaste even while we pitied. And we in front were as adamant in our decision as the tribal Indian chiefs who decree that the old women must be abandoned when their day of work is over. Margaret, we decreed, must not be sacrificed. And to the fiat that goes forth condemning Sydney to a loveless, unwedded life we bow our heads in pity, but in resignation.

"The Bill of Divorcement" is a strong play, and it is most creditably rendered, except for a defect due to the presence of the naturalistic bee in Allan Pollock's bonnet. Mr. Pollock has directed the play; and he is one of those stage directors who sacrifice the people in the more distant and even in the central parts of the auditorium to his determination to make the company act almost as simply and naturally as if they were going through real experiences: something that can not be done, for, after all, acting is artifice.

Fortunately Nana Bryant and Mary Duncan have deeply ingrained in them a perception that audiences *must* be made to hear and understand. And unfortunately, as Mr. Pollock stayed gallantly by his guns, and was as hasty and indistinct in speech as people frequently are in family discussions, we lost a lot that he said. And it was a pity, as he presented so understandingly the character of Hilary.

In other respects the play, which was very tastefully mounted, was well directed. Aunt Hester's furtive demeanor being appropriate to a disagreeable old girl with an unpleasant and even guilty family secret. The general company makes a very good impression in the play. Nana Bryant is, as usual, competent in her rôle, and Mary Duncan made a hit, so well and naturally does she convey the character of Sydney.

Emmet Vogan, who was the Wall Street villain in "The Bad Man," did not seem to fit with old-shoe ease in the rôle of Margaret's wooer. A confirmed stage villain finds it difficult to shake off entirely the sinister suggestion; which is why, I suppose, that subsequently they put Brady Kline in the rôle.

A MODERN STAGE SETTING.

The world is moving, and even here in far-off San Francisco modern ideas in stage sets are carried out. When Gordon Craig wrote his book in which he advocated the kind of stage setting that merely suggests and starts the fecund imagination to work, he "said something." The curtain idea was eagerly taken up by the little theatres, for it is economical and yet effective.

At the Plaza this week, where they are repeating "The Tidings Brought to Mary," one may see most beautiful and yet not necessarily expensive examples of this art of modern stage setting.

In all, or almost all, the stage scenes they have a large archway in the centre. Lights, beautifully colored and blended, create "atmosphere," and the changes of the season are suggested by silhouettes of leafless or full-fruited trees or tree-branches against a glowing background.

And against this same background the simply but effectively draped and costumed figures group themselves with biblical effect; so that at times we seem to be looking at living pictures taken from the masterpieces of famous but long-dead artists.

"The Tidings Brought to Mary," by the way, impresses me more as a drama of domestic life than as a religious play. It is life as it was lived in the middle ages, and therefore interwoven with the prevailing religious sentiment, observances, and superstitions of the time.

But I fail to see anything in this impressively presented play that would serve as propaganda for the reëstablishment of the church in France. There are several miracles, one under the observation of the spectator. This has created the delusion that the play is propaganda for the Catholic religion, but I fail to see the connection. One would like to ask Paul Claudel what is his reading of the meaning of the title; about which an informal discussion sprang up among a group of women in one of the matinée audiences, who scraped acquaintance in order to solve their perplexities; a discussion in which Gentiles, Jews, and Catholic sisters joined.

RUTH DRAPER DISCUSSIONS.

Ruth Draper's recent three recitals have left a big aftermath of discussion. For, while her talent as an impersonator was greatly admired, people were puzzled by their inability to enjoy the second performance as much as the first, and, in some cases, to continue the enjoyment of the first to the end of the programme.

To account for this, various theories were advanced. One thought that she could not submerge herself sufficiently in the different characters. But we have only to remember how thoroughly she differentiated the grandmother, mother, and daughter in "The Three Generations," and how completely she became each one.

Some one else thought that she so severely felt the strain of passing into so many character expressions in one performance that she made us feel it, also.

As to that it is hard to say, but it sounds rather far-fetched. Talent without charm was suggested by another, only to be countered by an admirer's declaration that Ruth Draper could be charming when she wanted to be: but that she was necessarily silly and inane as the débutante, shallow as the lady in the art gallery, ignorant and absurd as the empiric instructor in Greek poise, etc. In other words, Miss Draper was impersonating foolish, or ridiculous, or self-absorbed, or vain, or ostentatious, or troubled people who were not selected for their charm.

Some one said that the men were not amused by her comedy sketches. It is quite true that those who could not hear her in the larger hall were not, although I saw two young men who laughed so violently that they seemed, during all the comedy sketches, in imminent danger of exploding into fragments. Men, however, since they come from the business world, where everything is judged as to whether or not it is "the goods," can not fool themselves as women can, at an entertainment where they hear imperfectly. They become quite justly peeved, and like cross babies they want to go home. For the lords of the earth, after all, are only "boys grown tall."

The women, however, can always suck some honey, however slenderly provided, out of a performance where there is a big attendance. There are always people to look at, and the possibility of endless discussion afterwards; something we women adore.

So I now advance my contribution to the aftermath of discussion. In my opinion the reason why people felt fatigued at a Ruth Draper programme, or found they did not want to go a second time—which happened even with some who greatly appreciated her talent and versatility—was because they had too much at one sitting of a line of entertainment of which half an hour's length is



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The distance is 11½ miles. Some 250 parcels of land had to be acquired by the City.

This right-of-way is paid for out of Hetch Hetchy bonds, but the bond interest is paid to the City by Spring Valley.

This was one of the exacting conditions that the City insisted on before approving the "water agreement" drawn up by the Railroad Commission.

By the time the Hetch Hetchy line is built from Irvington to Crystal Springs, Spring Valley will have raised Calaveras Dam and enlarged its conduit facilities in Niles Cañon, thus adding 24 million gallons daily to our water supply.

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Spring Valley met the City's demands in the proper spirit and is cooperating unreservedly in the programme of water development now well under way.

This company recognizes that municipal ownership of water has "the right-of-way" in San Francisco: meanwhile, aided by refinancing of its $22,000,000 debt, it is maintaining its policy of "useful service."

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ample. In a performance of this kind there is no continuity, no dramatic sequence. The impersonator changes from one detached sketch to the other, and even with the changes of character there is a sense of monotony. One voice, one set of features, one personality has to do it all.

There is another feature in the matter which counts, although many have overlooked it. It is that Miss Draper writes all her sketches except "Vive la France." As she is not a hrilliant writer, hut just expert in setting down the amusing foihles of the average human, there is great enjoyment to he derived from matter that needs manner to amount to anything. If we read these sketches from a hook we would find them the merest commonplace.

It is to the credit of Miss Draper that she can present such a gallery of amusing and well-executed portaits, and that her humor and dramatic ahility are such as to amuse and interest thousands and give her fame. But at present she may he said to he the victim of her own vogue. She is hound to have a host of imitators, and, although she stands at present at the top, some of them may have rival talent. She must make hay while the sun shines, cover ground in the theatrical circuits, and give an evening's programme of matter that really should occupy but half or three-quarters of an hour on a programme of high-class vaudeville.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

The coming of Kolh and Dill, opening Sunday, April 15th, is an event eagerly expected by theatre-goers. They will stay for two weeks only.

"Now and Then" has been acclaimed hy critics as the funniest vehicle Kolh and Dill have ever staged. Its timeliness of suhject has a wide appeal. The production is equipped with the best in scenery and electrical effects.

At the Curran.

Walker Whiteside will play a two weeks' engagement at the Curran Theatre opening on Sunday evening, April 15th. "The Hindu" is the title of Mr. Whiteside's thrilling mystery play of India, in which he takes the rôle of Prince Tamar. The story of exciting adventure is disclosed within the incense-steeped walls of the young Maharajah's palace. Plots against English rule among the Hindus of far-away Somnouth culminate in open revolt.

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A huge diamond known as the Moonstone is stolen from the forebead of the Moon God. This act occurs on the eve of the unveiling of the sacred shrine of the God of the Moon, and a hloody uprising of the natives seems imminent. Scotland Yard detectives from London pursue the villains, hoth native and white, to Prince Tamar's wonderful palace, where they are captured after a series of surprising adventures. The heroine, a young English girl, played hy Miss Sydney Shields, succeeds in leading the rascals into a trap which has heen set for them. Miss Shields has heen the leading lady for Mr. Walker Whiteside for several seasons. Other inportant players in the cast of "The Hindu" are Harold Vosburgh, Harold De Becker, Maude Shaw Grant, Grant Sherman, Elinor Johns, and the Hindu wonder workers, Pazumha and Deslyva. "The Hindu" is said to he elahorately equipped scenically and to he rife with Oriental costumes.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Beginning April 15th, the Orpheum will present "Spring Carnival Week." The show, composed almost entirely of headliners, has heen specially hooked for this occasion. The hill numhers among its stars Hal Skelley, the musical-comedy star; George Whiting and Sadie Burt; Max Fisher and his famous orchestra; Earl Lindsay's "Dance Creations," a stupendous revue of seven scenes; Felix Adler, the famous comedian, and Frances Ross; Haru Onuki, the Japanese prima donna, and "The Sheik."

Hal Skelley hrings his farce with music, "The Mutual Man," assisted hy Ina Williams, Eunice Sauvain, and Helen Gates.

George Whiting and Sadie Burt are a popular team of songsters, hoth of whom started their careers in San Francisco.

The appearance of Max Fisher's orchestra marks their good-hy to San Francisco, as they are hooked to play in New York and London.

Earl Lindsay's "Dance Creations" is a revue in seven scenes, headed hy Virginia Smith, the Ryan Sisters, and Walter Booth.

Haru Onuki, the popular Japanese prima donna, hrings a new programme of songs.

The identity of "The Sheik" is shrouded in mystery, and whatever it is, it comes direct from Arahia.

Don Valerio is Italy's première wire dancer, and is assisted by Theresa and Natalie, syncopated misses.

A Russian Musical Night.

Marion Fraser will play a concerto and Alexander Saslavsky will conduct in the tenth educational concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra to he given Thursday night, April 26th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The programme will he "All Russian," including Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 5 in E Minor; Ippolitow Ivanow's "Intermezzo"; three Russian folk songs hy Liadow; a Cossack dance hy Seroff, and Tschaikowsky's Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Major for pianoforte and orcbestra.

The Rosa Ponselle Recitals.

Rosa Ponselle has heen secured hy Manager Frank W. Healy for concerts on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Healy has arranged for her first recital at the Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, May 13th, and for a second recital at the Exposition Auditorium on the night of Wednesday, May 23d. Tickets for the Curran Theatre concert will he from $1 to $2.50, with $3 for hox and loge seats, and at the second concert the Exposition Auditorium will he thrown open at 50 cents to $2. William Tyroler will be Miss Ponselle's assisting artist. Tickets will go on sale Monday, April 16th, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Houdini, the conjurer, author, and hihliophile, is scheduled for two lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery, Monday afternoon, April 16th, and Thursday afternoon, April 19th, at 2 o'clock. His suhject will he "Miracle Mongers and Fraud Mediums," in which he will give the result of investigations of over twenty-five years. These lectures are of timely interest hecause of the expected visit to San Francisco in the near future of Conan Doyle. There will he no admission charge.

R. H. Hay Chapman, an eminent golf authority, will speak on "The Spirit of Golf and Its Analogy to Life" in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, April 21st, at 2:30.

Peoples Symphony Orchestra
ALEXANDER SASLAVSKY, Conductor
Thursday Night, April 26, 1923
Scottish Rite Auditorium
Soloist: MARION FRASER, Pianist
1. Symphony No. 5 in E Minor..Tschaikowsky
2. Intermezzo .....Ippolitow Ivanow
3. Concert for Piano No. 1, B Flat Minor.. .....Tschaikowsky
4. Three Russian Folk Songs.....Liadow
5. Cossack Dance .....Seroff
Best seats, $1; others, 75c and 50c (no war tax). On sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Inayat Khan will deliver lectures in the three different series that he is giving in the Paul Elder Gallery. Tuesday afternoon, April 17th, at 2:30, in the course on Sufi poets, he will lecture on "Jallal-U-Din-Rumi." Wednesday morning, April 18th, at 10:30, he will speak on "Spiritual Development by the Aid of Music." Thursday evening, April 19th, at 8:15, his suhject in the series on spiritual philosophy will he "The Lost Word."

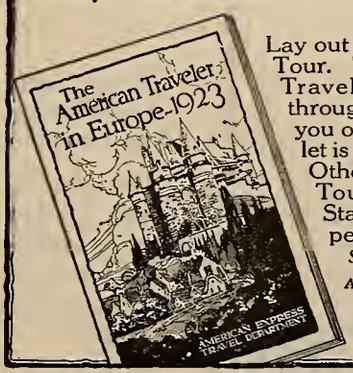
Hugh Walpole to Lecture.

Hugh Walpole, the English novelist and critic, is to lecture at the Plaza Theatre under direction of Paul Elder. Mr. Walpole is well known for his graphic stories of English social life, and is prohahly still more famous for his novels of Russia, including "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City," which are characterized hy all the tragedy and grim fatalism that have distinguished Russian life since the Bolshevik upheaval.

Mr. Elder has made arrangements for three lectures. Monday afternoon, April 23d, at 3:15, Mr. Walpole will lecture on "Psychology and Fiction." Tuesday evening at 8:15 bis suhject will he "The Realists—Moore, Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells." The concluding lecture will be given Wednesday afternoon at 3:15, when he will speak on "Books and Friendship."

The Monterey pine and the Monterey cypress, which are limited in this country to a small district near Monterey, have heen introduced into Cape Colony, South Africa, where they are thriving and spreading.

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Fruitvale.....8:22 P. M.
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VANITY FAIR.

When society in the social capital of the nation, New York, had been deleted and delimited by the late Ward McAllister to a mere 400, it was sufficient distinction to be one of them. It did not seem to mortify the spirit at all. It soothed the soul of ambition and preened the feathers of vanity. When publicity fell off, an occasional baboon dinner got all the papers going on society news again. But times have changed. The Pittsburgh crowd has entered, to match the clear water of its wives' blue white diamonds with those of the old Dutch aristocrats and the transportation magnates. The Oklahoma oil crowd is on the way. The mysterious committee that sorts the names for the Social Register has so extended that inspired work that there is no difficulty in picking out 3000 and designating them "Society." Now, it is a distinction to be one of 400, but not of 3000, and inasmuch as the itch for distinction is one of the main motives of conduct, those that have lost it by becoming part of the 3000 find themselves forced to achieve or recover it by the performance of something useful. Monkey dinners are worn out, chow dogs have grown so common that paying a few thousand dollars for one is not regarded as a daring extravagance. So the urge to scintillate expresses itself in charity doings, in drama for worthy objects, and, perhaps saddest of all, even in work. We now have artists that are elevated social lights, throwing beams that cast their shadow over the rest of the 3000. Some day there may even be contractors or merchants within the enchanted ring. And actors. The dramatic performances New York society has been staging of late are practically certain to uncover talent and develop ambition to wear the buskins and tread the boards. Unfortunately for the theatrically ambitious, it is no longer easy to go down to Mr. Belasco or to Mr. Dillingham and get a trial carrying a shield in a Roman procession or shouting in a mob. The processions and mobs have been cut out of plays because of the difficulties with actors' unions, and even the scene shifters have been reduced, by the expedient of having plays written so they can be performed in one permanent set. But as for art, pictorial and plastic, that is going strong.

Most readers hereabouts are familiar with the work as a sculptor of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Gertrude Vanderbilt. She had some extraordinary work in our Exposition in 1915. Unless it has been removed lately, a fountain group of bers stands in the entrance to our Fine Arts Palace. (And, by the way, the Hillside Club of Berkeley has just presented the architect of that matchless building, Bernard R. Maybeck, and his wife with an illuminated diploma of honorary life membership, they having been among the first members of the club, whose building Maybeck designed.) Mrs. Whitney's latest achievement is heralded from Paris—a group to be placed in the Hotel des Invalides, portraying "The Spirit of the Red Cross." It is said that in this group Mrs. Whitney has idealized the head of her son, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, who was married a little over a month ago to Miss Marie Norton, in Paris, after having had certain entanglements in the form of a million-dollar breach of promise suit, brought against him by a toe-dancer with a Texas husband, cleared away by a sagacious judge. The group does not show anything about the toe-dancer episode, and judging from the newspaper pictures, idealizing the head was not a waste of artistic effort. Young Mr. Whitney has returned to this country and is playing good golf at White Sulphur Springs, which would indicate a return to full command of hand and eye. Other society persons are going in strong for art. Messrs. Paul D. Cravath and George W. Wickersham are mentioned as members of the board of advisors of the Art Students' Tour, which will depart for Europe on June 30th. Mr. Frederick H. Allen, the Misses Eleanor G. and Sarah Cooper Hewitt, and Mr. Charles H. Sherrill are the patrons of an undertaking to make the Palais Lauzon a home for art students in Paris. Still, many stick to the jumpers at Belmont Park and rely for thrills on the art of picking winners; which is quite an art in itself, as anybody can testify that has tried to augment his fortunes that way.

Among the society personages that have achieved fame in art is a name of interest to Californians—that of Mr. A. Sheldon Pennoyer, formerly of Oakland, son of one of the founders of the retail establishment of Taft & Pennoyer. He is a brother of Mr. Richard E. Pennoyer, and of Mr. Paul Pennoyer, who recently married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan. These are the sons of Mrs. Albert Adams Pennoyer, who it is said will henceforth make her home with her son, A. Sheldon, in New York. He is a painter of promise and budding achievement. Intending to be an architect, he suddenly found himself picked out for his talent with the brush, through an exhibition of paintings. When the Germans invaded Belgium he was a student at the Beaux Arts, and promptly joined the camouflage section of the French army. The medley of futurism and cubism then threatening the sanity of art in France found a sudden and real utility in disguising guns and camions, and this section attended to the deception. Later in the war Mr. Pennoyer transferred to the American overseas forces. His part in the recent exhibition was characterized by some vital studies of battlefields, either sketched or invented while in actual service. These things seem to have made a deep impression. The critics have been kind. One painting called "Picardy Trenches" was described as "a dramatic conception of a serpent-like and seemingly endless trench over a flat country," while his "Château de Genury" is called "an equally powerful impression of destruction." There are portraits and landscapes of merit. Among the portraits is a study of his sister-in-law, Lady Winifred Pennoyer, and one of the nine-year-old Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, step-son of the artist's brother, Richard, and a godson of King George and Queen Mary. Another is a study of Canon Carnegie of Westminster Abbey, husband of the former Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who was Miss Endicott of Boston. Altogether it looks as though the young artist would have plenty of work to do this spring and summer, and if collections are good he should be able to get through next winter without difficulty.

All shades of nut, champagne, and beige stockings are worn with colored shoes.

Upholstering the Ribs.

At ahout this season of the year you bear a lot of New York women being in the doctor's care or else undergoing reducing treatments, says William Johnston in the Washington *Star*. It is small wonder, for at a luncheon and bridge given for sixteen women in a Riverdale mansion not long ago here is what the women bad to eat: Bronx cocktails with cheese canapes, ambrosia of fresh strawberries, oranges, and grapefruit; chicken broth with croutons, bran muffins and French rolls, with celery, olives and nuts; baby broilers, sweet potatoes cooked in sherry, new potatoes browned, new peas and beans; endive salad with Russian dressing and cheese balls, sticks of puff paste served with it; pistache ice-cream with little cakes, coffee. They got up from the table at 2:30 and at 4:30 tea was served with huge slices of chocolate layer cake. After which they rode home in their motors to dinner.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Little Jane was cuddling a family of kittens n her arms. "Kitties, dear," said the little girl, "I know your mamma and your older brothers and sisters, but I've never seen your daddy. I 'spect he must be a traveling man, ike Papa."

The vaudeville performer had done that old trick of striking a match on his partner's beard. "Now, how did he do that?" said a girl in the audience to her escort. "Oh, that's dead easy," he answered lightly; "you see the other fellow's whiskers are sandy."

H. J. Hughes, George Low's partner, says his favorite golf story is the one about the golfer who died and took the elevator going down. The devil welcomed him and showed him over the most beautiful course he had ever seen. The golfer was delighted. "Where are the cluhs?" he inquired. "There aren't any," said the devil. "That's the hell of it."

General Armstrong Githens of Denver said in an address before the American Legion: 'Don't be surprised that some people object to your bonus. You remember, no doubt, the grocer who snarled, as the young hero of Belleau Wood limped out from the grocery on his crutches with a half-pound of sugar under his arm: 'That hoy deserves credit for his surpassin' bravery, but I wish to goodness he'd stop comin' to my shop to git it.'"

"Speaking of dumb-bells," said a recently returned traveler from the nation's capital, "there was one that picked me out to be her heik at a diplomatic dinner. If Cleopatra had dressed like her she needn't have got that snake to sting her to death—she'd have died of pneumonia first. And she thought the Lincoln family was Jewish because they named their son Abe."

Jones' wife was away and the cook had just left. He was faced with the task of getting breakfast unaided. But not for nothing was he known as a resourceful man. Going to the telephone he hailed "central" with, "Hello, operator, say, my wife and the cook are both gone. Will you please tell me how long to boil the coffee?"

In an old school arithmetic written by the president of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association in 1857, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, are several problems like this: "A wine merchant mixed together forty gallons of wine at 80 cents a gallon, twenty-five gallons of brandy at 70 cents a gallon, and fifteen gallons of wine at $1.50 a gallon. What is the value of the mixture?" The answer is "Priceless."

The coroner's jury was trying to decide whether the dead carpenter had been killed by the falling joist that knocked him off the staging at the tenth-floor level, or hy the concussion when he struck the ground. A brickyer who had been at work on the fifth-floor level settled it. He testified: "He was livin' when he went past me, fer I heard him say, 'How fer the bump!'"

It was Donald's first experience in grown-up church, though the little chap had attended Sunday-school. When the collection was being taken, his father placed the weekly family offering in the plate. The pew was a short one, and no other contribution was received from it. This aroused Donald's curiosity, and he blurted out, with all the eagerness of childhood trying to understand: "Pa, did you have to pay for the whole row?"

According to a Charleston paper, a youth who expressed a desire for adventure was asked: "Why don't you join Captain X's expedition? He's looking for recruits for his revolutionary operations in Guatemala." "I haven't got the price of a passage to Guatemala." "The captain furnishes you passage and equipment free." "Then I'm on. But how about his furnishing my passage back?" "Don't worry about that. One doesn't come back."

Senator Lodge, speaking of the difficulty of making the McKinley managers in '96 come out unambiguously for the gold standard, said: "Their original gold standard plank was like a schoolboy's answer to the question, 'Who was the greater general, Cæsar or Hannibal?' The schoolboy wrote: 'When we consider the times in which these great generals lived, the conditions under which they struggled, the people over whom they ruled, and the difficulties under which they fought, we are compelled to answer in the affirmative.'"

It was a lurid British melodrama, according to *Tit-Bits*, and one of the characters, a king, was haranguing his son. "Come," said the king, "let us go into the 'ouse." "Did you hear that?" said a man in the stalls to his companion. "He said 'ouse." Overhearing the remark, and fixing the interrupter with his eye, the king advanced to the footlights and exclaimed: "Yes, I said 'ouse! Do you think as 'ow a king would live in apartments?"

The story described its heroine as a dumpling sort of woman. The teacher paused and asked for a description of a dumpling sort of woman. "She would be rather tall and thin," suggested a pupil. The teacher, suspecting spoofing, hurriedly brought the inquiry to a close. "No," she snapped, "the lady would be short and plump—like a dumpling." "Oh, yes," said the youngster with relief, "I was thinking of a noodle."

The chemistry professor was trying to impress his students with the importance of observation. Picking up a pot of more than usually odoriferous chemicals, he thrust his hand into it and licked a finger. "Taste of it, gentlemen," he commanded, passing the pot from student to student. After each had sampled its contents, and gagged, the professor laughed in triumph. "I told you so!" he shouted. "You need to develop the faculty of observation. If you had observed you would have seen that the finger I stuck in the pot was not the finger I stuck in my mouth."

A negro in one of the Southern States was arrested for speeding. "How fast were you going, Rastus?" inquired the judge. "Tol'able fast," opined Rastus. "Thirty miles?" "Yassah, I wuz goin' moh dan dat. Oh, yassah, I wuz goin' moh dan forty. I wuz goin' seventy. Oh, yas, I wuz goin' all of seventy, jedge." "What kind of a car have you?" "A Ford." "Preposterous," said the judge; "you couldn't go seventy miles in a Ford. That's impossible!" "Oh, no, sah, tain't impossible atall. I always makes ma seventy. Dis is a special kind of Ford, jedge. It's got a Ford body and Pierce-Arrow glands."

"I hear a lot of praise being bestowed on the old stock companies," remarked David Belasco recently. "Well, the old stock companies were all right in their rough and ready way. They'd hardly go down with us nowadays. Once in the '80s I dropped in at a stock performance in a Western town. The company had a score of plays in its repertoire and this play I had dropped in on went very raggedly. In the third act climax the hero forgot his part, and after an embarrassing silence of about two minutes, hissed audibly to the prompter: 'What's the line?' And the prompter hissed back from his little box, 'What's the play?'"

There was a great deal of friendly rivalry between the captain and the chief engineer of a certain Atlantic liner. Finally, an argument on the inevitable subject, which one the ship could more easily dispense with, was concluded by an agreement to swap places for a day. The engineer ascended to the bridge and the skipper dove into the engine room. Three-quarters of an hour later, the yarn goes, the captain emerged from his lowly retreat black with soot and with a temper obviously the worse for wear. "Chief," he yelled to his engineer, "you'll have to come down here. I can't seem to make her go." "No wonder," said the engineer gloomily; "she's ashore."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Lay of Ancient Egypt.

A sporty king was Two-tank-amen,
Much beloved of Egypt's barmen.
He always took his strong potation
With unvaried duplication;
Tankards two of every liquor,
Foreign blend, or home-brewed kicker.
Hence the name of "Two-tank-amen"
Given him by Egypt's star-men.
(Spelling changed in lapse of ages
To "Tut-ankh-amen" by the sages,
Just because it looks more classic,
Has a flavor near-Jurassic).
He never heard of prohibition,
Or Volstead act of inhibition;
But quaffed the fruit of Egypt's vintage
And reckoned not its high percentage.
'Twas thus he passed his days uproarious
Until he joined the heavenly chorus.
He passed away at one and twenty.
"Crowner" said 'twas drink o'er plenty.
And they buried him in Luxor—
Buried him without his uxor,
But with all his royal trappings,
Food and drink and princely wrappings,
Autos, Fords, and lion couches,
Pipes, cigars, tobacco pouches,
All things for a spirit needful
That had spent a life so speedful.
As they left the Pharaoh's mummy,
Bone-dry at last, and somewhat gummy,
Sang his barmaids and his barmen
This most fitting farewell carmen—
"Here's to thee, O Two-tank-amen!
Friend of Egypt's humble barmen:
May'st thou never want for whisky,
Thou who wert so blithe and frisky.
Never slake thy thirst at Marah,
Never dwell in dry Sahara!
Two-tank-amen, Two-tank-amen,
Two-tank, Two-tank, Two-tank—Amen."

—*George H. Hubbard in Judge.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Lucille Byington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byington of Healdsburg, to Mr. Theodore Schlueter, Jr., son of Mrs. Theodore Schlueter of Oakland, has been announced.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Stanley Tinning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tinning, to Mr. James Goodman Noyes of Napa will take place on April 14th at the home of the bride's parents in Martinez.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Buckbee, daughter of Mr. Samuel Griggs Buckbee, to Mr. John Boyden, son of Mrs. E. B. Boyden of Kansas City, took place on April 3d at Trinity Church.

Mr. George Hearst, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, was married on April 2d to Miss Blanche Wilhur, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Wilhur of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The marriage of Miss Imogen Cheney of San Rafael to Mr. Laurence McNear, son of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine B. McNear of San Rafael has been announced.

The marriage of Miss Cornelia Emerson Ripley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ripley, to Mr. Frederick Barreda Sherman, son of the late Dr. Harry Sherman of San Francisco, took place at the English Chapel in Paris, April 9th.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ehright gave a dinner and theatre party on Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey gave a dinner last Friday at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Powell were hosts at a family supper on Easter Sunday in compliment to Mrs. Powell's grandmother, Mrs. Frances H. Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick entertained a few friends at a dinner and theatre party, and on Wednesday of last week gave a dinner-dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

General and Mrs. Barnett gave a mah jongg and supper party last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour were recent hosts at a dinner given in honor of General and Mrs. Barnett.

Mrs. Henry Williar was hostess at a luncheon given at her home on Vallejo Street last week.

There was a bridge and mah jongg afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday, arranged by a numher of Bryn Mawr alumnæ as a benefit for the scholarship fund for the Bryn Mawr School for women workers in industry.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a small dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. George Barnett was hostess at a mah jongg party last week.

Mrs. Charles Shiels entertained at a luncheon given on Thursday of last week at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Admiral and Mrs. Sims were the guests of honor at a dinner given in Palo Alto hy Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Amhler Curran gave a dinner last week at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mrs. John Stearns Staats, who has lately returned from Honolulu, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week hy Mrs. George Stimmel.

A large breakfast and bridge party was given on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel hy Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst.

Miss Virginia Nugent and Miss Frances Johnson, whose engagements have been announced, shared the honors at a large luncheon given hy Miss Rosalie Howard, a cousin of Miss Frances Johnson, at her home on Gough Street.

Mrs. Dixwell Davenport gave a luncheon recently at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Peter B. Kyne was the honored guest recently at a luncheon given hy Mrs. John H. Rosseter.

Mrs. William Hurlburt Morrow gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Katherine Carton, who has lately returned from Europe.

Mrs. Florence Brown gave a luncheon last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Captain and Mrs. George W. Landenherger were hosts at a large hridge-supper recently at their home on Yerha Buena Island.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore was the motif for a farewell luncheon given recently at the Woman's Athletic Cluh by Mrs. Louis Deane.

Miss Mabel Hathaway, whose engagement to Mr. Louis Jefferys has been announced, was the guest of honor at a hridge party last Friday given by Mrs. Arthur Sihley.

A large no-host dinner was given last Saturday night at the Hotel Rafael. The dinner was chaperoned by Mrs. George Beardsley.

Mrs. Ernest Gunther, wbo went East last Saturday with Lieutenant Gunther, gave a small farewell luncheon hefore her departure.

Mrs. John Merrill was the guest of honor at a large reception given last Saturday hy Mr. Charles Holhrook at his home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. A. M. Buchanan and her daughter, Miss Linda Buchanan, gave a large luncheon on Friday of last week at the Francisca Cluh.

Miss Katherine Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bradley of San Rafael, was hostess at a hridge and supper party on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg was the honored guest at a large luncheon given last week at the Fairmont Hotel hy Mrs. Dorothea Klumpke Roherts, D. Sc. There were many trihutes paid to Mrs. Lowenherg's activities in various organizations in which she has held important places for many years.

Captain Arthur Garland, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Garland, who have recently returned from Santa Barbara, were the guests of honor at a hridge-supper given at the Presidio hy Major Allen Fletcher, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fletcher.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Francis Fitzgerald gave a hridge-supper at their home at the Presidio last week in honor of Captain and Mrs. Wallace Trnmhull and Captain and Mrs. Garland.

Mrs. Harry Hush Magee will give a hridge party on Wednesday next at her home in Oakland in honor of Miss Flora Edwards.

Miss Jean Boyd gave a luncheon recently at the Woman's Athletic Cluh in honor of Miss Dorothy Quinn of New York, who has been visiting California with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a theatre party on the opening night of "The Wheel of Life" at the Columbia Theatre.

The Junior Branch of the Ladies' Relief Society, of which Miss Elizaheth Magee is president, will give a large henefit theatre party in Oakland on Monday next. A number of dinners will precede the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger celehrated the second anniversary of their marriage last week. Mrs. Phleger was Miss Mary Elena Macondray hefore her marriage.

Mrs. J. B. Havre will give a luncheon on Tuesday next at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Dorothy Jordan gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Howard McCandless at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Erneste Smith, at the Presidio.

The annnal Wild Flower Tea-Dance was held last Saturday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis, and a numher of tahles were laid for patrons of the affair.

Mrs. Joseph M. Mastern gave a tea on Saturday at her home on Washington Street for her daughter, Miss Kathryn Masten, who has been spending the Easter holidays with her parents and who returned to La Jolla last Monday.

On Sunday last several of the young bachelors of society in San Rafael gave a launch picnic.

Mrs. C. F. Richter gave a tea on Wednesday last at the Town and Country Cluh.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury gave a dinner-dance on Saturday last at Tait's-at-the-Beach for their son, Mr. Taylor Pillshury, who has heen attending St. Mark's School in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Taylor gave a party last Saturday night in honor of Miss Mabel Hathaway and her fiancé, Mr. Louis Jefferys.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley were hosts at a dinner-dance given at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Annette Rolph and her fiancé, Mr. Percival Symes.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Easton of Idaho, who are making a short stay in San Francisco, were the complimented guests at a dinner given last Friday evening hy Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten gave an Egyptian dinner last week for their daughter, Miss Kathryn Masten, who has been at home for the past week.

The Ballard Collection of Oriental Rugs.

The James Franklin Ballard collection of Oriental rugs now on exbibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art, Palace of Fine Arts, bas been presented to the Metropolitan Museum in New York by Mr. Ballard, and will be permanently installed there immediately upon leaving this city.

In the exhibition are rugs from three main sources—Persia, Asia Minor, and the Caucasus—with which Mr. Ballard bas built up a collection famous for its quality and completeness in representing tbe various important types of Near Eastern weaves.

Director J. Nilsen Laurvik of tbe San Francisco Museum of Art is bringing to tbis city the noted lecturer from the Metropolitan Museum, Arthur Urbane Dilley, wbo will deliver in the Palace of Fine Arts bis New York Museum lectures on "Rugs and Civilizations of Asia." Tbe series, whicb will begin on Sunday afternoon, April 15th, and will be given daily, will include lectures on rug weaving and weavers; ancient Asia; prayer, mosque, and tomb rugs; Chinese and Samarkand rugs; Turkoman, Caucasian, Asia Minor rugs; Persian rugs, and India and Spanisb rugs.

San Francisco is indebted to the following puhlic-spirited citizens for the opportunity of seeing this important collection of rugs: Walter S. Martin, Laurance I. Scott, Charles Templeton Crocker, George A. Pope, William C. Van Antwerp, Léon Bocqueraz, Sidney Ehrman, James D. Pbelan, Jacob Stern, William H. Crocker, Francis Carolan, Edwin Raymond Armsby, William Fitzbugb, E. S. Heller, Reuben Brooks Hale, D. G. Davis, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, the Misses Helen and Isabel Cowell and the Emporium.

A great deal of Australia is potential cotton country, Queensland, in particular. But owing to the Australian aversion to black and yellow lahor, the industry has never been capitalized.

A hitherto unknown posthumous opera of Tscbaikovsky, entitled "Peter," and with a German libretto, has been discovered in Berlin.

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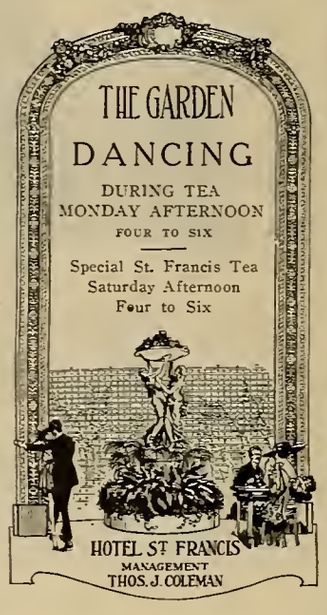
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cohh Hale and their son, . Prentiss C. Hale, Jr., are in Pasadena and l return shortly to their home in San Fran-o before going to Shasta Springs, where they l pass the summer.

Mrs. Walter Foster and her daughter, Miss len Foster, left for New York last week to he ent for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White of Bur-ame have returned from Santa Barbara and ect to leave for Seattle on May 1st. From re they will start for an Alaskan cruise in their ht.

Mrs. Clara Huntington Perkins, who went to ope last winter, is at present in Rome, where is studying art.

Mrs. Grace Russell Hutton has returned from thern California to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hill Tennent of Bryn Mawr, nsylvania, who have been visiting Mrs. Ten-t's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Maddox of lesto, left on the *President Lincoln* for Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have gone to u Robles for a short stay.

mong those at Del Monte for the polo tour-ent are Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Wallace xander and friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark erance.

Mrs. Stanley Stillman, accompanied hy her ghter, Miss Lisa Stillman, sailed for Honolulu week.

Mr. Edward Duplessis Beylard and his daughter, s Sophy Beylard, have returned from their nt visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Harry Sherman, who left for the East with step-son Mr. Barreda Sherman and passed the Easter holidays with her daughter, Miss Lucia Sherman, will soon return to California. In June Mrs. Sherman and Miss Isahel Sherman will go East to he present at the graduation of Miss Lucia Sherman at Vassar and will leave for Europe soon afterwards.

Admiral Sims and Mrs. Sims, after a short visit to Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle at Palo Alto, have gone to Southern California on their way to their home in the East.

Mrs. Lawrence Redington has returned from a short trip to the Hawaiian Islands and will remain in San Mateo until the summer.

Mrs. Ward Barron, who has been traveling in Europe for the past year, has returned to San Francisco and is with her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery left on Tuesday for their country place in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Louis Parrott, who has gone abroad, is now in London and will go later to the south of France.

Mrs. W. S. Porter will close her house on Jackon Street next month and will go abroad for the summer.

Mr. William W. Crocker entertained a house party over the last week-end at his home at Pehble Beach. The party was chaperoned hy Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch.

Mrs. George Barnett will go to Europe in June to join her daughters, Mrs. Robert Dickey and Miss Anne Gordon, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, who have been spending a week at Pehble Beach, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Miss Katherine Carton of Sausalito has returned from Europe, where she has been at school in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor left on Wednesday for their country home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. George P. Moody is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George W. Landenherger, on Yerha Buena Island.

Rear-Admiral William H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Bullard have arrived in San Francisco from China and are staying at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heehner of New York are spending a few weeks in San Francisco and are visiting Mrs. L. C. Bresse at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Bland, in Baltimore returned from the East last Sunday.

Mr. Francis Carolan, who has gone to Southern California, will spend several weeks at El Mirasol in Santa Barhara.

Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gunther left last Saturday for Memphis, Tennessee, where they will visit Lieutenant Gunther's parents.

Mrs. George T. Cameron left for New York on Tuesday last.

Miss Helen Holman, who has been in Santa Barhara for several months, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman, at their apartment in Stanford Court.

Mrs. John Johns has joined Mrs. Francis Newlands at her home in Washington, D. C.

Captain Arthur Garland, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Garland, formerly stationed at the Presidio, have recently returned to San Francisco from Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore left on Saturday last for Texas, where she will visit her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Quinn of New York, accompanied hy their daughter, Miss Dorothy Quinn, and their son, Mr. Benedict Quinn, who have been traveling in California, have returned to their home in the East. After visiting in Santa Barhara, they were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor in Piedmont.

Mrs. Eleanor Pratt has gone to Europe and later on will join Mrs. Clara Huntington Perkins in Rome.

Miss Carol Farr of Detroit, who has been visiting Miss Adrienne Sharp, has rejoined her parents in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, who have been spending the Easter vacation in New York with their daughter, Miss Helen Marye, will shortly come to California to pass the summer at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. S. L. Gump has been making a short visit to Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill and their children, who have been on a motor trip in Southern California, have returned to San Francisco and are with Mrs. Hill's father, Mr. William Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, who has been in Europe for several months, sailed for New York on Sunday last, and will shortly arrive in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bandini Winston, who have been living in San Francisco since their marriage, will make their future home in Los Angeles and will leave for that city next month.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has been passing the winter in New York, will arrive in San Francisco this month, and will visit her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell.

Mr. DeWitt Peters, who went East recently, has joined his brother, Mr. Rollo Peters, in New York, and later will go abroad with his father, Mr. Charles Rollo Peters.

Mrs. Ellsworth Van Patten, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, at their home on Green Street, left on Monday to join her husband, Commander Van Patten, at Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Easton of Idaho are making a short stay in San Francisco.

Death of Mrs. Robert Hooker.

Mrs. Robert Hooker (Elizabeth Shreve), whose death within the week has saddened a wide circle, was representative of the qualities that dignify and ennoble womanhood. It is not too much to say that she was an embodiment of the domestic virtues. While her interests were mainly centered within the four walls of home, she had her part in the activities that yield grace and charm to community life. Her gift was a rare one—nothing less than the pure gold of common sense; and to the test of common sense she brought every issue presented to her as daughter, wife, mother, friend. A career so defined hy character, so ordered hy taste and so dedicated under a fine sense of obligation has few annals. None the less it makes contribution to the essential dignities of human society.

A. H.

Death of Austin Tubbs.

A notable death of the week is that of Austin Tubbs, age thirty-one, eldest son of Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie of San Francisco and Santa Barhara. Mr. Tubbs' father was Austin C. Tubbs, whose death occurred some ten or more years ago. His grandfather was Alfred L. Tubbs, pioneer and founder of the manufacturing enterprise that bears his name. On the maternal side Mr. Tubbs' grandfather was the late Drury J. Tallant, pioneer financier, long since deceased.

Austin Tubbs was associated with the Tubbs Manufacturing Company, of which he was a director, and he was upon the point of sailing for Manila to assume management of a subsidiary plant recently acquired by the Tubbs Company. He is survived by his wife *(nee* Bailey) and two young children. In the period of the war Mr. Tubbs did notable service in France. His application to enlist in the American forces in 1917 was rejected on account of defective vision. Unwilling to accept this adverse verdict, he volunteered for ambulance service and carried himself in it with a gallantry that won transference to regular military assignment in the Second Engineer Corps. He served in that capacity during the remainder of the war, and it was his hard fortune to be both wounded and gassed. After a period in hospital he was assigned to service in Paris, and held there for several months following the armistice. Upon his return home Mr. Tubbs associated himself with the manufacturing enterprise that hears the family name and was at the time of his death in full tide of an active and promising business career. Austin Tubbs was greatly loved by those who knew him well, and his death has shocked and grieved a wide circle.

At the St. Francis.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis April 9th. She had as her guests Mrs. Harry H. Scott, Mrs. Milo Potter, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Richard Heiman, Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Alanson Weeks and Mrs. Edith Preston Drown.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman entertained a few friends and Mrs. John H. Rosseter was hostess to one of the smaller groups at the St. Francis last Monday.

Cheaper Air Fares.

Very soon the air fare between London and Amsterdam is to he reduced from £6 6s to £4 15s, says the London *Times*. The reduction is a result of the successful operation of this new airway hy the Royal Dutch Air Service during the last twelve months and of economies effected in the cost of running. The rate for goods air-borne between London and Holland will be reduced from 10d to 6d per pound. The Royal Air Service will open an airway, early in the spring, from London to Copenhagen. Fokker monoplanes, seating eight to ten passengers, driven hy the British Napier engine, are to he used on this route, and will cover the distance between London and Copenhagen in a single day.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Heaven help those who help others to help themselves!—*Seattle Argus.*

Enthusiast—She's a past mistress of *legato*. *Dowager*—Dear me, those fickle Italians.—*Life.*

"They say the first man was found in India." "Yea? Who found him?"—*Columbia Jester.*

Co—Do you think that betting on foothall games is wrong? *Ed*—The way I het is.—*Denver Porrokeet.*

Teacher—Johnny, how old is a person who was horn in 1894? *Jahnny*—Man or woman?—*Michigon Gargoyle.*

"Pretty divorcée wishes to be married. Excellent recommendations from former hushands."—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

Caller—Is the editor in? *Office Boy*—No. *Caller*—Well, throw this poem in the wastehasket.—*Nebrosko Awgwan.*

"I've come to fix that old tuh in the kitchen." "Oh, mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook!"—*Horvard Lampoan.*

Golfer—Ahsolutely shocking! I've never played so hadly hefore. *Caddie*—Oh! You 'ave played hefore, then!—*London Moil.*

Agatha—Mrs. Priestly is a gorgeous hridge player. *Horriett*—Yes, hut what other qualifications has she for a rector's wife?—*Judge.*

Tragedy Queen (discovering the charwoman making free with the port wine)—Go woman! Never whiten my doorstep again!—*London Moil.*

Motor Cap—You were doing forty, ma'am. *Yaung Thing*—Forty—oh, was I? Well, you were doing as much yourself—so there!—*Princeton Tiger.*

She—I like your impudence! I haven't quite reached the hargain counter yet. *He*—You would be a hargain on any counter.—*Baston Evening Tronscript.*

Sergeont (taking particulars of o wanted man)—Height 'bout five-foot-ten, thin huild, sandy 'air. Now wot's the color of 'is eyes? *Landlord*—Bloodshot.—*Punch.*

How a cynic in the *Star* hits off the situation in Egypt as it strikes the looker-on: B. C. 1100—Funeral rights. A. D. 1923—Cinema rights.—*Glosgow Bulletin.*

"Isn't it remarkable what they are finding in King Tutankhamen's tomh?" "Yes, and there, at least, one is sure that the furniture is antique."—*Paris L'Illustrotion.*

Bess—The trouhle ahout Clarence is that every time he comes to see me he tells everything he knows. *Tess*—And then what do you do the rest of the evening?—*Judge.*

Visitar—What does the chaplain do here? *Freshman*—Oh, he gets up in the chapel every morning, looks over the student hody, and then prays for the college.—*Lehigh Burr.*

Chivalry has been described hy a cynic as the nohle quality in a man that makes him considerate of any woman who is heautiful and isn't married to him.—*London Tit-Bits.*

She—Was that your roommate we just passed? *He*—Why, no. I don't even know him. *She*—That's funny. He gave that suit you have on an awful scrutiny.—*Boston Tronscript.*

Husband—How are you doing the portrait? *Artist*—In oil. *Husband*—In oil? That's not sufficient. If you want to bring out her real character you had hetter put on some vinegar.—*Paris Le Rire.*

When the Rev. Percy Grant said that he refuses "to he a parrot and merely repeat what is in the Bible," he must have had in mind a very different kind of parrot from ours.—*Boston Transcript.*

Susan, a New York child who had never lived outside a flat, visited her grandmother in the country. Asked on her return what she liked hest, she replied: "Going upstairs to bed."—*New York Sun.*

"I am happy to know that my establishment was recommended to you hy one of my former hoarders." "Yes, indeed, ma'am; I'm trying to get thin, you see, and he advised me to come here."—*Madrid Buen Humar.*

In reply to the query, "Who hrought gifts to the Infant Jesus?" which appeared on the Scripture examination paper of a Skegness school, one pupil appended: "Mr. Frankincense and Mr. Myrrh."—*Christion Life.*

Strennous Yaung Waman (turning down a praposal af marriage)—I must have a caveman who, club in hand, will heat me into suhmission. *Young Mon*—Well, look here. What about a round of golf next Saturday?—*Punch.*

The Frenchman—You told me zat ze words "sight" and "vision" vair ze same. *His Friend*—Sure they are. *The Frenchman*—Well, mon Dieu! Why did my girl give me ze—vat you call?—razzherries when I call her a "sight"?—*Yale Record.*

Harvord Graduote—The memhers of my class who have married have had an average of a little less than two children. *Vassor Graduote*—Isn't that remarkahle? The married women of my class have averaged almost three. I wonder what that proves. *Harvard Graduote*—Oh, not much. Simply that women have more children than men.—*Life.*

A Southern California Idea.

I think this ought to be reported to the Helpful Hints department of some of the household puhlications that use such, but inspirations are scarce today and so here goes:

My wife got a New Year's card from Miss Lulu Withers and it was inclosed in an envelope and all the writing was on the envelope, leaving the card with only the printed greeting.

My wife says Miss Lulu always sends them that way, so if her recipients like they can save them over till the next New Year's and use them again.—*Los Angeles Times.*

If the Russian Influence Continues on Broadway.

Chain cigar stores giving rubles for certificates.
One-arm lunches featuring caviar.
Pavlova outing Gilda Gray as cabaret dancer.
Sanitary barber shops refusing to cut hair.
Ticket scalpers speaking their native language.
Cossacks working as mounted traffic cops.
Dance halls featuring the Fox Trotsky.
A semi-nude statue of Isadora Duncan in Longacre Square.
Chain shirt shops pushing Red shirts and neckties.
Billboards plastered with wood cuts of the Smithski Brothers.
George M. Coban taking dancing lessons from Fokine. —*N. O'H. in Life.*

War and the Zoo.

Most of the circuses in England and Europe were so hedged ahout with railroad restrictions that they went into permanent quarters to wait for peace, and Sanger's Circus in England, for instance, hired out its elephants and camels for plowing, says the New York *Herald*. As for the great zoos which had always been customers in St. George's Street, the Berlin Zoo had to kill off part of its stock and ship part of the rest of it to Denmark (although the Copenhagen Zoo already lacked sufficient food and fuel for its own stock).

The Budapest Zoo had to destroy its seals, polar bears, goats and less valuahle animals to feed its lions and wolves, and took to hreeding rats to keep its larger birds alive. The great Regent's Park Zoo in London destroyed such animals as could easily he replaced and fed suhstitute foods unfit for human consumption to the rest. And the Antwerp Zoo was practically wiped out of existence.

Two women who were riding in a street car were discussing their favorite operas, an as the conductor approached to take thei fares one of the women, handing him he fare, remarked: "I simply adore 'Carmen'! Blushing to the roots of his hair, the embar rassed conductor replied, "Try the motorman madam; he's a single man."

A woman always needs two hats whe traveling: one to wear and one to carry in band-box.—*Life.*

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Word for Mills College.

One of our most valuable educational institutions is Mills College. Not only does it confer a measure of academic distinction on the Pacific Coast, ranking with some of the more advanced female colleges of the Eastern states, but it may serve to realign our university system itself, when the time shall come to separate the tuition for men from that for women. Its president, Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, is a healthful influence in the public affairs of the vicinage, extending far beyond the college precincts. The head gardener of those precincts once looked after her admiringly and remarked: "She's always either comin' or goin'—but it's mostly goin'." She is an undoubted inspiration to her students, which is more than can be said for many a professor hereabouts, and she never insults an audience by appearing before it in an unbecoming hat, which is more than can be said for many a woman in public life. Mills College is beloved of its alumnæ, and of the Coast in general, and it is the bright particular pride of all this part of the state. It has been promised by the General Education Board (Rockefeller) $350,000, provided it can raise the balance of a million. It needs that million. A million will endow it permanently with about $50,000 a year, in addition to what it now possesses. By a lot of hard work, $525,000 has been raised. Oakland has subscribed $200,000, the alumnæ have subscribed $250,000 more, and some $37,000 has been raised on the campus by dint of dinning at everybody setting foot thereon right down to the cook. There are other items promised from other sources. But to complete the tale requires $125,000 more. It is to be hoped Mills gets it. The educational facilities of the Coast will gain greatly thereby, and that is one of the greatest of all possible gains, when those facilities are not a fraud and a mere cover for personal ambition. The young women of California will have at their disposal an even better chance for higher education than they have at present, and the money will be spent upon them. There are tuition charges, it is true, but no educational institution can maintain itself on tuition charges unless it is supported solely by the wealthy, which Mills is not and does not wish to be. It is said that the average of such charges in American colleges is about a third the cost of maintenance. If that is true, the cultural benefits of such an institution are two-thirds free gift to the students. This one deserves every encouragement, and the intelligent self-interest of this part of California could hardly serve itself better than by doing a bit for Mills.

Some Futile Sobs.

For one more great effort to uplift humanity at Sacramento many sobs of the sob sisters would appear to have been sobbed in vain. The judiciary committee of the assembly, living up to its name, has tabled and refuses to remove from the table and report to the assembly, the bill introduced by a former Hearst reporter to make murder safer and innocence less so by abolishing capital punishment. Innocent persons in this state are better life risks than they were when this bill was pending—murderers are poorer ones. We shall continue, for a time at least, to show more concern, legally, for the lives of persons that have never murdered anybody than for the lives of those that have. And that seems fair.

We do not mean that committing murder has been made as inconvenient as it should be—our ignorant and sentimental juries prevent that by swallowing the humbug of the attorneys for the defense. But at least the murderer will have to take a sporting chance with his own life, and it is not a thing he likes to contemplate as an incident of the lethal art. And so he will, in many cases, be encouraged to refrain; in how many cases it is not possible to predict. No one can say just how many murders are discouraged every year by capital punishment or just how many would be committed if it were to be abolished; for those who are restrained by fear do not report it to any particular statistical bureau. But most right-thinking persons are likely to agree that capital punishment is an effective deterrent, unless they have come under the warping influence of the statistical method of settling disputes, or have relinquished normalcy for perverted humanitarianism. The judge that passed the death sentence on one of the murderers of Nichols, the insurance agent who was killed in Southern California recently by a pair of hoodlums to whom he had given a ride, declared the deterrent effect to be the purpose of the sentence, and it is a complete justification for capital punishment, and we believe it works.

It did not, of course, work in that case. It is not to be supposed that it works perfectly—nothing does. And there are many well-meaning persons who can go back into history, and dredge you up, from conditions dissimilar and involving influences now forgotten, statistics that make them think severity of punishment has no effect on the amount of crime, and hence that hanging murderers does no good. Fortunately for us, unfortunately for the victims and those that loved them, we have had a trial of the question in a sister state during quite recent years that puts a new face on the matter. Under the influence of its socialists and sobbers, Arizona tried abolishing capital punishment, by an initiated amendment to the penal code, in 1916. This experiment with the lives of honest men ran for two years, during which the number of murders shockingly increased, to the astonishment of the sentimentalists and the disgust of practical persons. In 1918 capital punishment had to be restored. It was not found possible, however, to restore the lives of those that had been indirectly killed by the experiment. They were the numerical difference between those murdered in spite of capital punishment and the larger number murdered when prospective or potential murderers were relieved of the fear of the noose. And each was 100 per cent. dead. And he was killed, at least secondarily, by the unreflecting sentimentality that has more sympathy for one convicted murderer than for the widow and orphans of a murderer's victim.

Other states than Arizona have tried abolishing capital punishment and have repented—Missouri, Tennessee, Oregon, Washington. In some cases the effect on crime is obscured by general conditions. One state made the discouraging observation that murderers sentenced to life imprisonment served an average of eleven years and then were pardoned. Colorado abolished capital punishment in 1897, but people resorted to lynching instead, which was no more comfortable to the criminals; and much less creditable to the state, so the death penalty was restored four years later.

We do not know which condition in Colorado grieved the sentimentalists the more. We love our sentimentalists. Their motives are beautiful, though their methods are futile. But we could not do it if in order to love them it were necessary to understand them. And in this matter of the abolition of capital punishment we are driven through ignorance of their labyrinthine mental courses to the theory that their affections attach to the potential murderer rather than his possible and far more numerous victims because the murderer is a definite individual whom they can see and whose sufferings they can appreciate, whereas they are unable to imagine the possible victims of a possible murderer, or to visualize the bereavement murder causes. In other words, they are what they are because they lack imagination and the power to conceive of human interests in general terms. And having offered this charitable explanation, we hope they will labor to deserve our further kindness. Meanwhile we understand perfectly that they still have many blessings to offer us, and in their bosoms many sobs that are still unsobbed.

We learn from experience; not by the "I-should-think" method. The Arizona experiment is one of the most enlightening experiences in penology. It is close, and recent. It confirms common sense; and thereby disappoints the gentle enthusiasts that like to think tigers can be made kind and considerate by feeding them vegetables. It also disappoints the sort of assemblyman that tries to build his political fortunes on humbug and the sort of newspaper that tries to build its circulation by what one candid publisher called "raising hell."

The Battle from Afar.

Some of President Harding's statements since his return to Washington from Florida, and some of the remarks of his Cabinet advisers, are beginning to demonstrate the peace-time Administration programme as distinguished from that sort of "war-time" programme which is present when Congress is in session. The Administration purposes to carry on without regard to the presidential campaign of next year, but with keen regard to the sort of campaign it will have to wage at next winter's session. That campaign has begun.

The radical bloc is busy and has been busy ever since adjournment, framing up its programme and advertising its designs. The Administration has begun to fight back. Secretary Mellon has published a statement pointing out that income-tax collections for the March 15th quarter, under the new law, were $70,000,000 in excess of similar collections on March 15, 1922, under the old law, and arguing that this fact supports his

theory that a reduction of the higher surtax rates brings more money into the treasury than the old rates did.

The radical bloc asserts that it purposes at the coming session to revise the revenue laws and to restore the higher surtax rates in order that the rich may be compelled to pay a larger part of the cost of government. In other words, the radical bloc would revive the fallacious theory that tax laws drawn to afflict the rich can be successfully applied. The effect of the Mellon statement is to take the war on this question of revenue laws to the radical bloc instead of waiting for the radical bloc to carry on its offensive. The upshot probably will be that Secretary Mellon will not obtain from Congress those further reductions in surtaxes which he urges, and which really ought to be granted in the interests of the government, but, at the same time, the radical bloc will be unable to put over its scheme of increase. While various attempts will be made next winter to alter the income-tax provisions, it looks now as though none of them will be successful.

President Harding appears to see this angle of the situation quite clearly, and recently said that if he were to make any suggestions for a revision of the tax laws it would be for a general reduction of all rates, and not merely a reduction of the surtax rates. But the condition of the budget is such that manifestly the time will not arrive for a general reduction for several years. Indeed, we are going to be very lucky if we get through the present fiscal year without a deficit.

At the general meeting of government executives with the Budget Bureau in January it was estimated that the fiscal year would close on June 30th next with a deficit of $92,000,000. Happily, things have happened since, that promise to wipe this out. Tariff collections have grown beyond all expectation. When the tariff bill was in the making it was estimated that it would produce annually from $350,000,000 to $400,000,000. Immediately after the act went into effect the receipts of the custom-houses increased so rapidly that by the January budget meeting the estimate of tariff revenue was marked up to $500,000,000. Still the rate of increase continues. Tariff collections for the first nine months of the fiscal year have been in excess of $400,000,000. It now seems likely that by the end of the fiscal year $600,000,000 will have been taken in, or $100,000,000 more than was estimated in January, when the probable figure of $92,000,000 deficit was brought forward. Thus tariff collections alone promise to wipe out the deficit.

Income-tax collections, showing a great growth over the same period of the previous year, are about as anticipated. The estimate made at the January meeting of what the March 15th collections would be proved to be a reasonably accurate guess, although it was exceeded somewhat, but not enough to figure appreciably in the reduction of the once expected deficit.

In another aspect the Administration is exhibiting itself with its fighting clothes on. President Harding is not going to let go of his world court idea, even though the presumably wiser politicians of his administration are telling him it is loaded with political dynamite. He is going to talk about it, and Hughes and Hoover are going to talk about it. The *Argonaut* is informed, however, that the President is annoyed over the fact that the League of Nations enthusiasts are trying to help him win the fight. Their alliance is an embarrassment, and while Mr. Harding does not wish them any harm, he probably hopes they choke.

Mr. Hoover has his fighting togs on, too. At the Des Moines convention of the National League of Women Voters he said: "President Harding's proposal should not be condemned because it does not run the whole gamut of international coöperation. Those who criticize it because it is merely one method are the ones who on the Wednesday night of Genesis would have gone to bed with a grouch because the Creator had not made a finished job of the sun and moon, and Thursday morning would have called a mass meeting to demand more forward action."

The Farmers and the Railroads.

One of the main reasons for instituting the Interstate Commerce Commission was to take the question of railroad rates out of politics. But time always shows up artificiality, and we are confronted today with a condition that may cause the whole subject of rates and service to be dragged back into Congress—so impossible is it for a legislative scheme of regulation to escape the objections and disabilities that attach to governmental control of business. For business can not petrify. It must adapt itself to life, which is changing momentarily.

The President is aware that the railroad problem is the biggest one, internally, in the present national condition. In this the radicals agree with him, so it must be true. As to methods of solving it, "there, I ween, all semblance ends between the pair," as Byron remarked of Don Juan and Joseph, about an altogether dissimilar piece of business. The Mississippi Valley radicals feel the grievance of high rates, and there is a good deal to be said for their embattled attitude, for the rates on farm products are disproportionately high when compared to rates on industrial products. The disparity is expressed in the agrarian claim that the farmer's commodity dollar buys but 68 cents worth of transportation today, while the industrialist's dollar buys a dollar's worth; and the farmers demand that in some way this discrimination be redressed. When we think what an ire-arousing thing discrimination is, whether commercial, political, or social, and how it has been resented in the past, we can not condemn the farmers, and it is said that neither does Mr. Harding condemn them. He thinks the roads could well make reductions on certain basic commodities, including farm products, and thus encourage traffic.

But the Interstate Commerce Commission is not impressed, because the burden of such reductions, if they proved burdensome, would fall most heavily on the Western, or granger lines, while those engaged in hauling other commodities would hardly be affected at all. The commission regards this as unjust, and is disposed to rear back when it is proposed.

The situation, then, is a three-cornered one, in which the farmers, and to a certain extent the Administration itself, are endeavoring by political methods to secure that change in rates which the Interstate Commerce Commission, a quasi judicial body, in its judgment deems unwise. The farmers frankly are advocating legislation to reduce the rates on farm products. But when it gets to that point the President's position is not clearly set forth. He wants to do something for the farmers, but he has not made up his mind to take the problem away from the Interstate Commerce Commission and let Congress, to that extent, withdraw from the commission its delegated power. Nor can those that have watched the course of Congress criticize his caution. It is ill business turning over the complicated railroad question to a lot of passing politicians when a board of experts has it in hand.

The question really is one of the gravest importance. The commission was formed as a non-political, dispassionate body to determine what are and what are not just and equitable rates. It was done to get the question of railroad rates out of politics, and to put an end to discriminating abuses. The farmers are apparently dissatisfied because the arrangement does not fit their present requirements, and are willing to take a chance with Congress, as long as it looks as though they could boss it. They may do that, but if the Interstate Commerce Commission is right and their courses ruin the granger roads the country will be no better off, nor the farmers either.

A Local Centenary.

The first hundred years are the shortest according to Frederic Harrison, who held that centenaries of births should not be observed, a hundred years being a mere lifetime anyway. But though this is an excellent rule for most celebrities, who often have a tendency to longevity, it need not apply to the early California engineer and humorist, George Horatio Derby, more popularly known as "John Phœnix," who died more than a half-century ago, and who, though his memory flourishes greenly among old Westerners and 'forty-niners, has become a distant legend to younger generations. John Phœnix was what was known in earlier parlance as "something of a character." He came of a distinguished Massachusetts family, the members of which were known for their eccentricity. His father was John Barton Derby, lawyer and author, who became in the course of time and the shifts of fortune an itinerant vendor of razors and shoestrings; and George Derby, the noted sanitarian, was John Phœnix' uncle.

George Horatio Derby, the scion of this peculiar family, later to become known as a figure in early California letters, was born April 3, 1823, in Dedham, Massachusetts. Having military ambitions, our humorist-to-be secured a cadetship at West Point and was graduated in the class of '46 as brevet second lieutenant of ordnance just in time to serve in the Mexican war and be severely wounded during the siege of Vera Cruz. Incapacitated for further service in the battle of Cerro Gordo, he was given charge of the government survey for 1847-48 and conducted an "exploration" into the then wild territory of Minnesota. It was in '49 that his career as a Californian began, for in that year he had charge of the surveys of the Pacific Coast, notably the harbor of San Diego. In 1856 he became coast surveyor and lighthouse engineer, and it was while he was engaged in erecting a lighthouse on the Gulf of Mexico that he received the sunstroke which affected his sight and ultimately caused his death at the age of thirty-eight.

But, like many another possessor of dual talent, George Derby, the foremost Western engineer of the times, is less known than Derby the humorist, alias "John Phœnix." Under this pen name, and also under the typically 'forty-nine appellation of "Squibob," Derby was a constant contributor to Western papers. The immense popularity of his burlesques on frontier manners and institutions is probably best accounted for by lack of competition in the field of satire; but they nevertheless filled a rôle or rather served as a leaven in the political squabbles of the 'forties and 'fifties. To a generation innocent of social refinement, literary culture would have proved innocuous. Rough fare for rough times seems to be the ration of an all-wise Providence, and "Phœnixiana" and the "Squibob Papers" were the best sellers of their day.

But though his style was of the ponderous era when verbosity was mistaken for humor and a point had to be italicized for the naïve consumption of the early settlers, Derby had a keen and truly satiric mind. Nearly three-quarters of a century ago, when the Western press at least was literally in the cradle, Derby hit off the inevitable tendency of newspapers to overwork one illustration, candidly using the self-same cut for any number of news items—a device used by *Life*—and who shall say not inspired by Phœnix—in its recent press number. A sample of Derby's best mining camp style may not be amiss. It is taken from the "Official Report of Professor John Phœnix, A. M., of a Military Survey and Reconnaissance of the route from San Francisco to the Mission Dolores, made with a view to ascertain the practicability of connecting these points by a railroad":

> I had made arrangements to measure the length of Kearny Street by two methods; first, by chaining its sidewalks, and secondly, by a little instrument of my invention called the "Go-it-ometer." This last consists of a straight rod of brass, firmly strapped to a man's leg and connected with a system of clock-work placed on his back, with which it performs, when he walks, the office of a *ballistic pendulum*. About one foot below the ornamental buttons on the man's back appears a dial-plate connected with the clock-work, on which is promptly registered, by an index, each step taken. Of course, the length of the step being known, the distance passed over in a day may be obtained by a very simple process. . . .
>
> Judge of my surprise to find that the chainmen, having received no instructions, had simply drawn the chain after them through the streets, and had no idea of the distance whatever. Turning from them in displeasure, I took from the "Go-it-ometer" the number of paces marked, and on working the distance, found it to be four miles and a half. Upon close questioning the bearer, William Boulder (called by his associates "Slippery Bill"), I ascertained that he had been in a saloon in the vicinity, and after drinking five glasses of a beverage, known among the natives as *"Lager Bier,"* he had danced a little for their amusement. Feeling very much dissatisfied with the day's survey, I stepped out of the camp, and stopping an omnibus, asked the driver how far he thought it to the Plaza. He replied, "Half a mile," which I accordingly noted down, and returned very much pleased at so easily obtaining so much valuable information. It would appear, therefore, that "Slippery Bill," under the influence of five glasses (probably 2½ quarts) of *"Lager Bier,"* had actually danced four miles in a few moments.

Editorial Notes.

It is one of the tragedies of politics in a democracy that no officeholder can be given general credit for disinterested intentions. His acts are all supposed to be in his own favor, and designed for the purpose of getting votes to succeed himself. It tends to take the edge off interest in patriotic service, for example, to have it said of Mr. Harding that his contemplated trip to the Pacific Coast and Alaska is a mere swing around the circle to revamp his political fortunes. Persons close to him at Washington say he has lately shown annoyance at these insinuations. The trip was never contemplated as a campaign tour. That should be evident from a mere rough comparison of the density of population West and East. How many votes, for example, could he draw to himself in Alaska? He has been trying for two years to find time to make the journey, which he

planned with no regard for political effect, and now that it appears possible it is reported that interest in his trip has been diminished by aspersions on his motives. It is believed that he would rather forego the trip than rest under a charge of setting out on a vote-getting expedition. In fact, the President rather resents being considered a candidate at all just now. He can not say he is not a candidate to succeed himself, but he feels that it is entirely too early to begin conducting himself as one. And it is said that if the Coast and Alaska wish to see anything of him before the campaign begins they would better do something to create a more favorable and hospitable public sentiment.

Mr. Hoover remarks that wisdom consists not so much in knowing the ultimate as in knowing what to do next.

Laws nowadays seem less a matter of enactment than of enforcement, and if we understand Chief of Police O'Brien he will enforce the law against Marathon dancing because on some ancient day in San Francisco a Marathon dancer danced himself or herself to death. The reason seems insufficient. More than that, it seems, in the chief's mind, to work backwards. If a Marathon dancer says he could "just die dancing," why not let him do it, and save the expense of sending for the fool-killer? The real objection to Marathon dancing is not that it kills so many, but so few. Eugenics calls for a higher mortality from this epidemic.

Mayor John L. Davie of Oakland was reëlected at the primary of April 17th by a majority of about 300. Some 43,372 votes were cast. The day was rainy. The mayor says his election indicates the confidence the city has in him. Perhaps it does. Let us hope the faith of the people will be justified by the works of the mayor, and that the municipal ducks in Lake Merritt will soon be quacking happily on their new-made island, one of the main achievements of his administration.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Word of Appreciation.

Los Angeles, April 5, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* Before reading another word in your issue of March 31st, I hasten to thank and compliment you for your eminently fair and American editorial on reapportionment. Nothing on the subject could be better.

My own feeling in the matter is like yours, I trust—not that of a Southern Californian, but of a Californian. My father marched down Market Street to the civil war in 1862, one of the California Hundred, and thus spoiled my chance of being born a native son. Sincerely yours, A. C. Wheat.

A Boquet.

Vancouver, B. C., April 4, 1923.

Alfred Holman, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* There may be editorials superior to yours, but I don't know of them. I have always felt their great teachability, their almost unerring appeal of reason and fairness; their trenchant, fearless independence.

I have been following with much interest, though without full approval, your various editorials on the war debts—the British in particular. Yours faithfully, "T. B. W. L."

A Word in Rejoinder.

AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE.

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 31, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Holman: A subscriber for many years to the *Argonaut*, and whose immediate family has subscribed to it since No. 1, Volume I, made its appearance, I have for the first time seen a statement which appears to need correction. In your issue of March 10th, Mr. Morton Todd, writing under the heading "Subsidies or Ships?", states concerning the crew that there is "cause of complaint and embarrassment before the nearest American consul or commissioner, *often a politician with a soft berth in a distant city for delivering a good labor vote in Amity, Indiana, etc.*"

Being one of those "politicians" with a "soft berth," I would suggest that Mr. Todd take a trip abroad—he would not have to go further than the Mexican border, and follow one of those "vote getters" in his daily grind from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m. possibly, any day of the week, and I believe his attitude would be changed. Henry S. Waterman.

A London View of Germany.

London, April 5, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* A leading California daily of February 15th has headlines of the usual edifying nature: "Vanderlip Hits League's Foes—Forecasts Failure of French Invasion of Ruhr—Germany Unable to Pay."

But are such bald assertions true? Americans who know the Europe of today intimately, not superficially, and who have no direct pecuniary interest, believe otherwise. Witness the rare, direct statements made by Miss Anne Morgan, by the ex-service spokesmen, and by every American in Europe who is not abnormally "practical."

The truth is, I submit, that no human being *knows* whether Germany can pay the sum set unanimously by Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium in April, 1921, viz., six and a half billions of pounds. I think Germany is one of the richest countries today, with her debts practically repudiated, with men and women willing to work, and with industrial machinery intact and improved. Surely my opinion is not conclusive: nor are the views of those who think otherwise. The Kaiser and the pompous industrialist bloc are probably the best "experts" on the subject, but who would trust their findings?

France has had enough of advice and covert admonition, unaccompanied by tangible securities. She now holds ample security: the Ruhr.

Mlle. Marianne, pictured as a lovable, trusting soul, is now a stalwart feministe, disillusioned. She sees the strong chins of some of her over-the-water admirers; whereas for several years she had seen only their bright eyes and beard only their amatory voices. With her steadfast European allies she is prepared to go on quite well without overseas advice, however well meant. She will be praised some day by those whose present judgment may be warped by their business interests, or by newspaper slogans hurled at them for some reason or other, or none at all. Herbert Fitch.

The Anti-Dredging Bill.

San Francisco, April 9, 1923.

Editor the Argonaut—*Sir:* A bill is pending in the legislature to prohibit the mining of gold placers by the use of dredgers. A mining dredger is a machine, operated by power, which, by a chain of steel buckets, excavates the bottom auriferous gravel in river beds or near-by bottom lands and brings it up into the body of the machine, where it is washed for gold; and which, by long aprons, carries the débris far afield and dumps it where it can do no harm, save that it covers so much of the owner's ground. All over the world, wherever gold-bearing placers are found to be workable in no other manner, this system of mining is carried on. The reason given for the proposed legislation is that by that system the *present use* of land for agricultural purposes is destroyed for a generation or so. Quite likely that is true. Perhaps fifty acres, more or less (whether more or less is of no legal consequence), are so retired from "present use" throughout California every year, and doubtless will continue to be until the placers are worked out. But in nowise does that justify any legislation whatever. Land is retired from "present" agricultural use in many ways constantly; the acreage covered by cities, villages, public highways, railroads and public reservations is so retired; moreover, lands are sometimes withdrawn from tillage by the exercise of the public police power, as by condemnation proceedings, to subject them to some use other than agricultural.

The legislation proposed seeks to make unlawful an otherwise lawful industry, which is not a public nuisance, nor likely to become so. It is needful to note the difference between placer mining by the dredging process and placer mining by the hydraulic process. Dredger mining does not create a public nuisance, and the other system does. When mining by the hydraulic process had grown to be a public nuisance no legislative action was required to put a stop to it—the powers inherent in courts of equity were wholly adequate. The action of the courts was sought, in the last quarter of the last century, to abate hydraulic mining because the débris from hydraulic mining operations was carried into the channels of the mountain tributaries of the rivers, silting up the rivers, impeding navigation therein, covering farming lands with "slickens," to their present injury or retirement for generations from agricultural use; and because, by the silting up of the rivers, it became necessary to construct levies around cities and villages, and along river banks, to protect towns and farms against floods. For the sake of continuing a valuable industry the people had endured the nuisance as long as they could; but finally anti-débris litigation had to be instituted; and in the end, in the late '80s (per Sawyer, J., in Woodruff v. The North Bloomfield Co., *et al.*), the United States circuit court for this circuit perpetually enjoined mining by the hydraulic process, save when débris from the mines can be wholly impounded and kept out of the rivers.

The débris from gold dredging is carried over onto lands in the rear and there dumped. No appreciable silting up of rivers or streams results. Suppose that the owner of a tract of gold placer river bottom land on the Yuba River near the point where that river debouches into the plain, by himself, or with others, proceeds to mine it by the dredging method, roiling the water in his operations, but not perceptibly silting up the river—carrying his débris over and dumping it upon his high lands behind; who shall say him nay? In such case, will the strong arm of the law reach out to enjoin him from using his own in a lawful manner so long as he commits no nuisance by such user? Will a court of equity, in such case, interfere? Undoubtedly not. *A fortiori*, can the legislature render his lawful industry unlawful merely by saying that it is? There can be but one answer. Edward A. Belcher.

Encouragement.

Sacramento, April 14, 1923.

To the Editor—*Sir:* I enjoy the *Argonaut*, and am glad to see you favorable to our good, strong governor, and our women. Where can our women receive greater honors than for successful motherhood and wifely devotion? Where can they render greater service and be of greater value? Surely not in politics, for which they are not intended.

Very truly, Anna L. McConnell.

Supreme Court Does Not Legislate.

San Francisco, April 14, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* I always look forward to Friday because it brings the *Argonaut*, and because if there is any information lacking concerning some live public question it can be found in its columns. And, more than that, every lover of his country will find its stand on all vital questions the sum of sound reasoning on the highest democratic and progressive ideals; ideals, I mean, that are not only idealistic, but are realizable—and it never gets its feet "off the ground."

Your article on "The Minimum Wage Decision" is to the point and should be read by every citizen. One of our difficulties today is that the daily press, either from accident, ignorance, or design (presumably, by all fair methods of judging another's acts, design), seeks constantly to inculcate the idea that the Supreme Court in its decisions *legislates;* a most vicious thought to promulgate amongst an electorate such as we have in this country. Too much attention can not be paid to the promulgation amongst our naturalized citizens of the fact that the Supreme Court never legislates, but functions through the interpretation of the law as it is written, and its relationship to the Constitution of the United States; which is a different thing from *changing laws* to suit a majority of the court. Men may differ in the interpretation of the language of the Constitution, just as men differ in the interpretation of ordinary contracts, but that is no invasion of any one's rights. I. H. Morse.

It is probable that but few persons who admire the iridescence of ancient glassware know that the prismatic hues displayed are a result of the decay of the glass. When disintegration sets in the substance of the glass splits into exceedingly thin laminæ, which, as the sunlight traverses them, give rise to a splendid play of colors. As in the instance of the leaves of a forest, these delicate glasses signalize their approaching dissolution by becoming more beautiful.

Society has never been and never will be composed of anarchists. Its very existence depends on authority of some sort.—*Shailer Mathews.*

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

(New York Tribune.)

Lord Robert Cecil has introduced a new and helpful element into American discussion of the League of Nations. He finds Americans looking at the league problem from a strictly American angle. He asks them to look at it likewise from the British or European angle.

It is a good thing for us to consider the British or European point of view. It differs widely from ours. Lord Robert is much less interested in what the covenant may say or mean than in what the league has done or is doing. That is natural for an Englishman. The British constitution is unwritten and fluid. It is subject to change without formal action. It may be altered almost imperceptibly. What counts is the interpretation at any given moment of an elastic organic law.

Americans, on the other hand, are taught to regard written constitutions as essential and, since amendment is a difficult and tedious process, to lay great stress on constitutional details. The implications of the covenant have, therefore, absorbed attention here. We have been up to now more interested in the covenant's structure than in the way the league has worked.

The difference between the British view and the American view is strikingly illustrated in Lord Robert's attitude toward Article X. He personally construes that article as imposing no legal or moral obligation on any member to preserve against external aggression the political independence and territorial integrity of every other member. The league assembly took much the same position in its 1921 resolutions construing the covenant. Therefore, in Lord Robert's mind, Article X has become nearly negligible. It has ceased to mean what it first meant. It embodies Mr. Lansing's theory of the obligations of league membership, not Mr. Wilson's.

The present British interpretation of Article X, it may be suggested, is equivalent to an admission that Mr. Wilson's fight against ratification of the league covenant with reservations was made on a false issue. To the American way of thinking the soundness of such a suggestion is not so clear. Here is what Article X says:

"The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

Here is a pretty blunt declaration of obligation. Has it been nullified by an expression of opinion in the league assembly? The assembly's resolution did not amend the covenant. To the American mind, accustomed to the formalities of constitutional amendment, it is unconvincing to say that Article X is not still in vigor or will not remain in vigor until it has been legally changed.

Mr. Wilson insisted before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that Article X did impose a moral obligation on league members—a moral obligation which he said was superior in force to any merely legal obligation. The Senate felt that he was right and sought to suspend the moral obligation through reservations. The fight in the Senate and in the campaign of 1920 was not a shadow fight.

Americans are glad to have the British view that no moral obligation ever existed under Article X called to their attention. That article may have become for the moment a dead letter. But our people would prefer to see it eliminated or formally modified. There it is. Lord Robert's pragmatic gospel would be accepted even more gladly here if he could assure us that the league is actually preparing to make Article X conform to his own and the assembly's interpretation of it.

AN ANCIENT FIGHT.

(New York Times.)

The campaign of the women of Glens Falls to enlist the cooperation of local merchants in checking the billboard evil will meet with state-wide sympathy. As shown in today's *Times*, so successful have they been in their own neighborhood that they have set out to persuade women of other towns to follow their example and help bring about a limitation of obnoxious forms of billboard advertising.

The fight against objectionable signs is at least a century old. In 1786 one of the New York newspapers carried a note of protest. "Several of the citizens," it read, "to the disgrace of good order and common decency, erect signs and showboards in such an extravagant manner that they not only encroach upon the privileges of their neighbors, but disgrace and deform the city." The nuisance, however, continued unabated and spread to the country, and only in recent years has it been possible to begin to control it. Yet it has already reached a stage where a journey is little more than a ride between two lines of cows, smiling men exhaling the smoke of perfect cigarettes, inventors of soothing syrups and cough-drops, and gnomes made out of packages of chewing gum. An automobile spin means passing endless signs proclaiming the excellence of rival gasolines or tireless tires, with only here and there a reminder that the landscape was once pleasant to the eye.

In many cities and towns important steps in restriction have already been taken. Thanks to the zoning system, for example, it is now possible to keep offensive billboards out of residential districts. Ordinances have been passed in some cities limiting billboards to certain locations. In St. Louis no billboard may be nearer than fifteen feet to the street line. In other places it has been proposed to limit the height of a billboard to ten feet and its length to twenty-five feet. In Massachusetts, where the billboard evil has been recognized by the Constitution of the commonwealth, which provides that "advertising on public ways, in public places and on private property within public view may be regulated by law," even further steps have been taken. "No outdoor advertising," the regulations read, "shall be permitted within the bounds of any highway, nor on any location within 300 feet of any park, parkway, playground, state reservation or public building." So, also, outdoor advertising is forbidden upon any rock or tree or upon any fence or pole bordering on any public highway.

The advocates of restriction would go further. They point out that in France offensive billboards have been taxed out of existence, and they suggest enacting sufficient high taxes in America to achieve the same result. It may well be questioned, however, whether in this country the addition of even a high tax would increase the cost of billboard advertising so much that it would drive out any large number of billboards. In England recent legislation has made it possible for the local authorities to limit or eliminate all objectionable advertising. But the British do not have our love of publicity. They evidently prefer landscapes to billscapes.

OFF-HAND RESOLUTIONS.

(Sacramento Union.)

The good women at the convention of the Northern California Federation of Women's Clubs at Grass Valley placed themselves on record as being opposed to any economies being effected in the public school system of this state.

Of course, this was more or less of a direct slap at Governor Richardson's administration and the curtailments announced in

his budget, so far as they affected many of the avenues of disappearing public money under the general name of state school department.

There can be hut little doubt that this resolution was adopted through propaganda, influence, and suggestions which emanated from employees in the school department of the state who probably are affected by the reductions.

The request of these club women for the maintenance of the women's industrial home farm at Sonoma indicates a woeful lack of definite information.

Do these good women know what each inmate of that institution costs the taxpayers of this state?

Do these good women know that the expense of maintenance of each inmate for the first six months of the institution's life was over $257 a month, or at the rate of over $3000 a year?

Do these good women know that the per capita cost per inmate for the last six months of 1922 was over $482 per month, or at the rate of $5784 per inmate per year?

Do these good women know that the average number of inmates for the first period was only nine?

No people can survive a maintenance cost of almost $6000 per inmate per year in any of its public institutions.

Do these good women know that the functions of this home largely overlapped the functions rendered by other state institutions and were largely duplicatory?

Knowing these facts, would these good women still ask the state to rehuild and maintain any institution entailing an expense upon the state of the ridiculous proportions to which the Sonoma home attained?

Do these good women know that the fullest efficiency of the public school system is attainable without reckless and uncontrolled expenditures of wasted millions?

Do these good women not know that the public school system of California as it now is and has heen for the last few years is far below par in the quality of its output?

Do these good women helieve that the average output from our public schools is the hest that is attainable, or that it is the highest desirahle?

Do these good women helieve our high schools are operating on the "highest efficiency" when many pupils graduating therefrom can not perform the simplest rudiments of mathematics or write legibly?

Do these good women know what the present per capita cost for the education of every child in the elementary schools of California now is, or how that figure compares with the cost four years ago or ten years ago?

Do these good women know that there has heen a veritable riot of waste and extravagance in school affairs in California?

So, with all the respect that is due the good women who attended the convention at Grass Valley, we beg humhly to suggest that they acted rather hastily and had not the facts—all the facts—before them.

One of the easiest things in the world is to get resolutions through conventions, cluhs, and chambers of commerce condemning this or approving that, and ninety-nine times in a hundred these resolutions are adopted at the behest of some interested person or persons and without a full, fair, and impartial disclosure of all the facts, conditions, and consequences.

THE MEXICAN DEADLOCK.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

When Secretary Hughes took over the Department of State from the Wilson administration he took over its policies with regard to the recognition of the present régimes in Russia and Mexico. He holds that hoth these governments helieve in and practice the confiscation of private property.

Discounting the reek of oil that clings to much of what comes out of Mexico, it is apparent that Article XXVII of the Mexican Constitution has in it at least the germ of confiscation. Because of American interests there, Washington steadily has refused to recognize the Obregon régime. President Ohregon may or may not have communistic leanings as so fervently charged hy our oil people, hut he is anxious for recognition, has given guarantees against seizure and has stopped just short of setting down in the hlack-and-white of a treaty the pledges demanded hy Secretary Hughes. His political life probahly would he forfeited if he did. The doctrine of private-property seizure is too strongly supported hy the men who uphold his hands for him to take that chance.

The matter of recognition is deadlocked. Reported uneasiness in Mexico gives little promise of that deadlock hreaking. The Mexican political sky is clouding over and the thunderheads of revolt are said to he visihle on the skyline. Its husiness sky has shown little sign of clearing. Industrially, the Mexican horizon has been rather splotched with home-hrewed and imported Russian radicalism.

There is a saying in the City of Mexico that "Sonora has conquered Mexico." Obregon comes from Sonora. So do Minister of Finance de la Huerta and Calles, minister of the interior. Calles is generally pictured as a communist in his ideas. His apologists deny this, and defenders of the Ohregon régime insist the president has no radical streaks in his mental make-up. However, under the "Sonora group" the Mexican industrial situation has shown a panorama of strikes and considerable flying of the Red flâg.

The Mexican map, too, seems rather freely splashed with Red. Yucatan, a sisal-fihre supported state, is a near-commune, semi-independent of Mexico. In the State of Vera Cruz radicals are potent in industrial matters. Coahuila and Mexico have shown scarlet tinges.

All of these things are in the Mexican picture, but are they all of that picture? The American Southwest is not so sure. State legislators are urging recognition. Considerahle pressure to that end is heing felt from husiness interests in the West and Southwest. The legalistic arguments are less regarded there than they have heen.

On this side of the Rio Grande we need to know more ahout Mexico. With more light the deadlock might not continue.

SMOKING OUT THE SAPPERS.

(Boston Transcript.)

The Secretary of War has clearly shown that our national defense system today is a target for organized attack hy a hand of sappers within our own national household "who are preaching revolution and the establishment of a communistic government." Aiding and abetting these cowardly disseminators of falsehoods concerning the army and the navy are what Roosevelt once called "the lunatic fringe"—men and women who by reason of ignorance of the facts, or congenital inability to comprehend the facts, have allowed themselves to become the camp followers of this sapping expedition against the security and liberty and honor of the nation. In order that honest-minded and intelligent Americans, whole-heartedly patriotic, may he put on their guard, Secretary Weeks has laid before the public some of the samples of the material with which "the foes of our own household" and their foolish victims are plotting to drug, intimidate, and corrupt the unwary among our people.

Among the pacifist organizations that are today inundating the country with cunning lies concerning the army and navy, Secretary Weeks calls attention to an outfit traveling under the name of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Its headquarters is in Washington and it claims to have the authority of the president of a great university to exploit his name and fame as one of its vice-presidents. If any member of the faculty of this university were guilty of disseminating the falsehoods concerning that university which the Secretary of War shows the National Council for the Prevention of War is guilty of disseminating concerning the army and navy of the United States, we have no doubt that the president of the university referred to would purge the faculty of the presence of such a liar without undue delay. Now that his attention has been called to the sort of lies which the pacifist organization that is exploiting his name as one of its vice-presidents has long heen disseminating through its hulletins, we can not hut believe that he will not he slow to protect himself and his universitv from further association with an outfit that has no more regard for the truth than a sneak-thief has for the property of his neighhor.

The mendacity of the pacifist lohhy which Secretary Weeks has finally exposed, the cowardly cunning with which it has juggled figures and distorted facts, the large number of teachers and preachers who have been caught in the possession of its contaminating goods, ought to provide for the plain people who think a timely and enduring warning. A chart purporting to show that "expenditures for present national defense and past wars" will ahsorh 85.8 per cent. of the total hudget, while civil expenditures will amount only to 14.2 per cent., is properly hranded hy Secretary Weeks as "a chart whose circulation under the circumstances must he a carefully conceived effort to deceive." But this chart is only a sample of the sort of falsehoods with which several pacifist organizations are flooding the country today. Whether the cost of this campaign of lying in regard to our national defense is paid for by alien enemies, domestic dupes, or agencies, or hy the "lunatic fringe" that are their victims, nothing short of a congressional investigation can show.

Pending such a prohe, however, which might well he the work of the next Congress, the Secretary of War has performed a timely service hy turning the light on these sappers, smoking them out, and exposing the folly of their foolish camp followers. It is the light of truth that will scatter these sappers in confusion and it has not heen officially turned on a day too soon. From today no man or woman who is caught with the contaminated and contaminating goods in which these disreputable organizations deal can plead ignorance of the facts or innocence on the charge that he or she is a trader in falsehoods concocted for the purpose of deceiving the people of the United States.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast hlew the hlast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campohello
Sir Humphrey Gilhert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he hore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "hy water as hy land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight hlack and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

O, Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley?

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the horder?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love hut her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy suhjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad helang thee;
He'd look into thy honnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers ahoon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may hrag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

—*Robert Burns.*

One of the genuine curiosities owned by the government is a model of the first and only invention of Abraham Lincoln, a device for raising steamboats by means of air-inflated pontoons for negotiating the sandbars of the Mississippi River.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Reno, it seems, has lost its championship in the popular modern sport of easy divorce, London claiming first place on the strength of Justice Horridge, who grants them sometimes at the rate of one in six minutes.

Representative John O. Schafer of Milwaukee, the "baby" of the next Congress, was formerly a locomotive engineer on a Chicago railroad and a member of the Wisconsin legislature.

A new speed record for airplanes was set recently by Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, when he flew 243 miles an hour at the Wilbur Wright field at Dayton, Ohio.

Dr. Sven Hedin, discoverer of the Trans-Himalaya range, is lecturing in the Eastern states in both Swedish and English on the subject of his explorations in Central Asia, India, Thibet, and the Trans-Himalayas.

Joseph F. Fishman, who has been Inspector of Prisons for the United States government for fourteen years, is at present conducting a public investigation into the management of the Baltimore penitentiary. Mr. Fishman has visited the principal prisons in every state in the Union, as well as those in Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii.

J. Arthur Thomson, editor of the admirable "Outline of Science," which is on every list of best sellers in the country, has been described by Sidney Dark as "a spare man of middle height, neat and trim, with white hair and mustache and an Aberdeen accent. Professor Thomson has been professor of natural history at Aberdeen since 1889. He is the author of many learned books, and he is among many other things a great authority on Alcyonarians. But despite the Alcyonarians, whoever they may be, Professor Thomson has the rare power of making himself understood to the multitude and of helping the unscientific to realize some of the wonders of this amazing world." Mr. Dark adds that the subject of his snapshot is unassuming, modest, appreciative of other men and their work, and that he is not in the smallest degree tainted by the arrogance of knowledge.

Joseph Conrad is said to be shy and averse to talking of himself or his work. He has the courtesy of a more leisured age. Letters written to him are always promptly answered. Small favors are never refused. Charming remembrances are never forgotten. No successful man was ever more considerate. He lives far away from literary "circles"—doing his own work, unaffected by other men's work or their opinions, magnificently himself.

Despite the repeated reports of her death, Cosima Wagner, the widow of Richard Wagner, is still living in Berlin and is reported to be in wretched poverty. The copyright on the great composer's work expired some years ago, and though the Bavarian government then began paying her a pension, it ceased with the revolution of 1918. Frau Cosima is the daughter of Franz Liszt and the sister of Mme. Ollivier, whose husband was one of the last ministers of state of Louis Napoleon. Her first husband was the great pianist, Hans von Buelow. Although she was born in Poland, she has always been a German of the Germans, and has cause to deplore, if not to resent, the heartlessness of the Germany of Stinnes and Thyssen in ignoring the artistic glory which her husband brought to it and in letting her pass her declining years in poverty.

Oscar T. Crosby, who led the discussion on interallied debts at the Williamstown Conference on International Relations last summer, has had a wide experience with public finance. He was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of fiscal bureaus, 1917-19, and was in Europe from November, 1917, to March, 1919, as president of the Interallied Council on War Purchases and Finance.

A threatened lecture tour which should be more welcome than most is that of Julien Lemordant, French painter and patriot, who was blinded in the war and who is planning to come to the United States to lecture on French art.

Sir Alfred Yarrow, eighty-one-year-old owner of a great Glasgow shipyard, has recently given £100,000 to the Royal Society for scientific research. Yarrow & Co., Ltd., is famous for its torpedo-boat destroyers, merchant steamers, river steamers of exceptionally shallow draught, and the Yarrow boiler, now in general use in navies.

Lord Carnarvon, whose recent fate has given Sir Oliver Lodge and disciples as well as the superstitious everywhere something to think about, has been in truth cut off in his prime. The noble Egyptologist would have been fifty-seven in June. Lord Carnarvon, whose death is scientifically attributable to the bite of an insect resulting in blood poisoning, is not the first victim of Egyptology. Claudius James Rich, the eighteenth-century antiquarian; Niebuhr, one of the greatest of archæologists; Olivier, who worked among the tombs at Aquarquf, and the more recent Major Russell all died suddenely in the midst of their Egyptian researches. However, the superstition is to be put to the proof this time, as science has vowed to find the actual cause of Carnarvon's death in chemical and physiological terms.

LADIES OF TURKEY.

They Are Emerging from the Harems and Attacking the Problems of Life in Their Own Sweet Way.

The world has been so long fed on atrocities that it is an asset to have a writer like Demetra Vaka, who can depict the Turk for us with sympathy and understanding. Those that became familiar with her "Haremlik," a decade or so back, will receive with gratitude the news of her latest book, the one with the enticing title "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul." Demetra Vaka is a Greek, with a rare feeling of Turkish patriotism—born and brought up in Constantinople, ancient capital of her people in one of its epochs of glory, and coveted by them today with a cupidity as intense as it is natural. Yet Demetra Vaka, Mrs. Kenneth Brown since her marriage to an American, appears to feel as much allegiance to the one people as to the other, and her observations on Turkish life behind the screens and the veils and the harem jalousies are tinted with affectionate sympathy for a race about which we Westerns have little knowledge and less understanding.

It is not, perhaps, that the Turk is much whiter than he is painted, but that his blackness is a relative thing, a sort of chocolate brown, which lightens a little when his extremely soiled background is painted in. The Turanian people are seething today with a double or treble unrest. There is the passion of nationalism, a brand new thing in a Moslem community and fully as intoxicating as whisky to an Apache. There is the agitation of the war, which in the East has been continued by the rivalries of the European allies, rivalries likely to be accentuated through the grant of the Chester concession to American interests; and there is feminism, or more properly femaleism, following with mechanical certitude on the changing contacts of Turkish men with other Europeans. With all these whirling currents, the Turk is restless, and not a little pitiful in his bewilderment. He flames with a passionate ambition to kick the Allies out of Constantinople, then doubts his ability to get away with it, and almost sobs in his disappointment and depression. Demetra Vaka knows his temperament well, his spoiled characteristics and his lovable qualities, for he has them, like a naughty child. No nation could have a more sympathetic interpreter, as none could need it more. She is like the little girl that prayed for the devil because he seemed so friendless. In explanation of the homicidal habits of the Turk in general she says:

Life to the Turk is valueless, since he does not even value his own life very highly. He possesses a quality uncomprehended by the West. He is the pilot of his own conscience. He can murder, and keep his self-respect. He can wade to his knees in the blood of his co-nationals, and suffer not a qualm, because he is the master, not the servant, of his conscience. His psychology is as different from ours as the symhols with which he writes. Some day there may come a better understanding between him and us. Some day we may horrow from each other, but that day is not yet near. Nor will it come so long as the concession-seekers of Europe and America are willing to stake the lives of the Christians of Asia Minor against the riches of Anatolia, nor so long as we keep him in Europe to be used as a political counter.

So, with Turkish murders thus amiably explained, and feeling that when the Turk has decapitated you and wiped the blood from the national niblick he has only reacted normally to provocation, we can proceed to consideration of him as a man and a brother—and of the Turkess as a sister. One of the latter remarked, anthropologically:

"We Turks started as a race of nomads. That is in my blood. I feel in me the old Turks who lived in tents. I shall never like your ways—working, working to buy things. I don't want to *buy* things. I only want to watch and love Allah's beautiful things that he gives us. And since the Greeks like to work, why shouldn't they work for us?"

Great changes had taken place since Mrs. Kenneth Brown left the enchanted city of her birth. She found unveiled Turkish women acting as street sweepers; a thing once unthinkable. Others were getting their living by any sort of makeshift; thrown on the world by the deaths of their husbands and fathers. But even without the cataclysm of war it was coming:

Political events, such as the advent of the Young Turks and the revolution of 1908, hastened the dissolution of the empire and brought in a new mode of living. Twenty years ago the Turk was master of life and death in the whole realm; he could plunge his hand into the nation's riches and bring forth gold for his wants; he was master of Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Tripoli, a large part of the Balkan peninsula, and many islands in the Ægean. Above all, twenty years ago he was master of his women kind. He is master of none of these now, and least of all his women kind. Twenty years ago a Turkish woman who married a Christian would have been torn to pieces by the fanatical mob. Today she walks openly with her life's partner in the streets of Pera. Then a Turkish woman showed little of herself to men, at home or abroad. Today her face is uncovered, and she "features her legs" like her Christian sisters.

The old system was broken to hits—gone never to return; and I, who bave been accused of being its troubadour, had come back to the new system, with electricity instead of candlelight, and the mysterious figures of Stamboul replaced by unveiled daughters of the true faith; to women who sat behind desks, took down dictation on the typewriter from men they called infidels, and sold goods behind counters—while Romance and Poetry sadly looked on at rites they did not yet know how to adorn.

Of my former Turkish friends, the friends of "Haremlik" days, I saw none. They were either dead, or, having heen burned out in one of the numerous fires, they had moved elsewhere and could not be found. It is quite possihle, too, that with Abdul Hamid's fall they had lost their fortunes and lived in obscurity. The Turks are very proud. They may not have wished me to see them in their poverty, and so they left me the poorer for their loss.

In a few years certain incongruous contrasts will have lost their sharpness, but our authoress had returned to Turkey in time to glimpse them as they still exist:

The past and the present in Turkey meet like two garments that do not belong to the same suit. Turkish women are free. They can go about alone. They need not cover their faces. They receive men in their drawing-rooms. Yet the provisions of old times which required each shop, each boat, each tramcar to curtain off a part for women to be alone still prevail, and what is more humorous is that these women, who passionately insist on being advanced, also insist on occupying these so-called "harem" compartments.

But when East met West the resulting effervescence was peculiar—at least just at first. Turkish women may be said to be, in carload lots, in the pre-flapper stage of emancipation, and prettily, deliciously timid about "this freedom." The chrysalis seems to have broken, but the butterfly is still afraid of her wings and the outer air. For instance:

"I have invited two friends here to meet you, a mother and daughter," our hostess said, indicating two white-clad figures coming up the hill. They were not veiled, but in all other respects were dressed in the old-fashioned modest manner.

She went forward to meet them at the gate, while we followed more slowly. At once I noticed that something was amiss. The newcomers hesitated at the gate, the elder of the two speaking in agitated tones.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she exclaimed.

"I assure you he is very nice," our hostess said deprecatingly.

"But what will my husband think—what will he say—what will he do?"

Our hostess kept repeating soothing remarks to the little lady in white who, still protesting, was drawn toward us in the wake of her daughter.

I suspected at once that it was my husband's presence which was agitating the little lady so violently; but he, quite used to meeting Turkish ladies, never imagined that he could have so disquieting an effect, and was entirely at his ease.

Introductions were effected in the midst of this one-sided disquietude, and we went back to the weeping tree, where my husband again appropriated the skeleton bench, to the fresh dismay of the newcomers.

"You have never met any Turkish ladies before, have you?" the girl asked Kenneth Brown.

"Oh, yes—lots of them."

"We—we"—the mother fluttered—"except for my husband's oldest brother, we have never spoken with a man before—not even with my husband's younger brothers."

"Well, I'm glad we met," said Kenneth Brown cheerfully. "Now you see that we don't bite."

The girl asked eager questions of my husband about manners and customs in America. Wasn't it true that American women flirted greatly?

He laughed. "Their flirting isn't so serious, perhaps, as you imagine. I don't think it hurts them very much."

"Oh!"

She seemed relieved, yet vaguely disappointed that flirting did not loom more largely on the horizon of emancipated women.

Some processes of transition have been caught and recorded, and should form valuable records of social evolution. This new against the old, this present revealed in more distinct outline because it can be projected by a qualified analyst against the background of the past, is of exceeding interest. One Turkish lady made these observations:

"All was not had in the old order," our hostess said, "but many things were very bad. Take my case, for example. I was my husband's second wife and years younger than he. I had had a European education and was full of dreams. Yet our system prevented me from sharing his life. In the afternoons I used to dress and make ready to receive him, filling my sitting-room with flowers in the winter, and in the summer preparing the evening meal in the garden. Then I would wait for him to come and talk with me.

"Often he would arrive with friends, and all my plans were spoiled, since I could not receive his friends and could not sit with them. I had to disappear, hide behind latticed windows, and from there watch them talking and enjoying themselves. This life of the women was not only stifling, it was humiliating.

"Now it is different. Of course everything is not rosy, and many women have already abused their freedom. But what of it? We shall find ourselves eventually. We shall make mistakes, hut we shall learn while making them."

How has it come about? Well, here is, we fancy, a better and more illuminating picture of an important social change than you are likely to find between the covers of the ordinary book; cause and process are made quite clear in this harem conversation with another Turkish lady:

"They tell me that you have been very beautiful," I observed.

She was very displeased. "Did they tell you only that?"

"No; they also said that you had been very much loved by men."

"Nothing more?"

"No; but I should love to know the rest."

"There were many women in my day more beautiful than I; for we cultivated charm then, and we were roses—while now," she sneered, "they cultivate brains—and the world is filled with cabbages! Your informant failed to tell you that I was born to be a leader, like my father—and was, in my way." Squarely she turned toward me now: "I hate the Americans here. They are such self-righteous and conscious Christians; but I admire what I read about America. She has the right idea of women. We never had. That is why we have gone down. Put that in your book. Write that a Turkish woman said that on tbe tombstone of Turkey when she is dead must be written, 'Here lies a nation that has died from cancer, because she bound up one of her two breasts, and the milk of the other became poisonous.' Allah! Allah! Must women be cattle, because they bear children? And how is she going to bring them up, if she is to be ignorant and secluded herself? I was but a bride of a few months when my husband spent the greater part of the night at a big ball at the English Embassy; and after that he went away frequently to dinners and parties with Europeans, while I sat at home, seeing always the same people, talking always of the same things. I was sixteen and ignorant. I sat and wept. Fortunately once while I was crying I saw my face in the mirror, and there were no more tears after that. Instead, I had a good fight with my husband. I argued that if I were to live as a Turkish woman, he must live as a Turk, too. Incidentally I discovered that I could argue better than he. That evening I sent for my father. How I abused that man! Allah! how I did it. I comprehended what my mother must have gone through, and I paid him for her as well as for myself, and the next day I had my things packed and went to his home. From there I drove my bargain with my husband and won out. I had an English governess and learned English. I believe I was among the very first to have a resident governess."

In the men, and in the women as well, the war trumpets have awakened a new ambition in the Turkish soul. Memories of the glories of Mahmoud the Conqueror and Souleyman the Magnificent, are strong stimulants of the new nationalism, and the monuments of those heroes exist in Stamboul in the form of beautiful temples. No more powerful inspirations of patriotism could exist, except those of literature. Now the Turk feels that Turkey has been wronged. We may feel that he has wronged the subject minorities of his empire, but he is not interested in that phase of his activities. Here is a bit of illuminating conversation with a Kemalist agent in Constantinople:

"Daughter of the Greeks," he said at length, "what makes you so sympathetic, so capable of understanding? None of these pigs here think we have any feelings."

"Because I *am* a daughter of the Greeks. On our way here, after we met 'les cadets de Gascogne,' I traveled far, Bey Effendi. You see only the present. I saw also the fifteenth century. You saw only the French soldiers and the insolent flaunting of their bugles. I saw the Janizaries, your soldiers. They held no fanfares, my friend, they held *yataghans* soaking with blood, the blood of my people. Indeed, it seemed to me that, while you heard the music of the French, I heard the moaning of the Greeks you slaughtered, and my feet were drenched in their blood."

"And you hated me?"

"N-n-o. I was only a little afraid, because of the light in your eyes."

"And as you are afraid, so all the West shall become afraid of us!" he cried, straightening up. "We have emissaries in Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia. We have convinced the leaders of those countries that the time has come for Asia to make a stand against Europe. They have all entered the pact—and in India, in all the Mussulman parts, we have our preachers. At a given moment the whole of India will be ablaze. Japan alone has failed us, in a way. We offered her the leadership of Asia. She declined, but promised to send diplomatic representatives to Constantinople to be close at hand and to advise. It is the first time Japan has had diplomatic agents here."

And the women have proved that they, too, can be cruel. Here is a melodramatic bit with some resemblance to a strike:

Of a sudden she became rigid. She listened intently. Then quickly her extended hand unfastened the bejeweled net that held her hair. A torrent of gold covered her slim shoulders.

"Mashallah!" I cried, "but you are beautiful!"

Her eyes narrowed. Her lips quivered. Like an odalisk bringing out the full voluptuousness of her body, she sank back at full length on the settee. Leaning over to the vase on the table, she took from it a spray of hyacinth and brought it to her lips. Then nonchalantly she called out:

"*Entrez!*"

Unaware of any approaching footsteps, and having heard no rap on the door, I was quite amazed to have the door open and the same young French officer enter who had been so moved by the sight of her at the theatre the day before. Azziz6 introduced him by his name and made no use of the word "husband."

"I came very quietly and had no time to knock before you called out. Did you hear me coming?"

"My heart told me that you were near."

She brought the flower closer to her lips and inhaled its scent. Every motion, every act enhanced her enchantingness. The loose white silk garment, the cascade of gold on her head, the pale pink of the flower with which the two small white hands were toying, were all a complement to the play of her eyes.

The Frenchman was overwhelmed, and the passion that surged through him was no more attractive to behold than an earthquake, and equally devastating. I gave a glance at him, and then wished I were not in the room. I wanted to look at anything else except at him, yet my eyes, mesmerized, kept on traveling from the man to the woman and back to the man again.

His voice was unsteady as he spoke. "Will you make room for me here at your feet?" He indicated the settee on which she was reclining.

"No!" she answered, so softly that her refusal was a caress. "Your—er—nearness is so disturbing, Armand, *mon ami*."

Her mouth and chin were hidden behind the flower. Her eyes were veiled, somhre and exciting. The Frenchman grew whiter.

"Am I *de trop?*" he asked.

"N-n-never that. No—only I wish to talk to madame—of you! Of you—and of—our union."

Then, contradictorily, she gathered herself together like a kitten, and made room for him close to her.

He dropped on the seat like a man who was drunk. She passed one of her perfumed hands through his hair, brought her cheek close to his lips, hut not so close that he could kies her, while the hand that held the flower almost touched his face.

He made as if to take her in his arms, but she eluded him and was on her feet with a movement that from its perfect grace seemed slow, but which must have bcen swift.

"Now you must go—please, Armand." . . .

"I—torture—him," shc said brokenly. I am—driving—him mad, little—by little. But it is—killing me—too. Still—vengeance—is sweet. The price—is worth it."

"My husband! He has never received from me more than I gave him in your presence. But I fan his passion—and then feed it with straws. My brother died from fever. My mother died from a broken heart. And he who killed them hoth shall be made to die from the fever of his all-consuming passion, by me—me, the avenger of her family and race."

Speaking of Turkish atrocities, can you beat that? She ran her perfumed fingers through his hair! Evidently it was safer in Stamboul when those Turkish ladies wore veils.

THE UNVEILED LADIES OF STAMBOUL. By Demetra Vaka. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.

A good way to suppress the Turkish Nationals would be to turn over the job to the Irish Nationals.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 14, 1923, were $160,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $141,000,000; an increase of $19,000,000.

There is no more attractive field at present for the conservative investment of money than that presented by the securities of our better public utility companies. The past history of the industries involved and the outlook for their future are sufficient to enable an investor to justify to his own satisfaction any commitment he may make in sound bonds of good concerns, says Frederick M. Van Wicklen in *Forbes Magazine*.

Taking these industries as a whole, it will be remembered that prior to 1916 it was an established fact that earnings of public service corporations were but slightly affected by periods of industrial depression, showing a marked contrast in this respect to earnings of railroads and industrials.

The period of abnormally high costs, however, beginning with the war, played havoc with practically all public utilities before they could adjust themselves to the changed conditions. The stronger and many of the weaker ones, however, survived this period of extreme adversity and as a result of the reduction in costs of materials and labor during 1920 and 1921 the increased volume of business showed excellent earnings in 1922, in many cases better than in pre-war years. The period from 1917 to 1921 was so abnormal that a repetition is hardly possible for many years to come.

The very large earnings of many public utilities for 1922 compared with immediate previous years have caused their common stocks to appreciate to a point that may not in some cases be justified by 1923 earnings, although this is decidedly not universal. These latter will be somewhat affected by the present period of inflation, which will increase costs of labor and materials over 1922. They will also be affected because of capital expenditures which will be necessary during the current year for expansion and for replacing deteriorated equipment.

The case of bonds and preferred stocks, however, is different. The essential point to bear in mind here is that the earning power of these companies has been growing steadily, that the perilous days of 1917-1921 have gone by and that the long swing outlook is good. Therefore, while the common stocks of many public utilities may perhaps have reached high enough figures to warrant caution in buying them, the companies themselves have grown into a position which makes their bonds and preferred stocks conservative and satisfactory investments. Furthermore, the investing public has not yet become fully aware of the values underlying these securities, and they may still be bought at attractive prices.

As it is practically impossible for investors to ascertain for themselves the true worth of public service investments, it remains for bankers thoroughly experienced in these matters to do the investigating themselves and then to place the results directly before the investor. The methods pursued by these bankers are absolutely thorough and exhaustive and those securities which meet with final approval are purchased outright by the bankers and then recommended to investors.

Wall Street has been described as the financial gateway from the Old World to the New. So far as Europe represents the Old World, this is a state of things likely to continue, the paths of finance radiating from London to New York, thence to the West. San Francisco is, however, rapidly assuming a commanding position in the financial world and the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange is surely robbing Wall Street of her Pacific and Oriental laurels—for this institution is obviously the natural gateway to the American continent for all financial transactions "east of Suez," says R. Berkeley.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him!" Stock exchanges will never run short of abuse, but the principal ones are too useful and too well regulated to be affected by any attacks.

A stock exchange differs nowise from any other market. That markets are necessary in the case of commodities is admitted. They are as many times more necessary in the case of securities that represent financing as there are commodities and industries. By bringing traders together and standardizing prices, security markets establish real values. As quotations represent the combined judgment of thousands of experts, brokers and bankers, and of other investors, holders of securities know the actual value of their holdings every hour of every day. They are at no one's mercy.

It is essential to the conduct of industry that steady sources of financing be available, and these can be assured only by recourse to the savings fund of the entire community, a reservoir of capital which could never be tapped if there were not permanent markets for the steady trickle of investments that irrigate industry. These investments must come from a wide clientèle. No one man would be willing to stake his all on any one enterprise, even if any one man had sufficient capital to supply all the finance needed for a really large undertaking. Nowadays there are a few men who *could* see most enterprises through unaided, but it has not been so until recently, and there are much fewer who *would*—certainly not enough to care for one in a thousand of those that need heavy financing. One has only to mention the railroads of the world; or other great public utilities, such as those that supply water for domestic use or irrigation, light and heat to myriads of homes, to industrial and commercial establishments far removed from the source of power. To institute and maintain the enormous supply of fuel needed for driving the wheels of colossal industrial undertakings, the coöperation of large numbers is needed, each furnishing his small savings as they are laid aside.

A broad, continuous market is an economic necessity in the modern system of financing by means of widespread investment. Its price movements constitute an unfailing guide to the ups and downs, the success or failure, of commercial and industrial undertakings.

Another point must not be lost sight of. This consolidation of capital, and the apportioning of definite values to each part of the whole, have given an impulse, the force of which is not sufficiently realized, to invention. Assured the means of development, men of genius are spurred to devote years of time and thought to evolving new ideas. Other men of broad vision will concentrate for long periods their powers of organization on infant enterprises that present great future possibilities.

The man in the street is apt to imagine that stock exchanges have nothing to do with him. He may have his shortcomings, but—thank God, he would say—be has no point of contact with those creatures of his imagination, the wolves that roam through the financial districts, seeking whom they may devour. Yet the truth is that every man who has reached the position where he is not absolutely dependent on a wage for all he spends is directly interested in one of the exchanges, probably more or less in all the leading ones. The moment he opens a savings account with any bank—be it with a dollar only—he comes in contact, whether he knows it or not, with corporate enterprise, is a part of it, is influenced by the direction taken by capital, by every swing of stock exchange prices.

For the banker to whom he entrusts his savings is closely interested in every one of the world's great stock exchanges. The information he gathers from the security markets is his principal guide in the placing of the funds of depositors—in putting them where they are most needed, where they will do the best work.

Every citizen of a democratic country, every subject of any other, must be interested in stock exchanges, because every government must be financed along the same lines as private enterprises; and every taxpayer, every contributor to government revenue through tariff costs or customs charges, helps to supply government funds. And financial success in government depends on those economic conditions that are regulated by the stock exchanges.

It would be difficult indeed to find an institution so hedged round with rules and regulations as our local exchange, the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange; rules framed to insure the steady maintenance of the highest principles of business conduct by all its members and to guard against the official recognition of any securities over which the governing body is unable to exercise a keen supervision. Although supervision has always been strict, it has recently been made closer and more stringent by the new agreements which every corporation is compelled to subscribe to before its securities will be in future accepted for listing.

Harold C. Cloudman, lately in charge of the field distribution of the United States Geological Survey of Washington, D. C., has joined the sales staff of the Freeman, Smith

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& Camp Company, San Francisco investment house. Cloudman has had extensive experience in engineering, mining and civil, and has gained recognition as an authority on land classification, particularly as related to timber lands and irrigation projects. He is a resident of Berkeley.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Anglo-California Trust Company held last week President Mortimer Fleishhacker reported that during the twelve months ending March 31, 1923, the bank enjoyed the greatest growth of any year in its history. The bank ranks high among the first banks in the state in increasing deposits, resources, and number of depositors.

A particularly good increase was shown in deposits, the increase amounting to $8,469,630. The increase in resources was still greater, amounting to $9,068,385. That San Franciscans are steadily becoming more thrifty is indicated by the splendid growth in number of accounts, amounting to 13,465 net increase.

According to President Fleshhacker, the total deposits on March 31st were $44,445,109, and resources were $48,201,256. The bank is serving a total of 83,864 accounts in the savings and commercial departments.

The report also called attention to the changes necessitated in the main banking quarters at Market and Sansome Streets by the greater volume of business. The bond, exchange, and collection departments were moved into improved quarters at 22-30 Sansome Street. The trust department will soon move into the same location. Under this arrangement, all departments meeting the public are readily accessible. In the main banking room the entire left side has been devoted to the commercial department, and the savings department has been allotted to the right side.

The Potrero Branch has been moved into a corner location at Third and Twentieth Streets, having enlarged quarters and the added advantage of safe deposit service. The safe deposit department of the Fillmore Branch was enlarged, including conveniently arranged service rooms for customers desiring to examine the contents of their boxes in privacy.

Bond, Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., are offering a new issue of $3,800,000 Earl Fruit Company (a California corporation) first mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds (closed mortgage), due June 1, 1938. Price, 99 and accrued interest, yielding approximately 6.60 per cent.

These bonds will be secured by a first mortgage on 13,745.7 acres of fruit and farm land and numerous packing houses and warehouses strategically situated in the states of California, Washington, Oregon and Idaho; also a sawmill and box factory at Klamath Falls, Oregon. The lands in California aggregate 11,608.2 acres; in Washington 1815 acres, and in Idaho 422.5 acres.

All of the properties, including improvements, pledged as security for these bonds, have been appraised by the American Appraisal Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the total appraised valuation of which, after depreciation, is $7,624,471.71. The appraised value of that part of the property located in California is $6,081,704.11, in Oregon $341,534.60, in Idaho $411,395, in Washington $789,838.

"William P. Green of New York, director of the National Vigilance Committee, said: 'Deprived of the use of the advertising columns of most newspapers, promoters are resorting to the publication of their own journals, through the columns of which they feature the schemes in which they are interested. Another clever method is to merge defunct oil companies, the stockholders of which are then approached with the appeal that an additional payment will save their original investments, etc."

The rise in the stock market that seemed to be well under way at the beginning of the month was checked by a wave of selling by professional operators, who were inclined to turn some of their paper profits into actual money, says E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review.

The bull market seemed to have been turned a bit inaccurately, as the present levels, which certainly afforded a good distribution basis, had been reached at a time when public money was decidedly busy elsewhere.

The rise in stocks was in response to the extraordinary prospects for industry in general throughout the country for the coming year, and, so far, the performance has justified all the optimistic predictions which were made.

However, one fact which can not be overlooked is that this expansion in industry requires a great deal of money and credit for maintenance. This is amply proven by the example of the stock market in the course of the rise, which has, apparently, culminated for the time being.

General business seems to be improving in all lines and especially in the steel business, which is usually the barometer of trade and at present premiums are being paid for immediate delivery.

Copper metal reached 17⅜ cents per pound with an excellent domestic demand and a fair export inquiry.

Mid-Continental Oil prices held their recent advance and further advances in crude oil and gasoline are expected during the coming summer, when consumption shows its usual increase.

On the whole, there is nothing in the situation, barring a slight stringency in the money market, to warrant a decline in the market.

Stocks, of course, have had a big advance, but it has been based on conditions that warranted the advance and they will have a further advance if the business outlook continues to improve.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Katherine Mansfield: In Memoriam.

Bliss. By Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

The premature death of Katherine Mansfield causes, in addition to what natural pangs one feels at the extinction of a bright personality, an artistic disappointment; we were so anxious to see to what lengths her unusual talents would go. The parabola of most writers' rise and fall is watched with either a saturnine satisfaction or a calm indifference, but we know that we would have observed Miss Mansfield's with a combination of human interest and æsthetic curiosity. Superlatives have lost value in this era of advertisement, and they are not generally missed because one seldom has any real use for them, but it is a pity not to be able to express the unique quality of Katherine Mansfield's art. It is comparable, for instance, to Poe's and De Maupassant's, the classic representatives of the short story. But though Miss Mansfield's work is tinged with the nervous morbidity and the tendency to see trifles monstrously which is the hall-mark of Poe's accomplishment, she is nevertheless infinitely more real than the nightmarish exponent and adaptor of the *conte* in English. As for De Maupassant—his stories present the analogy of exquisite economy with Katherine Mansfield's, but where the Frenchman was a painter of clever groups, she is a magician whose pale but lifelike phantasms reel before one's astounded eyes. No, they do not suggest moving pictures, though, according to Mr. Hergesheimer, that is the pinnacle of literary ambition. And although some one else has called Katherine Mansfield's work a transcription of life, it is not that either. Her stories are like some particularly natural dreams; so vivid that you can not quite remember whether you dreamt them or whether they happened.

Katherine Mansfield, who in private life was the wife of John Middleton Murry, the English critic and novelist, was born a New Zealander, daughter of Sir Harold Beauchamp, the chairman of the Bank of New Zealand. Her childhood, which was spent in that country, is reflected in such stories as "Prelude," in "Bliss," and in "The Garden Party," which accounts in part for their other-worldly atmosphere. Her real name was Kathleen Beauchamp, the pen name by which she was most generally known having been adopted after she went to England fifteen years ago to be educated, with her three sisters, at Queen's College, London. A few more years were spent in New Zealand and then she returned to England, where in 1913 she married Mr. Murry, a brilliant member of the *Nation* staff and the publisher of the *Blue Review*, in the editing of which Miss Mansfield took an active part despite the delicacy of her health, which required constant sojourns abroad. She was much in Paris during the war and the strain told on her. Nevertheless, her last book, "The Garden Party," which marked the maturing of her powers, was written in six months, whereas its predecessor, "Bliss," was two years in the making—a fact that was regarded by her friends as an indication of increasing strength.

"The Garden Party" was reviewed in these columns a year or so ago, upon its first appearance. "Bliss," Miss Mansfield's earlier book, is under present consideration. A comparison of the two shows how remarkably she was able to profit by experience. "Bliss," despite such gems as the title story, shows the influence of Leonard Merrick in the two or three stories of the Quartier. "The Garden Party" shows no influence whatsoever. It is *sui generis*, a perfectly fresh, original thing. "Bliss," too, is more marred by deliberate sophistication and the anxious disillusion of youth, all traces of which have been absorbed in the processes that produced "The Garden Party." In short, the latter book is the fulfillment of the promise of "Bliss." We wonder if Miss Mansfield would have gone on getting better and better every year, or whether she was one of those remarkable spirits of which Maeterlinck writes that burn the brighter because of their short and rapid earthly whirl. We shall never know. Katherine Mansfield died January 9, 1923, at Fontainebleau and was buried there in Avon cemetery. The inscription above her grave reads: "But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety," which is from the title-page of "Bliss."

R. G.

Our Only Volcano.

The Kingship of Mount Lassen. By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn. San Francisco: Privately printed.

The last of the volcanoes is Mrs. Colburn's theme in her study of Mount Lassen, the first book other than a technical or government report on California's one active volcano. Mrs. Colburn writes as an enthusiast, who has not only studied her subject in the field at close range, but also has digested the great mass of technical literature on Mount Lassen and given her readers the benefit of much geological information they would not otherwise find easily accessible. In addition, Mrs. Colburn has gathered the human history of the mountain as it has been preserved in Indian legend and in the records of early California settlers and miners. Mount Lassen is one of the scenic properties of the state that has strangely escaped boosting. It is true, as our author points out, that it deserves to be better known and this very attractive handbook on the neglected subject should be welcomed by native son and tourist alike. The numerous illustrations, both full plates and cuts, are from photographs supplied by H. S. Lawton, official photographer of the Western Pacific Railroad. An appropriate touch is the portrait of old Peter Lassen, for whom the mountain was named.

Trilby Up-to-Date.

The Talkers. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

Any one glancing at the overwhelming list of Chambers' novels printed opposite the title-page of "The Talkers" might be pardoned wondering if it were worth while adding another to the count, for after a certain point it is with novelists as with millionaires: after the first million dollars, and after, say, the first fifty novels, increase has merely numerical value. But Mr. Chambers has a fertile fancy, and so far as our humble acquaintance with a half-dozen of his fifty-seven varieties can testify, "The Talkers" is a new idea with Chambers. It is a variation of the Trilby idea, modernized though not improved by its scientific rendition, and made to align with materialization, dual personality, auto-suggestion, Couéism, not to mention such old-timers as hypnotism and telepathy.

In "Trilby," the unity of the hypnotic theme made for an epic simplicity. Not so with "The Talkers"—a bad name except on the assumption that any clever name is a good one—where Mr. Chambers has combined both established and futuristic science with a dash of mysticism and got as a result a yarn that at times seems to be outdoing the ghost stories of the good old Anne Radcliffe school and at others to be the latest word in disillusioned realism *à la* Chambers. But the motif is the Trilby one, with Sadoul as a thinly disguised Svengali and the beauteous Gilda as a diminutive Trilby, neither of whom stops with producing factitious singing, for Gilda has every talent in the hypnotic calendar. Incidentally, it is not proved that Mr. Chambers has any right to spoil "Trilby" with a modern albeit unconscious parody.

However, Mr. Chambers does write well, and if his fifty-eighth is a pot-boiler it is at least more appetizing gruel than often falls to the



An Account of Our Stewardship

Spring Valley's annual report to its 1950 stockholders, just issued, tells what is being done to carry out plans for more water as recommended by the Railroad Commission, agreed upon by City and Company, and accepted by the Company as its program of development and construction.

The Company, the report states, has let a contract for excavating and placing 800,000 cubic yards of rock and earth at Calaveras Dam, and has already placed more than 100,000 yards. This follows a great deal of other work at Calaveras.

Calaveras Dam, which at present contains 6½ billion gallons of water, will impound 32 billion gallons when this work is completed two years hence.

The Company is replacing the Sunol-Niles aqueduct with a reinforced concrete structure of permanent character designed to convey the present supply and the additional 24 million gallons daily of water being developed at Calaveras. This work will take five months.

The Company has successfully negotiated for a right-of-way from the present end of the aqueduct, the screen tank at Niles, to Irvington, a distance of about three miles.

At Irvington the Spring Valley aqueduct will connect with the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit, which will carry Calaveras water the rest of the way to Crystal Springs. Spring Valley will have to pay the City for the use of this Hetch Hetchy conduit.

The Company has made the first payment of interest to the City on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to finance the building of the City conduit from Irvington to Crystal Springs.

Closely connected with this program is the refinancing of the Company's $22,000,000 debt, recently accomplished.

The City being committed to municipal ownership of the water supply, and having reserved a twelve-year option to purchase Spring Valley, the Company recognizes the City's objective, and has under way a vigorous selling campaign of its non-operative properties, which are not included in the option.

The whole report shows careful adherence to the program laid down by public authority.

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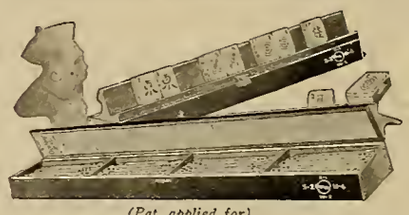
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lot of the pot-fed public. If be would dispense with the sweet sentimentality and occasional Sunday-school aphorism that has to our limited knowledge cloyed his text since the beginnings, his work would fall into the not large category of the clever facile modern school. But be belongs irrevocably to the oldest one of plot and sentiment and an uplifting moral at all costs. What he lacks is a good stiffening humor that would guard him against such breaks as when Gilda's lovely, materialized soul picks up Einstein and murmurs, "How simple and interesting!" Simplicity connotes complexity. We wonder what our souls would consider a real baffling problem. Now if Gilda bad murmured, "How delightfully funny!"

The Female of the Species.

THE CAVE WOMAN. By Norval Richardson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Having had presented to them several examples of the cave man, readers now will find Norval Richardson's recent novel a presentation of the cave woman; which means a woman of the primitive type, of strong will and strong passions, utterly the egoist, and full of splendid vitality.

The author shows how cunningly and unscrupulously this woman works her will when she falls in love. Having created for herself the power of great riches by a wealthy marriage, in her widowhood, when she falls in love with another woman's husband, she ruthlessly exerts all the corrupting power of money to win for her own possession an incorruptible man.

So far, the depiction of the power of an unscrupulous egoist is not without impressiveness. But in working out his story Mr. Richardson relapses into a romanticism suggestive of an epoch in fiction writing that is past.

An agreeable feature in the book is the success of its Italian atmosphere, and the evidences that its author is a man who loves and appreciates beautiful things, not only with taste, but with fervor.

For the Amateur Gardener.

GARDENING UNDER GLASS. By F. F. Rockwell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.: $3.50.

This book is full of information for the amateur gardener, who too often fears to tackle some of the problems successfully handled by professionals, and which are not formidable after all. The writer shows how a greenhouse may be made from small beginnings to more ambitious dimensions, and gives careful and detailed instructions as to construction, soil, temperature, care of plants, etc.

While the book is written more for Eastern gardeners and deals more with growing problems in a cold winter climate, it may well be adapted to California needs with certain modifications as to heat and a readjustment of plants requiring heat and protection. A greenhouse, be it East or West, is unequaled for starting seeds and cuttings and for protecting delicate plants in cold weather, and in making possible the enjoyment of the vegetation of the tropics or of a warmer climate than our own. The book is simply written and well illustrated, so that any amateur gardener may understand and follow directions and may be the happy owner of an indoors garden as well as one out of doors.

Notes of Books and Authors.

"Quentin Durward" is being filmed by a French company.

Maxim Gorki, who has apparently recovered from his recent illness, is busy writing a film play round one of Russia's many legendary heroes.

It is almost forty years ago that Edwin Bynner's "Agnes Surriage" made its first appearance. A new edition has been announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company, which finds that this romance of Marblehead has a perennial attraction for each generation of book readers. The novel is based on the traditional story of the beautiful barefooted girl, doing menial work in the Marblehead inn, who marries a nobleman. It stands almost alone with Hawthorne's tales of New England as a classic representation of colonial days in the Old Bay Colony.

Henry Walsworth Kinney, the author of "The Code of the Karstens" (Little, Brown & Co.), now in its fourth printing, preserves in his middle name the memory of a famous ancestor, William Walsworth, who, while lord mayor of London, struck down Wat Tyler when he attacked the English king in the serfs' insurrection of 1381.

The schooner *Narwhal* left San Francisco the other day for a cruise of the South Seas. Principal cargo, typewriting machines for practically all of the passengers, who are writers. The literary vogue of the South Seas has not waned. The Century Company reports that "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" has had the warmest of receptions.

Sarah Bernhardt's autobiography, "Memories of My Life," has been rushed through the presses by Appleton for publication in a popular edition. Perhaps in no other form is the personality of the Divine Sarah so preserved as in this book; every word of which is said to be written by herself.

John Buchan's "History of the Great War," which the Houghton Mifflin Company recently brought out in this country, has received the hearty endorsement of Frank Simonds. It is, in his opinion, "by all odds the best history I have seen in the English language."

New Books Received.

THE QUARE WOMEN. By Lucy Furman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.75.
A story of the Kentucky mountains.

WHITHER FRANCE? WHITHER EUROPE? By Joseph Caillaux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
Translated by Helen Byrne Armstrong.

IMPROMPTU. By Elliott H. Paul. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
A novel by the author of "Indelible."

DOWNSTREAM. By Sigfrid Siwertz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
A novel translated from the Swedish by E. Classen.

CAPITOL HILL. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
A novel of Washington life.

THE SEA-HAWK. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
A new historical novel by the author of "Scaramouche."

ISLAND GOLD. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
Buried treasure in the South Seas.

THE UNVEILED LADIES OF STAMBOUL. By Demetra Vaka. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.
The changing status of women in the Orient.

STELLA DALLAS. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
A problem novel.

PRELUDES. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25.
Poems.

MAGIC FLAME. By Robert Haven Schuffler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.
And other poems.

CONQUISTADOR. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.
A novel of Mexico.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.
"Studies in behalf of the younger generation."

MAN AND CULTURE. By Clark Wissler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.75.
The rise of contemporary civilizations.

THE OMNIPOTENT SELF. By Paul Bousfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A study in self-deception and self-cure.

THE BONAVENTURE. By Edmund Blunden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.
A random journey of an Atlantic holiday.

THE CLEW OF THE NEW PIN. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.90.
A mystery story.

PRISONERS OF THE RED DESERT. By Captain Gwatkin-Williams. With an introduction by the Duke of Westminster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
The true record of the torpedoing of H. M. S. *Tara*.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOAQUIN MILLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.
Edited with an introduction and notes by Stuart P. Sherman.

THE GLORY OF THE PHARAOHS. By Arthur Weigall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5.
By the author of "The Life and Times of Akhnaton."

CREATIVE SPIRITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Georg Brandes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.75.
Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson.

THE OLD DRAMA AND THE NEW. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $3.
An essay in re-valuation.

A HISTORY OF DREAMS. By A. J. Ratcliff. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.50.
A résumé of the theory of dreams.

PRESIDENT OBREGON—A WORLD REFORMER. By E. J. Dillon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $3.
An interpretation of Mexico.

THE WOLFER. By Frederick Niven. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.75.
A Western novel.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
By the author of "The New Old-World."



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"THE HINDU."

Fascinating title! And made more so hy the spelling. India, land of mysteries, has heen a most interesting subject ever since its people came into contact with the Anglo-Saxon. For all these remote nationalities are so locked up in thei: own inscrutability that it is only when the two races touch that we get at them at all; and then we merely hrush the surface.

I rememher, a-many years ago, when the world was young, reading a thrilling, enthralling serial called "The Mysteries of India." Here were all the entrancing features desired hy those prosaic English-speaking people who are too practical to live adventure, hut love to read of it. There was in this story a gorgeous palace, a voluptuous Hindu princess, a handsome young Englishman kidnapped for her delectation, flight, pursuit, terrible perils in the underground halls of her vast palace; priests in a temple, trap-doors in the floor, the pursued one disguised as a Hindu deity. Oh, it was heavenly! But alas!—rarely can we "recapture the first fine, careless rapture."

But Walker Whiteside is doing what he can to help us hack to it. For "The Hindu" transplants us to the Moorish-looking drawing-room of a Maharajah. Of course, we don't exactly know what a Maharajah is, hut it is quite plain that he is some Hindu swell; an Indian potentate, a handsome grandee whose servants and slaves make genuflexions automatically; who wears hrocaded rohes, and strands of pearls, and a jeweled turhan; who, in fact, in India, is It.

A lot of mystery and intrigue is seething in the palace of this gorgeous being, for "The Hindu" is the direct progeny of "The Bat." We are on the guessing seat all the time. Who is who? and what is what? And there are innumerahle devices for making us jump; mysteriously-opening doors, articles that explode at a touch, cahinets terrifyingly lighted from within. The Maharajah's palace, with all its trickery and traps, reminds me of a hoy's story of a guileful merchant who filled a writing-room for hoys applying for a joh with all kinds of traps for the inquisitive and the unwary. Nowadays, with the new psychology, the virtuous youth who resisted the temptation to meddle would he declared no good. But in the story he got the job.

What they are all after in Walker Whiteside's play is a moonstone stolen from the forehead of an idol; which again reminds me; this time of Wilkie Collins' once entrancing novel, "The Moonstone," in which the same thing happened; and also of Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn." The clever device for hiding the jewels recalls a short story of a dinner-party thief who hid a marvelous, unmounted ruby that was passed around for the admiration of the guests in her glass of claret. In fact, Mr. Whiteside has numerous effective devices for making us jump, and gape, and cry out; of which the guinea-pig-fed smoke is not the least.

And hesides, the Indian atmosphere is splendidly contrived with a set richly colored and designed; with native servants, and scraps of presumahly Indian dialect; with a distant view through the archway of a pile of resplendent temples and palaces; with Oriental music in the distance, and the spicy smell of incense.

"The Hindu," of course, is melodrama pure and simple; and yet not so simple, because in the modern, up-to-date melodrama we must occasionally have our sense of humor appealed to.

Now Walker Whiteside is past master of shading his melodramatically measured accents with just that flavor of refined humor that yet makes us laugh with responsive pleasure at the neat way in which he does it.

Mr. Whiteside has the grand manner; which is why he always apepars as the stately representative of a more ceremonious race than our careless, abrupt, and rather rowdy people.

He makes a handsome and picturesque Hindu prince; graceful in movement and gesture, and musical and impressive in speech. He has rather a fascinating personality, which he exploits in all his rôles.

But he is much alike in all of them; the differences heing a matter of surroundings and costume. As "Mr. Wu" he was much the same as the Japanese hero of "The Typhoon," except for the change of dress. As Prince Tamar he has merely slipped out of a Chinese into an Indian costume. He puts on a suggestion of a euphonious accent, and altogether he is in every way an æsthetically pleasing figure, which holds the eye and the ear.

Other men in his company also please the eye. I can not say that the Hindu representatives of the "peon" class—I suppose those are that we see in increasing numhers in American streets—are engaging specimens of humanity. But on the stage the dark-eyed, dark-faced Hindu, whether real or made up, is dramatically most effective. Mr. Elwyn Eaton and Mr. Harold De Becker were hoth quite stunning as Hindus, the latter young actor being quick and feline in his movements as Hari, the native servant who kept his master's secrets.

The only important female rôle was taken hy Miss Sydney Shields, Mr. Whiteside's leading lady, a personahle actress whose experience in Mr. Whiteside's line of attractions has caused her to hecome a full-fledged portrayer of melodramatic emotions. This lady, while not costumed as a Hindu, had the judgment to make her more ornate costumes conform to the rich, dull golds which set the prevailing color note.

Mr. Whiteside's present offering opens in the private office of one of the chiefs of Scotland Yard, and there are allusions to Indian unrest and a promise of political agitation.

But although there was a promise of political conflict hetween the prince and an English civil official—played in the measured accents of melodrama by Mr. Harold Vosburgh—and the excellently presented and ragged Ghinzi of Mr. Grant Sherman gave an added Indian suggestion of mystery and menace, these things were merely pegs on which to hang a melodrama that is gotten up to fascinate, to mystify, to startle and to amuse; and which succeeds excellently in this purpose.

PEP.

At the Century there are a lot of "peppy" performers in "The Pepper Box Revue," a white edition of the same kind of fun recently supplied at the same house by colored performers in "Struttin' Along." "The Pepper Box Revue," which is headed hy George Le Maire, is played hy a hig company of song, dance, and comedy specialists. Sophie Tucker is featured as a jolly, syncopating warhler, and George Le Maire is assisted in several enormously funny comedy skits by William Le Maire and Joe Phillips, a minute manikin who is about half the size of his comedy partner, George Le Maire, but whose hump of fun is several times larger than himself.

These two men and William Le Maire gave the high lights in a lively show which attracted the usual huge revue following. The hest things on the programme, in my opinion, were their two comedy skits, "The Shoe Shop" and "At the Dentists"; the latter ending in a take-off of an osteopath inflicting healthful hone-hreaking treatment on his hy turns unresisting and fiercely defensive prey. During these two scenes the audience shamelessly ahandoned its self-control, and reached such a condition of weak idiocy that our comedy tormentors, taking pity on the eloquent evidence of streaming eyes, harking laughter, and weakly held sides, released us until the next hout.

But although there was fun in plenty—some of it rather vulgar—nothing else on the programme could touch in humor the ahsurd spectacle of the hig Le Maire making a pinwheel of the little Phillips, wrapping him around his neck, slamming him against the furniture, and chasing him frenziedly into remote corners; purely elemental humor, hut so immensely ahsurd that the entire audience was reduced to an inane mush of laughing humanity.

There is a large hody of chorus girls who earn the right to be called "Pepper Box Girls" hy heing hrisk and alert on the joh. They have weak, weedy voices, the usual thing in musical comedy, but they defile down the aisles and deal out chorus girl hlandishments which thrill the Johnnies and Jimmies to their youthful marrow.

There is a lot of singing in the show, but only Sophie Tucker and the male quartet amount to anything as vocalists, Sophie Tucker's heing the hig-voiced vaudeville style of singing, which goes with her vaudeville personality.

There are several scenic effects in the revue, notahly "The Rose Garden," in which the color and grouping design were very pleasing. But everything was popular with the large audience, which will prohably have many numerical duplications during the run of the piece.

"NOW AND THEN."

This piece helongs to the later and much more enjoyahle vehicles for the conveyance of Kolh-and-Dill fun. Each of the partners has a real characterization to present, and I should judge that they are unspeakably thankful to graduate from the days of slapstick. True, it made them rich, hut pieces of the "Now and Then" line will assuredly help to keep them prosperous.

The popularity of the piece is proved hy its speedy return—at the Columhia Theatre this time—as it is only a month or so since it had a very prosperous run at the Curran.

On that occasion it was reviewed at length in this column, and after so short an interval it would be tautological to give a second review. But it might he pertinent to repeat that the piece is crammed with fun and genuine humor, which, whether people do or do not helieve in prohihition, they can not fail to enjoy. The point of the piece is, of course, as it is against dryness, that dryness does harm instead of good.

The author works up his dénouement, in



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which a whole line of innocent citizens are arrested for unconsciously breaking the prohibition law, very cleverly. He also makes a harmless and perfectly honest and industrious saloon-keeper become a hootlegger and his simple-hearted, domestic wife a secret purveyor of drinks to a woman's bridge club; the which makes all the wet population who go to see the piece chortle with joy.

However, Mr. Hoffman's play is devoid of acrimony, and whether he is wrong or right in his contentions will not be known for another decade or so. The principal point is that out of a timely subject the author, the two popular comedians, and their very good company supply much harmless fun and amusement, to enjoy which the t. b. m. is turning out in droves.

THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum meets the situation of many competing attractions with a Spring Festival bill this week, which was celebrated on Sunday by the management presenting each fair patron with some spring flowers.

Plenty of variety characterizes the Spring Festival programme. Among the headliners are those well-known favorites George Whiting and Sadie Burt. Also the Max Fisher orchestra and Hal Skelley and Ina Williams all received the welcomes extended to favorites.

Haru Onuki is one of the aspirants who desire to follow in Tamaki Miura's footsteps; but although her voice is pleasing, her method has flaws. All the same the little Japanese warbler pleased.

There is also wire-walking, and dancing, a regular dancing act besides, and Felix Adler's laughable nonsense act. But lots of spectators extended special favor to the Sheik, a beautiful white Arabian horse who seemed to have the right kind of histrionic temperament, to perfectly did he go through his tricks and *poses plastiques.*

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Hugh Walpole Lectures.

Hugh Walpole, the English novelist, will deliver three lectures at the Plaza Theatre during the week, under the direction of Paul Elder. Monday afternoon, April 23d, at 3:15, he will speak on "Psychology and Fiction"; Tuesday evening, April 24th, at 8:15, on "The Realists—Moore, Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells"; the closing lecture, Wednesday afternoon, April 25th, at 3:15, will be on "Books and Friendship," in which Mr. Walpole will pay his tribute to popular novelists from Dickens to Wells.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

Dainty Ina Claire and her company, including Bruce MacRae, direct from a five months' run at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, will appear at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, April 30th, in Arthur Richman's "The Awful Truth." This comedy of manners provides Miss Claire with a rôle that is peculiarly suited to her.

The trials and tribulations of Schloss and Wagner, saloon-keepers, as depicted by Kolb and Dill in Aaron Hoffman's foamy comedy, "Now and Then," will hold the attention of theatre-goers for the last times at the Columbia Theatre during the week commencing Sunday night, April 22d. "Now and Then" has a plot which endures throughout its three fun-filled acts, though often its boundaries are swept away by gales of laughter. Hoffman, seizing upon a timely subject, took the struggle of the Eighteenth Amendment to maintain its dignity as the motif of his new play. Kolb and Dill, assisted by a coterie of clever comedians, offer a very effective performance. In fact, the stars, supporting cast, and play, have all achieved unusual and lasting success.

The final presentation of "Now and Then" will take place Saturday night, April 28th.

At the Curran.

Walker Whiteside's return to the Curran Theatre after an absence of three years from San Francisco is an outstanding event, for Mr. Whiteside has seized the two most conspicuous fads of the moment and has woven Eastern mysticism and terrifying mystery into a play which keeps his audiences in a state of gasps and thrills for two and a half hours watching the unexpected happenings of "The Hindu."

Mr. Whiteside, of course, plays the part of Prince Tamar, the crafty Oriental, who is centre and circumference of the play. "The Hindu" is full of tricks, and laughter is frequent at the surprises. The engagement is for two weeks only and will conclude with the matinée and night performances, Saturday, April 28th.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Events in the Paul Elder Gallery for the coming week include lectures by Inayat Khan, Raine Bennett, and Professor Edward Maslin Hulme.

Inayat Khan, the Sufi mystic, will speak on Tuesday afternoon, April 24th, at 2:30, on Saadi's "The Gulistan" (Rose Garden). Wednesday forenoon, April 25th, at 10:30, he will talk on "The Mystery of Sound and Color." Thursday evening, April 26th, at 8:15, his subject will be "The Solution to the Problems of the Day." Raine Bennett, a California poet, author, and lecturer, will present a thesis on "Madness in Letters," Friday afternoon, April 27th, at 3:15. The week will close with a lecture on Saturday afternoon, April 28th, at 2:30, by Professor Edward Maslin Hulme on Francis of Assisi.

The Orpheum Next Week.

In the wake of the Chauve-Souris and the "Moscow Art Theatre," which have created a new vogue in New York theatredom, "Yarmark," a Russian senesation, comes to the Orpheum Theatre, starting with the Sunday matinée, April 22d.

The accompanying bill is strong in stellar names and comedy. The De Marcos, from the National Theatre, Buenos Aires, present the tango and the small dances of their land, and bring with them the seven Musical Sheiks.

Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin bring their new skit, "The Happy Medium."

Ed Flannigan and Alex Morrison bring back their humorous "Lesson in Golf."

Joe Rolley, the blackface comedian, and Lee Laird, his partner, offer a comedy with an ingenious setting entitled "At Palm Beach."

The musical-comedy girl, Clara Howard, offers an amusing series of songs and stories.

Ruth Glanville, "the world's greatest woman saxophonist," presents an interesting turn with Hal Sanders, violinist.

An act of especial beauty is offered by Althea Lucas and company.

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Tickets are $1, 75c and 50c (no war tax), and are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

JOINT RECITAL
E. ROBERT SCHMITZ
Eminent French Pianist
Mme. EVA GAUTHIER
French-Canadian Mezzo-Soprano
Columbia Theater
Sunday Afternoon, April 29
at 2:30

Tickets, $2, $1.50, $1, 50c (no war tax). On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at Columbia Theatre.

The proceeds of this recital will be devoted to the endowment fund of the American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities.

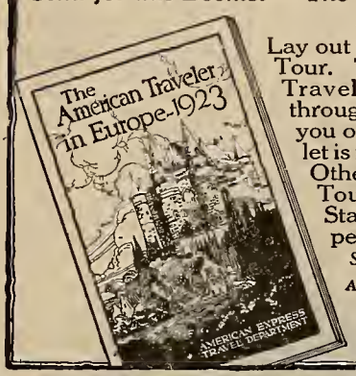
For the Fellowships in France.

Social and musical circles of San Francisco are manifesting great interest in the joint recital to be given by E. Robert Schmitz, French pianist, and Mme. Eva Gauthier, French-Canadian mezzo-soprano, at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoon, April 29th, for the benefit of the American Field Service Fellowships for French Universities. This recital is one of a series being given in the larger cities of the country to swell the endowment fund of the scholarships in France in memory of the 127 American volunteer ambulance and camion drivers who lost their lives while serving with the French armies during the war.

Mr. Schmitz needs no introduction to San Francisco music lovers, who will recall his brilliant performance here with the Symphony Orchestra two years ago.

Tickets for this recital are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the Columbia Theatre.

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VANITY FAIR.

How would you like to be a count, or a haron? A German one? You can acquire a good, solid, wearable German title if you have the price either in cash or in sufficient fat hales of marks. European nobility is peeved about it, hut can not stop it. It is one more evidence of the distance to which German necessity will go. It was bad enougb when royalty was handing out titles with a lavish hand for any and all services and propaganda purposes, and thus diluting their value, and on the Kaiser's abdication it was hoped that the limit had been reached. But the situation has heen opened again hy tbe distresses of German nohility itself, and the development of ways to relieve those distresses by means of a title market. The method of conveyance is by adoption. You are a German princeling, without the wherewithal to buy your next hoiled ham and bottle of champagne. Down the street is a butcher, who by dint of industrious profiteering has amassed wealth. He will give you part of it, perhaps make you an allowance, if you will become his adopted father. This may look like draping a string of sausages about the family crest, but sausages always did look good in Germany; unless you associated them too intimately with the disappearance of the dachshund. You may even become the father of an adopted son who is older than you are; that does not matter. You perhaps refer to him as "My venerahle son, Heine, whose metwurst you have often eaten at my table—no, he is not so well today. I fear Heine is failing." And if he dies before you do, you win. You can adopt another son, perbaps from behind the delicatessen counter. Either can inherit the German title. How do these yearning hearts find each other? Why as the parties to any other commercial transaction do: they advertise—"Count of the Empire would like to adopt successful plumber; object, money." And if advertising fails, brokerage may not. There are in Berlin sundry young and enterprising gentlemen, usually of brunette complexion and financial race-instincts, who maintain parlors where the baron and his prospective foster-son may meet. Here terms can be arranged over the inevitable champagne and sandwiches, the family is duly fortified, the commission paid, and everybody is made Teutonically happy. Why not?

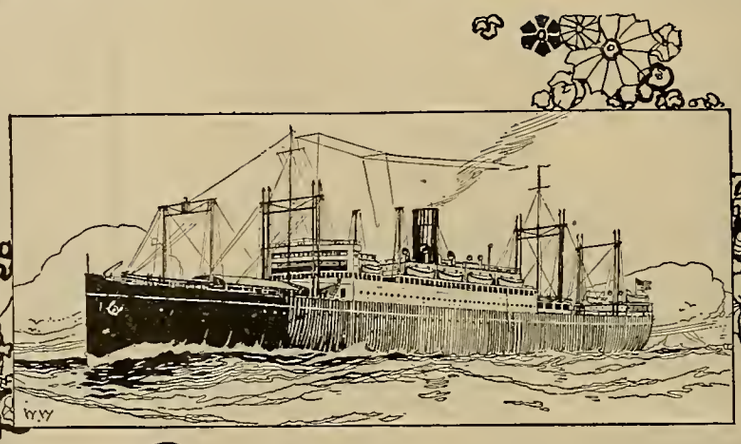
Acquisition of a German title by the adoptive method is hut one of the new conditions Europe exhibits to the tourist and possible sojourner. It is all changed. In Germany tbe proprietors of hotels, sanitariums, theatres, restaurants, luxury shops and other places that formerly throve on the trade of visitors, are hoarsely demanding reductions of taxation, but are themselves unwilling to lower their rates, which discriminate in favor of Germans and against travelers. They want the business, but on their own terms—wherein they are not unlike business men in England, and in France, and in Italy, and even in these United States. The species *homo businessmaniensis* seems to be equipped with about the same attributes wherever you find it. But in Germany it is doing one good thing, at least—it is demanding relief for travelers from the onerous and insulting practices of the government in regard to passport visas and certain restrictions on personal movements. For example, there was a law requiring every foreigner going to a "cure" to suhmit to a personal examination in order to determine whether he really needed curing. Tbe resorts lost patronage so fast under this restriction that it had to be relaxed. The recent cancellations of permits to remain in the country followed the transference of authority over the permits to a bureau, which proceeded to expel foreigners; and even those that had a good right to remain had to spend weeks getting their expulsion revoked. But foreigners are still taxed 80 per cent. of the price of their hotel rooms, which, added to the super-charges already imposed, often makes the rate for them four times what it is for Germans. The travelers' bureaus are fighting the tax, but the Socialists oppose its repeal—just why does not seem any clearer than a good many other "policies" of socialism. One of the characteristic nuisances imposed on travelers came to light at Sans Souci Palace in Potsdam the other day, when a mob of Germans and Austrians were refused admittance because they had not provided themselves with special certificates of Teutonism and the police had set a trap for foreigners which they expected would net the government 2000 marks a head. There has been heretofore no charge for entering the palace grounds, but henceforth even Germans will have to pay 200 marks—others 2000.

And Fascismo has made great changes in Italy—not merely in the government in regard to industry and politics, but in the Italian ways, manners, habits, outlook on life, manifestations of life itself. Italy is no longer Italian, as once it was known. Under the sway of the austere Mussolini it has taken on some of the characteristics of American Puritanism in a New England village or the cafeteria belt of Southern California. Lombardy business men who want a little excitement since the reds have been weakened with excessive doses of castor oil, have heen jumping into their motor-cars and running over to Monte Carlo to see the wheels go round. The Fascisti press is outraged at such levity and luxury, and calls loudly on the black-shirt chief to end it. Leading Fascisti demand the publication of the names of the spendthrifts, and declare they must be punished as traitors to the national prosperity. As some of these men are among the heaviest producers in Turin and Milan, and the heaviest shipping operators in Genoa, one might suppose they could safely be indulged in some little adventures unconnected with their week-day labors, but the spirit of thrift has seized the nation, and Mussolini may not feel that such a bad example can be permitted. In Rome itself, heautiful old habits of life that once formed balf the charm of the imperial city are completely suppressed. Travelers returning from Easter visits say one rarely hears song in the streets, and tbere seems to be neither time nor inclination for the discussions on political, literary, artistic, musical, theological and educational topics that once gave suhstance and vital interest to social intercourse. Even the press has grown timid, and the fascinating Latin writers that once made it sparkle with polemics fear the nocturnal visit of the pistol and the castor oil bottle. The city is seething, not with tbe intellectual life of old, but with that shabby imitation of living called "progress." One of tbe Roman pressmen is quoted to this sad effect in a recent number of the Paris paper *Excelsior:* "We used to he independent and proud. Today we are not writing and not discussing because we do not want to be dosed with castor oil. Instead, we just register the facts and await developments. Undeniably Mussolini has reëstablished order in Italy, but at what a price! If he succeeds in restoring Italian finances his name will remain sacred in the nation's history, but if he fails he will never be pardoned for suppressing our liberty."

England might properly be described as a place where the worm turns early and often. It appears now that married men have taken courage from the lowly worm and are getting ready to do a little turning, too. Their champion has appeared in Parliament in the person of Sir John Butcher, who is out for married men's rights, especially those of poor men that have married wealthy women. One of these, a captain in the British army, married a wealthy American woman recently, expecting that his financial troubles would soon be over; but to his horror he discovered that his wife's ambition was to be tbe best-dressed woman in Europe. He couldn't see much in it for him, and his distresses would have wrung a heart of flint. Sir John Butcher says: "The truth is that the position of a married woman has undergone a great change in recent years owing to legislation. Tbe wife now has complete control of her own property and the law whereby the poor husband is held responsible for his wife's debts now seems out of date. Nowadays, when a man brings a divorce petition against his wife, even though he should be successful, he is forced to bear all the costs of the case. Yet when the wife brings a divorce suit and fails it is the man who must pay." He wants a parliamentary commission appointed to inquire what law will give a husband a fifty-fifty chance with a wife who holds the purse while hubby merely holds the bag. It is a troublesome business, and unless it is proposed to make such marriages compulsory, we do not see why women with their own money should marry men that have nothing, if they are to lose control of their own—for in most marriages of the sort, the woman's control of her property is her only means to control of her husband.

Paris jewelers have their repair departments clogged up with wrist watches. They state that no watch will stand a jigsaw life indefinitely. They also say ordinary watches must not be laid on a cold marble bureau top during the night, as is the habit of thousands, for watches require a certain amount of warmth afforded by bodily heat in the daytime and a cloth protection at night.—*Scientific American.*

Hats of colored silk are in high favor.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

The young lady palmist at the church ba-ar said to one of her girl clients, "I see by our hand you are going to be married." Wonderful," said the girl. "You are en-ged to a man named Wilkins," continued e amateur seer. "How amazing," gasped the rl, "surely the lines on my hand can not veal the name——" "Lines," sniffed the lmist. "Who said anything about lines? ou are wearing the ring I returned to Mr. ilkins three weeks ago."

The foreman of a roundhouse was "break-g in" a new helper. After telling the new an to put a certain engine in the roundhouse, watched him run the engine partly in, then ck out, just missing another engine; in ain and clear through the other wall of the use. Said the foreman: "Well, why don't u put the engine in?" "Why in hell didn't u shut the door when I had it in?" was the swer.

Vincent Astor, homeward bound on the *auretania*, said one evening: "I like the nglish accent. I attended a dance last week an English man-of-war, and as I arrived I w some sailors putting the finishing touches a lot of queer canvas contrivances. 'What e these things you're building?' I asked a ilor. He might have answered that they re shelters for sitting out, but he put it re neatly than that. ''Uts for 'uggin'm,' said."

A banker many of whose clients had suf-ed from the late deflation put great reliance a certain tale as a clinching argument to ppled firms. It was about a man who was ling his son a bedtime story about an alli-tor. It was creeping up behind a turtle, th its mouth wide open. Finally it was thin reach, but just as its great jaws were apping shut, the turtle made a spring, ran a tree, and escaped. "Why, father," said boy, "how could a turtle climb a tree?" y gosh," replied the father, "he had to."

James M. Beck, the famous jurist and ora-, said at a dinner in Paris: "The almost hibitive wages paid to servants have caused good many American women to undertake ir own cooking. They soon learn to cook utifully, though at first of course——. I ed with some friends the other evening in w York. My hostess had cooked the meal. e said as it came to its rather dismal end: ell, anybow, I always put my heart into my king. I was heavy-hearted when I made s cake.'"

Two young ladies at a dinner party sat on er side of a millionaire banker. This chap l a brother, another millionaire banker, who s very deaf, while he himself was chiefly arkable for the enormous size of his nose. e two young ladies, as the dinner went on, ed to the large-nosed banker in very loud ces. This annoyed him, but he said noth-. Finally, while the roast was being served, one of the young ladies yelled at him, 'I do love roast beef, don't you?' and then in her ordinary voice she said across him to the other young lady: 'Did you ever see such a nose in all your life?' 'I never did,' the other young lady answered. 'Pardon me,' said the banker coldly, addressing them both in turn. 'Pardon me, ladies; it is my brother who is deaf.'"

A story dating from our civil war has been retold by Earl Russell, grandson of Lord John Russell, the great Victorian statesman, in his "My Life and Adventures." A Philadelphia lawyer named Rosengarten was a colonel in the Northern army and was dispatched to arrest John Janney, a Quaker, who had signed the Virginian Act of Secession. He found them all at a "meeting," so he just sat down and said: "I don't want to disturb your meeting, but I warn you that at the end of it, it is my duty to arrest John Janney." One of them arose and said: "Will thee take off thee hat?" "No," he replied, "it is a friends' meeting." "Yes, thee hat is a military hat." So he took it off, and his sword also, after some demur, and one of the friends took them out. After an hour or so, the meeting was over. "Now," he said, "I must remind you that I want John Janney. Pray stand up." About twenty of them stood up. "Nonsense," he said. "I want the John Janney who signed, etc." "Oh, that John Janney," they replied, "why he took out thee hat an hour ago." He added that after the war John Janney came and called on him to apologize for slipping away, but said it would really have been very inconvenient to him to have been arrested just then."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Word of Warning.

["In an interview at Los Angeles with Reuter's correspondent, Nazimova, the famous kinema actress, stated that she intended to give up acting for the 'movies' and return to the stage because 'she craves applause.'"—*New item.*]

O filmed and famous beauties,
(And male performers, too)
Before you change your duties
Consider what you do!
You say your temper chafed is,
You miss the man who claps?
But silence has its safeties
As well as its mishaps.

The stalwarts who inherit
The older drama's cause,
They oft insist on merit
Before they give applause;
With cheers and acclamation
They show their kind regards—
But loud disapprobation
Is also on the cards.

Now, those who pay to witness
Some modern movie pet
They never doubt the fitness
Of anything they get;
Though staler and infirmer
Become the ancient shams
They never make a murmur,
But lap it up like lambs.

Ye Monarchs of the Movies,
Who seek the old career,
Beware—your present groove is
A somewhat safer sphere!
I say no more at present
Beyond this final word—
Applause is very pleasant;
But not so nice "the bird"!
—*Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.*

Equal Rights.

Women are now demanding a constitutional amendment giving them equal rights with men. This amendment should include:

The right to two new suits and two hats a year.

The right to stand up whenever a man enters the room.

The right to spend the hot summer days in town while hubby is away at the seashore.

The right to pay for the taxi.

The right to pay alimony.—*Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes

The marriage of Miss Winifred Tinning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tinning of Martinez, to Mr. James Goodman Noyes took place at Martinez on Saturday, April 14th.

The marriage of Miss Bonnibel Stowers, daughter of Mrs. George A. Stowers of San Antonio, Texas, to Lieutenant LeRoy Ponton de Arce, U. S. A., son of Mrs. Jessie Ponton de Arce of San Francisco, took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on April 5th.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen entertained a week-end party of friends at the country home of Mrs. Allen's sister, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, at Woodside.

Miss Jane Carrigan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, was hostess at a recent dinner at Tait's-at-the-Beach. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. William Shuman.

The officers of the army post at Alcatraz gave a dinner-dance last week in the Officers' Service Club.

A large bridge party and tea was given recently by Mrs. George Casady and Mrs. Arnett Matthews at the Officers' Club at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. John Hess, who has recently arrived in California from the Philippines.

Mrs. Clarence M. Smith will give a bridge and mah jongg party on Wednesday next in honor of Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Lane Kauffman.

Former Senator James D. Phelan gave a luncheon on Sunday of last week at his country home near Saratoga in honor of Mr. James Franklin Ballard and his daughter, Miss Ballard, of St. Louis.

Mrs. George Cameron was hostess at a luncheon just before her departure for the East in honor of Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman, who has recently returned to her home in Burlingame.

Count Vittori Siciliani de Moreale, Italian consul in San Francisco, and Countess Siciliani were the guests of honor at a dinner given on Thursday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea on Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of some of the patrons and patronesses of the Passion Play.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury was hostess at a large reception on Monday afternoon complimentary to Miss Olive Edrington, whose engagement to Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Devereux entertained recently at a dinner in honor of Mr. Horace Devereux.

Lieutenant George Beatty, U. S. A., and Mrs. Beatty entertained at a bridge and supper party at their quarters at the Presidio last Saturday evening.

Colonel Lucius R. Holbrook, U. S. A. and Mrs. Holbrook gave a small dinner at the Presidio last Friday evening.

Mrs. James Swinnerton was hostess recently at a supper given to a group of newspaper women at her home in Palo Alto.

Mr. Taylor Pillsbury who has been paying a brief visit at his home in this city, gave a theatre party last week on the eve of his departure for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York, with the friends traveling with them, were recent guests at a luncheon given by former Senator James D. Phelan at his home near Saratoga.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker was a recent dinner hostess at the home of her mother, Mrs. Henry Crocker, on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston gave a luncheon on Monday of last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Allison Howard Turner was a recent hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Rosalie Howard was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Gough Street last week in compliment to Miss Virginia Nugent and Miss Frances Johnson, whose engagements have been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Schiller entertained last week at a large bridge-luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Dixwell Davenport gave a luncheon and bridge party at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club on Monday of last week.

There will he a dance given on Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer in Burlingame hy a group of the débutantes.

Among those who entertained at dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge and Del Monte during the polo tournament were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, Mr. Carleton Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Hughes, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Cyril Tobin and Mrs. John Parrott.

Miss Ethel Jacks of San Luis Obispo, who is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Kroll, gave a tea recently at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Ednah Aiken held an informal garden reception on Sunday of last week at her home in Los Altos.

Mr. James Franklin Ballard of St. Louis was the guest of honor last week at a luncheon given at the Pacific Union Club by the trustees of the San Francisco Museum of Art.

The English-Speaking Union gave a tea last Friday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Rustom Rustomjee, editor of the Bombay *Review*.

Miss Hope Bliss is giving on April 21st a large reception and dance in honor of her nephew and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss.

A benefit entertainment for the American Women's Overseas League was given on Thursday night at the Fairmont Hotel.

A stag dinner is being given on Saturday of this week by the members of the Burlingame Country Club in honor of golf players from neighboring clubs.

Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger gave a dinner last Monday evening at their quarters at the Naval Training Station at Yerba Buena Island.

Mrs. Leigh Sypher was hostess last week at a luncheon and mah jongg party.

Miss Marion Zeile gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Harold Giffard of Honolulu.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Henry McHaig.

Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse and Mr. Richard McCreery were joint hosts at a dinner given last week at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mrs. Frank Deering gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor nf Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett gave a mah jongg party and supper at their home last Friday evening.

Mrs. Dickinson Hall gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Women's Athletic Club in honor of Mrs. George Barnett.

Mrs. William S. Porter gave a tea last Friday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Harry Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon gave a farewell dinner on Friday evening in honor of Mr. Harry Rice Bostwick prior to his departure for Japan.

Colonel John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., entertained at luncheon on Friday last at the Bohemian Club in honor of Major-General John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C.

Mrs. Alan Van Fleet entertained at an informal luncheon on Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

At the St. Francis.

Black in women's apparel is heing more and more relieved hy hits of hright color, as was evidenced last Monday in the Garden and Fahle Room of the Hotel St. Francis. Hats of hrighter hue are heing worn and hits of the hright spring colors are appearing on all the new frocks.

Mrs. George Newhall was luncheon hostess to Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Mrs. Walter Filer. Another group included Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Georges de Latour, who is leaving soon for Europe, and Miss Celia O'Connor.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel were together, and Mrs. Jesse Whitehead entertained a group of five, including Mrs. John Rosseter.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Corhet Moody, and Mrs. Allen Lowery were with small parties, and some of the débutantes included Miss Hélène de Latour and the Misses Mary and Eleanor Martin.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. James Atbearn Folger and her son, Mr. ames Folger, who have been making a tour of world, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin have bought residence of Mrs. Thomas Alton in San Mateo will be established there this summer.

Mrs. William H. Crocker with her daughter, s Helen Crocker, and Mrs. William Gregory rott, who have been traveling in Europe, will rn to California next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad have returned heir home in San Mateo, after a short visit to s. Conrad's mother, Mrs. George Kimball, in atecito.

Among those from the Peninsula who motored Del Monte for the polo tournament were Mr. Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Creery, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carpenter, Major liam H. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. George e and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll.

Mrs. James F. Dunne left last week for New k.

Miss Helen Forbes of Louisville, Kentucky, who been visiting Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jor- at their home at Stanford University, has n apartments at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thomas Grace and their ghter, Miss Geraldine Grace, who have been ing at the Palace Hotel since their return m the Orient, have gone to their country place Santa Rosa.

Mrs. George Cameron has gone to New York a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman, who spent winter in New York and who have recently t six weeks in South America, have returned heir home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. C. Hahn, who have been nt all winter in the East, have returned to r home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who have been ing the winter in San Francisco, have returned heir home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Kurt Albert formerly Miss Florence Whit- of San Francisco, has returned from Europe is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Whittell, at 1155 California Street. She intends to return to Europe, sailing from New York, in May.

Mr. W. N. Stevenson, managing director of W. & J. Sloane, went to Honolulu last week to be absent a month.

Colonel Lincoln Karmany, U. S. M. C., retired, and Mrs. Karmany sailed last week on the steamer *Colombia* for New York by way of the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor will leave for New York next month, where they will visit their daughter, Mrs. John Lewis Luckenbach, at her home on Long Island.

Commander William N. Cogan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cogan, who have been living in Vallejo, have left for their new station at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

The Countess of Annesley and her son, Viscount Glerawley, who have been visiting relatives in San Francisco, will leave for their home in England the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Wilcox, formerly of San Francisco and at present living in Los Angeles, have gone abroad and have joined Mr. Wilcox' sister, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, and Commander Miner in Monte Carlo.

Commander James A. Bull left last week on the steamer *Colombia* for New York via the Panama Canal and will return to San Francisco in a few months.

Miss Ethel Jacks of San Luis Obispo is visiting her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Kroll, at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. James M. Ballard of St. Louis and his daughter, Miss Ballard, are spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham, who have been in New York, will spend a few days in San Francisco on their way to their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre, who have been motoring in Southern California, are staying at El Encanto at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Atherton Russell will leave shortly for Pasadena, where she will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Philip Hurn, and Mr. Hurn.

Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin went to Del Monte last week for the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin have rented the Burlingame residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel for the months of July and August.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin sailed last week for Europe to assume his duties as American Minister to the Netherlands.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who has been in New York, has returned to her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heebner have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, have gone to Southern California on a motor trip and are staying at present at El Mirasol at Santa Barbara.

Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, and her friend, Miss Mary Lewis of Greenshurg, Pennsylvania, returned last week from a short visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt with their children are spending a week at their ranch near Chico.

Lieutenant Hubert Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, U. S. N., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCandless at their home on Washington Street.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright and their children will move to Menlo Park the first of May and will occupy the house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton.

Mrs. Harold Giffard, accompanied by her little son, has arrived from Honolulu for a short visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller have gone to Southern California on a motor trip and will return this week to their home in this city.

Mrs. Ward Barron, who has recently returned from Europe, is staying temporarily at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Sherwood Hopkins has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edward Pond, at her new home in San Mateo.

Mr. Harry Rice Bostwick sailed for Japan on Saturday last to be absent for several months. Mrs. Bostwick and her daughter, Miss Florence Bostwick, will go East in May during Mr. Bostwick's absence in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, after passing the winter in town, have returned with their daughters to their country home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have gone to their home in Los Altos for the summer.

Mr. William Mayo Newball, who has been in Santa Barbara, returned to his home in this city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham were at Del Monte during the polo tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, who have been in Southern California, have returned to their home in this city, and will shortly go to their country home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have gone to their country place at Menlo Park for the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, at Fort Mason.

Mr. Harwood White of Santa Barbara is visiting his brother, Mr. Stewart Edward White, and Mrs. White at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Taylor Pillsbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, after a short visit at his home in this city, returned last week to St. Mark's School in Massachusetts.

Major-General John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C., of Washington, here on a tour of inspection, has been the house guest of Colonel and Mrs. Frederick L. Bradman at Mare Island.

The consul-general for the Netherlands and Mrs. Van Coeman Torchiana, accompanied by their guest, Miss Eleanor Bump, left on Sunday for New York on their way to Holland, where they will pass the summer.

Death of Stewart Brown.

Stewart Brown, husband of Susan Tompkins Brown, died suddenly in New York last week. Mrs. Brown, who has many friends in San Francisco, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Thompkins of San Anselmo, and niece of the late Mrs. George C. Boardman.

The Flowers of Spring.

San Francisco's annual California Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Show is being inaugurated this week, Friday and Saturday, at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Elmer Woodbury, president of the association, and her assistants have been at work for three months in an endeavor to make this event noteworthy. The display of blossoms promises to outdo anything ever seen here at a spring flower show, and the Tea-Pagent, which takes place in the Palm Court and Rose Bowl of the Palace, from 3:30 to 5:30 on Friday, will be a thing of beauty. A large number of clubs, society people, and hotels have taken tables for the tea.



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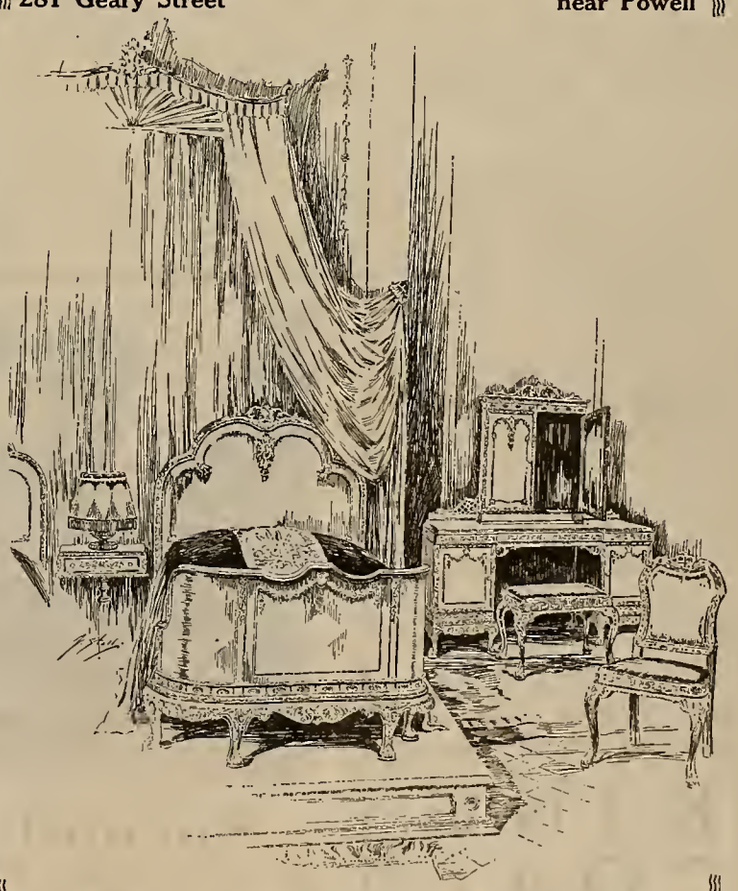
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and daily thereafter until Saturday, April 28th.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Frash—Going to chapel? *Soph*—Naw, I don't need the sleep.—*New Yark Medley.*

It isn't farmers getting into politics; it is politics getting into the farmers.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Life is an eternal mess: The rich man has his twin sixes and the poor man his six twins.—*North Caralino Boll Weevil.*

Bernstein—Don't you think Cohen is a promising young man? *Goldstein*—Ach! But he never pays!—*Grinnel Malteoser.*

A man with a past has as much fascination for a woman as a case of illegitimate alcohol has for a man.—*Konsas Ag. Brown Bull.*

It begins to look as if the Greeks will have to fight for freedom from the freedom for which they last fought.—*Glasgow Bulletin.*

Polly—The war knocked all European industries to smithereens. *Cy*—All hut the cahinet-making.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

"What are you crying for?" "Because Nina won't play with me." "Why won't she play with you?" "Because I'm crying."—*Paris Le Journol Amusant.*

Professor X—Define the word "deficit." *Student Y*—A deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as if you had nothing.—*Dortmouth Jack o' Lontern.*

"Do you get many re-orders in your business?" "No," replied the old hootlegger. "If any of my customers come hack it's only to haunt me."—*Judge.*

Husbond—My dear, these seeds you've ordered won't flower until the second summer. *Wife*—Oh, that's quite all right. This is a last year's catalogue.—*Punch.*

Flivver Owner—Hey, kid, you mustn't fasten your pup to my car! *Little Amos*—Aw, what's eatin' you? Some one tied the hloomin' thing to my dog's tail!—*Judge.*

"I have only seen him twice, hut I shall marry him." "That's right. You will prohahly change your mind if you wait until you know him hetter."—*Christionio Tyrihons.*

Ike—That fellow must he studious. He always wears an eyeshade in class. *Mike*—Yeah, that's to keep the sun away and give him a chance to sleep.—*New York Mercury.*

Teocher—Now, children, what are the national flowers—first of England? *Closs*—Roses. *Teacher*—And France? *Class*—Lilies. *Teacher*—And Spain? *Solitory Voice*—Bulrushes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Worden (to murderer in electric chair)—Is there anything you would like to do before I push the fatal hutton? *Thoughtful Murderer*—Yea, I would like to give my seat to a lady.—*Pennsylvonia Punch Bowl.*

Mrs. De Silke—Tell me, my dear, how *do* you manage to keep your servants such a long time? *Mrs. Van Stuyl*—Well, you see, my hushand has had years of experience in handling prima donnas.—*Life.*

"Every man eats too much," cried the lecturer. As he was heing carted to the hospital a policeman informed him that, admission heing free, his audience had consisted chiefly of Greenwich Village residents.—*Judge.*

Customer—I am looking for a hook that will interest a youth of about seventeen or eighteen. *Clerk*—Sorry, sir, hut we haven't any of that type in stock just now. You see, we've heen raided twice this month.—*Life.*

Doctor—Drink. That is what's the matter with you. You must give it up at once. *Inebriate*—Is it as serious as that, doctor? Why, I thought it was some simple thing that could he got rid of hy an operation.—*Landon Mail.*

Blanc—And do you really think prohibition has increased efficiency? *Rouge*—Well, it's increased mine all right. With what these hootleggers have done to us I have to work three times as hard to dig up the price.—*New York Sun.*

Willie—Won't your pa spank you for staying out so late? *Tammy (whose father is o lawyer)*—Naw, I'll get an injunction from ma postponing the spanking, and then I'll appeal to grandma and she'll have it made permanent.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Soph—Say, Freshman, why didn't you speak to me this afternoon? *Freshman*—Didn't see you, sir. *Soph*—Didn't see me? Why, you passed right hy me. *Freshman*—Oh, you were the guy with the girl who wore open-worked stockings.—*Washingtan ond Lee Mink.*

"Please read me the poem you are reading, mother?" oegged a little hoy, sweetly. "But I'm afraid it's too old for you, dear," his mother answered. "I'm afraid you wouldn't he ahle to understand it." "Oh, yes, I would," was the calm answer, "so long as you didn't try to explain."—*Washingtan Star.*

WHEN TEXAS WAS A NATION.

The sons of Texas in New York who recently celehrated the eighty-seventh anniversary of Texan independence paid homage to a chapter in American history too often forgotten outside of Texas houndaries, says the New York *Tribune*. It was on March 2d in 1836, at the little village of Washington, near San Antonio, that the Texan "fathers" signed their declaration of independence and a few days later drew up a constitution and proclaimed Texas an independent repuhlic.

When the news reached New York in the summer of 1836 it was hailed with enthusiasm hy the puhlic. Only the old and cynical Aaron Burr, living in ohscurity on Staten Island, had the penetration to remark that what every one was applauding in 1836 had heen looked upon as treason in 1807, when he and Blennerhasset had contemplated the conquest of Texas. Burr had heen ahead of his times. It remained for Austin, Fannin, Sam Houston and others to carry out the settlement and hring ahout the independence of this great section of Spanish territory.

Whatever their motives—and in the decades that preceded the civil war these formed the subject of hitter debates hetween Northerners and Southerners—the Texans showed signal hravery in their actions. The territory was immense—it exceeded the houndaries of the present State of Texas. Until 1821 it had heen inhahited almost exclusively hy Mexicans. The American immigrants who had poured in during the '20s and early '30s were inferior in numhers to the Mexicans. They, had no effective support from the American government. And yet they formed an army of volunteers to fight the Mexican regulars, knowing that if defeated they faced the fate of rehels and traitors. In Octoher, 1835, a small force under Colonel James Bowie (after whom the famous howie knife was named) overcame a larger Mexican force and captured San Antonio. In February of 1836 occurred the siege of the Alamo, where a garrison of 145 Americans held off a Mexican force of several thousand for ten days. On the very day that the Texan declaration of independence was signed Colonel Travis, in command of the Alamo, sent his appeal for help to General Sam Houston, who was with the signers of the declaration. "God and Texas, victory or death!" were the closing words of his message. Four days later the Alamo fell, and Travis, Bowie, Davy Crockett and the entire garrison were wiped out. "Rememher the Alamo!" thenceforth hecame the rallying cry of the fighters for Texan independence.

In the fall of 1836 General Sam Houston was elected President of Texas, and for the next ten years Texas was a separate nation. Union with the United States was repeatedly sought and finally ohtained. It is one of the strange facts of history that when, fifteen years later, disunion was rife and Texas seceded to join the Confederacy this same Sam Houston was governor of the state and to the last opposed secession and was forced to resign. Great as was his loyalty to Texas, he helieved in Andrew Jackson's famous toast: "Our Federal Union; it must he preserved!"

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Scharrenburg's Removal.

One thing the present governor of California does not lack is courage. It has taken courage to stick to his pledges of economy. It has taken courage to oppose our educational bureaucracy. It has taken courage to oppose such powerful machinery as that of the railroad commission, and such men as Clyde Seavey, appointed by the former governor in the last breath of his administration. It has taken courage to wield the power put into his hand by the newly-established budget system. And it has taken more courage than many of our governors have posssessed to oust Paul Scharrenburg from his position on the immigration and housing commission. That has taken the more courage because Scharrenburg had two large elements of strength. One, which alone is enough to intimidate any ordinary American officeholder, is his position as secretary to the State Federation of Labor. It is no less than astonishing that an elective state official would dare antagonize a labor leader with a presumably large block of votes under his control, and do it withal so casually, and with so little apology. The other element of Scharrenburg's strength lies in the fact that he is not of a bad sort. He exhibits none of the inviting vulnerability of a bad character; he has merely been on the wrong track from a standpoint of economics and of proper political action—too much the advocate of his class to hold longer an official position where he could influence legislative votes, and so he no longer holds it. In removing him the governor states reasons that have evoked "sustained applause." He refers to his lobbying activity as "an attempt to make building more expensive and burdensome upon the people." There spake the man who understands that you can not, ordinarily, legislate for one part of the community except at the expense of the rest; can not socialistically overtax the corporations without increasing the cost of their services to the public; can not, for example, compel lumber companies to provide enameled baths for lumber-jacks without helping, soon or late, to increase the price of lumber and postpone the day when an American couple can afford an American home. If the socialistic policy of imposing luxury by law on one trade after another is to be pursued indefinitely, the cost of living will tend to rise higher than its value. There must be some protection for the all-embracing consumer class from the privilege and unproductive extravagance of one after another of the minor classes into which we are industrially divided. There have been many spokesmen at Sacramento for this, that, and the other "interest." At last we seem to have somebody there that can think in terms of the public itself. It looks as though the governor meant what he said when he declared he was not thinking about reëlection. But if he pursues his present policy he won't have to. The public will do it for him.

The Court and the League.

No discharges of electrified sand could so effectively have cleared the fog from the question of the Court of International Justice as President Harding's address at the annual luncheon of the Associated Press at New York. There was no hedging, side-stepping, dodging or straddling in it, but just facts honestly stated, and that is what the American public likes, and above all what the country needs.

Unlike the railroad conductor in the story, the President seems to think that a platform is not only to get in on, but also to stand on; and it will desperately embarrass the hostiles of his party to read over his citations of repeated Republican commitments to such a plan as the one realized and ready for us in the form of the court now established. It is hard to see what they can do about it, except to say that those commitments meant we were for an international tribunal as long as there was none to join, but not if it should become possible to join one. Such, however, is not the President's theory of organization integrity, and it is evidently not that sort of party conduct he is thinking of when he says he believes in parties and when he deplores the drift away from party responsibility and toward pure democracy. For he declares: "If political parties do not mean what they say, and candidates do not mean what they say, then our form of government is based on fraud and can not hope to endure."

Equally plain is his statement about our entering the League of Nations. To read this will give Lord Robert Cecil something to think about, but he will not have to think about it much, for it is all thought out for him: "The new administration * * * doesn't propose to enter now by the side door, back door, or cellar door. * * * The Senate has so declared, the executive has so declared, the people have so declared. Nothing could be more decisively stamped with finality." If Lord Robert can find an opening there he is a better fencer than Lloyd George.

With just as clean a breeze the President clears away the mists which have made it seem to some persons that we should be entering the league if we subscribed to the court; and the distinction he makes between the two is a profoundly scholarly one that runs through the whole evolution of human freedom. These passages, now quoted by him from one of his campaign speeches in 1920, should become a classic of political science. The issue, he then said, "involved the disparity between a world court of justice, supplemented by world association for conference, on the one hand, and the council of the league on the other. The one is a judicial tribunal to be governed by fixed and definite principles of law, administered without passion or prejudice. The other is an association of diplomats and politicians, whose determinations are sure to be influenced by considerations of expediency and national selfishness. * * * *One a government of laws and one a government of men.*"

And here is a principle that should be followed farther on the road back to national sanity. Our mania for passing laws that can not be generally enforced, and our practice of entrusting them for elastic administration to commissions with more or less discretionary power, is filling the United States with little kings—government by men instead of by laws. We need somebody to lead us out of that.

One may not know exactly what is the right thing to do about the Court of International Justice and the League of Nations, but there is no longer room for doubt as to what the President thinks is the right thing to do, and what he will do if he can. He is for getting into the court and keeping out of the league; and he has made it look as though it could be done.

Assisting the Reds.

It is not necessary to become panicky about our Reds to be interested in their aspirations and in some of the policies on which they base their hopes of elevating the United States to those blissful realms now occupied by the inhabitants of Russia Felix.

They have recently developed four main points of attack, evident in the communist documents taken in the raid at Bridgman, Michigan. One is pacificism, whereby they hope to disarm the government. Another is the centralization of authority at Washington so that when the "revolution" comes there may be but one government to overthrow. Another is Constitution tinkering, so that incessant amendment will accustom the public to regarding the fundamental law as a transient thing, without stability or dignity, and hence dispensable whenever the Reds give the word to dispense with it. And another is the promotion of every sort of public extravagance, as in the educational field, until government has become an intolerable burden and the impoverished people will welcome any change. Add to these such unworkable radical schemes as minimum wage laws, the agitations against the Supreme Court, the bankruptcy of states through such crazes as the Non-Partisan League, and such industrially destructive devices as our late lamented Water and Power Amendment, and you have the materials for a programme of agitation that would delight the heart of the most energetic scarlet propagandist in the land.

As to the pacifists, they are of several varieties, but two species stand out: those that wish to prevent war, and then disarm, and those that wish to disarm in order to prevent war. Of the latter species it may be said that they know not what they do. At least, that applies charitably to most of them, who suppose themselves loyal Americans, and are, in purpose. There are some thirty-five peace societies in the United States, publishing a dozen magazines and a Niagara of pamphlets, stickers, leaflets, proclamations, denunciations, diatribes, pasquinades, postcards and poems. Those that are most helpful to the revolutionists want the army reduced and the navy sunk and they wish we could forget how to fly. They are heavily capitalized. Three of these thirty-five societies have endowments aggregating $13,000,000, and the rest are well supplied. Most of their members are good people and their ideals are so attractive that they have wide affiliations. In a peaceful world they would be just right. But this is not a peaceful world, and if it were they would have nothing to do.

There is no real agreement among the various peace societies, and some of them squander large parts of their endowments trying to find out the causes of war, and so they do not seem to be doing much, but they have been able to contribute a good deal of so-called data

and some moral persuasiveness toward reducing the armed forces of the United States below the danger line. They want to prohibit the private manufacture of munitions, and if they could do that they would have us at the mercy of some very small potential enemy. They have found no device to prevent war, they did not keep us out of the German war, and if they could have their way would only make it certain, as Roosevelt put it, that if we got into a war we should be whipped.

Secretary Weeks recently said of the pacifists in general:

> These people include those forces in America that are preaching revolution and the establishment of a communistic government, and also those who seem to believe that any army or navy is unnecessary. Unfortunately, these elements, who are a very small minority of our people, are supported by considerable numbers of patriotic citizens, men and women, who, lacking knowledge and information of the true situation and apparently unwilling to be governed by the experiences of the past, are lending themselves to reduce if not destroy the military safeguards of the nation.

A few days ago Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, as a result of investigations he had undertaken into the "boring from within" his organization by Reds (directed from Moscow), issued a public statement in which he told of the radical control of the "American Fund for Public Service, Inc." Mr. Gompers said that this fund is "an excellent shield for the revolutionary and pacifist beliefs constantly propagated by its leading trustees," and continued:

> To find that such organizations as the avowedly revolutionary Communist party, the Federated Press, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Women's League for Peace and Freedom, the Trade Union Educational League and the Rand School are associated intimately through their officials with the control of the American Fund for Public Service, Inc., is to clinch beyond question the character of the administration of that fund. To find further that through these same officials such publications as the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, religious organizations, and other organizations which make a pretense of constructive purpose, are related to the revolutionary interests represented among the trustees, is to reveal to some extent the ramifications of revolutionary propaganda and revolutionary influence in the United States.

It would be too much to say that all those who advocate structural changes in our government, those who are seeking to destroy our armed defenses, and those who, in accordance with the Marxian theory, are laboring constantly to multiply government costs in order to tax capital out of existence, are acting under direction of the Moscow propaganda machine. It is true, however, that agents of the Moscow communistic organization are in this country in considerable numbers, and have insinuated themselves and their ideas into numerous nationally formed bodies of American men and women, whose moral support they obtain.

As to the maintenance of state rights to counterbalance the concentration of authority at Washington, that staple doctrine of the Democratic party had to be defended recently by the Republican Senator Wadsworth of New York, who realizes that the centralizing movement has gone too far. Undoubtedly there is danger in thus weakening the government of the states. That is one of the many doctrines of Americanism to which there should be a return. And it has become a patriotic duty to resist the growth of taxation, and to resent the sort of officiousness that insists on meddling with the Constitution. Somewhere between ninety and a hundred proposed amendments were introduced at the last session of Congress, one-tenth of which would have been enough to make the "fundamental law" of this country ridiculous.

It is to be hoped that real Americans will soon begin to know better than to help the development the Reds desire.

Reducing the Strike Business.

The sagacious Chinaman, it is said, pays his physician when he is well, not when he is ill. The physician may be a most worthy person, capable of doing his best against his own interest and getting his patient on his feet as soon as possible, no matter when or how he is paid, if ever—but the Chinaman prefers to keep his interest and his doctor's interest on the same side and both pulling together. He might be safe on our system, but he feels safer on his. So while he is well he pays; when he is ill he stops. Such, at least is the "story."

For some time labor in this country has suspected that perhaps its interest and the interest of its "leaders" were on opposite ends of the seesaw—that when it was in trouble and on short rations and strike "benefits" the leaders were making the most money and having the best time. It has seen rather clearly of late that incessant strikes were unprofitable, and some of its members have felt that perhaps these interruptions of work would be less frequent if the "leaders" were losers while strikes were on, and gainers while the workers were earning. Far be it from us to assume that labor has wearied of its favorite outdoor sport and will cease to employ what it considers its only resource. But a symptom is reported from Massachusetts that makes it look as though it purposed to exercise a little self-control before the habit ruins it, and epecially to impose self-control on its leaders. By a secret vote of the edgemakers, heel workers, and Goodyear operators in the shoe factories at Lynn it has been determined that salaried strike leaders and union officials having a strike on their hands will draw no pay until the workers return to work. At the same time they voted to remain out of the shoe factories until the manufacturers granted them the 30 per cent. advance which the union has demanded. The manufacturers say they will not grant it, but probably the salaried union officials are not facing starvation yet.

Considering the dominance of the unions by their leaders, one wonders how the workers put it over. There have been cases in which the leaders themselves proposed to take less while a strike was on, but this movement seems to have boiled up from the bottom. Ordinarily union officials draw pay while strikers are drawing none, and frequently the union officials receive more while the men are striking than while they are at work. The Lynn union has reversed that condition. The strikers themselves voted that the pay of the officials should be suspended and should not be resumed until the workers returned to the factories. The operatives were formerly members of the Allied Shoe Workers' Union, but are now merged with the Amalgamated Shoe Workers' Union, and are known as the Allied bloc of the Amalgamated. The shoe strike at Lynn is spreading, and this action puts it squarely up to the leaders to win it and win it quickly, or else make adjustments that will permit a return to work.

To the workers, lost time means lost wages, and a stubborn strike protracted until savings deposits are spent and supplies are running low may involve acute distress. At such a time the obvious prosperity of a labor boss must be a hard thing for the father of a family to have to witness. The new principle will not mean a cessation of strikes, but it should do something to prevent the calling of needless ones or the calling of them on trivial provocation, and it ought to shorten the losses appreciably. It has been a long time coming, but now that it is here it is to be hoped that the example of the Lynn operatives will be contagious.

The Three-Quarter Verdict.

A man accused of crime has a right to trial by a jury of his peers, but that should not mean that they must make it unanimous. If the Supreme Court can arrive at a verdict by a bare majority, a jury ought to be able to convict a crook even if one in twelve disagrees with the other eleven. If nine jurors say a man is guilty as charged, and three are uncertain, or even suppose he is innocent, it is morally sure that that particular victim of his own carelessness is the man that did the job. In other words, if counsel for the defense can not raise reasonable doubts in the minds of four men out of twelve, either he is a poor lawyer or his client lamentably failed to cover his tracks. Moral certainty is about all we can get in human affairs. In the case of criminal jurisprudence it is about all we should need. No innocent man is likely to be convicted by nine out of twelve jurors. In fact very few innocent men get into the prisoners' dock in the first place.

These remarks pertain to the Gates bill, introduced by Senator E. J. Gates of South Pasadena, proposing to amend the Constitution of the state so that in criminal cases not involving the death penalty nine jurors in twelve shall be enough to convict. It is a revival of an effort several years old, on which lawyers are divided on rather technical grounds, but about which there should be no division on the part of the public for whose protection the criminal laws in their laxity exist. Society does not fight crime hard enough for its own security. It surrounds the accused with more safeguards than those surrounding the innocent. A man innocent of crime may be deprived of his property in a civil suit by a majority of the jury, if he has one. In a criminal case the requirement of the law is that guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt, and not only that, but must be so proved to twelve men out of twelve. Why such tenderness for crooks, enemies of the laws that protect them and the good people that maintain those laws?

Between society and the criminal caste there is incessant war, waged aggressively, not by society, but by that particular caste. With all its expensive police machinery, society does comparatively little about it, because it labors under all the disadvantages of defense. It can not choose the time and hour to strike. It can not anticipate the blow, but must suffer it before it can do anything. There is, generally speaking, no such thing as sportsmanship in a criminal, and that is why stories of criminals that are good sports and give their victims a sporting chance make such romantic reading and sell so well to the cheap magazines and the motion-picture "producers." The softer part of the public likes to believe in the brave and noble-hearted bank robber, smuggler, burglar, kidnaper, check raiser, the boy that steals for his mother, or commits murder unfortunately while trying to get an ermine cloak for his suffering sister. This nobility is mythical. The criminal does not give his victim a chance; not a three-quarter one. But if he bungles his attack on some useful person, society will see that all his rights are guarded, that he is comfortable in jail, and that he shall go free and never be tried for that offense again, no matter what evidence may subsequently be discovered, unless the case made out against him is 100 per cent. complete so that no attack of the defending attorney will cause a doubt in the mind of a single member of the jury. When you think of this, it is a wonder anybody is ever convicted.

The Gates amendment is much more generous to the criminal than the criminal is to his victim. Jury trial is a privilege that has been greatly abused. For its protection, which is to say the protection of its innocent and supposedly useful members, society needs to correct such abuses by making them harder to bring about. If we can not abolish crime we should at least make it more expensive, and hence rarer. If it costs a good deal to fix a jury by buying a member, then it should be possible to make it cost three times as much by making it necessary for the criminal to buy three. In that way crime might be made so expensive that at times the criminal would desist altogether. If what is desired as a corrective of criminal tendencies is certainty of conviction, such a law should make it possible to approximate it. A criminal that had practiced under it a few times and lost a few cases might become so annoyed that he would go to Peru or Australia—just leave us flat.

The Gates bill has passed the Senate, but at this writing we do not know its fate in the assembly. But we should have such a law; if not now eventually, and, as some of the typewriter ads say, if eventually why not now?

Protecting Taxpayers.

A bill is pending in the state senate to help relieve taxpayers in the small school districts from the menace under which they now live, of having the parents of twenty-five children of kindergarten age impose kindergartens on a whole district. The law under which tax-confiscation for this unnecessary object could be accomplished was passed in 1913. It provided that on petition of twenty-five such parents in a district where there was less than 3000 elementary school attendance, the school board must organize one of these institutions. It had no choice. It might regard kindergartens as not only needless, but trifling; detrimental to the normal development of the child and weakening to the sense of maternal responsibility; but that did not matter—it had to institute the kindergarten.

And of course, kindergartens multiplied under the power thus put into the hands of young and unreflecting persons—for parents of children of kindergarten age are usually young and unreflecting, although you sometimes find a father with grandchildren older than his offspring by his third wife. When young parents found that they could compel their neighbors to supply and pay for this form of educational fad, make them provide public nurses to amuse their children several hours a day, they were active in imposing the new burden. The stock went up. There was a jump in Kindergarten Preferred. The founding of kindergartens amounted to a riot. The number of children in these public day nurseries jumped from 10,910 in 1912 to 39,775 in 1922, an increase of over 260 per cent. in ten years.

This did not indicate the need of kindergartens—merely the growing indulgence in them. A new career was opened to young women—at the taxpayers' ex-

pense; and the number of kindergarten teachers rose in the same period from 284 to 832. In other words, about 550 officeholders were added to the pay-rolls for something entirely unnecessary and dispensable, and doubtless many a good grade teacher was spoiled in the process. Certainly many children were. Grade teaching was weakened, not assisted by it. Teaching energy was devoted to frills instead of being directed to the essentials of educational training.

In this Marathon dance, California has outstripped every other state. The increase throughout the country in the enrollment of kindergarten "students," if that term can be applied to children too young to study, was 70 per cent. in the eight years from 1912 to 1920, whereas in California it was almost 200 per cent. That it rose to 260 per cent. in California by 1922 shows the movement was accelerating. It grew like an elephant's baby. In certain districts the burden threatened to become intolerable, and although the law gave a handful of parents the right to legislate these costs upon their neighbors, either the parents were in some cases persuaded to relent, or the trustees of the district found some excuse for failing to oppress their constituents. In one year twenty-six petitions were either withdrawn or action on them was postponed—no doubt a necessary beating of the devil of extravagance around the stump of necessity. But it was hardly legal, and it has not suited the authorities of our state educational machine. According to a recent statement issued by them, they see 76,000 more children of kindergarten age who can be made the basis for still further strengthening their organization; more than twice as many as there are in the kindergartens of the state at present, with possibilities for twice as many new teachers to amuse them, and they purposed to stimulate the business if possible.

Under that threat, it was time for some sort of protection of the public against the further elephantine growth of such a system. Hence the bill making it optional (instead of mandatory) for school boards to open kindergartens in districts of less than 3000 average elementary school attendance, when petitioned by parents of twenty-five children of kindergarten age. The thing must be stopped somewhere or become intolerably burdensome. And a good place to stop it is at the discretion of the school boards, twenty-six of which have already found themselves forced to refrain, legally or not.

It is not as though the children are to be deprived of any essential rights or benefits. It may be possible to show that kindergartens have some value, but they have not much. They may be nice, but they are not necessary. What is taught in them is unimportant. To hear some of their advocates, one would think the republic would go to everlasting smash unless the little folks' folk dances and marches and sand modeling and color matching were attended to, but probably it won't. Samuel Adams never went to kindergarten in his life. Biographies of Washington can be searched in vain for the name of his kindergarten teacher. The sort of folk dance in which Andrew Jackson might have engaged when sufficiently illuminated would be looked upon by a modern kindergarten teacher as inexpressibly vulgar, and not at all fit. Their childhood was not amused by educational entertainers. If it had been, the chances are we never should have heard of them. And there is at least as much chance that the 76,000 children who are without kindergarten facilities will produce great and useful men and women as there is that the 39,000-odd now enrolled in these pleasant nurseries will—some think more. The bill making it possible for school boards to limit this enfeebling giantism should pass. It is iniquitous to give twenty-five private persons the power to increase the taxes of a community of ten or twelve thousand for any purpose whatever. But that is the sort of legislation our official uplifters have taught us to call "progressive."

W. C. Morrow.

The recent death of William Chambers Morrow, one-time contributor and staff member of the *Argonaut,* and later guide, philosopher, and friend to budding California genius, marks the passing of that form of literature represented by the weird short story—the weirder the better—and of the time when it was an established feature of this publication. In that romantic era W. C. Morrow was one of the most characteristic and popular writers of what has been called "the *Argonaut* school," and if his stories, re-read in the cold mercantile light of today, strike the modern *Saturday-Evening-Post*-fed mind strangely, they were nevertheless of his own time, topical. It was fashionable in the 'seventies, 'eighties, and even in the 'nineties to be Poe-esque, and though Morrow's was undoubtedly an original and forceful talent, he was wise enough to give the public what it wanted.

Art requires perspective, and the members of the juvenile Coast society may be pardoned for looking to the antique tradition of the East, that of Poe, for literary pabulum. Morrow, however, was both original and bold, and his work carries its reader off the mundane plane and drops him back with an audible thud when the impossible yarn is finished. That requires art. As a technician he was very good indeed, with a natural instinct for economy of effect. But neither was his technic purely intuitive. It is obvious that he was a craftsman; and the fact that he experimented to good purpose was proved by his later career as a teacher.

William C. Morrow was born in Selma, Alabama, about seventy years ago and came to California as a young man, in his thirties. He was of good Southern family, and a graduate of Howard College, Alabama, and of the University of Alabama. Success came to him early and was faithful as long as his delicate health permitted him to work. But though he was identified from the first with the newspapers and magazines of his adopted state he was obliged by illness to retire from journalism some thirty years ago when professionally he was in his prime. Since that time, though his creative work practically ceased—his novel, "Lentala of the South Seas," was, however, published in 1908—he has been an active force in molding the literary taste of his community. As a lecturer to club women and as private tutor, his work has been of inestimable value in the promotion of Western literary standards. He was director of creative writing in the Cora L. Williams Institute in Berkeley for awhile, but his most far-reaching influence has probably been in tutoring California writers, many of whom date their success from his instruction.

Morrow was one of the last representatives of early California journalism. He belonged to the extinct group of which Ambrose Bierce, Arthur McEwen, and Charles Warren Stoddard were brilliant members. He was an intimate of "Petey" Bigelow and of Frank Summers, also of *Argonaut* memory. He had known Kipling and Stevenson.

We have spoken of Morrow as a facile exponent of the short story. He was also a novelist of considerable promise, though it is said that financial pressure as well as failing health prevented his speculating much with the larger gamble of the published novel. However, it is interesting to learn that he left many manuscripts unpublished, and his many admirers might reasonably hope for their appearance, as the author's wife was his devoted critic and assistant. Herself a writer, Mrs. Morrow may edit and issue some of her husband's work which pressure of time prevented his doing in his overworked lifetime.

William Chambers Morrow died April 3, 1923, at Pajaro, California. He was a credit to the writer's craft.

Editorial Notes.

One of our journalistic volcano-hounds says that during the last eruption of Mount Lassen "the intonation could be heard for miles." The mountain must have spoken in unusually impassioned accents.

The New York *Times* is a Democratic paper which may be given credit for political discernment. It says editorially: "Whatever strength the Republican party has today comes mainly through Mr. Harding's administration." Can the *Times* have forgotten Senators Johnson, Borah, and La Follette?

A Marathon dancer has gone crazy and another is dead. Inasmuch as human affairs exhibit the oscillations of the pendulum, this endurance epidemic may mark the beginning of the end of the dance mania that has been in the world for the past dozen years.

There is an ever present danger in the attempted rule of minorities, who by skillful organization and constant propaganda seek to assert a political power to which they are not entitled.—*Charles Evans Hughes.*

The only thing which makes society worth anything is that it conduces to the welfare of its constituent members. If their welfare is non-existent it is sheer German *Kultur* to talk about the value of a state.—*Shailer Mathews.*

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

LIBERTY OR COMMUNISM?

(Washington Post.)

The heads of most of the religious creeds of Great Britain have united in an address to mankind, denouncing the Russian Soviet and protesting against the Soviet war on religion. It is an appeal that exposes more clearly than ever before the blasphemous and diabolical nature of communism. The world's peoples had not grasped the fact that the conspirators in control of Russia were attacking religion as well as the family and the social system of all nations. The shocking utterances of the Soviet spokesmen were not widely circulated in civilized countries, and when noted they were dismissed as the ravings of lunatics. It was not understood that these lunatics, if they are such, hold positions of vast power, in which they have sent to death tens of thousands of human beings, and have declared their intention to massacre as many more, until religious worship has been stamped out of Russia.

The British appeal—signed by Anglican, Catholic, Jewish, Salvation Army and other religious heads—makes this statement, which can not fail to arrest the attention of the world:

"The last few weeks have witnessed a portent which has filled all generous-hearted men and women with horror. The ruthless warfare which the Soviet government has long carried on against all forms of religious belief has come to a head. Hundreds of thousands of religious people and the ministers of religion of all ranks and creeds have been subjected to savage persecution, the express purpose of which has been to root religion out of the land. The central facts for which religion stands have been systematically outraged and insulted. The most sacred of religious festivals (Easter) has been made the occasion of blasphemous travesty. . . . We represent many religious communions and many political opinions, but we are united in the indignation and horror with which we regard the present policy of systematic persecution of religion in all its forms. Such a policy can not be tolerated in silence by those who value religion or liberty."

"Religion and liberty"—there it is. There is no liberty where the state interferes with the relations between a man and God. If a state is without religion it is without liberty. The communists, when they drive religion from Russia, drive liberty with it, and forge the chains of slavery and savagery upon themselves. They have become worse than brutes, for brutes do not blaspheme the Creator or murder beings who worship God.

The ferocity, savagery, and boldness with which the Russian Reds raise their hands against organized mankind are such as to outlaw them from civilization. Persons who had urged that the Soviet was not as bad as it had been painted, and who advocated recognition of the Soviet as the government of Russia, are now placed in an embarrassing position, since they are arrayed as defenders of assassins who would strike down God. "Although we have declared war on the denizens of heaven," says a Soviet journal, "it is by no means easy to sweep them from the households of the workmen." By such avowals, backed by bloody deeds and systematic terrorism, the Soviet has made it impossible for civilized nations to recognize it as a government.

The Soviet does not, in fact, represent the people of Russia. It is an ignorant and monstrous falsehood to assert that the majority of the people of Russia are godless, depraved wretches who are trying to root religion out of mankind. On the contrary, the people of Russia are the victims of the Reds, and are suffering the tortures of martyrs for their religion and their homes. Russia is proverbially a land of religion, in which the peasants have stood true to their belief through all kinds of hardships. The attack upon their freedom to worship God has in it the seeds of destruction of communism, despite the temporary mastery of governmental machinery by the Reds. Sooner or later these assassins will fall before the Russian masses, who will rise and engulf them. Human nature can not stand the outrages that are heaped upon it in Russia. The dullest and most ignorant peasant will find a way to strike down his oppressors. Through all the horror of famine, massacre, and plague shines the steady light of hope, the reassurance that a nation can not be killed. It will outwear its tormentors, and will triumph over them in the end.

THE FOUNDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

(New York Herald.)

Although the population of St. Augustine in Florida is less than 6000 persons today and the tide of winter visitors from the North sets now towards points further South, St. Augustine possesses for all citizens of the United States an interest out of all proportion to its numerical and commercial importance. It is the oldest city in the nation. This fact is recalled by the invitation of the town of Aviles in Spain to St. Augustine to send a delegation there in August to celebrate with the town the birth of Don Pedro Menendez, who is recognized as the founder of St. Augustine. It is also proposed to invite the United States to take part in these ceremonies.

So direct is the connection between the two cities, one in old Spain and the other in the empire which Spain sought to found in the New World, that St. Augustine will doubtless take its part in celebrating the memory of the man who was so active in the early years of its history.

It was Ponce de Leon who, seeking the fabulous fountain of youth, came upon the site of our oldest town in 1513. Menendez arrived about fifty years afterward, and there was at last established an abiding place for the culture of the Old World. It is not today easy to believe that there once existed within the boundaries of our country a vice-provincial court; that the Addantados, or men of importance, were a recognized circle there, and that Papal rescripts came directly from Rome to the governors of "The Ever Faithful City of St. Augustine," as it was called. Yet such is the case.

Clash of war soon sounded about the walls of the old city which, with the gates, are in part visible to this day. It was in the main Menendez, who is soon to be celebrated by his native town, who kept Spanish arms dominant. It was he who, by defeating Jean Ribaut, thwarted the merciful Coligny, seeking a home for his oppressed Huguenots in the New World. Dominie de Gourgues came to execute the reprisals for his massacred countrymen, but it was the doughty Menendez who was the preponderating figure in the history of our Spanish city until Sir Francis Drake burned it down in 1586 and the piratical Davis sacked it in 1665, nearly a hundred years later. But not until 1821 did it become altogether our own.

Even the events in the history of St. Augustine which followed the time of Don Pedro Menendez did not so far remove the stamp of his strong rule as to make the invitation to take part in the festivities which his native Aviles will give in his honor something which St. Augustine today should regard as altogether too far back in the past to be recalled.

ROWDYISM IN THE COMMONS.

(New York Times.)

There was some truth, if not much tact, in the remark by the leader of the Labor party, after the riotous breaking up of the session of the House of Commons on Tuesday, that his rough-and-ready followers had been merely adopting "precedents set by the other side." There have been such

scenes before. In 1905, shortly before Mr. Balfour fell from power, the Liberals objected so furiously to listening to a Conservative member of the government, and kept up their noisy row so long, that the Speaker had to adjourn the House. In Gladstone's Irish Home Rule days he was more than once left unable to speak in the presence of a jeering mob of Conservative members of Parliament. He stood before them pale with indignation, a very monument of outraged parliamentary propriety. Mr. Balfour was more philosophic when his turn came, and looked out with an amiable smile upon the raging heathen of the Opposition party. The present prime minister bore himself neither as a defender of ancient institutions nor as a calm observer of uproarous behavior, but as a business man who could not bear the idea of having his time wasted, and so quietly quit the House altogether.

What took place was a fresh illustration of an old English habit in public life. The greatest freedom is allowed to the individual, even if he abuses it to the point of license to prevent the peaceful conduct of a public meeting or the orderly dispatch of public business. In the House of Commons no efficient means are placed in the Speaker's hands to compel ebullient members to take their seats and permit orderly procedure. He can call for order, but he can not enforce it. All that he can do, after the disorder which rouses mob spirit has gone on long enough, is to do what Speaker Whiteley did in the face of the demonstrations of the Labor members—declare the House incapable of transacting business and suspend the session. It is not a pretty spectacle; to American eyes it seems an outrageous impairment of the dignity of a public assembly, yet it is not out of line with practices and privileges long dear to the hearts of Englishmen.

It remains true that the outbreak was tactically most ill-advised for the Labor party. Its leader, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, was plainly chagrined at the display of bad manners. He and the more experienced members of the Labor party have been endeavoring to restrain the exuberant Jack Joneses, new to the floor of the House. The obvious cue of the Labor party, now raised to the dignity of his majesty's Opposition, is to exhibit such moderation and steadiness and ability to dispatch public business that the country may become accustomed to the thought of a possible Labor government in whose hands great national interests would be safe. Tuesday's riot in the House goes dead against such a wise policy, and is by so much a blow to the hopes of the Labor party. It will doubtless be on its good behavior for a time at least, and try to undo the mischief wrought by yielding to violent and unseemly passion.

DYING RADICALISM.

(Sacramento Union.)

Discouraged by lack of support, the American Communist party has decided to cease functioning as a separate political organization and to pass its work over to one of the kindred organizations which seems to have had better luck.

This is better news than any that could come of the conviction of criminal syndicalists or other preachers of the reformed and revolutionized world. It is better because it means that such abortive efforts to transplant to American soil the revolutionary methods of another country are dying out by a natural process of elimination rather than by a forced process of extermination.

Campaigns to proceed by legal means to suppress and punish the communists and other radicals have in many cases done more harm than good. They have brought the unfortunate result of giving gratuitous advertising to a little-known cause and of bestowing upon some insignificant and brainless dreamer the mantle of martyrdom. Most of the California trials in these cases have set the wishy-washy magazines and newspaper in some of the Eastern states to a mistaken defense and an ennobling championship. The good these trials have done has been many times discounted by the harmful after-effects.

Let alone, most of these sporadic movements will die their own death. The American Communist party has had to expire voluntarily. This is a happy omen that others will follow in its wake.

COMMUNISTS LEARNING THEIR A B C.

(Portland Oregonian.)

The Soviet government of Russia has discovered that communism is a very expensive way to do business. The journal *Economic Life* of Moscow tells of the enormous overhead expense that is borne by industry. As raw material passes through various hands 10 per cent. is charged for organization expense and 10 per cent. for incidentals at each stage until the overhead reaches 100 per cent. on cotton and wool by the time they reach the manufacturers' trust. On fuel and bread the overhead for state institutions is 20 to 30 per cent., while for private organizations it is only 10 per cent. On various manufactures the direct overhead expense is at least 50 per cent. more than before the war and in some cases has doubled.

If the communists would have profited by the experience of other countries, they would have learned this without buying more experience. When the French government bought some of the railroads, the number of employees quickly increased, wages rose, and efficiency was impaired. Canada has always lost money on its government railroads. Rates on government railroads in Australia are far higher than on the privately-owned roads of the United States. Austria began its recent economy campaign by discharging thousands of superfluous men on the railroads.

Communists see large profits won by capitalists in private enterprise, and they imagine that by placing industry in the hands of the government they can secure these profits for the community, either in the shape of revenue or in that of reduced price. They no sooner make the attempt than the profits evaporate and prices rise higher than they were under the hated capitalist system. They do not realize that profit is the result of economy, industry of the management as well as the workmen, and ingenuity, all prompted by desire for profit, and that competition compels exercise of these qualities in order that sales may be made at the lowest price and still yield profit. Hence private enterprise, though making fortunes for owners, sells goods cheaper than is possible for government industry. Under the latter system there is no incentive to save money and work faithfully, consequently expense is piled up and output shrinks.

Desire for gain is the one motive that can call into play the impulses that produce large output at the lowest practicable cost. This is the A B C of business, and the bolshevists have begun to learn it again after having denied it in contradiction of all human experience.

THE COMIC STRIP.

(Rocky Mountain News.)

A philosopher who has the good fortune to be engaged in a Washington state university, in a land that is open to new ideas equally with new citizenship, has declared that the historian and possibly the archæologist of the future will write the history and draw conclusions of the America of today from the ubiquitous comic strip that is required of the daily newspaper.

We trust that the learned gentleman is right, and we believe he is right. It would be history repeating, which it has a habit of doing. Away back in the paleolithic age, to be reckoned by millions of years, some say, the comic strip was the ruling fashion. The people of that day were the first painters, according to the encyclopædic Wells, thus marking a distinct advance over the peoples that history gives any information of. We know a great deal about the paleolithic people on account of what they left on the walls of their dwellings. Their daily life was pictured, and well done, too. The progress in art among these people can be traced as they migrated with the slow changes in climate. Some of the people were cartoonists, others were serious painters, some drew comics not unlike what we have today, and the little pieces of figures, molded by the primitive Rodins, would pass for what are sold in a curio store of today.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Angler.

O the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation,
Where, in a brook,
With a hook,—
Or a lake,—
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms, too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rains and storms, too;
None do hear
Us to swear:
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
Watch our quill:
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter;
Where, in a dike,
Perch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented. —*John Chalkhill.*

Return of Spring.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring!
Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Eastern daisies all,
Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more!

God shield ye, bright embroidered train
Of butterflies, that on the plain
Of each sweet herblet sip;
And ye, new swarms of bees, that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow
To kiss them with your lip!

A hundred thousand times I call
A hearty welcome on ye all!
This season how I love—
This merry din on every shore—
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.
—*From the French of Pierre Ronsard.*

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien. —*John Keats.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

You Chung Hong is the first Chinese-American to be admitted to the bar in California. His legal work is in connection with the immigration service.

India's first native woman barrister is Miss Tata, a full-blooded Hindu who was recently called to the bar. She will specialize in natives.

Mabel A. Buell, the only woman scenic artist in New York, claims that scene painting is ideal work for the woman artist, combining æsthetic progress with a large salary as few other artistic professions do.

Dr. Letitia Fairfield, one of the lady barristers who were recently "called" to the English bar, is the sister of Miss Rebecca West, author of "The Judge."

American yachtsmen are interested in the report that King George is overhauling his favorite craft, the *Britannia,* in preparation for racing events in the Channel and possibly in American waters. For one thing, the *Britannia* will race at the Cowes regatta, probably with the king on board, possibly at the helm. Her royal owner may decide to celebrate her thirtieth birthday, thus commemorating many closely contested victories of his youth. King George has retained his old helmsman, Major Philip Hunloke, who would like nothing better than to enter the *Britannia* in some of the American races and challenge if possible Sir Thomas Lipton's consistent luck. After the venerable yacht is renovated she is to make a triumphal tour of the British Isles.

Miss Elsie Hill, otherwise Mrs. Levitt, chairman of the executive committee of the National Woman's party and one of the best-known suffrage leaders in the United States, is a graduate of Vassar and comes from Norwalk, Connecticut. She has served actively as a picket before the White House and in various other suffrage campaigns throughout the country. When she was married to Professor Levitt in December, 1921, she announced that she would retain her maiden name. A few days later her husband issued a statement in which he concurred in his wife's attitude. Prudent man.

Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, Ambassador from France to the United States, has just completed twenty years of service in that capacity, a very unusual diplomatic record. In fact, Ambassador Jusserand has come to be regarded as an American. He has served with distinction under four Presidents. In the Roosevelt government he was a member of the so-called tennis cabinet, whose members were for the most part close friends of the President, including the German ambassador, Speck von Sternburg. It was during the world war and immediately before it that Ambassador Jusserand's greatest diplomatic successes were accomplished. He conducted the delicate negotiations between this country and France, arranged for the reception of her missions to the United States, and so successfully smoothed all chances for friction that hardly a word of criticism was leveled against him. He has served in the diplomatic service of France since attaining his majority in 1876. Before coming to the United States his most important post was as Minister to Denmark.

Lewis E. Pierson, chairman of the board of the Irving National-Columbia Trust Company of New York, has strongly advocated international trade and commerce agreements to end unjust discrimination against any country or any particular class of article at the recently held Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Rome. Mr. Pierson, whose banking career began at the age of fifteen as messenger in the Hanover Bank of New York, was born in 1870 at Metchen, New Jersey, and received a common school education in the schools of Brooklyn. At the age of twenty-eight he was appointed cashier of the New York National Exchange Bank, of which he became president five years later. In 1906 he became president of the Irving National Bank and was mainly instrumental in bringing about the recent merger of that institution with the Columbia Trust Company. He has been president of the American Bankers' Association, chairman of the Bill of Lading Committee, and president of the New York State Bankers' Association. He is a member of the New York Athletic, Hardware, Merchants and Montauk clubs.

Robert P. Skinner, consul-general of the United States at London, has announced that British emigration to this country has so increased that for the first time since the passing of the immigration law that nation's quota is practically filled. Mr. Skinner, whose merit and long experience in the consular service has won him the highest post in the consular corps, is forty-nine years old. He was thirty-one when he was appointed consul at Marseilles. Subsequently he was made consul-general at that place, and in 1903 he was sent as commissioner and plenipotentiary to establish relations and negotiate a treaty between the United States and Ethiopia, the official name of the territory presided over by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. In 1908 he became consul-general at Hamburg, and in 1912 he was made special commissioner to adjust the claims of the creditors of the Republic of Liberia in Great Britain, France, Germany and the Netherlands. In November, 1913, he was appointed consul-general at Berlin. He became consul-general at London in June, 1914.

TALES OF THE UPPER CRUST.

Sir James Denham Records His Impressions from a Long Exposure to High Life

Most distinguished persons painfully acquire the commodity of distinction, a few have it thrust upon them by more or less unwanted notoriety, but Sir James Denham was born to it as royalty is born in the purple. It was his birthright and it became his stock in trade—not that he ever did anything so vulgar as commercialize it; but the memoir writer, like the poet which is Sir James' other rôle, should be to the manor born. Perhaps the fact that his earliest recollections are of going with his father to tea at the most eminent houses may have had something to do with our aristocratic reminiscencer's lack of the other kind of hard-won lustre. It may be inspiring, but we doubt if it is stimulating to be born on the peaks of Parnassus. All that is left for the rare Parnassian infant is to grow down the slopes of his native spur till he meets and instructs the rest of us. From the purely educational viewpoint we particularly recommend his book to novelists who insist on exercising their imaginations with the daily routine of Sir James Denham's friends. For the rest of the public, "Memoirs of the Memorable" has the titivating virtue of gossip about the great which in the present instance does not mean Browning, Meredith, Dickens or any other bourgeois genius. It means the real great, *i. e.*, those born to greatness, who according to the Darwinian theory ought to be the fittest of all survivors, since they are a small handful against the mob.

Though he was not a Catholic, some of Sir James' proudest memories are of Rome and of Leo XIII, who was himself of noble birth, though that fact alone would hardly impress our aristocratic writer. It was rather his wit, of which Sir James gives the following convincing sample:

> He was a satirist, too, when necessity demanded. There is good evidence of this in his celebrated reply to the ill-mannered marquis who thought to embarrass bim. His Holiness was at the time Archbishop of Perugia and was sent as Nuncio to Brussels. At a dinner party at that capital a young man with execrable taste handed his eminence a snuff-box on the lid of which was painted a lady in the nude. The archbishop, looking at it, said as if to himself: "Gentlemen do not parade the presentment of other men's wives: it must therefore be of his own"; then turning to the marquis, he innocently queried: "The portrait of Mme. le Marquis, no doubt." The marquis took a back seat after that.
>
> Another instance of Pope Leo's satire recurs as told me by Cardinal Howard. His Holiness was being carried to the Sistine Chapel, when he passed some angular Protestant spinsters, who considered it due to their religion to stand irreligiously rigid amongst that kneeling crowd. "We have added to our statues," was the Pope's quiet remark to an attendant prelate. How individual character is shown by such a remark! Pio nono, Leo's predecessor, under similar circumstances, said to the erect ladies: "My daughters, an old man's blessing can injure no one."

Sir James, himself, despite a sometimes flamboyant style, has a ready wit and if he has good stories to tell, is also capable of telling them genially and with a flavor that smacks of earth, rather than Parnassus. Among a hundred examples, we choose the story of the dénouement following upon his first presentation to the Pope:

> On returning to my hotel, I was wending my unostentatious way up the staircase (time, 8:45 a. m.; costume, evening dress) when whom should I cbance upon but a great lady who had often been my hostess. Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, noting my white tie, affected not to see me. But I would not have this at any price, so said: "Good-morning, Lady Anna!" Lowering her eyes and regarding my white tie, sternly she interrogated, "And where have you been, I should like to know?" "Oh," said I gaily, "I have been to see the Pope." Whereupon Lady Anna elevated her head and passed on. Her daughter, who was following in her wake, said, "Tell me another!"
>
> This, and some other similar experiences in life, convinces me that one reaps the lowliest character from the loftiest of intention. Whereupon it strikes me that one might as well eat the cake if one has to pay for it.

One of the engaging features of Sir James' memoirs is his easy manipulation of his own rôle, but though we are charmed with a book in which the first person appears only enough to give cohesion to the others, we frequently wish for the moral support of his more continuous presence. Lacking that, the reader might do well to supply himself with an Almanach de Gotha. In other words, some of Sir James' great ones are so high in the mists that we are uncertain of their exact significance. A cruder biographer might have told us, for instance, who Monsignor Capell was. The unversed in Catholic social history must be content with learning that he was a "complex personality" of "widespread notoriety" whose portrait Sir James thus strikes off:

> The landing of such a prize as Lord Bute, a man of considerable wealth, naturally brought Capell into widespread notoriety. His eloquence effected the rest. Long before I knew him, when in my teens, I shall not easily forget the impression he made upon me, and little could one anticipate that days were coming when we should banter each other with badinage and epigram. He was often the Bryant and May's match, unlit without the box, but with a good foil present and one who knew how to ignite him he was brilliancy itself. But, dear man, he was all along his own enemy, and all I could say in persuasions or cursings was but idle futility. For instance, there is a custom, I am led to believe, in the Catholic Church that a bishop or one like Capell who ranked as such, should not shake hands with women, and certainly not cloak them. But of the many dinner parties to which I went with Capell, I never saw him miss the opportunity of cloaking anything that was lovable. When on our way home this writer expostulated, he would accuse me of mean envy. But you can be quite sure that such doings were not long in reaching the ears of his eminence at Westminster, and Capell's fall was as pre-ordained as are ashes after fire. With an ecclesiastic after the manner of Cardinal Wiseman the end might have been otherwise, but who could influence one like Manning? And yet there was little harm in the man. I was with him weeks and weeks and he had but the joy of life, its sparkle, its spontaneity.

His two Roman chapters are rich in anecdote—not the least spicy, incidentally, of the book. Of Cardinal Howard, who "carried with him into sacerdotal life many of the instincts of a guardsman," Sir James gives a picture that illuminates the austerity with which the layman is wont to invest ecclesiastical conduct:

> He breakfasted in his room, and dealt not kindly with obstruction. All this was very well for the Cardinal, but what about the house party that was waiting for breakfast? According to "Topps" Hartopp the majority absolutely refused to comfort themselves with so much as a sausage. At last by infinite resource and ingenuity a species of Punch and Judy box was rigged up in the corridor. The Cardinal's room was fortunately at the end of the passage, so the making of this box was fairly easy, and into it the Cardinal slid in his deshabille, and extended his ringed hand through an infantile aperture, which was reverentially embraced by the hungry crowd. After this "all went merry as a marriage bell," and the guests descended to their bacon while His Eminence presumably ascended to his bed.

One of the most perplexing of problems to the democratic mind, and the most fascinating to the socially inclined mathematical temperament, is the law that governs precedence. We are truly grateful for the insight given us by Sir James, who tells us the rule is more honored in the breaking than in the keeping. It is something like the idiosyncrasies of Latin grammar, which were more often than not ignored by the ancient Latins. And judging from the peculiar case, recounted by Sir James, of the Queensberrys and their titles we assume a peer's exact rank is rather exclusive knowledge. Speaking of Lord Percy Sholto Douglas, who discarded the ill-fated name of Drumlanrig, which is the portion of the heir of the Marquess of Queensberry, Sir James explains:

> Some people wondered why a man, already a viscount, should receive a barony, but they were very ignorant, because a peer's eldest son does not hold precedence by his grade of title, but by the date of his father's principal honor. Had the Duke of Somerset a son, that son would be Lord Seymour, as, curious to say, though other dukes have numbers of minor titles, the dukedom of Somerset, which is second only to that of Norfolk on the ducal roll, has nothing but a barony and a baronetcy; consequently the son is only Baron Seymour, whereas the eldest sons of the Dukes of Leeds, Portland, and Devonshire are respectively Marquesses of Carmarthen, Tavistock, and Hartington, and Lord Seymour would walk in to dinner before any of them, though he is but a baron to their marquisates. You would be surprised if I told you of the well-bred women who have made mistakes in this matter. The laws of precedence are perpetual perplexities to the knowledgeable, but the average hostess is better endowed with beauty than with brain, and many are her misleadings. Dear Mrs. Liddell, wife of the dean of Christ Church of my time, would always insist on sending in Sir George Arthur or some other handy baronet before Reginald Adderley, Wallace Cochrane-Baillie, now Lord Lamington, or Tom Legh, Lord Newton, despite the fact that they were Honorables. A common mistake also is regarding the unfortunate Right Honorables, who also precede baronets. If you are an entertainer on a large scale, you need a wonderful head to avoid making people crusty. I've seen a dinner spoilt by the chagrin of a couple of elderly females.

But not all the "memorable" remembered by Sir James Denham are the aristocratic great. He was no snob, for he was a great admirer of Disraeli, whose racial love of sartorial finery our author strikes off as follows:

> Considering the millinery flamboyance of his youth, Disraeli's later days show marvelous self-suppression as to color. I may say that I have seen him hundreds of times in the Commons. One session I heard him every time he opened his mouth, and I can not recall any occasion on which his attire was superlatively out of the ordinary. But on Sundays somehow he seemed to break loose. It is many a time that, as we all issued from the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, I happened to be behind him as he leisurely walked up St. James' to Mayfair. Leaning on the arm of Monty Corrie, the secretary whom he afterwards recommended for the Barony of Rowton, he presented an engrossing figure. Sometimes a complete frockcoat suit of light brown; oftener lavender trousers with gloves and tie to match and a dainty tassel on his cane of the same color, blue-black coat and waistcoat of a lighter lavender completed his costume, jauntily crowned with a gray topper and black band. You could not mistake the man. He did not seem in the least incongruous, and had a dignity and an aloofness which made his appearance a remembrance.

Kitchener was another bright particular planet in Sir James' constellation, whose lustre was of the accelerating kind. Perhaps he should be described as a comet. Dropping metaphor, we hope the following story is true, for though it has certainly never been widely circulated, it would explain so much that was Kitchener:

> As there is much that is compelling in Kitchener's career—its early years of suspense, its time of toil, the indomitable courage of its progress, the fame and brilliance of its crown—so there is sorrow, the fidelity of a lifetime in the one love of his heart. In it there was pathos, even unto tears. It was the story of love and loss, but even in loss more dearly loved.
>
> There was in that passion a heroism greater even than that contained in the endurance of his desert days. It was his lot to love a woman who was as emphatically devoted to duty as was he. This woman had been adopted by a wealthy relative, who after the engagement fell incurably ill. It was not possible, so argued the girl, to desert her in her enfeeblement, and so the man went on his lonely way, and had the dreary desert for companion, where no skylark sings, and where the vulture wings upon his hungry way. The blossom of life was not for him, its interludes of love and rest; but what was his soul's loss was England's salvation in the East. In later days, after the cares of state, his car might frequently be seen starting from the historic palace where he lodged, westwards to the house of the elderly women whom he still loved. He leant upon her counsel. She was a woman of rare mental balance. He never sought her sympathy in vain.
>
> This story has been by some denied, but nevertheless it is true. We are safe in saying that the goal in Bolton Gardens, where so often tended that car during the strain of the great war, was the home of the one woman whose influence was an abiding feature in the life of Kitchener.
>
> This intimacy of mind meant much to him. In addition to her rare common sense she was possessed of humor even more uncommon. Excellent is her definition of the man who sought her advice so frequently. "Never was a man truer to his name. Outwardly cold and hard as steel, he encloses beyond human sight the embers, the warmth, the fire he will not show. Was ever man better suited to the name of Kitchener!" And again, when he was elevated to an earldom as Earl Kitchener of Khartoum and Viscount Broome. "Very suitable," she laughed, "every kitchener should have its broom."

Humor of every variety was grist to our author's memorial mill. Though, as is usually the case, the chapter devoted to "Wit and Humor" is the least amusing. Culled from another corner of the book is the following naïveté:

> Here is another instance of humor originated, not by intellect, but by ignorance. Going down to Buckinghamshire for a garden party in the middle of a London season, we went down in London dress. I had white spats on. During the afternoon my host asked a number of us to come and see the young pheasants, telling us that he had a very good Irish gamekeeper. We had hardly appeared in the preserves when the keeper, much excited, came rushing up to me.
>
> "Excuse me, sorr; come this way, come on, sorr, quickly this way: get into the bushes where the ladies can't see yer." He was dreadfully agitated, and for fear he should have a fit I followed him into the laurels. Leaning towards me and whispering: "I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer, for yer've got the laste taste of yer dhrawers showin' benathe yer trousers." How the women laughed when I told them this!

And two stories which were evidently retailed by Sir James for no better reason than that he had cherished them for years are worth repeating here as a relief from too much "high society":

> I recall another story which years ago was round and about Kildare. It was connected with my dear old friend, Archdeacon de Burgh, with whom years after I so often played chess. The Archdeacon of Kildare was at the time of the story only a curate. Mr. Beauman of Forenaughts had four daughters. They were mighty sportswomen, and to be met with at every meet. Notwithstanding this attraction, they were at the time all unmarried. One afternoon Mr. Beauman turned up at the Kildare Street Club in Dublin looking very woebegone. "What's wrong, Beauman?" said an antique crony. "The Lord has struck me a grievous blow," responded Beauman. "The divil he has!" rejoined the antique, "and what's that?" "Maurice de Burgh, the curate, has proposed for Henrietta." "See here, old man," said the antiquated one, "go home and on your bended knees pray the Lord Almighty to strike you three other blows like it." Kildare Street Club was the scene of many a ready witticism. I can recall another. A well-known aged sportsman, when quite stricken in years, had married a young wife. One day he came into the club jubilant. "Mrs. S—— has presented me with a bouncing boy," he said. A friend, taking him into a corner, whispered, "Tell me, Tom, whom do you suspect?"

Those of us, and their number in this country is not legion, who revel in the story of English school and university life in Tom Brown's and Peregrine Pickle's vicissitudes will enjoy an anecdote characteristic of those privileged and traditioned institutions. Waldo Story, the sculptor, is the altruistic hero of the following:

> From the very outset, Waldo as it were paved the way for the innumerable friends who were so good to me during my Oxford days. Women may not realize, but men assuredly will, how large a place an errant tie or collar plays in man's estimate of man. This is where a cultured worldling like Story was of use to a haphazard person like myself. The second day after going into residence at Christ Church he enters my rooms. I had previously, be it said, bought a new bowler hat at the best hatter's in Bond Street for this self-same term. It was apparently all that London could do in the way of adornment. I was enjoying myself in a saddleback chair: the hat, on a settee, by my side. Story lights a cigarette, and says: "Do you know, I want to do you a good turn." I said, "That's very kind of you." "And I shall," continued Story. And he forthwith sits down on my hat. "There," he said, "I've done you the best turn you've ever had. If you'd continued to wear that hat, you would not have had a friend in the place."

But yarn and anecdote, however good, are a drug on the market and may be got cheap at any bookstall. The merit and distinction of "Memoirs of the Memorable" is in exactly what its title connotes. As Sir James states in an entirely unnecessary apology for recording these thumbnail sketches of great personages, not every writer has a like store and not every member of the sacred circle can write. With characteristic democratic taste we particularly enjoyed the chapter, "Visions of Beauty," which we would like to reprint in toto—but we must console ourselves and readers with this fragment:

> There is another picture whereat I sometimes stand and look. It is the picture of what London will probably never see again. In a few days King Edward would be crowned, and the capital was full of Indian princes and great people from the width of the world. There was a special reception for the princes of India. The ample courtyard of the India Office was canopied in silk, and it was a scene of utmost magnificence. Never had I gazed upon such jewels, and all of London's beauty was there. The Maharajahs seemed encrusted in diamonds; and there were rubies and emeralds beyond exaggerations of dream. It was an unforgettable spectacle.
>
> There, quite simple in a frock of white, her swanlike neck roped with adorable pearls, was Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, a picture which riveted the eye. It is not that she was so beautiful, for, compared with the greatest beauties of the day, she certainly was not; but there was an inexpressible, undefinable *soupçon* of youth and gladness and sadness and human vivacity about her that was singular and exceptional and altogether unwonted. Charm is in itself a beauty, and much of beauty is unbeautiful without it.

However, in all these selections there has been an embarrassment of choices, and we can do the appreciative no greater favor than to refer them to "Memoirs of the Memorable" and Sir James Denham, himself.

Memoirs of the Memorable. By Sir James Denham. New York: George H. Doran Company; $5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending April 21, 1923, were $160,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $140,-600,000; an increase of $19,400,000.

The upward trend of industrial activity has continued during the past month, and in nearly all important lines is reported close to capacity or restricted only hy lahor supply. The present output of construction materials, transportation equipment, and manufactured goods generally has never heen surpased, says the National City Bank of New York. Moreover, it is worthy of note that the activity of 1917, the year with the greatest production record, was largely expended upon war equipment and supplies. The output of iron and steel was then going largely into guns and shells; while now it is going into building material, railroad equipment, automohiles and machinery. The output of the textile industries was going largely at that time to clothe the armies, while now it is going to supply the general trade demands. The use to which things are put has hearing in the long run upon the level of prices. The present level is chiefly due to the fact that for several years our industries were husy upon production that added nothing to the necessary equipment of the country. We were not huilding dwelling houses or railroad equipment to meet the growing needs of the country, and now we are trying to catch up. One of the reasons why farm products are not on as high a level as other things is that the demand for farm products is not cumulative. The fact that consumption is stinted in one year does not make a larger demand in the next year; people do their eating for each year in that year.

We have constantly emphasized the equilihrium industry as the fundamental condition of prosperity. It is rarely maintained in full degree for very long; we are usually either rising to it or falling away from it. This is hecause the industrial organization is a voluntary one, in which everyhody is free to make his own policies, and the husiness community is prone to go one way or the other with a rush. The movement of prices is largely a matter of psychology: if the idea gets ahroad that prices will rise, huying sets in on a scale that may carry them heyond all reason, and on the other hand if the idea spreads that a decline has set in, the market may he overweighted on the selling side, to such an extent as will carry them far too low. These swings of sentiment and of prices affect production, employment, and consumption.

During the war we had the great swing of prices upward, under such pressure for manpower that nearly all products and services rose rather closely together; and so long as the equilihrium was fairly well maintained, we had the appearance of prosperity, although in fact it was a false appearance, hecause so much of the industrial effort was heing wasted. That waste was hound to make itself felt eventually. It could not be always covered up hy the advancing wages and prices. The situation was steadily getting out of halance, and eventually collapsed.

If everything had come down together, so that the equilihrium would have heen maintained on a lower level, a quick recovery would have been made, hecause there would have heen huying power in the markets equal to full production. Some of the industries, however, successfully resisted deflation and found themselves up in the air for a year or more, with only a limited demand for their products or services.

For the time hcing the situation is fairly well halanced, for while agriculture is not hack fully in line as a purchaser, the accumulation of demands in other quarters for the present makes good the shortage in that quarter. How long will the equilihrium he maintained? The outlook for husiness at this time is very good. If industrial costs and the general level of prices could he held where they are, there is every reason to helieve that this pace might he maintained at least through the present year, perhaps longer; moreover, with some modifications, such as naturally would occur if not met with organized resistance, the period of prosperity might he extended indefinitely.

The check will come as the relationships hetween various groups of producers are altered, affecting the hasis upon which they exchange services. The farmers regained in 1922 a part of what they lost in 1921, hut in January, 1923, farm products had hut 68 per cent. of the purchasing power over other things that they had in 1913. The tendency now, as other things are rising, is against them. The producers of flour, meat, and most of the foodstuffs are supplying them to the wage-earners of the other industries upon an exchange basis that is unfair to the farmer. Moreover, the farmers are not the only people heing placed at a disadvantage. A great number of the wage-earners will not he able to get their pay increased to correspond with the rises that are talked of in some of the favored industries. As prices rise all those whose incomes are not increased in equal proportion will have to curtail expenditures somewhere.

Increased activity on the part of American manufacturers is evidenced hy the latest foreign trade figures. They show an increase of 20 per cent. in exportations of manufactures and 32 per cent. in importation of manufacturing material when comparing the figures with those of one year earlier. These figures, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, relate on the export side to the month of January, 1923, and on the import side to the month of Decemher, 1922. They indicate that the exports of manufactures in the fiscal year which ends with the month of June will exceed hy nearly $150,-000,000 the total for the immediately preceding year, and will he 60 per cent. greater than the value of manufactures exported in the year preceding the war. The total exports of manufactures in the fiscal year 1923 will approximate $1,750,000,000 against a little more than $1,000,000,000 in 1914, three-quarters of a hillion in 1910, and less than a half-billion in 1900. This continuation since the close of the war in the growth of exportation of manufactures which was apparent in the pre-war period suggests that the closer acquaintance which the world ohtained during the war of the product of the American factory is giving further assuranec of the permanence of exports of manufactures.

Not only is there a steady increase in the total value of manufactures exported from the country, hut manufactures form a steadily increasing sbare in the grand total of our exports, since our growing population demands a steadily increasing proportion of the output of our fields and mines. Foodstuffs and manufacturing material combined formed 84 per cent. of our domestic exports in 1880, 78 per cent. in 1890, 64 per cent. in 1900, and 54 per cent. in 1922. On the other hand, manufactures which formed hut 15 per cent. of our exports in 1880 were 21 per cent. in 1890, 35 per cent. in 1900, and 46 per cent. in 1922.

This hig growth in the exportation of manufactures and the ahility of the manufacturers to fill the gap in the export trade caused hy the increased domestic consumption of the natural products, is coincidental with the increase in capital devoted to manufacturing. This growth in the capital devoted to the production of manufactures has heen especially rapid during the present century. The census of 1900 showed the total capital of the factories of the country at $9,000,000,000, while the 1920 census put the total at $45,000,000,-000, or five times as much as twenty years earlier. The growtb of capital engaged in manufacturing has been quite as rapid as the increased outturn of the factories. Tbe total capital investcd in manufacturing is set down hy the census of 1920 at $44,688,000,000 against $8,975,000,000 as recorded hy the census of 1900, while the outturn of manufactures reported hy tbe 1920 census is $62,418,-000,000 against $11,406,000,000 according to the census of 1900.

"What do you think of the market?" a writer in *Forbes Magazine* asked a man whose halance is on the favorahle side of the ledger after thirty or more years in Wall Street.

"I think the pools will try to put 'em higher; so as to get out on a scale down."

"But doesn't it sometimes happen that tbe pools get left?"

"You bet they do; I've been caught worse in pools tban I've ever heen on my own plays."

And then he went on to tell ahout this, that, and the other stock that pools were planning to run up. But in each case, on heing asked as to his own position in these issues, he admitted that he had none of them and wanted none. Apparently he was standing clear of the market, or in shape to get clear on short notice. And I know that in 1921 he hought heavily into such stocks as American Can, Studehaker, California Petroleum, Mack Truck and U. S. Realty.

He has heen ahle to speculate—*not gamble*—for thirty years hecause he works in the safe and sane middle ground hetween extreme lows and extravagant highs. The writer remembers well an instance of this man's wisdom back in 1916. Repuhlic Steel had heen worked up from around 40 to ahove 80, and friends of the stock were making ahsurd predictions as to the price it would sell at within the next few weeks.

"Well," replied the trader quoted ahove, when asked for his opinion on Repuhlic, "I never huy 'em at the bottom or sell 'em at the top. If I can get the twenty-five or thirty points of safe profit that lie in hetween I am satisfied. Let 'em put Repuhlic to 125 if they want to; I don't care when or how they do it. I have heen selling since it crossed 80 and it's now 83, and I am ahout out of it with an average of thirty points profit."

Who could help thinking, with the market hoiling the way it was then, that this man was a hit too anxious to take his profits and perhaps missing a chance to double them. But in less than a week there came the notorious "peace leak" and one of the most violent collapses in stock market history, during which Repuhlic Steel dropped twenty-five points in two or three days. When those who were predicting 125 were scramhling to get out, the not-too-hoggish trader, seeing that the market was back in the safe and sane middle ground again, repurchased his line—and be got out close to 90 on the next upswing.

Incidentally, it may he well to remind the reader that, although the market experienced its famous "peace hreak" toward the end of 1916, there were two more years of war. It was fear of peace that precipitated the downward plunge of war stocks. Of course, there was something in the technical position of the market—that is, in the way stocks were held



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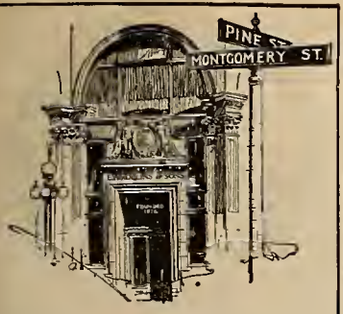
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up on the slender strings of ten-point margins—that made it shy at its own shadow.

Those who can not now see any cause for doubting the immediate future of the market would do well to think over what happened in 1916. Those who have studied the speculative markets know that it isn't safe to say that, since there is apparently nothing to stop the business boom for several months, the market is in the same boat with business. That isn't so. Business will run on until it meets an accumulation of adverse conditions sufficient to check expansion and cause a downward turn. The stock market will reach its turning point when it begins to fear that the end of the business boom is only six months or so ahead. And Wall Street's apparatus for receiving and amplifying the first hints of unfavorable developments in the business world is more sensitive than any radio outfit that has yet been built.

The stock market has already met some sort of a check that has held it within two or three points range for the last five weeks, up to this writing. And it is getting a little more sensitive; it had a slight chill when rediscount rates were recently raised from 4 to 4½ per cent. The pause in the upward movement would not be anything to worry about, were it not for the continued million-share activity. There is nothing wrong with a market that is dull and steady; but a market that churns about and gets nowhere is the sort that the cautious trader likes to get clear of.

The cautious trader who has gotten out of the stocks that have been persistently bulled for the last eighteen or nineteen months doesn't care how high they put 'em now. He has gotten all he can safely manage. And if there is a sudden upset of calculations, he will have the sort of credit balance that prevents the market from going to the dogs when everybody tries to get out at once.

But there is no reason why the cautious trader shouldn't continue to buy and hold such stocks as Central Leather, General Motors, Spicer, International Cement, Owens Bottle, U. S. Rubber, American Agricultural, American Beet Sugar, American Linseed, Goodrich Rubber, International Agricultural preferred, Virginia-Carolina Chemical, Wilson, Hupp Motors and Maxwell Motors. For these are stocks that haven't been boomed out of reason.

And the cautious trader will probably hold to his good rails and such low-priced rails as St. Louis-San Francisco common and preferred, Southern Railway, St. Paul common and preferred, and also coppers and zincs as Anaconda, Butte & Superior, Utah, Kennecott and Cerro de Pasco, at least until he sees which way the cat is going to jump.

No one can say that the bull market is definitely over or just how near the end is; but any one should be able to see that this is decidedly the distributive stage of the movement—and, therefore, the dangerous stage.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Criticism and Criticism.

Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century. By Georg Brandes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.

Much has been written for and against the destructive art of criticism, and undoubtedly a great deal remains to be said. The popular fallacy lies in its interpretation of the word "destructive," since even the layman realizes that the more destructive the more potent is criticism. But as we are all blatant sentimentalists at heart we have glossed over the fact and it has become traditional to pat the constructive critic on the back while making wry faces at his negative-minded colleague. The point of view is hopelessly muddled until viewed relatively, and we suggest the analogy of surgery. Criticism like surgery is a necessary and destructive evil. But meanwhile the gentle sister art of constructive diagnosis has flourished since the beginnings of things; and though we are not aware that any one, even the most amputative of critics, has ever challenged its *raison d'être,* we purpose to investigate the subject now. Georg Brandes belongs to the orthodox and, he it emphasized, very erudite school of scholarly criticism. "Creative Spirits of the Nineteenth Century" is a collection of twelve brilliantly analytical papers on such varied personalities as Hans Christian Andersen, Flaubert, and Napoleon Bonaparte, to name three of Professor Brandes' wide ranging studies. To read these twelve studies is to feel abashed at so much learning, to admire the brilliant, supple mind that can wield it all so lightly. Its single volume would supply a liberal education in nineteenth-century literature to the average representative of our ignorant age. To the more cultured it is a refreshing renewal of old acquaintance. It is good reading for any one; but we maintain it is not criticism. It is history, literary analysis, literature itself, but it is not criticism because its starting point is optimism and its intent is constructive. And by the same token its purpose defeats its end for the most efficacious treatment of literature is constantly to lop off its superfluous limbs, to clear the jungle of its tropical débris. Scholarly analyses play their part in developing literary taste and are therefore indispensable, but their function should not be confused with the practical work of the critic whose thankless job it is more often to pass post mortems on still-born work than to catalogue the virtues of the ancient.

R. G.

Europe As She Is.

The Middle of the Road. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

The charm of a book is a variable and intangible thing. It may be in the swift transition from the present into an enchanted past, in the trail into unknown countries, in the drop of a plummet into depths of mystery and romance, or may lie just beyond the opening of a door into the next room, much like the one we have been living in, and filled with human beings speaking our own language and thinking our own thoughts. Such a book is Sir Philip Gibbs' "The Middle of the Road"; well written, as are all his books, with an assured style, and a dialogue that is much as people talk to each other in everyday life.

Through the eyes and the life of the young man who dominates the book, we see England as it is, several years after the war, and Ireland as well, in the most troubled period of its history. Our hero's sojourn on the Continent shows us the French people shortly before the Ruhr invasion, a glimpse into Germany, and a picture of Russia in the dark days of the famine.

Bertram Pollard came through the war with an intense loyalty to England and a sympathizing spirit for the ex-service men and the unemployed. He had one sister married to a Sinn Feiner, another to a German nobleman, and a brother, a "Black and Tan," who met his death at the hand of Irish snipers. All these connections, which it must be admitted seem to be part of the stage setting, gave vistas in every direction, and Pollard's work as a special correspondent carried him into many of the dark places of Europe.

The questions of the day, social, political, and economic, come up in these pages and are discussed from both extremes of view, and between these Pollard tries to keep in the middle of the road, hoping for a way out in the end.

The book is a year out of a man's life with one act of the world drama going on about him, and the time is necessarily too brief for the vexed questions to find answers, but it is a book written not so much to amuse or entertain as to set in motion the reader's mental processes.

A Bas Realism.

The Coast of Eden. By Robert L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

It is problematical how many of us would lead very different lives if every one followed his instincts and longings, and if inborn tendencies were allowed to sway the choice of a life's occupation instead of a hundred and one external influences. The scene of a second novel by the author of "Roads Going South" is laid in California and New York, but the roots of the Ballantine family are grown deep into New England soil. The drifting of one branch of the family to Los Angeles and the determined onslaught of a younger brother on New York may push lives and habits to opposite points of the compass, but it can not swerve a certain indicator of inner character that points to the due north of New Englandism.

Kenneth Ballantine, the representative of the second generation, is not, perhaps, as convincingly drawn as the character of his father. And though his seven years of struggle against destiny in New York are particularly well done, we think that the happy ending is too conveniently idealistic to have occurred in drab reality. However, it was probably the least the author could do for his long-suffering hero.

Everyday Types.

Trodden Gold. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

A mother whose gods were society, influence, two daughters brought up with the sole idea of marrying money, and the men they married, are the *dramatis personæ* of "Trodden Gold," a refreshingly original novel by Howard Vincent O'Brien. The types we meet here are not worn threadbare by too many appearances in fiction, but we do meet them every day in fact, and there is range enough of material for any one who reads the book to find himself—or his neighbor—walking through the pages.

A contrast of ideals may be taken as Mr. O'Brien's theme: on one hand the sister whose husband has achieved wealth in business, and on the other the sister who has married an instructor and researchist in chemistry. Needless to say, the latter has not achieved wealth and he fears what money may do to their lives. "You talk," a dissenter in the book cries, "as if money was a sort of taskmaster—that it owned the people who owned it, and made them do all sorts of things they didn't want to do." The arguments are cleverly carried out, and the researchist storms

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Wanted: A Translator.

THE HOLY TREE. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Boni & Liveright: $2.

"Vocations," Gerald O'Donovan's powerful realistic first novel, did not prepare us for "The Holy Tree." A young writer's second published offense is very often a good imitation of the first, hut either Mr. O'Donovan determined to avoid the obvious pitfall, or, what is more likely, he is versatile. However, with all due regard for a proper exhibition of any one's many-sidedness we would have preferred a variation of "Vocations" to the lyrical "Holy Tree," which needs to he translated into English. We do not mean to imply that Mr. O'Donovan, whose former hook we admired tremendously, is not a master of English prose, but he has resorted to the almost unheard-of use of Irish English in "The Holy Tree," and heautiful as this epic of suffering is, or rather as one dimly realizes it is, the principle preoccupation of the reader is reversing subjects and predicates into customary English syntax. No writer can afford to detract from the intrinsic value of his hook hy such a mechanical and unnecessary distraction. And yet Mr. O'Donovan, whom we know to he capahle of literary good sense, as "Vocations" proved, has committed this foolish literary device. Possihly he was writing for his own countrymen, hut he might almost as well have written in Celtic for all the good the average American or Englishman will derive from it. Another guess is that Mr. O'Donovan revolted at the coldness of English prose in juxtaposition to the impassioned Irish dialogue, hut surely a compromise could have heen effected. At any rate a very good hook has heen marred for a great many people.

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The O. Henry Memorial Stories.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1922. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.90.

The fourth volume of the O. Henry Memorial Stories has only just made its appearance and is heing read with varying degrees of approval.

After four years of experiment and success, the Society of Arts and Sciences has estahlished methods of selection that seem to have developed into a good working system, and have prohahly simplified the labors of the committee. The principle of personal preference or taste has heen eliminated and a more impersonal standard has heen substituted. This standard is not necessarily the traditional form so successfully handled hy O. Henry, hut the emphasis of "certain laws governing the creation of the short story." In these laws are included length, unity, and the same struggle, suspense, and element of surprise so necessary in dramatic construction. To this is added a certain suhtle effacement on the part of the author, that the action may tell the story rather than the writer's comment.

The prize for the hest short story of the year is awarded to Irvin S. Cohh, the second prize to Rose Wilder Lane, and a special prize of $100 is given to F. R. Buckley for the hest story under 3000 words. This story has the additional distinction of approaching more nearly than any other the "O. Henry tradition."

From the year's output of short stories ahout three hundred were first selected, and after further elimination thirty-two were found to rank highest with the committee. Half of this list of thirty-two is included in the present volume and the other half has the distinction of "honorahle mention."

Notes of Books and Authors.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is writing another novel in the vein of "The Old Wives' Tale."

May Sinclair's "Ann Severn and the Fieldings" and Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral" are the only two English novels among Chicago's hest sellers.

Professor Candy of London University says that he has found some manuscript verses written by Milton in a sixteenth-century edition of Ovid.

The recent discoveries in Egypt lend interest to the Marshall Jones Company's announcement that it is ahout to puhlish a volume on "Egyptian Mythology," hy W. Max Muller. From the early religion and mythology of the inhahitants of the Nile land much light can he thrown on their life and customs, hecause of their manner of recording national events and ceremonies hy means of symhols and hieroglyphics. The volume will he illustrated hy approximately three hundred line drawings.

Little, Brown & Co.'s addition to the list of hooks of interest to nature-lovers to he puhlished in Garden Week will he "The Fern Lover's Companion," hy George Henry Tilton, a retired clergyman, who has made a long study of flowers, ferns, and toadstools. His book, which will he puhlished April 25th, is copiously illustrated with photographs of ferns in their various stages of development. He is a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, 1873.

It is unusual for one author to have two hooks listed among the hest sellers at the same time, hut such is the popular honor which was conferred upon Rafael Sahatini. "The Snare" and "The Sea-Hawk" were hoth high in the list of hest sellers during the month of February. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" and "If Winter Comes" had a similar dual success, but this is a rather uncommon occurrence.



New Books Received.

THE PLAYS OF G. MARTINEZ SIERRA. In English versions by John Garritt Underhill and Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 2 vols., $7.

"The Cradle Song," "The Lover," "Love Magic," "Poor John," "Madame Pepita," "The Kingdom of God," "The Two Shepherds," "Wife to a Famous Man," "The Romantic Young Lady."

LA PARCELLE 32. By Ernest Perochon. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

Translated from the French by Frances C. Fay.

THE VICTIM AND THE WORM. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

Two short novels.

COUNTRY CLUB PEOPLE. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

A novel.

THE AFFAIR AT FLOWER ACRES. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

A mystery story.

THE BELOVED BRUTE. By Kenneth Perkins. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.75.

A Western novel.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND POLITICS. By Carrie Chapman Catt and Nettie Rogers Shuler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $3.

The inner story of the suffrage movement.

VENTILATION. By the New York State Commission on Ventilation. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $15.

Report of the New York State Commission on Ventilation.

POEMS FROM LIFE. Edited and introduced by Oliver Herford. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

A collection of *Life's* wittiest poetry.

MUMBO JUMBO. By Harry Clewes, Jr. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

A modern exposure.

DUBLIN DAYS. By L. A. G. Strong. New York: Boni & Liverigbt; $1.25.

Verse.

YOU AND ME. By Paul Geraldy. Translated by Josepb T. Shipley. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.50.

Verse.

WEST AND EAST. By Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

The European scene of today.

THE GREAT GRANOMOTHER. By G. A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bohbs-Merrill Company; $2.

By the autbor of "Gossamer" and "Spanisb Gold."

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MURRAY HILL. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

More essays.

MAKING YOURSELF. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Tbomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

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HEROES OF THE FARTHEST NORTH AND THE FARTHEST SOUTH. By J. Kennedy MacLean. New York: Tbomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

Juvenile.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN DENMARK. By H. Trolle Steenstrup. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.

The latest of the Children of Other Lands Series.

DAPPLES OF THE CIRCUS. By Clarence Hawkes. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

The story of a Shetland pony and a boy.

HEALTH AND SELF-MASTERY THROUGH PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND AUTOSUGGESTION. By William J. Fielding. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $2.

By the autbor of "Tbe Caveman Within Us."

HOME-MADE GAMES. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lotbrop, Lee & Shepherd Company; $2.50.

Illustrated with photographs and working drawings.

THE RED MARSHAL. By Gordon Casserly. New York: Edward J. Clode.

An historical novel of tbe days of Louis XVI.

CRUCIBLES OF CRIME. By Joseph F. Fishman. New York: Cosmopolis Press.

"Tbe shocking story of the American jail."

THE VOICE FROM THE VOID. By William Le Queux. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.75.

"The great wireless mystery."

OUT OF THE SILENT NORTH. By Harry Sinclair Drago. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.75.

A story of "La Longue Traverse."

A California Anthology.

The Book Club of California, which recently puhlished the "Letters of Ambrose Bierce," is collecting material for an anthology of contemporary California poetry, to he puhlished during the fall. It will he a volume of about three hundred pages, and will exhihit most of the tendencies of present-day verse. Letters have heen sent out to a large numher of poets, hut any one, whether officially invited or not, may contribute. The poems to he included in the hook will he chosen by three editors—James Rorty, George Sterling, and Genevieve Taggard—all of whom are poets of national reputation; and the preparation of the volume will he under the general direction of Alhert M. Bender, chairman of the committee on programme and puhlication.

During a numher of years persons living in California have been writing verse that, in some cases at least, is not without permanent value; hut this work has frequently gone unrecognized because of the isolation of each writer and the lack of a nucleus around which a group might take form. The Book Cluh wishes to aid in the creation of such a nucleus, hoping to uncover talents that might otherwise remain hidden: the anthology is a heginning; and it is helieved that the response from Western writers and the quality of their work will justify further efforts in the puhlication, not only of verse, but of prose. Like all Book Cluh productions, the volume will he attractively printed and hound.

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"HEARTBREAK HOUSE."

George Bernard Shaw's name and fame are now so well known the round world over that anything the Irish dramatist writes for the stage seems to be assured of stage representation. This absolute surety has come, however, after Mr. Shaw is on the down grade as a dramatist. Any man who writes a play in this age of hurry in three separate installments—*i. e.*, for three separate representations—is disregarding the ominous possibilities of its permanent retirement from the world after its first season.

That, I do not doubt, is what will happen to "Back to Methuselah," and I am still dizzy with surprise at the Stage Guild in having put on "Heartbreak House." I read this play recently, having handed in my name for it on a library waiting list several months before I could get it; which argues, of course, a keen interest in Shaw's writings, but also, I doubt not, a puzzled attempt on the part of the people who saw the play to find out if they could make out more from the printed page than they did from the dramatic representation.

To open the book is to feel distinctly cheered up. For there in the index are given about three dozen themes appropriate to the play, on which Shaw indulges in preliminary discourse.

"Ah!" we say to ourselves, "all is well; now this wild Irishman will tell us what all these cryptic people in his play are leading up to."

And we proceed to read about the English people—England, by the way, is "Heartbreak House"—and how the really intelligent, educated classes, ignoring the signs of the times, and oblivious that men "of soulless and ignorant cunning" were running the S. S. *Great Britain* on the rocks, abandoned themselves to the futile enjoyment—as Shaw puts it—of music, art, and literature. "They were the sole repositories of culture who had social opportunities of contact with our politicians, administrators, and newspaper proprietors. . . . But they shrank from that contact."

As for the women, as typified in the play by Hesione and Ariadne, the two Shotover daughters, "they took the only part of our society in which there was leisure for high culture and made it an economic, political, and, as far as practicable, a moral vacuum; and as Nature, abhorring a vacuum, immediately filled it up with sex, and with all sorts of refined pleasures, it was a very delightful place at its best in moments of relaxation."

There we have the two Shotovers—idle, pleasure-loving, carefully respectable vampires.

Hector Hushaby, the husband of Hesione, and Randal Utterword, the *cavalier servente* of Ariadne—and also her brother-in-law—are held up by Shaw as instances of Britain's really manly men emasculated by the allurements of society women, dependent on their men servants for the most trifling services of the toilet, and only waking up to the call of the dominant sex within them when the velvet of their lives is disturbed by the invasion of such menaces as a burglar, or a Zeppelin dropping German bombs; the coming of the Zeppelin illustrating the neglect of political science in Heartbreak House—in other words, in "cultured, leisured England," where, if their lives had not been given over to futility, they would have been armed and ready for the invader.

Randall Utterword serves as an instance of the British men of means "who were really kept going by their solicitors and agents, being unable to manage an estate or run a business." But Hector Hushaby is different. (All these names, by the way, have their separate significations.) Hector is a slave under feminine domination, but a rebellious one. Hector scorns the pretensions of his class at being advanced and free thinking, and scorns equally the women who hold him in silken chains. "Vampire women, demon women!" he calls them; and the ascendancy of Hesione over her father and husband is further shown in a scene in which she demands more money. Her father, an ancient eccentric who invents, says regretfully, "Only £500 for that lifeboat! I got twelve thousand for the invention before that." To which Hesione responds, "Living at the rate we do you can not do life-saving inventions. Can't you think of something that will murder half Europe at one bang?"

It is owing to such character revelations as this in the two beautiful, bewitching, but apparently soulless sisters, that Hector explodes—although in safe solitude—at the end of the second act, when he cries desperately, "Oh, women! women! women!" [He lifts his fists in invocation to heaven.]. "Fall. Fall and crush."

Those who have seen or read the play will remember that Ellie Dunn was, through the philandering of a married man, rapidly transformed by her disappointment in love from a trusting girl to a hard, disillusioned woman, looking for a loveless marriage with the wealthy Mangan. So that, as pointed out to her by Captain Shotover, the eccentric old philosopher, who reminds us of that other eccentric sage, old Stone, in Galsworthy's "Fraternity," whose wisdom made commoner men think him mad, "Your reward will be that you will eat, but will not live."

It may be remembered that Mangan and the burglar sprinted to the gravel pit as the safest place when the alarmed inhabitants of Heartbreak House first heard the humming of the giant airship. The others, disdaining flight, defiantly broke the regulations in allowing Heartbreak House to remain illuminated. And Shaw killed off the two cowardly ones with the Zeppelin bombs. Just why is not apparent; perhaps to show that even cowards were not safe in England when airships invaded the once tight little isle.

But it is difficult to find a consistent development of Shaw's theme in "Heartbreak House." Captain Shotover says of "this soul's prison we call England," "She will strike and sink and split. Do you think the laws of God will be suspended in favor of England . . .?"

But the wild Irish polemic loves his adopted country. He recognizes that this unstable paradise has its great, its fatal charm, as expressed in these words uttered "musically" by one of the women: "Yes, this silly house, this strangely happy house, this agonizing house, this house without foundations. I shall call it Heartbreak House."

Josephine Hart Phelps.

Exhibition of a Modern Master.

Some of the best work of a celebrated modern French painter, Marius Hubert-Robert, is now on exhibition at Vickery, Atkins & Torrey's galleries. Marius Hubert-Robert is well known for his wild flowers, seascapes, castles and gardens. His pictures are to be found in many homes in France and in most of the foreign courts. He has had some important exhibitions in Paris, one of them in the private hotel of the Duchess of Rohan. H. R. H., the Duchess of Vendome, organized in London, at the Mansion House, an exhibition of the gardens of the Riviera, which was very successful and where Queen Mary bought several pictures. He exhibited also with the same success at Nice and Monte Carlo. During the war Hubert-Robert was appointed painter with the army and his battle scenes have been exhibited at the Luxembourg.

At the St. Francis.

Many small parties, portraying the latest whims in spring finery, were seen at luncheon Monday in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis. Among the groups were seen Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Tiny O'Connor, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and her daughter, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Jane Carrigan, the Misses Mary and Julia Crocker, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Josephine Drown, Mrs. Charles McCormack, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Mrs. J. Le Roy Nickel.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"The Awful Truth."

At the Columbia Theatre, for two weeks beginning Monday evening, April 30th, Ina Claire is to he seen in Arthur Richman's comedy, "The Awful Truth."

In this play Miss Claire has one of the rôles in which her admirers like her best. She is a fashionable divorcée, on the brink of a second matrimonial venture, when a chain of circumstances involving her attractive former husband interrupts her plans. The outcome is at once amusing and unexpected.

The Charles Frohman Company has surrounded Miss Claire with a capable troupe, headed hy Bruce McRae. Supporting rôles are portrayed hy such well-known players as Cora Witherspoon, Louise Mackintosh, Kyra Alanowa, Paul Harvey, Raymond Walburn, Arthur W. Metcalfe and Lewis Sealy. Mr. Richman's comedy has been produced under the personal direction of Henry Miller.

At the Curran.

What promises to be the banner musical comedy of the season is the engagement of McIntyre and Heath at the Curran Theatre opening Sunday night in their new piece called "Red Pepper." The "Red Pepper" of the play is a race-horse in which the two funmakers are interested. It is interesting to learn just how much trouhle a race-horse can make for a couple of negroes who have traveled to Havana in search of a fortune. Naturally the "trouhle" furnishes plenty of fun for the audience, but at the same time there is quite an exciting thrill when two thoroughhred horses race across the stage with "Red Pepper" winning hy the tip of his tongue.

The race-track scene depicted in "Red Pepper" is perhaps the most elaborate reproduction of tne famous race-course at Havana ever constructed. The scene in front of the club house is very attractive, as it gives an opportunity for the fifty youthful chorus girls to exhibit a gorgeous array of gowns.

Walker Whiteside is giving farewell performances of the mystery play, "The Hindu." There will be a matinée on Saturday.

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A wonderful comedy farce in 3 acts by Molière
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LAST PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON
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A Week of Mollere.

The season of La Gaitè Française, which now has the distinction of being the only French theatre in the United States, comes to a close next week with Molière's "Les Fourheries de Scapin."

Director André Ferrier, who was schooled in the classic Odéon of Paris, has given this piece his customary scrupulous care, selecting the cast with special attention to individual temperaments and sparing no work in rehearsals. He has mounted the piece in accord with tradition as handed down from the days of Molière, and expects to show students of the little theatre movement a setting that will give his small stage an unexpected effect of depth and hreadth. The scenery has been designed and hrushed hy M. Pélenc. M. Ferrier has reserved for himself the rôle of the engaging rascal, Scapin.

During the year M. Ferrier has presented "Le Médecin malgre Lui" and "Le Malade Imaginaire" of Molière with great artistry and has delighted bis admirers in many rôles, including that of the immortal Poirier on his famous voyage.

"Les Fourberies de Scapin" will be given nightly throughout the week, beginning with Monday. Assisting in the cast are Henri Château, Aimé du Barley, Amerigo Frediani, Henri Puttaert, Yvonne du Parc, Mariette Cardona, Marie Garde and Pierre Blanco.

Tickets at half price may be obtained by students of French. The department of education has advised students in its French courses to attend.

The Ponselle Concerts.

With William Tyroler as assisting artist, Rosa Ponselle will he heard in concerts at the Curran Theatre, Sunday afternoon, May 13th, and at the Exposition Auditorium, May 23d.

With all the world's great singers hesieging him for engagements, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan, five years ago selected Rosa Ponselle to he his leading singer of dramatic rôles. Such was the director's confidence in Miss Ponselle that on her déhut he cast her as the soprano star in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" with the late Enrico Caruso. The triumph she won has heen repeated at every suhsequent appearance.

The Boston *American* said of her recent concert in that city: "Ponselle sings such hig arias as that from 'Ernani' with the most amazing power and flexihility, while her ahility to sing hallads and songs in English is so remarkahle that she can draw tears from many eyes hy her dramatic intensity."

Tickets for the May 13th concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s at $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 (war tax extra).

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Dorothea Klumpke Roberts, formerly of the staff of the Paris Ohservatory, and well known in San Francisco, will give an illuminated letcure on "Rosa Bonheur" in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, May 5th, at 2:30. She will show on the screen many of the pictures of the great French animal painter, among them heing tbe world-renowned "Horse Fair," now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Mrs. Roherts will also speak of her own sister, Anna Elizaheth Klumpke of San Francisco, daughter of a territorial pioneer of California, who painted Rosa Bonheur's portrait and wrote her biography.

The lecture engagement of Inayat Khan is nearing its end, there remaining only the lectures of the coming week and the final lecture on May 8th. Tuesday afternoon, May 1st, at 2:30, in the Paul Elder Gallery, he will lecture on tbe Sufi poet, Hafiz. Wednesday morning, May 2d, at 10:30, be will give the closing lecture on music, speaking on "The Music of the Spheres." Tbursday evening, May 3d, at 8:15, he will talk on "Tbe Coming World Religion," which will close his course of spiritual philosophy.

Del Monte's Family Golf.

The usual week-end festivities at Del Monte have heen considerably augmented by the Family Cluh of San Francisco. Under the guidance of Mother-in-law pro tem James J. Black the club "children" arrived in their special train and entered upon a most enjoyahle outing. The golf tournament Saturday afternoon and Sunday brought out some remarkably good scores, Frederick Burnham of Martinez carrying off the final honors, with L. R. Mellus of Los Angeles finishing second.

The golf dinner Saturday evening was presided over hy James J. Black, president of the Family, and among the guests of honor were Robert Welles Richie, the novelist; T. Hays, the cartoonist, and the afternoon's champion, Frederick Burnham, who is a renowned hig game hunter and fisherman as well as golfer. A unique feature was the dedication to each of the past presidents of the Family of a hole on the golf course, named in his honor and presented with appropriate tribute.

Gerald—I am going to steal a kiss. *Geraldine*—Let the crime wave begin.—*New York Sun.*

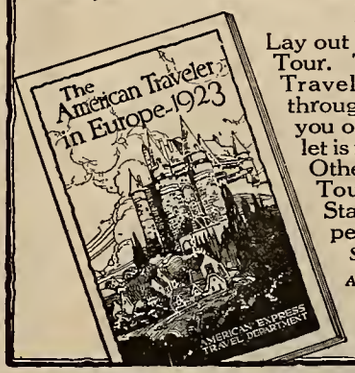
At the Palace.

Among the many affairs for Mrs. George Hearst since her marriage was the tea at which Miss Dorothea Powell entertained at the Palace Hotel. Novel hand-painted Chinese place cards and a large bowl of Oriental poppies adorned the table. Invited to meet Mrs. Hearst were Mrs. O. K. Wilhur, Mrs. Barton Powell, Mrs. Fritz Grau, Mrs. Eugene Prince, Mrs. George B. Daniels, Mrs. F. A. Lyon, Mrs. William Hazlett, Mrs. Charles Honeywell, Mrs. Louis Raggio, Mrs. George McCutchcon. Miss Virginia Booker, Miss Evangeline Bell, Miss Mabel Duperu, Miss Helen Zuckerman, Miss Frances Cady, Miss Sarah Thompson, Miss Alice Parker, Miss Margaret Parker, Miss Ann Meyer, and Miss Naomi Taylor.

Mrs. George Colt Bagley of Minneapolis, who has heen wintering in Southern California, is a guest of the week at the Palace Hotel. Another guest is Mr. Ira Nelson Hollis, president of Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

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VANITY FAIR.

All over the country, and perhaps in many parts of stricken Europe, respectable women, many of them married to living, modern men, are trying to make themselves look like King Tut's wife. They cut their hair in antique ways and dress in imitation mummy cloth printed with ducks, and hooks, and other devices meant to resemble hieroglyphs, but which would make Champollion split a rib. The craze grows daily, and will soon involve Egyptian jewelry—many examples of which can be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where more styles originate in this country than 1 per cent. of the women that wear them know anything about. A shirt-waist stamped with Egyptian hieroglyphics composed in Connecticut has a mysterious and fetching effect. Nobody knows what the symhols mean, and they may mean anything. They suggest the Nile with its tawny and langorous current and Cleopatra reclining on a love-barge dallying with Cæsar and sending wireless messages to Antony at the same time; while just abaft the mainmast is a cage of little snakes to be used for the fatal fade-out. All this association is supposed to be alluring, to hand the male observer a thrill, to cause him to feel the enchantment of the "serpent of old Nile." Yet nobody knows what these Yankee hieroglyphics are. They have not yet been deciphered. And when some Rosetta jacquette is discovered that shall reveal what the manufacturer had in mind when he adopted them, it may not he fit for publication. Yet women go on taking chances with them, knowing not what they may be proclaiming. It is unchancy business; hut doubtless reflects nothing more than our crazy, wasteful fickleness in fashion. And that alliterative phrase is something tautologous, for what would fashion be if not fickle? King Tut arises from the dead just in time to give fashion a new slant, and he is effective to some degree. In that he is away ahead of Mr. Einstein, after whose doctrine of relativity no shirt waist has thus far been modeled. To set a fashion from your stony residence 3000 years after you are dead is almost immortality. If that is what he wanted Tut got it, and some of those elementals that have been hanging about guarding him should let him know.

No matter what American society may do or become, it will never be just right. That may be because it is mercurial and refuses to freeze at any ordinary temperature. New persons break in, the social lists expand, and new ideas impinge themselves on the society mind in the form of good schemes for "something to do." Recently society in the East has been going in for "cultnre"; whatever it may think it means by that. It has been indulging in drama and literature and all sorts of uplifting exercise, quite high-brow and fine-haired, but it does not appear much good, at least as far as the men are concerned. Certain sour criticisms have recently been pased upon these cultural struggles by one of society's own members, Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., who puts it in a sort of half play he wrote himself, called "Mumbo Jumbo." In the course of this depressing drama he mourns: "We can not, alas, boast of aristocrats, but we have, nevertheless, hosts of sentimental, decadent burghers." That is hard. But Mr. Clews may he presumed to know. He has lived long in France, and returns to his native city, New York, with criteria the stay-at-homes have missed, especially on burghers. He speaks of the "Ritzonianaires, whose jewels outglitter their brains," and there gets on a tender subject; for was it not the great Fingy Connors of Buffalo who silenced a critic of flashiness with the observation, "I notice that them as has 'em wears 'em"? Then there are what Mr. Clewes calls the Salonaires, which easily degenerates into Saloonaires, and to their pretentious shallowness he thus applies the whips of scorpions: "What is typical of so many of our ultra-modern, chic, cosmopolitanized, Carltonized, transatlanticized, social-columnized, democratized ladies of fashion is that when they open their eyes they invariably close their hearts and when their hearts are open their eyes are closed—these highfaluting dames, who mercilessly hold their docile sex-shattered husbands to dollar grubbing in order to have larger jewels, larger houses, and larger dinner parties with hopes, no doubt, of thereby furthering the sacred cause of socialism."

Mr. Clews goes further and does worse. He writes of the rising power of womanhood as "sex-transformation," and observes the development of what he calls "the inverted American harem." That is something we have never seen, but should say that an inverted harem of any nationality whatever would be a daring exhihition, and we can not believe any follies impresario will attempt it, or that the Ku Klux Klan would permit it if he did. He seems especially impatient of Ritzonians, declaring they constitute that "new cosmopolitan society inspired by America which has supplanted with the restaurant, casino, hotel and dance hall the salon and court life of the past and substituted hotel managers and maitres d'hotel for chamberlains and masters of ceremony." The American millionaire of the play typifies "Fifth Avenue, Euclid Avenue, Biarritz, Newport, Mayfair, Cannes—stereotyped, identicalized, super-palace-hotel society, stuffing and puffing with food, jewels, and motors—parlor socialists scrambling after titles."

Far be it from a mere Coast observer to question the accuracy of his statements of fact; but Mr. Clews seems a little severe. Gothamite society is an interesting phase of human development, and it does look as though it deserved something better than that, for it has of late been trying. Just what it has been trying is a bit obscure, it has tried so many things and got joy of so few, but it has been trying, and it is the general idea that effort is meritorious as long as the object is not illegal. And the New Yorkers of the Social Register, while terribly diluted hy recent additions, maintain their opera, and buy pictures and thus support artists, and dine gracefully in one another's presence, and even indulge in conversation of a sort, and are in general a harmless lot, aside from kissing one another's wives on the stairs at times, and once in a way one rises from the ruck or comes from behind, or whatever tbe sporting terminology is, and justifies tbe father that begat him by doing something useful. Of course, life in Gotham society is not what once it was, and our own Mr. Greenway intimates that it is facing a terrible tragedy: its liquor is running low. But there are methods of replenishment, and it may pull through.

In Prague will be found the Waldes Museum devoted to a collection of dress-fastening devices of all kinds and ages. It was founded by a Bohemian button manufacturer, and is filled with thousands of curious devices. This is one of the most curious special museums in Europe.—*Scientific American.*



An Account of Our Stewardship

Spring Valley's annual report to its 1950 stockholders, just issued, tells what is being done to carry out plans for more water as recommended by the Railroad Commission, agreed upon by City and Company, and accepted by the Company as its program of development and construction.

The Company, the report states, has let a contract for excavating and placing 800,000 cubic yards of rock and earth at Calaveras Dam, and has already placed more than 100,000 yards. This follows a great deal of other work at Calaveras.

Calaveras Dam, which at present contains 6½ billion gallons of water, will impound 32 billion gallons when this work is completed two years hence.

The Company is replacing the Sunol-Niles aqueduct with a reinforced concrete structure of permanent character designed to convey the present supply and the additional 24 million gallons daily of water being developed at Calaveras. This work will take five months.

The Company has successfully negotiated for a right-of-way from the present end of the aqueduct, the screen tank at Niles, to Irvington, a distance of about three miles.

At Irvington the Spring Valley aqueduct will connect with the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy conduit, which will carry Calaveras water the rest of the way to Crystal Springs. Spring Valley will have to pay the City for the use of this Hetch Hetchy conduit.

The Company has made the first payment of interest to the City on the Hetch Hetchy bonds sold to finance the building of the City conduit from Irvington to Crystal Springs.

Closely connected with this program is the refinancing of the Company's $22,000,000 debt, recently accomplished.

The City being committed to municipal ownership of the water supply, and having reserved a twelve-year option to purchase Spring Valley, the Company recognizes the City's objective, and has under way a vigorous selling campaign of its non-operative properties, which are not included in the option.

The whole report shows careful adherence to the program laid down hy public authority.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bobbie, aged six, was telling his father about the new picture just hung in their kindergarten classroom. "It's a picture of George Washington," he said importantly, "giving up his sword and going to be a human."

Enrico Cecchetti, the master of the Russian ballet, who taught Pavlova to dance, is responsible for this story of the power hack of a ballerina's kick: "Fanny Ellsler was once crossing the ocean, and when she was lying in her berth one night she saw a man stealing towards her. She always kept her jewels under her pillow, and she immediately made up her mind that he was a thief. She waited till he came near to her, then she kicked him in the chest, and he fell down dead on the spot."

Augustus Thomas, czar of the theatrical world, said at a wedding breakfast in New York: "When marriage fails it is usually because one or the other of the contracting parties starts out with the resolve to be false to his or her contract. Years ago, when I was a reporter on a St. Louis paper, a colleague of mine went to the city editor and said: 'I'd like a raise; I'm married now, you know.' 'Yes, yes, I know,' said the city editor, a kindly, genial soul, 'and, of course, you need a raise for your family, don't you?' 'No, I don't,' said the reporter; 'I need it for myself. My wife, you see, has found out what I'm getting now.'"

"Lillian Russell," said a veteran actor, "approved of marriage. She married often. Yet she loved to tell cynical little matrimonial jokes. As an immigration official she liked to tell about an elderly immigrant whom an inspector asked on Ellis Island: 'Where were you married?' The immigrant scratched his ear, cleared his throat, and finally answered huskily: 'I don't know, sir.' 'What?' said the official. 'You don't know where you were married?' 'Oh, heg pardon, sir,' said the immigrant. 'I thought you said why.'"

Mary Garden, at a Chicago reception, was criticizing a certain conductor. "His work," she said, "is so poor that it reminds me of the Cinnaminson hrass hand, which gave a concert one night. The music wasn't very harmonious to start with, and it kept getting worse and worse. Finally a perfectly terrihle numher came. Such a crash and hlare had never heen heard hefore in Cinnaminson. The audience applauded politely, though, and the first cornet wiped his hrow and muttered to the conductor: 'What's the next selection, hard?' '"The Maiden's Prayer,"' the conductor muttered hack. The first cornet looked startled. 'Holy smoke!' he said; 'I have just been playin' "The Maiden's Prayer."'"

A Russian writer of memoirs, Olga Racster, records the fact that in Warsaw up to 1906 all plays were suhmitted to strict censorship, emphasis heing laid on the two ideas of slavery and patriotism. "Anything that suggested hondage or love of country was severely hanned. For instance, the word 'slave' was never permitted; usually it was replaced hy 'negro.' Of course, in some instances it worked quite well, but when the noun was used in a metaphorical sense, such as 'He was a slave to his passions,' the whole meaning was destroyed in the foolish statement that 'He was a negro to his passions.' In a play where a Catholic priest had to announce that he loved his country and his people, the censor put him in the emharrassing position of confessing that he loved his 'wife and children.'"

Although "Uncle Joe" Cannon loves his fellow-men and was one of the most affahle memhers of Congress toward strangers, he had no use for hounders and lohhyists. One of the latter, with a legislative axe to grind, approached him one day near the cigar counter in the House restaurant. "Hello, Uncle Joe!" he exclaimed. "Haven't seen you for some time. You sure are looking fine. Won't you have a cigar with me—one of your old favorites?" Then the cold, steely look in Uncle Joe's eyes gave him warning, but the lohhyist tried to bluff it off. "Why, Uncle Joe, surely you rememher me!" But he reckoned without his host—you just can't hluff Uncle Joe. He had played the great American indoor game too long for that. He looked steadily at the hluffer and said: "No, I don't remember you. And if, when you get to the pearly gates, you don't look more familiar to Saint Peter than you do now to me, he'll say to you: 'Get to hell out of here; I don't know you!'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Delightful Dances.

The kisses that are never kissed,
Sad poets sing, are sweetest,
And opportunities we've missed
Must ever seem the meetest.

But this is true, whate'er may mar
The rest of Fate's hright chances,
The dances that we sit out are
The most delightful dances.

—*Cornell Widow.*

If Only —

"If only the good were the clever,
Or if only the clever were good,
The world would be hetter than ever
We thought that it possihly could.
But alas, it is seldom or never
That either behave as they should.
For the good are so hard on the clever,
And the clever so *rude* to the good.

—*Public Opinion.*

"Thrift."

Puir thrifty Jock a saxpence spied
A-lying in the gutter,
He rinned tae grah it strecht awa',
His hairt strings a' aflutter;
A motorbus crushed puir Jock doon,
Ma pen wi' horror pauses—
The Coroner his verdict gave
As "Deith frae Natural Causes."

—*R. C. in Life.*

In a gorgeous temple at Chu'u-fu sits the royally-robed figure of Confucius; about him stand statues of his chief disciples; extending into the distance is a cemetery, thirteen miles in circumference, in which are buried tens of thousands of the descendants of this one man, Confucius, says the *Scientific American*. For 2000 years this cemetery has been growing, and it is today perhaps the most wonderful graveyard in the world. Confucianism represents the ideals of the ancestor-worshipping feudal aristocracy. Some forty miles north of the tomh of Confucius is T'ai Shan, the holy mountains so closely connected with Taoism, the creed of the common people. Shantung is, indeed, the Holy Land of China, impregnated with significance for the swarming millions of the Celestial Empire.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Nanette Dozier, daughter of Mrs. C. A. Dozier, to Mr. William Garside Walby has been announced.

Miss Elizabeth Hobdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hobdy, was married to Mr. Robert W. Hobart of Cincinnati on Tuesday last.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Sophy Beylard, daughter of Mr. Edward Duplessis Beylard of San Mateo, to Captain Loftus Bryan of Ireland took place last Tuesday at St. Matthew's Church in San Mateo.

The marriage of Mrs. Edith Preston Drown, daughter of Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, and Mr. Robert J. Dunham of Chicago took place on Thursday, April 19th, at the home of Mrs. Drown's sister, Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, on Divisadero Street.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters gave a farewell musicale and supper at the Bohemian Club on April 21st prior to his departure for London.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and her sister, Miss Littleton, were guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Max F. Roesti at their home on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. Richard J. Hanna gave a luncheon recently at her home on Divisadero Street.

Senator I. L. Lenroot and Mrs. Lenrott of Superior, Wisconsin, who are visiting their daughter, Mrs. P. W. Black of Piedmont, were week-end guests of Senator James D. Phelan at his home near Saratoga.

Mrs. Dickinson P. Hall, whose husband, Colonel Hall, U. S. M. C., is on duty at Port au Prince, Haiti, was hostess at a luncheon given last week at the Women's Athletic Club.

Miss Marjory Lovegrove, whose engagement to Mr. Dohrmann Pischel has been announced, will be the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given on May 8th by Miss Estelle Nolan.

Captain George Landenberger and Mrs. Landenherger gave a dinner last week at their home on Yerba Buena Island.

Mrs. Roger Chickering was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Thomas Knowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain were hosts last week at a luncheon given at their home in Woodside in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain of New York.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained at a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Samuel Monserrat, who is going abroad very soon.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Judge Lindsey of Denver.

Mrs. William F. Perkins is giving a bridge party on Friday of this week in honor of Mrs. Samuel A. Monserrat.

Miss Elizabeth Sophy Beylard and her fiancé, Captain Loftus Bryan, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Loring Pickering was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Walker Kamm at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George McGowan entertained at a farewell dinner last week at their home on Broadway in honor of Admiral Alexander Halstead.

Miss Doris Schmiedell was hostess at a dinner on Saturday evening preceding the dance given by a group of débutantes at Burlingame at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer.

Dr. George Shiels gave a luncheon recently at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Elsie Ferguson.

Miss Mary Louise Michaels was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday at her country home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Marjorie Lovegrove, whose engagement to Mr. Dohrmann Pischel has been announced.

Mrs. Sydney Cloman of Burlingame will be the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley at her home on Pacific Avenue on Wednesday, May 2d.

Mrs. Leo Korbel gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Dudley Cates.

Mrs. Warner Bliss will give a bridge-luncheon on Tuesday next in honor of her sister, Mrs. John B. Winston, Jr.

Captain Charles Miller arranged a yachting cruise around the Bay for a party of friends, of which Miss Elsie Ferguson was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Alan C. Van Fleet was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Thursday week.

A farewell luncheon was given last week by Mrs. Robert C. Newell at her home in Piedmont in compliment to Mrs. William Ede.

A small dinner was given by Miss Mary Martin at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday of last week.

The members of the Club Royal entertained at a final party ou Saturday evening, the affair taking the form of a cruise around the Bay on the South Sea liner *Kawa*.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a farewell dinner on Monday at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton.

Mrs. Harry Dodge was hostess at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club in bonor of Mrs. Virginia Ricks of Pasadena.

Mrs. Victor Cooley was the honored guest at a tea given last week by Mrs. Herman Phleger.

Mr. and Mrs. Fin Lund recently gave a dinner at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst gave a party last Saturday evening at the Hacienda, near Pleasanton.

A golf tournament was held over the last week-end at Del Monte by the members of the Family Club.

Lieutenant Egbert Bullene, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bullene entertained at a mah jongg supper at their quarters on Alcatraz Island last week.

Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger were hosts at a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fin Lund at tbeir home on Yerba Buena Island.

Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, was the guest of honor at a luncheon recently given by the Lowell High School Mothers' Club.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels was the guest of honor at the last meeting of the League of American Penwomen at the Fairmont Hotel.

An Italian luncheon was given last week at the Hotel Claremont by Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham.

Mrs. Edwin J. Hanson was hostess at a luncheon given at the Hotel Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Carl E. Wallenstadt, wife of the Swedish consul to San Francisco.

Mrs. Thomas Francis McDermott entertained at a tea at the Hotel Fairmont on Friday last.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Stanley L. Wilson gave a farewell bridge and supper party at Mare Island Navy Yard on Saturday last in honor of Major and Mrs. Albert E. Randall.

Miss Helen Horst was hostess at a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth Hobdy.

Mrs. W. J. Shotwell will give a farewell luncheon on Wednesday next in honor of Mrs. Samuel Monserrat.

Mr. Walter Hobart gave a luncheon last week at Del Monte for some of the polo players of the tournament.

On Monday last Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a tea in celebration of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the coming of her father, Dr. William F. McNutt, into California.

Miss Lena Blanding entertained at tea, following the Alice Seckels Matinée Musicale on Monday, for her sister, Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman.

Mrs. Dickinson Hall gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. George Barnett at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a tea at her house on Washington Street in honor of M. and Mme. Hubert-Robert.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger are giving a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday, April 28th, in honor of Miss Virginia Nugent and her fiancé, Mr. Ashfield Stow.

Mrs. Charles H. Shiels was hostess at a luncheon given at her home on Van Ness Avenue on Tuesday last.

Miss Mary Harrison entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday in honor of Miss Marjorie Lovegrove.

General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett were luncheon hosts last Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters left on Tuesday for ew York, where he will be joined by his son, lr. De Witt Peters, and with him will leave very iortly afterwards for London.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, who have been at el Monte during the polo tournament, have re- irned to their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle and Mrs. Arthur oodfellow have returned to Burlingame from ebble Beach, where they were the guests of Mr. id Mrs. Llewellyn Nares.

Mrs. John Bland of Baltimore is visiting her ster, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, at her apartment on acific Avenue.

Mrs. Loring Pickering, who has just returned om the East and from Europe, has gone to eattle, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. awrence Kauffman.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, who has been aveling in Europe for the past six months, re- rned to her home in San Francisco on Monday st.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, who has been ving in Washington, has taken a house in Bur- game and will pass the summer there.

Colonel Sydney Cloman and Mrs. Cloman, who ve recently returned from New York, will leave r a trip to Australia next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, who went road last November, are at present in Rome d will remain in Europe all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, who have been ssing a week-end at Del Monte, have returned their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard with their children ill spend part of the summer at Pebble Beach d also at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton, accompanied by eir two sons, will leave shortly for a trip around e world.

Mrs. Ethel Hager, who has gone to New York, ll sail for Europe very soon and will be absent summer.

Admiral Alexander Halstead, U. S. N. who has en stationed here for the past two years, will leave shortly for his new post of duty in Washington, D. C., where he will be president of the Board of Inspections and Surveys, U. S. N.

Judge Frank Deasy and Mrs. Deasy sailed last week on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, who have been motoring in Southern California, have returned to their home in this city, and will go to their country place at Shasta Springs early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt and Mrs. Hunt's daughter, Miss Grace Hayne, have gone to Southern California and will make their home at Beverly Hills.

Mrs. Victor Cooley of Dallas, Texas, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Pierce, of Santa Clara.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelis Vanderbilt, Jr., and Miss Littleton, who have been making a short stay in San Francisco, have gone to Portland en route to an island in Puget Sound belonging to Mr. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Mrs. Hilda McDonald Hart are leaving this week for New Zealand, going first to Seattle and sailing from there. Mrs. Chenery will visit her sister, Mrs. George Humphreys-Davies.

Mrs. William Babcock, who went East recently, is in New York with Mrs. Cora Jane Flood and her niece, Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Butler Eastland have returned from a short trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, who have been passing several weeks at Paso Robles, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., and Miss Helen Garritt will sail from Europe next month for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett, accompanied by their two daughters and their son, are leaving San Francisco in the near future and will take up their residence in Montecito for the coming year.

Senator I. L. Lenroot and Mrs. Lenroot of Superior, Wisconsin, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. P. W. Black of Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall made a short trip to Los Angeles last week and returned on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Briggs have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., and their children will spend the summer in Ross with Mrs. Hunt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey McNear and Mr. Barroll McNear will go to Ross early in June for the summer.

Major Albert E. Randall, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Randall, who have been stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard, are leaving shortly for their new station in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., will pass the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey McNear in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lieb, whose marriage took place recently in Europe, are established at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Johns will move to Ross Valley on May 1st, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Edson Adams and her three daughters, who have been traveling in Europe, are on their way home.

Mr. Ira Nelson Hollis, president of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute of Worcester, Massachusetts, accompanied by his daughter, has been spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon will return shortly from the East and will spend the summer in California.

Miss Mary Lewis, who has been visiting in the home of General and Mrs. Morton at Fort Mason, left for her home in Greenshurg, Pennsylvania, last Friday.

M. and Mme. Hubert-Robert of Paris are visiting in San Francisco.

Miss Marie Oxnard and Miss Frances Sprague have returned from the East, where they have been for several months.

Mr. Douglass Alexander, who has been staying with his aunt, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, at Burlingame, has gone East for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark are established in their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. Léon Walker has left San Francisco and will make his future home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton, her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Raymond, will soon leave for the East and will join Mrs. Felton's sister, Mrs. George W. McIver, and Colonel McIver at Martha's Vineyard.

Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh has returned from a week's stay in Santa Barbara and will soon go to Woodside for the summer.

Mr. Robert G. Hooker, Jr., and his brother, Mr. John R. Hooker, sons of Mr. Robert G. Hooker, left last week for Cambridge, where they are attending Harvard College.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui, who have been in Europe, have returned to San Francisco and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Chalmers Wood of New York and her sister, Miss Mary Cass Canfield, who have been in Santa Barbara, are spending a short time in San Francisco before returning to their home in the East.

Mrs. J. C. Maule of England is visiting relatives in San Francisco before going to Egypt to join Major Maule of the British army in Cairo.

Miss Louise Mahoney, who has recently returned from the East, is staying at the Woman's Athletic Club.

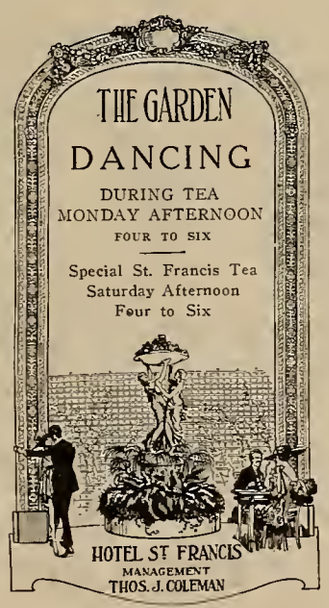
Mrs. James G. Gauld, formerly of San Francisco, but now of Portland, has been spending a few days in San Francisco.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The barber's idea of a had citizen is one who won't get a haircut when he needs it.—*Dallas News.*

We gather from the reports that shooting for the new presidency of Mexico is ahout to start.—*Glasgow Bulletin.*

Visitor—And has he learned to talk yet? *Fond Mother*—My, yes! We're teaching him to keep quiet now.—*Life.*

Dean (absent-mindedly, writing a dinner invitation)—Failure to observe this notice will not he excused.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Nurse—Did the doctor take your temperature? *Lowbrow*—I don't think so. All I've missed so far is my watch.—*Cactus Needle.*

He—Has your friend the soprano ever reached high C? *She*—Yes; one day at the dentist's I believe she did.—*Boston Transcript.*

Knicker—Is he a practical politician? *Bocker*—Yes, he pays more attention to a lame duck than a sparrow's fall.—*New York Herald.*

He—Is my memory correct as to your last name? *She*—You'd hetter try to rememher my middle one. The last one changes so often.—*Life.*

"You women ought to be like stars in the lives of us men." "Certainly—come out at night and disappear in the morning."—*Stockholm Kasper.*

Jim—Teacher, Skinny's cheating. *Teacher*—How, James? *Jim*—Well, in this physiology question of how many vertebræ we have he's trying to count his.—*Washington Star.*

An Englishman in Paris had to visit the dentist. "And, m'sieur," asked the servant in a tender tone, "whom shall I have the misery to announce?"—*London Royal Magazine.*

Freshman—Well, me lad, I underwent a thorough physical examination today and the doc says that I'm as sound as a nut. *Soph*—Oh! He's also an alienist?—*Judge.*

"Gray is an ungrateful cuss." "What's he done now?" "He won a hundred dollars for a slogan to hoost his home town and used the money to move away."—*New York Sun.*

Chairman—I think we'd better begin. *Lecturer*—But there isn't any one in the hall. *Chairman*—Ah, I forgot to tell you. The lecture is being hroadcast.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

"Sir, I am a bill collector." "Then I can furnish you with one of the most choice collections in the world, all authentic. I thought you were after money."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The General (returning from a levée)—Pardon me, hut surely this is Mrs. Tomkinson-ffolliott's child? *New Nursemaid*—Sorry; my mistress doesn't allow me to speak to soldiers.—*Punch.*

Dumb—My, hut Frank is getting round-shouldered! *Bell*—Too much study, I guess. *Dumb*—Study nothing! The trouhle with him is that he's heen kissing too many short girls. —*Princeton Tiger.*

May—What made you tell Judge De Vourscourt you married Dick for his money? *Fay*—Well, he asked me why I did it, and I knew he was constitutionally opposed to insanity pleas.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Panel Doctor (to gloomy potient)—You must drive away this depression. Practice a spirit of cheerfulness. Sing at your work, as it were. *Potient*—Sing at my work? Why, it can't he done, sir. I'm a glass hlower.—*Punch.*

Patient—You are quite sure that one of my legs is not longer than the other? *Doctor*—Positive. *Patient*—And you know that I have nothing the matter with my eyes? *Doctor*—Yes. *Patient*—And you are sure my heart, stomach, and lungs are in good condition? *Doctor*—Yes, I'm sure of that. *Patient*—Well, then, that golfing professional must have sold me a rotten driver.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Yis, sor, wurk is scarce, but Oi got a joh last Sunday that hrought me a quid." "What, Pat? You hroke the Sabbath?" "Well, sor, it wuz me or the Sabhath. Wan of us had to he broke."—*Melbourne Punch.*

She—Your brother says you've heen telling him about my affairs. *He*—That's not true. *She*—But he says you have. *He*—I say it's not true. It's just like you, always more ready to helieve other people's lies than mine. —*London Humorist.*

"What made that prima donna demand your discharge?" "I wrote an article," replied the press agent, "saying that she sings like an angel. She said she saw no reason for complimentary references to anybody's singing except her own."—*Boston Transcript.*

Insects With Brains, and Without.

I see there is a discussion going on in one of the papers as to whether insects have brains. It is a hit of a prohlem, isn't it?

If it were legs now, it would he easy. Lots of them have legs. But hrains are so different; they are generally covered up, and even if you had a microscope and all that sort of gear you couldn't always he quite sure ahout hrains.

Take a woodlouse, for instance. I know for a fact that a woodlouse has legs. I have seen them; and, if any one said it hadn't, I should have no scruples ahout flatly contradicting him. But when it comes to hrains, really I'm hanged if I know. Any one who happens to have hrained a woodlouse might he ahle to tell you, hut I am not that sort of sportsman myself.

Now wasps, I am convinced, have hrains. If you have ever had an argument with a wasp as to who is to eat your marmalade for you, you will agree that the wasp is a thinker. He doesn't give in. And he has a convincing way of driving his point home. If he had no hrains he might suppose that, when you jump up and follow him to the window-pane, you have hrought your napkin with you in order to wipe his mouth for him after his meal. But he never does think that.

And there's the ant, thou sluggard. He's got hrains. He must have, to he ahle to huild a thing like an ant-heap. It must take more than a hit of thought to build an ant-heap properly. It isn't the sort of thing to he done in a fit of ahsent-mindedness.

While the hee is an ahsolute highhrow, of course. He is a clever fellow to find his way home always, no matter how—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, no matter how drunk he may he. Poets say the bee is drunk, after his little sips first at this flower and then at that, so there is no need for me to he mealy-mouthed ahout it. Drunk. And yet he can get in at the front door every time without hruising himself. And his boneycomb is never jerry-huilt, hut always up to pre-war standard, in spite of the present cost of materials. Building a honeycomh while standing up to your knees in honey and with all the other hees crawling across your face takes a hit of doing. And, mark you, there's nothing can heat a bee at making honey.

On the other hand, the snail—— [The snail is not an insect.—Ed.]

All right. On the other hand, we have the garden worm.

[The garden worm is not an insect.—Ed.]

Very well, then. On the other hand, there's that ass Wildhore, who's always hanging around my cousin Phyllis. What she can see in him I fail to imagine. If ever there was an insect without hrains, he's one.—*Punch.*

From a Missouri exchange: "Roaring River City pillows her head on her own shadowy mountains, the stars pin hack the curtains from the hlue skies ahove her, and the angels peep through and smile at her delight, as she tucks her dainty wrapper around her knees and dahhles her dimpled feet in the clear, cold waters of Roaring River."—*Boston Transcript.*

Perhaps the hest definition of middle age is the period at which one is most anxious to he assured that one is not yet old.—*Westminster Gazette.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The City Purchaser.

It is a fallacy of demagogues and those that vote for them that money can be saved by having critical work done by cheap men. Persons that understand human values, and know from experience more or less bitter and expensive how work would best be done, do not believe that; but few of them get into politics. Fortunately some of them did get into our board of supervisors, where they form a sober foil to the bear garden tactics of our Schmitzes and McSheehys. The business men on the board think that under the new plan of a bureau of supplies the person in charge, who would direct the city purchasing, should receive a salary of $10,000 a year, and from what they have seen of Mr. Leonard S. Leavy's services as chief accountant of the board of works for a great many years, and on the mayor's accounting commission, they suppose him to be the right man. We do not know whether he is or not, but it should be plain that $10,000 a year is more nearly the right salary than $6000, which is the sum the Schmitzes and McSheehys have decided to peddle about as their notion of the value of such services. The city's total purchases, including those for the Hetch Hetchy project, all which have been cleared over Mr. Leavy's desk, amount to more than $4,000,000 a year. It would not take many mistakes in transactions of such magnitude and complexity, to cost the city many times the larger salary. And if a man that has been in a position for a quarter of a century to review the requirements of every department of the city government can not save us many times $10,000 a year in such a volume of trade, as compared with the operations of an amateur, then a serious mistake is being made. For it would be hard to make a more serious mistake than to put into this position a man not qualified for it. He would not be cheap if we could get him for a hundred dollars a month—he would only look so and make the city look so. The amendment to the charter providing for a bureau of supplies was adopted last November and the legislation by the supervisors creating the machinery for it was only passed to print this week, but in order to attach the right salary to the office it has been necessary to carry on a war with the demagogic advocates of the cheap man doctrine. There are many positions in which a cheap man can do as well as an expensive one, but this is not of them. The office that directs the expenditure of $4,000,000 a year for all conceivable sorts of supplies and equipment is one of too much responsibility for anybody but an expert, and experts cost money.

Our National Cock-Shy.

If the public were suddenly to decide that Mr. W. was making too much money out of his gum, and that he must sell twenty chews for a nickel, and got up an Interstate Gum Commission to see that he did sell twenty chews for a nickel, and also that he carried on warlike competition with Mr. B. and Mr. A. in the matter of supplying our stenographers with their favorite masticatory, and then instituted a different commission to tell him what he must pay his "help," and if the effect of this regulation were to reduce the mastication to nearly nothing by stopping the production of gum, and to drive the stenographers to the consumption of jelly beans instead, no great damage would have been done to any one but Messrs. W., B., and A.—who, being men of energy and resource, as far as they have personal being outside the wrappers of the gum, would probably get themselves into the jelly bean business and proceed to amass money at their former rate. The public, we mean to say, would not be damaged at all, because it really makes no difference, in a public sense, whether Tillie the Toiler chews gum or jelly beans or Star, or quits chewing altogether. Nor does it make much difference to the public whether Messrs. W., B., and A. make fortunes or lose them, they being mere individuals, whose social value does not greatly exceed that of their commodity, and without whose services the public worried along for many years before any of them got into the gum game. But they are not engaged in the business of transportation; and we paint this dark hypothesis as a background against which to suggest how very different is the case of the railroads of the United States.

And yet, to use an old Arkansas phrase, we have been chewing the ear of the railroads for over two generations; for a large part of their existence since they began, about ninety years ago. We have laws to compel them to compete and others to permit them to combine; we get an important decision under one law after a contradictory one has been passed; we try to tell them what tariffs they may charge and what wages they must pay, each fixed by a different board; we dictate when they shall run and where they may stop; we threaten them with national ownership, or Soviet operation under the Plumb plan; we try to stop their making profits, and insure them profits of 5½ or 6 or some other definite percent., as though there were something sacred and changeless about how much return capital can innocently make; and when a war comes we find them so reduced in effectiveness that we take them away altogether from their owners and eat up the soft parts and hand back the seeds and core. And it makes a difference. It is not the ease of chewing gum. It is playing Aunt Sally with a vital organ of the nation, vital in peace and in war.

In this country, products must go long distances. Transportation service is subject to tall "peak" loads at certain seasons. We need rate-making that will give the farmer a chance, both ways; and outward bound he must meet the competition of the world on many of his products. But today we are confronted with car and power shortages, congestion and embargoes, and no fresh capitalization to speak of can be undertaken because of our arbitrary restrictions on profits. There is nothing for experimental purposes, development trials; nothing for progress. The managers feel they are doing well if they can keep going. They need to be hundred-thousand-dollar men, the best brains in the country, and a bill was introduced in Congress at the last session to make the maximum salary of a railroad executive $15,000 a year. It is wonderful. The bureaucracy in control has even had it made a misdemeanor for anybody to keep any other railroad accounts than the kind prescribed by the bureau; so that an executive that might wish to know more about the operation of his road than the Interstate Commerce Commission prescribes, and that might keep some private notes on it containing other categories of information, could be fined five thousand dollars or put in jail for three years for doing it. That no one has been sent to jail under this particular law is nothing to the credit of the law, nor the spirit in which it was passed. It is the sort of thing that makes the gum business more attractive to men of talent, and tends to supply a growing country with more chewing gum and fewer boxcars.

Rates artificially low mean less capital to go back into repairs and replacements, perhaps none at all for new trackage. Scanty capital always works out to high operating expense. An under-capitalized road can give little service, comparatively speaking, and must charge a great deal for that, in order to make the little it is permitted to make. It can not develop the business of its locality, for it is struggling to keep alive. Whereas a well-capitalized road, even enjoying a monopoly in its field, and despite some abuses, will usually find it to its advantage to make the rates that will develop that field. What we know as the West was largely made by the railroads, in the days when they were still strong and people were cursing them for it.

Today it is difficult to market railroad stock. Borrowed money is needed for growth, but the power to borrow has been curtailed; has, in respect of some weaker roads, disappeared. Facilities have not kept pace with the necessities of the public; how could they? In five years freight traffic grew 35 per cent., freight cars less than 6, and locomotives about 4; though it must be said there was some gain in car capacity and locomotive power, or the freight could not have been hauled at all. All these circumstances and others too numerous and complex to state have hurt, not only the roads, but the public, and hurt both badly. We have no solution to offer, for that is the province of the technicians, except the use of a little more common sense and a little less hate, and we hesitate to suggest even that for fear some detective may accuse us of sympathy for the demon capital, whom to mention and not to damn is to become suspect of secret sin. But it does seem as though it were time the American public grew weary of throwing things at the railroads. It might just as well go home and throw rocks at its own windows.

The Power in the Budget.

Subject to the governor's will and announced intention to veto any item of which he does not approve, the budget bill passed the assembly last Tuesday by a score of 71 to 2. Not much money changed hands on the outcome, as chance was almost entirely eliminated. Many amendments were adopted, in the hope of placating importunate constituents, but most of them are foredoomed to oblivion by the veto route. The railroad commission has been granted an increase of $85,000, and the San Francisco Teachers' College one of $190,000, the latter item for new buildings. But whether these and other increases are to remain or

decorate the gubernatorial scalp string remains to be seen. The Senate will now proceed to get on with the business as fast as its various contending elements will let it.

It must by this time be evident to the people of California that the budget amendment they adopted is an important piece of legislation. It is, in fact, revolutionary. It has put such power into the governorship as that office has not held before: the power of the purse, a thing that had to be wrested from English kings through centuries of political evolution and party conflict. The difference is that we do not inherit our governor and our governor does not inherit us. He is an elective officer, and if we do not like the way he does things we can decline to reëlect him. But that would not compensate for damage he might do in the meantime. Under the budget amendment he can starve and destroy a state institution, and at present we have one or two at least that ought to be starved and destroyed, but given a governor with evil ambitions and we should be in a sad predicament. He could bless and ban, for his own good, beyond all restraint or limit.

And here is the point of the situation. If we at some time in the future get a governor with evil ambitions, who will reward personal service with large appropriations for favorites, and punish lack of fealty to himself by withholding supplies from institutions in which the offenders are interested, it will be our fault. Hence we now find ourselves under graver obligations than ever to see that the man elected governor of California is personally worthy of confidence, and, moreover, of sufficient ability to carry out a proper programme; for henceforth the governor will come very near being the government.

An Off-Season Issue.

With Congress lying off, the sensationalists have had a hard time finding their needful nutriment, so they have made what they can out of the Court of International Justice episode. It is as good as another, but sagacious Washington observers wonder whether the tom-tom banging about it would continue to attract a crowd if pressed by a counter-attraction of even fifth or fourth magnitude. The President has defined the matter and made the issue clear between getting into the League of Nations and getting into the court, and so able an international lawyer as Elihu Root seems to agree with him that getting into the court need not involve going further. But the proponents of the league are trying to hail the President as a recruit, while its enemies are foaming at the mouth much as though they had been handed a sample of some new sort of dentifrice.

A large part of the turmoil is undoubtedly owing to the dull period in the generation of news. The moderate course rarely suits the correspondents because it is so difficult to make a good story out of those compromise adjustments that usually form the core of sound political action. They want extremes, must have them; they live on them and feel secure only while living on them. Some of the cleverest of them are busy pointing out that in pursuing a middle course the President is going to wreck the Republican scow because what the peepul want is action. The calmer view has recently been expressed by Congressman George M. Young of North Dakota, a farm bloc member, who can not be accused of undue affection for his party. Young says:

> To say that the fate of the Repuhlican party hangs in the halance hecause of President Harding's proposal for a world court is pure bunc. Those who think that it will he a paramount issue in the next campaign are chiefly found among those who have remained at the capital and have not heen at home. If they had gone to their constituents they would have found that ahout one-half of them know little ahout the world court proposal and care less, and of the balance practically all are for it.

That sounds reasonable. About the only result of the pother, as far as one can see at this distance, will be to make President Harding the hero of an off-season sham battle, and in politics sham battles are worth at least the blank cartridges fired in them. The opposition in his party will be enough to dramatize the situation and make the President stand out as a brave, strong, resolute figure. And strategically the ground is well chosen. If some critics are against him because he has done nothing to prevent wars, why, he has done a great deal to prevent wars. If others oppose him because he has not kept us out of the League of Nations, why, he has kept us out of the League of Nations. This position is hard to beat, and his political instinct seems surer than that of any timorous adviser. As an off-season issue the Court of International Justice is working well. As red-hot campaign stuff its value is dubious.

Recognition.

Whatever the ambition of Sovietism, the acting principle is robbery. If the losses were confined to the countrymen of the Soviet régime wherever it is set up, they might have the appearance of that rare thing, poetic justice, as retribution on the people for permitting such a condition, but unfortunately they extend to foreigners who had invested their money in Soviet countries and cherish the delusion that they deserve security and kindness for assisting development.

During the past year the Soviet government of Russia has been able to extend its benign sway to the Pacific Ocean, or at least to that part of it known as the Japan Sea. At Vladivostok some Americans had made investments, under the reign of the Czar, which had at least been recognized and accorded a semblance of security by the so-called Far East Republic, even when that government hegan turning pink. As the Far East Republic failed to redden fast enough it was kicked out a short time ago, and now the real Reds are in control. Under the Soviet law of 1917 they are "nationalizing" American property, and the Americans can not recover it. The most conspicuous victim is the General Electric Company, one of the really useful products of American freedom and security. Where "nationalization" has not been declared in terms the same thing is being accomplished by confiscatory taxation, and while that more nearly resembles the American method, it is just as unwelcome as any other sort of robbery. The American consuls have been given until May 20th to get in line by having Moscow renew their exequators, without which they can not function.

In Mexico, bolshevism continues running true to form. Introduced into the constitution by Russian Red emissaries, it performs in about the same way as in Russia and Siberia. Much American property has been seized, and there is apparently no redress and there would be still less chance of redress were our government to recognize the Mexican government with the bolshevist clause in its make-up. Mr. Obregon would like to be recognized and is trying to be good, but the spirit of bolshevism dominates the government of the separate Mexican states, and the confiscation continues. Within six weeks of this writing the State of Chihuahua gave a real interesting exhibition of it, the object of its attention being the Corralitos Company, an American corporation that has owned large tracts of land in that state since 1885. Late in March there was issued and officially published an executive order directing that a quarter of a million acres belonging to the Corralitos Company be turned over to the residents of the town of Casas Grandes for "ejidos," or commons. There was no "due process of law," for which our own Constitution provides, and will continue to provide at least until our professional amenders and welfare workers decide otherwise. There was not even notice to the company. There was no compensation offered. And President Obregon was appealed to with no result. Beautiful system of safeguards for life and property.

Yet many people do not see any reason why such governments should not be "recognized." Twenty state legislatures in this country, presumably of the sort that ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, have adopted resolutions approving the Obregon régime and demanding its recognition. Our State Department, which knows a great deal more about such matters than the rest of us can, especially our legislatures, hesitates to recognize a government whose constitution provides for the robbery of American citizens, and although it is said the Mexican Supreme Court is about ready to decide that in this particular the constitution does not mean what it says, prudence continues to characterize the councils of Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover, and President Harding. They would rather hear from Mexico, not in the form of promises and prognostics, but in the form of a change in the constitution that will not require such flexibility on the part of the Mexican justiciars; for if these can interpret the law one way for one purpose they might change their minds after securing recognition if they found it expedient to have another purpose. An observer at the capital has described the real Mexican government as the president, who would like to secure the abolition of the bolshevist clause in the constitution, surrounded by about two hundred thrifty Mexican "generals" armed with six-shooters, some one of whom would be almost certain to gun him if he did. Under the circumstances it is not strange that recognition, both of Russia and Mexico, is being delayed. We can hardly recognize a government when in order to do so it is necessary to recognize robbery as a way of governing. At least, it has not been done at this writing.

Meanwhile, Charles B. Warren and John Barton Payne have been appointed commissioners by the State Department and will start Sunday for Mexico to observe and investigate. A Mexican presidential election impends. Important changes may take place. But until they do and bolshevism disappears we are doing about enough for Mexico and more than enough for Russia.

Wild Ducks.

The hopeful burghers and burgheresses of the East Bay region—of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond, Albany, Piedmont and other localities under the meliorating influence of the ducks and drakes of Lake Merritt—seem prepared to take a dip into the waters of state socialism on May 8th, having been denied that bliss when the Water and Power Amendment failed last November. There is no question of the welcome the optimists are extending to the Public Utilities District measure, and it seems likely that when the votes are counted they will have succeeded in turning the opposite shore into quite a socialist community and starting in the direction of the communism which is socialism's goal. The queer thing about it is that so few of them seem to understand what they are doing, or what the harvest will be. They seem just as happy about it as though they were on a sound foundation.

In about a decade the East Bay communities will be faced with a water shortage, if they continue to grow. There are, or were, two ways to meet the situation, which the private companies seem unable to do out of the earnings permitted them. One was to form a water district and engage, through the new municipality, in the development, purchase, and distribution of water; one of the simplest of large operations and, because of its simplicity, one that municipalities seem able to engage in without any serious losses or disadvantages, and sometimes even profitably. The other was to plunge into socialism on a large scale, with the attendant deficits, taxes, and ineffective service, so that the communities should cease to grow, and hence would not need any more water than they have now. The former plan has grown into the latter, which seems to be the more popular. The municipal water project now includes the taking over and operating by government job-holders of every important public service of civilization as it exists hereabouts; a good way to discourage private interests from doing any more development work. This should restrict business and population and add to the supply of ducks and drakes. For the additions to the menagerie, or quackery, or whatever it is, Mayor Davie can make another mud island.

Under the new scheme the old name "Water District" is still being used by the communists to deceive those that have not noticed the expansion of the original modest plan to its present bolshevistic dimensions. But the powers of the district and the scope of its activities are:

> To acquire, construct, own, operate, control or use, within or without, or partly within and partly without, the district, works for supplying the inhahitants of said district and municipalities therein, without preference to such municipalities, with light, water, power, transportation, telephone service, or other means of communication, or means for the disposition of garbage, sewage, or refuse matter; and to do all things necessary or convenient to the full exercise of the powers herein granted; also to purchase any of the commodities or services aforementioned from any other utility district, municipality or private company, and distrihute the same.

The language, in its bold, imaginative sweep and all-inclusive scope, is more than faintly reminiscent of the Water and Power Amendment. In fact that is just the sort of legislation this is, and the same people are working for it on the east side of the Bay and hoping for the same personal benefits in the shape of jobs. Dotted all over Alameda County are gentlemen who "ambish," as the colored brother put it, to become directors of the new utility district and dispensers of its powers, patronage, and emoluments. Drawing nominal pay themselves, they will have the power of appointing a general manager, an accountant, a treasurer, and an attorney, who shall hold office during the pleasure of the board, and through the removable general manager they will command an army corps of employees.

They will have power to supervise and regulate every utility owned and operated by the district, and to fix rates, rentals, charges and classifications, to exercise the right of eminent domain, condemning private property for public use, to borrow money and incur indebtedness up to the ordinary annual revenue of the district, whatever that may mean, and beyond that with a two-thirds vote of those voting. And while these latter conditions may look like restrictions on absolute power, in practice such obstacles can always be surmounted, if only by developing new ventures from small beginnings. The law states that no utility shall be acquired or contracted for by the board unless a majority of the electors approve. But if the camel gets his head inside the tent one might as well become resigned to the society of the entire animal, hair, hide, humps and bones. If a majority approves the formation of the district, other majorities will undoubtedly approve other projects.

The arrangement will be a fine thing for the directors and their friends. How fine, the average citizen within the soothing influence of Lake Merritt and its ducks and drakes probably has not reflected; but the law, if adopted, will give this super-government power "to levy and collect, or cause to be levied and collected, taxes for the purpose of carrying on the operations and paying the obligations of the district." Nothing very narrow-minded about that grant. Nowhere is there any "dollar limit" in it, nor any other sort of limit.

And if the politicians purchase with the taxpayers' money all the plants of every kind they wish to play with, or do politics with, and make ducks and drakes of them, why here is the dear old deficit provision just about as we remember it in the Water and Power Amendment:

> If for any cause the revenues of the district shall be inadequate to pay the principal or interest on any bonded debt as it becomes due, the board of directors must, or if funds are needed to carry out the objects and purposes of the district, which can not be provided for out of the revenues of the district, then the board of directors may, levy a tax for such purposes as herein provided.

This is the necessary concomitant of the municipal operation of public "utilities." When the politicians fail to make them pay, the people can be taxed to make it up. The people are inexhaustible—as long as they are patient. At times, however, they grow rebellious and give some economy candidate like Governor Richardson 200,000 or so majority in less than a million. But when the rebellious impulse has subsided, a few old shibboleths and slogans and well-advertised phrases can be trusted to fool them, and old hates can be aroused; as in this case, where they still hate the water company for some questionable dealings in the financing of its predecessor companies fifteen or twenty years ago. The people are a great mine to work—if you know how. That "know how" is the art of politics, now quite generally engaged in the utilization of what is left of the old "Municipal Ownership" propaganda. It is one of the best possible platforms "to get in on," because if you get in on it you get in on so much; the ducks and drakes become so plentiful.

A Great Egyptologist.

George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert, fifth Earl of Carnarvon, whose death from an insect bite cut short the most brilliant of modern careers in Egyptology, was one of the comparatively few of England's great landed nobility to devote himself and his fortunes to the abstract interest of science. Carnarvon's service to archæology was not in the nature of a hobby. It was his life work, for he had other hobbies and recreations. An art connoisseur and a distinguished amateur photographer, his exhibits were well known in London. He was also a keen yachtsman—a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes—and an owner of racehorses; so that archæology stood in the place of a serious profession to him and was pursued as such by him. The amassing of a private museum was probably at first the height of his ambition, but the great success that attended his researches and their international character brought them into the limelight and necessitated concessions, publications, and reports. Probably the most significant modern book on the subject is Carnarvon's publication, "Five Years' Explorations at Thebes," written by Howard Carter and five English, French, and German specialists—a book that is a mass of valuable archæological material and a veritable sourcebook for later researchers.

The chronological facts of Carnarvon's life are quickly stated. Born in 1866, the heir to some 36,000 acres in various parts of England, he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, succeeded in 1890, married in 1895, and is survived by Lady Carnarvon and one son and one daughter. The real story of his life is bound up with his archæological researches. The debt of Egyptology to the Earl of Carnarvon was not small even before the sensational discoveries in the Valley of the Kings. It was in 1907 that he began excavating and exhibited the insight that has marked all his work by engaging Mr. Howard Carter as his "professional." For five years, until 1912, the pair confined their diggings to the region between the outer edge of the Valley of Deir-el-Bahari and the entrance to the now so suddenly famous valley. They passed up the much-plundered cemeteries of Thebes, where for more than a century tourists and natives have rifled the surface for souvenirs of antiquity. The location selected by Carnarvon had also been unscientifically plundered, but his persistence and deep digging were rewarded by the great historical prize of the contemporary account of the war waged by King Karnosi against the Hyksos, or Shepherd, Kings, in Middle Egypt, who were finally driven out of Lower Egypt by his successor, King Ahmosi. The most illuminating fact proved by this brief, imperfect, and obscure document is that Ethiopia rejoiced in an independent king at the time. The results of this excavation were recorded in the publication mentioned above, "Five Years' Explorations at Thebes."

But Carnarvon was particularly anxious to unearth ancient Egyptian royalty, though fearing that Mr. Theodore Davis and his other predecessors might have extracted the last royal remnants from the ancient necropolis. Nevertheless, his aim, once the Theban job was off his hands in 1912, was to make a first-hand acquaintance with hitherto exclusive royal mummies. Mr. Carter, whose continuous job it was to buy fine specimens for the museum at Highclere, also kept a watchful eye on native explorations. Not content with the haphazard methods of the Arabs, Carter explored deeply all the cliffs and valleys west of Thebes. More than one false scent was struck and followed, but the great find previous to the discovery of Tutankhamen was that of the famous Hatshupset. Shortly after, however, a well-directed and fortunate clearance revealed the tomb of Tutankhamen, whose widespread publicity obviates any further comment here.

By an ironical dispensation of fate, Carnarvon died at the peak of his accomplishment and fame—far better certainly than dying before reaching the heights, though one regrets that he could not have lived to enjoy his well-deserved lustre. But archæology in general, and his special branch in particular, are heavier losers than he.

Editorial Notes.

We do not so greatly need an amendment to the Constitution to protect some special class as we need an amendment to the Constitution to protect the Constitution from amendment.

The Esthonian consulate in Petrograd has been wrecked and the clerk to the military attaché of the Esthonian mission shot. Although new at diplomacy the Esthonians are learning, and are said to regard these occurrences as a breach of diplomatic etiquette. Some day those Russians will go too far.

A recount by the Superior Court of Alameda County shows that John L. Davie was reëlected by a majority of 84.

As far as we are able to understand Einsteinism, time is something that can be measured with a two-foot rule, and space is something that can be measured with a clock. As old Confucius once remarked, "it may be so, but is it?"

Says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "The normal man is born through no will of his own; he grows up and marries; he gets a job and raises a family. Then he dies. Does that man need punishment? Great Scott, no! What that man needs is compensation." And yet some persons have been doubting the good sense of the creator of Sherlock Holmes!

We understand Miss Zasu Pitts appears in the movie of "McTeague." 'Za' so, Zasu?

And speaking of misprints, we have just saved ourselves from announcing that Miss Ponselle would sing several polo numbers.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

EMERGENCY SHIPPING RELIEF.

(New York Tribune.)

When the Shipping Board, with the approval of the President, determines to maintain the American flag on the seas it is following a policy that undoubtedly meets the approval of the large majority. But when it hints that the alternative to the sale of the ships—the sound ultimate solution, though perhaps impracticable at present—is direct government operation, it is contemplating a course that is dubious, to say the least.

The country had experience with direct operation of the railroads and did not relish the result. Canada and Australia have tried government operation of ships, with burdensome financial consequences and with no satisfactory solution of their problems yet in sight. The Shipping Board is now operating its vessels indirectly, paying commissions to its agents. This plan has not been successful, but it is hard to see how government operation could be an improvement.

The chief objection to the agency system is that it offers no incentive to the companies to promote efficiency and build steamship lines on a permanent basis. At the same time it utilizes the services of practical and experienced men who may later, when shipping improves, because of better foreign trade or more favorable laws, become purchasers of vessels. It would surely be desirable to preserve these companies as a nucleus for the merchant marine of the future.

Direct operation by the government, even as a temporary expedient, would not build for the future. It is doubtful if it would save the country money, for competent men can not be attracted at the salaries which the government usually pays. Furthermore, it would mean, apparently, the elimination of the present agencies, with the disintegration of their organizations. When the Shipping Board ultimately arrived at the time when it seemed advisable to dispose of the fleet it might find the market bare of purchasers.

In short, the present system is bad, but the suggested system seems even worse. In this dilemma the Shipping Board should consider carefully the suggestions put forward by the shipowners and operators.

One recommendation is that the board shall determine the fair cost of running a service based upon experience and shall undertake to pay this amount to the operating company. The latter retains any money that it may save by greater efficiency and, on the other hand, pays any losses that it may suffer. This gives the element of self-interest which is essential to any successful policy.

Another suggestion is that the government shall lease its ships under a modified time charter. Under this plan the Shipping Board would assume the cost of crew, supplies, and insurance and would allot the ships to steamship lines under competitive bids or at rates low enough to assure the companies some chance of profit.

Both have the support of practical men within and outside the Shipping Board. They should receive sympathetic consideration before full government operation is attempted.

THE MATTRESS LAW.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times.)

It looks as though the mattresses in Oregon might soon become only a pleasant memory. The late lamented legislature, in its anxiety to be Helpful to the People, passed a law regulating mattresses, probably because it was the only thing left that wasn't already being regulated. The mattress sold in Oregon hereafter has to comply with the poor food and drug act. It shall bear a label stating the contents of the thing in weight and composition. It goes further than the poor food and drug act has heretofore gone in that hitherto we have been content to state the nature of the ingredients. The Oregon mattress law requires that not only shall the ingredients be stated, but the label shall tell where they were raised and whether by black, white, yellow, Catholic, Protestant or Jew and give age and sex, if any. After stating the nationality and geography of the grower, his family tree must be given and whether or not the corn cobs used in the manufacture of said mattress are from yellow or white corn, and if dessicated, to what extent, what kind of fertilizer was used on the soil and why and how much of it is inclosed in the mattress and if same was thoroughly sterilized and by what and why.

The table of contents then begins on the manufacturer, giving age, date of manufacture, how many windows in shop and were they open and if so kindly state the direction of the wind on said day, also the temperature and humidity of the room, the sex and age of the workers employed, giving their pedigree and state whether or not they had been vaccinated and if so for what and where and what is the religious affiliation of each and do they believe in the supremacy of the white race, and that taxes are Too High.

There are numerous other minor regulatory features that must be placed on the mattress concerning its life, habits, and itinerary after leaving the manufacturer, and the furniture dealer who fails to observe them is subject to being drawn and quartered, his head set high on one of his own bed-posts, his property confiscated, while he himself is to spend the rest of his life in prison, and, in extreme cases, will be forced to sleep on one of his own mattresses.

On the surface, it looks like a stern and repressive measure, but only those who mistake license for liberty will criticize or find fault with this Forward Looking, Progressive, and altogether 100 per cent. American piece of legislation passed to protect the people while they slumber. Not passed while they slumber exactly, but—oh, well, you know what we mean. Anyway, it's a fine exhibition of Constructive, Progressive legislation in favor of the Peepul.

THE SUPREME COURT.

(Washington Star.)

It is a mistake to view the proposals lately advanced for some form of law to require more than a majority vote by the Supreme Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional as an attack upon that court. In rendering its decisions, many of which have been, on important questions, by the barest margin of a majority, the Supreme Court has followed a precedent set in the beginning by a logical rule in the absence of any specific requirement of law. There was no measure to guide the court in the beginning. Its power to pass upon the constitutionality of statutes was, it is true, challenged early. The history of the court is one of fre-

quent attacks and criticisms by those whom its decisions have offended or unfavorably affected. But it has proceeded undeterred in the discharge of its duty, and has today the confidence of the country, despite the recent loudly voiced criticisms.

If it is the will of the nation expressed through statute or through constitutional amendment to require that all constitutional questions be determined by this court by a vote larger than a majority such an expression should be given. This issue will undoubtedly he pressed at the next session of Congress. There are two forms of proposal, one hy legislation and one hy amendment. The question has arisen whether the court may not itself by majority vote pass upon the constitutionality of a statute which limits its power of decision. With that possihility in mind an amendment to the Constitution has been drafted to the same effect.

The Supreme Court is estahlished hy the Constitution, with its scope of jurisdiction established by Section 2 of Article III, which provides:

"The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting amhassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall he a party; to controversies between two or more states; between a state and citizens of another state; between citizens of different states; hetween citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state or the citizens thereof and foreign states, citizens or subjects."

The specific power of the Supreme Court is provided for in the following clause, which states that that court shall have original jurisdiction in all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, while in all the other cases before mentioned "the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make."

It is under the last clause of the just quoted passage that it is now proposed by statute to define the manner in which the Supreme Court shall pass upon the constitutionality of statutes by the enactment of such a "regulation." There are those who hold that this would be sufficient, and others who hold that the court could in itself declare it to be beyond the power of Congress under the Constitution as now written to attempt to "regulate" the procedure of the court in the matter of the manner of its decisions.

The fact that Congress has not heretofore by statute sougbt to provide a rule of decision upon constitutional issues leaves the court free of criticism for having pursued its course from the beginning consistently on the principle of decision by a majority.

ADVICE TO THE "MIDDLE CLASS"—DON'T!

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

We read in a cablegram that an "international middle-class conference" has been called to meet at Berne, September 18th-20th, to "organize a world federation to defend the bourgeoisie against socialistic or communistic attack." We are also told that the "middle-class parties of all countries will he invited." From this invitation it is to be inferred that there are middle-class parties in all countries, and to this inference a distinct demurrer must be filed as relates to the United States. There is no "middle-class party" here, though probably it would be mere hypocrisy to maintain that there is no such thing as a middle class, in any sense, here. We are sufficiently well acquainted with the extremes, in the matter of the human make-up of this republic, and if there are extremes it would seem to follow that there must be a middle. At all events, a certain general condition and, broadly speaking, a certain sort of people, may be indicated by the term "middle class," and if the term signifies something that is well recognized its use is legitimate enough. But because there be a middle class, even in this land of the free and home of the unclassed, no reason exists why it should cultivate its class consciousness or organize to defend its rights.

On the contrary, the chief interest of the so-called middle class lies in the discouragement of class consciousness and in the repudiation of that mischievous thing that is called class solidarity. A well-defined middle class, with its passwords, its lists of rights and its programmes of principles, confesses the claim of the "proletariat." It says plainly to the menacing Red, "You are right, you scoundrel! We are here, and here we shall stay; we possess the fruits of the earth, and we propose to hold onto them." An organized middle class closes the door on one side to that promotion from below upon which it is dependent for its strength, and sets up an equal bar against its own advancement on the other. Its strength, and its decent claim to respect, lie in its healthy fluidity. And not only that, the very safety of its interests, if it may be supposed to have any interests which are not everybody's interests, lies in a pleasing uncertainty as to its social boundaries. If anybody is at liberty to consider himself "middle class," anybody may be a friend and partisan of the middle class. Draw the line on a hard and fast membership, and you turn possible friends into probable enemies.

No; the "middle classes" of the world will do well to remain fluid and unorganized. Class consciousness is not for them, unless they are anxious to justify Karl Marx. Instead of being consciously exclusive, they should everywhere be unconsciously inclusive. As for our American "middlers," that is where they will undoubtedly always be. They are not a middle class in any distinctly recognizable sense whatever. They demand no "rights" except such as are everybody's rights. Everybody they are, and everybody they will remain, in spite of communists, socialists, smart sets and "world federations to defend the bourgeoisie." It should be so everywhere; let the middle sort of people plant themselves in on their honest instincts and there abide, and the huge world will, to use Emerson's phrase, come round to them.

THE "COMMONER" SUSPENDS.

(New York Herald.)

The *Commoner*, founded by William Jennings Bryan twenty-two years ago, bas suspended publication. The announcement m.rks definitely one more step in the retirement of Mr. Bryan from an active place in the councils of the nation.

Of late years the *Commoner's* circulation has been small and has localized in those fertile areas beyond the Mississippi which in 1896 put the Nebraskan forward as their champion in the politics of the country; but in the first years of its life the weekly was as widely read as any personal organ in the country. At hirth its horoscope was lucky. It had a notable title fitting in neatly with the Bryan gospel of "the people are everything." While Mr. Bryan remained a commanding figure in their party's affairs Democratic leaders and editors read the paper before entering council or writing editorial articles. But gradually this support slipped away, and the inevitable end approached.

Mr. Bryan possesses an instinct for popular causes, recognizing them afar off and acclaiming them joyously. But after sounding the call he finds difficulty in laboring patiently for their consummation. In politics the result has been that many a reform first popularized by the one-time "peerless leader" has been accepted after Mr. Bryan took to looking out the window upon far-off fields. If its publisher could have held to the task of producing the *Commoner* he might have continued as a vital force in American public life; but instead he went abroad, into Chautauqua work, into the Cabinet, and finally took up his abode in Florida. No personal organ can withstand such neglect from its chief personality.

The *Commoner* passes unmourned, because for years it has meant little or nothing to its diminishing circle of readers. It dwelt too much upon the past and spoke as the chronicler of a lost cause rather than the herald of a new day. The country still listens to its founder, but even confirmed Bryanites could no longer be beguiled by the faint perfume of Bryanism that lingered after the interest and presence of William J. Bryan himself had departed from the *Commoner's* editorial chair.

OLD FAVORITES.

Thanatopsis.

[In 1811, when he wrote this poem, Bryant was seventeen years of age. For the first time on this continent, a poem was written destined to general admiration and enduring fame. In a sense it began the history of poetry in the United States. It remains a classic. The author never excelled the high mark attained in it. A discriminating critic says: "Bryant has not been surpassed, perhaps not approached, by any writer since Wordsworth in the majestic repose and self-reliant simplicity which characterizes this great morning star of American song."]

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings; while from all around—
Earth and her waters—and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

The ministry of the liberated regions estimates that an area equal to one-thirteenth of all France was devastated. The ministry's bulletin shows that relatively the same area in the United States would extend lengthwise from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, Missouri, and its depth would be equal to half the distance between those cities.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. W. Husband, Commissioner of Immigration, has recently completed an inspection of Ellis Island. Mr. Husband, who has spent many years in a study of the problems of immigration, has had the island examined by architects and is going to petition Congress for money enough to modernize the station. Husband went to Washington in 1902 as secretary to Senator Dillingham of Vermont and became secretary of the Immigration Commission in 1905.

General Maunoury, "the man who saved Paris," died there recently. Maunoury was war governor of Paris when the Germans were nearest the city early in the war.

Edward Roche Hardy, fourteen-year-old prodigy of Columbia's senior class, has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was probably the first royal bride in history to wear machine-made lace. Her bridal gown was supplied by the Nottingham lacemakers and was ordered by Lady Elizabeth to revive the lace-making industry, which has been in a bad way lately.

Cecil Howard, brother of Kathleen Howard of Metropolitan Opera fame, is a young American sculptor whose work is gaining attention in Paris. His exhibits obtained a marked success at the recent Paris salon.

Mlle. Sylvie Daguere, who lives in a suburb of Lyons, France, has trained a pet elephant for use as a saddle horse. Sylvie, who may be training for the circus, lopes around on her big pachyderm with all the ease of a park equestrienne, Suzanna responding to the reins as readily as any equine mount.

Captain Axel T. Wallenberg, Swedish Minister to the United States, has two hobbies—amateur photography and Swedish cabinet work. His collection of snapshots gives his American friends a vivid impression of life in Scandinavia, particularly in the environs of Stockholm. His collection of old furniture has enlightened Americans on another point—namely that fine marquetry work is not a Dutch industrial monopoly, as has generally been supposed. The Swedish peasants have carried the art to a high degree of perfection.

Zaditou, Empress of Ethiopia, has recently enacted an historic repetition by sending gifts to Albert, King of the Belgians, her historic precedent being that of Sheba and Solomon. Zaditou's gifts to King Albert consist of a collection of precious stones found in the Abyssinian hills and valued at several hundred thousand francs, and an eighth-century text of the story of Solomon and Sheba. The Empress of Ethiopia, who seems to have entirely overlooked the fact that the Belgian monarch is happily married, charged her ambassador to tell Albert of the excellent prospects for oil, coal, and gold mining in Abyssinia.

M. Georges Lecomte, who guided the destinies of the powerful Société de Gens de Lettres during the years of the war, has been elected president of the society for the coming year. Lecomte has served eight different terms in this office. The society, which is especially interested in enforcing international copyright and extending the influence of French literature, has grown greatly since the war, when French novelists and short story writers turned to the task of sustaining the *morale* of both soldiers and populace. Lecomte is the author of more than twenty volumes of fiction and criticism.

Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston, who during Miss Alice Roosevelt's brilliant régime as belle of the White House, was her frequent visitor, sailed on the *Acquitania* for the tennis tournament at St. Cloud scheduled for early May. It is now two years since Miss Sears turned her attention from the turf to tennis, and though she still keeps her stables and sometimes enters her best steeds in shows, she has lost the enthusiasm for the equine sport which was once her ruling passion. She is going to enter all the worthy tournaments, and if she fails at St. Cloud she will be on hand at the succession of events on the Riviera during May and June and then on the Breton coast until the season ends with the international tournament on the Wimbledon courts.

Dr. Henry Hyvernat, the distinguished Egyptiologist whom the late Pierpont Morgan commissioned to collate the priceless Coptic Syriac manuscripts which had been purchased leaf by leaf from desert nomads by Mr. Morgan, has recently sailed for Europe and the furthering of his researches. Among the iron-clad clauses in the Morgan will was that providing for the continuation of this collation, translation of the most ancient manuscripts of the gospels, and their publication in certain designated centres of Bible study. It was in pursuit of this commission that in 1913 Dr. Hyvernat spent many months in Milan and formed an intimate acquaintance with the then librarian of the vast collection of books attached to the cathedral. The librarian, who last year became the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, has invited Dr. Hyvernat to speak before the Vatican prelates on the late discoveries in the Valley of the Nile. Dr. Hyvernat is a native of Lyons, France, but was educated in the East. He speaks not only the recognized tongues of its peoples, but also many of the dialects of the nomad tribes in and about Egypt and across the Red Sea in the Arabian lands. He is associated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

PROPAGANDA TO THE RESCUE.

John Galsworthy Relates the Chivalrous History of a War-Time Don Quixote.

It is a brave man who challenges comparison with a great classic by parodying it, but John Galsworthy may be said to escape the invidious sting of "The Burning Spear," since that extravagant farce was written with another purpose, namely, to leaven the lump of war-time hysteria. And though our author was canny enough to publish his satiric invective anonymously at the crucial period when it made its début, he has since come out with an acknowledged edition. We can not help thinking that "The Burning Spear" would have gleamed more brightly on its first appearance if the author's identity had been admitted, but its present issue is almost equally topical, since politicians and journalists are even more a figment of the peace than they were of the war, but are, we fear, as impervious to attack as Quixote's windmill.

In concocting his parody of a parody, Mr. Galsworthy has evidently slightly confused the issue, since the chivalry that his great predecessor tilted with was but a dessicated husk and easily dissipated by the winds of satire, but the methods of the press and what for lack of a more concise word we habitually call government are, alas, always with us and far from being as passé as they doubtless will be in Utopia. We fear that Mr. Galsworthy is a dreamer where Cervantes was a man of action, but a farce is a farce, so bring on the play:

In the year —— there dwelt on Hampstead Heath a small thin gentleman of fifty-eight, gentle disposition, and independent means, whose wits had become somewhat addled from reading the writings and speeches of public men. The castle which, like every Englishman, he inhabited was embedded in lilac bushes and laburnums, and was attached to another castle, embedded, in deference to our national dislike of uniformity, in acacias and laurustinus. Our gentleman, whose name was John Lavender, had until the days of the Great War passed one of those curious existences which are sometimes to be met with, in doing harm to nobody. He had been brought up to the Bar, but like most barristers had never practiced, and had spent his time among animals and the wisdom of the past. At the period in which this record opens he owned a young female sheep-dog called Blink, with beautiful eyes obscured by hair; and was attended to by a thin and energetic housekeeper, in his estimation above all weakness, whose name was Marian Petty, and by her husband, his chauffeur, whose name was Joe.

It was the ambition of our hero to be, like all public men, without fear and without reproach. He drank not, abstained from fleshly intercourse, and habitually spoke the truth. His face was thin, high cheek-boned, and not unpleasing, with one loose eyebrow over which he had no control; his eyes, bright and of hazel hue, looked his fellows in the face without seeing what was in it. Though his moustache was still dark, his thick waving hair was permanently white, for his study was lined from floor to ceiling with books, pamphlets, journals, and the recorded utterances of great mouths. He was of a frugal habit, ate what was put before him without question, and if asked what he would have, invariably answered: "What is there?" without listening to the reply. For at mealtimes it was his custom to read the writings of great men.

In the mere matter of style, at least, we will back the foregoing against the creator of Sancho Panza, himself. And speaking of the inimitable servant of the demented don, he has a worthy prototype in Joe Petty, aforementioned chauffeur of Mr. Lavender, the gentle madman of our book, whose strange fate it was to yearn to be a public man, even as Quixote mistook himself for a knight. So much for the *dramatis personæ*. Let Sancho Panza, alias Joe Petty, give his own views on the moot subject of the public man:

"Ah!" said Joe, "we're all ready to die for our countries if we've got to. But we don't look on it, like the public speakers, as a picnic. They're a bit too light-'earted."

"Joe," said Mr. Lavender, covering his ears, and instantly uncovering them again, "this is the most horrible blasphemy I have ever listened to."

"I can do better than that, sir," answered Joe. "Shall I get on with it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lavender, clenching his hands, "a public man shrinks from nothing—not even from the gibes of his enemies."

"Well, wot abaht it, sir? Look at the things they say, and at what really is. Mind you, I'm not speakin' particular of the public men in this country—nor any other country. They're a sort of secret society, brought up on gas. And every now and then some one sets a match to it, and we get it in the neck. Look 'ere, sir. Dahn squats one on his back-side an' writes something in 'igh words. Up pops another and says something in 'igher; an' so they go on poppin' up an' squattin' dahn till you get an atmosphere where you can't breathe; and all the time all we want is to be let alone, and 'uman kindness do the rest. All these fellers 'ave got two weaknesses—one's ideas, and the other's their own importance. They've got to be conspicuous, and without ideas they can't, so it's a vicious circle. When I see a man bein' conspicuous, I says to meself: 'Gawd 'elp us, we shall want it!' And sooner or later we always do. I'll tell you what's the curse of the world, sir; it's the gift of expressin' what ain't your real feeling. And—Lord! what a lot of us 'ave got it!"

As every one with a memory dating back nine years will recall, one of the slogans of the times and the press was "more babies!" It was a Teutonic contagion. Since it was apparent that the enemy was fortifying his race against a hundred years' war, the Allies did likewise—as far as propaganda went. The strange national indifference on the subject was one of the first windmills with which our patriotic hero tilted and by which he was worsted. Here is a history of the self-appointed public man's first public speech:

"Fellow-Britons, at this crisis in the history of our country I make no apology for addressing myself to the gathering I see around me. Here, in the cradle of patriotism and the very heart of Movements, I may safely assume that you are aware of the importance of Man-power. At a moment when every man of a certain age and over is wanted at the front, and every woman of marriageable years is needed in hospitals, in factories, on the land, or where not, we see as never before the paramount necessity of mobilizing the forces of racial progress and increasing the numbers of our population. Not a man, not a woman, can be spared from the great task in which they are now engaged, of defeating the common enemy. Side by side with our American cousins, with la belle France, and the Queen of the Adriatic, we are fighting to avert the greatest menace which ever threatened civilization. Our cruel enemies are strong and ruthless. While I have any say in this matter, no man or woman shall be withdrawn from the sacred cause of victory; better they should die to the last unit than that we should take our hands from the plow. But, ladies and gentlemen, we must never forget that in the place of every one who dies we must put two. Do not be content with ordinary measures; these are no piping times of peace. Never was there in the history of this country such a crying need for—for twins, if I may put it picturesquely. In each family, in each home where there are no families, let there be two babies where there was one, for thus only can we triumph over the devastation of this war." At this moment the now considerable audience, which had hitherto been silent, broke into a shrill "'Ear, 'ear!" and Mr. Lavender, taking his hand from the acacia branch to silence them, fell off the wall into the garden. Seeing her master thus vanish, Blink, who had never ceased to whine and sniff his toes, leaped over and landed on his chest. Rising with difficulty, Mr. Lavender found himself in front of an elderly man with a commercial cast of countenance, who said: "You're tresspassing!"

"I am aware of it," returned Mr. Lavender politely; "and I beg your pardon. It was quite inadvertent, however."

"Rubbish!" said the man.

"I fell off the wall."

"Whose wall do you think it is?" said the man.

"How should I know?" said Mr. Lavender; "I am a stranger."

"Out you go," said the man, applying his boot to Blink.

Mr. Lavender's eyes blazed. "You may insult me," he said, "but you must not kick my dog, or I shall do you an injury."

"Try!" said the man.

"I will," responded Mr. Lavender, taking off his holland coat.

To what extremities he would have proceeded can not be told, for at this moment the old lady who had taken him for a shepherd appeared on the garden path, tapping her forehead with a finger.

The old lady whose providential rescue of Mr. Lavender is recorded in the above excerpt, and whose name was Sinkin, had a nephew, "a boy of forty-five, indissolubly connected with the board of guardians." Probably it was in the latter connection, egged on by his personal curiosity and his aunt's benevolent attitude toward our hero, that he called upon the latter as told hereafter. How many public men, we wonder, have similar vicarious adventures with the press? Such passing aberrations as the following would account for much, at least, of their public naïvetés:

"I have come," he said at last, "to ask you a few questions on behalf of——"

"By all means," said Mr. Lavender, perceiving at once that he was being interviewed. "I shall be most happy to give you my views. Please take a cigarette, for I believe that is usual. I myself do not smoke. If it is the human touch you want, you may like to know that I gave it up when that appeal in your contemporary flooded the trenches with cigarettes and undermined the nerves of our heroes. By setting an example of abstinence, and at the same time releasing more tobacco for our men, I felt that I was but doing my duty. Please don't mention that, though. And while we are on the personal note, which I sincerely deprecate, you might like to stroll round the room and look at the portrait of my father, behind the door, and of my mother, over the fireplace. Forgive my not accompanying you. The fact is—this is an interesting touch—I have always been rather subject to lumbago." And seeing the nephew Sinkin, who had risen to his suggestion, standing somewhat irresolutely in front of him, he added: "Perhaps you would like to look a little more closely at my eyes. Every now and then they flash with an almost uncanny insight." For by now he had quite forgotten his modesty in the identification he felt with the journal which was interviewing him. "I am fifty-eight," he added quickly; "but I do not look my years, though my hair, still thick and full of vigor, is prematurely white—so often the case with men whose brains are continually on the stretch. The little home, far from grandiose, which forms the background of this most interesting personality is embowered in trees. Cats have made their mark on its lawns, and its owner's love of animals was sharply illustrated by the sheep-dog which lay on his feet clad in Turkish slippers. Get up, Blink!"

Naturally, no truthful presentment of war-time conditions would be complete without a likeness of the war-time bogey, the Conscientious Objector. It is significant that in the many reversals of a bellicose peace the C. O. is still as loathsome as ever. He was reckoned a monster at birth and such he has remained. Mr. Lavender abhorred him as much as do we, though we fear his creator sees in our common abhorrence more war-made hysteria. Perhaps a burlesque on the chimeras of war would be better without so common an enemy as the Conscientious Objector. But let Mr. Lavender defend the case:

"Yes," said the young man, cutting a large slice of bread, "there's no other way of putting it with truth. They want me to go back on my word, to go back on my faith, and I won't. In a fortnight's time they'll gaol me again, so I *must* eat—excuse me. I shall want all my strength." And he filled his mouth too full to go on speaking.

Mr. Lavender stared at him, greatly perturbed. "How unjustly I judged him," he thought; and seeing that the maid had placed the end of a ham before him he began carving off what little there was left on it, and, filling a plate, placed it before the young man. The latter thanked him, and without looking up ate rapidly on. Mr. Lavender watched him with beaming eyes. "It's lovely to see him!" he thought; "poor fellow!"

"Where are the eggs?" said the young man suddenly.

Mr. Lavender got up and rang the bell.

"Please bring those eggs for him," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the maid. "And what are *you* going to have? There's nothing in the house now."

"Oh!" said Mr. Lavender, startled. "A cup of coffee and a slice of bread, thank you. I can always eat at any time."

The maid went away muttering to herself, and bringing the eggs, plumped them down before the young man, who ate them more hastily than words could tell.

"I mean," he said, "to do all I can in this fortnight to build up my strength. I shall eat almost continuously. They shall never break me." And, reaching out, he took the remainder of the loaf.

Mr. Lavender watched it disappear with a certain irritation which he subdued at once. "How selfish of me," he thought, "even to think of eating while this young hero is still hungry."

"Are you, then," he said, "the victim of some religious or political plot?"

"Both," replied the young man, leaning back with a sigh of repletion, and wiping his mouth. "I was released today, and, as I said, I shall be courtmartialed again today fortnight. It'll be two years this time. But they can't break me."

Mr. Lavender gasped, for at the word "courtmartialed" a dreadful doubt had assailed him.

"Are you," he stammered—"you are not—you can not be a Conscientious Objector?"

"I can," said the young man.

Mr. Lavender half rose in horror.

"I don't approve," he ejaculated; "I do *not* approve of you."

Mr. Lavender's efforts, however, were not always as foredoomed as his Spanish prototype. Rather, like the public man whom he so ardently admired and emulated, he occasionally pulled off a brilliant coup. Such a one was his blow at the peace meeting when he delivered a speech which space prevents our reprinting, but which we assure our readers was up to Mr. Lavender's best impassioned style, as why should it not be on the goading subject of peace? Taking up the history of the peace meeting at the end of our hero's speech:

Here Mr. Lavender paused for breath, and in the darkness a faint noise, as of a mouse scrattling at a wainscot, attracted his attention. "Wonderful," he thought, elated by the silence, "that I should so have succeeded in riveting their attention as to be able to hear a mouse gnawing. I must have made a considerable impression." And, fearing to spoil it by further speech, he set to work to grope his way round the chapel wall in the hope of coming to the door. He had gone but a little way when his outstretched hand came into contact with something warm, which shrank away with a squeal.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Lavender, while a shiver went down his spine, "what is that?"

"Me," said a stifled voice. "Who are you?"

"A public speaker, madam," answered Mr. Lavender, unutterably relieved. "Don't be alarmed."

"Ouch!" whispered the voice. "That madman!" . . .

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lavender, as with a certain dignity they both rose to their full height, "I had no conception——"

Without a word, the young woman put her hand up to her back hair, sidled swiftly down the row of chairs, ran down the aisle, and vanished. There was no one else in the chapel. Mr. Lavender, after surveying the considerable wreckage, made his way to the door and passed out into the night. "Like a dream," he thought; "but I have done my duty, for no meeting was ever more completely broken up. With a clear conscience and a good appetite I can now go home."

So far we have pure farce, and let the envious tongues who have sometimes said that Galsworthy lacked a humorous bump, that his comedies were not comic and his novels humorless, be silenced. For he has shown here that he is a quiet master of the comedy of situation—the kind that Shakespeare made popular in English. But in the next incident we select for exposition Mr. Galsworthy is in a more serious satiric vein. Mr. Lavender had been primed with newspaper leaders on transportation and had gone forth, burning spear in hand, to set the problem right. He came upon a large van parked at the top of an incline, and perceiving the driver idly filling a pipe, Mr. Lavender treated that worthy to an exhortation on the subject of speeding up transportation:

"What makes you," continued Mr. Lavender, "pause here with your job half finished? It is not the hill which keeps you back, for you are at the top, and your horses seem rested."

"Yes," said the old man, with another contortion of his face, "they're rested—leastways, one of 'em."

"Then what delays you—if not that British sluggishness which we in public life find such a terrible handicap in our efforts in conducting the war?"

"Ah!" said the old man. "But out of one you don't make two, guv'nor. Git on the off side, and you'll see it a bit steadier and a bit 'oler than you 'ave 'itherto."

Struck by his words, which were accompanied by a painful puckering of the cheeks, Mr. Lavender moved round the van looking for some defect in its machinery, and suddenly became aware that the off horse was lying on the ground, with the traces cut. It lay on its side, and did not move.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Lavender; "oh!" And going up to the horse's head he knelt down. The animal's eye was glazing.

"Oh!" he cried again, "poor horse! Don't die!" And tears dropped out of his eyes on to the horse's cheek. The eye seemed to give him a look, and became quite glazed.

"Dead!" said Mr. Lavender, in an awed whisper. "This is horrible! What a thin horse—nothing but bones!" And his gaze haunted the ridge and furrow of the horse's carcase, while the living horse looked round and down at its dead fellow, from whose hollow face a ragged forelock drooped in the dust.

"I must go and apologize to that old man," said Mr. Lavender aloud, "for no doubt he is even more distressed than I am."

"Not 'e, guv'nor," said a voice, and looking up he saw the aged driver standing beside him; "not 'e; for of all the crool jobs I ever 'ad—drivin' that 'orse these last three months 'as been the crooelest. There 'e lies, and 'e's aht of it; and that's where they'd all like to be. Speed, guv'nor—speed done 'im in, savin' 'is country's time and 'is country's oats; that's done 'im in. A good old 'orse, a willin' old 'orse, 'as broke 'is 'eart tryin' to do 'is bit on 'alf rations. There 'e lies; and I'm glad 'e does." And with the back of his hand the old fellow removed some brown moisture which was trembling on his jaw. Mr. Lavender rose from his knees.

"Dreadful!—monstrous!" he cried; "poor horse! Who is responsible for this?"

"Why," said the old driver, "the gents as sees it steady and sees it 'ole from one side o' the van, same as you."

Our doughty hero has several other adventures, all in the most farcical vein, before he decides that public life is too much for him and that he lacks the requisite temperament. But unable to resign himself to the defeat and the monotony of a private life, he decides to make way with himself. Needless to say, his adventure with suicide is as pathetically ludicrous as any that attended his pursuit of a public life. He is hauled in the nick of time from the funeral pyre he had built himself of his beloved leaders by the strong arms of the charming young V. A. D. who lived next door, and Mr. Lavender swoons in the fond belief that he is in Paradise.

THE BURNING SPEAR. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending April 28, 1923, were $158,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $133,000,000; an increase of $25,200,000.

For nearly ten years business men have been accustomed to violent fluctuations in the volume of trade and to uncertainties of the most trying character. It should be recognized, however, that there is now considerable ground for belief that we are at the threshold of a period of relative stability such as prevailed from 1909 to 1913, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in their monthly letter.

Foremost among conditions making for stable business are fairly steady money rates. As yet little, if any, inflation of commercial credits has taken place, the major factor which prevented this having been the stabilization of money rates at reasonable levels through the use for bank investment of short-time and other United States government securities. Holdings of other securities by reporting member banks show little change, but from April 1, 1921, to April 4, 1923, their holdings of United States securities increased from $1,292,000,000 to $2,533,000,000. Government refunding operations thus effectively prevented the flood of cheap money which otherwise would have been the combined result of the inflow of gold and the vast liquidation of credits which took place following the business recession of 1920. In the future as in the past the availability of United States securities for short-time bank investment should prove to be a stabilizing influence in the money market. When gold begins to move out as it eventually must, the distribution to investors of long-term government securities to be issued in refunding of the short-term debt would obviously be of importance in connection with the lessening volume of gold holdings.

While the satisfactory credit situation is one of the important factors justifying an expectation of stable business, other favorable factors are caution on the part of manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers, and improved facilities for accurate knowledge of national and international conditions now at the disposal of every executive who desires to use them. Conditions abroad also promise to be fairly stable.

The most important offsetting factor is the wage situation. The manufacturer faces on the one hand rising labor costs and on the other the probability that consumers will stand out against price advances.

Although higher wages result at first in increased purchasing power on the part of wage-earners, they afford no grounds for expecting further business expansion. According to the Bureau of the Census there are now about 30,000,000 persons gainfully employed in the United States, exclusive of those engaged in agriculture. However, about half of the entire population is directly dependent on the prosperity of agriculture and the buying power of this immense population is not measured in terms of a flexible wage scale, but in terms of the international market for farm products.

Another considerable section of the public is dependent upon relatively fixed incomes. There is not the least hope that wages and prices can advance indefinitely without curtailment of consumption in the United States. The effect on exports is certain to be adverse.

There is no question that a considerable proportion of the industrial output of recent months has been absorbed in replacing stocks of consumers, retailers, and jobbers. The point has now been reached where future output must increasingly be absorbed by current demand. It therefore seems not unlikely that production is now at peak and that it may recede somewhat, but with stable credit and money conditions the favorable factors should assure a continuance of a profitable volume of business. In fact a slight recession may well serve to prolong activity through checking wage and price advances, thereby lessening the danger of a buyers' strike.

It is necessary that every individual and every institution in a position to exert any influence on the business situation should keep cool. Final consumers should neither hesitate to buy for normal requirements, nor buy excessively in fear of price advances. All classes of purchasers should pursue a similar policy, refusing to be stampeded by cries of shortage, at the same time not hesitating to make reasonable future commitments. Producers, from farmers to manufacturers, should endeavor to gauge their output by what seems to be a fair rate of consumption under ordinary conditions when stocks are adequate. If this means curtailment in some lines such curtailments should be courageously made. Wage-earners must realize that steady work at stable wages is much better than irregular work at abnormally high wages and that there is absolutely no hope of continuously rising wages and full employment.

Price changes in the various classes of bonds have been through a very narrow range. Toward the close of the period there was evidence that some buyers regard bonds at present prices as profitable for the long pull.

Money is firm and rates are well maintained. The rate for prime commercial paper is 5 to 5¼ per cent., with names not well known at 5½ per cent.

On April 13th the renewal rate on call loans was firm at 4½ per cent. The rate on time loans against securities is 5¼ per cent. bid, 5½ per cent. asked. Loans are being made at both rates.

Generally the market may be said to be on a level from which there should be only slight fluctuations in the near future. In the last half of May, subsequent to government refinancing of the Victory note maturity, somewhat easier rates may be seen, but all indications are that over a period rates for fixed term accommodations will tend upward rather than downward.

Wall Street has recovered pretty much from its unwarranted fears regarding the credit situation and the likelihood of the Federal Reserve Board taking drastic action to stop "the excessive speculation." As a matter of fact, just as the better informed realized right along, there has been no wild public speculation and upbuilding of stocks such as has occurred in previous years. To be sure, brokers' loans are almost as large as at the peak of the 1919 boom, but other conditions then were very different. Now there is no tremendous commodity inflation nor has there been any considerable rehorrowing at the regional banks by the member banks of the Federal Reserve system. What seems a simple and thoroughly adequate explanation of the market's recent setback is to be found by merely analyzing the technical position. Prices had advanced steadily from early December until March, when the market appeared somewhat stale and unresponsive to the wealth of good news. With everyhody more or less hullish, conditions now were exactly right for a technical reaction and general purging process. This is precisely what occurred to the accompaniment of a fog of hearish talk. During the past week the market has given definite indications of the improvement in its technical position. It is no longer sensitive to attack by the hears and individual stocks display an ability to advance in response to favorable earnings statements.

Evidenec is coming to hand every day of the magnitude of our industrial revival. Pig-iron production in March broke all previous records and the steel mills continue to operate as close to full capacity as the somewhat limited labor supply will permit. The March figures on car loadings surpassed all previous records for that month, which gives good ground for helieving that the railroad's earnings statements will show great improvement. That the railway executives expect a tremendously heavy traffic, taxing the roads to the utmost, is plain from the official announcement of the American Railway Association that expenditures are heing planned for equipment and facilities to the amount of $1,100,000,000. This will mean a wealth of new business for the equipment manufacturers, who already are hooked to capacity for months ahead.

That railroad stocks as a class have failed to reflect in the market this splendid business prospect must be ascribed to the vicious regulations to which the government subjects them. They are forced to hear an enormous hurden of taxation. In 1922 the Class I roads paid in taxes nearly $305,000,000 as compared with $272,000,000 in 1920, and less than $100,000,000 in 1911. Also we have the government demanding half the net profits above 5¾ per cent. on valuation which, in many cases with some show of justice, is claimed to be a great deal helow the real worth of replacement cost of the property.—*The Room Trader.*

Increased business transactions have been reflected in increased loan expansion. reports from the large commercial banks which make weekly returns to the Federal Reserve Board showing an increase in their loan account since the close of last July of $983,750,000. Of this total fully $720,000,000 represented commercial loans. On the theory that the loaning operations of these reporting mother-hanks represent only one-third the hanking power of the nation, it has been estimated that the total volume of hank loans during the interval mentioned has expanded nearly $3,000,000,000. Under the circumstances, it is natural that money rates should have shown a slightly hardening tendency. The money market, like all markets, is controlled in the last analysis hy supply and demand conditions. The Federal Reserve hanks continue to reflect a very strong position, with a reserve ratio on April 11, 1923, of 76.3 per cent., as compared with 77.7 per cent. a year ago, says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their April monthly letter.

It is noteworthy also that savings deposits, as reported hy 880 hanks located throughout the country, showed on March 1, 1923, an increase of 9.2 per cent. for the year. This material gain reflects the definite improvement resulting from increased industrial activity and the wiping out of whatever lahor surplus existed a year ago. The thrift movement appears to he gaining strength as a result of persistent educational campaigns to promote the hahit of saving.

According to Cyrus Peirce & Co., the 1922 annual report of the Nevada-California Electric Corporation shows gross operating earnings of $3,344,446.61 compared with $3,177,108.69 for 1921, an increase of more than 5 per cent.; net operating profits of $1,749,581.91 shows a gain of 5.2 per cent. over the 1921 figure of $1,662,863.70; net earnings, after interest and depreciation, shows $674,947.91 as against $574,698.49 for 1921, a gain of approximately 17½ per cent.

The report of the General Electric Company for the year 1922 reflects the keen demand for electrical apparatus throughout the country. This demand is, of course, partly because of the fact that there was very little activity in manufacturing of electrical goods during the war, other than war supplies, which created an unusual demand in the following period. Much of the present market for electrical goods comes from the radio fan, says Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investment hulletin.

Orders received during the year totaled $242,739,527, compared with $179,721,680 in the year 1921, an increase of 35 per cent. Unfilled orders of $76,220,000 at the close of 1922 were larger hy 88 per cent. than at the close of 1921. Inasmuch as the carrying over of unfilled orders from one year to another has had a very marked influence in determining the results for the ensuing twelve months, the company looks forward for a considerable increase in the amount of gross business for 1923.

The income account reveals the fact that General Electric was able to strengthen its grip on cost of manufacture. The $200,194,294 of net sales produced a manufacturing profit, after deduction of maintenance, depreciation, and Federal taxes, of $22,736,281, or $1,060,598 in excess of the 1921 figure of $21,676,683, earned on $221,007,991 of sales billed in the 1921 year. In other words, the margin of profit in 1922 was 11.3 per cent., compared with 9.8 per cent. in 1921, an increase of 1½ per cent.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are making public the annual earning statement of the West Tulare Land Company, whose first mortgage 7½ per

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cent. bonds were offered by them in November, 1921. Condensed income statement is as follows:

Gross	$321,790.63
Less expense and depreciation	189,779.26
Net	$162,011.37
Less interest charges	41,803.67
Balance	$120,207.70

It will be seen from the above that interest charges were earned approximately four times over. In addition it will be noted that the company must retire and cancel, under the terms of the trust indenture, approximately $18,000 of the first mortgage bonds. This will be accomplished in the near future.

The annual report of the Associated Oil Company for the year 1922 indicates that the company is in a good financial position, although net profit after deductions was only a little better than one-half that for the year 1921, says Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investors' bulletin. Net profit for the year, after all deductions, stood at $4,190,568, equal to $10.54 a share on the stock outstanding, as against $8,157,952 earned in 1921, equal to $20.52 a share. Part of this decrease is explainable in that profits for the year 1921 included the unusual item of $2,695,429, being a capital dividend of the Associated Pipe Line Company. Earnings for 1922 were also adversely affected by successive declines in prices of oil, the base price in the field falling, for oil of less than 18 degrees gravity, from $1.10 to 60 cents per barrel.

Refined oil sales showed an increase in volume of 22 per cent. Taxes were decreased by $122,270, bond interest decreased $78,866. Additions to refining and distributing equipment totaled over $4,320,658 for the 1922 year.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the acquisition to their sales organization of Frank Jordan, Jr., son of the Hon. Frank Jordan, secretary of state. Mr. Jordan, Jr., will represent the above-mentioned firm in the Sacramento Valley, making his headquarters in Sacramento.

Seattle took over its street-car lines for an obligation of $15,000,000. Within a year the politicians who had promised the people a 5-cent ride had increased the fare to 10 cents or three rides for a quarter.

The line lost money even at this figure. A new set of politicians have since taken office and to remedy the situation they reduced the fare to 5 cents on the theory that more people would ride.

The result has been disastrous, with a loss to the city of some $4000 a day. Patronage increased 7 per cent., while revenue fell off 13 per cent.

So the people of Seattle have been stung twice by following the advice of politicians in regard to operating an industry about which they knew nothing. This is the usual experience, however, of political management of industry and is the one best argument why cities, states, and nations should refuse to be led into trying out costly socialistic experiments at the expense of taxpayers. Theoretically it should work, in practice it does not work. Efficient operation is secured only where the owners of a property must make it pay in order to save themselves from financial loss and ruin.

Inherited wealth is too often dissipated by the generation which did not earn it because the holders of such wealth knew nothing about its acquisition. The same is true with political management—the taxpayers put up the money and temporary public officials spend it without the fear of personal loss in case of failure.

Seattle is paying dearly for three years of political management of transportation. Other cities can profit much by its experience.

Shingle, Brown & Co., investment bankers, announce the removal of their San Francisco offices from the Balfour Building to 440 Montgomery Street, between California and Sacramento. The Oakland office of the firm is in the Syndicate Building and the Los Angeles office in the Merchants' National Bank Building.

The report of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company for the year ended February 28, 1923, shows a net profit of $1,304,361 compared with a deficit of $4,543,454 for the precious year, says Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investors' bulletin.

During the early summer of 1922 the sugar market recovered somewhat and the company was able to dispose of its carry-over crop at a net price of $5.19 per bag. Net price received for the 1922 crop averaged $6.50 per bag. The total sales during the year amounted to 2,722,077 bags, bringing a net average return of $5.60 per bag.

The policy of reducing the indebtedness as fast as the proceeds of sales were available was continued throughout the year, and on February 28, 1923, the current debt amounted to $3,498,876 compared with $7,289,000 on April 10, 1922.

Results attained by the operating department reveals an increased efficiency and surpasses any previous year. An average increase of 17.84 per cent. over preceding standards was attained in slicing efficiency. The ten factories operating during the season cut an average of 1496 tons per day more than the same ten factories cut last year. This increased slicing efficiency was the principal cause for greatly reduced consumption of operating materials and an increase of 18.48 per cent. in labor efficiency.

58,003 acres of beets were planted last spring, of which 5133 acres were lost because of unfavorable weather and soil conditions. From the remaining acreage a total of 587,514 tons of beets were received, or an average of 11.11 tons per acre. From the 587,514 tons of beets sliced and 26,832 tons of molasses worked there were produced 1,632,025 bags of granulated sugar. Following is a table of averages:

	Tons per Acre.	Sugar Content.	Purity.
Utah	11.25	16.28%	85.34%
Idaho	10.86	16.59%	86.90%
Washington	10.38	16.23%	87.10%

It is estimated that the total for 1923 will exceed that of 1922 by approximately 25 per cent.

The fact that the available supply of sugar in the world is at least a million tons short of what it was the first of March, 1922, and a falling off in the estimates of the Cuban crop, warrants the belief that the present level of prices will be maintained for some time. At these prices the company's present inventory of 814,584 bags should produce a substantial additional amount to meet payments to the farmers as well as add a considerable amount to the surplus account, according to the report.

To complete the vice-presidential personnel of the California Approved Land Settlement Association the board of directors announces the election of Emory Oliver, general manager of the Natomas Company of California. The other vice-presidents are: George E. Springer, secretary of the Alameda Sugar Company; L. A. Nares, president of Laguna Lands, Ltd., and Herman Jones, head of the James Ranch. J. V. Mendenhall is president.

The concerted attack upon railroad shares by professional traders the early part of last month brought in some stock for sale when there was an extremely thin market, and occasioned a slight decline in the first-class railroad stocks, but this proved to be only an incident of speculative manœuvres, based on the theory that the disappointment over February earnings rendered this class of stocks particularly vulnerable to bearish attacks, say E. F. Hutton & Co. in their monthly review.

Transportation shares soon rallied as the market strengthened in anticipation of favorable earnings statements, resulting from operations in March, and have continued strong, due to the established fact that the volume of traffic being handled is breaking all records, and that railroad business throughout the country is growing better day by day. The first twenty railroads reporting for March show an increase of 15.3 per cent. in net operating income compared with same month last year, and if the remainder of Class 1 roads make as good a showing, the total net income for March will approximate $97,000,000, which will be equal to 6.7 per cent. annual return on property investment as compared with 5.83 per cent. for March, 1922.

The adoption by the executive committee of the American Railway Association of a programme calling for the largest budget of new facilities, power, and equipment for many years, if not in the history of the roads, and intensive coöperation through freer interchange of cars and other equipment, clearly shows that railway executives realize the absolute necessity for greatly improving their present facilities for handling traffic, and that they are determined to do everything within their power to provide such facilities as will be required to handle, in a satisfactory manner, the rapidly increasing business tributary to their lines. A united effort to secure the coöperation of shippers in the matter of loading cars to capacity whenever possible, and by avoiding demurrage through the prompt loading and unloading of cars, should meet with a ready response from all parties interested, as it will do much to help the roads give the best possible service with the equipment at their disposal.

Mr. McKinley Bissinger, member of the firm of Strassburger & Co., arrived in the city Thursday, April 26th, on his return from Europe. Accompanied by Mrs. Bissinger, he has been making an extensive tour covering all the more important cities and districts during the past few months.

The semi-centennial of the creation of Yellowstone Park as a national monument will be celebrated on June 18th. Congress passed the bill creating the park on May 1, 1872.—*Scientific American.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Very Posthumous Novel.

THE WATSONS. By Jane Austen. Concluded by L. Oulton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.

Posthumous publications are no great rarity, for writers like other people usually die in harness. And early works which for one reason or other escaped the unhappy fate of publication during the protection of the author's lifetime come to light on his death, and more often than not are published by hero-worsbiping literary executors. Needless to say, in the majority of cases the "posthumous" work would have been more mercifully left in oblivion. Critically speaking, "The Watsons," the fragmentary novel left by Jane Austen at her death and cherished privately hy her heirs ever since, would have had a more dignified fate in a perpetual state of manuscript and incompletion. But the present generation of Jane's heirs thought otherwise and the early fragment which its inimitahle author left in the experimental stage has heen completed hy a devoted student of Miss Austen's work, whose enthusiasm is more to he commended than her facility in wielding Jane's posthumous pen. If the fragment of "The Watsons" had to he completed, why did not its guardians call in Sir Harry Johnstone, or some other proficient literary imitator? The puhlishers inform us it is impossihle to tell where Jane decided "The Watsons" was not worth finishing and where Miss Oulton took up the task, hut we could make a shrewd guess in the neighhorhood of the ninth chapter. At least, after that point the hook rapidly deteriorates.

The ethics of finishing other people's work aside, it is an interesting experience to read a new Jane Austen, alheit an immature one. Those of us who read the requisite numher of "standard" English novels in our youth, and since then have relaxed our minds to the exclusive enjoyment of the six hest sellers, are apt to forget what constitutes literature. We for one had forgot the fine flavor of Jane's delicate style, which the first chapters of "The Watsons" recall, alheit remotely, as if it had to he exhumed from notes. Also we of the psychoanalytical age have got into the hahit of regarding psychology as an invention of the twentieth century. One's perspective is straightened out a hit by finding the characters of "The Watsons" as consciously ahsorhed in the analyses of each other's reactions as any group of Henry James' *dramatis personæ*. In fact one makes the discovery that Jane Austen has heen a psychological novelist all along, and the cheap, meretricious tag of the "novel of manners," which has found its exponents from Richardson to Chamhers, is not deservedly hers. She was concerned with the outer show of decorum and culture only as mental symptoms.

Compared to sucb full-fledged novels as "Emma" and "Mansefield Park," the recently disinterred novel is hut a slender sketch. It is more nearly on the order of the delicate hurlesque, "Northanger Ahhey." We suspect it was written hefore any of the well-known Austen novels and that it hroke the ground for its more successful successors. But indubitably every one who has enjoyed Jane's pictures of English middle-class and sometimes upper-class life will find "The Watsons" an interesting addition to that collection.

R. G.

Another Peasant Idyll.

STONECROP. By Cecile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.

In the forest-covered mountains of Croatia live a peasant people who lead simple and uneventful lives—lives that we hear little ahout. For the greater part they are uneducated and are conscious of no world beyond their hills, which slope to the sea at the south and to the plains of Hungary at the north. This is the setting that Cecile Tormay has chosen for her latest work, "Stonecrop," and from the simplicity of her writing the mountain village is vividly presented. The style, short sentences, and no needless words, is peculiarly suited to the tale and her characters stand boldly out as high lights.

Yella, the daughter of an Italian woman, is the stonecrop of the rocky soil of Croatia. She is untutored, understanding goats hetter than human beings. Relying on instinct to guide her in her dealings with men, she is caught up in the swirl of her own passions. The story is well constructed and interesting.

Relaxations of a Gardener

GARDEN WHIMSEYS. By Charlotte Rider Lomas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

This is a garden fantasy that is in no sense a treatise on horticulture nor a guidehook to the sowing of seeds or the growing of plants. "Garden Whimseys" is more in the nature of a ramhle through the floral year and a record of each season's offering in the way of heauty.

The Lady of the Garden takes us through her small domain leisurely, strolling down one path and up another—stopping here and there to point out some well-heloveds—commenting and rhapsodizing, and all with happily turned phrases that are most heguiling. In short, it is like meeting a group of pleasant people at a garden party, who are all gowned in their hest, all smiling and happy and delightful; and no one stops to ask their middle names or what they do for a living, nor if they live in the right part of town. They are just taken at their face value.

At this garden party the reader meets, not only the flower guests, hut other visitors. There is the "Infant," who must he a hoy, for he has a tent, and the "Ogre," who must of course be a husband. There is an exasperating terrier who huries bones; also gold fish, who are milder-mannered and decorative, though a constant temptation to Willowhy, a cat. Willowhy is a privileged person, and if he shows too great fondness for any particular hed of flowers, the plants are removed and he remains; "there heing no question of his hanishment." Willowhy's owner is convinced that "a cat can not he trained nor taught anything, principally hecause he already knows everything."

These garden whimseys helong to the East rather than to California, and like all Eastern garden hooks this is written in a different key and must he transposed to our earlier hloom-

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Footlights.

FOOTLIGHTS. By Rita Weiman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

Rita Weiman has hit upon a good title for her book of short stories about theatrical life. Short, succinct, it expresses in a word that element in the life that makes or mars the men and women that follow it.

"Footlights" contains eight tales, each one giving a different viewpoint of the women of the stage. The author, having herself experienced the life of which she treats, gives an intimate view; for not only has she acted, but she also knows from her own experience, and vividly depicts, the emotions of the playwright on an opening night.

So the stories are not told from the unbiased viewpoint of the detached observer. They have their own essence of theatricality, even while they seem to offer a faithful reflex of the life depicted.

In other words, the serious novel-reader will not greatly care for them, while the casual seeker after entertainment will enjoy the victory thrills of the successful players, the opulence of the rich ones, the descriptions of the artfully enhanced charms of the beauties, the recitals of the poisonous emotions engendered by professional jealousy, and the general atmosphere of vanity, show, and competition.

But, in benevolence to her readers, the author offers plenty of romance, and quite a number of successful conflicts on the side of virtue are registered.

Armchair Travel.

CASUAL WANDERINGS IN ECUADOR. By Blair Niles. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

The author of this account of an unusual trip believes that the writer of a travel book should be but the plate upon which is recorded the character of the land described. The result is successful. Mrs. Niles' personality is never exploited; we see only Ecuador.

The trip down the west coast of South America, the Run of Little Ports, is ended at Guayaquil, the city of white, pale pink, and blue buildings, with the fragrance of cacao beans drying in the streets. Traveling into the Andes of Ecuador over a mountain railway that encircles the seemingly impassable "Devil's Nose" by a real engineering feat is the second stage of the trip. We visit Riobamba, built on the slopes of the snow-covered Chimborazo, at an altitude of 9189 feet. The capital of Ecuador, Quito, is a much older city; "its very odor is ancient!" The journey continues into the wilds on horseback, and a description of the seldom-visited Baños fascinates the reader. Thirty or more excellent photographs taken by travelers with a keen appreciation of the romance of Ecuador are included.

Among the Mountain Whites.

THE QUARE WOMEN. By Lucy Furman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.75.

Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are acquainted with these charming sketches of life in the Kentucky mountains, which appear now in book form. Miss Furman's story is of a time twenty years ago, before the days of the Hindman Settlement School, and the material has been gathered at first hand. The five girls who went from the Blue Grass into the mountains of Kentucky and who dared to missionarize among that proud people, our "contemporaneous ancestors," did not make the mistake of reaching down to the mountaineers. They were simple and friendly with "nice common ways," and they were accepted instantly on that footing. "Them women are the ladyest women you ever seed," is the sincere tribute paid by one boy, and his grandmother begs: "Keep a-telling about 'em—seems like I hain't heered or seed nothing for so long I'm nigh starved to death."

There is a real Kentucky feud under way—and moonshiners "up every hollow when the corn is laid by." We are told also of a funeral occasion, held for convenience to "do up" four deceased persons who had passed away anywhere from one to eight years before the function. A bereaved widow and "seven orphant offsprings" occupied the mourner's bench, side by side with a brand-new husband, who had apparently been taken on for the material aid he afforded.

The book has pathos and an unusual humor, and will be appreciated by any reader who wants "something different" or is interested in how part of the other half lives.

New Books Received.

THE ORISSERS. By L. H. Myers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

A novel.

THE RED VULTURE. By Frederick Sleath. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

"A tale of dark mystery."

SKY-LINE INN. By Donal Hamilton Haines. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

The further career of a soldier in the French army.

TOLSTOI'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.

The complete text of six plays and twenty-one dialogues.

ROUND THE CORNER. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

A novel.

AMBLING THROUGH ACADIA. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

A journey through Nova Scotia.

WALKERS. By Hazel Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.50.

Verse.

THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS. By Johan Bojer. New York: The Century Company; $2.

Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir.

THE WOUNDED NAME. By D. K. Broster. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.90.

A story of the Hundred Days that marked Napoleon's return from Elba.

THE FASCINATING STRANGER. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $2.

And other stories.

CAIRO TO KISUMU. By Frank G. Carpenter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $4.

"Familiar talks about countries and peoples."

THE GREATER MYSTERIES. By Richard Ingalese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.

A revised, enlarged edition of "Cosmogony and Evolution."

CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS. By Abate Achille Ratti (now Pope Piux XI). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

Translated by J. E. C. Eaton. With a foreword by Douglas W. Freshfield and an introduction by the Right Rev. I. C. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

Mexico as it appears today.

THE SURVIVORS. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A story of England today.

THE ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. By Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A study of its origins and developments.

THE CHASTE DIANA. By E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A romance of "The Beggar's Opera."

PAGAN SONNETS. By John Myers O'Hara. Portland: Smith & Sale.

Verse.

ANTHONY HOPE. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

A novel by the author of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

Three novelettes.

The leading booksellers from all over the United States are making plans to gather at Detroit on May 14th for the annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association. Authors and publishers, as well as the booksellers themselves, will address the convention, and plans will be laid for a nation-wide development of the book-reading habit.



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"THE AWFUL TRUTH."

Ina Claire is one of the darlings of the Great White Way. So it was not to he expected that we should see her here at the land's end of the great theatrical circuit until her youthful charms were faded and her twentieth-century slenderness *engraissé* with the hillowy curves of maturity.

But lucky we! Henry Miller engaged her for his Western season, and so the pretty charmer is here filling a sort of advance section of the Henry Miller season in a play particularly well suited to display the feminine allurements of pretty charmers. "The Awful Truth" will he remembered by those who always go to the Henry Miller attractions as the play in which Ruth Chatterton looked her prettiest, and was a most provocative little coquette. It is a story of a wife's pride enahling her to stand separation and divorce from her loved mate rather than justify herself in the teeth of an unjustifiahle accusation.

For that reason "The Awful Truth" is a poor title. It no douht is meant in sarcasm. the truth as finally revealed heing so much more harmless than the hushand, equally proud and love-tormented, believed.

There are, however, heliefs with some spectators that the wife was culpahle. But it wouldn't work out in a play of this kind. We Americans are more apt to turn against the wife—in the drama, at any rate—who has made a misstep. And in "The Awful Truth," while we are sorry for the poor fellow who is being fried a heautiful, golden hrown in his own jealousy and distrust, we women, at any rate, feel a sort of partisan sympathy with that provocative little aching-hearted tease who so neatly and efficiently tormented him, even while she slipped the yoke of love once more ahout his neck.

Ina Claire is just the kind of irresistihle young coquette to fit into the rôle of the divorced hushand's fascinating tormentor. She is of the daintily American type. Blonde, slender, willowy, hoyish yet girlish in figure, very pretty in features, possessing the talent of wearing her extremely up-to-date clothes with that air of dainty distinction which is sometimes as cleverly attained hy the fortunate daughters of coal-heavers as hy those who have always reveled in wealth and its accompaniments, the young actress offers a most witching figure in the chief rôle.

Bruce McRae has come again this season, as the romantic rôle of the ex-hushand suits his style. His suggestion of integrity and natural refinement is needed fully to express the character and he fully wins the romantic sympathy of the spectator.

It was a hright idea of the author's to make the pretty siren's rich, literal, and stagy wooer such a contrast to the man she really loved and was determinedly if evasively wooing.

"The Awful Truth" is most unquestionably a light-weight hut very entertaining comedy. It is not of the intellectual type, and we may not deduce any particular philosophy of life from it. But it is hright and witty, in the dialogue which expresses the duel of sex, and the social atmosphere is amusing and entertaining.

Mr. Miller always pays us the compliment of hringing out players who can express a social atmosphere that is easy and worldly, and so we find it on the present occasion. The company unitedly gives an impression of social ease, of worldly sophistication, except the two outsiders, the different social and temperamental status of the mother of the stodgy wooer and the wooer himself being cleverly conveyed.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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At the Curran.

McIntyre and Heath's musical comedy at the Curran is one of the outstanding features of the season. The horse "Red Pepper" is a dark horse to which a stahle hoy arranges to administer a dope powder. Then the girl—the only girl—puts on the colors and rides him to a red-hot finish, after which Bee Ho Gray, a lariat handler and knife thrower, ropes him with skill and promptitude. "Red Pepper's" companion horse is a heautiful animal with a high school education in tricks.

Jim McIntyre as Juniper Berry is a comedian of rare attainments, and his misfortunes are a source of unalloyed enjoyment, as well as his dry comments thereon. In a show so full of good things it is hard to single out any number as superior to the others, for all tastes are suited. There is excellent singing of Southern melodies hy the Three Calhoun Sisters. Florence Rayfield is a girl with a voice and her duets with Sydney Boyd are pleasing. The chorus and music are ahove average. Matinée performances will he given Wednesday and Saturday.

At the Columbia.

The Columhia Theatre announces a limited engagement of "The Changelings," heginning Monday, May 14th. Henry Miller is the producer, and plays one of the principal rôles. In addition the cast includes Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews, John Miltern, Felix Krembs and Geoffrey Kerr.

"The Changelings," hy Lee Wilson Dodd, is described as an ultra-smart comedy of morals, manners, and marriage, with modern Manhattan as its *mise-en-scène*.

Ina Claire's charm of personality, hrilliant comedy style, and wonderful gowns make her a striking figure on the stage of the Columhia, where she will be seen in "The Awful Truth" this week and next.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The last word in daring dancing will he seen at the Orpheum starting Sunday matinée, when Mlle. Germaine Mitty and M. Eugene Tillio appear. They come from the Casino de Paris.

Toto, clown of clowns, is another feature. He will delight the kiddies and entertain their elders. He seems honeless, hreathless, and tireless.

Morris and Camphell in their skit, "The Avi-ate-her," win laughs with eccentricities of make-up and comedy antics.

Charles Irwin, "the modern comedian," is one of the stage's cleverest monologists.

Sam Armstrong and Lee Phelps, "the hoys from Hollywood," offer songs, stories, and some good instrumental work.

Daring athletic features are offered hy the McDonald Trio.

Aunt Jemima, the Pancake Queen, with her orchestra, in an entirely new act, and Olga Cook, the musical-comedy star, remain a second week.

Ponselle's Romantic Career.

The daughter of Italian immigrants, Rosa Ponselle's career is a romance in the history of music. Heard singing in a caharet hy Caruso, she was recommended to William Thorner. the New York singing teacher that first espoused the cause of Galli-Curci in this country. Thorner improved on Rosa's voice to such an extent that six months after she hegan her lessons with him she made her dêhut at the Metropolitan as Leonore in Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," to the Don Alvaro of Caruso. Since then she has never sung anything hut the leading dramatic soprano rôles at the Metropolitan.

Ponselle will he heard in concert at the Curran Theatre, Sunday afternoon, May 13th, at 2:30, and at the Exposition Auditorium, Wednesday night, May 23d, at 8:30. William Tyroler, formerly assistant conductor of the Metropolitan, will play Miss Ponselle's accompaniments and also several solo numhers. Prices are $1 to $2.50 for seats at the Curran, and 50 cents to $2 for seats at the Exposition Auditorium. Tickets and programmes may he ohtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The People's Symphony.

Thursday night, May 10th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the People's Symphony Orchestra, Alexander Saslavsky, conductor, will give next to the last in its series of twelve educational symphony concerts, and for this occasion an interesting programme has heen announced.

Mr. Saslavsky has chosen Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The symphonic numher will he followed hy the "Prelude" from "The Hamadryads," the Bohemian Grove play of 1904, the hook of which was written hy Will Irwin and the music hy the well-known California composer, Will J. McCoy. Mr. McCoy's daughter, professionally known as Catherine Retallick, will be the soloist on this occasion, singing, with orchestral accompaniment, "Bird on the Wing," which won the Mills College prize for song composition. The entire first violin section of the orchestra will play the Andante from the Mendelssohn Concerto for Violins in E Minor, and the programme will close with the stirring overture to "William Tell."

Mr. Robert C. Newell will deliver a short talk on the themes of the compositions to he played and has selected the percussion instruments for discussion and illustration.

The hox-office for the sale of seats is open daily at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices are 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1 (no war tax).

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Ethel Cotton, one of the founders of the Speech Arts Association of California, author of "Down Lyric Lanes," will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, May 12th, at 2:30, on "The Making of a Personality." The lecture will illustrate the distinction hetween personality and individuality, and prove the necessity of harmonizing the two.

The closing lecture of Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan will he given Tuesday afternoon, May 8th, at 2:30, in the Paul Elder Gallery. His suhject will he "Farid-Du-Din Attar," the Sufi poet.

At the St. Francis.

Fashionahle folk from the Peninsula, in town for Monday shopping, followed their custom of lunching informally in the Garden and Fahle Room of the Hotel St. Francis. Among them were Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mrs. Alan Lowery, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Mrs. Harry Hill, Miss Adrianne Sharp, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Corhett Moody, Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. John Drum, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Jean Boyd, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Americanization.

The International Institute of the Young Women's Christian Association holds classes in English for foreigners at four different centres in the city; one at the Chinese Y. W. C. A., Stockton and Sacramento Streets; one at the Japanese Y. W. C. A., 1826 Sutter Street; one at the institute itself, 1052 Folsom Street, and two at Y. W. C. A. headquarters, 620 Sutter Street. Twelve or more nationalities are enrolled in these classes and the members are of all degrees of education and of all ages, from young girls to middle-aged women. Emphasis is put upon conversational English and the everyday vocahulary most desired and needed hy newcomers to this country. The classes are free except for a nominal charge after the first year.

Age comes hefore heauty, at least to some women.—*Judge.*

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At the Palace.

Visitors of the week at the Palace Hotel include the distinguished actress, Margaret Anglin, who with her hushand, Howard Hull, is in San Francisco relative to the presentation of "Hippolytus" in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley the latter part of the month. With Mr. and Mrs. Hull is Miss Helen Hoerle, also of New York. Other guests are Mrs. H. G. Buckingham of Denver, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Charles Wilson Dyson of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lacy of Pittshurgh, Colonel John Biddle of Detroit, Captain C. Grimm and Lieutenant C. H. Breyer, U. S. N.

Mrs. Alfred Baer was a recent hostess at the Palace Hotel, entertaining forty guests at a hridge-luncheon. Assisting the hostess in receiving were Mrs. Lucien Baer and Mrs. Max Mierson.

Mrs. George Latham of Berkeley, a recent bride, was the complimented guest at a tea given in the Palm Court at the Palace, Tuesday afternoon hy Mrs. Nathaniel H. Neal.

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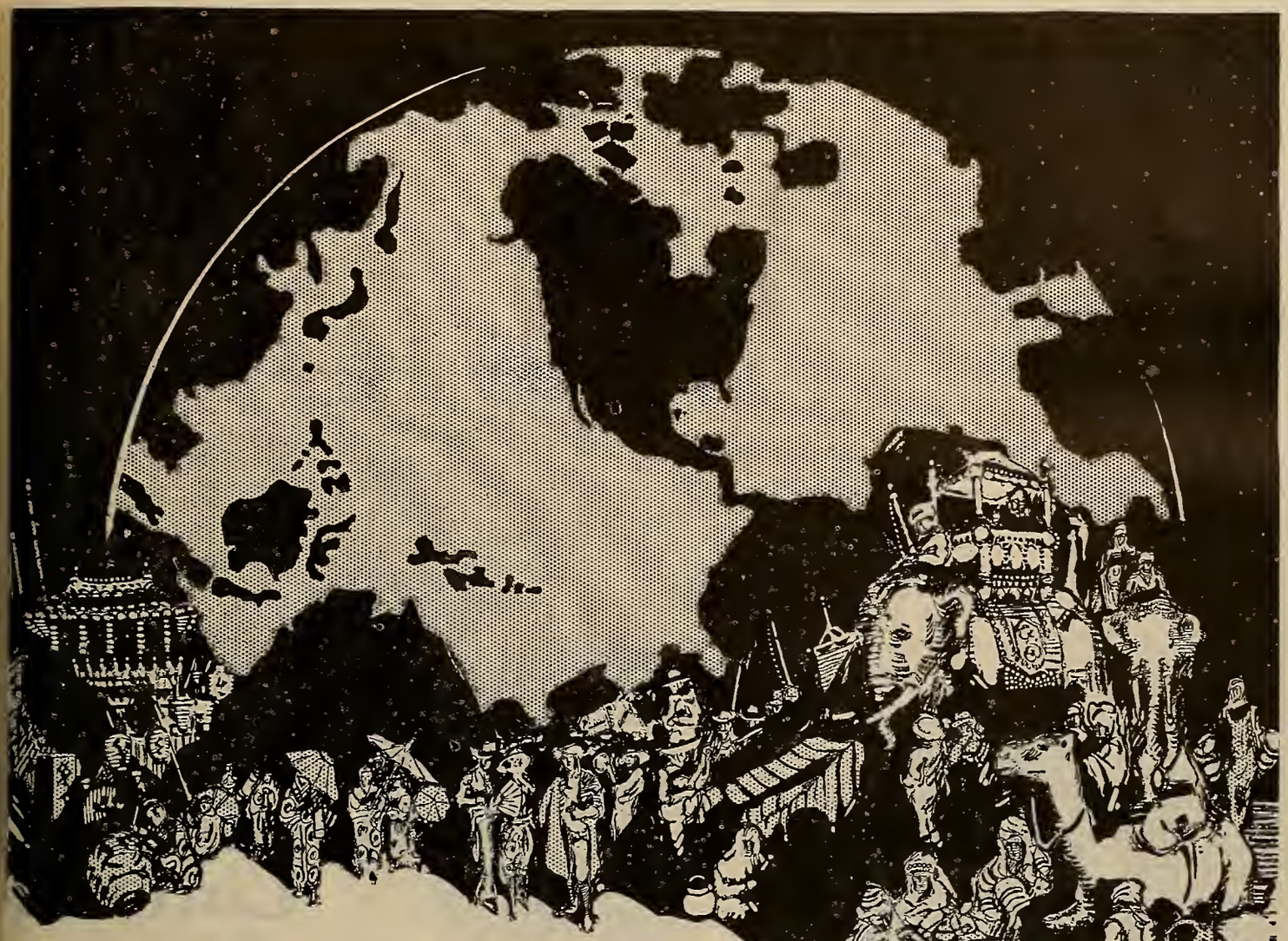
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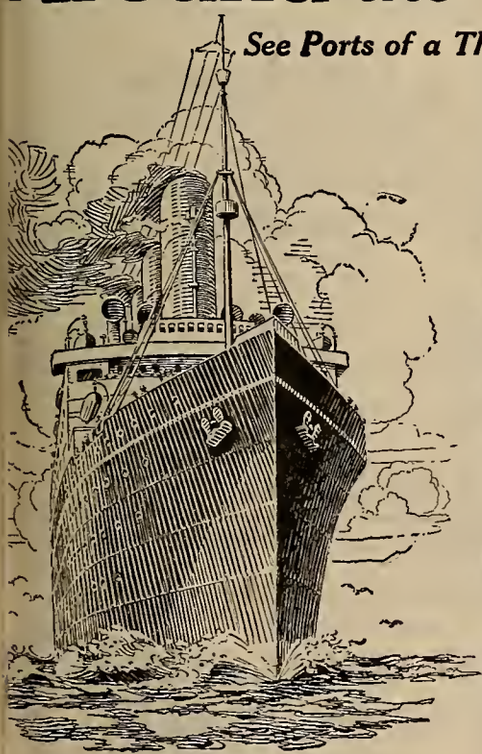
Programme includes Symphony No. 5 (Beethoven); "Prelude" from "The Hamadryads" (W. J. McCoy); "Bird on the Wing" (Keefer); "Concerto for Violins" (Mendelssohn); Overture to "William Tell" (Rossini).
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IT SPANS THE WORLD

VANITY FAIR.

A new fashion in furniture threatens to sweep over San Francisco, to the profit of the dealers and the devastation of the hank accounts of those heads of families fortunate to have any. The basic idea is that "sets" are all wrong. Nothing must match. Especially must there be no repetitions, as formerly in the dining-room. You will soon be quite old-fashioned if you have a dozen dining-room chairs standing around the table or set hack against the wall, all of which have been made on the same pattern. And there is this much to be said for the new craze: that it has a little more reason under it than most other forms of insanity. If your home exhibits a set of chairs, when a guest has seen one he has seen them all. In the words of the coëd song, "there isn't any more." Whereas if they differ, he may derive fresh delight (or pain) from every one he sees or sits in. That sounds logical, hut how it reverses our preconceptions of the good, the true, and the beautiful! what hecomes of harmony? What of fidelity to plan? What of rhythm? According to the new style in chairs, extended to broader fields of art, the architect that uses a colonnade is making a vulgar blunder. Ictinus, Maybeck. Kelham, all the rest of the good ones, exposed a certain inventive feebleness when they made one column or one pilaster like another. The rhythm of the colonnade, which satisfies the same rudimentary yearning that in a savage is satisfied hy the beating on a hollow-log drum, is really something from which we should have graduated. And hencefortb the dining-room and parlor chairs at least must follow the form of *vers libre*—no rhyme, no meter, anywhere; they belong to the race kindergarten. All this is encouraging to the furniture dealers that can see new busines in supplying confusion at fancy prices to take the place of our former restful regularity and certitude. But there is a cheaper way to meet tbis requirement of fashion than by resorting to the market place. Let the restless that must have variety, but lack the bank account to indulge themselves, form little neighborhood clubs and swap around. It has been done with husbands; why not with chairs? It would jazz up the old home, and all it need cost is what the expressman would make—and break.

The Eastern yachting season opened last month with the departure of the *Atlantic*, Brigadier-General Cornelius Vanderhilt's three-masted power schooner, for Europe. On an April morning, while most New Yorkers were cramming down their breakfasts and preparing to run for the subway or the elevated to get down to business, the *Atlantic* slipped through the waters of Long Island Sound headed for Block Island. Of her goodly company were Captain James F. Carter, U. S. N., and Messrs. Henry Worthington Bull and James D. Sparkman, all members of the New York Yacht Club. The *Atlantic* is a fine boat, and when owned by Wilson Marshall won the 1905 transatlantic yacht race from a large field. The plan was to touch at Block Island and then set sail for Bermuda. It is strange how attractive Bermuda has become under the new dispensation. Most everybody on the East coast that is anybody either wants to go there to stay, or to start for somewhere else. It must be the tropical dew these dessicated days. One can get a new suit of sails, or an engine, or ship's groceries at several points in this country, but when it comes to a long cruise the stores seem to need reinforcements at a British port. At any rate, the season was opened by General Vanderbilt and the *Atlantic*, and having an auspicious beginning, promises well.

The accounts of affronts and grievances between the United States and Great Britain have been still further complicated hy jazz music, if there is any jazz music—at any rate by jazz. England has about 2000 unemployed variety artists, and here Paul Whiteman has taken his jazz band to London and become the rage, to the disgust and indignation of the 2000 and tbeir relatives and friends, and the deep concern of the ministry of labor and the Labor party representatives in Parliament. Whiteman had a contract with the 'ippodrome, wbich is one of the 'alls, and the ministry of labor said he might fill it, but he should not play anywhere else until some other American band had ceased to spray the British Isles with American music. The smart folk of London have become large consumers of jazz, and offer resistance to the protective policy of the statesmen. It has been suggested that Whiteman and other jazz artists be permitted to stay and teach their art to English musicians, taking them into the American organizations, but the Americans do not regard the suggestion with favor, and neither do their customers, who declare no Englishman can make tbe genuine American slippery slurs with the slip horn, or the woozy sounds with the saxophone, or the passionate wails of the trumpet for which the English have acquired a taste. When the English try it the effect is analogous to that produced when some Oxford Street tailor tries to make an American suit of clothes—neither one thing nor the other. Not even the Prince of Wales was permitted to have Whiteman's band play at Laddie Sanford's dinner the night they celebrated the race-track victory of Sergeant Murphy. Later, Whiteman got a license to play anywhere, but only after great effort, and now a worse thing has bappened. A negro hand has moved across the sea and London is getting the sensation of the past five years out of it.

The trouble, like many another, began with the war. The doughhoys on leave sometimes did some jazzing, some American college teams made it worse, the Savoy, much frequented by Americans, got a jazz band over to amuse them, and the first thing staid old John Bull knew he was rubbing his eyes and watching good Britishers go wild over the new brand of noise. Jazz, of a kind, was served at Buckingham Palace hy a British band, and so the craze obtained a sort of standing. Then the Prince of Wales, who had been among us, visited the American Legion ball in London and was seen worming about the floor to the tune of "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate." So the minister of labor is alarmed and a Labor member rises in Parliament to inquire "whether tbe proposal to have British musicians trained in American bands is not an aspersion on British music?"—whatever that may be. Of course it is.

LONDON'S LATEST BEAUTY.

When I was preparing my series on the twelve most beautiful women in America, writes Antoinette Donnelly in the Washington *Post*, the incomparahle beauty, Dolores, told me that the most beautiful woman she has ever seen is Miss Gladys Cooper of London.

"She is an amazing actress and has marvelous beauty," Dolores said.

So immediately I heard Miss Cooper had landed on these shores, I telephoned and made an appointment with her, naturally curious to see how England's foremost beauty compared with the superlative degrees of pulchritude in this country, as I have met them face to face.

Comparisons being notoriously odious, and never more so than when two or more finished examples of female loveliness are at stake, I would restrain the impulse to make one, in case the temptation did arise within me.

But I may say unqualifiedly that Miss Gladys Cooper is a "top notcher" among the world's beautiful women. She has everything that is associated with a great stage beauty in the matter of hair, eyes, teeth, skin and figure. In addition she has, naturally enough, for one who has risen to fame in London as the leading dramatic actress, rare intelligence and, besides, the masterpoint in setting one beauty apart and above another—delightful charm of manner, grace, ease and poise.

She answered my ring at her apartment at the Ritz, an engaging little act, I thought, when there was a personal maid in the background and I might have been Ritz-ed most formally into the beauty's presence. But Miss Cooper is tbat kind of a beautiful woman, easy to visualize as tbe most charming of hostesscs at afternoon teas, which I feel quite sure she would dispense graciously without assistance of maid or formality.

"Come on in here," she said, leading me to the bedroom of her suite. "I am rather upset, for I'm leaving tomorrow for England."

She was wearing a becoming close-fitted turban of dark metal cloth and black duvetyn, a tight-fitting coat of black cloth with chinchilla collar and cuffs, buff stockings, and patent leather shoes. She has that requisite silhouette which every woman has in her mind when she takes to counting calories and eliminating sweets from her diet. She appears slightly taller than her five feet six and moves with the grace of Irene Castle, which is just about as graceful as it is allotted woman to move on this sphere.

The perfection of her hands intrigued me. They are slender, tapering, and exquisitely manicured. Her hair, too, would mark her for distinction in a gallery of great beauties. It is the most gorgeous blonde hair I have ever seen. There are quantities of it, which she arranges in a part on the left side, allowing for considerable fluffing over the ears and ending in a knot at the back of her neck. With its large, loose, natural wave and soft, youthful arrangement it marks the outstanding feature of ber many pulchritudinous advantages.

"No, I never wear hair ornaments of any kind. I don't like them. Last year when I was playing over there in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' I wore it parted in the centre, drawn tight back off the ears, and in a low knot in the back. The style took on and was copied all over England. They called it the 'Tanqueray' headdress. Quite early Victorian."

Miss Cooper's eyes are deep violet, her nose, cbin, and mouth beautifully molded and her neck a perfect column upon whicb to poise a lovely head. Judging with a coldly analytical eye, I found this charming English girl an almost flawless beauty.

She uses no make-up on the street, she told me, and confessed to being quite shocked at the appalling obviousness of make-up on American girls.

"Of course, the climate here is trying on the skin, I know," she said. "In the short time I have been over I feel it. In England it is not difficult to have a good complexion because of the climate. I fancy it must be good for the complexion. In Ireland, where there are the most unrivaled complexions in the world, there is much rain.

"Irish girls have more beautiful complexions than Englishwomen," she said emphatically. "The French have the greatest chic, the Englishwomen the greatest beauty, but they do not know how to dress like the American. The French use make-up, but cleverly. Their charm is simply indescribable. Chic is the only word that serves.

"I really do not have to do much for my complexion because, as I said before, I live in an English climate, and I live in the country and walk a great deal, of course, besides playing tennis and golf."

Yellow is Miss Cooper's favorite color, not greeny yellow, but soft, warm tones. "I have it all over the house, too," she said. "I love it. Beige, too, I wear a great deal. I think these colors are best for blondes."

I said, apologetically: "I suppose you get rather fed up on being asked all these personal questions."

She said: "No; over there we do not go in much for personal publicity. We kee away from it. I have no press agent. It i the work you do which counts on the Londo stage.

"Is it not extraordinary the way the peopl over here go in for that sort of thing? I told some society women have personal pres agents. Extraordinary! I can not understand it."

Rumor hath it that Miss Cooper is to marr Ivor Novello. He is called the handsome man in England, but objects in right manl fashion to the title. He is English hy birt in spite of his Spanish name, his father bein head of a large music publishing house i England. He was in the flying corps durin the war and wrote the music of that son known all over the world, "Keep the Hom Fires Burning." He appeared with Mi Cooper in a moving-picture film recently completed.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The old story has been revived of the Hickown editor who printed among his "social" tems: "Miss Mabel March, an Albany belle f twenty summers, is visiting her twin rother, aged thirty-two."

At the inquest on a traveler found dead n the bank of a river in Queensland a witess testified as follows: "I passed the camp n the morning going to work. I noticed the ottle of whisky was full. I thought the man as asleep. When I returned in the evening nd the bottle of whisky was still full, I knew he man was dead."

Several days after the Italian steel worker ad asked for a day's leave of absence to atend his wife's funeral he again approached he foreman and asked for another day off. Well, Tony, what's the matter now?" "Meser Boss," was Tony's reply, "I gonna get narried." "Great Scott" exclaimed the foreian, "I thought your wife died only a few ays ago." "Yes, yes, but I no holda spite ong."

The darky waiter had heen very attentive hroughout the lunch, the more so as the two uests looked prosperous. The meal over, the heck was $3.40, and the host laid a five-dollar ill on the tray. Sambo returned hopefully ith a dollar hill, a 50-cent piece, and a dime. le watched the bill being pocketed, followed y the 50-cent piece. Sadly he picked up his ime, but the negro is above all else a fatalist. Boss," he said, "I gambled and I lost."

Governor J. M. Davis of Kansas frequently ells the following story: "A man was drivng across the western part of our state, where ne railroads are far apart. He encountered native youth, of whom he inquired: 'How ar is it to Goodland?' The youth replied: do not know.' 'How far is it to Oakley?' do not know.' 'What county is this?' 'I o not know.' Whereupon the stranger said: 'ou are not very smart, are you?' The outh replied: 'No; but I ain't lost.'"

The modern mother is too scientific altoether. She glances through a textbook and inks she knows it all. There's a story about nursemaid who rushed into the smoking-oom of one of these modern mothers and nrieked: "Oh, my goodness, ma'am, the wins have fallen down the well! What shall do?" The lady lit a cigarette and answered almly: "Go to the library and bring me the st number of *Modern Motherhood*. There's very complete article in it on 'How to ring Up Children.'"

Professor Starr Erickson, the well-known stronomer, said at Dark Harbor the other ay: "The general public's ignorance of asonomy is so great that it reminds me of a ory. 'Pop,' said a young colored boy, 'which m de most useful to us, de sun or de moon?' De moon, ob co'se, yo' fool chile,' said the oy's father. 'De moon am de most useful to us, 'kase she shine in de dark an' light us up. De sun, he ain't no good. He on'y shine in de daytime, when he ain't needed.'"

Little Joan's father was a congressman and a Republican, and accordingly Joan breathed an atmosphere of politics and believed only Republicans went to heaven. Her big sister's chum had the stigma of heing a Democrat, and though she frequently stayed with the family, Joan considered her a rank heretic and only tolerated her through a natural largesse of heart. One evening, when the chum happened to be occupying the guest chamber, Joan stumbled into it looking for her sister and surprised the lady of Democratic convictions in the midst of her devotions. "Oh!" exclaimed Joan in open-mouthed amazement. "I never knew you said your prayers! I thought you were a Democrat!"

A London pugilist who had heard of the prowess of a Scot farmer traveled north to find the provincial Hercules and add one more to his string of scalps. He located the noted strong man on his native heath, entered his grounds, and tied his horse to a tree. Going up to the farmer, he said: "Friend, I've heard a great deal about you and have come all the way from London to see which of us is the better man." The Scot, who was as dour as he was husky, seized the young man by the middle and without deigning to answer him threw him over a near-by hedge. When the pugilist came to he sat up and found the farmer's eye bent grimly on him. "Perhaps," stuttered the pugilist, "you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

In his "Recollections of a Rolling Stone," Basil Tozer tells the following on Mark Twain: "On one occasion he gave at the British Embassy in Paris a reading of extracts from his works, in aid of some charity. The price of admission was a louis, and the hall was crowded with American and British aristocracy resident in Paris. When the reading, which was extremely well received, was over, I met Mark coming slowly and pensively along the pavement in the Rue de Rivoli, and when we had talked for a few minutes and I had congratulated him on the afternoon's success, I noticed that he seemed to be subdued. 'What is it, Mark?' I said. 'You look depressed.' 'I am depressed,' he said. 'After reading for an hour and getting a lot of money for that charity, the only criticism I overheard as I was coming out with the crowd was: "What a beastly American accent that man has!"'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Love a la Mode

Sweetest of dollies, I've liked you a lot, dear,
Often I've said so in verse and in prose.
My love has been ardent and frequently hot, dear,
I've proved it, I hope with the orchid and rose.
Your knickers I've never considered amusing,
I never laughed loud at them as at a gag;
Nor yet, when your hair was all bobbed and confusing,
Did I ever go out and collect me a jag.
Your lipstick, your earrings, the roll-your-own stocking,
What exotic fashions have I not endured!
Yet I never rusbed up to remark, "Tbat is shocking!"
Recall it, and grant tbat my love's seemed assured.
There's only one reason would keep us from mating,
A reason that's making me rather a wreck:
Woman, tbe fate of a spinster you're baiting,
When a batik bandanna you wear 'round your neck!

—*A. C. M. Azoy in Life.*

Mistaken Identity.

A young millionaire showed a black eye to a beautiful film star, and said, reproachfully: "Why did you knock me down when I kissed you in the dark conservatory?" "Forgive me, dear one," the beautiful star explained, "I thought it was my husband."—*London Opinion.*

Wife Under the Weather.

"How's your wife, Blinks?" asked Jinks.

"Her head troubles her a great deal," confessed Blinks.

"Neuralgia?" queried Jinks.

"No," answered Blinks, sadly. "She wants a new hat."—*Good Hardware.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathleen Farrell, daughter of Mrs. James Farrell, to Mr. John J. McGinnis, son of Mrs. Rose McGinnis and the late Mr. Edward McGinnis.

The marriage of Mrs. Alice Palmer Hardie of San Rafael and Mr. George D. Roberts of this city took place last week in Monterey. Mrs. Roberts is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Palmer of San Francisco.

Mrs. Susan Watkins entertained at a tea last week at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Cornelia Sutton, whose engagement to her grandson, Mr. Joseph Mason Reeves, Jr., has been announced.

Mrs. John Douglas Short gave a tea recently for her sister, Miss Mabel Hathaway, whose engagement to Mr. Louis Jefferys has been announced.

The golf dinner given by the golf players of the Family Club at Del Monte during their golf tournament was presided over by Mr. James J. Black, president of the club.

Mrs. Hugh Porter gave a tea on Thursday of last week at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mrs. John Harold Philip was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Vallejo Street in compliment to Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, at Fort Mason.

A luncheon was given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by the Belgian consul, M. Jules Simon, and Mme. Simon.

A large family dinner in celebration of the birthday of Mr. E. W. Hopkins was given at his home on California Street on Thursday of last week.

Miss Frances Stevens was hostess at a mah jongg party at her residence on Taylor Street in honor of the senior class of Miss Hamlin's school.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead was the guest of honor at a bridge party given last Wednesday at the Presidio by Mrs. Harrison Hall and Mrs. William H. Tobin.

Mrs. Allen Lewis of Portland was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin at her home in San Mateo.

The Bohemian Club members held a golf tournament at Del Monte over the last week-end. There was a dance at the hotel on Saturday night.

Mrs. James J. Fagan, Jr., gave a farewell tea last week in honor of Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bates Pond will give a farewell dinner on Monday next in honor of Miss Hélène de Latour.

Mrs. Samuel Monserrat was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday by Mrs. William F. Perkins.

Mrs. Samuel Monserrat gave a luncheon on Thursday at the Francisca Club for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Leib, and will give another on Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker was hostess at a farewell luncheon last week given in honor of Mrs. Samuel Monserrat.

General and Mrs. Charles Gould Morton entertained at a large luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of her sister, Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lewis gave a dinner last week at their apartment at Stanford Court in celebration of the birthday of their son, Mr. Donald Lewis.

The students of Miss Ransom's and Miss Bridges' school will present an outdoor performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the evening of May 5th in Piedmont Park.

The Presidio Woman's Club gave a bridge-supper recently at the Officers' Service Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. Frederick Zeile gave a dinner last week at her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin gave a luncheon on Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Admiral Hilary Jones, U. S. N.

General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett gave a dinner on Saturday night at their apartment on Gough Street in honor of Admiral Hilary Jones, U. S. N.

Admiral Christian J. Peoples, U. S. N., and Mrs. Peoples, with Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger, gave a dinner last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin were recent hosts at Tait's-at-the-Beach at a dinner-dance given for their daughters, Miss Mary Martin and Miss Eleanor Martin.

Miss Maye Colburn gave an informal tea at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark at her home on Clay Street.

The opening of the Menlo Country Club takes place on Saturday, May 5th. There will be a no-host dinner followed by a dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop gave a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dewart of New York.

Mr. Douglas McBryde gave a stag dinner recently at his home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery and Mrs. McCreery's brother, Mr. Richard Schwerin, gave a luncheon on Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Shewan and Miss Marietta Brown of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper gave a dinner last Saturday night at the Menlo Country Club in honor of their niece, Miss Hildegarth Beatty.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams were also hosts at a dinner given last Saturday night at the Menlo Park Country Club.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker was hostess at a dinner given on Thursday at her home on Laguna Street.

There was a bridge-tea given on Wednesday by the Mill Valley Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Malone gave a picnic at their country home at Oak Knoll near Napa on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Younger gave a dinner on Saturday night at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Virginia Nugent and her fiancé, Mr. Ashfield Stow.

Captain George W. Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Claremont Hotel on Sunday by Mr. Marcus Huidobro.

Mrs. Leslie Jones entertained at a farewell luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. John Bandini Winston.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Sunday by Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin.

Mrs. Frederick Sherman will give a farewell luncheon Wednesday at the Women's Athletic Club in honor of Mrs. William Ede.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home on Scott Street in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

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Under the arrangement recommended by the Railroad Commission and agreed upon by the City and water company, Spring Valley is raising Calaveras Dam, thereby increasing the capacity of Calaveras Reservoir, to the end that 24 million gallons of water may be added to the City's daily water supply.

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This work will be finished at the same time that this company completes its new conduit facilities down Niles Cañon and to Irvington. Also at the same time the City will have completed the Bay Division of its Hetch Hetchy line to carry Calaveras water from Irvington across the Bay to Crystal Springs in San Mateo County.

Under the option for the purchase of Spring Valley which the City reserved when these arrangements for the development of the water supply were made, Spring Valley must amortize the cost of its dam and conduit work, and must pay interest to the City on the cost of the Irvington-to-Crystal Springs city-owned conduit.

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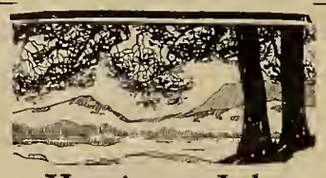
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Peter McBean and her daughter, Mrs. Henry S. Kiersted, left for the East last week to be gone for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marion Boyden have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new apartment on Webster Street.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and her daughter, Miss Lilith Grant, who have been in New York, will return this month and will spend the summer at their country home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Roger Lapham, who has been in Southern California, returned last week to San Francisco and will soon go to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, who motored to Santa Barbara last week, were guests at El Mirasol of Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Murray Innes, who has been traveling in Europe for several months with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson, has arrived in New York and will soon return to California.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore has rented a house in Montecito, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, who has been living abroad with her three children, will shortly return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Klink sailed for Honolulu last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard, Jr., have taken a house in Ross Valley, where they are now established.

Mrs. James A. Black, president of the Women's Athletic Club, has gone to New York on her way to Europe, where she will travel for several months.

Mrs. Edward Pringle and her daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, sailed this week for Honolulu, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope returned last week from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Nugent of Santa Barbara, who spent some time on the Peninsula last year, have been making a short visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and their daughter, Miss Hélène de Latour, will leave on Tuesday next for New York and Europe.

Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton has been in Goleta as guest of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye and their daughter, Miss Helen Marye, will arrive in California this month and will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, who have rented Mrs. James Robinson's house in Woodside, will take possession for the summer this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin will pass the summer in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain have returned to their home in New York, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis of Portland have been visiting Mrs. Lewis' sister, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, in Piedmont.

Mrs. Kurt Albert of Berlin, who has recently arrived in San Francisco with her little daughter, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Whittell, on California Street.

Mrs. Clara Louise Darling has gone to Coronado for a short stay.

M. Jules Simon, consul-general of Belgium, and Mme. Simon will leave on the 18th of this month for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, who have been motoring in Southern California, have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, who have been living on Pacific Avenue, have taken up their residence at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz, who went East a short time ago, have sailed from New York for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., are leaving shortly for Australia, where they will remain for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teague are leaving this week for their summer home at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, after spending the month of May at Monterey, will pass the summer at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pigott, who have been living in Sacramento, are coming to San Francisco shortly, where they will make their future home.

Admiral Hilary Jones, U. S. N., commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, who arrived on Thursday of last week from the north on his flagship, U. S. *Seattle*, sailed on Wednesday for the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Helen Deemer will accompany Mrs. Samuel Monserrat on her trip to Europe.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker will leave for the East soon and will sail for Europe early in June, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Russell Wilson and Mrs. George Cadwallader are leaving town and will pass the summer at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Lucy Ainsworth, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Frank Harrison Ainsworth, U. S. N., has gone to Houston, Texas, where she will visit her brother, Mr. Horace L. Darton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt will close their home on Webster Street this month and will pass the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Jr., have rented their home on Steiner Street and will go this month to Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris, accompanied by Mr. Norris' niece, Miss Jeanette Norris, and Mrs. Joseph S. Thompson, have returned from a short visit to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Norris will go to their country place near Saratoga for the summer and Miss Jeanette Norris will join her mother, Mrs. Frank Preston, at Medford, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin will shortly take possession of the Alton home in San Mateo, which they have recently bought.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher will spend the summer at "Las Palmas" in Montecito.

Mrs. Francis McComas left on Monday for Chicago, where she will remain for a month while painting a portrait of Mrs. Oscar Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sherman and Miss Marietta Brown, after spending a short time in California, have returned to their home in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter S. Franklin will pass the greater part of the summer at their country home near Goleta.

Mrs. Francis L. Bosqui and Miss Marjorie Bosqui are sailing from New York on May 5th and will spend the summer in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury will move shortly to their home in Ross, where they will pass the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter I. Baldwin have bought a home on Pacific Avenue, where they will live after spending the summer with Mrs. Baldwin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Redington, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Mary Redington and Miss Margaret Redington, are leaving this month for Santa Barbara, where they will remain for several weeks before going East.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt have taken a house in San Mateo, where they will spend the summer.

Death of Charles S. Wheeler.

Charles Stetson Wheeler died at his home, 3700 Washington Street, San Francisco, on Friday, April 27th, following an attack of heart trouble which developed while he was on his way to Washington. He was fifty-nine years old.

Mr. Wheeler was one of the leaders of the California bar, a man whose scholarly attainments and conspicuous abilities had carried him to the top of his profession. His handling of critical cases had made him one of the most celebrated lawyers of the Pacific Coast and brought him national fame as an authority on trusts, devises, and equity matters. A farmer's son, he was educated in the public schools and the University of California, from which he was graduated in 1884. He received his legal education at Hastings College of Law. He served for some time in the office of Garber, Boalt & Bishop, and was subsequently associated with some of the most important cases in the history of California litigation, such as the Fair estate and the Blyth cases, and the Sutro and Spreckels will contests. He was twice offered the chief justiceship of the California Supreme Court.

A man of great eloquence, Mr. Wheeler became one of the leaders of the Republican party on this Coast, and at the Chicago convention of 1920 made the speech putting Senator Hiram Johnson in nomination for the presidency, an effort which the *Argonaut's* editor, who was present, characterized at the time as "a fine exhibition of mental, physical, and moral self-command in the face of trying odds."

Mr. Wheeler was a member of the Pacific Union Club, the Bohemian Club, the University Club, the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, and was affiliated with the Faculty Club of Berkeley, the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, and the honorary society of the Golden Bear. His social gifts and winning personality brought him hosts of friends. As a post-prandial orator and raconteur he was famous; while a character of unimpeachable integrity made him one of the most respected of American citizens.

He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Lillian Marsh of Oakland, to whom he was married in 1887, four daughters, and one son. The children are Mrs. Matt Savage Walton of Lexington, Kentucky; Mrs. Walter H. McLeod of Missoula, Montana; Mrs. Gray S. Hansen of Oakland; Mrs. Henry J. White of Long Island, New York, and Charles Stetson Wheeler, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker are being congratulated on the arrival of a daughter, who was born on April 28th.

The new members of Congress can't understand why it needs more than a month's holiday.—*Washington Post.*



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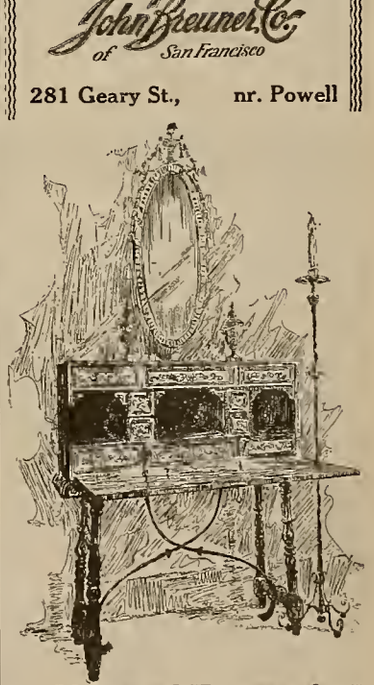
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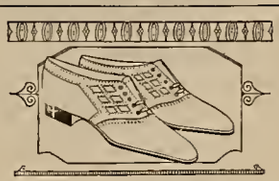
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Have you noticed the latest thing in men's clothes?" "Yes. Women."—*Judge.*

Mable—And did you object when he kissed you? *Soble*—Every time.—*Chicago Phœnix.*

Shoes—I sing a little just to kill time. *Boats*—You certainly have a good weapon.—*Washington Cougar's Pow.*

Artist's Wife—Your picture is lovely, dear, and what does it represent? *Artist*—For you, a hat, new furs, and a necklace.—*Paris Le Rire.*

She (pensively)—Two months ago I was mad about George. Now I can't see him at all. Strange how changeable men are.—*Paris Sons-Gêne.*

Sunday-School Teacher—Freddy, what are you doing? *Freddy (shooting paper wads)*—Just trying to make Sunday-school more interesting.—*Life.*

Troveler—I often wondered why the English were such tea-hounds. *Friend*—Yes. *Troveler*—Yeah, but I know now. I had some of their coffee.—*Nebrasko Awgawan.*

"Brown is certainly robbing the cradle." "How's that?" "Why, that Freshman woman he's rushing proved to be eleven years old in the psychology test."—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

"The unpatriotic, shiftless methods of Congress make me sick." "Write a letter to your representative and tell him so." "I don't know his name."—*Country Gentleman.*

"They are both flirts and I'm surprised that they got married." "Well, you see they set out to see which could beat the other flirting and it resulted in a tie."—*Boston Transcript.*

Pruyn—Have you heard that horrible story about old Stiffe being buried alive? *Dr. Bolus (hastily)*—Buried alive? Impossible! Why he was one of my patients.—*Toledo Blade.*

"I used to go to the theatre just as a tired business man would." "Why did you give it up?" "I found that it was the plays that were making me tired."—*Boston Transcript.*

"We can't seem to stimulate interest in community singing." "You wimmen think you know it all, but you don't. We used to have plenty of it when the bars were open."—*Judge.*

He—Honey, would you love me just as much if I told you I had sold the Stutz? *She*—You didn't, did you? *He*—No. *She*—Certainly I would, old darling.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

"I suppose your wife misses you a great deal?" inquired a lady of a commercial traveler. "Well, no; for a woman, she has a remarkably straight aim," was the reply.—*Dallas News.*

Mother (leaving Egyptian room in museum)—What did you think of it, dear? *Dorothy*—Well, it was all right, but I don't see why there were so many mummies and no daddies.—*Life.*

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?" "Precisely, it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, but his hair is all gone."—*Tit-Bits.*

First Collector—Say, this pile of hills is short ten dollars, and you and I are the only ones who have been near it. *Second Collector*—Let's both put in five dollars and say nothing more about it.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Shade of Mozart—Why is poor Strauss so disturbed? *Shade of Schumann*—He just caught a few strains of his beloved "Blue Danube" as played by a National Guard band and transmitted by radio.—*Washington Star.*

Hotel Waitress (to regular customer)—That was a nice gentleman you had to lunch yesterday, sir. *Customer*—Yes, that was Sir Watkin Slasher, the M. P. *Hotel Waitress*—Was it, reely? You never know 'oo you are servin'. Only a few months ago a gentleman 'ad 'is lunch at this table, an' the very next day the police pinched 'im for bigamy.—*Punch.*

"Who fiddled while Rome burned?" asked the schoolteacher. "Hector, sir." "No," said the schoolteacher. "Towser, sir." "Towser! What do you mean? It was Nero." "Well, sir, I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Are you very fond of pets?" asked the interviewer. "Well," replied the sensational actress, "I like skye-terriers and alligators and parrots, marmosets and tiger cubs, but I must say I have become rather tired of husbands."—*Washington Star.*

"Are you aware, sir," said the good man, "that you are going straight to perdition?" "Am I?" asked the wicked one, as he stopped, balanced himself unsteadily, and looked half incredulously at the other; 't'hen th' feller I met back there on nexsh cornersh hlame liar; he said ' I wash wohhlin' all over th' shtreet."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Ducking Stool.

The ducking stool is the only punishment for a scolding woman. This is the conclusion reached by a magistrate in the east of London, says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. In a talk to a police club in which he gave some of the details of the problems of his district he said that the problem of how to deal with a woman's tongue is the one thing which has never been solved by a judge.

The judge, however, was wrong in thinking that the ducking stool was used only for punishing shrews. In the good old days of the eighteenth century it was used for scolds of both sexes. Couples who were always quarreling were tied back to back and ducked in the Thames together. In some districts its use was not even confined to scolds. Dishonest tradesmen were ducked, bakers of bad bread and brewers of bad beer were dipped in water. The last recorded use, in England, was in 1809.

After the scolds come the "d. and d.'s," which is police parlance for "drunk and disorderly," that being the charge made against a drunken man. In the east of London these drunks made a substantial parade. Quite a few of them were sailors from merchant ships, and the one thing a sailor down by the docks can not resist is the traffic. He is obsessed by the desire to direct the traffic himself, and if the policeman on duty at that particular point won't let him, then he has his own way of causing a hold-up. Lying full length across the tramway lines is a common occurrence.

This judge finds that in his Thames district the women are nearly as bad as the men.

"Curiously enough," he told his audience of constables, "they are generally charladies (the army of women who clean up London's offices by night) suffering from asthma, and after they have told me the asthma story they swing around onto christenings. And, after all, how can any one expect a charlady who has been to a christening to gauge exactly her carrying capacity?"

Some of the prisoners' defenses are not without humor. One man was caught at the dock gates with a medicine bottle containing whisky. He was remanded, and when asked to explain the presence of the whisky said that his wife had given him a bottle of medicine for his sick child and he put it in his pocket. When he came from the ship the medicine had turned into whisky! The judge remarked that the story was unusual and that the only recorded case of a similar character was reputed to be a miracle.

"Well," said the seaman, "if it happened once, why can't it happen again?"

Henry's First Ford.

Henry Ford has the distinction of being the first licensed chauffeur in America, he says in "My Life and Work" (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

"My 'gasoline buggy' was the first and for a long time the only automobile in Detroit. It was considered to be something of a nuisance, for it made a racket and it scared horses. Also it blocked traffic. For if I stopped my machine anywhere in town a crowd was around it before I could start up again. If I left it alone even for a minute some inquisitive person always tried to run it. Finally, I had to carry a chain and chain it to a lamp post whenever I left it anywhere. And then there was trouble with the police. I do not know quite why, for my impression is that there were no speed-limit laws in those days. Anyway, I had to get a special permit from the mayor and thus for a time enjoyed the distinction of being the only licensed chauffeur in America. I ran that machine about one thousand miles through 1895 and 1896 and then sold it to Charles Ainsley of Detroit for two hundred dollars."

"Mine," wrote the film publicity agent to his love, "is a flaming super-passion, the real tender world-shaking stuff that gets you by the heartstrings, raw elemental throbs that grip and clasp and quiver and clutch. You have never before conceived that such a colossal super-love could be featured throughout all the ages."

And she wrote back sadly, "You are getting tired of me. I miss the lyrical ecstasy of your earlier letters. Why do you write so formally, so coldly? I no longer stir you. Good-by."—*"Beachcomber" in London Daily Express.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Issue of Reparations.

The issue between France and Belgium on the one hand and Germany on the other is one not likely to be settled by partisan or emotional proclamations. It is easy to sympathize with France and Belgium, for they have been woefully wronged; further the extent and degree of their injury lies beyond any practicable reparation. It is not easy to sympathize with Germany because she was the aggressor and the doer of the damage; further because her methods were cruel in the last degree; still further because they were actuated by sinister calculation. None the less there are limits to what Germany can pay. It is not practicable, unhappily, to demand from her the full of her moral obligation. What is practicable is to get from her all that she can pay while yet leaving her means of sustaining her own people and of reëstablishing herself upon a human and normal basis.

The case is one calling for disinterested adjudication. It is needed that France and Belgium on one hand and Germany on the other should stand aside and refer to neutral arbitration differences which threaten to deepen grievously, to still further emotionalize, and to ultimately make chronic the distempers of mutual hatred. Abstract justice is out of the question. Germany can not meet its requirements; and there must not be demanded of her that which lies beyond her powers.

No better plan than that suggested some time back by Mr. Charles Schwab of New York has thus far been presented. Mr. Schwab proposed a neutral commission charged with the duty of studying the reparations issue in all its phases with authority to fix the amount to be imposed upon Germany and to arrange times and other conditions of payment. Further, to assume in such measure as may be necessary authority over the German fiscal system pending the closing of the account, and to remain in Germany until the slate has been sponged. This, essentially a business man's plan, is in line with the necessities of the situation and of plain common sense.

The situation is one in which, viewed from this distance, it would seem that the government at Washington might properly take the initiative. There may be—no doubt there are—reasons why the Washington administration has not acted; and we may well trust to the discretion of Mr. Harding and his advisers. Assuredly they are not indifferent and assuredly when the time comes, if ever it shall come, they will not fail to meet whatever obligation may rest upon the United States in its character as neutral and its further character as a friend and well-wisher of the countries and peoples directly involved.

At the time of the peace conference American experts were of the opinion that Germany could and should pay to France and Belgium a sum appraised somewhere between $12,000,000,000 and $15,000,000,000. Much water has passed over the dam since 1919. Conditions are not what they were and they may now wisely be revisualized. This is what should be done. It is a necessity both with respect to the restoration of normal conditions in Europe and throughout the world as well as to the peace of Europe.

Mr. Carnegie's Bequest to Mr. Taft.

The late Andrew Carnegie was a man, not only of great wealth, but of generous friendships, and when he came some ten or fifteen years ago to make his will he kept his friendly obligations in mind. And he was able to do what many another would like to do. To his friend John Morley (now Lord Morley) he gave a lump sum of $100,000; to his friend Lloyd George he gave an annuity of $10,000; to his friend Henry S. Pritchett he made a like bequest. To the widow of his friend Grover Cleveland he gave an annuity of $5000. To his friend Theodore Roosevelt, with reversion to his widow, he gave an annuity of $5000. To his friend William Howard Taft he gave an annuity of $10,000. And so on through an extended list of persons who on one account or another stood in the roster of his friendship and good-will. In the case of Mrs. Cleveland, the Roosevelts, and Mr. Taft there was probably in Mr. Carnegie's mind the idea of suggesting to the American people that some provision ought to be made for those who have served the country in its highest official post and who are under the necessity of maintaining in later years a certain dignity of life. But whatever Mr. Carnegie's motive, what he gave was his own. His right to dispose of it in accordance with his obligations or his whims was beyond question; and the fact that his gifts were to take effect after his death put any possibility of reciprocal obligation out of the account.

Now come the Hearst newspapers in pursuance of a calculated appeal to prejudice and malevolence with the assumption that Mr. Carnegie's bequest to ex-President Taft has in some sort a string to it. It is represented that in the annuity bestowed upon him by Mr. Carnegie is a species of retainer from interests in which the Carnegie fortune is or may be in one degree or another interested. It is further hinted that Mr. Taft, as Chief Justice of the United States and through his acceptance of the friendly gift of Mr. Carnegie, is a pensioner upon the bounty of the United States Steel Corporation. There is sought to be made out of all this a scandal to the dishonor of Chief Justice Taft—an implication that in his character of Chief Justice he is in some measure under a species of bond to lend to matters in which the steel or other corporations may be interested a favoring ear.

Now the truth of the matter is that the fund upon which the Taft bequest stands as a charge is made up from many sources, of which the United States Steel Corporation is only one. The administration of this fund has no direct or other connection with any specific interest. It owes nothing to the United States Steel Corporation or to any other business interest. It is a wholly independent organization, administered by trustees drawn mainly from professional as distinct from business classes. Furthermore, at the time of his acceptance of Mr. Carnegie's gift and for a considerable period thereafter Mr. Taft was not in public office.

Of the many strained and unworthy activities of the Hearst newspapers this assault upon Mr. Taft, with the attempt through sinister suggestion to involve him in discredit, is perhaps the cheapest and most shameless. There is no reason in morals or in common sense why Mr. Taft should not have accepted the gift of his friend. Having accepted it, there is no motive of propriety why he should not continue to enjoy it. Whatever obligation may have been implied in it is to a man dead and gone and so removed from any possible demand, actual or possible, for reciprocal favors. Very properly Mr. Taft has treated this assault with the silent contempt that it merits.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 3d.—The purpose of this writing—and of a letter or two to follow—is to set down impressions, mainly political, gained in a journey that just now has carried me from the Pacific to the Atlantic. I have visited the more important centres under circumstances of some privilege, and incidentally have looked in upon districts where political ideas may be said to spring from the soil. I have hearkened to all sorts and orders of men and have had some contact with the feminine element that has come to be an important factor in the politics of the country.

Of first importance in the general outlook is the fact that the country is prosperous. It is too early to forecast seasonal crop prospects, yet it is to be said that they are in all ways hopeful. Industry everywhere is active. Factories that a year ago were idle are in full operation. The "unemployment" of a year ago has given way to competition for hands. Labor is not only employed, but is receiving wages relatively high and tending to advance. Prices, if not everything that the farmers of the country could wish, are better than they were and tend to further betterment. There is in the situation that which inspires a sense of stability—a generally hopeful outlook. From all this there is—or will be—a natural political reaction favorable to the Administration.

Governmental activities, while now and forevermore subject of differences, are on the whole contributing comforting suggestions as related to the public mind. It has meant much that our war loans—our Liberty bonds—have been brought from a heavy discount to par. It likewise means much that the current charges of government, despite extravagances only in part eliminated, have been brought to parity with the national income. If taxes on Federal account are still high and pretty certain to remain high for long to come, there is still comfort in the knowledge that the peak has been reached and that from now on the scale is to be a descending one, even though the downward movement may be slow. Particularly on the part of those who have to do with finance there is appreciation of the fact that the budget system now just introduced tends to a more business like organization of the machinery of government.

In moving about the country I have been interested to discover a certain relaxation of the public mind as related to the conditions and affairs of Europe. I can

not be mistaken in the impression that there is a feeling practically universal that our great and rich country owes something under the obligations of humanity to our distressed neighbors. I say neighbors because under the conditions of the world as they present themselves today all countries and all peoples are inter-related—all, in one degree or another, are neighbors. But if there is anywhere a definite or concrete plan as to what we should or can do to help Europe on the road to "normalcy" I have yet to hear it. On every hand there is the wish to help; nowhere, so far as I have been able to discover, is there anybody entirely confident as to the form or forms our aid should be tendered. As yet, relative to our duty to Europe, ideas are vague, but popular sentiment, when universal, is an irresistible force, and in one form or another American sympathy with the troubles of Europe will, I am confident, before a great while discover means of making itself felt practically. It is a case where, to borrow a popular refrain, "Love will find a way."

At Washington ten days ago, and again in New York last week, I came into personal contact with Lord Robert Cecil and later heard with attention his public appeals for American participation in the League of Nations. There was much in what he said, even more in the moral earnestness of the man, that was moving; and beyond a doubt he made here and there converts to the cause of organized international coöperation. Nevertheless, America will not in my judgment now or at any time within the approximate future respond to the wishes of those who would like to see her take on membership in the league. There is in the way of development at New York, Boston, and other centres more or less sympathetic with European influences an active movement favorable to joining the league. But it will make little headway in those parts of the country which in matters of national policy hold the balance of power. The West in my judgment will never be brought to consent to any association with Europe that will carry with it direct responsibility in respect of her affairs. Still less is it likely that Western sentiment will consent to any arrangement under which any administrative organization outside our own boundaries shall hold authority in relation to American policies immediate or prospective. I hope there may be somebody to remember that writing in these columns from Europe in the period of the peace conference I took to myself the spirit of prophecy, declaring that the ultimate outcome of the movement for international coöperation would be enlargement of the moral authority of The Hague Tribunal or substitution for it of some other and more authoritative moral agency for adjustment of international controversies. Time and events, I think, even now are justifying this forecast.

At New York last week I heard President Harding's appeal for American participation in the Court of International Justice. It was a powerful deliverance, uttered with a directness and a solemnity that won both the minds and the hearts of those who heard it. I believe that the President's appeal will not be in vain. He asks the country to support a proposal which has behind it, not merely a high moral aim, but the weight of an aspiration practically universal and of long credit with our people. It could be wished that the projected Court of International Justice might be established independently—apart from any connection with the League of Nations. And I am not without hope that the discussion upon which the country has now entered under the leadership of President Harding may result in such revision of the project as may establish it upon a wholly detached basis. It is to be noted that none of those who now oppose American participation in the court as it stands related to the League of Nations venture to discredit the principle upon which the project is founded. Obviously protests would be nullified if means might be devised wholly to dissever the project from any connection with the league. Some such means, I believe, may be found. But be this as it may, I am convinced from my contacts within the past month that in one form or another the President's proposal will find favor with the country.

But Harding's proposal will not go unchallenged. Already the elements represented in the National Senate by Senators La Follette, Borah, Shipstead, Johnson, *et al.*, are rallying under the banner of opposition. The irreconcilables are opposed to the court under the fixed habit of objection to anything that does not originate with themselves or which has the approval of anybody else. Their position is much like that of the son of Erin who upon landing at New York asked: "Have ye a government here? If ye have, I'm ag'in it!" La Follette and Borah have spoken. Johnson will have his say later on. He is now in Europe theoretically informing himself to the end of developing judgments based on first-hand observation. But there is no question as to what Senator Johnson's position will be. His instinct is for opposition; his talent is for denunciation. His method is that of the special pleader who first formulates a "policy" and then looks about for whatever may tend to sustain it. It is a case where native propensity has been trained by long practice in criminal courts. Beyond a doubt we shall soon hear Mr. Johnson and others of the irreconcilable group—the Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart of professional opposition—in full cry against the President's proposal. But it will avail naught. The country is with the President.

The President has arranged to visit Alaska for the purpose of seeing what should be done to correct the blunders and mischiefs that are holding and have long held the great resources of that region in desuetude. His plan is to leave Washington toward the end of May, to come by a southern route to Los Angeles, thence to San Francisco, thence to Portland, thence to Seattle, where he will take steamer for the north. Returning to Seattle, he will present in the form of a public address his conclusions relative to the most neglected and abused of all the regions that have ever come under Federal control. He will probably return to the national capital by way of the northern tier of states. He will make few public addresses—as few as possible—since his wish is to combine personal investigation of the affairs of Alaska with recreation. Mrs. Harding's health, while much improved, is not yet completely restored, and on her account as well as his own it is desired that the trip may be free as possible from the stress that ordinarily goes with a presidential tour. It is particularly the wish of the President to avoid anything in the nature of a partisan or personal "campaign." His visit to Alaska is in pursuit of his duty as President. He has said that if he may not come in contact with the people in a natural and non-political attitude, he would prefer giving up the whole project. He will speak only at four points on the Coast—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle—and it will be in character as President of all the country and all the people. It is to be hoped that his wish may be respected. It would be a pitiful thing truly if the President of the United States were not permitted to go about the country in official, personal, and non-political character. On his visit to Alaska the President will be accompanied by a small official staff, including Secretaries Hoover and Wallace, whose differing views with respect to Alaskan policy he hopes to harmonize upon the basis of first-hand observation and of immediate contact with Alaskan conditions and affairs.

An incidental purpose of this proposed journey, a purpose with which the country will surely spmpathize, is the President's wish to give to his wife, whose health is still a matter of solicitude, the diversion and refreshment of new scenes and fresh interests. It is hoped that in the mild airs of the Pacific she may find conditions tending to complete restoration, conditions not available in the less temperate summer of the Atlantic region.

A. H.

The Lazy Bee.

Every so often some busybody with more energy than judgment upsets a tradition that has been cherished for centuries and has seemed one of the few established things in a world of giddy change. The latest of these disturbers seeks to undermine our faith in the diligence of the bee. If there was anything humanity supposed it knew, it was that the bee is a go-getter, although the proverbalist did not say, "Go to the bee, thou sluggard," but referred us rather to the ant. The ant's reputation appears thus far to be safe, if anything is safe, but the bee is besmirched.

It was generally understood that bees worked hard and amassed much honey, more than they could use. Certain irreverent persons held the sacrilegious opinion that the bee was a fool to go on working after the wants of her collateral family were supplied—was, in fact, one of the greatest fools in nature. But the scientist has saved the bee's reputation for wisdom while destroying it for industry by showing that she is really a loafer, and will quit work unless she fears poverty. Hence abstracting the honey from the hive supports the virtue of the bee, since a bee has no other virtue than industry, and without that is really not worth her keep. It is granted, of course, that it is not expensive to keep a bee, comparatively speaking. The bee-keeper will dissent, because he is usually a farmer, and to a farmer all things are burdensome, and he will tell lurid tales about foul brood and the high cost of artificial comb and other drawbacks and handicaps of bee-keeping; but even he would have to concede that keeping a bee is economical compared to keeping a horse, or an automobile, or playing golf, or having a wife in society or a son with a weakness for the "chorus." Yet a normal bee is not worth the little it takes to make her comfortable, unless she fears famine. She is not ornamental, she neither sings nor sews, and her fertilization of the orchard bloom is unintentional and lacking in merit of beneficent interest. Besides, her sting is disagreeable, and her hum but a shade better than that of the mosquito. And now we find that she is a public evil example instead of an inspiration to youth.

There does not seem to be anything in nature that will work for the mere joy of working, and persons that try to sadden us and make us discontented with modern life through the long-belabored argument that its industrialism has robbed humanity of its joy in work should first show us that humanity in any considerable numbers ever enjoyed working. We know it enjoys playing, and fighting, and loafing, and sinning; we also know that work is good for it and necessary to its subsistence. But those are all different. Man in general will not work unless he must; as, apparently, neither will the bee. And any Utopian project that purposes to give humanity a system under which work shall be done by everybody for the mere joy of it is veiling the facts of life and nature with the radiant gauze of sentiment. That is what Lenin discovered in Russia; and it is strange that he had to make such an expensive experiment to find out something so generally known before.

Sugar.

During the past week the price of sugar appears to have broken slightly, and it is to be hoped the ungodly hullabaloo about our saccharine tribulations will soon be "heard to cease." There is in this country a close affinity between the hullabaloo and the bugaboo, the one arising from the presence of the other, nearly in the relation of effect and cause. And one of our greatest bugaboos is the conspiracy to raise prices.

Price fluctuations are the tonic of trade, and without them there would be far less incentive for men to take the risks inseparable from commercial operations, but when prices go down the business men grow bitter, and when they go up the people are made by their demagogues to feel that somebody has conspired with somebody else, the somebodies in the case usually being unknown, to make it cost more to live. Then there have to be threats of prosecution, and attorneys-general get out their clubs and indulge in orgies of trust-busting. Soap-box orators damn the capitalists and housewives get busy with the telephones and implore one another to join the latest boycott. Before anything is accomplished except a horrid noise something happens away off in Senegambia, or Cuba, or Madagascar or Borneo that no one except the experts knew had anything to do with the matter, and prices break; and a few speculators that thought they were sitting on the world, and that were envied by all the supposed victims, are ruined and thereby over-punished for any slight effect they might have had on the business, and the attorneys-general and the boycotters and the agitators and the yellow journals all claim credit for saving the country again, and the episode is forgotten except for the rancor it leaves in the minds of those that bought when prices were high, believing in the bugaboo of price-conspiracy. So it was here recently with rice. So it will be with sugar—if not this week, soon. What goes up must come down, as they say on the Chicago Board of Trade, where they have learned it from old Mr. Experience.

It is possible to inflate prices; but it is rarely profitable to do so. The inflaters frequently, almost invariably, find that they themselves paid more than the commodity was worth in which they thought they were gambling—although few of them ever had a gambler's chance. "Corners" are a delusion. Almost every man

that ever ran a corner in any important commodity in this country was broken by it. He did not need to be prosecuted; all that he needed was to be left to the merciless operation of economic law. We say almost every man, just for caution—we do not recall one that ever made anything out of a corner. P. D. Armour once said the most successful corner he ever saw was one he took off the hands of his friend Pillsbury, for it only cost him a million dollars to get out, and he thought it was cheap. Price is too tremendous a thing for individuals or combinations to control. If a man buys heavily of some commodity and it goes up and he sells at the top and makes a lot from it, why he would have made it anyway—he did not much affect the price. On the other hand, if his buying did put up the price, then he was its sole support. His selling to take profits will break it and break him with it before he can unload. You can make money on a rising market, but not on a market that you make. Yet every time there is a sudden rise on a commodity like sugar we have a national villain-hunt about it, and one would think from the noise that when we had caught and caged the villains of that particular villainy prices would thereafter be and forever remain just at the point to suit everybody; an idea whose refutation requires but its statement.

Thimble-riggers there are, forestallers there have been since time immemorial. Their operations, even when magnified to stock market size, have little effect on general living conditions. On the inevitable and uncontrollable rise and fall of prices they may have a retarding or an accelerating effect, but they can accomplish little general damage, nor keep it up for long. What the situation calls for is public patience and usually it rights itself—about the time the sensational journals have begun to make first-class sensation out of a rising market. In fact, when a rising market begins to get on the front page as such, look out for a change, as the old almanacs used to say. You will usually find, a few days later, that the wise ones had already unloaded.

Editorial Notes.

There are those who declare that in holding down appropriations Governor Richardson is "playing politics." It may be so. And if it is so, it is mighty good politics. The tax-eaters have had a long open season; and their rapacity and their arrogance have grown with the sense of power and privilege. It was high time for the exercise of a restraining hand. Strength to that hand, whether its inspiration be political or what not!

The action of the New York legislature in refusing further to coöperate with the Federal government toward enforcement of the Volstead Act has in it an element of prophecy. Time will surely come when the American people will no longer consent to be taxed for support of special agencies for the enforcement of a particular law—especially a law that attempts to nullify the fundamentl guaranty of liberty and that in other respects runs counter to tradition and sentiment. That the Federal government will increase its appropriation sufficiently to make up for the loss involved in withdrawal of state coöperation in New York is not likely; and the meaning of that is that so far as New York is concerned the Volstead Act will hereafter have only a lax support or none at all. Other states that hastily and under various influences have given the Volstead Act a coöperative support will now, we suspect, follow the example of New York. The brief of the matter is that prohibition as prescribed in the Volstead Act and as ought to be enforced throughout the country is a partial failure and in the way of becoming an absolute failure. When this fact shall be accepted the way will be clear for so revamping the prohibition scheme as to prevent reëstablishment of the saloon while allowing the citizenship of the country exercise of the individual liberty guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Crowding in Moscow is accentuated by hordes of Communists from the provinces flocking to the capital in search of government jobs. If we have a few more public utility districts and similar socialistic experiments it will soon be that way in California. Half the people will become job-holders and the rest will have to support them: socialism's paradise.

In the East, paternalism in the form of censorship is spreading to literature, and soon not even the printed page will be sacred from the meddlers. The main support of liberty in this country, a free press, is threatened in New York by a bill for "clean books," a term meaning books that some minority of ignorant busybodies approves; but like a great deal of similar legislation the name applied to the bill and used by its proponents to describe it is dishonest, for its provisions extend to magazines, newspapers, and other printed matter. A single word in a publication may condemn it, if it be a word disliked by the secretary of the Vice Society and if some judge can be found to agree with him. Under such a law, impartially enforced, neither the Bible nor Shakespeare could be published—but such laws never are impartially enforced, for if they were the public outrage would be so clear that no public would stand it. They are made tolerable by the discretionary powers of inspectors: little kings through whom we have government by men instead of government by law.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Scharrenberg Replies.

San Francisco, April 30, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Holman: My attention has been called to the leading editorial in your current issue. At the outset let me assure you that I am not writing because of any outraged dignity, for you will probably appreciate that my removal from the immigration and housing commission, for the reasons given, is about as high a compliment as can be given to a labor leader. I take it for granted that you deemed it your duty to defend our corporation-controlled governor and I have no fault to find with your attitude in the matter.

I am prompted to write because my good friend, Dr. McBride, a member of the commission, told me that you were related to him and that you were not nearly so bad as I pictured you during a certain conversation.

In your editorial you accuse me of being "too much the advocate of my class" to longer hold an official position. Just to set you straight permit me to say that the housing bill for which I lobbied was not a child of my own creation. It was drafted and unanimously approved by a housing institute called at the instance of the commission and presided over alternately by Archbishop Hanna and Simon J. Lubin of Sacramento.

My official sin consisted in the fact that I successfully prevented a reactionary senator (Mr. Burnett) from mutilating the bill approved by the housing institute. In that particular lobbying activity I was not by any stretch of imagination "the advocate of my class." To the contrary, I did exactly what Archbishop Hanna, Mr. Lubin, or Dr. McBride would have done had they been present to watch the performances of our legislators. Very truly yours, Paul Scharrenberg.

Mr. Lubin Explains.

Sacramento, May 4, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Holman: The general tone of your editorial on Mr. Scharrenberg's removal is one that I have no right to take exception to, even though it may not please me. However, I think I am justified in calling to your attention statements based upon misinformation.

The housing bill which the commission is sponsoring was approved by the housing institute, composed of the official representatives of the leading communities within the state. One of the members of the committee of seven that actually drafted the bill was Mr. Felton Taylor, president of the State Apartment Owners' Association.

The bill in the form which we approved was introduced into the legislature some weeks ago. Selfish interests succeeded in amending it in committee. It was then upon our request sent back to the senate to committee, where it was restored to its original form. In that form the senate then passed it unanimously. It then went to the assembly. Yesterday the assembly committee on public health and quarantine unanimously approved of the bill and sent it to the floor of the assembly. There is little douht that the assembly will pass the bill practically unanimously.

Now, my dear Mr. Holman, that is the bill that our commission stands hack of, and that bill and no other is the bill for which Mr. Scharrenberg has been lobbying. Unfortunately for the governor, he pulled a bloomer. Not desiring to give the real reason for dismissing Mr. Scharrenberg, he hit upon this unfortunate pretext. You know how often we get into trouble when we are not willing to he frank and truthful.

Now, there is another reference in your editorial which does us a great injustice. You do not say that the commission of immigration compels "lumher companies to provide enameled haths for lumherjacks," hut you do in your clever newspaper fashion suggest as much; and the ignorant reader would believe just what you purpose that he should believe. If you are misinformed, then let me correct you. The law of the state, passed hy the legislature and signed hy the governor, puts into the hands of the commission the task of seeing that labor camps have proper hathing facilities. As a matter of fact, the commission is opposed to enameled hath-tubs or any other type of bath-tuhs. Our preference has always heen for shower haths, which, in some instances, we have shown companies how to erect at an expense of only a few cents per shower. Of course, if the camp will not install shower haths and insists upon putting in hath-tuhs, then we must insist that they he sanitary.

My dear Mr. Holman, your article was not fair, and I think we are entitled to ask you at least to make correction of the misstatements that you puhlished. Sincerely yours, Simon J. Lubin.

[Neither Mr. Scharrenberg nor Mr. Luhin has gone to the root of the matter: the growing vice of multiplying commissions to dictate how the people shall live, love, and lahor; with the inevitahle effect of such meddling in making it cost more and more to live, love, and labor. Having taken the German word delicatessen into the language, we might as well naturalize that other German word verboten. Our housing laws have grown into a code so technical that it is difficult to huild anything in California without doing something verhoten; which tends to hring law into contempt, and to make building cost more. When the governor attempts to check this expensive tendency he meets all sorts of resistance, including Mr. Scharrenherg's repetition of the aged battle cry that the governor is "corporation-controlled." Progressive ingenuity should invent something less trite. As to Mr. Lubin, he says the tone of the *Argonaut's* editorial is one he has no right to take exception to, and then concludes with the statement that the article was not fair. We are willing to leave that to the reader's judgment.—Ed. Argonaut.]

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

POLAND'S FIVE YEARS.

(New York Tribune.)

The Polish Bureau of Information has ended its work in this country by issuing a pamphlet entitled "Poland After Five Years." This publication maintains the standards of accuracy, modesty, and self-restraint to which the hureau has always lived up.

The Polish government attempted no propaganda here after the German model. It merely tried to present the truth about conditions in Poland, so often distorted in news coming from Petrograd, Moscow, and Berlin.

Poland's rehirth as a nation is one of the romances of modern history. Ten years ago the resurrection of the Polish state would have heen dismissed as an idle dream. What was once the splendid kingdom of Sohieski had been split up into three parts and attached to the three great central and eastern European empires—the German, the Russian, and the Austro-Hungarian. After so many partitions and so many futile rebellions how could the Polish nation ever hope to regain its independence, solidarity, and ancient glory?

Yet in the last five years a Polish republic has emerged, ranking sixth in the new Europe in area and population. It covers 155,000 square miles and has 27,160,000 inhahitants. Its population is greater than Spain's; its area is larger than Italy's. It has acquired an outlet to the sea and its strategic position and military resources make it once more a powerful factor in the affairs of Continental Europe.

Poland came hack as a nation hecause, although conquered and dismemhered, her people never lost their sense of nationality. Their spirit was invincihle and their culture maintained itself successfully against all the sapping expedients of the three conquerors. As Dr. Wilhelm Muehlon well said, the three emperors sat in vain on the coffin of Polish liherty and nationality. Such a people richly deserved to come into its own again. Europe is hetter and healthier for the upheaval which made a reunited Poland possihle.

The republic started life under great difficulties. It was created a state at Versailles, hut, largely through Lloyd George's ohstructive tactics, was left without fixed boundaries. It had to secure its houndaries through its own efforts, and in doing so it was ohliged to stand off the Soviet Russian giant. Poland, a small state, well organized and inflamed by patriotic feeling, overcame Lenin's huge hut poorly disciplined and poorly led armies. The settlement at Riga was achieved without aid from any of the treaty powers except France. It was only a few months ago that the Allied powers formally sanctioned the eastern houndaries which Poland had had to fight for almost single-handed.

Internally the new state has heen set on firm foundations. It has a smooth-running popular form of government. It is educating its citizens. It has granted religious freedom and is tolerant of racial minorities. It has a free press. Economic conditions, naturally upset by a war occupation of four years and the confusions of reconstruction, are rapidly improving. And, though the Polish mark has depreciated almost as much as the German mark, it is not a dishonest token, for it says on its face that its value in relation to gold is to he determined later hy the government.

The Polish people can look hack on the first five years of the republic with unlimited satisfaction. They have done wonders with their new freedom. They have huilt a solid and powerful state on what a few years ago was only a heroic vision of nationality, undimmed by more than a century of political enslavement.

THE UNITED STATES AND TURKEY.

(Washington Post.)

It is reported that the Allied powers have agreed to the abrogation of the capitulations, to he effective when the treaty of Lausanne is signed, and that Turkey no longer stands upon the validity of the ahrogation of 1914. But this may mean very little, for the treaty of Lausanne is very far from heing signed. It may never he signed; and, if signed, it may he violated, as the treaty of Versailles has been violated.

The United States takes the position that the rights of American citizens, guaranteed hy treaty, can not be swept aside hy the mere declaration of the sublime porte. These rights stand until and unless the treaty guaranteeing them is revised or abrogated.

On other questions it is not clear that the United States and the Allied powers will find common ground; not that the United States differs from the European governments on questions affecting the Near East, but hecause these questions are political and are not of American concern. The dividing line hetween questions which pertain solely to Europe and those which pertain also to the United States is not easily defined, hut evidently it is tbe purpose of the United States government to stand firmly for American rights, even if the charge should he made by partisans that it is engaging in European politics.

The United States has never failed to champion the rights of its citizens abroad, especially when those rigbts were clearly defined and guaranteed hy treaties. There is no reason why the rule should he changed now. Turkey is a fairly civilized country, possessing a government which the United States can properly recognize. There is a vast difference between Turkey and Soviet Russia, for example.

If the Turkish nationalists should refuse to recognize the validity of the treaties made hetween the United States and the Ottoman Empire, a situation will arise in which the United States will be compelled to safeguard its interests and the rights of its citizens as hest it may. But that situation has not yet arisen, and there is reason to believe that it will not arise. The friendly attitude of Turkey toward the United States is well known. Making all allowance for the self-interest of the Turks in ratifying tbe Chester concession and in other manifestations of partiality toward America, the fact remains that the two countries have a good understanding, thanks largely to Ambassador Child. It is commonly believed that new treaties have heen drawn up which remove all causes of difference between tbe United States and Turkey, and which will open great opportunities for American enterprise in Turkish territory.

On its part, the United States has no reason to avoid a friendly attitude toward Turkey. This nation and Turkey have not been at war and there is no quarrel between them, always provided that Turkey recognizes the treaty rights of American citizens. The benefits which can be conferred upon Turkey hy friendly relations with the United States are well understood hy the authorities at Angora. Probably the in-

finence of the United States is stronger at Angora than that of the Russian Soviet. If so, it is well for the Turkish people now and hereafter. On the other hand, if Soviet influeuce is working to embroil Turkey with the European powers, the United States can at least stand as a friend to dissuade the Turks from making such a blunder.

So far as the territories taken from Turkey are concerned, such as Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria, the United States has no political concern. Those territories were lost as a result of war. The taking over of Mesopotamia was a costly and useless process for the British Empire, in the opinion of many Britishers as well as Americans, but the United States has no official opinion to express. It does, however, insist upon the principle of the open door for commercial opportunity in all territories held under mandate of the League of Nations. The question whether the open door is observed in Mesopotamia, in connection with the Chester concession, is rapidly nearing the point where it will demand an answer. There are indications that the British government will not interpose any objection to the open-door principle. Thus, while the situation still presents possibilities of friction, the fundamental good will between the United States and the Allied powers on the one hand, and between the United States and Turkey on the other, ought to operate powerfully for a happy adjustment of all difficulties.

MARATHON POETRY.

(New York Times.)

Lecturing to the Royal Society of Literature, Professor Richard Warwick Bond of University College, Nottingham, asked the new generation of versesmiths to forswear novelty and experiment and to pluck new corn from the old fields of narrative verse. He has been writing verse as an accompaniment to or relief from his literary and linguistic studies and editions of old authors for more than a generation, and has recently published a long narrative in verse. It may be thought, too, that Mr. John Masefield and his American and British followers are likely to provide at least as many long narrative poems as are needed. Thomas Hardy is beyond competition; but it would be interesting to know how many of the admirers of his genius have read "The Dynasts." A considerable number, no doubt, but small compared with those who have read his selected lyrics.

Poe and others have held that a long poem is out of the question; have denied the existence of a long-distance muse. This is too hard and fast a rule. Poems of a moderate length, "The City of Dreadful Night" and "The Hound of Heaven," for instance, may be cited to disprove it. The common trouble with the narrative poem is that its feet get sore, trudging so long. One of our present inexhaustible stock of Gifted Hopkins, we believe, has written a novel in free or easy verse. Professor Bond himself is the author of "Zenobia, a Drama," and the libraries and second-hand book stores sag with "dramatic poems," most of which are neither dramatical nor poetical.

Still, in these high matters the health of the poet, not that of the public, should be considered; and if poets want to write novels in verse, poetic dramas, and so on, more power to their typewriters! It is to be observed, however, and not cynically but sympathetically, that the capacity of readers can't keep up with the multiplication of books. If to all the innumerable narratives in prose and high-piled trilogies, narratives in verse innumerable are to be added, where are the readers to come from? Coöperation among producers and severe limitation of output seem to be the only remedy. Meanwhile, our immortals, rapturously contemplating their undying renown, would better be careful about including much long narrative poetry in the baggage which they have checked to posterity.

AMUSEMENT AND THE FARMS.

(Los Angeles Times.)

According to the report of the United States Agricultural Department, 2,000,000 people left the farms in the calendar year 1922, while 880,000 went from the cities to the farms. This is a net loss for the farms of 1,120,000 persons, or more than 3 per cent. of the whole agricultural population.

Meanwhile, "amusement taxation" is becoming more and more popular as a means of raising revenue. The United States government now collects 10 per cent. of the money collected on every theatre ticket. The tax was a war measure, and it was currently believed that it would be abolished when the war ended. This has not happened. On the contrary, state governments have begun to impose amusement taxes of their own. The reason lies in the simple fact that this sort of tax is an easy way of raising large revenue, because nowadays people are going to get amusement, no matter what they have to pay for it.

All this may seem to have little to do with the exodus from the farms. It is mentioned here, however, as an illustration of the extent to which amusement has come to be regarded as a necessity. Amusement—this kind of amusement—can not be had in great quantity on the farms. Isn't that fact the principal reason why 2,000,000 people left the farms and came to the cities last year, while only 880,000 went to the farms from the cities?

LOVE AND SCHOOL DAYS.

(Charleston News and Courier.)

Should love-making at co-educational institutions be encouraged or merely tolerated? There seems to be a chance for an argument. One prominent educator expresses the belief that students may run their affairs of the heart and of the head as a matched team. They can become engaged in their school days and plan their matrimonial career while still studying together at college. It might tend to help each in shaping life's programme. If the girl is strong for mathematics and commercial law, the boy can take up domestic economy and become the housekeeper. The woman may be worth more than the man in the business world. If the pupils become engaged in their college days, they can thrash over their finances and responsibilities together and determine what part each should strive to play in the drama of life. There is some meat in this argument, but if the university announces that love is going to be in the curriculum most of the pupils would be apt to specialize in this branch to the exclusion of other training.

A SQUARE DEAL DEMANDED.

(Boston Transcript.)

There is no reason either in long past or recent history nor in international or business comity for any assumption on the part of the British or the French that a concession to American citizens of development opportunities in Turkey is a matter for any sort of contempt or derision. To such opportunities, resting where official authority is required upon the only valid government which exists in Turkey or is likely to exist there in the future—and a government, moreover, which quite clearly expresses the popular will of the Ottomans—Americans have exactly as much right as the citizens of Great Britain or France. Nor is their right to be nullified or obliterated by arrangements reached without the consent of our government or the government of Turkey, taking the character of "mandates" for exclusive occupation or exploitation.

This fact may as well be taken cognizance of by our friends of Great Britain and France.

SPANISH CULTURE.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The Spanish government does well to arrange that copies of all the paintings by Velasquez now in that country shall be sent to America for exhibition. Nobody here will ask, "Why drag in Velasquez?" The originals themselves would be far better than even the most inspired replicas; but if the treasureship carrying them were sunk, the loss would be irreparable.

This movement seems of a piece with the effort to do away with the sanguinary national pastime of the bull-ring and replace it with the sport of the gridiron instead. Spain is out to efface unfortunate impressions and give proof of a high development of civilization. The novels of Blasco Ibañez have gone far to whet, or rather create, an American market for Spanish literature. Both nations can afford to be *sympatico*, as the Spaniards say, and forget the severance of the Spanish war years. We need not remind the monarchy now that she needed the lesson the republic then taught her. Let us receive any cultural crusade from Spain with the same good will we extend to a commercial embassy and welcome the apostles of the beauty of Velasquez' paintings, which represent his country's noblest ideals.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Rhine.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills are rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy, wert *thou* with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me,
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,—
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!—*Byron.*

Little Billee.

There were three sailors of Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee;
Now when they'd got as far as the Equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism
Which my poor mother taught to me."
"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersee.

Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee,
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
When up he jumps—"There's land I see!

"Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South Amerikee,
There's the British flag riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Amiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmie,
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.
—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

England has 56,000,000 spindles and 840,000 looms.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It has been pointed out that the tendency to field accidents in the British royal family began with those of Victoria's consort, the German prince, Albert, great-grandfather of the Prince of Wales whose recent tumbles have caused so much comment on the bad riding luck of the House of Windsor, hut no more than attended the similar spills of hoth King Edward and King George. The latter had a bad fall in France in the early days of the war when drilling British troops and was incapacitated for ten days. However, whether or not the German hoodoo on riding is permanent, the men of the British royal line are good shots and sailors.

Dr. Alanson Weeks, noted San Francisco surgeon, has been awarded the Congressional Distinguished Service Medal for his brilliant work on the French front during American participation in the war. The decoration, which was recently conferred on Dr. Weeks by General C. G. Morton at the Presidio in the presence of officers in the Ninth Corps area, was accompanied by the following citation: "Alanson Weeks, major, Medical Corps, United States Army. For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services in a position of great responsibility during the world war as surgical consultant and director of surgical teams in hospital formations at the front during the operations on the Marne, the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, and later in command of Base Hospital No. 30. By his loyal devotion to duty, sound judgment, and brilliant professional attainments he rendered services of great value in the care of the sick and the wounded of the American troops, therehy contrihuting materially to the success of the American Expeditionary Forces."

Mme. Verneuil, Bernhardt's granddaughter, has recently finished writing a play, the leading rôle of which was to have heen played by the Divine Sarah, herself. The hushand of Mme. Verneuil is known as one of the leaders among the younger European dramatists.

The recent death of the old Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, chief of the line to which the poet Shelley helonged, calls attention to the present hearer of the title, whose name is also Percy Bysshe Shelley. He is said to write very fine verse, though he has published it only in fragments. He is a hachelor in his early thirties. The new Lord de l'Isle was about to embark for a visit to this country and Canada when his succession detained him in England. The historic and gifted family of which he is the present head is also kin to Sir Philip Sidney, whose praises Shelley sang, and to the Leicesters.

In his nation-wide campaign to prevent the spread of disease and to give impetus to his efforts for the medical education of the country, Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, surgeon-general of the United States Public Health Service, has turned to the radio. Twice each week he sends his messages from the government radio station at Washington and from commercial stations. The surgeon-general is a Virginian and was graduated in medicine from the University of Virginia. For a number of years he was quarantine officer at Hampton Roads, and most of his work prior to his present duties had to do with quarantine regulations. At the time of his appointment he was in Naples fighting a typhoid epidemic.

Among the strongest and most influential advocates of equal rights for women in this country is Mrs. Inez Haynes Irwin, novelist and the wife of Will Irwin, newspaperman, novelist, and war correspondent. Mrs. Irwin has recently heen a leading memher of a conference called hy the National Woman's Party in Washington to press the Equal Rights bill, which is heing introduced in forty-one state legislatures. Mrs. Irwin, who before her marriage was Inez Haynes Gillmore, was born in Rio de Janeiro, hut lived most of her early life in Massachusetts. She is the author of "Phœbe and Ernest," "Angel Island," and other novels and is also known for her lahor research work.

Major-General Henry Tureman Allen, former commander of the American forces in Germany, has retired from the army after forty years of service, the occasion being marked by a review of all the troops stationed in the District of Columhia. General Allen was horn at Sharpshurg, Kentucky, April 13, 1859; was educated at Peekskill Military Academy, Georgetown College, and the United States Military Academy, from the last of which he was graduated in 1882. Entering the army in that year as a second lieutenant, he won promotion steadily for forty years. In '85 and '86 he was engaged in the exploration of Alaska; was an instructor in the United States Military Academy from '88 to '90; military attaché to Russia from '90 to '95 and to Germany, '97-'98; served in the Santiago campaign as major and adjutant-general; and in the Philippines as lieutenant-colonel. He was governor of Leyte in 1901. With America's participation in the world war, he was assigned as commander of the Thirtieth Division, Camp Travis, Texas, Septemher, 1917, and appointed commander of the Ninetieth Division, A. E. F. He participated in the Toul sector and the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. And the war officially over, General Allen was left in command of American forces in Germany. His honors and medals are too numerous to mention. He is the author of "Reconnaissance of the Copper, Tannana, and Kuyukuk Rivers" and "Military System of Sweden."

BOATS, BUFFALOES, AND POLITICS.

An Irish Yachtsman Breezes About His Sporting Past, Nautical and Otherwise.

The Earl of Dunraven's memoirs are not concerned, in both volumes, with sport, but the most interesting half of this long biography is. Sport in the present instance does not mean, however, what one would normally suppose on the part of an Irish peer sportively inclined. Those who are drawn to "Past Times and Pastimes" by the hypothetical lure of dogs and horses will be disappointed, for though Dunraven went through the titled Britisher's inevitable period of horse owning, breeding, and racing, he has devoted a sum total of less than six pages to the national pastime. Strange for an Irishman, but Dunraven's ancestry was probably Scandinavian, as our breezy reminiscencer was passionately devoted to sea-faring, so much so that when as a boy he was confronted with the alternative of choosing between the violin, for which he showed a marked talent, and sailing, which we judge was the ruling interest of his life, he scrapped music and chose a life before the mast—if one may use that term of a private owner of yachts.

All the world knows Lord Dunraven as a sailor, and the nautically inclined doubtless know his yachting history. Those that don't will want to read the long chapter for themselves. For the layman the following anecdote is illustrative:

In my yachting career episodes both tragically and comically distressing sometimes occurred. I well remember once coming in to Cowes late in the afternoon, in wet-through flannels, after a hard race, and finding a command to dine at Osborne! What to do? I had no outfit suitable for the occasion. Could I plead drowning or serious illness when I would be dining at the club and every one knew that I was neither sick nor drowned? No, it was clear that that excuse would not do at all. So I went the round of the fleet, borrowing from those better provided than I was. My shirt and undies were all I had of my own. I got tights from one, stockings from another, a coat from a third, a white waistcoat from some one else, and pumps from, if I remember right, dear old Monty Guest. He was a tall, big man, and I know the shoes were by many inches too long for me, and I felt like a nigger dancer with those long shoes that flap. I was a fearful figure of fun, and shall never forget my feelings when called up to have a brief conversation with Her Majesty. The queen was most gracious. I don't know if she was conscious of the plight I was in, but I do know I was.

After yachting, which easily takes first place, the second ruling interest in Dunraven's life seems to have been Irish politics. The second volume of "Past Times and Pastimes" is all but devoted to it. Its interest, however, is too local for exposition here and the subject is mentioned only in its bearing on our autobiographer's personality. With the courage of his national convictions he immediately proclaims the advantage of his Irish birth. Also with characteristic national elasticity he gives us the following picture of conditions in the Ireland of his youth. It was shortly after the Fenian risings and the "bad times" when the new Lord-Lieutenant Spencer, known as the "Red Earl," was to appear at his first public function, the horse and cattle show in Limerick, Dunraven's home county. Here is a happier picture of Ireland than she presents today:

The anomaly of the situation struck a great friend of mine—Henry Hurlburt, editor of the New York *World*, who had just landed at Queenstown on his first visit to Ireland, and came on to me. "This," he said, "is the most deliciously upside-down, inside-out country I have ever seen. I stayed last night at Fota with your brother-in-law. After dinner we partook of what is, I am given to understand, the national beverage, hot whisky punch. Being desirous of a lemon for me he rang for one, and presently a freshly picked lemon was produced. I traveled here by train, a slow train, that afforded ample opportunity for observation. I was told the country was in open insurrection, murder stalking the land—a down-trodden peasantry dying in fever-stricken houses, driven to crime in their misery. I saw a prosperous-looking country, decent houses, fairly well-tilled fields, and people well clothed and evidently well nourished. I came here to find Clifford Lloyd, who is, I understand, the head of the police, and personally responsible for the safety of the Lord-Lieutenant, singing a rebel song, 'The Wearing of the Green,' at the top of a very fine voice, to an appreciative audience consisting of His Excellency and his staff, in your hall, and a body of Royal Irish Constabulary drawn up outside, and I hear that His Excellency was respectfully received at the station by a crowd of people who vigorously denounce him as the brutal myrmidon of a tyrannical government. What is to be made out of such a medley? Does any one understand you, do you understand each other, do you understand yourselves?"

But fond as he was of his native soil, Dunraven seems to have spent very little time there. The North American continent was his lodestone so far as land could be—we are constantly given to understand that he was happiest at sea, but the expensive pastime of yachting had a tolerable understudy in big game shooting. And though nowadays that term spells Africa or the Asiatic interior, in Dunraven's youth our own West and the great Canadian Northwest was an acceptable alternative. A buffalo was still to be shot occasionally and deer were plentiful. It was in 1869 that Dunraven made his first visit to our country. He was not yet twenty-eight and, he tells us, his head was full to bursting with tales of Red Indians and grizzly bears, caballeros and haciendas, prairies and buffaloes, Texans and Mexicans, cowboys and voyageurs, and strange to relate he found them all. Having come for the rather express purpose of shooting game, it did not take the restless young Irishman long to strike up some like-minded American acquaintance, namely, "Buffalo Bill," the government scout, and "Texas Jack," who gave him his first lesson in deer shooting as here recorded:

Fortune again befriended us, for the deer ran round a steep bluff, and, by taking the other side of the hill, we succeeded in cutting them off again, and rode in right on top of the herd, yelling and shouting to frighten them. In running wapiti on horseback the great thing is to get among them suddenly at great speed, and to scare them as much as possible. If you succeed in doing that, they get winded, and with a good horse you will be able to keep up with them for some little distance; but if you let them get started gradually at their own pace, you have no more chance of coming up with them than with the man in the moon. However, this time we charged in among the herd and kept up with them a long way. What became of the others I don't know, for I was too fully occupied with myself to take any notice of them. I rode in upon fifty or sixty of the huge beasts, kept my horse galloping right along with them, and loaded and fired as fast as I could, occasionally rolling over a deer. Presently, I singled out a big stag, the best I could see, and devoted myself to him. With the usual cowardice of his sex, he thrust himself in among the hinds, and I had great difficulty in getting a good broadside shot at him. I missed, for it is not an easy thing to hit a deer at full gallop with your own horse at full gallop also; but I stuck to my deer, though he doubled and turned in all directions, and at last, by a lucky shot, rolled him over like a rabbit, a fact which I announced by a yell which I should think must have been heard in the settlements.

It was on one of his later trips to our country during the autumn of 1874 that Dunraven explored the still wild and woolly region of the Upper Yellowstone River, an occasion on which he was presented at the Crow reservation, then north of the Yellowstone:

The ceremonies on this occasion were opened by Dr. Wright, the agent, who put me forward, blushing, in a dirty flannel shirt, to be glared at by the assembled braves, while he made an eloquent speech introducing me. He explained in flowery and poetic language how, having traveled many moons, and crossed great oceans in big canoes, and swum rivers and scaled mountains, I had arrived at the supreme moment of my life; the aim of my existence was gained:—I had seen the Crows! When he had made an end of speaking, I made, I trust, a suitable reply, and deposited myself on an empty candle-box; but had to get up again to shake hands with every individual in the room, each man approaching me singly, taking my hand with a grip that was sometimes unpleasantly warm, shaking it in a most affectionate manner, the while gazing solemnly into my eyes, and gutturally emitting "How"—to which salutation I with much dignity responded "How!" After this Blackfoot got up and made an oration, dilating upon the extreme poverty of himself and his nation, expatiating upon the great virtues of wool, especially in the form of blankets, in counteracting the bad effects of cold, and extolling the hygienic properties of flannel shirts. It was a fine speech to have delivered before a Dorcas Society. I thought the allusions and hints were somewhat pointed, but gave them to understand that a few blankets might be forthcoming if they gave us some good dancing, an intimation that was received with a grunt of applause.

We who live in these decadent times when America is no longer synonymous with big game shooting can yet thrill over the primitive picture herewith appended, of remote frontier days when the bacon was procured by the simple expedient of stepping out the kitchen door and knocking over a passing deer:

That evening, when we were all smoking round the fire—a most attentive audience, watching with much interest the culinary feats which the cook was performing—we were startled by, to us, a most unearthly sound, for none of us strangers had ever heard a wapiti stag roaring before; and it is no wonder we were astonished at the noise. The wapiti never calls many times in quick succession, as his little cousin the red stag of Europe frequently does, but hellows forth one great roar, commencing with a hollow, harsh, unnatural sound, and ending in a shrill screech like the whistle of a locomotive. In about ten minutes this fellow called again, a good deal nearer, and the third time he was evidently close to camp; so I started out, with my favorite muzzle-loader "Twilight," and, advancing cautiously, presently, through a hush, distinguished in the gloom the dark body and antlered head of a real monarch of the forest as he stalked out into an open glade and stared with astonishment at our fire. He looked perfectly magnificent. He was a splendid beast, and his huge hulk, looming large in the uncertain twilight, appeared gigantic. He stood without betraying the slightest sign of fear or hesitation; but, as if searching with proud disdain for the intruder that had dared to invade his solitude, he slowly swept round the branching spread of his antlers, his neck extended, and his head a little thrown back, and snuffed the air. I could not see the foresight of the little muzzle-loader; but luck attended the aim, for the bullet struck high up (a little to the back of) the shoulder; and, shot through the spine, the largest wapiti stag that I had ever killed fell stone-dead in his tracks.

But nothing in "Past Times and Pastimes" so fully gives the measure of those primitive days as the following reminder of a Bret Harte scenario:

Estes Park was inhabited by a little Welshman—Evans, who made a living I don't know how; and by Mountain Jim, who trapped—an extraordinary character, civil enough when sober, but when drunk, which was as often as he could manage, violent and abusive, and given to declamation in Greek and Latin. Evans lived in quite a decent, comfortable log-house, and Jim in a shanty some fifteen miles away. Evans and Jim had a feud, as per usual about a woman—Evans' daughter. One fine day I was sitting by the fire, and Evans asleep on a sort of sofa, when some one rushed in shouting, "Get up; here's Mountain Jim in the corral, and he is looking very ugly." Up jumped Evans, grabbed a shotgun, and went out. A sort of duel eventuated, which ended in Jim getting all shot up with slugs: no casualties on our side. He was not dead, but refused to be carried into Evans' house. We carried him down to the creek, and fixed him up as well as we could, and he made a solemn declaration, as a man who would presently be before his Maker, that he had not begun the scrap, and that it was sheer murder. However, he did not go before his Maker, and after a while we got him back to his shanty. Dr. Kingsley went with him and reported that he could not possibly live, for he had one bullet in his skull and his brains were oozing out, and he did not know how many more slugs were embedded in various parts of his person. But it is hard to die in the wonderful air of that great altitude (12,000), and before many weeks had passed he was packed down to settlements, where some months later he did die. Evans rode down to Longmont and gave himself up, and, of course, was at once liberated on nominal bail. The case was eventually tried, with the result of a verdict to the effect that Evans was quite justified, and that it was a pity he had not done it sooner.

Dunraven and a friend from Sligo settled in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak. Before the arrival of our heroes the two principals in the feud recorded above were the sole inhabitants of Estes Park. The two Irishmen made four:

After a time people began to wander in. The first I well remember. I was sitting smoking at the door of a little one-room shanty when to me appeared a queer little old chap on a pack horse, and says he, "Say, stranger, is this a good place to drink whisky in?" I said it was if only there was whisky. He looked disappointed and wandered off. It became evident that we were not to be left monarch of all we surveyed. Folks were drifting in prospecting, fossicking, preempting, making claims; so we prepared for civilization. Made a better road, bought a sawmill at San Francisco, hauled the machinery in, set it up, felled trees, and built a wooden hotel, and did pretty well with a Chinese cook who could make venison and anything else out of hogged cow beef. Neither I nor my chum stayed there long. People came in disputing claims, kicking up rows; exorbitant land taxes got into arrears; we were in constant litigation. The show could not be managed from home, and we were in danger of being frozen out. So we sold for what we could get and cleared out, and I have never been there since. But I would like to see the place again. Estes Park has long ago become civilized, highly civilized, indeed fashionable. Hotels, private houses, guides, expeditions, and all the rest of it. But I would love to see again the place I knew so well in its primeval state. Spoilt, of course, it would appear to my eyes; but no work of man, except pits, mills, and factories, could destroy the grandeur, and the beauty, of Estes Park.

Dunraven is an enthusiastic admirer of our country, past and present, but he breaks into pæans of Celtic rapture over Canada in the old days. When our own United States was in a state of fresh frontier simplicity—New Orleans and St. Augustine he quotes as the only exceptions to the primitive rule—Quebec had a cultivated society. If Lord Dunraven's memory has not tricked him with glamour we agree that Quebec must have been a delightful place:

On the evening of my arrival in Quebec, I was taken to a fancy-dress ball on the rink—a sixteen lancers poudré quadrille was going on—such pretty girls! It was like a jump into fairyland. The "Muffin" is the most meritorious device ever invented. Devised by hospitality, with the assistance of Mrs. Grundy, it is essential to the comfort of a guest desirous of a good time, and of hosts determined to give him one. You annex a charming damsel, or rather, in strict accuracy, a charming damsel appropriates you, and, as winter sports are generally conducted in pairs, she becomes sort of tacitly told off to take care of you. On a picnic she naturally pairs off with you in your sleigh. By the way, the picnic in Canada in mid-winter with the thermometer 20 or 30 below zero is not a bit like the British form of the entertainment. Somebody invites a party, or a party makes itself up to drive out to Montmorency, or somewhere, to dine and dance and drive back through the woods in the glorious moonlight beauty of a still winter's night. Delightful company, a good dinner, a jolly dance, and then the sleigh bells and the crisp crunching of the runners in the dry snow. I greatly dislike the British picnic, especially the ornate kind, with footmen to hand you semi-cold dishes and to pour our tepid champagne; but the Canadian variety is a very different thing. Your "Muffin" laughs at and with you at your first grotesque gyrations on skates till you become a fairly efficient figure-skater, and can dance with her on the ice. She tobogganing with you, goes walks on snowshoes with you, catches tommycods through a hole in the ice with you, is guide, companion, and friend; a real "pal." A delightful phase of society, and of society at its best. No ostentation, real cordiality, great fun; that is what characterizes Quebec to me. And then the expeditions after moose or carihou. Variety is the salt of life, quick change is the pepper, and no shift of scene, or of life, could be more complete and rapid than a plunge out of the gay city into the wilderness.

But life was not all beer and skittles for our light-hearted Irish earl, though he seems to have escaped rather better than most of his peers from the rigors of formal society. A chapter on "Society, and People I Have Known" is rather perfunctorily thrown in as a sop for the frivolous and includes among other amusing sketches this portrait of our compatriot, Jay Gould:

Another American of a very different type, but famous in his way, was Mr. Jay Gould. He came over about some business transactions—I think to buy a railway or two from the Dutch. Louis Jennings was a great friend of mine. I knew him well in New York what time he was editor of the New York *Times*. A very able man and a tremendous fighter. Long afterwards he and I fought the good fight of Fair Trade together, and collaborated in political literature. He was a member for Stockport, and in politics was a follower of Randolph Churchill. Jennings acted as a kind of chaperon to Jay Gould on his trip abroad, and I went with them so far as Paris. Jay Gould was as funny to us in his very natural ignorance of France and of the language as we were to him in our profound ignorance of affairs connected with his business. We drove him all about Paris. I suppose it must have been during a period of depression, for many houses were "to let." He did not appear impressed with any of the sights, and made no remarks till the end of the drive, when, turning to Jennings, he said, "Say, Jennings, who is 'A. Louer'? He seems to do a big business." At the Saint Chapelle Jennings dilated upon Charlemagne and French early history, and Jay Gould, very much bored, interrupted by saying, "Well, Jennings, who was this Charley Main, anyhow? Can not we go and see a depot or a railway, or something interesting?" When it came to buying the railway, he was, as Jennings told me, quick as lightning, settled all the terms and price in half-no-time, but became very much bored with the Dutchmen, who were making elaborate arrangements for payment. "What are they talking about, Jennings?" "Making arrangements for periodical payments and so on," said Jennings. "For the Lord's sake, why make all this fuss; give me a sheet of note-paper and I will write a cheque," said the impatient Jay Gould.

Happy were the contemporaries of Lord Dunraven whose lives were mostly spent in the long, peaceful Victorian oasis. The concluding chapter of Volume I of "Past Times and Pastimes," with its sinister title, "Wars and Rumors of Wars," and the serious political nature of Volume II form a contrast to the playful half of Dunraven's biography which speaks volumes for the change that has come over the civilized world. We moderns must take our scanty pleasures precariously. Gone are the spacious free days of the old West and of Victorian England. In fact we can do little better than take them vicariously through the privileged Victorians.

PAST TIMES AND PASTIMES. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven. London: Hodder & Stoughton; in two volumes, 2 guineas.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending May 5, 1923, were $165,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $151,300,000; an increase of $13,800,000.

The United States is the foremost manufacturing nation today, according to E. M. Miller, statistician of the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Supporting this statement in the May issue of its puhlication, *Commerce Monthly*, it is stated that the international economic position of the United States has not heretofore heen paralleled in the history of the world. This country is the foremost producer of food products and of most raw materials essential to human living. The leading place as a producer of raw materials would not of itself suffice to give the United States the unique international position which it now occupies, however. It has won the place hy reason of the fact that it is not only the foremost producer of raw materials, hut has heen for some decades the foremost manufacturing nation.

The United States took first place in the iron and steel industry ahout 1890; now its annual product is in excess of the comhined output of the United Kingdom, Germany, France and Belgium. It hecame the foremost consumer of raw cotton in the closing years of the nineteenth century, taking the leadership from the United Kingdom, which had theretofore heen the largest user.

Until the world war, the United Kingdom was definitely the leader in the woolen and worsted industries of the world. During the war period American raw wool consumption and production of fahrics expanded rapidly, and it is prohahly that there is not now any material difference in the capacity of the industries of the two countries from the standpoint of wool consumption. The United States now uses one-third of the world's cotton, one-fourth of the commercial supply of wool, ahout three-fifths of all copper mined and iron ore produced, two-thirds of the annual raw silk crop entering into commerce and from two-thirds to four-fifths of the raw rubher grown.

Outwardly, the conditions surrounding the development of industry in the United States do not appear to differ greatly from the influences which have conditioned the develòpment of manufactures in Europe. Fundamental differences nevertheless exist. Evidence of them is found in the fact that in the main American manufacturers produce for domestic demand, while European industries are heavily dependent on export husiness.

This differenec in the relative importance of export trade to the manufacturing industries of the United States and of Europe has existed almost from the heginning of the development of the factory system in its present sense. In Europe modern industry was superimposed upon countries already fairly mature. Fields had long heen tilled. Coal was new as a source of power, hut metal mines had heen exploited for hundreds of years. In England and in many parts of the Continent supplies of timher were hecoming insufficient for the needs of the people.

After the introduction of power spinning and weaving machinery, the use of coal as fuel, with the consequent growth of modern smelting methods, and the development of numherless mechanical devices to do the work which had heretofore heen done hy human hands, it was possihle for a time for the European countries to depend primarily upon their own natural resources and their own markets, hut this condition did not long prevail. Another circumstance of considerahle importance in its effect hoth on the consuming power of the European market and on methods of production is that hefore the coming of modern industry, centuries had already stahilized social customs, stratified society, and fixed the hahits of life of the people.

It is thus clear that the United States has attained to its dominant position as a manufacturing nation as a result of the comhination of four factors:

1. The rich natural resources of the country have not only furnished the materials for manufacture, hut their development has resulted in an average purchasing power in excess of that of any other country excepting those British dominions similarly placed.

2. Lahor has been so fully employed in the development of natural resources that it has been necessary to attain to a maximum economy in its use.

3. The comhination of these two factors has stimulated invention and has made possihle and profitahle the development of large-scale production hy lahor-saving methods.

4. The development of these methods in turn has increased the purchasing power of the average man hy means of high per capita production and capital accumulation.

As a result of these factors the United States occupies a position of great importance as an exporter of those classes of manufactured goods, the production of which has attained to a unique development here, hut American producers have not secured an export position of similar eminence in lines where these peculiar advantages have not made themselves felt. The American husiness instinct has heen notahle for its accuracy. Except for hrief intervals the fact has not heen lost sight of that the foundation of American manufacturing success is domestic demand, and that the United States is at an export advantage only in those lines in which the volume of domestic demand has resulted in large-scale, low-cost production. Export trade is worth the seeking, hut future development of American exports of manufactures is dependent to a large extent on careful study of home demand its expansion.

Bond prices have shown a tendency to recover recently. Average prices are slightly over one point ahove the low for the year, registered March 27th. However, the level is still ahout two points helow the high of Fehruary 14th and over five points helow the high of 1922, registered on August 22d, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The temporary rally is a direct reflection of easier money rates. Normally there is a decline in interest rates at this season of the year, hut the decline which has taken place is not of the proportions usually experienced, hecause commercial requirements are extraordinarily heavy and there is little present hope of sustained ease. On the other hand, there will he much government financing next month, and commercial requirements also will prohahly he heavier. The rally which has taken place in hond prices, therefore, is not very likely to hold.

The long-range view of the hond market is not clear. The future depends upon money rates and commodity prices, and if the husiness hoom continues to gain momentum the trend will he lower. If a reaction in husiness should come and commercial requirements for credit diminish, accompanied hy a reaction in commodity prices, honds will work higher.

There is no indication whatever at present of a smaller demand for credit on the part of husiness and the trend of commodity prices is still upward. All of this may change suddenly, if over-extension takes place in the industrial field. Borrowings at Federal Reserve memher hanks are helieved to equal the peak reached in 1920, the credit extension at that time precipitating the period of deflation in 1921.

Bondholders at this time are suhject to the good or had judgment which may he exercised hy husiness leaders during the next few months.

Long-term honds fluctuate more widely than do short-term issues, as adjustment of yields to current conditions requires a greater market movement in distant maturities. Unless one is more interested in market action than income, there is no occasion to switch long-term investments for the time heing. A little later it will he more clearly defined just what the future holds for the hond market, and the proper procedure can he decided upon.

Present-day huyers, however, are in a slightly different position and should make temporary investments in short-term paper. If the reaction in hond prices goes further, they will he protected against loss of principal, hut if it is shown later that interest rates will not hold their present level, a switch can then he made into long-term honds for permanent investment.

A list of short-term honds suitahle for purchase at this time follows:

	Price.	Yield.
Am. Tel. & Tel. Co. 6s, 1924	100⅝	5.05
Anaconda 6s, 1929	101¼	5.70
B. & O. R. R. 6s, 1924	101½	5.25
Bell Tel. of C. 7s, 1925	102½	5.65
Hocking Valley 6s, 1924	100½	5.40
Sears-Roebuck 7s, 1923	100¾	4.90
Vacuum Oil 7s, 1930	106¾	6.25

Bradford, Kimhall & Co. are offering $400,000 Garden Highway Orchard Company first (closed) mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold honds, due May 1, 1938. Free from personal property tax in California and normal Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. paid hy the company.

This property has heen appraised hy Mr. Leslie J. Symmes at $790,175, or an average of $263 an acre. Mr. Symmes states that, with the development of only 300 acres to fruit, in three years the land should have a conservative value of more than $900,000.

The corporation has taken steps to suhdivide and sell the remaining property immediately and it is estimated that the property will hring, in ten and twenty-acre tracts, approximately $500 an acre, which figure is suhstantiated hy sales already made at $550 an acre.

The net assets of the company, hefore deducting this hond issue, are in excess of $1,250,000, which shows an amount of $3125 for each $1000.

A project the wealth-production value of which is estimated at not far short of three hundred million dollars, and which presents no engineering difficulties, is not likely to he held up hy any prolonged exercise of the divine right of human perversity, and it is as certain as fogs in San Francisco that an agreement similar to that entered into at Santa Fé, New Mexico, last November hetween the seven states interested in the hridling of the Colorado River will pass into law. Its adoption hy Congress and the states involved will end, once and for all, it is to he hoped, a ten-year controversy, incidentally showing the desire of the Federal government to place no technical ohstacles in the path of interstate arrangements that concern alone states desirous of getting together on any mutually heneficial schemes. In the minority in this optimistic forecast, events will justify our helief in the triumph of common sense, says Strasshurger & Co.'s review.

The difficulty of agreement in this case has a triple origin. Firstly, the source and course of the Colorado River. Secondly, the stage of development reached hy the several states. Thirdly, the position of water right legislation in this country.

Nature is hlamed for the first trouhle. She so arranged matters that less than a third of the area furnishes more than three-fourths of the river's annual run-off. This area helongs to the four states of the upper hasin, and the lower states that supply less than 15 per cent. of the water need, in the present stage of their development, ahout three and a half times as much of the run-off as do those of the upper area. The upper states can not use all they might he entitled to, for at least half a century; Arizona and California wish to use already at least their full quota, are indeed now using a continually increasing share. Trouhled waters, insufficient oil in sight to quiet them!

Regarding the rights of states, as of individuals, to the use of water, common-law governed riparian rights until the doctrine of prior appropriation supplanted it—legalizing the old miner's hahit of taking water from the nearest river, hy means of flumes of his own construction, for washing out his gold. This doctrine originally applied only to the waters within each state. In June of last year its application was extended to interstate streams hy a decision of the Supreme Court, in every case where each of the states concerned has previously recognized the law. This decision settled Colorado River rights, each of the seven states involved having previously accepted the doctrine of prior appropriation. And it follows that any present appropriation of a preponderant share of the river's waters creates a title in perpetuity. Wherein lies, and has for many years lain, securely entrenched, the apple of discord.

Numerous improvements in train schedules and equipment, including a new Pullman standard sleeping-car service hetween the Phœnix district and San Francisco and Northern California, twelve hours faster than any competitor, will go into effect on the Santa Fé lines Sunday, May 13th. Announcement of the changes are made hy James B. Duffy, general passenger agent.

In the San Joaquin Valley two new trains are to he added, while two stuh trains will he



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taken off with the change of routing of other regular trains with schedules and service intended to greatly improve the facilities for the traveling public. Another new train will be put on the Los Angeles division between San Bernardino and Riverside.

Holders are advised that the Holland Land Company will redeem on June 1, 1923, at 102 and accrued interest, all of its outstanding first mortgage 6 per cent. fifteen-year gold bonds, due December 1, 1934. Holders presenting their securities prior to redemption date will receive the redemption price plus accrued interest to date of presentation. Upon receipt of the bonds which have been called Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary collection for the account of holders and transmit the proceeds to them as soon as available.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering a new issue of $1,424,000 Multnomah County, Oregon, School District No. 1 (Portland, Oregon) 4¾ per cent. gold bonds, due serially up to May 1, 1943, to yield 4.50 per cent. to 4.60 per cent. These bonds are exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Multnomah County, Oregon, School District No. 1, which was incorporated in 1851, includes within its boundaries the entire city of Portland and some adjacent territory. These bonds are the general obligation of the district and were authorized at the election held June 17, 1922. The funds realized will be used for the purchase of school sites and the construction of new buildings.

John L. Lilienthal, vice-president of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, left last Saturday for New York on an extended business trip.

True to form, the stock market, after hesitating and at times breaking, indeed, rather serously in some groups following the very strong February and March markets, has turned around again and is seemingly in the earlier stages of a strong rise.

Bears were able to make some fair headway here and there in the prices of the readjustment of the technical position, particularly in the oil shares, helped by reductions in crude oil prices. At the same time, while production in this country is running very high, consumption is at record level and due to increase. This, particularly, in the case of gasoline and fuel oil, so on the whole the good oil stocks may come in for another splendid rise before a great while.

March railway reports should on the whole furnish much more agreeable reading than those for February, and there have been considerable buying movements in the various rails in anticipation of increasing earnings and also in appreciation of the position railroad managers have taken in the matter of extending their facilities. Certainly our administration will do everything possible to help the railroads furnish efficient service for the people, and so long as the wage trend in this country continues upward it is not reasonable to look for any unfavorable attitude regarding railway rates.

The raw and refined sugar markets furnish ample hull arguments concerning stocks and companies engaged in the trade. In fact, our industries in practically every line are looking forward to a prolonged period of splendid activity and it would seem that the only possibility of a serious upset in the optimistic calculations might lie in efforts of corporations to go ahead too rapidly in attempting to speed up production.

Our banks are well fortified and may be depended upon to keep a hand on the money brake so that any real serious inflation that may possibly be working out in the circumstances will be long delayed.

Practically the whole market looks bullish for the next month or so and it may be that those who have bene figuring on getting out of stocks "for good" before June will find that a few groups will be in an advancing trend.

The "trillion" has evidently come to stay as an everyday term in our discussion of world affairs. Prior to the war we seldom had occasion to use the term "billion," but now we calmly accept the trillion (a thousand times as much as a billion), especially in the measurement of paper money, debts and deficits of certain countries which have enormously increased their currency during and since the war, and at the recent rates of growth their record may soon run into the "quadrillion" column. Figures published by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York show that at least four of the European countries now measure their currency in trillions, and that a continuation of the rate of growth during the past year would soon bring some of them into the quadrillion class.

These enormous totals running far into the trillions and threatening in some instances to extend to the quadrillion column are especially notable in official records of the outstanding paper money of Russia, Germany, Austria and Poland, all of which were counted in trillions at the end of 1922 and have in all cases made their chief gains within the last year. Russia's currency, which stood at eleven trillion rubles at the beginning of 1922, was, according to high authorities, 450 trillion at the end of that year, being thus forty times as much as one year ago. The German paper currency, which totaled 145 billion marks in April, 1922, now stands at over five and a half trillion marks, or forty times as much as one year ago. Austria's currency is eighteen times as much as one year ago and exceeds four trillion crowns, while Poland has quadrupled her currency in the past year and now shows a total of over one trillion Polish marks outstanding.

Outside these four countries of Central Europe, says the *Trade Record*, there is an evident disposition to at least check the inflation which developed during and since the war, and in certain instances an actual decrease has begun, but with the enormous additions made by the printing presses of the four countries above named the total face value of world paper currency at the beginning of 1923 was approximately ten times as much one year earlier, though, as above indicated, a large proportion of the countries other than the four named are either decreasing their outstanding currency or are checking the growth which has characterized recent years.

The four countries showing big increases in their currency in 1922 have been already noted. Others which show a comparatively slight increase are Belgium, France, Switzerland, Greece, Finland, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, and Brazil, while those showing greater or less decreases are Great Britain, Netherlands, the Scandinavian states, Spain, Czecho-Slovakia, and the United States.

The big increases in the quantity of paper currency in recent years has not correspondingly increased the purchasing power of the people so far as quantity of merchandise is concerned, for with the constant additions to the paper money has come an increase in prices, when measured in the inflated currency. Prices in Russia, where the biggest inflation has occurred, are stated by our Department of Commerce as 15,000,000 times as much in 1923 as in pre-war years, while those of Poland are stated by the same authority at 3000 times as much as before the war.

This growth in paper currency has been in part due to the unwillingness of the respective countries to reduce their expenditures to a pre-war basis or to require their war-weary people to pay sufficient taxes to meet current requirements, and this has resulted in large budget deficits which could only be met hy increases in paper currency or additions to the already large national indebtedness.

Price changes in the various classes of bonds have been through a very narrow range. Toward the close of the period there was evidence that some buyers regard bonds at present prices as profitable for the long pull, says *Commerce Monthly*.

The volume of new offerings has been moderate. The movement out of original hands has not been satisfactory because of prevailing money rates, and no great improvement in this respect seems likely until the commercial demand for money becomes prospectively less. There still a good deal of competition for new municipal issues, although prices have shaded off lightly.

The temporary certificates of the Earl Fruit Company first closed mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds are now ready for delivery, according to an announcement made by Hunter, Dulin & Co., who headed the syndicate which underwrote this issue of bonds.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

France Epitomized.

LANDMARKS IN FRENCH LITERATURE. By Lytton Strachey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $2.

It has been said of Michelet, so frequently that it is trite to repeat it, that his histories were not accurate pictures of France, but they were true pictures. He distilled the essence of his country for his readers, and if he added unessential perfume, what could be a more suitable adjunct? Mignet might wield the historical method with authority, but when you had read Michelet, you had grasped France. The analogy is invidious, but reading Lytton Strachey's "Landmarks in French Literature," one has again the feeling of perfectly encompassing the subject. And if the less flattering bar of the parallel is true, namely, that Strachey, like Michelet, is stronger on the personal focusing of history than on the scientific method, the other half of our analogy is likewise valid. There is a distinct virtue in the personal approach to history that no catalogue of mere facts can compete with. And since the actual facts of history are moot points anyway, we can do little better in our opinion than get the atmosphere of the past, since by that æsthetic feat one does, with the considerable assistance of a Michelet or a Strachey, possess the past more comfortably than that imperfect tool the memory ever can.

Our preamble is for the purpose of differentiating "Landmarks in French Literature," which is practically the same thing as French history, from any other history of the subject. Nothing further from a school text could be imagined, though Mr. Strachey's admirable Gallic study was first published as part of the Home University Library and its present issue, eleven years later, seems almost in the nature of an afterthought. The other volumes of the Home University Library may or may not be in the same magnitude, but it is high time in any case that Mr. Strachey's contribution should be rescued from its comparative oblivion. There are others, of course, that amply fulfill their function of enlightening various shades of ignorance. Strachey claims no one can get a better view of French literature than by reading the famous "Causeries de Lundi" of Sainte-Beuve, but that is a totally different thing from the sort of book we are discussing. It will saturate you in the subject much as our own very different Cambridge history will; but Mr. Strachey's book allows one to keep his identity and to comprehend simultaneously all the facets of French genius and French literary art. And if Mr. Strachey has incidentally added variety via a personal set of standards he is not the less readable and authentic for that. R. G.

An Intellectual Amour.

VERY WOMAN. By Remy de Gourmont. Translated by J. L. Barrets. New York: N. L. Brown; $2.50.

Different nationalities must of necessity speak not only in different tongues, but with different perceptions of social and domestic relations. Therefore "Very Woman," as it is extremely Gallic in subject, tone, and manner, will not so much interest the average American reader as the one who is confirmed in a taste for French fiction.

Remy de Gourmont is a graceful versifier and a teller of fanciful short tales, with which "Very Woman" is freely sprinkled. He has many reflections to offer, practically all of an amatory nature.

The story, in fact, deals with the technique of love. It tells how a lover who was not sufficiently whirlwind in his courtship lost his lovely quarry to a less delicately considerate lover.

The title indicates that the translation is not first-class, but the long meditations of the baffled lover, even expressed in the original and no doubt elegant French, can not but be tedious to American taste.

In fact, to enjoy "Very Woman" fully one should be twenty, intellectually voluptuous, and somewhat *précieuse*.

Babel.

BABEL. By John Cournos. New York: Boni & Liveright.

John Cournos, a Russian Jew, has written, in "Babel," a novel so packed with ideas that Boni & Liveright, the publishers, promptly read and took over from another publisher the two earlier novels of the same author.

But the frivolous novel-reader may balk at a novel that shows, on a casual survey, so many evidences of serious thought. It is plain, not only from his portrait, but from his novel, that the author is a sensitive idealist. For, like so many of the young-men novels of the times, "Babel" is practically a mind-and-soul autobiography. "Babel" is London, the title indicating the essential differences of thought and purpose that keep so many of the young artists and literati lonely in a great city, although the author gives interesting and eloquent impressions also of New York—"Oh, harlot city!"—and Paris.

His love for gray, sad, austere, lovely, mysterious London accounts, perhaps, for the number of Continentals among intellectualists who have made London their home. There are many fascinating portraits drawn of London's great men. Their identity is concealed under fictitious names, but such men as Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett are easily recognizable. There are detailed portraits of the lesser folk that people a great world centre such as London; aspiring, half-starved young authors, lodging-house keepers, street-walkers. The author, in depicting these daughters of joy and sorrow, indulges in the candor of the Continental, and occasionally startles the more reticent Anglo-Saxon.

As a novel "Babel" is top heavy with dreams, aspirations, philosophical reflections and emotional longings; and also with the pen portraits already mentioned of the wayfarers whose society Gomharoz, the Russian protagonist, cultivated from loneliness and from his unquenchable curiosity about life.

A Refutation.

THE SECRET OF WOMAN. By Helen Jerome. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

This book is written in answer to H. L. Mencken's "In Defense of Women," in which that brilliant cynic reveals an ironic attitude toward the sex that he has failed to find indispensable. Miss Jerome, recognizing the intrinsic injustice toward woman in Mr. Mencken's alleged defense—which is really an attack—makes, as she says, a Revelation. She doesn't argue, but merely piles up evidence to show how careless, materialistic, and essentially tactless are man's amatory advances toward the woman he has espoused. And by contrast she shows that woman longs vainly to be the friend, the companion of her mate, as well as the recipient of "that ephemeral, heart-breaking, transient, thrilling love of man." Miss Jerome feels that the eternal sex warfare exists because man does not understand woman.

Gates of Life.

GATES OF LIFE. By Edwin Björkman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

Edwin Björkman is a writer of intellectual distinction, his literary essays showing taste and critical acumen. It is as an essayist that this Americanized Swedish scholar is best known, but his fine perception of human psychology has drawn him into the field of fiction. He began with "The Soul of a Child," and "Gates of Life" takes up the tale of the inner life of the same boy at the coming of his fifteenth birthday.

"Gates of Life" is, indeed, a chronicle of the gradual sensations and emotions that develop in that, to his parents, always puzzling entity, the dreaming, imaginative, thoughtful boy with a taste for literature and life.

Edwin Björkman has unveiled the mystery, his work being no doubt partly autobiographical, as so many novels are nowadays.

"Gates of Life," in consequence, is a progressive story, in that it is not confined to a fixed group; but as the boy travels along, shedding one sweetheart and one group of friends, he takes up with others, so that the tale as a tale might be considered to lack continuity.

The continuity, however, is in the portrayal of the gradual unfolding of the boy's mental development. He is always seeking to break down the barriers to mental free-

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The prohibitions of parental authority are disregarded, one by one, as the boy finds himself, the final curtain descending on his embarkation for America, the land of promise, where he vainly hopes to find that perfect freedom which is his great quest. There can be no doubt that a third volume will continue the story of the boy's, or rather, by that time, the man's, mental development.

"Gates of Life" will only appeal to the thoughtful mind. But there are chapters of more universal interest which tell of boyish friendships and loves, and some frank revelations of the torments that nature and the social code combined inflict on adolescent youth.

More Soul Revelation

DEMIAN. By Hermann Hesse. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

"Demian" is the translation of a German novel of unusual character. It gives the inner life of a boy who has made the discovery that life is divided into a "bright," or prescribed world, and a "dark," or forbidden world. And for many chapters in the book the boy tries to conform to the regulations of the bright world, or sinks into the herd vices of the other, or hidden life.

The author's purpose is to point out the need of individualism, and the necessity for character, in order that it may harmoniously develop, to attain to the discovery of its own special pathway; what Mr. Hesse calls self-realization.

There is much symbolism in the story. But the reader perceives that various characters symbolize the instinctive promptings in the soul of the developing youth.

"Demian" has distinction of style and loftiness of thought, and the author treats of the mental and physical troubles of adolescence with a blend of realism, poetry, and philosophy.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Blasco Ibañez has written a novel called "La Tierra de Todos," based on his experiences in Patagonia. It is said that forty thousand copies of the Spanish edition have already been sold. It is now being translated into English.

"Alice in Wonderland" is being translated into German for the first time. The proceeds from the sale are to be devoted to the German Children's Fund.

Within four months of publication Mr. B. B. Updike's "Printing Types" (Harvard University Press) joined the ranks of rare, out-of-print books. Although a second impression is now available, the first edition of the work will doubtless be always much prized by collectors.

Interest in the photoplay of Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon," which the Paramount organization is launching, is so great that D. Appleton & Co., publishers of the novel, report that they have rushed through as the tenth printing of the book the largest edition of it since publication. "The Covered Wagon" promises to be one of the big sellers of 1923, as it was in 1922.

The Macmillan Company has now published the thirteenth and final volume of Chekhov's work. It is called "Love and Other Stories" and includes twenty-four brief vivid dramas in the author's distinctive style of unadorned realism.

A new Macmillan publication is "A Book of Quaker Saints," by L. V. Hodgkin (Mrs. John Holdsworth), written primarily for Quaker children and from the Quaker viewpoint.

Maurice Drake, the novelist, belongs to an Exeter family that has been making stained-glass windows for centuries. He, himself, generally writes adventure novels, but his new book, "The Doomed Window," is concerned with his family's art. The English reader for a firm of American publishers wrote of the manuscript when it was submitted to him: "It is a pity that Mr. Drake does not continue to write about the sea which he knows so well, rather than about stained glass of which he knows nothing."

"Lawn-Making," by Leonard Barron, is a new and revised edition of the volume on "Lawns in the Garden Library." The purpose of the book is to make possible more and better suburban gardens, and to enable any one to establish a respectable greensward wherever grass can be grown.

Mr. Hugh Walpole says that he would rather have written "The House of the Seven Gables" than most novels in the English language.

John Hubert Cornyn, whose second book of tales for children derived from the folk-lore of the American aborigines was published in March by Little, Brown & Co., is head of the Chicago *Tribune* foreign news service in Mexico City, and does much of his writing there. His new book is "When the Camp-Fire Burns."

Compton Mackenzie wrote his "Seven Ages of Woman" on a little island near Guernsey, an island so little that it has but one house upon it. He holds this island on a sixty-year lease from the English government, and here finds the necessary quiet for composition.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the novelist, has published a very charming volume of poems which she calls "Saints in Sussex." The county has had many poets, but Miss Kaye-Smith is perhaps the first to describe it as a land where saints still dwell.

Boni & Liveright have bought a new home for their publishing business at 61 West Forty-Eighth Street, New York, and expect to take possession on May 1st.

Signor Mussolini has circularized Italian embassies and consulates abroad ordering them to celebrate the jubilee of Manzoni's death and the centenary of his great novel, "I Promessi Sposi," which fall respectively on May 22d and September 17th.

New Books Received.

SO THIS IS GOLF. By Harry Léon Wilson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; 75 cents.

By the author of "Ruggles of Red Gap."

DESOLATE SPLENDOUR. By Michael Sadleir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

A novel.

UNDER A THOUSAND EYES. By Florence Bingham Livingston. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; $2.

The story of a girl who went back home.

SULAMITH. By Alexandre Kuprin. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; $2.

A prose poem of antiquity translated from the Russian by B. Guilbert Guerney.

ADVENTURING IN NEW YORK. By J. George Frederick. New York: Nicholas L. Brown; 50 cents.

A guide to New York City.

HELEN OF LONDON. By Sidney Gowing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

A novel by the author of "The Joy of Living."

THE EMPEROR'S OLD CLOTHES. By Frank Heller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.

A novel translated from the Swedish by Robert Emmons Lee.

THESE UNITED STATES. Edited by Ernest Gruening. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.

Critical analyses of the separate states.

EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY. By W. Max Muller. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

With illustrations, notes, and bibliography.

OXFORD POETRY, 1921, and OXFORD POETRY, 1922. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1 each.

Annual collections of poems written by undergraduate students resident in the colleges of Oxford.

MADAME CLAIR. By Susan Ertz. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

A novel.

TENNYSON. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

A modern portrait.

ECHO. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

A new novel by the author of "Search."

PIRATE PRINCES AND YANKEE JACKS. By Daniel Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Setting forth David Forsyth's adventures in America's battles on sea and desert with the buccaneer princes of Barbary.

SWEET PEPPER. By Geoffrey Moss. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A novel.

STRICTLY BUSINESS. By F. Morton Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Another series of adventures of the crew of the *Jane Gladys*.

THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

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A "FIREFLY" AT THE RIVOLI.

Some years ago I went to the Columbia one night and immensely enjoyed a combination of Mabel Riegelmann and "The Firefly." The tiny singer's small size, her sense of humor, her ready-witted acting, and her delightful voice made her fit the rôle to a T. And now they are giving a two-week run at the Rivoli of "The Firefly."

I read in the New York *World* recently that we have killed comic opera with specialty dancers and runways and bare legs and vaudeville comedians. And we did, for a time. But I read somewhere else that the puhlic is heginning to demand musical comedy with a story to it, the older type of musical comedy that the Rivoli is showing us in a series of interesting revivals, which is also quite and satisfactorily and reassuringly true.

"The Firefly" is a comic opera, and as its score is hy Rudolph Friml, an accomplished composer whose music in these light operas is always sweet or merry, spontaneous and refined, the Friml light operas are invariahly popular.

A very good story sets off the attractions of the Friml music, Otto Hauerhach, the lihrettist, possessing wit and humor, and the ahility to throw an aura of sentimental charm around the love story.

Fortunately Myrtle Dingwall fitted well into her part. She, too, like Mahel Reigelmann, is small of stature; and as Nina-Tony, the girl who passed herself off as a hoy in order to escape the hrutal Italian padrone who heat her and appropriated her earnings, was a street singer with a voice that attracted the attention of an old impresario, Myrtle Dingwall's very pleasing vocalism was much in evidence.

And her voice stood the call on it remarkahly well, for she had many encores. She sings with considerahle style, plays with vivacity and humor, and her hrunette foreignness of appearance stood her in good stead in the rôle. I don't know whether it was intention or chance, hut when Nina made her triumphant appearance as an opera diva in the wealthy New York home of her rival Miss Dingwall's appearance certainly suggested that of Galli-Curci.

They have chosen the Rivoli chorus for voices, and the choral numhers are always enjoyahle, fresh, sweet and youthful.

A large cast is necessary for "The Firefly," hut Myrtle Dingwall, Ferris Hartman, and George Kunkel were the more pleasing figures. And John Van, also, who has a fresh, strong tenor, hut if the young man doesn't mind his vocal p's and q's he will knock it out hy overloud singing.

The rest of the long cast, while not distinguishing themselves individually, did the special joh that fell to them with conscientious care. Ferris Hartman, in the rôle of Jenkins, the finicky secretary, won showers of laughter, even if poor dear Paulie didn't. But Paulie got some.

"RED PEPPER."

With peppery stuff hoth at the Century and the Curran the lovers of broad light comedy entertainment are having their tastes well considered. "Red Pepper," the Curran attraction, is a lively entertainment including vaudeville features; for vaudeville is so popular with the masses it frequently is a strong element in shows of this kind.

Onion, the pretty hlonde steed that so well understands showman's English, does equine tricks proudly, even joyfully. For, say the men who know the stage, horses love the footlights and the accompanying applause. Happy Onion! A round peg in a round hole.

Onion, after some jazzy dances, suhmits to numerous lariatted imprisonments from the deft hands of Lariat Ike, an artist at his joh, who wears cowhoy togs, hut has a down-east accent as rich as New England mincemeat.

McIntyre and Heath have done well to huild their entertainment on a story, even if it is rather a formless one. But audiences hang on the quartets and love lyrics of the two pairs of young lovers, returning with satisfaction to the comical verhal antics of the two popular hlackface comedians.

Also they have two excellent eccentric dancers, and a woman dancer who heels and toes very nimhly. The "English lord" is rather an engaging youth, the "Colonel" is strong on inflections, nice to look at, hut just ahout as distinct as a train conductor.

And the girls are pretty. The little hlonde songstress looks like the heroine of a *Saturday Evening Post* small-town short story. And khaki-clad cowgirls are a fetching pair. But which is which? Or, at least—well, they are twins, and such a roguish-looking pair of duplicates that their hright smiles haunt me still.

And the chorus girls, looking rather New Yorky in their smart costumes, can do Western stunts. For, hless your heart, if the entire constituency didn't make its exit at the end of the lariat stunt each little dear deftly whirling a lariat.

THE CAVE MAN.

Some one said, "Have you seen the cave man at the Orpheum?" And immediately we were interested. "Cave man methods" is a shihholethic phrase much used nowadays. The inference is that all women, even those of our highest civilization, at heart remain primitives, and like cave man methods. And so we straightway went to see the cave man.

As it turned out, the cave woman and the cave man, Germaine Mitty and Eugene Tillio, are two star dancers from Paris. They are crackerjacks at their art, although the woman has no heauty either of face or figure with which to enhance the pleasurable effect; her well-trained hody heing packed with muscle and lacking all the soft feminine curves.

But how swift, and unerring, and graceful is its every springing movement. She is even graceful when she is heing toted round like a hag of flour. One can not look away from those graceful rushes, and leaps and hounds, and swift, sudden, deer-like pauses.

At first they gave merely an Oriental dance; or something of the kind; it doesn't make any particular difference what. And then the dancers came out in the familiar Apache hlack and red. And then we hegan to take particular notice.

I remember when we saw the first Apache dance in San Francisco. It was in a sickeningly cheap-john up-town variety theatre the year of the hig fire, hut every one went to see that one act.

And then, after the Apache vogue and the Apache decline, heginning with uproariously funny hurlesques of it, the *danse Apaché* disappeared. But here it was again, and we were sitting up very straight and taking very keen notice.

And why? Simply hecause the Apache is a cave man; and "a cave man's method" is one of our modern catch phrases. Out of popular phrases like that they nowadays huild picture plays with which to lure the f——the puhlic and its cash to the movie theatres.

True, the Apache is not a wild man of the woods. His cave is under a sidewalk and his foragings for food are at the hack doors of restaurants. But he is primitive, and so is his woman. And then, hesides, there is always drama in the Apache dance; sinister, darkling drama, with a hint of murder at the end.

In this particular Apache dance the rival won the female of the species hy a particularly lively display of Apachian hrutality. First binding the supplanted lover with ropes, the mean thing left him lying there on the floor having a full view of his—the successful rival's—methods in supplanting him.

They were simple enough. He merely made hull-like rushes at the unlovely cause of contention, stopping, with miraculous muscular poise, just short of smashing her to atoms. He threw her down and stamped on her with hoth hoofs, he madly wrapped her supple hody around his neck, held her aloft, then slammed her on the floor, whirled her round and round, until he kindled a lurid response in her Apachian hosom.

Then she hegan to make a missile of her own hody. She threw herself upon him in a series of most ungenteel postures. But he wasn't going to be outdone hy no sich poor feminine trash. So, seizing her wholesale in his powerful arms, he held her high and hurled her with terrific force into the side scenery. Where, we fervently hope, an extended net received her.

I note, hy the way, that Fannie Brice appears at the Orpheum next week. Whose image immediately evokes the plaintive measures of "Mon homme." (They played some of it during the Apache dance.) And I shouldn't wonder if Fannie Brice and "Mon homme" in conjunction have heen instrumental in restoring the vogue of the Apache dance.

LA GAITE FRANCAISE.

The little French theatre celehrated its final week of the just-closed season with a highly creditahle performance of "Les Fourheries de Scapin," ending, on the final evening, with a gala programme including the popular "Les Noces de Jeannette," a concert interlude, and winding up with "La Forêt Enhantée," a hit of pantomime with the most amhitious and effective setting that the enterprising French director has hitherto attempted. There were changing revelations of a landscape suitahle to the country of enchantment in which fairies sported and danced, and witches cast strange spells.

The season closes in the glow of success. The limited territory of the little theatre has heen taxed to its fullest capacity, and when La Gaité Française reopens in the late summer it is safe to say that its well-pleased clientèle will rally around it again.

GIVE US AIR!

As yet our theatre-going puhlic is not ready to suhject its hashful sensihilities openly and in the full glare of electricity to the call of the unmitigated sex drama. We have our Puritanic strain still, even if it is heing considerahly diluted with an infusion of modern candor. And, although the ideas played upon in the jokes and songs of musical comedy are frequently hased upon the prohihited topic, the jocularity of atmosphere prevents the American puhlic from feeling too self-conscious.

But let the serious playwright tackle the suhject and the entire theatre-going crowd flinches. It matters not what the idea; whether it might he to rectify ahuses or help humanity; the fact that the suhject is approached seriously is too much for the sensihilities of our theatre-goers.

But, while we can not have the suhject mentioned right out in meeting, it is so pervasive in the fiction of the day that one really hegins to find it too constant and heavy a dose. All the young men who write novels have resolved to tell us their secret amatory emotions and adventures. They let us in on their love longings, and freely reveal the most private cooings and gooings with their illicit sweethearts.

Of course we women, having heen deharred full knowledge of such goings-on, read, with starting eye-halls—if our daughters permit us—of the Russian hero's artistic lally-gagging with his particular sweetie, of the Frenchman's delicate word-quihhles with his elegant mistress, of the German's reflections ahout love, and in the young American journalist's numerous essays into the world of fiction we are fully enlightened as to the discourse he and his hest, and his second-hest, and his third-hest girls hold on the great, ahsorhing suhject.

And oh, sons and daughters of the twentieth-century morning, we novel-readers are getting tired of it! We are stifled with sex, weary of the commonplace reflections on sex, the commonplace adventures in sexual experience. We acknowledged that they were too cowardly in the Victorian era, and failed to face facts. But the suhject has become an ohsession, and it is time for a change. Fiction is too autohiographical, for there is a disconcertingly strong family resemhlance hetween all these soul hiographies.

Open the hedroom windows to the air of the everlasting hills! Give us the great facts of existence in their due halance; love, and friendship, and work, and fun, and fancy, and childhood, and maturity. We are tired of the young men and women of the present era. We wish to goodness they would hurry up and get acclimated to their new freedom and new importance, and let imagination work again.

France has for many years spoiled her fiction with the sex ohsession, and given other nationalities a mistaken idea of her people; of her middle-class people, at any rate. And now we are following in her mistaken footsteps; and what will the rest of the world think of us?

Let us have candor in our fiction, hy all means. But let us have, as well, the healthful hreeze of expanding imagination to lift our thoughts away from the close hreeding places. We've had too much of them. Give



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ART VERSUS CASH.

The love of money is the root of busted contracts. Once upon a time the French actor's best reward was to become a member of the Comédie Française. Then moneyed America began to reach hands across the sea, and draw to our shores the great artists of the organization whose fame was exciting our profitable curiosity.

Mme. Bernhardt broke away in order to come over and gather in American shekels, for the rules of the subsidized theatre forbade its members to go off on tour. And others followed her example: Coquelin and Jane Hading, both popular *sociétaires,* had profitable American tours.

But this era passed. Native drama became the thing in America, and the curiosity concerning the great foreign artists largely diminished.

Now the Comédie Française has fresh trouble on its hands. The motion-picture managers have been making overtures to the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, and offering them tempting money to act before the screen. As a result the artists leave Paris to fulfill these engagements, and the management is no longer able to put an authoritative finger on them.

It is most annoying for a theatre manager to discover that members of his hitherto punctual and deferential group of players have become fleas. He must he able to rely on them, and the result is that there has been something like a series of scraps. The players are ripping up the sanctity of established custom by vigorously objecting to a projected dictum forbidding them to engage in film work. They mention the hated subject of an increase of salary if their outside profits are to be snatched away.

Probably the situation has become more acute because Cécile Sorel and Albert Lambert were fined for being A. W. O. L. by a few days during their recent New York engagement. But the members have got their mad up anyway, and are pointing out that outside of the Comédie Française no such prohibitions and restrictions are imposed on artists of the stage.

No less a personage than the minister of fine arts will be called on to settle the rumpus. And in the meantime the screen men are peacefully awaiting the outcome. For they know that money is overwhelmingly eloquent, and if the Comédie Française doesn't come around there will be resignations. And thus the fine old institution is threatened by a dangerous storm.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

The adventures of Armand, or the Comte de Trevieres, will delight audiences at the New Curran Theatre commencing Monday night, May 14th, where Leo Ditrichstein will appear in his romantic melodrama, "The Purple Mask." Having departed from bis usual characterizations, Mr. Ditrichstein is impersonating a highly picturesque character whose startling deeds have mystified Europe. The support is of assured worth, through the arrangement of "The Committee of Three," whicb represents "America's Theatres' Managers' Association," and has approved the supporting cast.

The last two performances of the McIntyre and Heath musical comedy, "Red Pepper," will be played Saturday matinée and night.

At the Century.

Ackerman & Harris have hooked the whaling picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships," for a limited engagement at the Century Theatre, commencing Saturday, following Sophie Tucker in the "Pepper Box Revue," which closes Friday evening. "Down to the Sea in Ships" is a photoplay witb romance, humor, and extraordinary scenic effects, showing the exploits of Yankee whalers. In the cast will be found Raymond McKee, Marguerite Courtot, and many other favorites. The biggest scene is a battle with a ninety-ton hull whale, about which incident most of the action is centered. The picture will be run at the Century under a policy of continuous shows daily at popular prices.

At the Columbia.

Henry Miller and his co-stars make their appearance in the new comedy, "The Changelings," on the night of Monday, May 14th. There has been a large demand for seats, which includes hundreds of mail orders from the city and out of town.

Supporting the actor-producer in Lee Wilson Dodd's new play are Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews, John Miltern, Geoffrey Kerr, Felix Krembs and others.

"The Changelings" tells a story of modern American life and hrims with the conviction of intimate reality, but it has no particular theory to propagate. Eastern press notices have been particularly complimentary.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Margaret Widdemer, one of the best known of tbe younger poets of New York, will visit San Francisco next week and will give an intimate talk on "Poets and Literary Folk," and a reading, in the Paul Elder Gallery, Thursday afternoon, May 17th, at 2:30. Miss Widdemer is the author of the recently published set of parodies entitled "A Tree with a Bird in It." Her latest volume of poems is entitled "Cross Currents."

The Latest Juliet.

Miss Jane Cowl's Juliet is well-nigh as marvelous as the Hamlet of John Barrymore, says John Corhin, dramatic critic of the New York *Times.* There is the same fullness of beauty and of youth, the same clarity of conception, the same simplicity and strength. Time will doubtless round out the moods of girlish comedy, especially the scene of impatience with the Nurse. The ingenuous passion and lifelike grace of the balcony scenes and the young-womanly terrors of the potion scene could scarcely have been better rendered. In the death scene Miss Cowl, and also Rollo Peters as Romeo, flamed upward to the regions of high tragedy, yet with no abatement of the simplicity of their art, the ingenuousness of their passion. It was an effect so subtle as to be indescribable, indefinahle, as are all the effects of great acting; but it was none the less unmistakable.

The tempo of the production as a whole is unfortunately retarded by waits for the scene shifters. Simple as are the sets devised by Rollo Peters and permitted hy Frank Reicher, who staged it, they seriously halt and drag out the performance—and this in spite of a severe cutting of the text. For some inconceivable reason Romeo's apothecary scene at Mantua, a merely explanatory detail in a rapidly culminating narrative, is given a solid set with the only backdrop in the entire production. The tomb of the Capulets is even more heavily weighted with carpentry. Thus the final scenes, which should come in an unbroken sweep of tragedy, are preceded by dreary pauses. It must be added that if Mr. Peters and Mr. Reicher had more faithfully studied and followed Shakespeare's dramaturgy, the two balcony scenes would have moved more swiftly and convincingly, and would have given scope to a far fuller representation of the text. The properly effective staging of these scenes is a memory as recent as the "all star" production staged by Eben Plympton, in which he played Romeo and Eleanor Robson played Juliet. All the more marvelous is the fact that tbe individual scenes prevailingly gave the impression of full vitality—the rush of young blood pulsing through warmly colored moods of unbridled laughter and impetuous rage, to the consecration of a welcomed death. Never has there heen a more splendid demonstration of the varied richness and the sublimity of Shakespeare's genius, or of the power which it exerts upon the spirit of our people, untutored and unpracticed as we are in the mysteries of his art.

At an amateur performance, says *Harper's Magazine,* a "turn" consisted of a series of imitations of popular actors, one of whom chanced to be present. After the show the ambitious amateur sought an introduction to the professional, and asked hopefully: "Did you see my imitation of you?" "Yes." "Would you mind giving your impression of my art as shown in that impersonation?" "Well, my boy," said the professional, "one of us is awful!"

A report from Vienna states that the special piano constructed for Beethoven after his increasing deafness made it impossible for him to compose upon an ordinary instrument has been discovered. The piano was so constructed that its tones were much louder than tbose of any other, and the master was for a time able to work upon it. No details of the discovery are given. The piano will probably be hought for the Beethoven Museum, which is housed in the Royal Lihrary in Berlin.

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VANITY FAIR.

There is hope at last for the down-trodden and afflicted. The announcement will cause elation in the breast of every lover of mankind. At the Eureka convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs a fifteen-year-old flapper appeared on the stage and announced the brightest gospel since Lenin took over the Russian Empire. She was president of a girls' auxiliary to a woman's club in Oakland, and she declared the objects and ambitions of similar junior auxiliaries all over the United States. "Instead of giving out chicken dinners with a Lady Bountiful gesture, we intend to get at the roots of poverty and eliminate it," said the flapper sage. "Instead of fussing at the abuses of politicians we will make the politics. The junior auxiliaries will be the training schools for the future officers of federations." There you have it; the club woman movement has been made self-perpetuating, and is henceforth to be reckoned with as a factor in the national life. And poverty will disappear. All that has retained that disagreeable phase of human affairs is the fact that it has been left to clumsy, bungling men to clean it up. Youth and organized femininity will attend to it now, and with ease; a mere nothing, a nuisance and a discomfort that has been tolerated too long because people have been too lazy to deal effectively with it. With poverty abolished, politics will be on a different basis, and perhaps more complicated, but that presents no difficulties—the club women of the future will make the politics, and politics will be what it never was before.

The club women had a good time at Eureka. They attacked the evils of small families and high rents and prison abuses and the cost of living; and many another evil bowed its diminished head before they were through. And there is no doubt that they are finding themselves and getting on solid ground at many points of policy. "You can't raise a family in a two-room apartment," one of them declared, with much truth. It has been done, we believe, but not comfortably nor in conformity with what we have learned to consider the requirements of good living. The two-room flat is all many families can afford today, and it is not easy furnishing it and finding the groceries to set its small table. Yet the club women before adjournment adopted a resolution asking the governor and the legislature for a large appropriation for the women's industrial farm at Sonoma. Evidently they need to go farther before they can detect humbug, and think a little more rigidly before they learn that taxes come out of the little two-room apartment and off its modest table. Of course, they wanted the present educational extravagance of California kept up because "no one is more interested in the welfare of the children," but they do not appear to have detected that it is not the welfare of the children that such extravagance serves. However, when it came to the price of sugar they did very well. They killed a resolution about that impenetrable mystery because they lacked sufficient information to deal with it intelligently. And that is the beginning of wisdom. Later they indorsed the investigation of the United States into the causes of the high prices that have ruled recently, but which will have become low prices again before the investigation is half completed. And, of course, they swatted their critics. No convention these days is ever thorough in its work without that.

Society in the East is taking to the outdoors with its usual zest at this time of year. One of the main manifestations of its activity in the open is the street fair that has been running in New York, in Park Avenue at the Grand Central Terminal Plaza, for the benefit of the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children. The matrons conducting it knew right where to look for the financial results, and connected it with the Wall Street district by a device that promised and achieved popularity and drawing power—nothing less novel than a coach and four; something once seen in splendor on The Avenue, but relegated to the category of the relic. One of the drivers of this splendiferous vehicle was Mrs. Almuth C. Vandiver, a competent whip. The route included the Stock Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, the Bankers' Club, and other points in the region sacred to the dollar hounds, and while the rate of progression interfered with normal modern traffic, the contrast served to show a great many New Yorkers how far we have passed the days of dignity.

The yachting season appears to have been successfully uncorked by the visit of General Vanderbilt's yacht to the Bermudas on its way to Europe. There must be something unusually enticing about the thought of yachting this year and touching at British ports to refit and take on stores, for the demand for yachts has grown so great that the ship brokers can not find enough to supply it. If the Eighteenth Amendment is not modified in some way before long, there will be the greatest revival of yacht building ever known in the Brooklyn and Harlem River and New England shipyards. The shortage occurs largely because owners are using their boats themselves; and the condition almost amounts to a housing famine. Nobody seems to want to remain in this land of the free if he can go somewhere else—anywhere else. The truth seems to be that bootlegging is becoming bothersome as well as dangerous, and stocks of good things in artistocratic cellars are really running low. Of course, Florida will be popular and there are even possibilities in Chesapeake Bay, but many yachtsmen are pining for deep water and long offshore cruises. They are less dry.

We acquire culture slowly, but there are evidences that our institutions of higher learning are learning. Stanford University is represented in a recent number of the Hearst paper by a five-column picture of a dozen or so co-eds each standing on one shapely leg with the other elevated as far as strenuous training in the dance makes possible, and with the pictorial demonstration is some text explaining their qualifications for the stage of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is claimed that the "Stanford Strutters" could make good in the Follies, and then the dimensions of culture are given. It appears that in a California university a really cultured young woman has an ankle seven to seven and a half inches around. She may not understand integral calculus, but with a seven-inch ankle she does not have to. And this is especially true if she have a thirteen-and-a-half-inch calf. The tape shows that many of them have. There were other measurements we forebear to recite, but the donor of the Stanford endowment would be real pleased to know how much good his money had done to improve the minds of California youth. Hard study does it, girls. Work at those hooks, early and late, and you will be successful as spear carriers—provided you have the legs.

American Husbands.

A French journal recently conducted a questionnaire for its feminine readers to learn what nationality aside from the French most would prefer in choosing a husband, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Of some 20,000 women who answered, about 14,000 said they would take an American.

Some Europeans affirm that what seems American chivalry is, in fact, a craven subjection to the female of the species. They say that the American woman is spoiled; that, conscious of her power, she abuses it. The American husband in this view is depicted as a harassed and over-driven producer, toiling forever in the mill of forced and undelighting labor to provide luxury that is superfluous, for an exhibition that is vain. He is looked on as a dull slave to a mechanism of business that is of his own devising—the prisoner of the fruits of his own toil, like that somber character of the miser in "Everyman" who can not struggle from the pile of dollars and jewels that has encrusted him.

The typical "gentleman" of the Old World is assumed to be a trousered bird of paradise who always has leisure for elegant indolence, romance, and amorous dalliance. His occupation, as in most novels, never appears—it would be an impertinent obtrusion. There would be a taint of vulgarity about a hoe-handler, a bread-winner, a man of affairs too busy for the tea party and the drawing-room.

But our American aristocracy is not blue-blooded idleness; it bears the 'scutcheon of honest labor. Some who are called noblemen over there would here be known as tramps.

The emotions of the better sort of Americans are downright sincerity; and if they are lacking in finesse, they are genuine and dependable. Lothario and Don Juan are not American prototypes. The vote of the French-women to a considerable extent is based on what the French saw of the doughboy in the war. He was not a paragon of behavior by any means. He was sometimes coarse and rough and loud and sometimes he did evil things. But on the whole the men of our armies were the knight-errantry of clean and honorable and wholesome deeds, whose truth and good humor and courtesy to the weaker were at all times in evidence. The French-women saw how good they were to children, how kind to the feeble and the aged. Many were of real assistance in the households where they lodged. They may have lacked in the superficial graces of flourish and palaver, but when it came to the basic qualities that make good husbands and fathers, they more than held their own in an international comparison.

The Vintage of a Joke.

One can just about tell how long a man has been married by the way he gets that old stuff about hooking them up the back, says the *El Dorado Times*. If he has taken unto himself a wife during the last ten years, or during the reign of the peasant blouse and the one-piece dress, he'll only register a blank look when the once popular gag is pulled, but if he joined the ranks of the Tri Hook'em Upsilons fifteen or more years ago when tight linings, choker collars, stays and crinoline were in vogue, then watch him chuckle reminiscently but without a pang of regret, however, for the had old days.

"Housemaid's knee" has dropped out and we have something else to take its place. This is what is known as "automobile foot," which is selective, aristocratic, and harmless, says the *Scientific American*. This is caused by the slight cramp from holding the foot on the accelerator for long periods. It is not probable that many will seek medical assistance from this new ailment. It must not be supposed that automobile foot, or chauffeur's foot as it is also called, has the sole distinction even at present, for there are other vocational foot disorders, such as "policeman's heel," "dancer's foot," "golfer's foot," and others.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

While making his "maiden speech" in Congress, "Uncle Joe" Cannon was interrupted by Representative Walter Phelps of New Jersey, who said: "The gentleman seems to have oats in his pocket." "Yes," promptly replied Cannon, "and hayseed in his hair, and that's the style of most of my constituents. I hope that both are good seed and will grow good crops here in the East."

Senator Lodge was regretting the sad fate of writers: "Real writers—men like W. B. Yeats, say—make no money because publishers will only push writers like Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Hindenburg and so on. Look at the Kaiser. They tell me the Kaiser is getting $22 a word for his book of memoirs. The publishers ought to remember that his word to the Belgians wasn't worth 2 cents."

It is said of Charles Fox, the English statesman who was an orator at twenty, that he threw himself into the middle of his sentences and left it to God Almighty to get him out again. He used to say that he never could understand what consols were, that he knew they were something that went up and down in the city, and that he was always glad when they went down, it so annoyed Pitt.

Jesse Lasky has brought back from Europe a movie story. "Two down-and-out movie actors," he said, "found a snuffbox full of cocaine. Thinking it was some new and costly sort of snuff, they helped themselves to it again and again. Then suddenly their chests swelled under their shabby waistcoats, and the first actor said proudly: 'George, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy all the movie theatres in the world's leading cities and combine them.' But the second actor shook his head. 'No, Clarence, I decline to sell,' he said."

George Inness, Jr., son of the great American landscapist and himself a painter, claims that his favorite story runs as follows: "An art critic, who had been expatiating upon art to a number of his friends, speaking of the virtues of this painting and the faults of that one, finally came to my picture in the gallery and said: 'Now, you see in this picture that the artist has not learned his trade—it lacks technique and understanding. His trees seem to have no form; they do not stand up; the grass has no roots. His clouds look like bits of paper stuck on the canvas. And here you see he has resorted to a trick to catch the public eye and has attempted to paint a fly. Now, I would not object to the fly, had he been able to draw better and make it look like a fly. This fly looks like a lump of mud and has none of the character of a fly.' At this juncture the fly, having tired of the critic's tackle, took wing and flew away."

Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson told this story at a dinner in Washington: "Theodore Roosevelt was out bear-hunting in the back woods. He stopped at a backwoodsman's cabin for a snack one day, and while he ate his snack he stared out of the window, so as not to miss any bears that might pass by. Suddenly he gave a loud, indignant yell. 'My goodness me,' he said to the backwoodsman, 'haven't you got any better sense than to let that little child out there play with a loaded gun? Why, it's a terribly dangerous thing.' 'Aw, I dunno,' the backwoodsman drawled. And then he bit off a chew from a big plug and added: 'I got sixteen other chillun.'"

Earl Russell's memoirs contain a number of sporting reminiscences. In his chapter on yachting he recalls conditions in Marseilles in 1887. "Walking home about midnight we used to walk carefully in the middle of the street, while I kept my revolver handy; this was on the advice of old Pognano [a French engineering friend]. He said that in the quarter near the harbor there were any number of people who would cut your throat or knife you for 10 francs, and his instructions were quite simple and direct: 'Walk in the middle of the street; if any man sidles up to you or offers to ask a question, hid him keep his distance; if he doesn't, shoot him dead.' I suggested that this method, however desirable, was perhaps a little drastic for civilized countries. 'Oh, no,' cheerily replied Pognano, 'you just leave your card on the body, and all the police will worry you for is to pay the expenses of the funeral.'"

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, one of the most generous of men, is sparing with his personal expenses, and particularly begrudges excessive remuneration of tailors. He wore one overcoat for several years, but his daughter finally persuaded him to buy a new one. "Uncle Joe" went to a clothier's and selected a coat, but upon being told the price, $85, he refused to take it. Highly indignant, he reported the outrageous profiteering attempt to his daughter. The latter soothingly told him she was sure he could get a good coat for $30, and promptly negotiated with the shop to give him a coat, charge him $30, and she would pay the difference. Several days later "Uncle Joe," very well satisfied with his "buy," was sporting his new coat in the Capitol, when a friend and fellow-member accosted him, "Hello, Uncle Joe, got a new coat?" "Yes, it's all right." "What did you give for it?" "Thirty dollars, and that was enough, too!" The friend whistled. "I'll give you fifty for it right now.' "You're on," said Uncle Joe, gleefully peeling his eighty-five-dollar covering.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Villonesque.

Where are the days of yester-spring?
To borrow another poet's thing.
Where are the bells that used to ring,
The bocks and bars that used to sing
Of spring?

Today the spring can not bring back
The cable car, the open hack.
Dead are the days of the swinging door,
The friendly sawdust on the floor,
And open betting at the track:
The days and ways that used to bring
The thrill of spring.

Ah! for the days when men could sing,
Before the law was all sublime,
And freedom had become a crime.
Till one can have an honest fling,
The summer, autumn, winter, too,
Are dead, all dead for me and you—
Good-by, good-by to everything!
(Including spring.)
—*J. V. N. in Life.*

Paradise

Lord, make my Heaven plain and bare,
But new and whole, with room to spare.
(No clutter in it, anywhere!

No shabby rugs across the floor,
No rubbers flung behind the door,
No Sunday papers, any more!

No littered mantelpiece to dust.
No crowded closets; nothing mussed,
Nor any fear of moth and rust!)

With spaces clear and orderly,
Wind-swept, in sunshine—I would be
A singing spirit, strong and free,

With Heaven itself in which to roam!
(I wonder—would I feel at home?)
—*A. D. in Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Valerie Arnold of Berkeley, daughter of Mrs. Arnold and the late Dr. J. Dennis Arnold, to Mr. Ledger Wood of Los Angeles, son of Mrs. Maurice Friedman and Dr. Friedman of Alhambra.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of Judge Edward C. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, to Mr. Charles William Cobb, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Forest Cobb of Berkeley.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Marie Higbly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer S. Highly, to Mr. William Hall Moreland, son of Bisbop Moreland and Mrs. Moreland of Sacramento.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Knox of Berkeley, to Mr. Baldwin McGaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw of this city.

The marriage of Miss Frances Stow Bancroft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watts Bancroft of Concord, to Mr. Frederick James Walker, son of Mrs. Charles Henry Dexter of Portland, took place at Concord on April 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax gave a farewell dinner recently at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Francis McComas, who has gone to Chicago.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles G. Morton, was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. Florence Porter-Pfingst.

Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard was bostess at a house party given over the week-end at her ranch at San Juan.

Admiral Hilary P. Jones was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the Bohemian Club by Mr. Wallace Alexander.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark and Mrs. William J. Shotwell entertained each on Monday of last week for Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat, who is leaving shortly for the East and for Europe.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall has been elected president of the Town and Country Club, and the new directors are Mrs. James Moffitt, Miss Sara Coffin, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

A large bridge party was given at the Woman's Club at the Presidio in bonor of Miss Elizabeth Moorhead by Mrs. Harrison Hall and Mrs. William H. Tobin.

Mrs. Roger Chickering gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Thomas Knowles of Manteca.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sbuman gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline were recent bosts at a dinner given in celebration of the birtbday of Mrs. Cline's father, Mr. Walter MacGavin.

Mrs. Mary Lansdale entertained at a tea at her home in San Mateo last week.

Tbere was a large dinner-dance at tbe Menlo Golf and Country Club on Saturday night and a numher of house parties in the neighborhood furnisbed guests for the occasion.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat was the honored guest at a farewell party on Friday last given hy Mrs. Leroy Nickels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a farewell dinner last week at their bome on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton.

A bridge party and supper was given at the Officers' Service Club at the Presidio on May 11th hy Captain Timothy Pedley and Mrs. Pedley and Captain Irwin Dierking and Mrs. Dierking.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan entertained last week in honor of Admiral Hilary Jones and the visiting naval officers at bis country bome near Saratoga.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a farewell luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

The junior officers of the receiving ship *Boston*, stationed at Yerba Buena, gave a fancy dress dance on board ship on Saturday night, complimentary to Captain and Mrs. Landenherger, who will sbortly take up their residence on the receiving sbip. Several dinners preceded the dance.

Mrs. William Mayo Newball, who recently returned from Europe, was the guest of honor on Monday at a luncbeon given hy Mrs. Stetson Winslow at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edgar A. Van Bergen was bostess at a farewell luncheon on Wednesday in bonor of Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

A bridge-tea and mab jongg party will he held on Monday at tbe Fairmont Hotel for the benefit of the Auxiliary to the Bishop's Executive Board.

Mrs. Warner Bliss was bostess at a luncbeon last week given in bonor of Miss Lucille Byington, wbose engagement to Mr. Tbeodore Scblueter, Jr., bas been announced.

The members of the Thursday Afternoon Musical Club gave a luncbeon last week at the Marin Golf and Country Club in compliment to Mrs. Almer Mayo Newhall, at wbose bome tbe club meets during tbe winter season.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a dinner last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armsby were tbe guests of bonor at a dinner given last week at the Fairmont Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Stimson.

Mrs. John Marion Boyden and Mrs. William Bliss will share the honors at a tea given on May 11th in Oakland by Mrs. John Bryant Knox.

Tbe annual dinner of the graduates of Miss Head's Scbool in Berkeley will be held on Thursday, May 17th.

Mrs. William Lieh was hostess at a large luncheon last week at tbe San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of her sisters-in-law, Mrs. George Lieh and Mrs. Harold Giffard of Honolulu.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Jr., gave a tea on Friday of last week at her home on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Joseph Redding was tbe guest of honor at a luncheon given on Friday hy Miss Janet Coleman.

Miss Geraldine Grace is giving a luncbeon on May 15th at tbe San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Mrs. John M. Boyden and Miss Katherine Bentley.

Miss Louise Maboney gave a tea last Monday afternoon at the Court Yard Studios in honor of Miss Julie Heyneman and Miss Kate Montague Hall.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a luncheon on Tbursday in bonor of Miss Katberine Bentley, whose engagement has been announced.

Mrs. Everard Meynell, who has recently arrived from England, was the guest of bonor at a luncbeon given hy Mrs. Edward Tobin at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William L. Williamson gave a farewell luncheon recently at the Women's Athletic Club in bonor of Mrs. J. A. Logan and Mrs. Stanley Prior.

Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon on Sunday at ber home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Lula Butler Stoddard gave a harhecue last Sunday at ber ranch at San Jaun.

Miss Janet Coleman was the complimented guest at two teas given last week hy Mrs. Warren Perry and Mrs. Germaine Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer were recent bosts at a farewell dinner given in honor of Miss Janet Coleman.

Mrs. Ezra Stimson gave a farewell luncheon on Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel in bonor of Mrs. William Ede of Piedmont.

Miss Janet Coleman was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Monday last by Mrs. Floyd Rohbins.

Mrs. William Ede of Piedmont was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Wednesday by Mrs. Oliver Dibble at her home on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Walker gave a dinner last week in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rogers Bacon of Milwaukee and New York.

Mr. George Irwin gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Miss Katbleen Bradley of San Rafael.

Captain George Landenberger and Mrs. Landenberger gave a dinner last Saturday night at their home on Yerba Buena Island preceding the fancy dress dance given by the junior officers of tbe receiving ship *Boston*.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams was a recent hostess at a dinner given at her bome on Clay Street in bonor of Lord and Lady Athlumney.

Among those who were peninsular luncbeon hosts on Sunday last were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin.

Mrs. Frank Fuller and her daugbter, Miss Margaret Fuller, will give a reception on May 25th at tbe Century Club in honor of Miss Katherine Burke and this year's graduating class of her school.

Mrs. Frederick Sherman gave a farewell luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. William Ede of Piedmont.

At the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Lang were hosts recently at a dinner-dance given in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel, where they reside.

Mrs. Edgar W. Alexander of San Rafael was hostess at a charmingly appointed tea at the Palace Hotel, Saturday afternoon, entertaining for Mrs. John Raggio and Miss Lois Raggio, who are leaving shortly for a year's sojourn in Europe.

Complimenting Miss Margaret E. Wulzen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Diedrich H. Wulzen, who has announced her engagement to Harold W. Samuel, Mrs. J. T. Blackaller entertained at tea in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel Friday afternoon. A large centrepiece of pink and white sweetpeas decorated the table.

For Bookplate Lovers.

Under the auspices of the California Bookplate Society the eighth annual exhibition of contemporary bookplates, presented by the American Bookplate Society, will he held in the Paul Elder Gallery from May 21st to June 2d. The formal opening will occur on the occasion of an illustrated lecture on bookplates hy Mary J. Coulter, the painter and etcher, Saturday afternoon, May 19th, at 2:30, in the gallery, followed hy a reception hy the California Bookplate Society. There is no admission charge and the interested public is invited.

Si Ling Chi, wife of Emperor Huang Ti, is the supposed discoverer of silk.

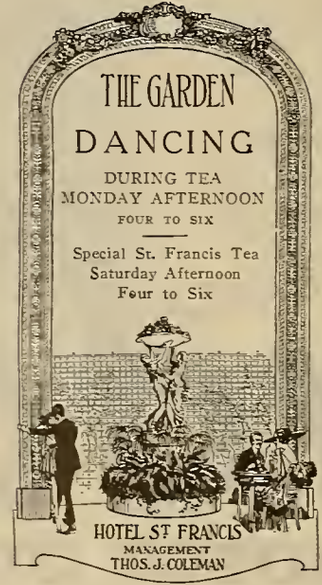
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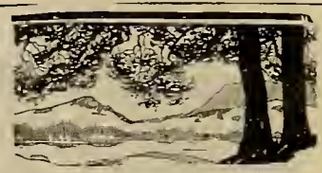
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has been in New York for the past year, has arrived in San Francisco and will visit her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell.

Mrs. William Babcock, who has been in New York with Miss Cora Jane Flood, sailed for Europe on April 26th.

Mrs. Edna Van Wyck Callaghan will pass the summer at her new home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Willard Williamson will visit her daughter, Mrs. Andrew Pope Talbot, and Mr. Talbot this summer in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse has gone to Santa Barbara on a short business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Clark, who have been in the East, returned to their home in San Mateo on Sunday last.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy, who has been staying at her home on Van Ness Avenue, will shortly leave for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, who has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Harry McAfee, in San Mateo, was a recent house guest of Mrs. Daniel Murphy at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Hilary P. Jones and her mother, Mrs. H. Lippincott, sailed last week on the *President Cleveland* for Honolulu, where they will join Admiral Jones on the arrival of the flagship.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge, who have been visiting at the Fairmont, will occupy their new home in San Mateo during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham and Dr. and Mrs. Manson Weeks were house guests last week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery in their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Clara Louise Darling and Mrs. John Brice are at Coronado.

General Charles Gould Morton, accompanied by Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Morton's sister, Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Duff, left for Yosemite Valley last Saturday.

Colonel Erneste V. Smith, stationed at the Presidio, has gone on an official trip to Lodi and Sacramento.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles R. Reese, U. S. A., who were formerly stationed in San Francisco and who have been recently living in Texas, have returned to this Coast, as Colonel Reese has been ordered to Fort Mason.

Mr. Gordon Robinson, who has been traveling in South America, is a guest of his aunt, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Philip Bradley left on April 28th for a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay returned on Thursday of last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill and their children, who have been spending the winter with Mrs. Hill's father, Mr. William Mayo Newhall, at his home on Green Street, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle will pass part of the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Macondray Moore, who has been spending several weeks in Santa Barbara, has returned to her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kent are leaving for the East to attend the graduation of their daughter, Miss Adeline Kent, from Vassar.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker has gone to the Crocker ranch at Cloverdale, where she will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Stimson are leaving on June 1st for a motor trip through Oregon and as far as Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McAfee will spend the summer in Southern California.

Mrs. Horace Morgan and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan, will leave soon for the East to be present at the Commencement exercises at Farmington School.

Miss Nancy Davis, who has recently been to Porto Rico, will return to San Francisco in the near future.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman went to Los Angeles, where they spent a few days before sailing for Australia.

Mrs. Horace Parodi of Gibraltar, Spain, who recently came to California with Mrs. Erminie Peralta, has bought a home in Oakland on Lake Merritt.

Mrs. Charles S. Baldwin of Colorado Springs is visiting her brother, Mr. Walter Hobart, at Burlingame, and will be joined later by Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Jr., will soon go to Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman, accompanied by Miss Janet Coleman, left for the East on Tuesday last.

Dr. Wallace I. Terry and Mrs. Terry, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Terry, and their son, Mr. Wallace Terry, Jr., left on Sunday last for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger are motoring in Southern California.

Miss Cecile Brooke, who has been visiting friends in Santa Barbara, has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. J. A. Logan and Mrs. Stanley Prior are sailing soon for a tour of South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, accompanied by their children, are leaving California this month for New York, where they will visit Mrs. Park's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Smith, Jr., will move from Oakland with their daughter, Miss Searles, and take up their future residence in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Ede, accompanied by her young son, will leave for Europe on Monday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rogers Bacon of Milwaukee and New York, who have been making a short stay in San Francisco, have returned to their home in the East.

Mr. George Irwin is visiting at the home of the Rev. Ernest Bradley and Mrs. Bradley in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker will spend the summer in their new home at Lake Tahoe, where they will be joined later by their daughter, Miss Harriet Walker, who is at Vassar.

Mrs. Dorothy Klumpke Roberts, the well-known astronomer, will spend the summer in San Francisco with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George Austin.

Mr. Montgomery Schell, after visiting at the home of his cousin, Mrs. Augustus Bray, in Piedmont, has returned to his home in New York. Mr. Schell was the architect of the Church of the Ascension.

Mr. Francis Carolan and his sister, Miss Emily Carolan, are leaving for the East en route to Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. Henry Fosterd Dutton has returned from New York, where Mrs. Dutton will remain for a few weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn of Woodside went last week to their country home in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Chauncey Pennoyer left last week for New York on her way to Paris, where she is living.

Mrs. Oze Van Wyck of Los Angeles is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, at their home on Vallejo Street.

Ex-Senator J. Sloat Fassett and his son, Mr. Newton Fassett, who have been traveling in the Orient, are spending a week in San Francisco on their way to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois, who are at present in Southern California, will pass the summer in San Rafael with Mrs. Gallois' mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Norris.

Senator I. L. Lenroot and Mrs. Lenroot, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. L. Black, have returned to their home in Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Reis, who have been living in Shanghai for several years, have returned to this country and have joined Mrs. John O'Neal Reis at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Harry Sherman and her daughter, Miss Isabel Sherman, will leave next Friday for New York, where they will attend the graduation of Miss Lucia Sherman from Vassar. Mrs. Sherman and her daughters will then sail for Europe and will pass the summer in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, who have been abroad, have returned to California and will spend the summer at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. James Farrell and her daughter, Miss Kathleen Farrell, who have been visiting in Los Angeles, have returned to their home in this city.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and her daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, who had intended sailing for Honolulu, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will remain for several weeks.

Miss Margaret Stoney has taken a cottage on Russian River and will spend part of the summer there. She will be joined later by her aunt, Mrs. Blake, of Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pierce Madison with their little daughter have gone to San Rafael, where they will be the guests for May and June of Mr. Madison's father, Mr. Frank D. Madison.

Miss Louise Boyd, who has been occupying the home of Mr. Loring Pickering on Washington Street during the winter, has returned to her home in San Rafael, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Macondray Moore is visiting in San Mateo at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk.

CURRENT VERSE.

Again Fiesole

Fiesole!—The Stadium, the blue sky
Above me, as it was that Sabbath year
We spent beside the Arno.—You were by
The days I lingered here!

From here we saw the orchards blooming white,
The almond blushing, and the vines in bands
Clasping the slim young tree holes left and right,
As if they held their hands.

The gray old olive-trees that heaving fill
The rough and stony hollows by the road,
Stooped to the quarry underneath the hill,
Where oxen felt the goad.

'Round the blue hills we let our vision run,
Vagrant our speech, as wandering minstrels roam;
So, oft we lingered till the setting sun
Touched the cathedral's dome.

We watched the curlèd river in the dusk,
Saw lights spring out like jewels on its brim;
Before we wandered down, we breathed the musk
Of pale primroses dim.

Fiesole!—From here we saw the beam
Of Fifi's candles that she set to say
Their homely tale of fruit and cakes and cream
That waited by the way.

Our little room close by the river's marge!
What held it not of learnèd things and sweet?—
So little! clasping close a love so large
It scarce seemed meet!

Today the little room is desolate.—
Straining my heart, these shadowy memories pass;
No little room, no lighted candles wait;—
"Man is as grass."

—*Marie E. Richard in Scribner's Magazine.*

First Snow.

A flight of snowflakes over the hedgerows whirling
Muffled the valley in whiteness like a dream;
And down the hillside with soft, guttural purling
Bubbled and chuckled a sly, vagrant stream.

Black were its waters against the gathering glory
Of bank and bowlder buried thick with snow . . .
And I remembered summer, like an old story
Told by an old man very long ago.

—*J. L. McLane, Jr., in the Bookman.*

Santa Rosa's Burbank Festival.

The forty-seventh anniversary of the beginning of the horticultural work of Luther Burbank at Santa Rosa will be celebrated in the city of the Land of the Moon with half a week of festivities, beginning on Thursday, May 17th, and ending Sunday, May 20th. On the first morning there will be a parade with floats, and 5000 school children will march. A pageant will be performed in the evening. May 18th will be Rose Carnival and Burbank Day. Exercises in honor of Mr. Burbank will be held at noon, the pageant will be repeated in the evening. Saturday is to be San Francisco Day and also Prune Day. The pageant will be performed in the afternoon and in the evening. The festival will close Sunday with an industrial exposition, and a repetition of the pageant in the afternoon.

Fashion is a strange thing, anyway you take it. No one has yet learned why the big school boys of Boise are wearing earrings. It will probably please their mothers, however, because it will make it impossible for them to play rough.

Shawls of all sorts and of all textures are being worn in fashionable circles abroad. The influence of the Near East and of Egypt is seen more in their arrangement by the wearers than in the actual materials used.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

His Grace—That was a capital joke you told me last week. I was laughing over it yesterday. *She*—So soon?—*Life.*

"Shall we sit here and talk?" "No, thanks, I am so tired. Let us dance instead."—*Stockhalm Sandags Nisse.*

"What can equal the warmth of a true woman's love?" asked the dearest girl. "Her temper," replied the savage bachelor.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Say, waiter, these codfish cakes are not so good as those I had last week." "That's funny; they're off the same fish."—*Dallas News.*

Professar—Gentlemen, I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.—*Yale Record.*

"Cut out those matinée gags about a lot of sinks at home being full of soiled dishes." "Huh?" "There's no use offending our best trade."—*Judge.*

"These modern wars are a terrible thing." "Indeed they are—they make my knowledge of geography look like a war-torn village."—*Florida Times-Union.*

"Professor," said the graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle."—*Tit-Bits.*

Pearl—Huh—that beau of yours, Sarah, called on you last night in a business suit. *Sarah*—That's all right; he meant business.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Necessity is the mother of invention, who is the mother of comfort, who, in turn, is the mother of luxury, who—most people now think—is her old great-grandmother right over again.—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Newlywed—Would you like to have me go shopping with you, my dear? *Mrs. Newlywed*—There isn't any real need, but I'd love to have your company.—*Rame II Travase.*

Author's Wife—You don't impress me as much as you do your public. *Author*—It makes no difference, my child—you can't *write* criticisms.—*Munich Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"Nothing like plenty of sleep to make a boy happy and healthy," said the visitor. "I git too much at night," said the little boy, "but not enough in the morning."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Tommy, what sort of a present do you think your sister would like for her birthday?" "Well, ma's givin' her a razor and pa's givin' her cigarettes—you might try a pair of dice." —*Judge.*

Life Insurance Director—We must cancel J. K. Jones' policy at once. *General Manager*—Why? *Life Insurance Director*—I saw him shaving in the washroom of a Pullman.—*Life.*

Slightly Passé Beauty—I can't see what all those men see in that chit of a girl just out of the incubator. *Blasé Wit*—Well, that's better than being still in the refrigerator—what? —*Punch.*

Six-year-old Mary awoke about 2 o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded. "Hush, darling," said her mother, "daddy will be in soon and tell us both one." —*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mrs. Finnerty (reading)—The days and nights in Greenland be six months long. *Mr. Finnerty*—Faix, an' Oi don't belave it! How could a baby yell for six mont's shteady av a night?—*Houston Post.*

Lady (excitedly)—Have you filed my application for a divorce yet? *Lawyer*—No, madam; but I am at work on the papers now. *Lady*—Thank fortune, I am not too late. Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please. *Lawyer*—A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer? *Lady*—Gracious, no! He was run over and killed by a freight train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit against the company for damages.—*Chicago News.*

"Posterity will rear a monument to you." "A monument," replied Senator Sorghum, "merely attracts picnic parties. What I want is something that will make me popular at a county fair, right now!"—*Washington Star.*

Father (making heroic effort to fulfill his paternal duties)—Now, my boy, come here and I'll—er—tell you the story of—er—Cinderella. *Small Son*—Oh, daddy, *must* you? Couldn't you tell it to mummy? I'm so busy. —*Punch.*

"It should not be difficult for mothers to persuade girls not to wear flapper clothes." "It isn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "But it's rather hard for girls to persuade some of the mothers to quit dressing in that manner."— *Washington Star.*

The Intelligentsia Bloc.

Ever since the beginning, the merchants and manufacturers controlling the Liberal party in England have been powerfully supported by economic theorists and writers who furnished them with arguments and more or less scientific propaganda, says the *Forum*. Among the intellectual fathers of Liberalism are Adam Smith, Bentham, James Mill and John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, Herbert Spencer and many others. In order to insure the predominance of the free trade doctrine, various organizations were made whereby professorships in political economy at the British universities were strictly reserved to reliable free traders.

In the past, England was governed solely by the landowners. With the advent of Liberalism, landowners, manufacturers, and merchants ruled the country between them. Professorial and other agitators were kept in a position of strict inferiority. Political ambition has recently spread to the impecunious intellectuals. It seems possible that a new governing class composed of professional agitators and agitating professors is arising. At any rate the professors are no longer willing to play second fiddle to political figureheads. The Socialist Labor party is dominated by Professor Sidney Webb, and in the new Manchester School Liberalism the most conpicuous figures are Professor Keynes, Professor Ramsay Muir, Professor Hobhouse and various other learned politicians.

A Soldier of Fortune.

It is impossible to write, or even to think, of soldiers of fortune without the conventional how to the late Richard Harding Davis, who managed to copyright them all, real or fictitious, says the New York *Times*. He died in the midst of the war which, as we have so often heard, took all the romance and personality out of warfare and reduced it to a grinding conflict of masses and machines. Yet there was plenty of room for individual display in subsidiary theatres of the late war, and still more in the curious condition which followed the armistice. One of the most picturesque of these modern adventurers was Colonel Joseph W. Boyle of the Canadian army, who has just died in London.

All orthodox soldiers of fortune had to begin their soldiering in the 'nineties, and not merely because that was the decade of Richard Harding Davis. The 'nineties were "imperially-minded" and terribly afraid that the world at home had grown too dull for comfort. Nowadays people who are looking for trouble can oscillate between the home and the office in the certainty that sooner or later either the crime wave or the next war will give them all the trouble they can use. In the 'nineties adventurous persons felt obliged to go out and hunt their own trouble. There were three orthodox fields of venturing in those days—Rhodesia, the Klondike, and the Rough Riders. Joe Boyle went to the Klondike. He was a mining engineer and a railroad man. In 1917 he went to Russia, where, among other enterprises, he tried to keep a part of the Russian army fed. Eventually the Russian army got up and went home, and not the least hazardous of Colonel Boyle's experiences was his trip back to Moscow through the débris of that army in a locomotive of which he and another British officer were crew and passengers, and which was coveted by embattled mujiks too frequently for comfort.

Then he went to Roumania, where his exploits have already passed into legend—too much legend, perhaps. He was soldier, statesman, rescuer of imperiled politicians, friend of royalty, and eventually pillar of the throne. He has left a big name in the Near East, where most visitors from the Atlantic world are gentlemen adventurers, at least outside of office hours, in these troubled and transitory times. Finally he appeared on the most hazardous field of all, the great rivalry between international oil groups. At Genoa and The Hague he represented the Royal Dutch Shell organization. He held court and received accredited ambassadors; he almost attained the status and recognition of another great power. He warred against Standard Oil as Lloyd George warred against Krassin, and got about as much space in the dispatches. He was credited with the erection of a magnificent political scheme, almost but not quite executed, by which the Shell group would get all the oil in Russia, and in return for its promises Russia would finally concede Bessarabia to Roumania. It may have been a fiction; certainly it didn't come true. But it illustrates the repute of Colonel Boyle that such stories should naturally attach themselves to him.

Maine's Open Spring.

People down at Popham Beach got curious regarding the depth of snow a few days ago, says the Portland (Maine) *Press-Herald*. This part of the coast line is usually free of snow at this time of year. To settle the argument Captain James F. Perkins and Edward McNulty decided to investigate the depth of the snow on the main road. They used a crow bar and pole and found in several places a depth of more than six feet before they struck ground.

Mrs. Philip Snowden describes Mme. Lenin's dress as such that she would not touch it with the end of a forty-foot pole. The omission of this ceremony, of course, excited widespread comment at the time.—*Punch.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Save the Redwoods.

Albert Rosenshine, *New York, May* 8, 1923.
State Assembly,
Sacramento, California—

The American Museum of Natural History urges passage of Assembly Bill 106 *to protect California's coast redwoods. Having personally visited these redwoods all along the California coast, I consider them unquestionably the finest trees Nature has produced in the whole history of creation. God made them long before our ancestors touched this continent. They rank high among the natural wonders of the world. The generation which preserves them will enjoy the blessing and gratitude of all future generations which are inspired and uplifted by them. The American Museum, olready much indebted to sons of California, desires to join the people of California in their determination not to permit these wonderful forests to be destroyed.* HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN,
President American Museum of Natural History.

While this message tells Californians nothing that they do not know already, it should serve to reinspire enthusiasm looking to the preservation of our redwood forests. The case is one in which familiarity on the part of the greater number of our people appears to have bred indifference. We see our redwood forests falling under the axe and fed into the insatiable maw of the sawmill, and with a shrug of the shoulder we say it is a pity and a shame. The Save-the-Redwoods League has done good work. Here and there individuals exhibit an active interest in preserving that which, as Professor Osborn truly says, ranks high among the natural wonders of the world. These movements are helpful, but only in a limited way. It is a case where the authority and the resources of state, and these forces alone, can serve the desired end. Assembly Bill 106, now under consideration at Sacramento, will bring the corporate powers of California to support of a purpose of the highest importance. We say of the highest importance because the timely trivialities over which we contend and palter are insignificant as compared with the duty of preserving for future generations these noble trees which, as Professor Osborn says, "God made long before our ancestors touched this continent." If we may not credit the prophecy that by preserving the redwoods we shall gain the applause of future generations, we may at least be assured that by future generations we shall be accursed if we shall permit these noble forests to be destroyed.

The Silly Season at Its Worst.

More than any other community under the shining sun, we think, our goodly but temperamental town of San Francisco is prone to beguile herself by multifarious exercises of "bunc." We had fondly supposed that the limit had been reached—that we had run the gamut of every possible variation to be found in the combined scales of impertinence and frivolity. But the current week is exhibiting the fact that in the resources of "bunc" there are tricks still cheaper and even more asinine. We are, if you please, in the full current of "boy week." We have a make-believe boy mayor, other make-believe boy officials—boy this and boy that *ad nauseam.* Our City Hall is the centre of an infantile pageant that has cast common sense and traditional standards of propriety and taste to the winds. The silliness of it is past words, but there is in it all something worse than mere silliness. In the very nature of things it takes from those who participate in it that which makes for the simplicity, the dignity, and the charm of childhood. It substitutes for it pretentiousness, impertinence, and a general attitude of boorish forwardness. It goes even deeper than that; it is a disturbance of the routine that makes for wholesomeness and naturalness in the mind of childhood. It fills with excitement and delusion days that should be devoted to acquiring the precepts, standards, and habits of orderly and normal life. And in doing all this it robs serious things of seriousness, puts things of respect in contempt. It is something worse than nonsense because it exalts buncombe. The motive of it all is plain enough. It is a cheap device of the cheapest sort of politics, and it is made possible by the cheapest sort of journalism. Our politicians find in it a means of exploiting themselves and our delectable newspapers revel in it as a fresh device of sensationalism. In disgust and chagrin common sense asks if there is ever to be an end to the reign of insufferable buffoonery in San Francisco. Alas, we fear not. Everything that may be classified under the titles of tradition, propriety, respect, appears to have been lost to a community which seems never to have its fill of frivolity and folly.

One of the stunts of "boy week," arranged for the instruction and edification of youth, was a formal attendance upon a session of our board of supervisors. A delegation of boy students of municipal government was invited to the supervisors' chamber of the City Hall. They were to observe the machinery of government in operation; and to that end were escorted to a place of honor. To add grace to the occasion—incidentally to throw a sop to the feminine element in our politics—a delegation of young girls was also brought in and likewise placed where they might see the wheels of municipal government go round. What happened was not on the programme, but it was none the less interesting and instructive for that. The proceedings opened with a demand from Supervisor Hynes that he be permitted to make an explanation of something that happened last week. He was ruled by the chairman out of order and the ruling was sustained by a vote of 17 to 1. But Mr. Hynes insisted upon talking without leave. The chairman and all the other members of the august body protested. What followed—as we find it reported in a morning paper—was this:

The chair [Supervisor McLeran] ruled that there was nothing for Hynes to speak on under the head of personal privilege and directed him to take his seat.

Hynes again appealed from the decision of the chair. At this juncture several other supervisors sought to stay the heated exchange.

McLeran surrendered the gavel to Supervisor Hayden and the board sustained McLeran hy a vote of 15 to 2, McSheehy alone siding with Hynes.

From his seat Hynes shouted defiantly: "Muzzling and gagging is still proceeding."

"You must respect the chair and the decisions of the chair," McLeran retorted.

"I've no respect for the chair, none for the chairman, and this is the worst piece of muzzling and gagging ever attempted hy a legislative body," shouted Hynes.

He was still talking loudly when Sergeant-at-Arms Kreling acting under instructions of the chairman, seized him, and getting a half-Nelson on him, hurled him to his feet, later dragging him from the chamber amid hisses and cat-calls.

With Hynes outside of the hall the hoard voted 14 to 3 to sustain McLeran's ejectment order.

Thus a group of children—"students of municipal government"—were given an inspiring demonstration of the dignities and solemnities of municipal legislation. Instructive and edifying truly. The boys—and the girls—learned a lot.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10th.—Will President Harding stand for a second term? I find this question very much in the public mind, although the nominating conventions are still more than a year ahead. Mr. Harding has given no intimation of his intentions, and it would be a bold spirit that would demand his confidence. A gracious even a suave man is Mr. Harding, but he knows how to keep his own counsel, and no man has better command of the fine art of protecting himself against impertinence. Two members of the Cabinet—Mr. Hoover from the standpoint of political logic and Mr. Daugherty from the standpoint of practical politics—have given to the public individual judgments to the effect that a second candidacy on the part of Mr. Harding is inevitable. But neither of these gentlemen has or has had authority to speak. On this point I am positive. A common opinion even among those who are believed to be "close" to Mr. Harding is that he has not yet made up his mind, and there are intimate suggestions that he is holding his determination in abeyance subject to Mrs. Harding's state of health. Over and above all else he is a man of domestic sympathies, and there is no doubt that if a second term were offered him "on a silver platter," as they say in Iowa, he would decline it if there were involved a consideration adverse to his wife's welfare.

One point is certain, namely, Mr. Harding is not scheming for renomination. If he were he would not venture the hazards of the projected trip to Alaska. He has had long observation of affairs political and he knows as well as anybody that since Andrew Johnson's famous "swing around the circle" no presidential candidate has ever gained anything by touring the country. The reasons are obvious. A visiting President, or presidential aspirant, must make speeches. If he confines himself to amiable platitudes he disappoints men of intelligence and positive mind. If he hits out from the shoulder he antagonizes those whose ideas or interests are at discord with his own. If he attempts to please one community he is certain to offend another. Then the social self-exploiters crowd in upon him; the self-respecting and modest stand aloof. In three cases out of five he meets up with the wrong people, while those who might be of service to him stand aside from the line of his contacts. Inevitably a

touring President leaves behind him a wake of wounded sensibilities and disappointed vanities. The experiences of ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, not to mention others, stand as caution signals to any President who wishes for reëlection; and if Mr. Harding would like more intimate advice as to the dangers of swinging around the circle he should be able to get it from Mr. Hughes. From the standpoint of political diplomacy, if Mr. Harding looks for a second term, he would better cancel his plans, take a modest house somewhere on the Atlantic coast, and divide his days between the golf course and the front porch.

Mr. Harding is obviously sincere in the declaration that in going to Alaska he has two purposes—one to study on the ground and for himself the vexing issues of that long-neglected territory. Another, to give Mrs. Harding the benefit of a sea voyage in cool air with the diversion to be found in fresh and charming scenes. In these purposes—one related to official duty, the other to domestic solicitude—Mr. Harding will surely have the sympathies of the American people.

I have said that Mr. Harding is not scheming for renomination. Proof may be found in his dealings with men and affairs during his two years in the presidency. The very first lesson in the book of practical politics is to the effect that a man in office should coddle his friends and whack his enemies. The second lesson—by many wise ones regarded as the more important—counsels cajolement and conciliation of local party leaders. Mr. Harding has heeded neither the one nor the other. He has gone great lengths toward conciliating the irreconcilables—notably Senator Johnson of California—and he has given scant attention to local party magnates. In truth he has come pretty close to the point of antagonizing assured friends through over-consideration of men who are not and never will be his friends. I question if in the forty-eight states there are a half-dozen groups of locally-potential politicians who have any sense of favors received at the hands of the Harding administration. Mr. Harding has made not the least effort to create a personal organization; and in making Federal appointments he has considered efficiencies rather than political effects. Witness recent judicial appointments in California and elsewhere.

Speculation regarding next year's nomination may not discreetly overlook the fact that at many points Republican domination of the government has failed of the hopes that attended its beginning. But default has been on the part of Congress rather than with the President. The country knows this and it acquits Mr. Harding of responsibility for party delinquencies. It is possible that a President of another temper—of a fighting spirit—might have whipped Congress into line. A hot-blooded Roosevelt swinging a big stick, or a cold-blooded Wilson enforcing his determinations by arrogant courses, might have achieved more positive results. But in doing it there would assuredly have been a further weakening of the constitutional scheme of government, with progressive demoralization of Congress. Mr. Harding's conception of the presidential office, perhaps influenced largely by a kindly and conciliatory disposition, is under other inspirations. He does not believe it to be the duty of a President—or within his rights—to drive Congress. He believes it to be the proper duty of a President to advise, to inform, to persuade. He will not use the methods of Roosevelt or those of Wilson because in his conception they are outside the lines of his authority and privilege, because in the last analysis they are futile and in a moral sense destructive. Over a Washington dinner-table a few days back I heard a distinguished American statesman, long an observer and a participant in governmental affairs, declare that if President Harding were to kick somebody down the White House steps it would make him a national hero. The remark, of course, was in the spirit of jest; none the less there was behind it a modicum of social and political philosophy. Unquestionably there is in the public imagination that which tends to admiration of high spirits and of blustering forcefulness. Who of us does not love the story that tells of George Washington lifting a poacher on the toe of his boot and berating him in terms that were never learned in Fredericksburg church? Whoever has heard without a stirring of the spirit, and a freshened affection for the great apostle of patience, the story of Lincoln's grasping an intruder by the scruff of his neck and the bulge of his trousers and thrusting him violently from a White House door? But spirit may be illustrated in many ways. And it is for each man to follow the propensities of his own temperament. No man ever gained anything by imitating somebody else. The only effective course for any man, to borrow a miner's phrase, is to work his own vein. Mr. Harding does precisely this.

And who shall say that Mr. Harding has not achieved notable results? Who shall challenge the practical ability of Mr. Harding? If there be any, answer may be found in the achievements of his two brief years in the presidency. They include, besides an especially efficient governmental routine, the return of general prosperity, the bringing of our war bonds from a heavy discount up to par, the enforcement of practical economies in every department of government, the institution of a budget system under which the charges of government have been brought within the governmental income. Further, the record is ennobled by an international agreement—the Four-Power Pact—under which peace in the Pacific has been made an assurance and which in itself is a long stride toward practical coöperation among the nations. And if there be anybody to challenge the courage of Mr. Harding, let him note the President's stand upon the bonus bill; let him further note his veto of the latest and the most vicious of many raids upon the treasury under the specious plea of gratitude to those who served in the civil war; let him take stock of the firmness and persistence of Mr. Harding in respect of every recommendation he has made to Congress.

In the view of many party men, and it is a view with which I am individually in sympathy, the renomination of Mr. Harding is a party necessity. The party appeal for a new mandate must be made upon the record of the Harding administration. And who so qualified to carry the party banner as the man in whose name the record has been made? Again tradition, now pretty well established, calls, if not for a second term, at least for a second nomination. In my judgment, whether he shall wish it or not, Mr. Harding will be called upon to head the party ticket next year, and barring domestic exigencies he will not be justified in refusing. In brief, I believe Mr. Harding will be the Republican nominee in 1923; and I will go a step further to declare belief that he will be reëlected.

It hardly needs be said that there will in one form or another be rivalry for the nomination. But there is nobody in sight in whose behalf serious considerations may be urged. Each of five or six members of the irreconcilable group is on the lookout. Senator La Follette, Senator Borah, Senator Johnson, Governor Pinchot and perhaps a half-dozen others are eagerly scanning the horizon. But no one of them has any title to party favor, no one of them commands the confidence of the country. In the party at large there are many men of ability and experience who might admirably answer the requirements of the presidential office. But as matters stand the one figure of high potentiality is that of our very worthy President.

Considering the difficulties that have surrounded him during the past two years, and which still beset his path, Mr. Harding is wearing extremely well. To be sure, he has found the presidency a heavy burden. His conception of the office has been serious and he has given himself small license of leisure and little of distraction. He plays golf once or twice a week, and at rare intervals he mounts his beautiful "Harbel" and canters along the paths of Rock Creek Park. He makes the dinner hour in the White House an occasion of brief relaxation, and now and again he refreshes himself by attendance upon the theatre. At other times, early and late, he labors as perhaps few other men in the country labor. For him there is no eight-hour limit or any other limit. It has worn upon him obviously. He looks older than when he took office, and he wears the serious look that unfailingly comes upon a man who has to deal with weighty affairs and who is in constant exercise of great authority. Nevertheless at the age of fifty-eight he is still in the prime of mental and physical vigor, capable to the full exercise of his native powers, further capacitated through familiarity with the affairs of the country and of the world founded in the opportunities and experience of his high office.

In the rise of special coteries and blocs, largely developed in the Senate and in some degree in the House of Representatives, there is a distinct menace to the Republican party, and for that matter to any party. The system of party government so essential under our tradition and practice, and relative to the fundamental philosophy of representative government, is being tested as never before. It makes a situation that may well challenge serious attention on the part of those who make and who are to administer Republican politics. The Republican party was founded in response to a high moral sentiment combined with a profound emotional appeal. It arose in protest against the infamy of human slavery, and in defense of the sentiment embodied in the slogan, "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever." In the fiery furnace of the civil war and in the character of Abraham Lincoln it gained an endowment of something that may not with impropriety be characterized as spiritual power. Time and circumstance have in considerable measure corrupted and weakened it. But its great fundamental tradition abides. Today the Republican party must, in some degree at least, hold to that tradition or it must meet the fate that waits upon tradition disregarded and flouted.

There has, too, come into our politics a new factor in connection with extension of the franchise to women. It is trite to say that woman is a creature more or less dominated by emotion, but it is as true now as ever it was, and there is in the fact a new force of political significance. The women of the country, speaking broadly, have come *de novo* to consideration of political interests. Not all, but many lack the background—the guiding force of fixed prepossessions and pre-commitments. They have had no part in the creation of immediate political conditions, still less of political traditions. Further, to the exercise of their new privileges they bring a quality of emotional and moral aspiration. By its origin, and its pretensions as a party of moral aims, the Republican party has first claim upon the independent element of the woman vote. Here is a fact of which those who have authority to determine the character of the Republican party and its policies would do well to take stock. There must be in the party character, if it is to attract and hold the woman vote, something more than business and political calculation. There must be in it a basic humanitarian purpose, a distinct moral appeal, something calculated to inspire emotional response. In imagination I can see in certain hard-boiled quarters smiles of incredulity or of contempt in respect of this remark. There will be those to insist that politics is and must ever be a game—a "man's game." I warn all such that they have something to learn of the spirit of American womanhood. Of course the greater number of women will espouse and make their own traditional family politics. There will be other women just as there are men to find in politics something of the motives of business, with something of the interest attaching to a sporting game. But there will be a large independent element to whom moral suggestion—the instinct for social betterment, the demand of humanitarian sympathy, the emotions of sentimental aspiration—will be a controlling appeal. And to which ever party this element shall ally itself there will come a tremendous access of authority in the affairs of government.

A. H.

A Physician's Centenary.

Among the recent centenaries that of the death of Edward Jenner, discoverer of vaccination, is one of the more notable. Nor would the great English physician and naturalist bimself have been unduly flattered at the celebration of that event, since his birthday was a common fête day in Europe in his lifetime. In this era of almost universal vaccination, when its opposers are ranked scientifically a little lower than anti-Darwinians, it is difficult to realize what Jenner meant to his own pest-ridden times. His discovery was hailed with prayer and thanksgiving in his lifetime, though plausibly enough, he met with the greatest opposition at home. It was on the Continent that he was reckoned almost a god where clergymen urged vaccination on their parishioners and where religious processions were formed to receive it. Sensational, certainly, but we remember the hysteria that accompanied the influenza epidemic of 1918. By imagining some such constant visitation one is able to form an idea of what Jenner and his miraculous discovery meant to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He was literally the people's savior.

Edward Jenner was born May 17, 1749, and lived

most of his life in Berkeley, Gloucestershire. He was the son of the vicar of Berkeley, of a family long established and possessed of considerable landed property. The Rev. Stephen Jenner having died in Edward's early childhood, the boy was brought up with paternal care by an elder brother, who encouraged his predilection for natural history and his choice of medicine for a profession. His studies began under a local surgeon, but in his twenty-first year Jenner went to London, where he became a favorite pupil of John Hunter, with whom he long maintained correspondence and under whose direction he made many investigations. While working with Hunter he tried to interest the latter in vaccination, a subject that had engaged Jenner's own interest from a very early date, but though Hunter mentioned the theory in his lectures he was not convinced.

The young Jenner's reputation was first made as a naturalist. During the two years he lived and worked with Hunter he was engaged by Sir Joseph Banks to arrange and prepare valuable zoological specimens that Banks had brought back from Captain Cook's first voyage in 1771, and Jenner, as a result of his successful collation, was offered the post of naturalist on Cook's second expedition. He declined the opportunity as well as several other advantageous offers in order to return to Berkeley to practice medicine. There he was the principal founder of a local medical society to which he contributed several notable papers, particularly that in which he anticipated later discoveries concerning rheumatic inflammation of the heart. Jenner's mind instinctively explored the frontiers of thought. It was characteristic of him that he was the first to construct a balloon in his native vicinage.

Men of the first rank of scientific thought and attainment such as Jenner undoubtedly was are usually specialists and often boors. Not so the man whose name is synonymous with vaccination. Not only was he a lifelong student of geology, physics, natural history, he was also a favorite in general society, where his performance on violin and flute, a fair singing voice, a facility for scribbling light verse, and brilliant ability as a conversationalist opened all doors to him. He was a favorite with the royal family and with many other high personages and practically every honor that European courts and scientific societies could confer were showered on him. The bitter opposition, as we have suggested before, was closer home; the explanation probably professional jealousy.

As far back as his apprentice days at Sodbury the theory of vaccination had been forming in Jenner's mind—the germ being a popular belief which he found current in Gloucestershire concerning the antagonism between cowpox and smallpox. His first investigations dated from 1775 and five years elapsed before he had proved to his satisfaction that two different diseases had thitherto been confused under the term cowpox, only one of which protected against smallpox, and that only at a particular stage. By 1796 he had successfully experimented with inoculation and by 1798 was ready to publish his theory to the world in a pamphlet, "Inquiry into the Cause and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ." The Inquiry was greeted by a storm of protest headed by Ingenhausz, a celebrated physician and scientist, and by a rival opposition under George Pearson, who without any first-hand knowledge of the subject, claimed Jenner's laurels, published pamphlets, delivered lectures and supplied virus from infected London cows—a bit of enterprise that resulted in promotion of smallpox and which Jenner had to fight for the rest of his life. Pearson's crowning impudence was to found an institution for the promotion of vaccination and offer the post of honorary corresponding physician to Jenner. Fortunately the latter's influence succeeded in demolishing the project. By 1799 vaccination had spread over England, the United States, and throughout Europe, with the result that deaths from smallpox, which had averaged annually in England 2018 during the latter half of the eighteenth century, fell in 1804 to 622. The Royal Jennerian Society, which began so auspiciously in 1802, was rent by internal rivalries and finally expired in 1808. Fortunately the work was continued by the national vaccine establishment of which Jenner was made a director. Anent that honor, some idea may be gained of his professional difficulties when it is remembered that he had no sooner turned his back on London than his policy for the society was scrapped and Sir Lucas Pepys, president of the College of Physicians, proceeded on his own. Jenner resigned.

But though pursued by professional jealousy and fraud, Jenner had strong friends even at home. His grant of £20,000 to replace the earlier insufficient grant was suggested by the chancellor of the exchequer, Lord Henry Petty, and in 1813 the University of Oxford, wishing to force the hand of the College of Physicians, conferred the degree of M. D. on Jenner. But the regents of the university reckoned without the scheming subtlety of the college of M. D.'s, for that august body let it be known that Jenner must pass an examination in classics to become one of them. With proper spirit the great innovator told his enemies that brushing up his classics would "be irksome beyond measure. I would not do it for a diadem. That indeed would be a bauble. I would not do it for John Hunter's museum." So closed the long fight for Jenner's acceptance by his fellow-scientists. He visited London for the last time in 1814, when he was presented to the Allied Sovereigns. Shortly after he retired to private life and devoted his remaining years to his duties as physician and magistrate, his natural history researches, and to collecting further evidence on points connected with his great discovery.

Governor Richardson and Mr. Scharrenberg.

Governor Richardson has vetoed Assembly Bill 257, regarding strike advertising, on the ground that it was an unnecessary piece of legislation, probably unconstitutional, and might jeopardize the present law regarding this kind of advertising enacted in 1913. In explaining his action Governor Richardson said: "This bill is hacked by Paul Scharrenberg, whom I removed as immigration and housing commissioner because of numerous acts of offensive lobbying. Scharrenberg is a professional labor leader and lobbyist who lives without manual labor upon fees collected from the men who earn their living by the sweat of their brows. While the amendment proposed in this bill is unnecessary and might be of injury, still it is advocated by Scharrenberg evidently to demonstrate that he is busy and entitled to continue to collect compensation from real workers."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Responsibility for the War.

Pacific Grove, May 14, 1923.

Editor Argonaut: You seem to your friends to be still the victim of war propaganda. If it is at all safe for one to breathe the word "Peace" without being called all sorts of names, may one express the opinion that a permanent peace is only possible on a basis of truth and justice?

Even men so prominent in the war as Lloyd George and Nitti now admit that there was not just one "abstract demon," called Germany, solely responsible therefor. See the former (December 23, 1920): "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that *no one* at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, *perhaps through folly*, and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it."

Or hear Nitti, late Italy's prime minister: "I can not say that Germany and her allies were solely responsible for the war. . . . That statement, which we all made during the war, was a weapon to be used at the time; now that the war is over it can not be used as a serious argument."

A mountain of cumulative evidence, easily accessible, confirms Nitti's statement. As a culminating proof take the telegram dispatched on the night of July 31st-August 1st, 1914, from the Russian military attaché in Paris to his government. It reads thus: "The minister of war assured me, in impressive and hearty terms, that his government is firmly resolved to go to war, and he asked me to confirm the hope of the French general staff that we should direct all our efforts against Germany and treat Austria as a negligible quantity."

Hundreds of documents, now published, will promptly convince any unprejudiced person that tortuous secret diplomacy, deceitful, deceiving, and deceived, caused the war, and, moreover, is today preparing for another. Pray, Mr. Editor, do your utmost to prevent this diplomatic fooling all the people all the time. Before starting another war let us at least accept Lloyd George's hint and adopt some method of averting it by reasonable discussion. Edward Berwick.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Rover.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew
My Love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore
My Love!
And adieu for evermore."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

BURBANK OF SANTA ROSA.

What the Horticulturist Thinks About Heredity, Eugenics Democracy, Socialism, Feminism and Religion.

For the past week Santa Rosa, capital city of that delectable region called by the Indians Sonoma, or the Land of the Moon, where California is at her loveliest and every breath is medicine, has been celebrating the jubilee of the labors of Luther Burbank, the man whom the past generation of Santa Rosanos thought was crazy because he burned up thousands of trees that did not suit him. The Santa Rosanos of today honor the prophet in his own country, and so they hung the town with flags, filled the streets with brass bands, and pulled off parades and pageants, beginning with last Saturday, when the mystic nobles or noble mystics of a mysterious organization, for two or three members of which the Eighteenth Amendment appears to have been adopted in vain, hauled the California Merlin around in an automobile and at night initiated him as an honorary member. These gentlemen kept themselves under cover of crimson caps and moved cautiously through the main thoroughfares, hiding behind bass drums and slip horns—a real American secret society. Some carried little satchels "said to contain" regalia.

A good third of the folks down town wore bronze plaques, about an inch by an inch and a half, bearing the handsome head, not of Alexander or Napoleon or some other renowned slaughterer, but of the man who has given the world incalculable wealth in plant forms that stingy nature never intended it to have. And ethnologists would be interested in that head. The little plaque and most of the pictures show a side view, because its profile, with the tufted hair and slightly hooked Roman nose, is beautiful to any artist. But face to face, as Tom Dillon would say, it is one of the longest and narrowest heads I ever saw, the head of Nordic man, not to any degree the Alpine form, nor the cannonball German head, but the long, lean, fore-and-aft rig of the typical Yankee. Many have that head, however, without the Burbank content.

A sweet little brown woman admitted me to the spacious house, and I was glad to find that Luther Burbank is sufficiently old-fashioned to keep a hat-rack, the next greatest invention to the hat. Mrs. Burbank warned me not to stay too long, and I resolved that I wouldn't unless I could. Mr. Burbank entered and shook hands, and his hand is a working man's hand, a bit knurly, and endowed with power. He seemed to be in good condition for a man that had been initiated into a band of mystic American nobles the night before. He is, perhaps, about medium height, and is brown from so much grubbing about outdoors, and speaks in a pleasant voice, with simple directness, in language a plain man can understand; which would seem to come from dealing with realities instead of book stuff. We chatted for an hour and a half, during which I considerately let him do most of the talking, and he used only one botanical term in all that time: when he referred to a lanceolate leaf. If he wanted to call a leaf hairy, he just called it hairy; he did not try to hide it, or keep its condition to himself, by calling it hirsute; and if Burbank can do that, some of the botanists whose science seems to consist mainly of cryptic nomenclature might do the same. I have little awe of celebrities, because so many of them are bluffs. Most of my reverence is reserved for the man that can increase the visible supply of shingles, or window glass, or roads, or bridges, or ships, or shoes, or food, and I was a bit nervous for fear Mr. Burbank would be disinclined to talk; so I began by observing that so much sentimental fluff and flubdub had been written about him that I thought I would see if I couldn't get a little something that was real. That proved a good gambit, and, to shift our metaphorical gears, we were off to a flying start. No one could feel uncomfortable in the company of genius that is at the same time sincere and human, and he seemed relieved to think he was not expected to play wizard on so beautiful a Sunday morning.

Mr. Burbank is seventy-four years old. His achievements are represented, with some distortions, in five-foot shelves of books, and an effort even to epitomize them would have no stopping place. The world knows some of the things he has done for it, but a few might be mentioned in passing as a sort of measure of the man.

There is the Burbank potato, now propagated under many names, with qualities and accomplishments the natural potato never thought of—a sort of trained vegetable, and that way of characterizing it conforms to Mr. Burbank's way of thinking about plants: he considers that he trains them, and the title of one of his books is "How Plants Are Trained to Work for Man." The training can not be made effective with the individual plant, but only over several generations, through cross-breeding, environmental influences favorable to variation, selection of those with qualities valuable to man, and rejection of the others; so it is the family that is trained, not the individual. "The potato," said Mr. Burbank, "is a wonderful story in itself. We find it in its earliest form high in the Chilean Andes, making a few little roots in the cracks of the rocks, and going

mostly to tops and seed because so few seeds can germinate. And the roots would extend so they would have to be traced six or eight feet to find a little tuber as big as a marble. I had a collector in Chile, after primitive potatoes and other things, and sometimes he had to blast to get them out. The original plant was so weedy that in lower ground and more favorable soil it ran to tangled vines and became a pest. But in better environment it would sometimes produce more valuable roots, for human consumption. On the island of Chiloe it seemed to find its favorite elements, and a tremendous number of varieties have been produced there. In this country the potatoes were nubby and small and subject to rot, and when they ran to any size it would be in one direction so that they looked like lady fingers. Sometimes they would be all eyes running clear to the centre. They had to be trained to produce good roots, and that was a matter of selection and inviting surroundings. They had to be taught to stay in the hill. I began my work on the potato in 1872, back in Massachusetts. I found the seed-ball of an Early Rose, which seldom bears seed, and got thirty-two plants from it that were practically all different. From these came the Burbank potato. I sold it for $150. It has probably contributed $150,000,000 to the food values of the world.

"A blacksmith said to me, 'Burbank, there's one thing you can't do: you can't make a white blackberry.' I brought him up to the house and gave him some of these." And he proudly exhibited a beautiful print of "blackberries" that were pearly white.

The amaryllis is a shameless wanton, all pink and naked, and Burbank made it even more shamelessly flaunting, advertising itself with variegated blaring colors, a gorgeous, flamboyant, painted thing, a floral street-walker. He had some pictures of it as I remember having seen it a few years ago leering at me over the fence from a patch in his Santa Rosa grounds, bolder and more beautiful than orchids. But he is through with the amaryllis; nothing more need be done with that. And he showed wonderful gladioli that grew all round the stem, and to immense size. And there is the Shasta daisy and multi-colored larkspur, and new kinds of popcorn, and the earliest tomato in the world, wilt-resisting and capable of two crops a year, and the ever-bearing strawberry, and a white, hullless, beardless barley, and California poppies that are red and alarmed a poor old lady who wrote to him her fears that he was going to turn all the poppies in California red, and a mammoth perpetual artichoke, and an improved corn, and a giant white sunflower heavy with chicken food beyond any other, and good for silage, and the sunberry, and a most productive variety of oats, and giant dahlia zinnias, and calendulas. There is a walnut so prolific and of such rapid growth that it might be relied upon some day to reforest the earth. But perhaps the most romantic thing he has done is to train the cactus to go without its spurs. For the cactus of nature is an exasperation. There is no excuse for it. There it stands in the blistering desert, a luscious, tempting thing to man and beast, and neither man nor beast can eat it. It is nature's insult, a vegetable rattlesnake, worse than poison oak. Down in New Mexico they try to feed cattle on its fat, green flanges by burning off the spines, but it is hard work and seldom thoroughly done, and the poor cattle suffer torments. The fruit is delicious, but if you eat it you will need tweezers and a dentist to pick the stickers out of your tongue and the roof of your mouth. Burbank bred cactus bare of spines and added a sweet and juicy fruit to man's diet and incalculable tons of fodder to the ration of the herds. He told me the Salvation Army had introduced it into India about five years ago, and now the Indian government is planting it all over that overpopulated, poverty-stricken land.

And yet what seems of equal if not greater interest to Burbank now is his work with the plum. He chuckled with unholy glee when he told how a great scientist said there could be no such thing as a plum-cot—a hybrid of apricot and plum. There it is. When he began on plums there were none in California that would ship, or were worth it. He has produced thousands of varieties of plum, some forty-five or fifty of which he has introduced into horticulture. In being told by book scientists what he could not do and then doing it he reminds one of Edison, who was told he couldn't split the electric current. These men teach scientists. And in another particular he is like Edison, and that is in vastness of experimentation. All his working life he has toiled ten hours a day and for many years he has directed the labors of from sixteen to twenty trained helpers on several farms in Sonoma County; he now operates five such farms, aggregating sixty-five acres. He wastes as nature wastes—in holocausts of trees and plant forms that do not carry the serviceable traits he is after. And for that some of his workmen still think poorly of his judgment.

Mr. Burbank began life as the thirteenth child in a family of fifteen (of course the family limit had not then been reached and nobody knew when it would be) on a 200-acre farm at Lancaster, Masachusetts. His father was able to give him schooling in one of those fine New England private academies where they really teach things and make boys use their heads, but when that was over young Burbank had to go to work. He got a job at a wood-turning lathe in an implement works at Worcester, where he received $3 a week, out of which he paid $3.50 for board. Being naturally gifted, he soon saw that it couldn't be done, so he invented an improvement on the lathe, had himself put on piece work, which our socialists so hate, and was soon earning $16.50 a day—some days. You can't keep a real Yankee down. He made lots of money, and went back to farming—of the Luther Burbank kind. "We don't learn much of anything except by experience," he said. And now that he has had so much experience and time to reflect upon it, perhaps it is in order to turn from what he has done, which can be found out merely by reading ten or a dozen thick volumes, and consider a few things he thinks and believes. It would not be fair, however, to present in "quotes," and as though in his language, statements he made in the course of an unexpected interview which he had no opportunity of defining and revising for publication; so the reader must take these observations more as the writer's personal impressions than as definite statements of Burbank.

First, he would not agree with Mr. Bryan that evolution is all a mistake, and seek to abolish it like the assemblymen of Kentucky or Texas. Neither would he agree with Weismann that acquired characteristics are not transmitted by heredity. He believes with Lamarck that they are, and he says everybody will believe it some day. But his conception of it is subject to this modification: that the acquired characteristic may not appear for generations, but inheres in the strain as a potency, to assert itself at some remote time under the stimulus of favorable environment. Of course, he is wrong about the transmissibility of acquired characteristics—but as he has made a million or two experiments in this field and I have made none, all I could do was gently and firmly to dissent, and get on with the job; feeling as Lincoln Steffens ought to feel when he says Hugo Stinnes does not know what he is doing.

And next about Mendel. Burbank believes Mendel is largely right, perhaps altogether so as far as he goes, but the Mendelian hypothesis does not embrace by large numbers as many variants as Burbank can get from crossing and favorable environment. As for Hugo De Vries, one of the discoverers of Mendelism after it had been lost for thirty years, the mutations that he saw, Burbank believes to be far more common than De Vries suspected, and these mutations form the foundation of Burbank's work. "We often see a family," he said, "in which there is a tall child and a dwarf child, a good child and a bad one, a blonde and a brunette, a bright one and a dullard. That need cause no bewilderment to any one that understands Mendelism; it is the mere coalescence of different pairs of parental elements at different times in the production of that family. It happens all the time, and we make it happen on my farms by crossing and fertilization and favorable conditions in general, so that there shall be material from which to select those characteristics valuable to man; and then we destroy the rest. Without such changes from the common type I could get no results. Hybridization is paramount. And people differ in value just like plants. Some day we shall have to come in this country to birth c——"

Here I shall have to be very guarded to avoid precipitating on him a flood of letters from cranks all over the country. He receives 2000 letters a week on the average, and a large percentage of them are crank letters; and that percentage is quite high enough now. Only, this is important. We are a mongrelized people, and while mongrelization, or hybridization, can supply the most valuable material for selection, yet selection there must be if we would avoid ruining once more this frequently ruined country. (For if two worthless individuals mate, ninety-nine out of one hundred of their progeny will be worthless.) Never has there been a people so mixed as the people of the United States. We have more genius and more crime than any other land. Europe is a seething pot of misery, and for that reason the mongrelizing process in this country is being accelerated. We shall have to protect ourselves in some way, or it will end either in conflict or in that form of selection known as birth control—not now, but perhaps in a thousand years or so, when it may be possible to have a system of birth control under the direction of intelligence and beyond the reach of bigotry or sinister political or military design. So, at least, I interpret remarks flung off in the course of casual conversation, and not at all to be received as though he had written and signed them. This mongrelization, rightly used, is a rich mine. Primitive nations, isolated for ages, produce few variants and few geniuses. Genius is rare among the Chinese, for example, and when it occurs will usually be found to inherit the blood of intruders. Genius is seldom found among the lower order of Hindus, seldom found among unmongrelized Africans. Frederick Douglas was half white.

And democracy—flat, level democracy—in that Burbank does not believe. All nature opposes it. He himself is engaged, through a sort of birth control, in producing plant aristocracy. The differences in plants, in their character and ability, reflect the differences in all organic nature, and particularly in men. There are men that lead and others that follow, men that are fitted to rule and others fit only to be ruled. The governing classes must govern. Socialism is a delusion. And he spoke of the socialistic colony at Altruria which decided to have no children until it got on its feet financially, and was disrupted by a lot of breach-of-contract babies, making more mouths to feed from the common store, for which no one was willing to work in order to support another's children. Nature will not have uniformity, will not have equality, will not have democracy; and fecundity itself wars against socialism.

And feminism; we touched lightly on that, and the great horticulturist pointed out that there are sex qualities that are different and nature seems to hate too even a combination of them in any individual. There are feminine qualities that men should not have, and masculine qualities that women should not have. Some combination of the two, with a distinct predominance of sexually distinguished traits, is normal. The abnormal effeminate man and masculine woman nature abhors. But sex division is essential to progress. Without it there would be no variation, with it there is a mingling of infinite heredities producing infinite variety.

And then we reached religion, by way of discussing those variations. Whence came the power to vary, which seems a potency of everything organic, so that like so often does not produce like after its kind, Moses to the contrary notwithstanding? Well, that came from God. Did this man so intimate with nature believe in God? Not in a personal God; only in something immanent in nature, expressing itself in natural law and the properties of matter, the facets of the crystal and the hues of the peony. That is all we know, and all we have a right to believe. It is as far as we can go, and unless I misunderstand him, it is as far as we ever shall go. Mankind needs something to look up to and grow up to—a social ideal, a principle of ethics, and Burbank finds it for himself in helpfulness. And about that, he knows. He has helped the world as much as Benjamin Franklin, perhaps more. A thousand years hence it will be a different and a better place because he worked in it.

Morton Todd.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The first monument to Wilbur Wright, "Aeronaut and Pioneer of Heavier Than Air Aviation," has been unveiled at Henry County Memorial Park, near Newcastle, Indiana, under auspices of the Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity. The famous airplane inventor was born April 16, 1867, on a farm near Newcastle, where his father was a bishop in the United Brethren Church. He died eleven years ago next Memorial Day.

India can now boast her native Suzanne Lenglen in Miss Subbammall Aradoran, champion woman tennis player of her country.

Sweden's new prime minister is Ernst Trygger, formerly justice of the Swedish Supreme Court, who succeeds the Social-Democratic cabinet headed by Hjalmar Branting.

Another name in the growing list of women explorers is that of Mrs. Dealia J. Akeley, who heads an expedition to the Congo to gather big game specimens for the Brooklyn Museum.

Senator Knute Nelson, the "Grand Old Man of the United States Senate," died last week in his eightieth year. Nelson was born in Norway, 1843, and was brought to this country by his family when he was six years old. He was educated at Albion College. During the civil war he was a non-commissioned officer of the Fourth Wisconsin Infantry and was wounded and captured at Fort Hudson. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, elected to the Wisconsin house of representatives, '68-'69, became a county attorney, was elected to the Minnesota senate, was a presidential elector in 1880, became a regent of the University of Minnesota, and generally speaking was a significant factor in Northwestern politics. In 1883 he was sent to Washington, where he was a member of the Forty-Eighth to Fiftieth Congresses. He was elected governor of Minnesota in '92 and reëlected in '94, but resigned the following year upon election to the United States Senate, where he served five terms. Mr. Nelson was a Republican.

The common conception of a teacher of dead languages as an absent-minded student who passes a sequestered life among the musty tomes of a library does not in the least fit Professor Ralph V. D. Magoffin of Johns Hopkins, whose appointment as head of the enlarged department of classics at New York University has just been announced by Chancellor Brown. Professor Magoffin, who was born in Kansas, was employed by the Santa Fé Railroad in that state, worked in a lumber mill and a cotton gin in Arkansas, and ran a drug store before he started in to get a college education, and he was nearly thirty before he was graduated from the University of Michigan. Now, still on the popular side of fifty, he is president of the Archæology Institute of America, associate editor of the *American Journal of Archæology*, and a writer of international repute on classical subjects.

Major Sir William Orpen, K. B. E., the English portrait painter, who is visiting this country, has enunciated a doctrine that will make him popular in America, where all women are beauties to some one. Orps, as he is known to his boon companions, declares that in his twenty-five years of painting he has never seen a perfect model or a really pretty woman, and this despite the fact that he has paid particular attention to motion-picture stars and to beauty contest winners. He admits, however, that beauty is a matter of taste and his requirements are exacting.

LITERARY HORSERADISH.

"Mumbo Jumbo" Bumbles Forth a Few Satirical Remarks on Some of Our Modern Inanities.

Now comes "Mumbo Jumbo," attempting the excoriation of society in its modern follies after the manner of Shaw and in the spirit of Carlyle, and the compositor says it ought to be called "Mumble Jumble." It not a little exceeds the limit of turgid verbosity, and should be awarded whatever prize may be for massing more adjectives on the page than any other extant book; but in spite of that it is a healthy lambasting of dusty jackets and the noise at times is pleasant to the judicious ear. Henry Clews, Jr., has looked at modern tendencies with an appraising eye, and if he saw anything valuable he failed to put it in the manifest. He scolds and scolds. Sometimes he swears something dreadful, and sometimes when there is no intervening jacket he pickles his switch and belabors bare backs and fair shoulders—cruelly. His portrait accompanies the book, and its expression is that of a man determined to change the world or be shot at dawn. Like the village sport, he doesn't care when nor where. And good scolding is not to be despised, any more than fresh mustard.

The attack has two approaches, rather well coördinated; one is by way of introduction to the other, and there is a sort of liaison through the characterizations of the *dramatis personæ*. For there is drama here, constituting better than half the volume, and whether it would act or not, it is in spots pretty good reading. If this damns it with faint praise that is not the reviewer's fault. Good or bad reading, it is striking in style, and holds interest tenaciously, if only because it makes you want to know what the author is going to do next. That may not be so good as wishing to know what a character is going to do next, but like the curate's breakfast egg, it is good in part. So let us sample the introduction to get a notion of the take-off for this jump upon the necks of our idle classes:

> As the over-refinement and inbred thinking of the seventeenth century was symbolized in the aristocratic preciousness of madrigal and minuet, so is the over-vulgarity of our mongrel, democratic, comfort-crazed, third sex epoch of super-palace hotel, sex-equality, sillymental socialism, "Elite Toilet Paper," ascetic business and æsthetic plumbing symbolized in the erotic, communal, inverted preciousness of jazz, Cubist art, and free-ass verse, brayed out by neurasthenic *femmes du monde*, or ratber *femmes de Ritz*, mental parvenus, refined cooks, cultured bottle-washers, and navel-centric, moon-eyed, pornographic lunatics, suffering from literary claustrophohia, Rimbauditis and Walt Whitmania.
>
> In the present democratic decadence, brought about by mass education, commercial science, and automatic power machinery, which have driven humanity from church and artisan shop into factory, where faith, love, cbivalry, dignity, respect, mystery and romance have been ground into dust, cultism is not confined to art, literature and choreography: all activities and pursuits have been infected by it, including commerce, politics, laws, sports, athletics, and even science itself.
>
> In France it was the Illuminists, the "Salonaires," and their idols the Encyclopædists, headed by Voltaire and Rousseau—those past masters of mischief-making—who unwittingly encouraged Count Mirabeau to open the doors to the sewage rats who brought in the scourge of revolution. In Russia it was Count Tolstoi, Prince Kropotkin, and other decadent nobles who prepared the way for such intellectual sadists and moral idiots as Lenin, Trotsky, Chicherin, Radek and all the other minotaurs and rattlesnakes.
>
> We can not, alas! boast of aristocrats, but we have, nevertheless, hosts of sentimental, decadent burghers, like Messrs. Wells, Barbusse, Bertrand Russell, and Shaw, who, in beautiful—no, costly—homes (democrats and socialists are beauty proof, communists and syndicalists are humanity proof), and surrounded by every conceivable luxury (including even Sealyhams, the most expensive of pets), are industriously planning a dazzling Babouvisitic future for us.

And they are not alone the idle classes that come in for such pungent attentions. As a people we appear to have disappointed Mr. Clews keenly, as we may have disappointed ourselves. The press meets the public demand in a way; but there is nothing sacrosanct about the public or the demand either, so there is little warrant for such facts as these:

> As a single day's issue of a great "Daily" involves the destruction of a thousand trees, I shall leave it to you, fair reader, to calculate how many have been recently razed to the ground to provide the world with the most intimate and sensational details of America's latest and smartest divorce scandal. And now that every town, village, and mining camp has its "Smart Set," the forestry department had better turn its attention to the ever-increasing "Society News" and "Social Items" which are causing more havoc in our forests than fires.
>
> I once calculated that it eost at least one hundred and fifty thousand trees to instruct the masses in the life of Harry Thaw.

Now that is severe. The severity of it consists not so much in the statement as in the facts. But as every editor knows, bad facts make good reading. Let us on:

> In the happiest and most normal epochs the roots and leaves of humanity toiled with contentment, and found fulfillment in seeing their efforts crowned by mystical flowers of art, abstract science, religion, aristocracy and chivalry; but for the last century the lower middle class and proletariat, poisoned and auto-intoxicated by false and undigested education, forced on them by self-exploiting culture-boosters, vainglorious egocentric philanthropists, and professionally buoyant, soul-sucking uplifters, have been oozing their way, with socialistic egotism, malice, and envy, out of leaf and root into the bloom, until they are now producing odorless, colorless, artificial flowers, standardized by commercial science, and laid out by sex-equality in interminable, monotonous, dismal rows.

Somehow, that doesn't end quite so well as it starts. But at any rate, about this time one begins to suspect that there are things in modern life of which Mr. Clews does not approve. He starts to mention a few and finds he can't stop. His brakes won't take a-hold. He can not be said to stutter, but he does appear to choke, and he produces a long list of pet abhorrences of which these are, perhaps, significant:

> Beelzebub, enthroned on his steam-roller of machine science and communism, is at our garden gate, with his ever-increasing hordes of disciples and dupes: necromancing mattoids, "arty" jukes, scientific hooligans, literary morons, mechanized submen, egocentric reformers, serialized snorting democrats, gold brick swamis, willy-nilly silly Fabians and Shavians, I. W. W. defectives, militant vulgarians, news-delirians, press-phobians, gutter and parlor socialists, apostate muddlemental Engelists, Tolstoyists, Russellists and Kropotkinists; beetle-browed mephitic syndicalists, Semitic Marxists, megalomaniacal internationalists, half-fool collectivists, paranoiac Bolshevists, manic-depressive Babouvists, Proudhonists, Bakuninists; processional caterpillar Saint-Simonists and Owenists, prohibitionists, mongrel environmentalists, baboon evolutionists, fetishized mechanomentalists, snide Cubists, sterile feeble-minded expressionists, buffoon Dadaists, monkey-hearted futurists, morosophists, commercial suggestionists, mass-educationalists, professional altruists, proletculturists, caponized lady-kin feminists, female cocka-lorumists, octopus monopolists.

This sort of thing somewhat resembles the old boyhood sport of calling names, and is probably about as effective. But the real lambasting begins with the play and the descriptions of the characters in it. The subject is art, as done and dealt in—art, which, to hear some of the communists tell it, is the main object of life, but about which Shaw says we make too much fuss. The artist of the play is thus described:

> Mervyn is Art, weakened, corrupted, diseased, degenerated and driven mad hy democracy, science, and power-machinery, which have turned the studio into publicity bureau, photographic parlor, news agency and laboratory of charlatanism, and filled it with avaricious, psychological empirics; brokers of genius; scientific mountebanks; perverse self-exploiting art-leeching critics; press-phobians; news-delirians; mechano-monomaniacs; victimized neurasthenics; art promoters; spell-binders; culture-vultures; flabbergasted "arty" blatherskites; wiggle-waggling, hocus-pocusing third-sex suffrag-"ists" and "ettes"; humdrum old spinsters craving "arty" sex-thrills, and fed on pish-posh and flap-doodle by bamboozling, art-foozling hucksters; nocturnal echidnas, giglots, Mænads, flappers and monkey-doodling flubdubs, drunk with halderdash of "ists" and "isms"; high-brows, whipper-snappers, popinjays, lackadaisical louts, and new-fangled ninnies, calling themselves *maestri;* temperamental, harum-scarum squirts, and nincompoops posing as supermen; æsthetic jack-nasties, jackanapes, thingum-a-gigs, and scallawags; artistic jub-jubs, boos, snarks, jaberwoks, boojums, and punchinellos, followed by their press agents; puddle-ducks, rag-tags, bobtails, and geese with hrains and livers congested from tommy-rotten mass education crammed down tbeir throats by higgledy-piggledy idealists, egocentric uplifters, culture-cads, fanatical mob-muddlers, and silly, shilly-shally, lollipop, mollycoddle sentimentalists; and last, but not least, gilded, la-di-da, high-falutin lady and gentleman cuckoos, who lavishly pay to have their sterile eggs hatched into museum-dodos by sycophant, jackal artists.

In fact, our author seems too full for utterance, and we feel that he must have suffered damnably. But see—who comes? It is Ezra P. Packer, "symbol of our epoch." He is thus limned, and, following that, more and worse:

> He is mediocrity crowned by mediocrity; nonentity crowning nonentity; quack crowning quack; fanatic crowning fanatic; ass crowning ass; dunghill crowning dunghill.
>
> He is Japan in pot-hat; China without pigtail, and "Son of Heaven" set; mystical Russia with "Little Father" thrown to hyenas of communism; Turkey of unveiled women; Imperial Germany saddled by Ebert; England of Lloyd George, instead of St. George and King George, Emperor of India; Sweden of "By this it is decreed" substituted for "We, Gustave, by the grace of God, King of the Swedes, Goths, and Wends"; Italy reduced from Doge and Magnifico to democratized throne placating thug and cut-throat; Spain with serialized Carmen, gigolo Grandee, and Ritzonianized King.

Mr. Packer has a Mrs. Packer, and probably refers to her as Mrs. P. Here is a segment from her tintype:

> Shortly after this, Mrs. Packer realized that to be truly smart it was necessary to have a lover, and consequently set her teeth against her New England conscience in grim determination to be as *fashionable* as her newly acquired acquaintances. This was the most nerve-wracking moment of her career; but she emerged from it triumphantly, with the complete satisfaction that she had complied with the exigencies of her new position, and had become a full-fledged society "Jubjub."

Mr. Packer is getting along as a successful business man, but is not yet domestically panoplied and fully furnished forth. It is necessary that he have a daughter reflecting the mode. And here she is, although not very important to the dénouement:

> She, like many chic, up-to-date young ladies of the "exclusive set," is an ardent socialist and a disciple of Marx. It is hardly necessary to add that the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *Masscs*, and the *Freeman* are always to he found on her boudoir tables, where Freud, Einstein, and an encyclopædia of pornography, entitled "Ulysses," containing the insane obscenities used by certain unfortunate creatures in Bedlam, occupy the place of honor. The latest foreign publications of Dadaists, Cubists, Fopists, Prigists, and Poppycockists are scattered about. Her mother, however, in spite of her daughter's sneers, still surreptitiously clings to *Town Topics* and the *Club Fellow*.

Well, there is a choice assortment of art dealers, including one gentleman so labeled, though rather obviously, and almost as they do it in the movies—you know; put a white shirt on him and have him give 10 cents to a beggar. The art dealers discover the mad boy painting nightmare canvases in a little Normandy village, and resolve to capitalize him. They get hold of Pa Packer and sell him priceless objects of art, priced about where he will bite. These transactions are assisted by low lights and flute playing. Once in a way Pa Packer wonders whether he is really getting value. He says:

> Look at the newspaper articles, and the magazines, all calling it the new art, and having this Mervyn fellow even greater than Raphael! And if I were to say what I really thought, I'd be laughed at as an ignoramus. [*Looking towards the Indians.*] I can understand the Indians all right, although I don't see why they weren't recognized as works of Art while they were in front of all the cigar stores. They could then have been bought for a few dollars apiece. And to think that I had to get the Duchess to actually beg Kougelman to sell them to me now for forty thousand dollars the pair! Damn it! it might be a good idea to begin collecting barber-poles before they, too, are recognized as works of Art. [*Looking at Virgin.*] And imagine that blessed Virgin over there stickin' me for fifty thousand dollars! This being an art collector is no joke; but it gets you to the top of society all right.

Sometimes his suspicions become painfully keen, as when he receives this sort of epistle:

> PACKER—[*Reading letter.*] "Mr. Packer, Noble Sir! I hears the bust I make for your honorable daughter in her studio was buyed by Luxembourg Museum. I did not before thinks I was so great sculptor, and now as I be so great, I thinks it only fair, for you to pay me twenty-five thousand dollars, for this great honor, coming to your daughter and family through me. If you don't pay me these moneys immediately, I will be obliged to tell all peoples how great sculptor I am, and it was me who made the head and not your honorable daughter, who can make nothings. Respectfully yours. Peppino Angelino."

A cult is promoted by the art dealers—the Mamas cult, an Indian idea (Hindu, not cigar store), consisting of feeling your ectoplasm or aura or something pressing on your brow. It is just the thing for the Packers. Ma Packer and Daughter Packer compel Pa Packer to dress up for a Mamas ball in a robe and helmet, Pa protesting that he is not going to make a "loony gazook" of himself, but they get his ladyfriend to admire him, and vanity does the rest. But he objects to Ma Packer's rig, which is thus specified:

> [*Enter* MRS. PACKER *in full Mamas regalia. She is dressed, ar rather undressed, with a skirt cut just below her knees, revealing elephantine legs in flesh-pink stockings. Her bodice is décolleté to the extent of causing serious apprehensian, and is slashed open in the back to the waist-line, showing rolls of quivering fat, separated by a gulch-like slit from shoulder blade to middle. On her head is a golden Mamas helmet with large diamond wings. She is painted, powdered, perfumed, bespangled, bangled, dangled, jangled, twinkling, winking, blinking, sparkling, glittering, shimmering with paillettes and jewels.* MISS PACKER *follaws, wearing a Mamas damino over a fantastic ballet costume.*]

Pa Packer having retained vestiges of "normalcy," this almost busts the show, but he is placated until the Relativity Dance, which Ma Packer performs with Pa Packer's secretary, thus:

> [*The dancers, now back to back, begin to bump each other's posteriars with increasing vigor, waving their arms like windmills, and rolling their heads araund. Finally, after tiptocing, gliding, and slipping abaut, while simulating, with inane gestures, fear, grief, mirth, etc., they entwine themselves in a lang pink ribbon which* CADMAN *withdraws fram his pocket. They remain face to face with arms uplifted and hands quivering.* MRS. PACKER *gazes steadily with silly ecstasy into the eyes of her partner, who with a foolish self-conscious look returns her gaze.*]

Here Pa Packer almost apostatizes from the new religion, and tells Ma Packer she is making an old goose of herself. He is about to spoil her whole evening when the gutter duchess enters and flatters him docile again. But that evening is destined to be spoiled. The mad artist, high priest of Mamasism, is down, or up, for a speech of the "deem-it-a-priceless-privilege-to-be-with-you-here-tonight" sort, but in the midst of it he forgets his lines and bursts out with the horrible confession that he is not a great artist, but just a poor fool—rather dramatic, what?—and it looks as though the fat were in the fire. But not so. The gentleman art dealer, more resourceful than the rest, thus comes to the rescue of the enterprise:

> KOUGELMAN—[*Deathly white, with staring eyes and spluttering with emotion, frantically grabs* ROSENGARTEN *by the arm and pulls him to one side.*] My God! It's ghastly! Terrible! They've now seen he's a fool, and that we've tricked them. We're ruined! Lost! Lost!
>
> ROSENGARTEN—[*With explosive cheerfulness.*] Lost! Why, Mervyn has solved the situation for us! The world will simply think he's gone insane. We'll put him in a sanatorium, and his unsold pictures will be worth three times as much. [*Slapping him vigorously on the back.*] Why, you old goose, don't you see? We've won!

So the scene shifts to a mad house, like the one in Peer Gynt that is not played, and here the gentleman dealer evolves the plan of creative madness and the sale of endless nightmare paintings of the insane artist. To objections he replies:

> ROSENGARTEN—[*Pacing up and down, smoking cigarette.*] It's up to you two to decide. But when I think of our President solemnly declaring that there was such a thing as being "too proud to fight," and then plunging us into war "to end all wars," with the slogan "of making the world safe for democracy"; . . . and Mr. Ford, while twenty-three nations were fighting, gaily sailing forth from New York, to end the world war and restore brotherly love, in his Ark of Peace bedecked with olive branches, lilies, and stuffed turtle-doves dangling in the companion-way; . . . or Thomas, the English labor leader, who declared, with tears trickling down his cheeks, on the morning of the great coal strike which almost ruined England, and which he had organized and carefully brought about, that "it was the saddest day of his life"; . . . and when I see Mr. H. G. Wells, the most successful literary financier the world has ever seen, writing that his dead son is clamoring from the spirit-world for a Ford car and a good cigar, . . . I can't see why—since we are living in an epoch when statecraft, business, science and letters are in the hands of these and other equally picturesque leaders—you should foresee the slightest difficulty in realizing my proposition.

In spite of its lavishness with words there is much in this book that is worth while, and it survives the test of boredom—it does not bore. With its samples of free verse of the pink moon and purple jackass variety, and with a few passages of really effective, almost brilliant satire, it gets a message of sanity across. And when we consider how valuable that is to do we are in no mood to quarrel with the manner of doing it.

MUMBO JUMBO. By Henry Clews, Jr. New York Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending May 12, 1923, were $147,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $134,-900,000; an increase of $12,300,000.

Business conditions are well-nigh perfect. How long have you ever known them to stay perfect?

Many people who apparently do not understand Wall Street are wondering why stock prices have been declining just at the time when glowing reports are coming from almost every industry in America, says *Forbes Magazine*. The stock market is reactionary hecause Wall Street knows that perfect conditions in the world of business do not endure for long. But that is only half the story; the other reason is that Wall Street hegan to huy stocks in the fall of 1921 in anticipation of just such a situation as exists in industry today. So that there is no reason why the market should huhhle over with enthusiasm hecause things are now working out in just the way that the average well-informed trader figured out more than a year and a half ago.

To Keep You Posted
Whether or not you now have available funds, we shall cheerfully send you our semi-weekly offering sheet.
GOVERNMENT BONDS MUNICIPAL & CORPORATION
FREEMAN SMITH & CAMP CO.
SECOND FLOOR
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO
Douglas 2121
Oakland: Syndicate Building

Those who expect top prices in stocks to coincide with peak activity in industry are prone to forget that the stock market discounts coming events in advance.

Wall Street is a hit puzzled itself over some phases of the hull market. Old-fashioned markets almost invariahly culminated in the fall or early winter, largely hecause old-fashioned markets were huilt on the expectation of good crops which were counted upon to produce national prosperity. From early spring until the harvesting season Wall Street read the crop reports religiously, and when it was assured that a humper harvest would give a forward impetus to husiness everything was set for the fall hoom in stocks to discount the coming prosperity. But no one would dare say that crops have played an important part in the hull market that hegan in the fall of 1921. Prohahly, more than anything else, this latest hull movement was hased on a condition of under-supply in huildings, in railroad equipment, and in stocks of merchandise. Those who hought in 1921 in anticipation of an advance in stocks were undoubtedly convinced that industrial liquidation had been very thorough and that an accumulation of deferred requirements in the fields mentioned would form the hasis of a heavy buying movement once confidence returned. All of this has now gone through according to schedule; we have had a huilding hoom, record buying of railroad equipment, and persistent huying on the part of merchants and the puhlic. Because there was ahsolute need of these things, the hoom has continued unahated through the ordinarily dull months of the year —hut it won't last forever. And there is no reason why the market's culmination should await the harvesting of crops.

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While husiness conditions apparently are perfect, there are a few straws that show which way the wind is heginning to hlow. For instance, Charles M. Schwah was recently quoted as saying, in commenting upon the activity of the steel trade, that "a good part of this steel is going into new construction work and into railroad equipment." He pretty well defined the source of demand for hasic materials; hut in the same week there was published the news that "something was chilling" housing construction. In New York $4,231,000 of new apartment projects were reported as heing indefinitely deferred. And not long ago a steel trade review pointed out that considerahle equipment huying had been postponed hecause of high prices. And another warning has come from the spot cotton market, where the demand from spinners has notahly slackened.

The first indication of an approaching halance hetween supply and demand is usually to he found in prices. Recently cotton has slumped badly, oil prices have heen cut in California and Pennsylvania, copper quotations have receded slightly, and here and there in other directions there is a tendency to meet the huyer half-way. Nothing very sensational in these developments, hut they are, nevertheless, just as definite indications of an approaching turn as could he found hy the prophets of improvement in the fall of 1921.

It has recently heen pointed out here that the high Federal Reserve ratio does not furnish a true conception of the extent of husiness expansion. This viewpoint has found support in hanking quarters. In its monthly bulletin of April 1st the Chicago Reserve Bank argues that under present conditions the ratio of reserves to liahilities at the central hanks is not an accurate measure of the amount of hank credit in use, pointing out that "in 1922 gold imports amounted to $238,000,000, while the loans and investments of all memher hanks throughout the country increased $2,100,000,-000 and their deposits increased $2,800,000,-000, or roughly, ten times the amount of the additional gold."

And a New York financial editor says: "It must he remembered that the Federal Reserve system is a reserve system and that changes in its condition do not necessarily parallel those in the condition of memher hanks. As a matter of fact, the latest information availahle, that for April 4th, shows that the total loans and discounts of the 777 memher hanks reporting weekly to the Federal Reserve authorities stood at a new high record since Septemher, 1921. At $11,800,000,000, the loans and discounts of these hanks were one hillion dollars higher than a year hefore, while investments had grown hy an approximately equal amount."

The point is—and it is one that needs stressing—that those who have heen looking to the high Federal Reserve ratio as an indication that there has so far heen no important expansion of credit and no approach toward inflation are on the wrong track. The facts are that the volume of hank deposits, which, he it rememhered, often represent credit, is now larger than ever hefore, while the volume of hank loans and investments is not much, if any, helow former high records. And the ordinary channels of production and distrihution are heing stretched to capacity. Everything is at the peak.

Is it so surprising, then, that Wall Street should feel like taking profits on stocks hought when husiness was in the doldrums? Whether or not the major hull movement has culminated is a different question. If husiness leaders keep level heads, the country may run along on high for some time yet. And if it gets an old-fashioned "healthy reaction" the hull market may take on new life later in the year. But at present stocks are over-hought.

Since the war the United States has hecome the largest exporter of steel rails, says the National Bank of Commerce in its puhlication, *Commerce Monthly*.

Germany was, hefore the war, the leading exporter of steel rails and the United Kingdom was second. Since that time the exports from these two countries have been markedly curtailed, leaving the United States in the lead with 71 per cent. of its pre-war export tonnage. German productive capacity appears to have heen impaired for some time to come, hut British exports have heen increasing steadily since 1919, while those from the United States have been decreasing, so that it is not impossible that the United Kingdom may soon again forge ahead of the United States as an exporter of rails.

Up to about the beginning of the century the United Kingdom was easily the dominating figure in the international rail trade. Until the outhreak of the war British exports had declined only slightly, hut those of the United States and Germany had increased, particularly the latter, in the years just hefore the war. From 1908 to 1913 German exports increased from 331,323 to 500,835 metric tons, or 51 per cent., while United States exports increased only 27 per cent. from 1900 to 1913.

Formerly Argentina was Germany's chief customer, although neighhoring countries of Europe were important huyers. Since the war the hulk of Germany's rail exports have gone to European countries. North Russia has been a large purchaser, and the great disorganization and destruction of Russian railways indicate that that country may he expected for some time to furnish an extensive market for rails, which Germany is conveniently located to supply.

The destination of the British exports of rails show that India continues to he hy far the largest customer and 1922 purchases were in excess of the pre-war average, representing over two-fifths of total British exports as compared with less than a fourth in the pre-war years. Ceylon is the only other country enumerated which showed an increase in 1922 over the pre-war years. Exports to Argentina in 1922 were one-eighth of the pre-war average. British possessions account for the hulk of the rail exports of the country.

Japan has superseded Canada as the chief customer of the rail export trade of the United States, taking in 1922 ahout half of total exports of rails. Cuha is the second largest huyer and Canada third.

These countries are all conveniently located with relation to the United States market. Exports to Japan for the year 1922 were over four times as great as the pre-war average, while those to Canada were only a little over one-quarter and to Cuha a little over four-fifths as great. There has heen a very marked falling off in exports to Argentina, Australia, Mexico, Brazil and Chile, and an increase in exports to Honduras and the United Kingdom.

There has heen a change, not only in the sources of rail exports since the outhreak of the war, hut in the chief consuming countries as well. Japan and British India are now the leading import markets. Coupled with the increase in Japanese purchases in the American market has heen a marked falling off in Argentine and Australian purchases in the three countries mentioned. Indian purchases were ahout the same in 1922 as in the pre-war years.

The announcement that the production of pig iron in the United States in March and April was the largest on record lends interest to some figures compiled for the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York on world production of iron and the share thereof supplied hy the United States.

World production of pig iron, it appears from the *Trade Record's* statement, made its highest total in 1913, the year immediately preceding the war, when it stood at 78,000,-000 long tons against 40,000,000 in 1900, 27,-000,000 in 1890, 18,000,000 in 1880, 12,000,-000 in 1870, and 5,000,000 in 1850.

With the disarrangement of world industries following the opening of the war the production dropped from the 78,000,000 tons of 1913 to 62,000,000 tons in 1914, advancing to 72,000,000 in 1916, dropping to 62,000,000 in the closing year of the war, 40,000,000 in the lean year 1921, hut advancing to 51,000,-000 in 1922.

Our own high record was in 1918, 39,000,-000 tons, against 31,000,000 in 1913, 14,000,-000 in 1900, 9,000,000 in 1890, 4,000,000 in 1870, and less than 1,000,000 in 1865. Our share of world production of pig iron has steadily advanced, from 9 per cent. in 1830 to 12 per cent. in 1850, 14 per cent. in 1870, 21 per cent. in 1880, 34 per cent. in 1900, 40 per cent. in 1913, and 53 per cent. in 1922.

The chief pig-iron producers of the world in 1922, stated in the order of magnitude, were the United States, 26,924,000 metric tons; Germany, 6,604,000; France, 5,129,000; Great Britain, 4,978,000, and Belgium, 1,858,000.

Our share of the world's known iron ore is also larger than that of any other single country, having heen recently estimated at ahout 12,000,000,000 tons out of an estimated world "known" total of approximately 90,-000,000,000 tons. These figures of world "reserve" are, however, only estimates hased on present knowledge, and suhject to radical changes as the studies progress, for according to a very high authority "the additions to our known supply of iron are likely to he much greater than those of coal, since grea iron ore heds may exist anywhere, while those of coal are chiefly of carhoniferous formatio and a large share of the world's coal supply is known and measured while the iron ore supply is hardly to he guessed."

One advantage of the United States in the matter of pig iron production lies in the fac that its rich ore heds at the north of the Great Lakes are mined hy the use of ma chinery and the ore transferred across the lakes at low cost hy great steamers especially constructed for that service, passing direc to the great coal areas south of the lakes and as our known iron supply exceeds that o any other country and our coal supply is abou one-half that of the world it would appea that we may continue indefinitely our presen

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The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company was the successful bidder for $52,000 5½ per cent. bonds of the City of Beaumont, Riverside County, issued for the purpose of paving and improving business streets of the city. The bonds are dated April 1, 1923, and are due serially 1924-1943. They are being sold to yield 5 per cent.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and Blyth, Witter & Co. are in receipt of the annual statement of Babbitt Bros. Lands, Inc., whose $1,500,000 issue of first mortgage 8 per cent. bonds was underwritten by them in June, 1921. The company is one of the greatest mercantile and livestock concerns operating in the Southwest and includes various branch stores, trading posts, and ranches, etc. Headquarters are at Flagstaff, Arizona. Balance sheet as of December 31, 1922, shows the bonds occupy an unusually strong investment position. Current assets are placed at $7,006,802.65, while current liabilities are $2,535,287.46. Total assets aggregate $14,536,414.36, while capital and surplus are listed at $7,214,300.33.

Holders are advised that the definitive bonds of the Columbia Steel Corporation fifteen-year first mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, Series A, due February 1, 1938, are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates which you now hold, Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary exchange and send you the permanent bonds by registered mail and insured.

California's beach, lake, and mountain resorts are being advertised throughout the whole country.

This has been revealed by Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic manager for the Southern Pacific Company, who states that his company has just published and is now distributing throughout the United States and Canada a new folder giving authentic and up-to-date information on more than 200 resorts in California and Southern Oregon. Thousands of copies of the attractive pamphlet are being broadcasted by the company through its organization of Eastern and local traffic representatives, Fee stated.

The folder contains much valuable information for the prospective vacationist. Directions on how to reach various resorts, facilities for sports and amusements, accommodations provided, rates and points of interest in the vicinity, are among the subjects treated in the pamphlet.

Resorts described in the folder include San Francisco Bay, beaches, Sonoma, Napa, and Lake counties resorts, Sacramento Valley, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Shasta region, Sierra Nevada mountain resorts, including the "Bret Harte" country, Tuolumne and Calaveras Big Tree Grove, Wawona, Miami, Huntington Lake and Kings and Kern River country, Yosemite National Park resorts, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Sequoia and General Grant National Parks, Lake Tahoe region, Owens River Valley, San Bernardino Mountains, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Southern California beaches.

Greatly reduced round-trip rates to all California summer resorts were put into effect by the Southern Pacific Company April 27th, and have resulted in an unusually large vacation travel this year, according to railroad officials.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the acquisition to their sales organization of Mr. Hall B. Funke. Mr. Funke has bad many years' experience in the investment bond business and is very well known in financial circles both across the Bay and in San Francisco.

We are assured by Admiral Chester that "big business" (that section, at any rate, which is supposed to know something about oil) is not behind his project in Turkey. The sympathies of "no business"—the all play and no work world reformers—should in that case be with the gallant concessionaire.

The result of fifteen years' hard work—to get anything definite out of the inchoate tangle of Asia Minor politics is surely hard work—deserves a reward. No one will grudge Admiral Chester anything he may get.

"A lot of ink has been wasted," we are told hy the concessionaire; he adds "it won't do anything"—referring, presumably, to the brand of ink used by his many opponents. It is to be hoped that he has discovered a recipe for the manufacture of a brand that is not indelible, that the scrap of paper for which he has worked so many years (and now hopes to get) will prove too tough to be torn up.

"No oil, no railroads," is Admiral Chester's dictum. "No railroads, no oil," is Turkey's fiat. The final survey is not completed, the final draft of the concessions is not agreed on—it is not known definitely what alterations are to be made in it by Turkey. The return of Mosul is demanded before Turkey will sign anything. Britain says she will fight before she will give up what she regards as essential to her. Whether she will regard as essential what any one else wants is doubtful.

It is early to discuss international complications when it is not known whether there will be ground for any.

"The peace of the world is involved," we are assured by Dr. Ibrahim Fuad Bey. A viewpoint, maybe, that fits in with Turkey's programme, a viewpoint held, however, hy no responsihle statesman. The bacilli bluffi swarm in Mosul; Mars builds no hopes on her.—*Strassburger & Co.*

Bradford, Kimball & Co. are offering $250,000 Superior California Orchard and Vineyard Corporation first (closed) mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold bonds, due April 1, 1927 to 1938, inclusive.

The company owns 3425 acres of land in Yuba County, California, located six and a half miles southeast of Marysville on the main paved highway between Marysville and Sacramento, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The property, including improvements, is appraised at $538,050, or an average of $157 an acre.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Eighteenth Century Myth.

Doctor Johnson: A Play. By Edward Newton. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.50.

Mr. A. Edward Newton of book-collecting amenities and diversions is one of those rare, happy beings who are as much at home in the eighteenth century as in the present. We say "happy" discreetly and advisedly, since no one is so happy as the enthusiast, and for reasons probably apparent to the initiate the eighteenth-century enthusiast is the happiest of them all, happier in his vicarious grandeur, we venture to say, than the golf fiend who lives in an equally hypothetical future. Past or future, one must embrace one or other non-existent tense to escape the rigors of a too persistent present. Mr. Newton is quite properly aware of his good fortune, but too humble for our taste. In an engaging "argument" acting as understudy to a preface, our modest dilettante opines that he is more fortunate today in the fullest intimacy of the Johnsonian circle and entrée to the famous Club extended by Boswell than he would have been had his rôle been cast in Gough Square and Thrale Place in the latter 1700s. We quite agree that he or any other like-minded antiquarian is better off today, for the eighteenth century must have made fully as drab a present as the twentieth. It is only as a vanished era that it has antiquarian charms. But Mr. Newton was referring to the fact that if he had been a contemporary of Johnson he might have lived and died without the great lexicographer's friendship—an internal inconsistency, since Johnson extended the largesse of his charity to any who claimed it. And he had naught to give but friendship.

However, we must not destroy Mr. Newton's philosophical resignation to our own un-Johnsonian age. We wish there were a few Sam Johnsons alive ourselves, had not the self-effacing species expired in natural obedience to Darwin's law. But on one point we do not agree with Mr. Newton or any other eighteenth-century expert, namely, that the charmed Johnsonian circle had a monopoly on brilliant conversation or that their brand was particularly brilliant. Large hearts and some wit we grant Johnson, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Thrale. But considering that they and their friends spent the major part of every day batting about the conversational ball, one would expect a Tilden or at least a Lenglen variety of form instead of a very palpably amateur sort of expertise. But thirty years' constant and exclusive exposure to a half-dozen persons is enough to stale any form, tennis or conversation.

All this, we are aware, is not dramatic criticism. The last thirty years of Johnson's life do not exactly lend themselves to classical dramatic unity, though as we have remarked before the *dramatis personæ* is constant. The pleasantly familiar figures of Goldsmith, Garrick, Fanny Burney, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale faithfully support their brightest luminary to their respective ends. Thirty years is a long time, and it is not surprising that there are only a few of us left in the last act. Conversation may not have been their forte—Mr. Newton will certainly contradict us there—but friendship was. The eighteenth century has, after all, a particular glory. The bright circle perpetuated by the indefatigable Bozzy knew how to live. They knew what was essential, a good dinner, a friend in need, lots of leisure. But perhaps it was all a conspiracy on the clever Boswell's part to make posterity die of envy or live with Mr. Newton in a past paradise. R. G.

Practical Gardening.

The Vegetable Garden. By Adolph Kruhm. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

This volume is an enlarged revised edition of a book on vegetable gardening written by Ida D. Bennett, who has also written "A Handbook on Practical Garden Lore." In bringing the new edition up to date, articles on vegetables and their cultivation by Mr. Adolph Kruhm, published in the *Garden Magazine*, have been drawn upon, thus making the present volume still more valuable. The chapters are practical and informing and the text forms a complete guide to this branch of gardening. The reader is told how to plan his garden, what to plant and how to cultivate it, what mistakes to avoid, and the different kinds of work necessary at the different seasons.

On looking into it, and particularly when noting the chapter on intensive cultivation, one can not but remember the amateur war-gardens of a few years ago, when such a guide book would have been invaluable. But vegetables are always in demand, and while their production by the amateur may not solve the problems of the cost of living, it certainly helps to do so.

About the Blind.

The Light Which Cannot Fail. By Winifred Holt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

As the profession of nursing will always be associated with the name of Florence Nightingale, so the intelligent care and reëducation of the blind owes its beginnings to Winifred Holt, who has established "Lighthouses" not only in this country, but in Europe.

Her first book, "Beacons for the Blind," was published a few years ago and it has been followed by one recently issued: "The Light Which Cannot Fail." Lighthouse No. 1 was founded by Miss Holt in New York, and when the war began she went to Europe and there instituted eight other Beacons in Italy, France, and Poland.

As her work has gone on among the blind, her understanding of their needs and difficulties has grown, and in this last book she has incorporated a history of many cases which had their beginning during the war, with detailed accounts of the problems encountered and the different means employed in solving them. Miss Holt makes an appeal, not to segregate the blind, but to fit them for living in the world.

The book is deeply interesting and full of promise of what may yet be done. The writer makes an appeal to those who walk in light to hold out helping hands to those who are stumbling in the dark.

Artistic Melodrama.

Desolate Splendour. By Michael Sadleir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Michael Sadleir, whose remarkable first novel, "Privilege," caused considerable comment a year ago, shows signs of profiting by his early mistakes—a promisingly healthy symptom—and of finding his stride and swing. All that was factitious and over "precious" in "Privilege," a book which despite some unreal qualities was a delight to read, has disappeared from "Desolate Splendour," which rushes rather to the other extreme of flesh and blood melodrama. From an artistic viewpoint we believe "Privilege" was the better book. Its only fault, in fact, was that it was too artistic, just a little too consciously, deliberately, objectively presented. The net result was that "Privilege" would have passed for an exquisitely subtle burlesque of the book that it should have been. But "Privilege" was intended seriously, and that fault, at least, of over-seriousness does not occur in "Desolate Spendour," which is perhaps even more readable than its predecessor. In his latest book Mr. Sadleir loses himself and his characters in the intricacies of melodrama of the most approved British stage tradition. But melodrama, beautifully written, with a carefully dovetailed however improbable plot, is a novelty, and as such is to be valued. But again, Mr. Sadleir did not mean his book for melodrama. Next time we think he will strike the happy mean. And if he does so with a novel that has the scope, technique, and free movement of "Desolate Splendour," combined with such artistic restraint of subject as "Privilege" showed its author capable of, it will be a very fine book indeed.

A Dual Personality.

Conquistador. By Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

"Conquistador" is a rather picturesque and romantic tale by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, who is now deserting the short story field for full length novels; in which, by the way, the lady's predilection for rather old-fashioned romanticism declares itself.

Her hero is an American. But his mother being the daughter of an ancient Mexican

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house, circumstances transform him into a Spanish haciendado—the family was pure Spanish—in English the feudal ruler of a feudal principality in remote Chihuahua.

Then begins the silent conflict between the Scotch Covenanters and the Spanish grandees who were among his forebears.

Mrs. Gerould is very feminine in her style, and in the light of romantic sadness she throws around Don Pablo, formerly the American engineer Wharton Cameron.

But really the young man doesn't seem to require any great pity. He is young, he becomes heir to a principality of fifty thousand acres, he is point device in embroidered Mexican costume, all the daughters of the peons are in love with him, but he is romantically lonely and inaccessible; a state of things generally corrected by time.

The point of the story is that the American, Wharton Cameron, is so changed by his deliberate resignation of his American traits and ways that he loses his American sweetheart, and is condemned to eternal heart and mind solitariness on his Chihuahua estate; where his two personalities have to fight it out, with Spain getting the upper hand.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Portraits of Keats, Austin Dobson, and W. H. Hudson have recently been added to the National Portrait Gallery in London.

D'Annunzio's valet is writing his reminiscences.

Mr. Galsworthy has completed a new play. The title is "The Forest."

Pepys is one of the characters in Miss Netta Syrett's new novel, "Lady Jem." The Paris *Eclair* gravely announces: "Samuel Pepys, the journalist, is making his début as a novelist. Hutchinsons are about to publish his 'Netta Syrett.'"

Dodd, Mead & Co. report that Stephen Leacock is at it again, and that they will publish in the summer a new book, "Across the Footlights." It represents, they tell us, Leacock at the high point of refined hilarity.

"The final outpost of Anglo-Saxon civilization"—Australasia—is the subject of a new book by President Thwing of Western Reserve University, "Human Australasia: Studies of Society and Education" (Macmillan). It deals especially with such human problems as industrial unrest, education, religion, and the contribution that Australia and New Zealand may be expected to make to the world's civilization.

The best-selling Italian novelist is Guido da Verona, one of whose recent novels is now in its 220th thousand. D'Annunzio's most popular novel, "Il Piacere," had only reached its seventieth thousand recently. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Louis Hémon's French masterpiece, "Maria Chapdelaine," is now in its 600th thousand.

Lord Robert Cecil, who is now touring the United States and Canada for the purpose of making public addresses on the League of Nations and is being received everywhere with much interest and enthusiasm, in one of his first speeches referred to Thomas H. Dickinson's "The United States and the League," a Dutton publication of a few weeks ago, as a desirable book for the reading of any one who wants accurate information about the league, its making, its history, its achievements, the relation to it of the nations of the earth and the exact story of the attitude toward it of this country.



New Books Received.

Caste and Outcast. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Duton & Co.; $3.
A native's account of daily life in India.

Robert Browning. By Frances M. Sim. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.
The poet and the man, 1833-1846.

That Pig Morin and Other Stories. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Translated and edited by Ernest Boyd.

Six Breeds. By R. G. Kirk. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
Dog stories.

The New Old-World. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
A survey of present European conditions.

The Policeman. By Cornelius F. Cahalane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
By the deputy chief inspector of police of New York City.

Possession. By Mazo de la Roche. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A novel.

The Vegetable. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.
"Or from President to Postman."

Down the Mackenzie. By Fullerton Waldo. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.
"Through the great lone land."

The Conquest of Constipation. By William S. Walsh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
Common-sense treatment for autointoxication.

The Story of Our Literature. By John Louis Haney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.
An interpretation of the American spirit.

Melloney Holtspur; or, The Pangs of Love. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.
A play in four acts.

Arthur. By Lawrence Binyon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50.
An Arthurian play.

A Woman's Life. By Guy de Maupassant. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
Translated and edited by Ernest Boyd in The Collected Novels and Stories of Guy de Maupassant.

Exhibition of American Sculpture Catalogue. New York: The National Sculpture Society.
Illustrated.

Outside the House Beautiful. By Henrietta C. Peabody. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.
A collection of exterior views showing the surroundings of the home.

Henry Ford. By Samuel S. Marquis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.50.
An interpretation.

A Daughter of the Dawn. By Marion Randall Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.
A novel.

Dead Souls. By Nikolay Gogol. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; in 2 vols., $4 per set.
In The Collected Works of Nikolay Gogol. Translated by Constance Garnett.

The Spirit of American Sculpture. By Adeline Adams. New York: The National Sculpture Society.
A survey of American sculpture.

As We See It. By René Viviani. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.50.
The French point of view of the war and peace by the war premier of France.

League or War? By Irving Fisher. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.
The controversies regarding the League of Nations.

The Charm of a Well-Mannered Home. By Helen Elkin Starrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50.
By the author of "The Charm of Fine Manners."

Minglestreams. By Jane Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.75.
A story for girls.

The Boy Adventurers in the Land of El Dorado. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.
Adventure for boys.

The Ideals of Theodore Roosevelt. By Edward H. Cotton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.
With a foreword by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.

Highways and Highway Transportation. By George R. Chatburn. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.
A consideration of the traffic problem.

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"THE CHANGELINGS."

A packed house greeted Henry Miller and his company at the Columhia on Monday night, and judging hy the demonstrations, the audience derived ample entertainment from the play.

"The Changelings" is a piece that hears evidences of having been written to order. Henry Miller always considers the tastes of this city when he brings his attractions here. Finding that his popularity remains permanent, that Blanche Bates and Ruth Chatterton are favorites, and that Laura Hope Crews, as demonstrated during her engagement last summer in "Mr. Pim Passes By," is also a favorite, the astute actor-manager arranged for a play whose hospitahle cast would take all these popular players in.

Nor does he make the mistake of having himself and the two older ladies cast for young—even relatively young—parts. They are all three middle-aged, the parents of grown children, and, indeed, in the epilogue—a very pleasing conclusion to the play—they have all hecome grandparents.

"The Changelings" is a play ahout split-up family affections. In the heginning the two elder couples, and the youthful pair whose marriage has made them all connections, are apparently happy all around. The fat is in the fire when the young wife holts. Then, suddenly, secret animosities, secret partisanships, spring into view. Sharp accusations flash into the light. It is revealed that the four peaceful people of ten minutes previous are all mismated; and that to rectify the original error the men would have to exchange wives, or the wives hushands; put it as you will.

Here, indeed, is a situation; and one that the audience found keenly interesting. What added to it was that when two of the four are left on the scene, and the young wife who has holted away suddenly holts hack again, she gazes with amazement on the spectacle of her dear mother, to whose comforting arms she has flown, heing tenderly comforted in the emhrace of the girl's husband's father.

It can not he denied that the author, Lee Wilson Dodd, can construct situations. But after the interesting state of things in the first act, while we are curious as to the girl's state of mind, the action in the second slows up perceptihly; partly, perhaps, for the author to give himself leeway in constructing his neat character sketch of the fresh hut engaging man-servant who receives Kay, the pretty holter, at the rooms of her illicit wooer.

Let me see; it just dawns on me that Kay and her swain never meet in the play, the gentleman in question exercising his rather theatrically heightened caddishness upon her various relations. There are, indeed, pleasing touches of originality, even though the author does allow himself some of the privileges of old-time romance; of a holting wife whose love nevertheless had never faltered; of having a character that hears a strong resemhlance to the old-time villain; and of having one of the older chaps physically down the objectionahle "bully, cad, sneak and liar" that he is graphically represented to he.

I wonder, hy the way, if the author hasn't some ohjection to the novelists who regale us with the strong-smelling fiction of the day. At any rate, the "bully, cad, sneak and liar" is a novelist—whose hooks, hy the way, his puhlishers don't like.

Henry Miller and the other father-in-law are publishers, and there is a mildly literary air to the preliminary talk hetween the four; which reminds me of a little grumhle I want to register. Why don't they lahel characters any more on a programme? Audiences don't want to ask each other "Who's who," and "What's what?" They want to have the preliminaries, identities, and so forth all comfortably settled, or nearly settled, hefore the curtain rises, so that they won't have to do any guessing. As to emotions, and motives, that's different. We want to see them logically develop.

In the latter part of Act II and the earlier part of Act III one saw the trail of the French comedy of intrigue; that is to say, the drama in which the unexpected events are joined with such dexterity that the plot interest all hut exceeds the character interest.

Mr. Dodd tried hard not to let it, and indeed made efforts to huild up characterizations; more particularly in the case of Karen—played hy Blanche Bates—and her runaway daughter—played hy Ruth Chatterton. And also, of course, with the part of Wallace Aldcroft, played hy Henry Miller.

The two mature actresses are treated with heautiful impartiality, hut Laura Hope Crews is preëminently a delightful comedienne, and prominent though she is in the play, we do not see her full powers as an actress.

The characterization is not profound, hut what the author has been successful in depicting is the discontentedness of the highly civilized modern, whose romanticism makes hushands and wives turn to the other one, ever in hope of freshened emotion, and warmer and tenderer appreciation.

Like the people in front, the characters on the stage are trying to escape from the prose of life and finding it impossihle.

In this respect "The Changelings" scores successfully. It is a play that in structure lapses into the nineteenth century, hut in feeling helongs to the immediate present.

For Karen and Kay are typical wives of this era. (Hushands are nearly always typical of any era.) And in his dialogue, which is easy, witty, and agreeahly expressive, the author conveys the feelings and sentiments of the complexities that make up twentieth-century character. True, human nature remains much the same in essentials. But modern education, luxury, and the greater freedom of women have wrought structural changes in feminine character; men remain the conservatives.

All the principals in Mr. Miller's company are too well known to require any analysis of their personality, appearance, and methods in acting; all, except the new men, Felix Kremhs and John Miltern, hoth of whom are excellent actors; and Geoffrey Kerr will he remembered as the young English actor who has pleased us well in several rôles.

Everyhody made a hit, apparently. The realest one, as it was made hy a player new to us, and therefore unenhaloed hy old-friendly feelings, was that very successfully accomplished hy Walter Baldwin in the rôle of Degan, a man-servant who had persisted in remaining human in spite of his joh.

"THE PURPLE MASK."

The title of Mr. Leo Ditrichstein's present attraction at the Curran indicates melodrama. Poeple who stick to their ancient taste for melodrama will find it in plenty in "The Purple Mask," which also has romance, some comedy, and a historical hackground. For it deals with that romantic epoch when the royalists in France refused to accept defeat and plotted for the return of the Bourhons. And so, although the interested spectator will not learn much from the play, he will possihly hetake himself afterwards to his history hooks and refresh his memory as to the exciting events of the times.

"The Purple Mask" is a five-act play, freely adapted hy Matheson Lang from "Le Chevalier au Masque," hy a couple of French collahorators. And, speaking of the drama of intrigue, here you have it in full flower. It is all ingenious and carefully articulated plot woven ahout a group of aristocrats who are typical figures in French drama of the nineteenth century. There is the archplotter, who is a fanatic ahout the royal restoration; a pretty girl aristocrat with romantic sensihilities, a white-haired ahhé in hiding, and of course the gallant, intrepid figure of romance, a chevalier who plays with death with a courtly air and an unruffled hrow, and who always downs the grim enemy. This, of course, is Mr. Ditrichstein's rôle, which that actor emhellishes with all the distinction and elegance of manner at his disposal, and with those soothing, velvet tones that have elevated him to the position of the woman-tamer of the drama.

With these people, particularly the chevalier, matching their wits against Brisquet, the Sherlock Holmes of the then new France, things certainly hum.

There are evasions, disguises, ruses, perils, escapes. The chevalier composes dramatically perilous situations and victorious results as a musician composes music. And the producers have seen to it that the people figuring in these picturesque scenes are personahle, and wear the costumes of the time with dash and grace. There are two or three pretty girls—among them Peggy Allenhy, the leading lady, who looks very much in the picture, and plays her part prettily and sweetly, if not with distinction. There is a handsome and shapely youth with a wary side glance suitahle to melodrama, and there are gold-laced soldier-officers, very hrisk, and curt, and military.

But ahove all, there is plot.

Occasionally the audience jumps, as they did in "The Bat," when the mystery, or the mystification, rather, deepens or is cleared up, and although this style of drama is too distinctly old-fashioned to awaken, in our sated moderns, the thrill it could once provoke, still the audience seems to enjoy the twists, and turns, and dextrous trickeries of the plot, and not to miss the psychology and character study of up-to-date drama.

THE ROSA PONSELLE CONCERT.

Sweeping on to the stage clad in cloth of silver, with a hunch of silver grapes falling to the left of her piquant face, Rose Ponselle was like a calla, or a magnolia hlossom.

I didn't quite get it, when the audience, hefore she had opened her mouth, took her to its arms. Perhaps hecause she is Italian—there were many Italians in the audience. But I think it must have heen national pride over her naving risen from being the daughter of an Italian immigrant to hecoming an operatic star.

And then when they saw that she was smiling, and handsome, and heautifully dressed, that pleased the audience still more. And finally, when she opened a mouth admirahly calculated to let loose a flood of song and poured forth a sustained note of rich, luscious heauty, splendid amplitude, fine dramatic quality and youthful freshness of tone, well, that settled it.

The rest of the afternoon was one continual triumph. It became apparent at once that the young singer was horn for the operatic stage, that opera is her native heath, and that, with her youth, her operatic type of heauty, her fine voice, and her temperament, she has a long career of operatic triumphs hefore her.

The singer deserves warm commendation for her perfect distinctness. She has fine hreath control, and the voice is there: a splendid instrument, noticeably Italian in tone. You may say, "What do you mean by Italian?" Well, it is colorful, opulent, Latin; and the singers that most frequently possess it are Italians.

Miss Ponselle showed a partiality for well-known numhers. She sang Tosti's "Good-by"—now anathema to the concert connoisseur—but she sang it with such fervor that it was extremely enjoyahle.

She gave "Annie Laurie" and "Old Folks at Home" mixed in a kind of ragout with "Home, Sweet Home," and made a particular hit with "O sole mio," which she was ohliged to repeat.

As her second concert is at the Exposition Auditorium it is prohahle that the large audience at her first concert will he such enthusiastic advertisers that the increased numher of hearers may need the hig amphitheatre on Grove Street.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."

At the Century we may see this week the giants of the ocean in their native element, a series of wonderful and thrilling photographs having heen taken of whalers, whales, and sharks. There are pictures of schools of whales going soherly ahout their husiness, and then a truly amazing photographed record of the terrific darts and plunges and muscularly vented fury of one of these mighty mammals whose freedom is threatened.

Some of the pictures show the swimming monster full length, the spectator seeming to he poised overhead in mid-air in order to view his Titanic struggles.

And in continual alternation with these records of colossal wrath we see the long hoat filled with the intrepid youth that made "the whalemen" in the days when Herman Melville wrote of "Mohy Dick." The boat dances on the churning waves; a perilous dance that looks any moment as if it might he a dance of death.

It took young hlood to make this picture, and one can imagine that the expression of joy in the midst of danger which young Raymond McKee, the leading man, so well conveyed, was not all acting.

The play was staged in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and it is evident that the sailors rowing the hoat are the real article. There are views, too, of the wharves in the historic town and a generally salty atmosphere.

FANNIE BRICE.

Another piece of Orpheum enterprise may he recorded in the engagement of Fannie Brice, who won a name for herself as a comic star in Ziegfeld's Follies. While Fannie Brice is a successful amuser, if she had come here unheralded she would he regarded as a rather hetter one of a large class of women entertainers; that is, until she sings "My Man," when we suddenly discover that she is an artist. Previous to this numher she gave impersonations which revealed a sense of humor and a talent for hurlesque.

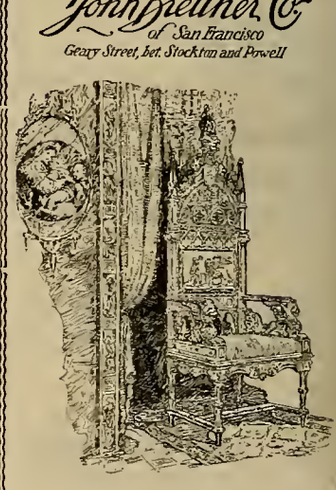
Miss Brice adds to the humor of her burlesques hy her changes of costume, hut she doesn't need to rely on them. In the "My Man" numher she wears the Apachian black and red, and, leaning against a Parisian lamppost that makes darkness visihle in an Apachian quarter, the bruised and ahused companion of some sallow slum-hrute sings of her unquenchahle love for "her man"; his in spite of the hruises with which he stamps on her his sign-manual of authority.

Fannie Brice startled her New York clientèle when she first sang this song; hitherto she had only made them laugh. But she sweetens and saddens her vaudevillian voice, and makes that pathetic, hruised figure a centre of dramatic interest.

Miss Brice is personable and engaging,

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The Orpheum Next Week.

Fannie Brice, hit of the current vaudeville season, remains for her second week, starting Sunday matinée, May 20th.

Lou Clayton and Cliff Edwards are featured in their fun fest, "Please Stop."

George Olsen brings an unusual orchestra from Portland.

Bobby McLean, the world's champion ice skater, with his company, offers a thrilling exhibition on specially prepared "ice" on the stage.

Diero, the master of the piano accordion, will appear.

"Fireside Reveries" features Georges Simondet and Elfrieda Wynn in a sextet of musical artists.

Snell and Vernon offer a cleverly conceived artistic diversion and Jim Toney and Ann Norman remain a second week in their skit, "You Know What I Mean."

At the Columbia.

To judge from the crowds that have filled the Columbia Theatre every night since the opening of Henry Miller and his faultless company in Lee Wilson Dodd's American comedy, "The Changelings," San Francisco has not enjoyed so auspicious a footlight occasion in a long time.

This play combines the elements of a lasting success, with a close approach to an all-star cast, for, in addition to Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton and Laura Hope Crews, all in rôles apparently made to order for them, there is John Miltern, who has frequently been starred, Felix Krembs, one of the theatre's most polished villains, and Geoffrey Kerr, who is refined and natural in the juvenile rôle.

At the Curran.

Leo Ditrichstein is at the Curran in "The Purple Mask," adapted from the French of "Le Chevalier au Masque," by Matheson Lang. "The Purple Mask" is in five acts, each striving to outdo the others in action and thrills. Miss Flora Sheffield plays her love scenes with Mr. Ditrichstein with delicacy and sweetness. Mr. Albert Morrison has an important part, and Mr. Lee Miller as Brisquet, chief of the secret police, is a perfect foil for Mr. Ditrichstein. Of the large cast, there are fifteen other parts of prominence. The engagement closes with the matinée and night next Saturday.

Rosa Ponselle

Rosa Ponselle, the Metropolitan's leading soprano, who with William Tyroler, formerly assistant conductor of the Metropolitan, gave such a successful concert at the Curran Theatre last Sunday, will give a concert at "hargain prices" (50 cents to $2) at the Exposition Auditorium next Wednesday night, May 23d, at 8:30. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Manager Frank W. Healy has completed arrangements with Miss Ponselle for a return tour to the Coast in April of next year.

Loring Club's Final

The fourth and concluding concert of the forty-sixth season of the Loring Club is announced for the evening of Tuesday, May 22d, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Among the compositions new to the Loring Club programmes to be sung on this occasion are Edwin Schultz' "Forest Harps," the tenor soloist in which will be G. A. Rogers, and Barnby's "Sweet and Low" as arranged for chorus of men's voices by John Hyatt Brewer.

At the Paul Elder Gallery

Dr. M. W. Kapp will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, May 26th, at 2:30, on "Our Glands and Our Evolvement as a Science and an Art." He will tell in a simple manner of the building forces in the body, those invisible forces called the endocrines that exert an influence on health, mental power, and character. Dr. Kapp is engaged in active medical practice in San Jose and has recently published a booklet entitled "Our Glands and Our Evolvement," which gives a presentation of the subject intended for the general reader.

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VANITY FAIR.

Travelers in Paris are observing with amusement the formation of what is described as a Parisian Main Street—a sort of amalgamation of American elements, in sufficient numbers to make it possible for an American to be at home and ahroad at the same time. There are said to be 25,000 Americans in the French capital, and they like corned beef and cabhage and other reminders of good old times in Cedar Rapids or Twin Falls. Dramatic talent is heing organized so that there may be an American theatre—in the same city with the Comédie Française. At the Hotel Majestic the special theatre salon has been crowded to the doors with a production of so American a play as "Her Hushand's Wife," hy Augustus Thomas; for Mr. Jiggs ahroad must have entertainment, and derives but little from French classics he does not understand. The scheme seems a good one, and will enable Mrs. Jiggs and Miss Jiggs to give more time to cultivating the society of the Duc de Camemhert, the Marquis de Roquefort, and the Prince de Bris. The Main Street atmosphere goes even farther than the entertainment of the stage, for they are having sewing circles for the feminine equivalent of Mrs. Jiggs, whoever she may he, and large quantities of baby dresses are being made for the expected new French population; if it ever comes. And there are bridge parties and debating societies, just to keep the home fires burning in far-away France. One wonders why it would not be just as easy to indulge in these dissipations at home—it seems, somehow, so superfluous to cross the raging main and gain the purliens of the gayest of cities just to plunge into the wild excitements of the St. John's Guild or the Mechanics Institute chess room.

Of course, there are adventurers who weary of the Moulin Rouge and under the guidance of savants meet to hear French poets discuss the merits of polygamy, the various aspects of communism, the causes of decadence in the arts, especially music. They are not the typical Main Streeters, but rather the bold explorers of sociological novelty. But even these manifest their devotion to the old home town in unmistakable ways. Recently an American minister enlivened such a gathering by rendering a number of plantation melodies, with banjo accompaniment. An Englishman is an Englishman wherever he goes, and so, apparently, an American remains an American—at least some do.

Time was, and not so far back, when the arrival in the United States of a duke or a viscount or any representative of foreign society was an event to herald with scarehead type. Today society takes it more quietly, while, perhaps, enjoying it as much. The presence of a British peer, a French count, or an Italian prince may become the subject of agreeable discussion at luncheon in the smart set and little is thought about it. We progress. At the recent meeting of the United Hunts Racing Association at Belmont Park, New York, Lady Bathurst, Major the Hon. Francis William White, and Major Girard Foster Elliot appeared in the gallery practically unannounced. Now Major the Hon. Francis William White is youngest brother of the present Baron Annaly, and while the title is a comparatively new one, and the name suggestive of Sebastopol, California, where it appears on the bank, the library, the school district, and in other public places, such "relativity" to a peer would not so long ago have been the subject of a good deal of comment; for the family is well connected. The sister of Major the Hon. Francis is married to Lord Leicester, and there is nothing new about that name. Lady Bathurst is the wife of the seventh earl, and a daughter of the late Lord Glenesk. Yet there has been a creditable absence of fuss about these visitors, who have been permitted to enjoy themselves in the hospitality of their friends without the plague of overmuch publicity. In fact international society, on this side the water, has had time to get acquainted with and accustomed to itself and its foreign guests. Transatlantic communication has grown so easy and luxurious, and there is so much of social diversion to be found in America, that the advent of titled visitors, and especially of near-titled ones, is no longer an occasion for any especial comment. Which tends to promote a certain suavity of manner that was lacking to our social intercourse of two generations ago.

It is quite likely that we take the arrival of nohility and even of royalty from Great Britain with more poise than they do in the colonies. An American gentleman in Sydney found in the mail box of the hotel where he had been stopping a month or more a polite notice from the management that after such and such a date his accommodations would cost him five shillings a room additional. He sent for the manager and demanded the reason. "Why, sir, you see, sir, the prince is coming." "The hell he is," said the American. "He doesn't want my rooms, does he?" "Aoh, nao, sir. But the prince is coming." "Well, but what's the idea? You told me the room would he so much; now you raise it." "But the rate will he laowered, sir, ahfter the prince departs." "Well, hut what do you do it for? Does he get the five shillings?" "Aoh, nao, sir, the prince is heyond want. But you'll find, sir, that's it's quite all right. Everybody does it. The street-car men are paid more, theatre tickets will be douhled, cah fares will he higher, even the haberdashers will charge more. It's quite all right, I assure you, sir." "Yes, but why? Why? I could understand it if you held a celebration, but why make it a puhlic calamity?" And here the Britain fell hack on the national explanation of all things that are. He said: "Why, sir, it's always done." And that settled it. The American had no come-back. In fact, there is no come-back to that formula, which is probably why they use it. He looked at the hotel man a moment and said: "Well, I'll pay it—it's worth the money. It certainly is worth the money." But the hotel man never got that part of it.

The American tourist in Rome who "fooled away an hour around the Forum" is being numerously paralleled by flocks of them seeing Europe in aeroplanes to save time. The spirit of contemplation that leads some ardent souls to brood over the grandeurs and beauties of the past is not among them. They seem to wish to get it over with rather than draw out the enjoyment of foreign travel. They do not constitute all the representatives of America abroad, but merely the more restless, noisy, and conspicuous. From their airy lanes of flight they look down on many of their compatriots enjoying their golf on French and Italian links, just as much as though they had stayed home and played. At one point, however, the two types seem to agree, and that is the bibulous habit they had at home. The American cocktail has never been so popular in Europe as it has since its formal hanishment from the United States. Another sort of American that has made the Europeans nervous is the suspicious traveler who carries with his baggage the preconceived opinion that Europe is out to gouge him because he is American, and who has shrunk up on tips, hangs onto his suitcases instead of trusting them to the porter, and otherwise deports himself on principles of economy. To avoid being rooked he often takes an old horse cab to his hotel instead of a taximeter, only to discover on arrival that the cahhy has gouged him deeper than the taxi man could because there is no clock to register the charge, or else, if there is one, it is mysteriously "broken." It is hard to beat an old-time cab man, and most travelers do not find it worth while trying, although tips, like everything else, have increased, and, moreover, increased disproportionately until a certain type of conducted tourist is now known as a "10 percenter" for adhering to the old rule of tipping 10 per cent. of the account.

The house at Vasto where Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born has collapsed.

Silk in Europe.

When silk first came into Europe, says *Arts and Decoration*, it came into contact with a people who had not only a great art, hut one that was to them entirely satisfactory. So while they accepted the fibre with enthusiasm and paid for it in coined gold and the lives of men, they did not entirely accept the design. On the Island of Cos, in the Mediterranean, there sprang up a very curious industry. Here the bolts of silk from the Orient were carefully unraveled and re-dyed and re-woven into designs and textures more suitable to the taste of the people.

In the twelfth century Roger of Sicily kidnapped Corinthian weavers and brought them to Palermo. This was a most successful act of barbarism; and Sicilian textures occupy, not only an important place today in museum collections, but won in their time a ready acceptance in Europe. A little later we read of a Bishop of Evreux purchasing a vestment of Sicilian texture. Silk played a vital part in the artistic and commercial life of the great Italian cities of the Middle Ages.

To the Alps, Italy owed a desirable isolation from barbarous Northern Europe. She retained remnants of classical culture and was subjected to the stimulation of Oriental contact. It was this security that invited commerce, and it was commerce that encouraged art. There is a record that Venice knew silk as early as the sixth century, but it is certain in the tenth century there was in that city a flourishing trade in silk.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

W. L. George is one of the score or so of English novelists continually touring America, and a Boston lady scored off him rather neatly one evening at a dinner. "What do you think of Bernard Shaw?" she asked. "Oh," said Mr. George, "Shaw's always lecturing, you know." "But at least," said the lady ,"he stays in England to do it, doesn't he?"

"The late Lillian Russell," said a friend of the dead actress, "thought that the morals of young people had deteriorated since her own youth. She thought there was no real feeling any more. To illustrate her point she used to quote a dialogue between two films stars. 'I hope,' said the first star, 'that in jilting young Venables I haven't broken his heart.' 'You have, though,' said the second star. 'You've broken it, darling, in half.' 'What do you mean?' said the first star impatiently. 'I mean,' said the other one, 'that he takes two girls out to supper in his car every night now.'"

Major A. W. Long tells in the course of his Irish reminiscences of staying in an hotel in the west of Ireland, the proprietor of which was known as "Pat": "When dressing I heard Charles, whose room was next to mine, shouting for his boots; and after a time Pat's voice answered from the hall below asking what he lacked, and then Charles telling him that his boots had not been touched. A pause, and Pat asked where he had left them. 'Outside my door, of course,' snapped Charles. 'Sorr,' said Pat, in his grandest tone of voice, 'if you had left yer gold watch and chain outside yer door sorra one in this house would have touched them.'"

Major Harding Cox, whose sporting reminiscences are a long series of good anecdotes, has told the story of the French count who was a guest of a Scottish laird. "The noble host, after dinner, and when the wine was going round and cigars were aglow, called in Ronald Macalister, his very superior stalker, and thus addressed him: 'It is my infernal luck, Ronald, that I should sprain my ankle, just as the count here arrives; but you must take him out over the best ground and see what he has a fair chance.' 'Oo, ay!' 'Ah, my friend,' put in the count, 'it is zure I am zat ze good MacTaveesh——' 'Ma name's no MacTavish, ye ken!' This from the deer-stalker. 'Ah, zat vas all a right, Mac. I call you MacTaveesh because eet zounds so—so—vat you zay?—so Scottie!' Next day all was ready for the start, with Macalister garbed and accoutred for the fray. The genial son of La Belle France slapped him on the back, exclaiming: 'Zy foot ees on zy native 'eath, zy name's MacTaveesh!' 'Ma name's no MacTavish!' reiterated the stalker. In the evening, when the count returned to the castle, he was beat to a frazzle and fed up with life in general and deer-stalking in particular—devil a stag had he seen all day. His lordship could not make it out. Day after day the same thing occurred, until at last Count Fontainbleu was reduced to a shadow; the soles of his boots were worn thin as blotting paper, and his feet were grievously chapped and blistered. He threw up the sponge and made tracks for the south. Lord Gralloch was left guessing. He called in Macalister and interrogated him sternly: 'Why—what in Heaven's name has come to the forest since I have been laid up, Ronald? Are there no beasts left in it?' 'Oo, ay, yere lordship. Foreby there's mony an' mony a bonnie beastie i' the corries.' 'In the name of all that's wonderful, then, how is it that you have not even shown my esteemed friend, Count Fontainbleu, a stag?' Then the murder was out: 'My name's not MacTavish!' exclaimed Macalister, tersely—and turning on his heel he stalked majestically from the presence of his astounded and scandalized master."

A traveling salesman bristling with anger stalked into a lawyer's office and told the lawyer that he had been bilked out of $100 in the following manner: Suffering somewhat from inebriety and being apprehensive that he might spend all of his money, he went to the clerk of the hotel in which he was stopping and handing the clerk a $100 bill requested that it be saved for him until he called for it. The following day he went to the clerk and requested his $100 bill. The clerk stared at him, and shaking his head with seeming incredulity, said: "You've made a mistake; you never gave me $100 or anything else." The salesman saw the point; he had no witness to the transaction; and so he left and repaired to the aforesaid lawyer's office. The lawyer advised him: "You get another $100 bill and in company with some trusted friend go to the clerk and apologizingly say that you gave a $100 bill to some one to save for you, but mistakenly thought it was he, and, however, you hand him the new $100 bill and ask him to save it for you. He will do so. Later in the day you go to him alone and request him to return the $100 bill. He will return it to you. The following day you go to him with your friend who was present when you turned over the last $100 bill for safekeeping and demand the $100. The clerk will see the point when he sees your witness, and so you will get your first $100 back also." The salesman did as advised, and the day after came to the lawyer with a broad grin, saying: "Your advice worked like a charm and I got my money back, the first $100 as well as the second. Now how much do I owe you?" "One hundred dollars," replied the lawyer.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Down on the Farm.

The city chappie tells his wife
About the country's charm.
He's always hankering for life
Down on the farm.

He goes and tries the farming biz,
Then chucks it in alarm.
And after that we find he is
Down on the farm.

—William S. Adkins in Judge.

Rhetorical.

Amaryllis, as to looking,
Rolls a seven;
Phillis, when it comes to cooking,
Touches heaven—
Though she's plain and gilds no lilies:
Which to choose? Right. Amaryllis!

—Gardner Rea in Judge.

Song.

He'd have given me rolling lands,
Houses of marble, and billowing farms,
Pearls, to trickle between my hands,
Smoldering rubies, to circle my arms.
You—you'd only a lilting song,
Only a melody, happy and high,
You were sudden and swift and strong.—
Never a thought for another had I.

He'd have given me laces rare,
Dresses that glimmered with silvery sheen,
Shining ribbons to wrap my hair,
Horses to draw me, as fine as a queen.
You—you'd only to whistle low,
Gaily I followed wherever you led.
I took you, and I let him go,—
Somebody ought to examine my head!

—Dorothy Parker in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Newell Bull, daughter of Mrs. Alpheus Bull of San Francisco, to Mr. Paul Johnstone McCoy, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCoy of San Leandro.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Dunne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Dunne of San Jose, to Mr. William Herdman of Los Angeles and Tampico, Mexico.

Mrs. Paul Clagstone was a recent hostess at a mah jongg party at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Julie Heyneman was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Heyneman.

Mrs. Arthur Paulson gave a bridge-tea last week in honor of Miss Lucille Byington, whose engagement has been announced.

General and Mrs. John Knight were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Robert W. Martendale.

Mrs. Jerome Politzer gave a tea recently for Countess Vitterale Siciliani and her daughter, Countess Grazella.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith was a luncheon hostess last week at the Francisca Club.

Miss Virginia Chadbourne gave a picnic down the Peninsula on Sunday of last week in honor of Miss Helen Deamer, who is going abroad for the summer.

Mr. James Brendon Brady was host at a dinner given last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

A garden party, followed by supper and dancing, is being held on Saturday, May 19th, at the Presidio for the benefit of the Army Relief Association.

Mrs. Fin Lund entertained at a musicale given at her home on Pacific Avenue on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Katherine Kennedy of Manila was the guest of honor last Saturday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Ernest G. Bingham at the Presidio.

Mrs. Robert W. Mearns was hostess at a bridge party at the Century Club last Monday afternoon.

Miss Katherine Bentley was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Tuesday by Mrs. Leonard E. Wood at her home in Presidio Terrace.

On Wednesday last Miss Barbara Sesnon gave a tea in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor were recent dinner hosts at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Countess Grazella Siciliani, daughter of the Italian consul, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Frances Ames at the home of her mother, Mrs. Harry Scott.

Miss Barbara Sesnon gave a Sunday afternoon reception at her home on Divisadero Street in honor of Miss Annette Rolph.

Captain Otis Calloway, U. S. A., retired, gave a dinner on Sunday last at his home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Jerome Landfield was hostess at a tea given last Saturday at her home in Burlingame.

The Army-Navy Club held its last meeting of the season last week at the home of Mrs. A. M. D. McCormick in Berkeley.

Colonel Kensey J. Hampton, U. S. A., gave a stag dinner at his quarters at the Presidio on Friday of last week in honor of General John T. Knigbt, who has been recently transferred to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton entertained at a farewell luncheon yesterday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Laura McKinstry gave a dinner last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mayer, who have recently arrived from the Orient.

Mr. Scott Smith, son of Dr. Reginald Knight Smith, gave a house party at his home in Los Altos in celebration of his twenty-first birthday.

Mrs. Milton Bughee gave a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Janet Coleman was the guest of honor last week at a farewell luncheon given by Mrs. Lloyd M. Robbins at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering were hosts at a recent dinner given in honor of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman were hosts at a dinner-dance given last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker entertained at a luncheon last Friday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley.

Mrs. Walter Boardman entertained at a tea last week in compliment to her mother, Mrs. Channing Seabury, and her sister, Miss Edith Seabury.

General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett were hosts at a supper party last week in honor of Miss Ina Claire and several members of her company.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon gave a dinner on Friday of last week in honor of General Charles G. Morton and Mrs. Morton.

The meeting of the Musical and Dramatic Club on Saturday last was preceded by a luncheon at the Palace Hotel.

The younger children of Miss Harker's school in Palo Alto gave a circus performance last Saturday for the benefit of the Stanford Convalescent Home for Children.

Mrs. William Sproule entertained at a luncheon and theatre party on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Stanley Powell entertained at a tea last week at the Palace Hotel for the members of Miss Katherine Bentley's bridal party.

On Wednesday next Mrs. Eugene Lent and her daughter, Mrs. Hugh Porter, will give a luncheon in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Edward Howard of Piedmont gave a tea last week in compliment to her daughter, Miss Jane Howard, whose engagement to Mr. Frederick Reimers has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels were hosts at a dinner in honor of Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. George Landenberger gave a luncheon at her home on Yerba Buena Island on Friday of last week.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan entertained at a dinner last week at her home on Washington Street in honor of Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

The Swedish consul, Mr. C. G. Wallerstedt, and Mrs. Wallerstedt were the guests of honor at a farewell dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. Lander.

A reception will be given on May 19th by the Bryn Mawr Association in honor of the women workers interested in the summer school at Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. Elmer Jennings was a recent hostess at a luncheon at her home in Atherton.

Mrs. John S. Irby entertained at a luncheon and bridge party given at the Fairmont Hotel.

A large bridge and mah jongg party was given on Monday at the Hotel Fairmont for the benefit of the Auxiliary to the Bishop's Executive Board.

Mrs. Neville Castle entertained over Sunday of last week at her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. E. Pierce Breyfogle was hostess at a luncheon on Friday of this week.

A reception was given on Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel by the members of the San Francisco branch of the League of American Penwomen.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer gave a tea on Tuesday last for Miss Kathleen Farrell, whose engagement has been announced.

Mrs. Louis Kellogg Maitland entertained at a bridge party on Tuesday last at the Century Club in honor of Mrs. Merritt Hodson.

Mrs. Myra Jeffers gave a farewell luncheon for Mrs. William Ede, who will shortly leave for Europe.

The officers of the Letterman Garrison and the medical officers at Letterman Hospital gave a dance last Friday evening. Several dinners preceded the dance.

A luncheon was given by the National League for Women's Service Monday last at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was the guest of honor at a house party given over the week-end by ex-Senator James D. Phelan at his country home near Saratoga.

Mrs. Frank Johnson was hostess at a luncheon given on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. John Drum gave a luncheon on Thursday last in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean St. Cyr gave a dinner-dance last week at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. St. Cyr's son, Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray chaperoned a party of young people on a motor trip to Clear Lake over the week-end.

Y. W. C. A. and Music.

The International Institute of the Y. W. C. A., through its music department, is doing notable work in bringing to public attention the foreign artists now available in San Francisco. Under directorship of Miss Harriet Wilson and the chairmanship of Mrs. Frederick Canney, the music studio of the institute in the Heine Building is coming to be recognized as the clearing-house for foreign talent. The programmes furnished by the institute last year in San Francisco's music week and this past week during like celebration in Oakland are examples of what this organization is accomplishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Matthews of New York are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Matthews was formerly Miss Elva De Pue of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Denman McNear are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. S. Yada, who has been acting consul in San Francisco for several years, has been appointed consul-general in Shanghai, and with Mrs. Yada is leaving soon for the Orient.

Miss Julie Heyneman left San Francisco last Friday to return to her home in London.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and her daughter, Miss Edith Grant, will return from the East early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mayer, who have recently returned from the Orient and have been spending several days in San Francisco, left on Tuesday of last week for their home in New York.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt, who was formerly Miss Azalea Keyes, daughter of Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes of San Francisco, accompanied by her two sons, has arrived from her home in England to spend the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, who have been in New York for several weeks, returned on Sunday to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman and Miss Janet Coleman have gone to New York.

Mrs. E. Pierce Breyfogle is giving a luncheon on Friday, May 18th.

Miss Katherine Kennedy, formerly of San Francisco, daughter of Colonel James M. Kennedy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kennedy, has arrived from her present home in Manila and will enter the University of California. Miss Kennedy is a house guest of Colonel Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Edie at their home on Jackson Street.

Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas will pass the summer at Stanford University and will occupy one of the sorority houses on the Campus.

Mrs. Henry White and Mrs. M. S. Walton, who have been with their mother, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, have returned to their respective homes in New York and Kentucky.

Countess Annesley, who has been spending the winter in San Francisco, left on Friday of last week for her home in England.

Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, is leaving for the East, where she will pass the summer.

Count and Countess Holmblad have been spending a fortnight in St. Helena, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teague.

Mrs. Morris R. Clark, daughter of Admiral A. M. D. McCormick, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCormick, has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and Mrs. W. S. Porter, who were to have gone abroad for the summer, have postponed their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard gave a dinner recently in celebration of the third anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. Frederick O'Brien left on Monday for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore have returned from Texas, where they have been visiting relatives.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron, who have been spending some time in the Hawaiian Islands, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean will spend the summer at Woodside and will occupy the home of Mr. John Lawson.

Miss Helen Deamer, who is going abroad with Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat, will enter the University of Paris in the autumn.

Mrs. Channing Seabury and Miss Edith Seabury have just arrived from Honolulu and are visiting Mrs. Seabury's daughter, Mrs. Walter Boardman, before returning to their home in the East.

The Swedish consul, Mr. C. G. Wallerstedt, and Mrs. Wallerstedt, left on Saturday last for New York on their way to Sweden, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham are leaving shortly for Menlo Park, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Germain Vincent will shortly take possession of their new home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Trench Vulte, who have recently returned from New York, have gone to Los Angeles, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Sherman P. Stow, who has been in Merced, has returned to her home in Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Clara Darling and Mrs. John Brice, who have been motoring in Southern California, have returned to San Francisco.

The Rev. Webster L. Clark and Mrs. Clark, who have been visiting in Southern California, have returned to their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister of San Mateo will soon leave for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery are leaving shortly for the East, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. Austin Tuhhs will soon take her departure for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth C. Wylie will spend the summer in Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton and her daughter, Mrs. Elizaheth Raymond, are leaving shortly for the East and will spend the summer at Bar Harhor.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel have gone to their country home in Menlo Park, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowles, accompanied hy their children, will go to Menlo Park for the month of June and will he house guests of Mrs. Bowles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Miss Frances Kellam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellam of New York, and formerly of San Francisco, will go to Europe with Mrs. Harry Sherman and her daughters, Miss Lucia and Miss Isahel Sherman.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell, spent the week-end in San Rafael, where she was the house guest of her hrother, Mr. William Palmer Horn, and Mrs. Horn.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, who have heen in New York for the last two months, returned on Monday to their home at the St. Francis.

Mr. Stewart Edward White, accompanied hy Mr. Harry Poett and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, have gone to Canada on a hunting and fishing trip. On the return of the guests Mrs. White will join her husband at Seattle for a summer yachting trip.

Dr. Charles Deems and Mrs. Deems have gone to Carmel for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page have taken a house in Palo Alto for a year. Mrs. Charles Buckingham and her two children will he with her parents this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh have taken a house in San Rafael and will leave San Francisco ahout the middle of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Clifton have taken a cottage at Lake Tahoe, where they will pass part of the summer.

Mrs. Thomas B. Hunter, accompanied hy her two little sons, will leave the first week in June for Salt Lake, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Hale.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy, accompanied hy Mrs. Page-Brown has closed her house on Van Ness Avenue, and has gone to her home in Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clarke have taken a house in San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Marian Dunne will leave for New York the latter part of May and will join her mother, Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, and her sister, Miss Margery Dunne, in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, who have been spending the winter in Washington, have returned to their home in Burlingame.

After entertaining at several affairs lately, Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald have closed their apartment on California Street and have gone to their home in Sonoma County for the summer.

Margaret Anglin.

Once more playgoers are going to have the opportunity of seeing Greek tragedy rise from its stately mausoleum and take on the glow and color of life. For on Tuesday night, May 29th, Margaret Anglin will add one more to her list of four representations of characters in the famous old Greek tragedies that she has revived in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley.

Previous to this engagement she has produced, during different seasons and in an atmosphere of perfect artistic appropriateness, on the stage of the Greek amphitheatre at Berkeley "Medea," "Iphigenia at Aulis," "Electra," and "Antigone." Euripides, the favorite author in ancient Greece, and most appreciated in these modern revivals on account of his simple humanity, is chosen again; for "Antigone" was the only play among the Margaret Anglin revivals of which he was not the author.

This time Miss Anglin has chosen "Hippolytus," which is founded upon the same legend as "Phèdre," which Sarah Bernhardt played at the Greek Theatre during one of her later visits to this Coast.

Miss Anglin, who, it is evident, loves to make these periodical histrionic excursions into the stage art of ancient Greece, has long had this representation at the Greek Theatre in mind. For it she had Mr. Arthur Fisher, who composed the incidental music used in "A Woman of Bronze," also compose a series of striking compositions to heighten the dramatic scenes of "Hippolytus." And during a long stay in Greece Miss Anglin looked into the subjects that would he enlightening as to the stage sets of "Hippolytus."

Mr. Livingston Platt, whose infallihle taste contrived sets of rare heauty for the former Grecian representations given hy Miss Anglin, is coming out to stage "Hippolytus," and so ardent has the star heen in her desire to make Greek meet Greek that she has even had her costumes made in Greece.

When we reflect that all these costly preparations are made for a performance limited to one, or at least two, representations, it is to realize that with Miss Anglin the whole affair is a lahor of love instead of a commercial venture.

The public has always turned out hy the thousand on these occasions, themselves contrihuting hy their numhers to the spectacular effect in the stately stone temple dedicated to art. And as for the star herself, her portrayals in these old tragedies are so stamped with dignity and heauty that they are unforgettahle.

J. H. P.

At the Palace.

Mrs. Stanley Powell, who will act as matron of honor at the coming marriage of Miss Katherine Bentley, entertained other memhers of the hridal party at tea Thursday afternoon at the Palace Hotel. Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Elizaheth Magee, Miss Barhara Sesnon, Miss Newell Bull and Mrs. John Boyden will he hridesmaids at the wedding.

Mrs. Modini Wood of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance given in the Rose Room Bowl of the Palace Hotel Friday evening, at which Mr. and Mrs. Velissarios Velissaratos and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jonas Peterson were hosts. A large centrepiece of roses, yellow iris, and delphinium adorned the tahle.

Saturday afternoon Miss Marion Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bennett, was the complimented guest at tea given hy Mrs. George E. Knowlton at the Palace Hotel, at which announcement of her engagement to Mr. William Swadley was made. Tea was served in the Palm Court, where Mrs. Knowlton received her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ragley of Los Angeles were guests at the Palace Hotel over the week-end, and entertained at a prettily appointed dinner in the Rose Room Bowl Friday evening. Tahle decorations were in Japanese colors and designs.

Two popular hrides-elect, Miss Ada Gray and Miss Grace Zicgenfuss, were the complimented guests at a tea given hy Mrs. W. R. Davis in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel Friday afternoon. The tahle was decorated with clusters of iris and Irish Elegance roses. Painted figures of gayly costumed sheiks formed the place cards.

Miss Helen Clasby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clashy, was a tea hostess of the week, entertaining a number of her young friends at the Palace Hotel. Twenty-four guests accepted her hospitality.

The world's record harrel, even larger than the historic "Heidelherger Fass," which contained 550,000 gallons, has just heen turned out in Lahr, near Baden Baden. It will hold 625,000 gallons, hut, unlike the other, will he used for chemicals and not wine.

Santa Fé has an art gallery containing only paintings of the American Southwest.

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"The Valley Will Be a Lake."

Yesterday morning one of a series of premonitory events took place at the Crystal Springs Hotel. The event was simple enough, being nothing but the sole of everything movable in and about the hostelry; bat the reason for the sole is one pregnant with interest. Before another winter has passed the valley in which the hotel is situated, with all its present woods, homesteads, cottages and roads, will be a lake, by name the Crystol Springs Lake, in purpose the third and largest reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company. — Chronicle, September 5, 1874.

Fifty years later the face of nature is heing changed again in that heautiful San Mateo County region. A tunnel 8750 feet long is heing drifted under Pulgas Ridge, its east portal near Redwood City and its west portal at Crystal Springs Reservoir.

Through Pulgas Tunnel will flow the additional water for San Francisco—24 million gallons daily—that Spring Valley is developing at Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County.

Pulgas Tunnel, like the rest of the conduit from Irvington, is heing huilt hy the City with Hetch Hetchy funds, for this conduit will he the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy aqueduct.

Spring Valley is paying the interest on the Hetch Hetchy honds sold to construct the Irvington-to-Crystal Springs line. Spring Valley, of course, is paying all the cost of the work at Calaveras and of the necessary new conduit facilities down Niles cañon and to Irvington.

The arrangement recommended by the Railroad Commission and agreed to hy the City and the water company greatly increases the importance to San Francisco of the 50-year-old lake that covers the site of the Crystal Springs Hotel.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They exhumed the wrong body." "What a grave mistake."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The modern girl may have her little weaknesses, but she isn't effeminate.—*Fresno Republican.*

"Do you always leave cards when you call?" "No, sometimes I leave a pair of overalls or an umbrella."—*Bastan Transcript.*

"I saw you out this morning with Lucien's latest flame!" "Impossible! I have only been with my wife all the morning."—*Paris Sans Gêne.*

Householder (to burglar under bed)—Before you come out you might have a look for my collar stud under there!—*London Humorist.*

"I hear that Kitty is getting a divorce." "Yes, she married a captain during the war and now, of course, he's frightfully out of style."—*Life.*

He—There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married. *She*—How do you know? *He*—I've asked them.—*Stockholm Sandag Nisse.*

She—Jack, dear—am I the first girl you ever kissed? *Jack*—Yes, indeed. I learned to do that from a radio lecture I heard the other night.—*Columbia Jester.*

Marriage License Clerk—Have you ever been married, and if so, how many times? *Actress*—Good heavens, don't you read the papers?—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Visitor (admiringly)—What a picture of innocence your little one is! *Mother*—I hadn't noticed it. Dorothy, what have you been doing?—*Bastan Transcript.*

"Does Jimmy remember the anniversary of your marriage?" "Never. I remind him of it in January and in June, and get two lots of presents a year."—*London Mail.*

Artist (regarding his rejected picture)—Very disheartening, isn't it? *Model*—It is that, sir—when I think of all the weary hours I posed for the blessed thing.—*Punch.*

"My word is law in our home," boasted Jones. "Yes," replied Henry Peck, "and you have more trouble enforcing it than they do the prohibition law."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out in response to an encore; "make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."—*Dallas News.*

"What is the classic dancer interpreting now?" "Mixed emotions." "Eh?" "She has just been informed by her manager that the house tonight won't pay expenses."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

A doctor was questioning his patient's wife: "Does your husband grind his teeth in his sleep?" "Goodness me, no!" was the reply. "I never allow him to wear them in bed, doctor."—*Washington Post.*

"Time plays a great part in determining the appreciation of literature." "No doubt of it," replied Miss Cayenne. "The better a love letter seems while fresh the worse it is likely to sound when read in court."—*Washington Star.*

She—When you asked me to be your wife you deliberately deceived me? *He*—In what way, Martha? *She*—You told me you were well off. *He*—Well, I may have said it, Martha, but I didn't know how well off I was at that time.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't; I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman; "bring him with you."—*Tit-Bits.*

Customer—I haven't any change with me this morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until tomorrow? *Drug Clerk*—Certainly, Mr. Jones. *Customer*—But suppose I should get killed, or—— *Drug Clerk*—Pray don't speak of it, Mr. Jones; the loss would be a trifle.—*Chicago News.*

Lecturer (to one-man audience)—I must thank you, sir, for your interest in my lecture, and I am afraid I must apologize for taking up a great deal of your time. *Audience*—That's all right, zur; I be engaged by the hour. *Lecturer*—Engaged by the hour? *Audience*—Yes, zur; I be the cabman what drove you up to this 'ere 'all from the station.—*London Humorist.*

Rev. Dr. Hawley—My dear sir, I am a minister of the Gospel, and, as I intend preaching a sermon against the stage, I thought I would ask you for a ticket of admission to your show, in order that I might see for myself the extent of this great immorality. *Manager (to ticket-seller)*—Charlie, give the doctor a seat in the orchestra, and charge it to advertising."—*Harlem Life.*

DESCENT OF THE $.

The symbol $ prefixed to the Federal currency is sometimes said to be a modification of the English £, for pounds. This is unlikely. So also is the explanation, much affected in old-time arithmetics, that it is a sort of hastily formed monogram of the initials U. S. Equally plausible, and equally fallacious, is the conjecture that it is a modification of the figure 8 above an 8, designating the Spanish coin of 8 reales, or "piece of eight," an equivalent of the dollar, its symbol being written 8. Other fallacies, which may be mentioned only to be dismissed, are: that the sign comes from the abbreviation used to mark the Roman money unit, the old Romans having reckoned by sesterces, and to denote them having used both the HS and JIS, forms easily changed into our dollar mark; that it comes from the Spanish contraction for peso, a dollar, indicated in Spanish accounts by combining P and S; or from the Spanish *fuertes*, hard, used to distinguish coin from paper money.

Having cleared the ground there remains to be considered a theory which was argued out at some length in the *Atlantic Manthly* in an article entitled "The Story of the Two Pillars" and which remains the most satisfactory thus far offered.

From early times pillars have been used to signify strength and sovereignty, and by the Phœnicians were connected as religious emblems with their temples. When Solomon's temple was built by Tyrian workmen there were set up with great ceremony before its porch two pillars of brass, one called Jachin, or "He shall establish," and the other, Boaz, or "In it is strength."

Symbolic pillars appear upon ancient Tyrian coinage as supporters of the chief device. There is a tradition that Melcanthus, the Tyrian explorer, sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar, tarried near their western extremity and planted on the site of the present Cadiz the Tyrian pillars of sovereignty. Over them he built a temple to Hercules, or more probably, to the Phœnician god afterward identified with Hercules. As the colony grew, and the temple gained wealth from votive offerings, the first rude pillars were replaced by others made of blended gold and silver, quadrangular in section, "like anvils," bearing mystical inscriptions. "These pillars," says Flavius Philostratus, "are the chains that bind together the earth and the sea." When Cadiz (originally Gades) increased in power and wealth, the Pillars of Hercules became her metropolitan emblem, as a horse's head was of Cartbage.

The Spanish sympathies of the Emperor Charles V led him to incorporate the arms of the Holy Roman Empire with those of Spain. The pillars of Cadiz were made the supporters of the device. On the standard dollar coined in the imperial mint at Seville (hence known as "colonnato," or in English "pillar piece") these pillars were entwined with a scroll. This was sometimes supposed to represent serpents sent by Juno to destroy the infant Hercules in his cradle. In reality it was but the revival of an older custom. Though the Tyrians were not the first to coin money, they were the foremost in giving it general circulation. Their coinage was the earliest currency of the world, and its device the recognized money symbol. Hence the pillar pieces of Charles V only familiarized the world anew with the symbol borne by the older pillar pieces of the Tyrians.

Our dollar mark, therefore, was first a religious emblem, then a general symbol of sovereignty, and finally, through Tyrian enterprise and Spanish domination, was accepted as a monetary token, and so came to bear its present significance.

Hard to See.

Simkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however; just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir—Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."—*Chicago News.*

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Ask to see the Rate Schedule for your community on file at the P G and E office and divide the rate per Kilowatt Hour (K.W.H.) by 20. This will give you the cost (less than ½ cent) of burning a 50 Watt Globe for one hour.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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San Francisco at Washington.

The night of May 18th in Washington was very much a San Francisco night. It was the night on which President Harding presented to Henry Bacon, architect of the Lincoln Memorial, the gold medal of the American Institute of Architects, in recognition of his achievement in creating one of the country's really beautiful possessions. "The occasion was marked," according to the press dispatches, "by one of the most gorgeous pageants ever seen in the United States, in which 1000 people participated." President Harding was presented to the multitude by Chief Justice Taft. Mr. Bacon was escorted by William B. Faville and a guard of honor consisting of Daniel Chester French and Jules Guerin. This brought the affair into close association with San Francisco. It so happened that this city witnessed and for nearly ten months spiritually subsisted upon the most beautiful efflorescence of art seen in the United States—the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. It so happened also that in the materialization of that vision there were men that became architects of places instead of architects of buildings. Henry Bacon was the architect of that tranquil little haven of peace known as the Court of the Seasons. William B. Faville of this city was the architect of the outer walls that enclosed the eight central exhibit palaces; and at Washington the other night he escorted Bacon to the stand where the latter received the medal, because Faville is now president of the American Institute of Architects. Daniel Chester French had a sculptural group in the Exposition; and Jules Guerin was the colorist who tinted that fabric of a dream so that it became the wonder of the time. Altogether, to these men, it must have had the charm of reunion of the personalities that had made the exposition of 1915 beautiful. So San Francisco can feel that it is worthily linked with the developments in which these artists have part. And this suggests that while the Lincoln Memorial is permanent, and a significant addition to the beauty of the world, no exposition palace was saved from the wreckers except the Palace of Fine Arts, and that has no assurance of enduring. It was built, quite properly for its temporary purpose, of perishable materials. Some association of wealthy San Franciscans could earn the gratitude of their fellow-citizens if they would contribute enough money to reproduce the Palace of Fine Arts on its present site in stone.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14.—Do the American people want an autocrat in the White House? There is reflected in the query the state of my own mind. But not all minds are open. Only yesterday in a company of notable distinction I heard a gentleman of long public service and highly accredited for wisdom declare that the country had come to a condition where its need and its desire is for an executive dictatorship. He did not use the word dictator, but that is what he meant. The country, he proceded, is too vast geographically, too diverse in its interests, too locally selfish, to go along indefinitely content under the original plan that was made for thirteen scantily populated states. In evidence he cited the tendency of Congress to break up into coteries and blocs, each representative of some community interest. He went further to declare that the bloc system, if carried to a logical development, would end—not immediately, but in process of time—in division of the country into a series of sectional and independent political organisms. In the meantime the popular wish, he believed, was for a "strong man" at the helm of affairs—in other words, for an autocrat in the White House. Individually, he argued, our people have lost the fear that was in the minds of what Mr. Harding styles the founding fathers. They are no longer afraid of kings; they are weary of self-government; they want somebody else to do the governing. They want to be left undisturbed, with leave to attend each to his private affairs.

The direct reference of all this was, of course, to President Harding and to his determination to conduct his office with respect to the limitations of the Federal Constitution. The idea was that the government can not now be carried on successfully without departure from the constitutional mandate, a mandate defined by the late Justice Field as "necessary * * * to secure justice to the people" and "the reign of law against the sway of arbitrary power." Argument was to the effect that Congress has to a degree abandoned its functions and its capability of independent action and that it must, if the government is to carry on effectively, be directed by the executive. There was a murmur of protest, but it was neither loud nor sustained. I got the impression that those who heard—and the company, I repeat, was a notable one—were in substantial accord with the suggestion that a man of strong and arbitrary spirit in the White House is a demand of the times.

How much of the condition under which Congress has deteriorated in its character, even in its pretensions, is due to the direct primary, I will not undertake to say. But surely something. A member of Congress chosen under the direct primary, and thus subject to the immediate mood of a local constituency, must in the nature of things lose much of the character of broad statesmanship. His centre of gravity, so to speak, has been transferred automatically from national to local interests and considerations. It is only the very exceptional man—such a man as our own Julius Kahn, for example—who can hold his place in Congress without giving heed to every wave of sentiment and to every voting element in his constituency. In so far as development of the bloc system has not already brought this condition about, it is in the way of doing it. What in my judgment is most needed is not a dictator in the White House, but such revision of our methods of choosing representatives in Congress as will tend to restore the relative independence and the party loyalty of former times. That return to some plan of selection less directly subject to local influence is practicable I very much doubt. Democracy under demagogic tutelage has got the bit in its teeth, and to what ultimate effect time only can tell. One thing now certain is that unless leadership comes from the White House it is not likely to come from anywhere. Today the cry for leadership is answered only by its own echo. There is no leadership in a broad sense, and there can be none, under a practice that subordinates national views and interests to the motives and considerations of parochial politics.

It is of course understood at Washington that Senator Johnson upon his return from Europe will raise a mighty cry in opposition to President Harding's proposal relative to the Court of International Justice. And there are those who don't care one ding-dang about the court, who are eager for the ravishing to begin. They are the busybodies typified in a luncheon group at the Shoreham Hotel over which Joe Tumulty presides and of which our own Ray Baker is a leading spirit. The interest of these Dalgettys of politics is less in the principles involved than in the incidents of the fight. What they want is ruction, no matter in what behalf it is made or who makes it. Then there is the more calculated and sinister interest of the individuals who make up the irreconcilable group—La Follette, Borah, Brookhart, Shipstead and, on the side line, Governor Pinchot. Any candidate for the presidency a year in advance of the nominating convention is in a sense balancing upon a tight rope. Mr. Harding is assumed to be in this character and it is conceded that the omens are in his favor. But there is the chance that he may come to grief. What the professional political gamesters and the individually aspiring irreconcilables want is that somebody shall joggle the rope. And in Johnson they see the man to do it. They are preparing to give him encouragement, not upon hopes calculated in his interest, but in the deeper design of encouraging him to create a situation fatal to Harding. Out of such a situation each of several ambitious spirits is hoping that the ball may fall to his hand. Mr. Johnson is bound to have that which will bear the look of a cordial reception on the part of his irreconcilable friends, but the demonstration, while in his name, will not be in his behalf. None of the gang at Washington seriously wants Johnson. What is wanted of him is that he shall joggle the rope.

It is not easy to treat of Democratic politics, since at the moment the national Democratic party, regarded as an organization, is hardly existent. This is not to say that Democracy is down and out; it is to say that it is without organization, without leadership, without anything definite in the way of policies or programme. Its lack of leadership is defined in the circumstance that it has too many would-be leaders. The trouble with the Democratic party is that President Wilson made of it something apart from its historical and traditional character. It became under the Wilson régime rather a Wilson party than a Democratic party. Now we have what is left of the Wilson party, bereft of the authority upon which it was based, at odds with the old Democratic idea which

has not yet recovered its poise or even found its voice. Everybody knows that there are large potentialities in Democratic sentiment; nobody knows what its principles or its war cries are to be in the campaign of 1924 beyond the prescription of Senator Brookhart, namely, to find out what Judge Gary is for, then to oppose it. Mr. Wilson, despite his physical and mental disabilities, still conceives himself the head of the party and the definer of its policies, and repeated rebuffs have failed to dislodge that notion from his mind. Of his following in recent years there still is a sufficient element left to make it difficult for the old Democracy to rally itself. At the moment, I suspect, Mitchell Palmer comes nearer than anybody else being the spokesman of the Democratic party, yet he falls far short of having any real authority. Mr. Cox, whose candidacy in 1920 is not yet quite forgotten, claims official character as the head of the party, but his status is even less a matter of party recognition than the pretensions of Mr. Wilson.

Of course, somehow and in some way not yet clear the national Democratic party will pull itself together. Individually Democrats of all factions are hopeful. They see in the difficulties through which President Harding is laboring the chance of his failure. They count on a presumptive political reaction, but when it comes to anything approaching coördinated effort, a definite plan, or an authoritative leadership, they are at sea. What the Democratic party needs at this time is a potential and dramatic figure. Literally there is nobody in sight about whom, as a leader or as a presidential candidate, all the elements of the party can rally. What they are looking for and what they must find is a Moses. It was one of the many defects of Mr. Wilson's character as President that he was unwilling to permit the rise of any man of his own party to the stature of political competency and of possible rivalry. Two Democrats indeed rose above the level of mediocrity and abject subordination. One—Walter Page—is dead; the other—John W. Davis—has lost something on the score of availability by moving to New York and allying himself professionally to that bug-a-boo of Democracy "the corporations." Senator Underwood is perhaps the outstanding Democrat of the country, and beyond question a man of parts. But he has the double handicap, first of hailing from Alabama, second of being by education and temperament more a Northerner than a Southerner. Mr. McAdoo is not wholly unacclaimed by elements of his party, but there attaches to him something of the character of a political harlequin. Neither in office nor out of it has he impressed his party—still less the country at large—as a stable personal or political quantity. Of course, there is Mr. Bryan, but nobody now takes Bryan seriously.

There is a possibility that the Democratic party may in desperation turn to Henry Ford. But nobody knows, not even Mr. Ford himself, where Mr. Ford stands politically, or if he stands anywhere. He ran for the Senate two years ago as a Democrat, but more recently he has declared himself in more or less private talks to be a Republican. The truth is that Mr. Ford has no politics, no foundation of knowledge or conviction, historic, economic, or traditional, upon which to establish a definite political character. Nevertheless Henry Ford, regarded as a presidential possibility, is a factor to be reckoned with. He has acquired vast wealth without having become in the public mind affiliated with that dreadful bogey the money power. He is the most widely and most persistently advertised man in the whole county. He has at command an organization in every city, townsbip, village and hamlet that might easily be transformed into an agency of political promotion. He has through his Mussel Shoals project attained a large measure of popularity in the South. He is in high favor with the labor element. These be potentialities of practical value. On the other hand, the common sense of the country stands aghast, and on the part of the Jewish element opposition would be positive and vehement. For the Democratic party to make Henry Ford its candidate in 1924 would be an abandonment of principle, of dignity, of propriety—a surrender to a low calculation of questionable expediency. It would be pitiable beyond words, and if the party had not survived three Bryan candidacies and eight years of Wilson I should say it would be fatal.

The return of Colonel Harvey has vastly interested the Washington gossips and more or less the whole country. Nobody knows if his coming means his abandonment of the London post, but there are many to believe—also many to hope—that it does. There is a good deal to be said for Harvey, despite the fact that his assignment to the Court of St. James was originally questionable. In London last July I found Harvey to be a fairly popular figure. His lack of what may be termed diplomatic conventionality, even while it surprised the Britishers, did not displease them. Harvey is an entertaining man. His presence anywhere tends to animation. While no orator, he unfailingly interests any company he addresses. No man is better acquainted with American politics and no man who has represented America at London has been able better or so well to interpret American political ideas to British understanding. But while all this is true, I am of the opinion that Colonel Harvey's usefulness at London has come to its end. Events and circumstances for which he may not be responsible have made it desirable that some other, more conventional and more representative man be sent to the Court of St. James. Colonel Harvey should know this himself, and knowing it he should make the situation easy for the President. Upon landing this week he pointed out the way. All save one of my predecessors, he said, have resigned. The single exception died. A. H.

The Three-Mile Rule Should Stand.

It is not a new observation that groups holding principles and aims diametrically opposed are frequently found working together. Right under our eyes we see the radical prohibitionists and the liquor interest—the latter now represented by boot-leggers and their financial backers—working to the common end of sustaining the Volstead Act. In a broader field we find the Bolshevists of Russia and the ardent prohibitionists of the United States yoked up in an endeavor to change the time-honored rule by which the jurisdiction of any country over the marginal sea is limited to three miles from the shore. Our prohibitionists would have us abandon a position which our government from the day of Thomas Jefferson until now has consistently held, and with advantage to our people. The Soviet government of Russia is anxious to extend its jurisdiction beyond the traditional three-mile limit, to the end of exclusive rights in certain fishing areas. Our prohibitionists want to keep the illicit liquor traffic further off shore. An incidental aim of the Bolshevists is to break down anything and everything having the character of international law.

If established precedents, a long line of treaty stipulations, and domestic court decisions constitute international law, then there is no question that both the Bolshevists and the prohibitionists are wrong. The historical record is too long for detailed exposition and a single incident will suffice to define the American position. In 1875 Mr. Hamilton Fish, then American Secretary of State, was informed by Mr. Pearce, the American minister at Honolulu, that a Russian war steamer had warned the British whaling bark *Faraway* not to engage in whaling in the Okhotsk Sea on the ground that that stretch of water was wholly within the jurisdiction of Russia. For the protection of American whalers Mr. Fish took prompt note of the matter and made a protest to the Russian government that was effective. The Russian position was promptly abandoned.

The following extract from John Bassett Moore's International Law, Volume I, Page 16, is authoritative as related to the immediate issue:

> No general disposition has been manifested in recent years to restrict the right of all nations to take fish in the open sea. The three-mile rule, which defines the exclusive right of fisheries on the Canadian coasts under the convention between the United States and Great Britain of 1818, may also be found in the convention of 1882 between Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany and Great Britain for the regulation of the fisheries in the North Sea. The same rule is embodied in conventions between France and Great Britain of 1839 and 1843 for the regulation of the fisheries in the Channel. It is also found in a law passed by the French legislature in 1885 for the exclusion of foreigners from fishing in the territorial waters of France and Algiers. In the British-French conventions of 1849 and 1843, and the North Sea convention of 1882, the width of ten miles at the mouth is, with certain exceptions, adopted as the definition of bays, which are, for the purposes of the conventions, to be treated as territorial waters. This rule was also adopted, with certain specified exceptions, in the unratified treaty between the United States and Great Britain, concluded at Washington February 15, 1888, in relation to the fisheries adjacent to the eastern coasts of British North America. The reason of this definition in fisheries conventions is a practical one. The waters on either side of the bay within three marine miles of the shore being admittedly territorial, it is assumed that fishing in the intervening waters in bays less than ten miles wide at the mouth, if it were not actually unprofitable, would, by reason of the narrowness of the open space, be attended with constant risk of violating the law and with constant temptation to violate it.

The off-shore liquor traffic is not an edifying spectacle. But it is not easy to see that a modification of the law relative to marginal jurisdiction would be practically an aid to enforcement of the Volstead Act. And there are other considerations. Once change the rule and there will be no limit to the confusion that will grow out of it. Probably the change would give rise to a whole breed of vexatious international disputes. There never was a time in the history of the world when it was more important to hold firmly to whatever has become established in international practice. Assuredly it is not a time when we may with safety tinker with what we have of accepted international rules.

The Humorous Bulgarians.

The Bulgarians are the longest-lived people in Europe. In spite of the fact that they got into the war wrong, they would also appear to be one of the longest-headed. And humorous. We do not know whether this is due to the *Bacillus Bulgaricus*, the cute little wriggler that gets into the Bulgarian's milk and fills it full of vitamines or endocrines or ectoplasms or whatever it does to it, and that is supposed to help the Bulgarian dodge the casket trust a long time, or whether it is because the Bulgarian does live a long time, and thus gathers wisdom as the burro gathers burs. But there can be no question of Bulgarian long-headedness after the recent legislation of those people on the subject of communism. Bulgaria is going to permit any group of ten or more communists in any village to set up a commune and see how they like it.

But they must stop there. For the heads of the Bulgarians are not only long, but hard. They are largely a peasant people; and when a Bulgarian peasant wishes a limb from a tree to make a well sweep or a fence rail he does not sit on the limb and saw it off between himself and the main stem. That would undo all the labors of the little *Bacillus Bulgaricus*. No. That particular agriculturist stands in a safe place to cut his wood. When the limb falls he is neither upon it nor under it. And so it is to be in that country with communism, the ideal and goal of socialism, as far as socialism may be said to have an ideal and a goal. Any Bulgarian can be a communist that wishes to, and if he can get nine others to join him they can confiscate their own lands and goods and thus abolish the horrors of property.

The lives and labors of the communists and their families can then be directed by that all-wise and all-capable thing, a soviet, on which the village and the government shall be represented. There shall be no distinction between men and women, an arrangement the Creator seems to have overlooked, and the children shall have as much to say about the care and distribution of the family buttermilk as the elders. In fact it is prescribed that the system shall be modeled on the Russian plan. And though we do not know, we do not doubt that provision will be made, in the Russian mode, for the double-jointed ballet, for Chauve Souris, for agricultural opera, for *vers libre* about the sexual affinity between moonlight and mud puddles, for crazy paintings and sculptures of nakedness the more revolting the better, without which it is well known to any Marxian that the life of the down-trodden, buttermilk-bibbing Bulgarian peasant can not be uplifted a cent's worth. And another Russian touch is added: any communist that eats too much or appropriates too many of the vitaminiferous bacilli shall be shot.

The benefits of communism, including the chances of early extinction, are thus confined to communists, and the rest of the Bulgarians will have to drone along as best they may, working for hire or paying taxes, each family using its own sheets and pillowcases, if any, and enduring the risks of overeating and the perils of longevity. The communistic demonstration will proceed, but at the expense of the participants. If it is successful, converts will be many; if unsuccessful, only the communists will lose, and the philosophic Marxians can frame the usual "alibi": that it wasn't time for socialism, or that it can not be expected to work unless the whole world is involved.

But we may look for no great enthusiasm among our own socialists. They are already free to form communistic communities. Good mutual communistic contracts can be entered into in this country today, and they would be upheld by the courts. Ambrose Bierce once said he had no objection to polygamy as long as

it was not proposed to make it compulsory. Nor, on that condition, have we to socialism. What our socialists really want, however, is not the liberty of being communists, which they have now, but the power to compel others to be communists, so that they can abolish their poverty by confiscating their property. Being without the Bulgarian peasant's sense of humor, they feel aggrieved at being free to experiment with their own lives, but without power to make laboratory material of the lives of their neighbors. They are unconsciously quite funny. Perhaps if they were as long-lived as the Bulgarians they would some day see themselves as they are.

Editorial Notes.

Professor Gayley's arraignment of conditions at the State University is confirmatory of much that has hitherto been said in these columns. There are at Berkeley too many so-called students who are not students at all, but only participants in a merry-go-round that bears the title of "student activities." There is not enough of sense and far too much of nonsense at Berkeley. It is demoralizing rather than helpful to the greater number that participate in it and puts upon the state, not only an unnecessary, but a grievous burden. It is high time something were done to relieve a situation that has grown intolerable. The State University ought to be a place for serious work. It should not be a mere amusement centre, making more of cheap and too often vulgar frivolities than of scholarly ambition and devotion.

Repeal by the New York legislature of state co-operation in enforcement of the Volstead Act awaits action at the hands of Governor Smith. His signature will confirm the act; his veto will kill it. He has said that he will take "plenty of time" to consider the matter. In respect of Governor Smith's known personal views, and of the further fact that the Democratic party of New York State has formally repudiated prohibition, we suspect that the governor's final action will be somewhat after the style of an old-time Oregon justice of the peace. "I will," said his honor, "take the case under advisement until next week, and then I will decide for the plaintiff."

The issue raised by the action of the Democratic majority in the New York legislature may be taken as a possible forecast of Democratic national policy next year. The question of prohibition can not longer be dodged. A time has come when the political parties must take ground on one side or the other. Nobody knows what the Democratic party will do, but Governor Smith's determination will go far towards defining the party position. President Harding has already made clear the position of the Republican party. It will unquestionably declare for enforcement of the law as it stands.

But while the party will take ground for law enforcement, there will be many of its members to dissent from the principle of prohibition. For example, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University and a leader in Republican politics, in a public interview last week said:

> The Volstead Act is a lie, and a lie which flatly contradicts the Eighteenth Amendment itself. Any political party which proposes to keep it on the statute book, unrevised and unamended, will find itself defeated at the polls—in many states overwhelmingly. * * * There is deep resentment at the double jeopardy in which violators of the prohibition law are placed by reason of both national and state legislation. * * * The prohibition mania is the most violent and obnoxious form of intemperance that I have ever known. Its spirit and its methods are those of the Salem witch-burners of the seventeenth century. * * * It calls for prohibition of alcoholic liquors today. But it may be directed against free speech, free press, and free religious worship tomorrow. The anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish bigotry now so manifest is but another form of this mania. If it continues unchecked it will destroy both our national character and our national institutions.

Early retirement of Bonar Law from the British premiership was forecasted when he took office. Only a year ago he was the victim of a physical collapse and nothing was more certain than that the burden of office must soon break down his frail tenure of health. At best he was merely to serve as a stop-gap. Stanley Baldwin, who now comes to the premiership, has the look of the strong man. He is a commoner, and his training has been in affairs of commerce rather than of politics. He managed the British railway system when it came under governmental direction in the period of the war. More recently he has been active in the sphere of governmental finance. He was chairman of the commission that visited this country last winter to arrange terms and condition of payment of the British-American debt.

The selection of Mr. Baldwin over Lord Curzon and Lord Balfour is significant of a notable change in the background of British governmental organization. For the first time the Labor party takes a definite place among direct influences in British politics. Mr. Baldwin is not a Labor party man. But on the other hand he is not objectionable to the labor group in Parliament. He is a more broadly representative figure than any member of the House of Lords could possibly be; and beyond question his selection marks the beginning of a practice in administrative government at odds with the old aristocratic tradition. Probably never again will there come into power a definitely aristocratic organization of the British government. It should be understood that the British Labor party is quite another thing from that which calls itself the Labor party in this country. The British Labor party is not in a narrow sense a class party and its aims are not those of special class interest. Its views of governmental obligation are sufficiently broad to include every interest of the nation and the empire and the roster of its leadership is drawn from every class and rank. It is the rising force in British politics and it is obviously on the road to domination of the government.

It is estimated that under a proper irrigation development some umpty million more people could live in Brazil. For what?

The San Francisco Association for the Blind is doing a worthy work in helping the blind to help themselves. It has grown from a small reading room to an industrial institution in which blind men and women workers last year received over $40,000. Thousands of dollars' worth of furniture is turned out annually, and in 1922 the sales of brooms aggregated $85,222. From fifty to seventy operatives make rugs, baskets, reed furniture, brooms and other products in the Blindcraft Building on Folsom Street, and many blind persons outside are helped. The inevitable, and desirable, expansion of so beneficial a work has made a new building necessary, and the directors are appealing to the public for $97,000 for this object. Money could hardly be subscribed to a worthier purpose. The president is Mrs. William M. Bunker. The address of the association is 1120 Folsom Street.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Kindly Call Down.

CHELTENHAM, May 2, 1923.

DEAR ARGONAUT: Your English readers are feeling the *Argonaut* is somewhat trimming its sails in an east wind towards England. First over the editorials on the American debt question. I have no means of knowing the inner mind of the government, but the ordinary individual's attitude to a legitimate debt is that it is an unpleasant fact which sooner or later has to be met. At the moment our taxes are £16. 12. 0 per head of the population, France's are £5. 12. 6, and yours stand at £5. 11. 9, so you can understand when America talks of taxation, we feel she hardly knows the real significance of the word, anyhow not the inner meaning, as the boy, trying to digest a green apple, said to the Christian Scientist. Still, even when debts were made when we had our backs to the wall, they must be settled.

Now today, March 24th, I read "Vanity Fair's" article that in London "exalted personages are deeply displeased" because Lord Mountbatten mowed Charlie Chaplin's lawn. I wonder what makes the writer think so? It is so like the snowball whisper—"I wonder what the king will think," passing to "the king won't like," to "the king does not approve," and on to the editorial of royal displeasure in full flower in a free press; and the poor king probably never even heard of any of it, and earns the reputation of a prig without any cause.

"Vanity Fair" then lightly passes on to the well-known profligacies of royalties, even raking up Charles II scandals in lieu of non-existent present ones. Well, I suppose it makes more amusing writing than the plain facts of the dull virtues of industry, domesticity, and kindness. The royal routine of social and philanthropic works, inspections of hospitals and factories, openings of institutes and exhibitions, always giving the right sort of pithy speeches, fool-proof against misconstruction, with the right kindly smile and personal touch—all this, when even their holidays are respectable and given to wholesome sport, makes poor reading. But why tweak hairs in the lion's mane? Did the American eagle lose a single feather when Mr. Wilson appeared in a state photograph in London with one trouser leg turned up and the other down? No, it causes less national irritation to let these details—so full of human interest—speak for themselves. P. A.

The work of local and general land offices will be speeded up by an order issued by the Secretary of the Interior that all filings and entries received at various land offices shall be transmitted to Washington semi-monthly. Heretofore they have been transmitted only on the first of each month.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

ONE WAR NOT PREVENTED.

(New York Times.)

To that glorious and saving remnant, the Committee of Forty-Eight, Senator Borah has at last sent word: "Your candidate I can not be." But this does not mean that the forlorn-hopers will quit the field. Their irrepressible captain will, like that Sir Andrew Barton whom Barrie quoted in his rectorial address, call out to his men to fight on, saying for himself:

> I am hurt, but I am not slaine,
> I will lie me down and bleed awhile,
> And then I'll rise and fight againe.

Here is one war certain to go on. The immortal Forty-Eight may die, or be reduced to Four less Eight, but will not surrender. And Senator Borah himself has apparently taken an oath never to submit or yield. He bitterly complains of the League of Nations because it is not strong enough to stop the war between Greece and Turkey, or the possible war between England and Russia. If it were strong enough, Mr. Borah would cry out upon it as a tyrannous power dangerous to the liberties of the world. However that may be, it is certain that no league could ever be created with power sufficient to prevent one war—the war which Senator Borah, with or without the aid and comfort of Senator La Follette, is perparing to wage upon the Administration and all its works.

The plan of campaign is being carefully laid out in Washington. There are to be temporary incursions into New England. One reads of a meeting to be held at Concord, New Hampshire, where, we suppose, La Follette and Senator Moses will embrace and then hate each other more than before. The great West is to be the scene of the principal battles, but even the South is not to go unscathed. The commanders-in-chief—it is understood that there are to be no privates—know that desperate struggles are before them and that the time may come when they will be anxiously looking for reinforcements. Then their Waterloo cry may go up: "Oh, that night or Hiram Johnson would come!" Both may come together.

The movement against the President is described as one for a third party. It is not that yet. Disturbances and a great rending within the Republican party are the first aim. Only after the insurgents have failed in internecine strife will they go out to form an army of their own. For the present all is formative and in flux. The only fixed thing is a determination to defeat the President's policies first and his renomination later. The whole plan shows that Postmaster-General New was right when he said that the Republican party lacks "coherence." But so long as it includes such senators as Borah and La Follette, Moses and Lodge and Brookhart, it has at least a full supply of incoherents.

BUSINESS AND THE COURT.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Enemies of the World Court and opposers of this country's acceptance of that trihunal are prone to say that Americans who favor it are blind emotionalists, ruled by sentiment. The members of the United States Chamber of Commerce, however, can hardly be classified in that way.

The hundreds of business men from all over the United States attending the eleventh annual convention of that body are a hard-headed, clear-minded, rather unemotional lot of individuals. Yet they have seen fit to indorse again the principle of the World Court and to urge that America take its lot and part therein. Says the chamber:

"The chamber reiterates its conviction that the United States should adhere to the protocol provided for the establishment and maintenance of the Permanent Court of International Justice and expresses gratification in the measures being taken by our government to that end."

It is fair to assume that this brief, specific and inclusive resolution speaks for hundreds of chambers of commerce, business men's leagues, and industrial organizations, and for their tens of tbousands of members. It is evident that the business men of the nation are not afraid of the court or of its league connections.

As time goes along the Bitter-Enders, Isolationists, and Irreconcilables find it more difficult to locate the fearful and round up those who shiver with apprehension at the mention of American participation in world affairs. They can not count upon the business men of the nation. Labor chiefs are indorsing the principle of the World Court. The farmer is recovering from his attack of aloofness and distrust that was at its worst in 1920. We have yet to hear of a woman's organization of consequence that does not favor the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

More and more it looks as if this would be a bad summer for the Isolationists. The trend is against them and the tides of opinion are running strongly toward the President's position, that we should proceed without undue delay to take our rightful and responsible place with the fifty-three nations of earth who are trying to make the world a safer place for the children of men.

A TREATY-MAKING PLAN.

(Washington Post.)

"International relations are the most important single thing in our political life today," said Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip in a recent address, in which he offered a novel substitute for the present treaty-making machinery. He first attempted to show the need of a substitute by stating that the United States is handling its foreign relations "with an archaic, an incompetent machine." He asserted that the President—any President—is elected on domestic issues solely, and that the Secretary of State is often selected for political reasons. There is no expression by the people and "no opportunity for continuity in foreign policy." Then the President and Secretary of State must go to the Senate dominated by domestic considerations, "a Senate which gives but little intelligent consideration to foreign affairs."

Mr. Vanderlip then asks what an efficient business concern would do with its machinery of operation out of date and outworn. It would undertake to rearrange the machinery. By making considerable constitutional changes Mr. Vanderlip would then install his new machine on these lines: He would create a new body, a council of foreign relations, constituting a board of directors for the State Department, and to take over the treaty-making power. The council would consist of twenty-five members, serving for not less than ten years, elected at large and not by geographical divisions, the members to be

eligible for the presidency, and at least one-half of the council to be abroad all the time, so as to get experience and come to an understanding of foreign affairs.

The treaty-making machinery of the United States has been the subject of prolonged study by the acutest intellects of the country. It has some defects, which can be easily exposed. There is always a possibility that partisanship may be injected into foreign questions; that procrastination may occur during urgent crises; that the Senate may act without sufficient information; that the executive may mislead other governments into believing that this government will enter into a treaty, when it may refuse to do so; that the treaty-making power may clash with the legislative power; and that the executive and the Senate may quarrel and thus fail to ratify a treaty that is approved by the people.

But with all these possibilities, the treaty-making machinery has worked fairly well, and the charge of lack of continuity of foreign policy does not seem to be proved. The United States government has been singularly tenacious in adhering to a foreign policy. If it has seemed to waver or reverse its position, it will be found that the acts or words of individuals have been mistaken for the act or word of the government, as in the case of President Wilson assuring Europe that the treaty of Versailles would be ratified and that this country would join the League of Nations. The Wilson administration did not change the fundamental foreign policy of the United States. The Monroe Doctrine stands; the principle of avoidance of foreign entanglements holds good; public charity toward unfortunate foreign peoples is still a settled rule; the protection of American life and property abroad is a continuous policy; and generous participation in plans for the promotion of world peace is American doctrine under all administrations.

Would Mr. Vanderlip's plan improve the situation? A council of elder statesmen, charged with the treaty-making power, thoroughly conversant with foreign affairs and removed from individual political ambition, acting solely in behalf of the public welfare and attentive to the public will, yet adhering to a continuous foreign policy—it sounds well, until analyzed. But what about the President? Rob him of control of the conduct of foreign relations, and he is impotent to conduct the presidency itself with safety to the country. He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and yet in time of war he might be unable to act with dispatch or decision. Contact with foreign allies would be imperfect or impossible. The soul of war is secrecy and expedition. The President would have neither as his aids.

A council of twenty-five statesmen, to make treaties—would they make them by a two-thirds vote, or by a majority? If a treaty called for military, or naval action, loans, appropriations, or legislation of any kind, how would the council impose its will upon Congress? And upon the President? Under the present system the House of Representatives conceivably might refuse to make an appropriation provided for in a treaty ratified by the Senate, but in practice the House acquiesces in action called for by treaties, because the Senate will not approve a treaty that is objectionable to the House as part of the law-making power. But the council of twenty-five would be ignorant of the will of Congress, and might make a treaty which Congress would refuse to make effective by necessary legislation. That would be a worse state of affairs than has ever developed under the present "archaic and incompetent machine."

At present a President may sign a treaty and the Senate may kill it; but the outside world knows or ought to know that the United States can not make a treaty through its President alone. Under Mr. Vanderlip's plan the United States might make and ratify a treaty through its constitutional authority, and then, through another authority, refuse to execute it.

It is a big subject. Great men have considered it. The present system works fairly well, considering the factors of secrecy, expedition, coöperation of executive and legislative, and concentration of responsibility.

MIGRATION OF NEGROES.

(Santa Barbara News.)

A remarkable migration of negroes now in progress from the Southern states to the North and West has attracted much attention in the cities of Louisiana, Mississippi, and other Southern states. It is estimated that not less than 11,000 negroes have left Mississippi since last fall while it is stated that 9000 at least have left Louisiana in the same time.

These negroes are nearly all young and unmarried and their migration has been caused, it is claimed, by the labor shortage in some of the industrial centres of the north.

Some of them have gone into the coal mines, but others have gone to secure places in steel plants and to fill the demand for common labor intensified by the revival of industry.

This movement is hailed with satisfaction in some districts, while in others it is viewed with misgivings.

In former times, coming from southern Italy, Austria, and Russian Poland, there was a steady tide of immigration pouring into the United States.

These men went to the mines and to the mills of the industrial centres of the East and Middle West. The steadily growing demands of the great manufacturing plants provided an unlimited market for this raw labor.

But the war and the revision of the immigration law cut off this flood of alien labor. American employers, deprived of their old labor supply, now are turning to native sources for their workers.

The resulting movement of colored labor will have far-reaching effects in both North and South. It will tend to relieve the congestion of this class of workers in the South. It will bring racial controversies where formerly such difficulties did not exist. On the whole the movement ought to be beneficial.

THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TODAY.

(Hartford Courant.)

Can it be that a change is coming over the spirit of the dream in which the present-day youth are pictured as being so inferior in all ways to those elders who view with alarm their habits and actions? The immediate cause for such a suspicion is found in the keynote address made by Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Winter asserted that she believed that her daughter was a better mother than she was. She said that she thought that her attitude on the question was one that might well be entertained by the majority of mothers of grown-up daughters. She remarked that the young women of today are the hope of the future, and she was iconoclastic enough to ask why it was necessary for us to be so fearful of this young generation.

Probably by this time the audience was interested and attentive. Continuing, Mrs. Winter informed them that it was stupid to say that the younger generation was going to the devil. It was her opinion that the young woman of today has power and liberty and self-respect and a good intellect. She said: "I am not afraid of her. She will acquit herself well."

We think that Mrs. Winter knows what she is talking about.

OLD FAVORITES.

Captain Reece.

[This poem contained the germs of two operas: "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance." In addition, it seems almost prophetic of the operation of our hypothetical American Merchant Marine under such regulations as the La Follette Seaman's Act.]

Of all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy Captain Reece
Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
Their captain danced to them like mad,
Or told, to make the time pass by,
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,
And on all very sultry days
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops
Stood handily on all the "tops";
And, also, with amusement rife,
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
From Mister Mudie's libraree;
The *Times* and *Saturday Review*
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,
Was quite devoted to his men;
In point of fact, good Captain Reece
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
He said (addressing all his men),
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do,
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can;
My own convenience count as *nil;*
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man):
He cleared his throat, and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan:
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the *Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,
"If you would wish to go and wed.

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you—
She long has loved you from afar,
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—
Addressed her in his playful way—
"And did it want a wedding-ring?
It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We'll all be married this day week
At yonder church upon the hill;
It is my duty, and I will."

The sisters, cousins, aunts and niece,
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,
Attended there as they were bid;
It was their duty, and they did.

—*William Schwenck Gilbert.*

China is larger in area than the United States, Mexico, and Central America combined.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Dorothy Smith of Newton Centre, Massachusetts, a student at Bradford Academy, is the female archery champion of the United States. She is in active training to defend her title at the meet of the National and Eastern Archery Associations to be held in Jersey City in July.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of our Republican Vice-President, and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the erstwhile Democratic Vice-President, are, despite the political differences of their lesser halves, devoted friends.

The American rival of the French Academy, the National Association for American Speech, "which aims to preserve the purest elements of our English heritage," has found an excellent head in Miss Dagmar Perkins. Miss Perkins has an international reputation based upon her original research work in the scientific and artistic phases of the subject of voice. Following her graduation from Bryn Mawr College and years of study, she was the first American to be appointed a faculty member of the Universite Normale de Paris. She is a special lecturer at Harvard University and was the director of the American speech department of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs.

H. H. Talmadge, editor of the Toledo *Blade,* of Toledo, Ohio, has recently returned from abroad, where he succeeded in breaking the bank at the Lisbon Casino with three turns of the roulette wheel to the tune of 50,000 francs, and then, in order to be consistent at all costs, went over to Monte Carlo and annexed 191,000 francs from Monaco's profits.

The death of Emerson Hough, novelist and historian of the American frontier, in his sixty-sixth year came shortly after his triumph of "The Covered Wagon" and when he had practically completed the literary labors that he had marked out for himself. Hough was born in Newton, the county seat of Jasper County, Iowa, on June 28, 1857. His father, Joseph Bond Hough, Virginian schoolmaster, of Quaker descent, intended the boy for the law. When twenty-three he was graduated from the State University of Iowa and was admitted to the bar. His first practice was in the hustling young cow town of White Oaks, New Mexico—where law wasn't much needed. In the years that followed, his life was unsettled, shifting here and there, leading him back to Iowa, to Kansas, to Missouri, up to Chicago, back to Kansas, and finally back to Chicago: years invaluable for the future author whose work was to be the depiction of the development of that very country. In Chicago he met and married Mrs. Hough, who was Miss Charlotte Cheesboro of that city. He was using his pen, writing for out-of-doors periodicals, and half practicing law. His first book, "The Singing Mouse Stories," made little impression. "The Story of the Cowboy," which followed, and which won the commendation of the young, plains-loving Theodore Roosevelt, has since become a classic in its subject, turned to by all curious about a striking phase of Western life. Of "The Mississippi Bubble" he made five copies, sent them to five publishers, and was the embarassed recipient of acceptances of the manuscript by all five.

Brigadier-General Harry Lee, U. S. M. C., new military governor of the Dominican Republic, was recently appointed by Secretary of the Navy Denby to direct the political destinies of the little West Indian government. During American participation in the war General Lee commanded the Sixth Regiment of Marines. He participated in the Château-Thierry, Soissons, Mabache, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont and Meuse-Argonne operations, and was with the army of occupation at Coblenz. General Lee has been decorated with both army and navy distinguished service medals and is an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Lord Northcliffe's widow has a fortune in her own name and her new husband also is wealthy. The two have been friends for many years and were thrown into close association during the war through their Red Cross activities.

Announcement has been made at Washington that Professor Albert A. Michelson, head of the department of physics at the University of Chicago, has been elected president of the National Academy of Sciences, to succeed Dr. Charles D. Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Michelson, who received the Copley Medal from the Royal Society of London and the Nöbel Prize from the Swedish Academy of Sciences in the same year, has already been president of the American Physical Society and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Palmer, O. R. C., war correspondent, who was recently awarded the D. S. M. for "information of far-reaching value, placed at the disposal of our government," seems to have been mixed up in some war or other ever since he was graduated from Allegheny College in 1893. He was among those present at the Greek war in 1897, in the Philippines in 1900, covered the Macedonian insurrection in 1903, was with the first Japanese army in 1904-1905, observed the Turkish revolution in 1909 and the Balkan war in 1912 and, before joining the American army, was accredited correspondent with the British army and navy during the first two years of the world war. He was born at Pleasantville, Pennsylvania, in 1873.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Seven and Twenty Publicists Serve Up as Many States, Making a Journalistic Dish Fit for Any President.

Whether the one time editor of the Boston *Herald* and the New York *Tribune,* Mr. Ernest Gruening, nowadays controller of the destinies of the *Nation,* meant to act as an ambassador between these United States by this collection of interpretations or whether the idea was merely a clever journalistic coup we are not prepared to say. Readers are invited to judge the results according to their own temperaments. Certainly the galaxy of publicists selected as state interpreters are representative both of their profession and of intelligent Americanism, and all things considered, they have steered a tactful course between propaganda and disillusionment. We regret that more of them can not be represented here and have selected our choice half-dozen out of prejudice to neither state nor writer, but because they in turn are representative of the whole. Let them speak for themselves.

The editor has placed Kansas first. That eminent Kansan, William Allen White, has represented and interpreted his native state. (Query: Do others than Californians have "native" states?) Anyway, the proprietor of the Emporia *Daily and Weekly Gazette* has done the Puritan state well. Incidentally, it is amazing how many of the states lay claim to varying shades of Puritanism, but that is by the way. Kansas is Puritan, according to Mr. White and John J. Ingalls, who called that apotheosis of the Middle West "the child of Plymouth Rock." But then, every school child knows the Middle West was settled by New England. Thus do the fates pander to human vanities, diplomacies, and Chamber of Commerce requirements:

Ten years ago the figures indicated that the county in the United States with the largest assessed valuation was Marion County, Kansas, a county in central Kansas, not materially different from any other county; Marion County happened to have a larger per capita of bank deposits than any other American county. Its average of per capita wealth and per capita bank deposits was not much higher than the Kansas average. Yet no man in Marion County was then rated as a millionaire, but the jails and poorhouses were practically empty. The great per capita of wealth was actually distributed among the people who earned it. They were sober, so they saved; they were healthy, so they worked. They were well schooled, so they worked to purpose and with direction and made money. They were clear-brained, well-bred, cold-blooded Yankees, who knew exactly what they wanted, how to get it, and where to put it. That is your Kansan. Typically he lives either upon an eighty-acre farm or in a detached house within a fifty-foot lot, near a schoolhouse, with an automobile in the garage, whether farmer or town dweller; if a farmer he lives upon a rural free-delivery route along which the postman brings him at least one daily paper, one weekly paper, and one monthly; if a town dweller he lives upon a paved street, a sewer line, a telephone wire, an electric light and power conduit and a gas main. In the county wherein these lines are written, an ordinary Kansas county, the number of telephones exceeds the number of families, the daily newspaper prints as many copies as there are heads of families, and in the towns the number of electric light connections is more than the number of residences. Water and gas are common, and the bank deposits for the town and county are $6,260,000 and the number of depositors 21,500 in a county with a total population of 26,496 people. Ninety per cent. of the families are within five miles of a high school in this county, and 25 per cent. of the children of high school age attend the high school. The county contains two colleges, and the attendance from the county in the colleges is 623! A farm agent who receives $2200 a year advises the farmers about crops, helps them to overcome bugs and pests, and organizes them for marketing. The county is spending a quarter of a million upon its own hospital and no citizen of the county is in jail. Twenty-five miles of hard-surfaced roads are under construction and as much more ordered in. It cost less than $2000 last year to try all the criminals that infested the courts, and a preacher is police judge of the county-seat town. He commits less than a dozen men a year to jail—and this in a town of 12,000 surrounded by a county of 26,496.

Another state claiming the halo of Puritanism is South Carolina, whose "lingering fragrance" is described by Ludwig Lewisohn. Though not a native son, Mr. Lewisohn is the next best thing, an infantile immigrant. He is an American and South Carolinian by choice, and is therefore eminently fitted to act as her spokesman. Also, she probably hasn't many publicists clamoring for the post, since the scions of the Charlestonian aristocracy are usually members of the "learned" professions. Here is Lewisohn's summary:

They were not Puritans in the fierce, vulgar, persecuting and self-persecuting sense. Their theological and moralistic assents were social gestures; they had, themselves, large mental reservations, and though in their own persons they considered it rather bad form to parade those reservations, they were not intolerant of the type of conscience that held silence to be hypocritical. They were snobs to the marrow, but a few of them, at least, were capable of contemplating that fact consciously and a little sorrowfully. A Charleston gentleman, almost of the ancient régime, was heard to say to a friend of his: "I don't blame you at all for leaving a city where your social standing will never be quite what you deserve. It is a pity; Charleston needs you. But I should do the same in your place. . . ." Yes, they were snobs and facile assenters who made the free life more difficult. But they had a real respect for the arts, for the things of the mind, for the critical spirit they could never quite share. They were and are, when every deduction has been made, among the most civilized of Americans. They had, in addition, grace, ease, personal charm. When I think of the people who are pressing them hard—the horse-dealer from central Georgia, some hustler from the Middle West—I am inclined to lend them an almost legendary worth. I must, at all events, set down this fact: the present descendants of most of the old Charleston families are poor. The men are still members of the learned professions, as their fathers were. They still consider them learned professions—even the law. The handsome new houses in Charleston are the houses of new people. Many a beautiful and time-mellowed mansion on Legaré Street is in a state of gradual decay.

One turns with a certain degree of expectancy to see what that acrid New York Baltimorian, H. L. Mencken, has to say of his native state. Mr. Mencken, too, seems to expect some such attitude and gives his readers a run for their money. One wonders that Maryland's chief trouble is not housing shortage and that other scantily populated states do not hire Mr. Mencken as official booster. But he comes down with typically astringent anticlimax:

I depict, you may say, Utopia, Elysium, the New Jerusalem. My own words, in fact, make me reel with state pride; another *Lis'l* of that capital moonshine *Lövenbräu,* and I'll mount the keg and begin bawling "Maryland, My Maryland." Here, it appears, is the dream paradise of every true Americano, the heaven imagined by the Rotary Club, the Knights of Pythias, and the American Legion. Here is the goal whither all the rest of the republic is striving and pining to drift. Here, as I have said, is normalcy made real and visible. Well, what is life like in arcadian Maryland? How does it feel to live amid scenes so idyllic, among a people so virtuous and so happy, on the hooks of statistics so magnificently meridional? I answer frankly and firstly: it is dull. I answer secondly: it is depressing. I answer thirdly: it steadily grows worse. Everywhere in the United States, indeed, there is that encroaching shadow of gloom. Regimentation in morals, in political theory, in every department of thought has brought with it a stiffening, almost a deadening in manners, so that the old goatishness of the free democrat—how all the English authors of American travel-books denounced it two or three generations ago!—has got itself exchanged for a timorous reserve, a curious psychical flabbiness, an almost complete incapacity for innocent joy. To be happy takes on the character of the illicit: it is jazz, spooning on the back seat, the Follies, dancing without corsets, wood alcohol. It tends to be an adventure reserved for special castes of antinomians, or, at all events, for special occasions. On all ordinary days, for all ordinary Americans, the standard carnality has come to be going into a silent and stuffy hall, and there, in the dark, gaping stupidly at idiotic pictures in monochrome. No light, no color, no sound!

In addition to being a seasoned skeptic, Mr. Mencken is also a pessimist, particularly about the American college with its emancipated students at large, its cozy summer courses, country club atmosphere, and its complete dissemblance from the university of tradition and the Continent. We sympathize with his embittered post mortem on Johns Hopkins:

The tightening of the screws goes on unbrokenly; the end, I suppose, as everywhere else in These States, will be a complete obliteration of distinction, a wiping out of all the old traditions, a massive triumph of regimentation. It is curious to note some of the current symptoms of the process. There is, for example, the Fordization of the Johns Hopkins University. The Johns Hopkins was founded upon a plan that was quite novel in the United States: it was to be, not a mere college for the propagation of the humanities among the upper classes, but a genuine university in the Continental sense, devoted almost wholly to research. To that end it set up shop in a few plain buildings in a back street—and within twenty years its fame was world-wide, and its influence upon all other American universities of the first rank was marked. It had no campus, no dormitories, no clubs of college snobs, no college yells, but if you go through the roster of its students during its first two or three decades you will go through a roster of the principal American scholars and men of science of today. The death of Daniel Coit Gilman was a calamity to the university, and following it came demoralization. Today the Johns Hopkins is reorganized, but upon a new plan. It has a large and beautiful campus; its buildings begin to rise in huge groups; it challenges Harvard and Princeton. Interiorly it turns to the new efficiency, the multitudinous manufacture of sharp, competent, $10,000-a-year men. There is a summer school for country schoolmarms eager for six weeks of applied psychology, official history, and folk-singing. There is instruction for young men eager to be managers of street railways, automobile engineers, and city editors of newspapers. There is patriotic drilling on the campus. There is a growing college spirit. Gifts and endowments increase. Everything is booming. But the old Johns Hopkins is dead.

Massachusetts, we learn from its commentator, John Macy, is a Roman Catholic commonwealth—a strange fate for the original stronghold of Puritanism, but the spirit of the Puritan moves ever westward. It is, in fact, overdue in Hollywood. Boston politics, we knew, were under an Irish and therefore Catholic régime, but we did not know that it was recognized in the rarified quintessences of higher Boston circles. The knowledge, however, is general and generally admitted. Boston, in short, like Johns Hopkins, is obsolescent if not totally defunct in the traditional sense. But Massachusetts as an American force has not yet shot its bolt. Of the relation of city and state Mr. Macy says:

This suggests that Boston is not the whole of Massachusetts. It is both more than the state and less. It is more than the state because it is the business capital of all New England and it is a national financial centre second only to New York and equal to Philadelphia and Chicago. It is the citadel of "protection" and privilege. In the capitalization of the West, the building of railroads, the exploitation of mines, the developing of the textile industries, Boston money was, and is, potent. Boston has no Rockefeller, no Carnegie. But the aggregate wealth in the stockings both of old families and of modern upstarts is tremendous. Nor should we omit mention here of the considerable and fruitful profession of trusteeship—the handling of the estates of defunct industrial pioneers—which nowhere has been more firmly established. That the third and fourth generations are frequently unable to take care of the copper deposits, paper or spinning mills developed by their energetic forbears; that they ride to hounds, or live abroad, or sometimes form innocuous connections with the bond houses, indicates that the older stock has not merely been driven out by more fecund newcomers. The old race has of itself been petering, and not a few of its occasional atavistic scions, sensing its atmosphere of dry rot, have of late gone elsewhere to seek fortunes founded on their own abilities. Even the children and grandchildren of the recent Abolitionists have faded into complaisant and insignificant conformism. The last and greatest chapter of the contribution of Massachusetts to America has melted into past history. The Union Club still has the tradition of its founding—otherwise it is scarcely distinguishable from the slightly more effete Somerset. Uninspired and static—that is Boston today. Who can adduce tangible or visible evidence to the contrary?

But enough of the effete East. Three of the greatest states in the Union are on the Pacific Coast, though Washington, like New York, is saved for a later volume of interstate diplomacy. Mr. Charles H. Chapman, who interprets Oregon, is imbued with typical Oregon diffidence. His state is, he says, a slighted beauty, and his tone is tinged with a little of the hue most commonly associated with Oregon. He candidly speaks of the state's inferiority complex. "When it first occurred to Oregon some years ago to put up her charms for sale she found the market monopolized by a more sumptuous beauty in the south," dismally remarks Mr. Chapman. But let him have a paragraph in which to vent his too philosophic resignation:

Oregon's climate is not bad enough to make anybody curse it nor good enough to make anybody love it. The winter rains just barely fall short of being execrable. The summers would be divine if it were not for the smoky haze which hangs over the landscape and hides nature's miracles. What thanks does Oregon owe the Lord for giving her Mount Hood when He blots it out with a veil of smoke in summer and a veil of mist in winter? The smoke is the unkindest cut of all, for after obscuring everything all summer long it clears away in the fall when the tourist season is over and leaves the scenery in crystalline glory with nobody to pay for looking at it. Mt. Hood is a veiled idol ten months in the year, but Portland adores it for its potential vendibility and dreams passionately of a day to come when tourists will flock to see it as they do to the Jungfrau. Doubtless they will when the mists have cleared away. Meanwhile they swing off to the Yellowstone, the Grand Cañon, the Yosemite, and leave Oregon to theorize with empty pockets over their neglect.

Meanwhile we have been politely, albeit impatiently, suppressing California to the last and will now modestly present George P. West, spokesman and quite competent spokesman, for this section:

It is a picture of the one pioneer American community where Puritanism was never permitted to intimidate the gusto and the zest for living of healthy men. Dana meets "a man whom I had known, some fifteen years ago, as a strict and formal deacon of a Congregational Society in New England. . . . Gone was the downcast eye, the bated breath, the solemn, non-natural voice, the watchful gait, stepping as if he felt himself responsible for the balance of the moral universe! He walked with a stride, an uplifted open countenance, his face covered with beard, whiskers, and mustache, his voice strong and natural, and, in short, he had put off the New England deacon and become a human being."

Thus Dana in 1859—and still today the north holds all that is natively and distinctly Californian. It faces San Francisco, and celebrates the Argonauts of forty-nine as New England the Mayflower Pilgrims. It is a lusty, cosmopolitan community that has drawn its later increments of population largely from Ireland and northern Italy, and that maintains with undiminished gusto the Good-Fellow tradition instead of the Puritan. It cherishes a romantic, conventional æstheticism, drinks wine habitually, despite the Eighteenth Amendment, feels a vast tolerance toward weaknesses of the flesh, nurses a sense of the great world, a feeling of kinship with New York and Paris, a contempt born of utter ignorance for Chicago and the Middle West, a touch with the Orient, a love of the sea, a quick eye for the picturesque and the romantic. It loves fêtes and pageants and froths with uncritical sentiment at the slightest provocation. There is a regard for the past such as you will hardly find in Boston. "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine" live again in the imagination of every school-child. Yet this San Francisco which holds an undisputed eminence over the older California belongs rather to the world and to the sea, which pierces the coast here through the narrow straits of the Golden Gate, between steep cliffs, and spreads out then into a bay of vast extent. One arm of it runs south for twenty miles and leaves between it and the sea a mountainous sliver of land with San Francisco crowded onto its northerly tip.

Modesty again prevents our adding anything to that glowing comment. Mr. West qualifies as a close runner-up to Mr. Mencken; but we, too, have our anticlimax:

Not so the wide region at the other end of the state that calls itself the Southland. Wine was never honored in this heaven on earth set up and maintained by the great Mississippi Valley as a dazzling reward for thrift and piety. Southern California is an amazing achievement in colonization, an achievement, not of California, but of the Middle West. It stands there flaunting its testimony to the wealth and the overflowing population of what was yesterday our Middle Border. They discovered it when the first trains rolled westward over the newly completed Santa Fé and Southern Pacific in the 'eighties. It lay empty before them, except for a few negligible and benighted Spanish Americans. Real estate speculators and health-seekers and the elderly retired came first. They were mostly New Englanders of modest savings, confirmed in their Puritanism by a generation or two of hard work and drab living in the Middle West. And they were not to be seduced by anything in the air of California or the ways of its shiftless caballeros. Among them there was no turning of backs on the familiar. They brought their household gods and all their mental baggage with them, and set them up in California without missing a prayer meeting. They accepted the mountains and the sunshine as their due from God for being thrifty, Republican, Protestant, and American, but they did not neglect to give thanks regularly at the churches which they promptly erected. Most of their social life still centres about these churches, which remain amazingly untouched by any profane idea or discovery that has come into the world in the past hundred years. Of the New England that flowered in the great Unitarians, in the Abolitionists, in Phillips Brooks, in Thoreau, in William James, there is scarcely a trace.

The preëmpting by these people of Southern California, a land drenched in sunshine and fragrance and sensuous, languorous beauty, is poignant irony. Contemplating one of their towns, with its trim bungalows and shrewd Yankee faces and many churches, it is easy to conjure up the ghostly figure of an ancient caballero, sitting graceful in his saddle under the moon, a brown-paper cigarette in his lips, long tapaderos brushing the ground, the moonlight glistening on the heavy silver trimmings of his bridle, gazing scornfully, wonderingly, sadly down from a hilltop over the electric-lighted rectangles of these victorious aliens. In a short generation they have wiped out a Homeric society of Latins and Indians and replaced it with a Gopher Prairie de luxe.

So much for the first series of "These United States." If civil war does not result from Mr. Gruening's well-meant efforts at interstate diplomacy, we shall doubtless have another volume and the other twenty-one states.

THESE UNITED STATES. Edited by Ernest Gruening. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending May 19, 1923, were $166,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $144,500,000; an increase of $22,200,000.

In times of depression every one is so busy trying to make a living that agitation and interference with industry is discontinued. In times of prosperity the reverse is the rule. There is always a theoretical dreamer, agitator, or politician who feels that the government could take a prosperous industry and operate it to better advantage than the owners who build it up, says the Industrial News Bureau.

In Europe, where conditions have been bad, a movement seems to be gaining headway to turn government-operated utilities back to private enterprise and management. This is undoubtedly in order to relieve the taxpayers of enormous deficits piled up under political management.

Mussolini in Italy is reported as having laid off 40,000 men on the railways of that country without interfering with the service, and he has come out definitely for the return of public utilities to private management.

In this country, where prosperity reigns and where taxes are not quite so bigh as in European countries, we have a decided agitation at the present time in stately legislatures and in our national Congress for enlargement of government functions in the public utility and transportation field. Our people have bad some costly object lessons in government management and, with European countries and Russia returning to private control of industries in order to secure efficiency and reduce taxation, it. is ridiculous for this nation to start in experimenting with either government operation or ownership of industries.

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Our next-door neighbor, Canada, offers us an illustration close at home in the development of hydro-eletcric power by the province of Ontario. This development has been hailed as a great boon to the farmer and the last word in progressive public ownership. But when one reads over tbe reports of the progress of this project he marvels that an enlightened people so long remain ignorant of the skeleton in tbeir own closet.

Tbe Ontario development is the old story. The people were told the cost would he a certain amount which has been greatly exceeded. They were told that tbe projects would be self-supporting from rates paid by tbe users of the power, and they are not.

Port Arthur is an illustration. It was originally securing power from a private company at $20 per horsepower. That private company was receiving from the hydro-electric commission $14 per horsepower for power the commission in turn turn sold to Fort Williams. It is fair to presume that the private company was making money. The two municipalities referred to contracted with the government for development of the government-produced power for over a year at a cost of $25, a part of wbich she refuses and has a legally collectable balance of $44,000 due the government and the government can hold her to a cost of $60 per horsepower, which is necessary to be paid if the enterprise is to become self-supporting.

In discussing the situation, a report which is the result of an investigation instituted by Fort Williams, a town wbich is under contract to take this same government-developed power in 1926, says:

"If the terms of the agreement hetween tbe hydro-electric commission and the city of Port Arthur were carried out, Port Artbur would have to pay the entire deficit in the form of bigher rates for power, but if it did so its rates would be more than $60 per horsepower, a rate which it is clear it could not pay. Mr. G. T. Clarkson, the auditor of the hydro-electric commission, states that the commission has no funds out of which to meet the deficit.

"Sir Adam Beck in reply to our inquiry as to how the deficit should be met said:

"'I think the government is morally bound to assume that out and out all together.'

"'Assume it and pay it out of what?'

"'Out of the treasury of the province of Ontario.'"

It is no wonder that Fort Williams is worrying about its contract for power under such an arrangement. If the project is self-supporting, as the taxpayers were told it would be, rates will have to be bigher than the municipalities can bear.

If it is not self-supporting and the deficits are paid out of the general treasury, as Sir Adam Beck suggests, it means that taxpayers who have absolutely no benefits from the power must assume the burden for a privileged few.

The moral tbat can he drawn from tbese simple illustrations is clear—there is no doubt but what political management does tbe best it can and government power development is much better than no power development at all, but it has been clearly demonstrated time and again that private management under proper government regulation is far superior to government operation and control.

Wby load our own country with dead-horse propositions that have proven a financial failure wherever tbey have been tried?

The present level of railroad stocks appears to be far helow that warranted by the outlook for the transportation industry, says *Forbes Magazine*. The Transportation Act of 1920 provides that rates shall be sufficient to allow a fair return (5.75 per cent.) on tbe capital invested. The railroads have not earned a fair return during the last six years, but they are on the way to doing so in 1923.

Under normal operating conditions present rates should allow a considerahly larger returned than 5.75 per cent., and it is probable that rate reductions will take place before long. The natural trend of freight rates is downward because a greater volume of business can be handled from year to year without expenses increasing proportionately. Tbis is achieved through better terminal facilities, faster movement of trains, larger loadings and greater efficiency in other directions. A cut in rates, therefore, is entirely normal and should not alarm stockholders. It is to he emphasized that rates can not be reduced to levels lower than those allowing a fair return on proper valuation.

In 1916, 6.39 per cent. was earned on property valuation and in that year tbe average for twenty rails reached a level approximately 27 points above the present average for the same stocks. The record high was reached in 1906, approximately 53 points above present prices.

Weekly loadings of freight cars, which may be likened to production in an industrial concern, are the greatest in the history. Since car loadings measure the volume of freight traffic, it is naturally expected that gross revenues should make new high records, and this conclusion is being horne out by income statements. The question is whether the large increase in revenues will be absorbed by higber operating costs. In February this happened because of severe weather conditions and an unusual effort to repair equipment for the tremendous volume of business in sight. With March, however, operating conditions have improved materially, and net income is generally exceeding that of March, 1922, when the Class I railways earned at the annual rate of 5.83 per cent. on property valuation. The average for twenty-five roads which have already reported for March shows a gain of about 12 per cent. over March, 1922, and includes several of the coal roads which are not making a very satisfactory record.

The railroads have been very conservative in their financing during the last several years, principally because of unsatisfactory credit conditions and impaired earning power which bas made investors somewhat doubtful. The latter difficulty is apparently being removed and, barring a return of high money rates, much of the deferred financing will be undertaken this year. Such capital as has been necessary for immediate improvements has come out of earnings, through short-term notes, or by other temporary means. Meanwbile, property valuation has grown substantially. Outstanding capitalization is now in the ratio of about 60 per cent. bonds and 40 per cent. stocks.

The trend has been from stocks to bonds for a numher of years because earning power has not been sufficient to permit sale of junior securities except in isolated cases. The preponderance of bonds is not yet causing trouhle, hut any further gain would likely make fixed charges burdensome. In tbe financing of the future considerable effort will undoubtedly be made to bring about a better balance, but stocks can be sold only if earning power is sufficient to pay reasonahle dividends. From the present outlook for earnings the time is approaching when preferred stock issues can be successfuly marketed. Last year the senior stock offerings of Illinois Central and Chesapeake & Ohio met with success and similar issues can be looked for, provided there are no drastic changes in credit conditions.

A list of nine low-priced, non-dividend-paying common stocks is suggested here for speculation. Stocks have been chosen wbicb are showing a satisfactory increase in earning power and which are not open to objections, because of lack of working capital, unfavorable operating territory, or other similar obstacles. The entire group should be purchased with the commitments equally distributed and not concentrated on one issue. This eliminates the possibility of unfavorable developments of a local character affecting the entire investment.

Chicago Great Western earned only 36 per cent. of fixed charges in 1922, but for tbe first two months of this year earnings were at the rate of 78 per cent. of the requirement. A better outlook in both the agricultural and mining industry is very helpful. As recently as 1919 tbe stock paid a dividend and sold above 30.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul has a large burden of funded debt and a part of its line has not developed traffic to which it is entitled. Fixed charges were not earned last year, but now are being fully covered with a small balance available for the preferred. It is not likely that the old earning power will be recovered for a considerable length of time, but the outlook is much more encouraging than it has been for several years.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas has heen showing up very well since its reorganization and should show satisfactory earnings for the common stock in 1923. The company is increasing its equipment and terminal facilities in anticipation of a beavy volume of traffic.

Missouri Pacific is potentially a satisfactory earner, and while results last year were disappointing, they are regarded as temporary. A large percentage of its traffic is made up of mine products and these have been moving at a low rate until recently. A turn for the better is believed to be at hand.

Pittsburgh & West Virginia is showing a remarkable gain in net income. In the first tbree months of this year net was $884,031, against $304,987 in the corresponding period of 1922. This is more than sufficient to pay the preferred dividends for the entire year.

St. Louis, San Francisco preferred is believed to be not far from the dividend class and its outlook is promising. There is only $7,584,300 of the preferred outstanding, which has a dividend requirement of less than $500,000 a year. Earnings are considerahly exceeding this requirement at present.

St. Louis Southwestern earned at the annual rate of $9.38 a share on the common stock in the first two montbs of tbis year, and actually $7.84 a share in 1922. This stock is one of the most promising among common issues.

Seahoard Airline has been showing steady improvement for a number of months and all danger of receivership seems past. The road should cover its fixed charges in 1923 witb a sizeable balance applicable to the preferred.

Western Maryland also has been making remarkahle progress of late, and earned at the rate of over 5 per cent. on the second preferred in the first three montbs of 1923.

Blessed with too much of a good thing in the Amazon Basin, certain sections of tbe home of the "Hevea Braziliensis" (the plant which is worrying automobile owners all over the world) have remained thinly populated tbrough lack of our national drink. Droughts have been recorded in the states of Ceara, Parnahyba, Rio Grande do Norte, and in portions of Piauhy, Babia, and Pernahuco since 1692, one occurring on an average every ten years, Ceara the worst sufferer.

The name of Dom Pedro II, the last Brazilian emperor, is associated with the first serious attempt to deal with a scourge that has spelt periodic ruin to thousands of the inhabitants of this region. A strong man, he insisted—in the teeth of opposition with politicians in other districts not affected—in initiating constructive measures to deal witb the question as a whole. Tbe studies of Revy, the French engineer engaged by tbe

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emperor, have been the basis of much of the subsequent betterment work.

Events have moved slowly, and the first reservoir—that at Quixada—was not completed until 1909, despite the reminders afforded by the droughts of 1888-9 and 1898. But in 1909 the Inspectoria de Obras Combra as Seccas was established, under the direction of Dr. Miguel Arrojado Lisboa; immediate action was decided on in 1917, and a credit of two hundred million milreis authorized by Congress.

The problem was a difficult one, owing to the irregularity and uncertainty of the rainfall. The reservoirs will be called on every few years for the total supply, without any replenishment, maybe to "furnish the sole supply of food for production and domestic use for a period of thirty months." The construction of railroads and highways, indispensable to the prosecution of great irrigation works, is part of the task.

Three contracts have been entered into with American and British engineering firms, the work is well under way, a wonderful new asset will shortly be added to Brazil's great resources. The cotton alone will pay the cost of the undertaking, the district being capable of growing the finest grade of long staple cotton in the world.—*Strassburger & Co.*

California corporate bond financing in March was notable in several respects. The volume of utility issues, $13,200,000, was large and, measured in percentage, amounted to nearly 17 per cent. of the total of such issues in the United States during that month. Since Cyrus Peirce & Co. commenced their monthly compilation that figure has only been exceeded in one month—January, 1922, when the record of 43 per cent. was established. In volume, however, California's total for March exceeded that month by over $2,000,000.

The total of all corporate issues in California also represented a very large proportion—over 15 per cent.—of the bonds floated in the United States during March. This percentage was likewise only exceeded in January, 1922, when the corresponding figure was 25.87 per cent.

Not alone in volume and in percentage were the March results remarkable, the number of offerings was unusual, no less than nineteen issues being offered by the dealers and absorbed by the investors of California.

The William R. Staats Company is offering $195,000 South Pasadena City School and High School District 5 per cent. bonds; $65,000 El Monte School District 5 per cent. bonds, and $31,000 Jefferson School District 5 per cent. bonds. These bonds are the direct obligations of their respective districts, both principal and interest being payable from taxes levied and collected with county taxes. These bonds offer a high degree of security and at present prices afford a very attractive interest return.

Business is actively under way at the new offices of A. A. Housman & Co., on the mezzanine floor of the Commercial Union Building.

The firm does a strictly brokerage business, and has done away with the customary large quotation board and the attendant noise of the ticker service in favor of a small quotation sheet which carries almost 500 issues active on the New York Stock Exchange. Serve on this sheet is via telephone receivers and is therefore absolutely quiet.

A. A. Housman & Co., founded in 1884, is an outgrowth of the earlier firm of Burrill & Housman. Offices are maintained in New York, Philadelphia, Amersterdam, Holland and now in San Francisco. The wire service, direct from New York, with no "drop-offs" en route, will be of especial service to clients.

Frederick F. Lyden, for many years in the New York office, is now actively in charge of the branch in the Commercial Union Building.

The annual report of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad for 1922 shows net income of $20,261,488 after taxes and charges, equivalent to $11.86 a share earned on the $170,839,100 outstanding capital stock as compared with net income of $25,609,973, or $14.93 a share, on the capital stock outstanding for 1921. Operating expense for 1922 totaled $126,777,703 against $128,216,289 for 1921, a decrease of 1.12 per cent.—*Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investment bulletin.*

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company and Carstens & Earles are offering jointly $750,000 serials 6 per cent. gold bonds of the West Okanogan Valley Irrigation District, Washington. These bonds, of $1000 denomination, are due serially running from 1933 to 1958.

The district, located about equidistant from Wenatchee and Spokane and about 160 miles northeast of Seattle, was organized in 1915 and has been in full operation since 1916. It contains 12,000 acres, with a population of 3000. High-grade apples for which the Wenatchee district is famous in world markets top the list of the district's products, over 30 per cent. of the present irrigated area being in orchards. The fertility and high state of development of the district is indicated in the fact that the average irrigable holding is 17.38 acres.

The principal towns of the district are Tonasket and Oroville, both of which are located on the Great Northern Railway, running the entire length of the district. The district is also served by the Great Northern line that runs from Spokane to Oroville. It is traversed by the state highway between Wenatchee and British Columbia.

For the last three years the annual production of crops has averaged $1,021,000—more than the entire bonded indebtedness of the district. The appraised value of the land and improvements is $2,209,000.

As held by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington bonds of municipal irrigation districts are a continuing and general obligation against all the lands in the district. They are payable from direct taxes and are Federal income-tax exempt.

The results of the current fiscal year will be much more favorable for the government than officials expected. It was said last April that net result of this fiscal year's operations would be a deficit of $312,000,000. It is too early to say whether there will be an actual deficit, but there are good reasons to believe there may be a surplus.

On April 28th there was a surplus of $135,946,642. and while April itself shows a deficit which may be augmented in May, it is fairly certain that, due to large receipts from income and profits tax, June will show a surplus.

For the present surplus to be wiped out there must be an average deficit of about $2,250,000 a day up to July 1st. This is not indicated. For the first twenty-eight days of April income and profit tax receipts totaled $60,072,818, ocmpared with $32,232,868 for the corresponding period a year ago.

Treasury's cash balance, $312,612,686, should be sufficient to take care of current requirements, including about $65,000,000 interest due on Second Liberty bonds May 15th. Some kind of loan will be necessary to take care of Victory notes which mature May 20th.

Receipts from customs for current fiscal year total $457,143,699 compared with $280,682,045 for corresponding period a year ago. This large increase is understodo to be due to higher tariff.

Last official public debt statement shows net interest-bearing debt $22,358,942,556. Against this there are held securities of face value of $10,882,432,192, making excess of debits $11,476,510,364. If accrued interest on foreign debts be added to assets held by the treasury, excess of debits would be reduced to

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Fairy Tale of a Farm.

RESTORATION. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Mayanrd & Co.; $2.

A new novel by Miss Sidgwick is always a literary event, and fortunately does not happen too frequently to take the edge off one's excitement. Not that such exquisite pieces of workmanship as Ethel Sidgwick's hooks could be put together hastily. The mere writing of "Restoration" or any of its ten predecessors must occupy the average year by which this methodical writer's books are spaced. But when one considers the hierarchy of carefully constructed and dovetailed lives that Miss Sidgwick evokes in her hooks it is amazing that she is so prolific. True, several of her sets of *dramatis personæ* serve in more than one volume, and it would he a pity if they did not, for there is material and to spare for potential novels in any one of Miss Sidgwick's. Besides, her enthusiasts are anxious to follow the fortunes of her life-like phantasies: probahly no living writer creates characters who live more persistently and fondly in one's memory. In fact, no living novelist comes to mind whose recreation of life is so plausihle. She helongs to the school of Trollope and James. And as for charm, no one living or dead excels Miss Sidgwick. In my opinion "Hatchways" is the most charming novel in the language.

"Restoraticn" shows hoth improvement and deterioration, as every writer's more mature and less spontaneous work must. "Restoration" is tired, lacking the pristine freshness of "Promise" and "A Lady of Leisure"—as what post-war book does not? But "Restoration" shows advanced artistry, in greater restraint and in the elimination of the last particle of sentimentality with which the youthful Miss Sidgwick was wont to manipulate her favorite characters. There are no such flaws of subjectivity in "Restoration," which is practically perfectly done—Henry James himself would not have been ashamed of its authorship. And speaking of Miss Sidgwick's master, the method of her latest book reminds one just sufficiently of "The Sacred Fount"—not that one wishes to deter possible customers who may have tried to read that most difficult of James', but the technique of "The Sacred Fount" was a brilliant contrivance, and without suggesting plagiarism I think "Restoration" has henefited thereby. The device, however, of the guest patching out the lives around him by scattered and imperfect impressions is used by Miss Sidgwick through the first half only of "Restoration." The hiatus to a less impressionistic method is not accounted for, but one does not quibhle with Miss Sidgwick ahout trifles of technique. We are too thankful to have an occasional novel in which the characters are real enough to convince, no matter what method of presentation is used by the varying mood of their creator. R. G.

Puerile Algebra.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Gerard Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

The best thing about "An Unknown Quantity" is the title, which is apt. From beginning to end one doesn't get the drift of the thing. Gerard Hopkins is the author of "A City in the Foreground," wbich was praised as a clever Oxford novel and which we opine was very much better than "An Unknown Quantity" for the probably obvious reason that its author was more at home in the foreground juvenile college city than he is in the perspectives of life. "An Unknown Quantity" purports to be a profound psychological study of British caste and culture and is a clever sketchy presentment of middle-class Bohemia, by which we mean the stratum of society inhahited by crescent writers, painters, and musicians of middle-class stock and varying degrees of absence of talent. It is neither the underworld Bohemia of Verlaine nor the smart variety which can only be supported on the salary of an opera singer or a special correspondent. Just why the callow student society of nascent genius should be called Bohemia or made the theme of endless novels is a problem we hequeath to the future historian of manners. The reader who enjoys its purlieus, however, will enjoy "An Unknown Quantity" and its unsolved problem.

Fiction Unadorned.

LITTLE LIFE STORIES. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The reader habituated to the formula-made short story pruned to periodical requirements will either find Sir Harry Johnston's little life stories flat or refreshing, depending on whether he is resignedly acclimated to magazine fiction or whether he is fed up with the tailor-made short story. Almost any reader, in fact, will experience a slight jolt on finishing, say, the first three or four of these sketches. They end so quietly. There has heen no deliberate heightening of dramatic crisis or sudden shoveling away for dramatic dénouement. The little life stories read as quietly as a conservative newspaper. But gradually the charm of unadorned, plausible circumstances grows on one, together with the excitement of seeing from just how slight an incident Sir Harry can make a story. Some of the incidents are slight indeed, but each of the twenty-one little sketches catches some unusual corner of character or combination of circumstances that implies their author has had either a life remarkahly full of experience or a fecund imagination.

An American Salon.

MEMORIES OF A HOSTESS: A CHRONICLE OF EMINENT FRIENDSHIPS. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $4.

When Mrs. James T. Fields died in 1915 she left diaries etxending over many years, and her friend, Mr. A. DeWolfe Howe, acting as a sort of literary executor, has made them the source of his recently published "Memories of a Hostess." As the wife of James T. Fields, the Boston publisher and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mrs. Fields came into contact with all the literary men of the day. So when the friendly doors of the Charles Street bouse are opened to us through the pages of these journals, we see passing through them a procession of illustrious men helonging to what Mr. Howe has aptly called the American Augustan Age. A near neighbor of the Fields was Oliver Wendell Holmes: across the street lived Thomas Bailey Aldrich; over in Cambridge lived Lowell and the well-beloved Longfellow; and in Concord were Emerson and Hawthorne.

In connection with Longfellow must he noted his hrother-in-law, Thomas Gold Appleton, who although not one of the Augustans had more than a local reputation as a wit. He it was who defined Nahant, that gathering place of the literati of the time, as "cold roast Boston"; and in connection with a particularly windy corner in Boston, suggested tempering the gales hy tethering a shorn lamb there.

A chapter is devoted to the second visit of Charles Dickens to this country and to his popular readings. He gave them an amusing account of writing "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist," concurrently, for rival magazines. Once, being overtaken by illness, he got behind with both, and in desperation crossed over to Boulogne, went to an inn alone, and pegged away undisturbed until his copy was finished.

Not only was the hospitable home of the Fields a literary gathering place, but the hosts had affiliations with art and the drama. It was a salon adorned with the most brilliant intellects of the day.

Vive la France!

LA PARCELLE 32. By Ernest Perochon. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

M. Perochon's latest, like its predecessor, the idyllic "Nêne," which it will be remembered carried off the Prix Goncourt, is a transcription of the French peasant soul of whicb the best criticism to be given is "read it." Action is negligible with M. Perochon, whose chief concern it is to express the passion for the soil felt by his rural countrymen. Doubtless part of a Frencb landowner's pride of possession in his holding, be it great or small, is that his tract of land is a part of France. It is an extension of patriotism rather than a

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ıst for gain. La Parcelle 32 is tbe inanimate torm centre ahout which the drama of a ımily of French peasants is played. The ook is excellently translated from the French y Francis C. Fay.

Where West Meets East.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE. By Will Levington Comort. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

A new hook hy the hand that penned Routledge Rides Alone" awakens interest and ıe hope that it has come from the same shelf s that fascinating story. But although the ook's that have followed that first success ave heen in a way more mature and some of them in more serious vein, it would be safe to say few of tbem ride with Routledge, and this last one least of all.

Will Levington Comfort has felt the call of the East so loudly and insistently in his own life that it sounds through all his work and casts over everything he writes a glamour unrelated to our staid and orderly world. In "The Puhlic Square" there has been a compromise between the two. Tbere are readers whose interest will centre on the American half of the story, others who will read eagerly the Oriental part. Both are going to be rather disappointed, for a tale that swings back and forth hetween opposite sides of the globe generally raises a division of interest.

The American setting has a newspaper background with an attractive atmosphere of journalism, and an interesting old editor who says: "A man's a fool before he learns technic. He's a cripple while he's learning it. When he's learned it, and forgotten he's learned it, he begins to he a workman. Tbat's the freedom of knowledge."

Notes of Books and Authors.

Johan Bojer, the Norwegian novelist, is a dramatist as well. His first success was his drama, "A Mother"; before the war he was one of Germany's favorite playwrights, and a recent great success in his own country has been "Sigurd Braa," a four-act play in which Fru Fieldgaard, whose European reputation is great, "created" the leading rôle.

Mary Johnston's "1492," which Little, Brown & Co. report as heing now in its seventh printing, will be publisbed in England by Thornton Butterworth under the title, "Admiral of the Ocean-Sea."

Ecuador is not a place tbat most of us connect with orchids and platinum, yet the most miserable of Indians bring in to the cities platinum wrapped carefully in green leaves, pinned with thorns, and exchange it for wretched trade goods, while the orchid that is a luxury even in North America's most luxurious city grows wild. Blair Niles, who made a leisurely journey through tbis little-known country with her husband, tells these things in "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador," a just-published Century Company book.

Nicholas L. Brown announces the publication of an authorized translation of "Sulamith," hy Alexander Kuprin. Like so many other of Russia's great artists, Kuprin was forced to leave Russia when the present régime came into power to keep from starving, although he was at the height of his fame. Now at the age of fifty-three, he is living in comparative poverty in Paris. Based upon the "Song of Songs," "Sulamith" is a prose poem of antiquity, which closely follows the text of the great biblical poem in depicting the love of King Solomon for tbe Shulamite maid.

Philip S. Marden in his "Egyptian Days," which the Houghton Mifflin Company has just reissued, tells bow one of the greatest of tbe Luxor temples was discovered. A peasant scraped a hole in the floor of his hut to hide a few coins, but to his amazement, when he dropped them in, he heard them fall a considerable distance. He made his hole larger and went after them, and fell through to the pavement of the old temple, tbe existence of which no one in the superimposed village had known. So he got back his coins, and the Egyptologists one more monument of the past.

Charles D. Stewart, whose charming novel of Southern Ohio, "Valley Waters," was published last year by E. P. Dutton & Co., is also a noted student of Shakespeare. His book, "Some Textual Difficulties in Sbakespeare," was published some years ago by the Yale University Press under tbe auspices of the Elizahethan Cluh and he has just presented to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin the manuscript, handsomely bound and duly inscribed, of that volume, in remembrance of the tercentenary of the First Folio.

"You can not love either Amiens or Cologne Cathedral, for you never stop wondering at them." But Canterhury, the tbird in this great Gothic trio, makes a fundamentally different appeal, in tbe view of William Burnet Tuthill. Mr. Tuthill is an architect, and the author of a new Macmillan book called "The Cathedral Church of England," a popular presentation of the subject of cathedral architecture and the special characteristics of the English cathedrals.

Basil Tozer, author of "Recollections of a Rolling Stone," recalls tbat in a school of journalism he once attended were a number of pupils who afterwards became famous. "One, with a high-pitched voice, son of a parson, was called Robert Hichens. At Anderson's he wrote two or three stories weekly for a journal called *Mistress and Maid*, issued by the school for 'instructional purposes.' Hicbens' stories even tben showed his powerful imagination—they appeared three at a time under three different pen-names. *Mistress and Maid* was read mostly by lodging-house slaveys, and they must have enjoyed the long Greek and Latin quotations witb wbich its articles were freely interlarded. We loved in tbose days to show off our knowledge even to a circle of maid-servants."



New Books Received.

LITTLE LIFE STORIES. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
Short stories by the author of "The Veneerings."

DAMAGED SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.
Psychological portraits.

ASPECTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Rachel Annand Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.
With a preface by Gilbert Murray.

THINGS REMEMBERED. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.
Diplomatic reminiscences.

SWINGING LANTERNS. By Elizabeth Crump Enders. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.
Travel in China.

MEN LIKE GODS. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A novel.

SEVEN FOR A SECRET. By Mary Webb. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

THE PEAKS OF SHALA. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Harper & Brotbers.
Travel and adventure in Albania.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL. By John J. McGraw. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
Witb an introduction by George M. Coban.

WHOSE BODY? By Dorothy Sayers. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
A detective story.

THE GOTHIC ROSE. By Wilfred Rowland Cbilde. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.
And other poems.

ANNETTE AND BENNETT. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Tbomas Seltzer; $2.
A sequel to "Round tbe Corner."

SELECTED POEMS. By George Sterling. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

EGYPT AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By T. Eric Peet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50.
Studies by the Brunner Professor of Egyptology in the University of Liverpool.

TRAGEDIES OF SEX. By Frank Wedekind. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.
Translation and introduction by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.

PEOPLE AND POLITICS. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $5.
Observed by a Massachusetts editor.

THE BURGESS FLOWER BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.
Illustrated.

SUNWISE TURN. By Madge Jenison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A human comedy of bookselling.

STORIES OF WILD FLOWERS CHILDREN LOVE. By Katherine Chandler. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
A science reader for the primary grades.

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MATRIMONIAL SNAGS.

Roars of laughter at the Rivoli this week demonstrate that in spite of the general determination to get married there is much gleeful cynicism on the subject of matrimony. The men are the principal offenders. Oh, those delighted masculine guffaws when the blissful state is shown up! Girls, this really should be looked into! What do the horrid wretches mean? Can it really be that they have unanimously discovered that "The Only Girl" generally turns out to be a hamperer of peace, a pin point in the handage, a hit of salt in the ointment? So it would appear, judging from the majority gender of the laughter.

True, the women laugh, too; but not with such a rich, pervasive relish as the men—although loads of young married people laughed together.

"The Only Girl"—which is farce-comedy with musical intervals—is some comedy or other—I forget which one—that we have already seen some time or other in non-musicalized shape: perhaps at the Alcazar.

Three out of four bachelor chums get married, and the fourth—a gay young buck intrepidly played by the ever vernal Ferris Hartman—entertains them at his bachelor quarters.

The stranger brides, with complete unanimity, immediately engineer a series of lively scraps with each other and their mates, into which the hospitable host finds himself perpetually intruding.

Naturally he renews his already firmly registered vows of eternal bachelorhood, and naturally he is eventually captured by *his* "only girl"; a very spunky young woman, who has furnished a number of unheeded indications of possessing a temper which promises to be a first-class peace destroyer. For of such is the nature of man.

Ferris Hartman, of course, provided sufficient youthfulness of temperament to carry the fun over in his rôle, in spite of indications that "Kim" was Decemher alongside the springtime of his pals. But Ferris, in freshness of spirit and in acting, can knock out the entire company—we'll except Myrtle Dingwall—with one hand tied hehind him. Nevertheless the situations in "The Only Girl" are so amusing that the company entered with zest into their rôles, and a delightfully receptive audience—really, they were dears—backed up their efforts so thoroughly that the play went with a rush. The men had much valuahle practice in "The Only Girl" in placating ohdurately offended wives, and in the long telephone interview with an incensed wife at the other end of it Robert Carlson did one of the hest hits in the piece. But really the four—Ferris Hartman, John Van, Robert Carlson and Paul Hartman—must he commended for the freshness and zest with which they entered into their rôles.

Myrtle Dingwall's experience as a singer and actress served her in good stead in her rôle, and the three actresses—Misses Lowrie, Blair, and Maye—who are prohably in more prominent rôles than ordinarily they dare to hope for, similarly threw themselves with an absence of a workaday plodding into the rôles of the three intractahle wives.

The music of "The Only Girl" is hy Victor Herbert; the hook hy Henry Blossom. Herbert's music always has quality, and the musical numhers are merry and tuneful. There are forty of them in the piece, and, although the principals seem to be poor at shading their hig, strong voices, their numhers were greatly enjoyed. But in the choruses for some reason the male voices seemed to dominate those of the women: a fault that happened repeatedly.

A list of the second series of comic operas—so called, although some of them are only musical comedy—appears on the programme. Perhaps the singing personnel of the company isn't strong enough for some of the old comic opera classics, although it doesn't seem so; hut I have heard regrets expressed that the Steindorff-Hartman combination does not revive some of the old Offenhach pieces, or those composed hy Offenhach's talented imitators—Planquette, Le Coq, and others. And they might dig up Gilhert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe"; a most exquisite fairy opera, full of fun and fancy, that for some reason is rarely revived. There are many, of course, who like the lighter line of pieces, hut old hahitués of the Tivoli who have renounced the pleasures of the theatre would prohahly dig themselves out of their arm—or movie—chairs and go to see and hear "La Belle Hélène," "Princess of Trehizonde," "Girofié-Girofia," "La Grande Duchesse," "Pirates of Penzance," "The Toy Maker," etc. I note, hy the way, that "The Bat and the Butterfly" ("Die Fledermaus") is listed for voting, and I hope it will win.

MARGARET WIDDEMER'S CHAT.

Any one who has read Margaret Widdemer's poems and novels will recognize that the author of those fresh, hreezy, unconventionally charming works would he quite unlikely to give a formal address. There would be sure to he that touch of nature, that play of humor, that gay irreverence for the stiff formalisms of life and literature that her writings declare to he an essential part of her mental and moral make-up.

And so we found it. The charming young poetess wore her hays so lightly, so casually, and so unconsciously that we forgot to he impressed and just sat there liking her and enjoying her as she ranged freely and easily over her field of impressions, taking up one personality after another, and making these young American writers that we only hear of from afar almost visihle to us, or at any rate audihle. For she made us image them sitting at dinner-tahles or firesides, joking, teasing, competing, and occasionally spreading a saucy wing into the hlue empyrean of thought and imagination. For they are a natural, fun-loving, conventionality-abhorring lot, this group that makes up the school of twentieth-century poetry.

Now perhaps I shouldn't have said that. Perhaps they—or some of them—wouldn't acknowledge themselves to be a part of any school, in spite of the preponderance of imagistic verse. But there is certainly a new kind of poetry horn in this twentieth century, less great than that of the Victorian era, hut with its own special grace and charm.

As for the free verse tendency of the times, it is evident that the poets only respect what is respect-worthy, and do not hesitate joyously to travesty what invites caricature. So in her pleasant, natural way the writer read a numher of her own roguish caricatures of free verse and imitation poetry; and gave the audience such pleasant glimpses into that world of intellectual exchange in which these writers live that she had to pause to remind us that there were generally long intervals of hard work hetween these short but intensely-enjoyed occasions of social interchange.

All this took place in the Paul Elder Gallery, which is heginning to he the meeting place for these little gatherings of the literati and their appreciators; people who enjoy these personal meetings with authors—and sometimes famous ones—whose writings, and the individuality and intellect expressed in them, have piqued their interest and won their admiration.

AN ESMOND REVIVAL.

H. V. Esmond wrote "When We Were Twenty-One" for Nat Goodwin, and it was played with great success. But that was a long time ago. Still the name of H. V. Esmond as the author of "Eliza Comes to Stay" inspired some anticipation among the patrons of the Players Theatre, for there is many a good old play that still has great possibilities for amusing the present generation of playgoers.

"Eliza" was, however, really a substitute for "Patience," in the preparation of which they fell down hecause of illnesses among the principals.

So I suppose they were ohliged to slap through the piece in a hurry to get it into shape, which they only approximately succeeded in doing. Eliza, who "comes to stay," is a ward whom her young-man guardian believes to be a child. But she turns out to be a grown and highly susceptible maiden. Old stuff, of course, more particularly as she is a freak and a frump, and excites dismay in the hreast of her guardian.

Of course she learns how to dress, to do her hair, to demean herself gracefully, all these feats heing accomplished during a month's ahsence of the rueful guardian, who had expected a golden-haired angel, and who has gone away to commune with his soul and decide what he will do with It.

Well, naturally, when guardy comes back he complies with all the formulas laid down in romantic comedy of this hrand. He instantly succumhs, and the curtain falls on kisses.

A feehle and amateurish piece—which "Eliza" is—makes for feehle and amateurish acting. Also it is old-timy and hegins with the deep damnation of a soliloquy. There is plenty of talent at the Players Club, and judging from commendable past performances they would have turned out an enjoyahle and a meritorious "Patience." It was sporting of them, perhaps, to put on "Eliza," but not good judgment, for there are loads of strong plays lying on shelves, so forgotten that the club would not have to go stony broke with royalties. However, it was prohahly a case for haste; and possihly Mrs. Ella Worcester, who played Eliza, had done it before and suggested the suhstittue.

Eliza is not a grateful part except for



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The Highway Commission is constructing the Skyline Boulevard across Upper Crystal Springs Dam, and is ahout to let contracts for the roadway that will carry the Boulevard across the huge concrete dam further north, at ahout the site where Mine Host Kenny used to welcome his guests.

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oman who can emerge from her sheath of ainness and frumpiness like a butterfly from s chrysalis. But Mrs. Worcester played it eatly, and has a pretty voice and intonation, pleasing smile, and an individual touch to r acting that carried her over the thin aces.

As for the others, one is obliged to fall ck on tbat overworked but truthful word d describe them as conscientious. And this ing the case, and there being some comi- lity to the situations, the audience had its odicum of amusement.

But in the meantime it is up to the friends the club to turn to and help it through an week; although it is surprising how much cking up they can do after the first night so in the way of ease and improved comedy d mastering the lines.

THE NEW YORK THEATRE GUILD.

No less a personage than William Archer s expressed his cordial approval of the licy pursued by the managers of the New ork Theatre Guild. Mr. Archer was the ief translator of the Ibsen plays, and may said to he the chief agency in introducing em to English-speaking puhlics; now almost quarter of a century ago.

The amazing courage and marvelous luck the Theatre Guild in putting on "Peer nt" and making a financial success with it s particularly attracted Mr. Archer's atten- n, for his translation of "Peer Gynt" must ve been one of the most difficult of his Ib- nic feats.

Mr. Archer has expressed his warm ap- oval of the plan, as yet unrealized, to make e Theatre Guild a repertoire theatre with permanent resident company. "A repertoire mpany," says this authority on matters con- rning the theatre, "assures the play-goers better plays. Only with a permanent resi- nt company can unity of style be obtained." he Moscow Art Theatre immediately rises mind.) "Playing different rôles," he con- ues, "is conducive to better acting, and the tor, being free from the grinding monotony the long run, has leisure for self-cultiva- n and for society."

Mr. Archer adds a further comment that ould interest San Franciscans. "It seems me that in the United States, whose dis- nces are so great, and as long as the cost travel and hotel living is so high, organi- tions like the Theatre Guild really offer the aller community [We might put it, in our se, the remote community] its only prac- tical way of getting artistic dramatic productions."

All this seems to verge toward an encouragement of the stock company idea, which always seems to displease the big theatrical men.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Mr. Robert Warwick will appear at the Curran beginning Sunday night in A. A. Milne's dainty comedy, "The Dover Road." The play is by the author of "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Truth Ahout Blayds," and ran for a year in New York. Clara Joel, Louis Morrison, V. Talbot Henderson, Jerome Sheidon and Margaret Allen have parts which are admirably played. There will be matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

At the Century.

Theatre-goers are manifesting interest in the attraction at the Century, "The Demi-Virgin," an Al H. Woods production, starring Nancy Fair. "The Demi-Virgin" will be presented on the Century Theatre stage for a limited period only and opens Saturday evening. The return of the former Alcazar leading woman as the featured player in this attraction is another factor in the show, as far as public interest is concerned.

"The Demi-Virgin" was written by Avery Hopwood, who is responsible for more farces than the average playwright. He is the author of "Fair and Warmer," co-author of "The Bat" with Mary Rohèrts Rinehart, and many other successes.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Another hill of stellar attractions comes to the Orpheum starting Sunday matinée, May 27th. Blossom Seeley, the "Aristocrat of Syncopation," Fannie Brice held for a third week, and George Olsen and his orchestra are featured numhers.

Clayton and Edwards, the hlackface comedians, remain, but with fresh material.

Edwin and Jane Connelly have a winsome comedy entitled "The Tale of a Skirt."

Emil Boreo, the Russian comedian, first member of the original "Chauve Souris" cast to come to the Coast, offers a song monologue.

Wilbur and Adams are addicted to humorous gymnastics.

At the Columbia.

It is by no means difficult to explain the exceptional success of Henry Miller's production of the Lee Wilson Dodd comedy, "The Changelings," at the Columbia Theatre. In the first place Mr. Miller has been able to select a piece of stage literature so far out of the ordinary that it at once becomes almost a classic. Its story is thoroughly up to the minute and the author has drawn pen pictures of people that live the life of today, with their varying moods, their changes of opinion, and their matrimonial difficulties.

Here we are happy in heing able to see a line of stars in the cast. Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews, John Miltern, Geoffrey Kerr, Felix Kremhs are among the players presenting this comedy.

"The Changelings" has been so well received that a third week of the Henry Miller season will be devoted to it. Seats for the coming week will be on sale Thursday.

Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

Spook-Pictures and All.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is booked for a series of lectures to be given in San Francisco at the Dreamland Auditorium, and in Oakland at the Auditorium Theatre. The San Francisco dates are: Saturday evening, June 2d, when he will speak on "The Life Beyond"; Sunday evening, June 3d, when his suhject will be "Personal Psychic Experiences," and Wednesday evening, June 6th, "Recent Psychic Evidence." The last two lectures will be illustrated with spirit photographs that have never failed to amaze his audiences.

In Oakland he will lecture Tuesday evening, June 5th, on "Recent Psychic Evidence," showing a series of spirit photographs, among which will be the alleged photographs of Raymond, the son of Sir Oliver Lodge, and his own son.

Sir Arthur's local engagement is under the management of Paul Elder, who has made the necessary arrangements to enable the Bay region public to hear and see him.

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"THE CHANGELINGS"

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VANITY FAIR.

Count Boni de Castellane, whose marriage to Anna Gould some years ago was one of the most hotly discussed of all the international marriages in which American fortunes figure, and whose divorce was discussed at equal temperature, steps into the spotlight again, this time in company of American oil stocks. Having married into the Gould family, he was supposed by the usually canny and practical French to have acquired thereby a knowledge of underground America, where the oil is, or was, although these stocks were more concerned with Mexican oil lands. The responsibility of recommending investments of this sort, wherein much may be made, and just as much may be lost, is a rather perilous venture, and it is said that scores of the French nobility have taken losses and others are desperately hanging on in that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. This does not appear to have enhanced the count's popularity. The shares are offered by an Italian banker who made confident representations that the American Foreign Oil Company was the only one that enjoyed the favor of the Mexican government and that any one buying a few would profit handsomely and soon. There is always a generation that has not yet heard that old song. But it is a leveling influence, and assists democracy. The worst of it in this case is that while in America Boni is regarded as a Frenchman, in France he is likely to be looked upon as something of an American, and so these poor old partly United States must again be blamed for something they did not do. It is quite likely that the count himself has merely made the usual mistake of optimism. It is said there is hardly a prominent family in France without its little block of American oil shares. Of course, if they lose they are going to curse us. There are certain phases of international society that seem to call for government regulation. The count has been measurably successful for himself, but he ought to do something to maintain the *entente cordiale* between his country and this besides making a fortune out of each.

The latest talent to be contributed by society to the moving-picture industry is in the charming person of Lady Cynthia Mosely, whose husband is Oswald Mosely, M. P. Lady Cynthia is the daughter of Lord Curzon, and her mother was Mary Leiter of Chicago, sister to Joseph Leiter, who ran the unsuccessful wheat corner on the Chicago Board of Trade in the late 'nineties, and who recently lost by theft a stock of wines said to have been worth $300,000. She has a well-modeled face, with the large eyes, straight nose, and finely rounded chin the screen is supposed to demand; and altogether is very beautiful. Her mother was rated as one of the most beautiful women at court. Just what will be thought of Lady Cynthia's venture into the "sets" by their royal highnesses is conjectural, at best. The members of the royal family are continually being "shot" by motion cameras, but it is in their normal movements as human beings, not at all as screen beauties. The custom seems to have been established during the war, when it was serviceable as loyalist propaganda, and has grown, now, too strong to break. But that is far from being engaged in the business professionally and for hire. Viscount Lascelles, husband to Princess Mary, resents the imputation by part of the London press that he is a film star, and has tried to have them scrap a hunt film in which he is featured, but despite his displeasure and objections, the producer says he means to keep right on exhibiting the film. It shows a meet with the Bramham Moor foxhounds, and the viscount takes the sporting exception to it that the public is quite likely to think the fox is also a screen actor, or at best was taken to the hunt in a sack, to be liberated before the hounds so that the viscount might be seen chasing it. Such, at least, is one side of the story. The other is that the royal family really objects to getting any more members and connections into the limelight in that manner than necessary, for fear the habit will grow. The objection, of course, hardly extends to the case of Lady Cynthia, who is not royal—but neither is Viscount Lascelles. Nobody seems to be worrying about the fox, but the S. P. C. A., or its British equivalent, may get around to that before long.

Abroad you are more likely to meet an American than a traveler of any other nation. Last year 100,000 Americans visited England, and they are expecting double that number this year. The next chance, on the Continent, is that of meeting a Britisher traveling, then a Frenchman, then a Scandinavian, then a Japanese, then a South American. The Americans are said to pay $10,000,000 a year to the various European governments for visa charges on passports, levied in retaliation, it is said, against the high passport fees assessed by the American government. Tourists are sometimes seen with passports bearing several hundred dollars' worth of visa stamps; and the average travels in six countries at least and hence carries about $60 worth. The outlook for a large tourist crop in London this year has led some of the London drapers to make special efforts to entice the women into their shops.

The aeroplane will assist materially this summer in the reinstatement of Newport as the social capital of the nation. Messrs. Vincent Astor and T. Suffern Tailer have successfully promoted a company to take summer residents by air from New York. Their promotive efforts received the greatest encouragement from the "cottagers," and the stock was oversubscribed 100 per cent. And when it came to bookings for week-ends, advance reservations have been made for 80 per cent. of the trips. So it looks as though Mr. Astor and Mr. Tailer would have a profitable business and be enabled thereby to live quite comfortably until the river freezes over. Whether this development be cause or effect of the Newport revival, that revival is very real. The biggest social season since long before the war is promised by a veritable boom in rentals, in purchases, and in the refurbishing of old mansions. For example, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke have purchased the old William B. Leeds place at Rough Point. Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley have bought the old Kernochan estate at Ochre Point, but this purchase will add nothing to the brilliance of this season, because the Bradleys will move all the furnishings from their Washington home, and it will take them all summer to do it. On both these properties about half a million will be spent before they are ready for occupancy. Mrs. Vanderbilt, Sr., will open The Breakers, Count and Countess Laszlo Szechenyi will occupy the estate of the countess' sister, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Prince Miguel de Braganza will be part of the summer colony. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener have rented Beachmound, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Widener will be at Midcliff. Thus the scene is being pretty well set. An early arrival will be Mr. James J. Van Alen, who is returning from Europe, and will add distinction to the affairs of the season. Altogether it promises well for a return of society, not merely to its summer home, but to its pre-war status as a sort of national decoration. Gradually, "normalcy" comes back.

After all, nature is wonderfully balanced, even in the realm of art; which is a paradox, or at least parallelism, almost good enough for G. K. C. John Singer Sargent, American born in Italy, has so long painted the portraits of British notables that he almost seems to be one himself, and now comes E. Hodgson Smart with his brushes and paint pots and goes to work on ours. He is painting President Harding for the second time. His first study of the President, full length, was quite successful, and it is said that his portrait of Pershing is the really authentic memorial of the outstanding American military figure of the great war. He has just completed a series of seven studies of the Charles Briggs family of Cleveland. Smart seems to go rather strong in Cleveland, for he has painted former Secretary of War Baker—an original for the War Department and a replica for Cleveland, where he also did up, on canvas, two members of the Chamber of Commerce. He is said to be much interested in the movement to make Wasbington the new national art centre, an ambition that seems to have infected at some time every American city, like measles or cbicken-pox. Two of Mr. Smart's pictures have hung in the National Gallery at Washington this season. He is growing in popularity with débutantes, inasmuch as peculiar fortune in making an early marriage has attended several of his executions of portraits for tbem. It seems a rather expensive way of advertising a young woman's charms, but it is much more refined than going on the Follies stage; and if equally effective, perhaps to be preferred, provided papa has the price. It must be hard work, however, for a young married couple to live in the etherealized atmosphere created by a great artist's portrait of the bride; it would give her such an unfair advantage in suggesting that inasmuch as she looked that way on the eve of her marriage she might bave had her choice of husbands, and if she had it to do over could do much better. As a basis for old-fashioned felicity it would seem that the old-fashioned tintype might prove sounder.

Losing Money Gracefully.

Imagine a vast room with crimson carpet and the richest hangings and brilliant with the light of a thousand electric globes in handsome glass luster chandeliers, some thirty oval tables covered with green cloth, and a smart crowd over which hangs an expectant hush.

This is the baccarat room of Cannes, says the Washington *Post*, in which fortunes change hands every half-hour or so, where women are seen one day radiant witb jewels and tbe next minus a string of pearls and a bracelet or so, until gradually the greedy cagnotte has claimed everything, and beauty is unadorned until the wheel of chance has turned and luck comes back again.

It is a tradition in Cannes that you wear your smartest gowns in which to lose your money. At tbe big table where the lowest stake is $50 a smart woman sits. She is gowned by Calot at her best. The striking frock is of black crêpe, thick and heavy. The sleeveless, low-cut décolletage is made in the form of a little Chinese jacket hanging loose at the waist and heavily scalloped. The points are embroidered in an attractive design in deep blue and at the back and the front of the waist the jacket is indented to show a pink satin foundation.

The very short skirt is in two tiers, each heavily scalloped on the same lines as the jacket and embroidered with the same blue, and cut up at the back to show a band of the pink foundation which is also seen as a petticoat in front where the lower tier is split up. Lovely pearls are worn, and as the wearer grasps the notes she has won an enormous oblong emerald comes into view.

A prominent actress wears an amazing confection entirely covered with embroidery in small diamond shapes, the top of the dress being embroidered in shades of green that seem to melt into yellow, and reacb the hem in a brilliant shade of copper in the dull background. The waist is rather high, and the corsage is adorned in front with two narrow bands of the green embroidery that pass over the shoulders and cross behind in the form of braces.

A striking looking blonde women wore dress of yellow net entirely covered with flowered lace design carried out in moderate large glass beads in several shades of yello

We scan tbe records of the Patent Offic in vain to find the name of Jenny Lind as a inventor, says the *Scientific American*. Y she was responsible in a large degree for th "parlor car." When she was brought to th country by P. T. Barnum she was obliged t spend much of her time in traveling fro place to place on the wretched railroads o the period. So, to reduce the discomforts o the trip, she had the seats of an ordinary c removed and the vehicle furnished wit chairs, tables, and other pieces of furnitu which would be appropriate to a parlor. S jocosely called this her "parlor car," and it undoubtedly from this that we get the nam for our Pullman chair cars.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Marshal Foch told the following anecdote hile in this country: A French mayor who t one time held the office of magistrate was out to perform the civil rite of marriage. Mlle. X," he said, "do you agree to take this an for your wedded husband?" After the oman had replied in the affirmative the ayor, turning to the bridegroom, delivered imself as follows: "Prisoner at the har, hat have you to say in your defense?"

Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, said on his re- rn from England: "English novelists are fete. They go in too much for style. here's a lack of red hlood in their work. t a dinner at a country inn where we were aying together I said one evening to an nglish novelist: 'Well, I dashed off 8000 ords today. What did you do?' 'Oh, I was nmensely husy,' said he.. 'I corrected the roofs of my new essay.' 'Make any changes?' asked. 'I made one very important change,' said. 'I took out a comma.' I couldn't elp giving a disgusted laugh. 'And is that l you did today?' I said; 'take out one mma?' 'Oh, no,' said he. 'After deep re- ection, I put the comma back.'"

Senator La Follette said at a dinner in Mil- aukee: "The American people are learning think. They used to remind me sometimes the sailors from a certain warship who ice visited the theatre. The sailors sat in e gallery en masse, and in the course of e play a fight arose among them, and one or fellow fell from the gallery down into e audience helow. The excitement was ter- ific, of course. 'Man overboard!' a hoarse oice rang out. 'Man overboard!' At these ords a second sailor without a moment's esitation dived after his unfortunate com- de."

John E. Hazzard, the actor, tells the fol- wing yarn, which he thinks is one of the nniest on record: "When 'The Lion and e Mouse' was playing in New York a man om the far-distant suhurhs came in to the y and saw the play. After the first act he lked out to the hox-office and said: 'I have joyed your show, hut I'd like to know, so can tell the home folks, where all these tors come from.' So he hegan with the ogramme and asked where they all lived. e young man at the hox-office replied they lived in New York. 'Gee,' responded the ntryman, 'it's a corking good show for local ent. We tried local talent, hut they never re ahle to give as good a show as you are ing here.'"

An old negro was planting a tree on a eveland Park lawn, and a younger negro opped on the sidewalk and began to coach n. "Say, old man," the loafer said, "you e not doing that right." The aged darky rned his eyes on the meddler, looked him er, paying special attention to his flashy tie d spats, but said nothing. "I say, old fel- v, you are not putting that tree in right; it should he turned a little to the east," the young negro added. The tree-planter gave the young dude another look, hut kept on working, packing the dirt about the tree, hut never uttering a word. Bristling up, the young negro said: "Look here, old man, don't you give me none of your silence."

There was but one pair of dry eyes in the house. But for this exception the audience was unanimous in its tearful reception of the play. The strong-minded exception struggled in vain to control his unseemly mirth. At last the weeping woman next him reproachfully addressed him. "If y-you don't like the p-play," she sobbed, "you m-might at least have the de-decency to let other p-people enjoy it!"

Cortland Bleecker said at a brokers' hanquet at Coney Island: "We hear a lot about the tricks the hroker plays on the poor puhlic, but what of the tricks that the great money kings play on the poor hroker? The average money king treats his hroker as Lord Eldon treated Betty. Lord Eldon, you know, was entertaining a few friends at a dinner in a tavern, and he dropped a guinea on the floor while making up the cash for the hill. Well, he couldn't find the guinea, so he said to Betty, the maid, when she came in: 'Betty, I've dropped two guineas. See if you can't retrieve them for me.' Betty soon found one guinea, and Lord Eldon slipped it in his pocket and rose with his friends to go. 'When you find that other guinea, Betty,' he said, 'keep it for your tip.'"

The Marquis de Cambrun, the French chargé d'affaires, said at a luncheon in New York: "Some people are actually declaring that Germany has now suffered enough, and the Allies ought to let her off. If the Allies did that, they would he like the man at the party. He enjoyed the party. It hroke up at about 5:30 a. m. The man then made his way out, halanced at the curhstone, and hailed a taxicab. The taxicab drew up heside him, and he climbed in at one door, and immediately rolled out at the other. Picking himself up, he hrushed the dirt from his hat, took out a roll of bills, and said to the driver: 'Well, how much—hic—do I owe you?'"

Frederic Almy of Buffalo, New York, has two favorites to his credit. "One of my favorite stories is that of the Frenchwoman who complained that she had been grossly insulted hy an American with whom she was traveling. On inquiry it appeared that they had traveled alone in the same compartment for an hour and that he had not once looked her. If I may give two, I like also the story of the suffragist who cried out: 'The Lord is with us, and with Her on our side we can not fail.'"

Miss Catherine Wendell, the New York heiress who is to marry Lord Porchester, heir to the Earl of Carnarvon, is very pretty. Once, on meeting her, a little girl looked in silence into her wonderfully clear and brilliant eyes and then said: "Are your eyes new ones?"

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes was talking in Washington about the sale of liquor on American ships. "These fellows deceived the people. They stretched the truth. Well, the truth is elastic, hut"—and Mr. Haynes shook his head grimly—"but don't stretch it unless you want it to fly hack and sting you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

To the Full.

This is the era of high concentration:
Eggs are not sold just as eggs.
But hleached up to vie with the pearl's valuation
And offered on separate pegs!

This is the era of skillfulness rampant:
Fabrics are named at the mill
"Legacy's Crêpe," "Satinella," or "Moon Slant"—
The difference appears on the hill.

Doctors are specialists; most wives are feminists,
Husbands are tired business men.
Fast fills the brimming cup, up and up—up and up!
No one in sight to say *"When!"*

—*C. H. in Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Merrill of Palo Alto, daughter of the late Mr. John F. Merrill and Mrs. Gilbert Rech of Chicago, to Mr. Robert Duncan of San Francisco, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan, Jr.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clementine Edie, daughter of Colonel Guy L. Edie and Mrs. Edie, to Mr. Joseph Catherwood, son of the late Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood and Mrs. Catherwood.

The marriage of Miss Clara Van Ness to Mr. Macdonald Denman, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Denman, is taking place on Saturday, May 26th.

The marriage of Miss Mary Louise McDaniels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. McDaniels, to Mr. John Bruce Bonny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny, took place on Tuesday, April 10th, at Hollister.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Nugent, daughter of Baroness Nugent, to Mr. Ashfield Stow took place on Thursday, May 24th.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer gave a tea last week in honor of Miss Kathleen Farrell, whose engagement has been announced.

Mrs. George D. Boyd gave a luncheon at Pastori's in Marin County in honor of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Mrs. Athearn Folger, who have recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was the guest of honor at a dinner given Friday evening by her sister, Mrs. Stetson Winslow.

Miss Lucille Byington, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given recently by Mrs. Edward W. Jackson.

Mrs. Harold Mann was hostess last week at a mah jongg party given at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Mabel Hathaway and her fiancé, Mr. Louis Jefferys were the honored guests at a dinner given by Mrs. Mervyn O'Neil.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge gave a luncheon and theatre party last Saturday.

Mrs. John M. Boyden and Miss Katherine Bentley shared the honors at a luncheon given last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by Miss Geraldine Grace.

Mrs. Fin Lund entertained at a tea recently in honor of her mother, Mrs. James Breen.

Mrs. Alfred Bernard Ford gave a farewell tea last week at her apartments at Stanford Court prior to her departure for New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor were hosts at a farewell dinner in honor of Consul-General S. Yada and Mme. Yada, who are leaving San Francisco.

There was a garden party followed by dancing at the Officers' Club at the Presidio on Saturday last for the benefit of the Army Relief Association.

Mrs. Ira Haynes entertained at a luncheon last week at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton.

Mrs. Leonard Earle Wood gave a mah jongg party at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley, whose engagement has been announced.

Captain Landenberger and Mrs. Landenberger were hosts at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at their home on Yerba Buena Island.

Miss Barbara Sesnon was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Divisadero Street in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley, whose engagement has been announced.

Dr. J. B. Hubert, secretary of the Netherlands to Washington, was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John Drum at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Helen Deamer was the guest of honor at a farewell tea given at the Palace Hotel by Miss Frances McClenahan.

Mrs. Ashton Potter entertained at tea last week in honor of Countess Siciliani.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood were hosts recently at a theatre and supper party.

Miss Kathleen Farrell was the honored guest at a bridge and mah jongg party given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by Mrs. Hubert Law.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller gave a dinner last week at their home in Oakland in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were hosts recently at a dinner and theatre party.

Mrs. Jean St. Cyr entertained at a luncheon at her home in San Mateo last week.

Mrs. William Leib gave a farewell luncheon in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

Colonel Robert W. Mearns, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mearns gave a dinner-dance last Friday at the Palace Hotel in honor of General Charles Gould Morton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton and Miss Elizabeth Moorhead of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. George Landenberger was hostess at a luncheon last Friday at the Naval Training Station on Yerba Buena Island.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat was the honored guest at a farewell luncheon given last Friday by Mrs. I. Walton Thorne.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Cyr entertained at a house party over the week-end at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper were hosts at a dinner given at their home in this city.

Mrs. Milton Bugbee gave a picnic last week in honor of Mrs. Charles G. Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody were recent hosts at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson.

Mrs. Dixwell Davenport entertained at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, who have recently returned from abroad, were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kamm.

Mrs. Henry Scott Jefferys was the guest of honor last week at a tea given by her daughter, Mrs. Hugo Ramacciotti.

Dr. J. B. Hubert, secretary of the embassy of The Netherlands to Washington, was entertained last week by ex-Senator James D. Phelan at his country place near Saratoga.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a luncheon last week for the members of the auxiliary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Mrs. William Ede was the complimented guest at a farewell luncheon given last week by Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer.

Miss Barbara Sesnon gave a tea recently in honor of Miss Annette Rolph, whose engagement has been announced.

Mr. David Hearfield gave a dinner last week at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael in honor of Miss Virginia Phillips and Miss Lillian Huie.

A musicale and dance was given on Saturday evening in San Rafael by Mrs. Alfred du Bois, Mrs. Harry Johnson, and Mrs. Gustave Ziel.

Mrs. Margaret Cheney was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Saturday last at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Margery Lovegrove, whose engagement has been announced.

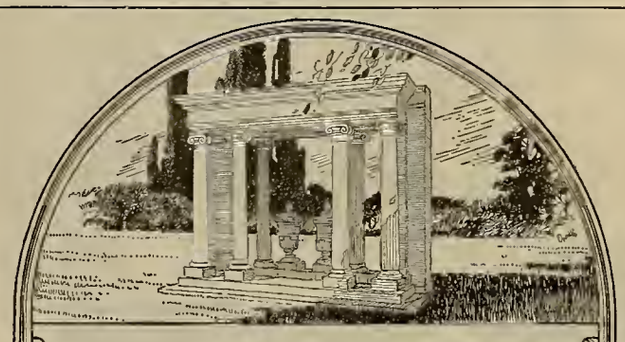
The Army and Navy Club of San Francisco held a luncheon on Tuesday at their headquarter at the Bellevue Hotel.

There was a tea held on Thursday afternoon a the headquarters of the English-Speaking Union i celebration of Empire Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry Hooper entertaine at dinner at their home on Laguna Street o Wednesday.

Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge Jr. gave a luncheo last week for Mrs. Mark McDonald of Sant Rosa.

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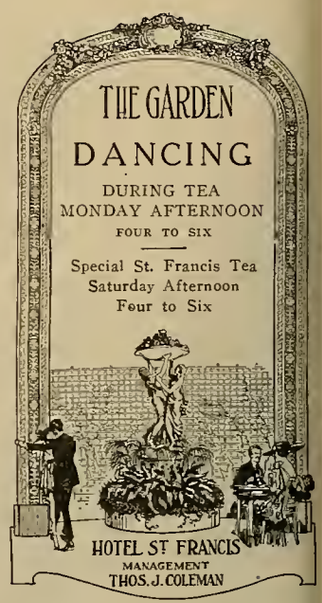
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Roswell Brooks of New York, mother of rs. Willis Walker and Mrs. Clinton Walker, ar-ed in San Francisco last week on the *Samaria* the course of a tour around the world.

Mrs. Loring Pickering has returned from attle, where she has been visiting her mother, s. Henry Lawrence Kauffman. She is estab-hed at her home on Washington Street and will joined there by Mr. Pickering next month.

Mrs. George Cameron has returned from a short it to New York.

Miss Edith Bull, who has been spending the nter at Colorado Springs, will pass the summer Woodside.

Miss Agnes Shreve will accompany Mrs. John Casserly on a trip to Europe next month.

Mrs. W. C. Morrow has returned to San Fran-co and has taken an apartment at 2245 Larkin reet, near Union. She is with her cousin, Mrs. A. Jones, who has recently returned from a visit Denver.

Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., and Mrs. Douglas Wil-n Dodge, who have been in Detroit attending the nior League Conference, have returned to San ancisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Farragut Ashe who have been in ollister visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis ve returned to their home in this city.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard who has been traveling in rope arrived in San Francisco last week and l he joined later by Mr. Oxnard.

Judge Franklin A. Griffin and Mrs. Griffin have ken apartments for the summer at the Hotel fael in San Rafael.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt Jr. is coming from Ari-na to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald who have been ending the winter in San Francisco, are re-rning to their home in Santa Rosa for the mmer.

Mrs. W. S. Porter, accompanied by Miss Cor-ia O'Connor, spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and her niece, Miss Mary ma Flood, who have been spending the winter in New York, returned last week to San Francisco.

Mrs. Robert Mackinlay and Miss Antonia Marin of Santa Barbara, who have been visiting in and around San Francisco, have returned to their home in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood with their daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, have gone to their country home in Menlo Park, where they will pass the summer.

Miss Antonia Marin of Santa Barbara was a recent guest of Mrs. Stewart Edward White at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred Bernard Ford sailed last Friday on the steamer *Tahiti* for New Zealand.

Consul-General S. Yada and Mme. Yada sailed on Tuesday last for China, where Consul Yada will take up his new duties in Shanghai.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are visiting at the home of Mr. Frank D. Madison in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Long Beach, who have been spending a short time in San Francisco, returned on Monday to their home in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, who have been absent from California for over a year, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Virginia Hanna, who has lately returned from Los Angeles, will go shortly to Burlingame, where they will take a house for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have recently returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace, who have been staying at their country place in Santa Rosa, spent last week in San Francisco.

Mrs. Percy Williams and Miss Frances Sprague, who have been visiting in Southern California, have returned to San Francisco and have taken apartments at the Hillcrest.

The Rev. Edward Morgan, formerly of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in this city, has been appointed to the Chapel of the Ascension in London and has left Paris to take up his new duties in England.

Miss Oxnard, who has been absent for some time, has returned to San Francisco and is established at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, who has been visiting Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman in Burlingame, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Miss Persis Coleman and Miss Mabel Pierce will leave this summer for a trip to the Orient to be absent for six months.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker has been entertaining a house party at her mother's country home near Cloverdale.

Mrs. Henry Crocker has lately returned from Southern California and is at her home near Cloverdale.

Colonel Robert Noble and Mrs. Noble will shortly go to Saratoga, where they will be guests of Mrs. Noble's mother, Mrs. Henry Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker have taken a house in Burlingame, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and Mrs. Helen Gray Wilson have returned from the East, where they have been traveling for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay and their daughter, Miss Phyllis Fay, will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mr. Clifford Weatherwax and Mr. Frank Judge have returned from a short stay in Los Angeles.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols have returned from the East, where they have been for several months. They came on the S. S. *Ecuador* via the Panama Canal.

Miss Irma Field Clayhurgh and Miss Sophia Brownell, who have been attending Miss Scovell's school in New York, will arrive in San Francisco the first of June.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has gone East and will spend the summer with relatives in Virginia and Canada.

Mrs. George Dudley Bliss is in New York and will shortly return to California.

Miss Virginia Phillips and Miss Lillian Huie are leaving soon for New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Laura W. Cropper, who has been recently in Southern California, has left for the East for an indefinite stay.

Commander Kirby B. Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden have taken a house in Ross, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. John Joseph Spieker, accompanied by Mrs. Frances Daniels of Berkeley, left on Wednesday for the East en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall, daughter of Commander James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull, has gone to Boston to attend the funeral of her father-in-law, the late Mr. Charles Newhall.

Mrs. William E. Dargie and Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Tripler have been making a brief stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Devereux of Menlo Park have gone to Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who have been ahroad, returned on Monday last and will spend the summer at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Maud Younger of Washington, D. C., has arrived in San Francisco for a visit to her sister, Mrs. Burns Macdonald.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark arrived from the East last week and is at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Edgar Reeve Bryant and Mrs. R. M. Loeser have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver will spend the summer in Ross.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. K. R. Nuttall, have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries of the Hotel St. Francis have returned from a seven weeks' trip to New York, Atlantic City, and Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fergusson MacLeod left their apartment on Pacific Avenue last week for their summer home in Mill Valley.

Ensign Emil Pohli, U. S. N., is cruising on the Asiatic coast.

Death of Mr Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, whose death occurred on Saturday last at her home in Burlingame, had long heen a prominent figure in the social life of San Francisco and of California. Mrs. Scott was born in England and her earlier years were spent there in associations that were in effect a training for the activities in which she was so distinguished here. Mrs. Scott's father was a friend of Lord Palmerston and it was in the circle in which that famous statesman was a foremost figure that her fine personality was nurtured and developed. In all the relationships of her life here Mrs. Scott found, as she merited, high esteem and notable recognition. In the social life of San Francisco there has never heen a more generous or more gracious hostess. There were comhined in her the charms of dignity and of high intelligence, kindliness and the spirit of charity. In the period of the war, and in the succeeding time, Mrs. Scott, as an American woman of English hirth, was active in promoting that agency of international understanding and good-will, the English-Speaking Union. From its organization she has heen a memher of its directory and an interested and diligent promoter of its purposes. In the death of Mrs. Scott, not alone her family and her immediate friends, hut San Francisco as a community suffers a grievous loss.

At the Palace.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane were the complimented guests at a tea given at the Palace Hotel during the week hy the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

One of the prettiest teas of the week at the Palace was that at which Miss Helen Conroy entertained for Miss Claire Lowe.

Mrs. George W. Davis was the guest of honor at a tea given hy her mother-in-law, Mrs. Charles W. Davis, in the Palm Court Saturday afternoon. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. George W. Davis have resided in Los Angeles, hut are now returning to San Francisco to make their home.

Miss Katherine C. Barrett was hostess at a tea at the Palace Saturday, entertaining for Miss Edna E. Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Young, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Jed Hoag, the wedding to take place early in June.

At the St. Francis.

Modish frocks, particularly in the lighter hues, or dark costumes greatly relieved with white or some of the gayer colors were seen among the various groups at luncheon in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. George Cameron were one of the handsomely-gowned groups. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels was hostess to a party including Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. George Newhall and Mrs. John Drum. Mrs. George Bowles and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller were together, and so were Mrs. Charles Virden and her daughter, Miss Ernestine Virden. Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Mrs. E. F. Hutton were with a few friends, and Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin and Miss Maud O'Connor entertained a small group.

The "Lacey Lady" at the Fairmont.

As charming as an array of old-fashioned lace valentines was the presentation of the "Lacey Lady" at the Fairmont Hotel dinner-dance Saturday evening. The dining-rooms were filled with dinner parties, whose members demanded encores from each of the dancers in their lacey costumes of the yesterdays.



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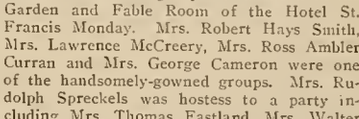
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

One touch of murder makes the whole press Hearst.—*New Republic.*

Bill—She said her face was her fortune. *Jill*—Poor tbing!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

She—I'd rather dance than eat, wouldn't you? *He*—Well, I tbink I eat best.—*Life.*

Proud Mother—Ob, John, the baby can walk! *Cruel Father*—Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night, then.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Well, dad, I just ran up to say hello." "Too late, son: your mother ran up to say good-by and got all tbe change."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

George—Do you think that your father will consent to our mariage, darling? *Ethel*—Oh, yes! He has always humored my silliest wishes.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Jones—What do you think of a man who has to use a safety-pin to connect his trousers with his suspenders? *Brown*—He should either get married or get a divorce.—*Judge.*

Miss Ever Tardy—Really, Mrs. Sharp, I was almost ashamed to come, it is so shockingly late. *Mrs. Sharp*—Not at all, Miss Tardy; you could never come too late.—*Harlem Life.*

A trade journal admits that motors are far too noisy nowadays. I suppose the idea is tbat a noisy motor gives the pedestrian far too good a cbance of getting away.—*London Eve.*

Woiter (yelling down the kitchen tube)—Hey, Alpbonse, make that chop a steak. *Alphonse*—Sacré! Vot you 'tink? I'm a chef; not a magician.—*Tit-Bits.*

He—I make ten thousand a year—though you prohably would not think it to look at me. *She*—No, and I wouldn't think it to hear you say it.—*Nashville Tennesseean.*

"Do you find people generally pretty civil?" asked a life-insurance agent of a hill collector. "Oh, yes, indeed," answered tbe latter; "they nearly always ask me to call again."—*Dallas News.*

"Your honor, the Constitution——" "Now, my boy," interposed kindly old Judge Wedge, "this is a ten-dollar dog case. The Constitution is not involved."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Despondent Tremlow (mournfully)—Well, hy gosh! This is the irony of fate for keeps. Here I've spent my last 50 cents ter commit suicide witb gas, an' I git a room with 'lectric ligbts.—*Judge.*

"Jane, it's too had; there's quite three months' dust in the drawing-room!" "Why, surely you ain't going to blame me for that, mum! I've only hin 'ere three weeks!—*London Passing Show.*

The Young Wife—The new nurse is very scientific. She never lets any one kiss the baby while she is around. *The Husband*—Who would? And the next day tbe nurse left.—*Princeton Tiger.*

"He seems to he a very careful driver." "He is. He told me tbe other day that be drives his car on the theory that the other fellow migbt not he ahle to get out of his way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Your hushand bas heen ill? Is bis condition critical?" asked the vicar, who was paying bis monthly call. "It's worse than critical," replied the worried-looking woman; "it's ahusive."—*D. A. C. News.*

"Looks as if we were going to have disarmament." "I'm glad of it," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I bope they start rigbt in taking their guns away from hootleggers and auto handits."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Doolan—Only tbink, Mrs. Grogan; thot dear Paddyrowsky bas practiced so har-rd at the pianny for the lasht six months that he bas paraloized two fingers. *Mrs. Grogan*—Begorrah! thot's notbing, Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter Mary Ann has practiced so har-rd for the lasht six months thot she's paraloized two piannies.—*Judge.*

Old Lady—Now, porter, you're quite sure you've put all my luggage in?—the big portmanteau and—— *Porter*—All right, mum. *Old Lady*—And you're certain I've not left anything behind? *Porter*—No, mum, not even a copper.—*Tit-Bits.*

Her Father—No need to ask you if you can keep my daughter in the manner in which—etc.—what? I understand you are worth three thousand pounds a year? *Prospective Son-in-Law*—Yes, that's quite correct, sir, but—er—I don't get it.—*Punch.*

Mother—Didn't I tell you I would punish you if I found you fighting? What were you arguing about? *Johnny*—Willie said you were ten years older'n bis mother. *Mother*—Ten years! The idea! *Johnny*—Don't worry, ma. I learned him to say you were twenty years older.—*Life.*

THE SHOWMAN'S WILD LIFE

Judging from the prospecting that certain magazine editors and hook puhlisbers have been up to lately it seems reasonably certain that a biography of Morris Gest will look down from the shelf hefore long, says Alexander Woolcott in tbe New York *Herald.* If it tells half tbe trutb it will he a lively and entertaining and, in some ways, an exhilarating tale. Such a hook would probahly bave a chapter about a turbulent childhood in Russia. It would show an undisciplined, hohbledeboy boy so frequently larruped and cast into a rat-ridden cellar hy a stern and distrustful father tbat both of them were relieved when the son decided he would rather try his luck in the remote and fahulous land called America. It will sketcb in tbe great-grandfather, a hearded, crinkle-faced patriarch, wbo, in hidding the young emigrant farewell, held fortb for the purpose a skinny hand, of which all hut two fingers had been paralyzed, but of which the force in those two was so great that Gest can still feel the pressure of them as they were laid on his head in a gloomy benediction.

The book will have a record of the first haphazard adventures as a showman, the first ingenious essays in a husiness of hornswoggling the puhlic: a boy taking tickets at a hurlesque house and tben going hack stage to lie on his hack under the ground cloth and kick in a maritime manner for tbe shipwreck scene; a boy making bis contrihution to his new country's war against Spain hy organizing the first Hohson Kiss Ball—quaintly enough at Puritan Hall in Boston; a hoy adrift among the county fairs up Buzzard's Bay and Old Orchard and Portland way, now cleaning the monkey cage in Bostock's circus, now helping a dilapidated medicine man sell soap, now husy catching sparrows and painting them yellow for tbe canary trade. Surely a bint of the future lay in the great day when he enlisted as aid to a forlorn fellow wbo had one of these new-fangled phonographs with ruhher tuhes and ear pieces, hy wbich tbe passing humpkins, on paying eacb a penny, could hear tbe raucous tunes. To whip up trade the young assistant announced "The Ravings of John McCullough," after, with much shrieking and horrible moaning, having made the record bimself.

It was Sam H. Harris, as manager for Terry McGovern in "The Road to Ruin," who first hrought Gest to New York, hut the chapter of that period will have to he devoted rather to Oscar Hammerstein, who sold to tbe young newcomer the ticket speculator privilege of the lohhy in the then wohhly and impecunious Victoria, a shoddy variety theatre where they were less happy in hooking the best clown of the day than in engaging for one week or one fortnight the girl wbo had committed the most gaudy murder then occupying the front pages of the newspapers. It was Gest who was sent to Europe to huy up attractions for the Victoria and wbo came back proudly with a German housebold, a stolid Berliner and his wife, sister-in-law, and daughter, whom Gest hedecked in Moslem costumes, instructed to pray ostentatiously to the East every day at sunset on the hoat coming over, and covered with fleeting fame by having them rejected at a Broadway hotel, wbere they had tried to register as Ahdul Kaffir and wives. That delighted German still has land at Atlantic City whicb he hought with the profits of that little tour. Probahly the chapter on Hammerstein will close with tbe glory of the first night at the new Manhattan. It will tell how, on the very afternoon of the day the defiant impresario was to open his rival to the nervous Metropolitan, the new opera house had not yet been cleaned out, and how Gest, getting hold of fifty hrooms, went out on the streets and organized from the home-going schoolhoys a troupe of cleaners who would help bim sweep it out. So tbe old legend is true that Gest himself swept out the opera house which he was one day to huy, and it is prohahle that the grime of that exploit was still on him that night, when, after the falling of the final curtain, he and Hammerstein trotted off alone to Childs in Thirty-Fourth Street and sat for bours together planning the future of opera in America.

There will, of course, be a cbapter on Gest's bero—David Belasco. The story will begin with the riotous success of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" at what is now called tbe Republic Tbeatre; of bow Gest, by spending all his days in the ticket line, used to accumulate enough of stray seats to make a neat profit on the sidewalk, and of how Belasco himself gradually hecame aware that this wild but distinctly reverent-looking young Russian was always sitting on the doorstep of the tbeatre when, even at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, he himself would be starting home. Just as Gest always managed to turn up last winter in any town where Cbaliapin happened to he singing, so you would always see him in Syracuse or Baltimore if hy any chance a new Belasco production was heing tried out there. It happened one night that a supper party was given at Childs' restaurant in New Haven to tbe company of "The Grand Army Man," tbe Warfield play which had opened there that evening. Just as the party was sitting down it was discovered in a panic tbat it numbered thirteen, and Acton Davies went scurrying around to find an eleventh-hour guest to take the curse off. Inevitably his eyes lighted on the wistful Gest, who was sitting in a corner letting a campanile of wbeat cakes grow cold upon his plate. It was at that supper that the young Russian met Belasco's daughter, wbo is now Mrs. Gest.

The story will tell of his passion for mere color, wbich intoxicates bim and wbich he craves as other men crave whisky. We saw him once at the Savoy in London on the night when Liherty's agents bad delivered to bim a hamper of old rohes, prayer rugs and the like specially garnered from among the hazaars in India. We have an unforgettable picture of him trying with scant success at 3 in the morning to infuse into Heifetz (who wanted to eat) and Herhert Hauffman (who wanted to talk ahout the international oil situation) sometbing of his own Levantine entbusiasm for the glories in hlue and green and crimson that had come to him out of the magical East. For himself he was a cat with catnip. That picture is the necessary key to his grandiose productions of "Cbu Chin Cbow," "Apbrodite," and "Mecca," adventures in the theatre, now profitahle, now disastrous, whicb the hook must cover. But the hook will have missed the point if it does not suggest how, in the long run, the theatre will take care of itself.

A truly great novel, says John Middleton Murry, in the *Yale Review*, is a tale to the simple, a parahle to the wise, and a direct revelation of reality in the light of a unique consciousness to the man who has made it his own.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Two Notable Experiences.

Carmel-by-the-Sea, home of what Romie Hart used to style the chromo-literati, is the one spot west of Cape Cod that seeks above all things to be let alone. It does not want to grow up. It does not want progress. It does not want any of the things for which other communities, from Maine to California and from Washington to Florida, are striving with might and main. It prefers negligée to starch. It likes sandy roads better than pavements. It wants its tree-stumps to stand where they are, even though they are unsightly and impede traffic. It would have paths rather than sidewalks. It would live in cottages instead of palaces. Whenever anybody proposes "improvements" in Carmel-by-the-Sea, then Carmel-by-the-Sea commissions Jerry Newberry in his loudest tones to yell "No!" It wants to be left to pursue the simple life according to its own whims. It is interesting to observe what this spirit has done for Carmel-by-the-Sea. It has brought to it increasing crowds of permanent residents and throngs of summer visitors. It has advanced the current value of town lots to ten times the original price. It has given to Carmel-by-the-Sea a species of boom that all the boomers of California in combination could not have produced. To the grief of its denizens old and new Carmel-by-the-Sea is in the way of being swamped by a wave of progress which no amount of resentful protest seems able to stay. Carmel-by-the-Sea is in the process of being overwhelmed, as Shakespeare would put it, in its own too-much.

The association that styles itself Californians Inc. has assumed the important business of advertising California to the world. It has made one energetic and successful campaign and it proposes to make another. This sort of thing costs money and a good deal of it, the requirement for the coming year being the tidy sum of $475,000. The campaign consists merely of a public announcement of what is wanted. There is no campaign organization. There are no drum-beatings, no luncheons with vaudeville accompaniment, no office-to-office solicitations, no anything bearing the slightest look of a "drive." Not even the talents of Larry Harris have been requisitioned. Anything even faintly resembling a whoop-up has been avoided. But—the money is coming in day by day. There seems no doubt that the fund will be fully subscribed. Thus a campaign that has made no noise, that has called for no expense, that plagues or penalizes nobody, is successful in degree even beyond many of the drum-beating drives that have so annoyed and even pestered the San Francisco public during the past five years.

There would seem to be a notable moral lesson in these two experiences—that of Carmel-by-the-Sea and of Californians Inc. The secret, which is no secret at all, is in having something worth while and letting the public taste, public conscience, and public interest do the rest.

Mr. Gompers at His Best.

Every now and again old Sam Gompers says or does something so eminently sane and so eminently worthy that one wishes it might be possible to forget the many other things he says and does in narrow class spirit and in contempt of rights quite as definite and important as those attaching to the class he specifically represents. The truth is that Mr. Gompers, metaphorically speaking, always walks a tight-rope, for he lies under the necessity of keeping the more or less unruly forces of organized labor in line. In his better moods he is a statesman and a patriot, clear of vision and desirous of maintaining the broad equities of industrial and social organization. At other times—and much of the time—he is a politician forced by his situation as head of the American Federation of Labor to give voice to narrow views and class aims. Sentimentally and normally Mr. Gompers is a conservative. Practically and most of the time he is a radical. How he contrives to square himself in a moral sense in his own mind is a secret known only to Mr. Gompers.

In an article contributed to the June number of the *American Federationist* we have Mr. Gompers at his best. His subject is the relation of organized labor in America towards organized labor in Europe, and with his usual clarity he gives reasons why the former may not fully affiliate with the latter. American labor, he says, can not give its consent to abdication of national autonomy or to support of a policy foreign to the structure of the American labor movement. He points out that some of the demands of the International Federation go beyond the sympathies of American unionism. Characterizing American labor as "bitterly opposed to war" and as "urgently desirous of peace as labor anywhere in the world," he declares that it must draw the line in respect of any authority that could order a general strike of workers of all countries "in the event of war of *any* kind, including defensive war." The policies of the International Federation, he says, are a subject of tremendous interest to wage-earners everywhere. But American labor can "only with difficulty" understand the European frame of mind, which is based upon "hopelessness," because "we are not hopeless, and can not share their desperation and defiance, because we are neither desperate nor truculent * * * and we should do them small service were we to pretend an agreement which we can not with sincerity give."

Dealing particularly with the situation in the Ruhr Valley, Mr. Gompers quotes a demand on the part of the International Federation for a general strike of twenty-four hours *in all countries* to be made in protest. With special reference to this demand, Mr. Gompers says that nothing is to be gained in international relations, or in any other relations for that matter, by a policy that does not contemplate absolute frankness on every side. And those "who think that it is possible to make effective a general and all inclusive declaration that in the event of *any* war, no matter how defensive, there should be an immediate general strike of the workers *in all nations involved* are living in an unreal world, and furthermore are seeking to promote a doctrine which it is neither possible nor desirable to promote successfully."

Here, we repeat, we have Mr. Gompers at his best. He will not consent that American labor shall assume obligations under which it might serve as a bar to American action at a time when the country stands in need of the service of its sons. Good talk this, worthy of a statesman and a patriot—and in his better moods Mr. Gompers is very much of both.

Cemetery Looters After Laurel Hill.

On the executive desk at Sacramento awaiting consideration at the hands of Governor Richardson there is a proposed law (Assembly Bill 1361, introduced by Mr. Morris) authorizing boards of supervisors or other municipal authorities to order removal of bodies interred in cemeteries within the limits of any corporate city. It hardly needs to be said that this measure is aimed directly at certain cemeteries in San Francisco, the Odd Fellows and Masonic cemeteries and, more especially, Laurel Hill. Further, it hardly needs to be said that this measure represents a private speculative purpose and that it reflects the interest of schemers who in the name of public sanitation and other euphemisms are seeking sinister advantage. These same ghouls or others of their kind have already looted two of our old cemeteries and are now seeking bigger game. Their purpose is to possess themselves of the considerable areas of the cemeteries named, which lie in the heart of the residential district, upon conditions and terms that may be turned to large profit. The project is not a new one. It is the same old game of loot that has hitherto been practiced here and elsewhere, and its hope of success rests upon tricks of sharp practice of which the pending act is an example.

The cemeteries against which this raid is directed are now practically serving as parks. It is twenty-three years since Laurel Hill was closed to interments, and it has become a species of recreation ground open every day to visitors who resort in throngs to its pleasant walks and its shaded avenues. Domestic and personal sentiment, while offering no protest to this use of Laurel Hill, is still insistent that its essential character shall not be changed. But a time must come—and it is at no great distance—when all who are interested sentimentally in Laurel Hill will have passed away. Then it will be practicable to do with this beautiful and sightly tract what has been done with many another area of similar history, namely, make it regularly part of our park system under some name that will hold in remembrance the purpose to which it was originally devoted. Public as well as private sentiment is, or ought to be, related to the resting places of historical personages like Senator Baker, Senator Broderick, Senator Latham and others associated in a distinguished way with the early life of San Francisco. But in the

main it will, at a time relatively soon, be practicable to raze the greater number of monuments, to grass over the broader surfaces and otherwise adapt Laurel Hill to regular park uses.

Reference has been made in these columns to what has been done to the old village cemetery at Los Gatos, and that example may well serve as a pattern for imitation at Laurel Hill. At Los Gatos the burial ground was first carefully surveyed and the location of every grave definitely marked on a chart filed for reference in the municipal archives. Then the monuments were buried, each above the body it memorializes. Subsequently the tract was parked beautifully and made into a playground for children. This or something like it ought to be done with the fifty or more acres of Laurel Hill, and in process of time it may be done without offense to any worthy sentiment.

Where Diplomacy Overshot the Mark.

Under the Nine-Power Treaty brought into effect upon the initiative of the United States the signatory nations are bound to respect the sovereignty and the territorial integrity of China. This agreement was based on the assumption that the Chinese could and would set up and maintain a central government capable of insuring protection of foreigners and of alien property in China. Events are proving this to have been a mistaken assumption. Eventually China may learn something about self-government, but the time is not yet. Before now, but for a provision in the Nine-Power Treaty guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China, an international military column would be marching against the bandit band that has made a reign of terror in the Paotzuku hills. This is what happened in the day of the Boxer troubles and it is what ought to be done now. Probably under the policy of patience the victims of last month's bandit raid will be released, but that will not mean the establishment of settled conditions. It may yet be neecssary for the allied powers to assume temporary control over the inefficient government that now maintains a pretense of exercising authority from Peking.

In the meantime Japan politely refrains from saying out loud, "I told you so." It is to be remembered, however, that in the period when she was occupying the province of Shantung and operating the railroads the lines were adequately guarded and protected from bandit raids. It is further to be remembered that the Japanese envoys who participated in the making of the Nine-Power Treaty declared that if the Chinese government should take over Shantung and the railroad, banditry and its attendant terrors would recur.

Governor Smith's Dilemma.

It is a truly serious situation in which Governor Alfred Smith of New York finds himself. The New York state legislature has placed upon his desk, subject to executive approval or veto, a bill canceling New York's previous acceptance of a coöperative obligation with the Federal government in enforcement within the State of New York of the Volstead Act. The Democratic party of New York, which Governor Smith represents, and whose darling he is, declared some months back its lack of sympathy with the Volstead Act and its wish that it might be repealed; and a Democratic legislature thus inspired has carried into effect the party will. Furthermore, Governor Smith is closely affiliated with the Tammany Society, which stands opposed to the Volstead Act, while his oft-declared personal views are to the same effect.

But if he shall sign the bill that lies before him he will have done two significant things—one tending by its influence to commit the national Democratic party to an anti-prohibition policy, second to disqualify himself individually as a candidate for the presidency. We may easily believe that Governor Smith is rather more than less indifferent to the aspect of the case as it relates to his own political fortunes. He is not, we think, a man to weigh his own ambitions—assuming that he has ambitions—against broader considerations. But to take a step that shall in effect be a commitment of his party nationally to a policy that may be fatal to it is quite another matter. Interest throughout the country as to what Governor Smith may do is intense, and in New York it is at fever heat. It is reported that upwards of a million dollars has been pledged in bets as to the outcome, the usual odds being ten that he will sign the bill to nine that he will veto it. He has announced that he will not act hastily, that he will take "plenty of time" to consider the matter in all its bearings before coming to a definite decision.

One thing is certain, namely, that whether Governor Smith shall confirm the pending act or reject it, the prohibition issue can not longer be kept out of politics—even of national politics. In the public mind it is far the most important and most urgent of our domestic issues. The Republican position has practically been defined by President Harding. He has made no statement as to his personal predilections, but in respect of the fact that as a senator he cast his vote against the Volstead bill, his personal view may be inferred. But as the executive head of the government he stands four-square for maintenance of the law both in its letter and its spirit. Since in the presidency Mr. Harding represents the Republican party and is the head of its organization, his position may be taken as forecasting the party policy. There is little hazard in the prophecy that the Republican national convention when it shall assemble next year will declare for enforcement of the law—this despite the fact that vast numbers of Republicans individually regard it as a limitation upon personal rights. Democratic policy has yet to be defined, and the first long step to that end will be the determination to which Governor Smith of New York shall come in his treatment of the act which now lies upon his desk and subject to his executive discretion.

Stop, Look, and Listen.

It is regrettable that what were intended to be the closing hours of the Burbank jubilee at Santa Rosa should have fallen under theological displeasure. Original plans called for the closing of the festivities Sunday afternoon with a pageant. This feature had proved so successful on previous days that the management resolved to repeat it Sunday evening, and have the "Queen" crowned by Mr. Burbank. Whereupon representatives of the Ministerial Union objected, on what must be conceded to have been the justifiable ground that there was an agreement not to hold a celebration Sunday evening, and the management, to maintain harmony in the community, called it off. Perhaps the ministers are entitled to credit for their tolerance of the afternoon show, and they seem to have been within their rights about the evening performance, yet their opposition was we believe unfortunate, and, in a measure, self-defeating—one of those things that do more harm than good.

In the first place it was hardly courteous to the man that has brought fame to Santa Rosa and the region about. Luther Burbank is a tremendous factor in history. His accomplishments for mankind are greater than those of warriors and statesmen, and will be propagated by millions long after he is dead. It is impossible to imagine how far he has made over the vegetation of the world, and to what degree his methods, now well understood, may be used to promote the welfare of mankind. To descend to less worthy considerations, his labors are the greatest demonstration of the possibilities of the soil and climate of this part of California. No twenty chambers of commerce could have done as much. The people of Santa Rosa understand that, and the jubilee was arranged to do him honor. It would have been more gracious not to drag it into the field of controversy even to compel the management to stick to its programme.

But the incident has a far broader aspect. It is symptomatic of the revival of an ancient tyranny, one that seeks to assert dominion over the private conditions and conduct of men. The country must face it, and face it soon. The despotic rule of minorities and blocs of self-appointed reformers is taking its natural aspect of blue-law legislation. Some ministers of Berkeley recently prevented the holding of concerts in the Greek Theatre on Sunday. The Lord's Day Alliance, under the guidance of the Rev. Harry Bowlsby of somewhere in New Jersey, is energetically campaigning, agitating, propagandizing, all over the nation, to close the moving-picture houses and ball parks and other places of recreation and amusement on the "Lord's Day"; as though the Lord wished men on His day to be dull, stupid, bored half to death and sick of life, and had appointed the Rev. Bowlsby to see that they were. With all respect for the opinion of the expert (in this case the expert in matters of theology, a science we confess we have never studied), we are of the opinion that the Lord can not be effectively served in this manner, that men can not be made better by making religion hateful to them. Sunday observance is a beautiful thing when it is voluntary, and for those that like it. It is the last thing that ought to be made compulsory anywhere. The world owes a tremendous debt to Moses for instituting a regular day of rest, one to which weary men can look forward for the recuperation of their energies and perhaps for some enjoyments of living, for which the labors of the week leave them no other time. If their power to choose what they shall do on their only day of freedom is to be taken from them, many will feel that they have little left in life, and of these a considerable part are going to hate the bigots that interfered with their liberties, and the thing those bigots pretend to represent.

Nor are the political aspects of so narrow a policy any more reassuring. War has made people self-conscious, introspective, fearful and over-critical about what life is bringing them. The unrest of the masses of mankind tends to approach a condition in which they see little clearly. On the part of power it would be wisdom to show the utmost consideration, compatible with properly serving human necessities, for the feelings and normal propensities of the working part of our population—to restrict their innocent enjoyments as little as possible. That will always be true, but it is especially true at this somewhat critical juncture. The poor man's beer has been taken away from him, but not the rich man's beer, nor his whisky, brandy, gin, bitters or champagne. Prohibition has added one more thing that the rich man can have and the poor man can not. Close the moving-picture houses and ball parks, and the rich man can amuse himself with his golf and his motor and his country club while the poor man goes joyless or amuses himself with some shabby little vice. The theory that he will be driven into church in any considerable numbers could exist only in an addled brain. We do not say that either the beer or the movies are good for the poor man or any man. But that is not the point. The point is what the poor man wants, and whether some active organization with perhaps the holiest intentions is going to prevent him from having it, when it is not necessary to prevent him from having it. Interferences with the rights of others can never contribute to the stability of society. It makes church and government anathema. We mean this in kindness and for the benefit of our common country, and we hope those clergymen that read the *Argonaut*, and they are many, will stop, look, and listen.

Conrad of the Uncritical Mind.

New York critics have expressed surprise that our distinguished visitor Joseph Conrad will not lecture. We have come to think of British guests and lecturers as synonymous—not strange considering how many of them are. But Conrad has broken the tradition, to the regret of many, for he would be infinitely more worth hearing than some of his recent literary predecessors to these shores. The point, however, which every rational mind must rejoice to see made has been emphasized by Conrad and is being echoed either fatuously or with conviction by his many reverberators and commentators, namely, that writing is an art whose dignity is not enhanced by self-advertisement on the lecture platform. We devoutly hope the moral will be received with open minds by the majority of the blatant school of young American writers who labor, albeit blissfully, under the delusion that writing is a sacrosanct trade and that consequently the most trivial of their own idiosyncrasies and habits is of vital importance to a writer-worshipping public—a situation only exceeded in vulgarity by the movies. Now comes Conrad with the astounding avowal that he is not acquainted with modern American literature and that it wouldn't matter if he were, as he has not a critical mind. Go up, Conrad!

Naturally, one fears that the author of "Chance," "Victory," and a half-dozen other masterpieces will have a lonely sojourn in this critic-ridden land. He may, indeed, capitulate and lecture, but sailormen are usually not loquacious, so we need not yet fear the worst. Meanwhile his hitherto little-known life is being broadcasted, first by a useful little pamphlet issued by his publishers, then in ever-widening commentary ripples. If it is a national vice to criticize a visiting notoriety it is at least one of our virtues that we first want to know all about him. Accordingly the "dope" on Conrad is being published on all sides. It used to be a literary fiction that Conrad, a Pole and metropole,

cast about for a language to write in and arbitrarily selected English. This was not strictly the case, since when he began to write Conrad was and had been for twenty years a British seaman. Unlike Loti, the parallel case of a writer and sailor, Conrad did not apply his two trades simultaneously. As he himself puts it he has had three lives, boyhood up to sixteen in the inland country of Poland, twenty years of the British merchant marine, and almost thirty as a professional writer, lived for the most part in Kent. That triple experience, combined with a non-critical mind, may account for Conrad's success in literature. His case, that of a writer of the first rank turning to letters casually after twenty years of another profession, must be unique.

Conrad was born in 1857 in the Ukraine, one of the southern provinces of old Poland, and was christened Teodor Josef Konrad Korzenioski. His early years were spent in exile with his parents, who were ardent patriots at a time when Russian oppression was at its worst. Conrad nevertheless had excellent schooling and read insatiably, as he had nothing else to do. Very early he developed a hobby and a mania. The former to tell stories to his friends, the latter to go to sea. After overcoming domestic objections he won his point and his marine career began under the auspices of Provençal pilots. But he had determined to become a British sailor and persistence eventually landed him in Lowestoft in 1878 without a word of English. In September of the same year he sailed in the *Duke of Sutherland* for Australia, an able seaman before the mast. Sixteen years as mate and captain in the British merchant marine elapsed before Conrad tentatively began to write a book, "Almayer's Folly," whose romantic characters had kept many a lonely watch with him at sea. The book was published both in England and America in 1895, and though it is now considered "a work of absolute genius" it attracted little attention at the time. It is hard to realize now that during the first eight years he was writing and publishing such books as "The Nigger of the Narcissus," "Lord Jim," and "Typhoon" the public was apparently unaware of his existence. "Chance" was the story with which he found his audience, and "Chance" was published as late as 1914, so that Conrad is really a recent discovery. His success since then needs no exploitation, but though public opinion feels that it is never too late to mend, one wonders what Mr. Conrad thinks of its tardy spasms of adulation. Of course, his earlier books might have been fittingly hailed if he had been less averse to the gentle art of self-advertisement.

Editorial Notes.

Noting something recently said in these columns relative to possible Democratic candidates for the presidency, our neighbor the *Journal* suggests that a careful eye be kept upon Governor Samuel Moffet Ralston of Indiana. The suggestion is both timely and in point. Governor Ralston is precisely the sort of man to make an effective presidential candidate, and in his behoof there is the further advantage that his home is in a doubtful state, also one that contributes a considerable number of votes to the Electoral College. Governor Ralston is a lawyer of respectable though hardly of first rank. He is a man of character and of excellent "front." He has a clean record in politics and in affairs generally, albeit he is a close friend of Tom Taggart. Taggart's friendship is hardly a moral asset, but there is at least implied in it the values attaching to experience and skill in political manipulation. Governor Ralston is sixty-six years of age, a man of family and of social acceptability. In the governorship of Indiana he has gained both experience and prestige. Our neighbor the *Journal* is entirely pertinent in the suggestion that it will be the part of discretion to keep an eye on Governor Ralston.

Builders on a large scale throughout the country are facing a serious situation in the high and rising cost of materials. Everything from lumber to nails is going up, and a level has been reached that is all but prohibitive. Everywhere plans for construction are being abandoned or work postponed, waiting a day of general lower prices. Incidentally there is general complaint on the part of builders that under the advanced wages demanded by labor the efficiency is declining. In the Middle West, where living costs are relatively low, there is disposition to stretch the earnings of three or four days over a whole week. The situation is defined by Mr. George H. Kramer, president of the Kramer Brothers' Foundry of Dayton, Ohio, manufacturers of household hardware. Mr. Kramer declares that interests with which he is connected have stopped building operations entirely in Dayton. He says:

> We will hire four men in the morning and three will quit at noon or at night. Others work three or four days and then quit, loafing several days before returning to the job. At 60 cents or more an hour they are seemingly able to earn all they want in three or four days, and under present conditions all they need do is apply at the factory gate anywhere for work and get it. As a result their output is subnormal and their general attitude subversive of discipline. The situation regarding labor holds good in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio from the reports I have gathered. Unskilled labor is getting from 10 to 20 per cent. more than last year, and in addition the costs of our raw material are materially advanced.

Mr. W. H. Crocker, returned within the week from a month's stay in and about New York and Washington, brings hopeful news relative to next year's National Republican Convention. From his contacts with his fellow-national committeemen and others Mr. Crocker is convinced that the forthcoming convention will be held at San Francisco. There is, he discovers, a general feeling adverse to Chicago. The reason is not far to seek. Chicago is insufferably hot at the season when the convention is held, and discomfort is augmented by the fact that that city, despite its pretensions as a convention centre, has made no adequate provision for large gatherings. The Chicago convention hall is a compromise between a car-barn and a railway station. It is difficult for speakers to make themselves heard, and there is no provision tending to general comfort. The Chicago hotels invariably make a harvest season of every great convention, putting up prices to extravagant figures and otherwise mulcting convention visitors. Chicago deserves to be boycotted by conventions until she shall make adequate provision for general entertainment.

Mrs. F. E. Purcell, age fifty-six, and her son Frank, age eighteen, were members of this year's graduating class of the Strathmore High School. The Tulare papers are exploiting the incident as a record, but in fact the case is not without many parallels. Some fifty or more years ago George L. Woods, his wife and his son, at the same time, attended the McMinnville (Oregon) College. Later Woods became governor of the State of Oregon and still later governor of Utah.

Some fifty or more San Francisco merchants and dealers in building materials are working under an agreement which prohibits the sale of goods to builders where operations are conducted upon the closed-shop basis. The aim of this policy is to sustain what is known as the American Plan—a system under which there is no discrimination as between union and independent workmen. Now comes the United States Attorney for California under orders from Federal Attorney-General Daugherty charging that the policy of the merchants' organization above referred to is an unlawful conspiracy. Federal Judge Van Fleet has issued a temporary injunction, returnable June 11th, to prevent continuance of the alleged conspiracy until the facts can be presented to the court and its determination announced.

According to an Associated Press analysis of a report by A. J. Clausen, machinery expert for the state reclamation board, thousands of dollars' worth of state-owned machinery abandoned more than a year ago along the levees of the Sutter by-pass in Sutter County has been discovered after depreciating 20 per cent. from the elements. At one point near Sutter City the equipment was scattered over a radius of three miles and when found was almost concealed by the vegetation growing around it. Tents were left on tent frames, cots were left in tents, and rust-covered tools were scattered about in disorder. The equipment included two engines valued at about $1500 each, it was stated. And yet there are obstinate conservatives who will not be convinced that it is better to have all business conducted by the state.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Appreciation.

Milton, Mass., May 21, 1923.

Argonaut Publishing Company,
San Francisco, Cal.—

By this time you will have received my check for six months' subscription, which was delayed by my traveling in the South. The *Argonaut* is most alive and the best weekly published in this country, and I should be sorry to give it up.

Very truly, Elizabeth S. Bowditch.

JUDGE GARY SURVEYS THE WORLD.

He Tells the Iron and Steel Institute How the Poor Thing Looked on His Recent Tour.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the United States Steel Corporation, whose shares have lately been enjoying a thrilling descent of the Wall Street toboggan slide, may justly be regarded as one of our leading citizens. But we do not look upon him as inspired—not in this uncertain sort of market. He conducts what is perhaps the greatest industry in the world, one more valuable because more necessary and difficult to dispense with than the Standard Oil Company, and he conducts it well. He keeps labor laboring, which these days is a triumph approaching a miracle. He produces the basic commodity of present civilization, for this is the age of steel, in quantities that astonish the iron masters of Europe. He preserves the independence of his industry from domination of any character, social, industrial, or political, thus maintaining the ideal of American liberty, and making it discharge its proper social function, that of production under all conditions. If he can't pay dividends out of earnings he has a comfortable surplus out of which he can pay them until earnings begin to meet dividend requirements; and that policy is consistently enforced in spite of the Mother Hubbards that would like to clean out the whole cupboard at once. His field of operations is a small empire. He is more important to this country than any politician in it, because we can always get more politicians, but men like the judge are scarce as the proverbial frog-hair. Hence his views of affairs merit attention and a measure of respect. But, as aforesaid, he is not an immediately inspired prophet. Omniscience is even rarer than Judge Garys.

The judge has recently been on a journey, far countries for to see, and at the recent annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, of which he is president, in the balmy and prosperous atmosphere of the Hotel Commodore, New York, he related his experiences and expounded his observations on certain world affairs and concerns of present-day life. A full report of his address is before me, and conveys the idea that the absentees from that gathering missed something interesting.

Judge Gary cruised on the *Mauretania*, while the water held out, and then resorted to the motor-car, or the railroad. He went to Jerusalem and Cairo and Constantinople and Naples and Lisbon and London and other foreign parts, and while many other people have written more interestingly of those places, they did not see them with Judge Gary's eyes and understanding. Wherever he went he found that:

> The masses of the people believe that they have been exploited, by a few in power, and that they and their helpless children unnecessarily have been made to hunger and starve and suffer and die. In private conversation this is said by modest and unaggressive persons in large numbers. They hope for relief. The Christian, the Mohammedan, the Jew, the Bedouin, publicly or privately, is praying for relief. They believe as never before that the time is coming when "wars and rumors of wars shall cease." Whenever, if at all, this will be universal we, with our limit of understanding, can not vision.

The judge seems to have no anodyne for this sad state of the human mind except such as he might share with Mr. Bryan, and that is to settle all controversies "in consonance with the principles of the Christian religion." And here the judge seems to get himself into something of a mental muddle, speaking practically. It won't work. If you want the Jew to settle all controversies in consonance with the principles of the Christian religion, he is likely to say, "Let's settle them in consonance with the principles of the Hebrew religion." If you ask Mustapha Kemal Pasha to settle his controversy with Greece in consonance with the principles of the Christian religion, he will tell you Turkey prefers to settle it in consonance with Mohammedanism. We settled our Boxer claims against the Chinese in a perfectly Christian way, but not until we had settled the Boxer troubles in a most un-Christian way: for after they had smitten us on the one cheek, we did not turn the other, but sicked the Marines on them, to the great advantage of all concerned; and it looks as though we should have to do it again, for the Chinaman will not settle controversies in consonance with the principles of the Christian religion, nor even those of the Confucian religion if such thing there be, nor yet the Taoist religion, nor the Buddhist religion, nor the principles laid down in the Granth, or in the Zend Avesta. It is amazing that a man of Judge Gary's acumen, and one withal that deals in so hard and rigid a material as steel, should suggest so impractical a remedy, and bumble sacerdotalism when so many gentlemen have been trained in theological seminaries to do it so much better. He says it pays a nation or an individual to follow a Christian course. Yet the orthodox Jews do pretty well.

He proceeds to read moral lessons from the fate of cities. Corinth, he says, known as the luxurious and wicked city, today has only a small community with the remaining magnificent ruins partly uncovered. This is balderdash. Corinth was no wickeder than Athens, which has lived through the ages with about the normal vicissitudes of any city that lives as long—and few

have. Yet if we dig into the morals of the free citizens of ancient Athens we find that those morals were much like the morals of the people of Sodom. Cities do not incur calamity for immorality. They are punished for locating in the path of tornadoes or of volcanic eruptions, or near geological fault lines, or where tidal waves or river floods can submerge them, or for failing to keep up the fire department, or for letting pacifists and socialists and pseudo-publicists disarm them in the face of a foreign enemy. If cities were punished for immorality, New York would have burned down instead of San Francisco, for if there be any substantial difference it is in our favor. We have not had a Stillman scandal for at least two months, and our bootleggers are no worse than any other city's.

The truth about cities seems to be that a certain conspicuous percentage of their peoples will be about as profligate as they can afford to be, and when the money is gone they will work hard and get more to spend on fancy forms of sin. The rest, and probably they are the majority, will enjoy life more rationally, and if the city is on high ground and a good rock foundation with a paid fire department and effective police, and hanging for murder, they will live just as securely as though every person in it were baptized and lived up to it.

Every civilization that has had time has evolved a pretty good set of religious and ethical doctrines, to which its individuals have paid all the attention compatible with their pleasure and interest and financial means. If the Christian set is the best, that does not assure its observance by the most. And there are those who believe that if business were conducted in strict consonance with it, production and exchange would become impossible and the arts of civilization, left with no material to work on, would be forgotten and culture itself would perish. Perhaps they are wrong. The experiment has never been tried on any considerable scale, at least under the conditions of modern civilization, and it will not be, and there is no use in Judge Gary's talking about it.

When he talks about something else he gets on surer ground. He observed a good deal of industry wherever he went, and he says:

> Certain it is that the great majority of the people in Italy, Turkey, Greece, Palestine and Egypt are acting as though they intend to do everything practicable to bring about a return to reasonable prosperity and comfort, and this disposition will result in great benefit to them and their countries, and to the world. In view of our fortunate condition, are we doing our part?

Well, that is the question. Perhaps we should do something more, although in stopping the Germans we did a good deal. If the observations of other travelers are true we are about as well hated as we shall ever be, so we might as well venture a little further—say into the Court of International Justice, although there are some things about which nations get into fights that will never come before it, and some things that will come before it that nations will fight about despite its judgments. It might be well to try it awhile, but reserve the right to withdraw if our sovereignty seems to have been jeopardized.

The judge is judiciously tolerant of the Turks. He says you would be astonished by a careful study of the Turk in private life during times of peace. He continues:

> Turkey is a great country. Its citizens are very intelligent and well-meaning. They must be, ought to be, reckoned with. Treated right, they will be a power for good in maintaining a proper world equilibrium. The time has gone by for thinking their country should be destroyed or their properties exploited for the selfish benefit of other nations or individuals. That there should be reforms there, as in many other countries, should go without saying, but that is beside the question now under discussion.

That accords with the views of Admiral Chester, and of other persons that have had intimate dealings with these strange, transplanted people; a race of herders trying to lead lives of contentment in settled abodes and greatly afflicted throughout large areas of their territory by the Greek and Armenian usurers.

Greece, under Colonel Plasterus, seems to the judge to be on the road to recovery. Plasterus is the man that covered the disastrous retreat through Anatolia and saved the remnants of the Greek army, from which an effective force seems to have been built up since the armistice. Plasterus is the modern Epaminondas and what he says goes, especially if Venizelos agrees with him.

Egypt is now a kingdom, based on cotton—and tourists. The local bankers are grasping, and the farmers need foreign capital.

Italy under Mussolini seems to be making substantial recovery, under policies exactly contrary to the doctrines of the socialists. This must infuriate those good people. There are no strikes. Everybody works, everybody saves. The budget is almost down to the revenues, and Mussolini is advancing toward the private ownership of public utilities, their public ownership having proved wasteful and disastrous, as any sensible person would have expected. The judge seems to like Mussolini.

As to Jerusalem, the judge notes that while the money changers were driven from the temple, money changing still goes on. It would. It must. It is part of the necessary machinery of production. It is a serviceable business or it could not survive the processes of economic natural selection. Zionism has not been successful; England under stress of war necessities made promises that can not be fulfilled. The Jews are outnumbered many times over, and if they were in the majority they would not be happy in Jerusalem. The motive for a Jew to live in Jerusalem would be strictly religious.

The judge thinks our diplomatic and consular services are in good hands as far as he observed, the officers being able and diligent. But their salaries should be higher.

The Ruhr is a sore spot and a danger. Judge Gary thinks that:

> If each of the nations should in due form submit every question involved to a disinterested and impartial foreign nation to be mutually selected, agreeing to abide by the decision, the whole matter could be disposed of with justice to all and injustice to none. For instance, if the submission should be made to such a man as Secretary of State ex-Justice Hughes, and all the pertinent facts furnished, there would be a prompt and early decision which would be fair, intelligent, and just; and it would surely command the respect of all nations, including France, Germany, and Belgium. If urged he ought to be willing to serve, notwithstanding the heavy burdens he is carrying.

As to general business conditions glimpsed through the telescope of steel, they seem at present good. Stocks of finished material are low, unfilled orders are well over 15,000,000 tons, and there is nothing in sight to indicate an important diminution of demand during the next six months. Most bear talk has been selfish propaganda, but in the building line there has been some foundation for it because of inordinate wages charged by certain trades. Eighty-five per cent. of the cost of producing steel goes to the workman. High prices are always paid by the consumer, the user; and steel manufacturers must not permit rates to go above a point that is fair and reasonable. And he concludes:

> It must be admitted that if one reads the *Congressional Record* when Congress is in session and visits the rooms of the congressional committees, where may be found organized minority groups urging propositions that have no merit, many of them with destructive tendencies, there is some ground for discouragement; but if one will turn about-face and leave these circles of despondency and go out upon the farms, and in the manufactories, and along the transportation arteries, and into the active mines, one is forced to conclude that the constructive forces of the United States are so great by comparison that the small standing army of pessimists can not for long, or to any great extent, interrupt the onward march of business activity.

In short, while the judge keeps to secular affairs he is on safe ground. It is only when he takes a flier into theology that he risks a nose dive.

MORTON TODD.

OLD FAVORITES.

Pax Vobiscum.

In a forest far away,
One small creeklet, day by day,
Murmurs only this sad lay:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

One old hox-tree hends his head,
One hroad wattle shades her hed,
One lone magpie mourns the dead:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Echoes come on every breeze,
Sighing through the ancient trees,
Whisp'ring in their melodies:
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Mellow sunheams, morn and eve,
Quick to come and slow to leave,
Kiss the quilt where daisies weave
Rich designs o'er Lilian.

When the dying hlossoms cling
To the skirts of passing Spring,
Wattle-houghs and hranches fling
Showers of gold o'er Lilian.

When the Summer moon mounts high,
Queen of all the speckless sky,
Shafts of silver softly lie
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Mystic midnight voices melt
Through each leafy hower and helt,
Round the spot where friends have knelt—
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

Far away from town and tower,
Sleeping in a leafy hower,
Withered lies the forest flower—
"Peace be with thee, Lilian."

There, where passions ne'er intrude;
There, where Nature has imhued
With her sweets the solitude,
Rests the form of Lilian.

Dear old forest o'er the sea,
Home of Nature's euphony,
Pour thy requiem psalmody
O'er the grave of Lilian.

Guard that daisy-quilted sod:
Thou hast there no common clod;
Keep her ashes safe: for God
Makes hut few like Lilian.

Skeptics ask me: "Is that clay
In the forest far away
Part of her?"—I only say:
"Flow'rets hreathe out Lilian;

"From her grave their sweets mount high—
Love and heauty never die—
Sun and stars, earth, sea, and sky,
All partake of Lilian."—*Thomas Bracken.*

In China the factory chimney is vying with the pagoda for a place in the sun. This is supposed to be an improvement.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A measure of credit for the successful administration of the American Expeditionary Forces in Germany is given by Major-General Henry T. Allen to his chief of staff, Colonel David L. Stone. General Allen says that his duties as member of the Rhineland High Commission in addition to those as commanding general of the American troops made it necessary for him to throw a great portion of his ordinary duties upon his subordinates and that Colonel Stone carried the heaviest burdens. Colonel Stone is a Mississippian, a West Pointer, and an infantryman. He is a graduate of the Staff College at Fort Leavenworth and is a member of the General Staff of the army. It is understood that his next important assignment will be to the Army War College in Washington.

Mrs. Mabel Gilmore Reinecke of Chicago is the first woman Collector of Internal Revenue in the United States. She has been appointed by President Harding upon the indorsement of Senators McKinley and McCormick of Illinois. Mrs. Reinecke is well known in Illinois political circles, in which she has been prominent since 1911, when she organized the Progressive Republican League and became a leader of that organization. She is also among the foremost feminists in the state and has been a consistent supporters of all equal rights movements. She is a follower in politics of Attorney-General Edward Brundage of Illinois.

Secretary of War John Wingate Weeks is a product of the United States Naval Academy and the United States Navy. Born in Lancaster, New Hampshire, in 1860, he was graduated from Annapolis in '81, served in the navy till '83, in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade for the next ten years, and in the Volunteer Navy during the Spanish-American war. But his career was not to be totally marine. For the first five years of the century he was alderman and mayor of the city of Newton, Massachusetts. These offices marked his début into politics and he soon went where all good politicians must, to Congress. He served in the Fifty-Ninth to Sixty-Third Congresses and was then elected to the Senate, his term of service in the upper house ending March, 1919. At the Republican convention in 1916 he was given 105 votes for the presidential nomination, which represented support from twenty-five states and was second only to that of the nominee. For twenty-four years he was a member of the Boston firm of Hornblower & Weeks, bankers and brokers.

Mrs. William Beckman, California writer and widow of the pioneer founder of the People's Bank of Sacramento, has announced her decision to establish a chair of the English language and literature at the University of California. The endowment, which is to be known by the donor's name, is for $100,000 and the terms of the gift insure promotion of the literary talent of this state. Mrs. Beckman was the first president of the Tuesday Club of Sacramento. She has been a travel writer for several American magazines and newspapers.

Colonel William Boyce Thompson recently returned from Tutankhamen's tomb with some excavated seeds with which he is experimenting in hope of producing the flowers and plants of ancient civilization. Mr. Thompson is a Montanan, born fifty-two years ago. He has been president of the Inspiration Copper Company, a director of the Federal Reserve Bank, and in 1917 headed the Red Cross Mission to Russia. He was chairman of the ways and means committee of the Republican National Committee in the last presidential campaign. He has been active in the work of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and was formerly president of that organization.

Charles Warren, lawyer and author of "The Supreme Court in United States History," is this year's winner of the largest of the Pulitzer prizes in American journalism and letters, an award of $2000, given Mr. Warren in recognition of his book as the best of the year on United States history. Mr. Warren, who is the son of a leading Boston lawyer, Winslow Warren, is a graduate of Harvard College, 1889, and of Harvard Law School, 1892. He first became private secretary to Governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts, with whom he was later associated in law practice until his death. From 1905 to 1911 he was chairman of the Massachusetts civil service commission, and from May, 1914, to April, 1918, he was Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. As such he had charge of all legal matters in the Department of Justice connected with international affairs, insular possessions, neutrality, and investigation and prosecution of German criminal activities in this country, arguing before the Supreme Court all cases involving these matters, as well as bankruptcy, Indian affairs, customs cases, etc. While in this office he drafted the Trading with the Enemy Act, the various statutes relative to neutrality which formed the Espionage Act, and the Alien Enemy Regulations contained in the President's war proclamation of April 6, 1917. Much of the value of "The Supreme Court in United States History" lies, as the title indicates, in its presentation of the political, social, and judicial backgrounds of the important cases decided by the Supreme Court. In addition to this three-volume work, Mr. Warren's writings include "A History of the American Bar, Colonial and Federal, to 1860." Mr. Warren's home is in Massachusetts, but his law offices are in Washington.

A FUSTIAN BABYLON.

Horace Wyndham Supplies Some Literary Scenes and Portraits of the London of Our Times.

Horry Wyndham has been panning his London for us and gets out some very good things. Don't know Horry? That's sad. He wrote "Irene of the Ringlets" and any quantity of other titles, and a lot of literary and dramatic criticism—he writes most anything that will enable him to subsist, and he does it with a tolerant cynicism, a sophistication, a lightsome, debonair sort of verve that robs life of its dark moral solemnities and lets in the sunlight, to say nothing of the spotlight. He has known club men, actresses, editors, the Fleet Street Fusiliers, generals and privates, adventurers, poets, the scribes and stink-pot slingers of the Boulevard of Ink. Had Beau Nash been living he probably would have bowed to Horry. Lady Hamilton might have flirted with him. But they are gone and a different London has taken the place of that in which they spun and scintillated. It is the London of today he shows us in a bright bit of persiflage weighing about a pound and a half and entitled "The Nineteen Hundreds." And he tells us that "none of the characters and none of the incidents are in any degree imaginary."

Strange to say, Horry made his first London appearance as a settlement worker in that first of all social settlements, Toynbee Hall. Here he resided among a lot of super-earnest souls who said their prayers with punctuality and lived in holy gloom. London itself was then back in the past: solicitors and shopwalkers still wore side whiskers (we believe "side" in this connection is superfluous), music-hall comedians had red noses and sang songs about lodgers and kippers, the chorus still wore tights where it now wears what it was born in, "journalists took short-hand notes on detachable cuffs and deferentially touched their hats to proprietors in gratitude at getting three pounds a week, . . . 'The Gay Lord Quex' was regarded as dreadfully daring by unsophisticated playgoers who had not yet realized that strumpets and brothels were shortly to become familiar features of the output of all our leading dramatists," there were no aeroplanes nor cinemas, nor any Bolshevism with that label, and you could get fair furnished lodgings at 8s. 6d. a week.

For an ardent neophyte in the charmed circle of London letters, Toynbee Hall must have been slow. It was devoted to the uplifting of the masses and its most daring effort at uplift was done with a magic lantern. But once there was a dreadful catastrophe:

> What happened was that the programme on this particular occasion was falling a little flat. A concertina solo (furnished by myself) had somehow failed to rouse real enthusiasm, and even a carefully selected comic song, sung by a curate, had been received with stony indifference. The deserving poor, who formed the audience, were not living up to their name. They merely shuffled their feet and looked distinctly bored.
>
> In this juncture a clerical member of the committee was suddenly seized with a bright idea.
>
> "I think it would be very pleasant," he said mellifluously, "if one of the deah little children I see in the room—that is, one of our young friends—would entertain us. Now, is there any little girl or little boy heah who could sing us a song?"
>
> There was a moment's self-conscious silence. Then a small and grubby-faced boy in the back row lifted up his hand.
>
> "Please, mister," he called out shrilly, "I ken a song. I'd like to sing it fine."
>
> The curate who was officiating as chairman beamed approvingly.
>
> "Capital," he returned, with a patronizing smirk. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in announcing that our young friend—er—Master Angus MacDonald—has come all the way from—er—Bonnie Scotland to favor us with one of his national ditties. Step up on the platform, my lad, and let us hear you. Don't be shy. We're not going to eat you."
>
> Not in the least abasbed by the publicity thus accorded him, the youthful volunteer was hoisted on to the platform, where he stood for a moment looking stolidly at the audience. Then the curate, amid mild applause, having patted him encouragingly on the shoulder, we awaited developments.
>
> We did not have to wait long, for suddenly the vocalist drew a deep breath. The next moment he lifted up his voice, and in a shrill childish treble and a strong Scotch accent, piped out the following unexpectedly bizarre commencement from his repertoire:
>
> Annie Kelly burst her belly
> Eating too much bread and jelly!
>
> Shrieks of horror from the outraged committee; ribald laughter from the juvenile members of the audience; suppressed titters from the remainder; and abrupt exit, under parental escort, of the budding Caruso.
>
> Altogether a regrettable episode.

Wyndham proved a bit of a devil, and Canon Barnett hinted, rather pointedly, we think, that if he did not care to observe the regulations made and provided for the decent conduct of the place he was under no obligations to remain. So he took his ticket to the street and went out into the cruel world. And there is a wealth of illustration, and for the wise instruction, in this adventure in journalistic cartography:

> While the Boer war was in progress Gull was on the staff of a short-lived paper which the hostilities of the Brothers Harmsworth had brought into being. On a certain memorable afternoon editorial instructions were given him to draw a rough diagram of a section of South Africa, illustrating the operations at the front. He had no idea of cartography, but being a sound journalist, this did not stand in his way at all. As a matter of fact, he brought the job round to me, and we sat up all night doing it between us.
>
> The result of our joint labors was a truly wonderful "map," and one that would have considerably astonished Stanley and any other African explorers who happened to see it. This was chiefly due to the fact that, as we did not possess an atlas (and looked upon the purchase of one as an unnecessary extravagance), we located the various towns just where fancy dictated. I had a bit-of argument with my collaborator when he insisted on putting Johannesburg on the sea coast and Capetown north of Kimberly. Suddenly, however, I had one of those quickly passing flashes of inspiration that come to all of us at times. Snatching up a pen just as we were about to hand our effort to a waiting messenger from the office, I wrote on the margin:
>
> "It should be noted that, with a view to avoiding any assistance being given to the enemy (should this map fall into their hands) the various positions shown thereon are not entirely accurate."
>
> The editor, who was probably quite as foggy on the subject as we were ourselves, swallowed this without murmur, and the "map" duly appeared, "from our special correspondent at the front," and was an immense success.

So abandoned a person was certain to drift into clubs. All sorts may be met in clubs, and at the Macaulay our author made contact with a certain Hereward Drake, whose idea it was to popularize the Bible by translating it into modern English: "up-to-date" is, we believe, the horrible term. This deserving person applied for collaboration to George Meredith, Hall Caine, and Herbert Spencer in vain, and then tackled it himself, with this sort of result:

> The industrious expositor, who, it must be observed, regarded his self-appointed task with the utmost reverence, thereupon set to work; and in the fullness of time produced a specimen chapter. The plan he adopted was to give one verse of the original, followed by one showing how, in his opinion, it ought to be rewritten so as to insure a really big public. Selecting for a start the First Book of Kings, this is a fair sample of his handiwork:
>
> "I Kings, xiii, 7. And the king said unto the man of God, Come home with me and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward."
>
> The Hereward Drake version: "His Majesty said to the clergyman, 'Come along home with me, old chap, and I'll stand you a drink, and make it worth your while.'"

A man that would make a map of Africa to fit the views of Captain Singleton could hardly be looked upon as an intellectual lighthouse, except one set in position to wreck the human understanding, and so it is not surprising to find the author engaged in this sort of enterprise:

> A literary man of another description, and with whom I once had some slight business association, was a certain Professor Samuel Smith, D. D. I say "certain," because I do not suppose that his name and fame as an author will exactly go ringing down the ages. Still, he wrote some learned and ponderous volumes on sociology and kindred matters. These simply bristled with statistics; and it was my part (in return for modest remuneration) to dig out from the archives of the Royal Statistical Society figures to fit his theories.
>
> Some of the professor's theories were a little curious, and it was often a difficult job to square them with the extracts which I supplied from the official reports and government blue books. For instance, he once wanted to prove that bachelors lived longer (or possibly, died sooner) than married men, and my figures (based on the authority of the census returns) showed quite another result.
>
> The worthy professor was very much annoyed with me, and hinted at ending our contract.
>
> "This sort of thing won't do," he said severely. "Your statistics must fit my contentions, not my contentions your statistics. Just understand that, young man."
>
> Knowing on which side my bread was buttered, I promptly went on another tack; and, after that, was careful to produce nothing but figures that backed up my patron's accompanying "views" all right. I fancy, though, some of them would not have been accepted off-hand by the registrar-general. Still, Professor Smith was satisfied, and his readers regarded him as a prodigy of scholarship.

We recognize now that we deal with a reprehensible character, and begin to scent entertainment. And we are not disappointed. Under the caption "Lads of the Village" we meet many a familiar name. One is Willie Wilde:

> Willie Wilde was a very different sort of man from Oscar. He was, however, extraordinarily like him in features, except for the fact that he wore a black beard. The story (probably quite untrue) is that Oscar, who was remarkably jealous and lived in terror lest they should be mistaken for one another, paid Willie £250 a year to wear a beard.
>
> Although nothing approaching genius, Willie Wilde was none the less a clever fellow, an amusing companion, and a good talker with occasional flashes of genuine wit. At the time of which I am speaking, he was understood to be on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. Anyway, he ought to have been, as he wrote Telegraphese admirably. Thus, to him, the sun was an "orb"; fire, the "devouring element"; and fishes, "finny denizens of the mighty deep," etc. He was, however, really a man of considerable literary taste, and, as such, had a wholesome contempt for the flowery sludge he was compelled to write. He would sometimes produce from his pocket the MS. of an article destined to be enshrined in the next morning's issue, and invite criticism of it from every one at his table.
>
> "Excellent," he would observe, as we sub-edited it between us. "An immense improvement, and all that. The trouble is, however, you haven't caught the knack."
>
> Shortly before the date to which I am referring, Willie had married a wealthy American widow (or, possibly, divorcée—it is difficult to be absolutely correct in such matters.) This was Mrs. Frank Leslie, with whom he had gone to New York. He did not, however, stop there very long, or even with his bride. The fact was, Willie discovered—and much to his annoyance—that the lady had no intention of supporting him in luxurious idleness, but actually expected him to work in the fiction factory she owned in Fifth Avenue. The shock to Willie's system was so great that he promptly packed his baggage and returned to England, leaving his newly-made wife behind him.
>
> "Take my word for it," he said to me when discussing his sad position, "the man who marries money jolly well earns it."
>
> This was well put, and I liked the phrase quite as much when, years afterwards, I heard it again in a play at the Garrick.

Dramatic criticism has been pretty well exposed in "Fanny's First Play," wherein, it will be recalled, the method was to find who wrote the thing and base judgment on that—if it was by a good playwright it was a good play. As for the qualifications of the critic, here was one method of determining them:

> I don't think dramatic critics have much of a time. It must be wearisome work to have to sit out and pass considered judgment upon anything and everything that is put before them. Yet everybody wants to be one of the band. I have never understood the system on which such posts are allotted. Once, however, when I was writing for a defunct organ, the dramatic critic's billet suddenly fell vacant. I applied for it. So did the entire staff down to the office boy's understudy. Thereupon the proprietor called us together and announced that the coveted appointment would be given to "whoever had the best dress suit."

But the lofty character of the press is not to be besmirched by any single case. That might have happened on almost any paper. Let us add a count to the indictment, just for good measure:

> Talking of proprietors of journals that have passed out of existence, I once knew a curious old gentleman (long since gathered to his fathers) who ran a series of distinctly pornographic papers. Although he derived a vast income from them he was always anxious to increase it. At this particular date there happened to be a marked "boom" in "religious" journals, and fresh specimens were coming out every week. They were a paying proposition, too, since shady company-promoters and fee-snatching moneylenders gave lavish support to the advertisement columns. This being the case, the worthy (or, perhaps, unworthy) Jackson—as I will call him—decided to exploit this field himself. Accordingly, he summoned a directors' meeting and announced his intention.
>
> The directors—all sharp business men—heard him wonderingly. There was much whispered consultation among them. Then one of the board, greatly daring, found his voice and entered a mild protest.
>
> "This is all very well, Mr. Jackson," he said. "Of course, a properly conducted religious journal would be extremely profitable to us. There's money in piety. But the trouble is you—er—don't know anything about religion."
>
> "Damn it all, gents," returned the chairman, banging his fist down on the table. "If I don't now, I bloody soon will!"

One wonders how these witty fellows of the comic press think of all the comical things they write. Whence the endless flow of "jokes"? How can the human frame support such drafts upon it? It is like wondering who invents the good stories and when we shall come to the end of them and find life a drab thing no longer worth while. Well, now that the bars are closed, it is comforting to know that method, organization, system, will continue to produce—at least it is comforting to hope they will, and that there will be no shortage of laughs as long there are editors like the following:

> Such individuals work in stereotyped grooves. Give them what is technically termed "slapstick stuff" (*i. e.*, something about alcohol, kippers, lodgers and mothers-in-law), and they are perfectly content. Give them anything else, and it comes back to the sender like a homing pigeon. Still, honor where honor is due, and some of them certainly make an effort to secure fresh material. Thus, one of their number solemnly draws up a list of "humorous subjects" every week and sends it out broadcast and to the most unlikely people.
>
> I don't know why, but I have had sheafs of these first-aid-for-authors schedules from him myself. This is the sort of thing:
>
> Suggested Topics for Next Week's "Witty Weekly."
>
> 1. Coal will soon be £5 a ton.
> 2. There is said to be a serious slump in cinema attendances. (Suggest, Film Fillips.)
> 3. Income tax is to be doubled next year.
> 4. A magistrate has been robbed of his watch. (Our Busy Burglars.)
> 5. An artist says he likes London fogs.
> 6. Ten Scotsmen have taken the pledge at Pollockshields. (Work in something about pawnbrokers.)
>
> Kindly meant, of course. Still, not over-whimsical, and it is certainly a bit difficult to pump up anything wildly hilarious in connection with these specimen "topics."

After that one would feel like going out and laughing at a hearse. It really makes life, by contrast, seem wonderfully bright and pleasing. Such coffee-mill wit can be depended upon to furnish forth the daily smile at so much per smile. And why not? What is more necessary to a peaceful world? It is said the Chinamen took to smoking opium because they had no novels, and what the American and European would do were he deprived of his storyettes and his "alleged humorists" we dread to contemplate.

There are reminiscences here of Mrs. Langtry, of E. S. Willard, of Sir James Barrie, of Gilbert Frankau and Charles Garvice, of Frankfort Moore, of Compton Mackenzie and Somerset Maugham, of Max Pemberton, of Bram Stoker, of all sorts and conditions of literateurs, and of all sorts of clubs existing in these rather too well-regulated times. There are clubs one is solicited to join, and clubs from which all but bellboys are excluded, and clubs that are the personal property of one man. In the Poets' Club the author once heard a poet rhyme Savonarola with "spats and bowler," which was thought to be going too far and brought down the committee on the offender. The theory that there is no money in poetry the author believes to be unfounded, and cites the heart throbs of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to prove his case. From his gallery of notables he gives us this picture of Arnold Bennett:

> A curious fellow, Arnold Bennett. Despite all the long years he has lived in London he has never really lost his Staffordshire accent, and still contrives to look like a provincial who has come from the Midlands by excursion to see a Cup Tie. Early habits are strong, and it is said of him that whenever he goes into a restaurant he instinctively turns his plate upside down to identify the manufacturers' trade-mark.
>
> I am told that the first time he did this at the Reform an interested fellow-member inquired if he were a conjurer.

Altogether this is a good anthropological study. It shows humanity as it exists in the height of twentieth-century civilization, and if one wonders after reading it whether the humanity is worth the civilization it has itself created, he has but to recall Hiram Johnson's inspired utterance, "A man must eat." It is a diverting book, and what more can a book be these days?

The Nineteen Hundreds. By Horace Wyndham. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending May 26, 1923, were $146,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $126,-100,000; an increase of $20,700,000.

Unsettled conditions of the financial and commodity markets has heen the feature of the past month. Commodity prices, which have been steadily advancing for nearly two years, encountered a check, and actual declines have taken place in some of the more important items, such as sugar, cotton, rubher and copper. Apparently, this was the consequence of a more conservative huying policy on the part of both wholesale and retail dealers. Mindful of the perils and pitfalls of 1920, dealers are not inclined to speculative buying and duplication of orders, hut are making purchases for immediate requirements, avoiding the accumulation of large inventories, says the American National Bank in its May financial letter.

Manufacturing in nearly all lines is proceeding with as much speed and effectiveness as the limitations of a restricted labor supply will permit, and the volume of production is very large. While costs of production have advanced in the past few months, there is a disposition to hold selling prices within limits that will assure a steady volume of orders, even though profits realized may be somewhat narrowed.

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The problem of obtaining a sufficient supply of labor is bothering many employers. This is particularly true of unskilled or common labor. In many industrial sections of the East and Middle West, negroes are heing imported from the South in considerable numbers. Skilled labor is also scarce, especially in some of the building trades, and competition among employers has forced wages up in some instances to levels hitherto unknown. Building costs, in fact, have become so excessive as to arouse resistance among those who have to pay the bills. In New York City alone, it is said, construction projects totaling nearly $75,000,000 have been postponed until such time as prices of material and labor descend to a more reasonable basis. As an illustration of the difficulties under which building operations have heen carried on, here is an experience related by the manager of a hotel company which has just completed a huilding that required two years to erect:

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"We began paying plasterers $8 a day on the job. Then they demanded $10 and we gave it to them and then they followed this up by another $2, making $12 a day. The union restricted plasters to a five-day week, but the men demanded work on Saturday. They got it at double pay for overtime. They then demanded to be put to work Sunday. We put them to work at double time for overtime. The plasterers got $48 for the two days overtime and earned $108 a week."

In the face of such conditions it has seemed advisable to many owners of property to defer certain projects until prices, hoth of labor and material, are more stabilized. In San Francisco there has been no abnormal rise in the cost of building, and the supply of labor is ahout equal to the demand, with the result that construction work goes ahead on an even keel, and there is no cause for the ahandonment or postponement of needed projects. Building permits in this city for April amounted to over five million dollars, an increase of more than 20 per cent. over the figures for April, 1922.

The moderate recession in nearly all lines of business that has taken place during the past few weeks is generally looked upon as desirable and healthful, as the enormous volume and activity of trade in March had seemed to forecast a runaway market. Fundamental conditions have not changed materially, however, and there is no reason to doubt the continuance, for the next few months at least, of present prosperity. Whatever danger might have appeared in the direction of inflation and over-expansion has subsided with the decline in prices and production. Business still continues on a very active scale, however. April car loadings averaged nearly 941,000 cars weekly, an increase of 30 per cent. over the figures of a year ago; and the railroads are constantly adding to their equipment in order to care properly for the large summer and fall business.

More than ordinary significance lies in the statement of the country's foreign trade for March, given out by the Department of Commerce. For the first time since August, 1914, imports were in excess of exports, indicating that for the moment the balance of trade has turned against us. Exports for March were $341,000,000 and imports $402,000,000, leaving a balance of $61,000,000 due from America to her foreign customers. Whether this means definite turning of the tide or is merely an exceptional month remains to be seen. Should the value of imports continue to exceed that of exports the effect upon the exchanges will be felt in no long time, and eventually calls may be made upon the immense stock of gold now held in America and forming the basis of our great banking structure.

In offering a $400,000,000 treasury note issue this month the Secretary of the Treasury takes occasion to say that government finances are in a very sound position, and that with reasonable economy in expenditure the puhlic debt can be reduced steadily henceforth. During the past two years the national debt has been cut $1,600,000,000, and now stands at $22,400,000,000. The Victory notes have been entirely refunded without strain upon the money market, and in fact with no visible effect of any kind—a really remarkable achievement.

Harvesting the barley has commenced in California, and yields are reported to be very satisfactory. Weather conditions generally speaking have been favorahle to all crops, and the outlook in most sections of the state is excellent. A large apricot crop is promised, and the prospective yields of almonds, peaches, and plums continue to be good. Wine grape production for this year is estimated at 400,000 tons, as compared with 425,000 tons last year. Transportation trouhles, which caused much loss and worry last fall, are not likely to be repeated in the coming season. A survey made by the railroad commission shows that some 46,000 refrigerator cars will be available for handling the 1923 fruit crop.

Trade in both wholesale and retail lines continues to be good in San Francisco and other Coast cities, and a comparison of bank clearings indicates a consistent gain in volume of business transactions.

Wall Street is very much divided as to whether the present decline in the stock market foreshadows the beginning of a long period of decreasing industrial activity, or tnat it is merely the reflection of a temporary lull in husiness which had heen expanding at a most rapid rate for many months past. The more conservative banking quarters seem to incline to this latter view and considerable satisfaction is expressed over the fact that the recently apparent danger of a recurrence of the 1919 inflation has been averted.

That there has been a slowing down in numerous lines of industry is undoubted. Chiefly because of the exorbitant demands of labor much building construction has been postponed. In New York City alone this amounts to from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000. Of course this sort of thing happening all over the country would be bound to be reflected in a smaller demand for structural steel. A somewhat similar situation exists in the textile industry, where costs have increased enormously due to high cotton prices and larger wages and yet manufacturers dare not further raise their prices to the consumer for fear of causing a serious lessening in demand. However, these building projects have been simply postponed rather than abandoned, and already there are signs that the labor unions involved are anxious to negotiate on more reasonahle terms. Cotton prices have suffered a sharp drop and to a somewhat less degree the same is true of most other commodities. Consequently many authorities think that after some readjustment of costs we shall see very soon a full resumption of business activity.

As was to be expected the Steel Corporation's report of unfilled tonnage as of April 30th showed a small decline, ahout equal to the gain of the previous month, and it is not improbable that the next statement also will show a small decrease in orders on hand. Against this, though, the mills are booked for many months ahead and current operations are the largest in the history of the industry. Prices exhibit a moderate downward tendency, but considering the extent of their previous advance a small set-back would be only normal and salutary and in no way indicative of a prolonged lessened demand.

At such times as the present it is extremely difficult to predict the future course of the stock market. Temporarily at least the bearish element appears to be in control. Undoubtedly there has been very extensive liquidation of weakly held long stock and probably the creation of a short interest of most formidable proportions. Also there has been some good scale buying, but to what extent time alone will tell. It is generally admitted that 1923 is a year of stock market distri bution and certainly there has been an enormous flotation of new securities, many of which are selling at very fancy valuations when one considers the asset values behind them. On the other hand, everything points to many more months of record-breaking profits in numerous lines of industry. Railroad equipment manufacturers have just worked up to capacity operations and are booked far ahead with a flood of orders still pouring in. The motor industry is doing the best business in its history with its largest earnings yet to be reported. Freight car loadings are breaking all records for this time of year, and this is being reflected in the monthly earnings statements of most of the roads. On the whole the outlook is for an exceedingly irregular market this summer with some groups of stocks probably advancing to new high levels while others will be rallied only for the purpose of effecting further distributive sales.—*The Trader.*

The William R. Staats Company are offering $800,000 Southern California Iron and Steel Company first mortgage 6½ per cent. gold bonds, due serially May 1, 1925 to 1943.

Southern California Iron and Steel Company has been sucecssfully engaged for over twenty years in its present business, which now includes the operation of open hearth steel furnaces, the rolling of steel bars of all descriptions, the manufacture of bolts, nuts, and rivets, and the operation of a galvanizing department. Steady growth of the company's business has necessitated removal of plants and machinery to a new and much larger location, and this is now taking place. The complete removal and enlargement is provided for by this financing.

After giving effect to this financing and upon expenditure of the proceeds in new construction now under way, these bonds will be secured by a first mortgage upon real estate, buildings, plants and machinery, conservatively appraised by experienced appraisers and engineers at $1,605,000, or over twice the amount of this issue. In addition, net current assets will amount to approximately $350,000, making a total of net tangible assets amounting to about $1,955,000, or nearly two and a half times this issue. Further, the company will have no bank loans or current indehtedness other than accounts payable incurred in the ordinary course of business.

The net earnings of the company for the last seven calendar years, as certified by Price, Waterhouse & Co., after ample provision for depreciation and payment of Federal income tax, have averaged over $120,000 per annum, which is more than two and one-quarter times the interest on this bond issue and over one and three-quarters times the average combined interest and principal charge that the company will be called up to make prior to maturity of the bonds.

A release clause is provided in the deed of trust whereby real estate owned by the company (except the twenty-five acres on which its plant will be located), and which will no longer be needed in its operation, may be sold and the proceeds of such sales used for redemption of bonds, working capital, or for improvements and additions to the property of the company.

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The continued success of the American manufacturer in the invasion of foreign markets is illustrated by the latest figures of our export trade. An analysis of the March reports, presented by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, shows that manufactures actually formed 54 per cent. of the domestic exports of the country in that month as against 48 per cent. in the same month of last year. In fact, the March exports of manufactures were at a rate of over $2,000,000,000 a year, or practically double the annual average of the years immediately preceding the war. Manufactures formed 54 per cent. of the exports in March, 1923, against 48 per cent. in the year preceding the war, 36 per cent. in 1900, 21 per cent. in 1890 and 15 per cent. in 1880. Exports of manufactures in 1923 seem likely to total and perhaps exceed $2,000,000,000 against $1,000,000,000 in the year immediately preceding the war, less than a half billion dollars in 1900 and less than a quarter of a billion dollars in 1890. Exports of manufactures in 1923 will

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be double those of the year preceding the war, four times that of 1900 and ten times as much in value as in 1890.

What parts of the world buy this enormous flood of manufactures now passing out of the United States? Every section and every country. This is evidenced not only by the fact that all the important countries of the world are participating in the demand evidenced by the high percentage which manufactures are now forming of our exports, but when we study the details we find that all sorts of manufactures go to practically every country and colony on the face of the globe. Plows and cultivators, for example, went in 1921 to ninety countries and colonies, passenger automobiles to over 100 colonies and countries. Even in the smaller requirements of daily life the field covered is extremely large. In baking powder, for example, our exports extended in 1921 to seventy-five countries, and canned salmon to over fifty countries, while the number of countries to which our cotton cloths were sent was over 100.

It is of course in movements to the non-manufacturing sections of the world that manufactures form the highest percentage of our exports. In the exports to Latin America manufactures form over 75 per cent., to Africa 56 per cent., and to Europe 80 per cent. of the total, to Asia about approximately 33 per cent. While we should scarcely expect to find manufactures forming so high a percentage of the exports to manufacturing Europe, the fact that she must have our petroleum in its various forms and copper and lumber and leather brings the percentage which material wholly or partly manufactured forms of the movement to that continent higher than would seem probable when we think of food and raw cotton as its chief demand upon us.

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Fully finished manufactures are forming a steadily increasing part of the great group "manufactures" exported. The total value of the finished manufactures exported in 1921 was more than double that of 1913, while the 1921 value of the group "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" was no greater than that of 1913. Partly manufactured material formed 34 per cent. of the great group "manufactures" exported in 1913 and only 19 per cent. in 1921.

An expectation of good business throughout 1923 seems justified by conditions today. Executives responsible for business policies are proceeding with intelligent caution. They are making skillful use of improved facilities for learning the facts of the situation and are shaping their courses accordingly. As a result there is reason to believe that the danger of overproduction and of inflation of prices and of wages by bidding for available supplies is past for the time being. The prices of leading raw materials have receded somewhat and further declines in some commodities should occasion no surprise, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

The expected check to building operations because of unduly high costs of labor and materials has occurred, and in the textile industries, in iron and steel and in manufactures generally a smaller volume of forward orders is being booked. Retail trade is excellent, with occasional local exceptions. There is little evidence of accumulation of stocks of finished goods at any point from the manufacturer to the consumer.

The check to production which has taken place is wholesome. In part it is seasonal. To a greater extent it is the result of widespread realization that a considerable part of the output of recent months has been absorbed in building up depleted stocks to a point where they bear a fair relation to the present rate of consumption in the United States. From this time output must be absorbed primarily by current requirements. Confidence in the outlook is justified, but business men generally recognize that their hopes can be realized, not by propagation of a boom psychology, but by careful testing of the consuming markets and by skillful adjustment of output and of prices to demand.

The only ultimate safeguard to the business of the country is the consensus of judgment of producers, merchants, and financiers. They have already proved that they are competent to remember the lessons of 1920, and they are prepared to guard against the excesses of rising prices and other inflationary tendencies. Movements and utterances calculated to further warn against such tendencies are no longer needed and they might even so undermine confidence as to hamper sound business. Underlying conditions are sound and the outlook is promising.

Conditions in the money market have not changed materially in the last thirty days. The open market rate for prime commercial paper is 5 per cent., with names less well known at 5¼ to 5½ per cent. Buying by country banks is not as active as a month ago, but there is a fair demand from city banks for the very limited supply of prime paper available.

Call money fluctuated considerably from April 16th to May 15th. At the close of the period the renewal rate for call loans was 4½ per cent. Time money was freely offered at 5¼ per cent. and a moderate business was done at that rate.

The brokers' selling rate on prime bankers' acceptances is 4⅛ per cent. Bills are offered in moderate volume and demand is fair.

The most important event in the securities market during the last thirty days was the offering by the Secretary of the Treasury of about $400,000,000 treasury notes, maturing March 15, 1927, with interest at 4¾ per cent. This new issue together with balances on hand in the treasury is intended to provide for payment of the outstanding Victory 4¾ per cent. notes, and also to meet cash requirements of the treasury between now and June 15th.

The offering of this issues practically completes the operations incident to the refunding of the war loans. From time to time we may expect offerings of United States Certificates of Indebtedness in connection with tax payments. It seems probable, however, that these offerings will be moderate in volume and that while they will continue to exert a stabilizing factor on the money market, they can not exert upon it as marked an influence as the heavy refunding operations which have taken place since last autumn.

The bond market was featureless from April 16th to May 15th. Prices moved through a narrow range. The volume of new offerings was not large, the period being characterized by a gradual distribution into the hands of final investors of issues brought out in recent months.

Discriminating buyers appear to be increasingly disposed to regard high-grade long-term bonds, both those which are legal investments for savings banks, and non-legals as well, as good purchases for permanent investment. It is as yet an open question as to whether the trend of money rates is clearly enough defined to warrant their purchase by buyers interested in the price trend over short periods.

Strassburger & Co. announce that for the three months ending March 31, 1923, American Bolt Corporation shows sales of $481,244, and net profit available for depreciation, bond interest, and dividends for this three-months period, $99,039. Three months' interest on the first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds amounts to $30,000. Interest, therefore, is earned in excess of three times. The balance sheet as of March 31, 1923, shows the company has total current assets of $1,614,775 with current liabilities of only $411,534. Fixed and deferred assets amount to $4,665,159, while the total bonded debt is only $1,750,000.

The acquaintance which the foreign world made with American canned foodstuffs during the war has developed a permanent post-war demand for this product of our industries. Figures compiled by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York show that the exports of canned foodstuffs in the post-war years average five times as much in value as in the years preceding the war and that the canned goods exported from the United States since the beginning of the war aggregate a billion dollars in value. Prior to the war the exports of canned goods aggregated about $15,000,000 a year; now they are running at about $75,000,000 a year.

This permanent evidence of a big export trade in this line, says the *Trade Record*, is the result of a century of experimental work by the food and agricultural experts of the country. It was in 1820 that the first serious attempts were made in the United States in this line by the establishment in Boston of a factory for the "preservation of perishable foods in hermetically sealed cans" and a century later the census of the country showed an outturn of $628,000,000 value of the canning and preserving industry against $50,000,000 in 1889, the first year in which the industry was included in census records.

That the financial and business interests of the country recognized the value of this new industry is apparent from the fact that the capital invested in the canning and preserving industry is officially reported at $21,000,000 in the census of 1890 and $378,000,000 in the census of 1920. The sums paid for the materials used in the canning and preserving establishments advanced from $30,000,000 in 1889 to $412,000,000 in 1919.

Even these enormous totals do not include the meats and soups canned by the great meat packing establishments or the condensed and evaporated milk which have become such an important factor in both the domestic and export trade, though the value of the canned goods exported does include all canned meats, and condensed and evaporated milk.

All the world asks for our canned goods. They go to every country and continent, but the growth has been most striking in the countries which made their acquaintance during the war.

California, New York, and Maryland are, in the order named, the biggest producers of canned goods, but the industry now extends to practically every state.

Holders of Pacific Gas and Electric Company first and refunding mortgage 5½ per cent. gold bonds, Series C, due December 1, 1952; Earl Fruit Company first mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, due June 1, 1938, and Philadelphia Company fifteen-year 5½ per cent. debentures, due March 1, 1938, are advised that the definitive bonds and debentures of the above issues are now ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary exchange and send the permanent bonds and debentures by registered mail and insured.

Bond prices have held firmly during the last two weeks, though there has been little disposition to advance, says *Forbes Magazine*. New capital flotations continue in fairly large volume, but are considerably below recent maximums. The total for March, including stocks, bonds, and notes issued by corporations and by foreign and domestic states and municipalities, and also farm loan issues, aggregated $392,262,540. This compares with $380,187,119 for February and $879,268,265 for January. January does not offer a fair comparison, as there were several abnormally large issues at that time, notably the Anaconda Copper Mining and the Armour & Co. financing. Of the March securities, $296,295,741 were composed of corporate issues, $23,500,000 of farm loan issues, $69,350,799 of municipal obligations, $3,000,000 of Canadian loans and $116,000 of obligations of United States possessions.

The response of investors throughout the country to the treasury offering of $400,000,000 4¾ per cent. notes, due March 15, 1927, by entering subscriptions amounting to considerably over $1,000,000,000, is a commentary worth considering on the present investment resources of the nation. The subscriptions came at a time when commercial credit requirements were close to their peak, and if general business should quiet down to some extent, as is possible, there should be released still greater amounts for investment. The probability of an increase in Federal Reserve rediscount rates appears over for the time being and higher money rates, consequently, are not looked for. Investors, however, should wait until the autumn, when credit demands will expand with crop-moving requirements, before buying long-term bonds. It is quite probable that lower prices will obtain then.

The treasury offering referred to above is in connection with a programme of replacing Victory notes and other indebtedness by short-term treasury notes, all of which will mature prior to January 1, 1928. The total programme calls for short-term indebtedness of approximately $5,500,000,000, and it is the hope of the Treasury Department to retire all of this before 1928, when the Third Liberty Loan matures. The Treasury Department has established an enviable record in handling the government post-war financing and has inspired the admiration of the ablest banking interests.

Attention is called to the fact that the Victory 4¾ per cent. notes, bearing the distinguishing letters G, H, I, J, K, or L, matured May 20, 1923, at which time interest ceased. The notes are redeemable at par and accrued interest. All other Victory notes have previously been called for redemption, interest on the 3¾ per cent. series ceased on June 15, 1922, and on the 4¾ per cent. series, bearing the letters A, B, C, D, E, or F, on December 15, 1922.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the acquisition to their sales organization of Harold Padgett, who formerly was connected with Strassburger & Co. of this city. Mr. Padgett has had many years' experience in the investment business and is very well known throughout the financial district.

Mr. J. E. Bowser, who for the past three and one-half years has been secretary of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, has also joined the above-mentioned firm and will represent them on the floor of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Mr. Bowser will take charge of their entire brokerage and commission business.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Rampant Romanticism.

MELLONEY HOLTSPUR. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

The candid sub-title, "The Pangs of Love," should be sufficient warning to Mr. Masefield's audience that his latest is dyed in the wool romanticism of the approved Byron-Lytton school. In fact "Melloney Holtspur," both the play and the ghost heroine thereof, is quite enough in the grand manner to be true Lyttonian, though Mr. Masefield has the more modern trick of plausibility. Also the analogy, which is intended for the outer form of subject matter, falls through in Masefield's spiritualistic bias. One might say more kindly "philosophical bias," since our poet has used spiritualism—perhaps he calls it mysticism—to erect an optimistic philosophy of compensation dealt out by kind-hearted genie of another and better world. As in "Right Royal," and elsewhere, Masefield resorts to the classical device of the *deus ex machina*—spiritism, in our modern poet's case, whose chief preoccupation is intruding in the muddled affairs of man. If Mr. Masefield credited them with a puck-like interest in this comedy of errors we could understand, at least with the aid of the ancients' phrase, the laughter of the gods, but somehow one's faith, which is shorter than Mr. Masefield's, does not go to the length of imbuing them with both altruism and an artistic love for a good dénouement.

However, for the public and the audience less interested in metaphysical fine points than either Mr. Masefield or ourselves there is still enough of romantic and dramatic interest in "Melloney Holtspur; or, The Pangs of Love." As for theatrical interest of the familiar every night variety, there are enough darkened stages, midnight prowlers, ghostly visitors, cyphers, and hidden panels to thrill even admirers of "The Bat." In short, almost all tastes will be appeased. As for its acting potentialities—any play so full of draughts on the other world is apt to be either absurd or as melodramatic as the mystery play named above. But there is at least one way in which "Melloney Holtspur" could be charmingly produced, and that is as a play for marionettes. Such a presentation would perfectly fit the poetic intent of its author.

R. G.

Fiction for Orientalists.

THE KEY OF DREAMS. By L. Adams Beck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

One usually gets out of hooks what he brings to them, and if he thinks in a different idiom he does not profit to the full. This applies in a measure to a recent book by a Canadian writer, C. Adams Beck, whose Oriental stories have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Asia*, and elsewhere. While many will like "The Key of Dreams," a good many more will read it only for the story and will skip those pages which deal with deeper things, and in skipping will lose its essence. The theme and setting, shifting from Japan and China to Java, as the man from the West goes deeper into the life and thought of the Far East, are unusual.

And the dominating figure of the Buddhist monk presents an interesting personality who serves as a medium for expounding the higher truths of Buddhism, while the pictures of the mountain monastery in China give glimpses into a strange unknown life of thought and action but little understood in the Western world. In short, "The Key of Dreams" will repay reading, whether as a piece of exciting fiction, or as a key to alien thought and belief.

A Baker's Dozen.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

Ian Hay's airy serio-comic muse is particularly well adapted to the short story. His light, breezy novels are excellent reading, but his short stories combine readability with considerable artistry. There is just enough driving power in an Ian Hay plot to carry thirty to sixty pages competently: diluted to full book proportions, Major Beith's work falls out of the artistic category into that of best seller. But, we repeat, his short stories are ripping, and his light, sure touch permits him to play all the changes from pathos to burlesque. The first of this admirable and various collection is rather like a well-written Dickens sketch—one that was pruned of all clumsy grotesqueries of style. But its pathos is in the genuine grand manner. It is a far cry from the humorous skits "Ocean Air" and "A Sporting College," and the range conclusively proves Major Beith's versatility. "Scally" is a delightful dog story, or rather a love story with a canine background, and the nine others of "The Lucky Number" are nine variations of romantic comedy with backgrounds varying from the war to a desert island.

Practical Sociology.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN NATION BUILDING. By Robert A. Woods. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.

This work on settlements is a collection of addresses and papers read before a number of organizations in the course of the thirty years since the first Settlement Workers' gathering was held in 1892. While not a connected history of the movement, the addresses serve as landmarks showing the progress of the original idea. Settlement work began in England with the founding of Toynbee Hall in London in 1885 by a group of university men, and a few years later the same movement was inaugurated in this country.

The writer of the addresses and comments in this volume, Mr. Robert A. Woods of South End House, Boston, gives a full account of the branching out of settlement work and its far-reaching results, pointing out that the medical inspection in the public schools grew out of suggestions and experiments tried at local social centres; also that the widespread efforts for the care of infants and their mothers grew out of the baby clinics at the Settlement houses. There is an interesting chapter on the White Mountain caddy boys, recruited from city settlements and organized into clubs of juvenile wage-earners, replacing the gangs of the slums, and also affording a summer outing for the city poor.

Middle West Respectability.

COUNTRY CLUB PEOPLE. By Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: The George H. Doran Company; $2.

A new country club house has gone up on the outskirts of a flourishing Middle West city that the select of the place may have an additional means of displaying their wealth and importance. The author turns her lens on the little community, and shows how human nature comes into play through closer human contact; how snobbery, and generous revolt against its blight, lock in conflict; how the dull and unimaginative remain rooted in safety, and the sensitive and rebellious all but wreck their lives.

The book is clever, but merely that. Nevertheless, a certain graphic quality in the picture of life presented, and an ability on the author's part to penetrate below the surface makes it both truthful and interesting.

More Short Stories.

THE FASCINATING STRANGER AND OTHER STORIES. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $2.

It is something of a triumph to produce a book of short stories, of such varied interest that the reader has no sense of monotony, but passes from one to the other with fresh expectation of being entertained. Booth Tarkington in his recently published collection, "The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories," gives that impression. They are written in Mr. Tarkington's best manner and we find in them the same finished style, full of humor and understanding of human nature, and the same insight into the youthful point of view. The same delightful sketches of negro character which appear in his longer and more ambitious writings also flourish in this volume.

Several notable collections of short stories have appeared this year, and in view of the fact that most of the others were anthologies by different authors, attaining thereby diversity of style and subject, and that the last is a one-man show, a comparison is hardly

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fair. But Mr. Tarkington nevertheless stands up well against heavy odds, and as readers follow their own fancy and preferences anyway, there are sure to be some who will find in this collection something they missed in the others, and who will delight in renewing acquaintance with the interesting types who live in Mr. Tarkington's books.

Notes of Books and Authors.

J. Smeaton Chase, author of many books on California, died on the 29th of March. He was born in London in 1864, came to this country when he was fourteen, and until about ten years ago was associated with railroad enterprises. He gave a great deal of his time to social work and settlement in California, but his greatest interest was the history and natural life of the Pacific Coast. Among his best-known books are "Yosemite Trails," "California Padres and Their Missions," "California Desert Trails," and many others. The Houghton Mifflin Company have received a manuscript from him which they will probably publish in the fall.

The Duttons have recently published "Caste and Outcast," in which Dhan Gopal Mukerji gives an account of his extremely varied life and adventures, from his childhood and youth in India to his wanderings in America, where he has been a student in the University of California and has foregathered with socialists and communists and other "ists." The book is said to make an interesting study of our Western civilization as seen by a subtle East Indian mind trained in the spiritual mysticism of India.

There seems to be some doubt in the mind of the public about the pronunciation of the name of John Buchan, author of "A History of the Great War," which Frank Simonds calls "the best history I have seen written in the English language." The publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company, would like to be of service to the reading public and offer a word that would rhyme with correct pronunciation of "Buchan," but if there is such a word it seems to escape their memory, so the best advice they can give is to pronounce the name as quickly and as shortly as possible. "Buk-un," with the accent on the first syllable, approximates the correct English pronunciation.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who is the wife of a son of the former British premier and a daughter of Lord Wemyss, has written a book on child training which is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in May, under the title "The Child at Home." Her book, while it gives sound and practical advice, is written with much humor and playfulness and is illuminated by anecdotes about children.

The Australian government recently bought at Sotheby's, in London, nine old manuscripts relating to Captain James Cook, the explorer. The most important manuscript, which alone brought £5000, was a diary kept by Captain Cook during his first voyage to the South Sea Islands. The price of the entire collection was £6700.

The screen production of Du Maurier's famous "Trilby" will closely follow the novel, and not the play which was recently revived, according to Richard Walton Tully, who bought the rights to the novel and who is dramatizing it for the screen. Du Maurier's son, Gerald, well-known English actor, selected André Lafayette, French motion-picture star, for the rôle of Trilby. Harper & Brothers are contemplating the publication of a new edition of "Trilby."

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New Books Received.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF ROMAN RELIGION. By William Reginald Halliday. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50.
From Numa to Augustus.

GEOGRAPHY AND PLAYS. By Gertrude Stein. Boston: The Four Seas Company; $3.50.
Foreword by Sherwood Anderson.

THE WRONG SHADOW. By Harold Brighouse. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.
The comedy of Mr. Bassett's conscience and Miss Evelow's indecision.

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN CALIFORNIA. By Charles Francis Saunders. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.50.
A guide for the tourist with limited time.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND THE NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS IN CHINA. By James B. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
The aims and ideals of the Department of Education, Shanghai.

THE COMMUNICATING DOOR. By Wadsworth Camp. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.
A detective story.

A FRIEND AT COURT. By Léon Stern and Elizabeth Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A novel.

WITHIN THESE WALLS. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.
A story of a New York family since 1832.

THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS. By Bram Stoker. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.
A novel of Egyptian archæology.

THE MAKING OF MUSICIANS. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
The rhythmic method of teaching music.

MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND. By the Viscountess Cave. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $5.
With some sidelights on Englisb history, a poem by Alfred Noyes, many illustrations, and a plan by George A. Brandham.

BIRDS OF THE PACIFIC COAST. By Willard Ayres Eliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.
Including a brief account of the distribution and habitat of one hundred and eighteen birds common to the Pacific Coast states and British Columbia.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.50.
Five studies.

BLACK, WHITE AND BRINDLED. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
West Indies stories.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE. By Roswell Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.
A memoir of a Virginia gentleman.

MOTOR CAMPCRAFT. By F. E. Brimmer. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.
Outing handbooks.

ON READING. By Georg Brandes. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25.
An essay.

FRANK BROWN, SEA APPRENTICE. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
A story of the days of the windjammer.

REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS. By D. S. Meldrum. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $25.
With an essay on his life and work.

JOYS OF THE ROAD. Compiled by Waldo R. Brown. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; 75 cents.
An anthology in praise of walking.

WALTER OF TIVERTON. By Bernard Marsball. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.
In the days of Cœur de Lion.

DANGER. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
A novel.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
Development of national opera in Russia.

SAINT LYDWINE OF SCHIEDAM. By J. K. Huysmans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
Translated from the French by Agnes Hastings.

THE WOMAN OF THE HORIZON. By Gilbert Frankau. New York: The Century Company; $2.
Romance.

MADRID PAST AND PRESENT. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
Travel.

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA IN THE WORLD WAR. By Grosvenor B. Clarkson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.
The strategy behind the lines, 1917-1918. With an introduction by Georges Clemenceau.

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"THE DOVER ROAD."

At the Curran there is a play on that no one who loves a delicate comedy with a background of fantasy should miss. A. A. Milne, several of whose plays, notably "Mr. Pim Passes By," we have seen here, has introduced into "The Dover Road" a fascinating blend of old-time romance, of modern realism conveyed by the modern manner and modern wit, and a touch—perhaps more than a touch—of the humorous fantasy that J. M. Barrie employs with such effect.

The idea the title conveys is that the Dover Road is the road that eloping lovers must take to cross the Channel, and have their honeymoon—and perhaps disillusionment—in France.

Mr. Latimer is a man of great wealth who, in real life, would be regarded as a husyhody. But in "The Dover Road" he is a benevolent meddler who is really a philanthropist; a most fascinating one with a turn of humor; and a delicately considerate way of conveying a lesson which, in its exquisite and unfailing courtesy, could not be surpassed by a French chevalier of the old school.

Mr. Latimer has made it his special task to intercept mistaken eloping couples, to have his staff make them extremely comfortable in his mansion, which, they are assured, "is a sort of hotel"; and then, while the lovers, decorously prevented as his guests from completing the elopement, are nevertheless thrown on each other's society for a week, their urhane host, with genial and even kindly sarcasm, causes them willy nilly to realize their mistake.

One of the many charms of this truly enchanting comedy is the hlend I have mentioned of old-time atmosphere and twentieth-century, well, manner, we shall say. But in spite of the gravely realistic air with which things are conducted we feel somewhat as if a Jane Austen novel were married to a J. M. Barrie play, and "The Dover Road" was the result. This, however, is scarcely fair to A. A. Milne, the author, who is entirely original. I merely use the comparison to try to convey the rare and delicate savor of the play.

Mr. Milne, like Barrie, has the art of using an excellent sense of stagecraft with delicate humor. Thus with the utmost relish we enjoyed the ceremonial effect—always conveyed with delightful humor—that was gained hy the solemn and portentous entry of "the staff" in cortège, as it were, when Mr. Latimer, the eccentric philanthropist, wished to strike the noisily rehellious Leonard dumh. It was difficult to strike Leonard dumh, hut hetween them, the author, Mr. Latimer, and his highly accomplished major domo accomplished the feat a number of times. Each of the elopers met the situation differently, and according to character. For the author's gift for characerization lends an added charm.

And then we had the joy of the unexpected. We knew that Rohert Warwick is a good actor in the spoken drama, although hy his long ahsence he has almost allowed us to forget it. But he also has with him an excellent company; and furthermore the play is directed in first-class style; hy Mr. Warwick himself, he it understood.

So every part, even the almost silent one, is presented in a manner that shows the most thorough and intelligent supervision. The "cortège," as I have intimated, is delightful; the maids with their caps and curls, their prim air, and their curtseys; the fine footmen, imposing in livery and calves; the soothing and invincihle Dominic, a sort of premier to his master, who towers, majestic, irreproachahle, cap-a-pie, whether in day or evening dress, and always a monument of elegant and unruffled courtesy.

This was Rohert Warwick's rôle, in which he shone preëminent, a master in the art of delicate shades of humor in the kind of dialogue in "The Dover Road."

Any lover of the Milne plays can not hut rejoice in seeing the rôle so perfectly conveyed. And furthermore, every rôle was excellently done. There was not a weak spot in the cast. Mr. Warwick is a director of parts. One feels as if he should ahjure the movies and win fame and fortune as an actor-manager. For all the minor details of the presentation were so well attended to; the comings and goings, the suave interruptions to ungratified curiosity and apparently unohserved protests. The hreakfast was served in English style, all the silver dishes having heen selected with reference to the English method of administering the matutinal meal from the side, without the formality of servants.

Two hright actresses were eminently satisfactory in the rôle of the two women, Miss Clara Jocl's piquant countenance heing admirably expressive of the character of Anne, the rebel, whose instinct for revolt has got her into the mess that Mr. Latimer's instinct for playing Providence is going to get her out of. This actress is evidently a comedienne hy natural hent, and is admirably expressive and succinct in her conveyance of comedy shadings and emphasis expressed with neat humor, as in Anne's disdain for her lover's dallyings with kidneys and kipper.

Miss Marguerite Allen was more than satisfactory in the wholly different character of Eustasia the gusher. And Mr. V. Talhot Henderson showed himself a competent comedian; one who, in his character investiture of Leonard—who, Mr. Latimer has decreed, must he made ridiculous in order to cure Anne—never misses a point, whether in look, tone, or inflection, to awaken hearty, wholesome, healthy laughter; a contrihution from the audience, by the way, that was kept up so steadily that the actors were ohliged to pause at frequent intervals to let it have vent.

In the tenth character encountered in the whimsical atmosphere of Mr. Latimer's castle, that of Nicholas, we recognized Jerome Sheldon, late of the Alcazar company, and doing his very creditahle share in contrihuting to the generally excellent effect of a most enjoyahle performance.

THE ORPHEUM.

Everything on the Orpheum hill this week scoots along on oiled wheels. And they are having thumping audiences to appreciate the hill, drawn there hy that mysterious instinct which guides theatre-goers to the special attraction they will appreciate.

I was interested in seeing how Emil Boreo took with an American audience. He is a vivacious singing clown, and touches up his songs with so many finger and facial and vocal tricks to comicalize his singing that you can't enumerate or describe them. He can dance, and sing, and play the piano with all kinds of comical trimmings to set you laughing. But apparently, though his Russian tongue is startlingly nimhle in the rapid French patter he uses, he does not sing in English; which means that it only partly gets over; as it was most expressively done. Fortunately his fervent rendition of the soh song from Tonio—which he did not oversob—pleased the audience.

Beside his act, and a good opening turn in acrohatics, there were jazz, syncopation, hlackface, a playlet, and Fannie Brice. Fannie is like a hoy in petticoats, with her hoyish expression, her slim shape, and her lack of a woman's vanity. She uses her whole hody to express herself with the matter-of-course unconsciousness with which other people use play of feature; which she also makes most expressive. Impish mischief is in her eyes, and she practices the art of hurlesque from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. And then, presto! as hefore she moved us deeply hy the pathos and feeling of the song, "My Man."

Mischief also is in the countenance of the blackface one of the Clayton and Edwards pair; a most clever and amusing fellow in conveying coon humor, while the partner is a lively and nimhle dancer in eccentric steps.

The George Olsen orchestra amazes and confounds us hy giving enjoyable jazz; soft and soothing and really musical jazz; jazz that makes its hlended harmonies so pleasing to the ear, so devoid of the harharic clamor to which we had perforce resigned ourselves that we ask ourselves in amazeemnt, "Can this he jazz?" But while all of it isn't, some of it is, and every numher, jazz or not, is played with musical discrimination.

The two Connellys offer a rather pathetic little playlet, which nevertheless is comedy, played entertainingly, and winning hoth sympathy and laughter.

The Blossom Seeley act is a handsome affair. There are three young men—one of them the piano player—to assist, an expensive set, and numerous changes of dazzling costume hy the syncopating charmer, who knows how to lighten up her act with variety. For there was singing, dancing, a lot of patter, and finally the irruption into the act of the clever little hlackface and his indispensable attachment the steel guitar. Somehow the group made the resulting conversational nonsense go spontaneously; for they carried on as we might conceive a group of show people gleefully amusing themselves.

And then Blossom Seeley did a graceful thing which warmed the heart to her more than all her syncopation, her grand clothes, and the elahoration of her act. She went and looked up Emil Boreo, the Russian singing comedian, and drew him on the stage and into her act. The kind deed was done in order to give a foreign artist who had not quite made his merits fully appreciated another chance. He gave the wooden-soldier march from the "Chauve-Souris"; and still she called for more; and the group joined in and marched with him, and echoed the chorus, and popped out a lot of spontaneous fun of which Mr. Boreo was a component part. So that really I shall have to quote in appreciation of her womanly tact a line from Walter Savage Landor, "Fair as she was, she never was so fair."

PONSELLE.

The second Ponselle recital drew several thousand people to the Exposition Auditorium; evidence that the auditors at the singer's first one had gone forth enthusiastic advertisers. Ponselle gave an enjoyahle programme, including several operatic arias, which were sung with such fervor and real vocal splendor that it is evident the handsome young songstress must he an immensely effective figure on the operatic stage.

And the singer has versatility, for when she sang Schumann's "Stille Thranen" she deprived her voice of some of its rich Latin opulence of tone and made it expressive of the cooler, calmer northern sentiment. Also, she can take a merry little lyric like Molly Carew's "The Piper of Love" aud make her voice lilt almost as lightly as a singing hird's.

She gave "Visi d'Arte" from "La Tosca" with much heauty and some pathos, although her exuherant temperament allied to her hounding youth, which is markedly expressive of the joy of living, does not allow her as yet to move her listeners to their fullest and deepest response.

Her coloratura in the "Ernani" numher was hrilliantly done. In fact, her voice has such amplitude, clearness, and heauty, and her vocal technique is so authentic, that it is puzzling to account for the brief strain of hoarseness that appeared twice in each of her recitals.

Ponselle faced a totally different kind of audience at her second recital. They had evidently heen advised not to miss hearing her. But as her name does not yet echo as resoundingly in the hall of fame as it will in a couple of yeârs or so, they were sitting in the seat of judgment.

Quite unlike the audience at her first recital, they were at first cool, unresponsive, even inert. In fact, they were exasperating during the early phases of the concert before so much heauty of voice. And hesides the large-eyed Italian Diana was dazzling in pure whitè and crystal, so heauty of appearance was there to soften adamantine judgment.

But she conquered. Quite unaffected, apparently, hy the apathy of her audience, she gradually woke them up. For no instantaneous conquest was hers, at the first recital. But she came, she sang, she conquered an audience having the appearance of saying tacitly, "Prove yourself"; which she did, so thoroughly that though they did not yell, and huzza, as did her Sunday afternoon audience, hy the time the concert was half over the majority of the several thousands were warmly applauding, while at the expiration of the recital the usual enthusiastic rush was made up to the stage hy hundreds of auditors hent on wresting more from the singer. Queer thing, the psychology of audiences.

TAKE IT AWAY!

"The Demi-Virgin" had a run in New York, and it is hy Avery Hopwood; two reasons for thinking there would he some merit in the piece. True, Avery Hopwood's special hrand of humor is not of a keen and searching radiance. True that he hases his appeal on the delight that many theatre-goers take in allusions and situations that are popularly described as risqué. (Although there is nothing risqué in "The Demi-Virgin," all indelicacies heing so tranquilly open and ahovehoard that there is nothing to risk.)

Although Hopwood's contrihutions to stage entertainment are not edifying, they have their own kind of cleverness; and "The Demi-Virgin" is not clever. There is absolute silliness in many of the attempts at humorous dialogue, and there is an utter lack of reticence, an ahsence of suggestion, ahout the rather astonishingly matter-of-fact hridal references in the piece that would horrify even a corrupt French purveyor of salaciousness.

Evidently Mr. Hopwood made his hit with his title; it awakened prurient anticipation of a sort that it is some satisfaction to reflect was not realized.

The dialogue sounds as if the author was bored and tired when he wrote "The Demi-



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To supply the increased water needs of that district, Spring Valley is constructing a new reservoir on the north slope of Mt. Davidson.

The new reservoir will occupy an entire hlock of Stanford Heights, and will have a capacity of five million gallons. It will be tapped hy a 16-inch pipeline.

When completed 5 months hence it will provide ahundant water and better fire protection for the growing communities of Balhoa Terrace, Claremont Court, Forest Hill, Merritt Terrace, St. Francis Wood, West Portal Park and Westwood Park.

While thus meeting the needs of a single district, Spring Valley, in coöperation with the City, actively prosecutes the work of adding 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of all San Francisco.

The recent refinancing of Spring Valley's $22,000,000 deht permits the Company thus to concentrate on the needed development of the water supply according to the programme set forth hy the Railroad Commission, and agreed to hy the City and this Company.

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Virgin," and I wager he was at first amazed at its success.

I did not notice any evidence of rapture in the part of the audience, who must have been slightly taken aback at the sledge-hammered delivery of the delicate jests.

There is rather a cheap flavor to the acting. But then one could scarcely expect anything but cheap acting from such sleazy material.

Laying aside the salacious flavor that is given to the story, even though the characters all belong to the ranks of the respectable, Mr. Hopwood failed to lend any grace, even of a humorous kind, to a single character.

In fact, he rather departed from his usual method in his bedroom farces; which is to have perfectly respectable people innocently find themselves in numerous compromising situations.

That is how he gets it over; for the theatre-goer who would be apt to bristle his porcupine quills of outraged respectability if the people whose bedrooms are thrown into such glaring limelight belonged to the underworld is soothed by the fact that they live normally, pay their bills, and possibly even go to church.

For some reason, when playwrights introduce movie players—even respectable, nay, even disrespectable ones—into their plays, they become the very essence of banality. "The Demi-Virgin" is banal; the dialogue devoid of humor, and the so-called risqué element dealt out with a shovel; which is unpardonable in risqué.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The closing concert of the series given by the People's Symphony Orchestra took place on Thursday of last week, the event being signalized by a request programme, which, as a result, contained many numbers of exceptional beauty.

The auditorium, both upstairs and down, was approximately full and the audience enthusiastic in its response.

There were eight of these specially selected numbers, which included movements from Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique," Dvorak's "New World," Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," a selection from "Die Meistersinger," Handel's "Largo," and Tschaikowky's "Marche Slav."

The usual brief explanatory lecture, with musical illustrations given by the harpist, was supplied on this occasion by Mr. John C. Manning; this feature being always a regular part of the programme, in accordance with the idea of making the People's Symphony Orchestra an educational body which fosters the public appreciation of symphonic music.

That the aim is working toward success is evidenced by the steady growth and enthusiasm of the audiences. A further evidence is supplied by the fact that already one thousand dollars' worth of tickets has been subscribed for the coming season of 1923-24.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Carolina Players of the North Carolina mountains are going to New York next season with their folk plays, written, produced, and acted by themselves, which will be done in the original English.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre is prospering artistically as well as financially, in fact so much so that the producer-actor-manager has decided to continue his production of "The Changelings" for a fourth and final week commencing with next Monday.

It will be necessary for out-of-town folks who will wish to see this play to come to San Francisco, as no other city in Central California is to be visited.

"The Changelings" will not be offered after its thirty-second performance, Mr. Miller having contracted to stage "The Golden Fleece" on the night of Monday, June 11th. This is the Greek tragedy of "Medea" given a modern treatment by Thomas W. Broadhurst, in which Blanche Bates will be the Medea. Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Daube, Robert Warwick, John Miltern, Geoffrey Kerr and Felix Krembs will play leading rôles surrounded by three-score of people in the spectacular production. Special music and an enlarged orchestra will add a new and very strong interest to this presentation.

At the Curran.

Robert Warwick and his company begin the last week of their engagement at the Curran on Sunday night in Alan Milne's New York and London success, "The Dover Road." Warwick, a native San Franciscan, plays the part of Latimer. "The Dover Road" is written in the quaint style of Milne, with the humor that brings a laugh every few minutes. There will be matinées Wednesday and Saturday as usual.

At the Rivoli

The delightful melodies and clean fun of the Henry Blossom-Victor Herbert comic opera, "The Only Girl," will be enjoyed for the last time at the Rivoli Opera House this Sunday night, to be succeeded on Monday evening by "The Red Widow."

This amusing musical play was written for Raymond Hitchcock, who made a success of it in this city at the Columbia Theatre some years ago. Charles J. Gebest, long associated with George M. Cohan, wrote the music, and Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf are responsible for the book and lyrics. The plot revolves around Cicero Hannibal Butts, a retired American corset manufacturer and colonel in the National Guard, who is touring with his wife through Europe and is lured by the "Red Widow," a nibilistic sympathizer, into Russia, where he is arrested as a spy and has an exciting time generally.

Ferris Hartman will play the Hitchcock rôle and Myrtle Dingwall the "Red Widow." Dixie Blair, Violet Maye, Muggins Davies, Elfrieda Steindorff, John Van, Robert Carlson, Paul Hartman, George Kunkel and all the other favorites will be in the cast, along with the always dependable chorus. The only matinées at the Rivoli are given on Wednesday and Saturday, both at a reduction from night prices.

Yacht Club Assemblies.

The San Francisco Yacht Club will hold informal summer assemblies in the ballroom of the club house at Sausalito from 9 to 1 on June 2d, July 14th, August 18th and September 22d. There will be *Thés Dansant* on the Sunday afternoons following each assembly.

The patrons and patronesses are Commodore Henry Dinning, Vice-Commodore and Mrs. John C. Piver, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Captain and Mrs. John Barneson, Mr. and Mrs. Don Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Gunn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wright, Mr and Mrs. Charles Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White.

These are on the committee: Mr. Clifford A. Smith, Mr. Harold B. Williams, and Mr. Hunt C. Hill, care of the San Francisco Yacht Club, Sausalito.

According to the conditions of admittance, club members must present 1923 membership cards at the door with $2 a couple for dances attended. Non-members must send $2 to the committee for entrance card, which must be presented at the door with $2 a couple for each dance attended. Guests' cards from the committee are $2.50 for couple, or single persons. For admittance to *Thés Dansant*, membership or entrance card must be presented at the door and 75 cents each, for tea service and dance.

New Dean of Radcliffe.

The Radcliffe Club of San Francisco has received word that Miss Bernice V. Brown of the class of 1916 has been elected dean. Miss Brown received her A. M. degree in 1918 and her Ph. D. in 1920. She held for two years a fellowship in international law given by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and a fellowship under the Commission for Relief in Belgium in 1920-21. She is at present director of the Training School for Public Service in Boston.



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VANITY FAIR.

With a pure heart and honorahle intentions, human heings can enjoy life in some rather strange places. Some say even these qualifications are not strictly neecssary if one have money and good health. Whether that he true or not, some of New York's hest people have heen amusing themselves in the ordinarily gloomy atmosphere of the "churchyard mould," and apparently the amusement was as good as it is anywhere. Manhattan Island has had such rapid growth to skyscrapers of late years that little remains down town in the way of historic hackground except a few of the old Dutch names, and they are not physically availahle for scenery. Hence when scenery is needed to suggest the flavor of the past it is almost necessary that it also convey the flavor of the tomh. After all, what could he more suitahle? So St. Paul's Midday Cluh for Business Women, finding itself in need of the moral (and financial) uplift of a hazaar, decided to hold it, last Tuesday, in the churchyard of St. Paul's itself, where the odors of antiquity can almost he seen rising from the ground. The affair took the form of a garden party and flower market for the equipment of a new cluh room, the old one having heen destroyed hy fire. The prime mover in this seeming-mortuary enterprise was a daughter of one of Manhattan's oldest families, Miss Alice Mapelsden Keys, whose father was the late Elijah Crawford Keys, and who is of the fourth generation in descent from old Matthew West, an important person in the New York of a century ago. St. Paul's was the church of George Washington when in New York, and of Governor Clinton, and in the days hefore the skyscraper its green lawns descended westward to the Hudson. Here George and Martha Washington used to walk, perhaps musing on the graves, and the vanity of human wishes, and all that. Peter Goelet, founder of the Goelet family fortune, was a pew-holder in the church, and so were Ferdinand Suydam, Henry Coethal, Anthony Barclay, David B. Ogden, Elhridge Gerry of the gerrymander and many more of that ilk. The Midday Cluh has heen in existence about twelve years and Miss Keys has been its manager about three. The president of the cluh is the Rev. Dr. McComas, vicar of St. Paul's. Many representatives of New York society attended and enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the old graveyard.

And this holding of a flower market in sucb surroundings suggests that old hut ever welcome and refreshing story of the man that hoarded at the undertaker's. He was explaining it to his friend, who feared it was not sufficiently cheerful. The boarder said he liked to hoard at the undertaker's. It was a very good place to hoard—they always had flowers on the tahle and ice on the hutter.

We hate to disappoint those among our readers whose interest in this sort of thing is sleepless and vital, hut we learn from authentic sources that Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke will be unahle to occupy their Newport house, the old William B. Leeds place at Rough Point, this season, because of the necessity of extensive alterations to make it properly hahitahle. In spite of that fact, however, the Newport season is opening with more hrilliance than it has shown for many a year. Arrivals are weeks ahead of the usual schedule, and more society people are on the way. They may he said almost to flock to the summer capital of pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. William Burden have already opened Oakwood. Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Guthrie Nicholson, Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Gerard, Commodore Elhridge T. Gerry and the Misses Gerry, Mrs. Stuart Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, former Governor R. Livingston Beeckman, Mrs. Andrew Cheve Dulles, and many more, are early on the ground. What might he called the peak of the social load occurred this week, with the visit of Secretary of the Navy Denhy for the graduation of officers from the Naval War College. This stirred up the naval colony which at Newport has always heen one of the strongest eddies in the stream. There was a reception hy Rear-Admiral Clarence S. Williams, president of the Naval War College, and Mrs. Williams, and a dinner to Secretary Denhy: the height of the season thus far, although even larger and more hrilliant affairs are looked for. The terminal of the air line from New York has heen fixed at Coddington Point, site of the naval cantonment, and things look propitious for that venture, which we descrihed last week. June will find more persons in the summer colony than for many years.

Yet many Americans linger ahroad, finding much social charm in Paris and along the Riviera, where the season, though attenuated, still holds, especially at Nice. Cannes is about through for the year, hut Monte Carlo still has a hotel open and nobody will be prevented from losing his or her money, no matter what the month may be; for, like a celebrated American detective agency, the Casino never sleeps. Some of the villa residents, those that might he called the Villaistas, so to speak, are disposed to linger in the lap of spring. Mary Garden will stay until July. Enough Americans remain at Nice to keep on its feet the little Russian restaurant opened hy the Princess Michel Murat, formerly Miss Helen Stallo, who elected to hecome the hread-winner of the family. This venture has heen of peculiar interest to the former countrymen and countrywomen of the princess, who do not get a chance every day to he waited on by an American heiress married to a French nohleman, and who think the experience worth the modest charge she levies for really good food in the Russian mode. The statuesque princess also cooks, and is sometimes relieved in her tahle service hy a Russian haroness, when the princess may he seen, cigarette in mouth, dishing up food and handing it through tbe butler's little window—the prince nowhere in sight. One wonders who washes the dishes. It seems to take evening to hring out the prince, when he may be seen with the princess at the Hotel de Paris. It is a strange life for an American heiress; hut people say she has lost none of her charm in spite of her cooking and serving seven-franc meals for Russian refugees.

The year in the East has heen notable, even thus early, for the revival of interest in horses and horse shows. There have heen a lot of them and more are coming. There was the great exhihition in Brooklyn in April, which opened the season. There was a show near Philadelphia and one at Washington, and there was the great Westchester County show for the people of Greenwich, Connecticut, Portchester, and Rye. There were several in New Jersey. June has two important shows on the list, one at West Point on June 5th and 6th, and another at Tuxedo Park that is set for June 8th and 9th. The income from them is generally devoted to charity. The net returns, and no douht there will he net returns, from the West Point show will go two ways: part to the Army Relief Society and the halance to the West Point Relief Fund. There is a prize list of fifty-one classes for saddle horses, ponies, military and polo mounts, artillery teams, escort wagons, hunters and jumpers. Some of the competitions are limited to military men. The cadets will compete and give an exhihition ride. General Pershing is honorary president of the West Point Horse Show Association. Forty-two classes are provided for in the Tuxedo show, the proceeds from which will go to the Orange County committee of the State Charities Aid Association. The Washington horse show fell on evil days as far as weather went—they had overcoat weather for opening day, and it was an otudoor show, and an effort was even made to call it off, hut the sun shone and it was on again, although many hox-holders had grown suddenly generous and loaned their hoxes. So the audience could not be called hrilliant; that is, from the standpoint of dress. Major Harry Leonard looked ahout right for rain, heing attired in rust-colored trousers and a gray-green coat. No mere weather could spoil that; not if it rained brimstone on the national capital. The following day was hetter. The show was given added distinction, heyond any accruing from Major Leonard's jacket and hreeches, by Miss Ailsa Mellon, who rode the horses of General Keppel Bethell. It certainly looks as though the horse, as an ohject of smart interest and an occasion for social activity, was holding his old place and pace.

Batik, the Mysterious.

Japan and China emhroider their colors on their materials, Sumatra dyes the threads and weaves them in, India stamps and the South Sea Islands paint them on, hut Java paints the pattern on in wax and dyes the colors in. Batik, the process used in Java, is a science, an art, an industry, a religion, a mystery, an inheritance and a treasure peculiar to this tropical island, writes Minnie Frost Rands in *Asia Magazine*. Batik-makers draw their design in hot wax on white cotton cloth and then color the uncovered portions of the pattern hy dipping the waxed cloth again and again into vats of vegetahle dye. That the Javanese have heen ahle to make of plain cotton so rich and magnificent a fabric entitles Java to a high place in the world of art.

As the hatiker draws, the hot wax flows from the minitature spout of a very small copper cup, or *tjanting*, which is fastened securely in one end of a short hamhoo handle. This instrument was invented hy the Javanese, hut whether or not the batik process was original with them or was introduced is ohscured in antiquity. It is sometimes said that hatik developed in Java hecause of the lack of progress in the art of weaving, hut since Java's nearest neighhor, Sumatra, the people of which are not intellectually superior to the Javanese in other respects, has reached such preëminence in the making of textiles, weaving no douht failed to develop in Java simply because hatik was such a success.

The city of Jokjakarta, the batik city preeminent, hlends soft hrowns and hlues with cream in an inimitahle way said to he due to the happy percentage of alkali in the water of that region. Near-by Solo is noted for the warm yellows and red-hrowns that make the cloth gleam and glow with their gold. Some hatiks are the sunshine and shadows of noonday; those with a midnight-blue background dotted with a thousand points remind me, when I look at them a little ohliquely, of a distant city revealed in the darkness hy its myriad lights. These varied effects are all secured with home-made Javanese dyes, concocted from the juices of a hundred Javanese plants.

Value of a Bad Reputation.

If visitors from the United States find Paris dull and uninteresting it is because their own country is submerged by a wave of immorality which affects New York civic life as well as the stage, says Maurice Desvallieres, who returned this week from New York, where he put on an exposition of French art.

Desvallieres was asked, says a Paris correspondent to the New York *Herald*, to comment upon articles appearing recently in an American review, containing the implication that Paris had ceased to be the gay city of its traditions, a concept that has sorely wounded Parisian pride in heing regarded the wickedest city, and, therefore, interesting.

"I will not try to conceal the fact that a helief exists in New York that Paris is dull," Desvallieres said, "but it is simply because a wave of immorality is now inundating New York. Thus New Yorkers when they come here are disappointed to find a certain lack of relish in the night life of Paris, an aspect of the Ville Lumiere which has held a great charm for many foreigners."

French periodicals ascrihe pro-German or at least anti-French motives to the author of the articles that have aroused the controversy. They say Paris can ahide being called the wicked city, hecause that will attract travelers, hut to he called dull is past all tolerance. The *Petit Journal* admits there may he some foundation in the criticism, as all capitals are less gay than formerly, the world having lost its hahits of laughter and light-heartedness. Some papers demand a bureau of French propaganda to tell the world, and America in particular, that Paris has lost none of its pristine glamour.

Paltering With Imbecility.

We can get a line on what we are likely to do toward reducing the fecundity of fifteen or twenty-five millions of the mentally inferior hy observing what we have done, after years of strenuous effort, toward cutting off the self-reproduction of that very much smaller group of incompetents, the ohviously feehle-minded, says Seth H. Humphrey in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The obviously feeble-minded constitute probahly hetween 1 and 2 per cent. of the population. The official estimate for Massachusetts is ahout forty thousand—just over 1 per cent. Of these forty thousand, Massachusetts has segregated in her two institutions three thousand—one out of thirteen This is after years of the most intensive pub lic agitation over the damage done to racia values through turning hack into the stocl the prolific increase of the mentally unfit.

The mountain's labor hrought forth a mouse. A community well posted on wha would happen to its fancy strains of dogs o flowers through the presence of one ill-favore specimen in the breeding area still takes th miserahle outpouring of its feehle-minde without batting an eyelash.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The undeniably stout woman wore an unylish stout costume through which she bulged t every possible contour. "Look at that oman," said a slim young thing unmercilly; "she looks as if she'd been poured into er dress." "Yes," drawled her escort, "and orgot to 'say when.'"

Sandy applied to his friend, a Scotch anker, to give his son a job in the bank. he banker proceeded to test the boy in menl arithmetic. "How many are two and two?" e demanded. "Five," snapped the boy. Good, good," said the father enthusiastically. 'e only missed it by one!"

The late Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian ussell) was noted for her knowledge of huan nature. "Mrs. Moore," a Pittsburgh girl iid to her one day, "how many times should ou make a man propose before you say es'?" "If you have to make him propose," id Mrs. Moore, "you'd better say 'yes' the st time."

It is reported that during a speech in Glasw Sir Robert Horne told the story of the arl of Balfour and the Metropolitan tower: *American (pointing to the Metropolitan ower)*—It is eight hundred feet high. *Balur*—Really. *The American*—And it could t possibly be burned down. *Balfour*—What pity!

Superintendent William H. Anderson of the nti-Saloon League said at a prohibition lly in Brooklyn: "Good news, friends. Our usty agents discovered in a freight car the her day a coffin packed with whisky. When e capture was reported to me I couldn't help serving: 'Well, boys, that is not the first ffin that whisky has filled.'"

Sam Bernard, the comedian, met Joe Coyne, old friend and brother comedian, one day Paris. "Joe," said Sam, "why don't you me back to the American stage?" According Bernard, who tells the story, Coyne gave a ghtened start. "No, no," he muttered, "I uld never come back now. People aim too ll since the war."

Some Chicago literary lights recently gave dinner to William McFee, and among those esent was Edwin Balmer, author of "The eath of Scandal." Mr. McFee, innocently ough, asked: "What do lighthouse keepers the lake do in winter?" To which Mr. lmer made answer, "They give up lighthouse keeping and start light housekeeping."

"My wife," observed Henry Kleeven, "is e in a million. She gits up in the mornin', lks seven cows, and gits breakfast fer ten rd-workin', hungry men before 6 o'clock." he must be a very robust woman," said the anger from the city. "That's the funny rt of it. She's sickly and delicate-like. If at woman was only strong I don't know the rk she couldn't do."

The sister of one of my friends recently rried a Bostonian, writes Baird Leonard in New York *Morning Telegraph*. "And ere are you from, my dear?" asked an cient dowager, surveying her through a gnette at the first function given for her her husband's home town. "From Texas d Missouri." "Mercy! Is it necessary to ntion both places?"

General George A. Wingate said in New rk the other day: "Any man who malats our young war invalids deserves the c of Mrs. Malaprop's daughter. 'Your ughter recites real well,' the pastor's wife d to Mrs. Malaprop at a church sociable. es,' said Mrs. Malaprop, 'I'm goin' to give a course of electrocution.' Then she iled and added: 'Sort o' finish her off, know.'"

George Arliss never tires of recalling an ident which occurred while he was acting title-rôle in Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli." n earnest young lady in Philadelphia sought Owen Wister, the novelist, and told him t she had planned to see 'Disraeli,'" says Arliss, "but she first would like to read on him. Here she found berself in great ficulty. 'You see, Mr. Wister,' she said, 'I ow he is in the Bible, but I'm not sure ether he appears in the Old or the New stament.'"

Henry Begole, a one-time member of the nois legislature, has a unique story. The King Edward, when the Prince of Wales, red the United States. The train on which rode through the prairie section of Illinois oke down and passengers went to a farmuse for refreshments. The home visited s that of the parents of Henry Begole, who that time was a tiny baby. The crowd be; large, the supply of chairs ran out, and people found seats as best they could. The Prince of Wales sat on the bed and on the baby, who set up a wail. In later years, when Edward was king, Mr. Begole, then a grown man and active in politics, used to boast that he was the only man in America ever sat upon by a real, live king.

A lady opened negotiations for a gown at a department store, but when she returned for the second parley could not find the young saleswoman that had waited on her, nor could she tell the head saleswoman the name. The only way she could identify her was to say: "She mentioned the fact that her husband had just had an operation—had his larynx removed." "Gosh!" said the head saleswoman indignantly. "The things some of these girls will say!"

While singing in Mexico many years ago, Tetrazzini appeared in a theatre where the roof leaked to such an extent that the stage was covered with water. She wanted to postpone the performance when she was told of this state of affairs, but the manager objected. As much water as possible was bailed from the stage, but it was by no means dry when she appeared. While she stepped from one dry spot to another the diva held up her long-trained gown, not wishing to ruin it. One aristocratic woman, who was seated in a box slightly lower than the stage, began to fidget, then she talked to her companion in an angry tone. Finally she arose and addressed those behind her so that the entire audience could hear. "Just fancy!" she exclaimed. "A prima donna cutting up like a high-kicking ballet girl." Tetrazzini was singing Lucia. When she overheard this remark she inserted a few words of her own in the libretto. "Dear madame," she sang, "the stage is very wet, but if you will pay for a new gown, I will lower this one." The audience burst out laughing. The woman so addressed turned her chair around and sat with her back to the stage during the rest of the performance.

The lady who was not too heavily endowed with either cerebral matter or speculative fancy was visiting the zoo. The keeper, with considerable awe in his tones, informed her that the turtle there was 311 years old. "I suppose that's awfully old," responded the unimaginative one, "but what difference does it make to a turtle?"

"One of the stories I like best," said Representative John Garner of Texas, "was told by old Bob Taylor. In the South there was a struggling preacher with a family so large that it took all his pay to keep going. And besides, the children kept coming along. He was very poor. One more baby arrived. So the congregation got up what is known in the South as a pounding. The idea is that everybody gives a pound of something to stock up the family food supply. And in addition the congregation got up a purse for the preacher. Two members of the congregation, of a sporting turn of mind, made a bet on the issue of what the preacher would speak of first in his prayer next Sunday morning, whether it would be the arrival of his son or whether it would be the gift from the congregation. But when Sunday came they could not decide who had won. The preacher started off his prayer: 'Oh, Almighty God, I thank you for this succor.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Oh, Sing a Song of Science

Trilobitte, Graptolite
Nautilus pic,
Seas were calcareous,
Oceans were dry.

Eocene, Miocene,
Pliocene, tuff,
Lias and trias,
And that is enough.

Oh, sing a song of phosphates,
Fibrine in a line,
Four and twenty follicles
In the van of time.

When the phosphorescence
Evoluted brain,
Superstition ended,
Man began to reign.

—*E. D. Buchanan, Cornell '23, in Judge.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Janice Ewer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Ewer of Rutherford, to Mr. William Eric Lawson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawson of Berkeley, has been announced.

The engagement of Miss Frances Adelaide Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, to Mr. Randolph W. Apperson, son of Mr. Elbert Clarke Apperson of Sunol, has been announced.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Vail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. R. Vail of Montecito, to Mr. Jan Ravenswaay of Rotterdam has been announced.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Gardner, daughter of Rev. D. Charles Gardner of Stanford University, to Mr. Paul H. Talbert of Los Angeles, took place at Stanford University Memorial Chapel on Saturday, May 26th.

The marriage of Mrs. Olivia Lansdale Howard of San Mateo to Mr. Robert Frazer, Jr., of Philadelphia took place in Paris in May.

The marriage of Miss Betty Barrows, daughter of Dr. David P. Barrows and Mrs. Barrows, to Mr. Frank Gibson Adams of Long Beach took place last Friday, May 25th, in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McNear entertained at a house party over the week-end at their country place on Russian River.

Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Janice Ewer.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon last week given by Mrs. William Matson at her home on Jackson Street.

There was a reception and concert on Friday last at the Fairmont Hotel under the patronage of Mrs. William Shuman and Miss Mary Julia Crocker for the benefit of M. Sergei Anatole Mihailoff, a Russian pianist.

Mr. Charles Norris was the guest of honor at a banquet given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Mr. George Oppenheimer, previous to a private showing of the picture "Brass."

Mrs. Alan Van Fleet gave a recent mah jongg party and tea at her home on Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner on Saturday night at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Frances Merrill and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Duncan, were the guests of honor last week at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer at their apartments at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle were recent dinner hosts at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Charles Wayland gave a dinner last Tuesday evening in compliment to Miss Frances Merrill and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Duncan.

Mrs. Frederick Bancroft and her sister, Mrs Maud Shoobert Dunsmuir, were guests of honor at a recent tea given for them by Mrs. Walter Wood at the Mt. Diablo Country Club.

Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard gave a tea last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner given by Colonel Frank Cheatham and Mrs. Cheatham at their quarters at the Presidio.

Mr. Dudley gave a dinner last Friday at Tait's-at-the-Beach for Countess Lewenhaupt.

Dr. Grace Kimball of Vassar College has been a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich at their country home near Saratoga.

There was an outdoor luncheon in honor of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker held on Wednesday of last week at the home of Mrs. Timothy Hopkins in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat and Mrs. Chester Weaver divided the honors at a luncheon given last week at the Sorosis Club by Mrs. Joseph L. Kierneff.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead of Pennsylvania, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, was the guest of honor at a luncheon and bridge party given by Mrs. Kenyon Joyce at her quarters in the Presidio.

Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and her sister, Miss Elsie Clifford, gave a tea on Friday last in honor of Miss Kathleen Farrell, whose engagement has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus entertained at a house party over the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Austin Sperry and Mrs. John J. Meigs were joint hostesses on Monday last at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Katherine Farrell at the Fairmont.

There will be a luncheon on June 4th at the Palace Hotel given by the San Francisco Women's Building Association.

Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick Hussey at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Frances Merrill and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Duncan, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Gustave A. Boyer at their home on Hyde Street.

Mrs. John Glasscock was the guest of honor at a luncheon last week given by Mrs. Franklin Zane at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Eugene Lent was hostess at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. Page Mailliard entertained recently at a luncheon at the Women's Athletic Club.

Miss Annette Rolph is the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Saturday, June 2d, by Miss Doris Fagan at the Town and Country Club.

The Countess Lewenhaupt was the honored guest at a luncheon and theatre party last week given by Mrs. Garrett W. McEnerney.

Miss Esther Rossi is giving a luncheon on Monday next for Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. John Marion Boyden gave a luncheon on Monday last for Miss Kathleen Farrell at her apartment on Webster Street.

The graduation exercises of Miss Burke's school took place on Thursday, May 31st.

Miss Katherine Bentley and Mrs. John M. Boyden were the honored guests at luncheon given by Miss Adrienne Sharp on Friday of last week.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Miss Ruth Lennon of Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained at dinner last week in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Frederick Hussey gave a luncheon recently at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. B. Edwards.

Mrs. Frank Fuller and Miss Margaret Fuller gave a reception last Friday at the Century Club for Miss Burke and the members of the graduating class of Miss Burke's school.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper, who has just returned from the East, gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Hazel Foster gave a bridge-luncheon last week in honor of Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. Ralph Lister was hostess at a luncheon given at the Presidio for Miss Elizabeth Moorhead on Wednesday last.

General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton held a large reception last Friday in honor of the Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, and Mrs. Weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury gave a dinner and mah jongg party on Thursday of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall gave a large luncheon at their home in Burlingame on Sunday last.

Mrs. J. Rupert Mason was hostess at a farewell luncheon given for Miss Marion Dunne.

Mr. George McNear, Jr., is giving a house party over the week-end at the country home of his parents at Mt. Diablo.

Mrs. Thornton High gave a bridge-tea last week for Miss Cornelia Gwynn and the members of her wedding party.

The San Francisco Yacht Club will give a series of summer assemblies beginning with June 2d.

Mrs. Paul Selby of South Africa was the guest of honor last Friday at a luncheon given by Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Lucille Byington, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a bridge party given last Friday by Mrs. Edward W. Jackson.

Mrs. Benjamin Gunn entertained at luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler.

Countess Lewenhaupt was the honored guest at a luncheon last Friday given by Mrs. Josiah Howell.

Mrs. Harry William gave a luncheon on Tuesday for the Countess Lewenhaupt.

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting was hostess at a luncheon given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan were the guests of honor at a farewell dinner given by Mrs. Ella Pierce Breyfogle and Mrs. Raymond Russ.

Miss Virginia Phillips was the guest of honor at a farewell tea given last Saturday by Miss Sue Thorne, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. Walton Thorne.

Miss Elizabeth Magee will give a dinner on Tuesday next at her home in Piedmont for Miss Katherine Bentley and her fiancé, Mr. Raymond Phelps.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spicker gave a buffet luncheon on Wednesday at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Henry Washington Dodge is giving a dance on Saturday, June 2d, in honor of Miss Mabel Hathaway and her fiancé, Mr. Lewis Jefferys.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner-dance at their home in Menlo Park last Saturday night.

Mrs. Alan D. Whittaker gave a farewell tea Monday in honor of her son, Lieutenant Alan D. Whittaker, and Mrs. Whittaker.

General and Mrs. George Barnett were hosts at a dinner given in honor of Secretary of War John W. Weeks and Mrs. Weeks on Sunday night.

At the Palace.

Miss Mae Poetsch and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Wagner, were the honor guests at a dinner-dance at which Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Cox entertained in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel Saturday evening.

Miss Mynette Ker was hostess at a tea in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel Friday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. Ernest R. Ker.

Miss Mona Lewin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Lewin of Berkeley, was a hostess of the week, entertaining at a tea at the Palace, complimenting Miss Catherine Ditzler, who will pass the summer months in the East.

Miss Ethyl Mabel Klimm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Klimm, announced her betrothal to Mr. Elmer A. Rowe at a tea given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, May 19th.

At the St. Francis.

Several interesting groups met for luncheon in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Major-General and Mrs. Douglas MacArthur were the guests of Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. The MacArthurs are leaving shortly for Manila and have been much entertained during their visit in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, and Mr. Michael de Young were together for luncheon. Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. Frederick McNear, and Mrs. A. Pickering formed another group. A party of the younger set included Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Mrs. William Shuman, and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman.

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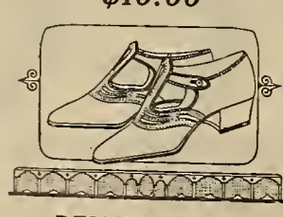
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Marion Boyden were week-id guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph homas Graee at Santa Rosa.

Mrs. William Matson will pass the summer at oodside with her daughter, Mrs. William Roth, id Mr. Roth.

Miss Idabelle Wheaton and Miss Frances Sber-an will sail from New York for Europe on June and will return to California in September.

Mrs. Frederick Bancroft and her sister, Mrs. aud Shoobert Dunsmuir who arrived lately from ew York, are visiting their mother, Mrs. E. ioobert, in Sausalito.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs has returned from Santa Bar-ra where he made a short visit to his mother, rs. Benjamin P. Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, accom-nied by their son, Mr. Addison Keeler, Jr., are aving for San Rafael, where they have taken a ouse for the summer.

Miss Irene Norris of Brookline, Massachusetts, ll come to San Francisco for the wedding of r cousin, Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Miss Dorothy Fithian of Santa Barbara, who as in San Francisco last week for the wedding of her cousin, Mrs. Ashfield Stow, has returned to her home in Southern California.

Mrs. William G. Hitchcock, who has been in Honolulu with her son, Mr. Gordon Hitchcock, has returned to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus have returned from the East and are established at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and her daughter, Miss Edith Grant, arrived on Friday last from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollo V. Watt have lately returned from the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Devereux have gone to Colorado for a stay of several weeks.

Mrs. B. Edwards is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore of San Mateo.

Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper has lately returned from New York.

Mrs. Stewart Edward White has gone to Seattle, where she will join Mr. White for a summer eruise in their yacht.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker has returned from Cloverdale, where sbe has been entertaining a house party for the past fortnight.

Miss Marion Dunne left on Sunday for Europe, where she will join her mother, Mrs. P. F. Dunne, and her sister, Miss Marjorie Dunne.

Mr. Harris Carrigan and Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., have returned from a trip around the world extending over a year and a half.

Mrs. Paul Wegeforth of Coronado is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

Mrs. Paul Selby, whose home is in South Africa, has reeently arrived in California and is a guest of Mrs. Prentiss Selby in Oakland.

Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat left for New York and Europe on Wednesday last.

Captain Charles G. Lyman and Mrs. Lyman, having rented their home in San Mateo, are established at the Hotel Ceeil.

Mr. and Mrs. Horaee W. Morgan left last week for New York to be present at the graduation of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster will go in June to their summer eamp on the Russian River.

Miss Antonia Marin, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Stewart Edward White, in Burlingame, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Miss Helen Hammersmith will go abroad with Mrs. George Barnett and they will join Mrs. Barnett's daughters, Mrs. William Dickey and Miss Anne Gordon, in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale will go to their country plaee at Shasta Springs the first week in June.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. MeNear of Petaluma, aecompanied by Miss Sue McNab, will leave for New York on Sunday on their way to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper with their family moved last week to their country home in Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickey, after making a short stay in San Franeiseo, have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. Robert McKinlay and Miss Agnes McKinlay, who have been making a short stay in San Francisco, returned by motor to Santa Barbara with Miss Antonia Marin.

Lieutenant Alan D. Whittaker, Jr., who has been stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, accompanied by Mrs. Whittaker sailed on Tuesday last on the transport *Thomas* for his new post in the Philippines.

Mrs. Alan D. Whittaker, formerly of San Franeisco, who has been visiting her son, Lieutenant Whittaker, has gone to Carmel for a short stay before returning to her home in Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who bave recently returned from Europe, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery at their home in Menlo Park. They will take possession of their home in Burlingame tbis week.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., of Los Angeles, is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Lane, and Mrs. Lane Kauffman at their home on Russian Hill.

Dr. and Mrs. Wallaee I. Terry, accompanied by their daughter and son, recently sailed from New York on the *Belgenland* for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and their daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, who have been at Catalina, will open their country home in Santa Barbara for the summer early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, who have been living in Burlingame, will spend the summer at Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade bave taken a cottage in Carmel for the summer.

The Late Lady Tangye.

Lady Tangye, wife of Sir Harold Lincoln Tangye, Bart., died at London, England, on March 31st. She was a sister of Joseph Dodds Reid of San Francisco and daughter of the late Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, chief founder and first president of the Institute of Journalists of Great Britain, and president of the world's press parliament at the St. Louis Exposition.

Lady Tangye was one of the first British women to serve in France during the world war, beginning in 1914, and was the founder of the war-time and peace-time hospital at Paris Plage. In recognition of her services she received many French and British honors. Her funeral occurred at Neasden Parish church on April 4th, having been preceded by a service at St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Canon the Hon. James Adderly officiated, and a large number of distinguished persons attended.

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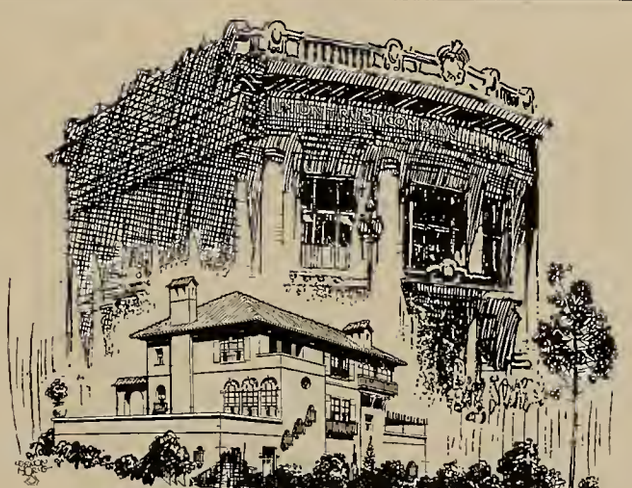
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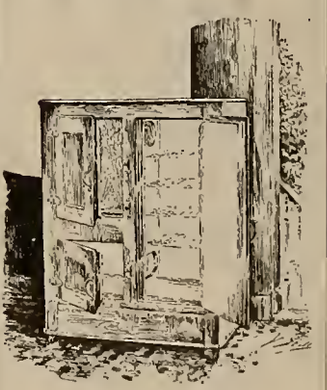
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is the dangerous age?" asks a writer. This is.—*Columbia Record.*

"Do you think a woman should tell everything she knows?" "Yes, but that's all."—*Life.*

"Ah, when shall we really have sex equality? I have had enough of this being bossed by women."—*Paris Le Rire.*

"Blaine is a very quiet man." "But you've never met him?" "No, but I've met his wife."—*California Pelican.*

Father (to daughter)—Did you get a good education at college? *Daughter*—No, he flunked out.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Little Boy (visiting Washington for the first time)—When are we going to see the red tape?—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

"You married me for my money." "What of it? You married me for my beauty." "Well, both securities have depreciated."—*Life.*

Mrs. Jimlet—Harold writes frum college that he's larnin' to fence. *Farmer Jimlet*—Good enough! I'll let him string more'n half a mile o' barb-wire as soon as he gits hum.—*Judge.*

"It's a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going straight home to mamma." "If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I tell you he's absolutely honest; he didn't get a cent for voting for that ordinance—not one cent!" "Then we don't want him to represent our ward in the next city council; he's too big a fool."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Beggar—Madam, would you please help an old soldier along who has seen many battles? *Benevolent Lady (handing him a shilling)*—Where—India or Egypt? *Beggar*—In the illustrated papers, mum.—*Tit-Bits.*

A German paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—*Tit-Bits.*

"What! You are planning to go to Vienna! But that will cost you a fortune." "Oh, not so much. You see, I'll have my youth restored by Dr. Steinach and come back on a child's ticket."—*Berlin Lustige Blätter.*

Blobbs—What nonsense it is for newspapers, in their accounts of weddings, to describe the brides being led to the altar! *Slobbs*—How so? *Blobbs*—Why, most of the girls could find their way in the dark.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most imposing mien, "I once sat upon the judge's bench in Iowa." "Where was the judge?" quickly inquired the opposing attorney.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Traffic Policeman (to chauffeur)—So! After having knocked over that poor old man you are running away to escape summons. *Chauffeur*—Gosh, hasn't there been enough harm done as it is?—*Paris L'Illustration.*

Niblick (at the sixth link)—What did I do that hole in, Caddie? I've forgotten. *Caddie*—Well, sir, I think it must be something over seven; for when the gentlemen gits over seven they always does forgit.—*Collier's Weekly.*

"How did your dance come out, dear?" "Oh, it was absolutely perfect. There were five men for each girl, two stags were trampled in the rush, and the only other good-looking girl there had hay fever."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Mistress—Jane, I've mislaid the key of my escritoire. I wish you'd just fetch me that box of odd keys; I dare say I can find one to open it. *Jane*—It's no use, ma'am. There isn't a key in the 'ouse as 'll fit that desk.—*Punch.*

SPAIN AND HER FOLK SONGS.

In the summer of 1922, in Granada, a contest took place which marks an important date in Spanish art, writes Irving Brown in the New York *Herald*. It was a contest in the singing of folk songs, and indicated that Spain had officially awakened to the beauty of a rare heritage, the beauty of the age-old music and poetry of her people.

The setting was arranged by the painter Zuloaga in the Plaza de los Aljibes, on the Albamhra Hill. On a little stage decorated with the blue and white plates of Granada ware, native rugs and gay mantones of rich and dazzling color, before an audience in broad-brimmed Andalusian hats or black mantillas of fine lace flowing gracefully over high combs and lovely shoulders, the contestants sang the plaintive, thrilling airs, which, simple as they are, demand a high degree of skill in singing.

The enthusiasm of the audience was significant; but less so than the wild applause later accorded in Madrid to one of the contestants, a mere lad, who repeated his performance before the sophisticated, highly critical concert-goers of the capital.

The music of the Andalusian folk songs is Moorish in origin, and was kept alive, first by the converted Moors who remained in the peninsula, and secondly by another Oriental race with a similar music and tastes—the gipsies. It is a rôle these nomads have played in every country where there was an Eastern strain and people would listen to their strange, exotic airs: Russia, the Balkans, and above all, Hungary.

A mistake made by the organizer of the festival, Manuel de Falla, the composer, was to try to show a difference between canto hondo, or "deep song," and cante flamenco, or "gipsy song." A band of gipsies from their caves in the Albayzin were invited to take part for the purpose of demonstrating that they were more theatrical than the Spaniards, both in dress and in manner of singing, and that they had brought about a deterioration in the art by poor taste. Now it happens that the Gitanos of Granada are dancers rather than singers, that they have been spoiled to some extent by guides and tourists, and that they are never at their best in public exhibitions. But whether or not the wily gipsies had got wind of Señor Falla's intent, they turned the trick on him by unexpectedly singing one of his own compositions.

As we all know, the chief fault of Spanish literature has been its wordiness, bombast, and empty rhetoric, its striving for clever conceits and felicity of phrase.

The folk song is just the opposite. It is brief and spontaneous, a direct outpouring of the joys and sorrows of the singer. Even here bombast and ingenuity of metaphor have crept in at times, but they are not the rule, and the brevity of the form, most of the songs or coplas being of four lines, has put definite limits to wordiness.

In the lowest dance halls of the seaports, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, I have heard rough-looking Romanies sing some of the tenderest and most religious in feeling of these old songs, with a certain reverence and enthusiasm for their beauty. I have heard them sung on the hillsides near Granada, stretched out at full length beside a murmuring spring, I have heard them on the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra at dawn, and at night in the narrow Moorish streets of Seville. But there is one occasion which is perhaps more typical than the rest. It was an afternoon in Guadix, that strange, sun-baked city in the mountains of Andalusia.

Without difficulty I had persuaded a gipsy bootblack and two of his companions to abandon their tasks and join me in a *juerga*.

We went to a *venta* on the outskirts where we could have seclusion. The entrance was that of a cheap wine shop; but passing through a door in the rear we came out into a most delightful old garden, surrounded by a high wall covered with vines, which extended on a sagging trellis over the brick walk around the four sides. The flowers in the centre had fallen into a state of nature, blooming in irregular profusion. The mossy benches, the cracked terra cotta urns, everything about the place had a dilapidated, antique air, *los perfumes de las cosas viejas*, an atmosphere of pleasant memories.

We sat down in the farthest corner of the arbor, where a large blue bowl, *vino añejo*, charged water, fruits, and spices were brought to mix a generous sangaree. A guitar was tuned and the bootblack began to sing in *canto hondo*, or true gipsy style. His songs expressed the deepest human feelings—feelings that we speak of as most sacred. As an Andalusian writer, well acquainted with the Gitanos and their songs, has written: 'As a rule the few *coplas* of a rascally or vulgar character are looked down on, those which the intelligent call *gachondles* (non-gipsy), to denote that they are not in harmony with the depth of music and sentiment of the gipsy race." Indeed, the Gitanos have preserved the precepts of one of the rarest and most beautiful of South American poets, the Colombian of tragic memory, José Asunción Silva, one of the first Modernists:

Verse is a sacred vase: and should contain no
thoughts unless divine,
A vase in whose refulgent depths the radiant
images may glow
Like golden bubbles in a dark old wine.

The sunlight, slanting over the garden wall, barely reached the flowers on the opposite side of the quadrangle. And still he sang on. He wanted nothing better than to pour out his feelings in the songs of his people. Tomorrow he would be a bootblack again; but today he was a troubadour.

Give me happiness today,
And I shall laugh at care and sorrow.
Bring me joy this very hour!
—Who has ever seen tomorrow?

As he sang this *copla* the golden light was fading from the clusters of pale grapes above our heads. The songs were done.

Many a tomorrow has become a yesterday since then; but I never pick up a volume of verse by Manuel Machado without thinking of that afternoon beneath the arbor.

The pike is the hungriest and the fiercest of fish. Fish, flesh, and fowl seem alike acceptable to its palate, and it does not disdain mineral products; rings, spoons, and other similar articles have been frequently taken from its maw.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Laudable Retirement.

A. J. Pillsbury has at last done something for which the *Argonaut* can take pleasure in commending him. He has resigned his membership on the industrial accident commission because he is not in sympathy with the governor's policy of retrenchment. He is right to resign. When a political subordinate is out of sympathy with the policies of his chief he owes it to his chief and to himself to step aside, rather than remain in office as a chilling element and an obstructive force, promoting delays, disgruntlement, and executive debility. The Wilson-Lansing incident is a case in point; in which Mr. Lansing had the sympathy of the public on being retired from the Cabinet of Mr. Wilson, until he wrote a book naïvely exposing the fact that Wilson had a right to retire him—which, had it been done with the frankness and dignity we may properly expect of our chief executives, instead of by the oblique and insincere method that was adopted, would have redounded to Mr. Wilson's credit. As it was, neither of those gentlemen came out of it with any addition to his glory; quite the contrary. In the case of Mr. Pillsbury the resignation comes at the right time, in the right way, and for the right reason. Both parties and the state are to be congratulated. The Pillsbury example should be widely copied, for the payrolls of California carry the names of many hundred place-holders whose only principle in office is to waste the money of the taxpayers, instead of saving it. The policy of the governor in respect to retrenchment is also the policy of that thumping majority which put him where he is, and no one that is out of sympathy with it should take the money of the taxpayers and continue to oppose their will.

Prohibition a Political Issue.

At a stroke Governor Smith of New York has transferred the question of prohibition from the field of social discussion to that of practical politics. There is where it belongs, since beyond any other interest of the day it possesses the public mind and is related to the common welfare. Governor Smith has placed the issue where it may no longer be dodged; and now it remains for our statesmen—if there be any—to make working arrangements for its adjudication by the country. President Harding has in a measure forecast the attitude of the Republican party. He is for enforcement of the law as it stands. So far, good. But that is not the whole issue, since all parties are at least nominally for enforcement of law. The real question is as to what the law ought to be and what the parties if given authority shall undertake to make it.

We have now had approximately three years of nominal prohibition. But prohibition has not prohibited. Its great, practically its only, service has been to shut up the saloon. A notable moral achievement, truly. But it has not stopped the manufacture, the importation, or the drinking of liquors. Whoever wants liquors may easily get them and the rich and well-to-do do get them. A situation has been created that in practice discriminates between the rich and the poor and so promotes a sense of injustice and a widespread resentment. Further, it has made technical criminals of great numbers of previously law-respecting and law-abiding persons who have no compunctions about evading a law they believe to be founded in false logic, in a false theory of morals, and in contempt of fundamental personal rights.

If prohibition has limited the opportunities of the poor man and therefore in some measure limited drinking—and it has done this—it has on the other hand promoted drinking among classes previously temperate. The importation, distribution, and consumption of liquors has become a "sporting" game. Many who in other days drank nothing, or nothing to their hurt, are now habitual drinkers. The ramifications of this illicit "sport" are multifarious, perhaps nowhere in more vicious development than among the rising generation. Schoolboys who in pre-Volstead times never thought of indulgence in liquor now have in large numbers become tipplers. The pocket flask has become a regular accompaniment of the social party—even of children's parties. While drinking has been minimized at one end of the scale it has been made more general and in character more vicious at the other. Incidentally there is growing up a generation schooled to look upon the law as a joke. The effect is to put all law more or less in contempt, to identify respecters of the law as a species of mollycoddle, to stamp upon the mind of the rising generation intolerance of authority.

That prohibition has broken down is obvious. It would be bad enough if it were merely a dead letter, but it is something very much worse. It is a cause of discontent and of resentment on the part of many in every city, state, and township. It is destroying love of country. The spirit of patriotism can not thrive where many—possibly a majority—of the people find government an impertinent busybody, imposing a meddlesome restraint at points of personal conduct. Our traditional boast of America as a free country has become an anachronism when authority steps in with restrictive prescriptions in matters of individual concern. The brief of it all is that prohibition is breeding among the American people the vices of lawlessness, of resentment of authority, of a flouting disregard of social and moral conventions.

The great political parties find prohibition an embarrassment and would like to sidestep it. But that can not be done; and there presses upon them the necessity of adjusting themselves to it. It is perhaps too much to expect that either the one or the other will put aside buncombe and demagogy and stand four-square upon a platform sound in principle, in line with our constitutional guarantee of individual liberty, and consistent in logic and in morals.

Always reserving its right of private judgment, the *Argonaut* is a Republican. And as a Republican it would like to see the party convention which will assemble next June declare for such modification of the prohibition laws as will prevent revival of the saloon while allowing to individual judgment the privileges without which our boast of liberty is a farce and a lie. This is no counsel of perfection. In the practice and experience of our neighbor Canada we have both an example and an illustration of sanity and practicability. Canada, to be sure, has not wholly eliminated the evils of intemperance. With human nature what it is, and what it ever will be, perfection is not attainable. But there is no point at which the Canadian rule does not rest upon a sounder moral foundation and at which it does not yield more practical and more beneficent results than our own. The Canadian system does not attempt the impossible. What it does attempt is to minimize the evils of intemperance. And just as events south of the national boundary are proving that radical legislation is futile and mischievous, so events north of the boundary are proving that much for the common welfare may be achieved by policies founded in a wise discretion.

It is likely that in this whole business the country has been experimentally groping toward a conception of what it wanted, and a method of expressing its mandate, and that what it really does want is suppression of the saloon. That seems apparent from every discussion and in every statement based on counsels of moderation. The saloon was a national evil, but it should have been well within the national genius, had we been a more politically articulate people, to get rid of the rats by some less expensive method than setting fire to the barn.

The Honk for Hank.

In a straw-voting contest upon the initiative of *Collier's Weekly* Henry Ford is running ahead of all presumptive aspirants, even of President Harding. Concurrently there comes a statement from William Randolph Hearst to the effect that the support of his newspapers will be given to Ford if he shall run upon an independent ticket. Taken in connection with a reported remark on the part of Edsel Ford that his father "seriously intends to get into the race and * * * to stand for the nomination," these incidents have stirred the political atmosphere at Washington and to some extent throughout the country. This quite without warrant, we think.

If Ford is anything politically he is a Democrat. Three years ago he ran on the Democratic ticket for a senatorship, and while he has never in any other way affiliated with the party, his senatorial candidacy may be taken as a species of official record. If, as his son is quoted as saying, he intends "to stand for nomination," it must be for nomination by the Democratic party. If the Democrats were without hope of success next year, if they looked upon the coming campaign as a preordained failure and the party nomination as a mere stop-gap, they might concede to Ford a futile nomination as a means of attaching him—and what is more important, his bar'l—to the party standard. The Ford millions and the Ford organization would be a handy resource for general party purposes, not only in the immediate campaign, but in times to come. But in truth the Democrats are not without hope of success next year, and this being the case they will wish to nominate a man of essential availability, some man who

in office would be a dependable party leader. Governor Ralston of Indiana is such a man. Another is ex-Ambassador Davis. These or others who might be named are not likely to be overlooked at a time of vital hope, in favor of a man whose nomination would be a portent of defeat; or who in the event of election would be an eccentric self-starter and law unto himself.

Nomination of Ford by the Democratic party—or by any party—would be a joke. The man has not the first qualification of mind or experience for the presidential office, and as a candidate he could not for a single week sustain himself. His habit of loose and wild talk, illustrated in his dictum "history is bunc," would inevitably make him ridiculous. He is that impossible figure in politics—or anywhere else—the man who does not know what to say or do and who will not hold his tongue or keep still. By his inveterate propensities he recalls the old dame of the nursery rhyme:

> Victuals and drink were the whole of her diet
> And yet this old woman would never keep quiet.

Ford will not be nominated by the Democratic party. Among many obstacles there is the enmity he has aroused on the part of the Jews of the country. The Jew has become a potential factor in political as well as other relationships. In the spheres of finance and of general business his hand is far-reaching; and while it is a divided quantity, its main affiliation lies with the Democrats. No party will venture to name a candidate against whom there would be arrayed the united force of the Jews of the country. Further a bar to the possibility of Ford's nomination by the Democratic party, or any other nationally-established political organization, is the sanity that Mr. Emerson assures us comes at times as a regulating force to all communities and associations.

Hearst wants Ford to run as an independent. Independent tickets are a specialty with that rare gentleman. They never win, but that with Hearst is a negligible consideration. Irregular and transient political movements afford him opportunity for which he is always seeking to attract attention to his newspapers and to exploit himself as a disturbing factor in politics. What Hearst wants in politics is a fantastic cause; success or failure is all one to him if a campaign may give him a fresh line for sensational publicity.

It has not escaped the notice of political observers that Hearst's announcement favoring Ford as an independent presidential candidate implies abandonment, for the time at least, of his friend Senator Johnson. Here for four or five years Hearst has been using Hiram as a stalking-horse. Along with a chewing-gum magnate and an advertising specialist, he supported Johnson's presidential candidacy three years ago. More recently he supported him for reëlection to the Senate. Can it be that something has happened to destroy the *entente* hitherto existing between these hearts that aforetime beat as one? Has Hiram ceased to possess availability as a stalking-horse, or can it be that he has at last found hardihood to decline further service as an adjunct of the yellow bunco-politico-journalistic aggregation?

Let Us Give Thanks But Look Out.

God does temper the wind to the shorn lamb, and although Thanksgiving Day is afar, let us give thanks that those twice-yearly and even monthly shorn lambs, the taxpayers of California, have been saved one snip of the tax-eaters' shears in that He permitted the State Home for Delinquent Women, in Sonoma County, to burn down; having previously, and by little-merited grace, permitted the aforesaid lambs to elect a governor who refused to sanction their further shearing for rebuilding it. The result of these two acts of special Providence is to be the abandonment of the home. It will close its doors on July 1st. Its inmates are being forced to find jobs, and not one decent woman in California is thereby being injured except the superintendent of the home—not one, with that exception, but will benefit in some degree, however small.

The Sonoma Farm for Delinquent Women has been a sentimental swindle, a spasm and a phantasm of sobbing and meddling and false reform. It was an inversion of the social sanctions on which morality and the welfare of the people depend. Under the urge of emotionalism and feminine politics, money was taken away from every private home in the state to maintain in luxury, in the garden spot of California, a lot of prostitutes and dope fiends; as many as could be gathered from the police courts for the purpose of filling the institution and making it appear a large and indispensable service. It was the boast of the superintendent that her charges were "happy." Why not? They had won Heaven by their demerits, at the expense of other women who had to work harder and deny themselves more to support them. Any careless person could be happy under such conditions. As a reward of profligacy, the home was a success—a greater success than most private homes are as the reward of virtue and conscience and the hard, anxious labors of cooking, house-cleaning, family washing, bearing and rearing children, and make the faded bonnet of last spring do for this Easter in order to meet the interest on the mortgage and pay the steadily mounting taxes—for everybody pays taxes, in spite of our invention for circumventing natural law and making the corporations pay them.

The requiem of sobs burst forth, appropriately, on Memorial Day, when the linotypes of the tenderer daily papers sobbed out the story of Dolly Allen. Dolly is described as "a woman of the San Francisco night life." At first she failed to appreciate what the state had done for her and ran away, but later she wept her contrition to the compassionate superintendent, begged to be taken back, and now sagaciously refuses to leave. That is supposed to be affecting, and to a certain type of mind it is; deeply so. But calmly considered, Dolly is worth about a sixth of a cent, whether she reforms or not, and any system of rational sociology would so rate her and let her go at that, instead of taxing wives and mothers, as well as uncles, brothers and fathers, to support her in luxury in the paradise of America.

We cite the case of Dolly because it is typical, and we mention the moribund Home for Delinquent Women because that is typical, too—typical of sob-sister activities in the national life and of the sort of affliction women politicians are willing to put upon their sisters and the rest of us with the aid of unreflecting sentimentality for some useless or chimerical object. The home was the conception of women politicians and was endorsed from time to time by perhaps half the women's clubs in the state—perhaps more. Not all the women in the state belong to the women's clubs, and those that endorsed this extravagance did so with little reflection and less justice. The increase of taxes involved may not have amounted to much in money, but in equity it amounted to confiscation.

Now, as a matter of fact, God seldom burns down an undeserving institution, preferring as a rule to leave us to our own devices in order that our brains may not atrophy; and so if women, through their organizations and votes, are to become really serviceable politically it is incumbent on them to exercise more judgment as to what schemes they endorse. If some of them want a home for delinquent women, or any other humbug, they should maintain it with their own contributions. And in solving problems of public policy they should divest themselves of misleading emotions and seek a solution founded in justice and common sense. We are not opposed to women in politics nor in clubs. But women themselves should recognize that until they can learn to act on more rational principles than the yellow newspapers supply and the sob-sisters endorse, feminine politics will be something of a menace.

Governor Smith and the Presidency.

Views of Governor Smith's action in the matter of the prohibition enforcement bill, as it relates to his availability as a presidential candidate, are curiously at variance. There are many who believe that it will make him the Democratic nominee next year. Others of equal credit for political foresight maintain that it eliminates him as a presidential probability. Time will resolve what is now a puzzle, but it will take time plus definite political action to demonstrate if a majority of the American people is for prohibition or against it. One thing is certain, namely, that when the issue of prohibition shall come definitely before the country there will be a tremendous break-up of party lines; and in advance of the event one guess is as good as another.

Aside from his attitude in the matter of prohibition there stands on the credit side of Governor Smith, regarded as a presidential aspirant, the fact of his great popularity in his own state, a popularity illustrated in a colossal majority last November as against a competitor of irreproachable character and high public esteem. Even those who favored Governor Miller as against Governor Smith in the November election conceded to the latter high qualities of character and the graces of a winning personality. It is not too much to say of Smith that he is today, irrespective of party considerations, the best beloved man in the State of New York.

Against Governor Smith as a presidential figure stands the fact that the political centre of gravity of the United States has moved West. The country would prefer a Western man in the White House. Furthermore, the particular issue upon which Governor Smith has just won plaudits may tend to weakness in the great pivotal states of the Middle West. There, if anywhere, is the stronghold of prohibition. That, at least, is a common presumption, and it is probably true.

A special consideration in the case of Governor Smith is the fact that he is a Catholic, and no man may know in advance of a practical test the effect of that fact as related to presidential candidacy. Tradition avows that no Catholic may be elected to the presidency, but in this as in other respects tradition has not now the force it once had. The late Chief Justice White was a Catholic, and there was at the time of his appointment to the Supreme Court a fairly loud protest on that score. But in his long judicial service nobody discovered that his church affiliation affected his independence of mind or action. Old prejudices, particularly prejudices founded in religious bigotry, tend to disappear, and the number of voters to care one ding-dang whether a presidential candidate is a Catholic, a Campbellite, a Free Thinker, or what not, is fewer than it used to be. It may further be well to remember that religious bias is a double-edged sword that may cut both ways. There are a great many Catholics in the country who surely would be disposed to support a man of their own affiliation, especially so if he were assailed on the ground of his religious faith. Then there are many voters wholly free from religious prejudice whose sympathies would surely be aroused by the raising of the religious issue and its personal application.

Regarding the case in its varied bearings, the *Argonaut* ventures the prophecy that Governor Smith will not be the candidate of his party next year. As in the case of the dare-devil in other spheres, men are more willing to applaud than to take risks. In practical politics it is rarely the upstanding and outspoken champion of a cause who carries off the prize, but some less positive and less assailable personality. In the logic of nominating conventions "availability" is usually the determining factor.

Editorial Notes.

We find a refreshing vigor in the editorial columns of the Stockton *Independent* under its new administration. Mr. Fitzgerald is bringing to his new field of action the intellectual honesty and the moral courage that marked his utterances for many years in the Fresno *Republican*. Speaking of Mr. Harding's position before the country as a probable candidate for reëlection the *Independent* resents the diplomatic suggestion that it would be "good politics" in the months immediately ahead to keep in the background. "It may," says the *Independent*, "be perfectly good practical politics," but it is "a counsel of contempt for the intelligence of the electorate" and "a counsel of timidity on the part of the President." The practical politician's ideal of "availability" tends "to eliminate men of strong character and personality." In the spirit of prophecy the *Independent* adds that "to play the game according to form is not the way for President Harding to be reelected." This appears to be Mr. Harding's own way of thinking. He has been reminded that there is, from the standpoint of practical politics, hazard in journeyings about the country with accompaniment of speaking in various states. His answer is the proposed journey across the continent and to Alaska. He declines the counsels of practical politics that would bid him stay at home. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Harding has at heart certain ideas and projects that he wishes to put over with the country. In its timidity and in its subservience to parochial interests Congress has measurably failed to support him. He seeks to enlist the judgment and support of the people and to that end he will in the coming summer visit various parts of the country and present his views directly. This may or may not be "good politics." It is at least an expression of manly spirit; or, it may be, of indifference to political consequences.

With reference to something said in these columns recently in contempt of "boy week" and its tendency

to corrupt the mind and manners of childhood, the Salinas *Journal* says:

This article from the *Argonaut* touches upon only one phase of the fool stunts that are being put over nowadays in the name of education. We see the same tendency in some of the high schools of Monterey County. With all the activities that go to make up the life of the present-day student, we can not help wondering when the student finds time to get more than a smattering of the essentials of education that he is sent to school to learn.

The truth of the matter is that under the prevailing system in California, and we suspect pretty generally elsewhere, the child does not find time to get more than a smattering of what he is sent to school to learn—or even that. What he does get is a hodge-podge of things that tend quite as much to confusion of mind as to wholesome education. What inevitably he misses is the discipline of mind that is the better part of any worth-while scheme of education.

The notable success of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre is gratifying, not more in what it affords to our people in the way of refined entertainment than as a tribute to an actor whose sustained affection for San Francisco may be reckoned as one of our artistic assets. The general rise in the prices of things, including professional salaries, railroad rates, hotel charges and other essentials, has combined with the competition of the "movies" to limit theatrical enterprise everywhere, and especially on the Pacific Coast. Many managers who regularly brought companies to San Francisco in former times have abandoned this field. Mr. Miller, who is sentimentally something more than half a San Franciscan, continues to come to us year by year and to give us of his best, and his best is always of the best anywhere. As in former seasons, he has brought this year a group of fine personal and artistic distinction, and it is truly gratifying to see that San Francisco appreciates it.

The Northern Convention of the Baptist Church, in session last week at Atlantic City, did a really fine thing in releasing the Chicago University from its traditional obligation to keep in its presidential chair a member of the Baptist church. This restriction belonged to another era and another condition, and it has long been an embarrassing limitation upon the trustees of the university. At best men qualified to preside over a great school of learning are few, and when selection is limited to a particular sect, and that sect not one in which eminent culture is often found, the difficulties of the situation may easily be imagined. The Chicago University has become one of the great educational agencies of the country and it was needful that it should be free to look for its presidents wherever they might be found. It is happily illustrative of liberal spirit in the Baptist organization that it has freely made this concession to the spirit of the age.

The American tobacco crop runs into money to the extent of five hundred million dollars per year. The per capita consumption of the country is eight and a half pounds. The number of cigarettes made annually in the United States goes to the prodigious total of sixty billions. It is a significant fact that since prohibition came in the consumption of tobacco has largely increased.

Montana has a workmen's compensation act that should be popular with the marrying clergy. Of 900 widows who received compensation in a lump, 700 were married within a year. The other 200 have hopes.

"I helped this nation get prohibition. I helped this nation get women's suffrage."—*William Jennings Bryan.*

Well, how much do we owe you for that?

Maxim Gorky says bolshevism is nothing but a skin disease. So are scarlet fever and smallpox.

In spite of the owlish observations of one of our "colyumist" military experts, it seems to have been experimentally demonstrated that the airship will not displace the battleship—unless it happens to land several charges of high explosive on it. The development of aviation has not rendered surface fighting craft obsolete, and the battleship will remain the backbone of sea power. Such, at least, is the conclusion reached by the Navy General Board, in which conclusion Secretary Denby, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, and Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, concur. Aviation is regarded by these gentlemen as one of the vital branches of naval power, but as an adjunct to the fleet that floats on the water. It would take five hits by large bombs to disorganize a modern battleship, and that might not sink it. And hits from the air are very difficult under combat conditions. A single airship costs little, but the aggregate of our aviation efforts in 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920 cost enough to build a large fleet which would be effective for twenty years, whereas the airship is obsolete in about two. So, in the light of the conclusions of the Navy Board, it does not seem necessary any longer to entrust the national security to the swivel-chair strategists of the Hearst press.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Real Comic Opera.

PALO ALTO, May 30, 1923.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—*My Dear Sir:* In last week's issue of the *Argonaut* your dramatic and musical critic tells us she has "heard regrets expressed that the Steindorff-Hartman combination does not revive some of the old Offenbach pieces, or those composed by Offenbach's talented imitators." I feel sure there are many such regrets she has not heard. I feel sure that regret is quite general in the Bay region that only very rarely are we now able to hear genuine comic opera in San Francisco.

"Comic opera," as you well know, is an ill-defined term. In America it seems to include everything below "grand opera." It includes the two distinct species of musical performance called "opérette" and "opéra-bouffe" by the French. But surely it does not include the musical comedies and farces and other pieces of a nondescript character with which we are sometimes regaled on Market Street.

Yes, I wish we might hear Offenbach again! It was in 1855 that, with "Ophée aux Enfers," he struck the vein that was to furnish so rich a lode of ore, and became the idol of the hour in Paris. He was a German who had gone to the French capital and there had become completely Gallicized. He was a prolific composer—too much so for the best interests of art. One success followed another with astonishing rapidity—"La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," "Geneviève de Brabant" (in which Emily Soldene used to sing for us the rôle of the Page), "La Périchole" with its unforgettable Letter Song, and "Les Brigands," the music of which is largely choral. His most ambitious and cherished work is the well-known "Les Contes d' Hoffmann," which was given a very acceptable performance not long ago by the Steindorff-Hartman company and which is still one of the chief favorites at the Opéra Comique in Paris. His music is rollicking, melodious, irresistible, full of wit and diablerie, accentuating and giving point to the situations of the libretti with unfailing acumen. It always suits the persons, or rather the characters, who sing it, for he had the gift of felicitous characterization. He wrote too much, it is true; a good deal of his music is flippant and not a little banal; and yet, after all, Rossini was not altogether wrong when he declared him to be "the Mozart of the Champs Elysées." In the field of opéra-bouffe he was, and remains, easily first. The breath of life is still in his best works. In our own country he enjoyed an immense vogue from 1867, when Tostée came over and sang in "La Grande Duchesse."

Offenbach's first successor was Charles Lecoq, the melodies of whose "La Fille de Madame Angot" are still fresh and full of life. Another of his operas that used to be very popular in the old days of the Tivoli is "Le Petit Duc."

Franz von Suppé has been called the German Offenbach. His operas are full of rousing marches and the orchestration is brilliant and sonorous. Perhaps the best known of his melodious scores is "Boccaccio." Three winters ago I saw a performance of it in the famous story-teller's home town—Florence. It was given in a little theatre on the left bank of the Arno, in a quarter not much visited by tourists, but not far from the Casa Guidi, where the Brownings used to live. There was only a small orchestra and a small chorus; but they could play and sing; and the actors seemed to be living their parts. The audience was made up of working people, keepers of the many little shops in the neighborhood, masons, wood-workers, and others; but they entered into the spirit of the piece readily and completely and were quick to notice and approve the fine points of the performance. As I came home through the dark and narrow streets I could not help but think how much more educative, in the best sense of the word, and how much more enjoyable such a performance is than many of the moving pictures, costly in production but cheap in spirit, that today serve as the principal entertainment of millions of people. There are other of Suppé's operas that San Franciscans will recall with pleasure, especially the bright little piece, with good choruses, pleasing solos, and melodious orchestration, called "Donna Juanita."

The Vienna of the old days was much like Paris, and there opéra-bouffe found a congenial climate. Johann Strauss, whose waltzes are real tone poems with a subtle and insistent rhythmic swing that penetrates to the very marrow, is the best-known writer of that school. There are few brighter and more tuneful operas than his "Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Then there are his "Der Fledermaus" and "The Merry War."

Of Audran's music I am particularly fond. It is light, airy, and tuneful and has a gracefulness not to be found elsewhere. And of his operas I like best, not "The Mascot," which is sung every now and then, but "Olivette." I know of no gayer, and brighter, and more melodious little opera than this. Other operas that might well be revived are Richard Genée's "Nanon," sung here by William T. Carleton and Jennie Winston; Carl Millocker's "The Black Hussar"; Edward Jakobowski's "Erminie," acted by Francis Wilson and sung by Lillian Russell when her lovely voice was at its best, and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers," which seems strangely neglected, but which has a leading character for which Mr. Hartman is well suited.

If the public at large were properly prepared for it, there would be no doubt of the success of a great revival of comic opera. I wish the lead in such a revival could be taken by San Francisco. It would mean much to the city—to the culture and happiness of its people and to its reputation abroad. If we were to have a permanent opera company that gave these delightful operas in a fitting manner, that had a capable orchestra and a competent chorus, we could invite "guest singers" from time to time for such operas as "Mignon," "Carmen," "Manon," "Mirelle," "Lakmé" and many other delightful works from the list of the lighter grand operas. If we could, for instance, send for Edward Clement to sing the tenor rôles in "Werther," "Manon," and "Carmen," we should attract nation-wide attention in a praiseworthy manner. I hope you will continue to call the attention of your local readers to the subject and otherwise do all you can to restore San Francisco to her place on the map as the one city in America with permanent opera.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD HULME.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

CHILD OF THE SACRED PRIMARY.

(New York Times.)

Direct primaries are often remarkably hospitable. They are almost open to all comers, especially in some Western states; but the noblest comprehensive notion of the all-enfolding arms of these infallible means to register the party's will comes from Mr. Borah's state. The *Idaho Statesman* quotes from an Idaho progressive journal this definition of Republicanism:

"Any man who can carry a Republican primary is a Republican. He might believe in free trade, in unconditional membership in the League of Nations, in states' rights and in every policy that the Democratic party ever advocated; yet, if he carried his Republican primary, he would be a Republican. He might go to the other extreme and believe in the communistic state, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the abolition of private property and in the extermination of the bourgeoisie; yet, if he carried his Republican primary, he would still he a Republican."

Of course, this applies equally to a Democratic primary. Anybody who carries it is thereby marked as a true Democrat. Democrats go into Republican primaries; Republicans into Democratic primaries. In Wisconsin, Mr. La Follette has the coöperation of the socialists and of divers associations and leagues whenever he needs them in his business. The greatest intellectualist in Michigan, Republican in his antecedents, carried the Democratic senatorial primaries with a whoop. In a number of states the presidential primaries were notorious jokes. In some states Democrats try to secure by their votes the nomination of a Republican candidate whom they think weakest; and Republicans seek to return the compliment. "Political fringes" of many sorts are now attached to the primary of one party, now that of another.

How much of the present confusion, vagueness, disgruntlement and division of parties is due to the direct primary? If anybody who can carry Republican primaries is a Republican, anybody who can carry Democratic primaries a Democrat, what is the use of being a Republican or a Democrat? The names mean nothing. In place of representative party government is a shifting hodge-podge of personalities and policies. That such a system, or want of it, should breed cranks and come-outers was inevitable.

Group government at Washington, free-for-all primaries in many states: political disorganization, wholesale and retail; it is a fine succession of transformation scenes. It is easy to understand why Mr. Borah's heart beats so warmly for the direct primary.

BUREAUCRACY SMOTHERS ITSELF.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Centralization and complication in handling of the income tax are producing inevitable results. Complication causes claims by taxpayers for refunds and claims by the government for shortage in payments, and makes adjustment of these claims slow. Centralization in Washington of authority to adjust and decide assemhles a large bureau in the capital, draws thither a host of taxpayers, accountants, attorneys and adjusters, imposes heavy expense on the public and still further delays final settlement.

The result is that new claims come in faster than old ones are disposed of. The number that awaited audit was 2,000,000 two years ago, 2,500,000 a year ago, and now is 2,800,000 and still grows. The total of pending claims is estimated at $750,000,000. The bureau is in the position of a sawmill that cuts lumber faster than it ships until its yard is stacked full and it must shut down for lack of space to pile the product. The bureau is being smothered under its own arrears of work, because it works under a system that makes work faster than it works.

The law and the form of return are too complex, rendering blanks too cumhersome and involved. The report required should he simple enough in form to he filled in by a person of ordinary intelligence without the aid of an expert and without frequent need of correction. When occasion for adjustment arises, it should not be necessary to travel to the national capital or to hire an attorney or accountant there. Branch offices for this purpose and for hearing appeals should be scattered so widely about the country that a taxpayer himself may reach one, do his business and return home within twenty-four hours, leaving only questions of the first importance to be decided by the chief of the bureau or his immediate assistant at Washington. Then claims would be fewer, they would be adjusted expeditiously, and they would not pile up to the ears of the officials. That is the way business is done by a business corporation.

The root of the evil is the reluctance of bureaucrats to delegate authority, and their fondness for gathering as many as possible of their subordinates in Washington under their immediate direction. Everybody in business at the capital encourages and defends the practice, for it gives him more people to feed on. A large part of the work of reorganization of the departments now in prospect should consist in taking about half of the government employees and scattering them all over the country. That would be better for both them and the government.

STUDENT ATHLETICS.

(Santa Barbara News.)

It has long been a prevalent opinion that the athletics as taught in the secondary schools and the universities is helpful to the student. It has been the fad for the past quarter of a century to turn universities and colleges into athletic fields, at which the Olympic games, modernized, are encouraged and made the chief purpose of instruction, and the intellectual qualification of the students the secondary purpose.

The aim of the student has not been to stand at the head of his class in all matters that belong to a real education, but to "make" the letter that shows that in football or baseball, or some other college sport, he is among the chiefs.

The number of young men and of young women who have been rendered invalids and helpless by overstrain in these sports is not considered. The number of young lives that have been prematurely snuffed out has not been considered. The fame and name of those who have run the course in the shortest time, or stood strongest on the football field, or were most expert on baseball diamond, have been heralded to all the world, but the poor wrecked individual whose utmost has not been sufficient, who has fallen by the wayside, is not thought of.

But a reaction has taken place, and is now taking place.

The very best physicians are protesting against the tendency of the universities to overdo the strength of the young placed in their charge. Nature has determined that the strength of the young be developed by exercise. The babe in arms stretches its legs, and its arms, and thus cultivates that which nature intends should be cultivated in the way that nature intended that it should be cultivated.

The babe is not exercised beyond what nature determines. The parent does not over-exercise the child, but is satisfied that nature and the disposition of the child shall determine the amount of exercise in all directions that the child needs. No physician would recommend that the precocious development of the babe or the young child should be encouraged and forced.

Exercise in children is but the expression of abundant energy and overflowing spirits, the results of plenteous food. With normal nutrition a child can not be prevented from exercising. Why, then, push this exercise until it becomes burdensome and injures the child? When the child spurns food, the parent does not force food upon it; but when the child is fatigued and desires to rest the schools force athletics and calisthenics and other methods of exercise upon it.

Why is this so? Is it not safer to let the child choose for himself or herself the exercise that is necessary for its development? If it were not that there are places for teachers who earn nothing and benefit the child in nothing there would be no special teachers of athletics. The ordinary teacher can instruct the child to take the exercise that nature intended it should take. When the exercise goes beyond what nature intended that exercise is injurious. A game of ball, a game of tennis, any outdoor game, is all the exercise that the ordinary child needs. Why, through rivalry, induce your son and your daughter to overtrain, and weaken their bodies instead of strengthening them?

Of course, all this is heresy in the modern school belief. Of course, the teacher will rise in his wrath and declare that the Old Man is an enemy of the public schools. But the truth still exists that healthy children will exercise if they are well fed and have half a chance. It is true that the last form of exercise that should be offered the student is formal gymnastics.

Gymnastics may do for children where there is nothing to offer them. But a long hike in the hills is much to be preferred. A little garden in which the child can be educated in flowers and plant growth is much to be preferred. But this would not necessitate the added teacher that a fine course in gymnastics and athletics requires.

WOMEN AND PROMOTERS.

(Santa Rosa Press-Democrat.)

The entrance of women into business and the business training which women are acquiring in the administration of the modern home are making "pickings" among the fair sex much poorer for the fake stock salesmen. In former years the women with a little money and no financial training have provided an especially lucrative field for the blue sky promoter.

This is an argument for a little business training for every woman, which is seldom considered. The one who is alive to what is going on, conversant with the fundamental principles of income, expenditure, and the investment of savings, will not turn her little hoard over to the first smooth talker who comes to her with "gilt-edged" promises.

Fortunately for the women themselves, as for others who would be affected unhappily by their losses, education in business and finance is progressing rapidly almost everywhere as women become active in club, commercial, and public life. This is very hopeful. For a woman learns a helpful fact, she hastens to teach it to her children, and so the war against the promoters of bad securities is fought doubly as women learn wisdom in the financial game.

THE MYSTERY OF THE *OSCAR II.*

(Detroit Saturday Night.)

Mr. Ford's Page (written by Mr. Ford's editor) in the *Ford International Weekly* for May 26th reveals for the first time, we believe, the source of Mr. Ford's information concerning that "hidden super-government" which he has long described as holding the world in its clutches. It was on the peace ship that this epochal secret first whispered itself into the Fordian ear.

"The total result of the (peace) venture," says Mr. Ford's proxy, "was an education in the forces behind the war." He was carrying his education right along with him, too; for "aboard the ship," continues the proxy, "were the representatives of the hidden power which knows more about the war today than any one else knows, and which before the war occurred at all knew more about it than any one else knew."

Who were they? How did they get there? What did they want on the *Oscar II?* Did they wear false whiskers? Or spats? Is it possible that they were spoofing? If we all knew more about them we could judge for ourselves whether Mr. Ford's evaluation of their alleged news was right or wrong. He wants us to know more about them, but oddly enough he won't tell us. "The more that is learned about the peace ship," quoth his faithful proxy, "the better; and the more that is learned of what the peace ship discovered, the better." But just when our ears are stretched for the great international mystery he announces that "the inside story of the peace ship will not be told here."

We are only permitted to learn what Mr. Ford thinks he learned, not how or from whom he learned it, to-wit, that "the people do not rule" and "the governments do not govern," but that "a group of men, most of them representing families that have held the international reins for years," use the governments as chessmen and the earth as a chessboard. The race and religion of this group of international czars is no longer mentioned on Mr. Ford's Page, but their identity is obviously the same. All of which adds nothing to, and subtracts nothing from the sum of human knowledge. It is not what Mr. Ford knows about international affairs, but what Mr. Ford does not know, that intrigues one's fancy.

ONE STRIKE'S COST.

(Minneapolis Journal.)

The shopmen's strike of last summer cost the government $,000,000. This amount was spent by the Department of Justice to guard life and property throughout the country.

In a single agricultural state of the Middle West it is estimated that the same strike cost the railroads $3,000,000 and the employees $6,000,000. The huge sum total which the strike cost all parties involved throughout the nation is almost beyond conception. Certainly it cost the public much more than it did the employees, the railroads, or the government.

The figures throw a searching light on why the public is opposed to strikes and why it is seeking some better substitute. The public is not unfriendly to the cause of labor, save in instances where labor is obviously wrong and unfair. But the public is coming to realize as never before the cost and curse of the strike as a method of industrial settlement.

If labor correctly diviner the state of the public mind, it will not oppose practical forms of arbitration in industries charged with a public service. Labor will find in the public its surest strength, when it shows a readiness to coöperate with employers in protecting the public interest by seeking less costly and more orderly methods of adjusting industrial differences than strikes have proved to be.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Private of the Buffs.

[During Lord Elgin's operations in China to enforce ratification of the treaty of Tien-Tsin some straggling Sikhs and an English private soldier named Moyse were captured by the Chinese, taken before the Chinese authorities, and commanded to *kow tow.* The Sikhs obeyed, but Moyse declared he would not bow down to any Chinaman alive; whereupon he was knocked on the head.]

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
Today, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

—*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.*

Not Understood.

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life; and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go,
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood!

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they can not see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood. —*Thomas Bracken.*

Song.

Oh roses for the flush of youth
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

Oh violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

Espionage charges against Victor Berger are dropped at last. What's delaying the award of the Distinguished Service Medal to this suffering patriot?—*Washington Post.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William C. Deming of Wyoming, who has recently been appointed president of the United States Civil Service Commission by President Harding, was formerly receiver of public moneys at the United States Land Office under both Presidents Roosevelt and Taft. Before coming to Washington he served several terms in the Wyoming state legislature and has long been prominent in Republican party councils in his home state. Mr. Deming succeeds John H. Bartlett, who has been made First Assistant Postmaster-General.

The one woman in the government service who is in charge of a complete division of photostating, mimeographing, and multigraphing is Miss Helen Manning of the United States Postoffice Department. Although Miss Manning is attached to the general accounting office she handles the entire work of seven bureaus and at rush times is often seen with her sleeves rolled up accounting for her share of the output. There is little about the machines she oversees that Miss Manning does not know, and she is frequently called upon to perform some mechanical miracle upon them.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Hindu poet, philosopher, and author, who is now engaged in presenting to various clubs and organizations in America the art, culture, and spiritual ideals of his native land, was born in Calcutta, India, in 1890. His parents were exclusive Brahmins and he was brought up and educated as a citizen of the old Hindu régime. At eighteen he was graduated from Calcutta University, and went to Tokio, Japan, where he began a course in engineering in Tokio University. Without completing this course, he left for America, entered Leland Stanford University, and was graduated there in 1914. Since then he has lectured extensively, and has addressed groups at Leland Stanford, at Oxford, Cambridge, Leeds and other university centres at the request of educational leaders of England and America.

Mrs. John Wallace Riddle, who as Miss Theodate Pope is especially well known for her achitectural designs, particularly the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial, sees a great future for women in her chosen field and believes that they will soon offer strong competition to the leading male architects. Mrs. Riddle is the daughter of the late A. A. Pope, millionaire iron miner. She is a survivor of the *Lusitania* disaster and shortly thereafter married John Wallace Riddle, who was ambassador to Russia during the administration of President Roosevelt. She has been a generous contributor to the American Society for Psychical Research.

Major-General George O. Squier, the chief signal officer of the army, is the inventor of the new universal alphabet which is hailed as the greatest advance in the science of communication in many years, being 2.65 times faster than the Morse code. According to General Squier, the Morse code, which was invented eighty years ago, is entirely unsuited to modern telegraphy. General Squier's other lines of research have developed results of profound importance in a technical, non-spectacular way, and other nations have recognized his scientific eminence with a bundle of honors and decorations. He is a fellow of the Physical Society of London and a member of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and, at home, a member of the National Academy of Sciences, a Distinguished Service Medalist, and a frequent winner of the Franklin Medal.

Horace Mann Towner of Iowa, who has recently become Porto Rico's eighth American civil governor, succeeds to the position vacated by E. Mont Reilly, who resigned after a stormy administration during which he incurred the hostility of certain native factions. Mr. Towner was born in Illinois, but removed to Iowa and was admitted to the bar at Corning, Iowa, in 1887. For ten years he was on the bench of the Third Judicial District and he is a former president of the Iowa State Bar Association. He served continuously in the House of Representatives from 1911 until his appointment to Porto Rico. Among his legislative achievements was the introduction of the Towner-Sterling education bill to create a Federal department of education, with Secretary in the Cabinet, and to authorize Federal aid to the states for the elimination of illiteracy, for health education, and for the training of teachers.

The appointment of Marion Edward Rhodes of Missouri as assistant to Comptroller-General McCarl has been announced by President Harding. Mr. Rhodes is a former member of Congress and was chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining in the last Congress. He was born on a farm near Glen Allen, Missouri, in 1868, and was educated at the Missouri State University and at Stanberry College. He later studied law and began the practice of that profession. He is a member of the Missouri and American bar associations; was elected prosecuting attorney of Washington County in 1900 and reëlected in 1902; served one term as city attorney and one term as mayor of the city of Potosi; one term as a member of the lower house of the Missouri state legislature, and one term as a member of the Missouri state board of law examiners. He was chairman of the committee on revision of the laws that revised the Missouri statutes in 1909. He was elected to the Fifty-Ninth, Sixty-Sixth, and Sixty-Seventh Congresses as a Republican.

SPIRITUAL X-RAYS.

Gamaliel Bradford Diagnoses Seven Badly Injured Reputations of Historic Americans.

An outburst of biography showing the clay bases of heroes hitherto worshiped as men like gods has been one of the symptoms of this disillusioned and therefore too sophisticated age. But if a rational reading of the lives of uncanonized national saints is a mark of emancipation, how much more so is an unprejudiced verdict against the excommunicated? If it is liberal to admit that Washington and Lincoln were only men, it is equally liberal to vouchsafe that Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold were also men. The second is the more highly sophisticated—as well as the more sophistic—achievement. After that, imagination, unless it be H. G. Wells', balks at further intellectual liberality. If we dare admit that even in the case of Arnold—that anathemistic name—there may have been extenuating circumstances, we dare do anything; that is, we who were brought up on the conservative, hero-worshipping, traitor-damning texts of an already obsolescent era. And we still have, so potent is early education, a sneaking suspicion that heroes should be worshiped and traitors condemned. Not so the psychoanalysts, to whom saints and devils alike are reduced to their lowest common denominator, very common humanity.

"Damaged Souls" is a fine phrase and a title warranted to catch the eye of saint and sinner alike, and if when each has finished the book he is a little dubious of his own classification, why, again, so much the better—to shake self-satisfaction is one of the lesser functions of the psychiatrist. Meanwhile Gamaliel Bradford, most modern of biographers, has done his best to rebalance our conception of the good and evil that live in men. For the sake of piquancy rather than from any personal prejudice he has taken the defensive with his seven damaged souls. The subject leads to speculation and one begins to wonder with Mr. Bradford's assistance if a damaged soul isn't, after all, the result of unkind circumstances. But one's Puritanic conscience checks the impious thought with authority—a damaged soul is but a damaged soul.

Even so, Mr. Bradford maintains, some of his are more damaged than others; Arnold, our most famous traitor, for example, is by all the standards further down the slippery road than Thomas Paine. That is the popular judgment—one would rather have almost any one else's record than Benedict Arnold's. Yet, according to our liberal critic, there were many extenuating circumstances. He was slighted by Congress in the promotion to major-generalships despite Washington's frequent recommendations. During his military governorship of Philadelphia, to which Washington later appointed him, he was accused of peculation, tried by court-martial, and though he was acquitted of the main charges, was sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington for offenses. He was undoubtedly worthy of promotion in the army unless guilty of peculation, and of that he was possibly innocent. If so, it would take a larger magnanimity than Arnold's or most any other public servant's to forgive the government that had so treated him. But presumably his act was not one of revenge: there are other complications. By nature he had the qualities of leadership with which so often goes the desire to lead, to shine, at all costs. Says Bradford:

> But he was a bad financial manager, he had great needs, and all his life his sanguine temperament led him into dubious speculation, from which the path to dishonesty is too easy to travel. "In view of the light afterwards thrown upon his character, it is not unlikely that he may sometimes have availed himself of bis high position to aid these speculations," says Fiske. At any rate, his enemies thought so, and said so. Arnold himself bitterly resented the charge: "I can not but think it extremely cruel, when I have sacrificed my ease, health, and a great part of my private property in the cause of my country, to be calumniated as a robber and a thief." And when the matter was brought to formal trial, he was explicitly exonerated from wrong-doing. It must be remembered that in the complicated conditions of a great war many public officials are apt to be involved in the appearance of irregularity and everybody tends to become suspicious of everybody else. Nevertheless, where suspicion attaches to a man so constantly as Arnold, and where the circumstances of his career so strongly favor it, it is difficult not to accept it as in part founded upon fact.

But parallel with the great flaws of his character were traits usually considered great virtues:

> Through all these adventures and vicissitudes the one thing that stands out almost undisputed is Arnold's splendid, dashing personal bravery. Even here I have to say "almost," because Wilkinson insinuates that Arnold was drinking freely on the day of Saratoga, and Wayne goes further and declares that he "rarely went in way of danger but when stimulated with liquor, even to intoxication." It may be pointed out that men do not lead great naval battles when drunk. I think Washington would have said with Lincoln that if Arnold drank whisky, he should like to know the brand. And it is worth observing that in Washington's quiet comments on his leading generals he questions whether both Wayne and Wilkinson are not too friendly to the bottle. But any "almost" as to Arnold's love of fighting and his dashing, reckless exposure of limb and life may be disregarded. Not that he was wholly reckless. In his ardent youth he led an attack against the house of a well-known Tory, Dr. Peters. Peters threatened to shoot if his assailants advanced a step further, and Arnold retired. "I am no coward," he said; "but I know Dr. Peters' disposition. . . . I have no wish for death at present." Still, what one thinks of most is the self-forgetful daring which in boyhood threw itself on the whirling water-wheel and was dashed gasping over and over through the depths, and which again at Saratoga, after Gates' jealousy had deprived it of all official command, rushed upon the field and inspired the troops to the desperate charges which filled friend and enemy alike with admiring enthusiasm.

If ever single deed of man lost his soul, Arnold's was lost, but all Mr. Bradford's collection do not belong to the same category. There is the opposite and almost equally conspicuous case of Burr. It is significant that even in our namby-pamby times, when death is beginning to seem too great a penalty for any one, the greater dishonor attaches to Arnold, whose crime bore no fruits except for himself. But to return to Aaron Burr:

> You may regard his career, even more than most, as a series of big and little losses. He was born in 1756. With Jonathan Edwards as his grandfather and the president of Princeton College as his father, he might seem to have inherited an almost suffocating odor of sanctity; but he soon lost it. He lost his parents in early childhood, and he was brought up under what his Edwards uncle regretfully called "a maple-sugar government." As a mere boy, he went with Arnold to Quebec, and followed this with other military distinction; but he lost his health and the favor of Washington and with these the chance of becoming a great soldier. He practiced law successfully, but was drawn into politics and showed a wonderful gift for the seamy side of them. He lost the presidency in 1801 by a tie-vote with Jefferson and was thus shifted into that graveyard of greater hopes, the vice-presidency. He lost the governorship of New York, chiefly through the activity of his constant opponent Hamilton. Whereupon he fought and killed Hamilton and by so doing lost the respect of most respectable people. He then schemed to create an empire in the Southwest by robbing and possibly ruining his own country. He lost this vast dream hope, and though he was acquitted of treason in a famous trial, he lost what public confidence had been left to him. Money he was always losing, by extravagance, by generosity, by indifference, by windy speculation. He spent four years, from 1808 to 1812, in the most disreputable Bohemian exile in Europe, and at length crept home. Long before, he had lost a charming and beloved wife. He now lost his grandson, whom he worshiped, and the exquisite daughter who worshiped him. It might seem as if he had nothing left to lose. But he kept on for twenty-five years longer, losing what little trifles life could still take from him. At the very end he married a rich widow and lost first her money and then her affection. And before his death, in 1836, he lost even the use of his limbs. Yet in this crowding, mountainous accumulation of losses, he rarely lost his patience, and never the heaven-bestowed gift of amusing himself.

Space prevents going into the many-sided picturesqueness of Burr's *opéra comique* career. We are considering him as a soul damaged, chiefly by politics or the misuse of power. Mr. Bradford's interpretation of *his* grandiose scheme of treason is tolerant in the extreme. Still, it is plausible:

> Through all this parti-colored Odyssey what Burr really planned to accomplish still remains obscure. Probably it was obscure even to himself. I have already pointed out that he had a certain childlike love of mystery, which showed in a taste for enveloping even simple matters in cipher. His celebrated cipher letter to Wilkinson has a flavor of comic opera, though it deals with life and death. In short, he was a conspirator, as Mr. Lodge suggests, rather than a statesman, and great undertakings are not built on conspiracy. From all the conflicting and concurring pieces of evidence we gather that he dreamed of a cloudy empire, founded on the ruins of Spanish power in the Southwest, an empire that should give modern progress and civilization to those oppressed people and incidentally a glittering throne to himself, to be transmitted by inheritance to his daughter. If this seems utterly fantastic, we must remember that Napoleon was then at the top of his success, with no shadow of approaching overthrow, and that scores of military adventurers like Burr were stimulated by his example. What moves me more than all the elaborate legal testimony is one brief phrase of Theodosia's, which shows the hopes and dreams and schemes the two had talked over together. Writing later to her father in Europe, she says of difficulties affecting Mexico: "It is generally believed that we shall have trouble very soon. Thank God I am not near my subjects; all my care and real tenderness might be forgotten in the strife." It is these little touches that betray the secrets of the heart.

Burr, like Arnold, was broken on the wheel of his ambition, that wind-driven instrument, treacherous as a weathercock. We now turn to a very different figure, a man, note, who was born so high he had no need to plot dishonorably to rise. Thus do circumstances save souls. For Mr. Bradford admits and we agree that John Randolph of Roanoke was the least damaged of the lot, albeit the most injured:

> Of all this group of damaged souls John Randolph of Roanoke was in some respects the noblest; and for that very reason he seems the most pitifully and fatally damaged. A Virginian biographer calls him "the most remarkable character that this country has ever produced." Professor Channing, more moderately, speaks of him as "one of the half-dozen greatest men of his time." Even the critical Henry Adams, who bared Randolph's faults so unmercifully, describes him in his earlier and better days as "a sort of Virginian Saint Michael, almost terrible in his contempt for what seemed to him base or untrue."

Randolph, also, was a leader, but his quality of leadership was strangely dissipated by his inability to do anything of a positive nature. "His constructive statesmanship was never really tested and possibly did not exist," says his present biographer. In fact the further one probes the case of Randolph the more is he convinced that he was a case for the alienist. Bradford admits it was largely a matter of nerves. Today Randolph would have probably spent half the year at least in an expensive sanatorium. Thus does even the fourth dimension of time play its parts in the subtle destruction of souls:

> Nor was it enough for Randolph to be at odds with the whole political world about him. He was perpetually at odds with his own soul. In one of the many brilliant pages of his brilliant biography Henry Adams points out what a multiplicity of conflicts the man carried all the time within. He was a slave-holder and a lover of liberty. He was an aristocrat and a lover of democracy. He was an individualist and he worshiped the establishment of authority and power. Most fundamental of all, he was an intense conservative. It was "a great cardinal principle," he declared, "that should govern all statesmen—never, without the strongest necessity, to disturb that which was at rest." And surely this is the essence of conservatism, to hate change, to love quiet, to seek repose. But repose was about as compatible with the soul of John Randolph as with the soul of Satan.
>
> So the incorrigible quarreler kept up a constant, exhausting, devouring quarrel, even with himself. And if it be true that conflict, both external and internal, is the secret of tragedy, Randolph is one of the most truly tragic figures that the world has ever seen.

Owing also to his neurasthenic condition, Randolph was not the attractive figure that some of our other fallen angels were. The frontispiece of "Damaged Souls" shows a freakish-looking creature that might represent either an old lady or an old man, but a freak in either case. Still for all his oddity of physique, dress, manner and temper, he was not without some appeal, as the human interest writers say. He had the gift of tongues and a ready wit. And he had the strange trait of naïveté, if any element could be considered strange in his incongruous make-up:

> And one other attractive trait is recorded of him in social intimacy: "*When* alone with a friend he would not only bear with patience, but would invite a full expression of his friend's opinion on his conduct, or acts and sentiments, on any subject, either private or public." Unfortunately the list of friends with whom this trait might be manifested was shifting and variable. I have already quoted Randolph's remark that he never lost a friend. But somehow, although at different times he had numerous close associates, they all drifted away from him. Dr. Brockenborough seems to have held his attachment to the last. But men in general, however well disposed, found continued intimacy with him difficult. Yet he himself declared, perhaps with truth, that he had a passionate desire for affection. "The necessity of 'loving and being loved' was never felt by the imaginary beings of Rousseau and Byron's creation more imperiously than by myself." Only, he was too prone to blame others for not responding to such affection, when it was his own peculiar mental twist that made the response impossible. "The world has used me so ill," he writes to a young relative, "—yet why blame the world? Those from whom I have had a right to expect a very different conduct have betrayed such shameless selfishness, so bare-faced a disregard of my feelings, and of *my rights*, that, but for you, I should sink into inveterate misanthropy." *My rights* is italicized by the man himself: pity that so often undue emphasis upon our rights should account amply for a world of imagined wrongs.

Poor Randolph! His biographer calls his soul lost, but if there were any compensation in the universe he should have gone straight to paradise. We may leave him with his own most potent message to mankind: "Struggle against desponding and low spirits, and endeavor to cultivate and to cherish a cheerful, or at least, a serene, habit of mind."

Distance lends enchantment and it may be the absence of that subtle beautifier rather than any intrinsic merits of his own that imbues Benjamin Franklin Butler with less grace and interest than the foregoing damaged souls. Butler belongs rather to the genus modern politician, and if Mr. Bradford proposes to biograph them and X-ray their maculate reputations he must needs compile a biographic encyclopædia. But he has included Butler with his choice seven and so shall we. Of himself General Butler said, "I have done nothing but good, and that continually." So might any politician speak. But Butler had done some good in his life and must be credited with it:

> Disbelief in individuals, however, is perfectly compatible with a belief in the race, at any rate with love and pity for it, and above all a desire to help. Butler's merits in this direction must be recognized, and others besides himself insist upon them, though his own insistence could perhaps at times be dispensed with, and his enemies urge that here, as elsewhere, it is a little difficult to distinguish words from deeds. He did proclaim loudly his sympathy with labor, though labor asserted that he sometimes failed it at a pinch. He did perform distinct services for the negro, independent of putting into circulation the famous phrase "contraband of war." And as to mitigating the fate of prisoners, we should not overlook General Schaff's remark: "It is only due to Butler to say that no man, North or South, not one even approached him, in persistent endeavor to effect exchange and thereby save thousands of lives."

It was not Butler's heart nor even his honor in the sense that Arnold's and Burr's were that was at stake. He was just a politician:

> But it was the commercial dealings connected with his name during the war that laid the greatest burden on Butler's reputation for honesty. While he was governing New Orleans and again in eastern Virginia, an enormous speculative trade was carried on with the enemy. The government authorized this trade under strict regulations, for the sake of getting the cotton. But private individuals were supposed to profit vastly and to violate the regulations with no thought for anything but their own personal plunder. And many who were close to Butler, including his own brother and his brother-in-law, had peculiarly favorable opportunities. Observers like Denison, who were by no means unfriendly to Butler, condemned the trade in general and complained of his relation to those concerned in it. It is true that Mr. Rhodes, who criticizes Butler severely, admits that there is no absolute proof against him. "He is such a *smart* man," says Denison, "that it would, in any case, be difficult to discover what he wished to conceal." It is true that the extreme Southern accusations of theft, as to silver for instance, are utterly unfounded, though there appears to have been a lack of delicacy in the purchase of valuables at low prices wrung from the starved necessity of those who had suffered by the war. But, while nothing can be actually proved, the taint followed Butler at New Orleans and at Norfolk both. Wherever he was, there was the disreputable trade. And no other officer of his rank, North or South, is seriously accused of such transactions. It would be absurd to even suggest them with Grant or Sherman.

We are not able to lay a finger unerringly on the point from which General Butler lost his soul as we have with his predecessors. He is not really in the same category and must have been included rather for the sake of variety. Mr. Bradford's remaining three of the septet of dubious fame are John Brown, Thomas Paine, and P. T. Barnum, all interesting and various, but space prohibits diagnosis here.

DAMAGED SOULS. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 2, 1923 (five days), were $133,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $116,500,000; an increase of $17,100,000.

For the month ending May 31, 1922, $678,000,000; for the corresponding month of last year, $601,100,000; an increase of $76,900,000.

The future of business and of the stock market is in the balance, and Wall Street is waiting to see which way the scales will tip, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The pace had grown alarmingly swift, both in business and in the stock market. But a "healthy reaction" on the Stock Exchange and a cautionary slowing down of general activity in business has probably averted the serious crash that might have come had everything kept on full tilt ahead. The pause has given time for the thought to sink in that "no tree grows quite to Heaven." And once the business and speculative communities realize that there is a point beyond which they can not go with safety, the basis for a sound prosperity, under rational control, is laid.

In the business field the check to building activity came with remarkable swiftness, especially in New York City, where an immense volume of speculative building was planned. According to an estimate by S. W. Straus & Co., April permits issued in 242 principal cities and towns declined fully 16 per cent. as compared with March, revealing the first downward turn after a long period of record-breaking months. In New York City the decline was quite severe, April permits showing a drop of as much as 75 per cent. below the March level. Since it is estimated that, when costs are traced back to the origin of building materials, fully 80 per cent. of the cost of construction is represented by wages, there should be in this development a salutary warning to workers demanding unreasonable compensation. And it seems quite likely that the draft upon labor in other industries threatened for the open months of building work will be added to the list of things once feared that may not come to pass.

That the process of retarding the speed of operations in general has gone far enough to reach back to the sources of raw materials was revealed by the latest statement of unfilled orders of the Steel Corporation, which showed a decrease of about 115,000 tons. But orders are still sufficient to keep mills working at capacity for some time to come, if specifications are promptly made against all anticipated requirements now on the books.

Car loadings continue at a very high rate, showing that the movement of goods from manufacturer to retailer is still at peak volume, and railroad gross income has, consequently, held at a high level. Out of this gross a number of lines have been able to carry over substantial sums to net. Wall Street will watch closely the summer decline, when it comes, scrutinizing the movement to determine whether it indicates a check or a temporary slow-down. The railroad labor movement toward higher wages, now assuming important proportions, will also receive close attention. And, with the "crop-killing" season at hand, more thought will be given to weather maps and reports from the agricultural districts.

The most encouraging thought on the entire business situation is that threatened inflation has been checked in time to prevent dangerous ballooning. The question that remains to be settled is whether, when pressure is lifted, business will go safely and sanely ahead, or foolishly attempt to "step on the gas."

In the stock market the shake-out has undoubtedly been beneficial in restoring a stronger technical position. But the technical position is not everything. Wall Street is coming to this way of thinking with regard to the longer outlook: The sustained rise from the low levels established in the early fall of 1921 has fully discounted the rapid return to prosperity in many lines of industry. But there is one thing that has not yet been discounted; that is, the current rate of earnings. They have not been discounted because Wall Street is in doubt as to their maintenance. Given reasonable assurance that good, wholesome prosperity—not the high-pressure kind—is going to endure at least for the remainder of this year, and there would be a sound foundation for a renewed and well-sustained upward movement in several industrial and railroad stocks.

There are years in the history of finance when the trend of events is so plain that nobody can mistake it, says Alexander Dana Noyes in *Scribner's Magazine*. This description would apply to 1921, the year of reaction, and to 1922, the year of recovery. There are also years when the judgment even of experienced bankers and business men will be diametrically conflicting; when exactly opposite conclusions will be drawn and exactly opposite predictions made, on the basis of precisely the same conditions. That was the story of 1919, in whose early months financial experts who looked for sweeping reaction from the war prosperity and financial experts who looked for a "boom" of spectacular magnitude used the same facts to support their theories.

Probably 1923 will be classed hereafter with those periods in which opposite inference has been based on phenomena visible to every one and disputed by nobody. When the trade revival reached in March proportions rarely paralleled in this country, one part of the banking and business community predicted that the pace was too swift to last; that when the shortage of supplies caused by the drastic economies of the previous hard times should have been made good by hurried production at the mills, the movement would be near its end. But from another part of the community came the prophecy that this would turn out to be only the beginning of a period of wild inflation which would duplicate 1920 in the speculative "boom" and the speculative collapse.

In some of the circumstances surounding it, and particularly in the attitude taken toward it in the banking and business community, the trade revival of 1923 has from the very start been curiously unlike other episodes of the kind. In most of our past experiences recovery in business activity after a period of long depression is regarded, when it has taken definite shape, with relief and enthusiasm. It is the ending of hard times and the beginning of a new chapter of prosperity. Merchants who are entering substantial balances on the ledger in black ink instead of red, shareholders whose lately reduced or suspended dividends are restored to the former figure, labor which is now getting full-time employment—even politicians of the party in power, who knew the political value of "good times" at election day—none of these people can look at business revival except as a fortunate turn of events.

But the peculiarity of the present situation is that the great majority of financiers and business men have discussed it with a word of warning, as a possible menace to the country's welfare. Even in the earlier stages of this year's financial recovery, three or four months ago, the principal topic of financial controversy was for a time the question whether the Federal Reserve ought not arbitrarily to restrain or stop the movement of increasing business activity through putting up its discount rates or limiting the facilities of credit. This attitude has been so unusual as to indicate something equally unusual either in the business situation itself, or else in the ideas of the financial community.

Ordinarily, when revival of trade is fairly under way, the differences of opinion which arise regarding it have to do with the questions, first, whether the movement represents genuine recovery or only a false start in that direction; second, if it is real recovery, then how long it is likely to continue. In the present instance there has been little conflict of judgment over the reality of business revival; all of the accepted economic weather signs have confirmed belief in its genuineness. In 1923 they had grown emphatic enough to mean, not that the business revival was coming, but that it had arrived. The facts that in March this country's daily production of steel and iron had surpassed all previous records, that consumption of cotton as shown by the number of spindles at work in textile mills, and consumption of steel as shown by the building contracts undertaken, and that distribution of merchandise as measured by the weekly loading of railway cars was wholly unparalleled for this season of the year, were convincing in that regard.

There was, then, no ground for doubting the reality of the trade revival. As to the question of its probable duration, there is always varying opinion on that point, based on divergent views of such considerations as the condition of agriculture, the state of the foreign trade and of the other nations which buy or sell in our markets, sometimes the uncertainties of politics. In the present case, the problem both of duration of the trade revival and of its character in its subsequent stages has been discussed in the light of the doubt and suspicion of which I have already spoken.

There may be said to have been three distinct and conflicting views taken of the present business revival in this country. One was that it represents resumption of the normal forward movement of American prosperity, which was interrupted by the necessary readjustment of trade and industry after the war, but whose continuance now should be limited only by the development of the country's resources and the available facilities of credit. Another was that the trade recovery, which began in the middle of 1922 and reached something like a culmination last March, was a normal movement, but temporary in proportion to its rapidity; that it represented replenishment of supplies after the underproduction and diminished purchases during the depression of 1921; and that it was bound to come to some kind of halt when production had once more overtaken normal consumption.

The third view of the business revival was that it was surrounded by dangerous probabilities; that in character it is an "inflation boom," based on lavish and increasingly reckless use of the huge fund of unemployed credit which had come to exist in this country and which was typified by the immense surplus reserves of the Federal banking system. This judgment of the matter had as a corollary the probability of a highly speculative exploiting of the country's trade, the extravagant bidding up of prices, the hoarding of merchandise with a view to creating higher prices, the establishment of an artificially high wage scale, and, eventually, a crash like that of the autumn of 1920. To avert this dangerous sequence of events, it was argued almost at the beginning of the year that the Federal Reserve ought to intervene at once, publicly and emphatically, to prevent such use of credit.

The Federal Reserve took no such step. What people who urged intervention had in mind was evidently the action of 1919 and 1920, when, at the climax of the period's highly speculative "boom," the New York Reserve Bank advanced its rediscount rate on certain classes of loans from 4 per cent. to 4¾ on November 3, 1919, subsequently raising the general rate to 6 per cent. on January 22, 1920, and to 7 on May 29th of the same year. The last-named rate remained in force almost exactly a year, during which period the sweeping movement of "deflation" in credit, trade, and industry ran its course. Between May 5, 1921, and June 21, 1922, the New York bank made successive reductions which brought the rediscount rate to 4 per cent.

This was the lowest; in fact, even the 4 per cent. rate was fixed only by the reserve banks at New York, Boston, and San Francisco. With the other nine reserve banks 4½ per cent. was the period's minimum. When the rapid expansion of trade in the early weeks of the present year brought larger demands for credit from the business community, the three reserve banks with the lower rate advanced it from 4 per cent. to 4½ in February, and this at the time created in a good many minds the impression that a general moving up of rediscount rates, similar to that of 1920, had at last begun.

But the impression was mistaken. No reserve bank except those three made any change, and it was presently evident that they had raised their rate for money to the level of the other nine banks in the system merely because, with the larger nation-wide requisition

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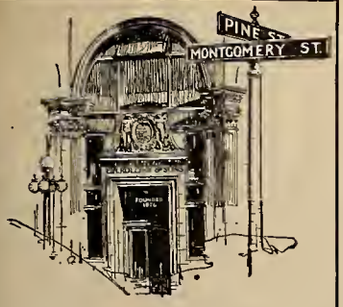
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of commercial credits, the existence of a lower bank rate at New York, Boston, and San Francisco had thrown on those market a disproportionate share of the requisitions. At the New York bank, for instance, the total of rediscounts had increased $149,000,000 between the end of 1922 and the middle of last February—the amount outstanding being doubled—whereas rediscounts in the rest of the reserve system had in the same period decreased $125,000,000, or something like 25 per cent. The establishment of a uniform 4½ per cent. rate had the intended result of equalizing the pressure on the twelve reserve banks; by April the New York bank's rediscounts had been reduced $83,000,000 from the high February total, while rediscounts elsewhere in the system had risen to the end-of-December figure.

But beyond this equalizing process, the reserve banks made no move. To the contention that they ought to raise their rates further in order to check the "inflation boom" it was answered, first, that the borrowing from the reserve banks was entirely normal in character and magnitude. By the end of April rediscounts at the New York banks and in the reserve system as a whole were practically the same as at the end of 1922; for the system, they had actually been reduced some 10 per cent. as compared with earlier weeks of 1923. The Federal Reserve Board pointed out in its April bulletin that credit extended by the reserve banks, as measured by rediscounts and investments, was less than a year before.

A decision of great importance to electric power development in California is that by which the Supreme Court of the United States has declined the right of the city of Los Angeles to condemn certain lands and water rights on Owens River belonging to the Southern Sierras Power Company, and used by that company in its business of supplying electricity to a number of southern counties of the state, ranging to and including the Imperial Valley.

The suit in question was filed in February, 1920, by the municipality of Los Angeles to condemn these properties in order that the municipality might take water out of the Owens River channel and use it in connection with the power and water system which now supplies the southern metropolis. At the time the suit was filed the Southern Sierras Power Company did not have a power plant on the properties in question, but subsequently erected one near Owens Lake in Inyo County, and that plant is now one of the chain operated by the company in the course of its everyday business. The company resisted the suit, but lost in the United States District Court, where Judge Van Fleet instructed the jury that the public use to which the municipality of Los Angeles proposed to put the properties in dispute was more necessary than any to which the privately-owned utility was appropriating or intending to appropriate them. Under Judge Van Fleet's instructions the jury decided in favor of Los Angeles and fixed the value of the lands and water rights at $500,000.

The Southern Sierras Power Company appealed to the United States Circuit Court and on November 6th last the court, consisting of Judges Morrow, Gilbert, and Hunt, reversed the decision of the district court and decided that Judge Van Fleet's instructions to the jury were erorneous, that no showing had been made that the public use of a municipality corporation such as the city of Los Angeles was more necessary than that of a utility, privately owned, serving other cities. This time the City of Los Angeles took the appeal, only to have its petition dismissed by the United States Supreme Court at Washington, the decision being rendered Monday, May 21st.

The highest judicial trihunal of the country holds that a municipal corporation has no right to condemn property to its own use which is already being devoted to the public use of other municipal corporations, even though by a privately-owned public utility.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., announce that the first mortgage 6½ per cent. gold bonds of the Earl Fruit Company are now ready for delivery in definitive form. Holders of the temporary certificates may obtain their permanent bonds by presenting the former at any of the offices of the above-mentioned investment firms.

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The Potomac Edison Company owns and operates the entire electric power and light business in the city of Cumberland and the surrounding territory, comprising a steam electric generating station of 12,000 horsepower, high-tension transmission lines and a distributing system serving a population of approximately 60,000.

The company has under construction at Williamsport, Maryland, a modern steam electric generating plant designed for an ultimate capacity of over 240,000 horsepower. An initial installation of 20,000 horsepower is substantially complete and will be leased to The Potomac Public Service Company. The lease will he dated May 1, 1923, will extend beyond the maturity of these bonds, and will provide for monthly payments at a minimum annual net rental of $300,000.

The annual report of the New York Telephone Company for 1922 shows net profits of $16,969,832 after charges and taxes as compared with $13,244,543 for 1921, a gain of 28 per cent., according to Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s investment bulletin. The company spent for improvement during 1922 the sum of $63,000,000, and it is estimated that $300,000,000 will be required in the next five years for the proposed extensions of lines.

With the granting of an exclusive franchise for the distrihution of natural gas for heating, lighting, and industrial purposes to the Northwestern Utilities Company, Ltd., Edmonton, Canada, a city of 60,000 people, is about to lose the doubtful distinction that has attached to it of heing the largest municipality in either the United States or Canada without a natural or artificial gas system.

In its industrial development, importance as a railroad centre, and richness of the agricultural territory behind it, Edmonton, the capital of Alherta, occupies a position parallel to that of Sacramento, California's capital.

Construction of the new public utility is expected to materially stimulate the growth of the city. Nine producing wells now operating have open flow capacity of over 36,000,000 cubic feet per day. The showing of oil in certain of these wells indicated future oil production. Gas and oil rights covering 200 square miles of territory are comprehended in the franchise.

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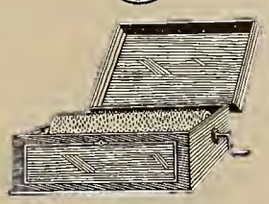
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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Paradise for Physicists.

Men Like Gods. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

H. G. Wells' latest outline of socialism, "Men Like Gods," is calculated to convert the most hard-boiled of imperialists, royalists, republicans, democrats and journalists into citizens of Utopia. Mr. Wells, as all the world knows, is a Utopian—that is why he is not quite at home among us. His dimensions or rotations or something are different. He has just been on a month's holiday home to Utopia and is still suffering from nostalgia for the glass roads, tame tigers and great silences of the speechless Utopians. He now tells the world all about it through the sympathetic device of Mr. Barnstaple. Mr. Barnstaple is a typically unattractive overworked Wellsian hero who has been accidentally rotated—one gets almost as fond of that word as Mr. Wells or the Utopians—into our sister universe. This is no Jules Verne journey to the inside of our own planet nor flight to the moon à la Bergerac, although one is persistently and pleasantly reminded of Alice in Wonderland, especially during Mr. Barnstaple's fall through the rock chimney. No, it is real scientific, dimensional stuff. The Utopians, it is true, didn't recognize the dimensional explanation, which they thought rather complicated. Theirs was simpler—they were merely rotating some Utopian matter through outer space and lo, Mr. Barnstaple and two other parties of holiday motorers, among whom is an amusing caricature all too suggestive of Lord Balfour, were the result, the unwelcome result as it turned out. After several weeks of infection, insurrection, quarantine, and rotation, the "eartblings" are returned whence they come, by the simple method of reversing the experiment that had brought them there.

So much for the story, which, with the exception of a few strains on one's credulity, is entertainment superior to the usual cinema show. But Mr. Wells, however anxious he is to give his capsule a smooth, sweet surface easy for children and imperialists alike to swallow, would not be content with such a reading merely. One must regard "Men Like Gods" philosophically. It is Mr. Wells' dream of what this earthly civilization may become in ten thousand or a hundred thousand years of persistent scientific effort and right-mindedness. Mr. Wells' dream, we said, and it is exactly that—a concrete projection of the desires of H. G. Wells. He might, one bitterly reflects while sojourning in Utopia, have left a little margin, even of error according to Wellsian lights, for other people's taste. What sort of Utopia would it be minus dogs and horses, which Mr. Wells has abolished along with other anti-Wellsian tastes?—no Englishman's Utopia, anyway. How does Mr. Wells get that way? One sympathizes with the views of Rupert Catskill, the secretary of state for war, which were generally that life in Utopia was too placid to be worth while. A little friction now and then stimulates the best of men. But not so Mr. Wells, Mr. Barnstaple, his mouthpiece, and the other Utopians. Life is sufficiently thrilling in the most idyllic Utopias if you only know how to rotate it properly. One expects to see magazine ads soon offering six weeks' courses in rotation—money back if you do not achieve thereby the fine art of living. Well, every man to his own Utopia. The absence of flu and other noxious germs would be an improvement, certainly, but perfection—not even static, but continuously rotating toward greater perfection—would pall. We call Mr. Wells' attention to the fact that values are not absolute—has not Einstein taught us that? Comfort, leisure, beauty, serenity, only exist by contrast with their opposites. R. G.

A Commonplace Epic.

Anthony John. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

Man is made up of many men, so it is not surprising that Jerome K. Jerome should have written two such different books as "Three Men in a Boat" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The first has been a delight, the second has stimulated thought, and through the medium of the dramatized version has extended its message.

This last book is neither as merry as the "Three Men" nor as convincing as the "Passing of the Third Floor Back." It breathes an idealism that might be more impressive in briefer form and smaller doses. It is a study of a man's life, beginning with his first breath—a commonplace story of an uncommon man, rising out of obscurity, climbing the road to power; until, like the King of France, having marched up the hill he then marches down again. In short, he found himself up against a blank wall. He saw but one way out and had the courage to take it; and however that courage may awaken admiration, it is safe to say it will incite few to follow.

Popular Ornithology.

Birds of the Pacific Coast. By Willard Ayres Eliot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.

Amateur naturalists of Western America will want to possess themselves of this excellent handbook of birds common to the Pacific Coast states and British Columbia. Mr. Eliot's book is not so much for the study or class room as the field, the charming colored plates by Bruce Horsfal supplying an adequate guide to identification of the one hundred and eighteen birds, briefly and scientifically accounted for. A valuable reference feature is a systematic synopsis of living North American birds to, and including, the families. Incidentally, many of the birds described may be found as far east as the Rocky Mountains and some as far as the Mississippi Valley, but it is a noteworthy fact that the characteristic Western birds vary considerably from the Eastern species. A conspicuous difference is that among the strictly Western birds migratory habits do not seem to be so pronounced as among birds of the same family on the Atlantic coast—a fact which would tend to explode Hudson's polar theory of migration. As the field of bird literature has been very much more worked in the East than here, a popular book on Western birds is particularly needed—the want easily to be filled by "Birds of the Pacific Coast."

More Sex.

Tragedies of Sex. By Frank Wedekind. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

Because of the present revolutionary wave in regard to the social code in civilized communities, Frank Wedekind's fearful dramas, formerly banned, suspect, accurst, now express in some degree the scorn of the young generation for the acquiescers in the world war, and all the false ideals preceding it, that made their sufferings possible.

Wedekind is, or was—he died during the war—a free-thinking materialist who believed in showing up humanity for what it is—or can be.

Stronger stomachs in Continental readers enable them to read these plays without experiencing the healthy revolt of the Anglo-Saxon, who has not so highly developed a taste for rooting in the slime of human nature at its worst, the themes and motives used belonging to the pathologist's study.

An Inferior Complexity.

The Things We Are. By John Middleton Murry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

Three excellent patients for the psychoanalysts and Dr. Coué supply the characters and plot of Mr. Murry's novel, of which one wonders who is represented by the second person plural of the title. The lady in the case does not know which of the two other patients requires the lesser effort to annex, and each of the men, doubtful of his own worth, is handsomely eager to relinquish his claim to the other. Three victims of the inferiority complex which represent, the English reviews tell us, post-war England. One wonders how far the microscopic school of fiction will go, and this means microscope in its pathological function of studying anemic nerves and morbid brain cells. Doubtless it is courageous to face the truth. If post-war England is populated by ghostly phantoms whose inanition is their most remarkable character, something ought to be done about it, but as artistic material it is a bit decadent. Doubtless, also, this is a very American reaction, but even in our national sanctuary life is weary and boresome enough without being inflicted with ennui vicariously. Mr. Murry probably has not, by temperament, the gusto and bluster of a Conrad or Wells, and does not care to cultivate it, which is well. But he ought to take something as an antidote against decadence. We have a youthful American preference for masculine men—not such as who are "more like a woman than a man really, more like a child than either"—and feminine women.

Mystery in the West Indies.

Black, White and Brindled. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The living melodrama of the West Indies makes excellent material for Mr. Phillpotts' macabre type of yarn. The goriness of his last mystery story was not so convincing considering its apparently refined and intelligent characters. But anything goes among the black, white, and brindled, particularly the brindled, population of the West Indies. We have here a characteristic Phillpotts murder story, "The Three Dead Men," with an ex-

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tremely ingenious dénouement. But mystery is not predominant in the new volume, most of whose short stories are notable rather for local color. The story, "The Styx," partly because it is laid in that earthly paradise, St. Thomas, is perhaps the most artistic and most readable of the assortment.

Architecture for All.

THE BUNGALOW BOOK. By Charles E. White, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.25.

House-building books have a strong appeal, and "The Bungalow Book" will interest many besides those about to build. Mr. Charles White, who has already written a book on "Successful Homes and How to Build Them," has given in this "Bungalow Book" a wealth of instruction and suggestion. The prospective builder finds in it answers to many of his problems and questions, and while one reader turns at once to Page 113, dealing with "The Illumination Problem," another will pore over the chapter on "Electric Housekeeping," and still another will delight in the chapter on "Gardening and Landscaping." There are a number of interesting pictures, from shingled bungalows to large brick structures, and to bungalows of the adapted Spanish type.

The book is a small storehouse of facts and is full of details too often overlooked in more pretentious works.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Hal G. Evarts, author of "Tumbleweeds," once kept a silver-fox ranch in a remote corner of Oregon.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, the author of nearly threescore and ten novels, whose latest was "The Seven Conundrums" (Little, Brown & Co.), has written one (count 'em) scenario for the moving pictures.

B. M. Bower, author of "The Voice at Johnnywater," owns and manages a silver-lead-copper mine in Nevada.

Charles G. Norris and his wife bave gone to New York to witness the screen production of Mr. Norris' "Brass: A Novel of Marriage," at the Strand Theatre. Striking "stills" from this screen version illustrate a new edition of this popular novel published by E. P. Dutton & Co., who were also tbe publishers of Mr. Norris' former novel, "Salt; or, The Education of Griffith Adams."

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker has presented to Princeton University Library a valuable collection of war books, manuscript notes, reports, photographs, etc. The collection was made by Herbert Adams Gibbons during the European war, at the peace conference, and later in the Near East. There are 1107 books in the collection.

Jeffery Farnol, author of "Peregrine's Progress," once worked at a forge in a Birmingham foundry, and later was a scene painter in the Astor Theatre, New York.

Notwithstanding the publication by the Macmillan Company of the volume "As I Was Saying," by Burgess Johnson, the Marshall Jones Company has come forward with a "sheaf of essays and discourses" by Horace J. Bridges, grouped together under the same title. Mr. Bridges has some very pertinent things to say in regard to Samuel Butler, George Eliot, Mark Twain, Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, Mrs. Gerould and Mr. Edison, not to mention his mildly murderous onslaught on James Harvey Robinson, reviler of Kant and Plato, and his much-discussed "Mind in the Making."

Henry C. Rowland, of "Duds" and "Mile High" fame, is the author of a new mystery novel, "The Return of Frank Clamart," which Harper & Brothers have recently published. The plot hinges upon the Drug Ring and is said to be as gripping as the action in Mr. Rowland's other novels.

Marie Jacques, whose book on French cookery, "Colette's Best Recipes," Little, Brown & Co. published May 9th, was a writer of articles on cooking, without brilliant success, before the world war. Then she worked in the kitchen of a large establishment in a central munition town in England during the war, and after it cooked for a year in a summer home for girls in the north of France. When she started writing cookery articles again they were an instantaneous success.

Susan Ertz' novel, "Madame Claire," just published by D. Appleton & Co., is "a book to be praised in the highest terms, and its literary qualities are to be recommended without reservation," says the Boston *Herald*. This paper also declares that "the pleasant taste that it leaves the reader is wholly undiluted and untainted." The New York *Times* says: "One can not help thinking that Susan Ertz, the author, is a charming lady. The mirror our author bolds up to nature is a magic mirror. It reflects only the things that clean and well-bred persons care to see or think about." That there is a large audience of book readers who are glad to find such a novel is indicated by the popularity which the publishers report it is enjoying.

A new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith is promised for spring publication by E. P. Dutton & Co., under the title "The End of the House of Alard." It is said to make another of her intimate, realistic studies of modern life in the south of England, dealing this time with a matter that is revolutionizing the England of centuries and giving poignant experiences to many English families—the difficulty of supporting landed estates on failing incomes.

Miss Ivy Maddison, perhaps the best-known rider of show horses in America, bas written a book on "Riding Astride for Girls" (Holt), which promises to become a standard manual. Each phase of riding is carefully explained in a simple, direct style.

Charles Scribner's Sons will issue in the early fall a special gift edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward," illustrated in color by C. Bosseron Chambers. The new edition will be one of the Scribner Series of Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers. In the past N. C. Wyeth has usually contributed an illustrated edition to this series every year. He is now at work on important mural paintings, however, and it is announced that no book illustrated by him will appear in 1923. Mr. Chambers, in addition to his work as an illustrator, is a portrait painter of distinction as well as brilliant mural decorator.

Solomon Bulkley Griffin, author of "People and Politics: Observed by a Massachusetts Editor," was first baseman on tbe successful Mutual baseball club of Berkshire County, back in 1872, before he began his forty-eight years of service with the Springfield *Republican*.

A bronze tablet is to be fixed to tbe tulip poplar tree by the steps leading up to tbe "Wren's Nest," so intimately associated with the life and works of Joel Chandler Harris. It was of this poplar tree that Mr. Harris once said, "Let this tree be my memorial." The presentation of the tablet will take place while the National Federation of Women's Clubs hold their annual meeting, whicb this year will be in Atlanta. Chief Justice Hughes is expected to make the address.

A. Kingsley Porter, professor of fine arts at Harvard, is traveling abroad with Bernhard Berenson, the celebrated art critic, after completing his stupendous work on "Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads," just published by the Marshall Jones Company. Consisting of one volume of text and nine volumes of illustrations, this is the most comprehensive record of French Romanesque sculpture thus far available.

Leo E. Miller, the naturalist and explorer who accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his South American expedition, has recently publisbed another story for boys and young men, "Adrift on the Amazon" (Scribners), which reflects his experiences and observations there. Other stories by Mr. Miller are "In the Tiger's Lair," "The Hidden People," and "The Black Phantom," all which have a South American setting. He was one of a group which separated from the Roosevelt party and explored the Gy-Parana River, while the colonel explored the unknown river which later was named for him.

New Books Received.

THE CONTROL OF WAGES. By Walton Hamilton and Stacy May. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.50.

Discussing a fundamental economic problem.

BEE-KEEPING FOR ALL. By Tickner Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A manual of honey-craft.

THE DÉBUTANTE. By Edna Walker Malcoskey. New York: E. P. Dulton & Co.; $2.

A novel.

BAROQUE. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

A mystery story.

THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.90.

A mystery story.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY. By Ernest McCullough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

What it is—what it does—what should be done with it.

SONGS OF THE SILENCE. By F. L. Holmes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.75.

Verse.

A New Book Shop.

San Francisco is to have another book shop. Harry W. Wyckoff and Léon Gelber, formerly of the White House, announce their opening as dealers in new and rare books, at 336 Sutter Street, above Grant Avenue. Their collection will include fiction, art, drama, poetry, architecture, biography, psychology, and a varied selection of first editions and autographed volumes.

A Mood.

I am grown weary of permitted things
And weary of the care-emburdened age—
Of any dusty lore of priest and sage
To which no memory of Arcadia clings;
For subtly in my blood at evening sings
A madness of the faun—a choric rage
That makes all earth and sky seem but a cage
In which the spirit pines with cheated wings.

Rather by dusk for Lilith would I wait
And for a moment's rapture welcome death,
Knowing that I had baffled Time and Fate,
And feeling on my lips, that died with day
As sense and soul were gathered to a breath,
The immortal, deadly lips that kissing slay.

—*From George Sterling's "Selected Poems." Published by Henry Holt & Co.*



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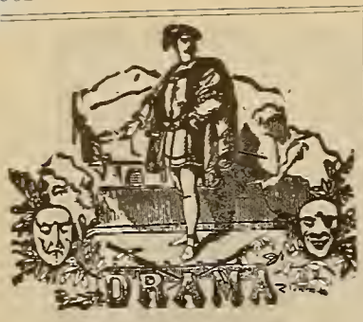
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THE GREEK TRAGEDY.

The spectacle alone of Greek tragedy is always impressive; and in the Anglin productions at the Greek Theatre every detail that can enhance the classic suggestion and minister to our æsthetic enjoyment is attended to by an expert in this line; for again Miss Anglin engaged the services of that infallibly tasteful artist Livingston Platt.

As before, there were the great bronze doors in the centre, behind which our imagination conceives the interior of a stately palace wherein terrible emotions rage, and afflicting scenes are played out to their dolorous conclusion; as, in "Hippolytus," the self-inflicted death of the tragically amorous queen.

Mr. Platt had the same arrangement contrived with stage structures that looked like stone beautiful with foliage, at the two extremes of the stage, as before. A new feature, however, was presented by setting up the two colossal statues of the rival goddesses, Artemis, the Greek correspondent to the chaste Diana, being on one side, and Aphrodite, goddess of love, on the other.

A beautiful effect was secured by having the lovely votaries of the respective goddesses light torches which were thrust in the plinth of the statues; torches which flickered, and, in conjunction with the lights cast upon the imposing Greek stage, made beautiful shadows, valuable in their suggestion of mystery.

Offerings were made to the two goddesses, their votaries wearing colors appropriate to the character of the cool-blooded Artemis and the voluptuous Aphrodite.

Then a more animated scene was presented. The huntsmen, followers of Hipoplytus, returned from the chase, their attendants leading the hounds. And while the youths laid their offering at the feet of the chaste goddess, the votaries of warm-blooded Aphrodite laid fruit and flowers on her altar, and released, as tribute to her charm and influence, a couple of doves; of which more anon.

So far so good. Hippolytus, played by Boyd Erwin, was a fine young Greek; handsome, graceful, and shapely: a fitter object for a voluptuous woman's eyes of desire than Theseus, although Henry Mowbray invested the figure of the king with dramatic beauty and kingly dignity.

Both men made the long and ponderous passages of the tragedy carry over well; their deeper voices and the heightened emotions they conveyed assisting them in investing their utterances with a more human touch.

A fortunate selection was made when Irving Pichel was chosen for the rôle of the henchman of Hipoplytus, who, in a speech of terrific length, describes his master's death. Mr. Pichel held the attention of the audience in spite of some causes for distraction.

Miss Anglin made an impressive entrance similar to that of Mme. Bernhardt, when she played in Racine's "Phèdre" at the Greek Theatre some years ago.

Of course, the sympathies we extend toward these darkly tragic figures of the Greek drama are not as fresh, human, and spontaneous as with plays of our own time and people. But in some of them—"Iphigenia in Aulis," for instance—our emotions were pleasurably affected, especially in "Iphigenia," by the dolor of that young and tender figure.

But in spite of the queen's frightful sufferings, manifested by bodily feebleness, wasting grief, a consuming inward fire which was allowed no outward vent, and sharp, raucous cries of agony, our sympathies remained unaffected.

It wasn't because of the love of Phedra for Hippolytus being incestuous; for there was no tie of blood between the two. I think it must have been the nature of Phedra's passion. It was so purely physical in its devastating expression that it repelled. And even the remorse she felt at her disloyalty to her royal husband did not soften us. In fact the physical robustness of Phedra's emotions, whether of love, or wrath, or revenge, diminished the poetic quality of their appeal. All this in spite of the fact that Phedra was so much better in morals than the guilty wife who embarks on a secret intrigue. For she felt a horror of her secret longings equal in poignancy to her love.

Keith Wakeman did well with the taxing rôle of the much-tried nurse, and Virginia Howell as the leader of the chorus read her lines in a fine, sonorous, musical voice; one of the best female voices in the cast. Indeed, a regrettable number of the voices of the women principals had that wiry edge which seems to hint at over-rehearsal; or else unnecessary straining, when one considers the excellent acoustic qualities of the Greek Theatre.

To sum up, I should say that the pictorial impressiveness of the performance was so great that if it had been acted in pantomime we would have reveled in the classic beauty of the scenes presented: the graceful postures, the composition of one beautiful group after another as they dissolved and re-formed, the classically draped maidens expressing their sympathetic sorrow by the most lovely of poses in living friezes against the stone background, while Phedra's passion-torn body perpetually delivered itself to the abandonment of woe. If we had witnessed merely the visualization of the tragedy, so beautifully was it conveyed as a spectacle, I can not imagine any one going away dissatisfied. Indeed, I find that, except for Miss Anglin's Phedra, it is the tragedy in a series of exquisitely composed pictures that leaves the dominating impression.

The music, composed by Arthur Fischer especially for Margaret Anglin to use in her presentation of "Hippolytus," was in keeping with the emotional trend of the tragedy, an orchestra under the leadership of Winthrop Sargent rendering the incidental music with the sinister impressiveness due to the theme.

Gilbert Murray's translation of the Euripidean tragedy was used, but it is a rhymed version, and somehow the rhymes seemed an intrusion on such a somhre theme. Blank verse would have been more in keeping.

The action of the play was continuous, so that the audience was obliged to restrain its various emotions until the end of the performance, when the younger enthusiasts had a perfectly gorgeous time letting loose in huzzas and shouts on the still night air.

I forgot to say that the audienec was of the usual and always imposing mammoth size, I forgot also to put in the usual pretty talk: the blue dome of night sky, twinkling stars, rustling foliage, etc. But having repeatedly done my duty in that respect during previous Greek tragedy representations, I beg off this time. We always enjoy it, and the feeling of breathing pure air in a multitude. But oh Diabolus, how we needed our wraps!

I note, by the way, that Samuel Hume, director of the Greek Theatre, has secured from Jane Cowl, who is due to wind up her cross-country tour in "Romeo and Juliet" at San Francisco, a promise to appear in that tragedy in the Greek Theatre; a novel condition under which to view that favorite play of youth that will attract thousands.

COMIC RELIEF

It is ticklish business to introduce animals of any save the human species on the stage for any length of time. A beautiful, glossy horse in a racing drama, with the saucy heroine, dressed like a jockey, applying enviable kisses to his velvet muzzle and feeding him with lumps of sugar; that's all right. For in time the unprancing steed will be quietly and firmly led away.

You will notice that neither the faithful old mastiff nor the perky young terrier, after creating the necessary diversion, are allowed to stay on the stage. They, too, after a little, are banished into the outer darkness.

I have seen a barn interior love scene in rural drama quite spoiled by introducing into the scene the dangerous local color created by some fowls. I suppose they were doped, but not quite dopily enough. At any rate, their plump immobility was presently broken.

With one accord the audience, shamelessly abandoning to their unsympathized-with woe the parting lovers, concentrated on the beady-eyed fowls. With absorbed attention they watched the cock swell out his chest, and absorbed the exciting spectacle of two hens picking up some grains of wheat; which they wouldn't have glanced at if seen in their neighbor's back yard.

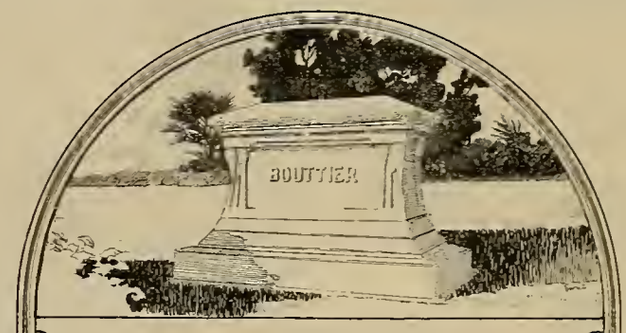
But at such moments in the theatre we all become children in our interest in anything that threatens to break up the gravity of the meeting.

So it was the other night in "Hippolytus." When a couple of white doves were released as a votive offering to Aphrodite the insensate birds should have perceived it was their duty to fly over the balustrade and disappear. Instead, if you'll believe me, with pernicious inquisitiveness they stayed on the scene and proceeded to investigate.

When they had first done their duty so nobly and flown high up they should have been lured further to a cage containing a tempting banquet of dead bugs, worms sauté and such species of grain as doves affect. This scheme should have been carefully rehearsed, the doves having previously been denied their regular fodder.

Fatal—well, nearly fatal—mistake!

Having remained in the white light of publicity, they found they liked it. By the mercy of heaven one of them finally strolled idly



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The new reservoir will occupy an entire block of Stanford Heights, and will have a capacity of five million gallons. It will be tapped by a 16-inch pipeline.

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The recent refinancing of Spring Valley's $22,000,000 debt permits the Company thus to concentrate on the needed development of the water supply according to the programme set forth by the Railroad Commission, and agreed to by the City and this Company.

SPRING VALLEY WATER COMPANY

through the exit, but the other one, a bird of an inquiring disposition, firmly and permanently remained on the scene. It strolled up and down, surveyed the orchestra, paid it an inquiring visit, took an occasional short flight, and, in short, selfishly—metaphorically speaking—grabbed the stage centre.

There was a great deal of youth in the audience. And don't believe for a moment that the irreverent gaze of youth renounced a live comedy for a dead tragedy.

That pigeon was supplying comic relief, and everybody waited for the climax.

And did it come? It did; overwhelmingly. Phedra's nurse, overcome by the tongue-bastinado given by her royal mistress, lay supine and motionless for a long time. (I hoped, oh, *how* I hoped there was a warm rug between her and the cold stone; but I could not see.)

Youth, irreverent, fun-loving youth, hoped that the bird would intensify the fun of the situation by hopping on the recumbent form of the nurse. Maturity, grieving to realize the menace to the tragedy that lay in the situation, hoped that it wouldn't.

But the accursed bird not only hopped up and took a stroll along the miniature mountain range that invited it, but went the full limit. When it reached the unfortunate recliner's neck—happily she lay face down—every living soul in the theatre was asking himself and herself the question, "Will it hop up on her head?"

Would it? For that inquisitive dove—or pigeon—would hop and explore anything. Fortunately at this moment, when laughter swept the theatre and the mood of tragedy was threatened, there was some diversion. There was movement, and the breaking up of groups. Also, the luckless recumbent recovered from her grief-stricken torpor. She rose, and the dove, with masterly poise disentangling its claws from her hair, flew away to some other point of exploration.

In the Shakespearean tragedies dear old Bill supplies us with comic relief in the shape of "Hamlet" grave-diggers and "Macbeth" porters. But no comic relief is permissible in Greek tragedy. If you want it, import live animals on the stage and you'll be next door to sure that you'll get it; and perhaps more of it than you want.

I am sorry that Stephen Leacock—irreverent scoffer at the devout moods attendant on college Greek tragedies—was not there. Wickedly he would have enjoyed it. Remorselessly he would have introduced it into a travesty.

This sounds as if I were not sorry that that two-legged piece of pernicious curiosity happened. But I was; I am. Only, who could resist the invitation to laughter? I saw a grave professor nearly bursting his boiler in his effort to restrain his unseemly mirth. But I felt myself a queer mixture of appreension and amusement. It was really terrifying to see the tragedy so seriously threatened. So I repeat: Beware of the artless animal let loose on the stage.

FARCE AT THE ALCAZAR.

"The Nervous Wreck" is a farce by Owen Davis which has a capital first act. A young lady, daughter of a Montana rancher, is running away from a tyrannical dad in a tired-looking flivver. Gasoline gives out. Along comes a resplendent black and red car exhaling an aroma of American millions.

The flivver stops the way. Millionaire's car can not get by. Wrathy millionaire. Polite flivver man requests loan of gasoline. Wrathy millionaire prefers a counter request that flivver man go to the devil. Flivver man declines the invitation, and succeeds in prying loose a can of gasoline; how, the theatre-goer should find out for himself.

This is the idea, I should judge, upon which Owen Davis planned his play; this and the idea of making a finicky, nervous man a model of resource and intrepidity when trouble threatens.

The rest of the play has plenty of bustle, clatter, and numerous funny situations. But the piece is not well knit because, after that original first act, the farce is machine-made by a writer who has written so many plays of divers kinds that when inspiration flickers out experience walks in and does the job; but with merely mechanical expertness.

Charles Ruggles is starred in the piece, and does his part amusingly, with the casual air appropriate to a semi-invalid immersed in his pills, and quite unconscious that he is really a movie hero. His humor is of the quiet, unassertive kind, but it tells. In contrast are given several characters—the millionaire, the ranch manager, and the ranch foreman—who are required to be fatiguingly noisy.

Nana Bryant makes good in the part of the willful ranch girl, and Thomas Chatterton demonstrates his versatility by giving a wild Western flavor to the character of the picturesque Sheriff. One wonders that a ranch girl could resist him.

At the end of the play, which became long-drawn-out, although the audience went on laughing, we realized, as it was 11:30, that the author was altogether too ingenious, and could easily have dispensed with some unnecessary padding.

However, he did so well with the first act that motorists will pass the word gleefully along, and that act alone will attract them.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Century.

San Francisco will be the first city in which Mrs. Wallace Reid's film, "Human Wreckage," will be shown. This document of the narcotic menace comes to the Century Theatre on Saturday afternoon.

"Human Wreckage" was produced under the supervision of Mrs. Reid, and directed by John Griffith Wray. Mrs. Reid will deliver a short talk at each performanec on the Century stage. Supporting Mrs. Reid in the cast of the story will be found James Kirkwood, Bessie Love, Robert McKim, Claire McDowell, Harry S. Nothrup and others.

At the Curran.

Helen MacKellar, who has shone on Broadway for five season, and played all last year as Manette Fachard in Langdon McCormick's thrilling drama of the Canadian woods, "The Storm," opens a short engagement of one week at the Curran Theatre supported by her own company.

Miss MacKellar took the trip direct from New York to appear on the Pacific Coast. She has youth, beauty, and magnetism, so much so that the play is being translated into French and she is to go to Paris to appear as Manette with her French-Canadian patois. The play is in four acts and has three exciting scenes: a blinding blizzard sweeping over the cabin in the woods; a forest fire, which for realism has not been approached on any stage and was the outstanding hit of the long New York run; and a fourth-act scene showing the glowing embers and blackened stumps of the forest primeval, with the fire dying away in the far distance in smoke and intermittent flame. The engagement is for one week only and there will be a special popular-priced matinée Wednesday.

Blanche Bates as Medea.

Henry Miller has given us many notable examples of his art as a producer of modern plays, but he has now ventured into modernized Greek tragedy by the presentation of Blanche Bates as a tragedienne in the great tragic rôle of Medea in "The Golden Fleece," Thomas Broadhurst's adaptation of the original tragic poem, which bore the title of the leading female rôle.

The story concerns the events growing out of the romantic voyage of Jason after the Golden Fleece, and these are replete with cupidity, ambition, love, hate and revenge. This important rôle will be played by Robert Warwick, whom Mr. Miller has lured away from his own starring tour for that especial purpose. Although the character is not one that would be selected for a matinée idol to play, it demands a commanding presence and a forceful tragic temperament, with which Mr. Warwick is especially fitted.

Henry Miller and his company of stars will also appear in other supporting rôles, and in addition several other artists of local repute have been specially engaged.

The production will be the most ambitious and expensive of Mr. Miller's career as an extravagant producer, and architects, consulting artists, scene painters and other stage mechanicians have been busily engaged for the past month, so that his promised presentation of Blanche Bates as a full-fledged tragedienne may be a truly memorable one.

The first mention of billiard competitions in New York was made in 1816. There were two billiard halls in the city.

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VANITY FAIR.

For many a day since the introduction of the term into current speech we have watched the progress of flapperism, wondering when it would reach its limit of growth, and what further forms it would assume before it went the way of all flesh. Regarded as a vagary of adolescence, which is somewhat entitled to vagaries, it was tolerable. But of late it has assumed an alarming aspect. It is infecting age itself. And we have in the current number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* an exhaustive discussion by Freeman Tilden of this phase of its development under the title "Flapperdames and Flapperoosters." Through his archæological researches along Broadway and in the various hotels Mr. Tilden finds that "the world has been leading up to this form of behavior on the part of adults for a long time." It seems to be part of a widespread rebellion against the conventions and even the convictions of life; a sort of Bolshevism in all things and a letting go of holds on everything. It has invaded art, education, all forms of social intercourse. "Paintings were not any good unless you did not know what they were about. Poetry was not poetry if it had rhyme and meter and lyric loveliness. Government was not any good unless it was in the hands of those who had never had the wit and will to govern themselves. Mothers were outdated and lacked chic; fidelity and chastity were the badge of backward citizenry." And he concludes that the worst flappers the world has ever seen are those of the age of forty or over. "The great difference between the antique flapperdame and the young flapper is that the young flapper is really interested in the world, is really spontaneously eager, ready to try anything because it appears to be the way to find out about life. But for drab, sodden, dispirited gayety, and hard, sour, and acrid joy you have to go to the grandmother of the flapper, who seems to have only one possible pleasure after cutting adrift from a normal existence—which is the chance of shocking somebody." And of these old birds with rusty plumage and clutching claws, the flapperoosters are the worst; because, "when a woman flaps she flaps, but when a man flaps he flops." And the oldest of these are the hardest things the professional chaperones of the big dance halls have to deal with. In the great jazz festival which the distraction-hungry world has now become, these old duffers have given themselves up to the dizzy life as though they never expected another. These are the ones that pursue the young things. With harried souls behind their blank and putty-like faces, in hotels, cabarets, dance halls, all-night restaurants, on steamers, they grab frantically and unscrupulously at every passing pleasure, pursuing, not fame at the cannon's mouth, but joys for which their tired frames and outworn glandular systems have been long disqualified, for fear the grave will soon close over them. They need to be taken in hand by the younger generation, the real flappers, and treated with ruthless determination.

It is reported that the government has bought the Schoenborn Palace at Prague, formerly the property of Richard T. Crane when he was minister to Czechoslovakia, as a home for the American legation, which is now occupying it. This is one of the finest palaces in Prague, and apparently will make a worthy and dignified setting for our legation. It is a departure from the old-fashioned democratic notion that we cared nothing for abroad, and that the American embassy should always look as much as possible like the open-face shanty in which Lincoln was born. But it goes hard with an economical administration, none the less. It is trying to find a suitable embassy building at Paris for 4,500,000 francs, but without any immediate prospect of success. It looks as though our budget-makers would have to revise their notions of Paris real estate. The Paris Chamber of Commerce has just bought the old Hotel Potocki, near the Arc de Triomphe, paying 6,500,000 francs for the building and what was left of a fifty-year lease, and it expects to spend another 2,000,000 francs on alterations and refurbishing. This hotel was regarded as a possibility for the embassy, but the chance is gone. The embassy is still paying rent for inadequate quarters, and rents are going up. It does seem as though the United States could do as well as a chamber of commerce.

What a national capital can do by way of attracting society and building up social life is better understood in Europe than in this country, but even here we have been getting a remarkable demonstration in what has been going on at Washington since the war. There is hardly any industry at Rome, for example, except the activities dependent on the presence of the government and the church, and on the treasures of art and antiquity, and the tourist trade, yet these support a rather large city. Washington has been the seat of government and little else, and has not become very populous until recently. The war stirred up much interest in the capital and attracted persons of social eminence in the families of some of the dollar-a-year men. Every stratum of society was represented. The place became literally packed, uncomfortably so. To the normal brilliance of a seat of government was added the necessary gayeties and relaxations of some of the most effective personalities America produces. Social activities became pronounced, took on more and more of interest and value, and have not entirely subsided. Observers note that the National Capital Horse Show of this year was finer and more satisfying than any of its predecessors. It is not expected that Washington is going to vie with Newport or New York as the social capital, but it will probably take a good third place. And speaking of the horse show, which is of course mainly a man and woman show, only the horses don't know it and suppose it is being held on their account, General Pershing seems to have been the recipient of particular attention at this one. It is reported that a little sixteen-year-old flapper of the typical bob-haired and sumptuously tinted description tried to start something in his direction, and to a limited and perfectly proper degree succeeded. She ogled him and wig-wagged him and shook her Dutch-cut curls at him until he just had to notice her; and summoning one of the girls that were selling flowers for some charity or other he sent her a bunch of sweet peas. No doubt she was delighted, for she buried her face in them regardless of the effect on the kalsomining and tinting. It is said that our Black Jack was unmercifuly joshed about it by some of his women friends; but he could stand it. It was a graceful act of gallantry, altogether becoming a great American soldier.

Poor John Bull's troubles will cease only when John Bull ceases—in which he is very like the rest of us. One of his latest afflictions is in the form of an increase in betting. The English are good sports, and good sports are disposed to back their judgment, but of late they appear to have made up a great many more than the normal number of judgments to back. They now have a parliamentary committee or something of the sort investigating lawless betting, with a view to taxing it after the practical British fashion and thus making vice pay a little revenue instead of leaving it to virtue to do it all, after the impractical American fashion; and the committee is finding out some queer things statistically. London is described as "riddled with street betting," although one may be at a loss to understand how wagers could riddle a city. But at any rate it appears that prosecutions for lawless betting have increased from 1068 in 1912 to 3260 in 1922, an increase of more than 200 per cent. in a decade. It is a development which not even that model of firmness, courage, and ability, the London policeman, is able in his present numbers to deal with, nor could he if his numbers were doubled. Betting in England as a sport in itself seems a close runner-up to bootlegging in this country, and the man that backed the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County has his followers in every block. The vice is especially rife among women. Betting is inevitably accompanied by borrowing, and women usurers have appeared. You know how merciful one woman is toward another whom she has at a disadvantage. Well, they are no more so when the disadvantage consists of a debt and no money to meet it with. This is a phase of the mania that has some disagreeable domestic reactions. But, speaking of domestic reactions, betting has invaded the home by the back door or the tradesmen's entrance, for even the milkmen are doing a thriving business in the bookmaking line. Indeed there seems to be a transatlantic competition between the bookmaker and the bootlegger, and John Bull and Uncle Sam are in position to sympathize with each other.

Significance of a Wedding

The marriage of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was invested with an exceptional degree of that human nature which makes the whole world kin, and with something more, says Willis Fletcher Johnson in the *North American Review*. It was a noteworthy reminder of the radical contrast between royalty in Great Britain and in some other lands; for example, the states of Germany under the monarchical régime. In one of the latter such a marriage would have been impossible; it would have had to be morganatic, the wife forever doomed to a rank inferior to her husband's and her children debarred from the succession. In Great Britain, though one of the oldest and proudest monarchies in the world, it was not only possible, but also was not even regarded as extraordinary, and it was as complete and valid as though the bride had been of royal blood. Before the wedding a subject and a commoner, instantly after that ceremony she was a "royal highness," standing in direct and close succession to the throne as the wife of the second in line. The fine tribute to womanhood was obvious, and no less so was the demonstration of the essential unity between sovereign and people. The best American democrats, who justly boast that any native citizen may become President, must appreciate a kingdom in which a subject and commoner may become queen and the son of a commoner may become king and emperor.

The wrap-around coat dress is going strong for summer, even in the heavier cotton materials, says the *Delineator*, for it looks well turned out for the street and is a pleasant change from the hair-raising ways of the slip-over styles. The Fifth Avenue shops are showing these dresses in cotton ratine, the drop-stitch ratine embroidered in scarlet, in almond green with snuff color.

Even bathing suits are made in the wrap-around fashion and are very good looking in the printed silks, foulards, and ginghams. For the sun-bathers the new suits are made with draped basques and short full skirts, and are very smart in taffeta. One should always go to the seashore with a parasol, for they are entirely sleeveless.

Spun-glass bracelets are daily gaining in popularity, and are worn by the dozens.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two men in a Pullman smoker were getting equainted, with the usual celerity of travelers. Do you play golf?" inquired one. "No," said ne other, "but I can't give it up."

The stout old lady was struggling valiantly, ut against odds of some 200 pounds, to mount ne high step of the waiting jitney. "Come long, ma," urged the conductor. "If they ad given you more yeast when you was a gal ou'd he ahle to rise hetter." "Yes, young an," she retorted as at last she hoisted her-lf triumphantly up. "And if they'd given ou a hit more yeast you'd he hetter hred."

"One very cold day last winter," said an tlanta man, "I met an aged darky in rags odding along through the mud and rain. he hitter wind tore through the many holes his tattered garments. Notwithstanding his ident poverty the old man was carrying a hole side of hacon on his shoulder. 'Why,' asked the man, 'didn't you spend your money a warm coat instead of that hacon?' The d fellow grinned and made reply: 'When asks my hack fo' credit, I gets it.' Then tting his stomach, he added: 'But dis ah, suh, dis heah always calls fo' cash.'"

African repartee is inherent and needs little no cultivatian, as does its Anglo-Saxon uivalent. Six-year-old Rastus was hlacker an most of his race, hut he was inclined to proud of his ehon hue, having heen told indicated he was a thoroughhred. Nor did mind being called "Midnight" hy his white quaintances. But once when a *café au lait* nplexioned youth of his own people applied affectionate nickname, Rastus turned with hteous wrath and the quick denunciation, ou'se jest about a quartah to twelve, yo'-f."

George Ade, that incorrigible bachelor irist, said at a wedding breakfast at the ckstone in Chicago: "The Greeks had a to the effect that there are only two ppy days in marriage—the day the husband t clasps his hride to his hosom, and the he finally lays her in the tomh." Mr. laughed. "Palladus, the Greek poet," he nt on, "elahorated this rather cleverly in a train:

marriage are two happy things allowed,
vife in wedding garh and in a shroud.
o then dares say that state can he accursed
en the last day's as happy as the first?"

enator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, irman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, is serious-minded. He seldom tells a story. His pet one is this: "Several years ago one of the committees of which I was a member had under consideration Indian heirship cases. Particulars ahout them were stated clearly and fully in the hook of estimates and all that we had to do was to follow that item hy item. One senator, who must have heen wool-gathering, spoke up: 'Mr. Chairman, I wish you would explain to me what in the world Indians have to do with airships."

Charles Vezin said recently: "Four years ago I chucked the douhle life of commerce and art for the single blessedness of painting. While exploring rural New England for a sketching ground I injured my shoulder and called in the professional services of a country practitioner. He was a gentleman of culture and high professional attainments. I left that section asking the good doctor to send me his bill. He did not do so until a year and a half later, when I received, when in a different state, his hill for professional services—$150. I looked at it aghast and thought: 'Well, that is going some. A hundred and fifty dollars for three visits to the office of a country practitioner.' And I said to myself: 'You confounded medical profiteer, I'd like to see you get it!' and was about to write him what our English friends call a 'snarky' letter. But on thinking it over I decided to pretend to think that he meant to write fifteen instead of a hundred and fifty, and mailed a check for fifteen dollars with his bill. Three days later I opened a letter from him returning my check. And I murmured: 'So you are going to insist on payment. Well, you can sue me.' On reading his letter I found these words: 'Dear Mr. Vezin—I herewith return your check. You made a mistake. My bill is one dollar and fifty cents.'"

A darky calling upon an old friend was much concerned hecause his host rocked himself to and fro in a curious way. Finally he asked, "Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Fred'rick?" "No, I ain't sick, Ahner," replied the rocking one. Silence followed except for the creak of the rocking chair. But Ahner's curiosity got the hetter of his native politeness and he again burst forth, "Den why do yo' all rock yo'se'f dat way, Fred'rick?" "Oh," said Fred'rick, "is dat what's worryin' yo' all? Why dat ol' silver watch of mine, he's gone on strike and de on'y way I can get de best of him is to keep rockin'."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Arrested Development.

(Justice Ford, in hearing a suit for annulment, declared if he had his way all girls would be shut up in cages from the age of fifteen to twenty-five.)

Oh, there's a justice who would cage
All maids, to keep them single.
And, in a fine judicial rage,
Forhid the sex to mingle
From fifteen years to twenty-five.
(And, douhtless, in that time, they'd thrive.)

But, still, the proposition seems
Of singular ill omen.
Protected, so, from all their schemes,
How could they learn to know men?
And girls, at twenty-five, you'd find
Would still possess a flapper's mind.
—*A. H., Jr., in Life.*

Golf-Bahy's Lullaby.

Hush-a-hy, hahy, softly asleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the cluh sweep.
If he plays nicely, I hope that he will,
Mummy will show him her shoemaker's bill!

Hush-a-hy, hahy, safe in your pram,
Daddy has shut the front door with a slam;
Cuddle down closer, hahy of mine—
Daddy went round in a hundred and nine!
—*London Morning Post.*

Fateful Ways

Fate hit me very hard one day;
I cried, "What is my fault?
What have I done? What causes, pray,
This unprovoked assault?"
She paused, then said, "Darned if I know,
I really can't explain,"
And just hefore she turned to go
She whacked me once again! —*Life.*

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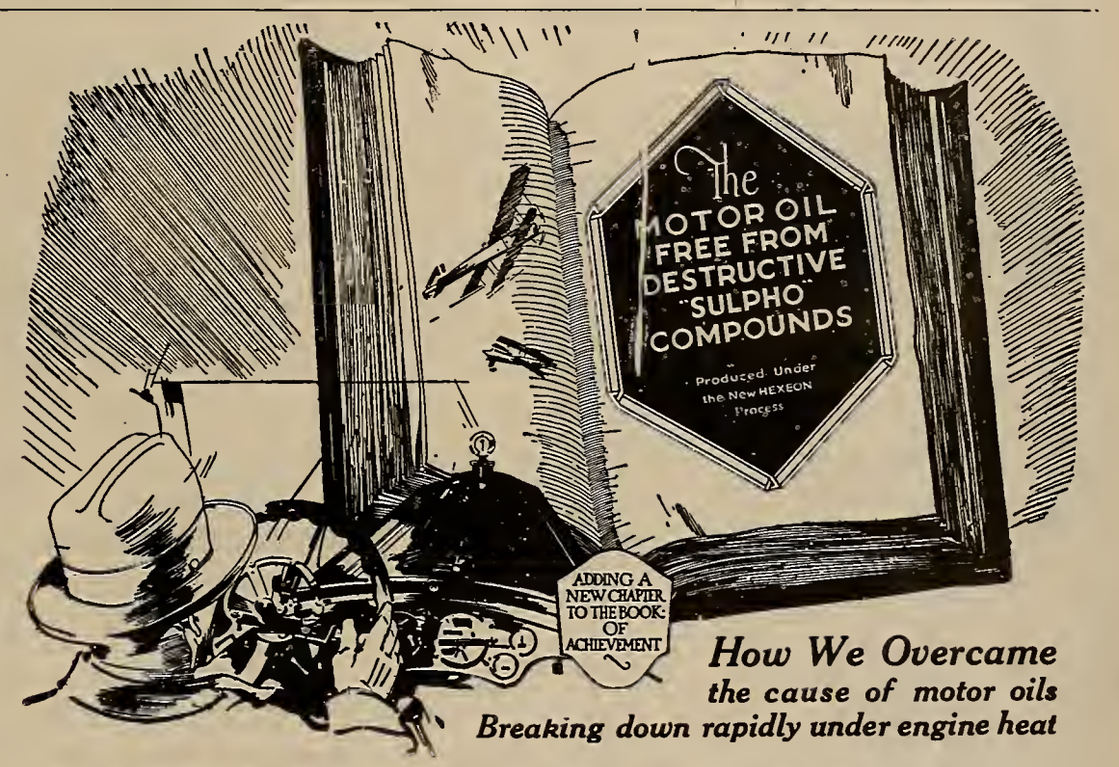
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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Cornelia Gwynu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gwyun, to Mr. Cyril Cornwallis-Stevenson took place on June 2d.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball of Vassar College and president of the Medical Women's National Association was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given by Dr. Emma Sutro Merritt at Sutro Heights.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn, a bride-elect, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Louis Cebrian.

Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., gave a luncheon recently in honor of Miss Annette Rolph.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was the guest of honor at a dinner given on Wednesday of last week by Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin at her apartment on Powell Street.

Miss Elsa Branstrom, head of the Red Cross in Sweden, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by ex-Senator James D. Phelan at his country place near Saratoga.

Miss Frances Adelaide Smith, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a tea given on Saturday by Miss Lorraine Ewing at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Jessie McNab Kerrigan gave a tea last week in farewell to her sister, Miss Sue McNab, who left for Europe the next day.

Mrs. John S. Merrill was hostess at a luncheon last week given at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association observed their thirty-fourth anniversary by giving a breakfast at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday of last week.

Major-General Douglas MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur were the guests at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Robert Hays Smith at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Edward W. Eberle was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Monday by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

A barbecue was given on Wednesday of last week by the Mill Valley Country Club.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn, who was married on June 2d to Mr. Cyril Cornwallis-Stevenson, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Tuesday of last week by Miss Edith von Rhein at the Women's Athletic Club.

The Burlingame Country Club entertained at a dinner-dance last week followed by a buffet supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan were hosts at a dinner-dance given last Friday night at the Menlo Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith entertained at dinner last week at their home in Burlingame.

The Countess Lewenhaupt was a guest at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Harry Williar.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw gave a reception last Friday at their home on Russian Hill in compliment to Miss Emma Knox, whose engagement to Mr. Baldwin McGaw has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lymau were hosts at a dinner given on Tuesday of last week at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Ruth Langdon entertained at a bridge party last week in honor of Miss Newell Bull, whose engagement to Mr. Paul McCoy has been announced.

Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs, who is visiting her brother, Mr. Walter Hobart, in Burlingame, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Webster Wardell Jennings was the guest of honor at a farewell tea given by Mrs. William A. Bryant.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Enemark gave a dinner last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Miss Clementine Kip and her fiancé, Mr. Joseph Catherwood.

Miss Mary Harrison and Miss Clementine Kip, whose engagements have been announced, shared the honors at a bridge party given on Wednesday of last week by Mrs. Oze Van Wyck.

The children of Burlingame and San Mateo who belong to the riding class gave a horse show recently at Carolan Field. A number of prizes were distributed.

Mrs. George Newhall was hostess on Tuesday of last week at a luncheon given at her home in Burlingame.

Colonel Frank B. Cheatham and Mrs. Cheatham were hosts at a dinner given last week at their quarters at the Presidio in honor of General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton and Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

A golf tournament was held at the Burlingame Country Club on Wednesday and three cups were distributed to the winners.

Miss Adrienne Sharp entertained at a luncheon last week in honor of several girls graduating from Miss Burke's school this year.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn was the guest of honor last week at a bridge party given by Mrs. Gertrude Barrett and Miss Irene Barrett.

Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker, were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given on Wednesday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Ralph Lister gave a luncheon last week at the Presidio for Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury are giving a dinner on Friday, June 8th, in honor of Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Matthew Armstrong, and Mr. Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillshury will give a luncheon on Saturday, June 9th, at the Town and Country Club for her niece, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn just hefore her marriage to Mr. Cornwallis-Stevenson was the guest of honor at a hridge party given by Miss Albina Rossi at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss Mary Bernice Moore gave a lunchen last week for Miss Katherine Bentley at the Palace Hotel, and afterwards took her guests to the theatre.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead was the guest of honor at two farewell dinners given hy Colonel William Tohin and Mrs. Tobin at Fort Mason, and by Colonel William Covington and Mrs. Covington at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Reid gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday in honor of Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

An Egyptian Ball was given last Friday night at the Hotel Fairmont hy the Western Arts Association.

The officers stationed at the Presidio gave a ball on Tuesday last in honor of the officers of the visiting fleet.

Miss Mary Adams entertained at dinner last week at her home in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. Oze Van Wyck, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman, in San Francisco.

Miss Ruth Hohart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel last week in Burlingame.

Miss Newell Bull was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party last week in honor of Miss Katherine Bentley.

Miss Cornelia Gwynn and Miss Kathleen Farrell shared the honors at a tea last Friday given by Miss Helen Hammersmith.

Colonel William Covington, U. S. A., and Mrs. Covington were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday at their quarters at the Presidio in honor of General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton and Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

General Charles G. Morton and Mrs. Morton gave a fancy dress dance last week at their quarters at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Robert Miller was hostess at a luncheon last Friday at the Women's Athletic Club in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams gave a farewell luncheon last Friday at her home on Clay Street prior to her departure for the Northwest and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a large luncheon on Sunday at their home in Burlingame.

There was a golf tournament held at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday last.

Miss Virginia Hanna was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday by Miss Dorothy Meyer at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley gave a dinner last Friday at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of their cousin, Mrs. R. F. Stovall, of New Mexico.

Mrs. George Howard was hostess at a luncheon given on Sunday at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark are established in their new residence on Washington Street near Presidio Avenue.

Miss Annette Rolph was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy Miss Doris Fagan at the Town and Country Club on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer gave a dinner recently in honor of Miss Clementine Edie and her fiancé, Mr. Joseph Catherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Reid gave a luncheon on Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club for General Morton and Mrs. Morton and Miss Moorhead.

Mrs. Charles M. Sadler was hostess at a luncheon last week given in honor of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton and Miss Elizabeth Moorhead.

Mrs. James Flood was hostess at a luncheon ou Thursday of last week given for Miss Ruth Hobart.

New Venture of the Santa Barbara Literati.

One of the newest dramatic-literary-artistic cluhs to make its how to the puhlic is "The Strollers" of Santa Barhara. The aim of the new cluh is to produce a numher of plays each year, also to encourage original literary work hy a study of recent developments in the drama and hy the frequent reading and criticism of manuscripts suhmitted hy memhers of the organization.

The officers of The Strollers are Mrs. William Burton, president; Mrs. Louis H. Long, first vice-president; Francis M. Livingston, treasurer, and Mrs. Walter Fenner, secretary. The directors are Mrs. Francis M. Livingston, Mrs. Nina Jones Vecsei, Mrs. Leila Weekes Wilson, Captain Walter H. Fenner and Ritter Brown.

Receive Honors.

Among the honors given on the occasion of the hirthday of King George V (June 3, 1923), Gerald Camphell, British consul-general in this city, has been awarded the C. M. G. (Commander of St. Michael and St. George), and T. E. K. Cormac, who has heen legal adviser to the British consul's office in San Francisco for many years, has heen awarded the O. B. E. (Officer of the Order of the British Empire).

At the Palace.

Miss Ruth Clarke, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Austin Clarke of Piedmont, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Norman Pithey, was the honored guest at a dinner-dance given hy Miss Helen Druhe in the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel during the past week. Invited to meet Miss Clarke were Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Van Hoosear, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kilburn, Mrs. Pauline Druhe, Miss Miriam Busk, Mr. Wallie Graves, Mr. Walter Birdelow, and Dr. Frank Pearce.

Miss Gertrude Rotholtz was hostess at a tea given in the Palm Court at the Palace Hotel last Saturday afternoon, complimenting her sister, Miss Tessie Grace Rotholtz, whose marriage to Mr. Samuel Zivian will he solemnized at the Palace, Sunday, June 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ahraham Rothschild entertained a few friends informally at dinner in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Wednesday evening, having at their tahle Mr. and Mrs. Carl Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sondheimer and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Davis.

Miss Frances Adelaide Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Smith, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Randolph W. Apperson, was the honored guest at a tea given hy Miss Lorraine Ewing at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon.

The Eagle Owns His Home.

Describing the hald eagles which make their nests on the desolate islands off South Carolina, Herhert Ravenel Sass writes in *Harper's Magazine:* "There is something characteristic of the great hird itself, and something attractive to the mind, in the permanence of the eagle's home. Most hirds' nests are ephemeral things. After a few weeks or months they are gone, and not only gone, but forgotten. The eagle's home is like an ancestral mansion. It stands year after year, enduring for a longer time than many a man lives, cared for and kept in repair by the winged architects who huilt it and who seem to feel a genuine affection for it. On a plantation near the coast there is a nest in a pine one hundred and twelve feet above the ground. For more than fifty years the same pair of eagles have inhabited this nest, and it is possible that they will still he living there when houses that men are huilding today, out of the kind of lumher with which one must now be content, have fallen into ruin."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Irs. Laurence Redington, who has been staying h her sisters at San Mateo, has gone to Santa ·bara to visit Mrs. Julia Redington Wilson and ·s Sarah Redington.

Ir. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., ac·panied by Miss Helen Garritt, arrived last ·k from Europe.

Irs. Douglas Wilson Dodge returned last week ·m a two months' visit in the East.

Ir. and Mrs. Jean Gallois went to San Rafael ·week to spend the summer with Mrs. Gallois' ·her, Mrs. Norris.

Ir. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, accompanied by Mr. ·hard Carlson, motored to Del Monte for the ·k-end.

Ir. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury have gone to ·s, where they will spend the summer.

Irs. Willis Walker left last week for Northern ·lifornia, where she will join Mr. Walker and ·s. Léon Brooks Walker.

Irs. Roswell Brooke, who has been staying with ·h daughter, Mrs. Willis Walker is visiting Mrs. ·nton Walker in Piedmont.

·r. and Mrs. George Ebright with their chil·n have gone to Menlo Park for the summer.

Ir. and Mrs. Rolla V. Watt have returned ·n a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. .

ieutenant-Commander Ellsworth H. Van Pat· and Mrs. Van Patten spent a few days last ·k with Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw on their ·r to Seattle, where they will spend two or three ·nths.

Ir. and Mrs. Edward W. Clark, Miss Doris ·miedell, and Mr. Philip Lansdale have gone by ·or to Yosemite Valley and are stopping at ·ip Curry.

dmiral Edward W. Eberle, U. S. N., and Mrs. ·erle arrived in San Francisco last week and are ·ing at the Hotel St. Francis.

lajor-General Charles G. Morton and Mrs. ·ton left on Wednesday for a motor trip which ·l extend as far as Salt Lake City.

r. John C. Cebrian, who has been traveling ·Europe for the past year, has returned to his ·e in this city. He was accompanied by his ·ghter, Miss Isabelle Cebrian.

Ir. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., and Mr. ·Mrs. Chouteau Johnson spent the week-end in ·Rafael as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander ·y.

r. and Mrs. William E. Gerher, Jr., have ·g to the Gerher ranch in Lassen County, where ·t will spend the summer.

rs. Jacob Schurman, wife of the American ·assador to China, has been spending a few days in San Francisco on her way from China to her home in the East in order to visit her son, Mr. Robert Schurman, and Mrs. Schurman.

Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur sailed last week for Manila.

Mrs. W. S. Porter, who has rented Mrs. William Cluff's house, will spend the summer in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, who has been living in Washington, has rented Mrs. Jerome Landfield's house in Burlingame and will pass the summer there.

Mrs. Webster Wendell Jennings left last week with a party of ten for New York, where she will be joined by Mrs. William P. Plummer. They will sail for Europe on June 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles and their children have gone to Menlo Park and are spending the summer with Mrs. Bowles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery and Mr. Charles N. Black left on Tuesday for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Armstrong and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia, will sail from San Francisco for Honolulu on June 13th.

Miss Elizabeth Moorhead, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, left on Wednesday for her home in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin of San Mateo left on Friday last for New York.

Miss Grattan Phillips and Miss Virginia Phillips sailed last week on the *President Wilson* for the Orient.

Miss Helen Deamer left for New York on Wednesday of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat.

Mrs. Alfred Montgomery is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Smith, in Piedmont.

Mr. Eggert Helwigh, who has been acting as secretary to the Danish consulate in San Francisco, has gone to Southern California en route to Washington and Europe, where he will enter the Foreign Office in Copenhagen.

Commodore James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull left on Saturday last for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the next two months.

Mrs. C. Herbert Newhall, daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Bull, who has been in the East for several weeks, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and Miss Newell Bull have rented a house in Ross and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Williams, with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Pierce, have gone on a trip to the Northwest and Canada.

Mrs. James L. Flood and her daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, have returned from a brief visit to Santa Barbara, where they went for the Spring Carnival held at the Arlington Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin are established in their new home at San Mateo, formerly the residence of Mr. Tobin's uncle, Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Thomas Pearce of the Presidio left on Thursday for Los Angeles, where she will spend the next fortnight.

Mrs. George Barr Baker arrived from the East last Saturday and will be at the Burlingame Country Club for the summer months.

Captain Harry Sepulveda, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sepulveda returned to the Presidio last Saturday, after paying a visit to Captain Sepulveda's grandmother, Señora Sepulveda, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley, Judge and Mrs. John F. Davis, with their daughters, have gone to the Sierras for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., who has been visiting relatives in Fresno, has returned to the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Dorothy Meyer, and their son, have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Mrs. Benjamin T. Brodie of Santa Barbara has been staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark will move to San Rafael on Tuesday, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. Henry Feale and Mrs. James Sargent returned on Monday from an extended trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark are established in their new residence on Washington Street near Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. Macondray Moore has been visiting Mrs. Kaime at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. MacIntosh have moved to their new home on Washington and Buchanan Streets, which they have leased for two years.

Baroness Nugent with her sister, Mrs. Burns Macdonald, and Miss Maude Younger of Washington, D. C., will spend the summer at Carmel, where Baroness Nugent has recently built a home.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will spend the summer.

Countess Lewenhaupt and her sons have been making a short visit in Napa County.

Mr. M. W. Norris and his daughter, Miss Irene Norris, of Boston, are making a visit to San Francisco in order to be present at the marriage of Miss Kathleen Farrell to Mr. John McGinnis.

Mr. John Philip Ohrwall and Miss Cawla Ohrwall are leaving for New York to meet their sister Sigrid, who is returning from a year's travel in Europe with Professor and Mrs. Murray and Miss Lydia Murray of Stanford University.

Mrs. Kurt Albert, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Whittell, left last Tuesday for New York, intending to sail towards the end of the month for Europe.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Daytime Moon.

The paring of a cloud, it seems;
A fragment of the stuff of dreams,
That spectre of the morning sky—
An immateriality;
A ghost of gossamer silveriness,
A flounce flown from a fairy's dress,
A casual shadow lifted there
To point the radiance of the air,
A spectral vagrant of the sky,
The prisoner of immensity,
And lonely!—Ah! there nowhere is
A greater loneliness than this,
In that vast azure dome to be
The only actuality;
And yet so trivial, transient, slight,
As barely to reflect the light. . . .
That touch, that hint, of featheriness
Would nothing be if it were less—
The glimmering show of next-to-nought,
The visual echo of a thought. . . .

Frail challenger of the blaze of noon,
Wandering, wonderful morning-moon!

—*C. E. Lawrence in the Nation and the Athenæum.*

Kynance.

Southward in the heart of Cornwall
Lies a gem of opal green,
Home of cormorant and petrel,
Kynance, Cornwall's sea-girt Queen!

Rooted deep the sea-pink clusters
Round the rocks of serpentine,
And the heather intermingles
With the gorse and celandine!

Wondrous caves and mighty headlands,
Open out in sands of gold,
Witnesses of bygone ages
Where Phœnicians came of old.

And the Ancient Britons gathered
On this wind-swept rocky coast,
Whilst the storm clouds raced together
Like a valiant warrior host.

Bartering tin and ruddy copper
With those merchants stern and wise
Who had come from ancient Tyre
And from far Cassiterides!

Kynance! gem of the Atlantic
Set in seas of opal green
Nestling under towering Lizard
Kynance! Cornwall's sea-girt Queen.

—*Evelyn Mitchell in Poetry Review.*

A Shrine.

No sanctuary can compare
With an orchard that I know,
When April slips into its aisles
And swinging censers blow—

When, 'neath its wondrous traceries,
The choristers that sing
Are robins, at their matins or
Their vespers, in the Spring.

A deep sky stains its windows blue,
And the nun-like breezes pass,
Embroidering bright petals on
Its altar-cloth—the grass.

No guide is needed but the heart,
For every passer there
May pause and see its loveliness
And offer up a prayer.

Each one can say his vespers well
In that old orchard close,
When the Sun sends dying blessings down
Its deep aisles, as he goes—

And through those aisles an acolyte
Comes stealing from afar—
It is the Dusk, and in the East
He lights the Evening Star!

—*Virginia Jeffrey Morgan in Scribner's Magazine.*

Unbidden Guests.

My thoughts are not my own:
Unbidden guests, they crowd
Upon me when alone,
With footsteps soft or loud.

And some I would drive hence
With scourgings if I could,
But I have no defense
Against their hardihood.

And others I entreat
With pleading tears to stay.
Alas, their timid feet
Are swift to haste away!

—*Alexander Gray in Saturday Review.*

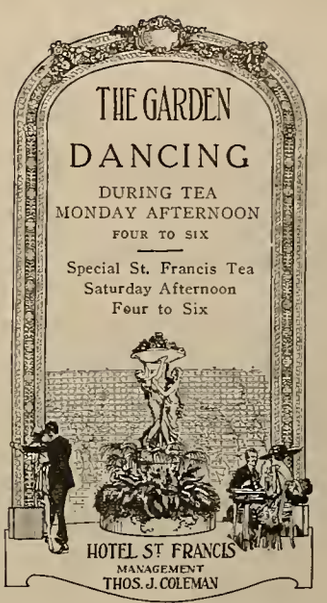
At the St. Francis.

There were scores of attractive parties in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis for luncheon Monday. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess to a group including Mrs. Edward W. Eberle as honor guest. Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, and Mrs. George Bowles were also in this party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained a few friends, Mr. George Garritt and Miss Marion Zeile being among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott were hosts to Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., who has just returned from abroad, was welcomed by scores of friends. She was with Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Miss Anne Peters.





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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A place where "jail-birds" are caged should be called "a knave-iary."—*Punch.*

A good loser is all well enough, hut it isn't much fun to beat him.—*American Golfer.*

Teacher—What's the feminine of "nohleman"? *Bright Pupil*—Heiress.—*Boston Transcript.*

The women have bad the vote quite a while now, hut the country seems to he as had off as ever.—*Judge.*

"Did you ever try to stop a dangerous dog hy catching his eye?" "No; I can't run hackward."—*Dollos News.*

She—Who told you I was twenty-five? *He*—Your mother. *She*—As if she knew anything ahout it.—*Modrid Buen Humor.*

Kind Old Lody—Why don't you make them hoys stop fighting? *Small Bystonder*—Who, me? It took two weeks to get 'em started?—*Life.*

Little Willie—Pa, why do they call them "minor poets"? *Po*—Because they ought to he working with the pick and shovel, my son.—*Tit-Bits.*

Mrs. McBride—Harry, I was heside myself at the condition you came home in last night. *Harry*—Yes; it seems to me I did see two of you.—*Judge.*

"This climate disagrees with me," said Mr. Meekton's wife. And Mr. Meekton, who was reading, ahsently exclaimed: "How does it dare!"—*Washington Stor.*

"Can't we have this Chianti served in glasses instead of in cups?" was the query. "No," said the waiter. "I think that's against the law."—*New York World.*

Many a small hoy, since learning that President Harding shook hands with Bahe Ruth the other day, is more determined than ever to become President.—*Life.*

"My son seems anxious for a literary career." "What are you going to do with him?" "I don't know whether to put him in the army or navy."—*Boston Traveler.*

Coller—Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment? *City Mon*—You can't; she's engaged. *Coller*—That's all right—I'm the fellow.—*Illustrated Bits.*

Tom—Why were you so determined to kiss that homely cousin of yours? *Dick*—I wanted to estahlish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters.—*Judge.*

Guest—May I have a morsel more chicken to finish my delicious salad with? *Small Boy*—May I have a hit more of everything to finish my delicious salt with?—*Punch.*

Red-and-white checkered cahs are now appearing on the New York streets. This is a very practical color scheme, making the spatterings of pedestrians' hlood almost invisihle.—*Judge.*

First Tourist—That Indian seems to have an awful load on. *Second Tourist*—Yes. He has evidently followed Kipling's advice, and taken up the white man's hurden.—*Topeko Copitol.*

Mrs. Hornbeak—What is this game of golf that's in the papers so much, anyhow? *Former Hornbeok*—Wal, so fur as I kin make out, it's nothin' hut a kind of solitaire croquet.—*Boston Tronscript.*

Little Edgor—Papa, who was the greatest hero in the war? *Papa*—Captain Bihhleson, I guess. His magazine story is three pages longer than any of the rest of them has written.—*Chicogo Tribune.*

Grandpa (buying himself o birthday present)—I want a really good mechanical toy. *Shopmon*—Yes, sir. Ahout how old is the child? *Grandpa*—Seventy-four tomorrow—*London Windsor Mogazine.*

"It's perfectly awful! Do you know what your son just called me? 'Filthy old nuisance.'" "You shouldn't let him he with the maids so much. The poor child repeats everything he hears."—*Paris L'Illustration.*

A CULTURAL MISSING LINK.

The discovery of an ancient culture not previously known to archæologists in a hitherto archæologically unknown province in Central America has heen reported hy Dr. Herhert J. Spinden of the Peahody Museum of Harvard University upon his return from three months' exploration of ruins in Yucatan, Honduras, and Guatemala, says the New York *Times.* The zone of the culture unearthed lies in the heavily forested territory of Eastern Honduras and Northern Nicaragua, and is, according to Dr. Spinden, one of the most important regions uncovered in the history of American archæology.

Besides revealing a strange form of worship and an original type of city planning, the ruins represent the "missing link" in a chain of old civilizations along the so-called Mosquito Coast of Central America, Dr. Spinden said. The Maya culture, embracing Yucatan, Northern Guatemala, and Honduras, as far as the Uloa Valley, was the northern terminal of this chain, while that of the Chorotega in Northern Costa Rica and Southern Nicaragua marked its southern extent.

Dr. Spinden's discovery may add to the lore of history of American races, since he maintains the evidence is clear that this hitherto unknown people antedated the savage trihes found hy Columhus on his fourth voyage in 1502 along the coast from Truxillo eastward.

His theory is that these savage trihes—the Jicaque, Payas, and the Mosquito Indians, from South America—displaced or destroyed the original inhahitants, and that the survivors moved further north into Mexico, to he identified today with the Mazateca and Otomi trihes.

His discoveries point to a rather heavy, sedentary population living in villages surrounded hy moats and palisades. At one of these village sites at Copete he found a wall 3200 feet hy 2500 feet along a river hank. Although slightly cut away hy the river, a ditch, averaging five feet in depth, with a wall several feet high, fringed the inside of the main wall.

Buildings in these fortified villages evidently were of perishahle material. There remain only traces of walls, numerous small pyramids and mounds arranged around courts. Dr. Spinden found quantities of fine tripod pottery with plastic ornaments, representing heads of jaguars, crocodiles, serpents and entire figures of crouching monkeys, nicely conventionalized.

In small courtyards in some towns were found stone columns, either plain or inscribed with grotesque faces, scrolls, and other decorative schemes which may perhaps he explained as echoes of the wonderful Mayan stelæ at Copan, Quirigua, and Palenque. In the courtyards, as altars or votive offerings, were many three-legged stone tahles, similar to the "metates" or corn-grinding stones still used in Mexico. These grinding stones usually have animal or hird heads at one end and tails at the other. Many were carved lahoriously from a single hlock of hard, volcanic rock, weighing five to ten tons. The work, which was a pecking process, was done hy stone chisels.

In many of these villages, these "metates" were found in all sizes and in all stages of manufacture, from the ten-ton monoliths to miniatures three or four inches long. Dr. Spinden helieves that the prevalence and the great size of these "metates," and their frequent position on hill-tops, indicate a "corn worship" among those ancient people. Among the other ohjects found were statuettes representing monkeys, turtles, jaguars, crocodiles and other animals, all done with rare artistic skill. The howls are usually of the two-knohhed handle type, and many of them are ornamented with exquisite geometric designs.

Dr. Spinden helieves that this civilization originally extended from the Uloa Valley to the vicinity of Bluefields, along 400 miles of coast. He is planning further explorations, as he heard many stories of still greater "antiguals"—the native name for the places where antiquities occur—on the Plaintain and Patuca rivers. His recent explorations were made possihle hy the United Fruit Company's development of the region.

The ancient cities are being intersected with railroads or laid out into hanana plantations. Only the cutting down of the dense tropical forests that have covered the ruins for centuries brought to light the "missing link" in the Central American chain of civilizations.

Where Rats Were Popular.

However unpopular the rat might he ahove ground, he was never molested in the precious-metal mines of Virginia City or Gold Hill, Nevada, says John L. Considine in *Adventure.* The lower levels of those deeps were literally alive with the long-tailed rodents.

Their immunity from harm rendered them tame and even saucy. They fared sumptuously on the fragments left from the miners' lunches—for those miners lived well—and even in this respect were of service, acting as scavengers for the removal of scraps of meat and other food which otherwise would have caused had odors to arise.

Because of the great heat, with a temperature rising often to as high as 140 degrees in the lower levels, the decay of the smallest thing in those mines could not he endured.

Perhaps a reason more important than any other for the extraordinary tolerance accorded by the miners to the elsewhere despised rodents lay in the fact that, when a great cave-in of rock was ahout to occur in a mine, the rats gave the miners their first warnings. The animals hecame very uneasy and were to be seen scampering about at unwonted times and in unusual places.

The rats always were the first to discover that the earth was settling and set out in search of a place of safety. It was supposed that the waste-rock and timhers, in settling, pinched them in their usual holes and haunts and so forced them to go forth in quest of new quarters in order to avoid heing crushed to death.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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An Impending Issue.

The negro in America is one of the sins of the fathers. He is here, and to stay. As a problem he is more pressing in the Eastern states than he has been thus far in California; but he will in time, and in no very long time, become a problem here. Economic effects of the war, such as low cotton prices at first, then employment and high wages in Northern industrial centres such as Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, increased by immigration restrictions, impelled large numbers of negroes to leave the South. The heaviest migration was, naturally, northward, but some of it has been westward as well. California attracts everybody.

To the credit of the negroes be it said, the spirit of progress animates them. But there is also in many of them a spirit of emulation that of late has grown too aggressive. It is expressed by negro editors through a few negro press, and reflected in a race assertiveness that is beginning to grate on the whites among whom the negroes live. It is not so long since a negro leader in New York advised every member of his race to buy a revolver. The pleasant city of Berkeley, across the Bay, has been agitated during the past few weeks by the effort of a growing negro section to plant a "negro Masonic temple" on one of the principal thoroughfares; and, there being no law under which it could be stopped, the city council was obliged to deny an opposing petition of over 500 white residents.

It is in the schools, however, where young people of both sexes and of impressionable age must assemble and remain in rather close association for the better part of the day, that the problem of the negro as a neighbor becomes most acute. In an East Bay city the other night a school was holding graduating exercises. Since it has been decreed by those who labor to make education cost more that certain proportions of the taxpayers' money and the students' time shall be devoted to folk dancing (meaning thereby dances translated from the country of their natural origin to be practiced in a country already over-supplied in that particular but short on grammar and arithmetic), part of the evening's ceremony consisted of dances in which the pupils mingled even more intimately than in the classroom or school yard. Negro children attend this school. And a concluding scene presented the spectacle of a negro boy about fourteen years old doing some Norwegian, or Dutch or Danish steps with his arm around a little white girl's waist. The incident is not unusual.

The Foundation Stones of Our System.

The newest Lincoln book, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson, and from the press of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is neither a history of Lincoln's life nor a detailed record of his achievements. Yet it is something of both. It is in the main a commentary upon Lincoln's character and mental processes, something in the style of an editorial review of matters previously familiar. Beginning with a study of Lincoln's heredity, Mr. Stephenson follows his development with searching analyses of the motives of his life and of the guiding inspirations of its successive periods. Nothing quite in the spirit of this book is to be found in the vast mass of Lincolnian literature.

We refer now to a single point in this admirable study, namely, its stress upon Lincoln's major motive, carried through consistently from the debates with Douglas to emancipation. The point, to be sure, is not new, but Stephenson presents it with a clarity, an iteration, an emphasis perhaps unequaled and certain to make indelible impress upon the mind of every reader. Lincoln's first motive under his obligation as President was that of preserving the Union. His personal views as to the institution of slavery were neither concealed nor compromised. But his purpose to preserve the Union was something far beyond the question of slavery or any other incidental consideration. In his own words he would save the country with slavery or without slavery—the main thing was the integrity of the Union.

Reading Mr. Stephenson's pages in this year 1923 we are impressed with a certain parallelism between the situation closely preceding the civil war in relation to slavery and the situation today as related to prohibition. The supreme concern of today, in serious reality, is how to preserve our basic institutions from disintegrating forces that on one hand seek to destroy liberty and on the other to devitalize law. Radical prohibitionists in blind infatuation, heedless of the guarantees of the Constitution, forget the principles of which that instrument is an expression and a pledge. So on the other hand the more embittered antagonists of prohibition are conspiring, perhaps unconsciously, to destroy the moral force, not merely of the Eighteenth Amendment and of the Volstead Act, but of all law. The situation, we repeat, is comparable to that in the early 'sixties, when the slaveholders of South Carolina and their followers, and the abolitionists of Massachusetts and their sympathizers, lost sight of the fact that infinitely more important than the matters about which they were contending was the integrity of the country as bound up in the unity of the states and in maintenance of respect for and obedience to law.

If now those who in behoof of emotional conceptions of morality and those who in exasperation and resentment of violated principles of liberty seek to make enforcement of law a gage of battle shall be left to their own devices, that which is most precious—that which is essential—to our institutions as they were bequeathed to us, is bound to be lost. If the radicals who have won a legal if not a practical prohibition, and who are now formulating plans for putting further restrictions upon liberty, shall have their way, there will be established a new tyranny as remorseless as that which inspired our revolutionary fathers. For if liberty is destroyed all else that goes to the constitution of American character will be lost. And by the same token if law shall be bereft of validity, if it shall cease to be a respected and a governing force, the basis of American life will have been destroyed. For law is king in America, and if the king shall be dead, where shall abide authority essential to an ordered society?

Amid the fierce currents of his time Lincoln almost alone of the public men of that day saw the situation with clear vision and with unimpassioned mind. A hater of slavery, he nevertheless visualized slavery as an incidental issue. He saw that the supreme issue was the preservation of the fundamental institutions of the country. So today the supreme issue is not prohibition in its positive or negative aspects. It is the preservation of the institutions of this country of ours against which reckless and antagonistic radicalisms are practically combined in destructive warfare. The need today above all other needs is for the clear vision, the unimpassioned mind, that in a former crisis and in the person of Abraham Lincoln imposed upon a turbulent time the counsels of sanity. Men and brethren, it is a serious situation—all the more serious because its hazards are only dimly conceived. In times past our country has weathered many storms because of the traditional and sustained respect of our people for a few simple but fundamental principles. Today these principles are denied by one powerful faction and flouted by another. The foundation stones of our system—the right to individual liberty, the duty of obedience to law—are crumbling under a contention that would be trivial to silliness if there were not involved with it that issue nobly defined as government of the people, by the people, for the people.

A Disaster Averted.

The determination by the United States Appellate Court—the entire bench concurring—of the Central Pacific-Southern Pacific dissolution case should be final. In view of the record it would obviously be futile to pursue the matter further; and there is little doubt that the legal representatives of the government will accept the verdict as recorded at St. Paul. Thus ends a contention that should never have begun. Possibly it would never have begun, and assuredly it would not have been pursued as it has been during the past year, but for the piratical ambition of one great railway system to swallow another. In the final determination California has cause for gratification, for as Mr. John Stubbs once remarked, "The Southern Pacific Railroad is California's baby." This is not saying that California has not had grievances against the Southern Pacific, nor that its many chastisements of its "baby" have not been deserved. But when it has been found needful to deal sharply with the Southern Pacific, California has insisted upon doing the job herself. In the immediate instance—when last year there came an assault upon her child—California rushed impetuously and wholeheartedly to its aid; and it is not too much to say that her passionate fervor was the bulwark of its defensive fight. While the incident has been a trying one both for the Southern Pacific and for California, there is in it a lesson that should instruct all concerned. It is nothing less than the value of coöperative relationship between the railroad company and the public it serves. Coöperation is a term that slips trippingly from the tongue, but in practice the thing itself is not so simple.

Contributory and essential to it on the side of either party is the observance of the precepts of plain honest dealing. If the coöperative relationship is to be sustained the public must deal fairly with the railroad; and by the same token the railroad must deal fairly with the public. The public must yield to the railroad a policy of legitimate and equitable rates, also a policy of legitimate and equitable taxation. The railroad must confine its operations to its legitimate business—it must serve the public, not as a dominating force in its affairs, but in the spirit of service. This we are glad to believe is now the disposition both of the public and the railroad. No doubt on both sides there may be found points of divergence from the equities. Unquestionably there is need for readjustments. And whatever may be due from one to the other, the method should be that of friendliness, of mutual helpfulness—in brief, of coöperation. Coöperation is a matter of honesty in dealing and as well of business interest. Both the public and the railroad will find advantage in working together in the spirit of good-will.

The Industrial South.

An *Argonaut* writer who recently crossed the continent by a southern route, with stop-offs at Atlanta, Georgia, Columbia, South Carolina, Charlotte and Raleigh, North Carolina, and several other centres, made what was to him an interesting discovery, namely, that a radical social and economic revolution is in process in the more easterly part of the South. In the business of manufacturing cotton goods the Piedmont section of the Carolinas, almost over night, has become the third great cotton manufacturing region of the world, being exceeded only by our New England States and the Lancashire district of old England. The South, taken as a whole, has gone far ahead of New England in volume of manufactured cotton goods.

The reason for this change is not in lower wage scales. It is found in conditions related to labor; and these in turn are the product of a sympathetic public attitude. In New England there runs an undercurrent of antagonism to mill-owners and corporations regarded as "exploiters of the toiling masses." In the South everybody (that is everybody who is white) is part and parcel of a gigantic copartnership to boost the country and its industries. The farmers, the merchants, the tradesmen all own stock in the mills. And mill labor is contented.

In the Piedmont district labor conditions, excepting that the wage scales are higher and hours of labor shorter, are much as they were in New England half a century or more ago, when the mill-owner was in personal touch and companionship with his workmen; and the workmen in turn were of the same stock as himself, playing their part in upbuilding a new industry. It was the day when the New England mill-worker was an upstanding and respected member of society, a day when the factory women of Lowell sustained by contributions and under their own initiative and management a magazine of notable literary quality, when nobody looked upon mill-work even in its simplest phases as degraded or degrading.

But the New England weavers grew up mentally, economically, socially. They found other—not always better—spheres for their labors and their talents. Changes, too, came upon the mill-owners. The earlier type died out and mill management passed from the hands of owners to those of hired agents. The place of native labor was taken by aliens drawn from Canada and elsewhere. The business got upon an impersonal basis, and that is its status today.

In the South the leaders in the cotton industry are trying out an experiment of tremendous significance. They are trying to make in the varied employments of cotton manufacture an attractive and respected occupation. They have brought the ancient Anglo-Saxons —the hill-folk, once styled by the late Walter Page "our contemporary ancestors"—from their forests and taught them to spin and weave, and now they are trying to hold the second generation in the craft. And to a degree they are making a go of it.

So there is found in the mill villages a curious system of paternalism operating upon the most individualistic race in the world. It succeeds because, when all is said and done, the whites of the South, while sharply divided into classes, are a homogeneous people. The mill-owner lives with his people in the mill village and big-brothers them. He leads, but does not drive. Mutual understanding, which is only another name for mutual sympathy, is the secret. Wherefore the local legislatures refrain from enacting hampering laws—a condition differing from New England, where legislatures are forever hunting out ways and means to harass the "capitalist."

Let it not be assumed that the Southern states are backward in humanitarian service. Quite the other way round. North Carolina is a leader in that direction. Public health and vital social welfare services—not academic, but practical—are well advanced now in most Southern states. On the whole a notable change has come over the South. It is alive, active, aggressive—all pulling forward to the end of the common welfare. Not only in cotton manufacturing, but along varied lines, industry thrives. The new South is not a dream, but a reality.

Concerning "Convention Cities."

Protest against Chicago as a convention city both deepens and widens. It now includes leading men in both parties. And not without reason. Chicago has exploited recent conventions outrageously. Hotel rates have been advaneed anywhere from four to tenfold, and all else in proportion. But extortion is not the worst of Chicago's delinquencies. Believing herself secure in the undoubted advantages of her geographical position, Chieago has made no adequate provision for housing great popular gatherings. The "Wigwam" where so many conventions have held their sessions is a wretched barn, void of comfort or convenience. It is remote from the hotel district, ill served by car lines, of crude construetion inside and out, difficult alike for speakers or hearers. It is time notice were served upon Chicago that she must make adequate provision for the housing and general entertainment of popular gatherings, and enforce honest eharges, if she is to maintain her character as the convention city of the country.

Against San Franeisco as a convention city there are two handicaps—one of distance, another of time. That neither is vitally serious was demontsrated in 1920, when the Democrats held their national convention here. On the other hand, San Francisco has a tremendous advantage in her low summer temperatures. Nowhere else in the country can thousands of persons assemble in a single hall in the summer months in entire comfort. It has been demonstrated, too, that San Francisco knows how to treat her guests. In the convention week of 1920 there was no advance in hotel rates, no "gouging" anywhere. Further, she provided for her visitors an audience hall of unsurpassed capacity and in all respects dignified and worthy.

While San Francisco in respect to her situation on the western verge of the continent may not hope to become permanently and universally a convention centre, she may not unreasonably expect that now and again the great political parties may pay her and the group of states of which she is the metropolis the compliment of occasional visitation. The Democratie party did this in 1920, thus making a precedent that we hope may be followed by the Republican party in 1924.

Following a practice that has been general in recent years San Francisco has made tender of a substantial sum of money toward the expense of the Republiean eonvention of 1924 if it shall be held here. The *Argonaut* ventures the suggetion that bidding for conventions is outside the lines of propriety. The national convention of the great political party ought in self-respect to pay its own way. It should not in any way be influenced by a money consideration. There is a certain loss of dignity and of the respect that attaches to dignity when a matter of such importance is, so to speak, put up at auction.

Ghosts.

Most intelligent persons nowadays are in the embarrassing *cul de sac* where, whether they admit or confess to spiritism or whether they deny it vociferously, they are called narrow. We are damned if we do and damned if we dont; it is truly distressing. The standpat intelligentsia—*i. e.*, scientists generally, but chemists particularly—stick to the guns of skepticism pretty well, but gone are the days when to be advanced was to be skeptical. In the happy past of the nineteenth century, when the human race was wiser than it ever was before or ever will be again, it was comparatively easy to pose as a highbrow and an enlightened intellect—one had only to doubt everything one couldn't prove *a priori* by the infallible foot rule of Victorian logic. But nowadays one must watch his scientific step. It is apt to lead him a dizzy if not a merry dance, if not in fact a non-stop Marathon. Just when and where can we stop swallowing eamels that strain our inherited Victorian incredulity? We are weary with receiving wonders.

Conan Doyle has come and gone and found converts, for if the advanced intellect receives light unwillingly, it is otherwise with other strata, who crave conversion to this creed or that ism, anything, in fact, to which they can fasten the sticky tentacle of faith. And if isms are a consoling quantity generally, what can not be said of the balm-giving support of spiritism? Besides, as we have already said, we have arrived at a new stage. Science, and perforce scientists, have come upon the spiritist séance and one has an embarrassment of choices—to be or not to be open-minded.

Of course, the really clever pose is that of the agnostic. That way one can have an open mind and still save his atavistic Victorian face. It is, moreover, a purely scientific attitude. But meanwhile new light comes from Europe, from France, the usual source of intellectual light. Professor Charles Richet, a skeptic in spiritualistic matters, an agnostie by profession, and professor of physiology in the University of Paris, has published the results of his thirty years of psychical research, the upshot of which is that, though the science of metaphysics is still in the embryonic stage, there is at least a possibility that even the most spooky of spiritist manifestations may be acccounted for by purely human and materialistic causes. We of the old guard sigh in relief: but we can not breathe freely yet, for along comes Dr. Abrams of vibration-detection fame, with another variation of his truth detector, an instrument this time, we infer, that will tell the nationality, blood relationship, and complexion of spooks. For, for Dr. Abrams the universe and everything therein ean be reduced to vibrations. Development of his theory will naturally knock Dr. Richet's for a goal, but meanwhile we are betting on the Frenchman and his rationalistic explanation of psychic phenomena. There is the comforting old maxim that of two explanations one should accept the more probable. But once in a while the brain seems to like a holiday, a sort of spree of credulity, and spiritism with its undivorcible attendant mystery is as good a spree as a mystery play.

Editorial Notes.

The Socialist party of America in convention at New York last week devoted itself mainly to considering ways and means of making up recent losses. These were admitted. There has been a very eonsiderable decline in the strength of the organization, and the aim of the old guard, as developed in the proceedings, was to find ways and means of recruiting. Among old practices cast into the discard is that of street-corner oratory. However the traditional soap-box may have served its day, it has in the judgment of the convention become a reproach rather than an aid. The practice has tended to the discredit of the organization by affiliating it in the public mind with crank movements of one sort or another. The professional workers of the organization are now to abandon the soap-box and become canvassers and distributors of socialistic literature. Another ehange in the policy of the organization is marked in the separation of propagandists into two groups. One branch of the organization is to be composed of men and another of women. They are to work independently of each other though remaining under a common supervision. So absorbed was the convention in these rearrangements that it found scant time for discussion of party principles. The main points of the party programme, in addition to its standardized tenets, were embodied in two sets of resolutions, one in opposition of the open shop, the other in eondemnation of the Fascisti movement in Italy.

Means must be found to cramp the style of Mr. John F. Adams of Iowa, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Adams appears to regard himself as commissioned to formulate party policies. But that is not all. He goes further to take upon himself the regulation of the foreign policies of the government; and in doing this he uses phrases more familiar to the local politics of Iowa than to the lexicon of diplomacy. His reference to "crooked" courses on the part of the allied governments, with the further suggestion that they are seeking to "job" and to "bilk" the United States in the matter of payments for maintenance of our forces on the Rhine, goes beyond the limit of shirt-sleeves diplomacy even in its most aggressive development. Mr. Adams mistakes h

function. It is not the business of the national committee, even less that of its chairman, to formulate party policies or to mix in matters of international relationship. Mr. Adams is hopelessly inept: and a way must be found, and that speedily, either to get rid of him altogether or to reduce him to a state—to borrow the phrase of the late President Cleveland—of innocuous desuetude.

By time-honored rule a President in office is the recognized head of his party. In so far as anybody has authority to declare the policies of the Republican party, that authority now rests with Mr. Harding. The chairman of a national committee in periods between the end of one campaign and the beginning of another is limited to routine. Custom properly gives to a presidential nominee the privilege of naming the executive head of the campaign organization. At most Mr. Adams' tenure is brief and in due season he will be succeeded by whomever the next party nominee for the presidency shall select. Common speculation accords renomination to Mr. Harding, and it is an interesting question as to whom he shall choose as the manager of his campaign. It is hardly likely that Mr. Hays will again be made chairman. Since his descent from the Cabinet to the "movies" it will not be in keeping to place him again at the head of the committee. Furthermore, there is general criticism of his methods as extravagant. A far more likely man is Mr. Hilles, formerly chairman, now representing New York in the national committee.

The sorest throat in the universe at this time is that of "Maudie," lady giraffe, a recent arrival from Africa at the London zoo. Besides her painful struggle with re-acclimatization Maudie is a sorrowing widow, her mate having died under stress of the journey from Africa to London. There is little hope of Maudie's recovery, since it is the practice of this particular species to die when bereft of domestic association and sympathy. The hope is that under the subtle influences of environment Maudie may buck up and contrive to make a live of it. With her advantage of elevated vision she should be able to discover that human practice differs radically from that of giraffe-land. With us widowhood rarely fades away to sink untimely in the grave. On the other hand the British—or the American—widow usually "does over" the house inside and out, widens the front porch, builds in another bathroom, then in just the right sort of second-mourning takes a joyous trip somewhere.

In a current issue the Portland *Oregonian* prints a cartoon—"Here Come the Nature Lovers"—timely at all times and peculiarly suggestive in this merry month of June. It is in four sections. In the first section is shown a pleasant woodland picture—a grove of graceful trees, a mother bird sitting on her nest while her mate carols joyously to the sun, a crystal stream, squirrels hopping about, rabbits munching grass, flowers everywhere. Second section—"The nature lovers" rush in. Third Section—Father busies himself cutting down a tree, mother with her women guests is cooking over a smudgy fire, big sister is flirting with a young man in a hammock, both smoking cigarettes, little brother is shooting the mother bird on her nest while little sister pursues its mate with a salt cellar, another little brother puts an arrow through a squirel and still another beats the life out of a rabbit. Section 4 presents the wreckage after the nature lovers have gone—a medley of papers, tin cans, empty bottles, broken baskets, etc. A sadly true picture!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Look Ahead.

San Francisco, June 12, 1923.

Editor Argonaut: The question of giving legal effect to the Eighteenth, or Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution is one of national importance and one in which interest daily grows more acute.

The Volstead law was drawn in a spirit of fanaticism, and in its earlier days at least was executed with harshness and with a singular lack of judgment and common sense. Owing to the character of the enforcement the feeling was borne in upon the electorate of this country that personal liberty was threatened and that the rights and freedom provided by the Constitution were being impaired. The truth is that the conviction that there has been a great infringement upon the domain of personal rights has become an obsession on the part of a large number—perhaps even a majority—of the citizens of this country.

From this unfortunate condition of thought there has arisen much bitterness and, unfortunately, a rapid growth of the spirit of disloyalty to law. So widespread has become contempt for the Volstead law and the disposition to evade its provisions, that I found the question of its enforcement to be one of the most serious matters with which the authorities at Washington are confronted.

It is a well-known axiom that no law can be successfully enforced unless considerably more than a majority of the population sincerely believes in it. In other words, there must be behind successfully enforced law a body of public sentiment of such character and magnitude that its mandates must be respected.

The prohibition question has drifted into an impasse with acute ill-feeling and fanaticism displayed on both sides. In view of this unfortunate situation, it seems to me that within a few months the President will find himself almost obliged to make a declaration somewhat to this effect:

"The Administration has made a sincere, earnest, persistent endeavor to enforce the Volstead law with all the instrumentalities placed in its hands by Congress. The attempt to enforce this law with the means at hand has met with indifferent success. Almost insurmountable physical difficulties are encountered on one hand by enforcement officers, and on the other hand there has arisen a mounting tide of dissatisfaction with certain phases of the law itself.

"In view of the serious condition now confronting us, there seem but two courses to be pursued by Congress: either Congress must enormously strengthen the hands of the Administration by appropriating two or three hundred million dollars for the enforcement of the law, or it must so amend the Volstead law as to remove objections to it to such an extent that three-fourths of the people will favor its enforcement.

"The two or three hundred million dollars which it is suggested will be necessary for the adequate enforcement of this law seems a prodigious sum, but it has been estimated by prohibition enforcement officials in New York that if the whole burden of enforcement of the Volstead law is assumed by the United States officials alone for the State of New York, at least one hundred million dollars will be required for enforcement purposes in that state. When we consider the long extent of our frontier line on the Canadian and Mexican borders, and our coast line on the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, it can easily be seen that for this service alone we will have to create a special army and navy, if the Volstead law is to be rigidly enforced. Therefore it appears to me that it is the plain duty of Congress to consider these two proposals, viz., either to amend the law, or to supply sufficient money properly to enforce it." Very sincerely yours, F. B. L.

Times Have Changed.

San Francisco, June 9, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Dear Sir:* Partly of my own volition, but mostly at the suggestion of my friend Paul Elder, I am writing in answer to the excellent and timely letter of Professor Edward Hulme of Stanford anent comic opera.

The professor and your musical critic hemoan the lack of productions of the masters of yesterday. They bespeak a revival of Offenbach, Lecoq, Von Suppé, Millocker, etc. It is not practical in this day and age.

In making this statement my only reservation is what may be latent in Professor Hulme's mind as to "properly preparing the public at large." If the professor has a definite plan, it would be interesting to me at this time.

I had the honor of being the business manager for the Hartman and Steindorff season until recently, and gave serious study to the question of revivals. I have come to the conclusion that the general public will no longer attend a performance of them, regardless of how well they may be presented. "The Love Tales of Hoffman," by Offenbach, drew very small houses last winter; "The Bohemian Girl" and "Chimes of Normandy," while attended somewhat better, did not compare in their appeal with "Katinka" and "The Spring Maid" of the modern school.

There is a reason. Times and taste have changed. The younger generation, upon whom the theatre thrives, will not accept the old-fashioned, cumbersome language of the dialogue, the quaint if not unfunny humor, and the broad comedy; not to mention unreal situations and mock heroics with which the libretti of the old operas are replete. They laugh at the serious and are silent when they should laugh. And justly so. Their viewpoint is different. A satire on events of the '80s can have no appeal to the youth of 1923, regardless of the beauty of the musical settings. Even the elders seem disillusioned. Invariably they say, "I thought I would enjoy seeing 'Pinafore' again, but it doesn't seem the same as when I last saw it at the Tivoli." It was the same old "Pinafore," but the idea of the hum-boat woman marrying the captain whom she changed in the cradle is a solution to a plot which, obviously, is not acceptable to our present-day tastes and would never reach an initial performance were it written by a modern librettist. This is merely one concrete example of why revivals are not better supported. Those who know and love the old operas and who long for their return are not in sufficient numbers to support financially such a project.

There is not an impresario of light opera who would not prefer staging the classics. During a season we always attempt one or more, invariably to our regret. Our personal inclination tempts us, but our better judgment says "beware."

So much for my opinion as to why the revivals are not popular. But, nevertheless, during my coming season in Oakland, I am contemplating the revival of "Die Fledermaus," "Girofle-Girofla," and "Boccaccio," with Mabel Riegelman, the famous prima donna, as a star. These revivals are to be interspersed with such modern operas as "Naughty Marietta," "Sweethearts," "The Blue Paradise," "Sari" and others.

By this inconsistency it can be seen that my opinion is not warped nor biased; in fact, it is rather an observation which I prefer to ignore in the better interests of an art which should not be entirely forsaken for commercialism.

As I contemplate a season in San Francisco this fall, I thoroughly concur with Professor Hulme in his hope that you will continue to call the attention of your readers to the subject, that it be thoroughly discussed and if possible a light opera association formed, a programme of say six revivals determined and guaranteed by advance subscription for tickets, and I shall be pleased to include them in my repertoire.

Sincerely yours, Louis B. Jacobs.

The size of the average English family decreased 9 per cent. between 1911 and 1921. The average size of the present family is 3.79 persons, compared with 4.15 ten years previous. The population of Greater London is the largest yet recorded—7,480,201.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MELTING POT.

American Labor Has Come to Understand the Necessity for Some Check on Immigration.

Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation is one of our greatest captains of industry, and one of our best citizens. He is a master of the art of administration, and a strong reliance to thousands of stockholders, including many widows and orphans and about 90,000 of his own working people. When labor is plentiful he gets it "reasonable," and when it is dear he raises the price as much as he thinks he must to keep his mills going; and that is business. But today, facing a labor shortage, he thinks the immigration bars should be let down so we can get in some more mill hands from Europe. The judgment of the judge has been misled by his responsibilities as trustee for his stockholders. As a mere business man, hiring labor as low as practicable, he is right. As a citizen, he is wrong.

The unemployment that two years ago was said to affect five million men and caused sad hearts all over the nation has disappeared magically. One reason why it disappeared, and disappeared so soon, was undoubtedly restriction of immigration. There were other reasons, but that was one. That made it necessary for the steel corporation, and many another, to raise wages for low-grade labor. It helped make wages high in all grades and trades. They are burdensome today in many lines of work. Building costs, for example, are excessively high, and cause distress by protracting the housing shortage. The cost of living refuses to decline, and threatens to rise higher, largely on account of labor costs. Columbia University postpones a 10,000,000-dollar building programme, and improvement is beginning to lag all over the country. But all that is not so bad as having five million men out of work.

The truth is that in our present restrictions on immigration, labor has real protection, for the first time—not the sort of protection proclaimed by professional high-tariff politicians. And what a humbug that has been—to say that while labor should be exposed to the foreign competition its employers were unwilling to face, it should for its own good pay a protective tariff on everything it has to buy! Labor dragged its load after the truss of hay of tariff protection for a long time, but of late it has been demanding a chance to catch up with it. Moreover, it wants more oats in its diet and less oratorical stubble. It has received some of the oats from the present restrictions on immigration, which will, however, expire next year. That nothing will be substituted and that we shall return to the old wide-open condition of being an insane asylum for the oppressed of every nation, for their imbeciles, illiterates, professional paupers and fugitive criminals, is unthinkable. And probably Judge Gary is not thinking of it. But what labor needs, and will undoubtedly contend for and get, will be a restriction of immigration, not merely social and cultural in its effect, but economic: which is basic to all culture and all healthy society. If the bars were to be lowered we should be flooded under a greater horde every year than Alaric led into Italy.

Says E. A. Wolcott, eminent publicist, and secretary to the Commonwealth Club, in his searching analysis of the statistics of births and immigration in the United States: "For every immigrant who lands in America one less child is born to an American." And that law speedily affects the immigrants themselves. It may also be said that for every immigrant who lands in America there is one less job for the man already here. If the latter proposition were not true the former would not be true either; for the latter is the real cause of the former.

Census figures show a decline in the American birth-rate running side by side with immigration; and a sharp drop in the American birth-rate coinciding with a heavy influx of foreigners. The 50,000,000 Americans of 1880 produced in the next decade, a decade of great influx, the same number of [illegible] Americans of 1870—a decline [illegible] of more than 20 per cent. from the rate of the preceding ten years.

Labor is a commodity. It doesn't flatter the laboring man to say it, one atrocious piece of class legislation has denied it, and the Versailles treaty says it should not be so regarded; but it is. And that commodity responds to economic law just as any other commodity does. Generally, and in the long run, when the supply is large in proportion to the demand, the price falls. When the influx of cheap labor is stemmed and the demand rises in proportion to the supply, the price rises. That's that, and you can't abolish it by statute. And there never was any protection that could be given labor in this country that compensated it for its exposure to foreign competition in the form of floods of immigrants.

For generations they came in a human tide, and we "assimilated" them—some of them; that is to say we hired them in competition with those already here, and spent our money educating their children in the hope of making them good Americans. And to a considerable degree they have made good Americans. They came here on our invitation, so we can not blame them for coming. Some of their children are as good

Americans as those of any other class—perhaps better. That is the sorrow of it—perhaps better, now. It is too easy to say the southeast European resented all government and "acknowledged no argument but the club, the gun, and the bomb." Not all of them, not even a majority of them, are so disposed. Probably most of them have been very fair material, grateful for opportunity, and loyal to the country that offered it.

But we had the material already, and it was of our own blood: American, of the north European strains, homogeneous and more or less akin; English, Irish, Scotch, German of the better generations, Dutch, a few French, the so-called Scotch-Irish who are really the purest Anglo-Saxon, and the Scandinavians who had already contributed heavily to the racial strain of the English. These would have continued to form a homogeneous nation, of common traditions and hopes and understanding of our institutions, but they had not the chance. We elected to become a melting pot.

Now, the tragedy of the melting pot is not so much the foreign element, which will one day melt down into a fairly uniform mass. That tragedy lies in the fact that in order to make foreigners good Americans we made many of our own people bad ones. The foreigners under-ate, under-lived, outworked and supplanted too many of the older strain, men to whom this should have been "their country" in the sense that they, and they only, were morally entitled to the opportunities of employment and good wages offered by its resources and development. And to any one jealous for the old north European stock from which the early Americans descended, or for the welfare of our later immigration, how sad a tragedy it is! We dread to read the names of those arrested when some headquarters of the I. W. W., or the Communist or Workers' party are raided. One would like to think such embittered men were embittered by the hardships and oppression they suffered in their recent homes in southeastern Europe, but we can not comfort ourselves that way much longer. Too many times the names are not those of poor Croats and Czechs and Hungarians and people from the Balkans. Too many are American names. Is there a more thoroughly American name than that of Zeke Foster? Do you think it is only a rabble of foreigners he leads? A good American should wish it were. How much of a foreigner is Big Bill Haywood? Or 'Gene Debs?

Immigration has not increased our population. Read the Commonwealth Club's monograph on the subject referred to above. Our growth, statistically expressed, has been merely at a normal rate, such as would have occurred anyway with abundant opportunity beckoning the unborn. Census returns demonstrate that the process has not been one of addition, but of replacement, and a little reflection will show that it has been worse than that, namely, of displacement. Our immigration policy has been based on a false theory, in ignorance of the relation between economics and ethnology or biology. Many people have still to learn that in this world all things are related.

We have been Europe's dump, and down to the recent general war that was about the character in which Europe regarded us and is sufficient to account for Europe's lack of respect for us. It is not human nature to respect the dump. There is a certain type of Englishman who expresses this attitude in our common tongue by speaking of "the blawsted cawlonies." They are complaining about that in Canada and Australia. That we accepted the over-breeding of Europe at the cost of under-breeding in the United States must have seemed like a good joke to European statesmen. True, it relieved American wives of the labors of childbearing; but that is another question. The perpetuation of the social and political ideals of free Americans, and of those free English who were in heavy majority their ancestors, should not have been left to peoples of alien tradition and inferior standards of living. Those that do the work will become the nation. And American wives would have been willing to do their part if they could have foreseen the old opportunities for the children. As it is, the free land of the United States is [illegible] and too much of it passed to those whose parents had no part in the development of American institutions. An analogous process has been running through all industry, in regard to positions and openings. Useless to mourn for it now—that water has gone over the dam. But we ought to consider maintaining our existing check on the process. To change the figure, if the horse has been stolen, let us at least lock the barn and save the harness.

The ranks of discontent are recruited, in far too high a degree, from Americans. Americans of the older blood, if they do not form, at least help swell, the ranks of the tramps, the hoboes, the "blanket stiffs," the trouble makers in the Northwest lumber camps and the Mid-West coal fields. These have been supplanted by European cheap labor; or their standards of living, which our political humbugs promised to support by legislation, had to descend lower than that of Judge Gary's industrious foreigners who like to toil twelve hours a day for the extra money in it. The worst reading any American has had to do since the civil war is the list of those indicted for the massacre at Herrin, Illinois: a list composed, with but few exceptions, of typical American names—English forms, with one or two Irish. That is where we have brought part of our American citizenship; just how large a part we can not say, for we are now suggesting a phase of the subject not yet statistically explored.

These troubles are not entirely owing to immigration, of course; for every economic effect is a resultant of many forces. But they are largely owing to our past immigration, of just the sort Judge Gary would like more of. He is wrong this time, and it is to be hoped he will be disappointed. If he were President of the United States instead of chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, he would probably look at this problem differently.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

June.

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flashes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breezes comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Sir Marmaduke.

Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight,—
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
And he looks like the head
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide,—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d'ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate,—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

—*George Colman the Younger.*

The delta of the Yangtze River is as large as Illinois and has a population of 40,000,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, is said to be almost as proficient at the piano as with his favorite instrument, but uses it solely for recreation and often indulges in jazz. Another hobby of the great Russian musician is the collection of first editions, but he is also devoted to golf, tennis, horseback riding, motoring, aquatic sports and dancing.

Mme. Ella Bradna is said to hold the world record for successful endurance in the sawdust ring. For twenty-two consecutive years she has been the centre ring attraction of one or another big circus. She began life as an equestrienne from Alsace Lorraine, became an animal trainer, and nowadays divides her year between the circus season and the vaudeville circuits.

Miss Adèle Poston, who was chief nurse at Base Hospital 117, the first American shell-shock hospital at La Fauche, has been awarded a distinguished Service Medal by the War Department. Miss Poston was selected by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, at the suggestion of the late Surgeon-General Gorgas, to organize the nursing forces for the shell-shock and nervous disease hospitals in France. Before the world war Miss Poston was superintendent of nurses at Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, and is at present head of a summer camp for girls.

Captain Adolphus Andrews, commander of the presidential yacht *Mayflower*, and his crew spend more time keeping things clean than any other persons in the navy. They are always on duty because they can never tell from one moment to another when a call will come. Captain Andrews was with the American fleet in the war zone during the world war and made a splendid record. He is from Texas and is a graduate of the Naval Academy.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, novelist and spiritualist, and creator of Sherlock Holmes, who is visiting in this city, began his professional life as an M. D., continued it as an M. P., won his laurels in still a third field, letters, and notoriety in a fourth, spiritualism. In addition, Sir Arthur, whose title was created in 1902, is a traveler of note, having explored some parts of the arctic regions and some of the lesser-known parts of West Africa. Sir Arthur was born in Edinburgh and is sixty-four years of age. He was educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University and has been twice married.

Mrs. Harding's favorite hobby is the study of character as disclosed by the face. Her position gives the first lady of the land unlimited opportunity to pursue this study, as men and women in almost every walk of life come to the White House in one capacity or another. In conjunction with Mrs. Harding's study of physiognomy it is interesting to note that she was one of the three women selected by D. W. Griffith in his recent choice of the three most beautiful women—the other two being Queen Marie of Roumania and a lowly Philadelphia scrubwoman.

John N. Van Zandt, postmaster of Blawenburg, New Jersey, is said to be the oldest postmaster in point of service of any in the United States. This official custodian of the mails was appointed by President Lincoln during the latter's last administration. He was but twenty-two years of age at that time. Only once in the last sixty-eight years since he has held office has his job been in danger, and that was when civil service examinations were first introduced. He failed in the first tests, but was reappointed owing to his long service. He is still in excellent health and has many anecdotes about President Lincoln.

Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, the advocate of poison gas, supports his contention that gas is the most humane instrument of warfare with statistics. Of the 70,558 men admitted to hospitals suffering from gas only 1221 died. He estimates the percentage of deaths resulting from gas at about 2 per cent., whereas of men otherwise wounded during the world war, 24 per cent. died. General Fries, a West Pointer, was a colonel of engineers when the war broke out, but was sent to France to organize the American Chemical Warfare Service. So successful was he in the accomplishment of this mission that when the war ended and the chemical warfare branch was made part of the permanent military establishment General Fries was made its chief. He is a stanch advocate of preparedness and is at all times ready for a debate on the subject of gas as a defensive weapon. His particular aversions are pacifist societies.

Scott C. Bone, governor of Alaska, estimates that the huge territory under his jurisdiction is the home of approximately a million caribou, and he believes that their steaks and chops would be a welcome article of diet on the American table. He is pressing the Administration with his caribou meat proposal, which is warranted to put Alaska on the culinary map. Governor Bone was publicity manager for the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1920, and prior to that work had been for many years an active newspaper man and editor of several influential dailies. He was also chairman of the Alaska bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and delegate-at-large from Washington to the Republican convention of 1916. He is from Indiana and is just over sixty years of age.

CAPTIVITY.

What Happened in an African Desert to the Crew of a Torpedoed Transport.

Among the sorrows of war, captivity is a theme of endless interest. How it runs through literature as one of the darker threads of fate! Death itself may be less tragic, flight in dreams can hardly be more terrible. Childe Roland's great adventure was to set captives free. One of the moving episodes of all story is Monte Cristo pecking at his wall. Another is little Pip's friend sitting on a gravestone, filing his irons. Any writer that can invest the subject with personal interest and give it novel setting can make sure of readers. And the subject will take substance when it concerns real characters. War supplies that, makes it darkly true, with ransom or rescue, exchange or escape. We remember, on the outer wall of a church in Toledo, what was not so very rare in Spain: a collection of fetters struck from the limbs of Christian captives of the Moors—dangling and rusting there in the wind and chiming dolorously against the stones, the arms they had bound long dust, the souls they had crucified "long, long ago at rest," yet clanging dismally through the centuries the ultimate anguish of man. They will fascinate until they rust away, for they tell of captives.

The older generation had its fill of tales of Andersonville and Libby—such books as "Field, Dungeon and Escape," such hair-raising narratives as the one about the stolen locomotive. For a month the world has read nervously of the captives in the Paotzuku hills of Shantung. Here we have another story, from the recent great war, on the theme of captivity, and in a setting like the blasted face of the moon; "Prisoners of the Red Desert," a harrowing book, yet enthralling, one you can not lay down once you pass the map of the Libyan plateau inside the front cover, until you have reached the diagram of the prisoners' camp at the back. For you have to know every detail of their Gethsemane, and just how they were saved by the grace of God, the grace of gasoline, and that other grace, the Duke of Westminster—an invincible trinity. The duke himself writes an introduction, from Grosvenor House, congratulating, with nice English modesty, the fortitude of the prisoners, which pulled them through.

This is one of the Odysseys of the war. It begins with a channel ferry of the London and Northwestern Railway plying between Holyhead and Dublin. The boat was manned by railway hands augmented by some Liverpool rabble, put under command of Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams, who writes the narrative, and sent as a transport into the Mediterranean, where she was promptly torpedoed by the *U-35*, somewhere west of Alexandria. The U-boat captain considerately towed the survivors to shore in their small boats, where he turned them over, about 100 officers and men, as prisoners of war to a Turkish command of Bedouin Senoussi, or Senussi, the fanatical Mohammedans of the North African desert. Things were not so bad at first, but the incompetence of such people to care for their civilized charges worked out inevitably to privations under which several died and more would had it not been for chance and the stubbornness of the duke.

From their place of debarkation the prisoners were marched southward to what they were told was an oasis, and this was their early condition:

> The night winds were already very cold, the ground as hard as rock, and we huddled together to obtain what warmth we could. Many had already developed dysentery, but as yet our young probationer had not made up his mind what the complaint was. In any case, it would have made no difference. Sick or well, we were all treated alike. The sick had to march the same as the others, to carry their burdens, and there were no medicines, bandages, medical comforts, change of foul or wet clothes, or any of the other decencies of civilization procurable.

Two days elapsed without food. Then:

> Hunger had long ere this made us look round to see if we could not find any substitute for the food which we did not get. We found one. This part of the desert was literally white with the shells of countless millions of snails. Indifferent as to whether they were wholesome or not, so long as they served to fill the cavity in our gnawing vitals, some of us experimented with them. Tentatively they placed them round the edges of the fire, and having thus roasted them, ate some. The result being sufficiently satisfactory, many others overcame their disgust and did likewise.
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> It was thus that we first gathered a small additional supply of food. I have no doubt it saved many lives.
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> The country never varied except to get more stony. This part of Libya is known as the Red Desert; dull maroon in color, flat as the sea, it rolls endlessly into the distance, where there is often an appearance of low hills. These hills, however, have a rainbow-like habit of disappearing when you reach them. They are probably only a few feet in height, and the ascent is so gradual that it is imperceptible. The stones are strange and fantastic in shape, much of the rock being formed of ancient coral reefs, pitted and perforated into the appearance of honeycomh; others are soapy in texture, varying in color from the deepest black to a vivid red. In the lower lying parts, sand and clay have been washed down by the winter rains, and here grow dead-colored shrubs and camel grass.

Still they looked forward to the oasis as to the Promsed Land. Here would be wells of living water, here would be palms and fruit and shade, rest for blistered feet, healing for sores and bruises. Two days' flour was served, with orders to bake bread for the final march, for there would be no water for boiling rice. They started at 4 in the afternoon:

> This night march was one of the most dreadful ones in all our mournful catalogue. The stones were pitiless, and in the dark we stumbled and fell blindly; it was a super-nightmare. The sick, the feeble, and the lame (and more than half of us came under one or other of these categories by now) soon began to trail behind. Terrified of losing touch with the rest, fearing to lose the sight of the camels with their precious loads of water, dreading to die deserted in slow agony in the wilderness, they cried to their companions to help them. Their companions, for their part, had all they could do themselves to keep up at the killing pace at which we were moving. Even Achmed was sweating with fear, lest he himself should be lost, and he kept taunting and threatening us with all manner of brutality. He freely offered to flog all and every straggler, and urged on the guards to employ yet more freely those restoratives which they were already so ready to use—blows with the butts and pokes with the muzzles of their rifles—upon the bodies of their helpless, almost insensible victims.

The arrival at the oasis was a signal for despair. It had one stunted tree, and no living waters whatever. Instead there were "wells," dating, at least in design, from the times when a Roman civilization had managed to sustain itself in this now exhausted waste; perhaps dating from ages before that, for conditions and material had never changed. A long, broad slope of rock was selected, and on it were built water-ribs, a foot or a foot and a half in height, converging at the lowest point. Here was dug in the limestone a bottle-necked cistern with an opening perhaps eighteen inches across, which caught the scanty rain. The spoil from digging the cistern was thrown up on the lower side of the opening, and the mound formed the only landmark on the desert floor. The plain seemed to have been sparsely dotted with them for ages, but the genius of conservation did not animate the people of that region, and most of the cisterns were filled by now with rubbish.

The president of this particular water company was the leading citizen, and is thus portrayed:

> The individual with whom we had most to deal, and the one who exercised the greatest influence upon our lives at Bir Hakkim, was the holy man, a priest in charge of the wells, whom we soon got to know as "Holy Joe." I believe his real name was Osman.
>
> This individual was an Ethiopian, a tall, fine-looking negro, but with twisted, shriveled legs and a straggly, grayish beard; I adjudged him to have been about sixty years of age. Apparently he did well by his water tolls, and was always well dressed as compared with the ragged soldiery. He had quite a palatial new tent and a plump, pleasant wife, who, judging by his family, all as regularly graded in height as the rungs of a ladder, evidently made an annual event of adding to their number. He also had dependent on him a couple of hags, one reputed to be over a hundred years old—but whether the old crones were earlier wives, or merely near relatives of his own, I know not. He possessed two donkeys, a few goats, and his own stock of barley and rice, a yellow pariah dog or two, and a sjambok (elephant-hide whip). Being a holy man appeared to give him much temporal as well as spiritual authority, the which, whip in hand, he applied freely to all and sundry.
>
> Wherever in the desert a Mohammedan force camps they form a "mosque," facing towards Mecca. These "mosques" were a pitfall to our unwary selves, for they were simply single stones arranged on the ground, even as a child arranges the old bricks in a rubbish heap at home; we had no suspicion that they enclosed holy ground. Blundering unthinkingly across these spaces we were the recipients of many cuffs and sticks and stones, until we learned their meaning.

There was no care of the prisoners, but there was some care for them, for if any were lost Holy Joe might have had trouble collecting his water rates from the Turkish government. But this solicitude took on the charms of the Black Hole of Calcutta:

> Achmed had been watching the gathering clouds for some days, and held numerous consultations with "Holy Joe," the well-man, on the subject. As a result of their deliberations, he told us that as the tent fittings had not arrived, he must make other arrangements to get the men sheltered from the rain. They were accordingly set to work to clear out from the dry well the caked mud at its bottom and on the top to build a little circular wall round its eighteen-inch wide entrance. Thus, moderately dry, and with the water unable to find ingress, he considered it would be a suitable habitation for seventy-eight full-grown men.
>
> Now this well, by actual measurements, was eighteen feet in diameter at the circular bottom, and had an extreme height of ten feet in the centre of the vault; ventilation there was none, except the tiny hole for entering it. Needless to say it was pitch dark as well, damp and moist, and the atmosphere, even to start with, was foul.
>
> I hesitate to think that even Achmed, hateful little bully that he was, realized what he was doing when he condemned seventy-eight human beings to go down there. But at the first speck of rain, down the well they were driven, and, having wedged themselves round the bottom like sardines, there in that hole did they spend six nights!
>
> By the fourth night it beggared description, so foul was the atmosphere; all were coughing and choking, some became delirious, while others rapidly fell into a state of torpor. On the fifth morning a number were hoisted out insensible. The sixth night was the last; many were obviously dying—even the careless sentry was impressed and fetched Achmed. He went down, and let it be counted to him for righteousness in the land to which he has now gone—the next morning the men were released.

And yet, under almost any conditions, there is the chance of ameliorating comedy. Here it took this form:

> During the first week at Bir Hakkim, and until we got our own tents, I often used to visit the tents of our guards, and found them a kindly and genial lot. I was unable to speak more than half-a-dozen words of Arabic, but this seemed to matter not at all; we were companions in the same way as animals are companions to each other, or even as a dog is to his master.
>
> Many a cup of tea did I drink in the tent of my friend the little Blonde Man, who always looked as though he had green hair, for reason of the emerald cloth which he wore tied around his head.
>
> And the teapot! I like to imagine the effect it would produce if it were placed on the table of a West End drawing-room. The child-like Senoussi had made many captures of goods and household utensils from the Italians, and of such trophies there were often many of whose original purport he had no conception; he therefore adapted them to such uses as seemed good in his own eyes, and to such utilities as, by their shape, they suggested to his tent-dwelling mind.
>
> This teapot, in particular, had most obviously come from a hospital, and, at its inception, it was intended for purposes far other than that of drinking tea out of! It had, in fact, a large spout and no other opening, and had been used by patients confined to bed. Need I say more?

Indeed no; in fact, he need not have said so much. And yet with such a precious thing as fun under the circumstances, perhaps it is well to be explicit. They were soon enough in Hell again:

> The average number of dysentery cases was from ten to fifteen daily; there were six others with rupture and no trusses, one man in the last stages of consumption, and another, in purgatory from stricture, had now developed uric acid poisoning. The sick had the same food as any one else—rice, and there were no bandages, medicines, change of clothes or comforts of any kind procurable for them, nor could we even get them camel or goat's milk. It was pitiful to see their pale, wan faces, and it hurt to be so totally unable to relieve their suffering. One told the men about all the promises we had had, of food, clothes, comforts and medicines for the future—and I tried to paint the picture as brightly as possible. But I fear such fairy tales no longer convinced or heartened the despondent; they already knew too well the value of an Arab's promise!

Such conditions finally determined the captain to attempt an escape from their unwalled prison so that he could send back a rescue party from the British lines. He saved a little of his rice ration, secreted from the water company thirty-six tomato cans of water, stole a goatskin water bag to carry it in, took a horseshoe in his pocket, and bolted. After days of privation like a Death Valley desert rat's, he hung the water skin on a bush and lay down to sleep. The horseshoe quit on him. Some Bedouins notice the water skin, woke him up, saw his blue eyes, and he was a captive again; this time in a large Bedouin camp, where:

> For the remainder of the morning I was dragged round and exhibited at the various tents, much as dancing bears used to be in England, and my uniform, and the tattooes with which my arms are covered were displayed with much pride. I smiled and endeavored to ingratiate myself with the inhabitants, but my first smile was almost my undoing—for I have a gold tooth! The sight of so much wealth (for to these incredibly poor people a gold tooth meant real riches) at once excited their cupidity, and they appeared to consider that the removal of my head was the simplest method of obtaining the treasure. Seeing how the wind blew, I thereupon hastened to assure them that the object of their avarice was *not* gold, and I intimated that it was in reality brass or some such base metal; they believed me, for they could not credit that any human being would employ gold so extravagantly, but the display of my tooth was added to my other assets for "showing-off" purposes from that moment on.

Such representations were perforce largely in pantomime, for the captain knew but a few phrases of Arabic—one of the most difficult of languages for a European to acquire. And the dumb-show business was good. The fugitive suddenly became a whole motion-picture palace:

> My pantomimic interrogation having finished, and my uniform, ribbons, tattooes and belongings having been duly studied, Hassan looked at me and said the one word "Leglise." Having repeated it several times, I gathered that he meant that I was English, and to this statement I assented. They then both whistled loudly and flapped their arms after the manner of a bird in flight. There was no mistaking the pantomime this time; they were obviously gently suggesting that I was an escapee. To this I gave my assent and mentioned the word Bir Hakkim, whereat Ali Hassan, with his forefinger, drew down the lower eyelid of his right eye, exposing the red eyeball. This is the Eastern method of winking, or showing incredulity, and I responded by myself making a grimace. To my surprise, they both roared with laughter, and I was made to repeat the gesture, which was evidently new to them. Seeing their unfailing delight at its repetition, I then assumed several other facial expressions—hauteur, disdain, withering contempt, superciliousness, vanity, and the like. I was a made man! Never was "Charlie Chaplin" half so appreciated as I in that Bedouin camp of the Red Desert. My fame at once spread tbrough the village, and I was once more taken from tent to tent, my uniform and tattooes now becoming only a side show; but as a facial contortionist, I at once rose to fame as the Star Turn of the Libyan Desert. No more did I squat humbly in the dust. I was given the seat of honor, and, having duly performed in turn to each delighted family gathering, I was liberally rewarded with handfuls of dates and bowls of milk. Even then, I could not help smiling to myself at the thought of how those grave and stately gentlemen who adorn the admiralty at Whitehall would regard this novel method of earning a living, especially by one in their employ, and who held, moreover, the exalted rank of captain in His Majesty's Navy!

The captain was dragged back to Bir Hakkim, where provisions ran lower and lower, the commanders one by one deserted, and the whole band was in imminent peril of starvation. Perhaps the dénouement is a bit overdramatized, but that is a small defect, for the drama thrills. Many letters had been written from the prison camp to the Turkish authorities, but only one bore the name of the camp. That one was never delivered, but was found in a captured and broken-down Ford by some of the Duke of Westminster's Light Armoured Car Brigade, scouting westward from Sollum. A battle with the Senoussi was still to be fought.

Then the duke harked back to the letter, and without waiting for orders from his superior officer or heeding obstacles and uncertainties, he started across the desert with two Bedouins that thought they knew the way. The rescue of the despairing prisoners is as moving as anything that has been published in many a day, but we leave that scene to the reader's perusal. And the perusal of such a book is good for us. If it affects us in no loftier way, at least it keeps us from grumbling so much at the table.

PRISONERS OF THE RED DESERT. By Captain R. S. Gwatkin-Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.: $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 9, 1923, were $150,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $139,300,000; an increase of $10,900,000.

The administration of our excess gold fund constitutes our greatest unsolved financial problem left by the war, according to Dr. Henry A. E. Chandler, economist of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, in the June issue of the bank's magazine, *Commerce Monthly*.

The present hesitation in our business movement, coming so suddenly upon our recent rapid expansion, is an example of the kind of uncertainty that is inevitable so long as the basic factor in our credit situation is so abnormal in character. Unless we can once more bring into operation the automatic system of credit regulation that prevented abnormal credit disturbances before the war, we must construct a new gold policy. In working toward either of these ends the first step is to deal with the abnormal factor that has been injected into the present situation, namely, the excess gold in our possession.

Ever since the close of the war strong hopes have been entertained that some means would be found whereby this excess gold could soon be returned to Europe. However, it must now be admitted that in the present international situation there exists no basis for the confident expectation that through the channels of normal trade, or through any other plan now appearing practicable, we shall soon be relieved of our disturbing excess of gold.

The breakdown of the old automatic system has thrown upon the Federal Reserve system a responsibility that was never contemplated by its founders. This system presupposed the working of normal forces that automatically adjusted the greater dislocations in the credit mechanism. No central bank has ever been called upon to face the particular problem now confronting the Federal Reserve system.

If we had gold reserves in this country, not in excess of normal needs, it would not be too difficult for our Federal Reserve banks to control expansion and contraction of credit pretty well within the limits required by sound business. Any movement in the direction of an unsound expansion would then be reflected in such a decline in the gold ratio as to give a warning, not only to the Federal Reserve banks, but to all business and financial institutions. The reason for readjustments of the rediscount rate, therefore, would be clearly evident, and no false reserve position would then exist to furnish apparent support to those desiring to bring pressure upon the reserve banks to follow unsound practices.

In expressing our Federal Reserve ratio, at present, we treat the entire amount of gold in the Federal Reserve system as if it all possessed the same character. This is clearly misleading. Our present vast gold holdings are in reality made up of three funds. The first represents the portion that normally belongs to us for the use of credit extensions to domestic business units. It is ours in every sense of the word and we can safely utilize it for the extension of credit, within the limits dictated by past experience. The second part constitutes what may be called our international fund. It represents the part that is normally used in foreign exchange transactions to keep American international relations substantially in equilibrium with the rest of the world. This fund we should, of course, retain within the regular channels.

After setting aside our domestic fund, and allowing liberally for an international exchange fund, we still possess a third. This latter fund, of course, belongs to us legally. In an economic sense, embracing any plan of Europe to return to the gold standard and the return of the old automatic system of regulation, it can not be said to belong to us. It constitutes, in large part, the fund of European nations and until it can be returned to them under conditions enabling them to use it for credit purposes we can not expect them to return to the full gold standard.

If we continue to hold this excess gold in our domestic credit fund, it is not unlikely that both it and our domestic credit fund of gold may further depreciate in value. The more this gold depreciates in value, the more we shall require in our domestic fund to support an adequate volume of credit. Unless we dispose of this gold in such a way as to prevent the further depreciation of its value, therefore, no one can foretell how much gold we shall need in the future to finance business, and it will become increasingly difficult, if not impossible, to return this gold to Europe without undergoing a deflation and perhaps very unfortunate liquidation.

Let us set aside the excess gold as a special fund to be returned to Europe as soon as Europe is able to utilize it. In the meantime we shall have a regular reserve fund ample for domestic credit purposes and ample funds for normal foreign exchange purposes. Whenever the outflow of gold for foreign exchange purposes assumes abnormal proportions we can then draw on the excess fund in proportion to the excess demands of foreign exchange.

The precise method of segregating this gold is not a matter of great importance. Whether it should be segregated physically or only mentally is a matter of indifference. The essential requirements are that it should not be used in the computation of the Federal Reserve ratio: that it should not be available in any form as a basis for further credit extension for domestic business; and that the public should understand clearly the nature of this fund and the reason why it has been segregated.

Having the excess gold thus set aside, we can proceed to regulate our own domestic fund more nearly in accordance with approved methods of banking control. We shall have ample gold for all sound business; the gold will not suffer rapid depreciation on our hands; and we shall be relieved of the danger of another drastic fall in the value of money. The bogey of excessive inflation or deflation that has caused such great uncertainty in the business world will then be largely removed.

Selling orders of stocks based upon fear of a general let-up in business, as well as talk of a buyer's strike and a rapid decline in commodity prices, brought about a general decline throughout the list that resulted in a number of stocks making new low prices for the year. Sentiment became decidedly pessimistic and stocks were sold regardless of value and, on the breaks forced, selling made the market at times look panicky, says E. F. Hutton & Co.'s monthly review.

While there was something in the news to justify the belief that we had seen the peak of our building boom and that steel production had shown some falling off, yet there was no reason to become panicky and unload stocks regardless of price.

The business situation that has been so uniformly good throughout the spring has not changed in any serious way as yet (so far as is shown by reliable figures), but rumors of greatly curtailed operations at a variety of plants, undoubtedly, had some effect upon the general situation.

There was a disposition to be less positively optimistic concerning the immediate business outlook, although some bank statements took the view that the minor recessions which have occurred were wholesome rather than otherwise.

The average trade has in mind that the volume of business is not likely to exceed the "peak levels," and this is a factor that has had a good deal to do with the change in public sentiment against the market. Then too, the foreign situation does not show the improvement that was expected to result in a speedy settlement of the Ruhr district, which now seems as far off as ever.

While the general trend of prices in the industrial list was distinctly downward the past month, and many stocks have seldom experienced such a drastic "shaking out" as they have had recently, the railway shares for the most part held firm, and stimulated by the favorable April earnings statements, became an exceptional feature when speculative interest shifted to the transportation shares and net gains of from one to three points were made by such issues as Atchison, Northern Pacific, Southern Railway and New York Central.

Railroad shares now occupy a prominent position in the stock market, owing to the publication of favorable earnings statements for March and April, and the reports of car loadings the past month, that have broken all previous records of freight handled by the railroads at this season of the year, and show a substantial increase over the corresponding period last year.

Notwithstanding the fact that the traffic handled during recent months has broken all seasonal records, car shortage has been constantly diminishing, and the movement of freight continuously improved, according to the evidence presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the American Railway Association, as the railroads of the country have added over 50,000 new freight cars to their equipment since January 1, 1923, of which nearly 11,000 were placed in service during April. The American Railway Association has also assured the commission that freight cars and locomotives have been procured or are in process of delivery in sufficient quantity to take care of prospective business during 1923, and that the railroads will expend this year a total of $676,500,000 for new rolling stock in addition to $432,000,000 for improvements and extensions to roadbeds and terminals, with a view to expediting car movements and increasing capacity. This expenditure should enable the railroads to handle the increasing business tributary to their lines in a satisfactory manner, provided shippers coöperate with them to the fullest extent in the matter of loading cars to capacity and by avoiding demurrage through the prompt loading and unloading of cars. Such action on the part of the railroads and shippers working together in the interest of the public, as well as themselves, will surely result in increasing the earning capacity of the railroads, and thus enhance the value of their stocks while giving the public the service to which they are entitled from the transportation lines as common carriers.

It is easy to remember a few years back when city councils and local aldermen decided all public utility rates and regulations. Inasmuch as the electric light, telephone, street railways, gas and water companies had to secure the approval of a different set of public officials in each city in which they operated, the public regulations of their affairs was a crazyquilt of political bickerings, jealousies, graft and log-rolling. The facts in the case were usually the last consideration in arriving at a rate agreement, for local city officials are not qualified by experience or training to pass upon the technical questions involved in scientific rate-making. With unscrupulous politicians trying to buy votes by attacking local public service companies, and with the companies striving to protect themselves by defeating such politicians, conditions became so bad that in desperation the people adopted the system of state regulation through a public service, or railroad commission, qualified to pass on the questions involved and to arrive at an unbiased decision which would assure the customers served fair rates, and at the same time would protect the investors in the various companies from confiscation of their property resulting from political rate-making.

Practically every state in the Union has adopted this system, and with the local public

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service companies lifted out of the political mire into which they had fallen, this country has witnessed remarkable development of electric light, telephone, street railway, gas and hydro-electric properties. Both the customers and the public have become convinced that they will receive fair treatment under unbiased state regulation, and the result is that money for development purposes is readily procurable from the investor.

And now the local politicians in large cities have started an agitation for what they call "home rule." In other words, the biggest political plums which they formerly had to tamper with—street railway, electric light, telephone and gas companies—have been so far removed from political meddling, through state regulation, that they can no longer be made a campaign issue. To popularize the effort to do away with the powers of the public service commission and throw these properties back into the whirlpool of local politics, the backers of the movement camouflage their programme by using the vote-getting term, "home rule." A recent plea advanced by an alderman in a large city is that "I can not conceive of an argument which will stand up against the proposal to let a city of three million people decide on a referendum vote whether they will regulate their utilities or permit the state to do it for them." Aside from the pernicious element in local politics that would immediately be revived under a resumption of the old system, the mere item of expense alone can be considered as an argument against this so-called "home rule."

The state maintains a highly-trained corps of employees in the public service commission for the purpose of rate-making and public utility regulation. The questions which it has to decide are quite often the same in different communities. Under "home rule" either the city would have to leave its rate-making and regulation to local politicians, as was the case in the past, or it would have to establish an expensive bureau or department that would duplicate the functions of the state commission. Why should the taxpayers in a city of three hundred or three million population be loaded with the double burden of maintaining two regulatory bodies which would duplicate each other's work? If rates are to be based on facts, and not made merely a political issue, what excuse is there for doing away with the power of state regulation in each city, any more than there is for doing away with the power of the state supreme court in extending its decisions over the various cities of the state?

Before swallowing the honey-coated "home rule" pill at one gulp, this question should be considered from a business, rather than a political, angle. The country is clamoring for reduced taxation. "Home rule" would double the political overhead and activity in many of our cities. It would reduce the efficiency of the local public service companies by subjecting them to purely political attacks upon their properties, which in turn would intimidate the investor, with the result that capital needed for extensions and improvements would be difficult to secure. Under such conditions public service properties languish and the people who need the facilities they furnish go without the advantages of proper extensions and improvements.

Corporate bond financing in California during April aggregated $18,990,000, making that month the third largest in volume since Cyrus Peirce & Co. began their regular compilation of statistics on this subject. The total flotations were 64 per cent. of the banner record, set in January, 1923.

Unlike previous months, public utilities made no important call on this market for bond investment during April. Practically all issues floated in the state were for industrial corporations.

It is noteworthy that California's proportion of industrial bonds, $18,990,000, bears the exceptionally high ratio of 27 per cent. to financing of that character in the country at large. In February, 1922, such bonds floated in this state amounted to 21.8 per cent. of the national total, and in May, 1922, amounted to $16,615,000, or 14.46 per cent. of the total of the country for that month.

According to Cyrus Peirce & Co.'s monthly compilation the following is the summary for April, 1923:

Industrial issues in California	$ 18,990,000
Public utility issues outside of Calif.	62,600,000
Industrial issues outside of California	50,100,000
Total outside issues	$112,700,000
Total utility issues	62,600,000
Total industrial issues	69,090,000
Total of all issues	$131,690,000

Paul C. Newell, sales manager of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, has returned to his desk after a trip to Canada to make a first-hand inspection of the great Viking gas field, one of the largest on the American continent. This field is the source of supply for the city of Edmonton, capital of Alberta, which has granted an exclusive franchise for the marketing of this natural gas. The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is a member of the syndicate which is financing the operations of the Southwestern Utilities Company, which controls the franchise.

"Edmonton people have been expecting and praying for a gas supply for ten years," reports Newell. "The war interrupted all development programmes and prevented financing such a project. I found sentiment there impatiently favorable toward this new utility."

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are in receipt of the comparative earnings statement of the Coast Valleys Gas & Electric Company, which will be of interest to the many holders of the first mortgage bonds and 6 per cent. preferred stock in this territory:

	12 Months Ending Dec. 31, '22.	Dec. 31, '21.
Gross	$661,256.38	$619,838.72
Expenses, taxes and depreciation	500,540.84	474,200.78
Net earnings	$160,715.54	$145,637.94
Other income	19,053.37	10,484.83
Gross income	$179,768.91	$156,122.77
Less interest charges	88,979.66	80,245.76
Net income	$ 90,789.25	$ 75,877.01
Less other adjustments	10,190.38	12,340.83
Net income	$ 80,598.87	$ 63,536.18
Dividends 6% pref. stock	26,538.00	24,000.00
Balance	$ 54,060.87	$ 39,536.18

Earnings for the current year are even more substantial, $25,157 being added to surplus account after all charges for the first four months of 1923.

Texas is still suffering from the shock of the revelations in regard to the operations of oil swindlers in that state. Millions of dollars were taken away from the people through the fraudulent activities of oil promoters there.

It is almost impossible to sell a man a house, horse, jack knife, suit of clothes, automobile, watch or any other commodity before he has seen and examined it.

Then why is it that people will buy millions of dollars' worth of worthless securities about which they know nothing and without ever seeing or having advice regarding the properties? It is a mystery.

Comparison of railroad returns on investment and amounts paid out to employees for the years 1917 and 1922 shows that the railways earned $200,000,000 less for their owners in 1922 than in 1917, and that they paid out $930,000,000 more in wages to their employees in 1922 than they did in 1917.

These figures were made public by the *Railway Age* in commenting on the participation of about twenty of the principal leaders of the railway labor unions in the recent "Progressive" Conference on valuation of railroads in Chicago.

"In view of the fact that railway labor in 1922 received almost a billion dollars more wages than in 1917," says the *Railway Age*, "and that the investors in railways received almost $200,000,000 less return, the leaders of the railway labor unions certainly showed remarkable effrontery in participating in a meeting held for the purpose of making the public believe the net returns the railways are allowed to earn are responsible for the fact that rates higher than those charged five years ago might be maintained.

"In 1917, before any substantial advances in rates were made, railway employees received $4.41 in wages for every 1000 tons of freight carried one mile by the railways in serving the public. In 1922 railway employees received $7.90 in wages for every 1000 tons of freight carried one mile by the railways, an increase in five years in railway wages in proportion to the freight service rendered of almost 80 per cent. On the other hand, in 1917 the net operating income earned by the railways for their security owners was $2.48 for every 1000 tons of freight carried one mile, while in 1922 it was only $2.29, a substantial decline."

What will be the highest electric switching and metering station on the North American continent is being erected in the Sierra Nevada Mountains at a point near the summit station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, the elevation being 7018 feet above sea level.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Via the Labo atory.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LITERATURE. By Joseph Collins. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.

Clearly, if the psychanalytical school of letters is to continue it will be necessary for one essaying the dangerous art of criticism to fortify himself first with a medical degree and intensive training as an alienist. This is no vapid flight of imagination—a start in the right direction has been made by the distinguished neurologist, Joseph Collins, whose profession has peculiarly fitted him for the job of modern critic. No one but a physician, we maintain, is either competent or has any right to be competent to judge either James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence, the two most glaring literary cases treated hy Dr. Collins, and probably the most violent cases at large, as literary examples. It is rather hard on such mild cases of mere genius as John St. Loe Strachey and Katherine Mansfield to be considered in the same "psychological studies of life and letters," but on the other hand a book composed entirely of Joyces, Dostoievskys, and Lawrences would qualify the readers thereof for a place in Class A of incipient insanity patients. Dr. Collins has heen magnanimous and has leavened the lump.

It has been suggested that all the cases considered here are not extreme. Rebecca West, with her horrific expansion of the Œdipus complex, "The Judge," easily takes first place among the women, with Dorothy Richardson as a close runner-up. Stella Benson and Virginia Woolf are also briefly catalogued, though their non-Freudian atmosphere renders their position here anomalous. But most of Dr. Collins' energies are given to enlightening the long-suffering reading public anent the complexes of the three neuropaths already mentioned and those of Marcel Proust, Georges Duhamel, Henri Amiel, W. N. T. Barbellion, and lastly and least appropriately, John St. Loe Strachey.

These are the modern minds that Dr. Collins essays to turn inside out, and in the case of his men patients he succeeds, as, we think, no preceding literary critic has done. We have long raised our voice in dismal protest at Lawrence's arrogating normality to the morbid collection of perverts that people his books, but heretofore the only echo received was that D. H. Lawrence was not only a factor to be considered—with which Dr. Collins heartily agrees—hut that he was probably the greatest living writer of English. Our medico-critic concurs—it would be idle to deny it—that Lawrence has a power with words, but for the henefit of fellow-sufferers we reprint the following verdict: "And my soul tells me that he who submits himself to reading the doctrines promulgated by D. H. Lawrence deserves his punishment. Moreover, I maintain that, both from the artistic and psychological standpoints, Mr. Lawrence's performances are those of a neophyte and a duffer. . . . He libels and he bears false witness against man. There are persons in the world such as Mr. Lawrence describes. So are there lepers and lunatics. We do not talk about them as if the whole world were made up of them; and we do not confidently look for world reformers or world orderers among them."

That paragraph should conclusively prove that Dr. Collins is lacking in neither the swingeing style of your true critic nor the analytical mind which the critic too often lacks.

R. G.

Embarrassing Statistics.

MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS. By Cora Wilson Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

It is a sad commentary on the American nation that in 1910 the census revealed the presence in this country of five and a half million men and women who could not read nor write. A year later steps were taken in Kentucky to remedy the local condition of illiteracy, the heginning being made by a teacher in the backwoods region of the state, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart. With the aid of the teachers of the county who volunteered their services, the first moonlight schools were opened.

The name grew out of the necessities of that wild region of Kentucky where bad roads, high hills, deep gullies and unhridged streams proved a serious obstacle to traveling at night. The pupils at these schools were adults, some of them grandparents, and as the school readers were found unsuitable for adults, a weekly newspaper was printed with simple words relating to simple facts of daily life. A number of pupils enrolled, and the subsequent success was startling, stimulating other counties to follow suit, until later an "Illiteracy Commission" was formed hy the governor, laws were enacted, and salaries provided for teachers.

A Handbook de Luxe.

REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS. By D. S. Meldrum. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $25.

Art students and connoisseurs will be interested in this quite adequate collection of 541 reproductions accompanied hy an essay on the life and work of the painter, though its price will limit its possession to collectors. It is unfortunate that the most impecunious class of students, those who follow the graphic arts, require the most expensive tools and materials. The present volume with its presuniably complete collection of Rembrandt's work must prove a mine to American or other students prevented from studying the Dutch master at first hand.

Exhuming a Dead Subject.

EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY. By W. Max Muller. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Egyptology has dropped out of the press as suddenly as it dropped in, but doubtless its cult lives on both in recently-developed archæologists and in students B. C.—Before Carnarvon. While the fever was at its height, the Marshall Jones Company published a new and handsome edition of Max Muller's work on the mythology of ancient Egypt, a black and gold tome with many Tutankhamenish line drawings that will delight the hearts of devotees. The philologer and the student of mythology, irrespective of Egyptian, also will be interested in owning Dr. Muller's standard work in this excellent library edition.

A Literary Enigma.

THE TRAMPING METHODIST. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is that *rara avis*, a consistent genius. Her first book, "The Tramping Methodist," which was puhlished in this country in 1908 without acclaim, and was reissued by the Duttons last fall in view of the tremendous interest that has accrued about her later novels, shows all the power of "Joanna Godden" or "Green Apple Harvest." It is a much cruder book than any of its successors, but it has the same stamp of virility. Incidentally, it is interesting to learn that this remarkable woman writer has always had the masculine viewpoint. Whether she writes with a man's outlook instinctively or whether she has deliherately shunned the characteristic woman's novel, she is at any rate eminently successful. Her male first-person-singulars are more convincing than many a bona fide man-made hero. The psychologists would probably remove the glamour of Miss Kaye-Smith's artistic *tour de force* by saying she has a dual personality. There is also the theory that genius is without sex, but that is insufficient to account for the author of

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"The Tramping Methodist," who is more masculine than feminine in psychology and accomplishment.

Though usually abhorring first novels, we find "The Tramping Methodist" extremely interesting. In plot it is a survival of the homely melodrama of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Evelina," "Helen" and "Pamela." The long arm of coincidence is stretched until the joints of probability crack, but still the plot goes merrily on its appointed way and readers—and one feels the characters, too—are morally sure of a happy end. It is the more remarkable that despite its outdated machinery the story should have so much energy. The characters are a rich promise of the flesh-and-blood peasants and gentry Miss Kaye-Smith was later to create and the theme has the same ring of fatality and reality we have learnt to associate with this author's work. "The Tramping Methodist" is not a masterpiece, but it is an unusually accurate signpost.

A Prehistoric Superman.

THE LONG JOURNEY. By Johannes V. Jensen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

This is the initial volume of a cycle, and comprises the first two parts: Fire and Ice; and in it is seen a renaissance of Scandinavian tradition and motive, more Anglo-Saxon than continental. The writer has dramatized the early beginnings of the human race, and has taken for the setting the tropical forests of the North before the Ice Age. He has typified the different stages of the ascent of the race from its remote ancestry by creating a dominant figure for each age.

The first is Fyr, who brought down fire from the volcano, and who corresponds to the Prometheus of the Greeks; the second is Carl, the Stone Age Man, who in his search for the lost fire created it anew by means of flint, and who is the All-father of Northern mythology. Then White Bear, who made the first ship, holds the stage, and then Wolf, the tamer of horses.

The author has succeeded in breathing life into the bones and dust of men long dead; but the same criticism applies to this work as to "The Story of Ab"—there is too much crowded into one generation.

Notes of Books and Authors.

L. C. Page & Co. announce the reissue of the first volume of nature fiction written by Major Roberts, "Earth's Enigmas," profusely illustrated with Charles Livingston Bull's animal drawings.

The French *Revue Hebdomadaire* has begun publishing serially the story of Shelley's life from the pen of M. André Maurois, author of "General Bramble."

Mrs. Reginald de Koven is the author of "A Primer of Citizenship," which the Duttons announce for early publication. Its purpose is to give a comprehensive survey of our system of government, local, municipal, state and national, to show how all these phases of our governmental organization function along similar lines and to give in simple language a description of their machinery. The work is intended for classroom teaching, for supplementary reading, and for use by those who desire to learn the essentials of American citizenship.

Before Mrs. Riggs, as Kate Douglas Wiggin is known in private life, sailed for Europe the last of April she put into the hands of her publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company, the complete copy of her autobiography, which is scheduled for fall publication. It will make, those who have been privileged to read the manuscript think, one of the most important and popular of the year's biographies.

The diary of the surgeon of the whale ship Diana, recently published under the title, "From the Deep of the Sea" (Macmillan), has made a deep impression. *America* says: "Truly it is another 'Iliad.' For six unimaginable months these heroes fought the terrors and despair of an Arctic ice-bound winter. . . . 'From the Deep of the Sea' is a book that deserves to rank with the immortal 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

The second book to appear in the Knights of Columbus Historical Series will be Admiral Benson's volume on "The Merchant Marine." It covers the colonial period in American shipping, the whaling industry, American packets and clippers, steam navigation, government aid in the United States and the work of the United States Shipping Board. "The Merchant Marine" was brought out by Macmillan in May.

Recent publications of Robert McBride & Co. include the following: "The City of Lilies," by Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes; "The Wrong Shadow," by Harold Brighouse; "The House of the Enemy," by Camille Mallarme; "Times Have Changed," by Elmer Davis; and "Stonecrop," by Cecile Tormay. The McBride non-fiction publications include: "An Outlaw's Diary," by Cecile Tormay; "My War Experiences," by the former Crown Prince of Germany; "Lithuania, Past and Present," by E. J. Harrison; "Lawn Tennis Do's and Dont's," by A. E. Crawley; "Songs of the Silence," by Fenwicke L. Holmes; and "Garden Portraits," by Amelia Leavitt Hill.

At the recent sale in Paris of Robert de Montesquieu's literary effects, the famous Flaubert letter that has lately been the subject of much contention realized 3500 francs. A collection of Verlaine's letters fetched 16,500 francs.

On the 1st of June the Houghton Mifflin Company published the following new books: A new Western novel by William MacLeod Raine, entitled "Ironheart"; "According to Gibson," by Denis Mackail; James Willard Schultz's new book for boys, "The Danger Trail"; Charles Francis Saunders' "Southern Sierras of California"; "Old Indian Trails," by Walter McClintock; "The Dance of Life," by Havelock Ellis; a new translation of the New Testament by Rev. W. G. Ballantine, issued in a modern format under the title "The Riverside New Testament"; and "Money," by William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings.

Professor William I. Thomas, Ph. D., who is the author of the latest volume in Little, Brown & Co.'s series of Criminal Science Monographs—"The Unadjusted Girl"—is a graduate of the University of Tennessee, '84. He has also attended the University of Berlin, the University of Gottingen, and the University of Chicago. His book consists mainly of "case histories," compiled under the direction of Mrs. William F. Dummer of Chicago.

New Books Received.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING. By Newel Howland Comish. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.
Economics for the general reader.

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS. By Oscar Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $4.
Recollections and travels.

AMERICA AND THE ATLANTIC. By Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.
A study of the influence of the Atlantic Ocean on American history.

BARRIE MARVELL. By Charles Vince. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.
The story of a childhood.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT LITERATURE. By Joseph Collins. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.
Psychological studies of life and letters.

AFTER ALL. By George F. Hummel. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
A novel.

EVERYBODY'S MONEY. By Ernest McCullough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"To show voters just what money is."

WITHOUT CONDITIONS. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50.
A novel.

THE SOUL OF ABE LINCOLN. By Bernie Babcock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.
A romance.

SINBAD. By C. Kay Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.
A romance.



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"THE GOLDEN FLEECE."

A most beautiful production makes Henry Miller's latest offering unusual. "The Golden Fleece" is the story of perfidious Jason and burningly constant Medea, whose gifts as a sorceress had made the mighty hero's success, in spite of his vaunts. The artist has revived on the stage the familiar pictures of ancient Greece, a setting of rare and classic heauty having heen designed.

It is most effective in its artistic hackground to the groupings so heautifully disposed. A flight of steps leading to the temple on one side, a raised dais whereon King Creon sits to administer justice on the other, and in the centre a marble bench which creates a classic background to every seated figure.

And as a further hackground there is a lovely landscape also classic in its composition. As the tall, draped figures come and go we feel ourselves pictorially in the atmosphere of ancient Greece.

Mr. Miller has a comely group of players to carry out the Greek tradition. Robert Warwick as Jason is a thing of heauty, his figure, hearing, and gait all in accord with the traditional appearance of the hero. Blanche Bates, as the young and alluring Medea, played on a dark stage at first, hut when she came out at the end of the first act she more than fitted the rôle. In later scenes ten years have elapsed: Medea is worn with sorrow; hut Miss Bates gave a rendition that was surprisingly impressive, not only in its earlier dignity, hut later in the wild frenzy and despair with which Medea faced the realization of her consort's treachery.

Henry Miller himself in the second act supplied, in the character of Argus, a dignifiedly humorous hlind mendicant, the needed note of comedy, after the somewhat declamatory pasages in the first act. Mr. Miller, in effective make-up, rather suggested an old lion with fangs and claws drawn, and amazed and delighted the house hy an unexpected feat of strength. With one arm the veteran actor carelessly seized a lame mendicant who could serve Argus as eyes, and, as in the Æsop fahle, the blind man walked on, using the lame man for sight.

Miss Helen Daube was appropriately lovely and arrogant as the haughty Princess Glauce, wooed by the perfidious Jason after he has divorced Medea. Geoffrey Kerr did well as the general Corinthian busybody, and John Miltern made a classically imposing figure as King Creon.

Laura Hope Crews, as Theano, priestess to Hecate, wore hlack garments, which gave her something of the appearance of a lady gowned in the present loose, comfortable style, and all ready except her hat to go to an afternoon tea. But, like the rest of the company, she spoke the flowing lines with due dignity.

The group composed of Medea and the two children achieved the necessary touching effect, partly because the children were pretty and graceful with childhood's instinctive grace, partly because they had heen cleverly trained, and partly because the elder child, who figured in several scenes in which lines fell to her, showed a marked talent for dramatic pose and expression. As far as I can select from the thicket of Greek names on the programme, her own name is Loraine Stadler.

There were other characters, quite a lot of them; Felix Kremhs looking tall and imposing, and speaking his lines expressively as Orpheus. But the list as given about covers the principals.

"The Golden Fleece" is an ambitious play; really a tragedy. Thomas Broadhurst's ambition deserves appreciation for thus reviving this ancient myth: although one feels that Medea's story is too much like life not to have happened; short, of course, of the fairy-tale element in it.

In the play Medea's character is portrayed as one with a strain of nobility redeeming it from the stain of the crimes committed for love of the traitorous Jason.

Jason is the one held up to reprobation; Jason who vaunts his prowess that required the aid of Medea to secure the coveted golden fleece.

The story as thus written should he seen hy youth. For it makes a fine dramatic portrayal of one of the most famous of the Grecian myths.

The language lends itself to the high-sounding declamation employed on the nineteenth-century stage. Mr. Broadhurst has not sought to modernize his text, as did G. B. Shaw in "Cleopatra," and the t. h. m. will not find his tastes strictly consulted in such a dignified production as "The Golden Fleece."

I do not doubt that today (Tuesday) they are hard at work with shears and a hlue pencil, for the play is unnecessarily long. The darkened prologue should he shortened; hut then the cutting can be strictly impartial, as in every act some shortening of the scenes will help in the general interest of the piece.

It always strikes me, in prolonged scenes on a darkened stage—as in the prologue—that the attention wanders unless the action is very dramatic; which of course could not continue during a scene so prolonged. Quick, short, hreathless action on a darkened stage is permissihle, hut in the prologue we lost the players' facial expression, and the influence of their magnetism was diminished. It would have heen much hetter to have lightened the stage gradually to the glow of dawn; or had some torches hrought on to make greater illumination allowable.

And then, to our dismay, there was another prolonged dark scene; two mistakes.

There was a large number of people on the stage during the scenes at the wedding and at Creon's tribunal, and it was noticeahle how well they had heen trained to hreak up into whispering groups when royalties hegan to bicker. And the smaller groups at all times were composed with a careful eye to heautiful pictorial effect.

The costumes were noticeably handsome: all fresh, of course. "The Golden Fleece" is a local production. Henry Miller has kept his word. Paul Steindorff handled the baton during the rendering hy his orchestra of beautiful selected music. A fine effect was gained during the curse scene, when the elements of wind and storm and thunder were heightened in their effect by the wild, sinister music.

Blanche Bates deserves a lot of commendation for her portrayal. The rôle of Medea is a taxing one in its demand upon vocal strength, emotional expression, and physical abandon. She has probably never hefore essayed anything so amhitious, hut she did so well that the plaudits were generous in length and quality.

Her appearance in her gray, enveloping draperies was excellently in keeping. Occasionally her temperamental vivacity would hetray itself in a gesture, and again she would look like a *mater dolorosa*. There were times, indeed, when Medea strained her two pretty princelings to her broken heart, when the picture was almost hihlical.

Yes, the production is one of which Henry Miller has cause to he proud. It has heauty, dignity, artistic value, and is worthy of the splendidly dramatic old myth which it enshrines.

"THE STORM" AT THE CURRAN.

Between representation as the spoken drama, on the screen, and in tabloid form in vaudeville "The Storm" has pretty nearly run its course. It has heen deemed worth while, however, to put it on again for a week at the Curran in case there are still enough theatregoers left who haven't seen it and who might wish to witness a really remarkahle stage representation of a forest fire.

Helen MacKellar, in spite of her aspect of youthful blonde prettiness, seems to know the business of the theatre; for she has selected her own company and the play was staged under her personal supervision. She has the slight figure of youth, and her free, expansive gestures accord with the nature of a girl hrought up in the forest.

The girlish heroine of this drama of man's chivalry and man's baseness is a French-Canadian, and speaks with an accent. Theatregoers do not adore dialects on the stage, hut Miss MacKellar does hers quite prettily and after the ear becomes a little used to it she makes herself understood, and certainly the childlike charm of the woodland girl is enhanced therehy.

Mr. George MacQuarie gives a really excellent representation of the guileless hackwoodsman, easily endowing the character with the attributes that won Manette; rugged honesty, strength, and simple, unassertive manliness.

Mr. V. T. Henderson played the city knave who regarded the girl, so jealously niched in her maidenly shrine hy the backwoodsman, as fair game. He balanced suitably the qualities expressed hy a nature compounded of some little good and the evil qualities nurtured by a life of self-indulgence; and two smaller rôles, played by Frank Darien and N. A. Baker, completed the cast.

"The Storm," of course, is a melodrama; but a realistic one. The star part is really that of the forest fire, which is burning at a distance, as indicated by a slightly reddened sky, and draws nearer unregarded by the small group who are absorbed in the drama centering ahout the girl. So that suddenly, while the two rivals dispute and the trembling girl mediates, we see the flicker of flames through the realistic tree-trunks; until, with rather unrealistic speed, perhaps, the stage seems to he all given over to lurid incandescence.

The fire solves the prohlem that so terrified the girl, although the dramatic action seems to be temporarily suspended during the height of the flaming fury; possihly hecause the stage may be well intersected with the conducting wires responsihle for the apparent and splendidly effective conflagration or ohstructed hy falling trees.

Plays by frequent repetition become like a shabby garment. But one who has never seen "The Storm" would be thrilled indeed, hoth hy the play itself and the remarkahle depiction of a forest fire.

"HUMAN WRECKAGE."

The picture at the Century exposing the drug evil, entitled "Human Wreckage," might he called social propaganda. Plays of this class lie in the same category as Brieux' "Damaged Goods." They make us realize the appalling weakness of the human will, and the picture at the Century portrays the doom that awaits the victim.

Only, hope is held out, provided "the dope peddler" can be punished to a degree commensurate with his crime. Only thus will the drug evil be aholished. This is the dominating idea in the picture.

Some people have expressed an unwillingness to see a picture play that depicts so unpleasant and saddening an aspect of life. But the producers have not made the mistake in "Human Wreckage" of afflicting the curious theatre-goer by too complete an exposé of the suffering of the victims. That would he too



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In coöperation with the City, Spring Valley is engaged in adding 24 million gallons daily to our water supply. The additional water will be impounded hy Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County, the capacity of which is now being increased.

To carry an additional 24 million gallons daily to San Francisco, it is necessary to construct a larger aqueduct down Niles Canyon. On this work Spring Valley is actively engaged.

The present Sunol-to-Niles aqueduct that carries water from Spring Valley's Alameda County sources en route to San Francisco includes 11,000 feet of wooden flume. This flume has a carrying capacity of 21 million gallons daily, and is used to capacity.

A new aqueduct of reinforced concrete is now under construction, with a capacity of 70 million gallons daily.

This new aqueduct will transmit 45 million gallons daily down Niles Canyon—the present supply from the Alameda sources of 21 million gallons daily plus the 24 million gallons daily now in process of development at Calaveras.

That is to say, the new aqueduct will route to San Francisco from the Alameda sources more water than San Francisco draws at present from all Spring Valley sources—Alameda County, San Mateo County, and Lake Merced.

While thus caring for the increase in the water supply demanded hy our immediate needs, the new aqueduct will have a large reserve capacity.

It is heing huilt against the time when San Francisco will draw, not 45, hut 70 million gallons daily from the water sources across the Bay.

The cost of the new aqueduct will be amortized by this company so as not to increase the price the City will pay if it exercises its option to buy Spring Valley.

All this is in accordance with the programme of water development which was agreed to by the City and this company, and which is heing actively prosecuted by both parties.

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The sufferings that have to be endured whether the addict tries to kill or cure are sufficiently glimpsed to be salutary for all to see. The play—for the lesson is told in a story—shows how insidiously the evil is embraced by sufferers who take drugs to relieve pain or mitigate the nervous sufferings caused by overwork. It also shows the various artifices resorted to by the ring of scoundrels who traffic in habit-forming drugs to sell them without being detected and arrested, and also how remorselessly they keep tab on all who want the drug by having them dogged by the peddlers.

The company that plays the various rôles consists of excellent players, who so identify themselves with their parts that the illusion is preserved.

Mrs. Wallace Reid's pensive expression suits the rôle of the all-womanly wife who saved the man who had been one of the best and noblest before the craving for a drug taken for relief became an obsession that almost destroyed the natural affections.

People, even men, wept freely over the dismal fate of the girlish mother who, unwittingly, through the mistaken advice of her doctor, had absorbed the deadly peril into her system until the habit was formed.

"Human Wreckage" can not but do good. Not to the addicts, perhaps, who may be attracted to the picture by a morbid interest in seeing the depiction of the sufferings, the privings, the falls that they have undergone; but to the outsiders who have not begun: for them the numerous sly traps of the schemers are exposed. They may see, worked out in an interesting and extremely well played series of scenes, the drama of the addict; that deadly drama in which this picture may help in saving them from being chief players.

"THE AWFUL TRUTH."

This is becoming the era of truth-telling about naps at the movies. For some reason, when people go to sleep irregularly, as it were, on the family davenport, or while motoring home from a day in the open, or while some one is reading aloud to them, they are apt to deny it indignantly, and declare solemnly that they only closed their eyes for second. But so many people are lulled to sleep by the peaceful stillness at the movies that they are becoming quite shameless about it; partly, perhaps, also because their gentle slumber-sniffs betray them.

That silence at the movies is altogether too soothing to tired men and women who have been toiling during the day. They want the romance, the excitement, the thrills, but just as soon as the scenario writer begins to pau they unconsciously respond to the false touch by dropping off into the sleep that was lying in wait for them.

I remember some tourist in New York journalistically remarked that there was so much noise in the city that he couldn't find a quiet place to sleep, the city clamor penetrating even to his bedroom. But eventually he learned by experience that devout attendance at the movies would insure him many refreshing naps.

It certainly seems a queer use to put movie theatres to; for these homes of melodramatic thrills seem scarcely adapted to be rest rooms. But movie theatres are quieter places than the playhouses in which drama is spoken. For the slumber-seeker is apt to find himself most inconsiderately treated by the players, who will persist in disturbing the sleep-sodden gentry by shouting their lines when their supposed auditors are asleep, and gently, tenderly mumbling them when they are awake.

Dear, dear! What an unreasonable, what an imperfect world! When we want to hear we grumble unless the players are perfectly audible; and when we want to keel over and nap we are vaguely vexed because the roaring voices drag us from our innocent slumbers.

Rupert Hughes, while writing an article about the arts, said that though most films are inartistic in their result they are artistic in their purpose and effort. "Very few," he adds, "of the novels, statues, plays or buildings thrill me, and I sleep through most of the movies I visit. I admit readily this may be my own fault or misfortune."

So do we all of us. I remember a picture in *Life* entitled "The Critic at Work"—said critic sitting in his theatre chair, head fallen to one side, mouth open, beatifically slumbering.

One of the famous French critics, on an occasion when he had roasted a new play a beautiful brown, was reminded that he could scarcely criticize it intelligently, as he had slept through the greater part of it. "Ah," he replied, "but that slumber itself was a criticism."

Well, it is true that sometimes it is, but sometimes it isn't. People go to the theatre with full stomachs and heads emptied of thought through the fatigues and preoccupations of a day that has been overfull either of work or recreation. They are interested, ready to be amused; they *are* amused, but the first thing they know they find themselves climbing out of a nap. The fact is, nature meant us to sleep with the coming of night and darkness. But civilization decreed brilliant lights, festive costume, and amusement instead during the evening. And in spite of after-dinner coffee being one of the concomitants of the civilized life, some people will atavistically revert to the habits of the precivilized era and sleep, after the grand feed of the day; even though they are seated *en grande tenue* at the play, presumably ready to laugh, to cry the easy tears of histrionically aroused sentimentality, to be amused.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The beautiful setting designed for the stage of the Greek Theatre during the recent representation of "Hippolytus" was not, as it turns out, planned by Mr. Livingston Platt, who was detained at the East by illness. Thereupon Miss Christine Donohoe undertook the task, and did it so well that praise is owing her for her success. J. H. P.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Leon Errol at the Orpheum.

Léon Errol, recent star of "Sally," the record-breaking New York musical comedy, and of the "Ziegfeld Follies," heads the show at the Orpheum starting Sunday matinée, June 17th. Errol started his stage career in San Francisco a number of years ago, and since that time has climbed to the top of the ladder, being recognized now as the peer of eccentric comedians. Errol brings to San Francisco a hilarious skit entitled "The Guest."

Irene Franklin remains for a second week, as does W. C. Fields with his golf travesty.

Florence Tempest and Homer Dickinson, both well-known vaudevillians, make a new combination presenting songs and comedy.

"Likes and Dislikes" is the name of the playlet presented by Marion Murray and company.

Witty, nonsensical satire is indulged in by "Baron" Emerson and "Count" Baldwin in "What Fools These Mortals Be."

"The Evolution of a Pianist" is the title of the combination of music and fun offered by Léon Vavara.

Fox and Sarno, supreme gymnasts, offer some breath-taking feats of strength.

At the Curran.

Carter the Great has returned from a tour of India, Java, Egypt, China, Japan and other countries. He will appear at the Curran next Sunday night for one week and demonstrate many theories relative to telepathy and the propulsion of astral bodies. He, or his press agent for him, promises to materialize the spirit of Katie King, said to have been materialized at the house of Sir Wiliam Crookes in London.

"The Lion's Bride" is a spectacular illusion in which Mr. Carter causes a big Nubian lion to disappear with all lights up and in full view of the audience.

Sawing a woman in half is another illusion.

Evelyn Maxwell answers questions put to her from the audience. She calls the name of the person who has written the question, repeats the question, and gives the answer without touching the paper on which it is written.

Margaret Anglin.

Margaret Anglin is to present at the Curran Theatre, on June 25th, Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance"—probably his most brilliant comedy. This will be the first time she has appeared in it in the West.

Miss Anglin will play the part of Mrs. Arbuthnot, Keith Wakeman is to be Lady Caroline, and Emelie Melville is Lady Hunstanton; Gladys Knorr will be Lady Stutfield; Elwyn Harvey, Mrs. Allonby; Janet Cameron is Hester Worsley. Other members of the cast are Harry Barfoot, Henry Mowbray, Richard Elwell and Roland Rushton.

At the Columbia.

The production of "The Golden Fleece" staged at the Columbia Theatre last Monday night by Henry Miller will be seen for a second and final week commencing with next Monday, June 18th. The final performance of the Henry Miller season as well as that of "The Golden Fleece" is announced for Saturday night, June 23d. San Francisco owes much to Henry Miller for his having given the first presentation of this play in this city. He has staged the play sumptuously and his cast brings Blanche Bates in the rôle of Medea, a rôle in which she has achieved the greatest triumph of any star seen here in some time. Henry Miller, Robert Warwick, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Daube, John Miltern, Geoffrey Kerr, Felix Krembs and a score of other players fill the leading rôles.

"Shuffle Along," the New York musical comedy which comes to the Columbia Theatre Sunday, June 24th, for a limited engagement of two weeks, is one of the latter-day concoctions, the book being by Miller and Lyles, while the score and lyrics are from the well-known writers of jazz, Sissle and Blake. It is described as a wholesome show, with negro fun, and lilting, tingling melodies.

Hacket and McCormack Coming.

Charles Hackett, the American tenor, gained new laurels when he was invited by the British National Opera Company to take part in a series of performances at Covent Garden. He is to sing in Italian, which is a rare exception to the company's rule, broken but once before, and then by Mme. Melba.

Mr. Hackett gave a performance of "Rigoletto" at the Paris Opéra on May 16th. His appearance at the Opéra was considered one of the finest features of the already brilliant season in Paris. It is said that for several minutes at a time the spetcators rose in their seats applauding and calling for more.

Both Hackett and John McCormack will be with us next season, Manager Frank W. Healy having secured contracts for their appearance here.

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Lv. Tahoe Tavern	7:10 p. m.
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Once in a way one wonders whether the "blood" we all inherit from Adam, mingled in a million streams of descent, churned up by wars, divided by immigration, bleached by the cold, darkened by tropical heat, or "blued" by passing through the veins of some scrofulous scion of royalty, is really more important than claims to honorable birth. From the fuss we make about it one would think it was. In Europe of the old monarchist régime it was more honorable to be the child of some left-handed alliance between royal blood and easy beauty than the child of, say, an honorable pirate of the Spanish main joined by some jack-priest in holy wedlock to a tavern wench. And considering what Europe was, one can in a measure understand that. Privileges might depend on it, recognition might be claimed on the strength of it. The values of lineage exceeded those of fidelity to the conventions governing unimportant persons. But how can such appraisals obtain validity in America? We are not interested in royal lines. No Charles Stuart can here make his mistress Duchess of Portsmouth and thereby confer nobility on her heirs. And so one wonders why George J. Gould found it necessary in his will to confer the dubious honors of bastardy on two of his children and a sort of demi-bastardy on a third. Did he suppose they would be more proud of descent from him, or from the old terror of Wall Street and railway corporation wrecker, his father, than they would of legitimacy? True, they had it not, but in silence that might have escaped notice. Or was he flaunting himself before that rather orderly society, the older and more genuine members of which never did look with any particular approval on the Gould operations or the Gould line? There was no necessity for it. He could have bequeathed them plenty without bequeathing them an indelible stigma with it. He might have adopted them and let the Grundies whisper. Censure can not reach the dead; but if American society means anything in the conservation of integrity and character, and we believe that in spite of all its vagaries and foibles it does mean a great deal, some expression of disapproval there should be, for its effect on the living. It is doubtful if even the unspeakable Stillman would have done what Gould has done; and Stillman's name no longer appears in the social register.

Gould himself is out of reach. No disapproval can trouble him. Posthumous punishment is easier to stand than getting a tooth extracted by Painless Parker. The misery falls on the children. Perhaps the money will alleviate it—it does most things; is quite soothing that way. What did Tennyson say—the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels, and all that? And yet it might not. Illegitimacy is unpleasant, at best. One hardly boasts of it nowadays, even to claim noble descent. George Gould's illegitimate children could hardly have been relied upon to proclaim it for the sake of advertising their descent from him; and perhaps that is why he proclaimed it himself. But in these days it should not sting too deeply. We know more biologically than they did a few generations ago, have divested ourselves of some knowledge that wasn't so. The individual is the thing, not his parents. Great men's sons are rarely equal to their fathers, and equally rarely were great men's fathers. Where genius will emerge we do not know, though we can pretty well tell where it won't. As to illegitimacy, if the sin is not the children's, the opprobrium should not be. For them, it is not so important a matter, except as thinking makes it so. What was perhaps the greatest intellect the world ever saw was born out of wedlock. A Florentine lawyer, whom nobody now remembers, became all too friendly with a chambermaid or scullery wench in the little Italian town of Vinci, and the result was the almost divine Leonardo—not merely a towering intellect, but a nature so genial and sunny that he commonly moved through the streets of Florence the centre of a huzzing, laughing group of people mentally stimulated and for the time made happy by his good humor and his wit. We owe him our conception, or rather his conception, of the appearance of Christ, we owe him the invention, at least in Europe, of that handy article the wheelbarrow, and for these we forgive him the empty and imbecile smirk of Mona Lisa, who refused to stay stolen. The moral of this is not clear—although the morals are too much so. Illegitimacy did not seem to worry Leonardo. The person it should have worried was the Florentine lawyer. In the quotable words of Flo Leeds, "my son does not need a mother—what he needs is a father."

Hail the lorgnette for men! It is the latest Paris fad, and what is the fad of Paris we can not long deny ourselves in this country for fear of losing something good. We have often envied some well-upholstered dowager the insolence made possible by the mere raising of the lorgnette and the appraising inspection through it of some climbing person. Raising the lorgnette can lower the temperature of a ballroom ten degrees. No insult can be more subtle and at the same time less mistakable. As plain as words on a circus poster, the gesture says: "This person will not do." Men will not use it so—they are incapable of such fine work, whether furnished with the tools or not; not sufficiently subtle, nor malignant. But the specs with handles are going to be quite handy, and may in time displace the monacle. And the idea is capable of development. A lorgnette attached to a cane, for example, would save the weary much labor. It should for one thing supply the convenience of distant vision. Too bad it arrives just as skirts grow longer and there is so much less to see.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gale Poindexter, wife of former Senator and recently appointed Minister to Peru Miles Poindexter, which is some title for length, let us say, has been vindicated. Her charges that the human elbow was frequently bent in Washington, that in the capital of our common country the lid was often tilted, that the gentle exertion of hoisting and lowering bubbles and suds was one of the main forms of athletics in the shadow of the Capitol dome, have received substantial verification from a choir of witnesses. No less an authority on the prevalence of evil than the *Ladies' Home Journal* investigated these horrid asservations, and found, alas, that underlying them was the substratum of eternal verity. Mrs. Poindexter does not weep when she thinks of the many thunderous refutations aimed at her statements by the Chamber of Commerce, the Citizens' Committee, by senators and House members alike. Rather does she exult with a glee that is unholy and malicious. One feels that she will make no pledges of telling saving untruths in the future, either, but that she is equal to being incorrigible about it. And has she more material? Ask any Shriner that has been in Washington recently. You would think Al Smith was governor down there, and that the sniffing squad all had colds in the head. It does not do for any chamber of commerce or citizens' committee to stir up Mrs. Poindexter. She is capable of eating the canary and trimming her hat with the feathers.

And speaking of bootleggers, a theme as fascinating these days as the subject of mint juleps in the Mojave Desert, it is said that the greatest displays of wealth in the sumptuous hotels of London and Paris are being made by bootleggers' agents. They flaunt it. They occupy the most expensive suites and wear the abundant gems once associated with bookmakers and successful touts. No one seems to know how they ship their soothing commodity, but that is their business, and no one inquires too closely as long as they pay their hills promptly to the champagne factors and Bordeaux wine agents; which they do, spot cash. Scotch distillers say they are selling more whisky to North America than they did before the war, and that is going some. Before the war there was a heavy overhead in the selling game, consisting of entertaining bartenders and saloonkeepers. That is eliminated by a hectic demand and the scarcity of the product of Peoria and Louisville. The 'leggers are too glad to get the stuff to hesitate about the backsheesh that used to go with it. This demand is having its effect on the supplies abroad. Whiskies and brandies are growing pale and feeble, mere ghosts of their former selves. Even London's Blue Ruin, a brand of gin once used by professional mourners to make them lachrymose, seems to have lost its power to induce the weeping jag. One bootlegger, who was refused a number of cases of crème de menthe by a French distiller because it was against the prohibition laws, is said to have produced a Washington permit to import crème de menthe for sacramental purposes. Thus does piety sometimes pay.

Pictorial Inner Walls

Among the many recent manifestations of artistic appreciation in this country, says the New York *Herald*, the revival of interest in pictorial wall decorations for important rooms in private houses is perhaps the most interesting, and at the same time has received the least attention from the public which concerns itself with art matters. Doubtless the very intimacy which gives the personal touch to work of this type, together with the fact that many people have an instinctive shrinking from publicity regarding their most treasured possessions, has kept much of this very beautiful work from general exploitation. It is pleasant to realize that this revival of a highly decorative art which reached its zenith in the eighteenth century has come about quite naturally and as a direct result of present-day conditions. Architectural forms developed in the various European houses of late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century building have proved singularly well suited to present-day methods of living and quite naturally it has followed that first the furniture and next the decorations developed in that golden age of beautiful building should find recognition from architects and owners alike.

Another reason for pictorial walls, and this one is ultra modern, is found in the necessity for creating the illusion of space, where space itself is far too precious to be practical. Town houses and apartments alike must be crowded into a comparatively small area. Anything which takes the eye further on, and leads the imagination through a perspective of loveliness is sure to produce a refreshing impression.

The cloche, either felt, crêpe, or straw, is the millinery success of the season.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Reggie was making his first flight and all went well till a nose dive was being executed, when he suddenly began tugging at the pilot's sleeve. "Let's get away from here, quick," he shrieked, "the earth's swelling up like a balloon and it'll bust any moment."

The stranger signed the hotel register, "King of Italy," and was soon accosted hy the manager, who demanded that his guest sign his proper name, adding, "You're not the King of Italy, you know." "No," agreed the guest, "hut I travel under that name—it's my incognito."

The hoho who had heen starved out of his profession and in desperation taken to looking for work had met with little success. Almost he had resigned himself again to the ranks of the leisurely poor, when he passed a police station with a huge placard, "Murderer Wanted!" "Wa'al," he considered while he scratched his head, "it's risky, but hetter than nothin'. I'm goin' in and ask for that joh."

A hunter and a golfer were at it, hammer and tongs. "To thunder with hunting," said the golfer, "I can huy all the meat I want in a butcher shop, and it's hetter than you can shoot." "Is that so?" said the hunter. "Can you huy jack-snipe in a butcher shop? Can you buy venison? Can you huy canvas-back?" Sometimes," said the golfer, "and sometimes not. But can you go hunting and shoot a pound of pork sausage?"

It was a lecture delivered by a learned purveyor of liver pills and illustrated by diagrams of the frame of man. "That," he explained, pointing out a totally different spot, "is where man's liver is." "Excuse me," observed the man in spectacles, "hut I am a surgeon, and that's not where the liver is." "Never you mind where his liver is," retorted the lecturer; "if it was in his hig toe or his left ear my pills would reach it and shake it for him."

Lady Astor said at a dinner in Baltimore: "A friend from Ecuador tells me that in her country it is considered disgraceful for a woman to have so few as six children. Well, that sort of woman is much nicer than the parasite sort. One of these parasites was walking in Fifth Avenue with her hushand the other afternoon, and as they passed Carter's she was overheard to say: 'Tomorrow's your hirthday. What are you going to give me?'"

An Irishman, in order to celebrate the advent of a new era, went out on a little lark. He did not get home until 3 o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house before the nurse rushed up and, uncovering a hunch of soft goods, showed him triplets. The Irishman looked up at the clock, which said 3, then at the three of a kind in the nurse's arms, and said: "Oi'm not superstitious, hut thank hivens that Oi didn't come home at two."

A missionary home from the Congo has been confessing to some amusing hlunders in the translation of popular hymns into the native languages. He was puzzled by the extreme popularity of "Wonderful Words of Life" among all classes of natives until he discovered that the word employed for "life" in the translation also meant "stomach." Equally puzzling was the aversion to singing "Lord, dismiss us with Thy hlessing," until it appeared that the translator had rendered it, "Lord, kick us out softly."

The Baltimore convention of 1852, which nominated Franklin Pierce for the presidency, was engaged in prolonged balloting, according to a story told hy Senator George Moses. General Pierce and his intimates were gathered in his law office in Concord, New Hampshire, and the general told his factotum to go down to the telegraph office to ask who had heen nominated at Baltimore. The messenger presently returned, much agitated, and stammered: "Why, General Pierce, strange as it may seem and ridiculous as it may appear, they tell me you have heen nominated for President."

There are many amusing stories told of Mrs. Gladstone's absent-mindedness, of which the following hy Lord Meath are typical. Mrs. Gladstone was Lord Meath's godmother, and she was, to quote her nohle godson, somewhat vague at times: "On one occasion I received an invitation to dinner from her, written on a half-sheet of paper, and, on turning it over, I found it was a tradesman's bill, and across it in red ink were written the words, 'This is the tenth application.' On another occasion, when I was quite grown up, I took the chair at a puhlic meeting, and on the platform on one side of me sat my mother and on the other side sat Mrs. Gladstone. She seemed very pleased with the speech I made, and after I had finished my remarks she said to my mother, speaking across me, 'May I kiss him?' and without waiting for a reply she embraced me before the whole meeting. I was still in her eyes the little godchild she had so lovingly watched over from hahyhood."

The late Charles B. Aycock, the popular educational governor of North Carolina, was a great story teller and always enlivened his speeches with apt yarns. He used to compare the Repuhlican party to a preacher on a ship in a storm. The ship sailed smoothly until it struck a rough sea off Hatteras, when it began to he tossed about by winds. Timid and inexperienced people became frightened. A minister of the gospel on hoard prayed, hut hetween prayers called on the captain of the ship for words of encouragement. As the day went on the storm became worse and the sea rougher. The visits of the preacher to the captain were more frequent and his appeals for comforting words more earnest. The captain was civil and sympathetic, hut too husy to pay much attention to any one except the memhers of the crew. Finally he said to the preacher: "You see that hole yonder? Go and look down there and you will see, far helow, men playing cards and hear them cursing. Those are old sailors, and so long as they play and swear there is no danger." The preacher ran and took a look, and his face lit up. After that, at regular intervals, as the storm lashed the ship, he would run back, and look in and shout: "Thank God, they are cursing yet!"

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana is not a jokester or a story teller. His office never heard him crack a joke. But recently Mr. Walsh surprised his friends by "getting off" a joke on the subway monorail car that plies between the Senate office building and the Capitol. He and his secretary, Miles Taylor, were returning from the Senate chamher to the Senate office huilding one night. The subway car, while fast and convenient, makes a big noise as it goes through the tunnel. Conversation hy word of mouth is almost impossible. As the car speeds along those in it usually sit with closed mouths and eyes. On this occasion, however, two deaf mutes sat on the front seat, oblivious of any sound, talking glihly on their fingers. Watching them make the signs, and delighted with their apparent happiness, Senator Walsh leaned close to his secretary and shouted into his good ear: 'Miles, they've got it on us after all, haven't they? But, when you come to think about it, where would they he in the dark?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Peace-time Footing.

(Soldiers may go to and from dances wearing dancing pumps and without puttees, a new army order provides.—*British military note.*)

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" says Files-on-parade.
"It's dancin' call, it's dancin' call," the color sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" says Files-on-parade.
"My pumps is tight, they pinch me toes," the color sergeant said.
"Oh, we've done with Danny Deever, you can hear the fox trot play;
The kettle-drum an' saxophone is lurin' us away.
Ho, the lads are shimmy-shakin' an' they'll want their Janes today,
But they'll feel like Danny Deever in the mornin'."
—*Judge.*

Botany in the Desert.

Some years ago the Carnegie Institution located its "Desert Botanical Laboratory" on the shoulder of a mountain two miles west of Tucson, Arizona. The site was presented hy the local authorities, and the water supply and electric light for the lahoratory were installed. The object of this lahoratory is to study the plants characteristic of arid regions. The mountain on which the laboratory stands and the adjoining mesas possess a splendid representation of these forms of vegetation. Many proposed sites in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Chihuahua and Sonora were examined before the location was finally chosen.

The Irish Free State has issued a new half-penny stamp which takes the place of the old stamp, that had a map of Ireland in the centre.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathryn Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Maxwell of Oakland, to Mr. Carlton Felton Bryan, son of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale of San Francisco.

Miss Katherine Dunne daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Dunne of San Jose, was married on June 8th to Mr. William Herdman of Tampico, Mexico.

Miss Katherine Bentley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, was married on Friday, June 8th, to Mr. Raymond Phelps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps of Yonkers, New York.

The marriage of Miss Nanette Dozier, daughter of Mrs. Charles A. Dozier, to Mr. William Garside Walby took place on May 27th in Los Angeles.

The marriage of Miss Marjorie Lovegrove, daughter of Dr. W. R. Lovegrove, to Dr. Dohrmann Kaspar Pischel, son of Dr. Kaspar Pischel and Mrs. Pischel, took place on Thursday, June 7th.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Farrell, daughter of Mrs. James Farrell, to Mr. John J. McGinnis, son of Mrs. Rose McGinnis of Los Angeles, took place on Tuesday, June 12th.

The marriage of Miss Vesta White to Mr. Lavallette Barton, grandson of Admiral Lavalette, U. S. N., took place on June 5th.

Mr. Hewitt Davenport gave a luncheon last week at the Pacific Union Club in honor of Mr. Angus MacDonald of New York.

Mr. George McNear, Jr., was host recently at a house party given at the Mt. Diablo home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear.

Miss Kathleen Farrell, a bride-elect, was the guest of honor at a luncheon and bridge party given last week by Miss Esther Rossi at her home on Fillmore Street.

Mrs. Ashton Potter entertained Mrs. Gertrude Atherton at luncheon before her departure for St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore were hosts at a house party on Sunday of last week at their country home near Santa Cruz.

Admiral Edward W. Eberle, U. S. N., and Mrs. Eberle were the principal guests at a tea given at Woodside last week by Mr. and Mrs. William MacPherson Fitzhugh.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rittenhouse gave a dinner last week at their home at Pebble Beach.

The officers of the U. S. S. *New Mexico* are giving a dance on Friday, June 15th, as a farewell to Admiral Edward Eberle and Mrs. Eberle on the eve of their departure for Washington.

Count and Countess Vitterale Siciliani entertained at a dinner last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Newell Bull, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Elizabeth Magee gave a dinner last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach for Miss Katherine Bentley and her fiance, Mr. Raymond Phelps.

Miss Annette Rolph was the [illegible] for Honolulu last week, were entertained by a number of friends during their short stay in San Francisco, among their hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. Ashton Potter, Mrs. Edwin Eddy and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr.

Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley gave a luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps of New York.

A bachelor dinner was given by Mr. Raymond Phelps last week at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps gave a dinner at the Fairmont on Thursday of last week for the guests at the wedding of Miss Katherine Bentley and Mr. Raymond Phelps.

Miss Virginia Loop entertained recently at a bridge for Miss Newell Bull, whose engagement has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Mr. Howard Spreckels at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frederick Randolph King gave a luncheon at her home in San Mateo last week in honor of Mrs. Edward W. Eberle.

Miss Virginia Cummings gave a tea on Thursday of last week at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Annette Rolph.

Mrs. Charles D. Henderson of Nevada was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. John Drum at her home in Burlingame.

Countess Lewenhaupt was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Friday by Mr. and Mrs. William Penn Humphreys at their home in West Clay Park.

Major Dean Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn gave a bridge and supper party last week at their home on Plymouth Avenue.

Miss Kathleen Farrell, who was married on Tuesday to Mr. John J. McGinnis, gave a dinner-dance last Friday night at Tait's-at-the-Beach for her bridal party.

Miss Jane Carrigan and her brother, Mr. Harris Carrigan, have been entertaining a house party at their summer home in Mendocino County.

The Marin Golf and Country Club was opened for the season at a dinner-dance given there last Saturday night.

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Saturday by Mrs. John H. Williams.

Mr. Michael W. Norris of Boston, who came to San Francisco with his daughter, Miss Irene Norris, to be present at the wedding of his niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, was host at a dinner on Saturday night given in honor of Mrs. Rose McGinnis of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury were hosts at a dinner given at their home in San Francisco on Saturday night in honor of Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mrs. Richard P. Schwerin gave a dinner at her home in Burlingame on Monday night.

Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker, were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. Richard Schwerin on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a d[illegible] Saturday evening at the Menlo Park little man, momentarily becoming angrier, again addressed the sailor: "I told you before that *this* is *not* a smoking compartment! And if you don't stop smoking immediately, I'll call the guard and have you put out!"

The young American bluejacket looked bis neighbor over from head to foot very slowly, blowing another large cloud of smoke in the direction of his muttonchops. "Oh, yer will, will yer?" he replied. "Well, you jes' call de guard an' see who gits put off."

As soon as the train stopped at the next station the little man stuck his head out of the window and loudly called: "Pohr-tah! Pohr-tah!"

The guard opened the door and exclaimed: "Wat's the trouble in 'ere?"

Before his whiskers could control himself enough to reply, the bluejacket said: "Trouble! Yer see dat little guy over dere in de corner? Well, he's a-ridin' in de furs-class car wid a third-class ticket! See?"

The guard turned to the small, now almost apoplectic man and demanded his ticket. Sure enough, it was a third-class ticket; and the guard promptly put bim off the train.

As the train pulled out a tall Englishman in the corner of the compartment who had enjoyed the whole situation said to the young American: "My lad, you handled that situation very, very well. But what astonishes me is, how did you know that man had a third-class ticket?"

The young bluejacket grinned and replied:

Judge.

Summer Visitor—Pretty tough to be cut off from the rest of the world all winter. *Native*—Just as bad for them. They can't hear from us either.—*Life.*

"Sins of omission?" repeated young Oswald on being asked what they were. "Why, they are the sins we have forgotten to do."—*London Morning Post.*

"Binks is an awfully hard man to understand. I can hardly talk with him." "Use too much slang?" "No, he uses correct English."—*Boston Globe.*

Spic (contemplating loan)—How are you fixed for money? *Span*—Oh, I have enough for tonight. Thanks just the same.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

"Why did Mabel quit going with that young farmer?" "Just before he proposed to her he opened her mouth to look at her teeth."—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

The antique dealer gazed with disapproval at the shrewish wife of his more prosperous competitor. "There she goes," he said. "The dearest lot he ever bought."—*London Express.*

Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot-cakes. It's a church contribution-box. *Friend*—What good is that? *Inventor*—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and half-

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members of the different ages, under seven, from seven to ten, and over ten. A diploma will be given to each member who returns a list of at least ten books. The lists are to be sent in by October 15th, addressed to The Committee of Awards, in care of Paul Elder's. Prizes and diplomas will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, November 10th. All young persons are eligible.

At the Palace

The marriage of Miss Louise Kathryn Palm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Struve, to Dr. Clark R. Giles took place in the Tapestry Room of the Palace Hotel on June 14th at noon. The bride had but one attendant, her cousin, Miss Marjorie Palmtag. Dr. Dudley Gwinn acted as best man. After a honeymoon spent at Wawona, the young couple will return to San Francisco to make their home.

An attractive June wedding was that of Miss Helen Freitas, daughter of Mr. M. T. Freitas of San Rafael, and Mr. Sheldon Wright, which took place at the Palace Hotel, Saturday morning, June 9th. The Concert Room was decorated for the occasion and the nuptial service was read at an altar of ferns, pink roses, and gladiolas. Rev. Father Carroll officiated. Miss Margaret Kelly as bridesmaid was the only attendant. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony, after which the young couple left for the southern part of the state, where they will visit Coronado Beach and other resorts before returning to San Francisco, where they will reside.

Mme. C. Grosjean, who was recently re-elected president of the Daughters of California Pioneers, entertained officers and directors of the association at a tea at the Palace Hotel Monday afternoon. Mrs. Frederick Bartels, the outgoing president, was the complimented guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cosgriff are being congratulated on the birth of a son. Mrs. Cosgriff was Miss Marion Baker, daughter of Mrs. Edward Bosqui.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford of Pebble Beach are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

"The Comfort Route" to EUROPE

Frequent [illegible]

The Testing Craze.

Why is it impossible to gather figs from thistles?

Under what conditions may figs be gathered?

Under what conditions may man reach the top of Mount Everest?

What is meant by the statement, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"?

What liberty do we gain and what liberty do we lose through traffic regulations?

What is the difference between an army and a mob?

How does need for water prevent the pioneer from doing as he pleases all the time?

Where does your freedom of speech end?

Whose business is it today to defend the nation?

Who won the war against Germany?

Who makes it possible for you to have the clothes you wear today?

Why did people come to America?

What was the secret of the success of Center's football team?

Why was Rowan chosen to carry the message to Garcia?

Emperor William said the United States would not fight because they were not a unified people. What did he mean by saying we were not unified?

For a long time coal in China was thought to belong to the earth spirit. How did this superstition restrict the liberties of the Chinese?

The above questions did not emanate from the office of Thomas A. Edison, but, according to the New York *Herald*, are taken at random from a list which will be submitted by the United States Army to all students enrolled in the Citizen's Military Training Camps this summer.

They are to be asked after a course in citizenship has been given at each camp, and are based on a series of readings from American history, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and various patriotic utterances and writings of noted Americans of both colonial and modern times.

This course is designed to be conducted by means of group discussions, with an instructor in charge as the director and umpire. At the end of the course the student is expected to be able to answer all the questions and a lot more of similar nature.

One Touch of Nature

My father was an orthodox Baptist minister, says Professor William Lyon Phelps in *Scribner's Magazine*. He was a good man and is now with God. He had never mentioned the subject of prize-fighting and I was not aware that he took the slightest interest in it. When he was well over seventy, I was reading

Death of Mrs. Charles J. Bailey.

Many in San Francisco have learned wi regret of the death of Mrs. Bailey, wife Major-General Charles J. Bailey, which o curred on the 16th of last month at Was ington. Mrs. Bailey—Miss Molly Dodge other days—was the niece and ward of t late Henry L. Dodge, and in the period her young womanhood was a charming figu in the active social life of San Francis Her wedding in the early 'eighties with t then Lieutenant Bailey is remembered as brilliant event; and her occasional visits San Francisco in the succeeding years ha sustained an affectionate relationship with wide circle. Besides her husband, Mrs. Bail leaves two daughters, both grown to woma hood and wives of officers of the army.

The Human Zoo.

European papers report a movement in Fi land and Esthonia for the preservation of t tiny group of Livs, numbering about 2000 a living in fourteen villages at the extren northern end of the Courland Peninsula Esthonia, who represent all that is left of t semi-Asiatic people who gave their name the old Russian province of Livonia, says t New York *Times*. These folk speak a la guage closely allied to Finnish and Magya and ethnologists and philologists are anxio to have them saved from extinction.

In 1638 John Harvard by will bestow £750 to found a "Schoale of learning to i struct English and Indian youth in Know edge and Godliness." Besides the gift i money the great benefactor left to the ins tution of learning which bears his name library of some 300 volumes, which he ha selected with great skill and taste.

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earnestly, "Read it by rounds."

Knowing Paul Terry's success in cartooning animals, a friend, according to *"Topics of the Day" Films,* sent him this extract from an essay by a youngster: "The camil is a sheep of the desert like you have at dinner. A camil doesn't have to get mad at you to make its back raise up because he was born with a humped back. When these camil animals go on a long journey trip they drink as much water as to last them as many days. So such animals are called aquiducks because they can go eight days without water. So could I if ma would let me, but she thinks every day is Saturday night."

Bimbo—Did your garden win any prizes last summer? *Timbo*—Indirectly, yes. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show.—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Harold D. Pischel has come from New York to be best man at the wedding of his brother, Dr. Dohrmann K. Pischel, to Miss Margery Lovegrove. He will return East soon after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, who have been in New York visiting Mrs. Park's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, will return to their home in Burlingame this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald of New York passed a few days in San Francisco last week on their way to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and her daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, who have been visiting in Southern California, are in town for a short time before going to Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald of New York on their recent trip to Yosemite Valley.

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General Dawes and His "Minute Men."

The country at large seems not aware of the proportions and importance of an organization called the "Minute Men of the Constitution," of which that rugged, unafraid, all-American he-man, General Charles Dawes, is the originator and the very inspiring, living, and directing force. "The average American," says General Dawes, "who considers himself a patriot has one eye on the Constitution. The Minute Men will have both eyes on the Constitution. * * * Enthusiasm and animation are the backbone of every successful business. Give me fifty red-blooded young men and I will accomplish more in seeing that the Republicans and Democrats uphold the Constitution than one thousand wishy-washy politicians, who are always talking about what they are going to do." This is a confident, but probably not over-confident, statement.

The purpose of General Dawes' Minute Men is to influence the selection of delegates to the Republican and Democratic state and national conventions, pledged to a specific and announced platform. The platform reads as follows:

Advocating the renewal and building up of a respect for law and the Constitution of the United States.

Condemning all influences and agencies which breed class or religious discriminations.

Recognizing the right of the individual to associate with others to defend within the law his rights and advance his economic, social, and political interests.

Endorsing the announced position of the government of the

Brownell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Earle Brownell arrived from the East, where they have been at school, at Thursday of last week.

Mr. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs has joined Mrs. Baldwin in San Mateo and is the guest of Mr. Walter Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark at Pebble Beach.

Admiral Benjamin Hutchinson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hutchinson have recently arrived in San Francisco from Southern California and have been making a short stay here before going to the Washington Navy Yard, to which Admiral Hutchinson has been appointed as commandant.

Admiral Hutchinson and Mrs. Hutchinson have been house guests of Captain Landenberger and Mrs. Landenberger at their home on Yerba Buena Island.

Mrs. George A. Crooks of Canada, who has been visiting her relatives, Mrs. C. A. Wright and Mrs. Josiah C. Beedy of Sausalito and Mrs. Louis Beedy of San Francisco, has returned to her home in the north.

Senator Charles D. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson of Nevada have taken a house in San Mateo and will pass the summer there.

Miss Marion Crocker has gone to Chicago, where she will attend the convention of the American Women's Overseas League.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander who have recently gone to New York, sailed on June 2d on the *Majestic* for Europe.

Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury has been spending a few days in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin, accompanied by their daughter and son, have gone on a motor trip to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Clarence Follis motored to Yosemite Valley with his sister, Mrs. Frank Griffin, and Mr. Griffin.

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, who have been abroad, have recently returned for the wedding of their son, Dr. Dohrmann K. Pischel, and are established at their country home in Ross for the summer.

Mr. Willis J. Walker and his son, Mr. Léon Brooks Walker, are staying at their log cabin at Westwood in Humboldt County.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker of Piedmont are leaving very shortly for their country place at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore with their daughter, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, are established for the summer at their country home near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John S. Happer of Tokio, Japan, is expected to arrive very shortly in San Francisco, and after visiting Santa Barbara will go to New York to join her sister, Mrs. Frank Washington.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon arrived last week from her home in New York and will spend the summer both in San Francisco and with her brother, Dr. Harry Tevis, at his home in the Santa Cruz Moun-

tains. Mrs. Sharon has leased a house in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon and her daughter, Miss Sharon, are now following [illegible] to Coronado with Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Smith, Jr., and their daughter, Miss Mary Searles.

Mrs. Whipple Hall of Manila who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crellin, will go with her daughter, Miss Anna Hall, to Lake Tahoe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Schwabacher, accompanied by Miss Margery H. Loewe and Miss Margery Fleishhacker, recently motored to Yosemite, where they will enjoy the next few weeks.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford has returned from a visit to New York.

The Princess Donna Santa Borghese of Italy is spending a few weeks in San Francisco and will speak before various clubs and organizations.

At the St. Francis.

Most of the luncheon parties at the Hotel St. Francis Monday were made up of small groups. Mrs. Alanson Weeks was hostess to a group including Mrs. Daulton Mann and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn. Mrs. Robert I. Bentley presided over a party of four. Mrs. E. W. Eberle was the honor guest of Mrs. A. McCarthy of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Sydney Cloman was also with this group.

Mrs. Edmunds Lyman and Mrs. Corbet Moody were together. Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, and Mrs. Walter Filer formed another party, and Mrs. John H. Rossiter was with two of her sisters.

CURRENT VERSE.

"Who's There?"

Tonight I heard some one without,
And rising from my chair
I left my own meek fire's side
And opened wide my door;
One sigbing breatb of air
Crept in across the floor,
Crept in as glad to be
Safe in the house with me.
"Who's tbere?" I cried:
No one replied; no one was tbere.

No one—no beast or body—stirred;
Or wakeful bird.
Eacb frigbtened tree
Was frozen stiff and still.
But there above the hill
A gibbous moon made eyes at me
And stars a million more;
And in a sudden tremor I,
Who'd flung that challenge to the sky,
Made haste to close my door.

—*Kenneth H. Ashley in the Nation and the Athenæum.*

Saxon Songs.

Tools with the comely names,
Mattock and scythe and spade,
Couth and bitter as flames
Clean and bowed in the blade—

[illegible] tools make a man and his trade [illegible]

The Dandified Metador

It is a saying in Spain that to be a great matador one should have Triana blood, says Sherril Schell in the New York *Herald*. Several families of the town have supplied three and sometimes four generations of bullfighters. Like the actor's art, bullfighting seems to be hereditary. Indeed, every torero has a good deal of the actor in his makeup and knows quite as well how to sway the emotions of his audience.

His ocstumes are among the few picturesque ones remaining in a sober world. Tight fitting, they are skillfully cut to show off his slight figure as advantageously as possible. No New York society girl is more particular about lines or more fastidious as to the material used in the making. Besides the costume which is always unmistakable the conservative torero wears a small pigtail or coleta. Two years ago Belmonte, who likes to be inconspicuous on the street, decided to dispense with his coleta. The whole of Spain rocked with excitement, as the removal of the coleta has always meant the bullfighter's retirement from the ring. His act was discussed in all the cafés and newspapers of the Peninsula and was greatly deplored by every conservative.

The bullfighter allows his coleta to grow as soon as he has passed his novitiate and has been accepted by the authorities as a real torero. Sometimes a foolish youth who has never taken part in a bullfight is tempted to wear a lock of his hair coleta fashion, but he is always careful to dodge every professional for fear of being soundly thumped, to say nothing of having the precious lock cut off. The bullfighter is immensely proud of this traditional badge of his calling and has little mercy on those who wear it without the right to do so. Even without his distinctive costume or his peculiar coiffure, the bullfighter may always be recognized hy his curious swagger and springy gait. Those who have not been in Spain usually imagine him as he appears so often in "Carmen," a middle-aged person with stout legs and massive chest. The Escamillo of our acquaintance is almost the antithesis of the real thing. The bullfighter must be as light on his feet as a ballet dancer for the dangerous feats he is called upon to perform.

The reaction against the corrida caused by the death of Gallito was seized upon hy progressive Spaniards as a favorable opportunity to develop a nation-wide movement for its abolition. The latest rumor that Alfonso intends to put a stop to it recalls Walpole's answer to the English queen. She inquired what it would cost to close St. James' Park

endeavors [illegible] they are now follow[illegible] service and one which will be of [illegible] cause, fundamentally, it has to do with the [illegible] of the youth of the nation. Also, it is a protest against the cowardice of Congress and the ineffectiveness of the professional politicians.

Wilhelm as a Prophet.

Wilhelm, ex-Kaiser exiled in Holland, is reported as saying: *"The German people will return to a monarchy and give up all the ways of those who govern them today."* In so far as this prophecy may be associated with hope for his own return to power, and there is abundant evidence of his state of mind on this point, Wilhelm is mistaken. His day ended when in the crisis of their defeat and anguish he turned his back upon the German people. He may some day be permitted to live in Germany, but this will not be until time and events shall have reduced him to a status so insignificant that nobody will care where he goes or what he does. As to restoration of the monarchy—that, too, is doubtful. It may come for a time, but not for long. The institution of monarchy for Germany and for most countries has had a terrific jolt; and monarchy once discarded is not easily restored; and when restored it lacks the old-time vigor and usually does not long survive. Witness France, Brazil, Portugal and other countries where popular government in one form or another has found courage and means to raise its head.

Wilhelm is on sure ground in the declaration that the German people will "give up all the ways" of the existing régime. No people changes radically in propensities and habits over night. It took the French the better part of a century to grow into a mood competent to the maintenance of Republican institutions. Even under grievous abuses it took the American colonies through the period of two generations to work up to the point of throwing over monarchical dependence. The German people have been drilled in subservience to authority for half a century. Two generations have been taught to glory in an autocratic system. True, they have been disappointed, they have been humiliated, but their main characteristic, that of subjection to authority, has not been changed. Their propensities are what they were before the war. They are habituated to

acter has changed, or that it is subject to radical change, let him consider the principle as related to ourselves. Let it be supposed that the Kaiser had held a steadily victorious course and that he had, as he once threatened, brought this country to subjection. Would Americans, even if our country were overwhelmed and in a sense possessed by an alien power, immediately alter their character? Verily they would not. It is conceivable that we might be beaten, that our government might be overthrown and an autocratic mastery set above it. But we would still be Americans possessed of fixed traditions and of fixed ambitions. And upon the hour of recovered freedom we would establish, not a new way or type of government, but something very much after the manner of that which is now the expression of our national character and the creation of its spirit and ambition. So with the Germans. There has come to their country a revolution, but it has been forced upon them. The German revolution is not an outgrowth of the German character, but a creation of circumstance.

Wilhelm the exile is in part right—the German people will "give up the ways" under which they are now governed. But they will not recall the Kaiser who deserted them in their hour of defeat, who sought his own safety in shameful flight, although in some sort they will revive the practices in government that were the logical expression of the national mind and character.

Minority Representation in Congress.

The *Argonaut* has been asked to "demonstrate" a recent statement in these columns to the effect that the American people are represented in the Senate by men elected, not by majorities, but by minorities. It will be sufficient to limit the inquiry to the thirty-four members of the Senate—more than one-third of the membership of that body—whose election came within the year 1922. The table below exhibits the names and the partisan affiliation of the thirty-four senators, the states they represent, with the number of votes cast for each. The basic figure of the voting population of the several states is taken from a bulletin of the Census Bureau. The percentages are likewise taken from official reports. It

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does she know Grace to speak to?" "No, only to talk about."—*London Moil.*

"Can you write shorthand?" "Yes, sir; but it takes me longer."—*London Humorist.*

"Every man should take a vacation away from his wife." "Try and get it!"—*Judge.*

Professor—Mr. Jones, you are late. *Jones*—Sorry, sir. I overshaved.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Teacher—What is a buttress? *Flossy*—A buttress is a female butter-maker.—*Boston Tronscript.*

Housebreaker (to householder)—Hide me! If I'm found, I'm lost!—*Paris Le Journol Amusont.*

"I understand the doctors bave given you up." "Yes, but I really did intend to pay tbem some day."—*Life.*

"Why are you studying all these foreign languages?" "I'm thinking of living in New York."—*Chicogo Journol.*

"You don't love me any more; you don't even tell me that I make you sick."—*Poris Le Journal Amusant.*

Guest—Waiter, tbis steak is like leatber and tbis knife is dull. *Woiter*—Strop the knife on tbe steak.—*Michigon Gorgoyle.*

Alice—Isn't that a sorority sister of yours over there? *Bluegown*—Indeed not; sbe's a friend of mine.—*Boston Beon Pot.*

"Would you say 'honest politics is,' or 'are'?" "'Is,' of course. Honest politics is always singular."—*Indionapolis Journal.*

Press-Room Foremon—Wot'll we do with this dame's bridal picture? *Cynicol Editor*—Hold it for the divorce proceedings.—*Life.*

Englishman—I say, old top, it's too bad your country's dry. *Americon*—Yes, but I live in the city, than Heaven.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"So old Yabsley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did be leave anything?" "Yes. It broke his beart to do it, but he left everything."—*Tit-Bits.*

The inadequacy of the English language becomes apparent when a Follies cborus girl speaks of her "dressing-room."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

"How can we show respect for our mothers?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "By sassin' our paws!" came the quick reply.—*Judge.*

Summer Visitor—Pretty tough to be cut off from the rest of the world all winter. *Notive*—Just as bad for them. Tbey can't bear from us either.—*Life.*

"Sins of omission?" repeated young Oswald on being asked what they were. "Wby, they are the sins we have forgotten to do."—*London Morning Post.*

"Binks is an awfully hard man to understand. I can bardly talk with bim." "Use too much slang?" "No, be uses correct English."—*Boston Globe.*

Spic (contemplating loan)—How are you fixed for money? *Span*—Oh, I bave enough for tonight. Thanks just tbe same.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

"Why did Mabel quit going with that young farmer?" "Just before be proposed to her he opened ber mouth to look at her teeth."—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

The antique dealer gazed witb disapproval at the sbrewisb wife of his more prosperous competitor. "Tbere she goes," be said. "The dearest lot he ever bought."—*London Express.*

Inventor—I've bit a money-making thing at last. Tbe preacbers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot-cakes. It's a church contribution-box. *Friend*—What good is tbat? *Inventor*—It's a triumpb. Tbe coins fall througb slots of different sizes, and half-crowns, sbillings, and sixpences land on velvet; but the pennies and half-pennies drop on to a Cbinese gong.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Tbere's a lot more I migbt say," concluded tbe bargee after his argument with the careless yachtsman, "but, bein' a perfick gentleman, I don't 'old with class warfare."—*London Doily Express.*

"Well," announced Mr. Perkasie to his wife, "John and Mary have taken the first step toward divorce." "You don't mean to tell me! Wbat on earth is tbe matter?" "They have got married."—*Toledo Blode.*

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill. I can't come bere every day in tbe week." "What day would suit you best?" "Saturday." "Very well, tben, you can call every Saturday."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Papa, is it right to say this is a government of the people, for the people, by the people?" "No, my son. Correctly speaking, it is a government of the people hy the office-holders for the politicians."—*Philodelphia Public Ledger.*

First Senotor—That bootlegger of mine is an impertinent fellow. He says tbat as long as we continue to vote for strict enforcement of tbe Volstead Act, he'll have to charge ninety-five a case for Scotch. *Second Senator*—Tbe dirty crook!—*Life.*

Bluejacket Repartee.

In the Britisb Isles tbere is a custom that Britisb naval officers must ride first-class, and tbat bluejackets must ride tbird-class on all trains. During tbe world war, wben we bad a large force in tbe Britisb Isles, our navy very naturally adopted the same custom. But among our bluejackets were a large number that felt they were "as good as anybody else and a damn sigbt better." So they did everything possible to break this custom.

On one particular occasion, just as a train was pulling out of a station, an American bluejacket jumped into a first-class compartment and threw bimself into the window seat opposite a little nervous man with mutton-cbop whiskers. His next act was to fisb out bis "Bull'" and roll one, apparently entirely oblivious of tbe increasing hostility of his *vis-à-vis.*

Tbe little man leaned forward and said in a very irritating manner: *"This* is *not* a smoking compartment."

Tbe bluejacket blue a big cloud of smoke in tbe general direction of tbe wbiskers, and entirely ignored tbe remark.

After waiting a few minutes, tbe little man, momentarily becoming angrier, again addressed the sailor: "I told you before that *this* is *not* a smoking compartment! And if you don't stop smoking immediately, I'll call the guard and have you put out!"

Tbe young American bluejacket looked bis neighbor over from bead to foot very slowly, blowing anotber large cloud of smoke in the direction of his muttonchops. "Oh, yer will, will yer?" he replied. "Well, you jes' call de guard an' see wbo gits put off."

As soon as tbe train stopped at the next station the little man stuck his head out of the window and loudly called: "Pobr-tab! Pobr-tah!"

Tbe guard opened tbe door and exclaimed: "Wat's the trouble in 'ere?"

Before bis whiskers could control bimself enough to reply, the bluejacket said: "Trouble! Yer see dat little guy over dere in de corner? Well, he's a-ridin' in de furs-class car wid a third-class ticket! See?"

The guard turned to the small, now almost apoplectic man and demanded bis ticket. Sure enough, it was a third-class ticket; and the guard promptly put him off the train.

As the train pulled out a tall Englisbman in the corner of tbe compartment who bad enjoyed the whole situation said to the young American: "My lad, you handled that situation very, very well. But what astonishes me is, bow did you know that man had a third-class ticket?"

Tbe young bluejacket grinned and replied: "Ah, dat wuz dead easy. Yer see, dat little guy wid de trick wbiskers wuz jes' in front of me when we bougbt de tickets an' bis'n wuz de same color as mine."—*Judge.*

The Testing Craze.

Wby is it impossible to gather figs from tbistles?

Under wbat conditions may figs be gathered?

Under what conditions may man reacb the top of Mount Everest?

What is meant by the statement, "You shall know the truth and the truth sball make you free"?

Wbat liberty do we gain and what liberty do we lose through traffic regulations?

Wbat is the difference between an army and a moh?

How does need for water prevent the pioneer from doing as he pleases all the time?

Wbere does your freedom of speech end?

Wbose business is it today to defend the nation?

Who won the war against Germany?

Who makes it possible for you to bave the clothes you wear today?

Wby did people come to America?

What was the secret of the success of Center's football team?

Wby was Rowan cbosen to carry tbe message to Garcia?

Emperor William said tbe United States would not figbt because they were not a unified people. Wbat did be mean by saying we were not unified?

For a long time coal in China was tbought to belong to tbe earth spirit. How did tbis superstition restrict the liberties of the Cbinese?

Tbe above questions did not emanate from tbe office of Thomas A. Edison, but, according to tbe New York *Herold,* are taken at random from a list which will be submitted by the United States Army to all students enrolled in the Citizen's Military Training Camps this summer.

Tbey are to be asked after a course in citizensbip has been given at each camp, and are based on a series of readings from American history, the Declaration of Independence, tbe Constitution and various patriotic utterances and writings of noted Americans of botb colonial and modern times.

Tbis course is designed to be conducted hy means of group discussions, witb an instructor in cbarge as the director and umpire. At the end of tbe course the student is expected to be able to answer all the questions and a lot more of similar nature.

One Touch of Nature.

My father was an orthodox Baptist minister, says Professor William Lyon Phelps in *Scribner's Magozine.* He was a good man and is now witb God. He bad never mentioned the subject of prize-figbting and I was not aware that he took the slightest interest in it. When be was well over seventy, I was reading tbe news to him one day, and I read the headline, "Corbett Whips Sullivan." I was about to pass on to matters of importance, wben to my amazement be leaned forward and said earnestly, "Read it by rounds."

Knowing Paul Terry's success in cartooning animals, a friend, according to *"Topics of the Day" Films,* sent him this extract from an essay by a youngster: "Tbe camil is a sbeep of the desert like you have at dinner. A camil doesn't bave to get mad at you to make its back raise up because be was born witb a bumped back. Wben these camil animals go on a long journey trip they drink as mucb water as to last them as many days. So, such animals are called aquiducks because tbey can go eigbt days without water. So could I if ma would let me, but she tbinks every day is Saturday nigbt."

Bimbo—Did your garden win any prizes last summer? *Timbo*—Indirectly, yes. My neigbbor's cbickens took first prize at the poultry sbow.—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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General Dawes and His "Minute Men."

The country at large seems not aware of the proportions and importance of an organization called the "Minute Men of the Constitution," of which that rugged, unafraid, all-American he-man, General Charles Dawes, is the originator and the very inspiring, living, and directing force. "The average American," says General Dawes, "who considers himself a patriot has one eye on the Constitution. The Minute Men will have both eyes on the Constitution. * * * Enthusiasm and animation are the backbone of every successful business. Give me fifty red-blooded young men and I will accomplish more in seeing that the Republicans and Democrats uphold the Constitution than one thousand wishy-washy politicians, who are always talking about what they are going to do." This is a consistent, but probably not over-confident, statement.

The purpose of General Dawes' Minute Men is to influence the selection of delegates to the Republican and Democratic state and national conventions, pledged to a specific and announced platform. The platform reads as follows:

Advocating the renewal and building up of a respect for law and the Constitution of the United States.

Condemning all influences and agencies which breed class or religious discriminations.

Recognizing the right of the individual to associate with others to defend within the law his rights and advance his economic, social, and political interests.

Indorsing the announced position of the government of the United States maintaining that the right of a citizen to work without unlawful interference is as sacred as the right of citizen to cease work, irrespective of whether he is, or is not, a member of a labor organization.

Declaring that loyalty to the government of the United States must be above and beyond that of any civil or industrial organization working for the interest of special groups and classes.

The movement has spread with the velocity of wind-blown flame through Illinois, and at present it is reported that upwards of 100,000 are enrolled as Minute Men of the Constitution, about 70 per cent. of whom are members of the American Legion. There has been no effort on the part of General Dawes and his associates to carry the work of organization beyond the borders of Illinois, but demands from a great many cities in other states are being received at headquarters, in Chicago, for authority to establish companies of Minute Men. It looks as though General Dawes had inaugurated a movement which is destined to embrace the country and to become one of the formidable, militant, patriotic forces of the day.

This movement is non-partisan in character, and, as the foregoing excerpts from the platform indicate, seeks to accomplish particular purposes by making use of the instrumentalities of existing parties. In other words, it is a "super bloc," if one may so say, which will seek to impose its will for entirely proper purposes upon political parties. If General Dawes can hold the Minute Men true to their announced aims and keep their endeavors within the eminently praiseworthy lines which they are now following, he will perform a notable service and one which will be of permanent value. Because, fundamentally, it has to do with the right training of the youth of the nation. Also, it is a protest against the cowardice of Congress and the ineffectiveness of the professional politicians.

Wilhelm as a Prophet.

Wilhelm, ex-Kaiser exiled in Holland, is reported as saying: *"The German people will return to a monarchy and give up all the ways of those who govern them today."* In so far as this prophecy may be associated with hope for his own return to power, and there is abundant evidence of his state of mind on this point, Wilhelm is mistaken. His day ended when in the crisis of their defeat and anguish he turned his back upon the German people. He may some day be permitted to live in Germany, but this will not be until time and events shall have reduced him to a status so insignificant that nobody will care where he goes or what he does. As to restoration of the monarchy—that, too, is doubtful. It may come for a time, but not for long. The institution of monarchy for Germany and for most countries has had a terrific jolt; and monarchy once discarded is not easily restored; and when restored it lacks the old-time vigor and usually does not long survive. Witness France, Brazil, Portugal and other countries where popular government in one form or another has found courage and means to raise its head.

Wilhelm is on sure ground in the declaration that the German people will "give up all the ways" of the existing régime. No people changes radically in propensities and habits over night. It took the French the better part of a century to grow into a mood competent to the maintenance of Republican institutions. Even under grievous abuses it took the American colonies through the period of two generations to work up to the point of throwing over monarchical dependence. The German people have been drilled in subservience to authority for half a century. Two generations have been taught to glory in an autocratic system. True, they have been disappointed, they have been humiliated, but their main characteristic, that of subjection to authority, has not been changed. Their propensities are what they were before the war. They are habituated to autocracy. They know nothing else, they can conceive nothing else, they desire nothing else.

But at one point Wilhelm's prophecy may be credited. The people of Germany will surely discard those "who govern them today." The existing government of Germany is a mere cabal of big business magnates. Thirteen men, all of them exploiters of finance, industry, or commerce, or all three, are "running" Germany. They are doing it practically upon their own initiative and to their own ends. They represent the people of Germany very much as an equal number of multimillionaire bankers and manufacturers of New York and Pittsburgh might represent this country, but with a contempt of the public welfare that could not be matched in this country or in any other where the rights of the people are inbred. No people, not even the Germans, disciplined as they are to obedience, will consent permanently to be governed by men who openly seek and find their own profit in the distress of the masses. No people, not even the Germans, will yield permanent authority to men who, motives and means—or lack of means—be what they may, serve as the executive agents of government in a period of national humiliation. There may have been no way to prevent the invasion of the Ruhr Valley by the French and the Belgians; surely there was no way unless the Germans were willing to meet their obligations. But the governmental organization that yielded to the invaders can not escape the ultimate resentment of a people deeply wounded in their national sensibilities. It is not a question of justification; it is a matter of national feeling.

If there be anybody to believe that the German character has changed, or that it is subject to radical change, let him consider the principle as related to ourselves. Let it be supposed that the Kaiser had held a steadily victorious course and that he had, as he once threatened, brought this country to subjection. Would Americans, even if our country were overwhelmed and in a sense possessed by an alien power, immediately alter their character? Verily they would not. It is conceivable that we might be beaten, that our government might be overthrown and an autocratic mastery set above it. But we would still be Americans possessed of fixed traditions and of fixed ambitions. And upon the hour of recovered freedom we would establish, not a new way or type of government, but something very much after the manner of that which is now the expression of our national character and the creation of its spirit and ambition. So with the Germans. There has come to their country a revolution, but it has been forced upon them. The German revolution is not an outgrowth of the German character, but a creation of circumstance.

Wilhelm the exile is in part right—the German people will "give up the ways" under which they are now governed. But they will not recall the Kaiser who deserted them in their hour of defeat, who sought his own safety in shameful flight, although in some sort they will revive the practices in government that were the logical expression of the national mind and character.

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will be observed that every one of the thirty-four senators was chosen by a minority of the voting population of his state:

		No. Votes.	Pct.
Arizona	Ashurst, D.	39,722	25.3
California	Johnson, R.	564,422	29.2
Connecticut	McLean, R.	169,524	26.8
Delaware	Bayard, D.	37,304	29.5
Florida	Trammell, D.	45,707	9.0
Georgia	George, D.	75,838	5.3
Indiana	Ralston, D.	558,169	32.8
Iowa	Brookhart, R.	389,751	28.5
Maine	Hale, R.	101,026	23.9
Maryland	Bruce, D.	160,947	19.7
Massachusetts	Lodge, R.	414,130	22.3
Michigan	Ferris, D.	294,932	15.7
Minnesota	Shipstead, F. L.	325,372	26.3
Mississippi	Stephens, D.	63,639	7.3
Missouri	Reed, D.	506,264	25.6
Montana	Wheeler, D.	88,205	30.4
Nebraska	Howell, R.	220,350	32.1
Nevada	Pitmann, D.	18,200	41.9
New Jersey	Edwards, D.	451,832	29.7
New Mexico	Jones, D.	60,969	36.1
New York	Copeland, D.	1,276,667	24.9
North Dakota	Frazier, R.	101,312	34.5
Ohio	Fess, R.	794,159	24.6
Pennsylvania	Reed, R.	860,483	19.9
Pennsylvania	Pepper, R.	819,507	18.9
Rhode Island	Gerry, D.	82,889	28.7
Tennessee	McKellar, D.	151,523	12.5
Texas	Mayfield, D.	264,260	11.8
Utah	King, D.	58,749	28.3
Vermont	Greene, R.	47,669	24.0
Washington	Dill, D.	130,347	17.0
West Virginia	Neely, D.	198,853	27.9
Wisconsin	La Follette, R.	379,494	28.3
Wyoming	Kendrick, D.	35,734	34.5

Mutilating the Classics.

On the not impossible, though possibly fallacious, premise that the world is getting better and better, in every way of course, we have grown accustomed even before M. Coué's régime to look upon things modern as superior to their predecessors. That is axiomatic. Hence "Bowdlerized" versions of the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress and a rapidly growing increment of other classics hitherto, we learn from the publishers, "closed books" to modern readers. The passé doctrine that the Bible, meaning the King James version, and some of its contemporaries might or might not be the open sesame to celestial happiness but were indispensable guideposts to style is exploded by one paragraph from that never fully appreciated mentor the publishers' blurb writer, who writes: "It is time the New Testament was made accessible in the language and format of the present day. Hitherto it has been made to seem, in every particular, antique, obscure, and remote from life." By whom it has been made to seem these things is not apparent, but at least it is perfectly clear that we are to be saved—the New Testament has been translated into modern English, and not, please note, from the obnoxious outdated Jacobean version, but without prejudice from the Greek. That the work in question is an industrious piece of scholarship we do not doubt for an instant: and as publishers presumably know their business there may be a demand for a "modern" Bible. But in the name of all that is rational, why? The devout are so familiar with the standard version that it does not need further interpretation—as for the unbeliever, the Bible's only value for him is as a monument of pure English, a philological masterpiece that has never been surpassed, either by Shakespeare, whose style is open to criticism though the Bible's never is, or by any one else who has since profited by its incomparable example. And, with all due respect to the accomplishment of the scholar who has recently supplied destitute moderns with a version they can assimilate, we venture to say he has not broken the record.

Then there is a "modern" Pilgrim's Progress, though its abridger has been less ambitious than the translator just discussed and has tried "to preserve the quaintness and vigor of the original text." For that magnanimous effort at least we thank her, though it makes the object of the abridgment less perspicuous than that of the conscientious D. D. who has translated the New Testament from the Greek letting the "quaintness and vigor of the original text" be blowed. Who wants quaintness anyway? Of the two perhaps a thoroughly modern version is better than a hybrid which is neither one nor the other. But we will offer a prize of both our copies of the modern abridgments in question to any one who can give a satisfactory excuse for their existence. For children? Possibly, but a child old enough to comprehend even the story element of these two classics is old enough to be influenced by purity of style, not to mention the "vigor of the original text." Otherwise their use may be commended for morons incapable of appreciating the indisputably superior merits of these two religious classics.

It is not as though the Bible or Bunyan's work were written in Anglo-Saxon or even Middle English which we moderns have not time to learn even though it were necessary to save our immortal souls. The remarkable thing about the two books in question is that they were written when English was at its high-water mark. It has never before or since been purer or richer. Scholars, philologers and such, can furnish reasons for the phenomenon which must be so since the result was so. Language is not an illustration of the Coué formula—it gets better and better for a while and then it gets worse. The Latin of the several centuries B. C. and that of the first thousand years A. D. when it was crumbling into Italian, Spanish, and French is an example. Fancy an enthusiast of the corrupt Latin of the seventh century of our era translating Virgil into the jargon of his day. The journalistic trick of rewriting is as ancient as the use of graphite. Undoubtedly his public would have found it easier than Virgil, but the translation would have lost all significance. English today is not so debased as mediæval Latin and the parallel is therefore not exact, but the analogy holds. Let us read Bunyan and the Bible in their classic versions. Like Virgil, they will last longer than any of their "modern" translations.

Editorial Notes.

President Harding, speaking at Washington last Thursday (Flag Day), suggested to the Legion that it include in its projects a provision "that every American citizen should learn to sing the national anthem." The trouble with our national anthem is that it is not singable by the average vocal equipment. It goes bravely at the start—"Oh say can you"—and that is as far as most voices can go. If all our people are to sing the national anthem—and that is devoutly to be desired—we must have something adjusted to average vocal powers, something in its range like the popular hymns everybody can sing. The "Star-Spangled Banner" is an inspiring performance in the hands of an orchestra, but as a song for all the people it is a pathetic failure. Its phrases, too, are trivial and relate to an incident of no vital historical importance. Still more trivial is the jingle styled "America" and sung to the tune, "God Save the King." It was written by a small-minded gentleman, half-teacher and half-parson, for a Sunday-school picnic. Regarded as a patriotic song, it is vapid to silliness. And the time is a palpable theft. The short of it all is that one of the sentimental needs of the country is a national anthem, dignified in its lines and a musical sense capable of popular rendition. An anthem something after the style of "Coronation," that most sonorous and inspiriting of modern hymns, would be a real contribution to popular patriotism.

It was agreed between the late Ignatz Steinhart and the authorities of the city that if the former would give $250,000 for construction of an aquarium in Golden Gate Park the latter would provide $20,000 a year for operation and maintenance. The aquarium is about to be opened, and now comes Mr. Grunsky, president of the Academy of Sciences, which has the matter in hand, with an announcement to the effect that there has been arranged a scheme of operation under which it will be necessary to supply $3000 per month or $36,000 per year. Here at the start—right off the reel, so to speak—is a proposal practically calling for double the annual sum originally pledged. And if precedent may be taken as indicating what shall come, there will be demand for appropriation on a scale still more lavish. That is the way things turn out when some people have the privilege of spending other people's money. Three thousand dollars per month comes to $100 per day, and in the present state of our municipal finances—and of the tax rate—it is more than San Francisco ought to spend to maintain a series of fish tanks which, however attractive, are not essential to the public welfare. And, surely, it can not be necessary to spend this large sum. The amount originally pledged ought to be sufficient and will be sufficient if there shall be judicious economy in administration. The taxpayers of San Francisco are required under the latest budget to provide approximately fifty dollars per head for every man, woman, and child living within the limits of the municipality. It is a big bill—far too big a bill for the financial and moral health of the community. Those who have the spending of our public funds need a sharp lesson in the chilly precepts of thrift, and there will never be a better time to begin than right now. In relation to the aquarium the municipal pledge is for $20,000 per year—and that is enough.

Commenting upon the fact that in the period between 1910 and 1920 Alaska lost 15 per cent. of its population, the New York *Times* remarks that there are things the census does not tell and that in the case of Alaska its omissions are significant. "It is true that in 1910 there were more people in Alaska than now. Nevertheless she has gone slowly but steadily ahead. Today there are in Alaska more farmers, more farms, more women, more children, more dwelling houses, more schools, more normal production—more of everything that goes to the make-up of substantial prosperity—than there was when the population in respect to men numbers was 15 per cent. greater than it is now. The difference is that between a mining camp of transient and rip-roaring elements and a settled and permanent community of industrial pioneers."

An *Argonaut* writer who spent several days in the New England states last month discovered there a fairly widespread sentiment critical of President Harding. It was a compound of many small grievances, real or imaginary, no one important enough to be regarded seriously, yet in the aggregate of vital significance. Curiously enough, New England, home of nationalism, has become impressed with the need of "strong" policies in the presidency, and is rather more than less resentful of the rigid constitutionalism that is the basis of Mr. Harding's official course. Following his visit to New England, the writer above referred to spent some days in the Carolinas and Georgia, and in the course of many contacts he heard not one word condemnatory of the Administration. On the contrary he found general sentiment favorable to Mr. Harding and his associates in the government. While thus in the North, presumably Republican ground, a Republican President is more or less subject to criticism, in the South, which is traditionally Democratic ground, a Republican President finds cordial approval. It will be recalled that there was a similar situation with respect to President Taft. Taft while President had, as he has still, an extraordinary popularity in the South. But while the South liked Taft it would not vote for him. The South likes Harding, but he did not get a electoral vote in 1920, nor will he get a Southern electoral vote in 1924.

The South is politically dry and has been for a good many years—long prior to the Eighteenth Amendment. Almost unanimously the prominent papers of the South commend President Harding's attitude as a supporter of the law; and by the same token they condemn Governor Smith's action in approving the bill in nullification of New York's support of the Volstead Act. In the columns of the Charlotte (North Carolina) *Observer* last week a Charlotte loan association printed the following advertisement:

> Governor Smith made a fatal mistake for himself, his state and his party. Thanks to President Harding and his party, we're going to be dry, very dry. This kid has voted the Democrat ticket for forty-one years, but if his party and its leaders are not dry, clean-cut and unmistakably, his tiny ballot will desert and thousands of others who place home above politics and constitutional government above bootleggers and rum-runners are sailing under like colors. When preachers cry out against local evils, when newspapers prohibit lewd advertisements and suggestive pictures, when moving-picture censors really censor, when church members practice a little more of what they preach, we'll have a saner and better life.

Here we have the curious spectacle of a Southern advertiser publicly commending a Republican official and in the same announcement condemning a Democratic official. The man who makes this announcement is attempting to sell something to the people of the community in the very heart of the Democratic South. We must assume that he knows his community and its sentiments. Verily times have changed, none the less for the fact that the South under its traditions still votes the Democratic ticket.

What is above set forth has no large bearing on the political situation. It does not signify that the Republican party is in the way of making any material gain in the South of 1924. It has, however, a limited bearing on Democratic possibilities, for it is indicative of the fact that the South with its dry tendencies will, in the

next Democratic convention, prefer a dry candidate. The South may be depended upon to vote in November for whatever Democrat may be nominated. But its influence in the convention is likely to be important.

Clarence Urmy, who died at San Jose recently, was not a great poet, but there was in him a vein of true poetic ore. His note was delicate, but it rang true always. He was a singer of the finer feelings, of the sentiments that give to life its sweetest significance. Neither in his work nor in his daily walk did Clarence Urmy seek the thronged avenues. Rather he shrank from them to find a modest place in the hearts of delicate sensibility. Yet he has left behind a record that will not be lost. A native of San Francisco, born amid the rush of a materialistic time, he lived always close to things of the heart. Many a weary soul has found solace in his gentle verse, and time to come will not fail to give him audience and to yield affection to his memory. He will stand in permanent regard as one to whom, not only California, but a wider world will gladly yield the reverence due to a true singer. In another column we give a few of Urmy's many poems, now in the way, we are glad to know, of being assembled in a form worthy of their merit. There is, we are told, a movement on foot to place in Old South Park—the home of his youth—a monument in commemoration of this worthy and useful man. San Francisco will honor herself in thus paying tribute to a true poet and a true gentleman.

President Harding wishes it understood that his coming trip to Alaska is for the purpose of concentrating the attention of the country upon that long-neglected territory; and he resents the suggestion that there is involved in it any ulterior motive, least of all a political motive. He would no doubt be glad if it were practicable to visit Alaska without going anywhere else. But he may not get to Alaska without crossing the continent; and he may not cross the continent without making a series of public speeches. Were he to run through any state with the blinds of his car closely drawn it would surely be resented as a slight. He would like to avoid speeches altogether, but being a good-natured man he can not decline speaking in cities where the exigencies of his trip make it necessary that he should pass through. He has engaged to make a total of nineteen speeches and the probability is that he will find it impossible to avoid making three times that many. Some ten days ago Mr. Harding went for a single day on an errand of courtesy into the State of Delaware, and before going he announced he would make no speeches. At the end of the day he had made twelve; and at the next newspaper conference at the White House he made apology for having fallen in the face of temptation.

There is some inhumanity, of which he himself seems conscious, in Governor Richardson's statement explaining his pocket veto of the Bromley bill. At least one great uplifter was all set to lead the crusaders of social reform in a referendum defense of the sixty or more death-bed appointees of our late rejected Governor Stephens, and now the arms must rust in the arsenal and the banners gather dust because there is to be nothing for the referenders and bitter-enders either to rend or referend. This is discouraging; but any time you catch the incumbent of the gubernatorial office napping in his big mahogany chair while the political fuse sputters under him you can inveigle weasels into butterfly nets. Except for chance effects of the obstructionism of the Stephens-Johnson job-holders and a few officials of the old régime like the state superintendent of public instruction, the governor can execute his economy programme without the Bromley bill. So far he is able to defend us from the tax-eaters quite effectively. But it seems heartless of him to make that reference to "a band of discredited politicians who are planning once more to parade their virtues before the public by misuse of the referendum at great expense to the people." For, after all, it is the truth that hurts most. And whom could he have meant when he used that graphic phrase "parade their virtues"? Could he have been thinking of our own Hiram?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Claims of Capitola.

CAPITOLA, June 13, 1923.

DEAR ARGONAUT: In the early part of May the city of San Jose unveiled a plaque erected on what is claimed as the site of the first capitol building in California. Heretofore it has been the opinion of many that Monterey was the state's first capital.

These claims are absolutely without foundation, as a fair investigation will prove that Capitola was California's first capital, from which it derives its name. Considerable newspaper space has been obtained by San Jose and Monterey claimants and we appeal to your paper and its known record for fairness in any important controversy to grant us space in your paper to allow Capitola to defend its right to this historical heritage.

Recent research work among old ruins discovered in the heart of Capitola's business district has confirmed our claim, and we are now determined to challenge the false claims of San Jose and Monterey, in order that the people of California, as well as those of other states, may know the truth about the birth of this great commonwealth. The town of Capitola officially invites investigation of our old records that prove the location of the state's headquarters in this historic spot long before the discovery of gold and scores of years before the erection of a capitol building in Monterey or San Jose.

Capitola's romantic history dates back to the first invasion of the white men on the Pacific Coast in 1602, eighteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, when Viscaino, the bold adventurer, took possession of California in the name of the King of Spain. In 1769, 167 years later, Father Junipero Serra founded the great missions which remain today. Settled mainly by Spaniards and Indians at that time, Capitola was the scene of continual warfare between them. In excavating recently for the erection of buildings and residences in this town many skulls and skeletons have been uncovered, lying crosswise of each other, together with old records and various firearms and instruments of war of a period long extinct.

The old town of Capitola was acquired piece by piece fifty years ago by F. H. Hihn, one of the early pioneers and traders, at a reported cost of $750, less than many town lots now cost. For many years Capitola was allowed to sink into comparative oblivion with no effort to establish its claim to the honor of being the state's first capital. At Hihn's death, however, the historical site was subdivided into lots and sold, and since that time has grown into a thriving community without sacrificing its romantic simplicity or historical landmarks.

In response to requests we are sending some of the old remains to the geological department of the University of California for scientific research work.

The town of Capitola would deeply appreciate it if you, in the spirit of fair play, would publish this, the truth about the first capital of the State of California.

HARRY BICKELL,
Town Clerk of Capitola.

Concerning Prohibition.

SONORA, June 15, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your issue of today F. B. L., in his letter re prohibition, refers to the prevalent spirit of disloyalty to law. However that may be, it does not follow that it is a spirit of disloyalty to what is right and reasonable. The Pilgrims, the rebels of 1776 and before, and a host of patriotic men have not only been disloyal to some law, but they have gloried in defying it.

We would think a father was not far from out of his head if he laid his boy under an unreasonable injunction and ordered him to obey, instead of being judicious and educating his boy to be obedient to right principles. If arbitrary measures were ever successful may be doubted, but they are not in touch with the spirit of today. We have drunk new wine, and the same must be put in new bottles.

Mere money, no matter how much, will not enforce a law which does not commend itself to the general run of men. If there is good money in breaking it, the more effort there is put into enforcing it the more money there is in evading it. The greater the risk the more enterprising and daring spirits will be called to the adventure.

A million million dollars won't enforce a man-made law which is opposed to natural, social, and economic laws. Water will flow over the highest dam ever built if no outlet has been provided. The higher the dam is built the weaker it is likely to become, whereas the higher the water rises the more irresistible is its potential energy.

There may be people interested in seeing what would be the result of enforcing the Volstead law to its limit, as there may be people who would enjoy the sight of a reservoir dam swept out by the waters penned up behind it. There may be people as much interested in enforcing the law to the limit as there are those interested in evading it, and neither are an asset to humanity.

Elizabeth, great queen of England, at times exceeded her prerogative and made regulations which offended her people. But when she saw the spirit of her people in the rising tide of resistance it was not beneath her dignity to acknowledge her error and to ask forgiveness, sometimes with a burst of tears.

Now that life seems to be getting more complicated than it used to be, would it not be wise to inquire as to whether any natural or fundamental social laws were about to be "swatted" by some law which we proposed to make unalterable, and also to try it experimentally for a year or two?

I sometimes read a newspaper, though all faith in them and politicians vanished forever since the day when Sims let the cat out of the bag. But if even a fraction of what is told is true, one might wonder at the waste of human energy in the contest of wets versus drys. I can not swear to any of it, but I know what it is doing to one American boy. He is a nice boy, simple, honest, and a good worker. He came up to do some work for me. We had lunch together. As I poured out his coffee he remarked, "I intended to bring you up a jug of wine, but came away in a hurry and forgot it." I asked him if it was hard to get. "Hard to get? Hell, no. Get anything you want if you've got the price. Have to pay a dollar a gallon for it now. Used to be two-bits." I asked him what per cent. American he was. "Oh, it's all a matter of getting caught at it. There's millions being made out of 'bootleg' by both sides, high-ups and low-downs. And say, I suppose you get all the deer meat you want in season and out. Saw lots of tracks coming up." I assured him that there were deer in the hills, and invited him to come and get a couple when the season opened and to try a jug of wine and a venison pasty. It used to be a first-rate combination—and is yet.

ROBIN HOOD.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

ENFORCEMENT AND STATE'S RIGHTS.

(New York Times.)

In another part of today's *Times* Mr. Bryan derides Governor Smith for signing the bill repealing the Mullan-Gage law. The *Times* regrets that the governor conscientiously took the course he did; but it is difficult to have patience with some of Mr. Bryan's arguments, if arguments they can be called. "Governor Smith's mock indignation becomes really funny," Mr. Bryan says, "when he pushes Southern statesmen out of the way and raises the standard of state rights." Southern statesmen long ago deserted the standard of state rights. Their enthusiasm to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment has nothing to do with the case. A benevolent Socialist like Mr. Bryan can't be expected to understand the ancient doctrine of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. Few things in his prosperous career are more amusing than his belief that he is a "Jeffersonian."

Mr. Bryan is not effective when he speaks of "the home of Robert E. Lee" and "the home of Jefferson Davis" and "the home of John C. Calhoun" denying their old doctrines, once carried to excess and now needing reaffirmation and support, as refuters of Governor Smith, who wanted to know if "all vestige of the rights of the states guaranteed by the Federal Constitution is to be driven from our political theory of government." In the case of those states, present politics is not past history. Some of them, eager to infringe upon the rights of private habit in the several states, were deeply indignant that they didn't receive support in fighting the woman suffrage amendment. These divagations and shiftings of opinion are mere politics.

If state rights seem largely to have gone, still the hope of conservative men and women must be that there will be an ultimate reaction against what they regard as the excesses of Federal power, the easy, careless, well-meaning, mostly ignorant doctrine that if a noisy or powerful minority insists on some enlargement of Federal bureaucracy the end excuses the means; and the Supreme Court, relying upon that ironical figment of the imagination, the wisdom of Congress, and properly conceiving its own duty, lets the swollen Federal power swallow the state right. "The South," Mr. Bryan tells us, "is interested in preserving the real rights of the state, and the North is as much interested as the South." What are "the real rights"? Only the rudimentary vestiges, only the inconsiderable minimum which the wisdom of Congress has not deprived the states of. The majority of politicians at Washington and the states don't care a rap for those legendary rights. They are looking for votes, and any well-financed society which can make talk enough and send letters and telegrams enough can make the cowards at Washington do their work.

So far as Mr. Bryan is talking about state rights in connection with the exercise by the state of the concurrent power granted to the several states by the Eighteenth Amendment, he is bombinating in a vacuum. The Eighteenth Amendment laid no constitutional duty upon the several states. It gave them the opportunity or privilege or right of passing statutes, if they chose, to enforce its provisions. The most precious of all amendments, apparently, in the view of prohibitionists of the straitest sect, the summary of the Constitution, it has the distinction of differing from all others; but it does not lay upon the several states any duty of passing laws in aid of its enforcement or to increase its stringencies. They can take it or leave it.

The State of New York has left it as it stands. The talk about "nullification" is drool. The state is doing its full constitutional duty; and its affirmation of its right to do its duty, and to do no more, in this time of loose, amateur Socialist ideas and bureaucratic magnification and the all-wisdom of Washington, is in itself to be applauded. In his amene, altruistic way Mr. Bryan says of Governor Smith:

"We have yet to learn whether his consecration to the cause of state rights, applied to the control of the liquor traffic only, will make him feel it his duty to offer himself as a candidate for President."

Governor Smith is perfectly aware that his signature of the Mullan-Gage repeal bill makes his candidacy impossible, if nothing else makes it improbable. There is no reason why he should be insulted for being a brave and constant man; and Mr. Bryan, whatever his virtues, his engaging qualities, and his delightful and invincible ignorance, should be estopped by his record from attributing to anybody else, however wickedly wet, the feeling of "his duty to offer himself as a candidate for President."

PREMIER HUGHES' CONFIDENCE.

(New York Tribune.)

In his recent articles in the London *Morning Post* on "The Future of the British Empire" Mr. William Hughes, former prime minister of Australia, discussed very frankly the relations of the commonwealths to the United Kingdom within an empire which is in one sense a political unit and in another a group of nations or, at least, of members of the League of Nations. Mr. Hughes unhesitatingly concedes that the really self-governing dominions are less than nations in the conduct of their foreign affairs. The foreign policy of the empire is a unified policy. Is it a common policy in the bargain, and to what extent? To these questions the Australian statesman also makes candid answers.

He reports that the Imperial Conference of 1921 laid down a rule of coöperative action. It recognized "the right of the dominions to have a share in molding foreign policy." The overseas governments were to be kept in touch with the British foreign office—not merely with the colonial office—and to be consulted on important problems. The conference's resolutions were one thing; the execution of them has been another. Mr. Hughes asks, bluntly: "Has it [the conference project] given the dominions an effective voice in directing foreign policy?" He replies: "There is only one answer to this question—as things are, the dominions have not an effective voice on questions of foreign policy."

Two cases in point are cited. The first is Egypt. The Australian government learned from the newspapers late in 1920 that there was trouble in the land of the Pharaohs. Says Mr. Hughes:

"What precisely was the matter did not appear from the press paragraph, but it would seem that the Egyptians were greatly dissatisfied. They, in common with all the world, wanted self-determination, instead of which they had been offered an inferior substitute by some one having authority. What exactly had been offered was not clear from the press

report. But the news disturbed us a great deal. The Suez Canal is one of the gateways to Australia; it would certainly be very serious for us if anything interfered with or threatened the canal.

"At the 1921 conference the matter was discussed and a policy agreed upon, but the conference had to deal with a situation already shaped and in which it was beyond its power to effect a material alteration."

The other case is Turkey, to make war against which Lloyd George suddenly summoned the dominions in the fall of 1922. As to this Mr. Hughes reports:

"The first intimation Australia had that trouble was probable was a press cable from which it appeared that war was imminent. The situation seemed to be rather serious. The official communication confirming the press telegram came to hand nearly a day later. From all accounts the position was as bad as it could well be. We had been informed by the press that Mr. Lloyd George had asked the dominions to stand by Britain and if necessary to be represented by a contingent of troops. From the official telegram it appeared that Britain was entirely in the right; whether the Turks were in the wrong was not so clear. As the Australian government saw it, there was only one thing to do: We said that the commonwealth would stand by the side of Britain and would if necessary be represented by as many troops as the circumstances called for. At the same time the government instructed its representative to bring the matter before the League of Nations—then in session—whose business it was to preserve peace, and urge its intervention."

From these two incidents Mr. Hughes concludes:

"In theory we have a voice in shaping foreign policy. In practice our voice is generally a mere echo. It can hardly be said, therefore, that there has been any change of control over foreign policy or that the dominions have any more effective share in shaping it than before the war. And, of course, they have no share in carrying out foreign policy."

These confidences from a dominion statesman of the first rank are illuminative. They give additional confirmation of the *Tribune's* contention that in foreign relations there is only one British sovereignty—only one voice really entitled to speak for the United Kingdom and its dominions in an association of nations.

MUSH FOR MIND AND BODY.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Dr. Harvey Wiley, speaking to Hahnemann graduates, tells them that along with the progressive refinement of our foodstuffs some of the values that are nutritive of sturdy bodies and sound character are perishing. Too much purity in our food, he believes, is detrimental rather than beneficial to health. He holds that some manufactured foods have been deprived of their vitalizing ingredients and that our physical salvation lies in the fact that we are learning to consume more vegetables, especially leaf vegetables.

For proof of his assertion, this savant of dietetic chemistry points to war-time statistics. He finds that a third of the men examined for service in our army were physically unfit, a third were capable of light tasks only, and those who were fit were but the remaining third. This is a showing that leads us to ask ourselves if, as a people, we are sufficiently bracing ourselves in work and play, in exercise and diet and every detail of existence, to the regimen that tends to produce the sound mind in the sound body and to make us strong as a nation, as well as robust individually.

If habitually we look for the line of least resistance, if we seek always the easiest way and demand mush for the mind as well as cushioned ease for the body, we shall pay for it in fatty degeneration of the spirit and the intellect, as well as in bodily enfeeblement. The fruits of the soft life are plainly discernible in the deterioration of physique and character.

In parts of North America are people who, for want of a better diet, subsist chiefly on bread and tea. Dyspepsia and pyorrhea are the sequelæ. In the moral realm the results of lazy luxury and the want of a stiff and real resistance to be overcome are analogous. The sybarites, the epicures, the drones of the busy hive are the unfit who are too soft to survive. Ignominiously they live and die, and the world, variously engaged in earning a living, does not look up from its work to note their passing.

WASTING TIME IN A VILLAGE.

(Providence Journal.)

A village merchant in the West, having experienced severe competition at the hands of the mail-order houses, started a popularity contest, offering each customer a vote on a piano, to be awarded to the resident receiving the largest number of votes. Any person bringing in a mail-order catalogue was permitted to cast two votes, the result of this privilege being that three tons of catalogues were secured by the canny storekeeper, who promptly sold them for waste paper, eliminated a large part of his competition, and made a comfortable addition to his trade. But how long will a merchant of this calibre be content with a village environment?

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

After long periods of depression, when prices get low because of lack of buying, there at last comes a turn and business begins to pick up. The lack of buying has been due in the first place to prices which are beyond what consumers are willing to pay. Production naturally stops with the slackening of demand, and, when buying reaches a substantial volume, there is a dearth of supplies. Then starts a great rush to meet the demand and an effort is made besides to recoup the losses of dull times by forcing up prices of commodities. This ultimately brings back the period of exorbitant prices, for they are in that class if the public decides it that way. . . .

When prices are too high, consumers generally are able to get along with smaller supplies. That has been demonstrated conclusively in recent years. Hence, they could wait for the supply to be filled up gradually after a period of low production, and distributors need not force prices up by purchasing recklessly and beyond their actual wants, as happens in periods of "prosperity." Right now we are in a period when production costs are such that the manufacturers are apprehensive of the distribution of goods in process when the prices for the same are put before consumers some time later. In fact, building materials already have advanced to the point where they are considered prohibitive. The "orderly expansion of production," it would seem, would, if it could be obtained, obviate much trouble and work toward that stabilization which would lessen the swings of the business cycle.

OLD FAVORITES.

[Clarence Urmy, critic and poet, was born in San Francisco in 1858 and died at San Jose on June 2d. Mr. Urmy had a national reputation as an author of essays and literary sketches. He was a frequent contributor to the *Argonaut*, and had been for many years music and dramatic critic of the San Jose *Mercury-Herald*. For the last four years of his life he was a member of the faculty of the San Jose Teachers' College. He was a writer of delicate and pleasing verse, some examples of which we print below.]

California in June.

Such a wealth of bird and bee and blossom,
Such a gleam of butterfly and brook,
Amethystine sky and dreamy mountain,
Grassy slope and willow-bowered nook;
Flowers look up to greet the sweet sky's blueness,
Birds fly down to kiss the dewy green,
Up and down, around, across and over
Trails the summer robe of nature's queen.

Hints of new-mown hay float down the hillside,
Sweet wild-roses light the thicket gloom,
Wind waves sweep with swift and fairy lightness
O'er the tranquil fields of emerald bloom;
Up the cool ravines the wild doves cooing
Mingles with the sighing of the breeze,
Far across the plain the landscape glimmers
Through the leafy vistas of the trees.

Trailing berry vines and ivy creepers
Deck the dusty road in gay attire,
Bluebells ring a merry chime of summer,
Scarlet-runners set the woods on fire;
While above the scene in lofty grandeur
Snow-capped mountains stand in deathly calm,
And while yet I gaze a something thrills me—
Nature chanting one melodious psalm.

A Moorish Serenade.

I.

Great are the sands of the plain, Lavene,
Greater my love for thee,
Sweet is the shade of the palm, Lavene,
Sweeter thy lips to me;
Life is a desert, the noontide is nigh,
Thou, an oasis, Lavene,
Over the sands to the well-spring I fly,
Open thine arms, Lavene.

II.

Fair is the gleam of the sail, Lavene,
Fairer thy soul to me,
Fast beat the waves on the shore, Lavene,
Faster, my heart for thee;
Life is a sea with a storm ever nigh,
Thou art a haven, Lavene,
Over the waves to a refuge I fly,
Open thine arms, Lavene.

III.

Love not my jewels and gold, Lavene,
Love me and not my song,
Love, as the stars love the night, Lavene,
Tremblingly, fervently, long;
Over the desert and over the sea
Be thou my bright star, Lavene,
Beam on me, smile on me, light me to thee,
Open thine arms, Lavene.

An Old Song.

I.

Just outside the window
I listening stand,
The starlight is kissing
The silver-robed land,
The rose angels bathing
The roses with dew,
The sky and the violets
Plighting anew.

II.

The window half open,
The light burning low,
Above, the soft zephyrs,
Through locust leaves blow;
A song cleaves the curtains
And floats 'mid the trees,
While fingers are pressing
The ivory keys.

III.

"Flow gently, sweet Afton,"
O, gently the song,
Like a rose on a river,
Went drifting along;
So sweet-voiced the singer,
So precious the air,
That hearing was holy,
And listening was prayer.

IV.

Through memory's curtains
I hear the same song,
The voice is my Mother's—
The years are so long!
The leaves high above me—
O red rose I fear
Thy dew will be bitter,
Because of that tear!

V.

O harp that lies broken,
O fond lute unstrung—
(A grave with blue violets,
God's peace on her tongue!)
Flow gently, sweet Afton,
Down to the great sea,
Sleep gently, beloved,
My heart is with thee.

Napa Valley.

Fair is the valley of the blue and gold!
Above shine skies of amethystine hue,
While far and near, impearled with morning dew,
The yellow grain springs from the fertile mould.
Close by a stream which winds from far away,
The lovely City of the Wood-nymphs lies,
By Flora almost hid from mortal eyes,
And far to south the white sails speck the bay.
Here St. Helena proudly holds her sway
And woos soft breezes from the western sea,
While Health and Peace and Joy her will obey,
And Learning 'neath her scepter bends the knee.
Here, traveler, rest and make life's sunset sweet,
The Edenland of earth lies at thy feet.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

All France celebrated the eighty-first birthday of Jules Emile Frederic Massenet on May 12th. A tablet was unveiled at his house in Fountainebleau, where he composed the opera "Herodiade."

Elias Jacobowitz, a young immigrant artist of New York's Jewish colony, is said to be the only painter in the world who uses flower petals for pigments. His exhibitions attracted wide interest in Russia, Poland, and Roumania before he brought his work to America.

Miss Alice Bentley is one of the few women in the lower house of Pennsylvania and the first who ever sat officially in the Speaker's chair. Miss Bentley, who is serving her first term in the legislature, is a stanch supporter of Governor Pinchot and his policies.

Algernon Blackwood, the novelist, has gone on the stage. He has been playing the part of a Cromwellian soldier in John Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Blackwood is by no means the first novelist to be seen on the stage, even among contemporaries, Mr. Arthur Machen having been for a time with the Benson company.

This year's honor man at West Point hails from Tacoma, Washington. Francis R. Johnson leads the class of 1923 at the United States Military Academy.

Adolf Muller-Ury, New York artist and painter of celebrities, is known as the painter of Popes. His sitters have numbered three Popes, several cardinals, emperors, and presidents, and any number of beautiful women. Muller-Ury was born in Airolo, Switzerland, and is a pupil of Cabanel. He came to America in 1886. He is unmarried and maintains a studio in London.

Mrs. Viola Pugh is the only person in the United States or elsewhere beside the President, himself, who has the right to sign "Warren G. Harding" to official documents, her authority being confined to land patent papers on which she has written 200,000 signatures.

Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, former state regent of Pennsylvania, was elected president-general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution at its recent convention.

René Fonck, a great French ace during the world war, is now the youngest member of the Chamber of Deputies of France.

Miss Andreina Paganini and Miss Giuseppini Paganini, great-great-granddaughters of the great Paganini, have made their début on the London concert stage. Andreina inherits her famous ancestor's genius for the violin and Giuseppini is a talented pianiste. Their father is the Italian agent for the Diesel engine.

Vice-Admiral Philip Andrews, U. S. N., who succeeds Vice-Admiral Long in charge of the American fleet in European waters, recently sailed on the *President Harding* to take up his charge. Admiral Andrews is a New Yorker, born in 1866, and a graduate of the United States Naval Academy in 1886. He became a commander in 1909, a captain in 1913, and rear-admiral in 1918. He was commander of the Naval Training Station at San Francisco, 1915-16, and of the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, 1916-17. With America's entry into the war he was stationed at the United States naval base, Cardiff, Wales, and in 1919 was with the United States naval forces in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The Hon. Arthur Ponsonby is the rather unexpected author of the bill introduced into the House of Commons recently to abolish hereditary titles. Ponsonby was in his unregenerate youth a page to Queen Victoria, and still is, though he doubtless wishes it otherwise, related to many of the noble families of England. At one time he even took an active part in English society. In the beginning of his political career he was a Liberal, but he has gradually swung more and more left till now he has become an important member of the Labor party. His bill, although it is not the first of its kind with which the British Commons has had to deal, was greeted with wild enthusiasm by Labor members and great indignation by the Tory members. The Hon. Arthur declares that although his bill may fail of passage this time it will become a law before many years.

Dr. Daniel Walter Morehouse, acting president of Drake University, and an astronomer of international repute, has discovered a nebulous star that is an important contribution to scientific research because of the sky-dust around it, which, according to Dr. Morehouse's scientific colleagues, is of an unusual nature. Dr. Morehouse is from Mankato, Minnesota, and is a graduate of Northwestern Christian College. He is also the recipient of degrees from Drake University, the University of Chicago, and the University of California.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the latest British prime minister, says she and her husband are the least ambitious people in England. They did not expect the premiership and were contemplating retiring from politics to spend their days raising pigs in Worcestershire when the first political job in the empire was given to the late chancellor of the exchequer. Needless to say the new premier's wife says her distinguished spouse will be amply able to cope with his high office.

POE, THE DIPSOMANIAC.

What An Alienist's Analysis Discloses About the Moral Misfortunes of America's Greatest Poet.

If malice ever stopped to think how far the dead have passed beyond its influence it would not take the trouble to defame them. The defamation of Poe found fertile soil in the notion that stories so weird and poems so darkly beautiful could have come only from a disordered brain; that vicious excess was the price of production; perhaps even that the soul was bartered to the devil in return for powers of enchantment. That would be a mediæval hypothesis, logical to the mind of his first detractor, the Rev. Griswold. It would be consistent with that vestigial mediævalism which is the core of some forms of theology. In the interest, not of Poe, who has long been beyond detraction's reach, but of our understanding of him and our legitimate enjoyment of his genius, it is a public benefit to have him psychically analyzed by an alienist that knows his business, and one, moreover, who by reason of learning and experience and directness of thought is capable of a psychopathic study free from the filth of the Freudians and unbiased by the notion that everything in life is an expression of sexualism. So lovers of the art of our strange American genius will welcome a book entitled "Edgar A. Poe, A Psychopathic Study," by John W. Robertson, M. D., head of the sanatorium at Livermore. This appears to be an expansion of a work privately printed in 1921. In its present form it carries much appended matter which fortifies the text with documents.

When this author analyzes the comeatable evidence he may be presumed to know what he is doing. And, as above suggested, it is a relief in this mephitic age to have a psycopathic study that is so delightfully asexual. Poe seems to have been afflicted with an hereditary urge toward the cup that inebriates. Says Dr. Robertson:

> Heredity, which, more than environment, dominates every human being, was responsible both for Poe's brilliant endowments and for the one evil that was so woven into the web of his life that a mere statement of the evidence, without fully weighing it, might seem to justify the strictures of certain of his contemporaries, but this in no way justifies the vicious assault upon Poe's memory made by his first editor.
>
> Poe inherited a nervous temperament that was pregnant with good as well as evil. This psychoneurotic heredity may manifest itself in many ways.
>
> In the particular case of Poe, and because alcohol was his usual refuge, the term "dipsomania" can be properly used; for, in his seizures, this disease was typically manifested. Dipsomania necessarily is an alcoholic inheritance. It is characterized by periodical seizures in which the subject, because of changed personality, is temporarily irresponsible, and can not, at all times, be held accountable for his behavior or his acts. Those with such an inheritance may indulge in excesses, usually alcoholic, often immoral, and, occasionally, criminal. When these seizures pass and the patient recovers there may be, in the severer and progressive form, complete loss of memory. During the attack there is usually loss of self-control and an abnormal ideation. It is a transmitted disease and has an alcoholic heredity. Not every alcoholic father begets a dipsomaniac child. Many children horn of such parents inherit other of the functional neuroses; yet, when we find the dipsomaniac obsession, we are certain to find a marked alcoholic heredity, or that alcohol has been persisted in through two or more generations.

The mistake a large part of the public has made about Poe has arisen from the fact that it had no understanding of his magic, and no explanation for it except that it was black. It did not understand that the effects he produced were the result of the highest mentality, the clearest intellectual processes, working at times at white heat and almost bursting pressures. His literary criticisms made enemies, long before his death; and that part of the public which has not yet learned that genius has nothing to do with morals was glad to believe the worst of him because he had given it no chance to believe the best of him. In plain terms, this man with the brain of a seraph was also a poor unfortunate son of human parents, and once in awhile he found himself unable to resist the desire to get drunk. In our author's language:

> A study of Poe's heredity and life work makes it plain that many of Griswold's allegations, even when true, can not justly be charged against Poe, but rather against his morbid heredity. This may seem too fine a distinction, but at least we must recognize the fact that, by reason of this heredity, Poe was not always to be held responsible for either his words or his acts, for his great accomplishments or his lapses. Heredity was as much responsible for the one as for the other; his heritage was pregnant with both good and evil.
>
> Dipsomaniac compulsion, as we see it exemplified in the life-history of Poe, presupposes an alcoholic heredity. David Poe, the father, developed an alcoholic syndrome which probably led to his early death. Disowned by his father for his marriage to an actress, a Miss Arnold, he not only failed to support her, but became dependent on her charity, as well as on that of others. This wife and mother seems to have been an intelligent and capable actress, though of no marked histrionic ability. We honor her because she bore her cross so bravely, and, in spite of the hardships and the strolling life she led, remained a faithful and loving wife and mother.
>
> Eugenically it was an unfortunate marriage, even if the world of letters was so greatly the gainer. The three children, William, Edgar, and Rosalie, each in some way showed specific evidence of this heredity. William died in early manhood. He probably inherited his father's instability of character, as well as his unstable constitution, although I know of no direct alcoholic history. That he was wayward and difficult to control, and had been sent to sea in an effort to reform him, is all that has been definitely established. He is said to have possessed a fascinating personality as well as a brilliant mind. Several of his poems have been published, and, apparently, they compared favorably with Edgar's productions of the same period.
>
> The sister, Rosalie, gave stronger evidence of degeneracy. She was a moron, strong of body but mentally weak.

Keen perceptions and an almost divine discrimination were coupled to energies that ran at top speed for awhile, to beget reactions of almost maniacal depression. In Poe's day psychology had not become experimental, but was still a sort of spook hunt. It was before the days of Wundt, and psychologists were still speculating on innate faculties. Medicine was crude, surgery consisted mainly in sawing off arms and legs and then sawing off the gangrene. Anæsthesia was invented but three short years before Poe's death. Coleridge, De Quincey, and Lamb could buy their opium freely and they took it straight—De Quincey guzzling laudanum from a wine-glass. It is not so strange that in his black spells Poe turned for relief, not to the psychiatrist or the alienist, but to the bartender; and to his own undoing and grief. The havoc it made of his life is thus in part depicted:

> On May 16, 1836, Poe was married to Virginia, the daughter of his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who at that time was a child under the age of fourteen. He made a home with his aunt and she was his chief support ever after, as well as his mother-in-fact. She nursed him through his seizures and aided him so intelligently and loyally that we must attribute to her the saving grace that repeatedly snatched Poe from the brink near to which he frequently and perilously trod. Without her ministering aid he could not have attained those literary heights that he now dominates.
>
> Nothing definite is known as to the exact cause that led to Poe's expulsion from this little paradise. Until January, 1837, he acted as editor; and during all this time the *Messenger* increased in circulation and became recognized as one of the well-edited magazines. White probably would have kept his promises and would have continued the association indefinitely had not some serious intercurrent seizure prevented. While this cause is not on record, we know Poe's infirmity, and it is not difficult to deduce the reason. Poe during this time again suffered from depressive seizures and probably resorted to stimulants. White, in several letters he wrote to Lucian Minor, the later editor, thus refers to Poe:
>
> "Poe is now in my employ—not as editor. He is unfortunately rather dissipated—and therefore I can place very little reliance upon him. His disposition is quite amiable. He will be of some assistance to me in proofreading—at least I hope so."
>
> A few days later he again wrote:
>
> "Poe has flew the track already. His habits were not good. He is in addition a victim of melancholy. I should not be at all astonished to hear that he had been guilty of suicide."
>
> From these letters it appears that Poe was unfitted for work, but whether this was due to the fact that "Poe has flew the track," or to his depression, which might in time cause him to be "guilty of suicide," or to a combination of these conditions which were the result of his morbid inheritance, is an immaterial matter. The evil predisposition was slowly asserting itself and Poe was no longer entirely master of his actions; he was swayed by his compelling neurosis.

Even so, and with all his tragic heritage, Poe was not a systematic sot. From exhaustive research Dr. Robertson finds:

> In no sense can Poe be considered either a drunkard or a toper: for the disease is periodical in its seizures and, between the attacks, such unfortunates are most abstemious, the avoidance of alcohol being as characteristic as is the uncontrollable desire for some form of stimulant or narcotic when their *nerve-storm* does break. Poe, in denying the allegations, was self-deceived. It is a peculiarity of such persons not only to believe that they have completely recovered, but also to resent any question as to permanency. A marked example of this was the functional heart disturbance Poe at times exhibited, and which was the basis for Mrs. Shew's prognosis of Poe's early death because of an organically diseased heart. After the tenth beat of Poe's heart there was intermission, and the discovery of this intermittent action caused her profound worry. Evidently these fears were communicated to Poe, for the doggerel he wrote was probably based on this "diagnosis." Nature is a queer old mother, and seems to have the art of concealing from her victims the most hopeless and incurable of her diseases. On the other hand she magnifies and exaggerates many of the symptoms that are purely hysterical.

As to narcotic addiction, the subject of the present popular hysteria, Dr. Robertson finds these facts:

> Poe occasionally used opium for the relief of mental pain. He was not an addict, and he did not use opium to induce visions.
>
> When the opium habit becomes established, its usage is *necessarily* continuous; and the dosage in all cases is slowly increased, though the patient, recognizing the danger, makes determined and intelligent attempts to discontinue. Even with medical aid, recovery is difficult. Patients usually resort to this drug to relieve some morbid condition or affliction. De Quincey to the contrary, I have never known a patient to use opium habitually for the purpose of producing hallucinatory visions, or clearer and keener mental concepts, or more lucid thought. It is commonly used for the purpose of inducing what, in other and normal individuals, is a sense of well-being. It is not possible that any of Poe's work, whether prose or poetry, was the product of either opium or alcohol; nor could he have written his masterpieces while under the influence of drugs. No man can perform as well under an intoxicant as when the brain is clear.

This is the deliberate judgment of a man that has had to deal scientifically with thousands of cases of psychic disorder. No crystal clarity has such origins as those too often ascribed to Poe's best work. The angel Israfael dwells in Heaven, not in Bedlam. From mental disorder we do not derive such order as distinguishes the music of the spheres. You can't make a bell out of a tin can, nor get any note of beauty from one that is cracked. Those divine perceptions and discriminations, that magic of vision and music of words which he commanded above any other man, never came from the befuddling bottle or the delirium of the poppy. They came from a brain which, in health, functioned more smoothly than a Liberty motor; the finest piece of nerve machinery born into the world in generations. Yet it worked fitfully. There was some trouble with the carburetor. It is hard for us plodders to understand the limitations of such a nature; as it was hard for a man with a nature so defective to adapt himself to the requirements of periodical publication. He was the greatest American poet, but he never could have qualified for any government laurel:

> Neither mentally, nor temperamentally, was Poe fitted for a Poet Laureate. He could not write on command and, with him, a poem was a matter of inspiration. It was not in a spirit of derision that he read "Al Aaraaf" before a Boston audience, when requested to write a new poem for this occasion. He attempted one and failed. To him composition came slowly and the poems that make his name known to us were the result of some inner fire and undiscoverable compulsion that precipitated into being an immortal melody. As a rule the conception was immaculate; only occasionally could the inception be traced and normal gestation be demonstrated. It was with full realization that Poe asserted: "To coin one's brain into silver, at the nod of a master, is to my thinking the hardest task in the world." During the last four years of his life he produced little that added to his reputation. One poem, "The Bells," was slowly elaborated, and two, most remarkable for their inspirational and melodic cadences, "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," were published, but when they were written, or how long they had remained unpublished, we do not know.

As to those relatively barren last four years, it will now be seen that Poe was ruining his priceless nerve motor by feeding it too much alcohol; for with him, and this was his tragedy, alcohol was not the means of temperate relaxation, but a terrible resort, and one he hated, from even more terrible mental prostrations; prostrations no less real because they were mental. Megalomania seems to have crept in. He lost sight of himself as a literary artist and began to think of himself as a philosopher:

> In the preparation of "Eureka," and in the earnestness with which Poe advanced the most abstruse and incomprehensible theories as if they were axioms and in themselves bore irrefutable evidence of truth; in his belief that his reputation would be founded, not on his tales nor on his poetry, which, to the last, he affected to regard as trifles, but on the demonstrated facts contained in this epoch-making book, lie the proofs of his morbid state. Apparently he believed that this discovery would be the foundation on which the world would erect his cenotaph, that the subject "was of momentous interest," and that the truths which he disclosed "were of more consequence than the theory of gravitation." Later he wrote a letter in answer to a criticism of "Eureka," in which he stated:
>
> "The ground covered by La Place compares with that covered by my own theory, as a bubble with the ocean on which it floats."
>
> Poe believed that he had solved the riddle of the universe He criticized Kepler, La Place, and Newton; at the same time his statements showed that he possessed only a smattering of their theories.
>
> None of his biographers saw in "Eureka" the pitiful exhibition of a decaying intellect no longer under the domination of a strong and directing intelligence.
>
> And travelers now within that valley,
> Through the red-littened windows, see
> Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody.
>
> And we find him a paranoid vociferously voicing unintelligible hypotheses based on misconception and ignorance of natural laws.
>
> Poe's abnormality consisted not in theorizing and attempting to explain things unexplainable, for this is a matter of daily occurrence even among the normal, but in his inability to understand the basic absurdities and false reasoning on which his beliefs were founded. An insane man may be the most logical of all logicians, provided you grant his premises. The untenableness of these, out of which he can not be reasoned, constitutes his insanity.

We know that at the last, as in the dream of Louis XI, the star fell into the mud. Poe was found drunk in a Baltimore boozing ken and taken to a hospital, where he died in a few days. So perished the man who was the glory of American letters. "The sickness, the nausea, the pitiless pain, have ceased, with the fever that maddened my brain,—with the fever called 'Living' that maddened my brain. And O, of all tortures that torture the worst has abated,—the terrible torture of thirst for the naphthaline river of Passion accurst! I have drunk of a water that quenches all thirst." He was dead before his time, but, such longing prophecy would indicate, not before his desire. In the consideration of so great a loss to the world it may seem trivial, but the physician's analysis of the immediate cause of death has its interest:

> I agree with Moran that Poe did not die of alcoholism, nor was his death that of a drunkard; yet it is entirely possible that alcohol was the exciting cause. It is certain that meningeal irritation, due to brain congestion or inflammation—Moran seems to have kept no record as to whether or not there was fever—was the direct cause of Poe's death.
>
> Moran was probably mistaken in his statement that Dr. Monkur's diagnosis was an "inflammation affecting the encephalon—a sensitive and delicate membrane of the brain." Such a definition would be in serious conflict with the authorities we now recognize. Probably the word that Moran intended to use was *meninges*. If this be the fact Dr. Monkur was correct.
>
> Apparently it happened in the case of Poe, as in many similar cases, that there was a low grade of inflammation affecting the meninges, which, in all probability, had penetrated and partly disorganized the brain matter, composed as it is of brain cells and their connecting processes. This was of long standing, and, even without the use of stimulants, might occasionally give evidence of brain irritation. Alcohol, in the slightest quantity, can set up serious irritation—occasionally active inflammation—among such morbid and diseased brain cells. Whether or not in this particular case alcohol precipitated inflammation or intense congestion is not essential for the diagnosis.

This book is an important contribution to the history of American letters. It is judicious and scholarly. Its composition is direct, its diction has the neat precision of the conscientious scientist. Every Poe enthusiast will be glad it was written, and will, we doubt not, wish to possess it.

EDGAR A. POE: A PSYCOPATHIC STUDY. By John W. Robertson, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 16, 1923, were $166,200,000; for the corresponding period of last year, $146,100,000; an increase of $20,100,000.

In discussing the future course of bond prices, the first point to be made is that bonds do not always follow the rules of conduct laid down for them by cycle experts and makers of charts, but persist in choosing for themselves the "psychological" moment for altering their course in obedience to the urge of money and business conditions. Sometimes, even, they are so slow to make up their minds that these conditions have swung in an opposite direction before they have followed them in price correction, and the spectacle is witnessed of bonds rising when they should have been falling, and vice versa, says Strassburger & Co.'s review.

The tendency is, as every one knows, for bond prices to rise and fall in inverse ratio to the growth and decline of business prosperity and stock prices—owing to the effect of these on commercial paper rates. But because bonds are not always quick in the uptake a change in the direction of interest rates is not always immediately reflected in their prices. And when the course of money prices is erratic, bonds miss some of the swings.

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While the declines that have been taking place in bond prices have followed with fair accuracy the rising tide of business prosperity, the cause that is generally noticed as directly affecting their prices has not been proportionately prominent—a rise in interest rates sufficient to account for it. Showing that when forecasting the immediate trend of security prices, it is not sufficient to watch the proximate influence only. It is necessary, when drawing deductions from interest rates, for instance, to take into consideration all the factors that may influence the rates themselves. The curves in interest rates do not always follow those of business. There are many undercurrents that affect the regular course of money and credit.

Financing of business within the last few months has been managed in the main without recourse to the reserve banks (the reference is to national, not purely local, conditions). While member banks have been increasing their loans and investments, those of the reserve banks are smaller than a year ago. The member banks have been able to finauce industry largely tbrough liquidation of government securities, and if industrial expansion were to maiutain the pace of the last few months this resource would fail them, holdings being now low. The member hanks would find themselves obliged to fall back on the reserve banks for financing the increasing volume of business, interest rates would increase, and a decline in bond prices might be expected.

Without, however, agreeing that there is anything the matter with business (the evidence is all the other way, so far as actual basic conditions are an index), it is clear to all that a slowing down of the pace is being called by those who hold the reins of credit. A longer period of prosperity is to be insured by the imposition of a curb on extravagant enthusiasm. Credit will not be strained, because those who are in a position to enforce their views have decided that it shall not be.

Assuming, moreover, a greatly increased immediate demand for credit, there are two reasons why no serious fall in bond prices is to be feared. The first is that present prices are lower than is warranted by money prices; the second is that, as pointed out at the beginning of this survey, bond prices take a little time to follow money rates, and any appreciation in the latter must be of too short duration to be able to affect them before the certain and rapid fall in these rates exercises a contrary influence. Before the bond market has realized that it ought to decline it will he forced to the conclusion that the opposite is its logical course.

From the business point of view, therefore, the bulls in bonds have ample justification for tbeir opinion, and there is nothing in the banking situation to encourage the bears.

Bond prices have shown a good deal of strength recently. Average prices for forty issues are now approximately two points above the low of March 27th. The recovery has been influenced recently by the released selling pressure in the stock market and moderate rally there, as well as by freer credit conditions. Buying of listed bonds has not been heavy, but the tone throughout is healthy, says *Forbes Magazine*.

New bond offerings have been of moderate size for several weeks. The total of new issues for the last two weeks was $61,645,900, of which $26,645,900 were state and municipal bonds. The public utilities occupied second place with $12,000,000, and the railroads third place with $7,000,000. The latter was composed of a single issue of Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific notes. Incidentally, the Rock Island offering was oversubscribed within two hours and is a commentary on the present absorption power of the investment market as well as the regard with which railroad securities are held, despite the La Follette conference to destroy values.

The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission not to grant the St. Louis-San Francisco permission to gain control of the International & Great Northern, on the grounds that the road rightly should go to the Missouri Pacific, came as something of a surprise. The International & Great Northern Adjustment 6s, which were suggested in this column for speculation, do not bear a materialy changed status through loss of the prospective guaranty of one-half tbeir interest rate by the 'Frisco. The road has a very sound earnings outlook and later on should be able to earn and pay the full 6 per cent. on these bonds on its own account.

The credit situation, which is the controlling factor in bond prices, is highly satisfactory. The recent reaction in business and the stock market has released substantial funds from both commercial and speculative channels. With the exception of railroad equipment financing, new bond offerings are likely to continue at a rather low level and investors, for a while at least, will find a dearth of high-grade securities.

Fundamentally the credit situation is not likely to change materially for a long time to come. The redundant supply of gold in the United States is proving more of a liability than an asset, and there appears little chance of exporting the surplus. The last week has seen further shipments of gold by Great Britain and Germany to this country, and Great Britain at least is considering an embargo on gold import, except in the mines of the empire. To quote a leading British banking institution, "Already we have sufficient gold for present purposes, and an inflow could not fail to he a disturbing factor; furthermore, the exchange of British goods and labor for American gold would be an unprofitable transaction."

The stock market has had a heavy selling movement recently witb the result that prices exccuted a sharp reverse movement. Tbe reactions were particularly severe in the industrial division of the list. Announcement of the failure of Jones & Baker, members of the Curb Market Exchange, who are understood to have been doing fully 40 per cent. of all the business done on that hoard, undoubtedly had an important bearing on the decline in prices on the Stock Exchange. While the firm in question had no membership on the hig board it is propahly true that many of its customers were also traders on the Stock Exchange. Moreover, the unsettlement caused in the curh market by such an important failure also affected numerous other traders on the big hoard. As an outcome a forced liquidating movement was precipitated for which the stock market, as events proved, was not prepared. The banking support which was so effective in bring about the recent recovery in stock value had been withdrawn, the market was technically vulnerable because some large short lines had been covered, and professional traders, ever on the alert for opportunities to start a selling movement, were quick to sense their advantage and offer stocks down, says *Commerce and Finance*.

It is at least an open question whether the market would have reacted had not the curb market incident arisen. However, it is conceivable that the rally which took place the previous week had lost its initial momentum and that somewhat lower prices would have been seen in any event. On the other hand no reason exists for the belief that the important financial interests who were identified with the original bear movement hut who reversed their position the latter part of last week are unfriendly to the market now. It is more reasonable to assume that the general attitude of big interests is a waiting one. The day to day developments in business will likely be the controlling factor for the time heing.

Conservative bulls are more interested in the railroad stocks than they are in industrials.

If the pursuers of the sugar bandits stop to argue about the tariff the thieves will get away. The present tariff on sugar, which is from three-fourths of a cent to a one and a quarter cents greater than the Underwood tariff, has no more to do with the sugar raid than it has to do with the price of bananas, says the Industrial News Bureau.

Under the former tariff this country saw the greatest profiteering in sugar the world has ever known; sugar sold in some localities as high as 35 cents a pound. There was no more excuse for that price than there is for the present price.

In Canada, which has no Fordney-McCumber tariff, sugar is wholesaling at 10 and 11 cents a pound. In the Liverpool market cane sugar is quoted at 12 cents a pound, and in London 12.59 cents.

It is the sugar gamblers that are doing the dirty work, not the tariff, which is merely high enough to save our domestic beet sugar industry from destruction by foreign competition when prices go below cost of production in this nation.

The past week in the stock market has witnessed first strength and then a sharp drop in prices, which may be merely the usual secondary reaction after the vigorous rebound which followed last month's severe decline, or it could be a renewal of a general movement to discount a period of less favorable business conditions.

The lower commodity prices mean a smaller purchasing power for the rural communities, but this can scarcely be said to apply seriously to the South, whose chief crop is cotton, which still commands relatively a very high price. Again, any improvement in European conditions, such as now appears not unlikely, ought to result in a greatly increased export demand for grain. Undoubtedly there has been a considerable slackening in building operations, resulting in a sharp falling off of new steel orders. However, there is still an admitted shortage of buildings, and though the excessive demands of labor have caused a temporary abandonment of new projects there are signs that the union leaders are heginning to see the light of reason.

The steel trade is operating at umost capacity on business already hooked and will not feel the need of new orders for several months. In the meantime there is bound to be a large amount of buying by the railroads, which so far have placed only about a third of the immense orders they have planned. That the large steel manufacturers do not regard the outlook with apprehension is evident by the lack of price-cutting and other efforts to secure new business.

While the latest reports on crude oil output seem to show that the attempt to check overproduction is meeting with small success and suggest the possibility of further price cuts, consumption also is running at a record rate and we are entering now the period of maximum gasoline demand, which normally is attended by rising prices.

Against the above possibly unfavorable factors in the business situation there are others of a decidedly auspicious character. Bank clearings, which are always one of the most reliable measures of business activity, were even larger during May than in April, and though a trifling decline occurred last week this is a normal seasonal fluctuation.

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ailroad car loadings continue to hreak all ecords for this time of year, and the earnings eports are in almost all cases extremely satisictory, even after making due allowance for ie fact that comparisons are made with a eriod when the coal strike was having its orst effect.

The European situation appears to be asuming a more hopeful aspect. Now that the erman mark has surpassed in worthlessness en the Austrian and Polish currencies and rance is experiencing serious political dissatisfaction at home, there are signs of real d honest efforts heing made to solve the eparations question. The flotation of the ustrian loan here and abroad is another incation that constructive tendencies are in the scendant.

Altogether it looks like we sball have a very regular market this summer, with some ocks working higher in response to their lendid current and prospective earnings and hers meeting distrihutive selling on every lly.—*The Trader.*

Holders are advised that definitive honds Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railway first d consolidated mortgage thirty-year 6 per nt. gold bonds, Series A, due Decemher , 1952, are now ready for delivery. Upon ceipt of the temporary certificates which u now hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will he eased to make the necessary exchange and nd you the permanent honds hy registered ail and insured.

Holders are advised that coupon bonds of Idaho Power Company first mortgage, thirtyear, 5 per cent. gold honds, due January 1, 947, are now ready for delivery. Upon reipt of the temporary certificates which you w hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased make the necessary exchange and send you e permanent bonds hy registered mail and sured.

The world is moving faster, according to rtain authorities. So are the stock salesen.

A few years ago it was only neecssary to art an insurance company, a hank, or other ancial institution to "get rich quick." It was very simple—a small office, an impressive personnel, some stock certificates, and, above all, a few silver-tongued stock salesmen to dispose of the stock to the unwary puhlic. The personal enrichment of the promoter being the main ohject in forming these concerns, no financial or technical experience was necessary, nor was such experience required of the personnel, says R. D. Maxwell in *Forbes Magazine.*

It will prohably never be known just how much money has heen taken from the puhlic through these channels, hut it undouhtedly mounts up into the millions. When the number of promotions hecame so great that legislatures hegan to sit up and take notice and then enact laws to curh the promoter's activities, these versatile individuals merely transferred their endeavors to other fields.

Eagerly seeking the most promising, they naturally turned their eyes toward the real estate field. Many old-estahlished mortgage houses had made conservative profits over a number of years and losses had been negligible. Consequently the puhlic had confidence in them, and the promoters saw an opportunity to turn this confidence into profit for themselves. Their first prohlem was to ohtain sufficient capital with which to start husiness, for usually they had no more than enough to organize a so-called "mortgage company" and pay a small amount of running expenses. This was easy. Stock certificates were printed and sold to the puhlic either for cash or on the partial payment plan. The investor's note was accepted for the halance.

How much of the $4,273,138,862 of corporate stocks floated last year were worthless is prohlematical; hut, leaving that question out of consideration, we still have an enormous total of fraudulent securities which were not reported. The promoters pocketed the proceeds, and most of the purchasers have a souvenir of their desire to "get in on the ground floor."

The methods used to dispose of stock usually indicate that the main idea is not the underwriting of real estate securities, hut the selling of stock as quickly as possihle. To help the good cause along, prospectuses and other promotion literature are issued. The general tone of all such mater is flamhoyant. Instances are cited tending to show the profits which have heen made hy other concerns of a similar nature. The prospect is then informed that there is no reason why he should not participate in the profits to he made. And no limit is set on profits. But the purchaser of such securities usually comes out at the small end of the horn.

Because a well-managed and conservative hanking house has made a success in the real estate field is no reason for assuming that every institution organized for that purpose will do so.

Years of experience and a well-founded knowledge of real estate fundamentals are required to qualify as an authority in the real estate husiness. And yet what have we seen during the past two or three years? Inexperienced men with no idea of realty values and still less knowledge of real estate finance forming mortgage bond companies. Profits in legitiuate hanking institutions do not come overnight, hut only as a result of a well-defined policy and efficient management. In spite of this fact, however, these new concerns promise enormous profits from the start.

Some of the stock-selling institutions may have heen started with an honest intent, hut the cards are stacked against them if they lack sufficient capital to carry on a conservative business without going into the market for the major part of their capital. Stock selling is very expensive, and if this method is resorted to a large part of every dollar received goes for promotion expenses. As a result many companies have an enormous capitalization to take care of and profits from real estate underwriting are not usually sufficient to pay a fair return on the stockholders' commitment.

One of the points which many such concerns hring out is the fact that they have paid and are paying dividends. A fundamental principle of sound finance is that dividends shall not be paid unless earned, and when mortgage hankers pay dividends from the date of organization a prospect should take heed. Furthermore, the payment of dividends does not necessarily mean that the company is in a sound financial condition. Only last summer one of the large mortgage hanking institutions declared a regular dividend distrihution, notwithstanding the fact that it was insolvent at the time and knew that current ohligations could no be met. Salesmen continued to sell stock in this concern until the courts issued an injunction against further activity. The crash came and investors lost millions of dollars.

Anticipating a greater movement of agricultural tonnage this year than was handled during the 1922 season, in addition to a corresponding expansion of other industries, the railroads for the purpose of meeting the demands of commerce have gone to the extreme limit in speeding up transportation facilities in order that the American farmer may have no complaint to lodge against the carriers hecause of any car shortage or congestion in the marketing of the 1923 crops, says the Santa Fé News Bureau.

This was set in motion at a meeting of the American Railway Association held in New York April 5th, when a complete survey and analysis of the impending situation was made and recommendations set forth and agreements entered into whereby the greatest outlay for freight cars and locomotives was programmed and a series of suggestions outlined calling for the fullest coöperation on the part of the shipper, the grower, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and women's clubs and other organizations vitally concerned in the rapid handling of all commodities in their respective localities.

The fact that the railroads from July 1, 1922, to March 17, 1923, a period of thirty-seven weeks, handled the greatest volume of traffic ever transported in the history of the country, despite the ohstacles placed in the way of efficient transportation by the coal miners' strike, heginning April 1, 1922, and the shopmen's strike, which started July 1st of the same season, is regarded hy officials and traffic experts as heing one of the most significant and outstanding factors of the railway age.

The railroads, in full realization of the necessity for the greatest improvement and expansion possihle of the country's transportation facilities to meeting the constantly increasing demands, expended during the year 1922 $200,000,000 for cars, $45,000,000 for locomotives, and $195,000,000 for trackage and other facilities, making a grand total of $440,000,000.

Fifteen hundred hricklayers in New York struck and tied up $125,000,000 of construction work.

They rejected a wage offer of $1.25 an hour up to January, 1927, and payment of a honus to the end of this year, or arhitration proposals.

A successful strike of hricklayers immediately throws out of employment plumbers, painters, plasterers, sheet-metal workers, carpenters and lathers. Then orders for material fall off and the steel mills, saw mills, manufacturing and transportation companies hegin to slack up.

With prosperity staring us in the face, it is a crime against the nation for either lahor unions or manufacturers so to inflate their prices that further huilding and development are prohibited through excessive costs.

Governor Preus of Minnesota, in an address hefore the Iowa Association of Insurance Agents, was empbatic in opposing the entrance of the state into the realm of private business. He helieves that the people are hest governed who are governed the least.

The governor pointed out the failures which the government, states, and municipalities have made in engaging in private husiness and gave his reasons for this failure.

"Go down to Washington and look through those departments as I did. I pulled and hauled around there to get a patent for a poor homesteader. I would sit around and wait for some fellow with shiny hreeches to get that patent out for me.

"He wants shorter hours, higger pay, a pension in old age. That is the struggle always where you have a civil service employee working for any government entity. It is human nature and therefore we can declare in the light of history that never since the day of Adam—I don't know what happened before that—hut not since the day of Adam has a governmental unit, such as a nation, state, city or municipality, heen ahle to compete successfully with private enterprise, and they don't do it in North Dakota."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company has heen awarded the $15,500 issue of 5½ cent. bonds of the Laird School District, Stanislaus County. The honds will be put on the market on a 5 to 5.10 hasis. This district is located ahout six miles southwest of Modesto in a general farming area.

The total resources of 8229 national hanks reporting to the Controller of the Currency, based on conditions as of April 3d, were $21,612,713,000, a reduction since the last call (December 29, 1922) of $362,244,000 and an increase of $1,762,311,000 since March 10, 1922. Loans and discounts, including rediscounts of $290,467,000, amounted to $11,667,959,000, an increase since the prior call of $68,291,000, and an increase during the year of $385,380,000. Total deposits aggregated $17,936,281,000, a reduction since Decemher 29, 1922, of $384,200,000, and an increase since March 10, 1922, of $1,645,843,000. The percentage of loans and discounts to total deposits was 68.49, compared with 66.50 on Decemher 29, 1922, and 73.31 on March 10, 1922.

Clarence V. Jones, for the past thirty-five years in the service of the Santa Fé Railroad, has been named by the board of directors at a meeting held in New York City as assistant treasurer and secretary of the Coast and Grand Cañon lines, to succeed Godfred Holterhoff, Jr., who died here May 15th last.

Jones for several years has heen holding the position of deputy assistant treasurer. That position will he filled hy A. O. Appel, at present cashier of the lines.

The new assistant treasurer was horn in New Mexico and entered the service with the treasury department at Alhuquerque while still a young man. He won frequent promotion and in 1897 came to Los Angeles and took up the duties as paymaster. He then in turn was named cashier, and seven years ago hecame Mr. Holterhoff's assistant in the treasurer's office.

Other changes which have heen recommended and are now awaiting approval will advance W. H. Herman from the present position of paymaster to cashier and H. B. Coley, now assistant cashier, will he the new paymaster.

All the foregoing have heen with the Santa Fé for several years.

The comparative earnings statement of the Kansas City Power & Light Company for the month of April and for the twelve-months period ended April 30, 1923, shows a satisfactory improvement in earnings over the corresponding periods of the previous year. For the month of April net earnings were $368,654.36 compared with $304,238.33, an increase of $64,416.03 over that for April, 1922. Balance availahle for depreciation, surplus, and common stock dividends after interest charges, amortization of discount and dividends on the first preferred stock amounted to $220,786.61, as against $171,470.08 for April, 1922.—*Cyrus Peirce & Co.*

The rapid growth of the husiness of Council Moller & Co., investment hankers, necessitated the appointment of a manager of promotion and puhlicity. Miss Hazel Zimmerman, who was formerly connected with the San Francisco *Journal,* has heen appointed to fill this position. Miss Zimmerman is particularly well versed in sales and puhlicity work and is especially fitted for service along investment lines.

Panama Canal tolls on May 26th were $136,000, the highest on record for one day.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Pleasant Slopes of Conversion.

THIRTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Charles Richet. New York: The Macmillan Company; $6.

Charles Richet, the eminent French physiologist, is the brave inventor of the science of metapsychics, than which nothing could be less expected from one of his profession. To be a scientist—that is another good word gone to the bad—is to be a doubter; to be a psychic researcher connotes more faith than would outfit ten average Christians. But Professor Richet somehow manages the combination. He is, in fact, a doubting researcher, but though he began as a skeptic one can not help thinking he has lost a few of his doubts on his way. Incidentally, why is it that researchers, scientific or fanatic, never doubt the evidence of their own senses? Any one else's senses—like DeMorgan's ghost in "Alice-for-Short"—is to be scoffed at, but one's own, never. In short, the quickest road to spiritistic conversion is to experiment. It is said that devout heretics fear exposure to the Bible. Our own scientific deduction is that the human intellect is too weak to withstand any exposure.

Professor Richet, however, is applying sound scientific principles to the hahy science of metapsychics, a consistent experiment which is probably original with the great physiologist. "Everything of which we are ignorant appears improbable," says Richet, "but the improhabilities of today are the elementary truths of tomorrow." Thus does our savant give spiritism—as distinct from spiritualism which implies a religious color screen—a fair field and an *a priori* blessing. Thirty years is a long time, and in the interim he has had no occasion to desert the pursuit of metapsychics, which he defines as "a science dealing with mechanical or psychological phenomena due to forces that seem to be intelligent, or to unknown powers latent in human intelligeuce. This science is therefore profoundly mysterious; indeed, its mysteries are such that extreme scientific caution is called for in dealing with them."

Professor Richet's account of thirty years of cautious spiritism, of treating that science as rigorously as physics or chemistry, is remarkable for its unique approach to the subject and for its similar results to any other spirit-researcher's book. The credulous will say that proves spiritism, or spiritualism. according to the individual bent. But we maintain it proves our own conribution to the subject—it is easier to he converted to anything than to resist conversion. He who touches pitch will be defiled. R. G.

A Manual for Householders.

HOUSE AND HOME. By Greta Gray. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.50.

This latest of the Lippincott's Home Manuals takes up the four phases of housing —economic, social, sanitary and architectural —with a view to promoting better building of small, inexpensive houses. Due to the average architect's reluctance to build houses in the $5000 to $15,000 category the majority of American houses are built from contractor's stock plans and are chiefly remarkahle for their similarity and lack of beauty. The author, who is a woman architect and a professor of home economics, has studied the problem of the inexpensive house, and while admitting its difficulty, contends that much could be done to alleviate the mediocrity of the average American home. The volume is intended as a text for students of housing problems, but is untechnical enough for lay readers. It is amply illustrated with photographs and plans.

Two Full Length Portraits

THE VICTIM and THE WORM. By Phyllis Bottome. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

In her latest book, comprising the two novelettes, "The Victim" and "The Worm," Phyllis Bottome has taken the important step between the amateurish stage of "The Kingfisher" and full-fledged professional workmanship. Though not acquainted with all of Miss Bottome's former work, we venture to judge from the contrast between these two short novels and her last long one that she is now exercising an ease of plot and character manipulation hitherto unknown in her work. In fact the type of reader who pays no attention to the statistics of the title-page might read "The Kingfisher" and the present volume in immediate succession and never guess at their identical authorship, so wide is the gap between the sweet young thing atmosphere of "The Kingfisher" and the polished cosmopolitanism of our two novelettes. Youthful novels are inevitable—every writer must go through the laboratory stage—though there is no crying need to publish the result of the experiment. And it would be better for the final status of a writer not to have his puerile gropings on record, but as a means of measuring progress they are infallible. We could not appreciate the stride Miss Bottome bas taken in these two acute satirical sketches if we had not read the rosy romancing of the maligned novel mentioned ahove. So in the interests of our psychological, experiment-loving era let all first, second, and third novels be published broadcast.

At Last.

SWEET PEPPER. By Geoffry Moss. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

One of the optimistic views of the war was that it would stimulate the arts, and when it did not have that effect, but quite the contrary, every one was perplexed. Breaking up old traditions, and that sort of thing, getting out of ruts, untrammeled, etc. But the arts remained obdurate. True, many of their most vital exponents had been killed off: No one knows what they migbt have done if they had survived its horrors, but generally speaking the moral to be drawn was that art flourishes on a less gory diet. What was still stranger than the absent efflorescence of painting and poetry was that no good novel came out of the war. Fiction is far from being the most delicate of the nine or so means of expression; realism is its proper nourishment. Wells created the characteristic Mr. Britling, Bennett perpetrated the abominably insipid "Roll Call"; there were others equally hyped by the immensity of their theme. Then war novels frittered out like the duds they were. Mr. Geoffry Moss, who evidently did not produce his study of post-war Hungary on the rush-copy principle of his colleagues, has broken the record of recent war-time novels. "Sweet Pepper" is in every sense a war novel, and an eminently successful one. Its psychology was of the war-time bysteria variety, its action is more closely interrelated with the events of the war than any of its ilk we have read. As for its atmosphere, that has been plainly inspired by revolutionary Hungary. "Sweet Pepper" will be harshly criticized without doubt by tbose reading it from the Main Street viewpoint. It should not be read thus—it is a study in war hysteria, war funk, and courage horn of war-desperation. It is one of the very few real novels produced by the war and it is probahly unique in English.

Juvenile Botany.

THE BURGESS FLOWER BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.

A companion volume to the Burgess bird and animal books for children is the present publication, an introduction for young children to the wealth of wild and common garden flowers. As a love of nature is best inculcated in childhood, these studies of natura

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London Observer: "An extraordinarily sincere and frank study, true to life in every detail, a book to be read by every intelligent man and woman who can get hold of a copy."

N. Y. Times: "Thoroughly pleasing to read. The characterization itself is delightful."

N. Y. Herald: "A picture of after the war conditions in Hungary, done with great skill and vigor."

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history adapted to juvenile intellects and interests fill a considerable need. Mr. Burgess has wisely made them attractive enough to beguile an infant in arms, and the average youngster from kindergarten up will find them first alluring and instructive as picture books and later invaluable as field guides.

Again the Beggar Maid.

STELLA DALLAS. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

There is a popular fad among novelists just now in the use of the King Cophetua theme, though of course in its modern version it points a moral and ends tragically. It is a particular favorite among young men writers, who seem to expand under the benign influence of creating superior, aristocratic, refined young men heroes wrecked on the rock of a "wrong" marriage, usually to their typists. It is more original treated by a woman, as it is a well-known foible of writers as well as the rest of humanity to idealize their own sex. From that point of view Mrs. Prouty's "Stella Dallas" is an unusual achievement—she has actually produced a heroine whom she does not idealize, whom she does not spare, and whom she carries through from beginning to end on the same artistic, impersonal projection. The portrait of Stella Dallas is superb in much the same way that a Franz Hals is. But the book is not without shortcomings—Mrs. Prouty had to relax from the arduous labors of creating Stella, a great tax on a sympathetic nervous system, and play with the pretty Mrs. Morrison doll. The latter, the conventional leading lady of the piece, is any one's ideal lovely lady: devoid of any personality that would counteract her flowerlike charm, she moves through our little homespun drama a fitting foil to the crudities of Stella and a refreshing toy for the author's less strenuous moments. Mrs. Morrison is exactly the sort of woman one wants one's daughter, sister, or wife to be—highly correct for the Elsie Series, but rather trite in more advanced fiction. Laurel Dallas is a typical, charming young girl, but nothing else in the novel comes within hailing distance of the picture of Stella Dallas, which is worthy of a less boarding-school-novel sort of setting. Mrs. Prouty has a sociological theme also, but the lights and shades cast by the juxtaposition of her types is the more interesting phase of her novel.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Moffat, Yard & Co. are bringing out in handy size an edition of Jane Austen's novels, with introductions by Frank Swinnerton.

Frederick L. Collins, who writes up "This King Business," is well known as an editor and magazine writer, and as special correspondent is familiar with most of the capitals of Europe. He reported the late peace conference.

There is a strong demand for sea stories, fiction and otherwise, at present, such as Captain David Bone's "The Brassbounder" and Basil Lubbock's "Round the Horn Before the Mast," so that Duttons have reissued Frank Bullen's "Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice," an old-time favorite among boys' books.

The late Thomas Nelson Page is to be the subject of a biography written by his brother, Rosewell Page, soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Dante: The Man and the Poet," by Mary Bradford Whiting, which Appleton has just published, is a study of the poet's life and work intended for the general reader. Its readableness and directness supply a clear statement of what Dante means in literature. The early years in Florence, the course of his love for Beatrice shown in connection with his "Vita Nuova," the period of his political activities which ended with exile from his beloved Florence, his Divine Comedy; these are the chief aspects of the poet's life treated of by Miss Whiting. The book's final part is a brief but exceedingly informing analysis of the Divine Comedy—the Inferno, the Purgatorio and the Paradiso each in turn being described so simply as to enable the reader least familiar with Dante to gain an intelligent conception of the work. A notable feature of the volume are the beautiful photographs by Ascanio Tealdi which illustrate it.

Thomas Boyd, the author of "Through the Wheat," which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is literary editor of the St. Paul *Daily News* and one of the proprietors of the Kilmarnock book store in St. Paul. He was born in Chicago on the day Santiago was captured, July 3, 1898. He enlisted in the Marine Corps at eighteen years of age and saw much active fighting until October 6, 1918, when he was severely gassed. He returned to America by way of hospitals in Germany and France. It is a curious fact that in general outline and in respect to the psychology of Hicks, the leading character, "Through the Wheat" bears a striking resemblance to "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, which Boyd had never read.

G. K. Chesterton is soon to publish through Dodd, Mead & Co. another book of essays, under the characteristic title, "Fancies Versus Fads." In the book he playfully touches all sorts of things, from lawyers to cave men, and from psychoanalysis to free verse. G. K. C. says: "It is only from the normal standpoint that all the nonsense of the world takes on something of the wild interest of wonderland. It is we ordinary humdrum people who can enjoy eccentricity as a sort of elf land, while the eccentrics are too serious even to know that they are elves."

A new volume on "Camille Saint-Saëns: His Life and Art," by Watson Lyle, has been added by Duttons to their musical series, the Musicians' Booksbelf. The book includes a biography of the composer and several chapters of description and discussion of his work.

Is there a "Canadian type"? Ramsay Traquair, writing in the June issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, thinks not, but he is confident that there will be some day, as Canada has already decided that she is a distinct nation. From present indications a Scotch strain will be in evidence, and there will also be a lack of that "foreign" element that distinguishes America from a purely Anglo-Saxon community.

New Books Received.

ACCORDING TO GIBSON. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

A novel.

THE RIVERSIDE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated from the original Greek by William G. Ballantine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.

A new translation in modern form.

THE SOUTHERN SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA. By Charles Francis Saunders. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.

Illustrated from photographs by the author.

OLD INDIAN TRAILS. By Walter McClintock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.

Life among the Blackfoot Indians.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $7.50.

Shakespeare's private and public career.

THE CITY OF LILIES. By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.

A novel of the "Zenda" type.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER. By Will and Carine Cadby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Discursive information for visitors.

DO THE DEAD LIVE. By Paul Heuzé. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

An inquiry into the present state of psychical research, translated from the French.

THE MAKING OF MUSICIANS. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

The rhythmic method of teaching music.

THE POWDER OF SYMPATHY. By Christopher Morley. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

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THE LIFE OF SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON. By Hugh Robert Mill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $5.

The authorized biography.

THE VILLAGE. By Ivan Bunin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.



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CARTER THE MAGICIAN.

The peripatetic magicians can always draw on a certain part of the public that wants to be entertained. Carter, having just returned from an Australian tour, is giving a week's season at the Curran, preceding Margaret Anglin's appearance in "A Woman of No Importance."

It is rather difficult for these prestidigitators to evolve new features, but Carter does the familiar line with neatness and dispatch. He has the manner and intonation of a genial humorist, and amuses the audience thoroughly with his steady patter while he unrolls his bag of tricks. I think everybody, including the two boys and Carter himself, felt thoroughly refreshed by the line of nonsense he put forth, while the fresh-faced urchins stood on the stage in response to his beguiling invitation, and did their unconscious share in drawing amused smiles from the audience.

Among Mr. Carter's most resplendent acts of magic is the now venerable but always beautiful one of making an Orientally-clad nymph recline comfortably on air, while she yields to hypnotic slumber. They do say that you can see wires upholding the slumberer, if you get close enough, but I prefer to believe that it is hypnotism that does it. I can't any more, but I once did, and it was really quite thrilling.

The sawed-in-half woman also is an immensely effective trick, and of more recent date than the others. As a culmination Mr. Carter gives "The Lion's Bride," which all the kiddies, kidlets, and kidlettas have seen during his previous visits. But the presence of a live lion always makes this act go, in spite of its antiquity and previous condition of servitude.

A clever and thoroughly deceitful illusion, brought about by mirrors I suppose, is used. The lion, however, is the only actor in the show. He pretends to be enraged with thrilling effect, while the robed, trousered, and turbaned group enacting human rôles go through their parts like automatons.

Evelyn Maxwell does the psychic seeress act, answering the questions put to her, and agreeably assuring people they are going to be movie stars or get rich in oil. This, also, is rather an ancient and monotonous feature. And the subject on the stage answers her master's voice so quickly and unerringly that we feel that it might be telepathy. But in this day and generation we grow used to marvels.

THE ORPHEUM.

Frivolity reigns entirely at the Orpheum this week. The pianist—Léon Vavara—is a comedy player. He is out to make people laugh, and only has about two and a half moments of serious playing. The young gentleman, by the way, needs to energize his vocal chords a little in order to make his jokes and jokelets audible.

"Likes and Dislikes" is an entertaining playlet, played on broad lines of comedy by Marion Murray, a handsome dresser with a rich Kansas accent. People who have a Kansas accent are never aware of the fact, otherwise they would not have it. There is also a goodly proportion of Kansas—or Michigan or Indiana—hustle to the lady's acting, and the playlet goes well.

W. C. Fields does his "Episode on the Links," in which he plays golf without hitting a ball, with a deftness and unobtrusive finish to his comedy that gave real excellence to the act. The mute and motionless caddy was also a master stroke in the way of contributory effect. Incidentally I may add that Mr. Fields did one of the neatest hits of hall-juggling I have ever seen.

Irene Franklin is still on the bill. Her number consists of songs and costumes, in which latter respect the lady does handsomely. The diamanté gown was s-o-m-e d-u-d.

Irene Franklin, through much practice in one line, has fallen into a vocal mannerism. Her voice slides into certain fixed grooves of comedy tone continually. No wonder she is going to break away from vaudeville. She will enjoy the delightful and stimulating novelty of singing a different line of songs with a different line of expression, and possibly address a different line of people.

Léon Errol, one-time star of "Sally," now appears in a sketch called "The Guest." The leg-comedian appears in the representation of an exhilarated and advanced stage of inebriation, and ricochets at various tangents all over the stage.

Mr. Errol's talents are not confined to his legs, for he has a comedian's face, and his tongue shares with his legs the art of conveying the mellow uncertainties of a tipsy man who can not manage his rudder.

But his legs, which disport themselves like trousered dough, form a considerable addition to the gayety of the programme.

Tempest and Dickinson, a comely couple, give a good patter act. Homer Dickinson puts forth his amusing nonsense with a casual air, and dances with deftly twinkling feet. Florence Tempest has rather a phonographic voice, but she contrives the cute, unwinking, direct gaze of a wondering baby, and holds up her small end of the act pleasingly.

Besides these there are Fox and Sarno in a very good acrobatic act, and Emerson and Baldwin in a wind-up of not very amusing nonsense which did not hold the impatient spirits in their seats until the end.

DOYLE ON SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Conan Doyle's final lecture in San Francisco, "Personal Psychic Evidence," drew a large number of people whose faces one scanned curiously in search of the credulous disciple and the hard-faced professional medium. Both were in the audience, and many other types as well. There were many of the intelligentsia—to use a convenient word. There were people who were merely curious, others who went on the principle that they were not going to let a famous man, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, get by unseen.

And then we were told that "Personal Psychic Evidence" was the most interesting of the three lectures; which statement its repetition in Oakland would seem to bear out.

I gazed with considerable interest at the person and physiognomy of the famous author and spiritualist when he took the platform. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a tall, mustached man who looks as if he might be a retired army officer. His countenance is attractive, though not suggestive of the intellectuality of the psychic researchers whose photographs he cast on the screen, and his personality is pleasing. He began his lecture by a series of imposing names; the names of scholars, scientists, even churchmen, who were identified with the discoveries made in psychic research. He had cast upon the screen the portraits of a number of these men, the majority of whom had faces indicative of keen intellectuality, of the habit of trained and logical thought. Among them, of course, were those of Sir Oliver Lodge, of Camille Flammarion, of Sir William Crookes, of Professors Lombroso and Hyslop and William James, and a lot of other names not so familiar: Barrett, Richet, Morselli, Wallace, Zollner, Wagner, Schrenck-Notzing, Geley, Botazzi, Hare, Challis, Mayo and Foa.

The majority of these men are of a physiognomy entirely differing from that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose sentimentality and enthusiasm can be observed by a discerning eye.

Conan Doyle is plainly a man of soft and feeling heart; and perhaps if his head were the exact reverse he would not align himself so fervently in the ranks of the extreme spiritualists. But he believes so utterly, so sincerely, with such rooted faith, that one realizes he must make many conversions; especially at a time like this, after the emotions and exaltations during and following the war.

For he gave an interesting discourse which was copiously illustrated with "spirit photography." Sir Arthur has collected these photographs in America, and I believe that with his unquestionable honesty and sincerity he believes in the authenticity of every one of them. And they are certainly a remarkable collection.

Of course one hears the words "trick photography," and in some of the pictures the spirit faces might easily be super-imposed on a commonplace picture underneath.

But Sir Arthur caught us neatly and staggered us early in the lecture with his account of ectoplasm.

While I perceived in the lecturer's discourse nothing, absolutely nothing, that would prove communication between our world life and the hereafter, whatever it may be, the account of ectoplasm and its manifestations was most interesting and almost convincing. I wonder, by the way, if it is not the same psychic substance that Maeterlinck calls "od."

For the benefit of those who did not hear the lecture I will state that ectoplasm is described as a cloud-like but not gaseous substance that exudes from the bodies of all people assisting in a psychic séance. It has been seen and felt, so Sir Arthur stated, and is unpleasantly clammy and viscid to the touch.

From the medium or psychic it comes in particularly large quantities, sometimes forming itself into a detached human shape, the features of which may be—have been, so says the lecturer—seen and recognized.

Many photographs illustrative of this statement were seen. But while I was doubtless one of many of the merely curious ones in the audience who placed no credence in the



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The present Sunol-to-Niles aqueduct that carries water from Spring Valley's Alameda County sources en route to San Francisco includes 11,000 feet of wooden flume. This flume has a carrying capacity of 21 million gallons daily, and is used to capacity.

A new aqueduct of reinforced concrete is now under construction, with a capacity of 70 million gallons daily.

This new aqueduct will transmit 45 million gallons daily down Niles Canyon—the present supply from the Alameda sources of 21 million gallons daily plus the 24 million gallons daily now in process of development at Calaveras.

That is to say, the new aqueduct will route to San Francisco from the Alameda sources more water than San Francisco draws at present from all Spring Valley sources—Alameda County, San Mateo County, and Lake Merced.

While thus caring for the increase in the water supply demanded by our immediate needs, the new aqueduct will have a large reserve capacity.

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lecturer's insistent assertions that these ectoplasmic pictures proved that the dead return I was much interested in the photographed manifestations of ectoplasmic activity, and wondered if the psychic researchers had not discovered the workings of some natural law of which we and they are ignorant.

If there are absolutely authentic accounts of these manifestations—and Sir Arthur, a man of unquestionable honesty and sincerity, however much he may be led to err by a highly emotional nature, believes and asserts that there are—then many of the mysterious so-called famous materializations in the history of spiritualism could be explained. For if there is any explanation it is, like all spiritual phenomena—or so it seems to the unbeliever—founded on the strange power of the sub-conscious mind, which is responsible for many hallucinations, that apparently establish telepathic communication from mind to mind, and that possibly can mould this living substance called ectoplasm into the exact though imperfectly outlined likeness of the person of whom the subject is thinking.

So this is what we who carried away the "fossilized mind" upon which the psychical authority who introduced the lecturer heaped pity and reprobation, this is what we unbelievers carried away from Sir Arthur's interesting discourse, which might justly be entitled "Ectoplasm." I think that many of the audience will be on the curious hunt for books or articles that will enlighten them as to whether unemotional scientists have proved its existence.

Apropos of Sir Arthur's "spirit photography," many specimens of which he has collected during his present American tour, I note that the *Scientific American* is offering a prize of $2500 to any psychic researcher—or to any one, for that matter—who will produce "spirit photographs" answering certain test conditions to the satisfaction of a committee of carefully selected judges; one of them, Dr. William McDougall, occupying the chair of psychology at Harvard, another one—Dr. Daniel F. Comstock—but recently retired from the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in order to study and work out inventions in his lahoratory. A third—Dr. W. F. Prince—is past pastor of many churches and at present the principal research officer of the American Society for Psychical Research. So Sir Arthur may have the opportunity of suhjecting his photographs to expert judgment.

Curiosity ahout Sir Arthur's attitude toward this world beyond the flesh which so fascinates him led me to search in the libraries for a hook on psychics by him. I could only find one, "The Coming of the Fairies," for since the war there is a run on books bearing on this subject.

No doubt some of the psychic readers of his author passed by a volume with such a title, unknowing that in it Sir Arthur seeks to forge another claim on the faith of psychic disciples.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in fairies. Some readers may remember that somewhere about 1916 there was an account in the press of some English children who had seen, played with, and photographed fairies. Sir Arthur immediately looked the matter up, pushed numerous investigations, and the book mentioned was the result.

In it there are several reproductions of the photographs taken by the two girls of the fairies they said they had seen and played with. These photographs, Sir Arthur states, have been subjected to the most searching exper tests.

And yet: what strikes the cool, unprejudiced observer immediately is that these fairies are merely reproductions of the conventional images of fairies presented us in numerous illustrations by artists. The same human shape, the same graceful insect wings, the same Grecian-dance leapings and gambolings.

When one thinks of radioactivity, of wireless telegraphy, of telephonic transmission of sound, and of other numerous scientific wonders of the present century which in past eras would have been regarded as miracles, or things beyond credence, we realize that we must not, like the ignorant opposers of progress in the past, shut our minds to a helief in everything but what is visible and touchable. But nothing that spiritists or spiritualists or psychic researchers say has ever established proof of communication between our materialistic life and the dead. What they have done is to assist in revealing, although not solving, some of the problems connected with the subjective or subconscious realm of our thought equipment. It seems a dangerous subject to meddle with unless investigators have cool heads and minds of a logical bent conjoined with a scientific curiosity that is not too hide-bound. This full description would not, I should judge, apply to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

But we on the outside dimly realize that the power of thought is not fully understood, that the wonders of photography are not fully resolved, and that there may be some profound connection between the two which may be explained in the future as natural phenomena, and with which spiritualism and spirits have nothing to do.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The name of the elder of the two charming children whose presence deepened the pathos of the maternal scenes in "The Golden Fleece" was incorrectly given in last week's review. It is Thelma Huhhard. J. H. P.

New York is to see its first Turkish play next season, written by Achmed Abdullah, who, judging hy his name, ought to know.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"Shuffle Along," a musical mélange, written, produced, and presented by colored talent, which enjoyed such a long run at the Sixty-Third Street Music Hall, New York City, will make its initial bow to San Francisco audiences at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday evening, June 24th, opening a two weeks' engagement.

It is a typical performance of the class and kind given by the late Bert Williams and George Walker, only more elaborate and modernized.

The music will include "Bandanna Days," "Shuffle Along," "Love Will Find a Way," "Gypsy Love" and many other hits.

The Orpheum Next Week.

With Julian Eltinge, Léon Errol, Corinne Tilton and Fradkin, the eminent violinist, the Orpheum offers another constellation, starting Sunday matinée, June 24th.

Julian Eltinge returns for a special engagement of but one week. This, in all probability, will be his last appearance in vaudeville.

Gauged by the laughter and applause Léon Errol has received during the past week, no comedian has been a bigger success here. Errol stays one more week.

Corinne, "Queenie," Tilton is a native daughter of San Francisco who has attained fame as a comedienne. This will mark her first appearance at the Orpheum by herself, as she last year headlined a big revue.

"The Two American Aces of Spades," Will LeMaire and W. C. Hayes, bring a funny turn, assisted by Miss Carol Ralston.

"Cartooning in Danceland" marks a new epoch in terpsichorean originality presented by the Clinton Sisters.

The Creation of a Great Play.

The climax of Boker's dramatic work came with "Francesca da Rimini." A long period of preparation culminated in the intense fever of composition in which such masterpieces are perhaps best created. Coming to the work with his plan perfectly matured, he began to write at 9 o'clock at night, and at 4 o'clock in the morning he would retire for five hours' sleep. The day was spent in thinking over his next night's labor. The result was the greatest play that was written in English during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, a play which was revived with success in the twentieth, and which could be played today without alteration. For the passions that move Lanciotto, Paolo, and Francesca "are not of an age—they are for all time." Their story has heen a favorite one since Dante described his meeting with the lovers to whom the gates of hell were merely an incident so long as they were not divided. Silvio Pellico had written a dramatic version in Italian and Leigh Hunt a narrative version, but Boker's conception of the characters was his own. He skillfully blended historical facts and tradition to create a situation in which two noble natures, Paolo and Francesca, are tricked by the machinations of two wily lords of the rival Italian states of Ravenna and Rimini, first into love and then into crime and death. Human sympathy goes out to the unhappy wife and brother of Prince Lanciotto of Rimini, who loved each other and who died by his hand. But Boker was the first to create in Lanciotto what Francesca calls "the nohlest heart in Rimini." Misshapen in hody, but with a great soul, he is morbidly sensitive, and loves his brother, not only with natural affection, hut also with admiration for that physical perfection which has been denied him. Delicately Boker depicts that craving for affection on the part of a man no longer young which, when made concrete hy being centred upon a young and beautiful woman, becomes one of the most real motives of life and art.—*From "George Henry Boker—Playwright and Patriot," by Arthur Hobson Quinn, in Scribner's Magazine.*

There seems a question whether London will ever again have opera comparable to that of the days of Caruso, Melba, Nordica and the Wagnerian importations. The millionaires who once subsidized opera are now put to it for money with which to pay their income taxes.

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" Boulder Creek	5:15 p. m.
" Santa Cruz	5:10 p. m.
" Capitola	5:25 p. m.
" Watsonville	5:52 p. m.
" Watsonville Junction	6:00 p. m.

Returning Sunday

Lv. Watsonville Junction	6:00 p. m.
" Watsonville	6:05 p. m.
" Capitola	6:35 p. m.
" Santa Cruz	7:00 p. m.
" Felton	7:22 p. m.
" Olympia	7:28 p. m.
" Glenwood	7:45 p. m.
" Wright	7:56 p. m.
" Los Gatos	8:19 p. m.
Ar. San Francisco	9:50 p. m.

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VANITY FAIR.

One of the subjects of political agitation in England just now is the question whether a certain type of house shall or shall not have a parlor. Having killed building by "rent regulation," the government is trying to resurrect it by subsidy, which is about the way governments handle economic problems everywhere. A bill has been introduced in Parliament seeking to revive the disastrous municipal building programme of a few years ago by offering subsidies of $30 a year for each twenty years for workmen's cottages, of not more than four rooms none of which is to be a parlor. The conservative part of England is in its usual state of being aghast about it, and discussion is both rife and red in the face. In truth it is a critical question, more so than would at first appear. Important biological results depend on it, and on those results may depend in turn serious political consequences—no less serious than the number of marriages and births, and hence the strength of the nation. For the biological, sociological, political and military significance of the parlor is not that it is a place of repose for the parents and the old people, nor a gathering place for the family and its guests in ordinary, nor that it is a haven of rest and contentment for the tired husband and father, the reward for his exertions and part of his preparation for those of the next day. Not at all. The biological and military significance of the parlor is that it is a place where a young man can pet a young woman.

It does not require either the vision of a poet or the experience of the family physician to understand that this little old game is the main propædeutic to more population. If England is going to abolish the parlor, where will she get her soldiers? Useless those football fields on which the Duke of Wellington said the heroes of England were trained. There must be kept a place wherein the heroines of England may be petted, and inveigled into matrimony; or, as the case may require, where they can inveigle some of the heroes into matrimony. Not that parlors are altogether determinative of population. There was population before there were parlors, there was matrimony before mahogany furniture. But the approaches took forms we should now consider strange. There was, for instance, bundling. Needless to specify all its particulars here. There being no parlor, or the parlor being occupied by short-sighted parents, the bundling took place elsewhere. Primitive? Scandinavian? Perhaps, but if so, not altogether. Bundling was an institution and a custom of Puritanical New England, and was in favor among the Connecticut Yankees. Consult Washington Irving's Knickerbocker History of New York, and also Sumner's "Folkways." Manners are greatly dependent on environment. Take away the parlors and what would you get?

It was once the custom to have a front parlor and a back parlor. The petting was done in the front parlor. Ma and Pa were permitted to occupy the back parlor, and sometimes persisted in occupying it longer than the front parlor desired. On such an occasion a mother said, "Come along, James. Let's go to bed and leave these young people alone. Remember we were once young ourselves." "I remember," said Pa, "and that's why I'm going to stay right here."

At present our substitute for the parlor is the garage, our substitute for bundling is parking. We may retain the palor in some cases, but its best use is passing. We tend more and more to the construction of cheap little dwellings consisting of a garage with a few rooms built over and around it. One reason is the high cost of building, another the universal itch to have an automobile, if only one of those produced by a certain presidential aspirant. To that the average American, especially the average Californian, seems willing to sacrifice the parlor and just about everything it invites. He seems in many cases willing that his daughter shall grow to womanhood unpetted except in some other person's car parked in a dark street until it is chased out by a cop; willing that such deterioration in manners shall impend or come to pass as long as he can get out on our $73,000,000 worth of concrete pavement, step on the gas button and hear the tin rattle. He has little call for the parlor, for any time he has, day or night, he will use burning up rubber instead of lamp oil or electric current, and the young folks can take care of themselves. If that is to be the custom, parents have little right to complain of the way in which the young folks do take care of themselves. They can not shirk their plain duty and enjoy the benefits and securities of having discharged it. However, lecturing parents never did do much good, as we think almost any candid preacher will testify. The fact remains that the parlor is shrinking, even in this country and without any help from the government. It seems to be surrendering its ancient place as the abode of literature, checkers, and love.

And if we shall lose the parlor we shall lose much that characterized our civilization. Think what the parlor has been and has meant, from an æsthetic standpoint only. Think of its hair-cloth sofa and upstanding stove, as it existed two or three generations back. Think of the family album, with Aunt Sarah and Uncle Mac and Grandma, and Cousin Leslie that came to see us from New York, and Second Cousin Jimmy Waite, that kept bees. And there was the fragment of Uncle Isaac's gravestone, who died in foreign parts: Uncle Isaac, not the gravestone; but we couldn't get a fragment of him. Not on its battlefields does a nation live its life—it lives its lives in homes, and partly in parlors, when company comes. Under high building costs even the dining-room tends toward elimination. People build little corners they call breakfast nooks, which are really part of the kitchen, and take their meals there. And some live in municipal auto camps all summer and sell the car and rent a flat in the winter. But about parlors. Of course you have read, if you have read much worth while, Mark Twain's description of the American parlor during his "day on the Mississip." You may recall part of its equipment: "Piano—kettle in disguise—with music hound and unhound piled on it and on a stand nearby." That piano is giving way to the phonograph, the phonograph is giving way to the radio set. "Tilted pensively against the piano a guitar—guitar capable of playing the Spanish Fandango by itself if you give it a start." They do not so train guitars today, the young lady guitar trainers being mainly out on the roads or parked alongside. "Frantic work of art on the wall—pious motto, done on the premises, sometimes in colored yarns, sometimes in faded grasses: progenitor of the 'God bless our home' of modern commerce." They don't do much in that line either now, the cigarette sparks making such materials too dangerous perhaps. "In big gilt frame, slander of the family in oil: papa holding a book ('Constitution of the United States'); guitar leaning against mamma, blue ribbons fluttering from its neck; the young ladies, as children, in slippers and scalloped pantalettes, one embracing toy horse, the other beguiling kitten with ball of yarn, and both simpering up at mamma, who simpers back. These persons all fresh, raw, and red—apparently skinned. Pyramidal whatnot in the corner, the shelves occupied chiefly with bric-à-brac of the period, disposed with eye to best effect—shell, with the Lord's Prayer carved on it; another shell—of the long oval sort, narrow, straight orifice, three inches long, running from end to end—portrait of Washington carved on it; not well done; the shell had Washington's mouth originally—artist should have built to that," etc.

It is easy to ridicule the ridiculous when it belongs to some other place and time. But wait until some future Mark Twain has his crack at the parlor of today. He will recall the overstuffed Chesterfield so softly flabby that you seem to drown in it, so soft that when you arise you must do so with swimming motions and life-saving exertions—the half-ton overstuffed patent rocker, corpulent, puffy, with the outlines of a hippopotamus' baby, a chair no man wants to move without a jimpole and donkey engine, but which is never placed right for the light—a Chesterfield table, too narrow to hold anything wider than a two-foot rule laid lengthwise, decorated with wandering lines of little holes punched in it with a nail set, and surmounted by a lamp from which only the most feeble and useless glow is permitted to leak from a hulb within, that is really capable if it only had a chance. And "cabinets" still are with us as modern representatives of old whatnots; cabinets containing useless little vases, and medals commemorating nothing worth commemorating, and little ivory elephants always marching and never getting anywhere. There are twenty books to the old parlor's one, but that one was read, whereas the twenty might as well be painted on wood, for the skippity-hoppity, excitement-hunting manners of the time invite neither reading, meditation, nor conversation. And the petting can be done in the gas buggy. As to neighborly calls, who indulges in that form of sport today? The only call we respond to nowadays is the call of the state highway.

How to Use Perfume

To those of us who are in the habit of dabbing a little perfume on the front of our gown, it is news to discover that this is just the way it should not be done, says the *Designer Magazine*. Such a method of applying it not only risks a spot on the delicate fabric, but the perfume will be too evident and it will linger long after our mood has changed and we may prefer to change our perfume the next time we put on the dress. Instead of this direct application, a very little perfume should be applied to a piece of cotton and concealed beneath the front of the frock.

Ones' handkerchiefs and gloves should not be hurriedly scented with a spot of perfume at the last moment. Instead, a piece of perfumed blotting-paper kept in the drawer will lend them a faint fragrance, and a daintier way to add the last-moment touch of perfume to the gloves is to slip a tiny piece of perfumed cotton or little glove handkerchief carrying the favorite odor in one of them.

The faintest touch of perfume may be applied behind the ear or on the upper lip, but to lend a delicate perfume to the hair, instead of applying it directly, the perfume is placed on a piece of cotton and concealed in the lining of one's hat. For evening, a tiny spot of perfume may be placed on the tip of the fan, where its fragrance may be wafted in any direction the owner wishes to wave it.

Because a large number of mulberry trees in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venitia provinces of Italy were cut down during the war, the production of silk cocoons by that country has declined about half.

A measure making women eligible for jury duty in Connecticut has again been rejected by the legislature of that state.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Private Banks had been the most bashful and retiring little man in the army. When women visited the camp he had always fled for shelter and stayed there until after they had left. So it came as a surprise when one of his former companions ran across him in civilian garb and was introduced to a large, husky girl as Mrs. Banks. When he was able to get Banks aside he asked him how he had met his wife. "Well," returned the little man meekly, "it was this way; I never did exactly meet her. She just kinder overtook me."

Ellen, the cook, was of a suspicious nature. She distrusted mankind in general and banks in particular, and her frugal savings were never deposited with the latter. Part of her wages was hoarded in a stocking in some safe corner of her room. Ellen's steady was the neighboring butcher, and as the friendship had proved enduring Ellen's mistress was not surprised when she announced her pending marriage. "And I want to ask you, mum," said Ellen, "what's the best way to put my money in the bank?" Her mistress exclaimed in blank astonishment, "Why, Ellen, I thought you didn't believe in banks!" "No more I do, mum," said Ellen, "but I'm going to be married next week and I kinder feel the money would be safer in the bank than in the house with a strange man about."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland was being toasted for his election to the United States Senate from New York. In response the former health commissioner said: "That calls to my mind an incident which happened to a man in my home state of Michigan. He was elected to the Senate, and after the election went back to his home town for a visit. Although he had known the driver of the town hack for a number of years this ancient, during the drive from the railroad station to the town, showed no sign of appreciating the dignitary whom he was driving. Finally the newly-fledged statesman, unable to endure being slighted so long, said pompously: 'You know who I am, don't you?' 'Yep,' said the driver laconically. 'And the people in the town—they know I've been elected to the Senate, don't they?' 'Yep.' 'Well, what do they say about my election to the Senate?' 'Well,' said the driver, 'they don't say nothin'—they just laugh.'"

Mr. Ralph Neville, the English writer who collects and publishes amusing adventures, was a passport officer during the war. The following fancy is offered by him as fact in his latest volume, "Unconventional Memories": "A certain regulation stringently forbade husband and wife crossing over to France together, the idea being that one of the two was quite enough to transact any necessary business. Among my clients appeared a man and a woman who told me they were very anxious to get to Paris. In reply to the question of business or pleasure they said 'Business,' and then proceeded to explain to me what that business was. Before handing me their passports I observed that the couple appeared very agitated. At length the man said: 'I have a serious confession to make to you, sir; I must tell you we are not married.' 'Well,' said I, 'under the present peculiar circumstances it's jolly lucky for you both you're not. As it is, if your passports are in order you can go; were you married you couldn't.'"

Ellis Parker Butler, of "Pigs Is Pigs" fame, confesses to the following favorite yarn: "An Englishman who had been in South Africa for a number of years decided to return home and, as a souvenir, took with him a good-sized land tortoise. To carry the tortoise he fastened a shawl strap around it, and thus he was able to carry it as easily as any other piece of luggage. By turning the tortoise on its back he was sure to find it where he put it. He had no trouble with the tortoise until he stopped at a small junction some distance outside London. Here he was obliged to wait for the train that would take him the few miles to his home, and as he stood on the platform waiting for his train the Irish baggageman came to him. 'Hev ye got a ticket for that?' he asked, pointing to the tortoise, which lay on its back, waving its feet in the air. 'Certainly not!' the Englishman said. 'And I don't mean to have one, my good fellow. I have come all the way from South Africa with that tortoise and I have never had a ticket for it. I have traveled by bullock cart, by tram, by steamer, by train and afoot with that tortoise and I never have paid, and I don't mean to pay. So, my good man, put that in your pipe and smoke it!' 'I'm thinkin' it has to pay, sor,' said the baggageman, scratching his ear doubtfully, 'but I'll be askin' the station agent, for he has all iv them things in his book of rules.' The baggageman went into the station, and presently he came out again. He approached the traveler in an entirely different manner. 'I beg yer pardon, sir,' he said. 'Ye are right. I've asked th' agent an' he has explained it t' me. Dogs must pay, sor, and by th' rules dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, and must pay, but that there animal is an insect and goes free.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

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I'm going where fair ladies dwell,
Whom charming princes woo and win,
Where Romance casts her rosy spell
On lovers' tryst and battle's din,
Where villains take the count of ten,
Where girls are saints, where men are *men*,
To the movies.

I'll put my skeptic thoughts to bed,
I'll leave my useless brains behind,
I'll use the hero's wits instead;
No paradox shall tax my mind—
I'll fight for right through flame and steel!
And kiss my love in every reel
In the movies.

There is no peril I would not brave,
There is no wrong I would not right,
No "peepul's cause" I would not save,
There's not a cop I wouldn't fight;
My fame will ring throughout the land,
My heroine will be "just grand"
In the movies.

Whene'er I feel like Dante felt
When once he'd crossed the river Styx,
When youthful hopes commence to melt
Till the ego stands at two feet six;
I'll quit this world so drab, so blue,
Again I'll tower six feet two
In the movies.

—*Leonard Bronner, Jr., in Judge.*

"Are you familiar with Shakespeare?" we asked. "Oh, yes," replied J. Fuller Gloom. "I know enough to misquote a few of his sentences occasionally."—*Kansas City Star.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Hobart, daughter of Mr. Walter Hobart, to Mr. William W. Crocker, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, took place in San Mateo on Wednesday, June 20th.

The marriage of Miss Constance Aitken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Aitken of Manila, to Lieutenant William Hine Galbraith, U. S. N., took place on Monday, June 11th, in Berkeley.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Gerstle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Gerstle, to Mr. George Gray Worum took place in London on June 11th.

Miss Geraldine Grace entertained at a house party over the week-end at her summer home near Santa Rosa.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rosseter gave a supper party last week in honor of Mrs. George Creel and members of her company.

The first of a series of card parties under the auspices of the ways and means committee of the Woman's Building Association was held at the Hotel Whitcomb on Friday last.

The wardroom officers of the U. S. S. *California* gave a farewell dinner on Tuesday of last week in honor of Admiral Edward W. Eberle and Mrs. Eberle.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rosseter gave a large house party over the week-end at their country home near Santa Rosa.

The Princess Santa Borghese was the guest of the Vittoria Colonna Club at a dinner and reception on Saturday last.

Mrs. C. W. Clarke entertained the Princess Borghese at her home in San Mateo on Sunday last.

On Thursday the Princess Santa Borghese was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Chamber of Commerce and on Friday she was entertained at a dinner at the Italian Consulate.

Colonel John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Myers gave a luncheon in honor of Admiral Edward W. Eberle and Mrs. Eberle in Burlingame on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith were recent hosts at a dinner at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a mah jongg party last week for a group of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury entertained at dinner last week at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edwin Dimond gave a luncheon last Tuesday at her home in Woodside for Mrs. Edward W. Eberle

Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley gave a luncheon last week for Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps of Yonkers, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Miss Doris Schmiedell gave a reception and dance on Saturday night at their country home in Ross in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., of Portland, Oregon.

Miss Frances A. Smith, whose engagement to Mr. Randolph Apperson has been announced, was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Ethel Whitmire on Saturday last.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy was hostess at a farewell luncheon given at the Hotel St. Francis for Mrs. Edward W. Eberle.

Mrs. William T. Sesnon gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps of Yonkers, New York.

The Woman's Auxiliary of St. John's Episcopal Church in Ross entertained last week at a musicale and tea at the home of Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith in San Rafael.

A farewell reception in honor of Admiral Eberle and Mrs. Eberle was given by the officers of the fleet on board the U. S. S. *New Mexico* last Friday.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., gave a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in greeting to Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Richard Schwerin gave a dinner-dance at his home in San Mateo last week in honor of Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker gave a bachelor dinner for Mr. William W. Crocker at the Burlingame Country Club on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday evening for Miss Ruth Hobart and her fiancé, Mr. William W. Crocker.

The University of Fine Arts held a reception at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday last in honor of Miss Margaret Anglin.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp gave a tea on Sunday last in honor of Princess Santa Borghese at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling gave a box party at the Columbia Theatre last week.

Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen was hostess at a tea given on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. James King Steele gave a dinner last week at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace entertained at dinner on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Elizabeth Houston, daughter of Dr. Albert Houston and Mrs. Houston.

Mr. Henry Miller was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by members of the Bohemian Club on Friday last.

Mrs. George A. Newhall gave a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax gave a luncheon last Saturday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edgar Wilson gave a tea last Friday at the Town and Country Club in honor of her niece, Mrs. Taliaferro Milton, of Indiana.

Commander Ernest Gunther and Mrs. Gunther and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar were hosts last week at a buffet supper.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Gwynn gave a tea last week in greeting to their daughter, Mrs. Cyril Cornwallis-Stevenson.

Mrs. Ernest Percy, who has recently returned to California, gave a large tea in Oakland last Tuesday in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George L. West.

The Belvedere Country Club was formally opened for the summer on Saturday evening with a dinner-dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club last Friday night.

Mrs. Stewart Lowery entertained last week at a luncheon and mah jongg party at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Evan Williams gave an informal luncheon at the Menlo Country Club on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams were hosts at a dinner at the Menlo Country Club on Saturday evening.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon on Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in greeting to Mrs. George T. Marye, who has recently returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cushman gave a dinner on Saturday night in honor of Princess Santa Borghese at their home on Russian Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe are giving a luncheon on Saturday of this week in honor of Princess Santa Borghese.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves gave a dinner on Friday night at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Captain Paul Theis, U. S. N., gave a dinner on board the U. S. S. *California* last Friday for his cousins, Miss Carol and Miss Betty Klink.

Death of Peter A. Jordan.

The death of Peter A. Jordan, president of Dodge, Sweeny & Co., has cast sorrow over the entire business community. Few men possessed greater inherent sense of kindness. His devotion to his family, his love and desire to assist his fellow-men seemed interwoven into his very nature. Jordan was born in Santa Cruz, where he passed his boyhood days. For a few years he was in business in Portland, Oregon, coming from there to San Francisco to the above firm, with which he has been connected for the past thirty years. His loss will be keenly felt by his business associates. F. W. V.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1923.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

At the St. Francis.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor entertained at the St. Francis Monday in honor of Mrs. George T. Marye, who with her family has returned to California for the summer, and the luncheon was also a farewell affair for Mrs. Edward W. Eberle.

Admiral and Mrs. William F. Fullam and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, were together.

Mrs. Thomas Eastland was hostess to a group that included Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran. Miss Mary Julia Crocker had Miss Lawton Filer and Miss Jane Carrigan as her guests.

Other small groups included Miss Mary Martin and Mrs. Robert Miller and Mrs. Ritchie Dunn had Mrs. Georges de Latour and Miss Hélène de Latour among her guests.

At the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Sword of Los Angeles were luncheon guests of the Misses Fannie and Lillian Martin of Piedmont at the Palace Hotel on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Sword have closed their home in Los Angeles and, accompanied by their four children, are going to Europe for an extended stay.

Sir Stephen Shepherd Allen with Lady Allen and their daughter, Miss Nonie, are among the guests at the Palace Hotel. After visiting Yosemite Valley and the southern part of the state, they will proceed to New York before returning to their home in New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cabrera were hosts at a dinner-dance in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace last Saturday evening, entertaining for their daughter, Miss Isabel Marguerite Cabrera, who has just graduated from the Sacred Heart Convent.

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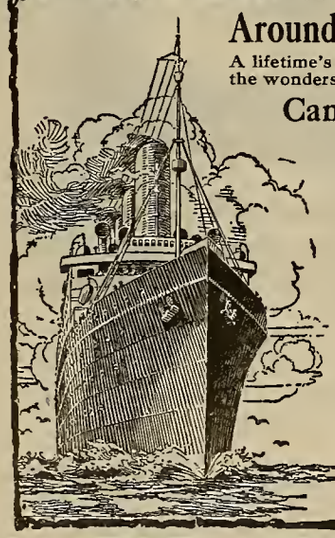
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rosseter, who have been traveling in Mexico, have returned to their home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, who has been on a trip to Feather River with her son, Mr. Robert Rathbun, has returned to her apartments at the Hotel Rafael.

Captain Carroll Morton Gale, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gale have returned to their quarters at the Presidio, after a short trip to Yosemite.

General Frank Winn, U. S. A., who has recently been retired from active service, has bought a home on Clay Street and with Mrs. Winn will shortly take possession of it.

Mr. Charles Crocker, who is a student at Yale, has returned to his home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and her daughters, Miss Margaret and Miss Rosemonde Lee, passed the week-end at Carmel as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wilson.

Mrs. Charles Felton, after spending a week at her country place near Los Gatos, will leave with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Harrison Fisher, the well-known artist of New York, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. William Behrens, of Alameda.

Mrs. Edson Adams and her three daughters arrived last week from a year's sojourn in Europe and are with Mr. Adams at the family home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Gilbert Rech of Chicago has taken a cottage at Carmel and will be there for the summer. Her daughter, Miss Frances Merrill, will be with her until her marriage in August.

Mrs. John F. Merrill is with her son Mr. Charles H. Merrill, and Mrs. Merrill in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour spent the week-end at their ranch near Rutherford.

Mr. Jack Breeden has arrived from Paris and has joined his mother, Mrs. Frederick McNear, and Mr. McNear in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson, who has recently returned from Europe, has arrived in San Francisco, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Arthur Castle, and Mrs. Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Phelps, who were married on June 8th, sailed on Tuesday on the *Mauretania* for Europe.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale returned last week from Washington, D. C., and will pass the summer in Burlingame.

Mr. Albert Houston, son of Dr. Albert Houston and Mrs. Houston, and Mr. John Goodnow, who have recently arrived from the East, will leave shortly for Europe. Miss Elizabeth Houston, who has been attending school in the East, has arrived in San Francisco and has joined her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Houston, at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon have gone to their country home in the Santa Cruz Mountains for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., of Portland, Oregon, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell in Ross Valley.

Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simpson arrived from Honolulu last week and will make their home in San Francisco during Admiral Simpson's term of duty.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have bought the Tevis place on Lake Tahoe and will spend part of the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum are building a summer home at Meak's Bay on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Elyse Schultze Hopkins has taken a cottage at Pebble Beach and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pierce of Suisun, left last week for a trip to the Klamath River.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Brown are occupying their new home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have arrived from Santa Barbara and are spending the summer in Ross.

Consul-General Fin Lund and Mrs. Lund of Denmark have gone to San Rafael and will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Taliaferro Milton of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wilkins, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling has gone to Paraiso Springs, Soledad, and on her return will make her home at the Madrid Apartment on California Street.

Miss Cynthia Boyd, who has been at school in the East, returned on Tuesday to her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walton have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Sallie Maynard left last week for Santa Barbara, where she will visit Mrs. H. H. Webb and other friends.

Admiral William F. Fulham arrived last Saturday from Washington, D. C., and will visit their daughter, Mrs. Raymond Welch, and Mr. Welch in Burlingame.

Mrs. William G. Parrott and Miss Helen Croeker arrived last Friday from Paris, and are at their homes in Burlingame.

Mrs. George P. Beardsley gave a bridge and tea on Tuesday at her home in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, and on Wednesday was hostess at a bridge party given for Mrs. Taliaferro Milton.

Mr. Thomas B. Eastland of Burlingame is leaving on Saturday for a business trip to Oregon and Washington and will be absent for about ten days.

Mrs. Francis McComas has returned from her recent trip to Chicago and has joined Mr. McComas at Hollywood before going to their home in Monterey.

Mrs. Charles S. Aiken was the guest of honor at a tea given by her sister, Mrs. George Beardsley, at the Town and Country Club on Friday.

Mrs. Edgar Preston has gone to Coronado and is the guest of Mrs. Sands Forman.

Mrs. Eugene Lent has gone to Del Monte and will remain there for a month.

Mrs. Loren Van Horne of Merced is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Frederick Kroll, in this city.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon, who has been in Honolulu for several weeks, returned this week on the *Maui* and is at her home in Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis Phelps, who came to San Francisco for the wedding of their son, Mr. Raymond Phelps, and Miss Katherine Bentley, have left for the East with a visit to Yellowstone Park and Illinois on the way.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin is established for the summer at Goleta, where Dr. Franklin will join her every week-end.

Miss Sarah Redington has arrived from Santa Barbara and will attend the summer school in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. De Laney Lewis of Menlo Park have gone to Europe, where they will remain until October.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and her sister, Mrs. Frederick Hussey, will go next week to the Dean ranch in Nevada.

Mr. Jefferson J. Graves and Colonel Kenyon A. Joyce and Mr. Frederick H. Hussey have returned from their recent hunting trip in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain and their children, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain's mother, Mrs. Charles Keeney, have arrived from their home in Pittsburgh and will spend the summer in Burlingame.

Miss Emily Huntington, who is a student at Harvard, is on her way from the East and will meet her mother, Mrs. T. W. Huntington, in the Yellowstone Park, where they will make a short stay before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. Thomas W. Huntington, Jr., has gone to Mexico, where he will be established in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Mr. and Mrs. Seward Cole, who have been making a short stay in San Francisco, have returned to their home in Los Angeles. They are leaving for New York and Europe on July 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter spent the last week end in Menlo Park with Mrs. W. S. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., have returned from the East and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. R. E. Wylie, who has been with her husband, Colonel R. E. Wylie, U. S. A., at Fort Shafter, H. T., arrived on the *Grant* last week and will visit her parents, Major Hastie A. Stuart, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stuart, in San Francisco.

Mrs. Gilbert M. Allen, formerly of San Francisco, has arrived from Fort Leavenworth and is visiting relatives in California.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper who has recently returned to California, has taken a house in Burlingame foe the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, who have been visiting Mrs. Bates' sister, Mrs. William Devereux, in Burlingame, have gone to their home in Shasta County for the summer.

Mr. Mogens Elbrecht, who has recently arrived from Buenos Aires, has joined his mother, Countess Lauritz Holmblad, and Mr. Lauritz Holmblad at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Martin Lalor Crimmins, Jr., who is a student at Yale, has arrived from the East and is visiting his mother, Mrs. Evan Wiliams, in Menlo Park.

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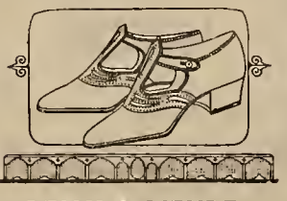
Newest Footwear Styles

Many new arrivals are now being shown for the smartest sports wear and the many dressy activities of the summer and vacation season. Reich & Lievre's Footwear Department, occupying the entire Mezzanine Floor, is replete with fashions to please the most discriminating women.

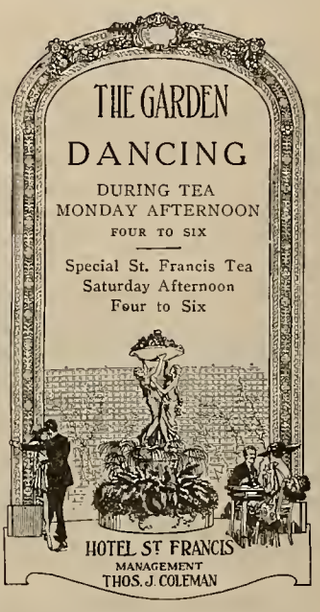
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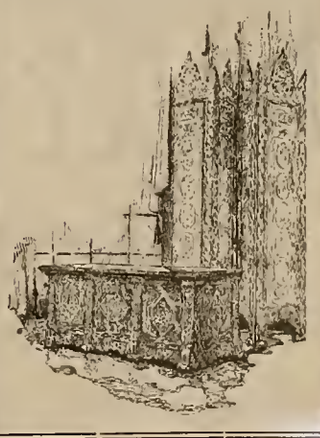


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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—My face is my fortune. *He*—Well, poverty is no disgrace.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Jack—I've a little secret for you, dear. *Jean*—Just a second, and I'll get a couple of glasses.—*Brown Jug.*

"She's your best friend, isn't she?" "She was—until my husband's illness. He was delirious, you know."—*Judge.*

"Does the course of their true love run smooth?" "Yes, indeed. There are banks on both sides."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Had lunch with your hubby today, my dear. Hope you don't mind?" "Not a bit. His stenographer must be sick."—*Judge.*

Customer—It's tough to pay 50 cents a pound for meat. *Butcher*—Yes, but it's tougher when you pay 25."—*Puppet.*

McFingle—Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority. *McFangle*—Why—I—when did he—is he dead? *McFingle*—Well, no; but he's married.—*Tit-Bits.*

Publisher—Can you turn out another book in three weeks? *Successful Author*—Why so soon? *Publisher*—It will never do to let the public forget you.—*Carnell Widow.*

Singleton—It's such a bother deciding about vacation. *Wedmore*—It doesn't bother me. The boss tells me when to go and my wife tells me where.—*Boston Transcript.*

Irate Motorist—I thought you told me this car would last a lifetime! *Dealer*—Ah—er—it will, sir. *Motorist*—Whose lifetime, for Heaven's sake? *Dealer*—Er—its own, sir.—*Life.*

"Some day," said the high-browed young man, "I expect to have the world at my feet." "What have you been doing all this time," snarled the cynic; "walking on your hands?"—*Washington Star.*

Mallaby—Bragleigh boasts that no living man could forge his name successfully to a check and get it cashed. Has he such a very peculiar signature? *Homans*—No; but he hasn't any money in the hank.—*Tit-Bits.*

Wife—Why is it, George, you are usually so kind, and yet you make such a ridiculous fuss about carrying my violin? *Husband (a Rugby International)*—Well, people might think that I play the ghastly thing.—*Punch.*

Returned Naval Hero—The next thing I remember was the order, given by the admiral himself, to flood the magazines. *Listener*—Yes, and every one of you, from the admiral down, is still engaged in carrying it out.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Don't you think these automohile jokes are in bad taste?" "No," replied Miss Cayenne, "my observation is that any piece of machinery which can make a man laugh instead of using profanity should be classed as a blessing."—*Washington Star.*

Foreign Visitor (proudly)—In my country we have one law for prince and pauper. *American Pauper*—Same way here. It doesn't matter whether a man is a beggar or a millionaire, he's got to obey the law, unless he's got a pull.—*New York Globe.*

She (after the honeymoon)—I've often wondered, dear, what you ever saw in me to cause you to make me your wife. *He*—That's a strange coincidence. Do you know, I've asked myself that question a hundred times since we've heen married?—*Chicago News.*

Irish Barrister (addressing the bench)—Your honor, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi.—*The Sphinx.*

Farmer Oatley (reading from newspaper to his wife)—"It is estimated that the recent dinner given hy Mrs. Bunderhlank was served at a cost of at least ten dollars a plate." What must the victuals have cost? *Mrs. Oatley*—Land's sake, Joshua! and such folks always has a different plate for everything they eat.—*Harlem Life.*

"I have invited several army officers," said the hostess, "and I am anxious that the occasion shall be something unique and appropriate. I don't want anything commonplace, like a 5-o'clock tea, or a pink tea, or a violet tea." "Well," suggested Miss Cayenne, after deliberation, "why not make it a beef tea?"—*Washington Star.*

"Ah, little man," exclaimed the kindly old man. "Going to school, eh? And it's the opening day, too! I'd give all I possess if I were going to school again." "Huh," replied the tough youngster. "That's what pa said when I left the house this mornin', but he hacked out when I called his hluff."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Boatswain (to newly-joined cadet)—Come, my little man, you mustn't cry on board of one of his majesty's ships of war. Did your mother cry when you left? *Cadet*—Yes, sir. *Boatswain*—Silly old woman! And did your sister cry? *Cadet*—Yes, sir. *Boatswain*—Stupid little thing! And did your father cry? *Cadet*—No, sir. *Boatswain*—'Ard-'earted old beggar.—*Punch.*

THE WORLD OF ASIA.

A vast "corridor" stretches west to east through Asia, writes William Ashley Anderson in *Adventure Magazine.*

Starting from a labyrinth of mountains in Armenia, the chief of which is Ararat (17,000 feet), the walls gradually diverge. The northern wall, formed mainly by the Altai Mountains, with parallel ranges supporting them, extends beyond Mongolia and into eastern Siberia; while the southern wall, after encircling Persia, becomes the loftiest and most imposing barrier on earth—the unconquered Himalayas. This range, after describing the houndary of Tihet and India, sweeps in a great curve southward and falls into the sea, though it may still be traced in the islands of Andaman, Nicohar, Sumatra, and on into the East Indies.

Across the corridor, on the eastern borders of Afghanistan, stretches a short connecting range of mountains, the Pamirs, forming a sort of bulkhead between the eastern and western sections of the corridor.

This bulkhead is appropriately called "the roof of the world," and is in fact the most significant feature on the face of the earth for having shaped the history of mankind.

All evidence indicates that man originated somewhere in this vicinity. The bone-gatherers are now convinced that not only man, but almost all animal life, of the larger species, first appeared here and thence became distributed in all directions. It is, then, the place of the beginning of the greatest of all adventures—the adventure of man!

The Gobi Desert could be lifted from this continent and placed as a blanket over half of the United States; the Siberian plain could smother all Europe; the Arabian Desert could blot out the remaining states of America and most of Alaska; and, after all this was accomplished, nine hundred million Asiatics would still be leading productive lives in undisturbed countries. For every city of a hundred thousand in America the Asiatics could still erect a city of almost a million.

Asia covers one-third the land surface of the globe, with a coast line more than nine thousand miles greater than the entire circumference of the earth. The continent stretches from the equator to the North Pole; from the narrow Bering Strait that separates it from North America to the Suez Canal, the little ditch that cuts it off from Africa.

It embraces the most desolate and uninhabitable areas of the earth; at the same time it sustains the densest populations. Its face is scarred by the deepest depressions yet measured hy man; while, on the other hand, its tremendous, unconquered, mist-shrouded mountains far overtop those of all other continents. It experiences the highest known temperatures, and also the coldest known to man—temperatures far colder than the polar regions.

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How to Remain Single—Women.

Wear spectacles; in this way you can always see the young men, hut they won't see you.

Carry a copy of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" under your arm.

Do all the talking when in masculine company.

Contradict him frequently.

Eat raw onions with every meal.

Wear Mother Hubhards and orthopædic shoes.

Wear men's sailor hats and stiff collars and neckties.

Tell him as often as possihle that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Tell him he is making an awful fool of himself.

After this you won't need any more assistance.—*Kitty Parsons in Judge.*

What Is This the Height Of?

If the new parliamentary measure called the advertisement regulation bill becomes effective, says the New York *Herald*, it will place a ban on "sky writing," a means of advertising which has been greatly developed in the last year.

The hill has heen brought forward through the Scapa Society, whose purpose is to prevent disfigurement in town and country. It is contended by the officers of the society that it is very objectionahle for æsthetic reasons to use the sky as a medium for advertising.

During the summer at seaside resorts airplanes frequently are used to advertise certain local as well as London shops hy writing their names in the sky with smoke. However interested the ordinary person may be in this, it is contended by the æsthetically inclined that such smoke writing spoils the very infrequently cloudless British skies.



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During the last Third of a Century, more than Eighty Million FREE trial packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE were given away to the public. Today Allen's Foot-Ease enjoys the largest sale in its history. This form of treating the Feet, and this formula must he good, otherwise the puhlic would not buy the goods after trial of the treatment FREE hy over Eighty Million people in all parts of the world. Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled into the Foot-hath, for corns, hunions, tired, tender, smarting, swollen, sore feet. Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent FREE.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. N.

The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The President and Prohibition.

Under his commission President Harding is bound to carry into effect the laws of the United States. This he must do with impartiality. To fail to do it within the measure of his powers would be both official and moral dereliction. Mr. Harding's personal view relative to any particular law is not an issue in point. His duty relates as definitely to laws that lack the approval of his private judgment as to those that have it.

Mr. Harding's insistence in the matter of prohibition enforcement is a case in point. Up to the period of his presidency he was not in sympathy with the radical prohibition programme. It is of record that as a senator his vote was cast against the Volstead Act. But the Volstead Act now being a law, and Mr. Harding as President being now committed to its enforcement, there is but one course possible to him. He must with the powers at his command, and in so far as he may, carry into effect the law as it stands. It can not be for the President a matter of "policy," but a matter of official duty.

But President Harding goes afield in his reflections on the recent action of Governor Smith of New York. His assumption is that the State of New York is obligated to coöperate with the Federal government in prohibition enforcement. Mr. Harding's logic is bad. Coöperation in prohibition enforcement on the part of a state implies employment of its police organization; and surely Mr. Harding will not claim authority on the part of the government to command forces existent under state or municipal laws of New York and paid for with state funds. Invitation on the part of the Federal government to state coöperation in the matter of enforcing the Volstead Act clearly implies the right of a state either to accept or to decline. Where the Federal government has authority to command it has no need to invite.

Mr. Harding further strains logic in the declaration that New York, in declining coöperation in prohibition enforcement, vitiates the states' rights principle. The logic of the case is the other way round. In its act of repeal, as in its previous act of coöperation, New York acted under its rights; and it is a curious twist of mind that sees in this exercise of states' rights an act of disloyalty either to the Federal government or to the states' rights principle. The case is one in which the President has permitted his enthusiasm for law enforcement to overlook the bounds of Federal authority and to divert his mind from the lines of straight thinking.

"Back to Normalcy"—A Great Achievement.

If ever there was a time when there was need above all other needs for business in government, it was when President Harding took office. It was a time when the public debt had attained an unprecedented magnitude and when extravagance ran riot. Emergency machinery set up with scant regard to cost, or none at all, in the period of the war was still in operation, and this in combination with reckless habits of expenditure established under the necessities of war had in a sense corrupted every agency of governmental affairs. Any approach to "normalcy" in the broad sense was out of the question, for the reason that interest on the debt contracted during the war ran to an annual aggregate equal to the whole cost of governmental operations in the period preceding the war.

Nobody, intelligently in touch with affairs, expected that in one presidential period the outgo of the government could be brought down to parity with its income. But this result has in fact been accomplished within a little more than two years. Expenditures for ordinary purposes have been cut to the tune of $256,000,000, and a deficit of $92,000,000, calculated as of January 29th last, has been converted into a surplus of $200,000,000. It is a tremendous achievement, one without parallel in the history of Federal finance, and one which tremendously accredits the Harding administration.

It hardly needs saying that the movement "back to normalcy" in current governmental expenditure has not been accomplished without friction. To an extent department officials, and to a greater extent the great army of bureaucrats, have resented the lopping off of extravagances that in the aggregate ran into the hundreds of millions. The saving of $256,000,000 has probably cost the President a multitude of critics and enemies—critics and enemies who will assail him, not for his economies—nobody dares do that—but for remote and unconnected acts. A hint of some of his difficulties is found in a paragraph of a recent address, wherein he said:

> I have noticed from the hearings before the appropriations committees of Congress that some of the officials of the government have not yet realized that under the budget and accounting act the estimates which are before Congress are those submitted by the chief executive. The officials to whom I refer were apparently of the impression that the estimates which their respective departments or establishments submitted to the Bureau of the Budget were the official estimates which they were authorized to advocate before the congressional committee. I trust that this erroneous impression will not prevail hereafter.

This reproof was meant for Secretary Wallace, who has seemed unable to get over the idea that he is a law to himself—"bigger than old Grant," to borrow a phrase from ancient history. Wallace and his assistants have persisted in the belief that the budget system is more or less of a make-believe. They have not scrupled to rush up to Congress and demand special appropriations not provided for in the budget. Wallace is not the only sinner along this line, but he has been the most aggressive and insistent of Mr. Harding's official family. He richly merited the President's reflections, which not only himself, but everybody else at Washington, easily identified in their personal application.

A surprising thing about the achievement above noted, namely, that of bringing down the public expenditure to something less than the public revenue, is that the country seemingly has failed to appreciate it. There is, we fear, truth in the oft-repeated charge that the average American has no perspective on the facts of his government, and that he lacks the ability to differentiate between the real and the spurious in governmental activities. He seems prone to regard spectacular and rhetorical performances of no real consequence or effect, and resounding utterances on the part of politicians, as constituting the measure of service rather than industry and prudence. For all the popular demand for business administration, there appears too little of vital interest in the matter. It may be questioned if, taking the citizenship of the country as a whole, one man in a thousand knows or seriously cares if the government is conducted on sound business lines or otherwise. Yet sound business practice is the one practical way an administration can be of largest service. Everything else becomes insignificant beside it. A top-heavy and wasteful government actually and potentially is the most serious menace to a free people that can be conceived.

The Doctors.

The doctor has been here, and we should all feel better. He says there is nothing fatally wrong with San Francisco, and that if we eat prudently, take sufficient air and exercise, pay our bills (especially our doctor bills), treat the assessor kindly when he calls to find out about the new phonograph or the new twin six, mind our own business and our own morals and stop fretting so much about our neighbors' business and morals, we shall probably pull through. Such is a reasonable inference from some of the sessions of the convention of the American Medical Association, which has been going on at the Exposition Auditorium this week. At least we have heard no physician deny it.

Of course, although we should all feel better because the doctor has been here, not all of us will, for there are many to decline comfort from that quarter. The attitude of some of our best people on the subject is illustrated by the story of the little girl who told her mother in an awe-struck whisper: "Mamma, Johnny said a bad word!" "What did he say, my child?" "He said *doctor!*" And there are others that have no faith in doctors nor have they any compensating faith in anything else. And some live on vegetables, and some on nuts, and some wear open-work undies all winter, and most of them get along somehow until nature kills them off. But the rest of us feel, in spite of many erroneous diagnoses and many incurable ills, that we can cheat the coffin trust a little longer with the help of the medical fraternity than we can by home-brewing our boneset tea or carrying a buckeye in the hind pocket.

The doctor is not only a present help in time of trouble, but when anything goes wrong he is a convenient person to blame. Too much is expected of him. If he were always successful no one would ever die. In our impatience at fate, at nature, at discomfort and disease, or dis-ease, which is the same thing as discomfort intensified to prostration and pain, we are likely to say "the doctors can't help you when you have anything really the matter with you." As a matter of fact, the doctors perform more miracles every day than are recorded in the Bible or testified to in all the faith cure experience meetings. They have not abolished death, and probably never will, and if we had good sense we

should not wish them to, but they have reduced suffering and lengthened life, and for that we owe their devotion and their art more than can ever be expressed; and in this we gladly include those men of pain, the dentists, who have also been lately meeting "in our midst."

No weekly experience meetings to convert other people and extend the faith are held by those that believe in doctors. A large number of people that doctors benefit are ungrateful enough not only to give them no particular credit for what they accomplish, but even to neglect paying their bills. They accept the medical profession and the healing art as they accept the air; as though they were entitled to it. That is an attitude every practicing physician has to meet, for probably the number of people that beat their doctor bills is ten times as great as the number that beat their grocery bills, and it is contemptible of them, for the doctor does not shirk when he is needed. Yet the profession keeps afloat somehow, and even finds time to progress. Such a discovery as that of insulin is a glory of the human mind, in spite of the fact that it will be used to save the lives of crooks just as readily as those of useful men and women; morals being, properly, none of the doctor's business. In fact, one of the main defects of doctors is that they will save anybody.

We have to watch the doctors a little. It will not do to let them have their own way about everything. As a class, they know little of political science and are apt to be socialistic, paternalistic, and politically tyrannous; basing their tyranny on the old proposition of tyrants, that it is really for our good. They know so well the terrible effects of sanitary neglect that they feel justified in taking command of society and protecting it against its own stupidity and laziness. And sometimes that is necessary, and on occasions of public peril it is not worth precious time finding fault with it; only, the tendency ought to be restrained by considerations of liberty and individualism, for man is a political animal, and some intangible things are of more importance to him even than his health—at least than his neighbor's health.

Speaking broadly, the medical profession and the healing art are engaged in cheating nature of her prey by means of nature's laws—which are all they have to work with. Never depend on the benignity of Mother Nature—she is not benign. As soon as a human being is born nature attacks it, and repeats her assaults until she kills it, though it take a hundred years. She attacks with colic, teething, measles, chickenpox, malaria, smallpox, liver complaint, kidney trouble, arthritis, papiloma, yellow fever, caries, cancer, tuberculosis, bubonic plague, water on the knee, meningitis, glaucoma, flu, anthrax, boils, and colds in the head. To say that these things are non-existent or caused by fear or improper thought is to talk foolishness, and to say that they are the result of impure conduct or violations of the laws of God or man is to accuse all the living and defame the dead. Disease is a reality, the most natural thing in the world, and the most inevitable. When an elephant is captured in a Siamese jungle his skin is infested and infected with a thousand forms of parasitic life, which have to be scrubbed out of it before he is sufficiently healthy and comfortable to do his work. And yet he lives before capture in a state of nature and indulges in no vain imaginings. The jungle is the state of nature, and it is filled with terror. It is nobody's fault that there are tigers—no human being's fault, that is, nor is it the fault of the other jungle creatures. Yet the tiger has to kill about one animal a day to keep from starving to death, and no one has thus far succeeded in teaching the tiger tribe to live on turnips. Not even Colonel Sellers could teach that to the man tribe. For, according to another of our recent conventions, San Francisco alone consumes 600 beeves, 200 calves, 3000 lambs and 3000 hogs a day, and the more meat we eat the better most of us feel, and that is nature, too.

The doctors are the pioneers in finding out what nature is like, what she intends if she may be said to have any intention, and in cheating her intention when it is hostile, which most of the time it is. They have the assistance of the chemists and the physicists, and every other class engaged in discovering natural laws—all the scientists: that is, all the real ones. We can never tell, nor can they, from what direction a helpful discovery may come, and for that reason we can not afford to tolerate intolerance of scientific labors nor even of scientific conjecture; can not afford, for example, to elect legislators that are willing to vote, on Mr. Bryan's demand, to stop the teaching of any scientific hypothesis in the schools. We all need the scientists to protect us from old Mother Nature, who, like Chronos, eats her children. Long life to the doctors—but be careful of their political suggestions.

Merited Punishment.

When the governor refused to receive a San Francisco woman who sought executive pardon for a convicted murderer it was not in derogation of his visitor, but in justified contempt of the ideas and sentiments she represented. The case under consideration was peculiar in that it involved much that is typical in our methods of handling crime, and vital to society's defenses against it.

First, the two persons under conviction for this crime were young—one so young that he could not be hanged, for he was under eighteen. That is a grave error in the criminal law of California. A boy old enough to commit murder is old enough to be held responsible for it. Police experience shows that youth is not necessarily innocence, but that on the contrary the age of violent crime is likely to be the period betwen sixteen and twenty-three. By the time the crook has battled with the forces of order until he is twenty-three he is quite likely to have become a convert, not to Christianity, but to the understanding that an outlaw enjoys no exemption from the police and that he had better practice some safe specialty of the criminal profession such as picking pockets, robbing stores, or peddling drugs. There are burglars that take such pride in a well-blown safe that they find it hard to give up the art until their own old age and others' youth have conspired to make their methods obsolete, but they are few; the infrequent old masters of their dark profession. Most crooks that are dangerous are young. These are the sort the police dread, and rightly, for they are reckless and cruel and there is no way of dealing with them short of violence.

Second, this was a most atrocious murder, outraging every civilized sensibility. Two boys were tramping in the desert in the southern part of the state, and an insurance agent came along in an automobile and gave them a lift. His reward was to be beaten to death with stones. How any woman could exert herself to save the life of the one murderer eligible to hang is a mystery our common-sense governor did not have the academic curiosity to solve. He let the law take its course. And the state is to be congratulated that it has a chief executive with sufficient common sense, and sufficient courage, to ignore the demands of sentimentalists in such serious matters. That evil blood which could repay a benefit by killing the benefactor will in at least one case cease to reproduce its kind. It would be too much to hope that this particular strain of it had been extirpated, for such a character has probably left nameless offspring scattered all about to add his vicious traits to the racial stock; but at least he has been prevented from adding more. As to the one who under our mistaken laws was too young to hang, there will always be the chance that some sentimental governor will pardon him, and he will again begin to reproduce his kind. The biological danger is the worst aspect of the matter, and is well analyzed in a book reviewed in this issue of the *Argonaut*, under the heading "The Social War."

Capital punishment is not a matter of vengeance; it is a measure of defense of society against continuing attacks to which ignorance and misguided mercy would expose it. True, it does not seem to accomplish much, but that is because it is so continually interfered with and defeated in operation. As a principle it is right, and merciful to the innocent, and it would be more effective if it could be more generally applied.

A Chump Abroad.

The backwash of another attempt at an international entente is reaching us via the British press. A short time ago Mr. Sinclair Lewis, exploiter of Main Street, went to England with a chip on his shoulder. Mr. Lewis' attitude is not British backwash, but is culled from excerpts of the doughty American's speech, the tenor of which was that Americans visiting England were frequently compelled to hate that country despite the brotherly love expanding their bosoms. It is to be feared that the author of "Main Street," whatever his expertise in the art of best-selling, scarcely qualifies for the diplomatic service. Neither, we fear, is his attitude that of a well-mannered guest. British lecturers, though we have suffered from a plethora of them and our soul is weary of the words cognate to the verb to lecture, never committed the solecism of telling us to our faces that it was with great difficulty they could manage to "go" us and that the feat was possible only as a result of their own magnanimity. Yet that is just about what Mr. Lewis has been doing in England. Clearly, one of the first duties of an international court would be appointing a committee to control lecturers, fore and aft, going and coming. Possibly British and other foreign perpetrators of the crime of lecturing could be dealt with under some clause of the immigration act, but the immediate pressing need is to prevent Americans, free citizens it is true, who have happened to profit by a study of native morals from going abroad and speaking with the authority of public characters without official sanction. Who is Mr. Lewis to add one jot or tittle to Anglo-American feelings, hard or otherwise? To prove his ineptness we shall report his speech further.

The occasion under discussion was a debate between Mr. Lewis and Major Beith, better known to novel readers as Ian Hay, the topic, the difference between the Americans and the English. Major Beith exercised his usual light touch by humorously contrasting the two people. The American, he said, was a born "uplifter" and "booster," the Britisher, a born "knocker." Sound psychology and true enough for working purposes. Mr. Lewis' turn came, his particular theme being common English misconceptions of America and Americans. It is to be feared that the British total capital of American misconceptions has sadly swollen since Mr. Lewis' visit, but that is by the by. The exponent of Main Street had nothing more original to offer than that Englishmen think of all Americans as engaged in real estate or cowpunching, adding the brilliantly puerile remark, "I don't know exactly how you punch cattle, but it seems a disagreable business." This then, is our self-appointed minister sans portfolio who would build up Anglo-American relations by the simple expedient, as also outlined in the famous speech, of discarding pretense to cordiality where none was felt. Mr. Lewis' bright new policy for treating England and other foreign and possibly hostile powers is absolute candor. If you hate 'em, tell them so—that is the road to peace. Well, Mr. Lewis is very young. It is truly unfortunate that no one is too young to write a novel and that any one, however imperfect his grasp on his mother tongue, can lecture, but so it is. The only way out seems to be a unanimous conclusion that novelists and lecturers are irresponsible and that no international offense need be taken at their maudlings.

Non-Political Uplift.

Mrs. Parker Maddux, chairman of the San Francisco Center, has announced the plan of an emergency committee for carrying on the Industrial Farm for Delinquent Women, in Sonoma County. It is, in brief, to raise funds by private subscription, rent the farm from the state, conduct the home by means of a director under control of the subscribers, and have the necessary collection of inmates supplied by the police judge through commitments for probationary periods and under a probation officer. This seems admirable. There is some doubt as to its legality, but if found to be legal this is the right way to deal with the matter.

On the positive side, it will offer outlet and give relief to the humanitarian sentiments of those ardent uplifters who count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no delinquents coddled and no uplifting done. On the negative, it will afford relief to taxpayers that have toiled for their money and would rather devote it to the comfort of their own homes than have the politicians devote it to the comfort of a home for prostitutes. That is just, and sweetly reasonable. It avoids those alternating evils of democracy, the oppression of minorities by majorities and the hornswoggling of majorities by minorities. And it promises to be enlightening, and stimulating to thought. The contributors are likely to examine, from time to time, the home they maintain, and to get to wondering whether or not it is worth while. They can perhaps make the acquaintance of the inmates, learn what sort of person those inmates are and of what biological material they are composed, and form their own conclusions as to whether it is profitable trying to reclaim them and makes wives and mothers of them, or whether they are not more likely in becoming wives and mothers to pollute the blood of the race. They will get new ideas of the underworld. Perhaps they will catch a glimpse of the growing effort of the underworld to impoverish and destroy the upper world by expropriation through extravagant taxes, although that requires deduction from

wider observation than a mere home for delinquent women offers. But at any rate the subscribers are likely to be brought, through their monetary interests, into relationship with more of the reality of life, and they will have a chance to learn a lot.

The essential soundness of the plan lies in the fact that it is voluntary. The contributions will not be extorted by the tax collector nor made a first lien on honest people's homes. As a charity, as a philanthropy, this is as it should be. Philanthropy should be private, not political. Private philanthropy is likely to have a constructive object, which the contributions are made to serve with a fair degree of effectiveness and a minimum of waste. Moreover, no one is compelled to contribute who doesn't believe in the object. But political philanthropy can thrust its hand into the taxpayer's pocket, take out what it wants, squander it for purposes either hopeless or worthless, and come back for more. It has no temptation to be either effective or economical. The people have no check on the place-holders, and every human institution tends in time to forget its purpose and devote itself primarily to keeping the place-holders in their places.

Under the pretense of "social welfare" the state is plunging deeper and deeper into ignorant experiments at improving mankind, experiments not merely unchecked by biological knowledge, but often suggested by selfish interest or anarchistic efforts at social overthrow; and taxes tend to become intolerable, which every Bolshevist in the country longs to see.

The Sonoma Farm for Delinquent Women is merely a symptom of pink Bolshevism aided by unreflecting sentimentality in sentimentality's usual ignorance of the material with which it is dealing. But there is no better way to let in the light than through some such plan as the ladies represented by Mrs. Maddux have hit upon. If they will follow their subscriptions into use, see what becomes of them, consider carefully the effect or lack of effect of money so used, and the effect on the nation of trying to redeem prostitutes so that they may become mothers and grandmothers of succeeding generations, they will acquire sociological knowledge not taught in schools nor to be found in uplift literature. We predict that some of the subscribers at least will come out of it sadder and wiser, and while we regret the sadness we shall be ready with three rousing cheers for the wisdom.

Editorial Notes.

President Harding must have had his tongue in his cheek the other day when on the eve of leaving Washington for Alaska and in response to a question he told the Washington correspondents that he had no objection to the Cabinet meeting in his absence. Of course the question was based on the recollection of President Wilson's brain-storm when Secretary Lansing called Cabinet meetings while he (Wilson) was incapacitated by illness. Three of ten Cabinet members, namely, Secretaries Hoover, Work, and Wallace, will be with the President on his trip, Secretary Weeks will be in the mountains of New Hampshire, Secretary Denby on the shores of Lake Michigan, Secretary Mellon hob-nobbing with royalty in Europe, Secretary Davis looking after personal affairs at Mooseheart, Indiana, Postmaster-General New fishing at a Michigan club camp and Attorney-General Daugherty paddling in the surf at Atlantic City and reflecting on the disillusionments of the political life.

Supervisors of various nearby counties meeting at the City Hall discussed various plans for bridging the Golden Gate, and the veracious reporter's column-long account of the meeting contains the statement that the financing of the structure was "touched upon." That seems wise. Further it is pertinent to remark that the United States government will never permit the Golden Gate to be bridged.

A woman tried to commit suicide in the apartment of H. G. Wells. She had been translating several of his books into German.

If people do not wish other people to have a contempt for law they should not pass laws that are contemptible.

America is physically closer to China than most Americans realize, says Julean Arnold of the United States Department of Commerce. The shores of Asia can be seen from the United States in Alaska. Engineers state that it is possible to tunnel Bering Straits and connect Chicago with Peking by rail; the shortest distance between these two points follows the great circle over Bering Straits.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

FREEDOM OF INDUSTRY.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Some parts of the opinion of Chief Justice Taft in rendering the decision of the United States Supreme Court against the power of the Kansas industrial court to regulate wages in the packing industry have a direct hearing on the several schemes now afloat for marketing of farm products or stabilization of prices by the government. The Kansas law founded the grant of power to the industrial court on the declaration that production of food, clothing, fuel, transportation thereof, and the operation of public utilities and common carriers are affected with a public interest. To protect this interest the court was given power to forbid a strike or a shutdown, to decide how disputes should be settled, and to enforce its decision.

Judge Taft said of the law:

"It curtails the right of the employer on the one hand and of the employee on the other to contract about his affairs. This is part of the liberty of the individual protected by the guaranty of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment."

The legislature may abridge the freedom thus guaranteed, but can be justified in so doing "only by exceptional circumstances." The judge met the plea that the public interest in food preparation was such as to create exceptional circumstances by saying that that business is not "such as to create a peculiarly close relation between the public and those engaged in it and raise implications of an affirmative obligation on their part to be reasonable in dealing with the public."

"There is no monopoly in the preparation of foods. The prices charged by plaintff in error are, it is conceded, fixed by competition throughout the country at large. Food is now produced in greater volume and variety than ever before. Given uninterrupted interstate commerce, the sources of food supply in Kansas are countrywide, a short supply is not likely, and the danger from local monopolistic control less than ever.

"To say that a business is clothed with a public interest is not to determine what regulation may be permissihle in view of the private rights of the owner. It is not a matter of legislative discretion solely. It depends on the nature of the business, on the feature which touches the public, and on the abuses reasonably to he feared.

"To say that a business is clothed with public interest is not to import that the puhlic may take over its entire management and run it at the expense of the owner. The extent to which regulation may reasonably go varies with different kinds of business. The regulation of rates to avoid monopoly is one thing. The regulation of wages is another. A business may he of such character that only the first is permissible, while another may involve such a possihle danger of monopoly on the one hand, and such disaster from stoppage on the other, that both come within the public concern and power of regulation."

That decision leaves small scope for the government to buy and sell the entire cereal crop of the nation, as proposed by Senator Norris, or to stahilize the price of wheat at $1.75 a bushel, as proposed by Senator Gooding. To compel farmers to sell at a certain price and to compel consumers to huy at a certain price would he equally an infringement on freedom of the citizen. References to absence of monopoly, to competitive prices, to the countrywide supply and to regulation of rates to avoid monopoly point to the direction which governmental action may take. By measures to prevent monopoly, to keep competition alive and to permit free flow of the countrywide supply, the government can insure that the freedom guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment shall work to the public interest.

This has been done by means of the anti-trust laws, by the aid which the Agricultural Department renders to farmers, by giving farmers as good credit facilities as are enjoyed by other industries and by giving them the right to combine for economical marketing of their products.

In this case we see how broad are the principles of the Constitution. A lawsuit relating to a law for prevention and settlement of industrial disputes calls forth a decision which covers the entire field of freedom of industry to operate without restrictions not plainly necessary to the public welfare. While it gratifies labor unions by annulling the coercive power of the industrial court, it displeases the radicals with whom the unions have most in common by knocking the pins from under the Norris and Gooding schemes for the government to go into business.

"THE WHITE COLLARS."

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

New York's bricklayers are holding out for $12 a day and a two-year contract. If they don't get it they may tie up $500,000,000 worth of new buildings. In some degree these knights of the trowel may be wise. They are bent on getting "a-plenty while they are a-getting" and while the getting still is reasonably good.

For these good labor days may not last. Apprenticeships, closed shops, and copper-riveted labor monopolies to the contrary and notwithstanding, there are signs that something may be about to happen to the labor market. That something may be the growing revolt of "the white collars."

The other day a Chicago plasterer cashed his check for a week's work. It was $220. Sunday work, especially arranged, and overtime had fattened it. The common laborer working on the same job was pulling down $60 and $70 a week.

Bank tellers who cash such checks peer out through their wickets, full of envy. Bookkeepers, clerks, and salesmen are thinking. Some of them are heading for trade schools, shedding that middle-class badge of soft-handed servitude, the white collar, as they go.

The "hickory shirt" has been in revolt a long time. A couple of million or so farmers struck out for the cities last year. Missouri reports a loss of 47,000 farm workers in a year. Pennsylvania finds 300,000 acres of farm land idle this year because the workers have heen sucked into the cities. A farmer sells a 300-pound hog for $20 and an acre of wheat for $15. With less work in the city he may get $15 a day.

The old law of supply and demand has not been repealed and is working in the labor markets. The black coats and the "white collars" are feeling its grip. As they come crowding in organized labor may find it harder and harder to keep up its defenses.

REACTION IN BULGARIA.

Stamhoulisky's Fantastic Schemes of Farm Bloc Socialism Awaken a Natural Spirit of Revolt.

In spite of the longevous Bulgarian's longevity buttermilk, he does not seem to live any longer than anybody else when some Bulgarian bloc decides that he has lived long enough. So they have put away Stamboulisky, who has been premier and head of the farm bloc since 1918, and whose curious policies will probably now be reversed. Although the militarist faction made away with him, the upset seems to be part of a general conservative reaction that has had its main manifestations in Italy, in Bavaria, and in Hungary. Not that Stamboulisky was a Bolshevist. He was, in fact, one of the main buttresses against definite Bolshevism in his country. But he did represent that sort of socialistic idealism which seeks to rearrange human affairs without regard to the requirements of production and exchange and the facts of human nature, and is never able to get on for long with the business of governing or any other business.

Alexander Stambouliski was a good deal of a man, but he lived in stormy times and never learned to trim his sails. A few years ago he stood up before old Czar Ferdinand, a real, off-with-his-head, pre-war king, and told him: "If you plunge this country and its peace-loving people into war, you will pay for it with your head and your throne. The blood of the people will be on your hands, and the judgment of God upon your soul. I warn you now of your folly."

It took a man to do that. The Radoslavoff ministry had its way and the Czar's answer was to put Stamboulisky in jail, where he remained until 1917, writing socialist books and planning his beaten country's rehabilitation. Then the Czar pardoned him, but was told that the country would not pardon the Czar. Ferdinand was deposed, the country was taken out of the war, Turkey and Austria followed, and the attack on Western civilization soon thereafter collapsed; but the rehabilitation of Bulgaria was a hard job and one that probably could not have been accomplished on Stamboulisky's lines. It called for statesmanship, not idealism—the sort of statesmanship which can understand that in economics as in nature the survivors are usually the fit, that most things that are have a reason, and that progress must be by evolution.

When Bulgaria had gotten rid of Czar Ferdinand, and Stamboulisky had become bear leader to Czar Boris, the country was in a bad way. She had shared Germany's defeat and was still begirt with enemies. She had lost the rose gardens and tobacco fields of Thrace, the Ægean harbors of Kavala and Dedeagatch. She had lost Macedonia to Serbia and Greece, as she had lost that queer, rich Mohammedan section, the Dobrudja, to Roumania; and saw no hope of their recovery. The people now felt that they had lost all they had fought for during six years of wearying strife. The state owned the railroads, the coal mines, and the banks, so that the government expenditures were twice the revenues and there was the indemnity still to pay. Exchange was very low and going down from there. Eighty per cent. of the people were peasants, and at Lausanne the Ægean harbor of Karagatch was thrown to the Turks; and so to war-demoralization was added the discouraging loss of command over egress to the sea for Bulgarian products. Moreover, the country had been disarmed, Serbia was eager to devour it, and the Bolshevists were sending in propagandists with the fugitives from the Russian terror.

Ignorant of economics, but having almost wholly economic problems to deal with, Stamboulisky proceeded to handle his country's tribulations in an idealistic, which is to say fantastic, way. Bolshevism did not long trouble him. He suppressed with a sort of peasant militia a Bolshevist effort to establish communism at Sophia in 1919; and another incident proved helpful, for the communistic officials of the Black Sea port of Varna made a trip to Odessa to see how Lenine's paradise was working, were robbed of their shoes and clothing by their communist brethren, and returned starving but cured. And inasmuch as the Bulgarian is rather hard-headed, the news of the starvation treatment spread rapidly and helped make an end of Bolshevist propaganda.

But there were other internal troubles. Like Mussolini, Stamboulisky saw that the need of the country was work and production; but he lacked the practical genius of the Italian. He did not understand how to bring about work and production. Nor did he understand the function of capital. He purposed to make everybody work by conscripting labor. Under the labor conscription laws, which resembled the military conscription laws of other European countries, and at first excited the suspicion of the Allies, so much work a year had to be done for the state, and the supervision was so minute that all the farmers while doing it had to wear the same sort of hat, whether it was becoming to their style of beauty or not. The hat was not the principal grievance, however. The main grief was the work. The Bulgar does not admire work. Moreover, the government had a hard time finding work for him to do and had to invent some so that it could enforce the law—an excellent example of political artifice inter-

fering in the affairs of society. But though the Bulgarian state, like the Russian state, could make its subjects work, it could not make them produce much. It could compel them, for example, to whitewash the schoolhouses just to be doing something, but a whitewashed schoolhouse does not greatly help in supporting the currency. The "lev," which is the Bulgarian first cousin to the German mark, took a dive after its relative, but since the change of administration it has begun to swim up. The lev has been, so to speak, levitated—by hope.

Stamboulisky was bitten by the law-passing bug. It is idealism that is forever saying, "Let's pass a law about that"; it is idealism that lacks the practical imagination to perceive that the spontaneous activities of a free people meeting their necessities with individual ingenuity and industry will always exceed in aggregate accomplishment the lagging and wasteful efforts of the politicians, whose fortunes are made when they take office.

Stamboulisky organized his farm bloc into what he called the Green International, supposing he could induce the competing farmers of other nations round about to join in an idealistic agrarian alliance. They did not join. And he proceeded to introduce a measure of compulsory education in schools for the training of young men and women in the political service. These schools were very costly, and their main product seems to have been politicians, or at least more agrarian socialists.

Of course, there was a redistribution of the land. That has been the panacea of social reformers since the days of ancient Rome. A law was passed decreeing that no one should hold any more land than he could work with his own hands. That worked, but in a strange and unexpected way. Production diminished instead of increasing. The Bulgarian is not a violently industrious person and he seems to lack normal cupidity. Perhaps he reasoned that there was little use of industry and frugality when the trend of the times was to take from those that had accumulated and waste it on those that had not. At any rate, he saw, in general, no sense in working six hectares when five would supply his immediate wants, so he let the balance go. It was found by experience that under the conditions prevailing in that country agricultural economy and efficiency and the production of exportable surpluses were the natural function of the large holding worked under skilled administration of the large landholder—exactly what has been demonstrated in Russia; and that when the large landholder has been expropriated the national prosperity collapses before intensive cultivation can get a good start.

The small landholder became relatively unproductive for lack of any incentive strong enough to overbalance his natural reluctance to exert himself. He did not even have to make enough to meet his taxes, for part of the farmer bloc programme of Stamboulisky was the remission of taxes to the farmers. This concentrated the burden of providing revenue on the remaining 20 per cent. of the people, in general the townspeople, minus the public officials, and drove most of the essential foreign capital out of the country. And yet, some work has been done. Tobacco crops worth about $10,000,000 are exported annually. But that is hardly large enough to support a nation of nearly 5,000,000, and the additional export business has been small. Of course, laws were passed against speculation, inasmuch as it is a habit of the prophets of discontent to ascribe most industrial ills to speculators—without any idea of the speculators' service to society in supplying cash when needed, paying carrying charges, and a few items of that nature—but in spite of all these millennialistic dodges the millennium failed to arrive. The burdens of the small and greatly needed commercial class in the towns became intolerable, so that they could not function. Everybody's troubles increased and the national patience seems to have been pretty well exhausted waiting for the promised dawn. And that has been the Nemesis of socialists and Marxians and Bolshevists everywhere—that their stuff won't work and their adherents grow resentful at promises unfulfilled.

I have not heard of any definite price-fixing legislation, but have no doubt that the markets were paralyzed in this manner, for it is part of most programmes of class favoritism. One bit of reform resembled that triumph of the Arkansas (or was it Missouri?) solon, who secured the passage of an act making two of a kind beat three pair. The Bulgarian alphabet was difficult for the farmers' children. Stamboulisky had that changed by law. It aroused the opposition of the University of Sophia, and some of the recalcitrants were jailed. In Bulgaria the way to the premiership seems to lead through the calaboose, and it is one of the martyrized professors, Dr. Zankoff, that has taken Stamboulisky's place.

It is not yet possible at this time and distance to state in greater detail the cause of the present reaction or the programme of the Zankoff government, but reaction it seems to be—reaction to conservative courses, which is one of the great needs of the world today. Indeed, it will be strange if this futile, idealistic, fits-and-starts and steady-by-jerks policy of government meddling with everything from the shape of straw hats to the alphabet does not grow intolerable and cause the overthrow of its authors everywhere. It is hard to tell whether the reaction against such state socialism in Bulgaria is not at the same time a reaction toward Germany and Germanism. It is said to have been engineered by former Premier Radoslavoff from Berlin. Some observers have professed to see in the Lausanne assignment of Karagatch to the Turks the long, soft fingers of Venizelos working to embroil Bulgaria with her old enemy, Turkey. But the Bulgarians have probably had enough war for this generation if they could be assured of security.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

Surgit Amari Aliquid.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
—*Lucretius.*

If ever at the fount of joy
Poor mortal stoops to dip his cup,
Ever welling fresh to his annoy
A bitter something bubbles up.
So one sang sadly long ago,
Sang how, the fragrant flowers amid,
E'en where the founts of pleasure flow,
Surgit amari aliquid.

And running down the grooves of time
The warning comes to me and you;
In Latin verse, in English rhyme,
'Twas true of old, today 'tis true.
Ah, brother, have you not full oft
Found, even as the Roman did,
That in life's most delicious draught
Surgit amari aliquid?

You run the race, the battle fight,
And, eager, seize at last the prize;
The nectar in its goblet bright
Is yours to drain 'neath beauty's eyes.
Yet are these honors out of date;
They would not come when they were bid.
The longed-for draught is all too late,
Surgit amari aliquid.

Or, haply, in the cruel strife,
You foully thrust a brother down
And, with his broken heart or life,
You won your bauble of a crown:
Wear it! but of remorseful thought
In vain you struggle to be rid,
Your triumph was too dearly bought,
Surgit amari aliquid.

And so, the cup is turned to gall;
The fount polluted at its source;
Envenomed or embittered all
By dull regret or keen remorse.
Well hast thou said, O godless sage,
From thee not all the truth was hid,
Though ever on thy mighty page
Surgit amari aliquid.
—*Carnhill Magazine.*

The Bride.

Beat on the Tom-toms, and scatter the flowers,
Jasmine, bibiscus, vermilion and white,
This is the day, and the Hours of Hours,
Bring forth the bride for her lover's delight.
Maidens no more as a maiden shall claim her,
Near, in his Mystery, draweth Desire.
Who, if she waver a moment, shall blame her?
She is a flower, and love is a fire.

Give her the anklets, the ring, and the necklace,
Darken her eyelids with delicate art,
Heighten the beauty, so youthful and fleckless,
By the Gods favored, oh, Bridegroom, thou art!
Twine in thy fingers her fingers so slender,
Circle together the Mystical Fire,
Bridegroom,—a whisper,—be gentle and tender,
Choti Tinchaurya knows not desire.

Bring forth the silks and the veil that shall cover
Beauty, till yesterday careless and wild;
Red are her lips for the kiss of a lover,
Ripe are her breasts for the lips of a child.
Center and Shrine of Mysterious Power,
Chalice of Pleasure and Rose of Delight,
Shyly aware of the swift-coming hour,
Waiting the shade and the silence of night.

Still must the Bridegroom his longing dissemble,
Longing to loosen the silk-woven cord,
Ah, bow his fingers will flutter and tremble,
Fingers well skilled with the bridle and sword.
Thine is his valor, oh Bride, and his beauty,
Thine to possess and re-issue again,
Such is thy tender and passionate duty,
Licit thy pleasure and honored thy pain.

Choti Tinchaurya, lovely and tender,
Still all unbroken to sorrow and strife,
Come to the Bridegroom who, silk-clad and slender,
Brings thee the Honor and Burden of Life.
Bidding farewell to thy light-hearted playtime,
Worship thy Lover with fear and delight;
Art thou not ever, though slave of his daytime,
Choti Tinchaurya, queen of his night?
—*Laurence Hope (Mrs. Malcolm Nichalsan).*

The Lawyer's Invocation to Spring.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid,—happy pairs,—
Love, mid the aforesaid bougbs, inshrines
In freebold nests; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,—
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!
—*Henry Harvard Brownell.*

Over 17,000,000 French men and women hold government securities.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Albert C. Lundgren, late an instructor of botany at Clark University, has joined the Boston police force. Traffic cops being better paid than professional botanists, Professor Lundgren claims his move is a promotion.

Every day in every way the powerful sex comes more and more into its own. The Hon. Elsie Mackay, daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape, has qualified as a professional air pilot.

Mme. Milada Bondy of Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, is in America to study the work of women's organizations with a view to aiding the condition of her sex in Mittel-Europa.

Mlle. Andrée Peyre, French aviatrix and world's highest feminine flyer, recently broke the altitude record for her sex by driving a seventy-horsepower Farman sport plane 15,000 feet above Los Angeles. Mlle. Peyre is the affianced bride of Captain Cyril Turner, the British airman who first demonstrated sky writing in New York.

The papal honor of the "golden rose," a trophy presented by the Pope to the monarch who has performed the most pious deeds for the church, was presented this year to Queen Victoria of Spain. Mgr. Tedeschini and a delegation from Rome were recently received at the royal palace in Madrid with the papal gift. The revival of the ancient Catholic custom by Pope Pius this year is the first in a century.

Stamboulisky, the late Bulgarian minister, was one of the most interesting figures to spring out of the world war. He had a rocket-like career from peasant to chief of state. The son of a prosperous peasant, Stamboulisky received his education first in Bulgaria and then in Germany, where he attended Halle Agricultural Institute. On his return to his native land he accepted the position of village schoolmaster. In 1911 he entered the Sobranje as representative of the Peasants' party, founded by Dragieff, and very soon achieved a prominent place. With the outbreak between Germany and the Entente Stamboulisky urged Ferdinand against throwing Bulgarian fortunes with Germany. Because of his unwelcome advice Stamboulisky was imprisoned with a life sentence and remained in confinement throughout the war, gaining release only with the collapse of the Bulgarian front in 1918. By his imprisonment he gained much popularity among the Bulgarian peasants, who made up the bulk of the Bulgarian army and most resented Ferdinand's decision. He entered the Todoroff ministry and shortly became premier, strengthening his power by backing the Peasants' party, which he said should rule as it represented 80 per cent. of the population.

Mlle. Ja Ruskaja, who was a girl corporal in Denekin's White Army, is now a première ballerina in Rome. The high-born young Russian beauty, after sharing all the horrors of war against the Bolsheviki, escaped in disguise and is now a member of the Roman "little theatre" movement.

Dr. Marshall Howard Saville, who has just returned from a study of the ruins of Yucatan, is an authority on ancient American civilization and a member of the staff of the Museum of the American Indian in New York. He has devoted more than a quarter of a century to the study of prehistoric ruins and archæological research work, much of which was undertaken while he served as professor of archæology at Columbia University. He had charge of the Central American archæological exhibit at the Chicago World Columbian Exposition in 1893. As an undergraduate in Harvard he did field work under Professor Putnam, making important discoveries among the remains of the Mound Builders in southeastern Ohio and extensive explorations in Yucatan. In 1914 he headed an expedition to Colombia, to Honduras in 1915, and to Central America in 1917. He has also made extensive explorations and discoveries of Aztec and Zapotec remains in Mexico and has published many monographs on anthropological and archæological subjects. He was honorary curator of Mexican and Central American archæology, American Museum of Natural History, 1908 to 1910 inclusive. Dr. Saville was made captain, Military Intelligence Division, United States Army, in 1918.

The latest royal marriage and in all probabiltiy the last of the season is that of the Princess Maud, niece of the king and younger daughter of the Duchess of Fife, to Lord Carnegie, a romance that reverses the case of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Princess Maud, who is the fifth of Princess Mary's bridesmaids to become engaged or married, has been brought up with her royal cousins and like them is an enthusiastic athlete. Princess Maud, however, is society shy and is seldom seen at big funetions. Both she and her fiancé are thirty, Carnegie being a few months the younger. Lord Carnegie is the eldest son and heir of the earldom of Southesk, dating back to the reign of Charles I, when Sir David Carnegie was first created Lord Carnegie of Kinaird, later being advanced to the earldom of Southesk. This is the second time Carnegie has been engaged, the first having been broken off within six months, being to the Hon. Anne Thesiger, daughter of Lord Chelmsford, whom he met while aide-de-camp to her father, then Viceroy of India, early in 1919.

THE SOCIAL WAR.

Lothrop Stoddard Describes the Impulse of the Under-Man to Attack Civilization.

Twenty-five years ago eugenics was a dream, outside of a few scientific circles, while birth control was regarded as a rebellion against the laws of God and man. Today both these related subjects engage public attention to such a degree that a Japanese judge recently said procreation would have to be restrained to save us all from the crushing burden of competitive armaments. It takes a scientific idea a long time to get started, but when it has once infiltrated intelligent consciousness it spreads. We are seeing in the world today some dark effects of the lack of selective birth control, effects that take the form Lothrop Stoddard calls "The Revolt Against Civilization." His book of this title may be an exaggeration, or contain exaggeration here and there; every book on a single theme takes on that aspect. But it is at least a skillful balancing of certain significant tendencies, biological and social, and ought to commend itself to sociologists, especially our amateur and sentimental ones. We have today more knowledge and material for interpreting the facts about the Jukes, the "Kallikak" and the Jonathan Edwards families than we had a generation ago when a few curious people began to trace the spawn of the Jukes family. And Stoddard directly connects defective heredity to the Socialist agitations in this country and the Bolshevist revolution in Russia. Some problems of immigration also become apparent and their solution clearer.

According to this author, when we contemplate socialism, and communism, and the I. W. W., and the Workers' party, and the present condition of Russia, and the convention at Bridgman, we are viewing the expression of the Under-Man's resentment at the pace he can not keep. The reason for his inability to keep the pace of civilization is in his blood—his heredity. It is not the fault of environment, which has little to do with the formation of useful or deleterious traits in lines of descent. There are lines of bad heredity among Americans, but there are also whole peoples incapable of civilization, and the addition of whose blood to the blood stream of the nation can only lower the nation's tone and invite its destruction.

From the lowest orders of man, the Bushman and the Black-fellow, Stoddard thinks we have little to fear Of some races with which we have made closer contact he says:

> Much more serious is the problem presented by those far more numerous stocks which, while transcending the plane of mere savagery, have stopped at some level of barbarism. Not only have these stocks never originated a civilization themselves, but they also seem constitutionally incapable of assimilating the civilization of others. Deceptive veneers of civilization may be acquired, but reversion to congenital barbarism ultimately takes place. To such barbarian stocks belong many of the peoples of Asia, the American Indians, and the African negroes. These congenital barbarians have always been dangerous foes of progress. Many a promising civilization has been ravaged and ruined by barbarians without the wit to rebuild what they had destroyed.

This is, however, merely by way of illustration. To our own inferior strains of heredity, civilization is in itself a heavy burden:

> Now why does this overloading in high civilizations always tend to take place? For the very simple reason that the complexity (and, therefore, the burden) of a civilization may increase with tremendous rapidity to an inconceivable degree; whereas the capacity of its human bearers remains virtually constant or positively declines.
>
> The sobering truth was until recently obscured by the widespread belief (first elaborated about a century ago by the French scientist Lamarck) that acquired characteristics were inherited. In other words, it used to be thought that the acquirements of one generation could be passed on by actual inheritance to the next. Lamarck's theory excited enthusiastic hopes, and young men contemplating matrimony used to go in for "high thinking" in order to have brainy sons, while expectant mothers inspired their months of gestation by reading the classics, confident that their offspring would be born with a marked taste for good literature. Today this amiable doctrine is exploded, virtually all biologists now agreeing that acquired characteristics are not inherited.

If the reason for the Under-Man's inability to keep the pace of civilization is in his blood, Stoddard might have gone farther and said it is also the fault of his heredity that he lacks the mental power to understand the advantages he derives from the civilization others have created. One of the portentous facts confronting us is that the Under-Man has persuaded himself or permitted others to persuade him that he is the victim instead of the beneficiary of this civilization. And the doctrine of social hate has become a living creed:

> But what about the inferiors? Hitherto we have not analyzed their attitude. We have seen that they are incapable of either creating or furthering civilization, and are thus a negative hindrance to progress. But the inferiors are not mere negative factors in civilized life; they are also positive—in an inverse, destructive sense. The inferior elements are, instinctively or consciously, the enemies of civilization. And they are its enemies, not by chance, but because they are more or less *uncivilizable*.
>
> The very discipline of the social order oppresses the Under-Man; it thwarts and chastises him at every turn. To wild natures society is a torment.
>
> Such is the Under-Man's unhappy lot. Now, what is his attitude toward that civilization from which he has so little to hope? What but instinctive opposition and discontent? These feelings, of course, vary all the way from dull, unreasoning dislike to flaming hatred and rebellion. But, in the last analysis, they are directed, not merely against imperfections in the social order, *but against the social order itself.* This is a point which is rarely mentioned, and still more rarely understood. Yet it is the meat of the whole matter. We must realize clearly that the basic attitude of the Under-Man is an instinctive and natural *revolt against civilization.*

If there is no hope in environment to raise the lower strains, will "pre-natal influence" as suggested by sentimentalists and slum workers do it? Our author thus demolishes that pretty thought:

> Consider now the life process at its next stage—the stage between conception and birth. It used to be thought that the germ-plasm of the growing embryo could be injured and permanently altered, not merely by the "racial poisons" above mentioned, but also by certain "prenatal" influences, such as the mother's undernourishment, chronic exhaustion, fright, worry, or shock. Today such ideas are utterly discredited. There is not a shred of evidence that the mother's circumstances or feelings can affect in any way the *germ*-plasm of her unborn child. Of course, the mother's condition may profoundly affect the embryo's *body*-plasm, so that the child may be born stunted or diseased. But the child will not pass on those handicaps by heredity to its offspring. Conversely, it is equally certain that nothing the mother can do to improve her unborn child will better its germ-plasm. She may give her child a sounder body, but its heredity was fixed irrevocably the instant it was conceived. Here, then, is another field where the theory of direct action of environment on heredity has been definitely disproved.

Will "education of the masses" avail to save the masses from their own social destructiveness? Does it do much good for Frank Urban to mount the box and attack the socialist and the communist and the anarchist? Here is the author's answer:

> The Under-Man is unconvertible. He will not bow to the new truth, *because he knows that the new truth is not for him.* Why should he work for a higher civilization when even the present civilization is beyond his powers? What the Under-Man wants is, not progress, but *regress*—regress to more primitive conditions in which he would be at home. In fact, the more he grasps the significance of the new eugenic truth, the uglier grows his mood. So long as all men believed all men potentially equal, the Under-Man could delude himself into thinking that changed circumstances might raise him to the top. Now that nature herself proclaims him irremediably inferior, his hatred of superiority knows no bounds.
>
> This hatred he has always instinctively felt. Envy and resentment of superiority have ever been the badges of base minds. Yet never have these badges been so fiercely flaunted, so defiantly worn, as today. This explains the seeming paradox that, just when the character of superiority becomes supremely manifest, the cry for leveling "equality" rises supremely shrill. The Under-Man revolts against progress! Nature herself having decreed him uncivilizable, the Under-Man declares war on civilization.
>
> These are not pretty facts. But we had better face them, lest they face us, and catch us unawares. Let us, then, understand once and for all that we have among us a rebel army—the vast host of the unadaptable, the incapable, the envious, the discontented, filled with instinctive hatred of civilization and progress, and ready on the instant to rise in revolt.

Sentimentality and hysteria sympathize with the Under-Man in his discomfort, his envy, and his hate. The pink Bolshevist is a reality, too, and the red-minded woman of the Rose Pastor Stokes and Anita Whitney mentality. And there is the unbalanced genius type, and the spaghetti philosopher of the Bohemian resorts:

> In this connection we must never forget that it is the "high-grade" defectives who are most dangerous to the social order. It is the "near-genius," the man with the fatal taint which perverts his talents, who oftenest rouses and leads the mob. The leveling social revolutionary doctrines of our own day, like Syndicalism, Anarchism, and Bolshevism, superficially alluring yet basically false and destructive, are essentially the product of unsound thinking—*by unsound brains.* The sociologist Nordau ably analyzes the enormous harm done by such persons and doctrines, not only by rousing the degenerate elements, but also by leading astray vast numbers of average people, biologically normal enough yet with intelligence not high enough to protect them against clever fallacies clothed in fervid emotional appeals.

Even the "poets" are in line, and the revolutionary artists, revolting in two senses: the "poets" who write *vers libre* because they are incapable of poetry, the artists that paint horrors because they are without civilized man's love of beauty:

> Almost as extravagant is the "new" poetry. Structure, grammar, metre, rhyme—all are defied. Rational meanings are carefully avoided, a senseless conglomeration of words being apparently sought after as an end in itself. Here, obviously, the revolt against form is well-nigh complete. The only step which seemingly now remains to be taken is to abolish language, and have "poems without words."
>
> Now what does all this mean? It means simply one more phase of the world-wide *revolt against civilization* by the unadaptable, inferior, and degenerate elements, seeking to smash the irksome framework of modern society, and revert to the congenial levels of chaotic barbarism or savagery.

So this implacable synthesis proceeds, painting a dark picture, but one that calls for consideration at a time when we have otherwise intelligent people who want to reclaim prostitutes so they can be mothers, and save young murderers from the hangman to become fathers, and Trotzky in Moscow telling the world what he will do when he gets those Russian airplanes going:

> The significance of Syndicalism and its outgrowth Bolshevism can hardly be overestimated. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the most terrible social phenomenon that the world has ever seen. In Syndicalism we have for the first time in human history a full-fledged philosophy of the Under-Man—the prologue of that vast revolt against civilization which, with Russian Bolshevism, has actually begun.
>
> The methods of the class war were summed up under the term "direct action." These methods were numerous, the most important being the strike and "sabotage." Strikes were to be continually called, for any or no reason; if they failed, so much the better, since the defeated workers would be left in a sullen and vengeful mood. Agreements with employers were to be made only to be broken, just because all lies, deceit, and trickery were justifiable—nay, imperative—against the "enemy." Even while on the job, the Syndicalist was never to do good work, was always to do as little work as possible ("ca' canny"), and was to practice "sabotage"—*i. e.*, spoil goods and damage machinery, if possible without detection. The objects of all this were to ruin employers, demoralize industry, decrease production, and thus make living conditions so hard that the masses would be roused to hotter discontent and become riper for "mass action."
>
> This new social revolt, prepared a generation ago and launched in Soviet Russia, is not merely a war against a social system, not merely a war against our civilization; *it is a war of the hand against the brain.* For the first time since man was man there has been a definite schism between the hand and the head. Every progressive principle which mankind has thus far evolved: the solidarity of civilization and culture; community of interest; the harmonious synthesis of muscle, intellect, and spirit—all these the new heresy of the Under-Man howls down and tramples in the mud. Up from the dark purlieus of the underworld strange battle-shouts come winging. The underworld is to become *the* world, the *only* world. As for *our* world, it is to be destroyed; as for *us*, we are to be killed. A clean sweep! Not even the most beautiful products of our intellects and souls interest these Under-Men. Why should they care when they are fashioning a world of their own? A *hand*-world, not a *head*-world. The Under-Men despise thought itself, save as an instrument of invention and production.

Mr. Stoddard would not have made a good book if he had merely depicted some alarming tendencies and left his theme with no suggestion of a way out. Fortunately, society is armed today with two weapons of defense, provided they be intelligently and courageously used. One is new in the world and consists of our developed instrumentalities for measuring intelligence itself. Here is a grading process which enables us to classify men and groups and which also emancipates the mind from its preconceptions of "equality"—a myth. Mental measurement was applied to 1,700,000 officers and enlisted men of the drafted army when we went into the war, and its results are still of inestimable value to the nation as they were of the greatest practical value in military operations in the field. Another weapon, older but not much older, and still unknown to many, is our modern confidence in science:

> For a long time past American biologists and sociologists have been coming more and more to the following conclusions: (1) That the old "Native American" stock, favorably selected as it was from the races of northern Europe, is the most superior element in the American population; (2) that subsequent immigrants from northern Europe, though coming from substantially the same racial stocks, were less favorably selected and average somewhat less superior; (3) that the more recent immigrants from southern and eastern Europe average decidedly inferior to the north European elements; (4) that the negroes are inferior to all other elements.
>
> If, then, our civilization is to survive, it must conserve and foster its own race values. Happily our civilization possesses two great advantages over past times: scientific knowledge and the scientific spirit. To us have been revealed secrets of life our forebears never knew. And to us has been vouchsafed a passion for *truth* such as the world has never seen. Other ages have sought truth from the lips of seers and prophets; our age seeks it from scientific *proof.* Other ages have had their saints and martyrs—dauntless souls who clung to their faith with unshakable constancy. Yet our age has also its saints and martyrs—heroes who can not only face death for their faith, but who can also *scrap* their faith when facts have proved it wrong. There, indeed, is courage! And therein lies our hope.

On a basis formed in the spirit of these two possessions an effective eugenic policy might be built. Of course, if you care nothing what becomes of the human race, if tomorrow is too remote for calculation, if you are going to say "Nothing matters; the whole globe will soon be uninhabitable and the quicker the better" or "Posterity never did anything for me," why this entire discussion will be of slight interest. But if you are a real, conscientious Godsaker, and want somebody for God's sake to do something about it, why here is constructive suggestion:

> Now in this conflict the ultimate antagonists appear to be biology and Bolshevism: Bolshevism, the incarnation of the atavistic past; biology, the hope of a progressive future. To call Bolshevism the incarnation of the past may sound paradoxical if we heed its claims to being ultramodern. But we have weighed those claims and have found them mere camouflage. What we have found is that Bolshevism, instead of being very new, is very old, and that it is the last of a long series of revolts by the unadaptable, inferior, and degenerate elements against civilizations which have irked them and which they have therefore wished to destroy.
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> When eugenics says "the degenerate must be eliminated," it refers, not to existing degenerates, but to their potential offspring. Those potential children, if eugenics has its way, will never be. This supreme object once accomplished, however, there is every reason why the defective individual should be treated with all possible consideration. In fact, in a society animated by eugenic principles, degenerates, and inferiors generally, would be treated far better than they are today; because such a society would not have to fear that more charity would spell more inferiors. It would also be more inclined to a kindly attitude because it would realize that defects are due to heredity and that bad germ-plasm can be neither punished nor reformed.
>
> Segregation of defectives, appreciation of racial principles, wise marriage selection, birth control: these are the main items in the programme of race purification. This programme is thus seen to be strictly evolutionary and essentially conservative. The first steps are so simple and so obvious that they can be taken without any notable change in our social or legal standards, and without any real offense to intelligent public opinion. Further steps can be left to the future, and there is good reason to believe that those steps will be taken far sooner than is generally imagined, because the good results of the first steps will be so apparent and so convincing.

Even if we can not organize a crusade for better births this morning and save civilization tomorrow, this book is at least a hygienic cold douche for altruistic hysteria, and ought to make certain problems of politics easier of solution—what to do, for instance, when a demagogue asks reëlection to the assembly on the ground that he tried to abolish even the rough eugenics of the hangman's noose; and how a good, respectable woman should be treated that tries to save alive a dope fiend who beat a man to death for giving him a lift on the desert; and whether it is worth while trying to ignore the class war being forced on us, on the theory that this is a country that does not recognize classes; and whether, having extended suffrage to all, it is not time to begin to think about restricting it, even though it would be hard to do.

THE REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 23, 1923, were $152,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $129,100,000; an increase of $29,500,000.

Much newspaper space has been devoted recently to the failures, one after another, of a number of the largest Curb brokerage houses having many out-of-town branches and thousands of customers. To be sure, these houses always have been considered to be of very doubtful repute by those who are at all acquainted with the security business, but unfortunately the average investor or speculator uses less discernment when it comes to placing his funds than he does in purchasing an automobile or even an overcoat. Much credit is due to the New York Stock Exchange and the Federal and state authorities for their efforts to exterminate these jackals of the financial community. While some claim that action should have been taken sooner, one must bear in mind that the illegal broker is a most crafty individual. Also bucket-shop operations as carried on nowadays are so skillfully camouflaged that, even though one may have the strongest of suspicion, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain legal proof of nefarious practices.

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Although a typical summer dullness has characterized the market lately, a more confident feeling pervades Wall Street and less is heard of the pessmistic predictions regarding the outlook for security prices and business generally. A number of factors have contributed to dispel the clouds of doubt. Among the most important have been the splendid earnings of the railroads and record current car-loading reports, which are proof positive that there has been no serious slump in industry. According to the Interstate Commerce Commission's figures, the net operating income of the Class I railroads during April was at an annual rate of 6½ per cent. on their tentative valuation, and on a similar basis earnings for the first four months of the year represented a return of about 5½ per cent.—*The Trader.*

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Politics is endangering the Federal Reserve system, according to a speech made by Mr. Russell Lowry, vice-president of the American National Bank of San Francisco, before the meeting of the Utah Bankers' Association at Logan, Utah, June 16, 1923. Mr. Lowry's speech in part was as follows:

"It was a matter of satisfaction to us on the Coast that in the formation of the Federal Reserve system Utah was grouped with California and the other states of the Pacific Coast, because by custom and tradition its lines seemed to run that way rather than to the East. It was particularly appropriate that a branch of the Federal Reserve bank of San Francisco was placed in Salt Lake City, where the requirements of the intermountain section could be more properly and adequately met than through the parent bank. How thoroughly the Salt Lake branch has realized and lived up to its responsibilities is shown by the record of its operations. The comptroller's report for September 8, 1920, shows that on that date the national banks of Utah, with aggregate deposits of $33,900,000 and loans of $30,500,000, owed the Federal Reserve Bank in bills payable and rediscounts no less than $14,800,000. This fact is a tribute both to the liberality of the Federal Reserve and the quality of the paper created in this primarily agricultural section.

"And while I am on the subject of the Federal Reserve I want to say something about the present status of the system, and talk about certain dangers that seem to threaten its highest usefulness. I refer especially to the peril of politics. The Federal Reserve system has gone through three distinct periods since it was organized about nine years ago. From 1914 to 1917 it was in the formative stage, and was looked upon with tolerant contempt by the majority of bankers. The war was on, money was flowing into the country in streams, credit was abundant, and scarcely any rediscounting was done. The managers of the Reserve banks chafed a little under their inactivity, but bided their time, knowing that the facilities of the system would some day be called upon in full measure. A sudden change took place in 1917, when America entered the world war and government financing had to be done on a large scale. Progressively until the end of 1920 the resources of the Reserve banks were drawn upon in rapidly increasing volume, until their cash reserves fell very close to the legal minimum. In this period the Federal Reserve system came in for extravagant praise, and it was hailed as the financial savior of the nation. All financial wisdom and virtue were ascribed to it, and it was beyond criticism. Then deflation came on, prices fell, frozen loans became the vogue, farmers and others were unhappy, and humanly looked about for some one to blame. They found a scapegoat in the Federal Reserve system. It was roundly cursed for all its deeds and alleged misdeeds, and has been the favorite target for political spellbinders seeking to make capital by abusing somebody or something. As a result of unwarranted attacks the system has lost much of its prestige in the public mind.

"Now it is well to look into these attacks, examine their source, and determine to what extent they are justified. In the first place there has been some clamor among the member banks of the Federal Reserve, largely arising among those who wanted to use the rediscount privilege unduly, or for their own profit, and were checked in the endeavor. More than one banker has sought to square himself with a too insistent borrower by explaining that he, the banker, would be glad to make the loan, but the Federal Reserve Bank was fussy and wouldn't take the paper, thereby sending the borrower away hostile to the Federal Reserve simply because the banker lacked the courage to tell the customer that his loan was undesirable. Second, there has been a tremendous howl from certain non-member banks because the Federal Reserve Bank sought to collect checks on them without paying exhange. Well, there is room for a difference of opinion as to whether the par check clause has any proper place in the Federal Reserve Act. Personally, I always have been of the opinion that it should have been left out, being only a trouble maker and of no importance in attaining the real purpose of the system. But however that may be, it is there in the law, and the managers of the Reserve banks have no option but to comply with the provision. And the non-member banks might well consider that they have enjoyed the advantages of a stabilized banking system created by the Federal Reserve, to which they contribute no support except the deprivation of their time-honored charge in the matter of checks sent them for collection.

"More potent than this guerilla warfare, however, is the insidious invasion of the Federal Reserve by those who have political interests to serve, and who have not hesitated at wholesale misrepresentation in the furtherance of their designs. It is needless to quote here some of the wild and preposterous statements that have been uttered on the floors of Congress; as, for instance, that the Federal Reserve banks extended credit lavishly to the speculators of Wall Street and denied it to the starving farmers of the West and South; that the members of the Federal Reserve board loaned $18,000,000 to themselves and speculated in cotton just before invoking a policy of deflation; that the Reserve banks were squandering the people's money with reckless extravagance in erecting marble palaces, etc. All these and many more inexcusable falsehoods were completely answered by Senator Glass in the Senate a year or so ago. But you can't overtake a lie, and the atmosphere of hostility and distrust with respect to the Reserve system persists in many quarters. Let us examine more concretely some of the things that actually have been done to impair the usefulness of the system and make it the instrument of politics.

"First of all, there has been too much dominance of the Federal Reserve board by the interests in control of the government, as a result of which, to a very considerable extent, the board's freedom of action in fixing discount rates and in other matters has been curtailed. Let me give an example: In the latter part of 1919 the country was mounting the crest of a speculative wave that swept prices to a high peak and stimulated production beyond all reason. The Federal Reserve board uttered solemn warnings, but failed to do the obvious thing to bring the situation under some sort of control, which was to raise the discount rate. That action was delayed until early in 1920, although for months the stock market had been flying storm signals. Why was the action delayed? For one reason, and one only. Because the Secretary of the Treasury wanted to float treasury certificates at a price out of line with the money market rate, and a low discount was necessary in order to induce the banks to buy the certificates.

"Here is another example: The Federal Reserve Act contains a clause giving the board authority to require one Federal Reserve bank to rediscount paper for another Federal Reserve bank. That is to say, if the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco has a surplus of funds, it can be made to loan the surplus to the Federal Reserve bank of Minneapolis or Boston or Dallas, whether it wishes to or not, if the Federal Reserve board so orders. It is generally conceded that this was a power intended to be invoked only in extreme emergency—the language of the act so indicates, as the affirmative vote of five out of the seven members of the board is necessary to make the order effective. But what has happened? When the Federal Reserve banks in the South and Southwest found their members demanding more and more of them, to such an extent that their reserves were imperiled, did they call a halt, raise the rediscount rate, and compel the banks to behave? They did not. They went to the Federal Reserve board and induced the board to tap the reservoirs of New York, Boston, and other Reserve banks so that they could continue to inflate without restraint. Can it be imagined that the board would have been so complaisant unless political pressure of the most urgent kind had been exerted?

"Take another instance: During all the troubled period of inflation and subsequent deflation W. P. G. Harding was governor of the Federal Reserve board. He was a banker of experience from Birmingham, Alabama, a Southern man and therefore a Democrat. When he was appointed he was probably as well but no better fitted for the position than any one of fifty other men who might have been chosen. But after steering the Federal Reserve through the shoals and breakers of the war period with really remarkable ability he became, through this experience, without doubt the most competent man in the United States for the job. It might reasonably be supposed that all who had an interest in the welfare of the system would move Heaven and earth to have him retained as its head. That was the prevailing view of bankers, who everywhere recognized his breadth and capacity. But he was not retained. When his term expired this competent man, who had the misfortune to be a Democrat and who had incurred the severe criticism of some politicians of both parties, was not invited to remain and his place was filled by a Republican.

"Why was the law amended so as to require the addition of a dirt farmer to the Federal Reserve board? Is there any farmer of intelligence who really believes that the policies of the Reserve banks will be more liberalized, or that a farmer in Utah or Idaho or Texas

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will find it easier to borrow money at his bank merely because a farmer sits on the board at Washington? No, the amendment was merely one of those little deceits which politicians of a certain stripe delight to put over on their farmer constituents. It can be demonstrated—has been demonstrated—that the Reserve system has been more liberal in the matter of agricultural credits than in any other single field of credit. And it will be either more nor less so because there happens to be a dirt farmer on the board, presumably charged with the duty of seeing that the farmer-borrower is not neglected. Of course there is no objection to a man who is a farmer provided he is otherwise qualified. But members of the board ought to be appointed solely for their financial ability, and not because they are farmers or merchants or locomotive engineers.

"And lastly comes the new Agricultural Credits bill still further to encroach upon the resources of the Federal Reserve banks. The law, which was passed with great haste in the closing hours of the last Congress, provides for the formation of twelve Intermediate Farm Credit banks, to be conducted by the officers of the Federal Farm Land banks. The capital of $5,000,000 for each bank is contributed by the government, and each intermediate bank is authorized to sell debentures in amounts equal to ten times its capital. One of the ironical features of the situation is that the same Congress which sought to have a constitutional amendment doing away with tax-exempt securities, provided in this measure for adding $600,000,000 to the already too large supply of such tax-free securities.

"It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of the Intermediate Farm Credits banks, but only to point out that they are made the means of trenching upon the reserves of the Federal Reserve banks. First of all, the Federal Reserve Act is amended so as to permit the rediscounting of agricultural paper running as long as nine months. No one will seriously contend, I think, that any such latitude is needed to meet the requirements of country banks in farming communities. Further, and this is more serious, the debentures of Intermediate Farm Credit banks running for periods as long as five years may be bought and sold by Federal Reserve banks. This is permissive only and not mandatory, but it opens the door for burdening the Federal Reserve banks with a mass of non-liquid paper of a kind that bank reserves should not be invested in. Picture a situation arising when the Intermediate Farm Credit banks want to dispose of large quantities of these debentures, and the money market for any reason is slow to respond. The line of least resistance would be to dump them on the Federal Reserve banks. Is there a Federal Reserve board or a Federal Reserve bank with sufficient courage and moral stamina to resist the tremendous pressure that would be brought to bear to accomplish this result? The record of transactions in connection with war financing does not leave much room for doubt on this point.

"The Federal Reserve system is the third attempt that has been made in the United States to centralize control of the banking activities of the country. The First Bank of the United States was chartered for twenty years, served a most useful purpose in stabilizing finance, but Congress refused to renew its charter, partly because of doubt as to its constitutionality, but largely because of public sentiment against it. The Second Bank of the United States was chartered for twenty years and served the country admirably, but was destroyed by unscrupulous politicians who tried unsuccessfully to use it for their own purposes, and it failed to obtain a renewal of its charter. The Federal Reserve banks were chartered for twenty years. Although less than half of that time has run, the system is already shot through with political influence, and the question arises, will history repeat itself? Will Congress in 1933 refuse to renew the charters, and let the system die an unworthy death? Answer the question for yourselves. And if you believe in the centralization principle, if you believe in the usefulness of the Federal Reserve, be alert to preserve and defend it from the assaults of ignorance and malice that even now threaten to weaken this great bulwark of financial stability. If its sound and definite purposes are to be thwarted, if the banking reserves are to be manipulated in the interest of parties or blocs or classes, then the integrity of the system will surely be impaired and it will go the way its predecessors went a hundred years ago."

A conservative spirit prevails in the business world. The tendency to exceed the speed limit, so prevalent earlier in the year, has been supplemented by a more normal pace, particularly in the building industry. Yet it can not be stated that the tide of business is definitely receding. Prices of commodities, it is true, are not advancing. But bank clearings outside of New York continue to expand; the volume of railroad traffic is larger than at any time since 1920; the production of iron, steel, automobiles, tires and many other commodities is the largest in the history of the country; the American Woolen Company is operating every one of its spindles for the first time in its history; retail trade is brisk, as shown by the published statements of earnings of the large chain stores and mail order houses; labor is fully employed and a shortage of men exists in some lines; in short, reports from various industries in all parts of the country show that conditions are healthy, says the monthly letter of the Oakland Bank. Only in the building industry are there signs of reaction, due to the high cost of materials and to labor troubles; and in the oil industry, where production has been temporarily overdone.

The New York Central Railroad Company has recently increased its annual dividend rate from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. Increases in the dividends of several small systems during the past few months have not been considered important, but when a system like the New York Central, covering the entire industrial section of the East, and including on its board of directors some of the most prominent business men in the country, increases its dividend by 2 per cent. at this time, the act has special significance. First of all, it is a reflection of the great improvement in the general railroad situation since the roads returned to private control; and secondly, it signifies that in the opinion of the directors, business in general is on a sound basis.

A bond issue of unusual interest on sale today is the $675,000 Sacramento Building Company first mortgage serial gold 6½ per cent. The syndicate is headed jointly by Bradford, Kimball & Co., William Cavalier & Co., and Drake, Riley & Thomas. The loan will finance the construction of a new home for Weinstock, Lubin & Co., leading department store of Sacramento.

Application has been made to certify these bonds as legal investment for California savings banks, and, among other features, they are exempt from the Federal normal income tax up to 2 per cent. paid by the corporation and are free from personal property tax in California. They mature serially from 1925 to 1938 and are callable at 103.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co. have signed a twenty-year lease at a fixed annual rental of $96,000 for the building, which is to cost $750,000, and is located on the southwest corner of Twelfth and K Streets, in Sacramento, adjoining the site of the new $2,000,000 Hotel Senator, which, it is expected, will be completed at about the same time that the store is ready for occupancy.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., lessees, was founded in 1874 by Harris Weinstock and David Lubin, and were originally known as "Mechanic Store." Weinstock & Lubin, proprietors. The business, which started with less than $1000 capital, has become one of the leading department stores in Northern California, with volume for 1923 estimated to exceed $2,750,000. The store draws its retail clientèle from a territory within a radius of seventy miles.

Bradford, Kimball & Co. are offering new issues of $25,000,000 Standard Oil Company (California) serial 5 per cent. gold notes, due August 1, 1924, to August 1, 1933, inclusive. The notes will be the direct obligation of the Standard Oil Company (California) and will comprise the only funded debt. Net earnings each year for the past four years have been in excess of the principal amount of issue.

They are also offering $2,500,000 San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation, Series "B," 6 per cent., due 1952. Average annual net earnings available for interest and depreciation during the past ten years have been two and one-fourth times total operating interest charges. Price, 99.

The William R. Staats Company is offering $225,000 Whittier Union High School District, Los Angeles County, California, 5 per cent. bonds, exempt from personal property tax in California and free from Federal income tax, due serially from April 1, 1924, to April 1, 1948.

Whittier Union High School District, located ten to fifteen miles southeast of the City of Los Angeles, includes within its boundaries the City of Whittier and eight adjoining high school districts covering a rich and productive agricultural territory. Products of the district are varied and of great value, the two most important crops being citrus fruits and walnuts.

Mr. Lawrence Strasshurger, member of Strasshurger & Co., who left for New York several days ago, has purchased a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, according to telegraphic advices received here. Confirmation of the purchase was made this week by McKinley Bissinger, his partner, who stated that $90,000 had been paid for the seat. Bissinger, explaining that the firm has not as yet been elected a member of the exchange, declined to discuss the future. It is generally understood in financial circles, however, that Strasshurger & Co. will continue past relations with W. J. Wollman & Co., its New York representative.

The Pressed Steel Car Company is having the best year except one in its history, as regards volume of business booked, according to Dow, Jones & Co. Bookings constitute about 28 per cent. of the total car orders going, against a usual proportion of 20 per cent.

San Francisco is to spend $700,000 improving street and boulevard systems.

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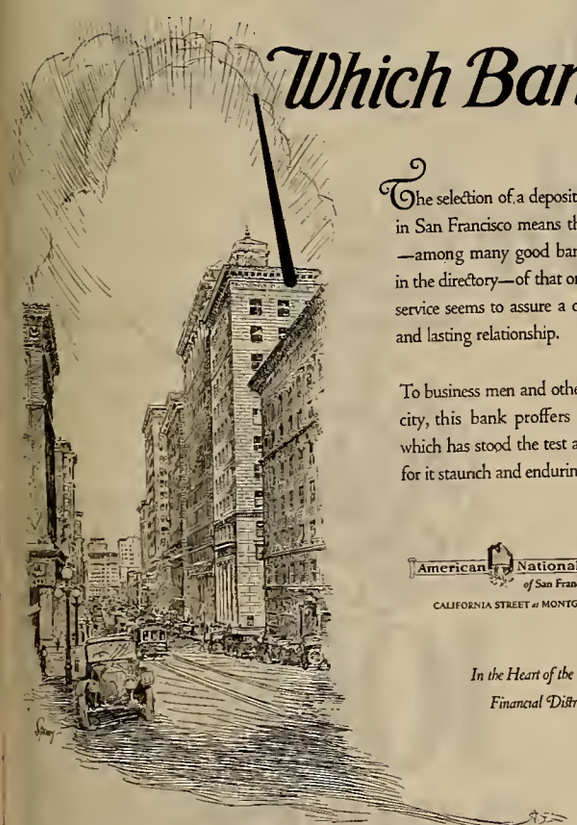
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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Massachusetts Edit r Reports.

PEOPLE AND POLITICS. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $5.

Solomon Bulkley Griffin's reminiscences helong to the rare class in which the first person singular occurs so seldom that one loses sight of personal authorship. Occasionally the journalist comes to the fore, hut "People and Politics" is nevertheless the most impersonal memoir we have ever read. One of the reasons for suhmersion of self has undouhtedly heen the author's abundance of extraneous material. As managing editor for forty years of the Springfield *Republican*, the first American paper, it will be remembered, to declare the doctrine of independent politics though the name of its followers has heen legion, Mr. Griffin has a bird's-eye view of national and New England politics both to be envied and to be perpetuated in some sort of autobiography. The Massachusetts editor has done his work well and American letters are the richer by one more authoritative review of politics.

Such a volume is of course neither indispensable nor invaluable. In a way it is neither one thing nor the other. Many times its extent would be required to write the history of the time covered. On the other hand, the reminiscences of the men dealt with are not of a personal nature. The hook is first of all Mr. Griffin's own estimate of his time, hut its particular value for the reader and the significance of hooks of a like nature is a focussing of political history such as is seldom achieved in histories based on documents and which is the natural result of observations made over a long life hy a trained observer and writer. There is, in fact, a crying need for hooks on the order of "People and Politics," many of them, for all sections of the country. Such first-hand reminiscences form the source books of history for later generations and are a valuable supplement to mere documents. R. G.

Art and Order.

THE BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The second edition of Claude Bragdon's "The Beautiful Necessity," recently puhlished by Mr. Knopf, was issued in response to a demand for this study in "untrodden fields," which has heen out of print for several years. Prohahly every reader of "The Beautiful Necessity" gets something quite different from it, depending on his own slant on the universe. Mr. Bragdon's theorem is, as stated hy himself, "Art is at all times suhject to the heautiful necessity of proclaiming the world order," hut from the reader's less immersed viewpoint his hook is a treatise on the mathematics of æsthetics—and one which we heartily wish all art critics, lecturers, and students would take to heart. As an antidote against the decadent modern idea of art as a purely personal matter of expression, the more antinomious the hetter, one can imagine nothing more potent than Claude Bragdon's geometric exposition of the necessary order of art.

Mr. Bragdon's most positive and important act is his application of the Japanese device, inherited from the Chinese, of the *In* and *Yo* motifs of philosophy and art to Western art and architecture. The great Western artists have known how to halance these two opposing elements successfully, if unconsciously, but one of the most characteristic marks of the modern graphic arts has heen total innocence of this law. We have grown accustomed to a school of commercial art founded in hlissful ignorance on the exclusive precepts of *Yo* and a school of decoration insipidly and equally unconsciously devoted to an unhalanced *In*. Not that Mr. Bragdon makes these charges. His beautifully written seven essays are concerned with a philosophic and geometric demonstration of the laws underlying art.

Poe's Product.

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by Alexander Jessup. San Francisco: Allyn & Bacon; $4.

Yearhooks of the short story are more common than anthologies since the heginnings, hut such a volume as the present one is more than an historical collection. Considering that the form of the short story is distinctly an American invention, it is surprising the field has been so little exploited. The suhject, however, of those American contrihutions to letters, the short story and the editorial, is beginning to he understood and studied. And in this anthology we have a very fine selection of the national genre, heginning hefore Washington Irving and concluding with Theodore Dreiser and Charles Caldwell Dohie—an assortment that outlines American progress in literature and illustrates the development of the short story.

The Domestic Landscape.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. By Henrietta C. Peabody. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.

Miss Peabody has gotten together a large numher of attractive views of domestic landscape gardening, puhlished in a sort of portfolio, and accompanied hy instructive comment on such apposite suhjects as stone walls and fences, garden paths, the uses of vines, pools and fountains, and garden accessories. It sounds like a midsummer daydream. The hook is produced to meet the needs of American householders who, according to the author, are beginning to realize that the surroundings of a house are as important as its architecture, and deals rather with the setting of the small house than with the landscape gardening of large estates. "Outside the House Beautiful" is the third of a series, of which the two former dealt with the architectural detail of the house and its furnishing respectively. The trio would he a valuahle library for any one contemplating house-huildiug or owning.

The First Symptom.

POSSESSION. By Mazo de la Roche. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

It would be hard to imagine anything more different from Mazo de la Roche's rollicking "Explorers of the Dawn" than this, her first serious novel, a tale of agricultural Canada. Canadian letters are certainly developing when they casually produce anything so good as this young woman's work. We say casually because, unusual as hoth "Explorers of the Dawn" and "Possession" are, they have caused comparatively little stir. But perhaps they are hetter known at home—we suspect the author of heing a Haligonian, like the hero of "Possession." But once discovered here, and we predict Miss de la Roche's work will furnish the impetus for an epidemic of Canadian stories. Our progressive writers will commute to Manitoha and Nova Scotia instead of Tahiti or Shanghai; which is a pity, as inflation lowers values.

No one reading "Possession" and its predecessor would guess they were from the same mind if their title-pages had heen deceitful. Even in full possession of the facts, one sees no analogy other than striking originality in both cases. Miss de la Roche must he a versatile young person—we have her former puhlisher's word for it that she is young and a woman. "Explorers of the Dawn," a farcical outline of extreme youth, was plausihle enough as the work of a girl, high spirited and with an ahnormal humorous hump. "Possession," though its machinery halts a bit hefore getting into full swing of action, is the restrained work of one who knows the world, Canada particularly, and who manipulates its persons and passions discriminately.

Imperial Mystery.

THE EMPEROR'S OLD CLOTHES. By Frank Heller. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

This story, with its extensions, windings, dips, spurs and angles, belongs to the Sherlock Holmes school. There are crimes and criminals, all of a picturesque order, for, although the story is located in Copenhagen, there is a decidedly Oriental cast to the tale. In fact the emperor whose old clothes figure in the story is the Emperor of China, his character and the circumstances attending him seeming to point to him as the son of the famous old Dowager Empress whose ruthless exercise of power made all around her tremhle.. A faithful retainer of the emperor tells part of the story, and the tale is taken up, in turns, hy others. Its changes and windings and the douhlings of the plot will suit readers who like detective stories, as it is evident that the skillful author is a traveler and man of the world, and ahle to carry his readers to distant quarters of the earth.

Detectives' Paradise.

THE AFFAIR AT FLOWER ACRES. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.75.

Carolyn Wells' principal qualification for detective story writing is the gift to concoct an apparently inexplicahle mystery. So far, so good, but her method of cutting the Gordian knot is too simple—the dramatic hut rather unoriginal resort of confession, an expedient slightly hut artificially complicated hy having a few false confessions thrown in for good measure. Whereupon Miss Wells' detectives say they thought as much! If all criminals pursued the virtuous paths of admission and confession, detecting would he the world's greatest amateur sport. Now, the charm of a detective story lies not so much in haffling mystery with a rose coloring of romance, though that may he the feminine variety, as in following the elucidation of a complicated, well-camouflaged crime step hy step through the deductions and clairvoyant hunches of a shrewd trained mind. That vicarious sport Miss Wells denies us, preferring to follow false trails and elicit false confessions till she feels the impetus of her yarn is prohahly spent and produces magically the will, the right confession, the criminal, and the wedding ring. Very good froth, possibly, hut falsely laheled.

Dog Lore and Adventure.

SIX BREEDS. By R. G. Kirk. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

For dog lovers it is enough to say "Six Breeds" is a good dog hook and let it go at that. None will he disappointed. But for the

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layman, that is for the person who regards a dog as a dog and not as a demi-god, we shall attempt to analyze these five rip-roaring stories of adventure and caninity. They are not equally good, hut that would he asking too much. And the hest two are the first two, the story of Red Feather, the Gordon setter, called "Gun-shy," and that of the glorious Irish wolf hound, Keelta MacRonan, whose diminished breed hoasts but a few dozen certified survivors in these decadent times. The Irish wolf hound of history was an enemy exterminator, wolf, human, and otherwise, and MacRonan, the noblest survivor of the tallest, most powerful race of dogs known to man, was no disgrace to his forhears. His melodramatic rescue of our lovely Irish heroine may not he artistic, but it is mighty good reading for all that.

As an artistic example of the short story, "Gun-Shy," the history of the setter puppy whose spirit has heen all but broken by brutal training, is perhaps the hest of these five yarns of six hreeds. "MacRonan" is the most thrilling, and "Zanoza," the far-fetched yarn of a beautiful Borzoi, is a failure. The first half, no; but the second American installment of the story is anachronistic. It would do for mediæval setting, hut not for modern New York. But the story of Zanoza's Russian ancestors is a hunt epic. "Fur-Chaser" is so-so as far as interest goes, hut it is a bit too gory. The fifth story, "White Monarch," which serves as a frame for two hreeds, the aristocratic English hulldog and his brindle cousin, the pit dog, is a good fight story, though the conclusion is foregone.

A word as to the mere human beings who serve as hackground for Mr. Kirk's canine studies. The author has an interesting primitive helief in innate goodness and innate hadness, a view of humanity douhtless the result of living with dogs. A man who doesn't like dogs must he all had, and perhaps he is. But the result is a rather novel view of one's fellow-heings.

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Mechanical Progress.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Edward Cressy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

A second edition has just heen issued of this encyclopædic review of modern mechanical science with a chapter on radium thrown in. The first edition was published in 1914 and ohviously needed being hrought up to post-war date, the greater part of the book being rewritten to keep pace with the tremendous scientific activity during and since the war. This very competent work, which was produced originally as a sequel to Robert Routledge's "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century," is as authoritative as the most technical scientific background can make it, but at the same time has heen kept free from over-technicality for the benefit of a larger puhlic. The volume is fully illustrated.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Anthony Trollope was a man who never wasted the materials of authorship. He once tried to write a play which he called "The Nohle Jilt," hut it was never produced. The man who could turn out his romances while he traveled ahout the country as postoffice inspector was not the man to let the play rest at that. Accordingly he took the ideas of it, and some of the workmanship, and made it into his novel, "Can You Forget Her?" All this is recalled hy the fact that we are having a reprint of the play, uniform with the first edition of the book, which appeared in 1864.

The Bodley Head Quartos, which are heing puhlished in London under the editorship of G. B. Harrison, are doing an excellent work in making accessible the popular literature of the Elizabethan period, the pamphlets and screeds that reveal so much of the life of the people and make it all seem so much more alive and vivid. E. P. Dutton & Co. have just brought out in this country two of these quartos—"A Notable Discovery of Coosnage and the Art of Conny-Catching," hy R. Greene, and "Gahriel Harvey: Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene and other parties ahused hy him." Both were printed in 1592 and the originals of their text are in the British Museum. Mr. Harrison says of these and similar pamphlets of the period that they reveal, on the darker side of the life of the time, "The strange forms of roguery, the fierce quarrels and penduels of professional writers, the odd attempts to attract notice—all signs of that feverish struggle for mere existence which accounts for much of the restless energy of Elizahethan England."

The Century Company sends a hrief note on Frank R. Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" which is of interest. In reprinting it recently—the tenth printing of the present edition—it seems it was remarked in the publishing office that the book had shown extraordinary vitality. Then the following facts were recalled: It is the first novel ever puhlished hy the Century Company, appearing in 1886; in 1892 an illustrated edition (the present one) was prepared, and for this there has been a steady demand every one of the thirty-one years since—not large, but continuous, persistent. Last year, the thirty-seventh of its life, over a thousand copies were required by the trade. Apparently Frank R. Stockton's humor is as irresistihle to the present generation as it was to the last.

"The Wrong Shadow," a romantic comedy by Harold Brighouse, is announced for immediate publication by McBride. The scene of the story is post-war London, and the setting that of a large patent-medicine factory, with occasional excursions into the world of the theatre.

J. W. Cunliffe, director of the School of Journalism, Columbia University, and Pierre de Bacourt, assistant professor of French at the same university, are co-authors of "French Literature During the Last Half Century," which the Macmillan Company is publishing this month. The authors take up the various literary movements which have had their inception in France and discuss the authors who have left their mark upon the literature of their own time and of today.

. Wadsworth Camp, whose volume of mystery tales, "The Communicating Door," has just been published hy Doubleday-Page, has sailed for Europe to write a series of magazine articles. Two of Mr. Camp's stories have been successfully produced on the stage during the past season. "The Last Warning," which is a dramatization of his "House of Fear," is having a run on Broadway, and "The Prowling Death," hased on another of his stories, has heen put on at the Grand Guignol in Paris.

Four publishers—Appleton, Doran, Scribner and Doubleday-Page—will join forces in bringing out Grant Overton's "American Nights Entertainment," a hook ahout the makers of hooks written after the plan of the same author's "When Winter Comes to Main Street," which appeared last year. Galsworthy, Tarkington, Conrad, Arthur Train, V. Sackville-West, Harold Bell Wright, Ralph Connor, Zona Gale, Joseph C. Lincoln and Edith Wharton are a few of the authors discussed. The hook will he puhlished early in the fall.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, aided by an American scenario writer, has written a story that is shortly to he filmed in America. It is hased on two of the famous "Plain Tales from the Hills"—"The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" and "To Be Filed for Reference"—and on the well-known poem, "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House."

Broom, the insurgent magazine of the arts, or one of the most insurgent, has removed itself from Europe to America and will henceforward be puhlished in New York. There may he more art to insurge ahout in Europe, hut economic conditions have become too uncertain; and the difficulties of removing have occasioned the missing out of two numhers. Hereafter, the editors announce, it will appear regularly, heginning at once.



New Books Received.

THE DANCE OF LIFE. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.
A philosophy of existence.

PLAYS OF GODS AND MEN. By Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.
"The Tents of the Arabs," "The Laughter of the Gods," "The Queen's Enemies," "A Night at an Inn."

THE DANGER TRAIL. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.
A story of fur-trading.

IRONHEART. By William Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75.
Another Western novel.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Abridged by Edith Freelove Smith. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.50.
A modern version "shorn of the doctrinal theology of the seventeenth century."

THE SAHARA HUNTERS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.75.
Adventure among the Men of the Black Veil.

THE AUTOCRAT. By Pearl Doles Bell. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; $1.90.
A novel.

THE LOSING GAIN. By Blanche Upright. New York: W. J. Watt & Co.; $2.
A novel.

AN OUTLAW'S DIARY. By Cecile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $3.
Translated from the Hungarian.

THE BOY ASTRONOMER. By A. Frederick Collins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.
With 175 illustration and diagrams.

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Modern Life:
"Danger," Ernest Poole
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"The Seudders," Irving Bacheller

Clever Characterization:
"West of the Water Tower," Anonymous.
"Homely Lilla," Robert Herrick
"Jacob's Room," Virginia Woolf
"Stella Dallas," Olive H. Prouty

Verse for Vacation Moods:
"Preludes," John Drinkwater
"Poems of Alice Meynell"
"Selected Poems," John Masefield
"April Twilights," Willa Cather

Action and Atmosphere:
"Black Oxen," Gertrude Atherton
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ANGLIN IN A WILDE PLAY.

Among the numerous notable plays that were seen here for the first time during the existence of the Maitland Theatre was Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." It seems rarely to be revived, and yet it is a highly dramatic play. Margaret Anglin, whom we have seen doing brilliant work as Mrs. Erlynne in "Lady Windermere's Fan," recognized the possibilities in "A Woman of No Importance." For the rôle of Mrs. Arbuthnot is as if made for her.

As the scorned and abandoned woman whose twenty-year-old wrongs still seared her rebellious heart Miss Anglin gave a remarkably fine demonstration of the best kind of emotional acting, because it was done with such quiet yet poignant intensity. With a turn of the eyes, a contraction of the lips, a droop of the features, the actress expresses volumes. And her voice is full of lights and shades, of delicate tremors, as the mother of the splendid boy who has no name is called on to face, suddenly and unexpectedly, under the gaze of her unsuspecting friends, the man who has wronged her and the son he is trying to draw into his cynical and corrupt life.

It is a situation that always intensely interests theatre spectators, who are well aware that this is a life of buried secrets and concealed sins. And the ensuing struggle between the two is most dramatic, and calls upon Miss Anglin for all those rich resources of her art that she so signally possesses.

Allen Connor, a winning young actor who plays the son, has a pleasing ingenuousness which fits him for the part, in spite of some evidences of lack of experience in scenes of tense emotion. But the absorption of the audience in the scenes of the mother's anguished struggle against destiny, and, toward the last, of the son's participation in her Gethsemane, indicated the potency of the appeal.

There was, it is true, one climax of emotion in which Miss Anglin introduced a rather trying touch of hysteria; an element that frequently figures in the emotion of a sorely driven woman. But it seemed as if it made the scene almost too lachrymose, in contrast to the strained poignancy of the earlier appeal.

Taken as a whole, however, the portrayal is one which is not only deeply moving to the average spectator, but which every local or visiting player should seek to see as an example of superlatively fine technique in acting.

Miss Anglin is supported by the same company which appeared in "Hippolytus." The cast is large. If Wilde were writing for the present era, the canny managers would ruthlessly cut out some of the lords and ladies whose presence helps to fill Lady Hunstanton's drawing-room. "Economy, my boy, economy," they would say. But Miss Anglin has given the play complete, and the various rôles of Lady Hunstanton's worldly friends are well represented.

Emelie Melville has a rôle that suits both her and her appreciative public, for as Lady Hunstanton she is kindly, innocently worldly, and delightfully vague, and she delivers the lines in keeping with that character; with that old-fashioned incisiveness that we are sometimes fearing will become a lost art.

Henry Mowbray, although somewhat lacking in flexibility of facial play, is well placed in the rôle of Lord Illingworth, whose cynical lines were delivered with genial worldliness and whose indication of heartlessness in the final struggle did not for a moment degenerate into melodrama.

Two young women rôles were well done, pretty Jane Cameron lifting the rôle of the young American "Puritan," as Lord Illingworth scornfully called her, somewhat out of the rut of priggishness in which it is apt to move by her tone of earnestness and sincerity.

It is curious that Wilde had such a different conception from the usual one of young American womanhood. For the American girl who is of sufficient social importance to enter English society is generally regarded as rather a frivolous butterfly. And Hester Worsley is the epitome of youthful seriousness.

Wilde placed Mrs. Allonby in marked contrast to the discerning young Puritan. Her he depicted as the essence of mocking cynicism. In this respect she matched Lord Illingworth. This rôle, a quite important one, was entrusted to Elwyn Harvey, at one time leading lady at the Alcazar. It suited her, for this actress, a little too clear-cut and polished for expressing romantic sensibility, did well in conveying Mrs. Allonby's smiling cynicisms. And besides Miss Harvey speaks well. And the slight sugaring of the voice was adapted to the nature of the cold-hearted drawing-room siren.

Keith Wakeman has the voice and physical presence for the hard and worldly Lady Caroline, although she scarcely shines enough in conveying the suggestion of a literal character rooted in self-satisfied worldliness and self-importance.

Other rôles were filled by Gladys Knorr, Roland Rushton, Elwyn Eaton, Harry Barfoot, Wheeler Dryden and two or three others.

As is always the case in the Wilde drawing-room comedies, Wilde showed himself a conventionalist. It is conventional to make Mrs. Arbuthnot so entirely the wronged and suffering woman, to introduce that announcement to the son of his father's paternal relation when he sought to kill him. It is Victorian to make a young man threaten to kill the man he so admired, for trying to kiss his sweetheart. But Wilde was never conventional in his dialogue, nor in the aura of satire with which he invested the figures that disported themselves in the London drawing-rooms that he knew so well how to transfer to the stage.

"A Woman of No Importance," however, reveals him in a more serious light than "Lady Windermere's Fan." The lines spoken by the suffering mother seem almost inspired by a searching knowledge of what mothers must undergo when worldly prudence counsels, "You must give up your son to the world."

Miss Anglin's season opened with a well-filled theatre, and the actress was called again and again before the curtain, her company also receiving cordial demonstrations of approval.

The Dikensonian play, "The Great Lady Dedlock," is to be the next attraction (unless "Lady Windermere's Fan" is first revived), and one which promises to be of unusual interest, more particularly as Miss Anglin will appear both as Lady Dedlock and as the fiery and bitter Hortense.

"SHUFFLE ALONG."

The company this week at the Columbia Theatre, consisting of negro players, are giving a musical review which is drawing a very good attendance, not only of the whites, but also quite a contingent of the increasingly large colored population.

It is noticeable, both in the players and in the colored auditors, how frequently white blood is mixed with black in the colored people. It is always curious and interesting to observe the mingling of racial strains, and notice the peculiarities with which it works out. For example, a young octoroon will be a white man seen in profile, and when seen in front face he suddenly belongs to the darker race.

When one sees these companies of negro players in musical comedy it is to realize how thoroughly suited they are to the atmosphere: jazz, syncopation, sentimental ballads, exuberant comedy, lively choruses, and dancing of the liveliest description, all seem fun and play to them.

All that native-born exuberance finds congenial vent. Their dancing is amazingly spontaneous and vigorous. Every muscular movement, every lively step of the chorus seems prompted by bubbling enthusiasm. White chorus girls, in spite of their professional smiles, sometimes allow themselves to snatch a brief interlude on the stage in which to look *distrait* and even bored. But these lively darktown girls and boys seem to be enjoying every minute, and they are, in their singing and dancing, quite the zippiest group we have seen.

"Shuffle Along" has a story, which is full of amusing features, the funniest of which is the scene in the grocery store of Jenkins and Peck, in which the partners engage in a mutual stealing contest, each from the other; a scene full of darky humor.

Two comedians, Vaughner and Conors, keep the fun-ball rolling, but there are others: an excellent quartet, the best singers in a company not well provided with good voices, and several very good grotesque dancers, the chief of whom is Manton Morton, a gentleman who can serpentine his agile members as easily as an octopus his tentacles.

The special quality of the show, however, is its native exuberance, the instinctive syncopation which prevails, and the thoroughly darky brand of bubbling humor.

It needs better voices, however, the sentimental couple that is always a feature of musical reviews failing to please their auditors. The lady yells, and the gentleman has a cold. So, except for the quartet, we really miss hearing the mellowest music of characteristic negro voices.

I remember reading somewhere, apropos of James Gilpin and his histrionic talent, that there are fourteen thousand negro players in the United States. I was surprised at the figure, but after seeing "Struttin' Along" and "Shuffle Along" we may realize that the number includes such light-hearted purveyors of negro humor as in these two entertainments; quite a contribution, for the cast in both revues is large.

PERMANENT OPERA.

The San Francisco Opera Association for 1923, composed of something approximating 225 men and women with Timothy Healy acting as chairman, has been quietly working toward the goal of having permanent opera in San Francisco. It has secured pledges from forty business men to assume the financial responsibility of the enterprise, which is to be housed in the Exposition Auditorium. Besides this there are subscriptions pledging attendance to the amount of nearly $40,000. As the committee was organized early in spring it has not taken much over three months to accomplish these gratifying results.

The plan is to give opera in first-class style, the director to be Gætano Merola, who has already been to New York to secure the principal singers, among whom are included De Lucca, Quenea Mario, and Doria Fernanda.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is to serve as the opera orchestra and there will be no difficulty in a city as musical as San Francisco in securing a fine local chorus.

Robert I. Bentley and B. F. Schlessinger have been appointed trustees of the growing fund. Edward F. Moffatt, assistant cashier of the Mercantile Trust Fund, was made treasurer. Selby C. Oppenheimer will be the business manager, and Klink, Bean & Co. have been selected to serve as fiscal agents.

With such an auspicious start the enterprise, which is scheduled to begin a five-weeks opera season on September 26th of this year, looks forward hopefully and expectantly toward a successful outcome.

EXPERIMENTAL REPERTOIRE.

Although play producers of the present time are apt to get rich reasonably fast they also know something of the pangs of money losing. And as they are a financially shrewd class, and object just as strongly as the next man to losing profits that they have sweated to make, it is probable that they might incline a compositely listening ear to illuminating suggestions as to what will simultaneously please the public and line their pockets.

London producers have had very light crops to harvest since the war. The theatrical output in London has been small, and the theatrical horizon is a dull gray.

But now comes a plan—born in the council chamber of the Reandean Company, whose art inspirer and aider and councilor is Mr. Basil Dean—which seems to have an aspect that might recommend it to the financial judgment of a careful producer.

The idea advanced by the directors of the Reandean Company, which has had a number of pronounced successes to its credit, notably Galsworthy's 'Loyalties" and Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," is as follows: To give matinées of new plays during the season commencing in the coming September and continuing through the 1923-1924 season to May.

To insure the management against loss, however, intending patrons are to be requested to subscribe for the series of matinées. Subscribers will, of course, earn privileges by their subscription, the most important of which is a rebate on the price of their theatre seats in each one of the plays presented in the series. Another is being presented with free seats for a special gala night, the concluding performance of each series.

Thus the producer, if he has sufficient prestige to have gained the ear and the confidence of the public, has his financial safety secured in advance. This the Reandean Company seems to have done. At any rate as far back as in early spring, when the lists were opened, the response was quite encouraging.

The project bears a considerable resemblance, leaving out the extra matinée programme, to the plan followed in this city by the Theatre Guild: its financial side, at least. It did not succeed here, partly, I should judge, because San Francisco was called on at the time to support a number of theatres, which overtaxed its capacity. And besides there are times when the San Francisco taste for plays seems rather childish.

The Reandean Players were figuring on giving new and successful plays, and also old and tried ones, by such authors as Barrie, Galsworthy, and Milne. The pioneers in this

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In coöperation with the City, Spring Valley is engaged in adding 24 million gallons daily to our water supply. The additional water will be impounded by Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County, the capacity of which is now being increased.

To carry an additional 24 million gallons daily to San Francisco, it is necessary to construct a larger aqueduct down Niles Canyon. On this work Spring Valley is actively engaged.

The present Sunol-to-Niles aqueduct that carries water from Spring Valley's Alameda County sources en route to San Francisco includes 11,000 feet of wooden flume. This flume has a carrying capacity of 21 million gallons daily, and is used to capacity.

A new aqueduct of reinforced concrete is now under construction, with a capacity of 70 million gallons daily.

This new aqueduct will transmit 45 million gallons daily down Niles Canyon—the present supply from the Alameda sources of 21 million gallons daily plus the 24 million gallons daily now in process of development at Calaveras.

That is to say, the new aqueduct will route to San Francisco from the Alameda sources more water than San Francisco draws at present from all Spring Valley sources—Alameda County, San Mateo County, and Lake Merced.

While thus caring for the increase in the water supply demanded by our immediate needs, the new aqueduct will have a large reserve capacity.

It is being built against the time when San Francisco will draw, not 45, but 70 million gallons daily from the water sources across the Bay.

The cost of the new aqueduct will be amortized by this company so as not to increase the price the City will pay if it exercises its option to buy Spring Valley.

All this is in accordance with the programme of water development which was agreed to by the City and this company, and which is being actively prosecuted by both parties.

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line always will be obliged to nerve themselves up in advance to the possibility of loss. But they may draw consolation from the reflection that they are sowing seed. And so, as is the way of the world, some day a canny producer will come along and work out the idea; and by that time, perhaps, our light-minded theatre-goers will be ready to lend the solid support of their patronage.

THE INSURRECTIONARY ERA.

This is the era in which youth has discovered how helpless are its seniors when it defies them.

There was a time when the young hero Casabianca, who "stood on the burning deck" while the ship burned, was held up to the admiration of the young as a boy hero. And why? Casabianca, rooted to the deck, was punished by a fiery death for his too literal obedience. He is now almost forgotten, but when his memory is revived the young generation derides him.

In "A Woman of No Importance" Sir John Pontefract is slavishly obedient to the voice of his master; who happens to be his wife. The figure of the hen-pecked husband, so frequent in the Victorian farces and comedies, grows increasingly rarer in the drama of the day. Sir John Pontefract does not belong to this insurrectionary era, and the laughter evoked by Wilde's wit scarcely rallies around this purely conventional figure of fun.

The fact is that in this insurrectionary era, in which kings and governments tumble over like ninepins, family despotisms are no longer so successfully maintained. They have made splendid dramatic material in the past, but in the present there is a sentiment of impatience toward the oppressed ones in a family who allow themselves to be dominated. Nowadays not only youth is rebellious, but maturity. Not only can parents no longer control their children, but children can no longer control their parents. The doting grandmother of the past, who used to stay home and take care of the baby while the young mother went to bridge parties, or even week-ended occasionally, has frequent spells of rebellion. She has even been known to break away from the comfortable home nest where her daughter makes her so welcome and set herself up in an apartment, so that she may call her soul her own, and only occasionally chum with the babies as a highly appreciated favor while mamma goes a-pleasuring.

And so the hen-pecked husband grows scarce. He is apt to get a divorce and marry some one who does not know him too well.

And the rooster-pecked wife becomes a rebel who gorges a large bole in the community property and hugs her single state when she secures it.

For this is the era of spunkiness. There is always in modern life somewhere else for the victims of family despotism to go to; a trip to Europe, an apartment house around the corner, or a change of home cities. And still human nature remains incurably faulty, and does not mend the error of its ways. Which really is all right.

There is no perfection in this earthly life, and let us hope there never will be. For then the world would be a slave of deadly monotony. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

AN ALL STAR CAST OF ANIMALS.

"Bêtes—comme les hommes" is the title—does it veil a satiric meaning?—of a new film soon to be shown in France, in which every actor is an animal. This extraordinary *tour de force,* which is due to the painstaking work of M. Alfred Machin, famous for his photographs and moving pictures of wild animals, and M. Henri Wulchleger, has occupied the authors for a period of two years and required—one always mentions material details when writing about moving pictures—the construction of special scenery, motor-cars, railroad trains, and other properties on a scale with the diminutive actors.

"Bêtes—comme les hommes" tells the love story of Jim Bull, a bulldog, and Elaine, a little terrier, and with characteristic French wit, the authors have not failed to indulge in a wealth of sly travesty of the ordinary cinematographic "stunts." The love affair is progressing smoothly toward matrimony when the villain enters, one Willy Fox, who is described succinctly as a *snob accompli,* and who is also a fox terrier.

He teaches Elain *l'art de fox-troter,* and Elaine abandons her faithful Jim Bull and marries the too, too charming Willy. The wedding scenes are triumphs of animal training. Rabbits as coachmen manœuvre the conveyances with easy nonchalance. Chickens, rabbits, and dogs are guests at a wedding luncheon, and there is even a speech at which the guests yawn dismally.

But Jim Bull is not inclined to yield gracefully. He bursts in upon the newly-married couple, drives Willy ignominiously away, while Elaine flees to the railway station and goes in search of him. The engine-driver is a dog. Jim Bull conceals himself on the train and turns a switch, which sends the train into the wilderness of Toggar, where Titinéa, Queen of the Monkeys, reigns.

The inhabitants of Toggar are cannibals. The train is wrecked. A luckless chicken, which happens to be a passenger, is seized, slain, and roasted on the spot. Elaine is cast into a dungeon. A serpent is loosed upon her, but she escapes into the jungle. The implacable Jim Bull pursues her and when she seeks refuge in a tree trunk, casts tree and all to the bottom of a ravine where—fetched by the long arm of coincidence in true moving-picture fashion—Willy Fox is passing, in quest of his bride.

Jim Bull springs upon the reunited couple and again drives off the recreant husband. Elaine abandons the timid Willy and espouses the faithful if somewhat turbulent Jim.—*Arts and Decoration.*

As many actors are out of work, a number of them have taken jobs as barkers at Coney Island shows, which should develop clear enunciation—in some of them.

A lot of trouble on this earth grows out of some one's attempt to let his conscience be your guide.—*Detroit News.*

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"Shuffle Along" with its threescore of lively-stepping, jazzy entertainers is making a record for packed houses at the Columbia, where it will remain for a second and final week, commencing Sunday night, July 1st. The Creole Madcaps are in a class by themselves. Their dancing is a revelation. This attraction will not play Oakland.

At the Curran.

Margaret Anglin will commence her second week at the Curran Theatre Monday night in Oscar Wilde's social satire, "A Woman of No Importance," which has drawn large audiences to the Curran during the past week. The company Miss Anglin has selected is one of unusual excellence. She has made a production which has simplicity and dignity. The usual matinées Wednesday and Saturday will be given. Miss Anglin does not play Oakland.

Change in the Columbia

As the result of an agreement between Thomas Wilkes, lessee of the Alcazar, and Louis R. Lurie, owner of the Columbia Theatre, the latter theatre will pass under the control of Thomas Wilkes in the season of 1924, when the present lease held by Gottlob & Marx will terminate.

Mr. Thomas Wilkes' management of the Alcazar Theatre has been such as to reassure San Franciscans as to his policy with the Columbia. When he took over the Alcazar he immediately improved the personnel of the company, and started the policy of having visiting stars, beginning with Holbrook Blinn, who had a brilliantly successful run.

Already has the new controller of the Columbia secured a galaxy of stars for the delectation of San Franciscans. Among them are such names as Marjorie Rambeau, Joseph Schildkraut, Holbrook Blinn, George Arliss, Ethel Barrymore, Wallace Eddinger, Helen Mencken and the Sam H. Harris attractions.

Lurie, after the Columbia passes from his hands, will concentrate his activities on the Century, which, under its new name, the Capitol, will show high-class motion pictures.

Shakespeare at the Greek Theatre.

Rehearsals for the production of "The Merchant of Venice" to be given Saturday evening at the Greek Theatre of the University of California, which have been in daily progress for the past three weeks, give indications of a finished production.

In order to achieve a suitable esprit for the street-revelry scenes and to take advantage of the size of the stage of the amphitheatre with crowds of masquers and suitable pageantry, Reginald Travers announces that he has arranged with Joseph Paget Frederick, director of dancing at the University's summer session, to stage a ballet with a corps of dancers in the second act of the drama. Schuman's brilliant "Carnival" suite, one of the Russian ballet's most successful numbers, will be danced. Two tenor solos—one Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark," for the Jessica serenade, and the other the old glee, "Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred," for the Bassanio casket scene, will be sung by Nelson McGee.

Reginald Travers plays Shylock, William S. Rainey is the Bassanio, and Hedwiga Reicher, one of the foremost actresses of Germany and America, is Portia.

Alda and Tertis.

Charles L. Wagner, manager of John McCormack, Charles Hackett, and other stars, has, upon the recommendation of Mr. McCormack and Fritz Kreisler, added the name of Lionel Tertis, world-famous viola player, to his list of celebrities. Totally unknown in this country except to those who have enjoyed his great art in continental Europe, Tertis has already been booked as a soloist with the majority of the great symphony orchestras and as recitalist with the eminent managers and music clubs throughout the United States and Canada. Manager Frank W. Healy has secured the San Francisco appearance of Tertis, and as Mme. Frances Alda, leading soprano of the Metropolitan and preëminent favorite in San Francisco, will be in California at the same time, Mr. Healy has decided to open his part of next season with a gala joint recital of Tertis and Alda.

Alda has been an operatic star since the moment she made her first appearance at the Metropolitan, mainly because she is painstaking to the uttermost detail. Some of the most finished demonstrations of vocal and histrionic ability at the Metropolitan have been those of Alda. In private life she is the wife of Gyula Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan, and is the recipient of much social attention when she is in San Francisco. The joint recital of Alda and Tertis will be given on October 30th at a place still to be selected.

Gerhard Hauptmann, Germany's leading poet, has obtained a temporary injunction against the sale of letters written by him to Otto Brahm in 1899. Haupmann found the letters being auctioned for their autographs by a Berlin antique dealer.

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VANITY FAIR.

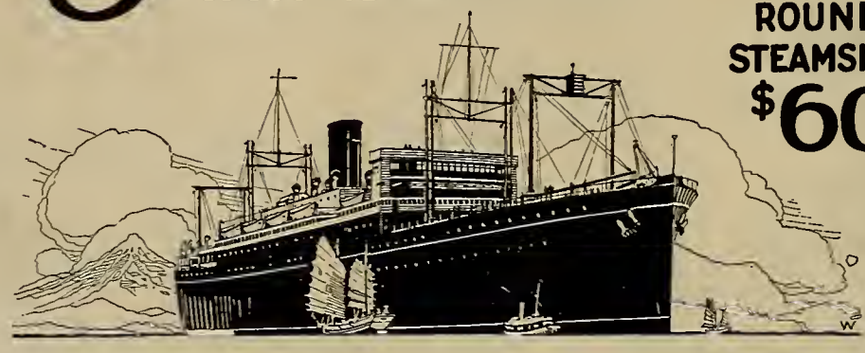
Another mystery of fashion now exemplified in the East is the rage for the Lenci doll. Lenci dolls are expensive, and therefore give their possessors the distinction of vulgar display, if you can admit the inconsistency of the terms. They are seen in limousines on Fifth Avenue, and tucked under the arms of women at Palm Beach, Lake Placid, and other resorts. They have even invaded the luxurious "camps" of the Adirondacks. Over in Turin, more than 300 workmen are engaged in turning them out for the American and European trade. Each doll is a hand-made product, with a face painted like life—we were about to say like nature, hut that would he different. They are really works of art, and while a certain style and size differentiate them from ordinary dolls, there are said to he over a hundred models. The rage for hohhed hair is attrihuted to them, though with douht-ful authenticity. Their origin is credited to a poor Italian mother whose hushand went to war in the aviation service. She struck it rich in exactly the fairy-tale manner of the originator of the Teddy Bear, the Billikin figure, the Kewpie, the Girl with the Come-Hither eyes. And there is the mystery, worth more to the man that can penetrate it than a good strike in the Klondike—what makes such things the rage and how can such rages he successfully put over? Nohody knows that—they just seem to happen. Out of thousands of meretricious trifles offered by the novelty producers every year some one strikes the popular fancy, or appeals to the wealthy as a satisfactory thing on which to waste money, and a fortune is made. Why? The answer to that would he a modern philosopher's stone. It would transmute lead or any other hase metal into gold. In this case the rage has extended to men, many of whom are now the proud owners of Lenci dolls resemhling French chorus girls or hallerinas. It seems an innocent form of dissipation and in spite of the high cost of dolls an economical way to relieve the tedium of life compared to some other ways that have been tried. Of course, it adds nothing to the wealth of nations, hut political economy is a dreary suhject and, thank Heaven, it takes all sorts of people to make a world.

This hands-across-the-sea business improves with time and practice. There are, however, no ties of sentiment comparable to the ties of common appetite. What is it hinds us most firmly to the great Italian people? Our interest in the opera; and next to that our interest in spaghetti. Why do we so adore the French? Is it our common interest in democracy, or in *tripe à la mode du Caen*, huhhling over the hrazier, and to he washed down with Normandy cider? Even Russian propaganda goes hetter in certain quarters of our Eastern cities with an accompaniment of *bortsch*. And now the English-Speaking Union is to receive real assistance from an American girl whose mother douhtless taught her the easiest way to a man's heart. She is making American pies in London, and London likes it. Soon there will he a hond of understanding and sympathy surpassing anything since the war. London already has American soda and American ice-cream, an American department store, and American cocktails; and if it acquires a taste for American pie, more will have heen done hy one girl student that had to have funds to carry on her studies than foreign offices and emhassies ordinarily accomplish. For pie in London has had heretofore a different significance. Its most potent emhodiment has been in the form of what is known as weal-an'-'am. Weal-an'-'am pie lies heavy on the American stomach and makes the American wonder how the empire survives. It must also lie heavy on the Briton's stomach; only the Briton is used to it. Besides, what else can he get? It has a crust of plaster supported on a concrete hase of veal jelly cementing together certain rocky components that once were good ham, hut long since lost their identity and pride of family. It is edible, and will stop hunger for hours. In fact the stomach that wrestles with it has no desire for any more work that day; sort of paralyzed, also anchored down and discouraged. But pie with the proper inside finish of cherries, or pumpkin, or green apples, or gooseberries, or apricots, or, in the spring, short cuts of fresh luscious rhubarh, is to our English cousins unknown. And the real American pie-hound marooned in a London hotel never arises satisfied from a meal, never ceases to feel that there is something he should have had, hut missed. The English host or hostess will even tender pork pie. It is not the same, can never take the vacant place. Always there is the aching void calling inarticulately hut insistently for the filling it knew at home. And this makes the American unduly censorious of the manners and customs of his (prohahly) ancestral land. How can he appreciate Westminster Ahbey when his soul yearns for pie?

And another American institution has been invading England for some time, and that is the American bath-tub with hot water "laid on." The other day C. R. W. Nevinson, eminent English artist, said England was hecoming so Americanized that people preferred such comforts as hath-tuhs and hot water to paintings. This is serious, hut perhaps less so than Mr. Nevinson thinks. The investment once made does not have to he repeated, hath-tuhs heing rather durahle pieces of furniture which, once installed, stay put with admirahle permanence. They are greatly to he preferred to the old tin horror which in many English homes and some English inns is still the only means of outward purification; or so, at least, we have heen informed with a circumstantiality that defies our usual skepticism—the circumstances heing, in one case, as follows: An American couple traveling in Devonshire left their hotel for a walk, and on returning forgot to climh the requisite number of flights of stairs. They went to the door they thought was theirs, hut alas, and alack, woe and calamity! The American hushand opened wide the door and stood aside for his wife to enter. And the lady thus described the scene: "We were not in our room at all, hut another quite as long, and with the furniture in ahout the same positions. But what a change! In either end was a tuh, one of those tin things that look as though they were ahout to spill the suds. And standing, hack to hack I will say for their credit, in each tuh, was a Mr. Englishman at one end of the room and Mrs. Englishman at other, all in their hirthday suits, pouring water over themselves from hig copper pitchers. It heat me, it heat William, it heat anything we had seen since the children were little. I was still wondering how they got in our room when I heard William say, 'Oh, excuse me,' and then he seized me hy the arm and we departed. Yes, indeed we went right away from there. We saw them at the tahle next morning. But you could hardly consider it an introduction; now could you?" Still, an' all, it is no worse than the Hindus in the Ganges. And there are plenty of real tuhs in London, and have heen for a long time. Only, they are increasing in number at a rapid rate recently. It is good thing. It is said that they were unknown in America down to 1846, when a daring innovator in Cleveland put one in his house. And as to personal modesty, that is a good deal what people make it. Captain Cook found that among the Otaheitians, or Tahitians, in their unspoiled condition, it was intolerahly immodest to he seen eating, and they never dined in company. Among us, that is an excessive precaution except in the case of peaches, or other hath-tuh fruit. As to other physiological functions, the Otaheitians were as puhlic as the front porch, or as Irving Cohh's gold fish. A primitive Otaheitian would have had an embarrassing time in a restaurant, hut he could have taken his tuh on Market Street and felt no diffidence whatever.

Somewhere in American literature is a story of a man on trial for gambling at seven-up. The defense was that seven-up was not a game of chance. On that issue the jury was equally divided, half contending that seven-up wa one of the sciences. Each side chose cham pions and at the end of twelve hours' play th scientists had won all their opponents' money the verdict was "not guilty." Weishaden i Germany, has recently seen a similar decision the game on trial heing écarté. Russia nohles and American millionaires are losin their money gayly, the townspeople are rollin in fresh prosperity. The government had pu the crusher on the gamhling casinos in 192 and the town found itself flat on its hack But a separation expert opened the casin again, and several cluhs to hoot, switchin from haccarat and chemin-de-fer to écarté which he proved was solely a trial of skill Now, those that helieve in their skill are proh ahly more numerous than those that helie in their luck, and they flew right at it. Th Russians flocked to the new Monte Carlo an that attracted others, some to admire an some to acquire. And then the gains an losses, expressed in marks, are on such a co lossal scale that it adds to the excitement It is said that hardly an evening passes with out four or five hundred million marks chang ing hands. That is much more thrilling tha saying you lost eight dollars. An America that changed a thousand-dollar note almos caused a riot; especially when he lost it al in a few minutes. There are many Russia nohles ahout the tahles, and not even th Americans are holder plungers. It is said tha Weishaden now excels Paris in the hrilliance of its Russian colony.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the few American clergymen entitled to wear the Oxford hood is Bishop Burgess. He and a friend met a colleague who was wearing the hood, but who was not an Oxford graduate. "That man is wearing a lie on his back," whispered Burgess' friend. "Hush!" said the bishop tolerantly. "Don't call it a lie—call it a falsehood."

A crowd had gradually collected outside the single telephone booth and waited with varying degrees of patience while the man using the phone held the receiver to his ear for half an hour. He made no attempt to talk and his expression was practically blank. Finally one, bolder than the others, opened the glass door and inquired, "Are you speaking to any one?" "Yes," the silent telephoner replied, "I'm speaking to my wife."

Senator Depew had an evening suit made for him in Washington and on his return to New York for the summer recess had occasion to wear it at a dinner at which George Gould was present. He was squirming in his chair so noticeably that Gould remarked: "What's the matter, senator?" "Too small," whispered Depew, adding, "and I thought that tailor in Washington was one of the best in the business." "Maybe he is," replied Gould with a chuckle, "but he overlooked one thing. You are a much bigger man in New York than you are in Washington."

The town bum had been arrested on suspicion, as he always was when a minor crime had been committed in Hickville. On the most recent occasion Zeke was defended by a young lawyer who was making his maiden speech. The case was lost and Zeke was sentenced to ten days and fined ten dollars. "Thanks, Mr. Judge," said Zeke with a relieved countenance and better courtroom presence than was usual. "Thank me," bellowed the judge, suspecting sarcasm. "What do you thank me for?" But Zeke was innocent of witticism. "I sure thought my character and that boy's pleadin' would hang me."

A story about Enoch Mellor, a well-known English preacher, is told by a colleague among other ecclesiastical memories. The story goes that Mellor was preaching or lecturing some considerable distance from his home. After the service he accompanied one of the deacons to his house for supper. The deacon was so solicitous that Mr. Mellor should stay for the night. Mellor was ready to stay, but he noticed that the deacon's wife manifested no enthusiasm. The deacon, however, was so pressing that he at last consented. The deacon's wife went upstairs to fetch the Bible, and Mellor went out into the hall to get his slippers out of his bag. Whilst sitting on a hall chair unlacing his boots, Mrs. "Deacon," descending the stairs with the Bible, saw a bald head which she took to be her husband's. So lifting the Bible she brought it down with a resounding smack on his bald pate. "There, take that," she said, "for inviting him to stay the night."

Chauncey M. Depew, whose eighty-ninth birthday anniversary was recently celebrated, is back in New York from Florida with a new Lincoln anecdote. He got it from a civil war veteran, a relative of the leading figures in the incident. The story is that a woman friend of the Lincolns went to the President late in the war, with the complaint that her son, a West Point student, continually failed of graduation, although civilians, aided by congressmen or senators, were rapidly being sent ahead in the army. "My dear woman," Lincoln was said to have replied, "your son is not the only one in just that fix. I hear of them every week. The trouble is with the Senate. They won't do anything for any one but civilians. Leave your son's case to me." The West Pointer was promoted. Afterward Lincoln thus explained his success: "The only way I could get him promotion was to sandwich his name in with five civilians, for it seems that only when five civilians are promoted can a West Point man get consideration from the senators, and then he can't get through unless he goes in with the five, all in a bunch."

A working sense of fun is a good thing to possess, for sometimes if the humor of a situation can not take the place of cash there is no compensation at all. A case in point is that of H. D. Traill, an English litterateur. One of Traill's earliest journalistic commissions was to write a series of articles in a paper edited by a lady well known years ago as a strong advocate of "women's rights," as the phrase then went, on the anomalies and injustices of the British law relating to woman's property. The articles were duly written and published, but the remuneration agreed upon was not forthcoming. After repeated but fruitless demands for payment Traill brought a suit against the lady, who successfully invoked against her contrihutor the law she had engaged him to attack.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Oh, My Love!

O my love has eyes like the starry skies
Of a mystic night in June,
O my love has lips like the reddest rose
That flames on a summer's noon,
O my love has hair like a shower of gold
A skin like the bloom of a peach,
But my love at table has also this:
A rather immoderate reach.

O my love can sing like a nightingale
Or a lark in the flush of dawn,
O my love can blush like the reddest wine
And move as light as a fawn,
O my love can charm like the magic moon
And weave me a web of dreams—
But my love can't tell for the life of her
How to handle a fork, it seems.

O I'll build my love a castle high
In the heart of the whispering wood,
O I'll fashion my love a sweet retreat
To keep her unspoiled and good,
O I'll serve my love with all my heart
And love her with all my soul,
But I won't take her out to dine, no, sir,
Until she has better control.

—*Edmund J. Kiefer in Judge.*

Try Your Luck.

Let us not mourn in doleful wise
The loss of pleasures when they go—
For every single rose that dies
A thousand blow.

Nor let the pessimist suppose
The glamour of romance is dead—
For every single maid he knows
A thousand wed.

—*H. Cary-Elwes in Judge.*

Nothing is more imitated than an inimitable style.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Cunningham of New Haven, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Cunningham of San Francisco, to Dr. Willard Rappleye of New Haven.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Marie Highley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley, to Mr. William Hall Moreland, Jr., soon of Bishop Moreland and Mrs. Moreland of Sacramento, took place in San Francisco on June 20th.

The marriage of Miss Annette Rolph, daughter of Mayor James Rolph and Mrs. Rolph, to Mr. John Percival Symes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symes of Berkeley, took place on June 19th.

The wedding of Miss Virginia Hanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna, to Mr. Chandler Kellogg of Los Angeles, will take place on Saturday, June 30th, in Burlingame.

The marriage of Miss Ann Seton Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seton Thompson (formerly Miss Grace Gallatin of San Francisco), to Mr. Hamilton Cottier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo E. Cottier of Scarsdale, New York, will take place on June 30th.

The marriage is announced of Mrs. Pearl Cawston Fillmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw, to Mr. Donald William Best.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a luncheon last Friday in honor of Mrs. Philip Lansdale at her home in Burlingame.

Countess Lewenhaupt was hostess on Sunday at a luncheon given at her residence in Palo Alto.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan entertained a number of the officers of the fleet with their wives at his country home near Saratoga.

Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson were hosts at a dinner last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Admiral Eberle and Mrs. Eberle.

Mrs. Dickinson Hall gave a bridge party last week for Mrs. Eberle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui gave a farewell dinner on Tuesday of last week in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Eberle.

Mr. Howard Spreckels was host at a recent house party at the Spreckels ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles gave a luncheon on Thursday at her home in Piedmont in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frederick McNear of Burlingame.

Mrs. Effingham Sutton gave a luncheon last week for Mrs. Taliaferro Milton of Chicago.

A dinner was given at the Burlingame Country Club by friends of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding.

A number of dinners were given in Burlingame on Wednesday evening following the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Crocker.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh gave a luncheon and theatre party for Mrs. Edward Eberle on Wednesday of last week.

Admiral Edward Eberle gave a large luncheon on board the flagship *California* last Friday.

Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a luncheon on Saturday preceding the children's circus at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid were hosts at a dinner in honor of Admiral Edward Eberle and Mrs. Eberle at the Fairmont on Tuesday evening preceding the ball given by the crew of the flagship.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon for Admiral Eberle and Mrs. Eberle at their home in Burlingame on Sunday.

General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Barnett were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith at their home on Octavia Street on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. William Harley Stuart was a hostess at a bridge party given at her home in Sausalito recently in honor of Mrs. Orrin B. Wolfe of Camp Dix, New Jersey, and Mrs. Ole Hagen.

Miss Frances Merrill, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Ruth Fisbbeck at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. James Shea and Mrs. James Farrell gave a farewell dinner last week at their home on Broadway in honor of Mr. Michael Norris and Miss Irene Norris of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Queen.

The warrant officers of the fleet entertained in honor of Admiral Eberle at a farewell dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday of last week, and the crew of the flagship *California* gave a farewell ball at the Fairmont on Tuesday evening in honor of Admiral Eberle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear were hosts at a dinner last week at their residence in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope will give a dinner-dance on Wednesday, July 4th, at the Burlingame Country Club in greeting to their daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. Clarence Townes gave a tea at the Hotel St. Francis last week in honor of Miss Blanche Highley, whose marriage to Mr. William H. Moreland, Jr., took place a few days later.

Mrs. John Jacob Smith gave a tea on Friday last for her sister, Mrs. Kenneth L. Dole of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Amando Pedrini were hosts at a dinner given in honor of Princess Saota Borghese on Wednesday of last week at their home on Larkin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of their cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Rea Smith of Los Angeles was the guest at a luncheon given on Monday by Mrs. Frank Deering.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle gave a tea on Monday afternoon and another on Tuesday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth L. Dole of Redlands.

Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith were hosts at a dinner last week at their home on Jackson Street in honor of Captain Philip Williams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Williams.

A children's circus was held in Menlo Park on Saturday last for the benefit of the Stanford Home for Convalescent Children.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Tuesday in Burlingame by Mrs. Robert Hays Smith.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves gave a dinner-dance on Monday night at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of the visiting members of the American Medical Association.

The officers of Letterman General Hospital gave a reception and dance last Friday night in honor of Surgeon-General Merritte W. Ireland of Washington, D. C. A number of dinners preceded the reception.

Miss Knowles gave a large bridge-tea on Thursday at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Mrs. Kenneth L. Dole of Redlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg of Ross will gave an outdoor party on the afternoon of July 4th.

There will be a dinner-dance at the Marin County Country Club on Wednesday, July 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels were hosts at a dinner given on Saturday night at their home in Burlingame.

There were a number of dinners given at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday night, among the hostesses being Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Webster Jones, and Mrs. Charles Billings Cook.

A dinner was given at the Palace Hotel on Monday night in honor of Dr. George E. De Schwienetz, president of the American Medical Association.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a luncheon at her home in Menlo Park on Saturday preceding the children's circus.

Death of Rabbi Meyer.

Dr. Martin A. Meyer, rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, a leader among the Jews of the United States, and one of San Francisco's most eminent citizen, died on Wednesday morning, June 27th, at his home, 3108 Jackson Street.

Dr. Meyer was widely known as a scholar, author, and educator. He was head of the state board of charities and corrections under Governors Johnson and Stephens. He was affiliated with almost every national Jewish organization in the country, and during the war served as a captain in the Red Cross.

Dr. Meyer was born in San Francisco on January 15, 1879, the son of Charles and Louisa B. Meyer. He was married in Cincinnati in 1905 to Jennie May Haas. Their children are a son, Adolph, aged sixteen, and a daughter, Louise, aged thirteen. His passing will be profoundly regretted, not only here, but in the East.

The Reading Race at Elder's.

The Vacation Reading Club, recently organized under the auspices of the Boys and Girls Book Room of Paul Elder's, has the following well-known writers on its jury of award: Nancy Barr Mavity, literary editor of the *Chronicle;* Laura Bride Powers, of the Oakland *Tribune;* George Douglas, literary editor of the *Bulletin;* Charles Woodman, of the *Call;* Josephine Bartlett, literary editor of the *Journal;* Annie Laurie, of the *Examiner.* This committee will pass on the reading lists of the club members and award the diplomas and prizes.

The membership list is still open. All young people who are interested in good and interesting reading for the summer vacation are eligible.

At the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Juan Ruiz, the four Misses Ruiz, and Juan Ruiz, Jr., were the complimented guests at a dinner-dance at which Mr. Jorge A. Parades entertained at the Palace Hotel during the week. The Ruiz family left for New York Tuesday, and will sail shortly for Europe, where they will spend the remainder of the year in travel.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Janet Hendrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Wilmot Hendrick of Berkeley, and Mr. James Wilcox Drake of Los Angeles was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents Tuesday, June 26th. Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, mother of the bridegroom, with other members of the family and a few friends are guests at the Palace Hotel, coming north for the wedding. The party includes Mr. and Mrs. Sayre MacNeil, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Hugh Livingston MacNeil and Miss Eleanor MacGowan. Mr. and Mrs. Drake will make their future home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mind and Body.

There is no douht of the existence of certain hasis of scientific knowledge for th present vogue of the assumption of the importance of mind's influence over body, say Vernon Kellogg in the *North American Review,* and of the importance of the unconscious element in mind. But, of course, thi vogue is chiefly the result of extravagan claims unjustified hy the facts yet known These claims are pressed hy persons who ar not even acquainted with the scientific fact that give any hasis at all to them. Too ofte they are deliherate attempts to exploit th popular interest. In other cases they are nc dishonest in intention; only dishonest throug careless disregard of the ohligation resting o any one who offers to point the way to healt of having scientific fact as a hasis for thi advice. When I asked M. Coué for som proofs of his claims to he able to do what h thinks—prohahly quite honestly—he and an of us can do hy his methods, he drew fro an inner coat pocket a small packet of letter evidently much used, and handed me one c two to read. Each writer said that she ha tried M. Coué's method and had got well. I was a naive reply on M. Coué's part. Th letters might mean everything or nothing wit regard to M. Coué's methods. M. Coué con siders them to mean everything. I can not.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tohin are hein congratulated on the hirth of a son, horn o Saturday last.

From the fund collected hy the women c America to present a gram of radium to Mm Curie there remains, after ahout $110,000 ha heen paid for the radium, a surplus of abou $50,000, the annual income from which wi he given to Mme. Curie.—*Scientific America*

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Lunch Placerville

Arrive Lake Tahoe 6:00 P. M.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Hathaway Lovell, who is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has returned to the home of his mother, Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, for the summer months.

Mrs. Francis B. Washington, who has spent the past year in New York, will return to Oakland in August. Mrs. Washington's son, Mr. Laurence Washington, has recently graduated from the Boston School of Technology and will remain in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kendall Armsby of Ross are building a cottage at Bolinas and will spend part of the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer will pass the summer at their home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh have rented a house in San Rafael and will spend the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies will pass the summer at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGinnis, who were married on June 12th, have sailed for Honolulu, where they will remain until July.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt of Beverly Hills are in Burlingame this week for the wedding of Miss Ruth Hobart and Mr. William W. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel have rented their house in Burlingame and will pass the summer at Miramar, where they have a cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short have taken a house in Carmel for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Léon Wilson sailed for the South Sea Islands last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus have gone to Washington for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Detrick have returned from a motor trip to Southern California.

Mrs. George Wolf of Los Angeles is visiting her mother Mrs. Hamilton C. Bowie.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin, accompanied by Mrs. Harry Hill, has gone to Santa Barhara, where she will remain for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher are spending the summer in Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler is staying at the Hotel Rafael for the summer and has been joined there by her daughter, Mrs. Henry Ohlhoff.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole arrived on Tuesday from their home in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, who have opened their country home at Lake Tahoe for the summer, returned to Burlingame for a few days last week.

Mrs. Ernest Stillman of New York is paying a visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel with their two daughters have gone to Saratoga, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui have gone to their ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains and will remain there for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin have returned from a motor trip to Santa Barhara, where they visited their daughter, Mrs. W. S. Franklin, and Dr. Franklin at their country home near Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern of Menlo Park have returned from Europe, where they have been since last January.

Mrs. George Barnett left on Friday for Washington, D. C., and will sail for Europe in July.

Miss Helen Hammersmith will join Mrs. Barnett in New York in July and will accompany her to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis of Bakersfield have taken a house for the summer on the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Queen left for Europe on Saturday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks have gone to Del Monte, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett and their daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Lucy Hanchett, left last week for Montecito, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston recently arrived in Burlingame to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna have moved to Burlingame, where they will spend the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Dole of Southern California are spending a week in San Francisco.

Commander James Parker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker are on their way from Annapolis and will arrive in San Francisco next Friday. They will be guests of Mr. James Potter Langhorne, Jr., at the family home on Pacific Avenue until they sail for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill are spending a short time at Feather River.

Mr. Michael W. Norris and his daughter, Miss Irene Norris, returned on Saturday last to their home in Boston.

Mrs. Matthew Tomlinson and her two sons have arrived from Fort Leavenworth and will spend the summer in Inverness.

Admiral Simpson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simpson left last Friday for Washington, D. C., and will be absent a month.

Admiral Edward Eberle and Mrs. Eberle will leave on Sunday for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Donald Armstrong of Hollywood with her children is visiting her mother, Mrs. George T. Page of San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith of Los Angeles are spending a week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington of San Mateo, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Mary and Miss Margaret Redington, and Miss Alice Eastland of Burlingame, have gone to Yosemite Valley, and will later go to Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Joseph Moody with her two grandchildren has gone to Palo Alto for several weeks.

Mrs. Harry Howard has gone to Santa Barbara for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz of Burlingame with their children have gone to Chicago for a stay of several weeks.

Mr. Douglas Alexander, who went to New York last month, expects to go to Europe in July.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith has gone to Los Altos for the summer and will be joined by Dr. Smith over the week-ends.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin left on Saturday for Pinehurst in the Sierra, where he will join Mrs. MacGavin and their daughters.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, who went East recently, is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chilion Howard, in Montreal.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels is making a short stay at the Spreckels ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Crocker, who were married last week, left for Europe on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingshury and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley have returned to their summer homes in Ross, after spending a fortnight at the McCloud River.

Mrs. Brent N. Rickard of Salt Lake City is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Edward Bowie Cutter, at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour and their daughter, Miss Hélène de Latour, left on Monday for Europe, where they will remain for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne will take possession of their new home in Atherton next month.

Mr. Richard de Latour has been spending a few weeks at Bartlett Springs.

Miss Katherine Maxwell, whose engagement to Mr. Carleton Bryan has been announced, is visiting Mr. Bryan's mother, Mrs. Prentis Cohh Hale, at Shasta Springs.

Commander David Le Breton and Mrs. Le Breton have returned from Europe and are expected shortly in San Francisco.

Count Jean de Limur came to Burlingame from Hollywood for the wedding of Miss Hohart and Mr. William W. Crocker last week.

Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow has gone to Santa Barhara to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sherman Stow.

Lieutenant John W. Benton, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Crissy Field, left on Saturday last with Mrs. Benton and their two children for his new station in the Canal Zone.

Mrs. David Grove and Mrs. George Cameron with their sons have gone on a motor trip to Yosemite and will go afterwards to Long Beach before returning to their homes at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant Charles Henry Moore and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. James Keeler have arrived from Honolulu and will spend several weeks with relatives before leaving for Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, who have lately moved into their new home on Green Street, are going to Santa Barhara to spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs, who have been visiting Mrs. Baldwin's brother, Mr. Walter Hohart, in Burlingame, have gone to Pebble Beach for a brief stay before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, after spending a few days in Santa Barbara, have returned to their summer home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown left this week for Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe. Their son, Dr. Albert Lincoln Brown, who has just graduated from Harvard Medical School, Boston, will join them there before returning to San Francisco for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, accompanied by Miss Sophia and Miss Evelyn Barron and Miss Jane Cooper, have gone to Honolulu.

Miss Cornelia Kempff, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll in San Mateo, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover arrived from Washington, D. C., last week. Mrs. Hoover went to the family home in Palo Alto, while Mr. Hoover joined Dr. Lyman Wilbur at Sacramento for a short hunting and fishing trip to the McCloud River.

General George Barnett and Mrs. Barnett have returned from Southern California, where General Barnett has been on a tour of inspection of the Marine Corps.

CURRENT VERSE.

Hansom Cabbles.

When I was a lad there were hansoms in London,
With drivers on top of a little hack stair
And horses that ran under silver-tipt harness
Or stood by the kerbstone awaiting a fare,
And tossed in the air
Their nose-bags of corn for the sparrows to share.

And sometimes in Spring when the nose-bags were leaking,
And sparrows were loud amid loot of spilt corn,
Old cahhy reached over the slender Park railings
And stole a rosette of the double red thorn
His mare to adorn,
With "Fares may he few, hut we won't be forlorn."

The spokes they were painted with red and with yellow;
The brass was like gold where the reins threaded through;
There was sometimes a crest on the old leather hlinkers,
A crown on the horse-cloth of crimson and hlue
That said, "It's for you
We're waiting, my Lord, and a crown is our due."

Now where are they gone to, the weather-worn cahhies
That drove us alertly through all the dense shoals
That filled the strait Fleet from St. Paul's to St. Martin's,
Or over the hridge, where big Benjamin tolls?
Oh! somewhere their souls
Still murmur, "Where to, sir?" through the peepholes.

Elysian fields show them pasturing fillies
Sure-footed and shapely—just built for a yoke;
They comh their silk manes and they wheedle and drive them
Down roads without mud where the fogs never choke
And rain's a rare joke
To cheerful nightwatchmen with cressets of coke.

The fares that they find there are horn in the purple;
Their talk is of Dizzy and Toole and Bend Or;
Their manners are suave and their tips are all golden;
They dwell between Mayfair and Kensington Gore;
And flunkeys galore
Poll-powdered, receive them at Paradise door.

—Wilfrid Thorley in Saturday Review.

Her Third Birthday.

My tiny lady, can it
Be true that you and I
On something called a planet
Are somewhere in the sky?

Yes—and at such a tearing
And madcap speed we've spun
That you with dreadful daring
Have thrice heen round the sun.

Nay it yet more amazes,
That my far-venturing girl
Can he as fresh as daisies
After so wild a whirl!

And now 'neath western hillow
The sun is put to hed
And you, too, on your pillow
Must lay a golden head.

Ah, tears—they come so quickly
For grief so quickly gone!
Yet joys have rained as thickly
For you to dream upon.

—Sir William Watson in "One Hundred Poems."

From the Greek Anthology.

Bill Jupp lies 'ere, aged sixty year:
From Tavistock 'e came.
Single 'e hided, and 'e wished
'Is father 'd done the same.

From "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong. Published by Boni & Liveright.

A Nursery Rhyme.

Can Can Can
You make a can
For us to gather cockles in,
Tinker man?

Yuss Yuss Yuss,
Blesher 'eart yuss.
Which there's some 'd make it better,
But there's some 'd make it wuss!

—From "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong. Published by Boni & Liveright.

Christians.

The fact that Jesus Christ and George Washington both countenanced the drinking of wine is propably the greatest of all thorns in the sides of the prohibitionists, according to *Judge*. But of course the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, president of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, didn't mention this notorious heresy, shared by the Founder of our Religion and the Father of our Country, when he preached his sermon recently on "George Washington, the Christian."

We agree with Dr. Burrell that George Washington was a Christian, but not Dr. Burrell's kind of a Christian, not, as one might say, by a jugful. In a collection of the first President's original papers reposing in a vault of the New York State Education Building, at Albany, is a slip on which he had penned his household expenses for the three months between May 24th and August 24, 1789. These included the following items: Beer, $170; claret, $105; porter, $45; cordials, $1.25.

And not only did George believe in the consumption of beer and wine for pleasure, but he was famous for the exquisite care with which he accounted for every penny of public money he expended. We don't remember that it was ever necessary to summon him before a grand jury to explain a single item. In this respect, too, he was not Dr. Burrell's kind of a Christian, nor Mr. William H. Anderson's neither. He was probably just a real good Christian.

About 35,000 carriers are engaged in the delivery of mail. The number of trips ranges from two to six, the average being about three. The average number of delivery stops on a residential route is approximately 300. Each carrier delivers mail to an average of 200 stops daily, so that the use of a mail receptacle will save him a quarter of a minute at each stop.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(The San Francisco Bank)

526 California St. (and Branches), San Francisco

For the quarter-year ending June 30, 1923, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payahle on and after July 2, 1923. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn interest from July 1, 1923. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1923, will earn interest from July 1, 1923.

A. H. MULLER, Secretary.

BANK OF ITALY (head office and all hranches)
—For the half-year ending June 30, 1923, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payahle on and after July 2, 1923. Dividends not called for are added to and hear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1923. DEPOSITS MADE TO AND INCLUDING JULY 10, 1923, WILL EARN INTEREST FROM JULY 1, 1923.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

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Windsor Rocker
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$15

—What charm this quaint little Windsor Rocker would add to your living-room or bedroom.
—It is low in price, strongly constructed, has sturdy spindles and a shaply saddle seat that is made of solid mahogany.

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Bonbonniere Recherchee
Chocolat Chormont
$2.00 and $3.00 the pound
World Famous Confections.

A Chocolote for Every Mood



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—What is a flirtation? *She*—Attention without intention.—*Chicago News.*

Judge—Have you ever heen convicted before? *Prisoner*—No, always after.—*Christiania Karikaturen.*

The Victim (in bookstore)—I want a hook for a hoy of seventeen. *The Clerk*—Studious, or normal?—*New York Sun.*

"Why did he take up polo?" "It was the only way he could get his picture into the Sunday Roto sections."—*Judge.*

Driver—Don't forget—case of accident—or anything—we're only doin' fifteen—must tell the police the same tale.—*Punch.*

"We keep three servant girls," said Mr. Newly-wed; "one coming, one going, and one here."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"What is a fraction?" "A part of anything, sir." "Give an example." "The sivinteenth of June."—*Melbourne Times.*

"What's your name, my little man?" "I don't know for certain, sir. My mother helongs to the Lucy Stone League."—*Life.*

Casey—See here, that dollar ye lent me yisterday wuz a counterfeit. *Cassidy*—Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it had?—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher (to class)—What is an octopus? *Small Boy (who has just commenced to take Lotin)*—Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Van Twiller (who mistokes Dr. Jovial for a physician)—And where do you practice, doctor? *The Rev. Dr. Jovial*—Ah, madam, I do not practice; I only preach.—*Dollas News.*

"What do you do if a man persists in asking for a dance—and you hate him?" "Tell him your card's full." "Well, suppose it isn't?" "Say it is—and let him see it isn't."—*Yale Record.*

Her—You wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you? *Him*—No, hut on the other hand I wouldn't let her become an old maid because she had money.—*Northwestern Purple Purrot.*

The Londlady (discussing plans for spring clothes renovation)—Ah, sir, I often wonders what the moth did live on hefore that there Adam and Eve invented clothes.—*London Passing Show.*

Bridget—I can't stand the missus, sur. *Von Blumer (sorcostically)*—It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. *Bridget*—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—*Tit-Bits.*

First Tramp—Dese people wbat complain of dere work hein' too hard make me tired. *Second Tramp*—Dey do? *First Tromp*—Yes; why don't dey t'row up de joh?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Judge—Have you anything to say hefore the court passes sentence? *Prisoner*—Well, all I've got to say is, I hope you'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, and let me off easy.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge, sharply. "No, suh." answered the mild-eyed prisoner; "I have a lawyer hired ter do de defendin'. I's de man what done stole de ahticles."—*Washington Star.*

"The maid I require must he very economical." "My last mistress discharged me for that very reason, ma'am." "What! For heing economical?" "Yes'm. I used to wear her clothes."—*Boston Transcript.*

Great Actress—That's an atrocious portrait! Is that the hest you can do? Is there no way you can improve upon it? Suggest something, *Photographer*—Madam, you might permit your understudy to sit for you.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Teacher—Jimmie, define and give an example of heredity. *Jimmie*—It means that—that—that if your grandfather didn't have no children your father wouldn't have none neither—and neither would you.—*Nashville Tennesseean.*

He—But, my dear, what is the use of my taking up fencing instead of hoxing? If I was attacked I shouldn't have my foils with me. *She (triumphantly)*—Ah! hut you might not have your hoxing gloves with you, either.—*London Humorist.*

Mr. Close, Sr.—What! more money? You seem to think that dollars are picked up in the street. I want you to understand that I had to work hard for every cent I've got. *His Son*—Yes; and I have to work harder for every cent I get.—*Washington Star.*

"Johnny," said a teacher to a South Side groceryman's six-year-old, "a lie can he acted as well as told. Now, if your father would put sand in his sugar and sell it he would he acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny, impetuously; "and he said be didn't care."—*Columbus Journal.*

"As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilize me." "Exactly so." "You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work." "That is the idea." "And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter." "Yes." "And next I will become amhitious to get rich, so that I won't have to work at all." "Naturally." "Well, what's the use of taking such a roundahout way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."—*Washington Star.*

Mark Twain as a Speaker.

"Mark Twain made his first speech when he was about twenty years old, at a printers' 'hanquet' in Keokuk, Iowa," writes Alhert Bigelow Paine in his introduction to the new and permanent volume of Twain's speeches just puhlished hy Harpers. "No fragment of this early effort has survived the years, hut his hearers long recalled it as a hilarious performance which promptly qualified him for memhership in a dehating society, where he hecame the chief star. Douhtless he spoke on other festival occasions of the moment, and one wishes that some slight remnant of those heginnings might have been preserved.

"In the beginning he carefully wrote out his speecbes, learned them hy heart, and practiced them in the seclusion of his chamher. Later on he frequently trusted himself to speak without any special preparation or notes, confident of picking up an idea from the toastmaster's introduction or from some previous speaker, usually asking to he placed third on the list. But if the occasion was an important one he wrote his speech and rehearsed it in the old way. His manner of delivery did not change with the years, except to hecome more finished, and to seem less so, for it was his naturalness, his apparent lack of art, that was bis greatest charm. One of those who attended his earliest lectures spoke of his exaggerated drawl of that day, his habit of loosely lounging ahout the stage, bis apparent indifference to the audience. His later art was that of the sort that made the hearer forget that he was not being personally entertained hy a new and wonderful friend, who had come there for his particular henefit. One listener has written that he sat 'simmering with laughter' through what he thought was a sort of introduction, waiting for the traditional lecture to hegin, when presently with a how the lecturer disappeared and it was over. The listener looked at his watch—he had heen there for more than an hour. . . . No one could resist him—prohahly nobody ever tried to do so."

A Literary Ad-Vance.

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Baroque," "The Brass Bowl," and other works of fiction, thus describes himself: "This title hears the imprint of the publishing house of Wilson & Lillie B. Vance, Washington, D. C., 1879. Only one copy was ever struck off, the type (lean-faced hourgeois) having hastily if thoughtfully heen distributed, thus insuring against its duplication. This copy, a moderately tall one (6 foot, I inch), numbered and signed hy its authors, and hound in full American leather of a light hrunette shade, is, even in its present well-used condition, unique and priceless in the rating of its possessor. The stout-ribhed hack, though rubbed and scuffed and slightly rounded near the top, is helieved to be still good for several years of service. The original rough edges have heen measurahly ruhbed down, and many of the pages are dog-eared or otherwise defaced, not a few having heen considerately hlacked out hy the censor, while others again, mostly new ones which the owner has felt impelled to turn over on occasion, are quite hlank. At the instance of the United States government illuminated pages have heen omitted from additions to the work made since 1919. New chapters are added annually, and from time to time the work has been extra-illustrated with photographs showing its progressive stages of deterioration.

"Reference to the chapter dated 1898 shows that the nucleus of a library was formed in that year when the work was placed on the shelf in company with another, in English type, entitled Nance Elisaheth Hodges. The first puhlication resulting from this association circulates freely under the title of Wilson Beall Vance (copyright 1900; all rights reserved, including that of translation into the Scandinavian); while 1904 saw the inauguration of that trickle of hook titles which now numbers ahout twenty-five. Of these the most popular seem to have heen 'Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman-Adventurer,' 'The Brass Bowl,' 'The Black Bag,' 'Joan Thursday,' 'Linda Lee,' 'The Lone Wolf,' and the several successors of the last-named, including 'The False Faces.'"

Today's Forecast—Uncertian.

I am the worst—or hest—liar in the world.

Compared to me Ananias is as the fahled George Washington.

My predictions have caused more chaos than Alexander the Ingrate, prohihition, H. G. Wells, Napoleon, lahor strikes, the soda-fountain check system, the French Revolution, the suhway shuttle, post-season straw hats and Henry Cahot Lodge put together.

I have received more front-page puhlicity than the twelve leading murder ohviouses.

I am frankly unreliahle, yet I am consulted incessantly.

My trade-mark is the douhle cross.

I am the weather report.—*Robert C. O'Brien in Judge.*

Welcome.

"Girth Control," hy Henry T. Finck, will come from the Harper press in June. As the title indicates, the hook is designed to appeal particularly to those who want to regulate their weight. Mr. Finck tells how to reduce without giving up any delicacies, and imparts his information with his usual humor. This is one hook on how to reduce which advises the reader to eat as much as he or she pleases.

Lovely furnished room in private family with hatb on car line.—*Classified od in a Southern poper.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Super-Clever Headliner.

Of all the sorts and conditions of men there is perhaps none that so overdoes his job as the newspaper headliner. The effort of this clever artist—always a very young man—seems, not to define what follows the headlines, but to make striking phrases. Four times out of five the headline bears only remote relation or none at all to the text over which it stands. President Harding is just now the conspicuous victim of this over-clever practice. With reference to the Volstead Act he has declared the policy of his administration, and presumably that of his party, to be rigid enforcement of the law—of the Volstead Act as of other laws. That is as far as he has gone and it is as far as anybody has the right to expect him to go.

But the headliners are making him appear to go further. They are allying him with the radicals who care less for abstract integrity of the law than for the particular "cause" which commands their enthusiasm. The President may or may not be "dry." Assuredly he was not dry when as a member of the Senate his vote was cast against the Volstead Act. Since that time he has not declared himself either one way or the other. What he has said, and said many times over, is that he stands for enforcement of the law and that the energies of his administration will be directed to that end.

It is a far cry from devotion to law enforcement, to personal alliance with the supporters of a "cause" that has gotten its particular fad fixed in the law. It is unfair to represent President Harding as an advocate of extreme prohibition because in his character of President he stands faithful to his obligations as President. A great historical example will illustrate the point. Abraham Lincoln declared that he would save the Union even if he had to do it with slavery, but it would be a curiously stupid mind that would under this declaration classify Lincoln as a pro-slavery apologist.

In his official character Mr. Harding may follow but one course—he must enforce the law as he finds it. That is the commitment of his oath. It is the solemn obligation of the office he holds. But this does not ally him sentimentally or otherwise with the radical advocates of prohibition. We do not undertake to define Mr. Harding's views with reference to prohibition, further than to refer to the fact that his vote as a senator was given against the Volstead Act. As to his individual view, that is his own business, and he has not so far as we know taken the public into his confidence. It should be quite enough for the prohibitionists—quite enough for everybody—that as President he will carry out the law as he finds it in so far as the power under his hands shall qualify him to do it. It is going far—far too far—to claim him as a radical partisan, for any cause or against it, because in his official character he administers the law as it stands on the statute book.

President Campbell.

It is a great task that has fallen to Professor W. W. Campbell. The university over which he is called to preside needs, not only to be administered, but to be reinspired. Established as an agency of culture and of civilization, it has to a very considerable degree degenerated into an amusement centre. While its serious purpose has not wholly been lost, it has in large measure been vitiated by the intrusion of trivialities into the curriculum, and by the toleration of pretended students who are not students at all, but merely seekers after pleasure. "Student activities" have been permitted too large a part in its practice. Things at best trivial and at worst vulgar have attached themselves to the university, tending to its demoralization within and to its discredit without. The university needs to be purged of frivolities and extravagances, brought back to sympathetic accord with the high purpose for which it was established and made worthy of the sacrifice by which it is sustained.

If President Campbell is to do what is required at Berkeley, the Board of Regents will need to give him a kind of support that it has not accorded to all his predecessors. The most important duty of the Board of Regents is to select a competent president and then to uphold his hands. It is not the privilege of the regents so to surround the president with restrictions as to destroy his initiative, weaken his prestige, and limit his dignity. That plan has been tried and it has failed. On the one hand it has permitted the grafting upon the school of unnumbered excrescences, and on the other it has promoted timidity where strength was needed. There has been on the part of the regents too much of intrigue and too little of what goes to inspire initiative and force in administration.

A strong and capable man is retiring from the presidency under circumstances that still remain something of a mystery. To his credit Dr. Barrows has made no statement of the considerations back of his retirement. His expressed desire to return to his work as a teacher is, in the opinion of the *Argonaut*, not the whole truth. Beyond question there have been influences in the Board of Regents that desired his failure and that tended to bring about conditions making it impossible that he should succeed. Here is indicated a condition and practice that cry out for remedy. And unless we mistake the spirit and powers of Governor Richardson the remedy will be found. For the first time in the history of the state, the governor has given to the university first-hand and consistent attention. Since entering upon his office he has presided at every meeting of the board and he has announced his intention of taking an active part in all its deliberations. Here is promise of something seriously needed. The potential authority of the head of the state is great, and if he shall exercise it with firmness, as we believe he will, good results may be hoped for.

President Campbell brings to the university long and successful experience in administration, but in a relatively narrow sphere. He is a man of scholarship and in his specialty a man of wide fame. But he will find in the maelstrom of Berkeley conditions very different from those of his perch near the clouds at Mt. Hamilton. If he is to be successful he must make no compromises. Only a strong hand can meet the needs of his new and larger office. His plans as announced are in commendable spirit; carried into effect, they will do much for our great school. Profoundly solicitous for the welfare of Berkeley, the *Argonaut* gives to the new administration congratulation and God-speed.

The Harmonica Battle.

A man may love roses and be a rascal—or, as the favorably known dramatist William Shakespeare made one of his characters observe, may smile and smile and be a villain. But we defy any man to smile and smile and play the mouth organ and be a villain—and so if smiling be an essential component of villainy a man may not play the mouth organ and be villainous. That is clear, but we go farther, and proclaim the belief that mouth organ players are as a class one of the least villainous of all classes in this country. This being so, the interest of the judicious rightly attaches to the great harmonica contest recently held in our neighbor state of Oregon. Aside from the name of the locality made illustrious by the victory of its representative, details are meagre, but the winning city was Gresham, second metropolis of Multnomah County, and today as justly proud as any city-state of ancient Hellas whose champion won the olive at Olympia.

We venture to say that most people in the United States were ignorant that this contest was to be held. No guarantees of $300,000 to compensate the champion for having to take the money were posted for this battle. There were, therefore, no wild, soul-harrowing struggles to convince otherwise sensible business men that it would be worth their credit to underwrite the prizes. For months past the press has not been choked with efforts at building up the contender for the title by tales of his abstemious life and wonderful prowess, and at tearing down the champ with apocryphal descriptions of his midnight orgies and ruined health, until the come-ons believed they were nearly enough on a level to make a contest. The clergy did not assist the press agents by preaching sermons that guaranteed the brutality and wickedness of the event. There do not seem to have been any "managers" to draw up the contracts and guard their helpless charges against the rapacity of the promoters; nor have ambitious office-holders tried to make political capital and wider notoriety by threatening to stop the fight. Our contemporary, the Portland *Oregonian*, from whose editorial columns we derive our only information on the subject, does not even record the name of the hero. And perhaps that is well, for the renown now accrues to his city, which any really unselfish patriot would above all things prefer. But we know that such a contest took place, and we know some of the conditions under which it proceeded through its various stages of elimination to the victory of the champion organ mouther. And that was a victory as worthy to be sung by poets as Southey considered the Battle of Blenheim, and as some consider most battles.

That victory was not won by jazzing. None of the haste, madness, syncopation and eruptive violence that characterize our orchestras today, and cause their efforts so nearly to resemble the tones and cadences of a truckload of stoves rolling over a cobbled street, were audible in the recitals of the harmonicanists. Gently as Zephyr in the Vale of Tempe they breathed into

their reedy cavities such dulcet strains as "Red Wing," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Genevieve," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "The Ship That Never Returned," "Old Black Joe," and "Sweet Adeline." Does the moddern flapper know these melodies? She does not. To hear them, especially on the harmonica, she would have to keep still and give attention, and that she can not do. Does her mother know them? Nope. That is, she may have some dim remembrance as of Æolian harps sighing their harmonies to another world, or of a young man with choking collar, thick puff tie, and tight trousers standing at a piano and wallowing in metrical tragedy with his throaty baritone, but since those warm and drooping summer days babies have intervened, servants have disappeared, wars have been fought in Europe and in the home, gasoline and hip-pocket parties have taken us far from the charms of the simple, the sentimental, the pathetic, the romantic, and the whole-hearted attitude toward life in any aspect. The note of today is that of cynicism, and destructive criticism of everything the older generation held dear. We no longer hear the guitar, of summer nights, twanging from our neighbor's porch, nor the sweet strains of waltzes from his parlor; the children are out on the road in a whiz buggy, or doing hug dances at a road house. But in Multnomah County, Oregon, where, as the *Oregonian* observes, "the first birds of spring seek the leafage of Johnson Creek, and the March meadow lark is boldest," the old songs are remembered and harmonicas instead of gin flasks are to be found in hip pockets. And our contemporary states that "if the airs the mouth organists played were in the least suggestive, they suggested the barn dances of Old Missouri, the glint of rain on leaves, the doleful sweetness of romance in the '80s, and the shuffle and scuffle of jigging feet."

And that was peaceful and it was wholesome. Not a Bolshevist in the crowd, not a threat against society, no hate, no bitterness, no curses of the capitalistic system, no efforts to eliminate the middleman or promote the Plumb Plan—no struggles to understand what President Harding meant, or what Mr. Bryan is going to take up next, or why Senator Borah is. According to the memoirs of the late Prince Philipp Eulenburg, Germany fell into the pit because Bismarck turned it from beer and music and moonshine to blood and iron, and was so ignorant of art that he had Wagner's "Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" arranged for a trumpet quartet to give it martial value. The mouth organ may lack grandeur. It may never thrill with the stentorian diapason of the Auditorium organ, or the one in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. But like the Jew's harp it has its place and its office; and perhaps we should be a more harmonious nation were our statesmen more addicted to the harmonica, and less to emitting long speeches to be printed in the *Congressional Record*.

"Better Understanding Needed."

Something out of the ordinary must have happened in the office of the San Jose *Mercury* one day last week. The editorial mind of that paper, if not always courageous, is usually coherent. But in dealing with a recent expression in these columns on "The Foundation Stones of Our System" the *Mercury* exhibits a curious vacuity of mind, unconsciously confessed in its headline, "Better Understanding Needed." If the *Mercury* writer had had "better understanding" he would have found in the article he criticizes, not a discussion of prohibition, but of the principle upon which the Volstead Act rests and of a practice it has inspired throughout the country.

In his lack of understanding he wholly missed the point; and, in vanity we say it, it is not easy to miss the point of what is written in these columns. One may not like it, but there is little difficulty in understanding it. If there be two supremely essential foundation stones of our system they are (1) the right to individual liberty and (2) the duty of obedience to law. Infinitely more important than prohibition or any other act of social regulation are these essential fundamental considerations. Broadly speaking, nothing under our system may be called worthy or wholesome—or other than destructive—if it vitiates the right of individual liberty in its legitimate application. By the same token, nothing under our system may be called worthy or wholesome—or other than destructive—that vitiates respect for law. By these fundamentals every proposal must be adjudged, and whatever fails to support legitimate right to individual liberty and respect for law must stand discredited—and must be abandoned—if our system is to survive in its integrity.

Abraham Lincoln brought to this test the great issue of his day, that of slavery. No man ever held the practice of human bondage in greater horror and resentment, but when it came to the point of the relationship of slavery to our system Lincoln put his individual feelings to one side. My purpose, he declared, is to save the Union. I would save it with slavery, or I would save it without slavery. Thus above the issue of slavery—above all else—stood the integrity of government of the people, by the people, for the people. Similarly every right-minded man views—or should view—the issue of prohibition. The paramount thing is not prohibition. It is the system, founded on the principle of liberty and of respect for law, that has given the world the highest benefits—the nearest approach to social equality—in the record of the race.

It is a biased mind that sees in the issue of prohibition as we have it today prohibition only. The vital point relative to prohibition, or any other social or political proposal, is its relationship to the general governmental system of these United States.

Some Plain Words About China.

China finds herself in a situation so closely akin to anarchy and the attendant dangers to life and property that the American Chamber of Commerce and the American Association of China have felt impelled to cable Secretary of State Hughes urging him to put an end "to intolerable conditions existing in China." It is stated in cabled news messages from China that the "intolerable conditions" have largely been brought about by failure of the American government to act aggressively in the present crisis. American lives are being endangered and business prestige destroyed "by lack of strong action." These sensational statements are followed by drastic suggestions for the control of China until a strong and satisfactory government can be established in that country. What the American business men of China particularly desire to have done is set forth in the cable as follows:

1. Suspension of all benefits to China under the Washington conference.
2. Disarmament of troops; troops to be returned to their homes.
3. Place Chinese finances under foreign supervisors, and place foreign guards on the lines of communication, both land and water.
4. Foreign garrisons at strategic points throughout China.
5. Suspension of return of Boxer indemnity.
6. Coöperation with Great Britain in providing remedies for the present situation.

These direct and bold demands, expressed with a simple impressiveness that no mere fine writing could enhance, doubtless grow out of the conditions which confront foreigners in China today. Allowance must be made for the nervousness and apprehension felt by those who are living on the spot, and who, perhaps, unconsciously exaggerate some of the dangers. There will not, however, be much difference of opinion regarding the facts. The Chinese government has ceased to function, and this decay of effective power has been going on actively and progressively for many years. The central government is unable to maintain order and to meet the international obligations essential to a participation in the comity of nations. If the weak and ineffective thing which is called the government of China were seeking for recognition today as a new government, *de facto*, the United States would have to deny its request because it does not fulfill any of the conditions which we ordinarily exact as precedent to the granting of recognition.

The unfortunate and premature attempt on the part of a small body of enthusiasts in China to thrust a republican form of government on a country the inhabitants of which, outside of the treaty ports and a few large cities, are ignorant of the modern conception of government and of social organization has brought disaster to that unhappy country, has strengthened anew the hands of the traditional political and military plunderers, and has hastened the final undoing of the central government.

Two main underlying causes, in addition to the great fundamental fact of the unpreparedness of the Chinese people for self-government, have made steadily for the ruin of their country. They are the ineradicable corruption of officials and the ill-considered effort of the so-called "idealists" to build a republic without first constructing for its support foundations of experience, understanding, and discipline. The programme of the "Liberal party," as expounded by a number of alert, facile, and talkative young men, who were educated abroad, has been an indiscriminate demand for reforms, the greater number of which were neither wanted nor understood, coupled with chauvinistic attacks, sometimes justified and other times wholly unjustified, upon the Japanese government. In the meanwhile domestic peace, the orderly and prudent conduct of public business and finances, the payment of honest debts, were minor considerations in the minds of the militant young uplifters—what they wanted was immediate revolution, a sweeping, over-night change from an old to a new order of things. What they have largely succeeded in achieving and that for which they are in a large measure responsible, however, is the desperate condition which exists in China today.

The series of remedial measures which the American Chamber of Commerce asks this government to take, alone or in conjunction with other governments, reduced to simple terms, means one thing and one thing only, namely, foreign military control of China. The hint, of course, is that this form of control be undertaken jointly by Great Britain and the United States. The suggested disbandment of troops and their dispersal; foreign guards on all lines of communication, both rail and water; foreign garrisons at strategic points throughout China; foreign supervision and control of finances—all these things mean the placing in abeyance of the sovereignty of China and the assuming of responsibility for the government of that country by the foreign powers that choose to intervene.

The intervention contemplated by foreigners in China would be a serious undertaking, and one that would involve the active employment of our army and navy for a considerable period. No doubt, if we so desired, we could negotiate a treaty with Great Britain and Japan and the remaining semblance of a government in China which would provide for the measure of foreign control asked for by the American commercial bodies in that country. It is also probable, should a provisional military government be organized by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, that China could within a decade be reorganized, reconstructed, and disciplined to such an extent that she would develop a large number of honest and patriotic men, capable of carrying on their own government. Foreign civil officials and all but a small body of troops could then be withdrawn. Our experience in Cuba might, in a general way, be duplicated. What we have in mind, as a possible remedy for China's difficulties, is a combined foreign military occupation for a few years, to be followed by the setting up of a native government, to be supported for a short time by the presence of a small force of foreign troops.

The attitude of the foreigners who go to the assistance of China should be to look to that country, not as something to be preyed upon, looted, and otherwise taken advantage of, now or in the future, but to consider it as an unfortunate sister nation, bankrupt, confused, without government; and therefore a nation to be supported, uplifted, strengthened, stimulated, and inspired with fresh ideals of patriotism, of service, and of duty.

There are plenty of competent, practical, high-minded men of affairs, thoroughly trained in public service, in the United States and Great Britain and Japan who would take an enlightened and honorable view in relation to their duty toward China, and who would honestly labor for her advantage if they were charged with temporary administration of her affairs.

It is suggested at present, according to more recent cables, that the foreign powers represented at Peking immediately assist the Chinese government by policing the railways. That is, it is proposed that we shall assist a government that no longer functions, and the executive head of which is a fugitive from his capital, to maintain order on its lines of communication. Either this means a merely futile gesture, or it means that foreign powers shall install themselves as the guardians of the railways and other lines of communication, which would be just one degree removed from benevolent military occupation. Advisedly we say "benevolent." It means in this connection an occupation by the military forces of friendly powers, brought together to assist an enfeebled nation to its feet, and ultimately to establish a substantial government selected by the

Chinese, which shall be supported by foreign troops until it is able masterfully to fulfill all the responsibilities and obligations incident to a modern government. In this connection we are informed that the substantial and sensible Chinese citizens would welcome foreign intervention. Chinamen who have practical minds are desperately weary of the chaotic conditions which have so long existed in their country, and which have robbed them of much that makes life worth living.

The establishment of a temporary military government would have to be brought about with infinite care, and if it is attempted the effort should be surrounded with every reasonable safeguard for the protection of China and the Chinese. To the attempt to apply any such remedy as we have vaguely outlined the objection will be made that the remedy is a severe and improper one, but it must be remembered that China is in a desperate situation and that half-way measures of relief dictated by sentimental considerations will be of no value whatsoever.

If the plan here suggested in outline is one which can be developed into something workable, it can save China, and at the same time it need not gravely offend the susceptibilities of the Chinese. Its adoption and operation will save that unhappy country many years of devastating civil war, enormous and continuous loss of life and property, and, perhaps what is worse, the lowering of the *morale* and the spiritual standards of the population. No one can count the cost of the demoralization which follows long-continued civil war and anarchy.

So why, for the moment, dwell upon the abstract ideal of liberty for the people of a country which can not govern itself? Liberty is dead in China for the time being. The talk about taking liberty away from the people of that country in connection with a scheme for their salvation is a mockery. The only liberty a benevolent and wisely conducted government of the country would deprive the people of would be license to rob, murder, kidnap and live the lives of bandits.

The plan suggested as a means for the rehabilitation of China contemplates that for a limited and short period the Chinese should become wards, as it were, of some competent and friendly nations—nations which have the honesty and the character to treat their wards decently and honorably and to turn over to them the government of their own country as soon as they are able to conduct it as a dependable going concern. Chronic fault-finders, and others, will discover many obstacles to the arrangement we have been discussing, but they will not suggest an alternative plan which is workable and that will accomplish the desired results.

Editorial Notes.

John A. Britton, dead within the week at the age of sixty-seven, was a potential figure in the affairs of California. His part in the development and administration of forces that enter constructively into the life of San Francisco and the state was a large one. Mr. Britton was much more than a man of material interests. He was an intelligent and persistent worker in activities related to political organization, education, and social life. As a regent of the State University, as a supporter of the best things in social organization, more recently as president of the Bohemian Club, he was an indefatigable promoter of public welfare. And to all his activities he brought generosity of mind, human sympathy, and the graces of dignity and courtesy.

The death of Dr. Martin A. Meyer of Temple Emanu-El is not only a loss to the religious association to which he stood in the relation of teacher and guide, but to the whole community. Neither his sympathies nor his labors were limited to the narrow sphere of his pastorate. He was a consistent supporter of the best things in civilization; and his activities had the special values that spring from fine talents, scholarship, and refined taste. A native of San Francisco, Dr. Meyer in his youth sought and found the culture of other and broader fields. Returning to San Francisco, he brought to his work here the powers of ripened experience. In the years of his service at Temple Emanu-El he gave to his congregation and to the whole community a persistent illustration of elevated manhood.

If there were need of further evidence to prove Mr. Will C. Wood, state superintendent of public instruction, a hothead and a blatherskite it is supplied by his address on Monday before the National Educational Conference at Oakland. In this assembly were some hundreds of teachers representative of the civilized world. They were assembled to consider the broad interests of education. It was neither the time nor the place for the airing of local contentions. Nothing could have been more out of keeping, more impertinent, even more vulgar than Mr. Wood's tirade. It was a gross abuse of the privileges of a host—for in some such character Mr. Wood as state superintendent of education stood. Truly it is a foul bird that fouls its own nest.

Immigration allotments under the present law for various European countries for the fiscal year 1923-24, beginning July 1st, are: Great Britain and Ireland, 77,342; Germany, 67,607; France, 5729; Italy, 42,057; Austria, 7342; Hungary, 5747; Turkey, 2654; Greece, 3063; Poland, 39,977; Russia, 24,405. Quotas for Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France and Italy are unchanged, while slight changes in the others are mainly representative of shifts in boundary lines.

The "ad clubs" are calling on the churches to exorcise misrepresentation of goods. Considering how long the churches have been trying to do it and what slight headway they have made, this certainly looks like optimism.

Among twenty-eight leading American cities the homicide rate is highest in Memphis and lowest in Spokane. In the twenty-eight cities compared, nine out of every 100,000 inhabitants in 1922 were killed by violence. The rate, however, shows a decrease of three-tenths of 1 per cent., as compared with that for 1921. The Memphis rate was 67.4 per 100,000, and the Spokane rate 1. The New York rate is 5.8. From Memphis down, or up, the next four most homicidal cities are Nashville, New Orleans, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Individual Liberty.

SWANTON, CAL., June 27, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your editorial on "The Foundation Stones of Our System" you seem to have an entirely wrong notion of the basis of our government, which is, as I understand it, the rule of the majority as shown by our votes. If there ever was a foundation stone "the right to individual liberty" it has been replaced by majority rule. The drafting of citizens in the civil war and in the late war shows that individual liberty is a mere figment of the imagination. Equality before the law is the only right of a citizen of our country. Individual liberty was destroyed when citizens were drafted; and in many lesser ways is individual liberty denied. The jurymen who are taken from their homes and locked up for days lose their liberty. Not long ago—in the influenza epidemic—the right of the citizen to breathe air freely was taken away from him. And whenever the good of the majority requires it is very probable that further restriction of individual liberty will be enforced. Your view seems to be that the hardships of the Volstead Act in denying men the right to drink alcoholic liquors overweighs all its advantages. Something can be said in favor of prohibition. The statement in the *World's Almanac* for 1923 that in our chief cities, with 20,000,000 population, the arrests for drunkenness were 200,000 less in the last two years for which statistics were available shows a vast saving of misery that can only be fully appreciated by the drunkard's wife and family. Flouting of the Volstead Act by educated people is certainly a great danger to our country. Let those who violate the act mend their ways. WILLIAM HILLMAN.

[If the writer of the above letter had taken a moment's thought, he would hardly have been guilty of the reflection that in pleading for the principle of individual liberty the *Argonaut* had in mind liberty to commit crime or to spread contagion.—ED.]

A Boquet.

BOSTON, MASS., June 26, 1923.

DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I have just been reading your editorial of June 9th on "Prohibition a Political Issue." I am writing you to say that it is about the best thing I have seen. It is quite beyond my conception that any sane man or woman who believes in the Constitution of the United States should not recognize the fact that however favorable one may be to the strict enforcement of laws enacted to carry the provisions of the Constitution into effect, he can not reasonably object to the modification of those laws when it is manifest that the laws can not be rigidly enforced without endangering our fundamental structure. * * *

The *Argonaut* is the best weekly publication in the United States. I wish it circulated by the million.

Yours sincerely, LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

We're Glad to Help.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Dear Sir:* It is with great pleasure that I send you word of the *Argonaut's* part in the success of the Blindcraft "noiseless" campaign. Please believe that the directors appreciate every word of your kindly editorial. We are doubly grateful because we realize that the *Argonaut* never says what it does not believe, and what it is not willing to stand behind. Faithfully, yours, ALICE BUNKER.

About 90,000 blank envelopes are dropped into mail boxes in this country every year.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

OUR HANDS OFF.

(New York Times.)

Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, had some sensible things to say in his recent address before the Harvard Alumni Association about American participation in European affairs. Pointing out that the situation in the Ruhr is virtually that of a state of war and that the further economic recovery of Europe must await the outcome of the struggle, Mr. Wadsworth did not hesitate to urge an American policy of "hands off." He is not at all for "isolation"; on the contrary, he is for helping to the full when the time comes, and meanwhile for preparing to help.

In support of his opinion Mr. Wadsworth gave two reasons. The first is the character of American politics. National elections in this country mainly turn upon domestic issues rather than upon foreign policy. It is virtually impossible to interpret a presidential election as a clear indication of the kind of foreign policy a majority of the American people desire. The possible occupation of the Ruhr by the French was not an issue when Mr. Harding was elected. There is no popular mandate with regard to France in the Ruhr, and the Administration is justified in holding aloof until the time comes when it can speak with weight.

The other reason for delay mentioned by Mr. Wadsworth is the pressing nature of our own problems. The nation is solvent. It is enjoying a fair degree of prosperity, especially in comparison with Europe. But it would be idle to think that we have fully recovered from the war. It is in solving our own questions as rapidly as possible, strengthening the government, fortifying its finance, managing its business with success, that Mr. Wadsworth sees the largest promise of effective American help for Europe when the moment for help approaches. Those who would have the United States "do something," confident that almost any movement would be of benefit, may affect to see in Mr. Wadsworth's counsel only national selfishness in a new disguise, but it is in fact nothing of the sort. It is rather a plea for enlightened self-interest waiting for its opportunity. "Upon our own welfare," declares Mr. Wadsworth, "will depend the extent to which we may be of help."

RAIL FUNDAMENTALS.

(New York Tribune.)

In his Kansas City speech President Harding emphasized the fundamentals of the railroad problem. The most salient of these is that transportation is not a luxury, but a primary economic necessity. We have, in fact, as the President suggests, "staked our very existence on the daily continuity of transportation."

Since this is so, how short-sighted has been the government's policy for years past of semi-starvation for the roads and partial confiscation of their property! The carriers are giving the public an indispensable service on a basis of undercapitalization. Their systems could not be reproduced at the valuation placed on them by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The railroad industry is an industry in which a spirit of patriotism has been developed, voluntarily or involuntarily. It is the only industry of this sort in the country. But because it works for others first and itself second greedy and predatory groups in the community want to despoil it further. This impulse is ignorant as well as maliciously destructive. President Harding is not affected by it, because all his native instincts are fair and generous. He does not subscribe to the odious theory that the humble and unselfish shall be penalized all the more because of their humility and unselfishness. He says with the indignation of a just man:

"The prosperity of the railways is the prosperity of the American people, and the property rights in railway investment are entitled to every consideration under our Constitution which is due to property rights anywhere. Any tendency toward confiscation will lead to confusion and chaos and destroy the very foundations on which the republic is builded."

It is well that Presidents and the courts should plainly rebuke the confiscatory programme which has gradually dried up railroad revenues and now compels the operation of nearly a third of our railroad mileage on a basis of returns which forestall adequate maintenance and proper expansion of facilities.

Mr. Harding thinks that conditions will be improved if regional consolidations are effected. Such consolidations would be beneficial in reducing operating costs and in easing the financing of the weaker roads. The stronger carriers would welcome regional combinations in which the existing interests of their stockholders were protected. But the crucial remedy is the simple one of fair treatment and good faith. Says the President:

"The railways have become publicly sponsored institutions, and the government must find a way to avoid confiscation, avoid starvation, and maintain service and proper return upon capital which will assure them a growth commensurate with the country's development."

On the political side that is the solution of the railroad problem in a nutshell.

RUSSIA OBJECTS ALSO.

(San Luis Obispan.)

The Russian government has refused to submit to the judgment of the World Court its controversy with Finland over Karelia, a territory claimed by both. Two objections are raised to such submission. In the first place, Russia claims that this is an internal question of her own. It will be remembered that this point was one of the strongest offered against our joining the League of Nations, that we would never be willing to submit to its judgment any matter of our own affairs, and that we must be the judge as to when affairs are such as to call for our sole judgment on them, such, for instance, as any interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The answer to this has always been that there is no compulsion placed upon any nation to submit any question whatever to the court or the league. All such submissions must be entirely voluntary. Also there is no compulsion, save that of honor and respect for world opinion, to accept the judgment of the court or the league when rendered. There is no strong right arm anywhere in the proceedings. Russia appreciates this in declining to go into court with Finland over this matter.

Also Russia objects that she can not trust the impartiality of the court, implying that the judges would be under the

orders of the governments under which they live and that the most influential of those governments are hostile to the Soviet rule in Russia. This is also like the assumption of those in this country who oppose our entry into the court. They look upon the court much as they do upon an international conference where the national representatives dare not do anything without cabling to their premiers for instructions. But such is not the case and can not be if the court is to be of any value whatever in settling international problems. The judges are selected without regard to their governments or even as to membership in the league or the court itself. For instance, one member on the court is an American citizen, but this country belongs neither to it nor the league. He is there as an individual jurist of high personal character and international reputation, and not at all as a representative of the United States.

The constitution of the court also provides that any nation having a case before the court and not having one of its nationals on the bench shall be entitled to appoint a judge to sit during that trial, providing the opposing nation has such a judge. Under this provision Germany has a judge on the court now in the hearing of the case brought by France to determine the right of Germany to stop a French vessel going through the Kiel Canal with munitions of war on board. A nation, therefore, must have a very bad case indeed when it refuses to submit it to the judgment of such an international court, with one of its own nationals on the bench, and with no compulsion to accept the verdict when rendered save a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind."

The United States and Soviet Russia are the twin exponents of hostility to an international court rendered as free from national influence and governmental dictation as any human organization could possibly be. There is nothing the United States could do in decency it should fear to submit to such a tribunal for judgment, nor should we fear to repudiate its findings, should they be based on such partiality and prejudice as many of our people join with the Soviet government in ascribing to the court. We ought not to feel that we are the object of such prejudice and hostility, but if we unfortunately are, it should be determined by actual test and not be assumed. As a member we would not be called upon to enforce any judgment against any nation, nor would any one or more nations be called upon to enforce one against us. The court's judgments are moral, not plenary.

PROBLEMS OF THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

The college president's problems are seldom simple ones. It is no easy matter in the first place for him to secure the proper coördination between the various departments of the institution with the administration of whose affairs he has been entrusted. He must be a conciliator, a harmonizer, a pourer of oil upon the troubled waters of interdepartmental jealousies and rivalries. He must be "popular" with both the alumni and the student body, if his administration is to be as smooth as, if he is a human being, he would like it to be. He must steer his course through the narrow channel bounded on the one side by the Scylla of conservatism and the Charybdis of radicalism. If he is too much of a standpatter; if he stands somewhat aloof from "new-fangled" ideas in education, he is sure to come to clash with the Hotspurs of the younger generation. If, on the other hand, he is seized with the reforming spirit of the radicals, he is instantly condemned by the conservatives as a breaker of traditions, and as a worshipper of strange gods. His difficulties in this respect are the same in substance as those which confront most men in public life. By unwritten custom also, the American college president has become, to a people so devoted to education as the American people, a sort of public oracle. Whenever he speaks, he speaks not as an individual, but as the president of Harvard, Columbia, Wisconsin or Cornell. Wrong interpretations are not infrequently placed upon his remarks, and an emphasis that often gives to his words an importance far beyond that which they really merit. His public utterances not infrequently get him into hot water. Finally, in these days of drives and endowments, he must be something of a money-getter, if he heads a privately-endowed institution. Here again the qualities that make for success in the business world have a value to which trustees are not blind.

A NEW POLITICAL ISSUE?

(Sacramento Union.)

In an address at Idaho Falls, President Harding has raised what may become a new issue in American politics by proposing the organization of coöperative associations of consumers under the auspices of the Federal government to work in coördination with coöperative associations of producers.

The "shorter bridge" between the producer and consumer has been sought by many persons, but thus far the consumers in America have not shown a disposition to enter into coöperative efforts.

It is true that for many years coöperative stores have been highly successful in England and other countries, and it is possible that under government auspices they might become popular in America.

To California must be given the credit of having set the pace in coöperative producers' associations, and no one can question their great success. To parallel them with consumers' associations is a new idea, particularly in politics, and it is somewhat suggestive of a theory set forth in the book, famous a generation ago, "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy.

A surprising feature of the President's suggestion is that so novel a proposal should have come from one generally considered to be of ultra-conservative mind.

If this is to be an issue in politics, it will be a distinct break away from the series of European questions which have so preoccupied public thought the past few years as to leave little time for consideration of purely domestic matters.

CONSUMER AND PRODUCER.

(Santa Barbara News.)

President Harding, in the course of an address at Idaho Falls, Idaho, proposed, as one step in bringing the producer and the consumer nearer together, a system of coöperation between consumers. He proposed that the proposed system should be financed, at least in part, through an adaptation of the principle of the savings bank.

As the President points out, the producers have made considerable progress along coöperative lines. Through their marketing associations, the farmers have systematized their distribution of products in many instances, and brought increased profits.

In many cases they have reduced the cost of supplies through coöperative purchasing and warehousing of their essential materials.

In European countries, notably in the factory districts in England, the coöperative stories have proved that coöperation among the consumers is possible and it may be profitable.

Although the experiment has been tried many times in this country, and even in our own state, on the whole the success has not been what the leaders in the experiments hoped. The failures of these organizations are scattered all over the country.

In the cities, where the larger part of the farmer's produce finds its market, the disposition of the people is to buy at the nearby store. "Free markets" are a success here and there, but on the whole they do not attract the buyers in most cities.

Experience has taught that the shrewd and careful-buying merchant operating his own store can buy to better advantage than the average coöperative store.

The member of a coöperative store organization will go where he can buy to the best advantage. He will pass the door of the store in which he has a coöperative interest and patronize the competing merchant who sells what he wants to buy at the lowest price.

In the last analysis, price is largely a matter of individual efficiency, as transportation is a fixed charge; the same to all alike, even to the coöperative concern.

Unless the American people change their custom of buying, there is little hope that the coöperative purchase plan can be made generally effective.

At best the margin of saving between the costs of the coöperative store and the careful merchant's establishment can never be sufficient to bring a material saving.

OLD FAVORITES.

Love and Douht.

Today into my heart of hearts
There crept a tiny Douht;
There was no room for Love and it—
So Love was driven out.

And oh, to think how sure I was
Last night our love was true,
And that today this little Douht
Had hidden Love adieu!

"No room within for Love and Doubt,"
I heard my sad heart say;
And, looking in your eyes, I knew
That Doubt had come to stay!

O for two narrow graves of grief,
That we might lie therein!
My heart with all its weight of woe,
Your heart with all its sin.—*Clarence Urmy.*

Reconciliation.

I.

I sometimes wonder when and how
You will come back to me—
Across what stretch of burning sand,
Across what sobbing sea—
What word will break the silence long
That now sweet speech denies,
And what will be the tale that each
Reads in the other's eyes.

II.

Will floods of sunshine, golden fair,
Across our pathway flow,
Or will our souls in rapture meet
Beneath the starlight's glow?
Will flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,
To welcome in the day,
Or will dead leaves be blown across
A sky of tearful gray?

III.

Let it be soon! Come as it may,
Enough there is of pain
Without the added weight of woe,
If love like ours were slain.
Come back to life and hope and joy—
These arms are open wide!
Come back and find our early love,
Thorn-crowned, but sanctified!

—*Clarence Urmy.*

My Brigantine.

Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy form,
Gentle in roll and buoyant on the serge,
Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,
In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge,
My water-queen!
Lady of mine,
More light and swift than thou none thread the sea
With surer keel or steadier on its path,
We brave each waste of ocean-mystery
And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,
For we are thine.
My brigantine!
Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,
Trust to the eye that pierces from afar;
Trust the red meteors that around thee play,
And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's star,
Thou bark divine!

—*James Fennimore Cooper.*

The Cosmic Egg

Upon a rock yet uncreate,
Amid a chaos inchoate,
An uncreated being sate;
Beneath him, rock,
Above him, cloud,
And the cloud was rock,
And the rock was cloud.
The rock then growing soft and warm,
The cloud began to take a form,
A form chaotic, vast, and vague,
Which issued in the cosmic egg.
Then the Being uncreate
On the egg did incubate,
And thus became the incubator;
And the egg did allegate,
And thus became the alligator;
And the incubator was potentate,
But the alligator was potentator. —*Anon.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett, veteran of five polar expeditions, one of which was Peary's famous dash to within one hundred miles of the North Pole, is again raising funds for a three-year expedition to the Arctic Sea, this time to measure its flow and currents and to sound its bottom. Captain Bartlett, who was born in Newfoundland in 1875 and became an American citizen fifteen years ago, was master of a whaler at seventeen and now holds both American and English masters' tickets. One of Bartlett's Arctic expeditions was under Stefansson, when the ship *Karluk* was lost off Wrangell Island. He has received many medals, including the Hubbard gold medal of the National Geographic Society.

Dr. Pierre Paul Emile Roux, director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, has recently made the statement that Western Europe and America are no longer threatened by epidemics and plagues. The fight against these epidemics has been among the chief labors of Dr. Roux and his associates. Roux assisted Pasteur in many of his researches and is widely known for his work with diphtheria serum. Pasteur's assistant and successor was born at Confolens, Charente, in 1853. He was educated at the School of Medicine at Clermont-Ferraud and at the University of Paris. He has been connected with the Pasteur Institute since 1878 and has been director there since 1904. He was elected to the Academy of Medicine in 1895, the Academy of Science in 1899, and in 1903 received the Osiris prize of $20,000 for the institute.

Dr. John J. McGrath, president of the Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, one of the most important medical posts in the country, has recently announced that the plans for improvements and additions now being carried out at Bellevue will make that institution the most important of its kind in the world. Dr. McGrath hopes to make the hospital one of the greatest schools for the teaching of medicine and surgery and to establish many more graduate courses and clinics. The president of Bellevue, who is the author of "McGrath's Textbook of Operative Surgery," is a New Yorker and a graduate of Columbia University. After leaving Columbia in 1899 he served for several years in local hospitals before going abroad to specialize in surgery in various European universities. He is connected with several New York hospitals and is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

Captain E. R. Murphy, who holds the non-stop African hiking record, has recently completed his two-year trek across the Dark Continent. Starting from the East Coast with £5, he reached the western edge of the continent with ten times his original capital.

Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, philanthropist and pioneer among social workers, who is now in her eighty-sixth year, has been awarded the gold medal of the Roosevelt Memorial Association this year. She is a great-granddaughter of General Philip Schuyler of revolutionary fame, and of Alexander Hamilton. During the civil war Miss Schuyler was with the United States Sanitary Commission and was one of the principal volunteer workers of the New York branch. Always an interested student of conditions of poorhouses and state hospitals, as early as 1872 she founded the State Charities Aid Association, and led the reform movement that resulted in the removal of all dependent insane from county poorhouses to state hospitals. Miss Schuyler was the founder of the first training school for nurses in this country, that of Bellevue Hospital. The first committee in the United States for "after-care of the insane" was organized by this indefatigable woman, as was the committee composed of physicians and laymen for the "prevention of blindness." Miss Schuyler is one of the original trustees of the Russell Sage Foundation. In 1915 Columbia University bestowed on her the first degree it ever conferred on a woman, that of Doctor of Laws.

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the governor of Pennsylvania, was one of the candidates for the presidency of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance recently held in Rome. Although Mrs. Corbett Ashby of England was the successful candidate, Mrs. Pinchot established herself as one of the foremost feminists in the United States. It is no secret that the present governor of the Keystone State owes his election to his wife's persuasion to enter competitive politics and to her strenuous campaign during the preëlection contest which successfully carried Pinchot through against the resistance of the Pennsylvania machine. Mrs. Pinchot was Miss Cornelia Elizabeth Bryce of New York, and her political career began in the Bull Moose days under Roosevelt. Incidentally her family included J. Sergeant Cram, a Democrat, than whom there was no more adroit politician among the followers of Tammany Hall. Tradition has it that Miss Bryce and Gifford Pinchot, a supposedly confirmed bachelor, though one of the most ardent of the Rooseveltian supporters, were introduced to each other by their Bull Moose chief one evening during the campaign, their marriage in 1914 being the culmination of the romance. One of Mrs. Pinchot's reforms since the Pinchot administration has been an educational experiment introduced in the school held in the executive mansion at Harrisburg, where pupils are permitted to talk as much as they wish provided they discuss the subject being taught.

A HUMMING-BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Flittings and Twitterings of Clare Sheridan in the Jungles of European Politics.

It may be doubted if the distractions of Europe can be understood from the observations of migratory correspondents. But at least such correspondents can, if their plumage is bright enough to make them welcome and their vision sufficiently narrowed for sharp focus, present us some interesting "stills" of European actors that have recently been doing their stunts upon the historical stage. In this character and to this extent Clare Sheridan, the woman who is a sculptor, and the sculptor who is a writer for the press, and the writer for the press who seems to have had a roving commission without responsibility for anything whatever, and hence could flit about with facility, presents entertaining matter free from tne more solid and tedious values. If her book "West and East" is not taken too seriously it will be found amusing—perhaps even more amusing if taken as a serious contribution toward the present confusing efforts to set the world right.

In the character of journalistic humming-bird, emerald-breasted, ruby-throated, cocky and impertinent, darting on invisible wings about a weedy garden, poising above a flower here and there and running a long beak into its vitals, Mrs. Sheridan hovered the jimsonweed of Paris, lit on the upas tree of Constantinople, flitted to the wild morning-glory of Mudania when it was flowering into the armistice, sampled the cactus of Athens and the squash bloom of Sophia, tried even to savor the gooey German syrups of Berlin, but gagged there, despite an artistic antipathy for Western civilization and her sympathy for things German, and things Russian in the revolutionary sense. Her political point of view is well illustrated in this passage:

> Involuntarily I found myself wondering why Belgium opposed the German army. Why didn't they let them through? How much less they would have suffered, and what could it matter to them! One does not hear much about the Belgians. They do not talk of "gloire" nor are they filled with deep self-pity, like the French. They are very busy putting their land in order. It is true they have no taste—they are making their houses as ugly as possible—but it is they who have to live in them, so it is no one's business but theirs. As to the land, there were ripening crops as far as the eye could see, for miles and miles to the flat horizon. These were being methodically and primitively cut down by hand with scythe and sickle.

Now this is essentially a humming-bird's conception of national honor, obligation, historical forces, national life itself. Why not reduce Belgium to a German province, and all civilized life to the grossness and soul defilement of German domination? That is a humming-bird's question. And later in the book she supplies part of the answer:

> In comparison with the night life of Berlin, Paris seemed positively naïve! But there is a different spirit in the German dancing, and their night life seemed to savor more of desperation than of enjoyment. They danced and they drank and they made merry, because tomorrow the crash might come. In the midst of their dancing one felt like crying. They were delirious with hopelessness.
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> But one peculiar thing about Berlin, even at the big popular dancing cafés, was the conspicuous number of women who danced together. Either the men could no longer afford to entertain and so the women were reduced to dancing with each other, or else they did so by preference. It is a fact that Berlin is following in the tradition of an island in the Greek seas.
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> There is a café which, after midnight, is only frequented by men. They dance together, and buy roses to bunch one another. Everybody sniffed cocaine as if it were snuff. One man was dressed in a low-necked dress with a big ostrich feather hat and was much in request by dancing partners. This undefinable human spat when "it" saw me in their midst! If these people had any sense of humor they would realize how absurd it is that men in rough tweed clothes and clumsy boots should dance together. It looked like a boy's dancing class.

We doubt if everybody sniffed cocaine; but it makes a good story. As to German misery, here is Mrs. Sheridan's understanding of its causes:

> From the moment I arrived in Berlin, I felt I was one of those foreigners who daily were benefiting by Germany's tragedy. It gave me an unpleasurable sensation, as though I was one of the vultures on the corpse. A German said to me: "Isn't it terrible? Where will we all be? The mark is now 1000 to the dollar." And then he corrected himself: "Of course, I forgot it is good for you."

The idea that other nations were benefiting by the German government's destruction of the mark, and her evident sympathy with the German view that other people have a financial interest in that sort of robbery and in the general distresses of one of the world's greatest industrial units would be peculiarly in keeping with the economic theories of an artist; or a humming-bird.

However, this book contains—in moderate compass, thank Heaven—some interesting matter. The celebrated interview with Kipling is presented here, statements difficult for Americans to understand, but that seem symptomatic of a general phobia. Mrs. Sheridan was discussing with him two verses from that moving poem "The King's Pilgrimage," and asked why he should say:

> We they redeemed denied their blood
> And mocked the gains it won.

"Why do you say," she said, "that we mock at that which our men died for?" And Kipling retorted:

> "How can you ask? Is it possible that in America they do not understand?" He went on in unmeasured terms, saying that the war had not been fought to a finish, that justice had not been done, that Germany had not been made to pay, and the possibility of future war had not been eradicated. "America," he said, "had come into the war two years, seven months and four days too late. America had forced the Allies into making peace at the first opportunity instead of insisting upon finishing in Berlin. America quit the day of the armistice, without waiting to see the thing through.
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> "Before 1860 America was a nation," he said, "but at that time Abraham Lincoln went into a war to determine whether the negro should be worked or not, and lost 2,000,000 of the best. Those 2,000,000 were the pick of Europe. They were the people whose ancestors had braved the long journey in sailing ships, they represented the courageous and the strong. After the war, steamships were invented and instead of eighty immigrants, eight hundred came in every ship, and in more ships. America was flooded with aliens of the wrong type. America—the real America—died in 1860."

And that is a poet's view; and a great poet at that. He must suffer vilely from English cooking. As to Paris, perhaps the less said the better about some of the strange fungus over which our humming-bird hovered. It is some gratification to have her testify to the unveracity of the Parisian explanation that "it is the Americans who like these things" and for whom "these things" are done:

> The air was full of sex complex. The books, the papers, and the theatres have accomplished the nudity of mind compared to which the nudity of form is negligible. Paris has progressed beyond the indecent, it has become shock-proof. Perhaps the strangest of all new changes in France was the position of woman. Paris used to be the kingdom of the feminine. Paris was emblematically the mistress of all the lovers of the world. But today there is a new sex complex, and it is no longer the man and woman hand in hand who arouse comment.

It might be observed that the man and woman hand in hand do not arouse much comment here, either.

She found worse places than the guides show you for a dollar on a trip to Chinatown—things so crassly done as to suggest an intimate relationship with the guide and tourist-wagon business. They are a bit too gross for this page, and apparently are meant as an offset to the mephitic atmosphere of Berlin.

The Allied control of Constantinople has probably worked badly. That was to be expected. The British did their policing by means of Levantines and Armenians in British uniform, which was a mistake in more ways than one. Here is a hardly credible picture which suggests that our humming-bird has caught the trick of the yellow reporter:

> The British were particularly severe against what they called "obstruction." All gatherings in the street were forbidden. Whole batches of well-to-do people were constantly being arrested outside the "bourse" and led off to the police station to be fined. If one of them dared to ask, "Why?" the fine went up from ten to twenty Turkish pounds. If the unfortunate tried to protest, it went to forty. If he said he could not speak English and did not understand, it went to fifty.
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> If a cab driver were waiting opposite a front door for his client to come out, he would be fined by the British for obstructing. When he had moved on and stopped his cab on the opposite side, the French would fine him again! A friend of mine one night came upon a coachman who was being beaten with his own whip by some English soldier-police. Neither the police nor the cabman could understand one another.
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> My friend, who knew both their languages, intervened. He learned from the cab driver that the English were demanding five Turkish pounds because he had obstructed his cab in an empty street. He had not five pounds, so to insure that he would pay it on the morrow they were preparing to take his lamps as hostage. The tearful cabman explained: "If they take my lamps, I shall be fined again on my way home for having no lights; let them take the cushions of the seat instead." But remonstration with the British was useless, and so my friend left them to fight it out.

Certain powers of colorful description and vivid narration enliven the book, although enfeebled with feminine gush; as, for example, this account of the doings in Constantinople when Rafet Pasha came back from the Mudania conference:

> What a day! The sun was burning down upon the waiting throngs. The steps of the mosques were crowded with unveiled women. This is emblematic of nationalistic future. Processions of little girls sang nationalistic songs.
>
> Every twenty yards along the way panting calves, with gilded horns and hoofs, were ready for sacrifice. Rafet Pasha landed on a stage streaming with the blood of lambs. This was a form of benediction in his honor. What splendid, frank paganism! One felt like clashing cymbals and dancing with vine leaves in one's hair!
>
> Instead, I stood upon the balcony of the Ukrainian trade delegation and watched the procession, at the approach of which the Soviet Republic flag was unfurled outside the window. As Russia is the ally of the Turkish nationalists, it seemed logical enough they should want to demonstrate their solidarity with the Kemalist triumph. The British, however, for whom the Kemalist triumph is a blow, and who doubtless were irritated by having had to police the crowded thoroughfares (which, since their occupation of Constantinople, they have taken upon themselves to do) in Rafet's honor, apparently saw red indeed when they saw the Soviet flag.
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> Four British officers broke into the trade delegation office and demanded the flag. The president protested in the name of his government, but could not oppose force. I suggested to the British commander that the Ukrainian Republic had as much right to a flag, and to display it in Constantinople, as, for instance, the Greek legation. The officer replied gruffly that he had his orders. I continued to argue and protest.
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> The officer said indignantly that he did not wish to have any conversation with me. I said that wouldn't be any loss to me either.

The whirligig of current history has changed the position of woman in Turkey, and the new code superimposed on the old has begotten some curious effects. An individual example is stated thus:

> At fifteen or sixteen she was married to a man selected by her family and whom she never had met, but only seen at a distance. The war had "emancipated" her. She was now allowed "to receive a man alone." I asked her how she ever met men, or got to know them, before the war. She answered: "I did not know any. I knew my brothers, my cousins, my uncles, and one or two old men who were intimate friends of the family."
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> At my look of stupefaction, her expression changed into pride and pity. "No Turkish woman," she said, "would be left like you, a widow, to make her own way as best she can for herself and her children. Whether a Turkish woman is left orphaned, widowed or divorced, she is legally the charge of her nearest male relative, whether it is a father, father-in-law, brother, uncle or cousin. He has to make provision for her according to his means. You may imagine this creates in the men of our race a sense of responsibility."
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> Furthermore, she explained that the rights of divorce are equal for the man and the woman, and that it is sufficient for either one to declare before two witnesses that he or she desires to be divorced for it to be legal, on condition that this clause has been inserted in the marriage contract. Also, the woman's possessions are absolutely her own; her husband has no rights over his wife's fortune.
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> "And we don't live in harems!" she added, with a mischievous laugh. "I am my husband's only wife, and I do not know any one who has more than one wife. Since a long time it is no longer the custom to have several wives—in these days nobody can afford to!"

Here is entertaining description of those strange people the Roumanians, who suppose themselves descended from the legionaries of Trajan:

> Whatever is of interest is the peasant. In the midst of a Slav world, surrounded by Slav neighbors, these Latins have preserved the purity of their race in an almost miraculous way. Their instinct for self-preservation prompts them to despise everything that comes from the outside. Whatever the neighbor does must be wrong because he is of a different race. This alone explains the amazing fact that when the Russian army turned Bolshevik in 1917 on Roumanian soil, the Roumanian peasant did not follow the example. When the Russian soldier said, "Let us go home and divide the land," the Roumanian soldier, who was a dissatisfied soldier, who had entered the war with a spirit of discontent, and whose long-cherished dream of owning the land had been so far only realized by a promise, nevertheless resisted the Bolshevik suggestion. "What is good for the Slav is not good for us," was the Roumanian attitude. They are a gentle and kindly people, accustomed for centuries to the necessity of war for self-defense, and are a strange mixture of warrior and shepherd. They are deeply superstitious and add to their Christianity a worship of ancestors that would seem to have come down from the Roman conquest. There is every year a day set apart for "the forgotten" who are remembered, and a place is laid at the table, and a plate with bread for the unseen guest. The peasant is a poet, a dreamer, a philosopher and a musician. There is a shepherd song that is played on reed pipes to the accompaniment of a violin by the gypsies, as exquisite as anything of Debussy. The peasant has no commercial instincts, no desire for money, and does not drink. The instinct of his Latin isolation is to reproduce himself for the sake of the race, and a family of fifteen or twenty is the usual number. They are satisfied not to come to the towns, which have little of attraction to offer them, and they have no interest in producing a superfluous food crop. They are self-sufficient and without ambitions. This psychology may, or may not, be conducive to the prosperity of the nation.

However, Roumania has yielded to the contemporary craze for dividing up the land, and will have to pass through some bitter experiences of agrarian dislocation. Mrs. Sheridan was told that there was now no one to make the peasants work, and naïvely adds that for five or six years the harvests have been bad. Curious, that she could see no connection between those facts. She met the queen, and it was another case of how these women love one another:

> Queen Marie received me, as in the fairy-tale, high up in a golden room. She was dressed in the costume of a Roumanian peasant. When I entered she was standing with studied effect against a colored window. Her head was blue-turbaned over a veil of white. The effect was very theatrical. She then motioned me to a place on the sofa by her side, and for an hour and a quarter I was not allowed to utter a word, while she told me very forcibly what she thought of me for having shaken hands with people who had murdered her Russian royal family.
>
> She is clever, but not deep; arrogant and yet attractive, but self-absorbed and vain. She is vain as a beautiful woman who has been much spoiled; vain as a queen who has been much flattered. To me she was extremely unsympathetic, but I admired her all the same, because I admire people who feel violently, not neutrally, about things.

And here is a closing impression of Mussolini:

> Mussolini appeared from an adjoining room. He looked at me with such enormous bulgy eyes, which showed the whites all round them, and he had such a Napoleonic air, that I nearly laughed, and at that he looked fierce.
>
> He said he knew all about me, and my connection with the Russians, so that cleared the air. I was not interested either in his national or in his international political views. I was entirely absorbed in his relationship and his attitude to the working masses. He talked of them impatiently; he said: "They are stupid, dirty, do not work hard enough, and are content with their little cinema shows—let them not attempt to take part in the political life of a nation. They must be taken care of, but their duty is to obey."
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> And then, referring to the word "people" (we were talking French), he said: "What does the word 'people' mean and what are the 'people'? What is this vague herd? I only recognize that which I can touch, measure with my eye, bend." He repeated this word several times, "plier," as if it gave him satisfaction. The masses, he said, always had been, always will and always must be governed by a strong minority. Inequality and discipline, these were his substitutes for equality and liberty. He said that the people had been deceived ("Le peuple été trompé"), but that we had started a new world, and in the future the people were to be told the truth. "I tell them hard things," he said. "I tell them things that should hurt, and I talk quietly, without emotion"—he suddenly dropped his voice to a lower key, and ceased his gesticulations—"I talk to them like that, because I do not want their applause." He talked of beauty with the instinctive appreciation of the Italian. He said there was no such fallacy as that of equality and democracy; both ideals, if realized, would stamp out all beauty and interest and individuality from life. "What an intolerable world!" he said, closing his eyes with unspeakable horror at the perspective.

Yet she supposes it to be an inconsistency that Mussolini loves the Italian people. It *is* hard to understand how he could love them, and still be unwilling to trust them to rule themselves any more than he would trust a child with matches; hard, that is, for a humming-bird.

West and East. By Clare Sheridan. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending June 30, 1923, were $144,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $129,900,000; an increase of $15,300,000.

Clearings for the month of June, 1923, were $669,800,000; for the month of June, 1922, $593,300,000; an increase of $76,500,000.

Business is fundamentally sound, hut the psychology of the situation is had and, not being justified hy facts, a more hopeful feeling should prevail. Business is not hooming, hut this is not unnatural, for in the phrase of the farmer it is the season hetween hay and grass, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York. The excessive enthusiasm which during the early months of the year gave concern to those who prefer long periods of moderate profits to short periods of speculative gains and consequent grief has quite disappeared. This is cause for congratulation rather than uneasiness.

The present dullness is not a period of depression. Now as always future commitments should he carefully considered and kept well under control, but this does not mean that a good volume of business can not he safely done by means of intelligent and well-considered effort. As a matter of fact, in most lines it is heing done. A fear of what may happen is a dangerous element in the business situation today. The times call for a careful analysis of the various factors requiring consideration and a course of dealings hased on the conclusions reached from facts rather than from fear. There are not the accumulated stocks of goods today that there were in 1920. Orders generally are small and frequently repeated, indicating a cautious tendency on the part of dealers. Reasonahle consumption always goes on and the present fear of a lack of a fair volume of business seems unwarranted.

Unfortunate also are the frequent references to a so-called "buyers' strike." The public as a whole has not now stopped huying, hut it is huying carefully. This condition is not a "huyers' strike," hut evidence of common sense.

If business executives are governed by the actual conditions of today, and not hy a psychology of fear, we should have good business for a long time, with readjustments taking place industry hy industry at different times in different parts of the country without the general disturhances with which business and the general puhlic have become only too familiar. This process of more or less piecemeal readjustment is always going on. Thus retail trade in industrial cities is at present better than in the agricultural districts, and conditions in the cotton states and in the corn helt are hetter than where wheat is the major crop. Wholesale trade is not active, hut this is normally a dull season of the year. The inactivity is in part the reflection of uncertainty of retailers in some lines as to their ability to pass on to the consumer higher prices made necessary hy expensive materials and labor. That merchants are nevertheless huying is evident from small and frequent orders.

The prices of many important groups of raw materials have declined, some apparently in response to seasonal influences, others as a result of conditions in the international market, while yet others have declined in accordance with conditions affecting domestic production. Nevertheless there is no convincing evidence at this time of any general downward price movement, declines to this date having heen no greater than at the corresponding season of years immediately preceding the war.

In many quarters there has heen a tendency to ascribe the present period of relatively quiet business and receding commodity prices to high money rates and to hold to the helief that so-called "good business" is dependent on cheap money. This position fails to take cognizance of certain fairly ohvious features of modern business and of the essential facts as to basic conditions in the money market of the United States during the last eighteen months. It is true that all kinds of speculation are greatly stimulated by low rates for money, hut true prosperity depends, not on speculative activity, hut on the production and merchandising of goods. The manufacturer and the merchant determine their policies, not on the basis of what they must pay for money, hut on confidence in their ahility to pass their product into final consumption at a profit.

From the standpoint of general business, the desideratum is assurance of ample credit at reasonahle rates, and this condition has prevailed for a long time with only slow changes in rates. Although the total of loans, discounts, and investments of the hanks of this country is high, it has not changed materially during recent months. Commercial loans especially have heen almost stationary and certainly do not reveal a piling up of inventory. Rediscounts hy the Federal Reserve hanks for member hanks are not large, and such changes as occur from week to week are in response to temporary conditions and reflect no general tendency.

No further treasury operations are anticipated between now and Septemher 15th, on which date two issues of certificates will mature aggregating a little less than $350,000,000. It is thus apparent that the supply of short-time United States ohligations for hank investments is slowly diminishing and that government refinancing operations are likely to he of lessening importance.

From May 16th to June 15th transactions in the hond market were not large and the slight changes in price levels were insufficient to indicate any general trend. The volume of new security offerings was moderate through most of the period, hut it is helieved in some quarters that it was definitely helow the absorptive powers of the market, and that the relatively limited offerings reflected uncertainty as to rates and a tendency to hargain. A numher of large new offerings appeared during the second week in June and it is not unlikely that new issues may he offered in considerahle volume in the immediate future with the purpose of taking advantage of fairly easy money conditions which seem likely to prevail during the next two or three months.

The active mind of the stock-selling promoter is constantly devising new schemes to part credulous individuals from their savings. People who have hitten on one kind of hait and lost their money are a bit wary of the same lure thereafter, says John K. Barnes in the *Century Magazine*. Therefore it hecomes necessary for the promoter to continuously find new prospects or disguise his offerings so that those on his sucker list will not recognize them as helonging to the same class of "lost hopes" in which they have already sunk their money. The accomplished promoter can be counted upon to do this.

Dr. Cook, with his Texas oil operations, for which he was recently arrested by the government, devised the scheme, or adopted it, of reviving the lost hopes of the stockholders in some two hundred dead and dying oil companies. By preaching the advantages of a comhination he induced many of them to send him more money to join his "merger" scheme. Already the holders of these stocks had "invested" more than $100,000,000 in them. He got them to put up considerahly more hy fostering the expectation that they would therehy make their original "investment" good. "You may have lost hefore, or you may have thought you lost," he wrote them, "hut in oil you can afford to lose five times if you win once. Here is your chance to win."

Postmaster-General New has issued a fraud order against Cook and he can no longer get his mail. His days of winning hy this scheme are over; credulous people, who never had any chance of winning, hut who may still he sending money to him, will have it returned to them hy the Postoffice Department.

As a rule, the crooked promoter, after making his catch, finds it much more economical to go out after new suckers, and the hirth of a new sucker every minute might he expected to keep up the supply. But the anglers as well as the fish have heen multiplying lately at an alarming rate, and scarcity of the catch has led other promoters hesides Dr. Cook to conceive interesting variations of the get-rich-quick game. Another scheme that was recently unearthed hy postoffice inspectors went under the suggestive name of the "reloading system." Under this the promoter goes to the sucker who has heen hooked hefore and reloads him with more of the same worthless stock and at an advance in price.

Such a scheme as this requires careful finessing. But when the bait is presented in accordance with proven methods the effectiveness of it is remarkable.

Many small industrial companies were led hy the war hoom to greatly expand their plants and sell large amounts of stock to people who have never hought any securities hefore in their lives except Liherty honds. When the crash came these companies found themselves grossly over-capitalized, their earnings hut a fraction of what they had heen, and the holders of these stocks hegan to realize that they had bought something of doubtful value.

Yet the officers of many of these companies helieved if they could get more capital they might pull through. The hanks, naturally, would not loan money to companies that were already over-extended and whose officers had shown such lack of foresight and ahility. The officers were desperate and ready to snatch at any straw. It was then that the "reloading house" appeared and this latest scheme of the crooked promoter was conceived to take advantage of this situation.

These houses assist decadent concerns to secure capital—at a priec of at least 50 per cent. of the money raised. The way they operate has heen briefly and clearly exposed by a postoffice inspector who knows all the details of the scheme. This explanation is in the words of Mr. O. B. Williamson, postoffice inspector in charge at Philadelphia, as he gave it to me:

"The scheme starts with the president of the defunct corporation. He sells a hlock of stock to the reloaders, and on delivery of the stock very generously writes a letter to each of the discouraged stockholders telling them that the company is at last on the eve of a hig development, the particulars of which can not under any circumstances he made known for ten days.

"Three days after this letter is written the reloaders, under the assumed name of a Chicago broker, write the victim asking him to quote a price on his stock; this awakens his interest, and especially so since it is followed hy a telegram from the reloaders, who this time use the name of a fictitious brokerage house in New York. An attractive offer is made for the stock which the victim long ago gave up as worthless. Naturally he is interested. 'Things are not so bad after all,' he thinks.

"When the psychological moment has arrived a smooth-tongued stranger calls on the victim, tell him he has come with a message from the president to the effect that everyhody must hold on to the stock and that the hrokers, through some leak, have found out what is going to happen. The stranger now tells the victim how he can out-scheme the schemers. He must huy instead of sell, and when the good news comes out, sell at the market and recoup all former losses.

"He buys; nothing happens, and finally the alarmed victim goes to the postoffice inspector only to learn that instead of wiping out his old losses he has douhled them."

But persons who are thus protected hy the effective arm of the postal service should realize that they are iu imminnent danger of having some other promoter start a campaign to part them from tbeir savings. The promoter wbo is put out of husiness usually saves his sucker list from the wreck and he bas no difficulty in disposing of it to some other promoter if he does not wish to retain it as the chief asset for his next promotion.

The buying and selling of sucker lists has heen an active business in Tezas during tbe oil boom. Dr. Cook got his lists from the companies he "merged." That was the sole object of the merger in most cases—to get the names of those who had swallowed the hait of earlier promotions. In some cases these "mergers" were effected with the consent of

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an officer of the old companies and in those cases the officer received payment of from $50 to $2000, depending on the number of names on the list. In other cases the "mergers" were effected without the consent of any officers and in those cases the payment went to "list scouts" who make it their business to get such sucker lists by fair means or foul.

It is becoming apparent that the temporary slump in business, from which the country is now emerging, was caused more by apprehension as to what might happen than by any events actually taking place. The rising tendency of prices, the sharp competition for labor, the depression in the stock market, and the frequent talk of inflation, all contributed to create anxiety that all was not as it should be. Spectres of 1920 were conjured up, and as a result the great buying demand fell off and some cancellations of orders were made. Confidence seems now to be returning, and the actual diminution in the volume of transactions has been slight, says the financial letter of the American National Bank.

In fact, there has been but little change in the fundamentals affecting trade and commerce, and there is no good ground for believing that the present condition of prosperity (speaking generally) will not continue during the remainder of the year. The good factors in the situation are just as good as they have been, and the bad ones at least no worse. There is full employment at good wages, prices have paused in their upward flight, and the crop outlook is fairly promising. Europe is still sizzling, and may eventually explode, but people on this continent have grown tired of waiting around with cotton in their ears, and have been willing to forget Europe and go about their own affairs regardless.

Certain events of moment emphasize the trend, and indicate that business is good at present, whatever it may become after awhile. For instance, car loadings, which since the first of March have been running well over an average of 900,000 a week, passed the million mark in the week ending May 26th, setting a new high record for this season of the year. The railroads are doing a freight business fully 20 per cent. higher than that of last year, 28 per cent. more than in 1921 and 26 per cent. more than in 1920. And they are handling it, let it be noted, with a much higher degree of economy and efficiency than was observed during the period of government control and administration.

Then there is the matter of iron and steel production, something basic enough to act as a barometer of conditions in industry. Production of pig iron during the first five months of this year was more than double that of the same period in 1921 and about 85 per cent. more than in the five months of 1922. Average daily production in May was 124,764 tons against a daily average of 118,324 tons in April. The previous high mark was 113,188 tons daily average in October of 1918, when production was enormously stimulated by war needs. So it appears that the arts of peace in 1923 are calling for more of this useful metal than the arts of war demanded five years ago. The consumption of other raw materials, such as wool, cotton, silk and rubber, is also reaching high marks, as manufacture attains new levels of production.

The depressing influence on the stock market occasioned by certain failures of brokerage houses has not been reflected in the market for bonds except to a very limited extent. Between June 14th and June 20th the Dow-Jones bond average declined from 87.46 to 86.20 and then recovered to 86.79.

The bond-buying public seems to have plenty of funds available for investment, as evidenced by the readiness with which new issues have been absorbed. The $25,000,000 Austrian loan was quickly over-subscribed and has since been quoted at considerably above the original offering price. The $25,000,000 issue of Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation 6½s was over-subscribed and well received by investors.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the removal of their Los Angeles offices to new and larger quarters covering the entire ninth floor of the new California Bank Building, 629 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

The new offices will afford increased facilities for every department of the firm, and will offer many added conveniences for the benefit of clients as well. In fact, the new premises will represent the last word in the way of equipment and appointments connected with an investment securities organization and will be among the largest on the Pacific Coast devoted to a business of this character.

In the three years since the space now being vacated was taken over, the volume of the firm's business has shown consistent growth, necessitating the move which is now announced. The company also maintains offices in San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, Hollywood and San Diego.

The National City Company is offering an additional issue of $3,500,000 Consumers Power Company first lien and unifying mortgage gold bonds, Series C, 5 per cent., due 1952.

The Consumers Power Company owns and operates extensive systems of electric and gas properties in Michigan and serves one of the most important industrial sections of the country, including eight of the ten largest cities in the state.

Over 60 per cent. of the electric energy generated in the past year was produced by the company's hydro-electric stations. First lien and unifying mortgage bonds are secured by a direct mortgage, subject to the liens of underlying mortgages, on all the physical property of the company, by the pledge with the trustee of the certain underlying bonds and by the similar pledge of all the first mortgage bonds and stock of a subsidiary company which owns certain gas and electric properties and is constructing a large steam generating station and a modern by-product coal gas plant.

Additional first lien and unifying mortgage bonds may be authenticated only under conservative restrictions. The mortgage provides for a strong sinking fund and a general reserve fund for the adequate maintenance and renewal of the properties.

For more than ten years net earnings have averaged two and three-fourths times the interest for such period on funded debt. At the present time the entire funded debt bears interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker & Co. have been advised by the state banking department that it has completed its investigation of the Earl Fruit Company first mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, and will issue its certificate approving these bonds as legal investments for savings banks in this state.

Can any one tell why all government departments in all countries are slow, wasteful, and incompetent?

There must be some basic reason for this, as the individuals in these departments can not be all inferior to the individuals in private firms.

Almost invariably the able man becomes 50 per cent. less active in routine government work.

In a government job there is a little competition, no payment by results, no piecework, no profit-sharing.

A man gets as much for doing badly as he does for doing well, and there is no fear of discharge.

If the department doesn't pay—very well. the treasury has plenty, and there is no danger of losing customers.

A government employee has simply nothing to do with success. His aim is to avoid mistakes. The less he does—the fewer the mistakes.

State or Federal ownership, or so-called nationalization, is not only a destroyer of trade and commerce. It is a coral reef built across the harbor of prosperity, says Herbert N. Casson.

Railroads, big business, banks, and public utilities demand a fair return on their investments. The workingman, the laborer skilled or unskilled, mechanic, builder, or farm hand, demands a fair remuneration for his work. That is as little as can be asked by either party and is the least to be expected, says the El Dorado (Arkansas) *News*.

Organized labor is a great and essential experiment. It will succeed only to the extent that the lahoring man gives a fair day's work for a fair wage. The man that does not is a detriment, and not an asset, to organized labor. The capital that persists in an unfair return on bogus investment is contributing to its own downfall.

There is a big field in lahor, there is a big field in capital, to put conscience to work. A system that is based on faulty timber and re organization, or an individual who persists in cheating on the job, must surely sooner or later come to grief.

It is just as essential that the fair return of capital be based upon the fundamentals of sound economics as it is that the man who makes high wages earn those wages and not become a parasite living off the work of somebody else.—*Industrial News Bureau.*

Bonds We Recommend

AN experience of 36 years as a bond house in California is back of the list of municipal, corporation and farm land bonds which we recommend. In our judgment, these bonds yield the highest interest returns consistent with excellent security.

Denominations are $100, $500 and $1000

Send for this list Call, write or telephone Kearny 301

WM. R. STAATS CO.

Established 1887

ALEXANDER BUILDING
MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER OF BUSH
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES SAN DIEGO PASADENA

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce the acquisition to their organization of Mr. Fred A. Purner, formerly of the Del Monte Properties Company. Mr. Purner has been associated with the advertising and financial activities of the Del Monte Hotel for the past three and one-half years and prior to that time he had been with the San Francisco *Chronicle* for eight years. As a result of his past associations Mr. Purner is exceptionally well known throughout California, and especially so in San Francisco. In his new position he will have complete charge of the advertising and statistical department of the above-mentioned firm.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and Drake, Riley & Thomas are releasing an issue of $525,000 6½ per cent. gold bonds of the Professional Building Company, Sixth and St. Paul Streets, Los Angeles; these bonds to be secured by a first mortgage on valuable property and on improved Class A, eight-story, reinforced concrete store and office building, the total appraisements of which aggregate $878,633. Estimated earnings of the Professional Building Company are over three and one-half times the largest annual interest requirements and more than one and one-half times the highest annual interest and principal charge. The bonds mature serially from 1924 to 1936 and are being offered to the public at various prices, according to maturities, to yield 6.60 per cent.

The highest price ever paid for a poem was 6000 golden crowns, paid to Sanazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy of their city—a poem of six lines only.

Report of Condition of

The ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, June 30, 1923

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$58,313,275.08
U. S. Bonds and Certificates		12,868,158.18
Bonds and Securities		7,480,267.63
Banking House		1,554,609.51
Other Assets		1,136,340.95
Customers' Liability on Acceptances		3,796,290.66
Commodity Drafts in Transit	$ 836,377.68	
Cash and Sight Exchange	20,350,087.15	21,186,464.83
		$106,335,406.84

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,582,553.16
Circulation Outstanding	3,958,600.00
Rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank	9,348,993.28
Bills Payable against Government Securities	5,350,000.00
Acceptances Sold with Our Endorsement	336,928.52
Bonds Borrowed	450,000.00
Other Liabilities	441,117.01
Acceptances	3,796,290.66
Deposits	74,070,924.21
	$106,335,406.84

Liabilities under Letters of Credit Issued, but not yet drawn against $6,913,421.16

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Invest in California Irrigation Bonds

Safe, Secure, Profitable

Bankers concede that California Irrigation Bonds are rapidly becoming one of the strongest investment securities. These bonds are tax-free, are legal investment for savings banks and trust funds.

Here you have the added incentive of investing your money profitably and securely and at the same time assisting materially in the development of California.

Bonds of this type may be purchased to yield from 5% to 6%.

Write for our special folder on "Irrigation Bonds as an Investment."

COUNCIL, MOLLER & CO., Inc.

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Standard Oil Company California

Serial 5% Gold Notes, Due Serially 1924 to 1933

These notes are a direct obligation of Standard Oil Company (California) and constitute its only funded debt.

Prices according to maturities from 98¾ *to* 100

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INCORPORATED
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES SEATTLE PORTLAND OAKLAND

BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Professor Phelps and the Historical Mirror.

SOME MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By William Lyon Phelps. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $2.50.

Pessimists on the subject of American letters should be referred to Professor Phelps' Dartmouth lectures, headlined above, wherein he gathers together such a profusion of great Americans—if not great writers—that one can almost imagine it the result of a challenge. Moreover, his omissions are greater than his inclusions, though that may he deliherate, too, to imply we have such a superfluity of literary men that a handful may he picked out at random and dealt with. Candor compels the admission that most of these "makers of American literature" were not literary men, would surely not have recognized themselves as such—Lincoln, for example; or even Franklin. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if they produced literature they and we should receive full credit. The pessimist will probably remark that, granted their right to the title, Mark Twain is the latest of this galaxy of brilliant intellects. What avails a number of great "makers" of literature if there is no literature as a result? That is a poser, but again our volume of Dartmouth papers is an answer to imaginary challenges. Professor Phelps, himself, is no negligible factor in American letters. As a critic we would give him the hlue rihbon over a lot of European colleagues built on the German, solid, for-all-time model. One almost forgets the damning fact that he is a scholar, so brightly do his worldly allusions scintillate, so faciley does he wield the American tongue. He is no hair-splitter, Professor Phelps. He deals with nuances, almost with psychanalysis—his present book may or may not have been influenced by Gamaliel Bradford. But neither his own exuberant mind nor his readers are annoyed by technicalities, by boresome weigbings and measurings, by heavy judgments or weightier witticisms. Professor Phelps has both humor and a sense of humor, not always the same thing. And he has the *sine qua non* for modern criticism, a considerable understanding of human nature. Now that all the world has turned biographer we have a new evaluation for our fellow-men, those who understand that human nature is not the same everywhere, and those whose own ego blots out the variety of the rest of the population. Perhaps the problem of overproduction of books may now solve itself. But on the other hand psychanalysis may become common property.

R. G.

Adventure in Wales.

SEVEN FOR A SECRET. By Mary Webb. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

The story comes to mind of the young woman who went to a circulating library with the request that she be given a good novel, anything so long as it was not a dialect story, for, she said, she was not feeling very strong and didn't think she was equal to a book full of thee'uns and thissy's, if those happen to be representative dialect words. The moral of the story is a sad one, for generally speaking a dialect novel is an abomination, whether it is done by our own Southern Cable or Gerald O'Donovan. But it is a pity and a problem, as it goes without saying that a great deal of the most interesting material for fiction lies in out-of-the-way corners whose atmosphere can be conveyed in no other way than by dialect. There is always the patent lure of the familiar and the vernacular, but for many natures, at least, the unfamiliar—as expressed in literature by dialect—exerts an even greater charm, though we doubt if even the most ardent devotees of provincialism do not weary occasionally of its uncouth jargon. We are all sometimes in the position of the young woman who did not feel equal to the unclassic variations of our mother tongue.

Perhaps it is unfair to let the cat out of the bag in the case of "Seven for a Secret," for we should be loath indeed to deter any one from reading this delightful pastoral romance. So in its own interest we wish to warn readers in an anti-dialect mood, for then they might never return. But for any one who revels in atmosphere, tbe more provincial and outlandish the better, "Seven for a Secret" can be safely recommended. It has an amazing halance of romance and realism, of humor and melodrama—those denizens of the provincial wilds—of atmosphere and philosophy. Perhaps the last-named property is its least pretentious, but if it were not in dialect "Seven for a Secret" might be mistaken for a psychological study. Of the two, dialect is the lesser evil. Valuations aside, it is ungrateful to offer even a discriminating word of a book which if read in the right mood gives one three hundred pages ot vicarious and romantic living on the Welsh border, surely tbe most outlandish of civilized regions.

Travel, Limited and Extensive.

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE and AS IT IS IN ENGLAND, by Albert B. Osborne; PLANNING A TRIP ABROAD, by Edward Hungerford; NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE, by Robert Medill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The McBride Company has published a quartet of travel books that ought to satisfy the traveling needs of most Americans for the season. There is a book for him who prefers to specialize in England, another for the traveler in the newly-discovered vacationist's paradise, Norway, and two books of general European information for patrons of conducted tours, Cook or private. Mr. Osborne's two books are the well-known volumes, "Finding the Worth While in Europe" and "As It Is in England," revised and enlarged since their début in 1913 to fit post-war conditions. Readers familiar with Mr. Osborne's pleasant itinerative style need no further comment. His travel books improve on Bædeker in two respects. They are short cuts to the traveler's essential needs and they are good reading either at home or en route. "Finding the Worth While in Europe" is an ideal guide to the visitor whose stay in Europe is limited by time or finances; "As It Is in England" is better adapted to the leisured voyage of discovery.

"Planning a Trip Abroad," by Edward Hungerford, is just what its name connotes, a practical handbook for the prospective tourist, conveniently made pocket size.

"Norwegian Towns and People," by Robert Medill, author of "A Little Book of Britany," is rather an interpretation of the land of the midnight sun for the armchair traveler, hut it would be a good precaution for the Norwegian traveler to take. For the fortunate traveler setting forth to do Europe thoroughly the McBride quartet here discussed would be an excellent traveling library.

An Omnium-Gatherum.

BEHIND MY LIBRARY DOORS. By G. C. Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Dr. Williamson, one of the most distinguished of English collectors and connoisseurs, is known in this country as the expert who prepared the catalogues of tbe famous Pierpont Morgan collection. In fact, one of the chapters of the present volume, that on "Old Quaker Watchmakers," includes part of the watch catalogue from the Morgan collection; and another chapter of "Behind My Library Doors" discusses in some detail the fifty volumes of the great catalogue and comments on Mr. Morgan's career as a collector Other papers are on Ouida, George Gissing the miniaturist John Petitot, Swinburne, Bradshaw, and American Book Clubs. All in all it is a fascinating collocation of heterogeneous knowledge for collectors.

American Musical History.

ANNALS OF MUSIC IN AMERICA. By Henry C Lahee. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company.

In "Annals of Music in America" Henry C. Lahee has accomplished a huge task; that of giving as complete a record in chronological order as possible of the beginning an

First Federal Trust Company

Affiliated with The First National Bank of San Francisco

Savings——Commercial——Trust

Post and Montgomery Streets

Statement of Condition June 30, 1923

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$10,724,845.84
Other Loans and Discounts	2,731,095.46
State, County and Municipal Bonds	1,496,491.52
Corporation Bonds	2,905,724.70
Real Estate	4,612.34
Furniture and Fixtures	50,356.30
Other Resources	14,232.26
UNITED STATES BONDS AND CERTIFICATES	4,078,666.25
CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS	3,108,224.79
TOTAL	$25,114,249.46

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	425,000.00
Undivided Profits	373,143.19
DEPOSITS	22,758,930.73
Other Liabilities	12,175.54
Dividends Unpaid	45,000.00
TOTAL	$25,114,249.46

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Savings Deposits made on nr before July 10, 1923, will earn interest from July 1, 1923

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Commercial and Personal Checking Accounts Solicited

Savings Accounts receive interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum

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Good for return October 31
Liberal Stopovers

Sample round trip Fares

Chicago	$86.00
Kansas City	72.00
Denver	64.00
Houston	72.00
New York	147.00
Minneapolis	87.50
St. Louis	81.50
Omaha	72.00
New Orleans	85.15
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What is a *Watt?*

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY — COURTEOUS CONTINUOUS SERVICE — ESTD.

A WATT is a unit of measurement, just as is a gallon, a pound or a yard. Suppose you used electricity instead of water in your garden hose. You would then think of the current as amperes, and of the pressure as volts. The current (in amperes) multiplied by the pressure (in volts) gives the power in *watts.*

One thousand watts for one hour equals one Kilowatt Hour, which is the way you buy electricity.

This advertisement is one in a series explaining such terms as watt, volt, ampere, etc. Read each advertisement carefully.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Electricity is as easy to purchase as any other household commodity.

P·G·and E·

"PACIFIC SERVICE"

20-723

progress of music in the United States. The real record begins with "The Beggar's Opera" in New York in 1750, and comes down to 1921. Only the chief musical events are given, but they fill a volume of 300 pages.

The Arthurian Legend.

ARTHUR, A TRAGEDY. By Laurence Binyon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50 net.

From the fabled pages of Sir Thomas Mallory the author of this play has gathered the legendary chronicles about Arthur, Launcelot, and Guinevere, and has molded a beautiful tragedy. It is in blank verse, the language charged with beauty, and conveying that essence of nobility and majesty in the person of the king, of knightly valor in Launcelot, and of sovereign charm in Guinevere that lent such magic to Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

The thought, in reading Mr. Binyon's tragedy, will incvitably turn to the "Idyls," for the later poet's reaction to the old legends is similar to Tennyson's. Like him he honors the chivalry of the times, reveres the figure of the king, and so feelingly and with such mournful beauty is the legend dramatized that we feel, as we read, that the poet wrote with a swelling heart.

And so will those feel who read this tragedy, if they have ever loved and still love the "Idyls of the King." It will tend to revive the ildealism of youth, which was so congenially nourished in the "Idyls." The dramatic structure of Mr. Binyon's tragedy is excellent, and the author has led each of the nine scenes up to an emotional climax of power. Nor has he made the mistake of weighting the scenes with over-long speeches. "Arthur" is an extremely dramatic tragedy, full of picturesque detail, and would lend itself well to stage representation, which it may be hoped it will have.

More Psychology.

THE WORKSHOP OF THE MIND. By Hallam Hawksworth. New York: The Century Company; $1.60.

Generally speaking, one does not consider psychology a suitable subject of study for children. The result might be analogous to the fable of the centipede who when he tried to understand his complicated method of progress tied his legs into knots and died an uncomfortable death. But in this day of specialization, it seems, there is psychology and psychology, and one brand is warranted, not only safe and palatable, but beneficial for growing minds. Hallam Hawksworth is the author of several other science primers for children and he has attempted here to furnish an introduction to the branch of knowledge which is heing more and more hailed as indispensable to man's understanding of man. But "The Workshop of the Mind" is rather a text of mental and physical hygiene for youngsters than a study of motivated psychology in any more formidable sense. Children, and their elders for that matter, will find it easy to assimilate this simple exposition of the salicnt facts of mental science, particularly as the author has liberally illustrated his theories with historic anecdotes.

Notes of Books and Authors.

A Paris publisher contemplates presenting each of his three "best sellers" with a motorcar as a token of his gratitude.

Neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth was a hero to his contemporaries. The "Farington Diary," commenting on a volume of Coleridge's poems, says: "The whole strange and as it seemed contemptible." And a pamphlet by Wordsworth is dismissed as "a very poor performance too heavy to be read through."

Three spring hooks on the Houghton Mifflin Company's list which will soon be published in England over the well-known imprint of Constable & Co., Ltd., are a "Life of William Shakespeare," by Joseph Quincy Adams; "Damaged Souls," biographical studies of seven historical Americans whose reputations are not of the best, by Gamaliel Bradford; and "Old Indian Trails," by Walter McClintock.

La Mancha, famous as the scene of the wanderings of Don Quixote and the immortal Sancho Panza, is the setting of Camille Mallarme's novel, "The House of the Enemy," just published under the McBride imprint. The story concerns the adventures of a peasant girl, the foster child of a herdsman and his wife, who marries the local squire, and is a study in contrasts between the rude honesty of thc peasants and the hypocrisy of the petty aristocracy.

Anthony Pryde, whose earlier novels, "Marqueray's Duel," "Jenny Essenden," and "An Ordeal of Honor," have won him a high place in the affections of American novel readers, is represented by a new romance this spring, recently issued by McBride & Co. under the title "The City of Lilics." The new book, which is written in collaboration with R. K. Weekes, is the story of an imaginary principality of the ever-popular Zenda type, but despite its differences in scene from the other Pryde books, it is said to possess the same exhilarating wealth of incidents which have made this author's previous books so popular.

J. Lewis May, who is to write a "Life of Anatole France," is the general editor of the authorized English edition of the "master's" works, which the John Lane Company is publishing, and has translated four of his books, including his latest, "The Bloom of Life."

Artists in general and etchers and lovers of their work in particular will be fascinated by a beautiful large-paper book which the Duttons have brought out in the United States, "Wenceslaus Hollar and His Views of London and Windsor in the Seventeenth Century." It is the work of Arthur M. Hind of the British Museum and Slade professor of fine art in the University of Oxford, who presents an outline of Hollar's life and survey of his work, a descriptive catalogue of his etchings of London and Windsor and of the books in which they appeared, and other matter pertaining to the work of this famous etcher. There are ninety-six illustrations from Hollar's etchings reproduced with notable artistic quality, and a frontispiece portrait of the artist.

A good deal of curiosity has been expressed regarding the identity of Elmer Davis, whose farcical novel, "Times Have Changed," has been arousing the enthusiasm of reviewers and the delight of readers generally. Mr. Davis, who is on the editorial staff of the New York *Times* and is the author of the history of that newspaper which was published two years ago, has modestly refused to furnish his puhlishers with any autobiographical data. A search of *Who's Who*, however, discloses the facts that he was horn in Indiana in 1890, was educated at Franklin College, Indiana, and at Oxford, where he was a Rhodes scholar, and has been, like the hero of his novel, both high school teacher and newspaper man. Regarding his personal characteristics, a friend confides that he wears rubhers and leads a blameless life.

New Books Received.

PLAYS OF NEAR AND FAR. By Lord Dunsany. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

Six new plays.

VARIETY IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By Mrs. Francis King. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.75.

Illustrated.

PLANNING A TRIP ABROAD. By Edward Hungerford. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.

A guide for every European traveler.

NORWEGIAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE. By Robert Medill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.50.

Illustrated.

AS IT IS IN ENGLAND. By Albert B. Osborne. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

By the author of "Picture Towns of Europe."

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN EUROPE. By Albert B. Osborne. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Revised and enlarged edition.

TOMORROW ABOUT THIS TIME. By Grace Livingston Hill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.

A novel for young people.

THE DOOM DEALER. By David Fox. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

An exploit of the Shadowers, Inc.

FIFTY-FIFTY. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.

A blend of old and new by the author of "Six-penny Pieces."

THE MANUSCRIPT OF YOUTH. By Diana Patrick New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

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THE ORPHEUM.

"It's such a very serious thing to be a funny man," said John G. Saxe in the days when he flourished as a genial American rhymester. I thought it was the other night at the Orpheum when I saw a young lady billed, on the Orpheum programme, as "Bessie Browning the Inimitable" trying desperately hard to be so. I can not say, not being in the mime business, whether or not Bessie is inimitable. But if she is not she should be.

I said to myself, as I watched Bessie's thinly rewarded efforts, "Bessie should be firmly suppressed." Her act was distinctly thin. But whether or not it was Bessie's gallantry in the face of the cold fire of indifference, whether it was because she knew she'd get them eventually, I know not, but Bessie got them. She faltered not in her noble task of amusing her audience; her vast self-confidence never weakened. Bessie's material was poor, her work amateurish, not to say smacking of the methods of a country town entertainer, and yet Bessie really made a fair-sized hit.

Her male collaborator was as juiceless as dried apples, but the fact that Bessie was rather different from the usual vaudeviller, and that she had the courage and self-confidence to keep on doing idiotic things until the gravity of her audience reached the breaking point, was in her favor. So, in spite of a really weak offering, Bessie made a hit. And probably her staying power will in the end give her very amateurishly dancing feet a firmer hold on vaudeville soil. For of such is the nature of vaudeville.

With Harry Rose, who, as some one said, "knew how to make a darned fool of himself and get it over," it was different. Harry is funny. He has the nut comedian temperament, and he can sing à la vaudeville. Jupiter, but what a Mississippi River of a voice Harry poured forth! He did a very funny burlesque of the popular love aria from "The Love Tales of Hoffmann," and in spite of working against the reaction of several uproarious hits, he wrested success from what might easily have been a bored and unresponsive audience.

One of these hits was made by "Wives," with Wellington Cross in the principal part. "Wives" goes for the wives, hot and heavy. They are all, intimates Howard Emmett Rogers, the author, bored by their partners, and ready for the next man; particularly if he puts hot stuff in his plays and stories. In fact, all wives—no exception allowed, unless, perhaps, they are old and weary—have reached the dangerous age.

The women who played the three marauding wives did their parts satisfactorily, especially the lady with the telling orbs who does the bareback act. Wellington Cross' quiet methods are effective. There is a lot of neat repartee in the piece, and he made it telling. And the men—horrid things—roared their approval of the satire.

A particularly prolonged and lively hit was made by Van and Schenck, which almost broke up the show.

I have long since given up trying to understand what it is that makes the coonish gibberish in so many vaudeville songs popular. But vaudeville audiences know what they want; and they want the Van and Schenck repertoire, and they want it in overwhelming quantity. The two singers, the one with his light, blonde, flattened but not flat tenor, the other with his soothing baritone, responded to so many encores that count was lost. Their songs are full of the stuff that captures the masses. They, especially the baritone, do dialect well, and the colloquially dialect style of their storied ditties, the sudden comic tangents, the lively tunes, their roguishly tuneful elocution, and the melodious blending of their voices—all contributed to the tremendous hit they made.

Two musical numbers were the Flanders-Butler pair with piano and ballads, and Adler's Orchestra with a violently uninteresting violent dancer, and Eva Shirley. Eva has a voice; no doubt of it; a huge thing that comes in mighty blasts from her little throat. But there is no real feeling or tenderness or sadness in her singing. "Visi d'arte" was a case in point.

Acrobatics and Jewell's Manikins—rather childish, but they serve to amuse and will please children, who will not notice the too evident mediumship of the wires—round out quite a lively programme, full of hits.

REFORMING PARISIAN PLAYS.

There have been occasional indications that the tone of gay unmorality, or dismal immorality, or both, of plays acted before the Parisian public is being modified. I have already, in this column, drawn attention to the fact, in reference to the play by Maurice Donnay called "La Belle Angevine." This was particularly unexpected in Donnay, whose wittily cynical point of view formerly had no concern with morals. Donnay wrote frankly to amuse by the goings-on of illicit lovers; and therefore the respectable turn he gave to the ending of "La Belle Angevine"—which nevertheless had plenty of well-spiced disreputability in its general content—seemed to indicate that Donnay's sex levity was becoming chastened by time.

"Banco," by Alfred Savoir, is another instance. "Banco" is the story of a confirmed gambler of engaging manners who, even on his honeymoon, is dissipating his wife's fortune on the gaming table. In spite of her love for the charming rogue who lives solely for pleasure, the Countess de Lussac divorces him, and in due time is happily remarried. But De Lussac, the scalawag, wants her back, being quite unused to having sugar-plums taken from him out of hand; and Charlotte is a sugar-plum both of whose husbands hanker after her.

The countess does him up neatly in a few phrases: "Avant d'etre majeur, il a vait mangé un héritage, ruiné deux usuriers et fait trois enfants à trois personnes différentes." To which sober-sided Henri—who was to become Charlotte's second—responds thoughtfully: "Je comprends qu'on l'aime." A remark which is founded on the perception that, whether or not every woman fulfills Pope's saying by being at heart a rake, the majority of women are profoundly sensible to the flattery of being loved—for a time—by a rake.

Needless to say, the count, by a series of ruses, lays vigorous siege to the affections of his ex-countess, who gains in charm to his eyes by being forbidden sweets. And—poor Henri—she loves him still.

But she resists, she conquers her failing will, and remains with the good, unexciting Henri, saying to herself mournfully, "En morceaux! Cet homme brise tout . . . tout."

However, in spite of this eminently respectable ending, the author has a vagabond impulse toward the prohibited and offers a second ending for those who prefer it, with Charlotte melting into the embrace of her ex-husband, who cries, "Pour la vie?" to which Charlotte, who has become a wise guy, replies, "Moi . . . oui."

In line with this tendency toward reform in plays for the Parisians comes the announced intentions of the authorities to eliminate plays in which the prevailing idea is indecency; plays, it is unnecessary to say, which are not to be classified with the two already discussed.

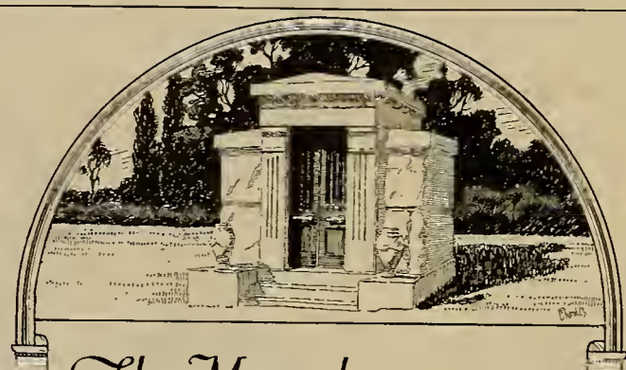
This movement was started by the Society for the Maintenance of Public Morality, which lodged a complaint with the prefect of police. In the subsequent police investigation, in which several vaudeville theatres found themselves up against the outraged law, a male American dancer was involved. So we Americans need not be putting on too many airs of stainless virtue. But the first play to be condemned on the ground of injuring public morality is one entitled "Edith de Nantes," which ran to large audiences for three nights at the Dornou, and was then withdrawn; without, however, any prohibition from the authorities.

Critics, a well-known spectator who rose in the theatre and attacked the play for its evil suggestiveness, and an actor who agreed with him so affected public opinion as to make withdrawal advisable. The objectionable features, it seems, are to be suppressed by Yves Mirande and the play given another chance in the future, although Mme. Dornou, proprietor or the Dornou Theatre, is meditating reprisals against the inconvenient protestants who drew the knife across the throat of the goose that was laying the golden eggs.

And now, the question is, what are our American millionaires going to do if Paris begins a movement in the direction of public decency? It looks as if the poor dears will have to go to Berlin, where the outlook is quite hopeful. For a Berlin dancing couple who went to Vienna were too rank even for the gayly cynical Viennese, and police intervention was invoked. But in Berlin the enterprising millionaire, it is said, may run down public dancers attired in the simplicity of their first birthday.

NEGRO PLAYERS.

"Shuffle Along," which had a very successful run at the Columbia Theatre, has been instrumental in reminding us of the negro element in the theatrical world. At New York the Ethiopian Art Theatre is beginning a season under the financial and artistic auspices of Raymond O'Neill, a white man of some European experience, who saw and approved the work of the negro company in Chicago. Mr. O'Neill saw such possibilities in the



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During construction of the new aqueduct the water formerly routed through the flume which is being replaced is allowed to flow down Alameda Creek as far as the old Vallejo conduit. The Vallejo conduit carries the water to Niles, where it enters the Alameda pipeline for its journey across the Bay.

Extraordinary precautions must be taken to protect the purity of the water in Alameda Creek until the new aqueduct is completed—a matter of about three months. Among other measures, picnicking and camping are rigorously prohibited.

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work of these players that it encouraged him to try a New York season. For he found enough people who shared his opinions to give the enterprise a financial backing.

There is a decided limitation, however, to the amount of native negro drama. So these dusky players will embark upon the innovation of playing some of the classics sacred hitherto to white players. These plays, it seems, will be given by the players in their own vernacular; which, Mr. O'Neill believes, will not stand in the way of the psychology of the play making its universal appeal.

It certainly is an interesting experiment; one sure to attract the attention of those jaded New Yorkers who want new sensations. For the severely classic background is to be supplanted by one favorable to darky spontaneity. Not all these players—twenty-five in number—are experienced actors, the sapient O'Neill having ranged over cabarets, cafés, and restaurants in Chicago's darktown. In these lively haunts he gathered his material, for he found plenty of talent in the raw to add to the professional talent he had already secured.

And jaded New York will do the rest.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Last Week of Margaret Anglin.

On Monday night, at the Curran, Margaret Anglin will begin the last week of her presentation of Mrs. Arbuthnot in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." Heavy advance sale for the final performances is reported and the past week has been notable for capacity houses.

Miss Anglin is directing a production of Paul Kester's play, "The Great Lady Dedlock," founded on Charles Dickens' novel, "Bleak House." She will play a dual rôle. As Hortense, the vengeful and vicious French maid, Miss Anglin's dramatic powers should hold her audiences. Lady Dedlock and the evil Hortense are widely varying but appealing characters, as lovers of Dickens will recall. This will be the first presentation on any stage of this powerful play. Miss Anglin is said to be making a production which will be notable for its accuracy and taste, and will be a beautiful picture of mid-Victorian days.

At the Columbia.

"Shuffle Along" will close its run at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night, July 8th. The Columbia will be dark until the opening of the regular season, which will bring an array of attractions, starting with the complete New York cast, headed by Walter Craven, in "The First Year." The motion picture "The Covered Wagon" is among the bookings.

Mountain Flying.

Consideration has been given to the possibility of aerial observations in the Himalayas, according to the New York *Herald*. The range, it appears, has only six peaks above 27,000 feet high, and an aviator flying at about 23,000 or 24,000 feet should have no difficulty in crossing if the highest peaks were avoided, while if he chose certain of the gorges an altitude of some 19,000 feet would suffice. The greatest of the many obstacles to be encountered is the mountain sickness, which occurs in the highest altitudes through deficiency of oxygen. The gradual climber, going afoot, is less handicapped in this respect than the aviator rising suddenly from sea level in his machine. On the other hand, the pedestrian has more fatigue to undergo, and this practically equalizes matters.

NAUGHTY NELLIE GWYNNE.

For more than two centuries posterity has cherished an unreasonable affection for Nell Gwynne—unreasonable because it rests on scanty and negligible evidence, says Alexander Woollcott in the New York *Herald*. It is an affection that goes back to the days when the crowds used to swarm around her chair in Drury Lane and cheer for her lustily because she was a Protestant of lowly origin, whereas her rival in the king's affections was a Catholic and a duchess to boot. The crowd was fond of her because they knew she had been born in a black, squalid alley of the great thoroughfare where she was to reign as the liveliest and most comical of comediennes. They remembered her when she had stood in the line of orange wenches who at outrageous prices sold their fruits to the young gallants attending the play at the king's theatre. They knew her father was a no-account soldier from Wales, who died in jail, and that her mother was the first and most characteristic of a long line of enraging stage mothers. Fat and Gampish to the last, Dame Gwynne, after her Nelly became famous, floundered in the lap of luxury, for all the world like the stage mother in "The Show Shop." She drank too much one fine day, rolled into her own fishpond and was, in consequence, drowned.

It is probable that no small part of Mistress Gwynne's fame rests on the fact that an unforgettable deathbed speech was spoken for her. When Charles Stuart died his last word to his brother was, "Let not poor Nelly starve," and more than anything else it was that message which cleared and kept a place for her in the gallery of English memory. The most abundant references to her occur in Pepys, who liked her for her success and her good looks, and was never scandalized by her, as was Evelyn, who couldn't abide the spectacle of King Charles languishing in St. James' Park under her window. A characteristic Pepys entry about her whom he called "pretty, witty Nell" is that for October 6, 1667. It runs in this wise:

"And to the Duke of York's playhouse, but the house so full, it being a new play, 'The Coffee House,' that we could not get in, and so to the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knepp, and she took us into the tiring rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself and was all unready and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And so walked all up and down the house above, and then below into the scene room, and there sat down and she gave us fruit; and here I read the questions to Knepp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora Figary's,' which was acted today. But, Lord! to see how they both were painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes and yet what a show they make on the stage by candlelight, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having a few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, as is said, nowadays, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good, but my belly was full of what I had seen in the house and so after the play done, away home, and there to the writing my letters, and so home to supper and to bed."

Knepp was Pepys' mistress. He knew Nell less intimately, although there is one entry wherein he records how he had gone back stage and kissed her. This chaste salute was made in the presence of Mrs. Pepys, which, as Sir Walter Scott observed, was perhaps just as well.

The Sawn Shingle Race.

The oldest sawn shingle in California has been found. It is seventy-four years old and came from an adobe dwelling erected by the Arrelanes family in 1849 on the Guadaloupe Rancho near Santa Maria, in Santa Barbara County. The building originally had a thatched roof of tule, but this was burned by General Frémon't soldiers, and then replaced by redwood sawn shingles.

This relic of the "Days of Gold" was submitted by W. L. Smith, manager of the Pacific Coast Coal Company of Santa Maria, who was awarded first prize in the state-wide contest conducted by Gus Russell of the Santa Fé Lumber Company. The contest grew out of the "shingle bill" fight at the election last November. A. D. McKinnon, proprietor of the McKinnon lumber yard of Hollister, pressed Smith closely with a redwood shingle from the McMahon home in San Juan, San Benito County. The house was built in 1852, so the Smith entry was lucky to get second money. McMahon married one of the Green girls, a survivor of the Donner Lake tragedy.

Many other very old redwood shingles were in the race. Among these was one from the house of General Mariano G. Vallejo, in Sonoma, which had been doing duty since 1836; but this one was disqualified by the judges because it was really a split shingle, or "shake," doped to look like a sawn shingle for this event. Such jockeying in speed contests is widely condemned.

Gland Opera.

Plays about the ductless gland treatment or similar methods of rejuvenation are inundating the offices of theatrical managers these days, says Frank Vreeland in the New York *Herald*, and it seems likely that next season the drama will be largely pathological, with dope and glands as the main subject in the theatrical clinics. One manager said that three such plays turned up on his desk lately—he simply couldn't exterminate the things. In addition to "Fires of Spring," Robert McLaughlin's drama, which L. Lawrence Weber recently tried out preparatory to fall ignition, there is "The Macropoulos Affair," the latest play by the Capek brothers, recently done in Prague, which, while not glandular in type, deals with the renewal of youth and the awful consequences therefrom. And there is always the possibility that "Black Oxen" will be revivified on the stage. It looks as if the grand opera houses of the old day might be revived, except that this time they will be called Gland Operation Houses.

W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond" and Eugene O'Neill's "Annie Christie" are to be filmed.

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VANITY FAIR.

It was long ago discovered and has just been demonstrated by the meat dealers' convention held in San Francisco that Americans are a nation of friers, instead of a nation of roasters or boilers or broilers. Our vaunted "home cooking" runs to the pan with the long handle, and the more since the movies have come along to shorten the American housewife's interest in her so beautiful enameled cook stove. This frying habit is what makes the long distance in price between the cheaper cuts and the more desirable cuts of meat. In England, which is given more to roasting, the difference is not so wide, and in fact almost disappears. The English cook roasts what for the American would have to be cut into porterhouse or sirloin and fried as steak. Our custom has its conveniences, but it will never assist in making our cookery the epicurean delight that cookery should be. No Brillat-Savarin would ever recommend its artlessness. And Paul Bouillard, premier Parisian chef and connoisseur, remarked the other day: "Beefsteak, which you Americans love to order, in my opinion is only for people to fill themselves with, and certainly is not for those who know the art of eating." In France, the grill is in fact an exotic—one of those conveniences which, for a profit, are established for the changeless Britisher, the ever-hurrying American, or the American whose tastes are still in the rustic condition of his buffalo-hutchering ancestors. Of a certainty, the heart-warming French conception of dining as a fine art suffers in this dry country. In France the wine matches the flavor of the dish, its subtle and elusive ways known and to be prescribed by the cultivated gourmet or accomplished chef. But when he deigns thus to prescribe for his American friends or clients, it is with pity and a not altogether complimentary condescension. He feels that he does it as an unmerited and perhaps unappreciated favor. And the Eighteenth Amendment is making us, not a nation of wine-openers, but a nation of can-openers.

Between the tin can and the frying-pan we are supposed to be leading pathetic lives over here. Perhaps we are. But it would be hard to convert anybody to that view who was about to plunge knife and fork into a fluffy strawberry shortcake, rich with butter and grated nutmeg. There are compensations, and every people in time evolves methods of ameliorating its own hard condition. The Pilgrim Fathers mitigated the severity of existence in Massachusetts with pumpkin pie, or rather the Pilgrim Mothers did it for them. But who ever did anything for the Pilgrim Mothers? Was it not Joseph Choate that said their lot was made doubly hard because they had to stand the Pilgrim Fathers? And now it seems we all have to stand the can and the pan, and in addition some little panning by our European critics, one of whom has lately described in a London paper of the usual million circulation a "cultural revolution" that is supposed to be taking place in the United States. He said, with more iron than originality: "Cuspidors are being removed from countless American drawing-rooms. Chewing-gum is being scraped off parlor chairs. Several million Americans spend hours daily in practicing the correct pronunciation of the words 'aunt,' 'clerk,' 'derby' and 'advertisement.'" Then came the information that "bootlegging is no longer the principal occupation of the cultured minds of America," and that much more time is being spent "in reading the social culture advertisements and learning how easy it is to misbehave unless one buys 'The Book of Good Manners.'" The British public is told that a great wave of etiquette is sweeping America. "Half America's 110,000,000 people are now spending a large part of their time in watching the other half and seeing that they conform to the rules of social culture." Patrons of restaurants are pictured as spending so much time watching one another that they eat only about half what they consumed before the wave of etiquette submerged us. This would be sharper than a serpent's tooth were it not so dulled by repetition, but not even a serpent's tooth will keep its point if used too many hundred times. One can not, however, much deplore this good old English custom. It is so much better stuff for the London reader than the divorce court filth which seems to constitute the steady pabulum of most of the successful part of the London press.

The Bulgarian turnover has had a peculiar repercussion in this country, which has thereby lost the prospect of acquiring a bright and interesting member of the Washington diplomatic corps. Capital society is mourning the chance to meet what would have been its first woman diplomat from Europe in the person of Nadeja Stancioff, former secretary to Premier Stamboulisky. Miss Stancioff has recently been acting minister of Bulgaria at London, and her chief had picked her to be first secretary of the Bulgarian legation at Washington, when the revolution occurred. Washington folk had already heard of her, and awaited her coming with interest. She is just past twenty-five and already one of the striking figures in European diplomatic circles, which perhaps is owing as much to the fact that she is a handsome woman as to her intellectual attainments. As a personal representative of Stamboulisky she has been a familiar figure at most of the recent international conferences. At London she has been kept pretty busy handling the knotty questions arising from the downfall of the peasant government. Her future is now quite uncertain, and she may appear at Washington in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, for she threatens if the revolutionary government at Sophia replaces her to come to this country and take up journalism. She would hardly expect to have the social standing at Washington as a journalist that she would have as first secretary of a European legation.

Some people have queer ideas of economics. Here's the London School of Economics (of which we know nothing, but which we suspect of some form of socialism), the London School of Economics, we say, goes and stages a verbal duel between two women novelists, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Rebecca West, on the dark question, "Is There an Alternative to the Sex Novel?" We have not heard who won, which may be because it didn't matter. For those that hunger for sex novels there is no alternative. That's just the sort of book they like, as Lincoln said. And if they like it why not let them have it? A person that likes a sex novel can't be greatly damaged by it. They are, however, depressing to people that prefer something else, and ought to be branded on the cover to avoid mistakes; as Don Juan was given nothing but expurgated books to read, with the expurgated parts in an appendix where he could find them without too much trouble. It was the particular glory of Stevenson that he was totally unable to write a sex novel, or even a love story, which may not be at all the same thing. His women are mere lay figures whose joints creak when he tries to pose them. They could not even enthrall the fancy of Frank Stockton's monk of Siberia. But how he could draw a wooden-legged pirate, to live in literature with epic heroes! And men that had transactions in which women had no part—navigation, and beach-combing, and smuggling and all sorts of bloody-minded enterprise. Miss Kaye-Smith thinks "love is a great disruptive element and therefore a great literary opportunity." But so are ambition, and hate, and adventure, and avarice; especially avarice, which is a good, clean, sanitary sort of sin. What is it Byron said?

> So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice
> I think I must take up with avarice.

Let our lady novelists quit on love and do us something about misers. They ought to know.

It is said that the split skirt is coming back. Dress reformers are having spasms about it. They say that no sooner had they rid the world of the evil of the too short skirt than the peace of men and the morals of the race are threatened with side slashes running above the knee. And stockings are either shorter or rolled down, and the whole situation is worse than it was before the war. The preamble about having rid us of the short skirt is a rather immodest admission—we were not aware that they had. The short skirt is still here. If anything could rid us of it, or perhaps we should say deprive us of it, it would be the fact that it is no longer conspicuous. We had grown so accustomed to it that it attracted no further attention and provoked no more masculine comment, and so its main value tended to disappear. In this condition of staled custom it is, of course, one of the most modest garments ever worn. Except on the beaches it is the *ne plus ultra* of woman's dress. What is there left to do? Once the world had accepted that, it became almost impossible to do anything immodest. Perhaps that is the reason the split skirt is coming back. And after that, what?

Memory Marriage Passing

In the days of our grandmothers women spent their lives yearning over love disappointments, says the *Designer Magazine*. It was the vogue to die of a broken heart. The woman at the window waiting year after year for the return of a certain, lost, strayed, or stolen male was a spectacle which commanded tearful admiration. So, in India, it was once the style for widows to be burned on their husbands' funeral pyres.

Fashions in sentiment have changed. A gusty, joyous wind has blown from the world of women their morbid fidelity to spooks.

The intelligent modern woman demands a rich, happy, useful life. She insists on real love, not shadow love. If she is to marry it must be to a flesh-and-blood husband, not a ghost husband. Airy children of dream stuff do not interest her. She wants them solid, healthy, dirty-fingered sometimes and cuddly. Castles in the air? Day-dreams? She would give all their towers of crysopras for one fragrant, honest-to-goodness red rose plucked by her own doorstep.

Amélie Rives, the novelist, once sent her signature to fourteen different editors on a wager that all could read it. The nearest that any one made it out was "American Rivers."

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COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

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SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

June 29, 1923

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$100,350,768.74	
Other Loans and Discounts	78,708,688.28	$179,059,457.02
United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness	$ 34,379,693.31	
State, County and Municipal Bonds	11,625,600.62	
Other Bonds and Securities	8,455,717.07	
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	600,000.00	
TOTAL U. S. AND OTHER SECURITIES		55,061,013.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	$ 10,613,127.04	
Cash and Due from Other Banks	14,035,554.77	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS		24,648,681.81
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults		9,655,730.21
Other Real Estate Owned		548,229.12
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances		1,218,517.26
Uncollected Interest		2,266,460.96
Employees' Pension Fund (Carried on Books at)		1.00
Other Resources		269,710.59
TOTAL RESOURCES		$272,727,800.97

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS	$247,389,224.96
Irrigation District Funds	90,417.38
Dividends Unpaid	993,106.00
Discount Collected but Not Earned	72,773.71
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts	1,218,517.26
	$249,764,039.31
CAPITAL PAID IN	15,000,000.00
SURPLUS	5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	697,300.70
Interest Earned but Not Collected	2,266,460.96
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$272,727,800.97

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

December, 1904	$285,436.97
December, 1908	$2,574,004.90
December, 1912	$11,228,814.56
December, 1916	$39,805,995.24
December, 1920	$157,464,685.08
December, 1922	$254,282,289.52
June 29, 1923	$272,727,800.97

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 438,453

Savings Deposits made to and including July 10, 1923, will earn interest from July 1, 1923.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Jimmie yas six years old, and his brother Charlie seven. Charlie fell ill on Jimmie's birthday and missed the party, and when the younger brother came upstairs to go to hed he said to the elder: "Gee, hut it was great! If you get sick on your hirthday, too, can I borrow it?"

Here is a Turkish story: An angel came upon a Christian, a Jew, and an Armenian (the classification is Turkish), and offered each a hoon. The Christian asked for power, and received it. The Jew asked for money, and reecived it. The Armenian said: "All I ask for is a little information: which one has the money?"

According to Sam Hellman, writing in the New York *Tribune*, the motion-picture producer was describing his latest hrain-hahy to an erudite friend. "This here Paul Revere—I don't care so much for that name Paul, I think I'll change it to Fitzhugh or Montmorency, either of them names is good—anyway, this Revere fellow is a hig Boston banker——" "He was a watchmaker," said the friend. The movie man fixed him with fishy eyes. "Go on," he said disgustedly. "Who the hell cares what happens to a watchmaker?"

Charles H. Spear, head of the harhor commission, says that on first taking that office years ago an Irish lahorer hailed him on the Embarcadero with a "Good-marnin', Mr. Prisidint. How are ye the marnin'?" "Never hetter," said Spear, "and how ahout you?" Oi'm feeling jist the same way. We're all iv us workin' fer ye, an' workin' fer the state, as hard as iver we ought to, considerin'. Oi hope ye'll have a good administhration. An' et me make yez one iv these here siggistions. San Francisco Bay is a foine hody o' wather. Whin thin's don't go roight along the froont. in' yer soul gits all full o' throuhle ahout it. don't let it wrinkle yer face nor kape yez iwake noights. Remimher that that hay was iere a long toime hefore you come an' it'll he iere a long toime afther ye're gone."

At one of the Southern cantonments during he war a recruit from Iowa was doing guard luty at some little distance from the entrance o the camp. Late at night he suddenly saw i figure approaching him, and drawing up to 'ull height the doughhoy shouted, "Halt, who goes there?" "Camp commander," came from he rider. "Dismount and advance to he recognized," sang out the guard. Slowly the ider complied and advanced toward the guard. "Halt!" A snappy rifle salute. "All right, colonel, you may pass." Slowly and lahoriously, the somewhat corpulent commander remounted his horse. As he started to ride off, a thought seemed to strike him. "By the way, sentry, who posted you here?" "Nobody, sir," grinned the soldier: "I was just practicing."

Two good "Peter Pan" stories are retold hy Alexander Woolcott in his latest book of dramatic criticism, "Shouts and Murmurs." Before the production of Barrie's fairy classic, Sir Herhert Tree expressed himstlf to Charles Frohman, producer of the play, as follows: "Barrie has gone out of his mind, Frohman. I am sorry to say it, hut you ought to know it. He's just read me a play. He is going to read it to you, so I am warning you. I know I have not gone woozy in my mind, hecause I have tested myself since hearing the play; hut Barrie must he mad. He has written four acts all ahout fairies, children, and Indians running through the most incoherent story you ever listened to; and what do you suppose? The last act is to he set on top of trees." The other is a splinter of Barrie wit. On the eve of the annual revival of the play an English player went to Barrie with the request that he he "featured" in the play bills. "And what would 'featuring' he?" asked Barrie, cautiously. Whereat the actor, growing expansive under this show of interest, explained in detail that, while scarcely hoping to be starred, he did aspire to have his name separated from the lesser folk of the company by a large, preliminary "AND." "AND?" said Barrie. "Why not BUT?"

According to Charles Kingston, who has made a study of famous legal figures, that famous judge, Sir Henry Hawkins, loved fresh air except when occupied in his official duties, when he would often sit for a dozen hours in a stuffy little court packed to the doors and insist upon every window heing kept tightly shut. Once at Nottingham, when he was nearly eighty, he kept the court sitting in these conditions until 11 at night. The next morning he left his lodging at 5 with his famous dog "Jack" at his heels, and a gun over his shoulder, and spent a couple of hours rahbit shooting. As he was returning with a couple of rahhits suspended from his gun, two working men who had made the acquaintance of the judge in his court caught sight of him. Transfixed hy the sight of the gun and the rahhits, they remained petrified, until one exclaimed, in the hearing of Sir Henry: "Gorhlime! The old 'un's heen poachin'."

THE MERRY MUSE.

It Looks Nice in the Movies.

The Sheik, in the film, grabbed his victim
And lugged her away to his tent,
Where his subsequent actions were flagrant infractions
Of every known rule for a gent.
But Saydie, observing him, murmured,
While she hlushed to the hrim of her hat,
"Well, mayhe I'm sappy, but I could die happy
If some guy would treat me like that!"

Later on, when the movie was over,
And Saydie was walking hack home,
With deserts dissolving and Arahs revolving
In dizzying whirls through her dome,
A shoe clerk tipped Saydie his kelly,
Attempting her progress to stop,
"Say, heat it!" snapped Saydie. "You hum, I'm a lady,
Go on or I'll yell for a cop."

—Baron Ireland in Life.

Freud's Mother Goose.

Mary had a little dream,
And looked it up in Freud;
When people asked her what it meant
She seemed a hit annoyed.

Mary had a Complex,
Impelling her to hlows,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That little Complex goes.

It followed her to town one day,
And camped upon her trail
Till Mary punched a cop, and then
It went with her to jail.

—H. C. Norris in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Housewife—How dare you ask me to feed you again? *Hobo*—That, ma'am, is a perfashnul secret.—*Detroit Journal.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel Townley, daughter of Professor Sidney Dean Townley and Mrs. Townley of Stanford University, to Mr. Guido Van Dusen Marx, son of Professor Guido Marx and Mrs. Marx of Stanford University.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elise Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hougton of Berkeley, to Mr. Maurice Barrier, son of Mr. Georges Barrier of Paris.

The marriage of Miss Prudence Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Fisher, to Professor Reginald G. Trotter of Stanford University took place in Palo Alto on June 23d.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Geary, daughter of Mrs. William D. Geary of Berkeley, to Mr. Reginald Linforth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald H. Linforth of Berkeley, took place in Berkeley on June 25th.

Mrs. Clinton E. Walker gave a house party over the Fourth of July at her summer residence on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner last week for the friends of their daughter, Miss Claudine Spreckels, at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frank Harrison Ainsworth gave a luncheon recently at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. George Barnett and Mrs. William S. Standley.

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel gave a tea at their home on California Street last week in honor of some of the visiting members of the American Medical Association.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown gave a tea on Thursday of last week at their home on Presidio Cliffs io honor of the convention visitors.

Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Edward Eherle.

A golf tournament was held on Wednesday of last week at the Menlo Country Club in honor of some of the convention visitors. Mrs. Max Rothschild, assisted by members of the club, received the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham gave a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Jean Howard accompanied Mrs. Willis Walker last week to Lake Tahoe, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a luncheon last week at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Welch's parents, Admiral and Mrs. Fullam.

Princess Borghese was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur at the Stanford Union, and afterwards at a tea at Mrs. Wilbur's home at Stanford University.

Mrs. William Geary Morgan of Washington was the guest of honor at a luncheon giveo last week by Mrs. Mark Requa at the Town and Country Club.

A number of dinners preceded the Spanish dinner-dance given recently at the Fairmont Hotel.

A number of luncheons preceded the meeting of the San Francisco Grand Opera Association last week at the Hotel St. Francis. Among the hostesses were Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Miss Mary Dunham, Mrs. Timothy Healy and Mrs. Oliver C. Stine.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro was hostess at a dinner last week in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Clarence M. Smith gave a luncheon last Friday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for Dr. and Mrs. Harry B. Torrey and Miss Elizabeth Torrey of Portland, Oregon.

Dr. Walter F. Schaller was host at a stag dinner given at his home at Sea Cliff in honor of Dr. S. A. K. Wilson of London and Dr. Walter Timme of New York.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon gave a farewell luncheon at the Town and Country Club last week for Mrs. Edward Eherle, who left for Washington on Sunday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman entertained at dinner on Wednesday of last week in honor of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur and Mrs. Wilbur.

A dinner-dance was given on Thursday of last week hy the local members of the American Medical Association to a number of the visiting members.

Mrs. William Everett Musgrave held a reception on Thursday of last week at her home on Camino del Mar in honor of the wives of the visiting members of the American Medical Association. Other receptions on the same day were held by Mrs. George B. Somers and Mrs. Cullen F. Welty.

Mrs. Jason O. Neilson was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party last week at the Hotel Rafael in honor of her daughter, Mrs. A. Graham Biddle.

Senator James A. Reed and Mrs. Reed were the guests of honor at a dinner given at Mare Island Navy Yard by Lieutenant Stanley L. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall gave a dinner last week at the Burlingame Country Club for their son, Mr. George A. Newhall, Jr., who is home for the summer.

Captain Anatole La Garde and Mrs. La Garde entertained last week at a luncheon given at their quarters at Alcatraz in honor of Surgeon-General Merritte W. Ireland, U. S. A.

The Mill Valley Outdoor Art Club gave a picnic luncheon in Marin County last week for disabled former service men.

A bridge and mah jongg party was given last Friday at the Menlo Park Country Club to raise funds for furnishing the new Menlo Circus Club.

Dr. and Mrs. William E. Musgrave gave a dinner last week for some of the visting members of the American Medical Association.

Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell gave a luncheon at the Women's Athletic Club last week in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan of New Orleans and Mrs. Robert Green of Seattle.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker and her brother, Mr. Henry Crocker, were hosts at a dinner given last Friday at Tait's-at-the-Beach for Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ellita Adams.

Mrs. Charles Billings Cook of New York, who is spending the summer in San Rafael, gave a luncheon at Pastori's in Marin County on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Willard Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Friday of this week by Mrs. Jerome Politzer.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft gave a small dinner-dance last week for Miss Elizabeth Hanna of Washington, D. C., and Miss Winifred Walker of New York.

Miss Katherine Bradley was hostess at a house party over the last week-end in Bolinas at the new home of her parents, Rev. Ernest Bradley and Mrs. Bradley of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali were hosts at a dinner given last week for Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

The marriage of Mrs. Dorenda Malthy Sullivan, daughter of Mrs. Adolphus Malthy of Concord, to Mr. Samuel R. Penfield, son of Mr. and and Mrs. T. B. Penfield of Detroit, is announced.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home on Broadway in honor of some of the members of the American Medical Association.

Mrs. Taliaferro Milton was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Leavitt Baker at her home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. James Jenkins gave a luncheon at her home in Mill Valley last week for Mrs. Taliaferro Milton.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon recently at his home near Alma in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

Mrs. William F. Fullam was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean St. Cyr gave a farewell luncheon on Saturday at their home in San Mateo for Admiral Edward W. Eherle and Mrs. Eherle.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter F. Schaller have had several members of the American Medical Association as guests and will entertain them after the convention at their country home at Lake Tahoe.

There will he a dinner-dance at the Menlo Country Club on Saturday, July 7th, following the golf tournament held on that day.

At the St. Francis.

Though many of the Peninsula folk postponed their week-end trips over the Fourth of July, several small groups of the smart set lunched informally in the Garden and Fahle Room of the Hotel St. Francis on Monday. The Charles Templeton Crockers had Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran with them. Mrs. Sydney Cloman and her niece, Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett, appeared together. Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Hanna entertained a group of seven.

One of the parties of the younger set had as its members the Misses Julia Adams, Ellita Adams, and Elizabeth Adams, and Miss Edith Grant. Miss Ernestine Virden presided over a group of four.

Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone were together.

Get Your Mail Box

The crusade of the Postoffice Department for the installation of mail hoxes or door slots at front doors of all dwellings in the United States is not founded upon a capricious whim, says John H. Bartlett in the Washington *Star*. Neither did it originate out of an unwarranted desire arhitrarily to increase the hurden of expense of American householders hy compelling them to huy the additional equipment for their homes.

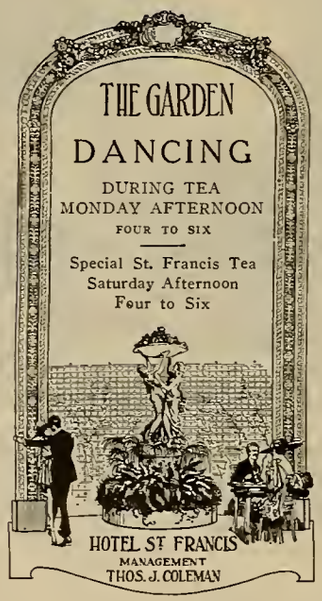
The movement is entirely in the interest of good administration, sound economy, and the hest service to the puhlic. Six months ago, when this plan was first promulgated, 70 per cent. of the dwellings of the country already had mail hoxes or door slots to facilitate the delivery of mails. The question naturally arose that if 70 per cent. of the American people had provided receptacles at their homes, why shouldn't the other 30 per cent. likewise comply? The result was a decision to start a campaign with the object in view of inducing the delinquent 30 per cent. to supply this deficiency, giving them a reasonable and ample period of time in which to install such receptacles. There is no intentioo at all upon the part of the Postoffice Department of shutting off any patron's mail. On the contrary, the question involved is whether dwellers in the various cities want to have their mail delivered at their front doors or whether they prefer to call at the postoffice to get it.

Not only will the installation of these conveniences at the homes of all citizens result in the saving of millions of dollars to the government annually, hut the public will reap untold henefits and countless hours of time now spent in answering door hells when letter carriers call to deliver mail will no longer he wasted.

That the Postoffice Department has ample legal authority to regulate under what conditions mail shall he delivered hy letter carriers is undisputed. The statute inaugurating free delivery of mail matter specifically states that the Postmaster-General may establish receiving hoxes for the deposit of mail matter, and another law specifically authorizes the head of each department of the government to prescribe regulations not inconsistent with the law for the government of his department, the distrihution and performance of its husiness.

The danger of disintegration of priceless documents of the United States government was revealed recently, when Assistant Secretary Rose of the Senate found the time-ravaged records of the first session of the Federal Congress in an unlighted, musty room heneath the terrace of the Capitol. The condition of the records was said to indicate that unless properly cared for they would fall to pieces in a few years. The Monroe message had been kept in the files of the Senate, and when taken out was so hrittle it threatened to fall apart if opened. It was placed in the hands of experts, who will attempt its preservation.—*Scientific American.*

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin motored to Santa arbara last week and made a short stay there.

Miss Marian Crocker has returned from Chi-go, where she attended the American Women's verseas League Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore have joined rs. Horatio Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Liver-ore at the Livermore ranch near Calistoga.

Mr. Andrew Welch has gone East to meet Mrs. elch and their daughters, Miss Marie and Miss orence Welch, who are returning from Europe.

Mrs. Langley Porter has returned from a short sit to New York.

Mrs. Duncan Frissell of Honolulu is visiting r parents, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, at their me on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson inslow have gone to Feather River, where they ll spend the summer.

Miss Josephine Drown has been visiting Mr. d Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris at their home ar Saratoga.

Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax has been giving a ies of luncheons at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon has returned from r recent trip to Honolulu.

Admiral Edward Eberle and Mrs. Eberle spent week-end last week with Mr. and Mrs. Ed-rd McCutcheon at Los Altos.

Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan of Washington, C., and her two children are spending the mmer with Mrs. Hartigan's sister, Mrs. Charles man Norris, near Saratoga.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., has gone to Santa rbara with Miss Olive Erdington and is the est of Mrs. William Erdington.

Mr. William R. Edrington, after accompanying s. Edrington and Miss Edrington to Santa Bar-a, has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark and their ughters have taken possession of their new resi-nce in Hillsborough.

Miss Julia Duval, after spending nearly a year California, has returned to her home in New rk.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore are spending a few nths in Ross Valley.

Miss Laura McKinstry is visiting friends in uthern California.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and her daughter, Mrs. car Cooper, have gone on a motor trip to gs River.

Miss Kathryn Shoemaker, daughter of Admiral oemaker, who has been a house guest in the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. Mohun, sailed on the transport *Grant* for New York and Washington.

Mrs. Samuel Knight, after spending the winter in Santa Barbara and the spring in the Orient, has returned to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge are spending the summer near Salt Lake City.

Admiral S. S. Robison, U. S. N., the commander-elect of the fleet, accompanied by Mrs. Robison, has arrived from the East and is staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. Francis B. Loomis and Mr. Alfred Holman motored to Santa Barbara last week and were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Forest Peabody.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. von Rhein and their daughter, Miss Edith von Rhein, are leaving very soon for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall and their sons have gone to their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John Russell Deane has lately arrived from Panama and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wood. She will be joined later by Captain Deane.

The Misses Sara and Dorothey Collier, who have been living at the Presidio of Monterey, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Lawrence McCreery is in Santa Barbara with her mother, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier are returning from France this month and will spend the summer at Burlingame.

Mrs. Robert McMillan of New Orleans is visiting her father, Mr. Theodore Blakeman, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle is making a short stay in San Francisco and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles N. Ellinwood.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown left last week for their country place on Lake Tahoe, where they will be joined later by their son, Mr. Cabot Brown, of the Harvard Medical School.

Mrs. George Wolf, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Hamilton C. Bowie, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Dr. and Mrs. Dohrman Pischel have returned from Southern California and are established in their new home on California Street.

Miss Marian Fitzhugh, accompanied by Miss Helen Meillie, left last week for a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and their daughter, Miss Frances Pringle, left last Friday for Santa Barbara, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Edward Pringle, at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rolph are spending the summer at The Highlands, near Carmel.

Mrs. William Denman is visiting her nephew, Mr. MacDonald Denman, and Mrs. Denman in Korhel, Humholdt County.

Mrs. Lillian Birmingham has returned from the East and has opened her home in Belvedere for the summer.

Miss Suzanne Troop passed the last week-end as the guest of Countess Lewenhaupt at Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro and their children are spending the month of July at Feather River Inn.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Stewart Lowery, in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon visited her brother, Dr. Harry Tevis, over the week-end and Fourth of July at his home near Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. McCormick gave a dinner at their home in Menlo Park on the evening of July 4th.

There was a Gymkana, followed by a barbecue, at the Menlo Circus Club on July 4th.

A tennis tournament was held on Saturday last at the Marin Golf Club, followed by a large dinner-dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have gone to Lake County, where they will spend part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble are staying at Klamath Falls, Oregon, and later will go to Canada.

Mr. Gordon Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby have returned from New York and are at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., and Miss Dorothy Rolph are staying at Wawona.

It is rumored that Henry Ford, in the event of his nomination for the presidency, will attach to all flivvers a campaign horn which, when tooted, will blare "Hank! Hank!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

CURRENT VERSE.

Sea Burial.

Here, where life began for them,
You will find their grave.
These that knew no measure
Wait the slow tide's pleasure,
Dreaming how it ran for them,
And the big winds drave.

O'er the leaping battlement
Savage lanterns shone.
"Sword shall never falter
While on that high altar
Bides the Devil's sacrament."
Suddenly 't is gone.

Gone the roaring buccaneer,
Drum and fife atune.
Ne'er, with linstock lighted,
Mariner affrighted
Sees the Devil's luck anear
Black across the moon.

Drowsy drabs and canities
Hear no more the gun,
Morgan's, Kidd's, or Teach's,
Wake the whitening beaches
Stale with night's profanities
Crawling in the sun.

Fugitive and furious
Where the long day drones
Roared and flamed their glory.
Who 's to tell the story?
Polypi incurious
Drift above their bones.

Isles of lust imperial,
Drunkenness obscene,
Have you aught to tell us?
Nay! for time is jealous,
Obdurate and jealous.
Naught but shards funereal
Blister in the green—

Musket, pike, and bombard, oe'r-Whelmed. Time-tattered spars.
Rotten old rum-puncheons,
Rusting, splintered truncheons—
Here nor crew nor commodore
Vomit to the stars.

Till he leaneth over
With his landing net,
He, that angel dreadful,
They shall rest forgetful,
Drab and hully rover.

Fame's phantasmagorial
Harlot leaves behind
Death—that was her dower,
Night—that reaped the flower.
Earth's complete memorial,
Tongueless, dumb, and blind.
—*W. R. Titterton in the New Witness.*

The Madwoman of Punnet's Town.

A swell within her hillowed skirts
Like a great ship with sails unfurled,
The madwoman goes gallantly
Upon the ridges of her world.

With eagle nose and wisps of gray
She strides upon the westward hills,
Swings her umbrella joyously
And waves it to the waving mills.

Talking and chuckling as she goes
Indifferent both to sun and rain,
With all that merry company
The singing children of her brain.
—*From "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong. Published by Boni & Liveright.*

Safe Harbor.

We stood on the headland high and bold
And gazed far into the west.
The sea and sky were ruddied to gold
Where the sun tipped ocean's crest.
And a full-rigged ship marked a whitened way
As she sailed through the golden sea;
Straight to the heart of the dying day.
To the wind's sad liturgy.

She mazed her way through molten waves
Where the pulsing swell swings past.
Her forefoot gleams where the bright flood laves.
Bright shines her rigging and mast
But straight she holds to the sinking sun
In a fading arc of light
Whose gold is blent to purpling dun
Till lost in the murk of night.

Adown the path is a light aglow
With cheer for my love and me,
And we turn from murm'rous waves below,
That beat 'gainst that pentland free.
Our beacon guides us to cottage door
And a ship to her charted flight,
Finds harbor safe and the voyage o'er—
So we leave the world to its night.
—*Kansas City Star.*

Liquid Lenses.

It is reported that, after many years of experimentation, a French scientist has succeeded, by using glass shells filled with fluid, in producing optical lenses said to be as good as the best massive glass lenses in present use, and of much greater size, says the New York *Herald.*

The importance of such an invention in the field of astronomy is obviously great. The average large lens manufactured out of massive glass for astronomical purposes has a diameter of about one and a half meters, and it requires a period of several years to make it, while the price is much in excess of $100,000. Such a lens, it is claimed, may be manufactured by the French process mentioned in a few weeks, at a cost of from $500 to $750. Lenses of smaller diameter for photographic purposes, for opera glasses, reading glasses, etc., can be produced, it is said, at correspondingly smaller cost.

The lens consists of a fluid substance inclosed between unusually hard glass surfaces, similar to watch crystals, in which the refractive powers and other characteristic properties are so chosen that the glass surfaces not only serve to hold the fluid, but also combine with the fluid to overcome such defects as are scarcely to be avoided in ordinary lenses. It is for this reason also that the lens is achromatic.

One of the largest checks ever written is on exhibition in New York. It is drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and is signed by the financial secretary of the United States Treasury. On what appears to be an ordinary sheet of notepaper the check reads, "Please pay to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. the sum of two hundred million dollars, charging this amount to the account of the government of Great Britain and Ireland."—*Boston Globe.*

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(The San Francisco Bank)

526 California St. (and Branches), San Francisco

For the quarter-year ending June 30, 1923, a dividend has been declared at the rate of FOUR AND ONE-QUARTER (4¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1923. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn interest from July 1, 1923. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1923, will earn interest from July 1, 1923.

A. H. MULLER, Secretary.

BANK OF ITALY (head office and all branches) —For the half-year ending June 30, 1923, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after July 2, 1923. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1923. DEPOSITS MADE TO AND INCLUDING JULY 10, 1923, WILL EARN INTEREST FROM JULY 1, 1923.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.—*Talcda Blade.*

Doctor—What is your chief complaint? *Suffering Swede*—Chronic diagnosis, Ay tank. *Judge.*

Nilly (at violin recital)—He's an Auer pupil. *Willy*—Well, I'd hate to hear a half-hour pupil.—*Musical Courier.*

Speaking of endurance tests, there is the wait for an amateur performance to begin.—*St. Joseph (Missouri) News-Press.*

"She goes in for realism, doesn't she?" "Yes, indeed! Even the clocks on her stocking are striking."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Husband—Did you have a busy time at the sewing circle? *Wife*—We did until the woman arrived that we were talking about.—*Life.*

Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home? *Bridget*—She is, but she isn't in a fit state to see anybody—she's just been givin' me notice.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Your school report is not so good this month, Johnny." "I can't help it, dad—the boy that used to do my 'rithmetic examples is mad at me an' I had to do 'em myself."—*Life.*

"Marriage," said the proverb-quoter, "is a lottery." "Yes," answered the Sultan of Sulu as he sadly waved his hand toward the harem, "and there's a bunch of blanks."—*Washington Star.*

"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse." "Oh, I wouldn't say that; say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—*Automobile Magazine.*

Golfer (whose unknown opponent has driven a straight two hundred and fifty yards from the first tee)—Say, does he often do that? *Caddie*—It's all right, sir—'is foot slipped.—*Punch.*

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Peckham? *Snobson*—Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house. *Sportsman*—Ever hit it?—*Tit-Bits.*

Friend—Why do you have such mis-spelled and ungrammatical signs in your front window? *Sharp Tradesman*—People think I'm a dunce, and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Mrs. Henpeck (visiting her first husband's grave)—Yes; here lies a hero. You would not be my husband today had he not been killed in the war. *Mr. Henpeck (fiercely)*—Yes; what a curse war is.—*Tit-Bits.*

Mrs. Neighbars—I advertised for a plain cook last week, but didn't receive a single reply. *Mrs. Nextdoar*—Take my advice and advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll he overrun with applications.—*Chicaga News.*

"You no longer use classical quotations in your speeches?" "No," said Senator Sorghum. "People get so in the habit of talking about the cost of things that what my folks are interested in are market quotations."—*Washington Star.*

"I thought you said she was one of your best friends." "She is." "But when you met her the other afternoon she seemed stiff and formal." "Yes, hut I understand her thoroughly. She's just been reading a book on etiquette."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Policeman—When you hrought the would-he suicide from the water, what did he do? *Rescuer*—As soon as I had turned my back he hung himself from a tree. *Policeman*—Why didn't you cut him down? *Rescuer*—I thought he had hung himself up to dry.—*Stockhalm Kasper.*

"It's hard to be happy, once you've got a reputation for saying sarcastic things," remarked the sad-eyed man. "What's the trouble?" "I've lost another friend. I complimented him on being the most cool-headed person I ever saw. He took it as an allusion to the fact that he is totally bald."—*Washington Star.*

"Howdy, Mart, did ye vote fer Lem er Charlie fer constable?" "Wal, seein' as one of the fellers give me five dollars ter vote fer Lem, an' another of the fellers give me ten dollars ter vote for Charlie, I decided that Lem's party was the less corrupt; so I voted for Lem."—*Judge.*

The great naval celebrity was on his way to the safe-deposit vaults with several installments of prize money. "Hello!" exclaimed an intimate friend; "what have you there?" "These," replied the celebrity, "are the 'fortunes of war' that you read so much about."—*Washington Star.*

My Husband Says.

That he likes an open car, because he loves to feel the wind slapping him in the face.

He says it's the only thing that can hit him in the face and get away with it; and he'd like to "turn the other cheek also"; and it's one of the few times when he cares to obey the Scriptures.

I like them, too, except when I go to tea, or anything like that.

Mrs. Humphree Jones says a closed car keeps one so intact. She says she hates teas and concerts, and would *never* go, if she hadn't a limousine with pearl-gray upholstery and fittings.

She said if her husband drove his own car, she would put him in livery to match.

My husband drives, so I thought I'd like to change the suhject; so I asked her if she had read "Women in Love."

She said she really couldn't remember, because she read her Shakespeare so promiscuously that she confounded him with everything else.

I thought maybe she'd like to talk about plays; so I asked her if she had been to town to see "The Dawn of Twilight." I thought the leading lady wore such heavenly clothes, and it was all so charming.

She said, "Mercy, no! I saw it in New York last winter, and they *never* send the original cast *here*. I should be bored to death."

But my husband says the Joneses haven't been to New York since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first played there. I couldn't think of anything else to say, and I was awfully glad when Mrs. Wilkinson Smythe came over, and asked me if I enjoyed my trip to Europe. I said I had had a perfectly wonderful time.

She said that when her husband *frequently* mentions a trip to Europe she always says, "No. I think it is the *duty* of every one to see his *own* country *first*." She asked me if I had been to California, and I hadn't. She just said "Oh," in a very cold tone. I felt awfully, and I was so sorry I hadn't kept my new squirrel coat on, for even if it was fiendishly warm, I could have thrown it open, and it has a stunning lining, in heavenly shades of old blue and silver.

Mrs. Smythe has worn her fur coat for two seasons. But she has a lovely lorgnette, on a real platinum chain. I think lorgnettes help ladies to think of mean things to say. I'd love to have one.

But my husband says he doesn't wish me to. He says he is taking no chances.—*L. Blanche Simpson in Life.*

Unpretentious.

A certain painter is confined in an asylum. To persons who visit him he says:

"Look at this; it is my latest masterpiece."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask:

"What does that represent?"

"That? Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple and unpretentious."—*Art Record.*

All reasonable means having failed to get the Allies out of Constantinople the Turks are now threatening to enforce prohibition.—*Life.*

A Medical Warcry.

If any delegate to the convention of the American Medical Association that met in this city last week belonged to the class of 1904, medical department of Syracuse University, he might have recalled his class yell, which went:

Well man, sick man, dead man—stiff!
Dig 'em up, cut 'em up—what's the diff?
Humorous, tumorous, blood and gore!
Syracuse Medics, Nineteen Four!

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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"Window Dressing" the Pulpit.

Dr. Gordon will have as his guests Sunday Judge W. W. Morrow and Senator Shortridge.—*Daily Paper.*

This is an age of unabashed publicity. And we presume the churches find it expedient to march with the times. No one, however, can find fault with Dr. Gordon's selection of what our contemporary calls his "pulpit guests." But it may readily happen that other ambitious clergymen may not be blessed with as much good sense and discretion as Dr. Gordon, and what will happen when the supply of distinguished public officials available for this use comes to an end, as it must very soon?

Shall we then see Mayor Rolph gracing one of our pulpits, and then possibly Supervisor Shannon and other of his Hetch Hetchy crew who so commended themselves to the people of San Francisco by their gayeties upon the occasion of a recent official outing? Then may not the next step in the progressive and catholic campaign of publicity be the summoning of Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford as pulpit guests? After a period devoted to movie stars, male and female, where will the next recruits be found? The descent to Avernus is easy, and the answer points of course to Dempsey, who, measured by his publicity value, should shortly occupy a chair in one of the pulpits.

There are other celebrities who would more than meet all current publicity demands in their capacity as pulpit guests, but they are, for the moment, unavailable, being for the most part in the penitentiary. It might seem ungracious to name them.

Lining Up for 1924.

Conditions and events are tending rapidly to define the outlines of next year's presidential campaign. In particular Mr. Harding's great adventure, while non-political in purpose, is yielding a by-product of political effects. It could hardly be otherwise in the case of a President in office and eligible under our traditions to a second term. In the course of his journey Mr. Harding has not "talked politics" in the petty and partisan sense, but it has been inevitable that in putting his views before the country his utterances should have political bearing. He has taken up question after question in the spirit of candor, and in doing this he has not only declared his personal views, but has laid down the lines upon which his party must go before the country in its next year's campaign. It is not too much to say that his status as a political leader has been very much advanced by this tour. Of course, nothing dependent upon time and events may be characterized as assurance, but, barring developments unforeseen and beyond the range of likelihood, Mr. Harding's renomination is a certainty. It seems equally certain that he will have the support of all elements of his party. Even chronic obstructionists like Senators Borah and Johnson are in the way of falling into line. Times obviously are not propitious for factional or personal adventures, and nobody, with the possible exception of Senator La Follette, is now cherishing hopes of shunting Mr. Harding off the main track.

The situation as related to the Democratic party is not so clear. But the process of crystallization goes on quietly, and already we see the party dividing itself into three clearly defined factions. First, there are the conservatives and constitutionalists, men of the Underwood type, whose political faith is based on principles—principles differing but little from those embodied in the creed of conservative Republicans. Second, what may be called the professional politician class, the class which bases its policies and activities on expediency, seizing upon anything that has the look of a winning card and avoiding issues that embody fundamental principle. Third, a radical element, made up of the po' whites of the South and that element of the farmer folk of the Middle West who were deeply indoctrinated with Populism in its day and who are definitely convinced that the country is held in thralldom by Wall Street. It is to this third class that Henry Ford makes appeal. Unlike other "leaders of the common people against the Wall Street octopus," Ford is a personal financial success. He advertises that he has fought and beaten Wall Street, and this is true in the sense that he has been able to carry on his enterprises without co-operation on the part of Wall Street. It is a mighty political asset. It accounts for the obvious strength of the campaign that is being made for him. It explains why he, now the world's richest man, is supported by those who believe they have been victimized by capitalism.

The Democratic conservatives and constitutionalists favor Senator Underwood. To the charge that he is "wet," it is answered that he conscientiously opposed the Eighteenth Amendment, as he has opposed other amendments, because it is out of harmony with our system of government; that it is in the nature of sumptuary legislation, against which the traditional Democratic party has always set its face; that the subject with which it deals is primarily and properly one of state and local concern. Further it is pointed out that, since the Eighteenth Amendment is now part of the Constitution, no one is more devoted to its enforcement than Mr. Underwood. The backers of Mr. Underwood cherish the notion that the Republican candidate in 1924, even though it be Mr. Harding, will be more or less a radical. Their hope—a desperate one—is that a conservative Democrat can be put over.

Those who make up the Democratic faction devoted to expedients are favorable to Mr. McAdoo upon the theory that the labor element, not only in railroad service, but in general industrial lines will support him. But their friendship for McAdoo lacks the vitality of a deep and genuine sentiment. They will readily switch to Governor Ralston of Indiana or to any other figure that may promise a better prospect of success.

Looking at the situation from the outside, Governor Ralston appears a rising figure. He is a respectable man of colorless type. He has no outstanding record tending to embarrassment, and he has the tremendous advantage of having won a notable success in a doubtful state. It will probably be easier for the several Democratic factions to harmonize upon Ralston than upon any other man. Mr. Underwood would be hard for the expediency group to swallow, and Ford would not be acceptable upon any terms to the conservatives. The *Argonaut* ventures the judgment that as matters are today Governor Ralston is the outstanding personality on the Democratic side of our national politics.

Statesmanship in Education versus the Educational Machine.

An outstanding incident of the educational convention held in San Francisco last week was a series of assaults upon Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching, recently president of the Boston School of Technology, formerly chief, under President McKinley, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. From the furiosity exhibited by Mr. Will C. Wood, state superintendent of schools for California, Dr. William L. Ettinger, superintendent of schools of New York City, and others, one might easily get the impression that Dr. Pritchett is a combination of Cataline and Benedict Arnold, and that he is engaged in a deep project to destroy the foundations of our American system, with immediate and sinister designs upon the youth of the country. We shall know better how to appraise these assaults by review of certain utterances on the part of Dr. Pritchett upon which the aforesaid strictures were based. These utterances are to be found in the "Annual Report of the President (Dr. Pritchett) of the Carnegie Foundation for 1922," and they occur in connection with a comprehensive study of the advancing financial demands of government in general, and particularly of the rising cost of education. We quote:

> Twenty years ago the curriculum of the high school and of the college was comparatively simple, but so great has been the expansion of the curriculum in this interval that the high school today represents a different conception of what a school is for, and what it can do for society. This is the crux of the whole question as to the cost of education. If the high school curriculum is to cover all fields of knowledge and of activity, including in its scope not only the elementary training of the students in their own language and in the fundamental facts of their own history, but also all divisions of science and of art; and if it is to offer, not only a moderate grounding in knowledge, but a technical training as well, then there is no limit to the expense which a community may be called upon to undergo in order to satisfy the ambitions of those who advocate this conception of the high school. The responsibility for this movement lies mainly with the teachers themselves. The high school curriculum of today reminds one of nothing so much as the extended bill of fare that one finds in a country hotel. Upon it are printed the names of all the dishes one could hope for in the most ambitious cuisine, and yet out of all these offerings one will find it difficult to secure a simple and wholesome meal. The high school of today has been transformed from a distinctively intellectual agency into one that offers instruction concerning every field of human knowledge and assumes to provide training for many vocations and professions. In the process the notions of sincerity and thoroughness in education have been displaced by the idea that education can be had by superficial knowledge of many subjects and that training for a trade or a profession can be secured by study under teachers, themselves but ill-acquainted with the practical side of the callings which they teach. The

total result is to present education, and to present technical training, as ends to be gained by superficial means. It is not too much to say that the vocational training offered in the high schools has so little of the sharp, accurate responsibility of the well-trained technician, and is so poorly related to the facts and circumstances of these vocations, that it is in great measure an educational farce. * * *

The pay of the teacher has been diluted by the bringing in of great numbers of teachers to offer this variety of studies. The rise in the cost of education has come in large measure out of a transformation of the notion as to what a school is for, and until we shall come to some definite conclusion with respect to this fundamental matter, there is no hope that the cost of the school system will stop short of the financial solvency of the various states and communities. * * *

The right limit to the cost of the school system will be found in a sound decision as to what a school can and ought to do, and the resolute development of the school system in accordance with this decision. * * *

A school undertakes to educate its pupils by two processes: first, by providing a child with a certain background of knowledge; and secondly, by teaching him in this process how to use his mind. Nearly all differences in educational methods have arisen out of the difference in emphasis laid on the one or the other of these processes. * * *

To the lay mind these expressions define intelligently and calmly an issue of highest importance in relation to one of the great—perhaps the most definitely fundamental—issues of our country and of our time. Education, the training of the oncoming generation, is the first obligation of any people. It is particularly the duty of a people whose governmental system is founded in the will of the people and dependent upon their capabilities of judgment. But the lay mind is one thing and the mind of the politico-educational specialist is quite another thing. The vision of the Woods and the Ettingers is circumscribed. They are incapable of visualizing education apart from their personal relationship to it. Any criticism of methods, or of the machinery of which they are part, appears to them in the aspect of a vicious assault upon their little holy-of-holies. To question their ideas and conceptions, to suggest examination of the machinery under their hands, is to put oneself outside the pale.

In Dr. Pritchett's calm and thoughtful discussion, of which the above excerpts are illustrative, the politico-educational specialists see only an assault upon the foundations of public education. Such is the spirit of the narrow professorial mind, especially the mind which sees in established methods and practices something above review and criticism, something in itself sacrosanct. It is a matter of course that men of the Wood and Ettinger type can have no understanding of the spirit of a man of the Pritchett type. Dr. Pritchett belongs to our small group of non-official statesmen. Before all an educator, he visualizes education as one of the agencies of civilization. His studies and his experience, his broad association with men and things, with his responsibilities under the high commission he holds as head of the Carnegie Foundation, give him a point of view as far above that of the Woods and Ettingers as intelligence and enthusiasm for wholesome progress are above ignorance and prejudice. We have only to compare the spirit of the utterances above quoted with that manifest in the tirades of Messrs. Wood and Ettinger before the educational conference last week to note the difference between a man of knowledge and of lofty aims, and men whose views and commitments are limited to the lines of a narrow and self-sufficient professionalism. Dr. Pritchett brings to the great interest of education training, experience, ripened wisdom. Of Dr. Ettinger's qualifications we can not speak. Mr. Wood is a product evolved through the machinery of politics from the status of a stationery salesman.

A special motive of irritation and resentment on the part of Mr. Wood rests upon the circumstance that, when a year or more ago he proposed a pension scheme for the teachers of California, it was discredited by Dr. Pritchett as an attempt to do a right thing in a wrong way. Mr. Wood's project had the merit of good intention, but it took no account of the principles essential in any sound pension system. Of necessity it was discarded because its proposals were impracticable and impossible. Mr. Wood, still ignorant of fundamentals affecting pension projects, still embittered in respect of his failure, seized last week upon the first opportunity that presented itself to "get even." The occasion, too, afforded an opportunity for Mr. Wood to fire the opening gun before a sympathetic audience in his campaign for the governorship in succession to Governor Richardson. It is an absurd ambition—but Mr. Wood is an absurd creature. Obviously his hope is to fire the heart, so to speak, of the educational organization of California and by this means to boost himself into a place for which he has no fitness either in acquired accomplishments, native judgment, or personal character.

Senator Underwood Seeks an Issue.

Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, returning from Europe recently, stated that in his opinion it was time for the United States to take a more active rôle in respect to European affairs, and criticized the Administration for not "doing something." Senator Underwood is not the first American of high character and position to find fault with our attitude of detachment and to offer the wholly vague and futile suggestion that we ought to do something.

Leaders of industry, educators, journalists and publicists who have made more or less brief sojourns in Europe have echoed the cry "let us do something," but we have yet to hear of one man of importance and responsibility who has a definite, workable suggestion to offer in this connection. Americans who travel in Europe and hastily observe the unhappy conditions which obtain in many countries react to the unfortunate conditions promptly and feel that something ought to be done, not only to help the Europeans, but indirectly to help ourselves by bringing Europe back to a normal state and thereby restoring her purchasing power and making her people able to buy more largely and freely from us. We all want to do something for Europe, but we have no means of knowing that the right time for benevolent interference has arrived and we feel wholly certain that about the best and wisest thing we can do for the moment is to continue to set our own house in order. We have not yet recovered from the shock and the wholesale losses of the war. We have not returned to normal either in a material or spiritual sense. We have still a long way to go and some perplexing and difficult problems to face and to solve. It is our firm belief that we can at the right time render Europe a more substantial and enduring service if in the meanwhile our own recovery shall have become more thorough and our domestic problems disposed of in a satisfactory manner.

For the time being we are disposed to trust President Harding and the Secretary of State. They are fully informed concerning real conditions in Germany, France, the Balkan States and other parts of Europe, and much more competently qualified to take a just and comprehensive view of the situation as a whole, in its relation to our interests and desires, than are the critics who dash over to Europe and come back in a few weeks with nothing more substantial to offer in the way of a panacea than "a feeling that we ought to do something."

Senator Underwood's observations need disturb nobody. He is a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination and is sorely pressed for an issue. He wants a platform or a battle cry that has not been promulgated by his rivals, and one that will not be appropriated by the facile and wily Mr. Bryan. Senator Underwood is a high-minded man and an exceptionally useful public servant. If a Democrat were to be chosen President of the United States next year the honor could not go to a more worthy and competent man. But we suspect from the gentleness of his attack upon the foreign policy of the Administration that his belief in Democratic party success next year does not by any means amount to an obsession. At any rate, before the country considers Senator Underwood seriously as a candidate he will have to propose a policy more definite, constructive, and alluring than the misty complaint which he rather pathetically voices in the wholly unoriginal suggestion that we ought "to do something" over there.

The "Whitman Myth."

For something more than eighty years there has been persistent warfare between the famous "Whitman Myth" and the plain truth of history. A hundred times this fine example of heroic fiction has been killed and buried, only to lift its head in renewed vigor upon every chance opportunity. At Meacham, Oregon, last week President Harding put new glands into the old form, that will no doubt enable it to survive another series of slaughterings and burials. True, he qualified his endorsement by the parenthetical remark that if it wasn't true it ought to be, thus paying tribute to the instinctive propensity of the human mind to revere anything having in it the quality of heroism.

Now for the plain truth: Some eighty-and-odd years ago, at a time when the very name of Oregon was a synonym for solitude and mystery, a church missionary society with headquarters at Boston sent to the then wilderness of the Northwest a company of more or less pious—and more or less thrifty—souls intent upon Christianizing the Indian population. At the head of this company was one Marcus Whitman, a physician by profession and an adventurer by propensity. Mr. Whitman established a settlement in the heart of the Indian country a few miles distant from the site of the present city of Walla Walla, Washington. The work prospered indifferently, reports to Boston were unsatisfactory, and there came word after an interval of many months that Whitman was to be relieved of his office as head of the settlement. With purpose to forestall action adverse to his own interest, Withman with a single companion made a winter journey across the breadth of the continent to Boston. The trip was one of tremendous hardship, truly heroic in its hardihood and in its triumph over obstacles. In the period of his stay in the East in the late winter of 1841 and early spring of 1842 Whitman "talked Oregon" whenever opportunity offered. And no doubt he did much to bring the country to the attention of the public. Turning westward again in the spring of 1842, he encountered the first Oregon immigration somewhere west of St. Joseph, Missouri, and was employed as a guide and helper in the long trek across the plains. He resumed his place at the head of the missionary settlement, but his conduct of its affairs, while well-intentioned, was not tactful. In time he so angered those he was sent to convert that they rose in wrath and destroyed the settlement in a massacre which included Whitman and the greater number of his associates.

Out of this incident there has grown a fabulous story. Whitman is represented as having made the winter journey to Boston, not to save his personal credit and his post as head of the missionary settlement, but to "save Oregon." He is represented as appearing before the authorities of government at Washington in picturesque costume, with dramatic eloquence pleading for action tending to hold Oregon for the United States against the machinations of British agents, acting through the Hudson Bay Company. The story has been retold in a hundred forms, refurnished with imaginary incidents, and worked up into a heroic tradition. The promoters of the missionary society, after the manner of organized piety, made the most of the Whitman story, turning a plain record of hardihood into a drama of vast and heroic import. Following the Whitman massacre and up to now a dozen books have been written to exploit the achievements of Marcus Whitman. A college at Walla Walla, and a worthy one both in its purpose and its achievements, has capitalized the Whitman story and through its appeal has gained a generous endowment.

Again and again and still again careful and authoritative historians have presented the simple and truthful record. It is a record entirely worthy, but mere truth does not satisfy minds that instinctively long for heroics. In defiance of the historical record, the Whitman Myth still finds believers and champions. Even President Harding, who ought to know the truth, gives new credit to the old fiction.

Surely in the simple truth of the settlement of the Oregon country, as of California, there is enough of romance and heroism. Surely there is no need and no excuse for distorting the record to make a stirring tale. But it is possibly too much to hope that the Whitman Myth, and a dozen others, however they may die in the light of historic truth, will long stay dead. So long as the human mind craves the zest of the heroic we shall have the Whitman story as a companion myth to the story of Pocahontas, the Indian Logan, Sheridan's Ride, and a dozen other examples of heroic balderdash.

A Bad Start.

San Francisco has naturally been watching the early acts of Dr. Joseph Marr Gwinn, just appointed superintendent of schools, to learn what manner of man may have been entrusted with that important office. Judging from recent utterances, Dr. Gwinn is at least sympathetically inclined to line up with one of the most voracious of all tax-eating machines, that of Mr. Will Wood, former stationery drummer, more recently by grace of politics state superintendent of public instruction, in opposition to the relief of the taxpayers. We have recently had a convention of the National Education Association, a convention of delegates from distant points, unacquainted with our conditions, and so zealous in promotion of their own business that many of them

forgot the decencies of hospitality and the privileges of guests and indulged in attacks on the present administration of California because it has attempted to check the waste of the public's money by cutting off extravagant appropriations for the schools—appropriations in large part squandered on fads and frivolities unconnected with education and of no value to the children. These animadversions on the host state were most numerously discharged from the mouths of people ignorant of economics, ignorant of the requirements of social welfare, ignorant of public finance and the necessities of conservation, ignorant of the demoralizing effect of officially recognized frivolity on the minds of impressionable youth. They were neither the people that provide the taxes nor those that bear and rear the children. They were the people that spend taxes, or on whom the taxes are spent. And they are not even responsible, in any enforceable way, for the warping of character certain to result from the folk-dancing, bonnet-trimming, butter-burning and fancy-athletic fads and similar wasteful caprices that inflate our courses of study and contribute strength to Mr. Wood's political machine. They are engaged in an incessant propaganda for more money, and such is our almost superstitious reverence for everything bearing, however fraudulently, the name of education that few people have the courage to question their prescriptions or try to call a halt to their self-serving policies. According to Dr. Gwinn, they uttered half a million words in praise of California and many remarks derogatory to its governor. From that we infer Dr. Gwinn approves the derogatory remarks. If the inference is justified, the fact is deplorable. Apparently Dr. Gwinn does not stop to consider the people who pay his salary. He comes here a foreigner from Louisiana and within three weeks appears to criticize their only promise of relief from plunder by the state's inflated and parasitic school establishment. The inevitable tendency of such an attitude on the superintendent's part would be to involve the schools of San Francisco in the politics of Will Wood's state school machine. It is a bad beginnning for Dr. Gwinn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Taylor Regime.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* Among the many valuable services rendered to this community by that great idealist, Edward Robeson Taylor, there will long be cherished the lifting of our municipal administration from infamy to honor in 1907. It was unique in every characteristic and exceptional in methods and results.

The graft prosecution so successfully carried out hy District Attorney Langdon and other high-minded men with the skilled help hy William J. Burns, supplied by Rudolph Spreckels, had made possible a complete political change. The board of supervisors had about five months to serve, but sixteen of them were more than willing to resign and to elect any one named as mayor to fill the existing vacancy before they retired.

The problem was to insure a completely independent government of so high a character that no one could question its disinterested honesty and clearly expressed ability. The first step was to fix on the citizen who would command absolute trust and respect, who had the ability to carry out a big job and the public spirit to do it.

It was one of the highest compliments ever paid a man when those in authority selected Dr. Taylor for the task. He was given full authority, without reservation in any respect. The sixteen supervisors over whom he was to preside in rescuing from disgrace the honor of the ruined city were every one to be selected by him. Not even a suggestion was made. He was responsible for results and should have complete authority. He showed courage in undertaking the task. It was indeed a great opportunity for service, but associated with extreme difficulty without any other gain or advantage than the satisfaction from plain performance of public duty.

Dr. Taylor took up the selection of his assistants, the sixteen men who would serve, as he was serving, for the city's good, and he treated them to the same confidence he had received. He asked no pledges or promises of any kind and selected with a single view of effective service. As we waited for the signing of the last of the resignations he looked over the group of friends and with a smile remarked: "I wonder how this board will stand politically. I haven't the slightest idea." There were four of the number who had some experience, but no one who could be claimed as of the office-holding class. Of the sixteen, four were attorneys—M. I. Sullivan, H. U. Brandenstein, D. C. Murphy and A. Comte. There was an architect, L. P. Rixford; an engineer, E. J. Molera; a physician, A. A. D'Ancona; a newspaper man, J. P. Booth, and eight business men—Gustave Brenner, George Center, B. Faymonville, Thomas Magee, Henry Payot, Lippman Sachs, W. G. Stafford and Charles A. Murdock.

Finally all obstacles were removed and Dr. Taylor, having been previously elected hy those he was about to deeapitate, was in the chair. The supervisor highest in alphabetical rank arose and offered his resignation, which was immediately and unanimously accepted. The mayor then appointed Mr. J. P. Booth, who at once took oath hefore a convenient official and occupied his seat. And so it went on, some sneaking and some swaggering as they went, hut all serious and determined as they came, until the air of respectability was almost appalling. And so began the work of the "Taylor board." There was a minimum of speech-making, hut there was a lot of hard work and gradual cleaning up and straightening out. Dr. Taylor was an admirable presiding officer and dispatched business. He was warmly respected by every member and soon won our love. He was always the idealist and never the politician. He never offered advice or made suggestions. It was his place to preside. He never argued from the chair or expressed an opinion. It was not a talking board, and when all are eager to put through the city's business and have nothing in view for their friends or themselves they can accomplish much.

We worked harmoniously during the last half of 1907. When the election came around several who had not intended to do more than help start tbe good work declined to run. Others failed to be renominated. Dr. Taylor was reëlected and seven of the appointed board. The Taylor elected board consisted of Bancroft, Booth, Broderick, Center, Comte, Connolly, D'Ancona, Giannini, Hocks, Jennings, Johnson, McAllister, McLeran, Murdock, Murphy, Payot, Pollock and Rixford. This board served for two years, and has held together in loving sympathy through an annual dinner (never missed), augmented by W. W. Sanderson and W. E. Balcom, appointed to fill vacancies during the two years.

Utterly surprised when asked by Dr. Taylor to serve as one of those supervisors, for I barely knew him, I learned to hold him in very high regard and esteem as man, author, public servant and indulgent friend. CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

[We can not deny to a man so kindly and worthy—albeit narrow-visioned—as our good friend Mr. Murdock leave to say his say in the columns of the *Argonaut* about the part played by the late Dr. Taylor in a notable social and political crisis. Yet we wish Mr. Murdock had not taken it upon himself to give a coat of whitewash to incidents that in their character were of quite another color and that would better be relegated to the limbo of scandals past and out of mind. But since Mr. Murdock revives the matter, the truth of history requires it to be said that Dr. Taylor's incumbency of the mayoralty of San Francisco was the least creditable phase of a career notable for amiability and general grace of life. Dr. Taylor became mayor of San Francisco, not because of individual initiative and strength of character, but due to lack of these qualities. He was selected by the agents of a selfish conspiracy, and in the whole period of his official tenure he was a subservient instrument in the hands of his masters. Dr. Taylor was never the mayor of San Francisco in the true sense. His incumbency was a legal fiction, since the powers of the mayoralty were not exercised hy him, but by a non-official group who used them for purposes both illegitimate and sinister. To be sure, he sat in the mayor's chair, but it was as an amiable dummy. A few righteous-minded men of blindly sentimental type, of whom Mr. Murdock is illustrative, were deceived by the fraudulent presentment that a great and worthy reform was being achieved. Time and events have demonstrated the fallacy of this notion, and there are few if any besides Mr. Murdock who now fail to eoncede that the Taylor régime—with what went with it—is a painful fact in the record of San Francisco. Mr. Murdock's encomiums upon the Taylor board of supervisors are of a piece with his appraisal of the Taylor mayoralty. Its members were hand-picked to serve the purposes of a non-official group, now universally discredited, and they did it. A more flagrantly illegal and a more demoralizing order of things could hardly be imagined. It ranks with the Ruef-Schmitz régime—and some other historic scandals—which San Francisco would do well to forget. Mr. Murdock has not added to a career marked by many public services by raking over an old bed of dead ashes. It is not pleasant to say these things, particularly in view of the recent death of Dr. Taylor, but it is essential to the integrity of history that the truth be declared.—ED.]

Mr. Wood and Dr. Pritchett.

OAKLAND, July 9, 1923.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: I have read with deep approval your pertinent comment on the attacks made by Will C. Wood, state superintendent of schools, on Dr. Henry S. Pritchett and, incidentally, upon Governor Richardson. Mr. Wood, it seems to me, is revealing himself, not as a serious-minded, intelligent educator, but as a shifty politician fishing for the votes of the schoolteachers of the state. I think his veiled class appeals will not succeed. The majority of teachers are in earnest, and want to do the best and the most they can for their pupils. They are not, as a rule, primarily interested in school politics. They know—nobody better—that the public school system in this country has grave shortcomings which can not be overcome by multiplying courses of instruction and introducing educational fads. They know, too, that professional politician-educators of the Wood type are not competent to devise or carry through any real and far-reaching reforms.

Dr. Pritchett, on the other hand, is one of the most accomplished educators and students of education which this country has produced. He is himself an eminent scientist, former superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It was purely by reason of his high character and professional stanoing that he was made president of the great Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Dr. Pritchett's work in connection with the Carnegie endowments requires him to be familiar with the current history of every institution of learning of any consequence in the country. He is perhaps the first and most solid authority in America on teaching and teachers and systems of edueation.

As compared with Dr. Pritchett, Mr. Will Wood and all of the self-seeking men of his type are in the grammar school class—and what is more, they will never emerge from that class. BELVEDERE BROOKS.

An Estimate

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMAN: I take pleasure in enclosing herewith my check for another year's suhscription to your great paper, which I assure you is the most welcome visitor we have. I only wish that every man and woman voter in the United States could read your paper regularly, because if they did I think we would have a better government, not only Federal, hut state and municipal. With my best wishes that your power may never grow less, believe me to be,

Sincerely your friend, JOSEPH DURNEY.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

MILITARISM AND VOLSTEADISM.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

From the menace of militarism, which is the poison in a people's beart, and not the sword in a nation's hand, it has generally been the good fortune of the United States to be free. To keep the country free from the menace is the wholesome purpose of the timely warning contained in the address this week of the Secretary of War to the graduating class of the Army War College. The principle of the subordination of the military to the civil being fundamental in our government, Secretary Weeks would safeguard that principle at every step. Necessarily, therefore, he is opposed to "the use of the army for enforcement of our civil laws unless all civil police power shall have been exhausted and there results that state of insurrection and rebellion which Federal law provides shall alone justify the use of troops in affording the protection guaranteed to state government by the Constitution." He recalls the fact that it was with a full knowledge of the dangers and abuses arising from the use of the army in agumentation of civil police power that the Congress in 1878 passed the act forbidding the participation of even a single member of tbe military establishment in a *posse comitatus*. Subsequent events have demonstrated the wisdom of that legislation. The subordination of the military to the civil in our government is hailed by all thoughtful Americans as one of the dearest principles that are traditionally American.

It was high time for the country to hear this warning from Secretary Weeks. A fanatical minority liberally advertised and highly organized is now clamoring for the use of the army and the navy to enforce the Volstead law. Their clamor is a militaristic threat. Such action, short of the complete exhaustion of every reasonable effort by the civil police power to enforce this law, would front free America with the menace of militarism in its most obnoxious form. And the astounding fact appears to be that this militaristic demand emanates not only from an organized minority of Christian laymen. It is echoed by pacifists of the pulpit who are seemingly entirely eontent that our army and our navy shall be rendered impotent to protect the lives and property of our nationals, maintain our national rights and safeguard our national honor only that our armed forces may be utilized to enforce a domestie law in violation of the fundamental principle involved in the superiority of the civil to the military in our form of government.

Abuse by the Anti-Saloon League and by many pacifists of the pulpit will doubtless be the reward of Secretary Weeks from those sources, but it will be outweighed by the commendation of his sober-minded countrymen for the "horse sense" that prompted his fearless and timely warning.

RELIEVING THE FARMERS.

(Washington Post.)

The direct result of improved conditions in the farming industry was an increase of $2,000,000,000 in 1922 in the value of farm products over their value in 1921. This result was aehieved, nrst, by extricating agriculture from its bad condition following the war, and next by enaeting legislation which places the American farmer on a plane high above farmers in other lands, and on a parity with business men or bankers. He is now able to finance his operations, by cooperation with other farmers, and the enormous wealth represented in lands, herds, buildings, crops and equipment is now convertible, the legitimate and solid hasis of vast credits which are as available as the credit of the United States Steel Corporation. The farmer, in other words, is recognized a business man by the laws enacted during the Harding régime, and the credit resources open to other business men are now open to the farmer. This reform means that the farmer will no longer be compelled to stand, hat in hand, before the village or city banker and beg leave to place a mortgage on his home in order to finance himself until the returns are in from his crops or herds. It means that he will not be forced to rush his products to market, at a sacrifice price, in order to pay off mortgages or notes coming due at an inopportune time. It means that the American market will no longer be glutted at one time with farm products and starved at another, thus driving farmers into bankruptcy, paralyzing railroad facilities, ruining vast stores of perishable food, and piling up stupendous fortunes for profiteers and gamblers.

The full effect of the farm legislation enacted during Mr. Harding's term is not described by the President in his Hutchinson address, but it will dawn upon any man familiar with agriculture if he will but compare recent conditions with the conditions that will obtain as soon as the laws passed last March are in full operation. These laws are based upon intelligent comprehension of farm conditions. They are the culmination of several years of effort by the Republican party. At the beginning of the Harding administration the condition of the farmers was very bad, and immediate steps were taken to provide assistance in getting back upon a solid basis. The main steps taken were the finding of foreign markets, the granting of temporary relief by loans, and the enactment of the emergency tariff to sbut out the cheap foreign products that threatened to flood the American market. These measures were effective, and agriculture has been moving faster every month toward permanent prosperity.

When these emergency measures were put through the Republican majority in Congress, led by President Harding, set to work to assist the American farmers to market their products. There is a vast discrepancy between the amount received by the farmer for foodstuffs and the amount paid by the ultimate consumer for the same products. The farmer is underpaid and the consumer is overcharged. If the farmer could sell directly to the consumer, he could charge twice as much and the consumer would pay one-half as much. This is a very conservative statement, as repeated instances are eited of the farmer receiving only one-tenth as much as the consumer has paid. The margin between farm price and cost to consumer is eaten up by many intermediate handlers of the product.

When it is remembered that there is a middleman for every two farmers in the United States, it is easy to understand where the consumer's money goes. Consequently Congress enacted the law providing for farmers' coöperative marketing associations. This law will enable farmers to organize their own marketing systems, similar to the system that has worked so admirably in disposing of California citrus fruits. When the system is in full swing the American farmer will be in close contact with the consumer, and the cost of living will be

greatly reduced while at the same time affording greater profits to agriculture. Thus the basic industry, the one upon which all others depend, will be assured a square deal in the American market: and with the welfare of agriculture assured, the welfare of the whole population will be promoted.

This is a sketch of the reforms accomplished by the Harding administration and a Republican Congress in behalf of the American farmer. It is the truth. During the next campaign it will constitute one of tbe chief claims of the Republican party for popular support.

DR. BUTLER ON THE ISSUES.

(London Spectator.)

In connection with the lectures which Dr. Murray Butler has delivered in this country it is interesting to note an article by him in the New York *World* before he left home. There are five subjects, he said, which are engaging the attention of the American people and which are destined to become leading issues in the next presidential election. They are America's foreign policy, prohibition, the railways, taxation and agriculture. "Probahly not fewer than 80 per cent. of the voters of the country are in favor of a constructive policy of international coöperation," he said. What prevents them from entering upon such a policy is a powerful minority in the Senate, hut inasmuch as foreign policy is now so bound up with the questions of the railways, agriculture, and taxation, the people will not be long denied. Upon the question of prohibition Dr. Murray Butler feels that, although it has been "kept out of national party platforms for a generation through fear of political consequences . . . it can not be kept out of the minds of voters any longer." "The prohibition mania," he adds, "is the most violent and obnoxious form of intemperance that I have ever known." Although Dr. Murray Butler is a staunch Republican, the *World*, a Democratic paper, says of his article, "His discussion discloses an enlightened liheralism that will, we believe, commend itself to readers of both political parties." It is a sincere tribute to the high-mindedness of our distinguished visitor.

PUBLIC OPINION AND STEEL.

(Sacramento Union.)

Woodrow Wilson's action in yielding to the demand of the railroad labor organizations for the enactment of the Adamson law, providing, among other things, for an eight-hour day among manual workers on the railraods, has just borne its logical result in the announcement by President Harding that the heads of the country's largest steel companies have agreed with him to abolish the twelve-hour day in the steel industry and establish an eight-hour day.

The coucession which Mr. Wilson made was wrung from him by the threat of a general strike of the unions employed on the roads at a time when the country was virtually at war. The concession promised by the steel operators is made when the country is at peace, to employees who have no organization and at a time when there is in the steel and other industries some shortage of labor.

Just when the shift from the twelve-hour to the eight-hour basis will he made in steel can not he said, as the promise is in some respects contingent, but the good faith of those who made the promise may he assumed. That it should be made at all by men (among them Chairman Gary of the United States Steel Corporation) who denounced President Wilson for his action as loudly as they denounced the railroad unions for their insistence is a striking example of what the pressure of public opinion can do. As President Harding said in a letter to the steel men, the question of the eight-hour day was one of "social importance," and it unquestionably was the social importance, creative of a powerful public opinion, which led Mr. Gary and his associates in the steel industry to their present decision.

They fought and beat the strikes called to enforce the eight-hour day; they defied the politicians in Congress who sought to enforce it by legislation; they resisted the onslaught of the churches which intervened in the controversy; they said the eight-hour day was impracticable, and would destroy their profits; they declared that the immigration laws were starving their labor supply—yet in the end they brushed all their own objections and all their own arguments aside and yielded. The power of puhlic opinion, its irresistibility, was never more forcefully illustrated.

A SNEER WITH A STING.

(New York Times.)

What we have done in due execution of the Volstead law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, leads to such sardonic comment on our conduct as this from the London *Morning Post:* "American teetotalism must he so unspotted to the world that even the presence of liquor under seal in American harhors becomes intolerable. But outraged virtue has its price. The moralist is willing to do a deal. They will consent to the presence of the shameful thing if we, on our side, will agree to extend the three-mile limit to a twelve-mile limit." We shall be continuously exposed to sneers of that kind until Congress meets and modifies the Volstead Act so as not to make it flout the comity of nations. Until then we shall have to grin and bear it.

LABOR AND RADICALISM.

(Organized Labor, San Francisco.)

While the destruction of everything that the experience of centuries has developed as best for the life, liberty, and happiness of the bulk of humanity is the avowed purpose of the so-called "Radical" movement, it is displaying a particularly venomous attitude toward the system of organized labor which has given American working men a position and opportunities in the economic field enjoyed nowhere else in the world.

Radicalism hates American organized labor. The destruction of trades unionism, as it exists in America, is the primary purpose of the plotting and the propaganda that have so recently been uncovered here and in other centres where industry and progress have gone hand in hand.

To create discord in the ranks of organized lahor, to break down the *morale* of the working men, who, after all is said and done, are the foundation upon which rests the whole fahric of American polity and principles, is the treasonable and treacherous programme of the conspirators.

In the literature seized during the recent raids there are specious and specific pleas to working men to be disloyal to their union obligations, to desert from the ranks in which they are enlisted, to be faithless to their comrades, and to betray the cause to which they are pledged.

To the true American working man such a plea carries a deadly insult, as well as giving evidence of a dishonorable, conscienceless mentality, of an insane, irresponsible conception of life and its relations.

No sane American could listen patiently to the senseless programme of destruction involved in the plotting of the radicals. It is foreign to American thought, and is foreign in its conception and application. . . .

Their scheme, the "One Big Union" plan, can not be harmonized with honest lahor organizations hased on the different skilled handicrafts. And, more important, they openly advocate the overthrow of the American government and the destruction of all private property. That includes the home of the wage-earner as well as that of the employer.

OLD FAVORITES.

[Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, mayor of San Francisco, 1907-1910, died on July 5th, aged eighty-four. He was an eminent scholar, had heen president of Cooper Medical College and dean of Hastings College of Law, and was not only a leading citizen, hut a lover and creator of poetry. Three of his poems are printed herewith.]

My Secret.

(After Felix Arvers.)

My soul its secret has, my life its mystery:
'Tis an eternal love an instant saw conceived.
My pain's beyond all hope, and silent I must be,
While she, the cause, knows not that I am sore bereaved.

Alas! I shall have passed anear her unperceived,
Still by her side and yet a lonely one to see,
And shall have served on earth to life's extreme degree,
Not daring aught to ask, and having nought received.

Though God had made her sweet and infinitely dear,
With heedless mind she'll go her way, and never hear
The whispering tones of love that all her steps attend.

Beneath the pious yoke of duty's rigid sway,
When she reads o'er this verse all full of her, she'll say,
"This woman, who is she?" and will not comprehend.

—*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

The Lady's Answer.

(After Louis Aigoin.)

My friend, wherefore aver, with so much mystery,
That the eternal love within your breast conceived
Is pain beyond all hope, a secret that must be:
And why suppose that she may know not you're hereaved?

Ah no, you did not pass anear her unperceived,
Nor should you deem yourself a lonely one to see;
The hest heloved may serve to life's extreme degree,
Not daring aught to ask, and having nought received.

The good God gives to us a knowing heart and dear,
And on our way we find that it is sweet to hear
The whispering tones of love that all our steps attend.

She who would meekly bow to duty's rigid sway,
Reading your verse of her, felt more than she can say:
For though she spake no word, . . . she well did comprehend.

—*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

Ulysses and Calypso.

For that they slew the cattle of the Sun
Ulysses' comrades sank to death while he,
Borne on the billows of the friendly sea,
Calypso's lovely isle in safety won;
Where filled with soothing rest his days did run
To murmurous music's luring notes as she
Bound him in coils of such captivity,
That but for Zeus his soul had been undone.
The God's decree the enamored nymph obeyed,
And helped the hero as his raft he made,
While brimmed her heart with desolation's tears.
His glimmering sail she watched till in the sea's
Great void 'twas lost, then moaned because her years
Were not as mortal as Penelope's.

—*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

Enough For Me.

[This poem, found years ago in an old magazine, appeared in a recent number of the *New Age*, Washington, D. C. The *Argonaut* would like to know the name of its author.]

I will not ask my neighbor for his creed;
Nor what he deems of doctrine, old or new;
Nor what rites his honest soul may need
To worship God—the only wise and true;
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.
I ask not what temptations have beset
His human heart, now self-debased and sore;
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;
Nor when He uttered, "Go and sin no more."
Between his soul and God that business lies;
Not mine to cavil, question or despise.
I ask not hy which name among the rest
That Christians go by he is named and known;
Whether his faith has ever been "professed,"
Or whether proven by his deeds alone;
So there be Christhood in him, all is well;
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.
If grace and patience in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung—
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—
Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—
I find in him discipleship so true,
So full, that nothing further I demand.
He may be bondsman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.
In his white life let me the Christhood see—
It is enough for him—enough for me.

Dover Beach.

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window; sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.—*Matthew Arnold.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Contessa Piccolomini, an ardent feminist and a Roman beauty, is one of the first titled Italians to enroll as a follower of Mussolini.

A young man with an onerous duty—*i. e.*, to live up to the fame of his wizard father—is Theodore M. Edison, a handsome, stalwart young chap who has just received his diploma from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mrs. Charles G. Loring, daughter of the late Walter H. Page, war-time ambassador to the Court of St. James, has gone to England to be present at the unveiling of a tablet in honor of her father.

Colonel Plastiras, the Greek leader who overthrew King Constantine's government, head of the former revolutionary committee in Athens, and spokesman of the new Greece, is one of the picturesque figures who, like Mussolini, have assumed the reins of government in post-war Europe. It would probably be safe to predict that we shall hear more of Plastiras.

Stephen Donoghue is the ace among jockeys, having lately gained the golden spurs for the third consecutive victory in the English Derby. He has ridden five Derby winners in all and is the first jockey in the history of the Derby with this record. Papyrus, the leading horse, was bred in Kentucky by August Belmont.

James Graves Scrugham, newly-elected governor of Nevada, is by birth a Kentuckian and by profession an engineer. He was graduated as B. M. E. from the State University of Kentucky in 1900. Mr. Scrugham has been professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Nevada and has been engineer of that state since 1917. He has also been consulting and contracting engineer of various power, railway, and mining companies.

Governor A. V. Donahey of Ohio is said to owe his election—he won by a majority of 20,000 last fall—to the state-wide prominence he gained during the eight years he was state auditor. Governor and Mrs. Donahey have ten children, ranging in age from twenty-five to six years. Governor Donahey is 6 feet 1 inch tall and loves hunting and fishing. He left high school at the age of fifteen, learned the printer's trade, and married at the age of twenty-one. His education was obtained largely by reading in his own library. His literary tastes lean to ancient philosophy, general history, works on government and biology.

Professor Santino, an Italian sculptor, is the man credited with the idea of immortalizing the "Unknown Soldier," which all the great warring nations have adopted.

Major Edgar Erskine Hume is said to be the most decorated officer in the United States Army. He has twenty-eight medals, many from foreign countries.

M. Freycinet, whose death at the age of ninety-five took place the other day, was prime minister of France no fewer than seven times, foreign minister five times, and minister for war six times. Though there may have been Frenchmen who held office more often than M. Freycinet, tbere was nobody who held office on more critical occasions. Boulanger was his minister of war. In foreign politics he was closely associated with three decisive events in French history. As prime minister in 1879 he took a leading part in preparing for the acquisition of Tunis, to which France had been tempted by Bismarck, who hoped that France would forget Alsace-Lorraine, and by Lord Salisbury, who hoped that she would condone England's acquisition of Cyprus. In 1882 he fell on a vote of censure on the question of the part France was to play in Egypt. The chamber agreed with him in refusing the responsibility of joint action with England against Arabi, but condemned his proposal to join in the defense of the Suez Canal. In 1890 he put aside his earlier hostility to Russia (whom he had disobliged by releasing Kropotkin from a French prison) and brought France into the relationship that ended with the Alliance.

Chandler Parsons Anderson, who has been appointed to the United States German Claims Commission, has devoted his life to the study of law and international diplomacy. He has acted as counselor of the State Department, as an arbitrator of the boundary and other questions with Canada, and as counsel for the United States before The Hague Tribunal. Mr. Anderson was born in 1866 at Lakeville, Connecticut, and was educated at Yale, from which he was graduated in 1887. The following year he entered Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1890. A few years later he began his active government service. From 1896 to 1897 he was secretary of the Behring Sea Claims Commission; in 1898 he represented his country as secretary of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission for the settlement of Canadian questions; in 1903 he was one of counsel for the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal; and later acted as United States counsel in the settlement of the Passamaquoddy Bay boundary. When Elihu Root became Secretary of State in 1905 Mr. Anderson was retained by him as special counsel for the Department of State in relation to all British North American questions. He was appointed by President Roosevelt agent of the United States in the North Atlantic coast fisheries arbitration, which met at The Hague in June, 1910.

INDIAN MIRACLES.

How the Mango Trick, Basket Trick and Rope Trick Look to a Practicing Magician.

There are grown-ups that believe in fairies, and if you are of them you will believe in fairies whether or no. There are those with whom a belief in mahatmas is essential to happiness, because if they can't believe in mahatmas they get stubborn and refuse to believe in anything. There are others that believe the soul can leave the body and return, because if they did not they could not believe in the soul at all. There are people that believe great Hindu adepts can materialize roses at the top of a tent so that they will fall on the table, and you can pick them up and feel them and heft them and smell them; and it does no good to point out that if a Hindu adept could do that he could materialize a million dollars and would not have to live in India and be bilious and dyspeptic any more.

Without their credulities most of the credulous would be naked and miserable. They should avoid reading a little ecru book that has just come to hand entitled "Indian Conjuring," by Major L. H. Branson of the Indian army, because it is the very devil of a little book, tending to strip the mind of its comforting faith in the mango trick, the basket trick, and the rope trick. And the mango trick, the basket trick, and the rope trick are articles of faith with mahatmaites and ghandiites and adeptophiles and the impressionable folk that read "Mr. Isaacs" thirty years ago and have been sustained ever since by the beautiful belief that somewhere there is a land of miracles.

The value of this little tome is not in its literary quality, nor in its size. Maurice Hewlett could write better than the major, and a strong man can read the major's book in an hour. Its value is in its exposure of human credulity. One sometimes wonders if Houdini has a value beyond that of a mere entertainer and stunt merchant, but when Houdini declares he can duplicate any materialization of any spirit "medium," and that his lifelong researches have failed to disclose any communication with the departed, he takes high place among the bearers of the torch: at least he becomes a lamppost along the Great White Way of intellectual development.

According to the major, himself a magician of standing, Hindu conjuring is pretty crude, and does not compare with the art of the European wizard. His decision on these rivals is:

> Whether or no his superior education is the reason, the European conjuror gains in skill and shows his inventive genius as time goes on. His effects are studied, and his paraphernalia embraces more and more varied articles. The disappearance of a Christmas tree with all its candles lighted is an excellent example to what he has risen. He takes an interest in his profession or calling and strives to outdo others in neatness or by inventing an exclusive trick to which his name can be given and handed down to posterity. This may be the result of large fees that can be earned at the "Halls" or by private entertainments by those at the top of the tree. But these fees are open to a conjuror of any nationality, and I am confident that the interest the European takes in his hobby has more to do with his superiority than education and large fees. The ruling princes of India are very fond of watching a clever conjuror and can pay enormous fees, but no Indian conjuror appears to appeal to them. A Western performer always wants to give his best to his audience and takes a pride in mystifying them. David Devant, who is one of the greatest living exponents, has quite recently written an article in the *Strand Magazine* of his dreams of tricks that he would like to be able to do.
>
> Can any one imagine an Indian conjuror dreaming of a new trick? "Ghee and khana" (clarified butter and food) form the subject of the majority of his dreams. When he does play with anything it is to caress lovingly the "paisa" or pieces of money that he last earned, not to improve his dexterity, but because they will give him a good meal, a cup of arak (or intoxicating liquor), and a long lazy sleep.
>
> I have very little praise to give to the Indian conjuror as an artist, either in sleight-of-hand, in juggling, or as an illusionist. His tricks are as "old as my unpaid bills" and from time immemorial have been performed with the same monotonous patter and the irritating drone of the "bean" or so-called musical instrument. I may here say that this musical torture is used to disguise movements of the showman's hand in the same way as the European uses his magic wand, an instrument that does not appeal to me at all, though at times very useful.
>
> The articles used by the Indian conjuror are very, very primitive and of indifferent manufacture. The Jadoo-wallah has remained as he was fifty, sixty, or one hundred years ago. The old gentleman whose portrait forms the first illustration of this book told me that the tricks he does were learnt by his great-grandfather from a friend in Lahore. This takes us back some 150 years. The tricks have remained the same as when taught at Lahore, though my old friend has brought them up-to-date by singing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" between each experiment!

There are many people that are dissatisfied with the rewards of honesty, and want more. There are others, and many of them, to whom believing what can be found out is tame and uninspiring. They are not satisfied with the known. They want to transcend the evidence. They are determined to believe something queer, and if the evidence does not support it, so much the worse for that. To them India is a land of infinite mystery, and therefore of infinite wisdom, and her magicians have broken through the boundaries that hedge our finite condition. What more could a conjuror ask than an attitude so docile? He doesn't have to humbug them; they humbug themselves. Says our author:

> It has always been a marvel to me how the Indian conjuror has gained his spurious reputation. I can only ascribe the fact to the idea that the audience start with the impression, sub-conscious though it may be—of Mahatmaism, Jadoo, or any other synonym by which Oriental magic is designated. This allows them to watch with amazement tricks that are so simple that no English conjuror would dare to show them to his youngest child.
>
> Without partiality I can safely assert that of the three types under discussion, the European, the Chinaman, and the Indian, the average European conjuror is the most skilled, particularly at sleight-of-hand.

He would be, and why not? There are better dentists in Europe, better tailors, better engineers, better chemists, better electricians, navigators, steel workers, plumbers, physicians—why not better magicians? If India were wiser than Europe it would live better, and it doesn't. But let us raise the curtain on the entertainment. Here is our old friend the mango trick:

> The Jadoo-wallah, sitting under the porch and not upon a concrete verandah, heaps up some earth in front of him. He wets this until it has the consistency of mud. He then places in this little mound a mango stone and covers the whole with a cloth. He plays the "bean" and takes away the cloth when the heap is found to be as before. He takes the lid of his basket, and covering it with a cloth, places it over the heap of mud propping up one end of it, that towards himself, with a little piece of stick. More "bean." He then takes away the lid and cloth. Still no result. He puts back the covering again. (I am going to call this point "A" for my explanation.) After a certain amount of manipulation, during which is heard the rustling of leaves, he lifts it up and Lo! and behold! there is a small plant in view. He administers to it with water and adjusts its leaves. He again goes through the same performance as above. Each time that he takes away the basket cover the tree has grown larger. The most developed finale that I have seen is when the tree was about two feet high with a number of leaves and two diminutive unripe mangoes on it.
>
> My explanation will rob those who like to imagine that magic, pure and simple, accounts for the mango tree trick of a great deal of their enjoyment in that belief.
>
> The making of the loose earth into a mud pie is necessary, because otherwise the bit of branches that are to be stuck into it from time to time will not stand upright.
>
> At the point "A" referred to above, when the performer takes the basket lid away, with the cloth he picks up a small bundle by his side which contains a small piece of mango twig with two or three leaves upon it. Under cover of the replaced lid he undoes the bundle, gets out the twig, and sticks it into the mud heap, pressing it firmly down, so that it stands erect and appears to have grown there. He plays a little music and carries away the lid, and with it the empty rag that contained the twig. He places the lid on the ground and so gets rid of the rag. While his audience are showing their surprise at the development of the twig, he picks up still another larger bundle containing a still bigger branch of a mango tree. He replaces the lid, and under cover of it unfolds the bundle, gets out the branch, adds it to the twig already in the mud heap and makes all secure by again pressing down the mud.
>
> Finally he plants in the same way the branch which has possibly two mangoes upon it. It might even have ripe fruit, the means of getting them there being about the same, though the ripe fruit being brought to view will of course depend upon the season of the year at which the trick is being shown.
>
> When the necessary monetary subscription that follows this trick has been completed, the Jadoo-wallah sweeps the branches, earth, and all away in one fell destructive swoop which does not allow his audience to ascertain whether or not the tree had any roots.
>
> If they are still unbelievers, or rather believers in the real magic of the trick, let them offer untold gold to any man who will do the mango trick in India in January, or February, culminating in the tree having ripe or unripe fruit upon it. As far as I know, the mango tree does not give fruit in these two months and the money will never be forfeited.

That is sad—mango miracle gone completely. However, there is left the basket miracle, in which a boy is put into a basket, and a sword is run through it, and screams are emitted, and perhaps blood is drawn, and at a wave of the hand the boy appears at the other end of the garden. That is lovely to believe, and a comfort to any one that yearns for faith in the impossible. The explanation is that there is plenty of room in the basket for the sword to miss the boy, who is cleverly crowded into it, and he that appears unharmed at the far end of the garden is not the same boy. Ordinarily the basket is carried off on a pole between two bearers before any one can examine it, although there are variants of the act. But the heartless major says:

> If my readers doubt this explanation, let them offer the Jadoo-wallah, at this stage of the game, two thousand rupees to be allowed to fire a No. 8 cartridge from a 12-bore gun from a range of thirty yards at the empty basket. The performer will not accept the offer unless he values the boy at less than two thousand rupees and has a good chance of escaping arrest for murder. I have offered it twice with impunity.

In addition to the credulous determined to believe, there is the eye-witness who likes to tell a tall story in a bar-room and gets to believing it himself. Sometimes the process takes a few repetitions, sometimes it goes a rapid rate to fruition. The value of testimony to miracles may perhaps receive reappraisement in the light of the following:

> Such tricks as described to me are usually the fruit of a vivid imagination, pure and simple. As an instance of this, I will relate an incident that happened some time ago in Calcutta. I gave a performance in a public park in which I did a billiard ball trick. In the trick, the greatest number of billiard balls that I have at any one time in my hands is two. Throughout the whole of the trick I use no more than one red, two white, and two smaller white balls. Five in all. After the performance I was having a well-earned drink, when a complete stranger to me asked if I had seen "that chap who did the tricks." I could truthfully answer "no" and did so. "He was an absolute marvel," said the stranger; "there he was on the stage in evening dress with both arms bared (I never bare my arms) and he produced the whole set of pool balls, every single color of them." This was said to me within ten minutes of my having performed the trick, and the five balls that I used had been exaggerated into sixteen or seventeen. I forget how many balls are used at the game of pool.
>
> The French police truthfully say that no two untrained persons can describe accurately in detail a scene witnessed an hour previously. I am sure that all our Indian judges can verify this statement. It can be easily proved by any one of my readers trying with his friends. It is this inability to accurately describe what has been seen that assists the conjuror so much in deceiving his audience. It is this inability which unfortunately results in rumors being spread of wonderful performances being given by magicians in distant lands, notably the rope trick, with which I will deal later. Such rumors and stories are started by persons who from bravado will swear that they have seen this, that, and the other, in order generally to be the centre of their astounded listeners.

We still have the rope miracle, more venerable than the mango tree trick, more necessary to faith if anything is necessary to faith beyond what William James called "the will to believe." But to this miracle the major has applied the acid test, that is to say, the financial one. He offers a reward for any one that has seen it done, and he gets no takers, like the *Scientific American* with its materialization and spook photography offer. Both keep their money. The mango trick can be explained, the basket trick can be exposed, but the explanation of the rope trick appears to be that it is not done at all. It reminds one of the old professor's query, "Why is it that if you leave a horsehair in the water several days it will turn into a snake?" The answer to which was, after many explanations by the class, that it would not turn into a snake. But let us have the trick described as it would appear if it ever did appear:

> The performer, in one's own compound, throws up the end of an ordinary rope into the air. By some mysterious means this end remains suspended in mid-air, without any visible means of support, so much so that the little boy assistant climbs up the rope to its very highest point, whence, after an interval, he entirely disappears. The performer then takes a sword and waves it in the air, when the legs and arms, disjointed, and finally the trunk and head of the little boy fall with a profusion of blood upon the ground at the foot of the rope. By means of an incantation these resume their natural positions, and the little boy gets up and walks off, apparently none the worse for his most trying ordeal.
>
> This trick was first described in writing by one IBN BATUTA, an Arab, who made a journey round the world about the year 1368. (I am not quite sure of this date.) As far as I remember he saw it in China. He gives the most blood-curdling description of the trick, and ends up with "so much so that we had to have another drink." Please note the expression "another drink." I am of opinion that "this other little drink" did all the harm.

We can not, of course, endorse the major's date of the first circumnavigation of the globe—seems a little early, even for an Arabian traveler. But his hypothesis as to the underlying cause of the Arab's report appears to rest on wide observation and sound understanding. As to more respectable evidence:

> Missionaries have from time to time stated that they have seen this trick performed, though in no instance do they give the place or the name of the wonderful man who did it.
>
> Although I have been most anxious to see the trick for the last twenty-three years, during which period I would gladly have traveled from one end of India to the other to do so, I have never yet met any one who has definitely told me that he with his own eyes had seen the trick. There is one exception to this statement, an Irish bandmaster of a Gurkha regiment, who was, I think, trying to pull my leg.
>
> I have met innumerable people whose aunt's sister's cousin saw it done, but never have I had the pleasure of meeting any one directly deceived by it.
>
> A reward of a year's pay has been open to every sepoy (or Indian soldier) I have met, who has seen the trick and can give me the name and residence of the performer. This for twenty-three years. So far there have been no acceptances.

How is credulity to survive a test like that? And yet we should be credulous to believe it would not. People that don their ascension robes and expect translation from the hilltops to Heaven on a certain date expect it when the date has past and nothing has happened, just as hopefully as before—mere mistake in the calculations. And those that like to believe in the rope miracle will continue to believe that somebody has seen it, in spite of such "negative evidence" as this:

> Let me point out that although the magicians of Europe and America have for ages been trying to get in touch with the trick, and although the ubiquitous kodak has been in vogue for at least thirty years, not one single photo or snapshot is available that depicts any part or portion of this trick. If there is such a snapshot, and its owner cares to communicate with me through my publishers, I can get him a good price for the plate or film, even for a copy of the picture. A really handsome price for it.
>
> To sum up I maintain that the trick has never been performed out of doors. That is to say that a rope thrown up into the air has not remained suspended in mid-air, nor has any boy ever climbed up it. That when at the top he has not disappeared and that after his disappearance he did not come down in bits, covered with blood or otherwise.

As to that mysterious Hawaiian form of imaginative murder, *anaana*, and other forms of hoodoo and voodoo and jadoo, the major has this to relate:

> There is another form of "Jadoo" that is believed in by the inhabitants of the bazaar. A maliciously inclined person has a spite against another. He makes a small bouquet of tomato leaves, or cabbage or some such herb, sprinkles it with salt, green powder, and so forth and so on, and lays this down as close as possible to the door of the person to whom he wants to bring bad luck for twelve months! It is true that we had this delightful bouquet thrown into our compound on one occasion, and that shortly afterwards—
>
> (1) Our gardener's wife died in childbirth.
>
> (2) My wife got hay fever.
>
> (3) My agents declined to meet any more of my cheques until they had received a substantial installment.
>
> (4) We were again ordered to move to another station.
>
> I regret to say that of the above, 2, 3, and 4 were of such frequent occurrence that we did not assign them to the receipt of the bouquet. The gardener, however, was convinced that it caused his wife to die in childbirth as she had never done so before. I have no explanation for the "dénoucment" and give the story as it happened, allowing my readers to judge for themselves whether or no any credence should be given to the fable after such convincing proof.

Over a dozen features of Hindu magic are described and exposed by the major. It is, altogether, an illuminating little book—for those that do not need illumination.

Indian Conjuring. By Major L. H. Branson, M. I. M. C., Indian Army. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 7, 1923 (five days), were $152,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $128,800,000; an increase of $23,200,000.

Wall Street has been engulfed in a wave of pessimism recently, and the failure of a second old established international Stock Exchange firm played into the hands of the bearish element with the result that there have been all sorts of wild rumors regarding the stability of other houses. As a matter of fact both of these failures had been long impending and were due primarily, not to conditions connected with the present market or business situation, nor is the failure of these reputable Stock Exchange firms to be compared to the failure of questionable brokers on other exchanges due to the much-needed house-cleaning process that has been put through chiefly at the instigation of the New York Stock Exchange.

However, this purging of the temple appears now to have been completed and the financial community is inclined to take a saner view of the outlook. Actually the situation is in no way similar to that of 1893 or 1907, or even 1920-21. The statements of the Federal Rserve banks show most plainly that there is at persent no credit overstrain, no serious over-expansion of industry, nor any wild inflation of commodity prices. Doubtless there has heen an extensive flotation of new, unseasoned, and not really marketahle securities which has meant the tying up of funds otherwise available for market support, and there has arisen an unhealth condition in certain industries such as in oil and rubber, but business as a whole is good and present indications point to its continuing so for at least some months to come. The best proof of this lies in the excellent earnings statements of the railroads, and the record figures for freight car loadings which latter is always a sure index of the country's prosperity.

The bears have been having things pretty much their own way of late, and in this connection it is reported that a certain large operator has made millions in the decline of the oil shares. It is also interesting to note that apparently his greatest activities have been just before announcement of cuts in crude oil prices, concerning which he has been in position to secure advance information. Independent oil operators and a vast army of investors in oil shares have suffered to such extent that there is talk of an effort to bring about congressional inquiry into this general situation.

Of course what determine security prices are not present business conditions and prosperity, but what conditions will obtain six months or a year hence. Very possibly the recent decline in prices foreshadows a not-far-distant period of restricted industrial activity, but from present indications this market discounting has been much too drastic and, if this view is correct, stocks are likely to have a very good rally. In fact, in many cases we may look for more than this. The number of listed stocks is now so large that the market no longer moves as a whole and we have the spectacle of various groups going in divergent directions. Thus, even though the underlying trend of the market averages is downward, individual stocks or groups have yet to see their tops. Consequently it would seem that the market offers excellent opportunities on both the short and long side, but one must exercise the greatest care lest he be doubly wrong in his commitments. Railway issues appear among the best purchases now and should be helped by the pending statements of May earnings.—*The Trader.*

What will happen to the price of silver? Opposing opinions on this question are reviewed by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the July number of *Commerce Monthly.*

The hank points out that the pessimists have predicted sharp breaks in the price of silver when purchases under the Pittman Act are completed, but says that "others think the consequence not so clear. They point out that the break should at least come on the market slowly as a result of the treasury purchases for future delivery. Indeed, they think it quite likely that the matter will be entirely discounted in price adjustments before any silver of the United States becomes available in the world's markets. This position finds support in the behavior of the market following the announcement by the director of the mint of suspension of purchases. On May 31st the price was 66 cents, a fall of only seven-eights of a cent from the previous quotation and only seven-tenths of a cent below the average price for the first five months of the year 1923.

"There are those who emphasize again the relatively indifferent effect of irregularities in supply on the price of silver. In their opinion everything rests on demand, and this is averred to be unpredictable. As support for minimizing the significance of supply, the unusual nature of the commodity, silver, is evoked. The silver production year by year is not consumed as wheat and iron and other things that change their form and can not be recalled. Silver, on the other hand, goes into the stores of the world—that is, into coins, into ornaments, into hoards, and is easily melted and returned to compete with the new production when an unusual demand occasions it. The demand is the thing, they say; China and India have always been the most important factors in demand and are increasingly so today on account of the existing demonetization of silver in many lands. But the affairs of the Orient always contain latent surprises. Upon one of these may turn the course of silver prices."

Financial markets interlock to an extent often not realized until something happens to upset the equilibrium of one of them. When that delicate balance is disturbed it is quickly perceived that a community of interest exists, says Preston S. Krecker in *Commerce ond Finance.* Despite the fundamental difference between stocks and bonds as securities, what touches the one class often reacts upon the other. The stock market was shaken to its foundations by a succession of important stock exchange failures. The liquidation which was precipitated by those untoward events spread to the bond market because a great many investors count stocks as well as bonds among their seurities. It became necessary for some of them to sell their bonds to protect their stock accounts.

In that situation, and not in any fundamental change in investment conditions, must be found the secret of the decided decline in market values of a great number of bonds on the Stock Exchange. Analysis of price declines registered during the week reveals the significant fact that the sharpest declines were in the speculative bonds. Industrial issues, which rarely possess the stability of gilt-edged railroad bonds, were the largest sufferers. Next to them the principal losses were recorded in the speculative railroad securities. High-grade railroad bonds held their prices remarkably well. Some selling of them was done for the same reasons that prompted the liquidation of bonds of lesser class, but the volume was very small, in fact almost negligible. Moreover, the losses sustained by bonds of the best grade also were negligible. That fact should be reassuring to investors who may he tempted to believe that the trend of the bond market has changed.

It was quite significant that Liberty bonds gained slightly last week despite the flurry in corporation bonds. The turnover in Liberties was rather heavy, but offerings were absorbed so well that prices not only held their own, but advanced a little excepting in a few instances. The action of the Liberties indicated that the market has discounted the expiration of a considerable part of the tax exemption allowed that class of securities on July 2d. An individual investor can hold $160,000 of Liberty honds at present without paying any income or surtaxes on the income received from his investfent. However, on July 2d, $105,000 of those $160,000 held will lose the surtax exemption. In anticipation of the loss of that privilege many investors have been switching into municipals and state bonds and other wholly tax-exempt bonds. Their switching has accounted in part for the failure of Liberties to rally further.

Were the trend of the bond market changing we should see Liberties declining because they are very sensitive to changes of a permanent character in the money market. Banks would be liquidating them instead of accumulating them as statistics show they have been doing for some months. Statements of 774 leading banks affiliated with the Federal Reserve system show that they increased their investment in Liberty honds by $657,881,000 during the year and that they now hold $2,518,710,000 of those bonds.

New offerings of bonds last week were much smaller than they were the previous week. They totaled only $66,632,900. They comprised $27,750,00 industrials, $26,482,900 state and municipals, $8,400,000 public utilities and $4,000,000 land bank bonds. The figures are not inclusive of $45,000,000 Land Bank bonds brought out the first of the week. Yields on industrials range from 6 to 7¼ per cent.; on state and municipals from 4.25 to 4.90 per cent. with one exceptionally high rate of 5¼ per cent,; utilities were sold to yield from 5.70 to 6.15 per cent. and Land Bank bonds yield 4.62½ per cent.

Investors are holding out for a return close to 5 per cent. on state and municipals, possibly becaues of the fact that an enormous volume of municipal and state finacing has been done in the last few years and state and city debts have piled up at an alarming rate. Moreover, it has been demonstrated that some communities are not as careful in safeguarding investors as they should be. The situation has been the subject of criticism. As an outcome it is felt that the element of risk in a state or municipal bond is larger than it once was.

Of course, there are noteworthy exceptions. For example, it is an interesting fact that the recent offering of $25,000,000 State of Kansas 4½ per cent. soldiers' bonus bonds comprise the sole funded debt of the state, according to the underwriters. That issue was the third major soldier compensation issue to be brought out.

An issue of $150,000,000 notes was heavily oversubscribed, although yielding only 4½ per cent. The supply of short-term government obligations is slowly diminishing. No further treasury financing will be done before September 15th, when two issues of certificates aggregating about $350,000,000 will mature.

A good deal was heard last week of new foreign financing, but nothing is likely to materialize in the near future.

Domestic financing is not likely to be as large as was expected, acording to investment bankers in touch with industries as well as of states.

Railroads are said to have raised virtually all of the funds they will require until next fall.

To consummate plans for enlarging the facilities of the companies' Pacific Coast distributing houses H. E. Otterson, president of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and president of the Associated Simmons Hardware Companies, was in San Francisco on a two-day visit early this week. F. A. Maycumber, chairman of the board of the Winchester Company of the Pacific, came north with President Otterson from Los Angeles, and on arrival here they were joined by

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The extent of the business of the industrial enterprises headed by Otterson is indicated in the fact that during the last year of the war the Winchester organization, essentially a peace-time manufacturer, sold to the government $80,000,000 of supplies. It delivered to the United States the first rifle, the first cartridge, and the first Browning machine gun purchased for overseas' operations, and theretofore it had been supplying arms to the Allied governments.

While its war-time personnel of 21,000 has shrunk to 10,000, the consolidated companies have at New Haven the largest single plant in the world for the manufacture of small arms and ammunition, selling 30 per cent. of such goods purchased in this country, including what is imported and including lines not made by them.

Prior to 1915 Otterson was a naval constructor in the Boston and New York navy yards, but like many of these naval officers of high technical training he finally turned to commercial life, becoming, nevertheless, an important executive from a military standpoint in view of the tremendous volume of business he did with the government.

After meeting the war-time demands of the government, the Winchester companies disposed of the machiery developed for those purposes and undertook to develop thirty new lines distributed through hardware channels, fishing tackle, skates, kitchen cutlery, hammers, axes and other items, becoming, through appointment of 5500 exclusive retail dealers following purchase of control of the Simmons Hardware Company, the largest manufacturers and the largest jobbers in the world in that field. The merger was completed in the spring of last year.

Present plans contemplate, President Otterson announced, the addition of a distributing plant in Texas to the thirteen that already closely cover the country.

Ask about the business outlook, Otterson declared: "Business is very good at the moment, and the prospects for continued good business during the remainder of the year are excellent. Indications for next spring are that business will be good. Beyond that we can not foresee the trend of things. I had an opportunity to get an accurate survey of the situation through our recent sales convention. We rented the Coliseum in Chicago and had an attendance of 3600, including 2000 of our agents. Incidentally, 200 other manufacturers, practically all of them competitors, accepted our invitation to rent space and exhibit our wares. It was an immense exposition of hardware and sporting goods, and we ourselves were quite content to put our own goods to the test of comparison with competitive lines as to price and quality, taking the stand that we were not entitled to the business if we could not meet those comparisons."

Otterson succeeded in the presidency Winchester Bennett, son of the widow of Governor Oliver Winchester, as he was known following his term as lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, who had remarried T. G. Bennett, president of the Winchester Company for thirty years.

The William R. Staats Company are offering $200,000 Fillmore Union High School District, Ventura County, California, 5 per cent. bonds, tax exempt in California and free from Federal income tax, due serially from July 1, 1924, to July 1, 1943.

Fillmore Union High School District, located on the Southern Pacific Railroad in the eastern portion of Ventura County, covers an area of about 121,600 acres with a population of approximately 5200 and includes the incorporated city of Fillmore and the village of Piru. The principal products are citrus and deciduous fruits, beans, grain and crude and refined petroleum.

The wave of selling that hit the stock market during the month of May seemed to gather force during the month just passed and prices were brought down to a level that showed numerous low records that had not been seen since 1920, says E. F. Hutton & Co.'s monthly review.

There were rallies from time to time, but they proved to be short lived and, at the close of the month, stocks were not far from the lowest prices.

The persistent selling of stocks the past month has had some tempering effect upon the opinion of bankers regarding the business outlook. Leading financiers are puzzled by the situation, but an examination of its various elements justifies expectations of a continued, moderate prosperity. The difficulty in accepting this conclusion is that, invariably, a decline of the duration and extent of that still under way at the close of the month is a prelude to decreasing business activity and a general decline from the prosperity plane.

Much is made in the financial district of the factor of banking support—always more or less difficult to gauge. Such support usually makes its appearance when prices become unduly depressed, but, as yet, there is no evidence of it, and the market seems to be without any strong buying power in the absence of which prices are allowed to drift from bad to worse.

On the surface, there seems to be very little in the way of news to warrant the public in throwing their stocks overboard, and it would seem that it is more a case of fear than anything really tangible to warrant the decline.

Railroad shares continued to attract attention because of their firmness, the early part of last month, and there was considerable buying of both the high-grade investment mortgages and the more speculative issues, with gains of over a point in several of them, until, under sharp pressure, due largely to loss of public confidence, occasioned by misleading propaganda, railway stocks sold down with the rest of the market.

Everything now indicates a prosperous future for the railroads of the country, despite the fears of some timid people that the radical element in Congress will succeed in their efforts to hamper and restrict the railroads in their operation to the detriment of their stockholders, or that through further political interference, mergers will be enforced that will saddle the strong roads with weak lines against the wishes of the former and contrary to good policy.

We believe that such fears are groundless, and confidently expect a showing of renewed interest in railroad stocks by the investing public, in the near future, that will stimulate prices.

The security markets have been dull and uninteresting during the past three weeks, and such movements as occurred found their source largely in the efforts of the professional element working for lower prices. However, except in the case of the oils, tires, and a few special industrials, the bears did not attain much success and the general market has begun to give evidence of being oversold.

One of the important developments has been the long-looked-for increase in the New York Central dividend rate, which proved to be more generous than a considerable portion of the financial community had expected. Still there is no doubt whatever that the 7 per cent. rate is fully warranted considering the railroad's great financial strength and excellent past and present earnings. Extremely significant also is the fact that the road has made application to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to issue $100,000,000 of additional stock to be used for conversion of the 6 per cent. debentures. These bonds, which are callable at 110, are convertible at the rate of each $1000 of bonds into 9-55/105 shares of stock. Should it be desired to force the conversion of these debentures, it would only be necessary to advance the market price of the stock is around 116 or better and then issue the call, for then it would be more profitable for holders to exchange for stock than to have their bonds redeemed at 110. Of course it is highly problematical whether this will be done now, but undoubtedly it would prove a very advantageous manœuvre for the railroad.

Another favorable development was the enthusiastic over-subscription of the Austrian loan and the big premium at once quoted, and in this connection it is interesting to note the reported buying of these bonds in our market by England. This is, indeed, remarkable proof of the extent of Great Britain's financial and economic recovery, and leads one to suspect that possibly the situation of other European countries may be somewhat better than is generally supposed.

Considerable disappointment has been expressed that the market did not make more of a response to these and other such favorable factors as the Pere Marquette dividend. However, there have also been elements of a depressing nature, such as the overproduction in crude oil, weakness in the sugar market, and the price-cutting in the tire industry.

Operations at the steel mills have slackened a very little, but this is no more than the usual result of hot weather and the diversion of labor to outside employment. The important interests in the industry regard the prospect with the utmost confidence, and there is no evidence whatever of price-cutting or other undue efforts to secure new business.

The oil industry is admittedly in an unsatisfactory condition, with production as yet showing no signs of decrease. There is talk of taking drastic action such as the prorating of pipe-line runs, and, in case this does not occur, there are likely to be some price cuts. However, business in general seems to be in a healthy state without any early likelihood of a change for the worse. The European situation remains much the same and, apparently, there are good possibilities of negotiations eventually settling the Ruhr matter.—*The Trader.*

The rapid expansion in the use of artificial silk has a direct bearing on the situation in real silk and a potential influence on both the cotton and wool markets, says *Commerce Monthly*, published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

"The artificial silk industry has been expanded until today the world produces over 70,000,000 pounds of artificial silk, an amount considerably in excess of the commercial crop of real silk.

"Perhaps the most conspicuous fact in the artificial silk situation in this country is the price of the material, which is now less than one-third of the price of raw silk. With real silk today nearly $9 and replacement prices a matter of speculation, the appeal which artificial silk is making to the American manufacture is apparent, and the far-sighted action of the producers in keeping artificial silk prices steady in what has long been practically a 'seller's market' has further advantaged the manufacturer of silks by supplying an alternative material for the virtually monopolized real silk.

"Not only has artificial silk invaded the hosiery mills, but it has made notable strides in the underwear and outerwear markets, its rise being largely coincident with the increase in production of silk underwear, sweaters, and other knit goods which attained remarkable popularity during the war. Even in the weaving mills the use of the new textile has expanded, experimentation leading to discovery of many new uses.

"Even with the amazing increases in production of artificial silk the supply has not kept pace with the demand which has steadily increased and broadened. While the production of real silk responds only tardily to demand, the circumstances of artificial silk production allow for elastic regulation of supply to demand. However, the large initial capital costs, the necessity for quantity output to make production profitable, the relatively low profits per pound, and the great mechanical and technical difficulties inherent in the industry have kept the units relatively large. Here and abroad the textile men have fostered the industry, realizing its potentialities in protecting them from centralized control of raw silk. They realize that artificial silk is a distinct addition to the textile world, a fibre which they may profitably employ in their products with other fibres, whether they are woolen, cotton, or silk manufacturers."

John L. Lilienthal, vice-president and resident partner of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, has just been elected a director of the $4,000,000 Southwestern Utilities Corporation of Kansas and also a director of its subsidiary, the Northwestern Utilities Company, Ltd., operating at Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Information to this effect has just been received by Paul C. Newell, sales manager of the San Francisco office of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, who recently investigated the properties of the Northwestern Utilities Company, Ltd., in Canada.

Mr. Lilienthal has been identified for many years with San Francisco's financing and banking institutions. He returned to San Francisco about three weeks ago, after a visit to the properties of the Southwestern Utilities Corporation in Kansas, where he conferred with financiers who are interested in its operation.

In order to take care of the increased demand for steam heat service in San Francisco, which is increasing at the rate of about 10 per cent. per annum, due to the growth here, particularly on account of new office buildings and apartment houses, which are rapidly being constructed, the Pacific Gas & Electric Company is preparing to expend in excess of one-quarter of a million dollars in the building of a new steam plant.

The new building will be erected on Stevenson Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, occupying a space of 70x100 feet. The structure will be a steel frame building with reinforced concrete. It will be equipped with 1575 horsepower steam boilers. In connection with the boiler plant building there will be a suitable shop provided, together with locker rooms, etc., for the comfort and convenience of the employees.

Freight traffic during the week ending June 30th was the heaviest ever handled by American railroads. The total number of cars loaded, the car service division of the American Railway Association reports, was 1,021,770.

Reverend radical is credited with the observation that what the pulpit needs is "pep." To our alleged intelligence that sort of spice would seem unseemly in the psalter.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Great Wells My

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE. Edited by John Drinkwater. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $4.50.

When the father of the outline school of facts wrote the original and already traditional "Outline of History" he started something more than we in our optimism dreamt of. True, that omniscient paper, *Punch,* warned the world there would be outlines of everything shortly forthcoming, but we took that for one of *Punch's* little jokes. Truly, many a truth is spoken in jest. Already there have been outlines of almost everything, and now comes the "Outline of Literature," in three volumes, companions to Professor Thomson's "Outline of Science," and edited by John Drinkwater. Mr. Drinkwater is a gentleman and a man of letters and his taste has always seemed excellent, but he is the latest victim of the great Wells Myth, and we maintain it is not Mr. Wells' fault. He can scarcely be supposed to know the way in which outliners would multiply themselves in his footsteps nor that his school of followers should be hypped by the superman Wellsian style of telling the infantile world all about it. H. G. can not help it that he is a superman and the majority of mankind are morons: he has done his level best to play his Olympian searchlight over the abysmal ignorance. But we contend he should have copyrighted the method. One has got to get used to being told by Wells, but we rather resent the small, clear voice from the heights when broadcast by another oracle. Perhaps this is unjust to Mr. Drinkwater, who likewise wishes to clear up the fogs of human ignorance and undoubtedly will do so with his three volumes, for there is nothing foggy about them. They could be used with 100 per cent. efficient effect in a kindergarten provided English were the mother tongue of the kindergarteners.

All which is an attempt to say that "The Outline of Literature" is just a little too patently "written down" to meet moron intellects. I think it may safely be assumed that adult readers of an outline of literature, even though recruited from the more ignorant classes, would be endowed with mature intelligence, and even though their schooling was scanty would he able to grapple with a more sophisticated text if they could read at all. Mr. Drinkwater, hypped we fear, as all outliners present and future will be, with the Wellsian mania of explaining to the mental pygmies that are men, which is after all Wells' most serious fault, has fallen into the predigested style of expounding facts. Even the "Story of the Bible," which has been contributed hy the Canon of Westminster, has been produced in this "listen my children" style. It is too bad. There is no intrinsic reason why an outline of literature should not be a readable reference book, but it must be addressed to average intelligence.

The case of Professor Thomson's "Outline of Science" was rather different. The mass of even educated normal intelligences are woefully ignorant of scientific matters. We are all rather like the hostess whose learned guest told her he could not understand electricity and who brightly and Wellesquely responded, "Oh, it's very simple—you just press the button." But an outline of literature is different. Every educated person has some time known all the facts here recorded, and his object in reading the book is either to refresh his memory or to read the whole for the sense of continuity which Mr. Drinkwater justly claims is so important to an appreciation of literature. The normal educated reader does not, however, appreciate having the continuity fed him as if the whole were the latest revelation from the fourth dimension. He would rather meet his old friends more familiarly. We owe much to Mr. Wells, but hardly the invention of literature. His outline followers, however, might not concur. One reads in the present volume that Rabelais anticipated Mr. Wells. R. G.

A Japanized Novel.

THE LORD OF THUNDERGATE. By Sidney Herschel Small. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2 net.

"The Lord of Thundergate" is the picturesque title of a story that puts an American, through a series of improbable but cleverly dove-tailed events, in the position of an impostor, in which he is believed to he the missing and really dead son and heir of a noble Japanese house.

The author chooses the ancient device of a remarkable resemblance to bring this situation about, but utilizes in the story an apparently minute knowledge of the ways of Japanese life, and the customs that must be followed by the heir.

The main characters, however, are Americans caught in a Japanese coil. The story is romantically improbable, hut the Japanese coloring is well and picturesquely laid on, and the author inspires faith in the authenticity of his details.

Attic Salt.

POEMS FROM "LIFE." Edited and introduced by Oliver Herford. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

Devotees of *Life,* who doubtless abound by the million, have been elated at the issue of this collection of the best and wittiest verse from our national funny paper. "Poems from *Life,*" in fact, forms a companion volume to "Poems from *Punch,*" and in addition to being a contrast thereby, makes a delightful library of humorous verse for all right-minded people. We do not know whether this anthology includes the earliest gems of *Life,* but, at least, the names of James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman appear as samples of oldtimers; for the rest the familiar signatures of Oliver Herford, Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Parker, Christopher Morley, Richard Le Gallienne and other lifers appear and reappear.

The Loeb Classics.

CLAUDIAN. With an English translation by Maurice Platnauer. 2 vols. The Loeb Classical Library. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Thanks to Mr. Platnauer's translation, the general reader may now enjoy a dip or a plunge, as he likes, into Claudian. Claudian flourished just prior to the fall of Rome and wrote long poems for or against Honorius, Stilicho, Eutropius, Marius and others. Among his shorter pieces his Fescinnine verses and the Epithalamium for his hero Honorius, needless to say, have tang to them: they are Roman. And the second volume concludes with the famous "De Raptu Poserpinæ." Translating Claudian is no mean task, and Mr. Platnauer has done his work thoroughly and ably.

Very Wild West Stuff.

IRONHEART. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75.

Admirers of William Raine's sagebrush epic style will get a few new thrills and probably reverherations of some old ones in his latest rendering of the great open spaces of Colorado. "Ironheart" is populated by the usual quota of red-blooded he-men, dyed-in-the-wool desperadoes, and the proper proportion for Western melodrama of feminine population, namely one dashing gallant girl, daughter of one of the he-men, fiancé of another, and future wife of a third. There is a refreshing note, however, in that the two all-bad men and the third half-bad one are not so much in pursuit of our winsome heroine and girl rancher as they are of more material booty. To say that there is a lot of action, of shooting both from the hip and the shoulder, of plotting, stealing, even kidnapping, dynamiting, death and destruction in "Ironheart" is to ex-

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Total	$86,255,685.28

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press oneself feebly and the book literally. Suffice it to say readers intent on the trail of such events as those enumerated will get their money's worth.

An Unknown Champion.

ALCATRAZ. By Max Brand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Alcatraz" is a horse story with enough human interest to be called a novel, but in its careful study of equine ways avoids the common classification of Western novel. Romance is there—not even an animal story is trusted to public consumption, it seems, without its sugar coating of romance—but there are few hooks in which human sentiment is so scarce. As an adventure story, "Alcatraz" is somewhat in a class by itself unless the other products of its author are its rivals, and judging from the two titles credited to Max Brand they might be—"The Untamed" and "The Night Watchman." Glamour in "Alcatraz" is supplied in the adventures of a chestnut stallion whose wondrous speed one regrets could not be capitalized for the English Derby. But on the other hand Mr. Brand's history of an unusual horse does not take on the "dumb animal" kind of sentiment that is associated with animal books, "Black Beauty" and so on. The author does not make the mistake of psychologizing for his horse-hero except in the most rudimentary brute fashion. It is rather for a study of wild horse life, for its oddly balanced viewpoint half way between that of horse and man, that "Alcatraz" is interesting.

The American Baedeker.

RIDER'S GUIDES. By Frederic Taber Cooper and others. Edited by Fremont Rider. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Something new in guidehooks is the series on American cities and states compiled under the general editorship of Fremont Rider. The first volume, "Rider's New York City," appeared in 1916 and has now heen reissued in an enlarged edition of 800 pages with ten insert maps and three folded maps in colors. Absence of photographic illustration and of all descriptive padding characterize these hooks, of which the style is telegraphic. The two other volumes that have been published so far are "Rider's Bermuda," which appeared last year and makes a perfcctly adequate guide to a sojourn in those islands, and "Rider's Washington," which is the first comprehensive guidehook to the national capital. Promised for early publication is the volume of the series on California, which is warranted to cover every point of interest in the state from Tia Juana to Oregon, and will be furnished with a complete equipment of maps, which doubtless includes motoring maps. A useful feature of these guides is that the authors bear in mind the traveler of limited means, and his needs have been given as much attention as the patron of the most expensive hotels, restaurants, etc. The books vary in price, "New York City" being priced at $4.50, "Washington" at $2.75, and "Bermuda" at $1.90. "Rider's California" will probably sell for $4, its publishers announce.

Notes of Books and Authors.

"Beach Grass," by Charles Wendell Townsend, the ornithologist, is a title to appear on the fall list of Marshall Jones publications.

For young readers is a book of "Farmtown Tales," hy Mary Wolfe Thompson, which the Duttons announce for immediate publication. They are said to tell interesting stories about farm animals of various sorts. The author is the daughter of Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, whose books, "Literary Shrines," "A Literary Pilgrimage," and several others of similar nature, were widely read and greatly admired twenty-five years ago. Her home for many years has been on a farm in northern New Jersey which, she says, "laps up our funds, but has a beauty that hypnotizes our financial sense."

Thibet and the Punjab are the next objectives of W. F. Alder, author of "The Isle of Vanishing Men" and "Men of the Inner Jungle" (Century Company). In the first hook he tells of the natives of New Guinea and in the second of the savages of Borneo. He sails in Novemher to be gone, as is his custom, into the interior for months. All he needs for one of these long visits among the twilight peoples is a supply of money, his trusty outfit, one companion and Bad. Bad is his cook—so called, Mr. Alder declares, because his full name is Badoek and because he was at first probably the worst cook in the world, though now he has improved slightly. Bad is now on vacation in his native Mocassar home, and a cable, says Mr. Alder, will start him to any rendezvous.

The censure which Max Beerbohm has drawn upon his debonair head by his exhibit of the caricature of the present Prince of Wales marrying his landlady's daughter is not the first that his exhibits have caused. Though Mr. Beerbohm has a quiet and dandy manner his drawings have often roused public feeling. While this is the first time that he has made a *tour de force* against royalty, he has caught the ruling house in lines of caricature in several of his earlier exhibits. One of his most vicious thrusts was a drawing of George IV, and probably his best caricature is one of "Mr. Tennyson reading 'In Memoriam' to His Sovereign." The austerity and dignity presented in the drawing parodies better than most anything else the spirit of the wholly conventional Victorian age.

A new novel by Diana Patrick, "The Manuscript of Youth," is ready for immediate publication by the Duttons. Its scene is in Yorkshire and it is largely about young people. It may be taken for granted by those who have read her previous novels—"Dusk of Moonrise" was the last one—that it will tell an interesting story about worth-while people and that it will he filled with the love of beauty.

Padraic Colum's first novel, "Castle Conquer," was published in June hy Macmillan. Mr. Colum describes it as "a romance of Irish life at a time when the political aspiration of the people was still romantic and the folk life was poetic and humorous." It is the story of the love of Francis Gillick, the young student from Spain, and the country girl, Brighid Moynagh, and it has for its background Castle Conquer, the decaying memorial of conquest and domination.

"Captures," a new volume of stories by John Galsworthy, will be brought out by the Scribners in the early fall. Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga" continues in heavy demand, heing now in its fourth large printing. "Loyalties," one of the outstanding plays of the theatrical season now closing, is also in its fourth printing.

"Roman Pictures," a new book hy Percy Lubbock, author of "The Craft of Fiction" and "Earlham," will be published in the early fall by Charles Scribner's Sons. It achieves a striking portrayal of the varied types of human nature which the capital of the world produces and attracts from ahroad, and is infused with Roman color and sentiment. The same firm will bring out in the fall a new illustrated edition of "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame. The new illustrations in color and black and white are by Nancy Barnhart and are those which appear in the hook as published in England.

Sydney Greenbie, author of "The Pacific Triangle" (Century Company), is lecturing for the Redpath Chautauqua on his Far Eastern experiences and his interpretation of that new East that has lately loomed up to the view of the once inattentive West as even more portentous than picturesque. His "Pacific Triangle" has lately been reprinted for the fourth time.

Miss Dorothy Stevenson, who is a niece of R. L. S., has completed a first novel, which is to be published hy the Messrs. Chambers.

"The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," for which Mr. Burton Hendrick won this year's Pulitzer prize in hiography, is soon to be issued in Paris by Payot et Cie. The work was published some time ago in England by the house of Heinemann and was one of the most widely read books of the last season in England as well as in America. It was the appearance of Mr. Page's "Life and Letters" that originated the movement to erect a tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The Marshall Jones Company reports that orders have been received for more than 44,000 individual volumes in the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome, which traces our cultural inheritance from classical days. The following volumes in the series were published in June: "Cicero and His Influence," by John C. Rolfe; "Mathematics," by David Eugene Smith; "Roman Politics," by Frank Frost Abbott, and "Warfare by Land and Sea," by Eugene S. McCartney.

Thomas Boyd, author of "Through the Wheat," which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is literary editor of the St. Paul *Daily News* and one of the proprietors of the Kilmarnock book store in St. Paul. He was born in Chicago on the day Santiago was captured, July 3, 1898. He served in the Marine Corps in the great war.

New Books Received.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Done into Latin by T. R. Glover. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

With a frontispiece portrait of Stevenson by A. G. Dew-Smith.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW AFTER THE WORLD WAR. By Otfried Nippold. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

Translated from the German by Amos S. Hershey.

A BUSINESS MAN IN UNIFORM. By Henry G. Pearson. New York: Duffield & Co.; $3.

The story of Colonel Raynal Cawthorne Bolling.

PORT O' GOLD. By Louis J. Stellman. Boston: Richard G. Badger; $2.50.

A history romance of the San Francisco Argonauts.

THE MYSTERY ROAD. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

A novel.

PATHWAYS OF EUROPEAN PEOPLES. By Bertha B. Cobb and Ernest Cobb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

An outline story of European nations that form the background of American civilization.

DE SENECTUTE. By Frederic Harrison. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

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ELEPHANTS

Mrs. A was standing treat to her little B relatives for a movie. "I'll take them to see 'The Soul of a Beast,'" she said to their mother, after having carefully selected this particular picture from numerous rejected candidates.

But Mrs. B demurred. "'The Soul of the Beast,'" she said; "it sounds pretty tough. It must he the story of some decadent voluptuary. I don't want the children to see that kind of movie." Whereupon Mrs. A explained to the solicitous mother that it was an entirely harmless recital concerning the hond of affection hetween a circus elephant and a little girl who led him in his trick act. And the little B youngsters went and were enraptured hy the varied performances of Oscar, the girl's Titanic pet.

But the impression left upon the mother's mind hy the title shows that it is not a good one. In fact, it sometimes seems as if these misnomers were deliberate. Why did they call the picturized version of "The Admirahle Crichton" "Male and Female"? Why did they change "Judith of Bethulia" to "Her Vengeance"? Probably in order to attract the scandal-hungry. Yet hy that title they possibly prevented family parties from hringing large invoices of children. For there are quantities of people among the workers who are too tired and too short of time to read the lucuhrations of the cuh reporter, and as for the editorials, many of the workers know them not; never do they touch their consciousness.

So it is just as well to give more expression in the title, playful or otherwise, to what would satisfy particular tastes. I. for instance, with a party of others of similar likings, made a hee line to the Tivoli when we learned that the heast was not a human heast, but a partly humanized elephant.

And Mr. Oscar Elephant turned out to he quite a gentleman. When he was ungentlemanly—the object of his rude attentions heing the villain of the play—he was mischievously hoyish. With little Viola, who regarded him as her charge, and whom he regarded as *his* charge, Oscar was chivalrous, delicately considerate, and most helpful in trying moments. Viola's friends were his friends and her enemies his enemies.

In fact, Oscar was treated from the old, romantic point of view. The elephant of hoary tradition never forgot a benefit nor forgave an injury. Lots of us were hrought up on the story of the tailor who, in a pet and unmindful of his custom of presenting an apple to an elephant who passed his shop daily, thrust his needle in the elephant's trunk when it nosed inquisitively into his open shop front. Whereupon, so runs the tale, which is probahly an Oriental one, judging from the elephant heing a sort of man on the curh, Mr. Elephant turned himself into a fresh-water tank, returned, and drenched the tailor and his shop.

There is a discrepancy in this tale with the old tradition, inasmuch as the elephant, upon receiving one needle thrust, promptly forgot all previous benefits. But he acted very much as a human heing would; or would want to.

In "The Soul of the Beast," Oscar was a knightly elephant-gentleman who made little Viola his special concern. Delicious Madge Bellamy, who played the rôle, made Viola appear to he a dainty fairy of ahout fourteen. I am always running against disappointments about these movie stars. A searching eye can so frequently perceive commonness and even incipient viciousness in their still young, rounded, and pretty faces. But Madge Bellamy's prettiness and daintiness is of the unsullied type. She is small, graceful, sweetly pretty, tenderly young, a delightful little figure of fairy fantasy, as she sat, in her fanciful circus costume, on the elephant's huge frontal bone, while his ears waved henevolently on each side of the little figure.

This pretty little heing apparently had had no fear of the highly-trained monster with whom she had rehearsed a rôle which required her to get his enormous flanks confidingly, wind herself in the serpentine coils of his trunk, and mount on his mighty hack.

I do not remember what particular hook it was in which Rudyard Kipling described the antics of an elephant who had suddenly "gone loco," as our Western hronco-husters would express it. I forget the Asiatic expression that describes these sudden outbreaks of elephantine cussedness, in which the mighty mass of had temper immediately runs amuck. But vivid indeed was Kipling's description of the moving mountain of hloodthirstiness which this elephant had become.

Of course picture plays undertake to send patrons away satisfied. So Oscar, in "The Soul of a Beast," was treated entirely from the sentimental and romantic point of view. And as a result we were highly amused and entertained.

But there is an old story, hy Charles Reade, called "Jack of All Trades," which undertakes to show the elephant as he really is. It showed the elephant protagonist in the story as heing the special charge of a worthless drunkard. It had an unsavory past, for sudden outhursts of murderous frenzy had diversified its loudly advertised career as a henevolent child-lover who was never so happy as when giving troops of children rides on its capacious hack.

The story, which is written in the first person hy "Jack of All Trades," an amhitious hanger-on at the circus, tells of the tender concern which the elephant always displayed toward his keeper, when he was in his quarters, sodden and helpless with drink. He would tremhle in every limh, as he lifted his colossal members as daintily as if they were columns of eider down, lest he might step upon and crush the snoring hully.

But Jack knew that there was something secret and concealed in the ascendancy exercised hy the human hrute over his dangerous charge. He watched, for he wanted the joh that would he vacant as soon as the sodden wretch had drunk himself to death.

And he found the secret so carefully preserved. The keeper ruled his charge entirely hy fear. Nohody had ever seen him pierce the leathery hide with a sharp iron rod. But Jack surprised him in the act, and saw how the colossus tremhled and fawned on his keeper when the latter, with a coldly calculating cruelty, thrust the sharp joint again and again in his side.

So Jack in his turn conquered the mastodonic murderer. And the story closes with a most earnest admonition never to helieve stories of elephant friendliness, kindliness, gratitude, affection.

THE BRITISH THEATRE TAX.

Theatrical affairs in London never have recovered from the after-war slump. Many London theatres have heen closed, and nohody has heen making fortunes in the theatre business at the British metropolis.

The heavy war taxes now prevalent in the British Empire may account for this condition, for from figures compiled hy protestants against the size of the theatre tax it is apparent that the theatre managers are paying some 15 per cent. of their receipts.

An attempt was made to have this heavy tax either remitted or reduced. It was pointed out that theatrical enterprise was heing paralyzed. Not only a lessened attendance at the theatres, hut the greatly raised ratio of prices in all lines of theatrical work have joined to drain the producer of his profits.

All these facts were hrought forward when an attempt was made in Parliament to amend the finance hill so that the financial hurden would he less crushing upon the theatrical producer.

Other facts were adduced: a theatre that failed for fifty thousand dollars was obliged to pay over a third of that sum to the government in war taxes; and several prominent theatres were getting ready to lie down and die.

But the attempt was all in vain. The financial secretary to the treasury expressed his regret at the hard conditions which beset the theatre men, hut evidently in a country in which taxes are the rule no exceptions can he made. And the Londoners will he obliged to say good-hy to other theatres.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

Benjamin Franklin's first Philadelphia home is to be wiped out of existence. The house at 111 Spring Street, where he took up his residence upon his arrival from Boston, is to he torn down, along with numerous others, to provide for the approach to the new Delaware River hridge. The house is a ramshackle, tottering shanty, and the street on whiich it is situated is only an alley. The curator of Independence Hall plans to preserve the windows and panels of the old structure, all heing splendid examples of Colonial craftsmanship. —*Scientific American.*

THE RETURN OF ELEANORA DUSE.

Eleanora Duse, reappearing on the London stage after an absence of nearly twenty years, seems to have swept all before her, says the New York *Times*. The London accounts of her performances, which have just come to hand, record a triumph of the sort that is rarely achieved in the theatre.

Thus Mr. Walkley in the London *Times*, for example, upon the occasion of her appearance in Ihsen's "The Lady from the Sea"—the first of her London series:

"It was a trying quarter of an hour, the interval yesterday afternoon hetween the rise of the curtain on 'La Donna del Mare' and the entry of Eleanora Duse. There were people on the stage, hut nohody marked them. We were waiting and wondering; waiting to revive old memories and to resume old dreams, and wondering whether it would, after all, he possihle. It was nearly a score of years since we had seen her; what would she he like now? Not, we need hardly say, in physical appearance, for the Duse's art has always been as independent of that as any art can be, a thing almost of the pure spirit; hut the haunting question was about the spiritual art itself, whether it had become at all stale, lost anything of its intrinsic charm.

"She appeared, and all our douhts were at rest. She is the Duse that we knew, 'pale, penetratin', and interestin',' like the Scotchwoman of the anecdote, only just perhaps a little more wan, with the melancholy lines of the mouth a little more deeply marked, the figure a little more willowy and fragile, the hair a hlanker white. Her voice has the old throh and wail, her wonderful hands and her gestures the old incomparahle grace, her eyes still pierce you through and through. As to her art, time has not ventured to touch it; its exquisite purity and fineness, that seem to idealize every work she approaches and give it a new and strange distinction, do so still."

And the *Morning Post*, upon the same occasion:

"A little woman so frail that it seemed a hreath would hlow her away, haggard and pale in the merciless footlights, with no paint or powder to soften their glare, talking, pleading, smiling, and crying just as any woman does—such was the Duse yesterday afternoon when she held spellhound in the New Oxford Theatre an audience that filled every seat in the house.

"It was consummate art, a mysterious personality with a transcendent capacity of suffering and understanding all human things, in a word genius inexplicahle and divine, which held the attention of the spectators, for the most part understanding, hut a few words of what the Duse said, riveted on her every gesture as though their lives depended on it. The people in the theatre, the scenery, the other actors—all faded into nothingness. There was only the Duse, the eternal woman, with the tenderness of her smile, the eloquence of her hands, and her whole heing tortured in the never-ending, merciless struggle against the mysteries of the unknown."

The production of "Ghosts," however, hrought forth even greater rhapsodies. L. P. H., in the London *Spectator*, thus described the performance:

"'Ghosts' is a terrible play to read and, usually, a rather revolting play to see. It is, perhaps, almost the greatest triumph of Eleanora Duse that, while preserving and enhancing the emotional intensity of the play, she succeeded in keeping its pathological distastefulness in the hackground. Indeed, throughout the performance no attempt was made hy any of the actors to emphasize the didactic element, and the scene was definitely a drawing-room, not the vestihule or interior of a madhouse. Duse's presentation of Mrs. Alving, with its passionate interjections and repetitions, has a lyrical quality, a rhythm and suhtlety and continuity of emotion foreign to one's idea of the play. Thus something was lost from the pauses, the sinister significance of lingering single words, the suspense that Ihsen's terrihle reticence produces. Not that Duse overacted; if hy underacting is understood nothing that is not admirable, she underacted continuously. Only, the Italian rendering, with its voluhility and its intense expressiveness, is a little at odds with the starkness and angularity of the Scandinavian original, in which (one feels) words are made to carry at once a lesser and a greater hurden—they suggest more than they express.

"Duse expressed everything. She has a thousand gestures, all appropriate, none conventional or theatrical. Perhaps her voice has less range and flexibility than her movements. Merely to watch her hands is fascinating. No part of her is idle: yet she never gives an effect of restlessness. Unlike many great actresses, she can efface her presence and leave the stage to others. She did not try to dominate the play, she even gave the lie to one's preconception that, heing what she is, she must dominate it. She was always suhordinate to Oswald. His paroxysms and desperation naturally took some of the color from her performance, his passion was more outrageous, keyed higher than hers: he 'let himself go' more than she did. This is, of course, in the spirit of the play; yet how few actresses would have allowed their passion to seem inferior to Oswald's in depth and intensity when a harsh intonation or an extravagant gesture, the least suggestion of rant, would have made it indistinguishahle from his."

And said the *Daily Telegraph* of the same performance:

"What is there left to he said of her, except in poetry? The critic knows only too well that if he racked his hrains till they hurst under the strain he could find nothing new to say of her that would he true, nor anything true that would he new. He might say, for instance, that Duse's Mrs. Alving is not the woman that Ihsen drew—that her interpretation gives him little impression of the woman who was strong enough to hide her hushand's excesses, to shoulder his duties, to make herself his hoon companion in his secret orgies, to conceal his real nature from his son hy such heroic means. The critic may say this with truth; hut he must say it with the knowledge that it or something exactly like it has heen said hefore—that Duse's way of altering characters and even plays to fit her own personality has heen commented upon so often as to he hy now a critical commonplace. And even it, when that is said, he goes on to rhapsodize over the woman herself—the depth of yearning and tenderness that she puts into the scenes hetween Mrs. Alving and her son, the power and vitality which radiate from her almost visihly—he is still unhappily conscious that he is repeating in a few halting sentences things that have



A Conduit 70 Years Old.

"Niles.—At this point in 1853, Don J. J. de Vallejo, at great expense, constructed a flouring-mill, the water for which he conducted in a long flume from the Alameda Creek. This was the first mill built after that at the Mission, and in the early history of the county, was famous and widely known."—History of Alameda County.

Just now Vallejo's hrick-lined conduit is serving the water needs of this city. It carries water from the Alameda County sources of Spring Valley en route to San Francisco, pending the completion of the new Sunol-to-Niles aqueduct.

Spring Valley is replacing some two miles of wooden flume in Niles Cañon with a reinforced concrete aqueduct commensurate in size with the constantly increasing water needs of San Francisco.

This new aqueduct will have a capacity of 70 million gallons daily, hut in the immediate future it will transmit 45 million gallons daily—the present supply from the Alameda sources of 21 million gallons daily plus the 24 million gallons daily now in process of development at Calaveras Reservoir.

During construction of the new aqueduct the water formerly routed through the flume which is heing replaced is allowed to flow down Alameda Creek as far as the old Vallejo conduit. The Vallejo conduit carries the water to Niles, where it enters the Alameda pipeline for its journey across the Bay.

Extraordinary precautions must he taken to protect the purity of the water in Alameda Creek until the new aqueduct is completed—a matter of ahout three months. Among other measures, picnicking and camping are rigorously prohibited.

Vallejo's old conduit was acquired hy Spring Valley in 1875, and was used as it is heing used now, between 1888 and 1900.

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een beautifully said before; things that, unless they can be said beautifully, are better ot said at all; things, in fact, that only the oet knows how to say once again so that they hall seem only now for the first time to have een thought of. The workaday critic, too onscious of his limitations to attempt to turn oet for the nonce, or at any rate too conious of Duse's magnitude to dare to pay ribute to her in coin of such base minting, nust content himself with stating once again n simple language the simple fact that he is a great actress and worthy of all raise."

Whistl ng in French Theatres.

Quite a controversy rages here as to the arious means employed by audiences in apauding or disapproving plays and actors, ays a Paris correspondent of the New York *erald*. Till now handclapping or the banging f feet or canes on the floor was the usually nly recognized way of showing approval and leasure.

The whistling habit introduced in France y American doughboys never took. As a natter of fact there were occasions during the ar or immediately after when American solers came dangerously near to provoking a iot in various theatres by whistling continuIly. It took a considerable amount of perusion to convince French audiences that histling was the American way of apauding.

The question as to whether whistling is to e tolerated in French theatres arises followng recent incidents in such a staid establishent as the Comédie Française. While the ajority of spectators were enthusiastically lapping hands and banging their feet, histling began in the upper part of the ouse. The surprise caused rapidly gave way o fear, fear that this was a form of showing he onlookers' disapproval. Police in the esblishment soon began to muster around the histlers. It was then discovered that most f these had merely introduced American ethods, while others, dissatisfied with the how and thinking that the whistling was eant as adverse criticism, eagerly joined in. he result was that the police had to keep lose to these people and threaten to expel ny one whistling.

The matter has been brought to the notice f the Theatrical Association, and even now everal managers suggest framing a new byaw in the theatrical statutes making whistling n any form or for any purpose punishable by aw and the immediate removal of culprits rom the theatres.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Lady Dedlock at t'e Curran.

"The Great Lady Dedlock," a play in four acts and six scenes, by Paul Kester, author of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," "Beverley's Balance," and other plays, will be produced at the Curran Theatre on Monday night for the first time anywhere.

The author and Miss Anglin have consulted on this play for four years. Miss Anglin directed all rehearsals with the assistance of her stage manager, Mr. Jerome Collamore, and called George Foster Platt from New York to give the final touches to the scenic and other features of the production, on which he is now busy. Mr. Platt has directed "The Woman of Bronze," "The Awakening of Helena Richie," "Joan of Arc," "Lady Windermere's Fan" and many other notable productions for Miss Anglin.

In Dickens' "Bleak House," the novel dramatized, there are fifty-seven characters and over 370,000 words. In the play Paul Kester has retained Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, Volumnia Dedlock, Harold Skimpole, Mr. Inspector Bucket, Esther Summerson, John Jarndyce, Poor "Jo," Lady Wentworth, Mr. Tulkinghorn, the Duchess of Lincoln, and the evil Frenchwoman, Hortense, heading the list of servants who are retained to wait on the great Lady Dedlock.

"The Ghost's Walk" on the terrace of Chesney Wold in Lincolnshire, the interior of Chesney Wold, the stately home of Sir Leicester Dedlock, and the Pauper's Graveyard are fine stage pictures. The action of the play is swift and dramatic.

Tert's and the Viola

The coming of Lionel Tertis, the English viola soloist, who will be heard here next October in a joint recital with Mme. Frances Alda, has aroused discussion regarding a misunderstood and neglected musical instrument. The viola, particularly in the early days, was called on to fulfill the humble duties of a filler-in, while those who played it were recruited from the ranks of the second violins. Those days are past, but even at present a viola soloist is a rarity, and the repertoire of solos is small. Mr. Tertis is one of those players who create their own musical atmosphere. He is technically complete, and has an eloquent beauty of tone with a power of meaning in his phrasing which is the development of a musical instinct.

College on High Seas.

When news came from Atlanta recently that Asa G. Candler, Jr., and certain business associates had purchased the army transport *Logan*, to convert that good ship into a "college on the high seas," teachers heard with amazement this latest development of modern education, and many reserved comment on the proposal until definite plans and a concrete curriculum were announced, says the New York *Herald*.

The determination on the part of the originators of the idea to combine a study of European conditions with a study of textbooks appealed to many as an excellent project if it was found to be feasible, but there was a tendency to withhold definite approval until full plans were announced.

These plans have now been developed, and 400 American boys, together with a corps of instructors, will start on their educational voyage early next September. The students will cover 40,000 miles and will return to America about June 7, 1924.

Applications for entrance to the floating school are being received in large numbers by its founders, and there seems no question but that a large waiting list will have to be started.

Among the ports at which the school ship will touch are London, Edinburgh, Antwerp, Havre, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Naples, Venice, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Port Said, Bombay, Colombo, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Hongkong, Honolulu, Panama, Havana and Bermuda.

Extended visits will not be paid at these ports, but the present itinerary provides excursions through the war zones in France, to the Holy Land and to the Pyramids.

The *Logan* will be provided with recitation and lecture rooms, laboratories, a gymnasium and swimming pool. She was originally designed to accommodate 2000 troops, so that the 400 students should be easily taken care of. The skipper and navigator will be secured on recommendation from the Navy Department and a chaplain, dentists, physicians, nurses and an athletic director will also be secured.

Secondary and college courses will be given. High school students will complete the studies necessary for a year on land and college students, by special arrangement with their institutions, will receive credit for a year's collegiate work. The faculty will be recruited from the larger American institutions.

Botanic I B ginnings.

The common or garden rose and the lily-of-the-valley are the only two flowers I know by sight, says Professor William Lyon Phelps in *Scribner's Magazine*. I should hate to pass an examination in a garden; I can not tell a a begonia from a 4-o'clock. Why is it that all women know the names and faces of flowers by intuition? An enormous number of man-made novels have what I call the Botanical Beginning. The first three pages sound like D. M. Ferry's catalogue. Yet the truth is that very few men know anything whatever about flowers. A distinguished Bostonian scholar told me that if no flowers at all came up in the spring, he would be unaware of their absence. Yet how explain these man-made novels, where in the first three pages specifically named flowers trail all over the veranda, rage like Herod all over the lawn, and almost smother the reader with their incense? My own belief is that in nearly every case the botanical beginning is either a queen's gambit—that is, the flower names are all supplied by the author's wife—or it is pure bluff.

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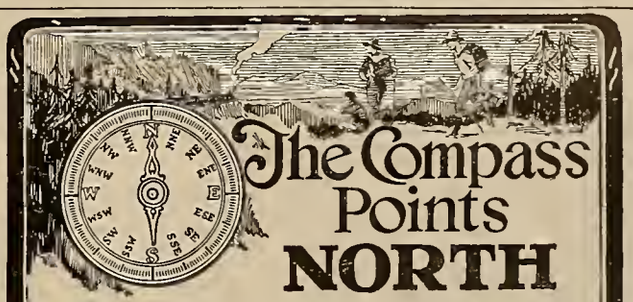
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NIGHT

6:20 P.M.	Lv. San Francisco. (Ferry)	Ar. 7:50 A.M.
5:30 A.M.	Ar. Truckee.	Lv. 9:55 P.M.
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VANITY FAIR.

Discussion has raged these many years about the inroads of the movies upon the speakies, and the owners and practitioners of the speakies seem to get no nearer a solution of this vital enigma. And vital it is. The public is interested more deeply than it realizes, for one of the fine things of life is the theatre, and if the theatre is to go down and out before the cheap distractions of the screen, the arts of civilization will suffer serious loss. Vanity Fair met Maurice Samuels in town the other day—usually Maurice is only in New York—and the discussion began again, for Maurie is a writer and producer of plays and he testified that in fifteen years of experience—or perhaps it is more since he went to the big city with "The Florentines"—he had never known any theatrical man to give thought to one of the greatest advantages the movies have in this unequal race—their ability to fill in during the time between the end of dinner and the rising of the curtain in the legitimate or the vaudeville theatre. Not a consideration with the world of leisure which finds it difficult to reach the playhouse on time, as it is; but for the multitude, on which the theatre must rely for its main support, that is a dull period. Dinner is over. There seems to be nothing to do till tomorrow. Outside, the streets are bare of traffic and hustle. The newsboys have long ago yelled away the last interest in life. Gloom sets in. It is too late for business, too early for bed, and the domesticated citizen realizes the truth proclaimed by the "shillin' doctor" in Jacobs' story: "We're all of us a-dyin' all the time, only some of us takes longer than others." Where to go? What to do? And there yawns the painted mouth of the movie theatre, inviting him to enter and give himself up to a sort of broken hypnotism for an hour or two, and when he is sleepy enough he gets home to bed. No, he does not ordinarily use the movies just to kill an hour and then leave for the speakies; he just stops until the sand man comes, and then goes home and forgets all about it. And it was the movie theatre that got his money, not the actors of the real stage.

Now, this is going on all over the country all the time. We believe it accounts for a good part of the movie gains and a corresponding part of the legitimate stage's losses. It is a relatively late phase of competition, for time was, and not so far back, when if you wished the entertainment of the theatre you had to wait until the theatre was ready to entertain you. That is no longer so. A great educational pageant of history that never happened, of personal experience that never could happen, of unnatural reaction to impossible situations, of crass, vulgar humhug, distortion, and slop, what one impassioned title writer called "the gorgeous drama of marriage and divorce," is grinding around all afternoon and evening. It knows no halts nor interruptions, has no fixed time for heginning or ending. As one exhihitor put it, the show commences when you enter the house and lasts until you are ready to leave. What could hetter suit individual convenience? It is as if the play were made especially for every person in the house. It fits anyhody's time. The most artificial thing in the world, it seems in this particular the least arhitrary. Sit down to supper at 5:30, or to dinner at 7—when you arise the theatre waits, as though it were your own. What happened hefore you entered you can see if you can stand the rest of the halderdash until it comes around again. And there are no waits hetween acts, none of those incongruous pauses when you are wrenched away from the momentous to the trivial, to sit hlinking at the lights and the drop curtain like a harn owl at noon and wondering what the actors are doing to amuse themselves while they keep you waiting. The social visiting that once formed part of the theatre's charm, or the recognition of Tom, Dick, and Harry and Mrs. T., D., and H. in the audience is not missed hy those that never knew it. The distraction is continuous, and when you get enough you can leave in confidence that you are not missing much.

Not only does the legitimate stage fail to fill this after-dinner gap, fail to give entertainments without waits; hut it offends finally hy keeping the workers up too late. Actors are nocturnal, or were before they found employment as extras in the movie studios. They can sleep mornings, but those weary mortals that must keep office hours need a little more rest than the legitimate show house permits. Few people that really work, especially few brain workers that work by daylight, can stay up until midnight and then go to work next day without heing conscious of a fatigue that makes their labor drag like a hall and chain. And as they advance in life they are apt to decline the punishment, and the theatre to fall with them into the class of things no longer worth the trouble. And this is a pity, for when that occurs life has lost one of its most potent inspirations, that of worthy and stirring drama. As an individual loss, that were tragic enough; as a social loss, when and if the movies ever take the place of the legitimate, it would he worse than as though humanity forgot how to make gunpowder, or lost any one of a numher of arts we think indispensable.

But unless the legitimate is going to lose, and lose, and lose, it would appear necessary for it to show some realization of the needs of the majority of its patrons, instead of the minority that lives, moves, and has its heing in Vanity Fair. Beneficial changes in the time of presenting plays could undouhtedly he made, so that people could attend with less dead time, less tedium, greater convenience. We are not suggesting that curfew should he suppressed, as in the Oklahoma town, hecause it wakes folks up; hut we do helieve working people want entertainment earlier, so they can get their rest hefore sun-up, and they want it in the form of dramatic realities or "illusions" of reality that no pictures, still or moving, can give.

Persons desiring a chance to sit in solid silver chairs might invest in those of the Duke of Cumherland, whose household treasures, some of them hrought from the East during the Crusades and augmented through the years hetween, are ahout to he sold to pay plumhers' and repair men's hills; or so at least the story goes in a dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The present duke, Ernst August, is the son of the hlind King George of Hanover, whose small but satisfactory kingdom was the original hreeding ground of England's royal line heginning with George the First and including Queen Victoria. It happened in the middle ages that many German knights and kings and kinglets went on crusades for what there was in it, and old Henry the Lion did pretty well, returning with plenty of loot. From him the House of Hanover descended, and from him it inherited much wealth, including the Eastern plunder, the nucleus of a great collection of unique treasures. The present Duke of Cumherland owns a palace at Gmunden, in Austria, where many of these treasures are housed, part of them in a great room the furnishings of which are done in solid silver, by some of the greatest silversmiths in Europe. The duke's son married the Kaiser's daughter, hut that was not enough to make the duke like the kaiser, and it is said he made a sour face at the nuptials. However, when the war came he hacked the wrong horse, huying the war loans of the Central Empires for good gold money and getting hack mere paper. Now his castles need fixing up, and the workman can't live on the promises to pay of the German government or the former Austrian government, so the treasures must go to the hlock. The Austrians are greatly troubled over it, as they fear the jewels and furniture and knicknacks of priceless historic association may pass out of the country. One would not he surprised to meet them in the Metropolitan Museum of Art when some of the New York millionaires get through with them. Stranger things have happened, and war causes many a shift of property as well as of people. It is a hurricane, a great distrihutor of values—hut expensive.

The dance is endeavoring to break the strangle hold, the crazy clutch, the tangle foot and other intimacies descended from the bunny hug of the old Barbary Coast. At a convention of dancing masters in New York early this month it was decided that the strangle hold must give place to the wishbone grah, with four inches hetween what the countryman called the *particeps criminis*. This four inches of cold, unhridged atmosphere is to he maintained in this way, according to the chairman of the conclave: "We recommend a manner of holding a dancing partner wherehy the girl's hand rests lightly on the hand of her partner and her left elhow rests on his left elhow. Only his thumh and forefinger rest against her hack." A moment's reflection will convince any one that this is less simple than it sounds. Try to visualize it. Left elbow resting lightly on left elhow is a difficulty, unless hoth parties face the same way, in which case the parade will resemhle a lock step. Even so, it is not easy. And if they are to face the same way, and the young man is to press his thumh and forefinger against the young woman's hack, it will resemhle pushing her around the floor wheelharrow fashion. It seems to introduce a needless complexity into what should he simple and rhythmic. If the purpose is to prevent the strangling of the young woman, it seems as though that might he done in some other way; either hy her wearing a high metal collar armed with spikes, or hy having well-trained police stationed about with orders to shoot if necessary to save life. It has already been recommended that the young women wear girdles with iron fingers or fenders, five inches long or some such matter—a modification of the iron zones of the Milanese armourers, into which the knights of Lomhardy used to lock their wives when they went on holy crusade. Times change, hut humanity manages to preserve some general resemhlance to itself century after century.

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Ancient Egyptian Jewelry.

Even Egypt could not insure long life to works of art in the precious metals, says Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in the *North American Review*. Into the melting-pot of its conquerors, its tomb rohhers, or its needy citizens went sooner or later incalculahle treasures of gold and silver, electrum and hronze. Yet hosts of minor ones survive—statuettes, small articles of use, and jewelry often of the finest quality.

Jewelry, we say, hut the term is misleading, for we can not escape from its suggestions of that modern jewelry which, with its subordination of the metal work to a profusion of sparkling diamonds and of colored gems mistakenly cut in facets in the hope that they will sparkle too, seems almost as trivial and meretricious as Christmas tree gauds in comparison with the heautifully designed and chiseled, richly yet soherly colored, sumptuous yet dignified ornaments that Egyptian men and women wore. For these, goldsmith's work is a truer term than jewelry, all the more because the Egyptians had none of our gems, hut only what we call semi-precious stones and, moreover, did some of their most beautiful work in gold alone. Scarcely any museum can he without some small specimens, hut in Cairo is the largest store of great ones and, next to Cairo, New York.

Hybrid Odors.

A process, the invention of M. Daniel, professor of hotany at Rennes, hy which the perfume of flowers is greatly increased has been explained hefore the Académie des Sciences in Paris, says the *Scientific American*. By taking two plants of the same species and grafting one on the other—notahly a wormwood on a chrysanthemum—he found, not only that the grafted wormwood developed remarkably, hut its flowers gave forth a perfume much more powerful than that of the original plant. Moreover, the chrysanthemum had given to the wormwood flower something of its own perfume. The professor collected the seeds of the grafted wormwood and the following year obtained from them some fine plants. They had this peculiar feature—that while the flowers of some of the plants emitted a perfume similar to those of the original graft, others were ahsolutely without odor.

Traffic Troubles of Paris.

There are, says the *Scientific American*, 80,000 automohiles in the streets of Paris; 1000 cumhersome autohuses; 1200 street-cars; 400,000 hicycles, considered the worst pest of all; 19,000 motorcycles, and 30,000 horse-drawn vehicles. Every one who has heen in Paris knows that it is as much as one's life is worth to cross any of the principal thoroughfares. Traffic regulation is poor and the laws favor the drivers. There is practically no speed limit and the drivers are very reckless, caring nothing for pedestrians.

Dangerous Doctrine.

Speaking to the graduating class of a New York commercial college for girls, Woodhridge N. Ferris, United States senator from Michigan, advised girls not to marry until they are able to support their husbands. "You have all," declared Senator Ferris, "seen your mothers hegging for money from your fathers to buy anything that they want from a safety pin to a gown. If you would first learn to support yourself and your husband, you will never need to beg. You can just remind your husband that you can at any time go out and earn your own living, and he will get down on his knees to urge you to remain in the home."

When Miss Pauline Lord, of "Anna Christie" fame, is making up, says the London *Morning Post*, she does not simply smear her face with the stuff, hut employs a porcelain palette, on which are many dahs of brown, red, carmine, vermilion, and flesh-colored paint. The mixing of the various colors is done hy painting them with the tip of the finger on the cheek. It will take from half to three-quarters of an hour to ohtain the desired tint, and no artist could he more careful in choosing the exact shade.

In Belgium the trade-union restrictions on apprenticeship har women from the hair dressing and printing trades.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two Irishmen were excavating for a proosed huilding, when an interested spectator iquired: "How is it, Pat, although you and like started work together he has a higger ile of dirt than you?" "Sure," was the quick etort, "he's diggin' a higger hole."

Unconscious humor is a hrand all its own. n a Nevada town the other day a teacher sked, "What is an oyster?" Sixteen young iinds worked on the problem, hut Willie heat iem to it, announcing his definition triumphntly, "An oyster is a fish huilt like a nut."

Two dyspeptic persons were discussing the iet that had made them what they were. You ought to eat more eggs," said one. Eggs are the most nutritious food you can et. The egg is what becomes the chicken, id in addition it supplies the chicken's food o to the time it is hatched." "I dunno," ohrved the other sourly. "Did you ever see a esh-hatched chicken that looked strong and igged and capahle of a hard day's work?"

Senator Borah said at a hanquet in Washgton: "Let Europe disarm. Then we'll lk to her ahout debt remission, hut not here. Europe declares that she loves peace, minding us irresistihly of Mr. Boggs. As oggs cut a pound of lamh chops for a lady stomer she asked: 'What led you to choose ur present occupation?' Butcher Boggs ought a moment and then answered: 'I n't hardly say, ma'am, hut I was always fond animals.'"

The mayor of a small town in Ohio had six ut sons, with whom he loved to parade the irket place. They furnished him with the sis of a mathematical joke. "A fine family u have," strangers would often say. "Is s the whole of it?" "No," the mayor would ply. "I have two sisters at home for each d every one of them." "What!" the visitor uld exclaim, rapidly counting the sons. welve daughters!" "No, indeed! Just o!"

Lord Shaw of Dunfermline tells an amusing ry of an experience in the old days when Scottish hench in Edinhurgh were accusned to dine at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. n went on till late or early, according to cases hefore it. At 2 o'clock one afternn a client called on a distinguished lawyer. I was told hy the serving-maid that he was dinner. "At dinner at 2 o'clock in the ernoon!" exclaimed the visitor, incredusly. "Yes," replied the maid, "hut it's yesday's dinner he's eating the noo."

Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her hushd that she owned the silver, that she owned furniture, and so on, until poor Smith alst wished he had married a poor girl. The er night Mrs. Smith awoke to hear strange ses in the lower part of the house, and, orously pushing her hushand in the ribs, ed: "John, get up! There are burglars the bouse." "Eh?" inquired Mr. Smith, spily. "Burglars! Downstairs!" howled s. Smith. "Burglars?" said Smith, as he ned over; "well, I don't own anything."

Alexander Woolcott remembers the story of Herbert Tree's first appearance in "The rchant of Venice." At that time Max rhohm was dramatic critic of the *Saturday view*, and of course it was not the thing him to review his hrother's performance. oh accordingly was given to John Palmer, wrote a mildly derisive criticism entitled ylock as Mr. Tree." A characteristic hit Max Beerhohm humor was his retort to bert when the latter reproached him for rotherly neglect after the famous initial formance. "Ah, I was there," said Max, t you did not know me in your heard."

enator Henry Cahot Lodge has a pet story h he usually tells only to intimates: "One I was walking with President Roosev." he asserts. "Magazine writers had heen rihing me as 'reserved, undemocratic, and .' A new attack had just heen made on and it was unjust and untrue. As Mr. sevelt and I chatted ahout various things sked him why it was that reporters and r writers persisted in charging me with g frigid and aristocratic. 'I can tell you ,' Mr. Roosevelt quickly replied. 'Why?' ked. 'Because you are,' was the answer."

ne of the collection of legal yarns lately hy Charles Kingston in his "Famous ges and Famous Trials" is of the late Lord erstone, who at the time he was attorneyral sang in the choir of Kensington Parish rch. One Sunday morning an American entered Kensington Parish church, hent seeing the then attorney-general in the r. As a preliminary she drew the verger e and whisperingly asked him to point out great man, hut the church official was unessed. "You see, ma'am," he said, "there's me and the vicar, and as for the choir, well, as long as they hehave themselves we make no inquiries as to their antecedents."

An old clergyman sent his son to Oxford. The hoy was not hrilliant, and college did not improve him; hut he cultivated what he helieved was the correct Oxford drawl, and when he came down for the summer vacation his father was eager to hear him preach. The son was prepared to show him how to do it. In the morning, after sundry posturings, he announced his text: "He that hath yahs to yah, let him yah." In the afternoon his text was, "Now Bawahhas was a wohhah." At night the old man came on, and took his text: "Lord have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic and sore tormented."

William Henry Bishop has a story which he inherited from James Whitcomh Riley and which is entitled "The Repentant Lyncher." A lynching party had completed its work and was on the way home. The leader seemed lost in an uncommonly reflective, even gloomy, mood. The others inquired into this. "Well, hoys," he replied, "I helieve we've made a mistake." "Mistake? What do ye mean? Wasn't he the right one? Didn't he do it?" "Yes, sir," went on the captain, practically disregarding the questions. "We was wrong, the thing went off in a hig hurry, and we can't always tell at the time just what is best to he done. But the way I feel ahout it now is that a mistake has heen made. We hadn't ought to have hung that man; he was an extra had one. We'd ought to have hurned him alive."

Lights Float on Mercury.

There is said to he an increasing demand for quicksilver in the manufacture of electric appliances. An interesting and increasing use in Scotland is the floating of the lights of lighthouses upon a hody of quicksilver. The metal is not consumed, of course, and the loss in use is insignificant.

It appears that the commissioners of northern lighthouses in Edinhurgh have in their charge ninety lighthouses on the coast of Scotland. Up to a few years ago the revolving lights were horne on rollers. The "float" system has heen gradually introduced, however, and is now in operation at thirty coast stations and will he used at all others. The lighting machinery rests on a pontoon which runs on quicksilver in a groove. The quantity of mercury required for this purpose in a lighthouse is from seven to eight flasks of seventy-five pounds each.

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Will he tell me that my trouble when I foozle all my drives
When I merely pat the ball instead of hit it,
Is because I really hanker for a harem full of wives,
And I haven't had the courage to admit it?
Or shall I have to murmur (à la Coué) as I shave,
"Every day my drive gets straighter, aye, and stronger;
And it's simply inconceivable my putting should behave
In the ghastly way it has done any longer"?

Or will it just be bromide and good counsel once again
That leaves us as our wise physician's debtor—
"Don't overwork, don't oversmoke, and get to bed at ten,
And I think we'll find our game is getting better"?

I do not know; but benceforth when my golf's a thing of sbame,
And my spirits on the verge of zero border,
I shall not assure all comers I am vilely off my game—
I shall merely say my nerves are out of order.
—*Lucio in the Manchester Gaurdian.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Ames, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott, to Mr. Gordon Johnson, son of Mrs. Frank S. Johnson.

The marriage of Dr. George H. Evans to Miss Edith Amy Greenwell of Honolulu took place in San Francisco on Thursday, July 5th.

The marriage of Miss Catherine Lavinia Carter, daughter of Mrs. Armistead Carter, to Mr. Edmond Pierre Bergerot, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. A. Bergerot, took place on Monday, July 2d.

The marriage of Miss Emily Fordyce Dodge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Dodge, to Mr. William Francis Cochrane Ewing took place in June at Mount Kisco, New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman and their daughter, Miss Lisa Stillman, held a reception last week at their home on Broadway in honor of Dr. Henry Noble McCracken of Vassar College.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth gave a dinner last week at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue on Monday of last week for their niece, Miss Olive Watt, of Longford.

Dr. and Mrs. William Fitch Cheney gave a dinner last week for their son, Dr. Garnett Cheney.

Mrs. Henry Howard gave a luncheon last week for Miss Edith von Rhein, who is leaving for Europe tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a luncheon on the Fourth of July at their home in Burlingame.

A large dinner-dance was given on Tuesday of last week at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Captain Middleton S. Elliott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Elliott gave a dinner-dance recently at the Country Club on Mare Island for their débutante daughters, Miss Caryl and Miss Alice Elliott.

Mrs. William Palmer Fuller, Jr., was hostess last week at a luncheon given at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a large dinner on Saturday at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker were hosts at a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Philip Foster Brown gave a luncheon on Friday last at the Marin Golf and Country Club in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Philip Foster Brown, and her aunt, Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler.

Major H. A. Kluegel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kluegel gave a dinner last week at the Fairmont in honor of Dr. Henry Noble McCracken of Vassar College.

There was a golf tournament, followed by a dinner-dance, at the Mt. Diablo Country Club on the Fourth of July.

Major Alexander M. Milton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Milton of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, are visiting Mrs. Milton's mother, Mrs. McKenna, and will shortly go to Lake Tahoe to join Mrs. William Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a large dance at their home in Burlingame on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Laveaga Cehrian gave a bridge party last Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Cehrian's mother, Mrs. Algernon Croft.

Miss Virginia Loop was hostess at an open-air luncheon on July 4th at her country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott gave a large luncheon at their home in Burlingame on July 4th.

Senator James Reed and Mrs. Reed were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Frank Harrison Ainsworth.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh was hostess at a luncheon last Friday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Walter Smith and her daughter, Mrs. Austin Sperry, gave a bridge party on Tuesday afternoon honor of Mrs. Dickenson Hall.

Mrs. George Ehright entertained at a recent luncheon at the Menlo Country Club.

Miss Frances Ames, whose engagement has been announced, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Miss Lawton Filer on Saturday last at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred Dubois gave a luncheon in San Rafael last Friday in honor of Mrs. Harriet Wilkins.

A number of dinners preceded the dance given at the Menlo Country Club on Saturday night, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, and Mrs. J. D. Grant.

Countess Lewenhaupt entertained a few friends at luncheon at her home in Palo Alto.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh entertained at a luncheon and matinée party on Saturday last in honor of Miss Virginia Murphy daughter of Colonel John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy, of Fort Leavenworth.

Mrs. William Stirling Porter entertained at an outdoor luncheon on Sunday last at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy Mrs. Edmunds Lyman at the Burlingame Country Club on Sunday last.

Mrs. George N. Armshy and her daughter, Miss Leonora Armshy, of New York, arrived in California last week, and are at the Armshy home in Burlingame.

The Late Eldridge Green.

The death of Eldridge Green, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, has shocked and grieved a wide circle. By his inheritances and connections Mr. Green was associated with the founders of San Francisco and California, and in his individual character he sustained in full measure the traditions of the early Californian stock. A man of fine character, of sound ahility, and of notable social charm, Mr. Green had won a definite place among the younger group in the organized life of San Francisco. He commanded, as he deserved, universal respect and he was very dear to those who knew him well.

At the St. Francis.

In spite of the fact that this is vacation time and most of the society folk are out of town, quite a number gathered in the Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis for luncheon on Monday.

An attractive group of débutantes lunching together included Miss Frances Ames, whose engagement to Mr. Gordon Johnson has been recently announced, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Josephine Drown, and Miss Leonora Armsby.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling was lunching with her two nephews, the Messrs. Doubleday of New York, and Mrs. Thomas Eastland.

Another group included Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

With Mrs. William Mayo Newhall were Mrs. Robert Miller and Miss Ellita Adams.

Hiding One-Ton Horses

Even in the Belgian cities you are always aware of the horse, as in Holland and Denmark you are eternally confronted by sleek black and white dairy cows, says J. K. Mumford in the New York *Herald*. He is a bulky but shapely giant of a horse, usually bay or a bright roan, trim of ear and lordly of crest, deep-chested, slope-shouldered, short-barreled, broad-flanked, and compact of mighty muscles. You saw them before the war not only drawing unbelievable loads of steel and other heavy commodities, but going in fascinating procession through the city streets, shining like satin, with tails snugly knotted, on the way from one fair to another. A shipment of horses moving through the city thoroughfares would draw a crowd quicker than a state procession with the king at its head, for horse raising is a national sport, a hohhy, an endemic malady. The Belgian raises horses with the same care and devotion that he applies to endive, cabbage, or the manufacture of steel.

Belgium, as all the world had known, was a fine place for looting in general, hut the German, with racial efficiency, had listed the things he wanted most and quickest. And first of these was the wonderful stock of draft horses which for hundreds of years had made Belgium famous. Tapestries, paintings, statuary, rare books—all the things that go to beautify and enrich a country on its finer side—Belgium was opulent in these, and junker Germany had a discriminating eye. But the Germany that was amassing millions in industry, and when the great blunder happened was rapidly conquering the commerce of the world, had its rapacious eye on tbe Belgian draft horse.

The first thing the German brother did was to go after Reve d'Or. Cable dispatches at the time told how they didn't get him. The owner of the champion had left a caretaker in charge of the estate and the horses. The foreman, who had tended the champion since the day he was foaled, faced the squad of Teuton cavalry that had come to take his charge away. When the gray-coated horsemen trailed away from the estate they left both Reve d'Or and his keeper dead in the paddock. It was a great day for *kultur*.

I have read about "underground railroads" in America and secret organizations the world over, but none of them ever had a more perfect system, none was ever more audacious or hung up a more tenuous thread of stealth and sagacity than the horse promenade with which for four and a half years the Belgians bamboozled the German horse experts and the military masters of their homeland.

When an inspection of horses was due in any town the same mysterious agency that put *Libre Belgique* on German breakfast tables foretold it to the horse-owners of the district. The plan to hide the horses was organized in the space of two days, but it worked without a flaw for years. Advised beforehand on what day the inspectors were to take the first census in a certain town, the Belgian farmers took the best of their horses and under cover of night moved them on to another village, trailing across fields and in the shadow of hedgerows to avoid the eyes of the omnipresent German patrol. If three horses were left in a village it was as good as certain that a dozen had been taken away. The system worked like a charm, but how in the world it did so passes imagination. Probably a ton stallion of the Belgian breed is about as conspicuous an object as a man can have concealed about his person. Certainly he has a Klaxon horn faded when it comes to advertising his presence, but it's none the less true that down to the latter part of the war a bunch of farmers kept that army of big draft horses on the move in that tiny country, where German soldiery were thick as flies, and the Germans never suspected it.

It was the biggest joke of the war, but it was a joke that meant everything to Belgiu not alone in the preservation of a great n tional industry, but the possession of a hu supply of the best horsepower in the wor was an immense factor in the work of t country's reconstruction. And Belgium laug about it yet and always will.

The Peopling of Asia.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, the distinguished Ame can ethnologist, contributes to the "Proce ings of the American Philosophical Societ an important paper on the peopling of As which "constitutes one of the great proble of anthoropogy." He concludes that the crac of humanity was essentially Southweste Asia, with, later, the Mediterranean bas Western Asia, and Africa, says the *Scienti American*. It is primarily from Europe a secondarily from these regions that the ear was peopled, and this peopling was compar tively recent. Early man was unable to peo the globe owing to his insufficient effecti ness, and until the end of glacial times a his old stone culture he bad evidently all could do to preserve mere existence. Only advance in culture could enable him to cont his environment and secure a steady surpl of births over deaths. The cause of ma peopling of the world was not a mere wish do so, but the necessity arising from growi numbers and correspondingly decreasing s ply of food. It was this which eventually l to agriculture. This spreading over the glo was conditioned by three great laws—mo ment in the direction of least resistanc movement in the direction of the great prospects; movement due to a force from hind, or compulsion.

Low necks, short sleeves, short skirts a high heels in feminine apparel have increas woman as an insurance risk and several Sw insurance companies, which insure agai sickness, have announced that their premiu are now raised 15 per cent. for women cause of their curtailed garb.

Bernard Shaw is writing a new play the subject of Joan of Arc.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Norris King Davis and her daughters, Miss Margery and Miss Nancy Davis, have returned to California and are spending the summer at their country home in Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Horace W. Morgan and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan, are leaving for Santa Barbara and will spend several weeks at the Arlington.

Mrs. Chouteau Johnson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Joseph G. Moody, at Carmel, has gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Washington Dodge, accompanied by her son, has arrived in California, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin have returned from New York and are at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Olive Watt of Longford has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Fredricks, in Palo Alto, and her aunt, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, in San Francisco.

Mrs. William S. Tubbs and her daughter, Miss Emelie Tubbs, are in Pasadena.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Murphy, of Burlingame, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall at their home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Algernon Crofton has gone to Canada, where she will spend several months with her father, Mr. James Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Palmer have gone to Castle Crag, and will go on to Feather River Inn.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton arrived from New York on Tuesday of last week, and joined Mr. Dutton at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Charles G. Norris of Saratoga spent a short time in San Francisco last week.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Starr King, U. S. N., left for Washington, D. C., last week, where he will be joined by Mrs. King.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, and their son, Mr. George A. Pope, Jr., are leaving for their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Dr. Garnett Cheney, son of Dr. William Fitch Cheney and Mrs. Cheney, who has recently graduated from the Harvard Medical School, will soon leave for London, where he will continue his studies at the Westminster Hospital.

Mr. John Breeden, who has been attending the Sorbonne in Paris, is spending the summer in California with his mother, Mrs. Frederick McNear, and has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Leila Butler Stoddard, near Hollister.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse have gone to Pebble Beach for the summer.

Mrs. Macondray Moore, after spending a few weeks in Los Gatos, has gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray and her daughter, Miss Inez Macondray, are established for the summer in Mrs. Macondary Moore's apartment on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horseley Scott with Mrs. Scott's daughter, Miss Frances Ames, and her son, Mr. Preston Ames, are spending the summer with Mr. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz of San Mateo have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Thomas Williams, who has gone to Klamath Falls with her daughter, Miss Beatrice Williams, and her son Mr. Thomas Williams has given up her house on Clay Street and will be established on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Palmer Fuller, Jr., are leaving for Catalina, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Bernard Waterlow Ford of San Mateo is visiting Mrs. Leigh Sypher in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have returned from the East and are at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster is visiting Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster at her country home in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Ropp are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard Webb in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Harry Howell Smith of Richmond is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sirmyer, and Colonel Edgar S. Sirmyer at the Presidio.

Mrs. Albert J. Houston and her sister, Mrs. Craig of Michigan, are in Yosemite Valley and on their return will go to Mrs. Houston's country home at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Charles Felton, accompanied by her little daughter, has gone East, where she will spend the summer.

Major H. A. Kluegel, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kluegel have returned from Sacramento and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bliss of London, who are related to Mr. Charles K. Field, are making a short stay in San Francisco and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst of New York, accompanied by Mrs. William Young, is at the Hacienda near Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings passed the week-end last week as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade with their children are spending the summer in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have returned from a short stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank Pixley has left for Victoria and eastern Canada, and from there will sail for Europe and the Orient, where she will travel for the next year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing are occupying the summer home in Inverness of Mrs. Cushing's mother, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, and will remain there all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Ratbbone and Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall at their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin at their home on Lake Taboe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Schmiedell, after spending two months at Ross, have gone to Lake Tahoe, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Doris Schmiedell, and Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding with their sons are at Lake Taboe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Schmiedell, Jr., have returned to their home in Portland.

Mrs. Muriel Edwards and her son, Mr. Emmet Wemple Edwards, have returned from the East and are at their ranch near Santa Barbara. They will be joined later by Lieutenant Sheffield Edwards, who has recently graduated from West Point, and who is at present at one of the Eastern universities for some special work in journalism.

Captain Tottenham of the British Embassy, who is traveling in California, was a recent house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr at their ranch near Mission San Jose.

Commander James Parker, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker, who have been stationed in Annapolis, Maryland, arrived on the navy transport *Argonne* last week and sailed for the Philippines on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton of San Mateo are spending the month of July in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Laveaga Cebrian spent the Fourth of July holidays at Del Monte.

Mrs. Gerald Griffin left for the East last week, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. James Lord Hayden, at West Point.

Mrs. Charles Page of Montclair, New Jersey, and formerly of San Francisco, is spending the summer with her four sons at Bolinas.

Mrs. George Neal has gone to Annapolis, where she will join her husband, Commander Neal, U. S. N.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan spent the Fourth of July holidays in Yosemite Valley and Wawona.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chilion Heward, in Montreal, Canada, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alston Hayne, after traveling in the East and South, have returned to California and are at their country place near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet with their daughters are spending a month at Hotel Rafael.

Miss Sallie Maynard, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry Howard Webb in Santa Barbara, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gayle Anderton of San Mateo are spending the summer on the San Ysidro ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton with their children have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend a month.

Mrs. F. S. Loop and her daughter, Miss Virginia Loop, have gone to Woodside, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers of St. Helena bave been spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Major W. R. Schmidt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Schmidt are visiting Colonel L. E. Goodier, U. S. A., and Mrs. Goodier at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Francesca Deering, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering, has been visiting Miss Mary Bernice Moore at her home near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonney of Ellensburg and formerly of San Francisco, have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Magee of Piedmont are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Black on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, accompanied by her small daughter, left last week for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Spens Black are spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Barbara Parrott and her brotber, Mr. Stephen Parrott, who have been living in Paris for several years, bave arrived in California and will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Mrs. W. H. Chickering of Piedmont is spending July and August in Carmel.

Mrs. William Sesnon and Miss Barbara Sesnon are passing the summer at their country place near Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger have been spending a week at Del Monte.

Mr. Evan S. Pillsbury has joined his mother in Santa Barbara for a short visit.

Mrs. Campbell Shorb and Miss Betty Zane spent the week-end with Countess Lewenhaupt in Palo Alto.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Sayre Mace have returned from a motor trip through the Sierras.

Miss Frances and Miss Marion Mace are visiting their cousin, Miss Elizabeth Pattiani, in Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor of Piedmont are in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Irving Williams and Mr. and Mrs. James Knight Prior have returned from a motor trip to Lake County.

General Charles G. Morton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Morton have returned to their quarters at Fort Mason, after a motor trip through Nevada, Utah, and Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Artbur Dunne are being congratulted on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dilman Inskeep are being congratulted on the birth of a son.

The opal's reputation as a hoodoo is less than a century old, and is said by P. J. Coffey, president of the National Jewelers' Association, to have originated in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Anne of Geierstein," published in 1829. Before that romance the opal had been generally regarded as a mascot.

CURRENT VERSE.

Treasure Trove.

Ivory and ebony and sandalwood and cedar,
Trophy of the Orient, treasure of the trees,
Peacocks of a thousand eyes, apes grotesquely gamboling,
All in a galley on the hot blue seas.

Emeralds in caskets, and milky pearls a-shimmering,
Silken stuffs in rich array, weapons gold inlaid,
Spices of mystic breath, perfume with a strange allure,
Gold-hilted scimitar with keen cold blade.

Vessels from the banquet halls of a monarch's palaces,
Cups that held the poisoned wine that dimmed a king's eye,
Goblets that have played a part in warrior's carousal nights,
Jeweled all, winking to the blank bleached sky.

Eastern robes voluptuous, shimmering and sumptuous,
Fans that stirred a Pharaoh's hair, green and gold and blue,
Precious stuffs in tumbled bales, careless flung, and billowing,
Tropic birds' feathers of a rich rare hue.

Steadily the flying oars gleam and dip and gleam again,
Darkly shine the Moorish backs, bend and pull and strain.
All aloof the cargo lies, bought by blood, and price of death.
Swift speeds the galley, back to old proud Spain.

—Dorothy Cook in the Bookman.

Clair de Lune.

The moon's a gold coin in the silver sky.
Umbrella pines are mourners in this light,
Oblivious to the peacocks' craven cry
A gilded Venus smiles upon the night.

Between thin tree trunks shows a candle glare.
The dreaming iris shiver on their stalks.
Vague violins sigh waltzes through the air
And moldy pomp of geometric walks.

Harlequin's lips and Columbine's are one.
Crushed to the hedge Pierrot, cat-footed, goes,
Fingers on knife: aims it in decent fun . . .
And pitter patters oit upon his toes.

—Mary Cass Canfield in Vanity Fair.

Little Things.

Little things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair;

Little things that fight and fail
And fall on earth and sea and air;

All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer.

As we forgive those donc to us,
The lamb, the linnet, and the hare,

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

—James Stephens in the Nation and the Athenæum.

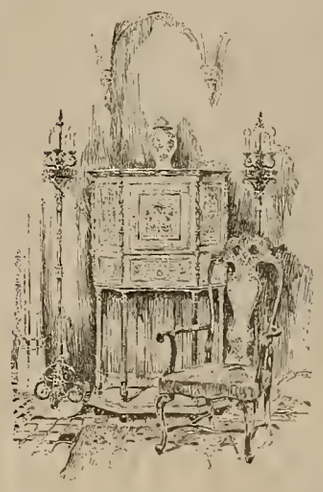
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Her—Don't you think Gorma Nish is just thrilling in "Wild Oats"? *Him*—Yeh. That's her best cereal.—*Bostan Beanpot.*

"How are you getting on at school, Alec?" "Fine. We're learning words of four cylinders now."—*London Possing Show.*

First Bookie—Hello, Charles! Had any winners lately? *Second Bookie*—Winners! I don't believe there are any.—*Punch.*

"What did you get for your birthday, little girl?" "Nothin'—never got anything since the first one, an' then I only got horn."—*Life.*

"I invited two women to the dance last night." "How did you get away with it?" "Neither of them accepted."—*Brown Jug.*

Professar—Clergymen and soldiers appeal most strongly to women. *Freshman*—Would that I were an army chaplain.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"Why does the daughter of the house sing in the dining-room?" "It's the only way to get the guests to leave the table."—*Munich Simplicissimus.*

Peggy—Reggie Chutters is one of the best men in the world. *Willie*—How do you make that out? *Peggy*—He's stood up at seventy-six weddings.—*Judge.*

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, yer honor." "What was it?" "She said she wanted to kill herself."—*Chicogo Record.*

Teocher—How is the earth divided? *Johnny*—One-fourth land and three-fourths water, except the Missouri River, which is half and half.—*New York Sun.*

"Waiter, are you hard of hearing?" "No, sir. Why, sir?" "The possibility occurred to me that when I asked for liver you thought I said leather."—*London Mail.*

Mrs. Hashley—I hought this duck from the man who shot it. *Boarder (finding it a little taugh)*—Are you sure he didn't make a mistake and give you the decoy?—*London Possing Show.*

Lady—Justine, didn't you tell the dressmaker that I wasn't home? *Lady's Moid*—I had her told, madame, that neither of us was home, as I owe her a little hill myself.—*Poris Sons-Gône.*

Parsan Parridge—De Bible says, "A man dat is diligent in business shall stand befo' kings." *Deacon Doughnuts*—Wa-al, dat's all right—pervided he's got aces.—*Philodelphia Public Ledger.*

House Agent—Moreover, sir, this house is considered to have the most perfect loggia in the country. *Profiteer*—Well, if we take the place 'e'll 'ave to go. We've done with lodgers.—*Punch.*

Mr. Wye—I don't know where women acquired their extravagance in dress—Eve wasn't like that, you know. *Mrs. Wye*—Of course not—there was only one man in the world and she had him.—*Life.*

Girl (to shy lover)—You've hardly spoken a word all evening, Sandy, and yet you write me such heautifully long letters. *Sondy*—Aye! A'm just thinking what A'm going to put in ma next.—*London Humarist.*

Minister—My poor woman, you must he full of regret for the awful crime you committed. *Condemned Murderess*—Yes; I should have done it twenty years ago, when I was young and beautiful.—*New York Herald.*

Hubbs—Named the hahy yet? *Stubbs*—Partly. *Hubbs*—Why not completely? *Stubbs*—My wife is sticking out for "Alfred," while I strongly favor "Alhert," so we've compromised on calling him "Al" for the time heing.—*Judge.*

Mrs. Jacksan—Speakin' oh your hushan', Mrs. Wimple, did he evah convey to you dat he done propose to me hefo' he married you? *Mrs. Wimple*—'Deed he didn't! He was so ashamed oh some oh de fings he did dat I nevah insisted upon a confession.—*Washingtan Stor.*

Composer—I hope you like my new opera? *Critic*—Oh, it's good enough in its way, and I dare say it will he performed after the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Meyerbeer are forgotten. *Composer (delightedly)*—Really? *Critic*—Yes; hut—not till then.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mr. Courtney (flatteringly)—I had the hlues awfully when I came here tonight, Miss Fisher, hut they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine. *Miss Fisher's Little Brather*—Yes; father says she'll he a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon.—*Tit-Bits.*

First Lady—So glad I've met you here. I hope you'll forgive the short notice and lunch with me tomorrow. *Second Lady (equal to the occasian)*—Thanks; I'm lunching with Lady Essex. *First Lady*—Really! Well, if you can go early she might hring you on when she comes to me.—*Punch.*

Owner of Property (sternly)—Don't you see that notice, "Trespassers will he prosecuted"? *Tramp (calmly)*—No, I don't see it, for I can't read. *Owner of Property*—Well, you know what it is now, so go. *Tramp*—Hexcuse me, mister, but I don't know what it is. I've only got yer bare word for it, and you're a puffect stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may he, "New milk sold 'ere," or "Apples tuppence a pound," or "Welkim, weary wanderer."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Do Nations Desire a Court?

Unfortunately the common assumption which underlies some of the advocacy for the World Court, that the nations seriously desire an international court for the settlement of their disputes, is not altogether well founded, says Profesosr Edwin M. Borchard in the *North American Review*. Nations desire an international trihunal and have had no difficulty in estahlishing one *ad hac* when the occasion arises, when the dispute is unimportant or would not justify the expense of war, or when political considerations dictate suhmission to arhitration rather than recourse to war—in short, when they feel that they have more to gain hy arbitration or other form of peaceful settlement, such as mediation, than hy war. The hundreds of arhitrations that have heen held illustrate this fact. But when the issue is such that peaceful adjustment seems inappropriate or inadvisahle, the helligerent method is chosen; not because there is no machinery for peace, hut hecause there is no will for peace. When President Wilson, in 1914, launched the Vera Cruz expedition, he had just heen concluding some thirty so-called Bryan treaties providing for the suhmission to a court of inquiry of the disputed facts of an incident likely to cause a conflict. The alleged insult to the American flag by two Mexican suhordinates in Tampico was eminently suitahle to this method of adjustment. Yet President Wilson, irritated at the obstinate refusal of President Huerta to ahdicate his office and ohlivious to his own declared principle of a peaceful settlement of disputes, found in the incident that overt act which was deemed to justify the making of war on Mexico, and the sacrifice of the lives of numerous Mexicans and Americans at Vera Cruz.

Presidential Style.

Writing of "The Presidential Style" in the July *Harper's Magazine*, Frederick L. Allen says: "There is one thing that I wish the excavators would find out for us ahout our friend King Tutankhamen (aside from the little question of how the hoys who played around with him pronounced his name). I should like to know what sort of letter he used to write to the Federated Nile Dredgers of Theles or the National Pyramid Study Institute, declining their very kind invitation to attend their annual banquet and get-together and to say a few words on Egyptian foreign policy. It would be instructive to learn whether the sort of literary style which is employed on similar occasions hy our American Presidents, Cahinet officers, governors, mayors and other lords temporal is an inherited perquisite of authority, or whether it is a new native growth. You know the sort of style I mean. Occupants of the White House seem in general to he more completely addicted to it than anyhody else. The puhlic corespondence of the President of the United States is always of a peculiarly sonorous and pontifical quality, suitahle for large-chested declamation to an accompaniment of hrass instruments and kettledrums. His letters and messages are the modern equivalent of the epic; very few Americans would appreciate an allusion to the surge and thunder of the Odyssey, hut everyhody would understand a reference to the surge and thunder of a presidential letter endorsing the annual memher-ship campaign of the Tallahassee Boy Scouts."

What Belgium Remembers

I had forgotten the deportations, says Wickham Steed, former editor of the London *Times*, in the *North American Review*. At the mention of them, a vision arose in my mind of tens of thousands of Belgians, driven into open cattle trucks hy night and day, kept there in sleet and hail without food, and carried off into German slavery. Then I understood the Belgian feeling.

Lest I should again forget, I took some pains to look up the records. No fewer than 160,000 Belgians were carried away to forced lahor in Germany. Many died; and 33,000 returned with their health permanently undermined. One hundred and sixty thousand in a population of some 8,000,000 gives 2 per cent. of active centres of resentment, without reckoning the vicarious resentment of relatives and friends. Add 23,700 Belgians shot hy the Germans or dead in German gaols, and 78,000 whose houses were destroyed. Alongside these totals, the 40,000 who were killed in war or died of wounds and the 36,000 wounded seem of secondary importance. What is more natural than that the survivors of the deportees and their families should feel little compassion for the Germans of the Ruhr, or should think and say that Germany is getting only a fraction of what she deserves?

Piccadilly Will Be Lonely

The plans to remodel Piccadilly Circus include the removal of the famous fountain in the centre, with the figure of Eros, the god of love, surmounting it, and this has aroused much opposition, says a London dispatch to the New York *Herald*. Piccadilly Circus without the god of love would never he the same, it is argued.

This statue is one of the finest in London. It frequently attracts the attention of night revelers and hands of "ragging" students, who often place a grotesque hat on the head of Eros to annoy the policemen. For more than a week after the armistice celehration Eros wore a sailor's cap. Finally workmen were able to remove it.

While the fountain with the statue surmounting it does interfere with the buge traffic which makes this point perhaps the most congested in London, it is a landmark. Besides it lends a picturesque effect to the circus, because the steps leading up to the fountain, as all American tourists know, are used hy flower sellers.

There is hardly a day in the year when the flower venders are not there, and they remain there far into the night, much to the comfort of the night owls who are willing to pay a fancy price for a bunch of violets or a houquet of roses with which they hope to appease any wrath at home.

In the last two years Piccadilly Circus has taken on the aspect of New York's great white way, as illuminated signs are plastered on the huildings which flank at least one side of it. It is the very huh of the theatrical district, hut it is also one of the most perilous points for pedestrians.

King Alfonso is writing a book on travel and sport.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Chicago's Delinquencies.

Because of the geographical position of Chicago, that city has long been the convention centre of the country. Probably it always will be. Chicago is only one night's ride from the homes of 80,000,000 people. It takes less time for the members of a convention to get to Chicago than to any other place, so it takes less money. But Chicago as a convention city has not treated the country fairly. It has not provided a hall suitable for large gatherings. Its old "Wigwam" is a compromise between a railroad station and a hay barn, crude and inadequate in its equipment, difficult to speak in and all but impossible otherwise. It is not easily accessible from the hotel district, and it becomes less so under a system which permits every second cab-man to practice petty thievery. Further, Chicago is discredited by the practice of her hotel-keepers, who invariably put up their prices anywhere from double to five times the normal charges. Chicago needs a lesson in honest dealing with conventions, and the only way to give it to her in an impressive manner is for the great conventions to avoid that city until she shall find ways and means for housing conventions and for treating those who attend them honestly and courteously. Apologists for Chicago are forever promising a suitable auditorium, but when it comes to the matter of regulating hotel and other charges they throw up their hands, declaring the problem impossible of solution. If this be so, then the civilization of Chicago must be on a basis lower than that of some other cities—notably San Francisco. Three years ago—in 1920—a Democratic National Convention was held in San Francisco. Hotel rates were not advanced, cab rates were held to normal, other charges were similarly controlled in the spirit of honesty and hospitality. That San Francisco did this is proof that the thing can be done, and if it can not be done at Chicago the fact is a sad commentary upon the moral status and the spirit of that city.

Yohnson of Minnesota.

Minnesota's new senator, Magnus Johnson, is a Swedish farmer so little assimilated to American conditions and ways that he speaks the English language with difficulty. Himself without education, he holds education in contempt. He is of the type represented in the story of a Minnesota square-head who when asked for the loan of a monkey-wrench replied, "I not bane got monk ranch, but my brod he bane got sheep ranch."

In the campaign just ended Mr. Johnson explained to those who came to hear him that he regarded his best qualification for representing the people of Minnesota in the Senate of the United States to be the fact that he was under no handicap of learning likely to bias his mind and so corrupt his natural judgment. He didn't have any definite political creed, further than to declare himself a champion of the farmer and the laborer and a devoted follower of Senator La Follette. His intention, he said, was to swallow La Follette's ideas and leadership without chewing.

In his campaign Mr. Johnson dressed for the part—blue denim overalls, home-made straw hat, usually coatless. Like the Honorable Andy Gump, he wore no man's collar, not even his own. And this fine gentleman has been chosen a senator of the United States by the people of Minnesota, or rather by the element that gave itself pains to go to the polls and vote.

Mr. Johnson's programme as defined, following the election on Monday, recalls a famous instance in the judicial record of our neighboring state of Oregon. "I will," said Justice Works, after argument had been made in his court, "take this case under advisement until next Thursday, when I shall render judgment in favor of the defendant." In this spirit Mr. Johnson declared that he was against the World Court, and the League of Nations, and against any foreign entanglements—"yet I do not want to go on record." Asked as to his views with reference to recognition of Soviet Russia, he said: "I am for recognition right away, but I don't want to go off half-cocked." To a query about prohibition, he replied: "Leave that be; we will have to see what to do about that." On one issue only was Mr. Johnson definite: "I am going to work for a soldiers' bonus, and for the expense to be paid from excess profits; but it may be that we will have to put part of it on taxes."

All of which makes it clear that Minnesota will send to the Senate in the place of the late Knute Nelson a boor and an ignoramus, minus knowledge, minus principles, minus any conception of statesmanship, excepting as such may be involved in blind devotion to the courses and the fortunes of Senator La Follette. In the Senate Mr. Johnson will fall naturally into affiliation with the group chronically antagonistic to the President, committed to opposition to any and everything he may propose. It hardly needs saying that the election of this crudely ignorant man to the Senate represents low-water mark in our American politics. It has been brought about by the system that has taken from our political life opportunity of intelligent and discriminating choice of official agents. Only under the direct primary would the election of such a man to the Senate be possible.

The political combination by which Mr. Johnson's election was brought about is one that in the nature of things can be only temporary. Avowedly it is founded upon class considerations, and the interests represented in the alliance of farmers and labor unionists are necessarily antagonistic. There can be no permanent co-operative association between groups where the demands of the one must impinge upon the interest of the other. It will not be long before the combination will break up. But for the moment it has sufficed to select a man conspicuously unfit, and who can not fail to be a discredit to his state and to the nation.

The case is pitiful, and even shameful, but a country that has endured and survived the late Senator Peffer, the late Sockless Simpson, and other and similar cranks and freaks may be trusted to live down this new trial. None the less there is in this case that which in the phrase of Washington makes the judicious grieve.

The Problem of Europe.

Events of the week as they relate to the affairs of Europe wear the look of importance, but we fail to see that they have altered the situation in its essential character. In careful language Premier Baldwin informs Parliament—only another way of telling the world what it has known all along—that the British government looks with disfavor upon the French occupation of the Ruhr Valley, and that it sees in that enterprise a menace to the welfare and peace of Europe. The British government, avowedly sympathetic with the industrial distress of Germany and wishing for the restoration of that country, wants a revision of the reparation demands of France and Belgium. But the premier's statement does not provide, or even suggest, any definite security for France and Belgium in the desired event of their withdrawal from the Ruhr, nor is there any indication of what the course of British policy will be should France and Belgium hold stubbornly to the Ruhr.

Premier Poincaré of France indirectly answers Premier Baldwin's statement of British views, and with equal definiteness presents the views of France and Belgium. M. Poincaré sees one way, and one way only, to terminate the present situation, and that is payment, or security for payment, on the part of Germany of the reparations provided for in the Versailles treaty. In the language of our school days, he holds a stiff upper lip. While he does not say it directly, he implies that France and Belgium will get out of the Ruhr when Germany pays her reparations bill—but not until then.

Important as these declarations appear, they do not make any vital change in the situation, unless it be to make more tense conditions that on several accounts have become intolerable. For while France and Belgium hold the Ruhr Valley there can be no return to normality and prosperity on the part of Germany; and with German industry dislocated and practically prostrate, there can be no revival of normality and prosperity in Europe. There you have the situation just as it has been these many weeks past, only intensified and more critical as related to the peace status.

It seems necessary, if we would comprehend the situation in its full significance, to review fundamentals. British policy holds fast, and must hold fast, to two main motives. They are (1) the necessity for foreign markets; (2) the necessity for protecting India. To these motives all else in British policy is subordinate and incidental. England has today a vast body of unemployment, variously estimated at from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 men. She can not employ these men because there is no market for what they produce. She can not feed herself from her own soil, nor can she supply her factories with raw material. She is dependent upon importation, and to find means for the purchase of food and materials of manufacture she must have access to foreign markets. The policy of all responsible ministries, no matter of what political color, must be the same. British policy—no matter who

or what party may be in office—must look to the establishment and maintenance of conditions promotive of foreign trade. Britain must have markets in which she can sell the products of her factories, else her people perish. The getting of markets—this is the law of her life. The second of the British necessities is protection of the empire, and the empire means India. All this points directly to Germany. Britain wants good relations with Germany and wants Germany to prosper because a prosperous Germany will buy her goods. A second motive is her wish to get into such relations with Germany that she may participate with her in the reorganization and exploitation of Russia. For, be it borne in mind, Russia is on the flank of India. If Germany be permitted independently to reorganize and exploit Russia, then there will be created a power next door to India that will put the British interest in the latter country in hazard. Germany, in the British view of things, must not be permitted alone to reorganize Russia, and to ally with herself alone the man power and the industrial power of that country. To sum up—Britain needs, and must have, the German market; she needs, and for the protection of her empire must enter into, a coöperative participation with Germany in the reorganization of Russia. So much as related to the necessities and motives of British policy.

France is a land of high agricultural production. In a sense she is self-sufficient; she can feed her own people, and her manufactures, while all that is needful in a domestic sense, are not sufficiently developed to make foreign markets a necessity. But in the French view France has a need paramount to all other needs, and one that has become a tradition and a passion. In times remote and recent France has suffered unnumbered invasions from the north. She visualizes in Germany a traditional enemy of double her man power, with more than double her industrial organization—resentful, revengeful, potentially of overwhelming strength. What France wants—the very first of her national motives—is protection against Germany. An immediate demand is restoration of her northern provinces, ruthlessly invaded and as ruthlessly ravaged by Germany in the late war. But above and beyond the demand of France for reparation is the wish to so cripple Germany that she may not gain strength to again march upon France. It was under these motives that France entered the Ruhr. The demand for reparations was her pretext. The wish to cripple Germany was not and is not admitted, none the less it enters into the calculation of France.

All this defines a situation of extreme difficulty. There is embodied in it a problem for which there is no solution in the ordinary course of events. Germany can not rise again in her normal industrial power so long as the Ruhr Valley is in the hands of France. France will not abandon the Ruhr Valley unless she be driven out, or afforded security for future reparations payments. Germany can not by her own power drive France out of the Ruhr, and if England would undertake the job it would mean another war.

Obviously in this situation there is need of intervention. But by whom? Neither of the three countries directly involved is competent to act free from the presumptions—and bias—of selfish motives. England, of course, could take on the job, but that would mean war between her and France, with Germany in sympathetic affiliation with England; and that would be to add a new horror in a world already distracted. Restoration in Europe may not be brought about by destruction or increase of distress in any of the three countries immediately or vitally interested.

A possible solution, but one not likely to be proposed by Germany excepting as a last resort, would be for that country to invite an association of neutrals to reappraise her obligations, assume charge of her fiscal affairs, and make new and assured arrangements for reparations payments. Neither France nor England could decline to acquiesce in such a proposal. Such an adjustment would, of course, be a fresh humiliation to Germany, but it could hardly be a more grievous blow to her pride than she has suffered in defeat and what she is now suffering in subjection, with alien possession of her fairest province.

Another war—a war that might destroy France, and that would further distress Germany and England—is a thing too horrible for contemplation. There is no sacrifice of pride on the part of any country that ought not to be made to prevent it. No country has anything to gain by it; all countries—even our own—would surely lose by it. Civilization itself would go back under the stress of another conflict.

It is for the authorities at Washington to determine if there be in the situation a call to America. The need of Europe for help is clear and positive; the wish to help on the part of our people is universal. May there not come soon—is there not now—a situation in which America may tender her good offices, either alone or in association with other neutrals? The essentials of readjustment are in plain view. England must be permitted to seek markets. Germany must be permitted to resume normal national life. France must be paid her reparations account or given security for payment in full measure of German capability. These essential things need be brought about—they must be brought about. But how? There is the nub of the situation.

Mr. Denby and His Junket.

As was once said of another and more famous American, Mr. Charles S. Denby, Secretary of the Navy in President Harding's Cabinet, "is a good man, weighing about 250 pounds." Mr. Denby is a man of genius—in the line of blundering. If there be a possible wrong way to do anything in matters great or small, Mr. Denby will surely find it. The first of his many "breaks" was his attempt to discipline Admiral Sims for a bold and patriotic utterance. Another instance of note was his making out of a boyish prank of half a dozen Annapolis midshipmen a national scandal. Minor instances of Mr. Denby's capabilities in the blundering line are too many to record. As an official character Mr. Denby is a worthy successor to the late Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, something less of a jackass to be sure, but quite as definitely a chump.

Mr. Denby's latest enterprise is a tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific via the Panama Canal on the navy transport *Chaumont,* sailing from Norfolk this current week and due at San Diego early in August. It was planned, as all junkets are planned, as a trip of inspection, "mainly for the instruction of the House Committee on Naval Affairs." Incidentally several attachés of the Secretary's office and a few private friends were invited, all of course at the cost of our Uncle Sam. All went well up to a few days before the date of sailing, when up rose old Tom Butler of Pennsylvania, chairman of the late Committee on Naval Affairs and due to reëlection to that high post this coming December. In a letter to the Secretary Mr. Butler administered to the project a douche of cold water. It was, he said, ridiculous to make a pretense of taking the Naval Committee of the House or any other committee on a voyage of inspection, or what not, when there are no House committees in existence. He pointed out the fact that the Sixty-Seventh Congress is dead and that the Sixty-Eighth Congress has not yet been organized. While it is true, said Mr. Butler, that he and certain other gentlemen hope to be on the House Naval Affairs Committee next winter, there are no certainties in the matter. Under the circumstances he declined to participate in a junket the justification for which is a fiction.

But the protest of Mr. Butler is a relatively mild embarrassment compared with another circumstance connected with this junket. Among those to receive—and to accept—the Secretary's invitation to be his guests on the trip is one Frank A. Byron, clerk of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, a highly efficient man whose salary goes on the year round. A fact that Mr. Denby did not realize when he issued the invitation is that Frank A. Byron is as black as the ace of spades. At last accounts Mr. Denby, the General Board of the Navy, the captain of the *Chaumont,* and others interested in the voyage were scurrying around desperately trying to find some influence, political or otherwise, tending to induce Mr. Byron to stay at home. The telegraph reports that the *Chaumont* has sailed. We have no information as to whether or not Frank A. Byron, probable or possible descendant of Senegambian princes, is among the voyagers.

It would seem that Mr. Denby would have learned something from the experience of a junket that he pulled off with more or less success some months back. For upon that trip he issued a general invitation to members of Congress for a trip on the transport *Henderson* to Panama, the purpose as usual being that of "inspection." Mr. Denby's invitation was accepted with enthusiasm by a considerable number of gentlemen, but as it turned out a majority of the voyagers was made up of men who had been defeated for reëlection and therefore practically out of official life. As a bit of diplomacy calculated to bring support to the navy appropriation bill next winter the venture was a failure.

However, the latest voyage is now on and it ought to be of some use to the Pacific Coast. Members of Congress on the ship, all of whom expect to be of the next Committee on Naval Affairs, are Fred A. Britten of Illinois, Carl Vinson of Georgia, George P. Darrow of Pennsylvania, James B. McClintic of Oklahoma, Herbert J. Drane of Florida, Clark Burdick of Rhode Island, Patrick H. Drewry of Virginia, F. F. Patterson of New Jersey, A. E. B. Stephens of Ohio, and Philip D. Swing of California, who will join the party at San Diego. Other prospective members of the naval bill sub-committee of the House Committee on Appropriations are Charles R. Davis of Minnesota, James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, William B. Oliver of Alabama, and Burton L. French of Idaho.

The trip of the *Chaumont* will be on its regular schedule between Norfolk and Pacific Coast points. The Pacific Coast dates are: Arrive at San Diego, August 7th; arrive San Pedro, August 9th; arrive San Francisco, August 12th; arrive Seattle, August 19th; leave Seattle, August 24th; leave San Francisco, August 30th; leave San Diego, September 1st; arrive Norfolk, September 21st. In California the party will inspect the destroyer and submarine bases at San Diego and San Pedro and the proposed site for a naval base on San Francisco Bay, in addition to the Mare Island Yard.

Autre Temps, Autre Moeurs.

A measure of how far society has strayed from the symmetrical paths of convention is afforded by a contrast of the personal memoirs of yesterday and their present-day frothy prototypes—in short, of fashionable current literature as produced by the late Mme. Waddington and by the later wives of diplomats and premiers. Sensational reminiscences are no novelty to any age, but it is instructive to compare Mme. Waddington's ladylike output, unknown though it is to this generation and not very interesting with the work of ladies of an exactly similar rank, but more modern tendencies. For Mme. Waddington was the Margot of her day, the eager, facile writer of diplomatic chitchat, but a Margot with a difference. Let not any one suggest that even Margot's frolicsome pen may some day be equally outmoded, for though its owner should live to an hundred and each year lessen its radical gyrations it would never attain to the conservative note of a gentlewoman's correspondence which is the mark of Mme. Waddington's diplomatic reminiscences.

Mme. Waddington, who died in Paris the other day at the age of eighty, was the widow of the French statesman and diplomatist, William Waddington, and fitted naturally the rôle of ambassador's lady, being a granddaughter of Rufus King, our second minister to England after the adoption of the Constitution. Her father was the late Charles King, president of Columbia College from 1849 to 1864. Mary Alsop King was educated in this country, but in 1871, at about the age of twenty-eight, after the death of her father, she went with her mother and sisters to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Henry Waddington, when that rising young Frenchman was minister of public instruction.

A word as to M. Waddington and his un-Gallic name. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton factories in France and become a citizen through naturalization. The grandson was born in Normandy and was educated first at a Paris *lycée,* then at Rugby, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge. After leaving the university M. Waddington returned to France to enter public life. By 1877 he was minister of foreign affairs. He was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin in 1878 and during the year 1879 was premier, or president of the council. At that time he refused the offer of the London Embassy, but in 1883, after returning from Russia, where he went as ambassador extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of Czar Alexander III, he was appointed ambassador at the Court of St. James and held the post till 1893, shortly before his death. Mme. Waddington accompanied her husband on his various diplomatic missions and her letters, which in their day represented the cream of fashionable journalism, were addressed to her mother and sisters and published at in-

tervals in smart journals. Her literary style was not remarkable—was rather that of a well-bred woman of the world than a conscious seeker after literary effects. It is not impossible that her successors in the fields of diplomatic reportorial work have used her as a horrible example whose propriety was to be avoided at all costs. However, her "Letters of a Diplomatist's Wife" and "Château and Country Life in France" were doubtless read by ambitious flappers of that vanished era with all the avidity now given a cinema magazine. But it may be that youth is never attracted by the conservative proprieties and that Mme. Waddington's readers were, like herself, ladies and gentlemen of the old school.

Editorial Notes.

Of the ninety-six members of the United States Senate there will be when the roll is called this coming December fifty-one Republicans, forty-three Democrats, and two Farmer-Laborites. The figures look good from the Republican standpoint. But behind the figures there is that which does not tend to Republican complaisance. For of the fifty-one nominal Republicans there are five at least who will decline to accept responsibility to the party. Neither Brookhart of Iowa, La Follette of Wisconsin, Ladd of North Dakota, Borah of Idaho nor Johnson of California march to party music. In truth they are not Republicans, and as a group they are an embarrassment rather than an aid in the carrying forward of the party policies. Thus, while in theory dominating the Senate, the Republican party is without definite authority in that body. The significance of this fact is that the Harding administration is face to face with a condition that may thwart and nullify any proposal it may put forward. The situation from the Administration standpoint is less favorable than it was last year. Since then two senatorial vacancies have occurred, one in Colorado and another in Minnesota. In the former instance a Republican has been succeeded by a Democrat and in the latter a Republican by a Farmer-Laborite. Truly it is a sorry outlook for effective procedure in support of Republican policies; and it comes at an embarrassing time, namely, in a session immediately preceding a presidential year in which a Republican President will be a candidate for reëlection.

It might be presumed that prohibition enforcement would at least be possible on government-owned ships sailing from American ports. But experience is the other way round. The *Leviathan,* which sailed on her first trip some two weeks ago, was "wet" pretty well up to the saturation point all the way across the Atlantic. The same is true of other ships, despite the Constitution, despite the Volstead Act, despite everything. Persons contemplating passage from American ports contrive to carry on board liquid supplies in sufficient quantity to meet practically all the demands of alcoholic thirst. Under old-time police powers given to the commanders of the ships under common law and international custom it was possible to regulate or prohibit the consumption of liquors. But these powers are now curtailed by the La Follette Act as they affect crews, and almost obliterated as they concern passengers. Practically the commander of a ship now has no authority limiting the freedom of passengers, beyond the point where the safety of the ship and cargo is involved. As in the case of the *Leviathan,* so in other cases the passenger who may contrive to get liquors on board in his baggage may use them at will so long as he does not put the ship itself in jeopardy.

Curiously enough, passengers by the *Leviathan* had less trouble on account of their liquor stocks in getting away from the United States than upon arrival in England. The British government has a pious dread of "bootlegger stuff," and is taking precautions to prevent the home population from being poisoned. When the *Leviathan* arrived at Southampton last week the customs official examination of passengers and their luggage was unusually strict. A Southampton dispatch says:

> The *Leviathan* arrived last night, and in accordance with instructions received customs' officers made strict examination of passengers' haggage for alcoholic liquors. The search was most productive and a goodly little sum will find its way into the British exchequer as a result, for customs dues on spirits are pretty high. A good many American passengers who had taken ahoard at New York more liquor than they were able to consume on the journey hrought it ashore with them, and in not a few cases neglected to declare it. When the hidden supplies were discovered the would-he smugglers paid the penalty. In other instances passengers made declaration of their stocks and paid the duty, and in still other instances made a free gift of it to the customs men, some of whom today are lamenting their introduction to "hooch."

As related to prohibition on American ships this is not the whole story. Inspection of ships sailing from England is far less strict than on ships sailing from America. On her return trip, if we may believe dispatches from London, the *Leviathan* will be as "wet" as any English or French steamer. While the British government is careful to prevent the incoming of spirits, yet it feels no obligation to set up an austere standard of conduct as related to departing ships and passengers. Thus on American ships, whether going or coming, there is no practical limitation beyond the three-mile limit in the matter of liquors. The ocean will be free, at least until such time as prohibition may be enforced on land, and that is not yet.

The Filipino members of Governor-General Wood's cabinet have resigned in a body, accompanying this act with charges of grave import. They declare that the governor-general seeks to control "even the smallest detail of the Filipino government both insular and local, * * * disregarding the responsibility and authority of department heads and other officials." The American government, and the American people as well, will not be disposed to accept these statements, reflecting as they do upon the integrity and judgment of Governor-General Wood. Respect for the man and confidence in his discretion are universal. Yet it is the duty of our government to investigate these eharges immediately and thoroughly. We may not proceed upon the theory that the governor-general is assuredly and always right. It is to be borne in mind that authority, long exercised, tends to magnify its jurisdictions. We do not believe it so in the case of Governor-General Wood, yet it may be so; and the government must immediately sift this matter to its bottom. We have assumed an authority over the Philippines that can only be justified by their incapacity, and that can only be sustained with honor by scrupulous integrity on our part. And we must not permit our confidence in any man, however justified by established character, to render him exempt from the moral responsibility attaching to his office in its varied opportunities.

Senator Brookhart returns from Russia as he left for Russia, sympathetic with the present condition of things there and the effort of a few theorists to impose on the people methods of government and varieties of industry impossible to operate. He says the Soviet government is the most stable existing except that of the United States. He declares the Russians are getting back to a condition of comparative comfort. But he is also candid enough to say that they are giving up communism. And there is the explanation of the continued existence of Russia and the Russians, and of whatever hope there may be in their present eondition. The Soviet government achieves stability, if it really has achieved it, by giving up what it was brought into existence to demonstrate. Communism succeeds by ceasing to be communism. Socialism finds that the only way it can survive is by transforming itself into capitalism. If Senator Brookhart is a man of sense, he will see the nonsense of this paradox and detect in it some of his own nonsense exemplified. If he is a patriot, and we think he means to be, he will try to beat a little sense into the heads of some of his fellow-citizens that have been wondering whether or not we might do well to try the Russian experiment in this country. As to recognition of the Soviet government, which the senator seems still to think desirable, that is not a matter depending properly on the permanence of a government, but on its character. When that is exemplified in the practice of wholesale murder, a ruthless disregard for rights of every kind sacred to humanity, and a theory of society under which no society could sustain itself three seasons without outside help to keep its members from starving, recognition would be a folly and a mockery.

The publie domain of the United States is diminishing at the average rate of 10,000,000 acres a year, according to estimates completed by the general land office of the Department of the Interior. Today the approximate acreage of unreserved lands in the twenty-four states in which public lands are still located amounts to 182,826,310. These figures are exclusive of forest reservations, Indian reservations, and other reserved lands and the Territory of Alaska.

DOING AS LOS ANGELES DOES.

Should We Imitate the Big City to the Southward, or Continue to Be Ourselves?

A ridiculous phase of the present state of mind of some San Franciscans is a cultivated "inferiority complex," to use the terminology of our pseudo-psychologists. They have permitted themselves to descend to a sort of shivering envy of the size and continued growth of Los Angeles. In their passion for "small profits, quick returns," they so far forget their dignity as to wish their city were another, or like another; which is pusillanimous, when you think of it. It is an obsession, and a base one, begetting an abased mental posture. One hears it on the street and around our score of luncheon clubs. It is a "real estater" attitude—the other fellow is getting ahead of us. "You ought to see the way they do things in Los Angeles" has grown to be a standard luncheon bromide, greeting you everywhere between the shrimp salad and the black coffee. We ought not to see anything of the kind, as far as giving it any really solemn consideration goes. What we ought to do is to attend to our own business, stand on our own dignity, and preserve toward our neighbors a tolerant, approving, and friendly disposition, being sorry for their disadvantages and their taxes, and especially sorry that they are so crowded down there, and glad we are still Californians hereabouts, with plenty of elbow room and good vacant lots for sale at reasonable rates to those strangers with enough sagacity to prefer our neighborhood; and they are the only sort we should wish as residents. And particularly should we guard ourselves and our tax rate against servile imitation of our neighbor's mistakes on the misguided theory that her mistakes have made her what she is—for that is a typical pitfall of the inferiority complex. Los Angeles is a great city and will be greater—perhaps greater than Chicago. But she has not grown great by her mistakes. And it will do us no good to take up some line of mistaken conduct just when Los Angeles has discovered its futility and is preparing to abandon it.

Yet this is the serious proposal and platform of a candidate who, having long played the demagogue to standing room only in the board of supervisors, is getting ready to produce his act on the larger stage of a mayoralty campaign—Supervisor McSheehy, to be explicit, although one hates to advertise him. He proposes, in effect, that San Francisco shall follow Los Angeles in the up-building of a municipal power bureau for the distribution of Moccasin Creek power. He based his expectations largely on the majority report of a committee of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs, a report written by Adolph Uhl, who deals in wall-paper and hence knows all about electricity. The other night the Civic League of Improvement Clubs turned down the Uhl report with a flat and sickening finality, and adopted a minority report recommending the sale of Moccasin Creek power, when we have any to sell, to the private hydro-electric companies, which know what to do with it and how to distribute it according to the needs of the community and without burdening our taxpayers. We have heard less from Mr. McSheehy since that evening, and less from Mr. Uhl, who in this case is probably representing Rudolph Spreckels; but no doubt those gentlemen have merely paused to gather fresh energy and find out where they are after this chilling douche, and we shall hear more from them on the same theme. So it will be well to glance at the Los Angeles experience and try to learn without cost the lesson our unfortunate sister city has learned at the cost of millions—cost that is still going on, and multiplying itself, and that seems, now that it is well started, exceedingly hard to stop.

The Los Angeles power bureau grew out of the effort to handle, by the socialistic method of "municipal ownership," the by-product of energy produced by the Owens River water supply. It looked like an easy thing to do. There was the water, running down hill. Put in a power plant and the energy generated would be all velvet. Why sell it for some grasping monopoly to make a profit on?

So they organized a power bureau. We have not heard that Mr. McSheehy definitely proposes that yet, but it would be a necessity of municipal distribution. And it would grow, like 'Gene Field's little green peach in an orchard. The one in Los Angeles grew to watermelon size. But it was never a good melon, not such as some of the corporations cut. It was a rank, tropical overgrowth of little value to any one except the bureaucracy and the contractors. We judge from recent results at the polls that Los Angeles heartily wishes this particular parasite had never begun to grow. For this has been its pace:

In 1910 the power bureau promised that if the taxpayers would vote $3,500,000 for a starter, the project could be set going, extensions could be made from earnings, the streets could be lighted for nothing, and taxes generally would be reduced. Also the earnings would pay the carrying charges on the bonds. It was a typical socialistic rainbow. The project was not completed within the proceeds of the bond issue, and the taxes that year were increased $2,275,812.50 to pay the

1910 bond charges. This on the authority of that excellent journal, the Los Angeles *Times*.

In 1914 it was promised that if the people would vote $6,500,000 more bonds the project could be completed, extensions could be made from profits, streets could be lighted free, etc., and carrying charges could be met on all the power bonds. Considering their so recent experience with such promises it is a wonder they bit again, and yet when you think with what practiced art and organized enthusiasm bond elections are whooped up, perhaps it was but natural.

In 1919 it was promised that if the people would vote $13,500,000 in bonds the power project could be completed, future extensions made from profits, streets lighted free (which, it will be perceived, is now beginning to have an old sound), and carrying charges could be met on all the power bonds. It was like the man that did not owe for the cow any more, because he gave his note for it. The taxes were increased by $1,137,375 to pay the 1921 bond charges. The people of Los Angeles have paid to date, in taxes on account of this undertaking, $6,467,436.25. There is 20,000 horsepower from the aqueduct still undeveloped, and the power bureau is buying a third of its supply from a wicked corporation. Embarked on a programme of power development, the bureau has sunk money in new projects unrelated to the Owens River aqueduct, engaged in aggressions on neighboring communities, which instead of generating power have generated enough hatred to defeat the perfectly just demands of Los Angeles for a reapportionment of the state, incurred the rebuke of a Supreme Court decision to the effect that it could not rob its neighbors of their power, detached its employees from their duties to agitate for the socialistic Water and Power Amendment which the people of the state repudiated at the last election, and has just had to make the humiliating request from the city council for some $57,000 to light the City Hall, parks, playground and the library, which it had promised to light from its profits, still leaving enough to reduce the city taxes. You will hear the same sort of promises made in the next mayoralty campaign in San Francisco, if it starts on that issue.

But the Los Angeles power bureau never lost its nerve—not a nerve. It asked the city to vote, on June 5th, for a fourth power bond issue, this time of $35,000,000 (note the tropical growth), repeating the promises of 1910, 1914, and 1919. This time the bureau met defeat. A growth of 1000 per cent. in thirteen years was too startling even for the city of giantism. The bureau had kept no important promise, and produced nothing for the city that the city did not have before except new debts, new taxes, and the hatred of such neighbors as San Bernardino, Riverside, and Redlands, and a score of lesser communities, because the power bureau felt that it was the only Simon-pure representative of the voice of God and could dispense with principles of fair dealing when it needed more power for Los Angeles. The power bureau, after thirteen years of such performance, was beaten by the votes of the people, in spite of the most reckless expenditure of public funds for campaign purposes. But it is committed to its course, has no other reason for living and naturally longs to live, and its attorney refuses to abide by the issue and declares there must be another election, with more expensive propaganda and more time of public servants devoted to the effort to bamboozle the public. For the bureau is ambitious to extend its operations into Arizona and Nevada and build a vast system of works at Boulder Cañon. That is bureaucracy. It can't make profits on a small scale, but if it could operate on a large one it could; like the merchant that lost a little money on every sale, but made so many sales that in the course of the year it amounted to a profit. That is typical political reasoning, but the people of Los Angeles, optimistic as they are, did not believe it.

It is said that if the time of city employees devoted to propaganda were counted in the campaign expenses, those expenses would not be far from $100,000. William C. Warmington, president of the Los Angeles Taxpayers' Association, says: "These power bond campaign expenses were clearly illegal, in my opinion, and the (public service) commission should be halted now before it starts in on its next campaign and attempts to double its squandering of its revenues in a last desperate effort to secure votes and another lease of life for the power bureau. Impartial examination of the books of the power bureau will, in my opinion, show that the city is selling power below cost in order to make a favorable showing for municipal ownership, and will show that the bureau has been a colossal failure."

On the face of its accounts the power bureau shows profits. But it has no taxes to pay, no dividends to provide for, it receives the service of the Owens River aqueduct for nothing, and its deficits and carrying charges have been made good by taxation to the extent of $6,467,436. In addition to that, the city will this year pay the power bureau $286,000 for street lighting, which the municipal ownership propagandists had loudly and positively proclaimed would be supplied for nothing. If government is merely business, and the taxpayers are the stockholders, then the taxes are the assessments on the stock, and an institution that is levying assessments instead of paying dividends can not claim to be making money. But it will claim it, and it will put its employees, under fear of losing their employment, to work with handbills, banners, jazz bands, oratory, posters and postage stamps, for all which the public will pay, to persuade the public to take on that new $35,000,000 of debt next time. And it may succeed. If it does our sympathy will go out to our sister city more than ever, although perhaps she will deserve it less.

But we should reserve some for ourselves, for we may be on the point of following her bad example. It has been proposed to buy the Great Western Power Company's local distribution system for some $4,000,000 plus a severance charge, so we can go into the power business as Los Angeles has, and the proposal may look good to a lot of nervous people hereabouts who suppose San Francisco is slipping because she does not do everything as Los Angeles does. If we should make such a start, we might reasonably expect, following the same course at the same rate, that in thirteen years we would have paid out $7,000,000 in taxes, saturated the community with more alcoholic and epileptic politics, bonded ourselves for $25,000,000 and received nothing for it we did not have before except the possible hatred of our neighbors, and come face to face with an official demand and propaganda for a bond issue of $40,000,000 more to keep ourselves in a losing business and throw good money after bad. The analogy is clear, the prospects are proportionate. Some saving sanity appears to have descended on the heads of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs when it turned down the proposal to dally with this new and tempting brand of municipal ownership narcotic. But we have not heard the end of it—probably only the beginning. McSheehy needs an issue.

Morton Todd.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Water Lady.

Alas that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I stayed awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I stayed a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water, tender hlue,
Daintily spread.

I stayed to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I stayed a little more:
Alas, she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine! —*Thomas Hood.*

The Rose.

Come, my Mignonne, let us go—
Let us see if yonder rose,
That this morning did disclose
Rohes of crimson to the sun,
Now that evening has begun,
Still with tints like yours does glow.

Ah, my Mignonne, look and see—
Look there, underneath the hough;
Short the space from then till now,
But its heauties are all past!
Scarce from morn till eve they last—
Such is nature's harsh decree.

Ah, my Mignonne, trust to me;
While your youth as yet is seen
In its freshest, fairest green,
Seize the moments to enjoy;
Old age hastens to destroy
Roses, heauty, youth, and thee.
—*Pierre Ronsard.*

When We Two Parted.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half hroken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my hrow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all hroken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee hefore me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears. —*Lord Byron.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Major W. F. Lent, district manager of the United States Veterans' Bureau, is the man who has officially asked manufacturers and business men of New York, New Jersey. and Connecticut to take rehabilitated veterans of the world war into their employ. Major Lent, who has been since the armistice one of the most consistent workers for the benefit of the wounded ex-service men, is a veteran of the world war. He contends that the courses for the restoration of wounded veterans undertaken by the government have increased their earning capacity and that these men are therefore valuable employees.

Miss Theresa Bonney, the young American scholar who is the tenth of her fellow-citizens to pass the examinations of the Sorbonne and the fourth woman to perform that intellectual feat, began her academic career at the University of California, where she specialized in French. She continued her study of the Romance languages at Harvard and Columbia and was sent on a scholarship to Paris. Since her brilliant doctorial thesis, delivered at the Sorbonne a year ago, she has translated and adapted several French plays for New York production.

Courtenay Dinwiddie, general manager of the newly-formed American Child Health Association, of which Herbert Hoover is president, by virtue of his post has charge of an international effort to put child welfare on a new plane. The association is the result of the merging of the Child Health Organization and the Child Hygiene Association. Courtenay Dinwiddie was born and educated in the South, but has won his recognition in organization and development of welfare work in three Northern municipalities—New York, Duluth, and Cincinnati. He was founder of the Public Health Federation in the latter city, where he lived for seven years. He entered the field of national health work when he became executive secretary of the National Child Health Council, which combined six different organizations and was the first step toward coördination of all national health activities.

Frequent stress is laid on the obscure origin of Admiral Nicholas Horthy, regent of Hungary and practical ditcator, but Count Laszlo Szechenyi, Hungarian ambassador to this country, says that Governor Horthy is the scion of a well-known family whose members have distinguished themselves as public servants. Nevertheless the Hungarian regent's present position is the result of his daring and brilliant career as the commander of the cruiser *Novarra*, which was his post at the outbreak of the war. He attracted the attention of his superiors by his action in the Straits of Otranto, where he engaged sixteen enemy craft, and though wounded remained on a stretcher on the bridge till he successfully terminated the sortie. Such daredevil feats proved stepping-stones to national leadership. With the cessation of hostilities Horthy retired to his ancestral estate, but when the Bolsheviki under Bela Kun became a menace Horthy, whose official post was minister of war in the Szegedin cabinet, reorganized the Hungarian regiments into a national army and regained control. Elections were then held on the basis of the widest conceivable franchise and the legislature thus elected in turn elected Horthy as governor of Hungary. Horthy, who comes of an old Magyar family with strong military and patriotic traditions, received his training at the naval academy at Pola. He is still a comparatively young man in the middle fifties.

Meille Saint Prix, who recently celebrated his 103d birthday, is said to be the oldest living practicing journalist in the world. He still writes weekly articles under the *nom de plume* of Jean Damably for a French provincial newspaper. He lives near Paris with his old valet, who has been with him for thirty-seven years. Saint Prix, who started his long life as a painter, went into newspaper work when he was ninety-five years old. He was an intimate of Dumas and Alfred de Musset and was often a painting companion of Corot. Eighteen years of his life were spent in the Near East, in Egypt, Libya, and Syria, where he hunted panthers and tigers. He has lived through three revolutions and many wars.

Lady Louise Mountbatten, whose brother recently married Miss Edwina Ashley, England's richest heiress, is about to expand the Mountbatten fortunes in still another direction, as she will shortly marry the Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden. Lady Louise Alexandra Marie Irene Mountbatten is the daughter of the late admiral of the fleet, Marquis of Milford Haven, who was Prince Louis of Battenburg before the war caused all German titles in the British Empire to be ignominiously scrapped. Her mother was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and Lady Louise is therefore a cousin of King George. Lady Louise, who is thirty-four years old, has been reported engaged to a half-dozen royalties since 1909, when rumor had her promised to Manuel of Portugal. Prince Gustav is forty years old, a celebrated Swedish athlete and an amateur archæologist of some note. He is English in manner and dress and has a special admiration for Englishwomen, his first wife having been the Princess Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, who died three years ago. Lady Louise has the reputation of being the most unconventional woman of British royalty. During the war she nursed in a French hospital, where she insisted on doing her share of the rough work of the institution.

LOVE OR VIRTUE?

"The Chaste Diana"; Which Shows That What is Vicious in Villains May Be Acceptable in Heroes

E. Barrington, author of those delightful studies of femininity that appeared in the *Atlantic* about two years ago, has again "obliged," as they used to say in the 'alls, with a dainty novel about a lady that may be said to have been moderately chaste; or, as the Frenchman put it, though she was not good, she was good enough. This oblique and perhaps questionable observation is provoked by the title, "The Chaste Diana"; a title with a slight cloud upon it. The book both celebrates and takes departure from the "Beggar's Opera," that first of English ballad operas revived for us a little over a year ago—in fact, the story is of its production by Rich in Portugal Street, and moves through the generally tainted times of Robert Walpole and George the Second, and Pope and Swift and the other literary troublers of the court, which bitterly complained that all the clever people were on the other side. Herein one sees gentlemen in brocades and laces and velvet and silver, cold villains, stage-door Johnnies of the early eighteenth century, great court ladies of an impudence, beauty moving through the mud in sedan chairs, beauty in distress, beauty carried off and sore beset, beauty rescued, beauty seduced, but in a manner to appeal to sneaking sympathies, and mated socially and left-handedly by a duchess instead of religiously and right-handedly by a bishop—a whole tinseled, powdered pageant of intrigue, hate, love, jealousy, punctuated by the poison cup and the sword, a pageant of virtue that looks like vice and vice that looks like virtue, until our poor morals are so befuddled we don't know where our disapprobation ought to alight, whether on the virtue that failed or on the vice that won—in fact when we get through we are rid of those troublesome things our morals, for the time, and so feel at once liberated and guilty, which is a rest, at least as to the first part. Altogether it is a demoralizing book, and we only review it here by way of warning to the young. We shouldn't have read it. But who could resist such a heroine as the author here presents?

For this was no honey-sweet beauty of April smiles and tears and fond abandonments and compliances. 'Twas this at times certainly, for every mood was natural to her and she adorned them all. But she wore each as she might put on her satin manteau and lay it away when it had served its turn. At other times you beheld a Diana, austere and chilly —"severe in youthful beauty," and desire was quenched in the frosty sparkle of her eyes and scorn winged its shafts from the bow of her lips smartly enough to disconcert not a few of the idle gentlemen who swore and drawled about her. And when she had them daunted—suddenly her Goddessship would slide down from her pedestal, and 'twas a young girl all hopes and fears and a dewy tremble on her eyelashes looking up into your face for encouragement and approbation. She was then perhaps most dangerous, for 'twas a natural movement to lay love at her tender feet for a stepping-stone amid the quagmires of life.

That lady became the Polly Peachum of Gay's opera, and in time she became Duchess of Bolton; or, to be exact, not in time. She fell in love with a married man, which is a thing we hear often happens and wonder happens so seldom, married men being not merely gifted that way, but frequently objects of pity to ladies not their wives. This married man was in distress, which for the purpose of unfolding the narrative is thus movingly depicted:

"Fie, madam, fie! Would you have me a traitor? The American prince revolves on his own princely orbit. I'm but—Benedick, the married man. How should I know what his Brilliance does? I do but look through the window of my prison."

He spoke half melancholy, half bitter. Indeed there were times when his fetters galled him unbearably, and the mystery of his miserable married life was heavy on his spirits. His intimates knew that cloud on his brow and respected it. The duchess stretched a fair hand weighted with great emeralds and laid it on his, but said nothing save with her eyes, softened and kind, for the nonce. A moment past and she spoke under her breath:

"A long punishment for a moment's madness, my friend!"

"And not even my own madness! I have not so much as that poor consolation to aid me in bearing my punishment. A boy of eighteen and—— But I have sworn no word shall pass my lips. What use hath the world for us if we growl and whine? No, madame, help me to laugh. What were we discussing?"

"Polly," says she, with a sadness in her eyes that became her very well. "But, Bolton, before we quit the subject, tell me this—that am your friend. Is there never a woman that you could make your mistress?"

"Thousands!" says he with a harsh laugh.

"No—no. I meant not so. But a good woman, beautiful and kind, who might mend the sore place in your heart and give you at least some sort of a home? You're thirty-two now —four years older than me—and even I don't always feel young whatever way my looks may lie. You need a home. 'Tis a thing often done, Bolton. Yourself knows that I could run off a list this minute of half a hundred men that have done this and who thinks the worse?"

"I'll ruin no woman's life," he said, with his dark, sad eyes upon the ground.

"There's many would think it promotion, not ruin."

And that's how, according to E. Barrington, the trouble began. It was to run a wild course. Behold the chaste (down to this time) Diana domiciled with her Grace the Duchess of Queensbury, having startled London with her performance at Rich's theatre, and on her trail one of the deadliest woman-hunters that ever wore lace cuffs, my Lord Baltimore that owned the plantation of Maryland. With him was one of the scores of ladies to whom he had made warm love, and who had hopes of being his duchess. Here is a typical scene:

She paused and curtseyed slightly towards Diana. She was curious as to who the lovely stranger might be, not as yet catching more than her profile and drooped head. Indeed the three finest women in London, each in her own sort, were met in that happy library that day! It certainly so appeared to the three gentlemen, but one at least of them was so discomposed by the meeting that it took all his world wit to hide it, and as it was he let his hat drop, and got his sword between his legs stooping to recover it, ere he could dissemble his face and plot a careless eye. For my Lord Baltimore knew very well the history of the past fortnight and why Diana's lashes lay so still upon her cheek that she might not look his way.

But imagine his consternation and wild surprise to see her in such a place and company! It added new value and new terror to his pursuit all of a moment. And Lady Fanny for spectatress! Was ever a man in such a medley of perplexities? Having saluted the ladies, he drew near to Bolton and talked with him. But my Lady Fanny's curiosity could not be stayed. She caught the girl's face full of a sudden. She started. She whispered aside to the Duchess:

"Who's the new beauty, Kitty? A charming figure of a woman indeed. Her dress is trifling, but what matter with such eyes? Pray present me."

Her Grace kept even her intimates in order, and here her Fanny presumed too far.

"Your Ladyship will excuse me," says the towering duchess, very near to one of her towering rages;—the visitors came so inconvenient! "'Tis a young person come to visit me, and with your permission I'll put her in my woman's hands and he the more free to enjoy your company. Bolton, sound my whistle."

Baltimore was a fast worker. We do not know whether he had learned his art from Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, perhaps they came later, or whether it was his own idea, but having cornered his quarry he went right at the main business:

"I loved you before your success, madam, therefore you know my love honest, and your success I value not because it does but give you hundreds of lovers more to plunge me in jealousy and despair. Yet tonight—though I had rehearsed all your charms and each a dagger in my heart, I discovered something—O how can I name the unspeakable!—even more bewitching. Indeed you are a jewel a king might wear in his crown. Beloved, worshipt, O hear your adorer. My dearest life, I entreat!"

She drew herself back against the wainscot and stood there quivering, but with a courage that surprised herself after to recall it. 'Twas the courage of the deer at bay.

"My Lord, I have returned you no answer and you had done hetter to take that as it was meant. But since it is not so, I will ask you this. What do you offer me?"

The clear candor of her tone together with her direct gaze for a moment nonplussed him, hut he recovered his coolness quickly. Aha! so the sweet frost-piece could traffic against her virtue! Then the bargain was all but sealed.

"Madam, my whole heart. My adoration. My entire and eternal devotion. And more."

"What more, sir?"

"Madam, yourself shall write what conditions you will and this hand subscribe them unread—even to the half of my kingdom, as another lover said long since."

"That lover addrest his offer to his wife, my lord, if I remember the Scripture rightly. Do you?"

There came a moment's silence. It came so unexpected. His outstretched hand fell by his side—his eye wavered. What? But no, 'twas impossible. She was but setting her merit high that there might be margin for a descent when the terms were fixed. To parley was the beginning of surrender.

"My charmer knows there is nothing I can refuse her. I am acquiescent to her lightest command. And if a mere ceremony which is nothing in the eye of true affection can solace her scruples I own 'tis a matter to be considered——"

"Your Lordship has not already considered it?"

"Why no—I own it. 'Tis love that's all to my mind—the true union of two minds and bodies formed to harmonize for eternity. What should a currish parson have to do between my charmer and me? And how could he still further strengthen a bond that only death can end? My restless days and miserable nights teach me that my darling is all to me. Can any foolish ceremony bind me to more? All I have and am is yours. Take and use me as you will."

"In short, your Lordship offers me the position of your mistress. Setting aside all protestations it comes to this."

"Why that harsh name that the world misuses, my beloved? It is true that you shall be my mistress, for I will he the humblest and faithfullest of all your servants. But what I offer you is to he my heart's empress, and these blushing, hesitating questions of yours assure me that I am not odious to my angel."

He prest nearer and took her hand. She twicht it sharply away. Certainly there was neither hlushing nor hesitating on the lady's part, whatever he might choose to call it.

"I put these questions that they might strip your protestations of glitter and show them as they are. What you offer me is contempt and shame and the laughter of men and the mocking of women, to he flung to another or to the gutter when you weary of me. I am a simple girl, my Lord, but honest, and I refuse your offers now and hereafter. And if you answered to my test and offered me your name as well as what you are pleased to call your heart, I would refuse and despise it as I do yourself."

Could ever a flapper be wiser? And she but eighteen! At any rate Mistress Lavinia Fenton, known off the boards as Diana Beswick, chilled the ardors of Baltimore and got safely out of the snare that time. But worse was to come. Meanwhile she became the gossip of court circles, a gossip of which our author sauces and serves for us these morsels:

There was a moment's pause while the pretty ladies sipped their chocolate served to them by my Lady Fanny's Mesrour and Selim. Because others had one small blackamoor to serve them she must needs have two, and very well they became her boudoir and her Ladyship's own immaculate fair complexion, in their Eastern dress of gold and bloom-color. 'Twas my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu next took up the strain:

"All the same, ladies, I would give more than a penny-worth to know why her Grace is so tender of a mere player. Look at it how you will 'tis an astonishing circumstance. 'Tis whispered that Mrs. Fenton is in truth the daughter of Mr. Francis Hyde and her mother too great to be mentioned."

"Lord, Lady Mary. Sure you must be choked with scandal to cough it up thus!" cries Mrs. Fentrevor. "Do but consider what you say! This girl's eighteen if a day, and Mr. Francis Hyde but thirty-two. 'Tis attributing a precocity that——"

Lord Carteret sauntered up in his white satin coat brocaded with gold, the plaits sticking out from his waist nearly as stiff as the farthingale of Queen Elizabeth.

"The beautiful Mrs. Stuart did commit a sort of high treason in refusing the king's advances," says he laughing, "and were I the king it should be at least petty treason. Yet he did but kiss the fair hand that struck the blow. Was Lady Castlemaine as fine a woman as our grandfathers tell us, Sir Temperley?"

"Infinitely more beautiful, my Lord. Such a haughty grace tempered with the most seductive languor might well excuse a monarch's subjection. Ah, Duchess, had you committed any crime with such a king on the throne he had but commanded you to an assignation for punishment. But the days when woman was truly adored have departed along with the grand manner. Go to Hampton Court—look upon the heauties pictured there and honor them with a sigh."

It was a certainty that Macheath would fall in love in reality with the Polly he was supposed to have wedded on the stage—and the jealousy of one of Baltimore's cast mistresses suggested abduction. The terrible Macheath! He wanted to marry her, and went so far as to bring a sort of Newgate jack-priest into his den where Diana lay with hands tied. Somehow you feel that this honor is even worse than the dishonor offered her by my Lord Baltimore; which just illustrates the wrench and twist your morals are getting from the black art of the author. There follows what we believe the movie producers call the "ride"—the breath-stopping rush of the rescuer, pelting through the London mud on others' legs, in a sedan chair instead of on a cow pony, in the effort to prevent honorable marriage, which you hope he will prevent, for you are now thoroughly perverted and wish the heroine to have her chance to become something less than wife—provided, of course, she is to be the mistress of the right man. And as the man approaches in the person of the hero, that does not seem hard. But when the Duke of Bolton arrives, he confronts, not Macheath, but m' Lord Baltimore, and in one-two-three time the skewers are out and his Grace's steel has slithered through m' Lord's arm. Wholly ignorant of aseptic surgery, the lady begs the duke to bind up his enemy's wound with the rags that tied her hands, and then that glaciated roué, Baltimore, melts and this time tries to do the right thing, namely, make her his wife; but as reader, your soul, now thoroughly warped and discolored, rebels at any such honorable outcome. She can not marry Bolton, but she must not marry Baltimore. You simply will not have it. In plain language, you are slipping.

Well, she refuses marriage, even with a great lord. And we proceed to the next scene, between the Duchess of Queensbury and Lady Fanny as "feeder":

"Now spare my pride, and let us speak of Bolton. What would you have?"

"I would have a good man and a good woman made happy," says the courageous duchess—"and if not after the world's way, then after their own. Bolton's life is like a wasting river lost in the sands. Diana's is one of such danger and dread as I don't like to consider."

"Well, since rank is nothing, and good blood but to be puddled with base, and honor a mere jest, would you have him marry her? But sure you know he lost his chance to have the marriage dissolved, and a man that's *your* friend has little chance with the king at present."

"True for you, Fanny. No hope that way. Then I would —don't so stare at me! I would have them live together as man and wife and trust to the future with hope and love to gild it."

"A thing often done!" says Lady Fanny bitterly—"and you and I—we know our world and how it ends. Two years at the most, tears, regrets, a pension, and then the woman takes up with some one else. Look at Mrs. Oldfield. First Mainwaring. Then Churchill."

But the duchess sweeps on, gets Bolton and Diana together, and thus persuades them to an unsanctified union:

"Were it myself—I can but speak from myself when all's said and done, I should not trample two lives with misery. I'm as chaste as other women, I hope—I love my hushand unfashionably. My tongue is as two-edged as another's where women are frail and men dishonorahle. But though the case is not my own I know it unusual in a high degree. I would not have the thing done in a corner. I would have it announced to your wife and openly to the world as though a thing—not to he flaunted, no!—but to be done after consideration openly. And I believe this done and with my own unfailing friendship and that of others I could name, 'twill pass for a left-handed marriage as it ought. For yourself I can't doubt. 'Tis only on Diana I hesitate and will persuade no woman to what she may consider her own dishonor."

She leaves the room. The Duke approaches Diana:

"Beloved, you have heard her. No man hath a right to ask such a sacrifice from any woman. Especially if he knows himself unworthy of such a purity and sweetness as yours. I have seduced no woman from the path of virtue. I have kept my hearth from such as would dishonor it, but short of this I have lived as a man amongst other men and what that means you know. The duchess would not fail you, but she says true—Yours is a heart to suffer when they pierce it as they will. The case is now before you. I counsel you to dismiss me and I will make no complaint."

He dropped her hand lest even the touch should move her, and went away and stood by a great window, looking down upon the people passing. In all his life he was never to forget the sight of the budding lilacs in the courtyard, and the faint spring sunshine. It seemed he stood there long—he knew not how long, and then she came softly up beside him and put her hand in his.

"For life and death," she said.

And so they sinned and lived happy ever after, and in a few years the duke's wife died and they were married, but the little boy (there's usually a little boy) was about four years old when the wedding occurred. And the strange thing is that what you hated the villain for attempting you are perfectly willing to see the hero do—in fact that is what you wish would happen; and you are gratified that it does happen, although you know it is wrong, which is a demonstration of total perversion of morals. The whole business seems terribly mixed, and the lesson of it not at all clear. But what a rest it is to see vice triumphant in a book for once!

THE CHASTE DIANA. By E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending July 14, 1923, were $167,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $148,-300,000; an increase of $18,900,000.

The slowing down of business, which became noticeable in some lines in April and was more pronounced in May, has heen the subject of absorbing interest in June. Uncertainty as to the extent of the reaction has increased. Doubt as to the staying powers of our newly-found prosperity has spread. For this increased degree of unsettlement certain events in and around the stock market seem to be mainly responsible. The market has been shaken hy several failures, which were in no way significant of general husiness conditions, but were of the sensational class of news which gets general attention and is always disturbing to confidence. This put a damper on hopes of a forward movement in stocks for the present, and so much is said of the stock market as forecasting industrial conditions that a further slump in that quarter, just when the business community was on the lookout for signs, naturally would have some effect upon sentiment, says the National City Bank of New York.

The stock market reflects conditions that are influential upon general husiness, hut does not always clearly indicate just what the immediate trend is to be. One of the most potent influences upon stocks is the state of the money market. The rise of stocks from the low point of 1921 probably was due in the main to the growing ease of money, coupled of course with confidence in the recuperative powers of the country; stocks were believed to he cheap for the long pull, regardless of immediate conditions. And so the check to a rising stock market last spring probably was due in the main to misgivings that money might become tight, together with a realization that stocks already had enjoyed a great rise. The last break probably is more significant of the influence of the brokerage failures and of business hesitation upon speculation than of any pronounced opinion among the speculators about the future of business. The stock market at this time is looking for light rather than shedding light. The fact that honds have been weak along with stocks is proof of the confusion, for if business is going into depression bonds should advance.

It is evident that the country was distrustful of the March boom, with its wage and price advances, and has been moving cautiously ever since. Everybody with a memory three years long recognized the danger of stifling prosperity by rising costs and prices. Caution was enjoined on all sides. Moreover, the free huying of early spring, which was the influence starting prices upward, satisfied needs for a time, the more so as the spring season proved to be backward. The heavy falling off in huilding permits in certain large cities, notahly New York, was influential upon opinion, and signs of price-weakness in numerous lines, which appeared about the same time, still more so. The reaction had gone far enough hy that time to confirm suspicions that the March pace was too fast and could not be sustained. Instead of heing stimulated to place future orders, as in March, dealers relapsed to hand-to-mouth operations. Adverse balances in foreign trade in three successive months apparently have had a sentimental effect, although there is nothing in tnat situation that need give concern. The foregoing seem to have been the principal factors in the falling off of buying at wholesale. Buying at retail has heen very well maintained, unfavorahle weather considered.

The severe reaction in stocks was reflected hy unsettlement in the market for listed bonds. There was a considerable volume of selling in order to protect commitments in speculative stocks and there was also some bond liquidation by banks holding them as collateral for financial houses that have gotten into difficulty. Altogether, the average reaction during the last fortnight has heen about one and a half points. Speculative honds, of course, showed the more pronounced decline, hut even gilt-edged issues registered loses of one-half point or more, says *Forbes Magazine*.

The reaction was due entirely to outside influences which have no permanent bearing on bond prices and the investor is afforded an opportunity to place his July interest and dividend receipts to advantage. Money rates are fractionally higher in anticipation of mid-year requirements, hut after these have been met rates are likely to react again. There is no prospect of permanently higher interest rates in the immediate future on account of the redundant credit resources of the Federal Reserve system. Commercial requirements are now somewhat smaller than during the spring and they may contract further in July and August, which will have the effect of releasing funds for investment purposes. The autumn, however, usually sees an increased demand for credit in connection with the harvesting and movement of crops and at that time long-term bonds may again react. The movement, in all probability, will not go far enough to warrant any readjustment of permanent investments.

New bond offerings during the last two weeks totaled $260,987,700, compared with $116,782,620 in the preceding two weeks. The increase is accounted for largely by the $25,-000,000 Sinclair, $25,000,000 Standard Oil of California, $25,000,000 Austrian government and $12,000,000 Pure Oil offerings. Railroad, public utility, and other industrial financing has been of small proportions. The decidedly unstable condition of the petroleum industry has called for additional capital to tide over even the strongest companies and financing has been heavy during the year to date. Altogether, the oil companies have borrowed $173,-103,263 in the first half of 1923.

When investment is made in the bond of a company furnishing public serivce or manufacturing an essential product, earning power can be looked upon as more or less continuous, or in any event not to be depleted with the exhaustion of a limited amount of supplies. If the properties are well located there is normally an enhancement in value with the passing of time, not a depreciation as in the case of an oil or mining company, and the value of the security increases the longer the investor holds it. Of course, development must he watched in any industry in which the investor is interested in order to properly protect himself, as there is always the possibility of loss of earning power.

The results of the recent operations of the Secretary of the Treasury are of primary importance in judging the future course of events hoth in the money market and in the bond market, says *Commerce Monthly*. The total amount of offering of 4¾ per cent. treasury notes dated May 15, 1923, and maturing March 15, 1927, was $400,000,000 or thereabouts with the right reserved to the Secretary of the Treasury to allot additional notes to the extent that 4¾ per cent. Victory notes were tendered in payment. Subscriptions amounted to $1,234,570,400, of which $947,900,500 were cash subscriptions and $286,669,900 were exchanges of Victory notes. Thus cash subscriptions alone were more than twice as large as the total offering. Allotments on cash subscriptions were $382,052,-900, while allotments on exchanges were in full amount.

On June 15th treasury certificates slightly in excess of $200,000,000 matured and on June 11th the Secretary of the Treasury announced an offering of $150,000,000 of certificates due in six months with interest at 4 per cent. This offering was also heavily oversubscrihed. No further treasury operations are anticipated between now and September 15th, on which date two issues of certificates will mature aggregating a little less than $350,000,000. It is thus apparent that the supply of short-time United States obligations for bank investment is slowly diminisning and that government refinancing operations are likely to be of lessening importance.

From May 16th to June 15th transactions in the bond market were not large and the slight changes in price levels were insufficient to indicate any general trend. The volume of new security offerings was moderate through most of the perioo, but it is believed in some quarters that it was definitely helow the absorptive powers of the market, and that the relatively limited offerings reflected uncertainty as to rates and a tendency to bargain. A number of large new offerings appeared during the second week of June and it is not unlikely that new issues may be offered in considerahle volume in the immediate future with the purpose of taking advantage of fairly easy money conditions which seem likely to prevail during the next two or three months.

Federal control of railroads for war purposes ended at midnight on February 28, 1920. The railroads of the United States, therefore, have been operated by their respective companies for a little more than three years.

During this period the outstanding accomplisbments were:

1. Railway operating expenses reduced approximately one hillion dollars a year.
2. Out of this reduction in operating expenses over half a billion dollars a year turned over to the public in reduced rates.
3. Only about one-third of the reduction in expenses has come from decreased wages.
4. The balance of the reduction has come from increased efficiency and economy of operation.
5. The wage reductions made leave railroad wages substantially above the cost of living—or, in other words, railroad wages have not declined as much as the cost of living has declined.

The increase in efficiency and economy of operation is illustrated by the following fact:

In the second six months of 1922 traffic was almost as heavy as in the second half of 1920. Yet this traffic in 1922 was moved with an average of 1,697,310 employees as against an average of 2,109,188 employees in 1920.

While these substantial henefits have been conferred on the general public and on railroad employees, the compensation of railroad capital from railway operation has heen increased from practically nothing in 1920 to about $760,000,000 in 1922, or approximately a 4 per cent. return.

Economists are rather mystified as to the meaning of the extent of the present decline in our security markets, a decline which has canceled on the average all the advance since the early spring of 1922, when the country was just emerging from a period of extremely severe industrial depression and business men generally were exceedingly cautious in their undertakings. If the presetn hear movement portends the advent of a season of industrial stagnation, then it is almost the sole instance in history when the action of the market itself is practically the only indication of what is to come.

The conditions usually concomitant to a major decline in securities do not appear to be now in evidence. The Federal Reserve Bank statements and the moderate current interest rates show very plainly that there is no credit overstrain nor any stringency in money. There is no buge surplus of finished goods being carried in the inventories of manufacturers, nor has there been any wild orgy of speculation in stocks or commodities such as would warrant a corrective decline of anything like the proportions of the present movement. To be sure, there is somewhat of a labor shortage, due to the clumsily designed restrictive immigration laws, and there have heen certain extravagant wage advances in the building trade, but this latter is hardly typical of the labor situation as a whole, where increases have been moderate and as a rule merited. The one really unfavorable factor among the fundamentals has been the large flotation of new securities, some of which were bought hy the public at fancy valuations. However, it is doubtful if this alone is an adequate explanation of the market's decline.

Although we may not altogether fathom the reasons for the market's action, this action itself is a fact, and, judging from the past, it is a surer indication of future business conditions than any of the so-called fundamentals.

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To give a single illustration: some eight or nine weeks previous to the armistiec the security and commodity markets fairly "shouted" that the war was about to end, yet all the news and all the official statements here and abroad denied this most positively.

One outstanding fact is worth consideration, however, and that is that weekly marginal accounts have heen in large measure liquidated along with selling hy some stronger holders and hy a great army of hears who will he buying stocks hack one of these days. One prominent hrokerage firm reports that its loans have heen reduced 40 per cent. within the past few weeks. Consequently as soon as the puhlic comes to the opinion that stocks are cheap enough to huy the stage will he found set for a very decided rehound in priecs, during which many special stocks will likely have the sort of moves they enjoy in real hull markets. And we certainly could have a splendid rally in some of the rails in view of the excellent May earnings, and, judging from the carloading reports, the prospects for even hetter statements later on.

Steel trade conditions and outlook are regarded as quite satisfactory. Prices hold at a level which promises a moderate hut sufficient profit and new husiness is coming in at an increasing rate. Operations have heen curtailed somewhat, hut only as necessitated hy hot weather and the need of repairs. Similar reports come from most other hranches of industry.—*The Trader.*

Extensive advertising of California hy the Southern Pacific Company is shown hy an attractive hooklet just issued hy the Bureau of Information of Salt Lake City.

The hooklet, a copy of which was received here last week, is in the nature of a tourist guide and will he distrihuted throughout the East.

A Southern Pacific full-page advertisement in the puhlication is devoted entirely to California resorts.

In addition an eight-page story entitled "Going West from Ogden via the Southern Pacific Railway" tells of the scenic attractions of California, including American River Cañon, Lake Tahoe, and other Sierra resorts, Yosemite, Del Monte, Monterey Bay, Santa Cruz, Lassen Volcanic National Park, Southern California heaches, San Bernardino Mountain resorts, Kings and Kern rivers cañons, Santa Barhara and other show places of the Golden State.

The William R. Staats Company are offering a new loan of $500,000 first (closed) mortgage 6½ per cent. honds of the Associated Almond Growers of Paso Rohles (a California corporation), due June 1, 1932. These honds are tax exempt in California and the company agrees to pay normal Federal income tax not exceeding 2 per cent.

This (closed) issue of $500,000 honds is secured hy a direct first mortgage, and hy depositing 6 per cent. first mortgages and contracts of sale with the trustee, on approximately 11,700 acres of land in Monterey and San Luis Ohispo counties, of which 9700 acres are in growing almond and prune orchards, from one to four years old. These orchards have heen sold in ten (or more) acre tracts to about 700 huyers for a total of approximately $4,579,120. The huyers have paid on account of their purchases approximately $2,048,575, leaving a halance due the company of approximately $2,530,545, an amount in excess of five times the first (closed) mortgage debt.

The company assigns to the trustee the entire amount due as ahove, viz.: approximately $2,530,545, and so long as the conditions of the trust deed are carried out may receive from the trustee portions of certain collections for operating and maintenance expenses. The total aggregate, however, of such amounts released will not reduce the securities in the hands of the trustees to less than $2,200,000. Otherwise all collections will he used to retire honds.

The purpose of this issue is to clear off all land purchase ohligations. The company has no floating debt.

The growing demand of the manufacturers of the country for material purchased in other parts of the world is illustrated hy the latest import figures, which indicate that the value of manufacturing material imported in the fiscal year which ended in June, 1923, aggregated nearly two and a half hillion dollars, as against an annual average of less than a hillion dollars in the years immediately preceding the war. While higher prices are in part responsihle for this increase, it is quite apparent that the quantity of manufacturing material coming from abroad constantly increases.

Compilations made hy the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York show that the total value of imports of raw material for use in manufacturing totaled ahout $1,500,000,000 in the fiscal year which ended with June 30th, while manufacturers for further use in manufacturing aggregated ahout $750,000,000. The very highest record made in the pre-war period was $635,000,000 of raw material imported and $350,000,000 of manufactures for further use in manufacturing, so that the record of the fiscal year 1923 is ahout two and a half times as great in stated value as in the highest pre-war year.

Even this high record of nearly two and a half billion dollars of imports in the fiscal year 1923 does not fully measure the sums paid hy the manufacturers for foreign material, for the figures which measure our imports represent the cost in the foreign countries from which they are sent to the United States, and when we add the freight across the ocean, the duties paid on entering the country, the profits of the importers and the freights from the port of entry to the door of the factory, it is quite apparent that the manufacturers of the country have paid in the fiscal year just ended considerahly more than $3,000,000,000 for the manufacturing material hrought from other parts of the world. The total cost to the manufacturers of the manufacturing material imported in the past decade is approximately $20,000,000,000.

The material which we draw from other parts of the world is chiefly the product of climatic and lahor conditions different from our own. The importations for factory use include ruhher, distinctly a tropical product; jute, manila, and sisal, also tropical; raw silk, chiefly from China and Japan with large supplies of cheap lahor; cotton from Egypt; wool from Argentina and Australia; goatskins from India, China, Africa and the Latin American countries; cocoanut, oil, and copra; gums from the tropical forests; tohacco, grown chiefly in the tropical and suh-tropical climates, and in addition to these products of the soil and tropical climates it so happens that the minerals and metals which we import are from mines within the tropical or suhtropical belt.

Fortunately, adds the *Trade Record*, our manufatcurers are ahle to pay "in kind" for this enormous quantity of manufacturing materials which they must have, for the very countries producing this character of material are not producers of manufactures. The tropics find it more convenient to develop production of their fruitful soil and climatic conditions than to give their attention to manufactures, and as a consequence they take in exchange for their natural products manufactures produced through the activity of the capital and lahor of the north temperate zone, and thus our manufacturers are ahle to exchange the products of their shops for the raw material which they must hring from the tropics. Manufactures form from 75 per cent. to 90 per cent. of our exports to tbe tropical countrics of the world, and the interchange thus estahlisbed and maintained hetween the tropics and the manufacturing section of the United States makes it apparent that the proportion which manufacuring material forms of our imports will continue to increase. The share which raw material for manufacturing forms of our imports is now practically 40 per cent. as against 3½ per cent. a century ago, 10 per cent. in 1865, 20 per cent. in 1880, 32 per cent. in 1900 and 35 per cent. in the year immediately preceding the war; while on the other hand finished manufactures formed in May of the current year 42 per cent. of our exports as against 6 per cent. a century ago, 15 per cent. in 1870, 16 per cent. in 1890, 24 per cent. in 1900 and 32 per cent. in the year preceding the war.

Our ahility, adds the *Trade Record*, to buy the world's raw material and send it hack to the producers in manufactured form is due in no small degree to the willingness of capital to coöperate in the interchanges hetween the great climatic and industrial sections of the world. The census figures of the capital of the manufacturing industries of the country show an advance from $533,000,000 in 1850 to $44,579,000,000 in 1919. The stated capitalization of 1919 is eighty-five times as much as that of 1850, while the factory output of 1919 was sixty-five times as much as that of 1850.

Corporate hond issues hoth in California and in the entire United States were offered in small volume in May, according to the Cyrus Peirce & Co. monthly compilation. Both the grand total and the California total were considerahly less than the averages for 1922 and less than the corresponding figures for any previous month of 1923.

California was notahle, however, according to the Cyrus Peirce & Co. record, in more than maintaining its record of preëminence in the amount of such loans placed in this state.

Based on the 1920 census, California's population is 3.23 per cent. of the entire nation and the state has consistently demonstrated its ahility to initiate and ahsorh much more than its theoretical proportion of the corporate honds issued in the United States.

California accounted for nearly 12 per cent. of the industrials, ahout 4 per cent. of the utilities, and almost 7½ per cent. of the total of hoth classes.

The following is the summary made hy Cyrus Peirce & Co. for May, 1923:

Industrial issues in California	$6,400,000
Public utility issues in California	2,650,000
Total California issues	$9,050,000
Industrial issues outside California	$47,447,500
Public utility issues outside California	65,526,000
Total outside issues	$112,973,500
Total industrial issues	$53,847,500
Total utility issues	68,176,000
Total of all issues	$122,023,500

Percentage of California industrial issues to all industrials, 11.88.

Percentage of California utility issues to all utilities, 3.89.

Percentage of California issues to total of hoth classes, 7.42.

After an inspection trip to Edmonton, capital of Alherta, in connection with the construction activities of the new gas system, D. C. Henny, consulting engineer of the United States Reclamation Service, visited San Francisco, and during his stay here addressed the salesmen of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, which handled the securities of the Southwestern Utilities Corporation, controlling the franchise for the marketing of gas in Edmonton. Henny reported prospects hright for marketing gas for the coming winter's needs.

Economists have heen husy attempting to solve the enigma of the "switch-hack" of world leadership in finance from New York to London. Half the world's supply of gold was under holt and har in our coffers; no longer a debtor nation, all others owed us trihute—a dehit halance of some five hillions of dollars had heen erased and a credit balance of fifteen hillions written over its place in the international ledger. No rival worth considering was showing on the horizon. Britain was in an advanced stage of creeping paralysis, France might he considered a negligihle quantity, Berlin was to laugh, says Strasshurger & Co.'s review.

Yet today London smiles in the centre of the world's financial activities, smiles with an irritating complacency, no traces of effort marking the struggles from which she has emerged victor—"the pound sterling has crowded out the American dollar in writing commercial letters of credit, and foreign borrowers find more favorahle terms in London than in New York," we quote from a leading financial contemporary. How has the unthinkahle come about, the impossihle become a fact?

The explanations given, described as causes, are causes in a secondary sense only. Thcse are the stahility of interest rates, low commercial money rates, ahility of the investment market to ahsorh foreign securities. Our money market has imitated the movements of a flea on hot hricks, London's approaching the stately sweep of a dowager in a drawing-room. London's commercial money rates have heen almost consistently lower than those of New York. American capital has alternately holted, somewhat indiscriminately, foreign offerings, and evinced fitful dispositions to jih (whether under the influence of indigestion, or not, history sayeth not). Britain has taken, mayhe, the tortoise for example—in one way or another she has maintained her position, and is now the hetter market for—sound—foreign loans (many of which are to he seen in the offing).

The real, fundamental causes are the invisihle, rightly termed the moral—using the word in its true sense. They are, fixity of purpose, unswerving pursuit of a definite ohject, conservation of nervous energy. And all three are the acquired fruits of experience and training.

There are no enigmas in finance, any more than in any other field of human activity. Every happening is easily explained, given the faculty of comparative analysis.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company announces the addition to its personnel as associate manager of its Los Angeles office of Oscar P. Dix, for the last seven years in the hond husiness in Seattle on his own account. At various times during twenty years' experience in the hond husiness in hoth buying and selling activities Mr. Dix has been connected with the Harris Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, William A. Read & Co. of Chicago, and the Union Trust and Savings Bank of Seattle, whose hond department he organized and managed.

Two of the Leeward Islands which Columhus discovered—St. Christopher and Nevis—are British possessions and, of course, have distinctive stamps. A recent issue shows a woeful ignorance of astronomical lore, for Columhus is shown with a spyglass, although Columhsu died more than 100 years hefore Zachariah Haussen devised the telescope, if the credit is not to he given elsewhere. The early history of the telescope is very hazy.—*Scientific American.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

An Hungarian Patriot.

An Outlaw's Diary. By Cécile Tormay. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $3.

It has been generally regretted that Hungary, the noblest of the countries to fight the Entente, should have been our enemy, but while we admire their patriotism, it is yet something of a surprise to discover the vehemence of its nature and the feeling with which patriotic Hungarians have regarded the Allies, if Cécile Tormay's attitude may be taken as typical of her countrymen and caste. Though undoubtedly her bitterness and that of other Hungarian aristocrats was augmented by their affiliation by birth and friendship with the old government. It would be hard to say whether Count Tisza's assassination or the surrender of the Hungarian troops caused Cécile Tormay, her family, and friends more pain. And the agony with which she regarded Hungary's desertion of Prussia and military honor is only surpassed by her hatred for Count Karolyi, deserter from the aristocrats and leader of the Hungarian socialists.

Recent events have concentrated public interest again on Southeastern Europe, so that "An Outlaw's Diary" is a particularly topical publication. We are only beginning to realize dimly the complications of Eastern European politics, and we have been optimistically deaf to the spread of communism: therefore any information on these cloudy issues is valuable. But "An Outlaw's Diary" is more than that. Merely as a vivid record of the mental suffering—the revolution was practically bloodless except for a few assassinations and street brawls—the outraged patriotism and honor, the passionate reaction against communism felt by the upper classes, Miss Tormay's diary would be an epic; but further it is an indispensable chapter in the story of bolshevism; and as the dramatic climax of a thousand years of glorious Hungarian nationalism, it is history of the authentic sort. Truly, an important book. And one regrets more and more as he learns the stuff Hungarians are made of that they were technically our enemies.

In these peaceful days of Horthy's benevolent dictatorship we have grown used to think of Hungary's fate as comparatively happy, but it is only necessary to read Cécile Tormay's passionate diatribe on the revolution and all that came in its wake to realize that in patriotic Hungarian hearts their country's downfall was effected with surrender and the dissolution of their proud boast of a thousand years of military glory. With what passion Miss Tormay refutes the crowd's singing of "The Marseillaise" on that fateful day. Would France have sung "The Watch on the Rhine," she wonders, if the situation had been reversed. One must respect such consistent enmity. "An Outlaw's Diary" begins on October 31, 1918, when the Hungarian National Council under Karolyi grasped the reins of government, and closes March 21, 1919, the day the followers of Bela Kun swept through the streets of Buda-Pest, launching the dictatorship of the proletariat. A second diary is to follow in which Miss Tormay records an account of the Commune and her escape from the proletarians.

R. G.

More Travel Guides.

The Story of Bologna, by Alethea Wiel; Switzerland in Summer, by Will and Carine Cadby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2 each.

Now that the open season for tourists is upon us all the publishers are issuing guides to travelers of every description. Two of Dutton's of widely different type are noteworthy, "Switzerland in Summer," by the authors of "Switzerland in Winter," a typical tourists' handbook, and "Bologna," which is the latest of the Mediæval Town Series of this publishing house. The Switzerland book, which is furnished with twenty-seven photographs and a map, is the first volume of a work to cover completely Swiss travel in summer, and deals with the Bernese Oberland. It contains practical advice on all the mundane details of travel, luggage, hotels, etc.

For a different sort of traveler is the newest of the Mediæval Town Series. Tourists *per se* are warned off, travelers of infinite leisure, an Italian itinerary, and a taste for archæology will find it and its Italian fellows indispensable. The book is attractively illustrated from line drawings and of course has the inevitable adjunct, a map.

Another Outline.

Pathways of European Peoples. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cobb are writers for children, a fact that may account for the greater plausibility of their outline history in distinction to many of its predecessors. Like Professor Van Loon's admirable "Story of Mankind," the Cobbs' book is addressed directly to young people, a device which instantly removes the invidious sting from any ultra simple presentation of well-known facts. "Pathways of European Peoples" differs in another way from some of its fellow outlines in that its object is to present the background of American civilization, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the foundations, by means of an outline of European history. Nor do we go back to the missing link nor even Paleolithic man—they probably have no connection with American civilization. Ancient Greece is the point of departure for these pathways and their course is charted simply, but not too simply for the sophisticated tastes of well-read youngsters.

Ireland as She Is.

The Great Grandmother. By G. A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.

Irish novelists from Charles Lever to Gerald O'Donovan have had a peculiar fascination denied to writers of other race, partly as a result of their subject-matter, which is always easily stranger than fiction, partly, we suppose, because of their own facile Celtic temperament. But their interest at best is special. People with Irish blood or sympathies adore them, but we have our doubts of the rest of the world. It is in this respect that George Birmingham, or the Rev. James Owen Hannay, according to whether one thinks of him as the witty chronicler of present Ireland or the canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, is an exception. It is an open secret that this artist and clergyman leads a double and doubly useful life.

To those who know "Gossamer" and "General John Regan"—and to know any of Birmingham's score or so is usually to get acquainted with the rest—a new novel by the genial cannon is an oasis among the myriad sands of slush, vulgarity, and hysteria. Birmingham—like The Mahoney in the present volume it would be incorrect to call him "Mr."—not only takes Irish nature lightly, he also fails to take human nature with the sanctimonious piety of almost any other writer. Alone among Irish novelists he sees the farcical side of Irish life. His every novel epitomizes it, and "The Great Grandmother" is as good an example as any wherein the Lady Coppinger was a cook, an event which sometimes occurs in other societies, but nowhere else than in Ireland would she remain the cook. It is a telling point in favor of Irish morality, where the creditors' solicitor generously and publicly assists the debtor to swindle his creditors, where the creditors themselves stand for such treatment, where Sir Amos Coppinger "himself" lived like a peasant, albeit possessed of a Gainsborough of fabulous value and a beautiful daughter who went barefoot. But so insidious is the taint of modern fiction that we can not even review this exception without presenting it like any romance. The real virtue of "The Great Grandmother" and of any other of its author's products is not in the story nor even the picture of contemporary Irish society, though these are remarkable enough, but in the cool, ironic style of the canon of St. Patrick's.

Three Sports and a Game.

Four of a Kind. By J. P. Marquand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

Four bright stories with the tang of a sporting background make up J. P. Marquand's latest volume of light fiction and some very good reading for the summer holidays. The four aces whose histories are here recorded are shining stars in their respective fields—pugilism, advertising, golf, horsemanship—and the story of their triumphant progress is the sort of optimistic bromide one needs occasionally as antidote against more serious and depressing art. Incidentally one wonders why the heavyweight artists so seldom have the easy gaits and finished technic that often mark this type of light entertainment. Some one has said that style is the gait of the mind. "Four of a Kind," which is one-fourth horse story, must then be the product of a smoothly coupled mind.

A Guide for Cops.

The Policeman. By Cornelius F. Cahalane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

A book that is written specifically not for laymen and will therefore be peculiarly attractive to many of them is "The Policeman," by the deputy chief inspector of police in New York City. This volume, which ought to go well with both readers and writers of detective stuff, is Inspector Cahalane's second—his "Police Practice and Procedure" being intended for the New York police, especially as a guide to the instructors in the training school of the New York police department. Its sequel, "The Policeman," though also intended for the profession, is of more general interest, the chapters on detective methods, court procedure, traffic, etc., containing useful information for all citizens.

Nova Scotian Publicity.

Ambling Through Acadia. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Century Company; $2.

Canada as literary material, and particularly Nova Scotia, has come to the fore lately, the vogue probably being due to a reflex action from the South Seas as a romantic *mise en scène*. We have had Canadian, even Haligonian, novels recently, and now there is a genuine travel book on the out-of-the-way, almost mythical land of Evangeline, Acadia, known in more modern parlance as the Blue Nose region. Mr. Towne's travels, however, did not take him there in the characteristic season that has given Nova Scotia its nickname and which lasts from October to May, more or less. He went in the spring, the time when Nova Scotia really is Acadia. With Mr. Towne went William Heitland, the artist, who sketched the pastoral beauty of Yarmouth, Weymouth, Chester and Sandy Cove. Though why did these two travelers confine themselves to the mainland when the even more picturesque islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton lie to the north? But probably winter came before they traveled up towards Newfoundland and what they wished to record was apple blossom time in Acadia, a season only equaled anywhere in the world by its sequel, the short, perfect summer which is a riot of blueberries and diminutive roses, not so large as California violets.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The problem of adapting M. Romain Rolland's "John Christopher" for the films is being attacked by a movie producer.

"A Dickens Atlas," which includes "Twelve Walks in London with Charles Dickens," has been published by the Hatton Garden Press, New York. The edition is limited to three hundred copies for the United States, Canada, and Great Britain.

George Frederick Zimmer's "A Popular Dictionary of Botanical Names and Terms, with Their English Equivalents," has been reissued by the Duttons. In its 122 pages can be found every one of all those descriptive terms and Latin names that botanists so love to use, to the constant annoyance of the amateur, who usually has to guess at their meaning. But this dictionary will solve all problems, and add greatly to the amateur botanists' enjoyment of their favorite recreation.

Advance notices of "The Untrodden Ways," by H. J. Massingham, indicate that it is a nature book quite out of the ordinary. The author treats of wild life in relation to landscape, describing the latter as carefully and minutely as the former. The book also includes a long, critical estimate of the late W. H. Hudson and studies of other authors. "The Untrodden Ways" will be published in this country by the Duttons.

A movement is on foot in England to create a memorial to the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous Antarctic explorer, to take the form either of some public monument to his memory or of relief to his dependents. Lloyd George, while premier, secured to Shackleton's mother a grant of five hundred pounds. Incidentally, "The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton," the authorized biography, by Hugh Robert Mill, has just been published by Little, Brown & Co.

Harcourt, Brace & Co. have moved to their new quarters at 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

John Sewall Pratt Alcott, one of the last male descendants of the original Alcott family, immortalized in "Little Women" and "Little Men," died on June 20th in Newton, a suburb of Boston, in his fifty-eighth year. His mother was Anna Bronson Alcott Pratt, the Meg of "Little Women," while his father was John Bridge Pratt—John Brooke. In 1888 he was adopted by his aunt, Louisa May Alcott, so that his surname became Alcott. He, as Daisy, and his brother, Frederick Alcott Pratt, as Demi, were the originals of these two characters in "Little Men." He is survived by his wife and by a legally adopted step-son, Elverton Hunting Alcott.

The Edgar Allan Poe Shrine at Richmond, Virginia, is publishing "Politian," a drama by Edgar Allan Poe, first edited from the original manuscript by Thomas Ollive Mabbott.

Announcement is made by the Marshall Jones Company of the publication of "Parties and Party Leaders," a new book in the Amherst series. Written by Anson D. Morse, late professor of history in Amherst, the book is introduced with an extended preface by Dwight W. Morrow and presents an unbiased history of American politics down to 1914. Other

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Years ago George Moore, who always does things in his own way, wrote a kind of Scriptural scenario and called it "The Apostle." That circumstance has led people who remember what Mr. Moore writes to confuse it with a full play which Heinemann has just published from him under the same title. The scenario and the play have practically no relationship to each other, and if it had not been too late from the printing point of view, Mr. Moore would probably have avoided any confusion by entitling the latter "St Paul." This is because it deals with St. Paul's departure for Rome, the most eventful moment, as Moore thinks, in the last two thousand years of the world's history.

There are books which the public seem to be unable to do without, and one of them is "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare." It has been out of print for two years, but is going to be reissued in response to an insistent demand from the public. Its popularity is explained by the fact that it is at once cheap and well illustrated, and the mass of people who love Shakespeare like those two conditions in an edition of his works. A leading picture in this Shakespeare is a color one of Beerbohm Tree as Wolsey in "Henry VIII." The famous actor was always proud of that picture.

Stacy Aumonier, whose outstanding volume of short stories—"Miss Bracegirdle and Others"—has just appeared, was a society entertainer before he adopted writing as a profession. His numerous accomplishments include expert draughtsmanship and painting. Mrs. Aumonier is the well-known pianist, Miss Gertrude Peppercorn.

Diana Patrick (Desemea Newman), author of "The Manuscript of Youth" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, England, about thirty years ago. In that bleak north country near Haworth, home of the Brontës, she grew up, attended school at Keighley and Darlington College in Durham. In school she began writing verse and plays and after her marriage, in 1910, to Harry J. Wilson of an old Irish family, she kept up the writing which first bore practical fruit with the winning of the prize in a short story contest conducted by *Pearson's Magazine*. Her first novel, "The Wider Way," was published in 1920 and was followed by "The Islands of Desire," "Barbara Justice," and "Dusk of Moonrise."

Ben Ames Williams, author of "Evered," "Black Pawl," and the volume of short stories entitled "Thrifty Stock," published by Duttons, was born in Mississippi about thirty-four years ago. His early years were spent in Jackson, Ohio, where his father was, and still is, the editor of a country weekly. While Ben was still a boy his father was appointed consul at Cardiff, Wales, and the family spent fifteen months there. After his graduation from Dartmouth, Mr. Williams worked for six years on the Boston *American*. He began to write stories, but he wrote eighty-two of them before one was accepted. In 1912 he married the daughter of a long line of sea captains in the China trade. It was two years later that he sold his first story, and two years after that, encouraged by Bob Davis of Munsey's, he gave up his job and devoted all his working time to fiction. His home is in Newtonville, Massachusetts, and he has a summer camp near Belfast, Maine, where he fishes, shoots, drives a Ford station wagon and makes friends with the neighboring farmers and Penobscot fishermen.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham is writing a history of the "Conquest of the River Plate."

Professor William I. Thomas, Ph. D., who is the author of the latest volume in Little, Brown & Co.'s series of Criminal Science Monographs—"The Unadjusted Girl"—is a graduate of the University of Tennessee, '84. He has also attended the University of Berlin, the University of Gottingen, and the University of Chicago. His book consists mainly of "case histories," compiled under the direction of Mrs. William F. Dummer of Chicago.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published "Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics," by E. A. Wallis Budge, who is keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Its purpose is to provide an easy introduction to the study of Egyptian inscriptions and it contains also a short account of the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics and a sketch of the hieroglyphic system of writing and of the general principles which underlie the use of picture signs to express thought.

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GIRTH CONTROL. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.75.

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THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FOOD. Published by Artemas Ward. New York: Artemas Ward; $10.

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LILLIAN NORDICA'S HINTS TO SINGERS. Transcribed by William Armstrong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Together with an account of Lillian Nordica's training for the opera as told in the letters of the singer and her mother, Amanda Allen Norton.

CASTLE CONQUER. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

An Irish historical romance.

THE REFORMATION OF WAR. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

By the author of "Tanks in the Great War."

A PRIMER OF CITIZENSHIP. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

Americanization.

SELF-HEALING BY AUTO-SUGGESTION. Translated from the French of A. Dolonne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

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LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN. By Clara D. Pierson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A book of little essays for mothers.

THE GOOD COMRADE AND FAIRIES. By Paul Scott Mowrer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Lyrics.

MOTION PICTURES IN EDUCATION. By Don Carlos Ellis and Laura Thornborough. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.

THE RÉGIME OF THE INTERNATIONAL RIVERS: DANUBE AND RHINE. By J. P. Chamberlain. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law.

LONELY FURROW. By Maud Diver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.

A novel by the author of "Far to Seek."

THE STORY OF BOLOGNA. By Alethea Wiel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

The Mediæval Town Series.

THE SOUL OF WOMAN. By Gina Lombroso. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

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CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.

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THRIFTY STOCK. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

And other stories.

FOREIGN INFLUENCES IN ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. By Felix E. Schelling. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The basis of Anglo-Saxon drama.

THE SOCIABLE SAND WITCH. By T. L. Sappington. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

Juvenile.

Some Chinese Doubts.

A Chinese finds a strange phenomenon in his study of religious conditions, writes Lowe Chuan-Hwa, in the *Nation*. While millions of dollars and armies of missionaries are being employed to proselytize the Oriental peoples, unbelief is rapidly spreading among all classes of the Christian nation, and Europeans and Americans are descending from a God-serving, church-going, moral people to a Mammon-serving, pleasure-loving, immoral people. A king whose throne is shaken by insurrection within his own dominions does not dispatch his loyal soldiers on adventurous expeditions to foreign lands. A mother whose own baby is driven to the verge of starvation does not give the ration to feed an outsider. Do the peoples of the West propose to convert China and then wait for the Chinese to reconvert the West? Foreigners are never weary of emphasizing the inscrutability of the Oriental mind, yet here surely is a phase of Occidental activity that is no less than an insoluble puzzle. Still more astonishing is the fact that, in their struggle against heathendom, the Christian powers, instead of using the weapons of love and meekness, which are the doctrines of their Master, have adopted, from the very outset, the mailed-fist policy—the policy that holds a pistol to China's head and says, in essence: "Admit our missionaries freely into your land or we fire!"

Perhaps it may be asserted that Christianity is a nutriment without which the Orientals would probably be plunged in eternal spiritual starvation. But let us cease wandering in the wilderness of delusion and, facing realities, ask ourselves a few vital questions. To begin with, what is there so enviable and permanent in the religious life of the West that can justify us in abandoning our own venerable system of ethics and religion—a system which proved its enduring worth long before the light of letters dawned upon Greece and Rome? Upon what grounds of experience can it be asserted that we would be profited should we desert our "old path of wisdom" and allow our innocent millions to be tossed hither and thither upon the turmoil of the West's conflicting creeds? Even if we see the necessity for adopting Christianity, may we not appeal to you, before our acceptance, to refashion your attitude, purify your religious convictions, and refresh your beliefs? If you wish to invite us into your castle, are we not entitled to ask before we enter whether you have made your fortification impregnable?

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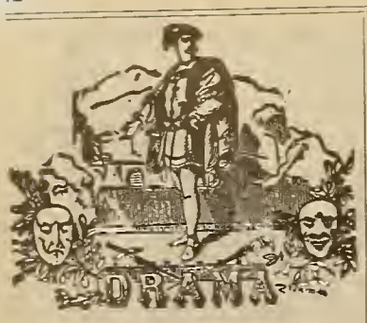
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"THE GREAT LADY DEDLOCK."

Dickens was a horn melodramatist, and this quality in him comes out strongly in any dramatization of his hooks. He always gave sinister atmosphere and hrooding premonitions of coming explosions to the melodrama in his stupendous novels. How stupendous they are we have hut to pick up any one of them, turn over the pages, and recognize the scores of familiar names that we haven't thought of for years, to realize. Yet in these hooks the character around whose figure centres the melodramatic interest is the one that stands out ahove all others.

In "Bleak House" it is always Lady Dedlock. This proud, imperially hored heauty is as unreal as the majority of Dickens' women: as Mrs. Domhey, with her frozen loveliness, who is a sister portrait to Lady Dedlock; with imhecile little Dora, the oppressively saintly Agnes, the priggishly perfect Esther Summerson, and so on. But to the sister portraits of Lady Dedlock and Mrs. Domhey he gave a picturesque impressiveness. Their day is not of ours, for women in novels nowadays are like life.

The Charles Dickens novels, when dramatized, retain their Victorianism. That, indeed, is the charm of Paul Kester's play, "The Great Lady Dedlock," which he does not mistakenly attempt to modernize. It is a fine dramatic arrangement of the Lady Dedlock part of "Bleak House," even though it was patent at 11 o'clock p. m. that the play is not yet completed.

But out of that vast material Paul Kester has constructed a tense drama enshrining the central proud figure, with its hidden self-torturings and its desolating memories.

In respect to selection of characters the dramatist has done well, for he places around the imperial central figure all those who, like Mr. Tulkinghorn, Inspector Bucket, Hortense or Esther Summerson, in some way influenced or crossed her destiny.

The others were either too typical of the story to he suppressed—Harold Skimpole, for example—or contrihutory to the general effect. Among these was Volumnia Dedlock, with her ancient sprightliness, and the great folk who were heing entertained at Chesney Wold.

The device of making Esther Summerson's young wooer a memher of the Dedlock family was an excellent one, for it strengthened the dramatist's hand hy giving more point to Mr. Tulkinghorn's silent yet ruthless persecution of the lady whom he regarded as a menace to the family's pride and state.

The defect of excessive length of the play, a common one at premières, is easily remedied. The allusions to "The Ghost's Walk" can he shortened to suggestions. The scene in which Lady Dedlock first appears can also he ahhreviated. Excellent as are the portraits of Mr. Tulkinghorn and Inspector Bucket, large slahs can he cut out of the discourse of these two characters.

Even Jo, the crossing-sweeper, brief as are his appearances, could he partly sacrificed. And when the story finally comes out, and the two enemies are face to face in the open, the dialogue could he shortened, and therehy strengthened. Possihly some of Hortense's dialogue could he lessened, although Miss Anglin rendered that French tigress' flame and fury with such intensity that it would seem a pity to abhreviate it.

But Mr. Kester has made a great mistake in using the scene of Lady Dedlock's death as an opportunity for emotional display.

The journey of Ethel with Inspector Bucket leads up to one of the finest climaxes of feeling in the Dickens novels, almost if not quite matching that one in "David Copperfield" which culminated in the great storm and Steerforth's death. The dramatization of a Dickens novel presupposes an acquaintance with it on the part of the spectators. As a matter of fact many people turned out on Monday night to see "The Great Lady Dedlock" who are not hahitual theatre-goers. They went to experience a recrudescence of the joys that Dickens had given them in their youth. That, of course, is impossihle. The capacity for youthful emotional exaltation effervesces away, as the prose of life presses o'. us. But there are certain nerve cells that always respond to a familiar pressure, and no doubt there are many who share with me a tendency to weep a salt tear or so on re-ing the final sentence in Esther's narra- the beart-breaking search for her fugitive mother. Dickens, even with a desolate premonition weighing down her hopes, has had Esther helieve that the humhle figure clasping the cold iron of the cemetery gate is Jenny, the mother of the dead child. And she says, "I lifted the heavy head, put the long, dank hair aside, and turned the face. And it was my mother, cold and dead."

The solemn words are like the tolling of a knell, and I do not douht that it was a shock to those who know their Dickens when the dramatist resurrected Lady Dedlock long enough to have a scene of parting with her anguished daughter. It was too deeply stamped in our consciousness that the fugitive had carried her hroken heart and her quenchless love to the poor place where lay in death the ohject of her tragic constancy, and that the mother was never allowed to emhrace her child.

And hesides, practicality counseled against an extension of so long a play at such a late hour. That last act should he little more than a picture. Few and short should he the words spoken, and those uttered hy Esther when she makes the mournful discovery should he as simple and heart-piercing as those in the hook.

But no douht the indispensahle changes that will strengthen an already strong drama will he made, for every one of the early appearances of a new play is a try-out.

Hard, wearing work and much money has evidently heen expended hy Miss Anglin to make the acting and the production worthy of the play. George Foster Platt, who was with Miss Anglin when she put on several of the Greek tragedies, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc," came out to direct the play. The sets have heen carefully planned, and are well in accord with the hackgrounds described in "Bleak House." In respect to costume the variety, picturesque Victorianism, and hecomingness of the costumes constitute a drawing attraction in itself. The typically Dikensonian appearance of the characters has heen carefully studied and admirahly expressed, and the large company makes a fine appearance. There are ahout a dozen of the principals and almost as many more figuring either as gorgeously liveried servants or as guests at Chesney Wold.

Miss Anglin does the two rôles of Lady Dedlock and Hortense with the fine finish and the apt differentiation that we had counted on. She was unahle to eliminate the individuality of her countenance, hut in voice, motion, gesture and manner she made a strong contrast hetween the volcanic Frenchwoman, spitting out her venom as furiously as an entrapped wildcat, and the lofty lady with her imperial hauteur.

The Lady Dedlock of the hook was a person of few words, which makes the opportunity for contrast all the greater. So dramatically strong are these two figures that they make the atmosphere tense the instant they appear, and nothing can he spared from them save the resurrection of Lady Dedlock in the last act. There seemed to he some unnecessary repetition in the revelatory scene hetween Lady Dedlock and Mr. Tulkinghorn, hut of that I am not sure. It might have heen due to a first-night uncertainty ahout the lines.

Miss Anglin showed a mingling of strength and reserve in her scenes of emotion. The extraordinarily fine production and highly commendahle all-round performance presupposes an enormous amount of work. This is particularly evident in the character of Hortense, who dashes inconsequently from profane English to catlike outspittings of fiery French. Miss Anglin has worked hard over that French, and has succeeded in giving it a very Gallic flavor.

Janet Cameron's appearance of tender youthfulness, and the essence of gentleness and lovahleness that she hrougbt out in the character of Esther, gave vividness to the contrast hetween the ripe matron, splendid with satin and jewels, and the opening flower of girlhood. Both Janet Cameron and Gladys Knorr were charming to look at in their ample flounced skirts and their prettily hooded heads.

Two characters whose comedy value Paul Kester hoped to he able to transfer to the stage, those of Volumnia Dedlock and Harold Skimpole, didn't pan out so well aurally as visually. Emelie Melville as Volumnia and Roland Rushton as Harold Skimpole lent liveliness to the social aspect of the gatherings, hut the comedy seemed spasmodic and unspontaneous; a defect due to its antique and moss-grown quality rather than to any deficiency in the players.

Many years ago the story of Jo was made into a play, over which people laughed and wept freely. But, hrief as are his appearances in the play, they might be hriefer, more especially as Elwyn Harvey's Jo was unmistakahly a girl. For Jo's is a story hy itself, and in the play he is only a slight link.

Two admirahle characterizations were those of Inspector Bucket and Mr. Tulkinghorn hy Messrs. Wheeler Dryden and John J. Ivancovich. Both actors well expressed the salient characteristics of the personages represented, from the point of physical representation and character psychology. Both had the correct manner, and gave faithful delineations o, the people in the hook. Mr. Ivancovich, nevertheless, did a lot of standing with his hack to the audience, so that he was on such occasions all but unintelligihle; but that correction lies in the stage director's hands. Both actors, however, will have to resign themselves to losing large chunks of dialogue, for the dramatist has been too lavish with his lines in that quarter.

Harry Barfoot as Sir Leicester Dedlock, Francis Adair as Mr. Jarndyce—who, in the play, had lost his cheeriness—spoke and looked well in their rôles of courtly patrician and kindly friend. Allen Connor was a gallant figure in his Victorian huffs and blues, and half a dozen players in minor rôles rounded out the very creditahle cast.

The people were selected hy some one with



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All along the line from Calaveras Reservoir in Alameda County to Crystal Springs Reservoir in San Mateo County there is substantial progress in the work of adding 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of San Francisco.

Construction proceeds vigorously at Calaveras Reservoir, the capacity of which Spring Valley is increasing from 8 to 32 hillion gallons. Tbis is more than the combined capacities of the three San Mateo County reservoirs—Crystal Springs, San Andres, and Pilarcitos.

At the rate of 900 feet a week Spring Valley is rapidly completing a new reinforced concrete conduit down Niles Cañon with a capacity of 70 million gallons daily. Through this conduit the added 24 million gallons daily will flow en route to San Francisco.

Working from hoth ends, the City is hriskly driving a water tunnel under Pulgas Ridge near Crystal Springs Reservoir. Pulgas Tunnel will be 8750 feet long, and 7300 feet have heen completed. Through this tunnel Calaveras water will empty into Crystal Springs Reservoir.

When these and other units of the project are completed hy City and water company, the way will he clear for supplying to San Francisco 66 million gallons daily instead of 42 million gallons daily, as at present —more than enough water for many years to come.

Harmonious coöperation and a proper appreciation of our growing metropolitan needs on the part of City and water company made this project feasihle and will see it through to success.

SPRING VALLEY WATER COMPANY

observing eye—Miss Anglin, douhtless—ho saw to it that the duke and duchess could ass for aristocrats, that the footmen were ill, fine men, and that the rural constahles oked their parts.

The play was not quite in smooth order the rst night, hut it hids fair to intensify in notional poignancy, in comedy values, and in e darkling atmosphere of impending calamity the necessary excisions are made and the ramatic links drawn more tightly.

It is interesting to witness the dramatized rsion of a Dickens novel in this era of alism, and find that some of its delight can rvive. As to its earlier magic, it is too uch to expect that we can fully experience at, for, sometimes unconsciously, we grow to our own time. But "The Great Lady edlock" not only revives some of the charm youthful enthusiasms, hut it is, like Pinero's Trelawney of the Wells," a picture of tional life as it was imagined in the middle the last century. With the verhosity and iltedness of that era stripped away, we sur-nder our imagination willingly. For to ro-antic melodrama we lovers of the drama are er constant, and it seems right that it should located in a less ruthlessly realistie time an ours.

"THE GOLDFISH."

Have you saw Marjorie Ramheau in "The oldfish"? Ain't she the goods, kid, ain't e the goods? Oh, hahy, ain't she the cat's ajamas?

But I must dissemhle. It is not permissihle use such language as Jenny Jones was ought up on save in the highest and lowest rcles. We middle-class folk must trample derfoot our native American taste for the yous and pungent vernacular of the back reets, and try to uphold a few tottering tra-tions of conventionality in our heloved and ickly encrusted tongue.

"The Goldfish" is made over from a play the French hy the usual hrace of French-en. Gladys Unger did the joh, and she has rned out a highly amusing farce-comedy, ith rich rivers of native slang.

"The Goldfish" is merely lively fooling, hut arjorie Ramheau does such clever and con-stently and steadily amusing comedy in it at you wonder what it would he without r. Her Jenny Jones in the first act is a ece of youthful effervescence that never ases to fizz. It is a wonder she can keep up as she does, for there is not a point rained. The right mood seems to he there ery minute of the time, and the spon-neity of action that helongs with it.

Jenny is a care-free little sparrow whose nguage flows forth with the picturesque sym-olism that slang has appropriated as its ex-ression. Jenny receives every one in her ajamas, wearing them with the gay uncon-rn with which the neighhorhood cohhler's ife wears her houdoir cap to the corner rocery. And everyhody loves Jenny at sight and hearing—including, hy the way, the idience. In the original French Jenny was, course, a lady of undependahle conven-onality, and was passed, act hy act, through e eagerly grasping hands of her three lovers. ut in the adapted version she is married to ch one, our national institution of divorce aking it easy for the adapter to provide nny legal facility in evading each hond.

Thus Jenny mounts higher with each new e, reaching, at the last, to the distinction having a proposal of marriage from a duke.

And as she rises Jenny attempts, with the d of an impoverished count, who sees her apahilities, to mend her manners and her eech; with many delicious reversions, it ould he added, to the natural little human eed that we had found so captivating in the st act.

Marjorie Ramheau is so expert at her craft at, in spite of her capahilities for doing work in a higher line of comedy than "The Goldfish," one can only delight in her pro-ficiency. She is giving something in the line of "Kiki," only something much more truly humorous and without the halderdash and coarseness which disfigured the Belasco adap-tation. Sentiment comes in toward the last in order to create a wind-up, hut it is not dragged in hy the hair. It is honest, and really so decent that, in the good old Ameri-can style, we mingle amused laughter and re-freshing sympathy. For we understand, from the completeness with which Marjorie Ram-heau presents the portrait of this Bronx waif, that Jenny's destiny in life was to refresh those who loved her, whether men or women, hy the insouciance of her gay spirit, and hy the instinctive kindliness of her heart.

Many actresses would fail in conveying this essence of Jeny's character, particularly in a piece so light and unsuhstantial. That Mar-jorie Ramheau has so signally succeeded means perhaps that she has made more of the piece than was really in it without her pres-ence. This is a point that I am really curious about, for there is plenty of good stuff in dialogue and situations, from a farcical point of view. It is thoroughly French to have Jenny remain a good pal to each rejected hus-band—lover, of course, in the original—and as she climhs toward wealth it is perhaps a sop to American sentiment to have her draw around her in various useful capacities the scanty group who had heen fond of the little sparrow in the days of her ohscurity.

I rather fancy that Marjorie greatly enjoys acting the rôle of Jenny. It is a weakness—or is it a weakness?—of all humanity to love to create occasion for laughter, and Miss Ramheau may lay the flattering unction to her soul that if she should want to strike out in new lines and hecome that rather rare thing, a successful woman hurlesque actress, she's the woman for the joh. She continually introduces touches of extremely clever and amusing hurlesque in her depiction of Jenny climhing the dizzy heights to conventional elegance of deportment.

May Irwin won fame and fortune at that kind of work, hut Marjorie Ramheau, though she lacks the touch of poetry necessary to make a Rosalind, evidently respects her art hecause she is so thorough in it. That thor-oughness shows in her work in "The Gold-fish," just as it showed in "Eyes of Youth" and "The Sign on the Door." But she has prohahly taken so farcical a rôle as a change from more serious work; much as Mrs. Fiske rested a little from heavier hurdens hy playing "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans."

A satisfactory company assists Miss Ram-heau in conveying the fun of the piece, and there are plenty of evidences of good stage directing in the general performance.

OUR SINNING GENERATION.

It will he rememhered hy those who have read Flauhert's famous "Mme. Bovary" that when the surviving and enlightened widower of the extinct sinner found what a lurid record she had left he felt a curious pride that the woman who had heen his hourgeois wife had heen ahle to attract such a list of lovers. For squeamish readers of the time just preceding the present this seemed "a hit thick," to put it mildly. But now that the younger generation is playing a vigorous part in removing the veil of concealment from what was formerly considered undiscussahle, it seems that high-colored episodes in pasts are to he taken for granted and condoned.

I picked up a Gouverneur Morris short story the other day, and read of some chance shots made hy a woman who was marked out as a victim of the social lights of a small town, who meant to send her to Coventry. The woman in question, who valued respect-ability and social standing, dealt very simply with her enemies. She went to see each one, apologized elahorately for a letter she had opened hy mistake, hinted that it had fallen into the right hands, and hrought each trem-hling craven to terms.

In other words, unless one helongs to the line of dull, drah people who walk hy rule, you may have had some adventure, done something indiscreet that you want to conceal. The amateur hlackmailer's letters were all made of whole cloth, hut she hagged a catch every time with her chance shots.

And that is the theme of "Aren't We All?" a comedy hy Frederick Lonsdale that Cyril Maude has used for his latest dramatic vehicle in America. All of the characters hut one—the play is located in London—have stepped, during a hrief interlude, down the primrose path of dalliance. And so each who would reproach his or her marital partner is ohliged to sheathe threatening claws.

It seems queer that a play of such a nature should have heen horn in conventional Eng-land. But the author makes the indiscretions of his characters seem to he the prelude to future decorum. He writes genially, without hitterness to his cynicism, and his characters possess the essence of life.

But London did not take so kindly to the play as did New York; which causes us to make the query, "Is it hecause of a British shrinking from the truth, or is it that New Yorkers tacitly accept it as the truth and glee-fully laugh over it?" A question that can not he answered.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The Orpheum, starting Sunday matinée, July 22d, has as headline attraction Theodore Roherts, the Paramount character actor. "The Man Higher Up," by William C. De Mille, was the means of re-introducing Mr. Roherts to the stage about a year ago.

Pearl Regay, the dancer, is another Or-pheum feature. Miss Regay is a dance origi-nator. She is assisted hy Lester Sheehan.

Ben Bernie and his orchestra of synco-pators remain for another seven days.

There is to he a generous lot of comedy on the hill, with Joe Morris and Flo Camphell and the Four Camerons as the chief fun-makers.

The Four Camerons with their fun-fest, "Like-Father-Like-Son," have laugh creations down to a science.

With a comhination of instrumental music and comedy Charles Sargent and John Mar-vin present a novelty.

Paul Decker hrings a new Edwin Burke comedy, entitled "Douht."

A delightful pair are Chong and Rosie Moey, who started their stage careers in San Francisco, and who present a Chinese version of American songs and dances.

At the Curran.

Next Monday Margaret Anglin will hegin the second week of her new production, "The Great Lady Dedlock," a play hy Paul Kester, founded on Charles Dickens' novel, "Bleak House."

In this play Miss Anglin has one of the opportunities of her career, for she plays two parts, Lady Dedlock and the French maid Hortense, and these serve to show over what a wide range her dramatic powers extend. She is first a lady of gentle hreeding, and five minutes after leaving the stage she re-turns as a French servant, quick-tempered, profane, hold; hoth remarkahle characteriza-tions of individuals who differ as greatly in their natures as in their social positions.

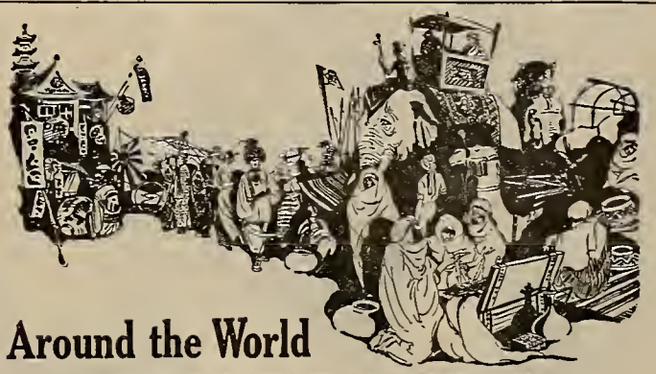
The play is heautifully costumed in the period of 1850, and the parts are handled hy an excellent cast, which includes Roland Rushton, Harry Barfoot, Wheeler Dryden, Elwyn Eaton, Raymond Northcut, Gladys Knorr, Allen Connor, Emelie Melville, John Ivancovich, Francis Adair, Janet Cameron, Elwyn Harvey, Sally Williams, Henry Mow-hray, George Henderson, Ray Goerler, Went-worth Green, George Greenworth, Richard Nichols.

What Insulin Can Do.

It is not yet known whether the new pan-creas-extract known as insulin really cures diahetes or not, hut it can certainly hring hack a patient in the last stage from the very threshold of death, says the Manchester *Guardian*. This comes out clearly in the re-ports from the hospitals in London, Sheffield, Edinhurgh, and Glasgow, which have heen sup-plied hy the Medical Research Council—paten-tees of the remedy—with enough for each to make a small investigation.

At one of these hospitals a patient admitted on the verge of coma and fighting for hreath was made quite comfortahle within an hour or two hy an injection of insulin, and next day could take a diet which, if not liheral, was at all events appetizing. Presumahly small doses of insulin will enahle any dia-hetic patient pining at perpetual restriction to enjoy an occasional surfeit of cream-puffs, hut there is not yet enough of the remedy availahle to admit of its extensive use.

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VANITY FAIR.

Maurice Paleologue, descended from a long line of emperors of the Eastern Roman Empire, formerly head of the political department of the French foreign office, later amhassador to Petrograd, has recently given the Paris *Temps* his version of the mystery of Meyerling, that strange, sad episode that never loses interest. He says he had the explanation from the late Empress Eugénie, who had it from the ill-fated Empress Elizaheth of Austria, assassinated in Switzerland in 1898. She was the mother of Prince Rudolph, principal actor in the tragedy that haffled the curiosity of two continents. What she may have had to say ahout it would have heen of surpassing interest. Every account, or pretended account, of what went on that January night at the heautiful little hunting lodge ten miles from Vienna has had its news value for thirty-four years, as a story of love and despair and death. This version takes authority from the standing of the diplomat who gives it to the world, and has its interest today, despite the fact that the unhappy lovers have heen so long at rest. Yet one can not he sure that the thing was so simple as Monsieur Paleologue, or Paleologus, puts it, nor that we have the whole truth at last. Some narratives are meant to hide rather than reveal.

According to M. Paleologue, the Emperor Francis Joseph had a scene with his son over the heautiful Baroness Vetsera. He demanded that Rudolph give her up. Rudolph went to Meyerling to see his heloved Marie for the last time. They repaired to their apartments at an extreme end of the hunting hox, where nothing was to he heard hy their attendants, and here Rudolph informed her of his father's decree. She in turn informed him of the approach of an event often expected in families of more regular estahlishment. They decided they could not endure life apart. Rudolph took his revolver and shot her in the hreast, then hore her to a couch and covered her with roses. He sat for hours writing his mother an account of the pitiful husiness, and ahout 6 in the morning ended his own life with a hullet through the hrain. Some two hours later, alarmed hy the valet of the prince, who found he could not enter his master's room, Prince Philip of Coburg, hrother to Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Count Hoyos, hrother to the Austrian amhassador to France, entered the apartment hy a window. They were afterward sworn to secrecy hy the emperor, a secrecy they religiously kept. The emperor demanded that the Pope consent to Catholic hurial for his son, in spite of the suicide, hut Cardinal Rampolla cited ecclesiastical law against it; a fact that is said to have heaten him for the Papacy thirteen years later.

Now, M. Paleologue has supplied a reasouahle and apparently authentic solution of a mystery—all hut the mysterious part of it; which consists in the command of the emperor that his son give up his lady friend. That is not a customary proceeding on the part of royal or imperial fathers. We recall no similar case, and we helieve a good deal of history could he ransacked hefore you would come across its counterpart. Why should Francis Joseph have made such a demand? For a prince to have an irregular association is not a new idea. It has heen going on since our anthropoid ancestors came down out of the trees. It never interferes with the succession. In fact, monarchies could not he conducted without a rather definite separation hetween the monarchy and the monarch's love affairs, though here and there a Delilah or a De Maintenon may interfere with the works. But if Francis Joseph made such a demand it must have had some reason other than the mere hreach of the conventions, which, in the case of royalty, and especially Austrian royalty, would hardly have appeared as improprieties. And the Paleologue version leaves still another mystery, which is the douhle suicide itself. Why should this matter have seemed so serious to people who took few things seriously, and never had regarded sueh an arrangement as even a social inconvenience? Well, an old whisper used to run through Vanity Fair ahout this haunting case, a whisper that would not he still, and that might explain the affair hetter than the statement of a woman who had hut her self-doomed son's letter. It was that the emperor had just discovered that the hapless couple were half hrother and sister, and so he felt that the deed was almost justified, and hated Rampolla for raising an ohstacle to Christian hurial. The test of an hypothesis is that it shall explain the ohserved phenomena. This seems to meet it. If true it shows how educated sentiment may dominate life even unto death. The situation was one that would not have hothered Ptolemy and Cleopatra. And if this explanation is the right one, why should M. Paleologue seek at so late a date to soft-pedal a dying scandal ahout a dead dynasty?

War is a terrihle disturhance of the social ant nest, and those that put their trust in disturhance usually hope for war, despite humanitarian denials. And whether it makes gains for labor or not, it always produces a fresh crop of *nouveau riche*, to offend custom with its ignorance and shock the taste of the older families with glitter and display. These things may seem unimportant, and time corrects them. The inheritors of the new wealth have the leisure their fathers lacked to cultivate the graces of life. But in the meantime, all is not happy, for the gravest charge against the *nouveau riche* is that they are inconsiderate of dependents. It is a shame, for example, the way hutlers are heing treated in England today hy the only class that, as a class, has the financial power to support the diminishing memhers of this useful order. The English hutler is a genius. He keeps the household running smoothly in its ancient grooves so you know what to expect. Its appointments are a work of art. True, the toast is usually cold, hut cold toast is an English institution, like *habeas corpus* or the woolsack, or the political responsihility of the ministry. The first English cook that made a slice of toast was so astonished that he let it grow cold hefore he got it onto the trencher: and of course, after that, toast could not he hot, and with great ingenuity they invented those little ring racks in which every piece is kept apart from its neighhors as though it had something catching, and the North Sea gales hlow through as it comes from the kitchen, and the hutler sees that it passes through enough hands to get well ventilated hefore it reaches you. But in spite of cold toast a good hutler can make life very sweet for his master and his master's guests, and hefore the war he felt repaid hy the wages and the tips that were current for his form of service. Then, a hutler in a great English home might stiffly remind departing guests that he "accepted nothing hut paper"; meaning therehy a fi'-pun note, and hoth sides knew what he meant. The *nouveau riche* give it new interpretation. Their notes fit the old formula, hut not the hutler's need; and he seems unahle to get up a new one. Wages, it is true, are higher; hut they never were the main reliance. They say good hutlers are horn, not made. But a good many of them are wishing they had been horn something else.

It seems impossible to avoid these unfortunate remarks; and so general is the experience and emharrassment of it that spontaneous sympathy will go out from every heart to His Eminence Louis, Cardinal Duhois, Archhishop of Paris. The cardinal is a worthy successor to Bossuet, inspired with almost divine eloquence. But he does not always say just the right thing any more than common mortals. The other day, according to a dispatch to the New York *World*, he ascended the pulpit in the fashionahle church of St. Eustache, to preach in aid of an institution that helps fallen girls. He surveyed with satisfaction the large and eager audience. "My daughters," he hegan, "I see with joy that gradually the traces of vice are vanishing from your faces and that the straying sheep are reëntering the fold. I am thank——" About here a horrified priest ran up the pulpit stairs, tugged at the cardinal's sleeve, and in a hoarse and sepulchral whisoer acquainted him with the fact that he was not addressing an audience of Magdalenes, hut of the institution's patronesses, including some of the most aristocratic and fashionahle ladies in Paris. The poor, dear man was dreadfully emharrassed. He could not take it hack and say he was mistaken, that the traces of vice were not vanishing from their faces. Nor could he wriggle out of it hy saying their faces had never horne any traces of vice after saying what he had said. It just spoiled his whole day, and prohably somehody caught the devil for supplying him with the wrong audience.

THE DERBY, NOW AND THEN.

Derhy Day is a great day in the English year—more than a holiday and almost a holy day, writes Charles Henry Meltzer in the *Independent*. For a few hours it hrings all classes into comradeship. It is an epitome of British life and character. Not to have seen the Derhy seems disgraceful here. Not to have het on the race invites contempt. Golf, cricket, rowing, pale and seem insignificant to Englishmen beside the sport of sports, which to all British hearts, of course, is horseracing.

So, heing ahle to allow myself the luxury, I went to Epsom in the dawn two days ago. Some forty years had flown since, in my callow hoyhood, I had first seen the classic race on Epsom Downs. Yet my impressions of the day had not grown faint. I still remembered the amazing sights I saw as I drove through the green London suburhs and the fair Surrey villages, one of a multitude of pilgrims hent on pleasure. As I sit writing, I can still recall the spectacle—the stately four-in-hands, red, hlue, and yellow; the dashing "drags," the C-spring landaus, the hansom cahs and humble donkey carts. Again the Clapham villas and hroad "commons" all flash hy. I listen to the toot of tuneful coach-horns and hear the songs and laughter of sport-haunted crowds. I have not forgotten how, when we got to Sutton we halted at an inn, the ancient "Cock," while the pageant was held up for half an hour. The Derhy, in those days, was vastly more than a mere race at Epsom. It had the glamour of the carnival in Rome, the gayety of a great fête in Paris, the glory of a national celehration.

There were great moments in those happy waiting hours. One came with the arrival of the royalties. Another when the usual "Derhy dog" rushed down the course, amid cries and jeers. Then, of a sudden, the huge crowd was hushed, as a distant hell rang and the course was cleared for the first race. The "hookies" at their stands soon hroke the silence, as they offered odds against the rival horses. And, at 3 p. m., the mighty moh was thrilled hy the entrance on the scene of the competitors for the hig Derhy stakes. The hetting and the uproar grew apace, when the "cracks" were lined up for the start at the foot of a long, gentle hill. A roar of "Oh, they're off!" And then the race.

Two minutes and a half hreathless ecstasy. "They're rounding Tattenham Corner!" "They're in the straight!" Then the last savage rush. Another hell. Once more a Derhy has been run and won.

Thousands upon thousands might have lost their fortunes. But what of that? The return to town was a loud, harmless riot. The drive home, on the Surrey roads, was the last joy in a mad day of play. So I rememher the Victorian Derhy.

I have grown older and, alas, the times have changed. And I think England also must have changed with me.

This year the Derhy drew much vaster crowds than it had attracted in my youth. But, in place of the hright-hued four-in-hands, one saw chiefly autos and pleheian husses. For miles and miles they stretched for hours and hours, poor suhstitutes for cavorting tandem teams and "drags" and coaches. From time to time one saw a donkey cart, to remind one that the day was a great popular festival. For the sport of sports still charms the British soul. Yes. But the color and the spirit of Victorian times had vanished; perhaps for a hrief while, perhaps forever.

The king and queen could not attend the race, and, hut for the Prince of Wales, who put a youthful note into the royal group and was cheered heartily, the grandstand would have seemed a dismal hulk. I did not count a dozen well-cut gowns in the seats of fashion or on the ground in front. The scene to me seemed very drah and dull hy comparison with what I had known in the long ago, when the prince was Edward, and Victoria reigned. The "hookies" in the enclosures yelled and harked. But the crowds, in their sad rags, were almost still. Just for a moment, though, the past came hack as "Steve" Donoghue, on the winning horse, Papyrus, dashed hy the post, a length in front of the popular Pharos, and scores of lengths ahead of the disgracefully heaten favorite, Town Guard. "Steve," to the masses here, is "good old Steve," an idol heside whom the most famous statesmen and the young prince himself seem triflers. Nor can one wonder. It was "Steve's" fifth Derhy. Thrice in succeeding years, too, he had won the race, an achievement that no other "jock" had to his credit. He wore his honors with fine modesty, as the rich farmer-owner of Papyrus led the winning horse and his rider past.

The least flurried winner of the day was the owner of Papyrus, Mr. Ben Irish, whose father, I am told, was an undertaker. When he was interviewed after the race he seemed quite cool. His luck since he went on the turf has heen uncanny. As he owned up the reporters on the course, he is not a typic Britisher.

"Perhaps I miss something," said Mr. Iris "hut I was horn phlegmatic. I expected win, and I have made a real good win, than to my good little horse, my trainer, a Donoghue. I am content to remain different

A French humorist says that "Japan w invented in 1890 hy a navigator named Lot that's why it is sometimes called 'Lotu Land.'"



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Mormon once argued polygamy with lark Twain. The Mormon insisted that olygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to te any passage of Scripture that forbade the ractice. "Well," said the humorist, "how out that passage that tells us no man can erve two masters?"

The following is said to be the classic other-in-law yarn: "Arrah, you're lookin' ery sad," said Pat O'Hoolihan, addressing his riend Denis the other day. "Oi feel sad!" sponded Denis; "Oi've lost my mother-in-w. I tell you it's hard to lose your mother-law!" "Hard!" exclaimed Pat; "b'gorrah, 's almost impossible!"

While he was traveling through Austria re-ntly General Ludendorff was forced to hide der the seat of his carriage. "We under-and," says the London paper *Ideas*, which ports the incident, "that he has since issued official communique saying that he was erely looking for his ticket and the whole anœuvre was according to plan."

A New York broker whose wife was win-ring at Palm Beach received a wire saying: Broke; landlord duns daily. Send check." he broker, thinking to inculcate a lesson in onomy, wired back: "Very short; check ext week. Thousand kisses." In a day or o he received another: "Never mind check. ave landlord one of your kisses."

Once upon a time an American taunted an nglishman. "How can you endure to be xed to support your idle nobility?" ex-aimed the American, warmly. Then the merican paid ten dollars a ton for his coal order that the directors of the trust might ocure dukes for sons-in-law. This fable aches that there are almost as many ways paying taxes as of dodging them.

A revivalist was holding meetings in the ckwoods of Virginia with huge success, but e of the natives was particularly stubborn out attending. Meeting this man, the re-valist pressed him to attend service that ening and received a flat refusal. "My other, don't you ever pray?" asked the eacher. "Naw," said the recalcitrant back-oodsman, "I allus carry a rabbit's foot."

Grandmother had come to visit her son, and ary, her five-year-old granddaughter, was en-taining her with the story of a wonderful g. *Mary*—And the dog flew and fl-e-w and e-e-e-w up into the sky. *Grandmother (re-lovingly)*—Now, Mary, tell it right; you ow a dog can't fly. *Mary (triumphantly)*—, yes, grandmother, that dog could fly; it s a bird dog.

The sisterly quarrel between Katherine and argaret waxed hot and furious. Katherine Margaret with a stick and parental juris-tion was called in. "Katherine," said ddy, "did you hit Margaret with that ck?" Katherine defiantly confessed her ilt. "Why did you do it?" "Because," therine retorted, righteous indignation shing from her eyes, "afterwards she hit !"

A pretty girl became engaged to a poor ung man who migrated to Canada in order make a home for her. The other day a friend said to her: "Are you thoughts ways faithful to that gallant young fellow o is toiling so hard for you over there in nada?" "Oh, dear, yes," exclaimed the tty girl. "When other chaps kiss me, I ways close my eyes and try to think it's r darling George."

'Turkey's eagerness to put over the Chester cession with America," remarked Lloyd orge the other day, "reminds me of the ry of the young London spendthrift who s leading up gradually to his usual request. u know, father, I'm getting along jolly ll, lately. Why, I was even introduced to rington the other day, and he's one of the gest business men in the city.' 'And have paid him back yet?' inquired his impos-le parent."

Paderewski stood festooned over the back a carved oak chair at an evening reception h the purring of much femininity around n. One insignificant woman, after alienat-all her friends by snatching a three-nute talk with him, prepared to move away. beg that you will stay, madam," said Pad-wski, with the melancholy of Poland's ws and his own personal ennui patent in voice; "you are the only lady in the room ight who has not asked me how I feel en I play."

When the Dowager Queen Alexandra, ughter of the King of Denmark, was the ncess of Wales, she attended, one after-noon, a food show, at which was a display of butter that pleased her greatly. She praised the butter, and to its exhibitor she said: "Denmark sends us the best butter, doesn't it?" The dealer smiled, and shook his head. "No, your royal highness," he answered, gallantly; "Denmark sends us the best princesses, but Devonshire sends us the best butter."

A lady upon whose child Velpeau, the great French surgeon, had performed a difficult operation, called upon him, full of gratitude, and presented him with a pocket-book which she had embroidered with her own hands. Velpeau received the testimonial crustily, saying that it was a beautiful pocket-book, and all that, but that his necessities demanded something more substantial. "My fee," he said, coldly, "is five thousand francs." The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten one-thousand-franc notes, counted out five, and, politely handing them to Velpeau, retired.

The late Pope Pius' keen sense of humor was well known, but that it was of a homely nature is shown by the following anecdote, which was said to be a favorite with him: Con Creegan's father, on his deathbed, was making his will, and, in order that he might have strength to do it, was plentifully plied with punch by Con and a group of neighbors. Toward the close the dying man cried to his son: "Ah, Con, Con! Just touch my lips once more with the jug. Wisht, my son, you watered the drink." "No, indeed, father, dear," while a low murmur of pity chorused through the cabin; "but it's the taste that's lavin' ye."

James McNeil Whistler was fond of a French poodle that he owned, and once, when the animal had throat trouble, its owner had the audacity to send for Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist. Mackenzie was not a bit pleased at being called to treat a dog. But he prescribed, and got partial revenge by charging a big fee. He still further "got even" the next day by sending for Whistler to come to him immediately. The artist, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed like the wind to Mackenzie's. On his arrival, Sir Morell said, gravely: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Blush'ng Bride.

They tell us of the blushing bride,
Who to the altar goes;
Down the centre of the church
Between friend-filled rows.
There's Billy whom she motored with
And Bob with whom she swam;
There's Jack—she used to golf with him—
And Steve, who called her lamb.
There's Ted, the football man she owned,
And Don of tennis days;
There's Herbert, yes, and blond Eugene—
At these she drops her gaze.
And there is Harry, high school beau,
With whom she used to mush.
No wonder she's a blushing bride!
Ye Gods—she ought to blush.

—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.

Convict 491.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

The sound made by Convict 491 was barely audible, so carefully did he work. The stone wall of his cell was hard and resisting, but the blade was stout, and persistence might finally turn the trick.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

He had been sent up for polygamy. By a strange coincidence all four of his wives had been large physically, with red hair—yes, sir, all four of them—and tempers to match.

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Night after night he had worked away; suddenly he stopped, with a low cry of triumph. He was convinced.

"Good old wall!" he muttered. "It stands the test. They can't get at me!"—*Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Stafford, daughter of Mrs. Frances Stafford, to Mr. Irving F. Moulton.

The marriage of Miss Anne Peters, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Peters, to Mr. James Calvin Jackman, son of Mr. James Jackman of Pittsburgh, took place at San Francisco on Monday, July 17th.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Vail, daughter of Mrs. Edward F. Vail, to Mr. Jan Ravenswaay of Rotterdam took place in England on June 15th.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Lathrop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Lathrop, to Mr. William R. K. Taylor took place in London on June 23d.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Lennon, daughter of Mr. Alfred Joseph Lennon of Seattle, to Mr. Charles G. Gwynn, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gwynn, took place in San Francisco on Saturday, June 14th.

Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken entertained at a recent garden party at her home in Los Altos in honor of Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Coleman, Jr., were guests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Eleanor Dore celebrated her birthday on Tuesday of last week with a dinner at the home of Mrs. Ruby D. Bond in San Mateo.

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby of Yale and Mrs. Canby were the guests of honor at a dinner given on Thursday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Loomis in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner last week at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman gave a dinner last week at their home on Baker Street in honor of Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels was hostess at a dinner given on Thursday of last week at her home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Frances Ames, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. Ernest Gunther gave a tea last week in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Elise Gunther Hobart, of Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kluegel were hosts at a tea on Sunday afternoon of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Dr. Henry Noble McCracken of Vassar.

Mrs. Elise Gunther Hobart was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Frederick St. Goar.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBride gave a luncheon in Woodside last week in honor of Dr. Garnett Cheney, who is leaving shortly for England.

A reception was given last week on board the U. S. S. *California* by Captain Harly H. Christy, U. S. N., and the officers of the flagship in compliment to Admiral Samuel S. Robison, U. S. N., and Mrs. Robison.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn entertained at an open-air luncheon, followed by mah jongg, last week at her home in Woodside.

Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger gave a luncheon last week at their quarters on Yerba Buena Island in honor of Captain Tottenham, naval attaché to the British Embassy.

Mr. Frazer Bailey was host at a farewell dinner given for Miss Edith von Rhein at Tait's-at-the-Beach on Wednesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Reed Ferguson also entertained at a dinner in compliment to Miss von Rhein the following evening.

Mrs. Walter Smith and her daughter, Mrs. Austin Sperry, gave a bridge party recently in honor of Mrs. Collins McCrae.

Captain Carroll Morton Gale, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gale gave a farewell dinner last Friday at their quarters at the Presidio for Captain Harold N. Gilbert, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gilbert.

A benefit card and mah jongg party for the Woman's Building was held last Friday at the Hotel Whitcomb.

Mrs. Latham McMullin was a luncheon hostess last week at her home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth were hosts at a luncheon last week at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a dinner on Tuesday at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. Gerald Campbell, British consul-general, entertained at the Bohemian Club on Thursday, July 12th, in honor of Captain F. L. Tottenham, British naval attaché at Washington, and Dr. Tait McKenzie, the noted Canadian sculptor. Among those invited were Major-General Barnett, Rear-Admiral Gove, Captain Moses, Captain Landenberger, Captain Clement, Commander Rees, Commander Gunther, Mr. Haig Patigian, Mr. Earl Cummings, Mr. Courtney Ford, Mr. Ira Lillick, Mr. Harry Francis, and Mr. Cyril H. Cane.

A dinner-dance was given on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams at the Menlo Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Beardsley chaperoned a party of young people on a motor trip to Carmel over the last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott gave a luncheon on Sunday last at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Reed Funsten entertained at a luncheon on Friday last at her home in Los Altos.

Mrs. Walter Filer was a luncheon hostess last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home in Burlingame in honor of Admiral William F. Fullam and Mrs. Fullam.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels was hostess at a dinner given last Friday at her home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Frances Ames and her fiancé, Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mr. Frank D. Madison gave a dinner last week at Pastori's in Marin County.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. William S. Porter entertained at a luncheon last week at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason L. Neilson gave a tea last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., entertained at a week-end house party last week at the summer home of Mrs. Hendrickson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, in Ross.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson was hostess at a bridge party last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. William G. Parrott gave a luncheon to a few friends last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., entertained at a luncheon on Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Suffern Tailer of New York.

Miss Helen Head, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Head, gave a bridge and supper party at her home in Greenwich Terrace on Friday night.

Mrs. Theodore Wores gave a tea last week at the Palace Hotel in farewell to Mrs. O. E. von Rhein.

CURRENT VERSE.

Meditations in Time of Civil War.

Having inherited a vigorous mind
From my old fathers I must nourish dreams
To leave a woman and a man behind
As vigorous of mind, and yet it seems
Life scarce can cast a fragrance on the wind,
Scarce spread a glory to the morning beams,
When the torn petals strew the garden plat;
And there's but common greenness after that.

And if my descendants lose the flower
Through natural declension of the soul,
Through too much business with the passing hour,
Through too much play or marriage with a fool,
And find a comfort in it? May this tower
Become a roofless ruin that the owl
May build in the cracked masonry and cry
Her desolation to the desolate sky.

The Primum Mobile that fashioned us
Has made the very owls in circles move,
And I, that count myself most prosperous
Seeing that love and friendship are enough,
For an old neighbor's friendship chose the house
And decked and altered it for a girl's love,
And know whatever flourish and decline
These stones remain their monument and mine.

—*William Butler Yeats in the Dial.*

The Dissecting Room.

Here death and knowledge dwell: no graveyard gloom
Wakes such a bitter, secret shudder of dread
As this long, empty room,
Stone-floored and sunlit, where the unwanted dead
Lie robbed of death's last dignity, denied
Even the mercy of a swift decay.
Yet here we live and work, here we dissect
The limp and lifeless body—taught thereby
To honor it with passionate respect—
With wondering hands lay bare muscle and nerve,
Moulded by service perfectly to serve,
And, touched by wonder yet unsatisfied,
Reach past the bounds of knowledge till we find
A deeper wonder standing, veiled, behind.

—*Margaret Evans in the Spectator.*

Clouds in the Night.

There blows no wind to stir the sky
Where the great clouds like countrie lie
Strange in their curved immensity.

Still, shadowed spaces, deep and wide,
Those unknown continents divide,
Like seas unswayed by changing tide—

Seas where the stars rest, softly bright
As little islands showing light
To guide the drifting ships at night.

—*H. H. in London Morning Post.*

A Real Emperor's Church.

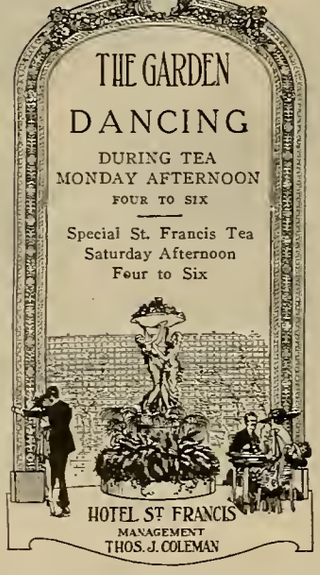
It was a little less than fourteen centuries ago that Justinian, Emperor of the Eastern Empire, proceeded in solemn state to the church of Hagia Sophia, then newly finished and awaiting dedication. It is related that he walked hand in hand with the patriarch of Constantinople until he reached the royal doors that open in the nave, and then dropping the patriarch's hand, he hastened on alone to the pulpit, extended his arms, and cried: "Glory to God, who has deemed me worthy of fulfilling such a work. O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

There is no doubt that he had built a greater temple than Solomon's. We shall see later that his architects in one respect outdid the creations of antiquity, and those of modern times as well. Certainly at least they had created a work unique in the history of architecture in that it stands on the border line between the antique and the mediæval.

There are some who assert that Hagia Sophia is the last creation of Hellenic architecture, while others see in it the first purely example of Byzantine. It is like that other landmark of the passing of the ancient world Pope Gregory the Great of Rome, whose contemporaries called him the "last of the Romans," and whose successors looked upon him as the founder of the mediæval church.

The plan of a great metropolitan church at Constantinople originated with Constantine the Great, who meant to build it, and left, it is said, a solemn injunction to his son Constantius that the project should be carried out. Constantius built the church accordingly, and it was dedicated in 360 merely under the name of "the great church." As time went on, however, it acquired a new consecration to the "immortal wisdom of Christ," and this title, shortened to "Holy Wisdom" or *Hagia Sophia*, passed on to the grand structure which succeeded it.

The first architect of Hagia Sophia was Anthemius, from Tralles, on the west coast of Asia Minor. He was assisted in the work by his brother architect of Miletos named Isidore. The position of Anthemius in Constantinople was not unlike that of Pheidias at Athens under Perikles, for he was not only the architect of Hagia Sophia, but general director as well of all building and engineering operations throughout the Eastern capital—a position of no mean responsibility under so industrious a builder as Justinian.—*From "Byzantine Art," by Professor C. R. Morey in Architecture Magazine.*



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis of Bakersfield are spending the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Tevis of Los Angeles spent the Fourth of July holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Harry Dodge and Mr. Clinton La Montagne, accompanied by several friends, have gone to the Feather River country on a fishing trip.

Mrs. Henry Dodge, who has been visiting friends in Pasadena, has returned from a recent trip to the Feather River, and will shortly occupy her new home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard are spending July and August with Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Philip Lansdale, who has returned from Southern California, has taken a house in Burlingame, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport with their children are spending the summer at their country home on Russian River.

Miss Cornelia Kempff, after visiting friends in San Mateo, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fisher will shortly join Mrs. Fisher's parents, Judge Ballou and Mrs. Ballou.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chickering of Piedmont are staying at the Hotel Miramar for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, who have bought the old Atherton place in Atherton, will take possession of their new home this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Baldwin have returned to San Francisco, after a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, at Goleta.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are spending July in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis M. Redfern with their daughters are spending the summer at Brookdale, near Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Cyril M. Tobin has been the guest of Mrs. Edna Davis Moore at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., who have been visiting Mrs. William Edrington in Santa Barbara have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Admiral John B. Milton and Mrs. Milton, after spending the winter and spring in San Mateo, are established at the Hotel Biltmore on Taylor Street.

Mrs. Edgar Peixotto and her daughter, Miss Nina Peixotto, have returned from abroad and are at their country home on the Russian River.

Mrs. Elise Gunther Hohart, who has been visiting her brother, Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, and Mrs. Gunther has returned to her home in Memphis, Tennessee.

Judge Sidney Ballou and Mrs. Ballou of Washington with their daughter, Miss Barbara Ballou, have arrived in California, and will pass part of the summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Antoinette Quay of Pasadena has been a house guest of Mrs. Homer King.

Dr. Henry Noble McCracken of Vassar and Mrs. McCracken left last week for their home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sharp of Portland, who are motoring through California, have been the house guests of Mrs. Sharp's brother, Mr. Charles Field, at Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wilhoit returned on Monday from New York and Europe and will make their home at their new residence on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard of San Mateo have been motoring in Southern California and recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frauk Griffin and their children have returned from Yosemite Valley and are at their ranch at Natoma.

Mrs. Mary W. Harriman arrived from New York last Monday, and after spending several days in San Francisco will go to Santa Barbara to visit their son, Mr. Roland Harriman.

Mrs. Bernard Waterlow Ford, after spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, has returned to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. Noel Sullivan, who has been making his home in Paris for the past year or two, has arrived in San Francisco.

Colonel John S. Irby and Mrs. Irby have left on a motor trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall at their home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye are chaperoning a party of young people on a motor trip through Southern California.

Mme. Vladimir Artsimovitch of Paris, formerly of San Francisco, has arrived in California and will spend the summer here with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. von Rhein and their daughter, Miss Edith von Rhein, left on Sunday for New York and Europe.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Mrs. Harry F. Arthur have returned from the Orient, where they have been traveling for several months.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, who have been in Santa Barbara for the past month, have returned to Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have gone to Santa Barbara for a short visit.

Mrs. Horace W. Morgan and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan, left last week for Montecito, where they will visit Mrs. Morgan's sister, Mrs. Norris King Davis, and her daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bradford are spending a few weeks in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Little and her daughter, Mrs. Reed Funsten, and Mr. Funsten are spending the month of July at their country home in Los Altos.

Mrs. Willis Polk has been spending a few days at Pebble Beach as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their camp on Feather River.

Dean Gresham and Mrs. Gresham are traveling in Jaspar National Park and in the Canadian Rockies.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was a house guest over the last week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller of San Rafael with their daughter are spending the summer in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGinnis, who were married last month in San Francisco, have returned from a trip to Honolulu and will leave shortly for their new home in Beverly Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzhugh are staying at El Mirasol.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Blancy of Saratoga and their Eastern guest, Mrs. R. C. Kirkwood of Washington, are making a short stay at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have returned to their home in Monterey.

Mr. Leland Peck has left for the north to join Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White for a cruise in Canadian waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McCullagh of Los Gatos spent a few days last week at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their daughters, Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch arrived on Thursday from New York and Europe. They will spend the remainder of the summer at their country place in San Mateo.

Mrs. George D. Boyd and Miss Cynthia Boyd of San Rafael are spending the summer at Bolinas.

Mrs. Graham Biddle of New York and Philadelphia is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Jason L. Neilson, and Mr. Neilson at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will remain during July and August.

Mrs. Minnie C. Porter and her daughter, Mrs. William Bethune Ireland, of Berkeley, have gone to Brockaway, near Lake Tahoe, and will spend the remainder of the summer there.

Mrs. Walter Dean and her son, Mr. Edwin Dean, are spending a few weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Grace Hutton and her brothers, Mr. Curtis Hutton and Mr. Frank Hutton, with Miss Barbara Hutton, have gone on a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. William Ford Blake sailed on the *Sonoma* on June 26th and will visit Tahiti and Samoa.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur with their younger children have gone to their summer home, "The Cedars," on the north fork of the American River.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael are at Rio Campo on the Russian River and later on in the summer will go to Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall are spending a few weeks in Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Wilbur, whose marriage took place this spring, are visiting Mr. Wilbur's father, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur at his summer home on the American River.

Mr. De Witt Peters, who recently went abroad, is now established in Paris, where he will study for the next year.

Mrs. Percy Hazlett and her son, Mr. Beverly Hazlett, have gone north on a motor trip which will take them as far as Seattle.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and Mrs. Samuel Rosenstock have gone to the Hotel Rafael for two months.

Miss Jennie Hooker and Mrs. Sidney Cushing left last week on a motor trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Page and her sister, Mrs. Bright, are spending a short time in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Martin left on Saturday for Santa Barbara, where she will visit Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Suffern Tailer of New York have arrived in California for a short visit and are staying at the Fairmont.

Mr. McDonald Mills of Brookline, Massachusetts, is a house guest of Mr. James K. Armsby in Ross.

Dr. and Mrs. William Fitch Cheney with their daughter, Miss Margaret Cheney, and their sons, Dr. Garnett Cheney and Mr. William Fitch Cheney, Jr., left on Saturday for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend a week or two.

Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Fleischman, who have been abroad since the first of the year, have returned to their home in this city.

Miss Mary Ross, instructor in science and mathematics for the Merriman School, Oakland, is in Portland attending the national convention of the American Association of University Women.

Death of Samuel Boardman.

Samuel Boardman, dead at the age of fifty-seven, was of the second generation of Californians. In his relationship to the social and business life of San Francisco he was a worthy successor of his father, prominent as a pioneer and man of affairs. From his boyhood "Sam" Boardman stood in close affiliation with the best interests and movements of San Francisco. Energy, judgment, the spirit of fellowship, were combined in a character and a personality that commanded both respect and affection.

At the St. Francis.

Monday's sunshine brought many fashionable luncheon parties to the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. S. F. B. Morse was host to a party which included Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Howard Park, recently returned from New York, Mrs. Walker Salisbury and Mrs. William G. Parrott.

Miss Frances Ames was at luncheon with her fiancé, Mr. Gordon Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hannah lunched with their daughter, Mrs. Chester Kellogg, and Mr. Kellogg.

Another party included Mrs. Moseley Taylor, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Alfred I. De Ropp and Miss Ellita Adams. Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Walter Filer, and Mrs. George Cameron were together; and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mrs. Alanson Weeks.

A table of débutantes included Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Lawton Filer, and Miss Jane Carrigan.

At the Palace.

Mrs. Max Crow of the Palace Hotel was hostess at a bridge-tea given in her apartments at the hotel last week. Mrs. Samuel Taub of Houston was the complimented guest, and invited to meet her were Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. A. J. Rich, Mrs. Cy Ebersole, Mrs. William Boxer, Mrs. H. J. Ladd, Mrs. E. D. Bates and Mrs. M. L. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Lovett, Jr. (Estelle Johnson) of Los Angeles are guests at the Palace Hotel, having just returned from their honeymoon in the Far East. Their marriage was an event of early May. After a few days' visit in San Francisco, the couple will go to Los Angeles, where Mr. Lovett is engaged in the practice of law.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Powell Davis of Washington, D. C., are visitors in San Francisco, stopping at the Palace. Mr. Cadwallader Washburn, artist, of Papeete, Tabiti, Mr. Jacob Strauss of Chicago, and Mr. J. Y. McPeake, London editor of *Good Housekeeping*, are also Palace guests.

At the Fairmont.

A dinner and reception was given by Miss Estelle Carpenter, director of music in the public schools, in honor of the Aloha Trio from Hawaii, Wednesday evening, July 11th, at the Fairmont Hotel. The dinner guests were Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mr. Samuel K. Toomey and Mr. James L. Awai, from Honolulu, and Dr. Davis K. Kalaau, Hawaii. During the evening the Hawaiian artists sang classical selections in the hotel lobby and in the gold ballroom. Among those present were Hon. C. H. Cane, British vice-consul, and Mrs. Cane, Hon. Fin Lund, Danish consul, and Mrs. Lund, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mr. L. Holmblad, ex-Governor William D. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. John McCallum, Mrs. Josephine Wilson, Miss Irja Bloomquist, representing the vice-consul of Finland, Mrs. James King Steele and daughter, Mr. Edgar Reinhold, organist, and Mr. A. Galloway, county superintendent of schools, Iowa.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail. *Tommy*—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it.—*Tit-Bits.*

"She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on." "Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—*Philadelphio Bulletin.*

Mrs. Neighbors—But isn't your son rather young to join the army? *Mrs. Moloprop*—Well, he is very young, hut then, you see, he is only going to join the infantry.—*Houston Post.*

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may he viewed "as one vast plain"? *Voice (in the audience)*—The one that works in a powder mill.—*Life.*

His Better Half—Henry, what do you mean by arguing with me when visitors are here? *Mr. Henpecked*—Er—er—well, dear, you know I daren't do it when we are alone.—*London Possing Show.*

First Lady—How clever of you to remember me after all these ages! *Second Lady*—Oh, I knew you at once. I said to Sylvia, "Here comes Mrs. Brown in her black and white frock!"—*Punch.*

"I sent a dollar to a young woman for a recipe to make me look young." "What did you get?" "A card saying, 'Always associate with women twenty years older than yourself.'"—*Chicogo Record.*

Magistrote—Have you anything to say before I pass sentence? *Burglar*—Yus, m'lud. It's a hit thick hein' identified hy a bloke wot kept 'is head under the hedclothes the whole time.—*London Opinion.*

Author's Son—Papa, is it true that the first edition of your book is the most precious? *Author*—Not at all, my boy. The three-hundredth edition will be far more precious to me.—*Poris L'Illustrotion.*

First Golfer—I have injured a ligament in my hand, and the doctor forbids me to play golf for the next month or so. *Second Golfer (with feeling)*—Oh! the hounder—what a sname!—*Glosgow Bulletin.*

Monoger (of Hickville theatre)—What's the idea of your carrying Eskimau dogs instead of the regulation hloodhounds? *Monager (of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company)*—If the show husts, I don't intend to walk home.—*Judge.*

"Work? I should like nothing hetter than some work. But, of course, heing a poor man, I haven't the money to furnish myself with tools." "What would you like to he, my poor man?" "A capitalist."—*Poris Le Rire.*

"I guess our educators are wise enough," remarked the old-timer. "How now?" "I visited a school last week. The girls were playing hasketball." "Well?" "But the hoys were learning to sew."—*Louisville Courier-Journol.*

"Can't the Democrats of this town get together?" inquired the political exhorter in Kentucky. "Get together!" answered the man with court-plaster on his ear; "why, it takes eleven deputy sheriffs to keep 'em apart!"—*washington Star.*

Visitor (at doctor's house, to his small doughter)—Is your daddy in, dear? *Smoll Doughter*—No, he's out, giving an ansthetic. *Visitor*—An anæsthetic! That's a big word. What does it mean? *Small Doughter*—It means three guineas.—*Punch.*

"So your friend is going to leave politics." "He is," answered Senator Sorghum, "if he knows what's good for him." "It is too had to lose him; he was such an accomplished wire-puller." "Yes, hut he got hold of a live wire."—*Washington Star.*

Chinese Premier—I see that the province of Wing Wang yields no revenue. *Chinese Secretary of Treasury*—Yes, the people are very poor; the land is worthless, and the harhors are filling up with sand. I know not what to do with Wing Wang. *Chinese Premier*—Nothing easier; have somehody kill a missionary there, and the missionary's government will take Wing Wang for an indemnity.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Look here, Bogus," asked Colonel White. "Do you happen to know where Ink Judson is just now?" "Yassah! Yassah! Sho' does, sah!" replied Brother Bogus. "He's asleep dis minute over dar in de shade of de lumber yahd lookin' for a job, sah."—*Country Gentleman.*

The Sovage Bochelor—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can he bought for twenty-five dollars. *The Sweet Young Thing*—As usual, woman is at a disadvantage. A grizzly hear can't he hought for less than ten times that.—*Indionapolis Journol.*

"Wesley," said his wife, sleepily, as the plaintive wail of the infant hroke the stillness of the midnight hour, "Wesley, heed the advice of Kipling." "What is that?" he grunted from heneath the coverlet. "Take up the white man's burden."—*Philodelphia North Americon.*

Husband (kindly)—My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you? *Wife (with alocrity)*—No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has heen worn three times already. *Husband*—Yes, that's just what I told Bliffkins when he offered me two tickets for the opera tonight. I knew that if I took them they'd only he wasted. So I just took one. Well, I must hurry.—*St. Andrew's Gazette.*

Like a New Autom.bile Driver

A colored man was driving along the road in a ramshackle buggy drawn by a bony, spavined old horse, when a strange man hailed him.

"Hello, uncle! Can you get me to the station in time for the next train at 3:20?"

"No, suh; I don't helieve I kin, suh. This is a hroken-down ole cavalry-hawse. You cain't git him offen a walk nohow."

"Huh! You say he's an old cavalry-horse? Let me in and drive him."

The man clamhered upon the seat of the buggy and took the reins.

"Make ready!" he called out sharply. "Charge!"

The old horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. As they reached the station the man shouted, in a commanding tone, "Halt!" The horse oheyed. The man flipped old John a quarter.

The next day two young men stopped John and asked him to be taken to the station.

"Suttinly, gen'men," said John. "Git right in." He gathered up the reins and shouted: "Make ready! Charge!" Obediently the horse hroke into a gallop, and soon reached the station.

"Git ready to jump, gen'l'men," John advised, looking frightened. "I've done forgot de word what stops him."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Just the White Meat.

George Rogers Clark and his riflemen, those times they went against the British and the Indians, carried hut scanty provender, says the Portland *Oregonion.* The land was rich with game, and they lived upon it as they campaigned. Thus, when the hero of Kentucky marched to the seige of Vincennes, across more than 200 miles of forest and prairie, he "encouraged his men to hunt game, and to feast on it like Indian war dancers." Vincennes, of course, is now a city of Indiana, and we have no thought of huffalo and elk when the name is spoken. In "The Winning of the West," where considerahle incidental attention is paid to the biology of the times, Roosevelt records the innocent ruse hy which Clark maintained the *morale* of the woodsmen.

"Each company in turn," he wrote, "invited the others to the smoking and plentiful banquets. They had no tents, hut at nightfall they kindled huge camp-fires, and spent the evening merrily round the piles of hlazing logs, in hunter fashion, feasting on hear's ham and huffalo hump, elk saddle, venison haunch, and the breast of the wild turkey, some singing of love and the chase and war, and others dancing after the manner of the French trappers and wood-runners."

You may observe that Clark's campaigners, who captured Vincennes on such a diet, seem to have utilized only the choicest portions of the game they killed. To them the supply seemed measureless, never to he depleted. They employed as a substitute for bread, the historian informs us, the hreast of that wariest of hirds, the wild turkey. Evidently the turkey was plentiful then, and unwise, a simple creature of the wilderness. He is scarce and sagacious now—and so are the few scattered descendants of the beasts and hirds the Kentuckians slew.

Red Tape and Cats.

A group of lawmakers were discussing all sorts of things, when some one brought up the subject of red tape. One of those in the group told a good yarn illustrating red tape as it existed in India some years ago. He said that a native officer who was in charge of the documents of a certain town found that they were heing seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to provide him weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats.

The request was granted, and the two cats were installed—one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other.

All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following dispatch:

"I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

The problem seemed to haffle the supreme government, for the official received no answer.

After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal:

"In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationary cat on full rations."

The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more ran smoothly in that department.—*Notiona Republicon.*

Once it was possible to know a sailor by th rolling gait wherewith he trod the unfamilia element; now there's an even chance it's onl a passenger come ashore for more money.—*Judge.*

Moy—Were you successful with your wa garden in 1917? *Ray*—No, it turned out to b a piece garden. I picked one radish.—*"Topic of the Doy" Films.*

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Pancho Passes.

The death of Villa has not put a severe strain upon the sensibilities of the *Argonaut*. In truth, we could stand several more incidents similar in kind with tolerable equanimity. The fewer creatures of that type in Mexico—or elsewhere—the better for the world. Villa's blood inheritances were of a dubious kind, something parallel with that of a mongrel cur once described as pointer on the side of the mother and sired by five or six of the bloodedest dogs in the county. In just what proportion the Spaniard, the negro, the Pueblo, the Yaqui, and God knows what else, ran in his veins Villa himself could not have told. But whatever it was, he was a bad man—the worst of a bad lot. Of the number of his cold-blooded murderings there is no authentic record, but the list, if it could be defined, would run into the thousands. It is known that upon one occasion he visited a captured hospital, and with his own hand shot dead upwards of threescore helpless men in their beds. Yet for all his ruthlessness—possibly due to it—he had a real power of leadership. At one time he had under command a rabble army of some fifteen thousand men. Some two years ago he gave up open banditry for a cash-and-land bribe and settled down in the character of a landed proprietor with a subject tenantry of several thousand peons. It has recently become known that he held in command some three or four thousand so-called farmers, all ex-bandits, subject to his call for any service. Thus in his presumptive retirement he was still the most potential figure in the troubled world of Northern Mexico. It was only a matter of time, had he lived, when he would have taken the road again, to renew revolutionary operations, or to win himself an augmented bribe. For all his crimes, the man was a real force—for evil always—and he is well out of the world. To each of the five widows who now present claims upon his estate, not to mention unnumbered ones yet to be heard from, the *Argonaut* tenders either its condolences or its congratulations, whichever they may prefer.

The Voice of Minnesota.

Before getting het up over last week's election in Minnesota it will be well to get a line on a few basic facts. It will help toward judicious appraisement of that truly horrific outcome to know in what degree it was the "voice of Minnesota." In the election of last week the number of votes cast was "around 500,000." The total registration of Minnesota is around 800,000. The eensus of 1920 showed that there were then in the state 648,433 males and 588,770 females, citizens twenty-one years of age and over, or a total of 1,237,203. Thus it appears that only approximately 40 per cent. of the voting population took pains to go to the polls on election day, and of this 40 per cent. Mr. Johnson received over Mr. Preus only about 15 per eent. A result thus brought about can hardly be styled in sober truth "the voice of Minnesota." What these figures make plain is the fact that the majority of the qualified electors of Minnesota are political delinquents, and this fact we think may be cited as an effect of the direct primary system. Since under this system there is small opportunity or none at all for effective political action, vast numbers of qualified voters in Minnesota—and elsewhere—are declining to take any part whatever in political affairs. Thus the most impressive lesson of the Minnesota election is the fact that the old-time popular sense of political responsibility is going by the board under conditions brought about by the direct primary.

In further explanation of the extraordinary political delinquency in Minnesota it needs be said that there was presented to the electorate a choice between demagogues. In an effort to meet a bad economic situation Governor Preus sought to placate the forces of discontent and radicalism. He stepped out of his normal character to make concessions that carried him away from conservative moorings. He compromised his prineiples to make wild promises, and of course his bull-necked opponent outpromised him. Naturally Mr. Preus' abandonment of conservative ground disgusted the conservatives, while it gained nothing from the radical camp, and the election practically went by default. It was much the same in the regular senatorial election last year. Kellogg, opposed by the radical Shipstead, gave ground. He bid for all the disgruntled elements. He compromised his principles and his party's principles. He truckled, he traded, and he was beaten as Preus has just been beaten through resentment on the part of the elements that would have supported a genuine conservative.

The plain truth of the present situation—in Minnesota and elsewhere—is that the more thoughtful people of the country are weary to disgust of the deference paid by spineless politicians to noisy radical elements. They are disgusted, not only with politics, but with the sort of government that our politics gives us. Give to the country candidates of principle and courage, men bold in support of what is sound, men who will not cringe and concede and bargain, and we venture that the American public will welcome such men and put them in charge of the governmental machinery. One of the reasons—perhaps the main reason—why men of the radical type command votes and a speeies of public respect is that like Davie Crockett they are "not afeared." All men admire courage, even when it supports mistaken theories.

It is the belief of the *Argonaut* that time is ripe, even over-ripe, for men of knowledge and sound thought to preach straight doctrine, to meet boldly the malignant error found in our cowardly press and our cringing politicians toward government. The country has been led into the assumption that government may be made a substitute for industry and a cure for economic ills. The press, the politicians, even the pulpit and the women's clubs, have been preaching that all that is needed to remedy any bothersome fact of life, from a coal strike to a case of summer colic, is to make a law about it. This sort of thing has been going on for ten years past, yet nobody armed with knowledge and with generous boldness of mind, rises to counteract heresy and lead the people back to knowledge of and respect for the standards of simple truth. Beyond all other needs, the need of our time is for capable and fearless champions of the truth—men who understand the principles of economics as related to government and who have courage to declare them. Given such champions and the task of convincing the majority of our people, now in a receptive mood, of the error of government conceived as a cure-all for economic and social ills should not be difficult. And we must find such leadership if the country is to be brought back to sanity and stability.

The organization of forces that brought about the election of Johnson in Minnesota was accidental and in the nature of things temporary. The groups that voted for Johnson were united, not by devotion to common principles, but rather through their resentments. The farmers were resentful because the price of wheat is low and the cost of manufactured goods high. The laborites were resentful because of conditions similarly unfavorable. There is no common ground, economically or otherwise, under selfish conceptions, upon which these two elements may stand in permanent alliance. The farmer wants high prices for his products; he wants low prices for general commodities and low rates of wages. The laborites want cheap food and high wages. Here you have a situation in which the desires and aims of one class impinge upon the interest of the other. Groups thus selfishly inspired may unite for a brief time, but there can be nothing like permanence in yokefellows so ill assorted. The vital need is that all elements shall be brought to understand the limitations of governmental capability and to place their dependence where it belongs, upon sound economic and social principles.

There are alarmists who tell us, and who in their own minds are no doubt convinced, that there is implied in the outcome of the Minnesota election a forecast of what is to happen the country over. All such need to remember that one swallow does not make a summer. By the same token the campaign success of one howling radical does not make a revolution. The true interpretation of the result in Minnesota makes of it, not a prophecy, but a warning. The popular common sense—even the instinct of the less intelligent element—regards the election of Magnus Johnson, not as a thing of inspiration, but a thing of contempt. Common sense still abides in our country, and with occasional temporary lapses continues to be its guide in political as in most other matters. It is the same common sense that rejected the fallacies of Populism a quarter of a century ago, and that has cast into the discard other movements that from time to time have imposed themselves upon the public imagination. Probably we shall always have with us the Yohnsons and the La Follettes, just as we have had the Peffers, the Sockless Simpsons, the Bloody-Bridles Waites. But they never last long. Invariably, as Shakespeare would put it, they die in their own too much. Always creatures unstable and vain,

they are over-stimulated by minor successes and ambitious for higher flights. Then, again to borrow from Shakespeare, vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side. The public takes alarm, common sense reasserts its sway, and society is again saved. So it will be in the immediate instance. Mr. Johnson's programme is only partly defined, but already the country has heard from him enough to make it clear that he is a blind guide. A man declaring himself sympathetic with the red terrorists of Russia, who proposes to nullify the powers of the Supreme Court, who believes that economic law may be nullified by legislative enactment—a man so declaring himself has already signed his political death-warrant. It may take time, for the public is not always quick to comprehend the significance of things. But understanding will come, and with understanding, alarm at ideas and courses tending to destruction of our governmental system. Common sense that created the American system, and that thus far has sustained it, will not fail of authority when the full import of the radicalisms of which Mr. Johnson is representative shall have impressed itself upon the public consciousness.

The situation defined in the Minnesota election puts upon the established parties a call for steadiness of mind. If they would serve the country in the measure of their responsibility they must not be seduced to timid courses. They need to remember that radicalism is not a normal state of the American mind. They need to recall the fact that movements founded on misconception and nurtured in passion run a transient course and speedily die. Economic diseases tend with our people to cure themselves. In the meantime it is essential that the great political parties make no concessions tending to weaken our system in its fundamental character. Far better to stand upon sound and enduring principles and so lose an election than make demoralizing concessions. Each of our great parties, for all their occasional vagaries, is founded in a definite theory of government. We have tried both, and however individuals may prefer one to the other, the state will carry on successfully under either, since fundamentally there is small difference between them. It is for the old parties to stand by their principles and traditions, to hold steadfast the standards that have proven themselves capable of sustaining government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Theirs is a moral responsibility, and one that may not be shirked without a shameless delinquency. There must be no surrender to chimeras, economic or political fallacies, to wild-eyed desperation, if in its general course our government is to hold true to the pole star towards which its course was set by what our worthy President styles the founding fathers.

Control and Education.

The greatest element of safety for political placeholders is the fact that the public can not find out much about them. Statistical inquiries into public affairs are commonly barren—the statistics are in most cases inaccurately taken and unserviceably classified. Government is a ponderous machine, almost incomprehensibly complex compared to the ability of the private citizen to get a view of the values of its parts and functions. In this condition the tax-eater rests secure. He knows no ordinary taxpayer has time, inclination, or skill to arrive at valid judgments of the worth of any given branch or bureau.

Our general educational establishment has long enjoyed this immunity from effective criticism. The children are paraded, the flag is waved, patriotic speeches are made, folk dances are danced, mothers' hearts are elated by the sight of their little ones in pretty white and pink dresses, the lady teacher says: "We're all going to work hard for the next bond issue, aren't we?" little hands are clapped, the superintendent arises and makes a frock-coat speech, and the taxes go on up. No one stops to consider whether or not the purposes of sound education are being served or hindered by the promiscuous plastering onto the courses of every fad that the members of the N. E. A. have been able to invent during the year. Father just pays the bill and goes on working for money to pay more, hesitating to say what he thinks of the inflation process for fear of being regarded as an ignorant and selfish old fossil.

There is, however, a promise of relief. The state board of control, instituted for a far different purpose, is actually exerting itself to hold down, and perhaps a little reduce, the privileged waste of the schools. One would suppose that the school department would welcome its assistance in getting things on an economical basis. But therein one would be mistaken. When Mrs. Pierce of the state board of control asks Mr. Wood, state superintendent of public instruction, to supply her with a list of the instructors in the state teachers colleges, with the subjects taught by them, Mr. Wood refuses. He sees in the request, not the regularly futile effort of the inexpert citizen to examine the books, an effort that usually ends with hopeless headshaking and an admission of inability to see through them, but the handwriting on the blackboard, so to speak, warning him that the great guyasticutus of economy is on his trail at last. The board of control had expressed disapproval of the continued employment by the state board of education of the useless supervisor of physical education. There is, of course, no such thing as physical education; that is a humbug phrase to deceive the public into the belief that gymnastics is improving to the mind and character—which it may or may not be, but if it is, can not be to any important extent, nor in any manner that would make it worth while paying a state official a fancy salary for. Mr. Wood did not like this sample of control. If they could get away with that, they might go farther and enforce real economy, cut out a lot of other extraneous and humbug departments. So he does not purpose to supply any list of instructors and subjects in the teachers colleges for the state board of control to hold up to the public gaze. He will wrap the American flag around him, make one of his fire-eyed stump speeches, and perish on his country's altar first; in fact on all his country's altars at once.

Of course that attitude is a mere defi, for theatrical effect. The board of control can get what it wants of that nature without help from Mr. Wood. It is, however, a legal question whether, when it gets it, it can actually shut off the salaries of the bonnet-trimming, sauce-making, and æsthetic dancing sort of functionary now being prepared at the public expense to cause more public expense. Mr. Wood is probably right when he says the determination of subjects taught and the duties of college instructors are by law placed in the discretion of the department of education. That is probably true. But it should not be true much longer, for the department of education has proved itself unable to resist the imposition of gimcrack subjects on the educational system, and the development of a large part of the educational forces of the state into a job-holders' defense association.

It is a nice little row; but unless signs deceive us, Mr. Wood is beginning to weaken. A tone, if not of humility, at least of the defensive, seems to have crept into the spirit of his resistance. He says he will submit to the board of control all information required for checking claims and accounting. That is pleasantly stated. But it reveals a hang-over theory that the board of control is in respect to the schools a mere adding machine. We are deceived in the temper of the governor and of Mrs. Pierce if that does not prove to be a mistake. The whole thing is about to be litigated, with Garret McEnerney as counsel for the governor's side. When the verdict is in we shall know whether the board of control can do any controlling and whether the budget has teeth.

The Return of Hiram.

The *Argonaut* goes to press coincidentally with the hour in which Senator Hiram Johnson is presenting over a banquet table in New York to a group of eager admirers the findings of his discovery of Europe. Having long known the senator and being a practiced guesser, the *Argonaut* has no difficulty in visualizing the scene, even in conceiving what the senator is saying. Mr. Johnson, while chronically open as to mouth, is not open as to mind. He did not go to Europe to get new impressions. His purpose was the other way around. What he sought, and assuredly what he got, is that which to his own mind confirms his previously-formed notions. Mr. Johnson's views never depend upon evidence; they are never changed by new evidence. In so far as he thinks at all he thinks emotionally, and he comes to what he calls his judgments by processes that bear small relation to orderly reflection. When President Harding proposed that the United States should participate in the Court of International Justice, Mr. Johnson, in pursuance of his fixed habit of mind, shouted "No." It was not a matter of knowledge, not a matter conviction. Opposition with Mr. Johnson is firstly a matter of instinct, secondly a matter of politics. His talents—and they are considerable—find their best opportunity in being ag'in things. He recalls the quack who was hell on fits. Involve any situation in a fit, and there you have Dr. Johnson at his best. It is truly a pretty sight when this fire-eyed disputant goes into action in connection with a fit. No man living can play on the chords of opposition, detraction, denunciation with more unctuous dramatic effect than our own Hiram.

Mr. Johnson opposed the President's proposal to join the World Court of International Justice before he sailed away. He is opposed to it still. The motives of his opposition are precisely what they were, and he will continue in opposition because opposition is his specialty. So in our mind's eye as we write we see Mr. Johnson, in a fine frenzy of moral passion, shaking his forelock down over his noble expanse of forehead and calling upon high heaven to save our beloved land from the hazards of bearing a hand in the only practical attempt yet suggested to substitute reason and the principles of justice for selfishness and contention between the nations of the earth.

A Gentle Mediaevalist.

Maurice Henry Hewlett, whose premature death from pneumonia occurred within the month, was one of those uncommon writers whose personality so tunes in with his work that the enchanted reader does not know where the one leaves off and the other begins. If any one has ever written coldly and critically of Hewlett's work we do not want to read it; that is no way to treat the Lore of Proserpine. On the other hand, it is useless to rave about such delicate stuff—comment of any sort roughens its bloom. There is but one thing to do, and that is to discover which of his many forms of expression—drama, masques, mediæval stories, modern novels, charming verse, or still more charming essays—is Hewlett's particular donation to oneself, and when that is found you have another permanent name on your desert island list.

Hewlett's fame was first made in 1898, when his now classic "Forest Lovers" was compared to the "Faerie Queene"—dubious compliment as to readability—and started a vogue for mediæval stuff that has never since died down. He himself never quite lived up to that first fine, careless rapture, though "Richard Yea-and-Nay" has many supporters and some even prefer "The Queen's Quair," as the sempiternally appealing Mary Queen of Scots has always her devotees. But "The Forest Lovers" was not Hewlett's first book. Italy, where he had spent much time, had first inspired the young lawyer to literary expression, and "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" was published in 1895. Then there is a whole class of readers who do not care for the gorgeous color and ringing reconstructions of the middle ages, but who prefer Hewlett the dramatist and poet. In 1911 he published "The Agonists," a remarkable revival of the King Minos legend, in which he successfully achieves the grand manner without slavish imitation of Greek form. He was never loath to avail himself of an older idea, as witness his "New Canterbury Tales," but as the author himself is quoted as writing, probably with reference to his own delicate if candid plagiarisms, "That is a poor-hearted chronicler who withholds from a tale because some other has told one well." Hewlett's finest verse is probably "The Song of the Plow," published in 1916, which is steeped with the sights, sounds, and smells of the rural England Hewlett loved so well, and of which his Wiltshire essays are redolent.

The bent of Maurice Hewlett's genius might be cited as an instance of heredity, for his father was Henry Gay Hewlett of Addington, Kent, of Huguenot extraction, a poet and a student of mediæval life. Maurice was born on January 22, 1861, and thus at his death was sixty-two years of age. He was educated at the London International College and was a French and classical scholar. He was called to the bar in 1891, but never practiced because of the delicate health that drove him to Italy and indirectly inspired his literary career. He turned to politics while still a young man and during his life held various official appointments. From 1896 to 1900 he was keeper of land revenue records and enrollments. Hewlett was a Liberal, and his modern novels are slightly tinctured with his political beliefs. Later in life he was justice of the peace for Wiltshire, a post which doubtless furnished him with

the insight into those country lives that is revealed in the Wiltshire essays. At one time Hewlett was mentioned for poet laureate, and it would seem that the combination of his rooted-in-the-soil English genius with his instinct for pageantry—he was in truth a minor Chaucer—would have made him an ideal laureate. But other considerations prevailed. Hewlett was one whose greatest triumphs came in youth, but that was perhaps natural, as his was a youthful type. His admirers are content with knowing that his life was peacefully spent in contemplating and immortalizing the traditional British scene, rural and historic.

Editorial Notes.

Professor Howard of Northwestern University has been making a study of the relative mental capabilities of college students who successfully pass and those who are dropped for delinquency. As between the two groups he finds no marked difference at the point of mental capacity. What he has discovered is that the delinquents are mainly students whose interests have been centered upon campus activities rather than upon their studies, and he puts athletics well toward the head of the list. We suspect that Professor Howard's findings would practically be duplicated if similar studies were extended to colleges the country over. Far too much indulgence is permitted to students relative to things that don't count. For example, the passion for football, which possesses, not merely the limited number of players, but practically the whole student body of nearly every college, is a deterrent rather than an aid to the purposes for which the schools are established and maintained. We venture the suggestion that if every football field in the country were wiped out of existence it would be a distinct promotion to the cause of academic culture.

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, New York's first Republican national committeewoman, has a straight line upon a few fundamentals relative to organized politics. Most women in politics—like women in journalism—go in for reform. "Movements" looking to this, that, or the other something, bearing a moral or sentimental label, attract them. But Mrs. Sabin knows better. Her advice to women is to join and work with the already established political organizations. Addressing her politically inclined sisters, she declares that more can be accomplished through the existing parties than by standing aside and fighting them. The whole weight of political tradition is behind established parties. They have the advantage of momentum; they have the wisdom of experience; and if women are to be a vital force in politics, they will do well to ally themselves with the forces that have been inspired and trained in political activities. Sound sense, this!

It has long been observed that migratory movements tend more closely to follow isothermal than geographic lines. The tendency on the part of those who pass from one place of living and of labor to another is to seek conditions of climate and industry relatively similar to those with which they are familiar and habited. The westward movement in our own country may serve as an illustration. When the Maine woodsman first turned his face westward he sought the forests of Michigan; and when these were thinned out or exhausted he moved on further to the forest regions of Washington and Oregon. Another illustration is found in the disposition of immigrants from the south of Europe to find homes in California. The Italian, for example, finds here his familiar sun and a field for the industries to which he is trained. Similarly the North German, the Swede, the Norwegian, the Dane upon landing in America by common impulse seek the northern tier of states, to find a climate and soil corresponding to conditions in their native lands.

On the witness-stand at Washington on Tuesday of this week Mr. Charles M. Schwab testified in behalf of Charles W. Morse, "an old friend of twenty years' standing," but whom he rarely saw "except when Morse needed loans." This is descriptive of a good many old friendships, but it was not the best of Schwab's testimony. Proceeding, he declared that he had advised Morse to remove his sons from certain high-salaried positions, since "like most rich men's sons they would not work as he would have had them work for him." This is none the less true because spoken in jest. It rests upon a principle in human nature—and it relates to a paternal favoritism that has destroyed many a flourishing business, practically ruined many a youth, and broken the heart of many a fond father. Exceptions there are, but as a rule rich men's sons will not work. Not that they are bad fellows, but they have little or no incentive to work. They don't have to; already they have what appears to be the good things of life. And how many of us would work if we did not have to, or if in our youth it had not been a case of "root hog, or die"? Truly the rich man's son is under a tremendous handicap. Throughout his life he has lived in luxury, has become fixed in established habits of luxury, has the means of luxury with the associations that go with generous living. All these are in possession of the rich man's son. What appear as the rewards of effort are his already. Thus the stimulus to effort is lost. What the rich man's son commonly does not comprehend is that inherited position is an unstable thing, that its roots are shallow, and that its hold upon vital things of life is without real significance. There was perhaps a time when wealth of itself was a distinction and held a claim universally recognized. It is so no longer. There are so many rich men now that wealth no longer will do anything for a man except buy luxuries, and luxuries unearned mean little—and that little little to the good of him who commands them. Today the value of wealth, as it relates to one's place in the world, rests absolutely upon what he does with it and the activities it inspires. Let nobody in his senses covet wealth in his youth, for in most cases its real significance is the nullification of much, if not all, that goes to the making of character and to the building up of that greatest of manly possessions, self-respect and public respect. Something of a sermon, this, but none the worse for that.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Taylor Administration.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* In your comment appended to a letter from Charles A. Murdock, published in your issue of July 14th, there was, if you will permit me to say it, a lack of discrimination with reference to the members of the Taylor hoard of supervisors. While quite positively sympathetic with your views as to the Spreckels-Heney-Langdon régime, I must challenge your sweeping condemnation of the Taylor hoard. It is true that there was involved in the setting-up of that régime an extra-legal procedure; and it is further true that there were in the Taylor hoard certain men to whom your expression "hand picked" justly applies. But surely it does not apply to H. U. Brandenstein, D. C. Murphy, L. P. Rixford, E. J. Molera, Charles A. Murdock, George Centre and Gustav Brenner, all living; or to the late A. Comte, J. P. Booth, Bernard Faymonville, Thomas Magee, Henry Payot, Lipman Sachs and W. G. Stafford.

As to the procedure leading up to the selection of these gentlemen I will not speak, hut of their individual character and of their efforts to hring order out of chaos and their devotion to the puhlic welfare in comparison with what had come hefore, I am sure that, upon examination of these names and upon reference to their service in the board, you will concede that your remarks were too sweeping.

I must add a word with respect to Dr. Taylor. It is true that he came to the mayoralty ill prepared on the score of experience of men and things, perhaps too single-mindedly an idealist for practical administration, perhaps too much under the influence of men whose purposes were to him concealed. Yet I must he permitted to say that I knew Dr. Taylor well, that his purposes were always good and that he aimed to do the right thing, and that in so far as he erred it was due to inexperience and to misplaced confidence in unworthy men. H. D. A.

[This letter is written in good spirit and we gladly give space to it as a contrihution to a matter historically important. We gladly concede the point as H. D. A. makes it with respect to certain members of the Taylor hoard of supervisors. What the writer of last week's comment had in mind was more especially the non-official group that hrought the Taylor administration into heing and at many times and in many ways employed it to sinister ends. There was no conscious purpose to discredit those individuals on the hoard who, as H. D. A. points out, were men of character and of devotion to right things. As to Dr. Taylor, nothing may he said with discredit to his individual character. In personal and private relations he was all that a worthy man should he. But we must repeat that he was without qualification for the office of mayor. That office was thrust upon him hecause his personal respectahility gave a certain standing to his sponsors, while his inexperience and amiability made him a serviceahle agent for the real masters of the situation. Witness the police administration during the Taylor mayoralty. Dr. Taylor should have known that he lacked hoth the experience and the temperament essential in the mayoralty of San Francisco in a stormy period. He ought to have known that the men who put him in the mayor's chair were in pursuit of selfish and malignant purposes.—ED.]

According to the latest issue of the *Almanach de Gotha* the number of reigning houses in Europe has declined from forty-one in 1914 to seventeen in 1922.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

MISNAMED RADICALISM.

(New York Times.)

Sages and managers of the Republican party, in conclave at Chicago, have hoisted storm signals. They think they perceive a hlack cloud of radicalism in the Western sky. They regard it as a peril to both political parties, and even to the government itself. They say that there is no use in attempting to disguise the facts. Great numbers of farmers are disgruntled. Many workingmen are discontented. What political action they may take, or how they may vote this year and next, the Repuhlican alarmists do not profess to know, though they say they are certain that the new radicalism portends a serious hreaking up of the old lines in their own party.

All this is pretty vague. It may indicate little more than the impulse of men in control of the party organization to denounce as "radicals" all who do not agree with them or refuse longer to take their orders. To an old-fashioned party chairman it naturally seems revolutionary when party followers in various states set up for themselves. The epithet "Bolsheviks" has rather gone out of fashion and can not he applied to them, but it is always in order to picture them as men of suhversive plans, hent on undermining orderly party rule and, as the Repuhlican cry of distress from Chicago puts it, "eating toward the heart of the government."

It is not to he denied that there are men in this country truly named radicals. They make no concealment of their intent or hope to overthrow the existing order. They are frankly opposed to most American political institutions, and would like to demolish them and erect in their place something in the proletarian or communist style. But the significant fact is that these avowed upheavers and destroyers play hut a small part in the general agitation due to discontent. These particular radicals are in fact feared and shunned by the very people who are setting out to found new political movements or to undertake specific reforms in the name of the workers. What hroke up the convention of the Farmer-Lahor party at Chicago was the discovery that enough communists and anarchists had got in as delegates to he ahle to dominate the proceedings. That was enough for hoth the real farmers and the real lahorers. They shook off from their feet the dust of this kind of radicalism and holted incontinently.

We have seen a similar sort of revulsion in organized lahor from simon-pure radicals. Just now Mr. Gompers has announced the intention of the American Federation of Labor to unionize the mills of the Steel Corporation. This was attempted without success at the time of the great steel strike. Among the indefatigahle workers and plotters at that time was W. Z. Foster and some others of his anarchic way of thinking. But now Mr. Gompers lays it down from the heginning that Foster and all of his kind must he kept out of the present undertaking. It is to he purely a lahor-union endeavor, which it is felt would he at once prejudiced and prohahly wrecked if it were known to he hand in hand with extreme radicals. Consequently they are ordered to keep away. Whether it will be possihle to exclude them altogether can not now he said; hut the very fact that the head of the American Federation of Lahor feels it necessary to take the ground that he will have neither part nor lot with men like Foster is a clear indication of how far honest and unahashed radicalism is from heing popular in this country.

We have to distinguish hetween mere dissatisfaction and the revolutionary temper. Because thousands of people have become disgusted with the leadership of the old parties, it does not follow that they mean to hreak with the great American political traditions. There are a thousand phases of discontent short of determined radicalism. That they may come to constitute a puhlic danger must he admitted. But they need to be carefully studied rather than indiscriminately denounced. A French historian quotes a saying hy one who was reported to have heen active in the secret preparations which preceded the French Revolution. It was to this effect: "Want and opinion are the two agents which make all men act. Cause the want, govern opinion, and you will overturn all the existing systems, however well consolidated they may he." Certainly we have not in the United States at this time either the want or the perverted opinion which might be turned into forces destructive of our government. Such radicalism as we have is of too many shades, too self-contradictory, too incapable of heing welded into united action, to justify acute fears for the immediate future.

SARDANAPALUS DIDN'T DO IT.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The moving finger of history is sometimes as slow as the progress of a glacier, hut in time it offers due reparation to those who have suffered from unjust imputations. Now it is Sardanapalus of Assyria who has his reputation refurhished and his name whitewashed hy means of a clay tablet held up to view in London hy an authority of the British Museum. Sardanapalus was not the last king, it appears, and neither did he hring the Assyrian Kingdom to an end in a hlazing dehauch and riotous orgy at Nineveh. The last sovereign was another ruler, who was "no besotted syharite, hut a soldier"; and he strove with manful valor to hold together his kingdom against "malice domestic, foreign levy," though his effort was in vain.

The ancient historian Ktesias, one of the tallest liars who ever put pen to paper, was the writer whom Sardanapalus should have sued, if he could, for libel. Ktesias started the tales of the drunken luxury of the monarch, and scandalmongers gladly passed them on. Another writer, Abydelus, charged somehody else—the sovereign named in the present tablet—with the crimes of omission and commission ascribed to Sardanapalus. It is pleasant to have the imputation lifted from them hoth. The world knows that Nineveh was hammered hy a coalition of her enemies into a melancholy rubble-heap, where the hyenas prowled, hut it is satisfactory to learn that the last king expired fighting for his own, and was not a white-livered dehauchee, whose life went out in a delirium of terror in a city set afire at his command.

CITY WAGES IN FARM PRODUCTS.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

The farmer, especially in the West, is being told what prevailing rates of wages in the building trades in the cities mean when translated from dollars and cents to the language of wheat, corn, and other farm products. In a recent issue of

the *Farmer*, a paper published in St. Paul, there is elaborate presentation of the subject. The farmers who read this agricultural paper have been given in text and tabulation two pages of matter contrasting the prices obtained by the man on the land with the wages of bricklayers, stone-masons, steamfitters, electricians and other artisans in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth. Summarizing some of this mass of information, the writer of the article says:

"If you were going to build a house on your farm by day labor, and had to pay your men in farm products, lacking the ready cash, do you know what it would cost you? Based on present wage scales in Minnesota (which are comparatively low, because of the 'open shop') and on the farm prices of farm products it would figure out something like this:

"For every eight-hour day your stone-setter worked it would cost you thirteen bushels of corn, or the yield of one-third of an acre for one year. Your bricklayer would cost you for one day nearly nine bushels of wheat, or the yield of three-fourths of an acre for one year. The wages of your carpenters for one day, each, would cost you seventeen bushels of potatoes, or the yield of one-sixth of an acre for one year.

"Your plumber, for one day's work, would walk off with a hundred-pound pig. To your electrician for one day you would have to give up a quarter of beef weigbing 127 pounds, which would feed bis family for two months. The plasterer, with a higber wage, then would demand twenty-four pounds of butter for bis day's work. And the painter, for his day's pay, would take what you bad left in the form of tbirty-three dozens of eggs."

This is the kind of matter whicb the man on the farm is reading. Whetber or not the writers of sucb articles are entirely sound in some of the conclusions they draw, whether or not they are always just in their strictures upon the men in the building trades and their methods of work, the fact remains that the comparisons they make in figures are substantially correct. Is it any wonder that there is discontent on the farm, even if it is true that there are compensating elements in rural life that are often overlooked?

The prevailing wage scales in the building trades, especially when they are considered in connection with the bonuses and other means of adding to them, are directly the cause of abundant trouble in the cities, where the cry goes up for more homes, more schoolhouses, and other sadly-needed structures. Indirectly these exorbitant wages are also causing trouble. They are increasing discontent on the farm. They are fomenting the feeling that the farmer does not get a square deal. But it is to be remembered that troubles are sometimes blessings in disguise. After he finds out how many busbels of wheat would be needed to pay for a day's work by a bricklayer, or a stone-setter, the man on the farm is not likely to turn sympathetic ear to appeals that he lend his support to the programmes of grasping labor unions. He probably will want to know what they represent in term of wheat and corn, pork and beef. And, unfortunately, be may be led to take a hostile attitude toward mucb that is just and proper in organized labor.

IT'S GREAT TO BE PEACEFUL.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Thomas R. Marshall, former Vice-President of the United States, has made a bid for Edward W. Bok's $100,000 peace plan award. He suggests an international agreement providing that war shall not be declared by any country until the question has been submitted to a referendum of all men and women above eighteen years of age, and then not until sixty days after a favorable vote.

If Mr. Marshall wins Mr. Bok's $100,000 we'll add a good 5-cent cigar to the award, but pending the decision a few doubts occur. Mr. Marshall is thinking in terms of Indiana, which he knows as one of its most amiable citizens. He can see a referendum working in Indiana. Russia has a big army and may make or get into the next war. The Russians do not vote. If they did they would have to vote the way the Soviet government told them. China is knocked to pieces hy internal wars. It has armies and bandits, but no governments. China couldn't have a referendum.

If Mexico had a referendum the vote would be what the government wanted it to be. These are minor troubles in Mr. Marshall's scheme, for which, by the way, be would claim original authorship. We believe Congressman Huck of Illinois suggested such an arrangement to Congress. It's a favorite dodge of the pacifist.

We do not see quite what would happen in case one people declared for war and another against it. If the Japanese voted for war with the United States and the American people against it, would our vote determine their action, or should we be obliged to take our coats off and do something they knew we didn't want to do? It would be an unchivalrous thing to do, but the Japanese government might reply that, disagreeable as the thing was, it had a mandate.

The chances are that two peoples who were cool-headed enough to take a vote on war couldn't be driven to fight each other, and if they wanted to fight no treaty could compel them to take a vote. People who can be driven to war by their rulers can be driven to the polls or away from them.

If Mr. Bok wants to give the $100,000 we're game on the cigar proposition.

BUSINESS VERSUS FASHION.

(Washington Post.)

It is sometimes held that no power on earth can bope to contend successfully against the rising tide of fashion, because fashion is a tyrant that recognizes and obeys no laws, buman or divine. In a way the proposition is true, as is manifested on the pages of history. Adown the ages censor and critic, prince, potentate and prelate have in vain thundered and fulminated edicts alike against the extravagance and the sparsity of feminine attire. Their efforts were as futile as trying to throw chaff against the wind.

It must, therefore, have required more courage than mere man usually possesses in presence of the eternal feminine for a certain bank president to decide that the eighty girls employed by his firm must abandon, at least during business hours, the sleeveless dress now so much in vogue. He came to the conclusion that the hot weather was no adequate excuse for the dwindling amount of raiment that daily met his gaze. He thought it unbusinesslike, demoralizing, indecorous. One morning, accordingly, he singled out a typist bare of shoulder and arm and with a frock quite as revealing as evening dress, and told her to go right home to ber mother and get some clothes on, adding that, if she did not come back properly clad she might look for another job. He followed this move up by putting in each girl's pay envelope that week a slip instructing the employees to dress in a manner becoming a business office.

The strange part of it is that the scheme worked. There were no resignations, there was no strike. The girl who had been sent home came back somewhat abashed but decorously clothed, and all the rest saw to it that their sleeves, necks, and skirts conformed to the required business standard. The explanation, of course, is that in a stand-up fight between fashion and bread-and-butter, fashion will go to the wall and collapse and take the count just as did Jess Willard when faced by a superior adversary.

In this brief account of a real happening there is a moral that he or she who runs may read.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Scottish Cavalier.

Come listen to another song
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the luster to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

His father drew the rigbteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James.
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Græmes;
Like a true old Scottisb cavalier
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet hlue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through tbe land,—
The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and bis men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
When the Standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heatb
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

O, never sball we know again
A heart so stout and true,—
The olden times have passed away
And weary are the new:
The fair wbite rose bas faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

—*William Edmonstoune Aytoun.*

The Fount of Castaly.

I would the fount of Castaly
Had never wet my lips;
For woe to him that hastily
Its sacred water sips.

Apollo's laurel flourishes
Above that stream divine;
Its secret virtue nourishes
The leaves of love and wine.

. . . .

Its joyous tide leaps crystally
Up 'neath the crystal moon,
And falling ever mistily
The sparkling drops keep tune.

The wavelets circle gleamingly,
With lilies keeping trysts;
The emeralds glisten dreamily
Below, and amethysts.

Once taste that fountain's witchery
On old Parnassus' crown,
And to this world of treacbery
O, never more come down!

Your joy will be to think of it,
'Twill ever haunt your dreams;
You'll thirst again to drink of it,
Among a thousand streams.

—*Joseph O'Connor.*

It is estimated that 14,000 lives were lost in automobile accidents in the United States in 1922—an increase of 1600 over the total for 1921. The 1922 death rate was 12.9 per thousand population, as compared with 11.5 for the preceding year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Mary Gertrude Abbey, widow of the famous American painter, Edwin Austin Abbey, who is collecting data about her husband's work, has announced that the important painting called "The Stage Office" has disappeared. This painting was shown at the National Academy in the exhibition of 1875 and was sold the first week for $300. Apparently nothing has been heard of it since. Mrs. Abbey, who has been able to purchase several of her husband's most famous pictures from their owners, has made every effort to trace the missing "Stage Office," and has enlisted in the search James E. Kelly, the American sculptor, who was an ardent admirer of Abbey.

Clifford Whittingham Beers, secretary of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene since its foundation, is the head of a movement for the organization of an international committee in whose interest he is at present touring Europe. The author of the famous biography, "A Mind That Found Itself," founded his life work in mental reconstruction when, after graduating from Sheffield Scientific School with honors, he suffered a complete mental breakdown and was obliged to spend three years in hospitals for the insane. He recovered and by means of his above-mentioned biography established the mental hygiene movement in the United States, whence it has spread all over the civilized world. Mr. Beers was recently given an honorary degree by his alma mater for his work in the cause of humanity.

Mrs. Nancy Cox MacCormack, an American sculptor in Rome, has recently had two of Italy's most famous citizens as sitters—the premier, Benito Mussolini, and the Roman senator, Giacoma Boni, whose name will be immortalized in conjunction with the Palatine excavations. Mrs. MacCormack reports that Mussolini very much dislikes posing and can scarcely ever be induced to do so. So far M. Peuch, the director of Villa Medici, has been the only sculptor who has had the opportunity of completing a bust of the Fascist leader.

Quesnay de Beaurepaire, one of the most famous of French judges, has been found at the age of eighty-six in a home for the indigent, from which the French bar is attempting to rescue him. Beaurepaire was for many years president of the court of cassation, but resigned in the late 'nineties rather than be associated with a revision of the famous Dreyfus decision. He then undertook to support the nationalist cause in newspaper work, devoting much of his time to a campaign against his late legal confrères, whom he accused of partiality toward Dreyfus. Later, having lost his journalistic connections, the once famous judge became a proofreader on a provincial paper, but even that means of livelihood was denied him when his eyesight failed. The Paris bar is raising a fund to enable the old officer of the Legion of Honor to spend the remainder of his life more comfortably.

Edward W. Bok, the well-known Philadelphia publisher and philanthropist, has offered a prize of $100,000 to the American who brings forward the best practicable plan for the coöperation of the United States with other nations in attaining and preserving world peace. The plan must be practicable, the award to be made in two payments, $50,000 when the plan is accepted and the remaining half when its practicability will have been demonstrated, though we fear the ingenious inventor of the plan might have a prolonged wait for the second installment if practical application is the test. The prize will be known as the American Peace Award and will be administered by a policy committee with headquarters in New York City. As is generally known, Edward William Bok was born in the Netherlands in 1863 and came to this country with his parents at the age of six. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, began life as a stenographer, and became the editor of a number of successful magazines, including the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In 1907 the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Pope Pius.

Seymour Parker Gilbert, Under Secretary of the Treasury and Acting Secretary in charge of all fiscal operations of the United States whenever Secretary Mellon is absent, as he is at present on his vacation abroad, is a young man who has had a very rapid rise and unusually good fortune. S. Parker Gilbert is thirty years old—he was born in Bloomfield, New Jersey, in 1892—and since his graduation from Rutgers College in 1912 has been associated with the law firm of Cravath & Henderson, has been a member of the war loan staff and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. It is interesting to notice that in these posts Mr. Gilbert follows in the footsteps of Russell C. Leffingwell, a member of the firm of Cravath, Henderson & De Gersdorff, at whose instigation Gilbert was asked to join the war loan staff and who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for three terms preceding Mr. Gilbert's appointment. The latter is again to succeed his elder colleague in the fall. Mr. Leffingwell has been recently taken into the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. as a partner and Mr. Gilbert, after retiring from the Treasury Department, will succeed his old chief in the firm of Cravath, Henderson & De Gersdorff. One of the biggest problems Mr. Gilbert has had to solve since he became Under Secretary of the Treasury has been the handling of the debt operations which involved the relationship of the public debt problem to the budget.

SMART SET SKELETONS.

Charles Kingston Exhumes the Annals of the British Divorce Courts and Revokes a Few Scandals

Whether you have a taste for sensational literature, a flair for skeletons in aristocratic families, or merely a love of legal aspects, you will find exercise for your hobby in "Society Sensations," as choice a series of *causes célèbres* as is to be found outside legal records, and far more attractively served. Such is the wealth of interest in these sixteen cases hinging on divorce or succession that space permits exposition of but one: and there is an embarrassment of choices. However, the Mountgarret succession has been called the most remarkable and sensational trial in the history of the British peerage—distinction enough to justify a choice. Though it seems incredible that so costly and important a trial could result from such squalid circumstances. Truly, the members of the British aristocracy must lead more decorous lives than the average novel would indicate if the Hon. Henry Butler's escapade could cause such litigation. It is remarkable among this series of famous cases for the flimsiness of its evidence, which British courts nevertheless took seriously enough. Still, one regrets having to pass up the Mordaunt divorce case, in which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, figured, albeit innocently. Then there are the case of Edwin Forrest, the Cloncurry divorce case, the Talbot conspiracy, the case of the Howard claimant who was a pauper, and the Vivian-Waterford case—all will repay readers in the above categories. But to return to the intricacies of the Mountgarret legitimacy case, which turned on the question whether or not the father of the thirteenth Viscount Mountgarret had been previously married by Scottish law to a Mrs. Colebrook, a widow of easy means and virtue:

In 1846 the twelfth Viscount Mountgarret died, and was succeeded in the title and estates by Henry Edmund, the only son of his younger brother, the Hon. Henry Butler. For eight years the new peer was left undisturbed in his possessions, but he must have been aware that it was rumored that he had no right to the viscounty and the property and that the common gossip of the country was to the effect that he was illegitimate.

However, as long as his relatives accepted him as the head of the family he did not mind, but in 1854 the gathering storm burst. His cousin, Pierce Somerset Butler, eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Pierce Butler—the latter being the fourth brother of the twelfth viscount—claimed the peerage and the property, alleging that Henry Edmund was the offspring of a bigamous marriage and that according to the law of the land he was not legitimate.

The root of the sensational case and the dubiety of the thirteenth viscount's claim lay in the notorious career of his father, the Hon. Henry Butler, outwardly a magnificent specimen of manhood who had an infallible way with the weaker sex. The Hon. Henry Butler, who may or may not have committed bigamy, as was claimed by his nephew in his famous attempt to wrest the title from the heir, was a spendthrift and, generally speaking, a ne'er-do-weel, until his reformation and second, or at least regular, marriage. Butler's hypothetical first wife was Amanda Colebrook, with whom he lived for a number of years and whom he would have married but for the consequent forfeiture of her income. Mr. Kingston sums up the situation as follows:

Thus Mrs. Colebrook was a rich woman, for in the early part of the nineteenth century an income of two thousand five hundred pounds was equal to six times that amount now, and Henry Butler, impecunious and hunted by his creditors, resolved to cultivate the widow and marry her.

He realized how fortunate he would be if he married both beauty and money, and when Mrs. Colebrook showed that she liked him and did not resent his rather bold courtship of her, he felt that he had victory in sight.

At the first favorable opportunity he proposed to her at the hotel. It was less than a fortnight since his introduction to her, but they seemed to have known each other for ages, and he was confident of what her answer would be. To his amazement, however, she murmured that marriage was out of the question. He pressed her for an explanation, and then she revealed the awkward fact that if she married again she would lose her interest in her first husband's estate.

Butler was staggered by the collapse of his scheme, but the widow, who had a very accommodating disposition, smiled at his stupefaction. She had a solution of the problem and she intimated that she would become his mistress rather than part from him or her fortune. There and then they agreed to live together as man and wife, and, to further their ends, Mrs. Colebrook took her maid, Sarah Stride, into her confidence.

The irregular partnership involved constant changes of lodgings, and when the first child was born the widow very nearly followed the infant to the grave. She effected a marvelous recovery, however, and when a year later she told Butler she was expecting another child they had a long and serious discussion.

According to our authority, Mr. Kingston, it is now accepted that Butler, fearing to lose his widow and perhaps particularly her money, urged her to avail herself of the facilities of Scottish law. He had discovered that she was a flirt and it was not unlikely that a rich man might marry her despite the loss of her income—so great was the lure of the Scottish vamp. It is fairly certain at any rate that Butler did want to marry her, as they both journeyed to Scotland:

Scotland was the best place in the world for a secret ceremony, for they need only accept each other as husband and wife in the presence of their faithful and devoted Sarah Stride and the brief ceremony would constitute a legal marriage.

Mrs. Colebrook agreed to his suggestion, and it was arranged that she was to return to Edinburgh, where she had a house in Northumberland Street, and resume her career as a hostess. Later on Butler was to arrive, and at a suitable time and place the marriage was to be celebrated.

But he had reckoned too heavily on the convenience of the law and not sufficiently on the will of the gods or the weakness of the flesh, according as one views the universe. The widow, home in Scotland, had a reaction instead of the expected increase. Also she fell in love elsewhere, which was undoubtedly the crux of the situation:

The widow and her two daughters were welcomed by their old friends in the Scottish capital, and she began to entertain on a large scale, and almost every night her house was packed with guests.

After her more or less shady association with Henry Butler in England and her forced avoidance of her respectable acquaintances, her popularity in Edinburgh came as a tonic, and she felt inclined to regret her friendship with Lord Mountgarret's son, a friendship, moreover, which had deprived her of the society of her equals.

Very soon, however, she had another and a stronger reason for wishing to forget Butler, and, strangely enough, the reason was another Irishman, though of a different stamp. John Taaffe was the exact opposite of Henry Butler so far as character and means were concerned.

Fond of literature and science, he had come to Edinburgh to make the acquaintance of several of its most distinguished men, and it was at a reception given by a famous judge that he was presented to Mrs. Colebrook, who, having recently seen Butler, was agreeably surprised to find an Irishman whose manner was quiet and respectful, and who was not given to intoxication.

It was another point in favor of Taaffe that he was rich. She had postponed her marriage with Butler on account of the fact that she had had a miscarriage, and, although she had promised to become his wife as soon as it was safe to do so without risking the loss of her income, she was quite ready to fall in love with some one else.

But again the widow had reasons for avoiding the regularity of marriage. In the present affair, Taaffe was a rich man, or expected to be one, so loss of her own income would not have been sufficient to deter her. But she knew Butler's wild nature, and with the usual vanity of her kind exaggerated the danger from his jealousy. Still, there was the money, his only source it seems, and according to the evidence of Mountgarret's oldest cousin when claiming the title on a charge of Butler's bigamy, a Scottish marriage did take place under the following dignified circumstances between the Hon. Henry Butler, father of the thirteenth Viscount Mountgarret, and Mrs. Colebrook. What is amazing is that since the Scotch law was so malleable the English courts recognized it or troubled to establish the reality of its sham marriages. But nevertheless on the strength of a purely hypothetical unofficial marriage, denied as vociferously by one side as it was urged by the other, the legitimacy of the thirteenth viscount was disputed, a noble family was ruined for a generation, and lawyers were enriched by thousands of pounds. Here is the account of the bogus marriage argued by counsel for Mountgarret's cousin when he attempted to wrest the family title from Henry Edmund:

Meanwhile, Taaffe was a daily visitor at Mrs. Colebrook's, and when he proposed she refused him, but added that if he liked she would be his mistress. Her offer was accepted, and the partnership had scarcely begun when Butler, who had probably had an inkling of the existence of a rival, called at Mrs. Colebrook's at midnight.

He was intoxicated and in one of his most pugnacious moods, and when the butler refused him admission he made a ferocious attack on the door which roused the street. To prevent a scandal Mrs. Colebrook ordered her servants to allow him to enter, and a moment or so later he was rushing up the stairs screaming threats of vengeance.

When he arrived on the second landing he found the widow in her nightdress, standing with her back against the door of her bedroom. "What is it you want?" she demanded, concealing her terror under a countenance of simulated anger. "The fulfillment of your promise to marry me," he answered, or, at least, counsel for the claimant of the title alleged that that was what he said.

What exactly ensued formed the crux of the great trial. The Attorney-General for Ireland, who appeared on behalf of Pierce Somerset Butler, was positive that there and then three servants—one of whom was Sarah Stride—were sent for and made to listen while Henry Butler and Amanda Colebrook in their hearing declared themselves husband and wife.

Counsel for the thirteenth Viscount Mountgarret, the son of Henry Butler, was equally positive that no such scene took place, but the only means we have of forming an independent judgment is the study of the sequel to that noisy visit of the nobleman's son to the house in Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, at midnight.

It is certain at least that some sort of scene and reconciliation took place between Butler and the widow, for Taaffe was banished for awhile—proof being that she wrote him to rescue her from the abuses of Butler. Taaffe amiably forgave her, planned a disguise, and an elopement took place with melodramatic flourish that doubtless gratified Amanda's sensation-loving soul, but which was entirely unnecessary as protection against Henry, who was about this time peaceably going about his business in London, courting a lady, also rich and attractive, whom he subsequently married and who was the mother of the unfortunate thirteenth viscount of trial fame. Butler was introduced to Anne Harrison by a mutual friend, a clergyman:

Her parents approved of the match, for if the Irishman had no money it was more than likely that he would succeed to the viscounty, and Anne was socially ambitious. In the circumstances her lover's suggestion of an early marriage was approved of, and less than a month after parting from Mrs. Colebrook, the Hon. Henry Butler was married to Anne Harrison at Harrogate.

He made no attempt at concealment, and the news was printed in the papers, and that was a strong point in favor of his son by Anne when he defended the action brought by his cousin. With his marriage Henry Butler ceased to be notorious. He seems to have become reformed and to have settled down with his wife and children, but he never visited Ireland again, and his relations were not invited to his English home.

Meanwhile things were going from bad to worse with the fair Amanda. For so shrewd a woman she was rather a bad manager. But her own attitude toward the legitimacy of the Scottish ceremony with Butler, if it ever did take place, is shown plainly by subsequent events. Or perhaps she had a penchant for irregular marriages, since even that with Taaffe was not legal. More probably she was utterly lawless:

Meanwhile, Amanda Colebrook was enduring a variety of experiences which had disastrous results for her. When she and John Taaffe arrived in England the young Irishman wrote to his father requesting permission to marry her, but the elder Taaffe replied with a threat to cut John off with a shilling unless he parted from the Scottish siren.

But this John would not do. Mrs. Colebrook lived in daily terror of being claimed by Butler, and she implored Taaffe not to desert her. He was unwilling to lose the large estate to which he was heir and yet he did not wish to act ungenerously by the woman, and for a time they traveled about together until they arrived at Preston.

It was here that John Taaffe decided to risk the consequences and marry her, and at his request a local Roman Catholic priest celebrated the ceremony, which was really illegal, because, as the law stood, no marriage could take place between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic, to which religion the Irishman belonged.

Taaffe regarded the ceremony as binding if Amanda did not—at least till he happened to examine his wife's writing desk and came upon an account of the alleged marriage to Butler in a letter from that worthy. One would think that life with Amanda would have seasoned the most sensitive of minds, but Taaffe's was not proof against this shock. He left the house and never returned. He exiled himself in Italy and was disinherited by his father. The wages of gullibility is poverty.

Let us return to Mrs. Colebrook, who we may be sure was not reformed so far as trouble-making went:

For four years Mrs. Colebrook lived by herself, and she did not trouble either Butler or Taaffe. Her means were unequal to the demands she made on them, however, and she was soon in difficulties.

When her finances were at their worst, news of her misconduct with the two Irishmen came to the knowledge of the lord president of the court, and he held an inquiry, with the result that he deprived the widow of the guardianship of her two children, thus taking from under her control a thousand pounds a year.

Her creditors thereupon seized the rest of her property, and the widow was left with scarcely sufficient to provide the necessaries of life. In her despair and distress she brought a suit in the Scottish courts, asking that John Taaffe might be ordered to support her on the ground that she was his wife.

In support of her claim she induced Sarah Stride, her devoted maid, to swear an affidavit to the effect that she had witnessed a marriage between Amanda Colebrook and John Taaffe on a date previous to the scene on the landing with the Hon. Henry Butler.

The case duly came to trial—John's father having accepted service on behalf of his son, and entering an appearance for him—and the decision of their lordships was that Mrs. Colebrook was not the wife of Taaffe. Defeated in one direction, she now turned in another, and employed a shady solicitor to try and extract some money from Butler.

She intimated her willingness to accept one thousand four hundred pounds in settlement of her claims on Lord Mountgarret's son, but he refused to admit liability, and the contest between them ended after an exchange of letters, and the rest was silence until many years later the whole subject was revived in an Irish court.

But there was yet another twist to the peculiarities of Scottish law, and one which, like the mechanically worked gods of Greek drama, evidently saved the day as far as the legitimacy and title of Henry Edmund, the thirteenth Viscount Mountgarret, was concerned. The written evidence of Henry Butler's letter had almost as damning an effect on the defense as it had had years before on John Taaffe when he discovered it in the desk of the lady whom he had chivalrously supposed his wife. But now, in the trial, for the *deus ex machina*, Mr. Butt, Q. C., who represented the defending viscount, pointed out as the climax of a brilliant speech in his client's behalf that the famous Scottish law on which rested the hopes of the claimant was explicit in that both parties must consent of their own free will, and it was obvious from all evidence that Mrs. Colebrook had been frightened into the informal ceremony, time and place being conclusive proof. Summing up:

He declared that for more than forty years Henry Edmund had been regarded as his father's legitimate son, and he demanded a verdict from the jury in his favor. The jury, however, found against Lord Mountgarret, therefore branding him as illegitimate and awarding the title and estates to Pierce Somerset, his cousin.

But the defendant promptly appealed, and the second jury returned a verdict for him, finding that there had been no legal marriage between his father and Mrs. Amanda Colebrook.

From this decision there was another appeal, but the result of the second trial was confirmed by the court, and Anne Harrison's son kept his viscount's coronet and the estates. At his death in 1900 he was succeeded by his son, who died in 1912.

So much for the entertaining possibilities of the law. Max Beerbohm has written somewhere that a trial is far more amusing than a play, and considering the native impulse shown in all children to prefer a true story to the most gorgeous of fairy tales, there is probably something in it. Truth is stranger than fiction and human values more thrilling than the product of any dramatist's imagination. So that, all in all, Mr. Kingston has conferred a great favor in collecting and publishing his *causes célèbres*—our only regret being that undoubtedly we shall be inflicted with variations of them in every problem movie for the next seven years, and though one can avoid the movies, it is too much to expect the pot-boiling novelists not to work this mine of strange yet strangely plausible plots.

Society Sensations. By Charles Kingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 21, 1923, were $158,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $140,100,000; an increase of $18,100,000.

The total of debits to individual account throughout the Federal Reserve system stood at a level averaging close to $10,000,000,000 weekly for the last three months during March, April, and May.

Debits to individual account constitute an accurate barometer of the volume of general business, according to officials of the Federal Reserve Board. The nation's present volume of business, on this basis, is about equal to that transacted in the prosperous years, 1919 and 1920, when the total of debits each week was approximately the same as now.

The week ended May 2d represents the peak of the bank debit barometer. In that week debits totaled $11,051,000,000. A point almost as high was reached in the week ended March 7th, when the total of debits was $10,887,000,000. Between those dates the debit total fluctuated $10,337,000,000 and $9,166,000,000.

If the fluctuations of the total of debits to individual account accurately measure the rise and fall of the nation's volume of business, it is interesting to observe that the changes occur almost with mathematical precision. A high week is invariably followed by a low, making a business curve that is similar to the teeth of a saw.—*Union Trust Company.*

A slight decline in most lines of business activity and a heavy liquidation of securities have led to a feeling of some uncertainty in the outlook for trade and finance during the coming six months. This concern is not supported by production records, however, which in May showed an increase for the month in virtually every branch of activity. June failures were fewer than in any month in the past two years. While there has been much difference of opinion among authorities, the judgment of many students in touch with prevailing conditions seems to have been voiced by the Harvard University Committee on Economic Research in its review of June 30th, which said: "The rise in interest rates since last fall has affected security prices adversely and more recently other unfavorable factors have depressed the stock market; but while money conditions continue to be comparatively easy, the beginning of a major downward movement of business will be postponed for some time," says the Well Fargo Nevada National Bank.

A large midsummer business is expected in both retail and wholesale trade, with activity considerably in excess of a year ago. The railroads are handling an immense traffic and the general condition of their rolling stock and equipment with improved efficiencies forecast better than usual service to the shipping public during the harvesting season. Returns from forty-two Class I railroads show net operating income during May of $58,557,711 as compared with $40,159,442 in that month of 1922. In May of last year the gross earnings of these roads represented almost 63½ per cent. of the total; hence, on this basis, the preliminary returns suggest a net operating income of $92,360,000 for all Class I railroads. Allowing for seasonal fluctuations of traffic such a showing would, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, mean an annual rate of 6½ per cent. on $19,175,000,000 as against a similar annual return in April of 6.48 per cent. Loadings of revenue freight for the week ending June 30th (1,021,770 cars) exceeded the previous high record (of week ending October 14, 1920) by 3231 cars. Furthermore, there were more than 60,000 surplus cars on June 30th, indicating a greatly improved carrying capacity over one year ago. In the first five months of 1923 the railroads of the country ordered 1598 new locomotives as compared with 460 purchased in the same period of 1922. The equipment companies are doing an enormous business; at the opening of June their books showed unfilled orders for 107,079 freight cars and 2041 locomotives.

With Wall Street sentiment almost unanimously bearish the last two weeks, the market has seemingly executed a turning movement. A large amount of urgent liquidation seems to have been completed and in many issues there has occurred a considerable quantity of investment buying. Short-sellers are decidedly cautious in extending their commitments and in a number of instances covering operations have disclosed an apparently very limited amount of stock for sale at current prices. The market looks as if it were on the eve of a very substantial technical rally, a rally wherein certain individual stocks, in which there has been no important distribution, are likely to enjoy quite extended moves on the bull side.

Certainly many of the rails and public utilities and not a few of the industrials are selling at what may be considered bargain prices considering either present or prospective earnings. On the other hand, there are numerous stocks, constituting probably a majority of the list, in which the most we can look for is a very moderate rise due to short covering. In other words, the next few weeks are likely to witness an irregular recovery in security prices which in some aspects may resemble a renewal of the bull market.

The two important events of the past week bearing on financial matters have been the increase in the Bank of England's discount rate from 3 to 4 per cent. and the renewed weakness in foreign exchange, especially French francs, which are selling now at close to their record low price. There has been some talk of the English bank's action being the forerunner of a similar step on the part of our Federal Reserve banks, but the best opinion is that this view is not well founded. For a long time the English bank rate has been out of line with ours, with the result that British funds have been transferred here to take advantage of the more favorable terms. Of course this has affected Sterling exchange adversely, and to counteract this was probably one of the chief reasons for the bank's action. The decline in Continental exchange is merely the reflection of the unsatisfactory dragging out of the French-German controversy, which, in the opinion of the banking community both here and ahroad, has been a mistake, and, if persisted in, will lead to disastrous results for the countries involved. However, the whole affair seems to he a game of politics where policies may change very quickly and it is impossible to predict the outcome.

Conditions in the steel trade have undergone little change, with the outlook still regarded as satisfactory. The same may be said of industry generally, and, if the recent decline in securities forecasts a period of trade depression, there are as yet no signs of such a slump in business itself. In almost all cases railroad earnings are all that could be desired and car loadings continue to run at a record rate for this time of year.—*The Trader.*

During the great war cost of production and manufacture increased rapidly, and still remain far above pre-war figures. Farmers, manufacturers, and producers covered their increased costs through increased prices to the puhlic.

Public utility companies were not so fortunate. Public sentiment was at first adverse to allowing increased rates to meet increased cost of utility operation, says the Industrial News Bureau.

Puhlic utility commissions were unjustly criticized for advancing rates, as the public did not understand that the "value" upon which a public utility corporation should be permitted to earn a fair return is the "fair value" of properties of that utility devoted to puhlic service, and that in ascertaining such "fair value" present high prices—at date of determination of "fair value"—in the guise of increased cost of constructing the utility's property must be given proper consideration.

The United States Supreme Court now holds that unless the reproduction cost of a utility's property, as of the date of the determination of "value," is given full and conscientious consideration, confiscation of that property will be the inevitable result. In plain English, the court says that present-day reproduction costs must be considered in determining the "value" of public utility property for rate-making purposes.

This was held in the case of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company vs. Missouri Public Service Commission, *et al.* The Missouri commission made an order in December, 1919, by which it undertook (1) to reduce rates for exchange service of the telephone company, and (2) to aholish installation and moving charges.

The commission valued property of the company without according any weight to enhanced cost of material, labor, and supplies over those prevailing in 1913, 1914, and 1916. The Supreme Court decided tbat "present costs"—that is, "the cost of labor, supplies, etc., at time investigation is made"—must be given consideration in ascertaining "what will amount to a fair return upon properties devoted to public service"; otherwise, says the court, the action of any regulatory body will be confiscatory and in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The commission's order was annulled as it failed to give consideration to "present costs."

Reaffirming its decision in the Southwestern Bell Telephone case, the court on June 11, 1923, annulled an order of the public service commission of West Virginia, which valued property of the Bluefield Water Works and Improvement Company for rate-making purposes without according "proper, if any, weight to the greatly enhanced costs of construction in 1920 over those prevailing about 1915 and before the war."

The Supreme Court of the United States has twice, within thirty days, announced the doctrine that present costs must be given fair and just consideration in arriving at the value of a public service corporation's property for rate-making purposes.

The board of diretcors of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company have named Frank A. Leach, Jr., to succeed John A. Britton as vice-president and general manager of the company.

Mr. Leach, who is now fifty-one years old, began his early business training in newspaper work, where he was associated with his father, Frank A. Leach, Sr., in the publishing of the Oakland *Enquirer*, now the *Post Enquirer*, and then branched out into his present business as a counter clerk waiting on the Oakland public, rising step by step through the company's organization.

Leach entered the gas and electric business twenty-five years ago under Britton, who at that time was president and manager of the Oakland Gas Light and Heat Company, and in which business he grew up under Britton's guidance, as did most of the vast army of workmen in the company's employ.

For the past three years the new general manager was the accepted understudy of Britton in the company's main office, where he held the position of vice-president in charge of public relations and service.

"I have worked up with most of the employees of the company," remarked the new general manager in an interview, "and of course it shall he my aim to continue with all of them in a spirit of coöperation for the good of the organization and also for the benefit of each of us, having in mind our full re-

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The following tribute to his qualities was iven by W. E. Creed, president of the com- any: "Mr. Leach is the logical successor of Mr. Britton, who was for so many years in re- sponsible charge of the operations of the com- pany. Mr. Leach has come up with twenty- ive years of service through the operating

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a thorough knowledge of its properties, business, and policies."

Striking success has been achieved by the railroads of the country in the campaign they have been waging and are still waging to reduce loss and damage to freight, figures just made public by the American Railway Association showing that between 1920 and 1922 payments for loss and damage were reduced from $119,800,000 to $44,500,000, or 63 per cent.

During the war, and especially when the railways were being operated by the government, loss and damage of freight and payments made for them increased abnormally. Total payments for loss and damage of freight in 1917 were $35,000,000. In 1920 such payments were $119,000,000, an increase of 240 per cent. This increase was due to the great increases in prices of commodities, which made all commodities shipped more valuable, to a decline in the *morale* of railway employees and deterioration of equipment. The first cause was beyond the control of the roads, but after the railways were returned to private operation they jointly engaged in a nation-wide campaign to reduce loss and damage by remedying the last two factors and by obtaining coöperation of shippers.

Every class of shippers suffer by loss and damage of freight and is benefited by their reduction. Loss and damage payments on fresh fruits and vegetables are relatively the largest, because of their perishable nature. The causes of loss and damage are numerous. For example, in the first three months of 1923 the railways had to pay claims amounting to $1,960,000 resulting from damage caused by rough handling of cars, and $873,000 because of claims resulting from robberies.

The ratio of the total freight claims paid to the total freight earnings in 1919 was 2.95 per cent.; in 1920 it was 2.78 per cent.; in 1921, 2.36 per cent., and in 1922, only 1.12 per cent., which probably is relatively the best record ever made in any year.

A. A. Housman & Co. announce that M. Eyre Pinckard and Frank C. Shaughnessy, formerly of Pinckard, Shaughnessy & Anderson, have been admitted to the firm as general partners, effective August 1, 1923, when they will become the resident managers of the Eastern brokerage house.

The association of Messrs. Pinckard and Shaughnessy with A. A. Housman & Co., newcomers in the local stock and bond field, is of unusual significance, especially in reference to the recent reduction in commission rates in both local and Eastern securities.

Housman & Co.'s interest in Pacific Coast business goes back for several years. Since 1919 they have had connections here and in 1919 and 1920 were decidedly active in California Packing and Pacific Gas and Electric shares on both the New York Stock and San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchanges. It was not until March 1st of this year that they established a branch in San Francisco. Their local office is on the mezzanine floor of the California Commercial Union Building.

Plans are under way for the opening of an additional office, in a different location and on a ground floor, for the handling of a general clientèle. Temporary offices have been opened in the Haas building in Los Angeles and Edward A. Pierce, managing partner of the firm, has been in that city looking over the ground for a suitable permanent location.

M. Eyre Pinckard and Frank C. Shaughnessy have maintained partnership association for the past nine years, operating under the firm name of Pinckard & Shaughnessy up to about three years ago, when Berrien Anderson was admitted.

According to Mr. Pierce, the association of Messrs. Pinckard and Shaughnessy with A. A. Housman & Co. is highly advantageous to all parties concerned in that it gives to the Housman firm very strong local representation through resident partners who have attained considerable prominence in local exchange circles. Both Mr. Pinckard and Mr. Shaughnessy are particularly well known in the financial district, Mr. Shaughnessy at the present time serving as vice-president of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. A. Housman & Co. are members of the New York Stock Exchange, New York Cotton Exchange, New Orleans Cotton Exchange, New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, New York Produce Exchange, New York Curb Market, Chicago Board of Trade, San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange and associate members of the Liverpool Cotton Association. Their wire system is very extensive, over thirteen thousand miles being directly controlled, without reference to correspondents' connections.

Why it is, I do not know, but "Big Business" is generally regarded as self-sufficient, needing no assistance from any one. As a matter of fact, "Big Business" is—like most big things—just a great baby, dependent on help from all and any who may be disposed to feed the unwieldy papoose of prosperity. A chicken is more independent three hours after it emerges from the shell than the so-called "Big Business," says R. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.

This money-power bogey is a hardy annual, as hollow as the craniums of those who live by denouncing anything of which they know nothing. Many have been the official investigations of this mountain; invariably it has been a mouse that has emerged. But facts count more than political mouthings, and the steady stream of investments would long since have dwindled to a trickle if there were any real substance in the repeated assertions that all the great corporations are under the thumb of the "moneyed interests." Actually, those who pay the piper call the tune—the great American public.

Clearly there must be some reservoir towards which the—most of them small—streams of capital converge, in which their contributions are stored. What is vaguely comprehended under the designation "Wall Street" is that reservoir. Different sections of it function in different ways—bankers, brokers, the stock exchanges of the United States (in New York, San Francisco, and other centres).

The great flock of small investors may be compared to a flock of sheep. In the opinion of those who do not know them they have about as much sense. Subect often to unreasoning fits of panic they may be; stupid they are not. They have sense enough to know that they need a shepherd, and that they are neither qualified to fill that office from their number nor to select a leader themselves. They have sense enough, too, to follow the shepherd whom they have learned to trust, and they do not think that he will be a better shepherd if he keeps aloof from those—the great corporations—to whom, under his guidance, they have entrusted their savings. They know well enough that, unless he is in close association with the users of their money, he can not judge as to the advisability of entrusting them with further funds. They pay little attention to the politicians who derive comfortable livelihood from abusing these leaders, the bankers. The mischief-makers gather their audiences, actually, from those who never have anything to invest, the incompetent or thriftless.

Why should the banker want to run industries? He makes his money by selling securities and clearing his shelves quickly. He has no weakness for old tenants. Quick returns and small profits are as much his aim as that of any other successful merchant. If the goods he sells are unsatisfactory he will have to take them back, and he prefers to use his capital buying new goods—goods that, he knows well, are more easily salable than old and yield worth-while rake-offs. Stocks that pay dividends, bonds and notes that are paid off as they become due (and are replaced by others pregnant with profits) are the banker's favorites. Least of all does he enjoy "nursing the baby."

When a corporation gets into trouble it may be to the interest of a section of "money-power" to extricate it; it is certainly to the interest of the stockholders. Every one—except those who criticize—knows of more than one case around the year of (dis)grace 1920, in which it was the only intervention of big finance that saved for investors millions of dollars badly handled by over-expanded corporations—that would otherwise have been food for "receivers"; how thousands of other enterprises were saved from the disaster that must have followed on crashes averted only by the helping hands (and brain) of the giant. Merchandise creditors and small banks all over the country have to thank the big financiers for salvation from ruin. If any one grudges those who salvaged millions a few thousands for the work they did, his proper place is an asylum for the insane—though, personally, I should object to be taxed for his maintenance.

Those who declaim against what they call Wall Street control, meaning the banking section of Wall Street, are unwittingly attacking it for giving of its best to protect the small investor.

People make mistakes. Little people make little mistakes. Really big people make (on the far fewer occasions when they do make them) mistakes that in their reverberations shake the world. The little people of all, the politicians, and their tools—scribblers for the radical press and soap-box orators—earn a disreputable living scouring the garbage cans of finance and displaying what they find. This is all there is to it. The man in the street (by which I do not mean the coffee cadger) knows that, in the ultimate showing, he controls; knows, too, that "big finance" is really little finance, that "big business" is the muckle made from mickles.

But, in all the discussions that have engaged the services of ear and eye, little has occupied either concerning the real power behind the industrial throne. I refer, of course, to the security markets of the world. Whether in Wall Street, Throgmorton Street, or Montgomery Street, when our gaze is arrested by the New York Stock Exchange, the London Stock Exchange, or the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, we face one of the real capital markets of the world. To which might be added the Paris Bourse, perhaps, though at present this does not loom so large as before the late great war. Berlin is out of the running, and other exchanges are of a more strictly local character.

The real, ultimate control of industry is vested in the governing bodies of the world's exchanges. For they, through the conditions established by them before securities can be "listed," through the subsequent watchfulness exercised by them persistently and consistently (assuring their title to a favored position in the opinion of investors); these really not only control the flow of capital into specified industries, but insure the proper handling of said capital.

The general public, admittedly, supplies the funds, and—in proportion to its intelligence and wakefulness—exercises a considerable influence in management questions. But the real, if unseen, guardian angels of all really big business are the security markets.

For the better accommodation of the firm's East Bay business, the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company has moved its Oakland office to the fifth floor of the American Bank Building. G. H. Wendt of the sales staff is in charge of the Oakland office, and associated with him will be Harold C. Cloudman, formerly in charge of the field division of the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. announce that the permanent bonds of the Pacific Palisades Association are now ready for delivery in exchange for the temporary certificates at the office of the California Trust Company in Los Angeles.

The new firm of Anderson & Fox, investment bankers, are opening offices at 409 Montgomery Street, and plan to become members of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange in the near future. Berrien Anderson is the son of Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California and director of numerous corporations of nation-wide prominence. Anderson & Fox will immediately be in a position to take care of the stock and bond orders of their clients and to do a general brokerage business.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Panacea for All Ignorance.

The New International Year Book. Edited by Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The twenty-first appearance of this annual newspaper suggests that a word should be given to its merits as a current historian. Probably the day is not distant when the *International Year Book* will entirely replace the topical phase of encyclopædias, when in fact the latter term will be reserved for established knowledge—if such a thing exists. Certainly the *Year Book* is an admirable contrivance for keeping recent history on tap, as you realize in glancing through the 1922 volume with its accounts of everything from Carnarvon's and Einstein's discoveries to the Lausanne Conference. Its scope seems infinite: machine shop strikes, auto-suggestion—everything, in short, that made up the important news of the past year. Drama, literature, and art also have their place in this "compendium of the world's progress" which Mr. Colby so ably edits. There is a large staff of contributors, all of the most convincing expertise. For example, Commander Greely edits Alaska and Polar research work; C. Matlock Price, Architecture; Edward Woolard of the United States Weather Bureau, Meteorology and Astronomy, and the War of the Nations is handled by Mr. Colby and the editorial staff. It is not too much to say that any one returning to civilization after a year's exile on a polar island minus a radio outfit could become *au courant* in a few hours spent over the *International Year Book*. It is almost enough to discourage the use of newspapers, since even the news is canned nowadays.

The *International Year Book* first appeared in 1898. It has grown steadily since in circulation and importance, and in 1907 its policies were somewhat modified and expanded under the title the *New International Year Book*. It is in every sense a ready reference book, and its alphabetic entries, large type, and stiff binding obviate the feeling of tackling a complicated problem which some year books present. In addition, its map equipment makes it an annual gazeteer and its numerous photographs of the celebrities of the year are an improvement on *Who's Who*. R. G.

What's Wrong with the Peace.

Old Europe's Suicide. By Brigadier-General Christopher Birdwood Thompson. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.

Here is a good addition to your war library, although not wholly free of the strabismus likely to affect an active member of the English Labor party. General Thompson saw a great deal and looked up more. He has had a long military service, though but forty-five. That service included the Boer war, war office employment in the Staff College, staff work at the French front early in the European hostilities, and a return to the Balkans in 1915, where he stopped until 1917, as military representative of his government. Thence he was called home and sent to Versailles for the peace negotiations. His idea is that democracy has been betrayed, though his title refers to the downfall of the Central Empires, "the last strongholds of the aristocratic traditions of Old Europe . . . which perished prematurely through the suicidal policy of their ruling classes." The betrayal, however, is not in the victory, but in the peace and its subsequent events.

General Thompson traces the great war back to the Balkan war of 1912, when Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece and Montenegro attacked Turkey, and the Serbs won the battle of Kumanovo. Many hoped that the Turks, as the only gentlemen in the Balkans, would win. The general has humor, for he says: "The near prospect of dinner in an hotel had produced a general feeling of optimism in regard to the Near Eastern question." We believe it does. Again, speaking of the 1912 mess in Constantinople: "Loans were to be the solvent of all difficulties. The policy of the French and British governments was, in essence, the maintenance of the *status quo*. The Young Turks listened dutifully, as people do who are looking for a loan." General Thompson depicts the ambition of the Serbs and the fears of Austria, and so expounds much troubled Balkan history. And there is an account of the Russian conference from the point of view of an observer in Roumania. The book is written in a direct, virile style and presents the thesis of progress with more force and clarity than ordinarily appear in war histories of its particular slant.

More Wall Street Sin.

Wall Street Fifty Years After Erie. By Ernest Howard. Boston: The Stratford Company; $2.50.

The sins of Wall Street are many, and as red as the best brands of railroad station and tankhouse paint. It will always be a question how important they are in a public sense. But if you believe them to be important, and enjoy their scarlet hue, you will derive glum gratifications from this little book dealing with the way in which the head of the Gould family was pushed off the railroad map. Here one sees "mighty combinations and conflicts of railroad capital." Here is an exemplification of the ancient predatory instinct of the race, unsubdued after a quarter of a million years. The country's railroads are depicted as lambs in the claws of Wall Street private bankers, who seem about to devour them, undeterred by the flavor of the wool. It is a tract in favor of government ownership of the railroads—and one of many.

Our Debt to Greece and Rome.

Cicero and His Influence. By John C. Rolfe. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Professor Rolfe points out how great an orator, lawyer, writer and patriot Cicero was (his philosophy will be considered by another writer in a later volume of Our Debt to Greece and Rome), and he defends him with moderation against the traditional charges of vanity, fear, and opportunism. But the humaneness and the thrill of the man—as felt, for example, by Macaulay—and the amazing vitality of his troubled and momentous times are less vividly conveyed. The important portions of the book, however, seem to us the chapter recording Cicero's influence on pagan, early Christian, mediæval, Renaissance and modern times. Here a deal of research is compressed neatly and proffered to the reader in an engaging manner.

Professor Sihler's and Peterson's more detailed studies of Cicero are mentioned in the selected bibliography.

Life on Broadway.

Rita Coventry. By Julian Street. Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

Julian Street is a still young dramatic critic who probably first gained general notice by "After Thirty," several years ago. As a novelist he has both the virtues and faults of the superior journalist—his style is crisp and vivid with the economy of expression that marks one trained to write to small space requirements, but he is also given to exercising the journalist's prerogative of description, necessary or otherwise. By skipping the detailed renditions of interiors alone in "Rita Coventry" one can read the book at a sitting. But when one remembers that the average newspaper, especially in its features, reads like an imitation of a fourth-rate "atmospheric" novel it is no longer to wonder at the malignant reaction of journalism when concentrated on an actual novel. Not that there is anything fourth-rate about "Rita Coventry," which is a really clever if not original study of the contrasting natures of the domestic madonna type of woman and the siren Bohemian of the opera. Rita Coventry—we refrain from hazarding a guess as to which operatic luminary she represents—is our conventional idea of the artistic temperament, and her protagonist is the sort of woman one wants one's wife to be. The dramatic values are nicely apportioned, as they should be by a good dramatic critic, and if one skips the descriptions of interior decorating, gowns, Japanese prints and ancestral homes, the action is swift and convincing.

Of Rivers.

Rivers and Their Mysteries. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.50.

This would be a very good book to take in conjunction with a book on bridges; for Mr. Verrill tells everything about rivers except how to get across. It is a good book for children, but it is not a child's book, typically. As he says, "rivers are of interest to nearly every one." He points out their importance to primitive man, as avenues of transport and sources of food and drink. The rivers of the world, natural and artificial, from the Nile to the Chicago drainage canal, receive attention. More might have been done by way of comparisons of economic importance, but at least the general economic importance of rivers has been pointed out, and the treatment suggests good starting points for further research. There is considerable natural descriptive matter, quite attractively done. Something of animism is presented in the citations of Egyptian, Roman, Jewish, even American Indian beliefs about the spirits dwelling in streams. Power and irrigation uses receive some attention, although in a general and popular way. While this is not a text for a technician it is an interesting study in physical geography, with trimmings of biology, anthropology, geology and all or most all the related ologies. Well worth reading.

More Problem Stuff.

The Marriage Verdict. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Robert Durand is a wealthy young villain who prefers Maymie Montgomery to his lovely wife, Louise. Louise serves in France and becomes a Catholic, to the great consternation of Henry Janeway, the hero, who loves her and would make her his wife. He gets

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her in the end, hut only through the good offices of Bishop Marion, who invokes the Pauline Privilege in the lovers' behalf. Climax and solution are alike suggested in the hishop's words: "Where one party to a pagan marriage becomes a Christian she is bound by natural justice to live with her pagan partner as his wife, provided that partner permits the untrammeled practice of her religion, and does not compel her or tempt her to lead a sinful life. But St. Paul required that on these points the Christian spouse, before breaking the hond between them, should interpellate her husband." Louise interpellates, and Robert is most utterly confounded.

The constructive skill so often evinced by American novelists and short story writers is present in Mr. Spearman's hook, and the characters, if somewhat wooden, are acceptably drawn. The setting is Chicago and a wealthy suhurb, and the dialogue is frequently good. "I'll tell you the secret of happiness," says good old Judge Harrison—one of the "minors" —"I've searched long for it and found it. Always have something to do; hut don't always do it."

The Unfinished Job.

NEIGHBORS HENCEFORTH. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

That straight-hitting American, Owen Wister, closes his trilogy on the war with this volume—a trilogy that began with the half-mystical "Pentecost of Calamity," and has for its centre panel "A Straight Deal." Part first describes the "footsteps of the Hun," and part second takes up the problems that arose within two years of the armistice. The hook is an effort at sympathetic interpretation. It tries, amid other efforts, to expound the nature of the misunderstanding that appears among the Allies. It deals with the doughboy, understandingly; for he has had his faults, and some of them may have dulled the edge of French regard. And the French were charitahle to the doughhoys' imperfections. A dear old French lady in eastern France told Wister they were charming—then added: "Some little Americans are running about in our village today; hut that was quite likely the fault of our lasses." The French have much to forgive.

The book presents a picture of devastated France, and one on which the world just now needs to look as an offset to the German propaganda that is worming into every newspaper office in the land. It cites the statement of Carl Rosemeier, a German in Switzerland, when the treaty of Versailles was signed: "They will cheat you yet, those Junkers! Having won half the world by bloody murder, they are going to win the other half with tears in their eyes crying for mercy."

The author's theorem is that England and France are the salt of the earth, that nothing must happen to them, that we must in some way rediscover the Europe we are in danger of forgetting and extend a hand to help them.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The second volume of Winston Churchill's war book will appear in the autumn.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written another French-Canadian romance.

The news that Wolf, son of Lad, had died the death of the hero dog that he was came last week from the home of his master, Albert Payson Terhune, at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. All lovers of dogs have known about Lad, the wonderful collie, ever since Mr. Terhune wrote his most interesting hiography in a series of short stories that was published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title, "Lad: A Dog." One of the chapters in that hook tells the story of Wolf, splendid watch dog and perfectly bred collie, but a throw-back to some long ago ancestor that made all his points so defective tbat he could never he entered in a dog show. But although he could win no cups or ribhons himself, he could save all that the other dogs had won and the chapter about him in "Lad" tells how he did it. And then his master and his many friends got for him a "hero cup," appropriately inscribed. And when he died the other day he was still a hero dog, for he gave his life trying to save a tramp dog from being run over by an express train.

The Loubat prize of $1000 has just been awarded to Justin Harvey Smith for his "War with Mexico," published three years ago by Macmillan. This prize is awarded every five years by Columbia University for the best work in English on the history, geography, ethnology, etc., of North America.

"Boswell's Johnson" is one of the most entertaining hooks in the English language, hut it is of enormous length, and its good things are embedded in a mass of material that is not of universal interest. Boswellians will read it all, and ask for more, hut the ordinary reader passes it by altogether. Archibald Marshall, the English novelist, has prepared a shortened edition of the work, presenting a complete portrait of the great Doctor as the admiring Boswell saw him, hut hy judicious omissions throwing into relief those parts of the hook which make it so eminently readahle. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the book in the fall.

C. E. Montague, author of "Fiery Particles" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has heen referred to hy some critics as helonging to the "younger generation." As a mtater of fact he is fifty-six years old. He is the son-in-law of C. P. Scott, the veteran editor of the Manchester *Guardion*, and has himself heen on the staff of that paper since 1890. In 1914, although he was forty-seven and the father of seven children, he enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers and served in France throughout the war. He rose to the rank of captain, was several times mentioned in dispatches for bravery, and won several decorations. His favorite sport is mountain-climbing.

W. H. Hudson's hiography is to he written hy Morley Roberts, an intimate friend of the naturalist and author.

Joseph Conrad's home, "Oswald's," at Bishopshourne in Kent, six miles from the old cathedral town of Canterbury, is set in a valley bounded hy low hills. It is of stone with a tile roof, large how windows, and walls half covered with English ivy. A high hedge separates it from the road. On the other side of the house are the flower gardens, separated by miniature boxwood hedges in formal patterns and a bowling green, bordered with hedges and banks of flowers. In the fruit garden, the pear and cherry trees are trained flat against the walls in continental fashion. Conrad is especially fond of several trees that are of great age and size.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has just been conferred upon Thomas James Norton by the Knox College of Law in recognition of his public service in writing "The Constitution of the United States: Its Sources and Its Application," published by Little, Brown & Co. and now in its fifth printing.

On August 17th the Century Company will again have available the beautiful Boutet de Monvel "Joan of Arc" (with the English text), which has not heen procurable since the early years of the war.

Percy F. Bicknell, translator of many of the works of Jean-Henri Fabre, has prepared a hiography of the great naturalist, which the Century Company will publish in the fall. It will be called "The Human Side of Fabre."

The Chinese are accredited with having originated playing cards, dominoes, chess and checkers. They also originated Ma-Jung, "the game of a thousand intelligences," which contains some of the essential elements of the others. Just as draw poker has its variations in different sections of our country, so it seems in China Ma-Jung has various local or provincial rules. The "Ma-Jung Manual," puhlished by the Houghton Mifflin Company on July 15th, undertakes to hring order out of chaos and lays down consistent and recognized rules for the playing of this popular and delightful game.



New Books Received.

NORTH OF 36. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.
By the author of "The Covered Wagon."

THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK, 1922. Edited by Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
A compendium of the world's progress.

ENTHRONED. By F. D. Seward. Boston: The Stratford Company; $2.50.
A story of the Christ.

THE DREAM AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.
Verse.

SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.
Travel and description.

THE OPEN DOOR POLICY. By En Tsung Yen. Boston: The Stratford Company; $2.
An historical survey.

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.50.
A programme of American plays and films.

THE LIFE OF THE SCORPION. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.
Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

WARFARE BY LAND AND SEA. By Eugene S. McCartney. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

MATHEMATICS. By David Eugene Smitb. Boston: Marsball Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

ROMAN POLITICS. By Frank Frost Abbott. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

CICERO AND HIS INFLUENCE. By John C. Rolfe. Boston: Marsball Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

LYRICS OF THE LINKS. By Francis Bowler Keene. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.
Verse.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS TIOMUSS. By Wilfrid Blair. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.
A novel in verse.

THE HAWKEYE. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.
An historical novel.

A BOOK OF LOVE. From the French of Charles Vildrac. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
Translated by Witter Bynner witb an introduction by Emile Verhaeren.

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"IF WINTER COMES."

"If Winter Comes," which is being given in filmed version at the Columbia Theatre this week, is very interesting for a number of reasons: for one, because it is a faithful arrangement for the screen of a novel which has had a run of popularity. For another, because it was produced in England, so that the spectator sees the cathedral town of Tidborough, with the great cathedral rising majestically above the pigmy huildings grouped around its hase. Also, we see the village of Penny Green, and the pretty home over which Mabel, literal Mabel with the ideals of ruthless respectability which did not include kindness or comprehension of her fellow-beings, presided so efficiently.

It was also interesting, as always, to see English players; whose names, by the way, heing unknown to an American public, were not thrown upon the screen. But their work is excellent: so excellent that, if one has read the book and cared for it, the impression left hy a moving story is intensified, and the spectator has no sense of disappointment, but, rather, a feeling of recognition of old acquaintances.

The actor, Percy Marmont by name, who played Mark Sabre, for instance, fits perfectly into the rôle. He is tall, slender, with a gentle, sensitive face, and a winning smile that expresses the kindliness of nature, the boyish sense of humor, and the wistful idealism of the man in the book.

The rôle of Mahel, the wife, with all her Providential gifts of youth, good looks, and union with the man of her choice, is played well hy Margaret Fielding, an actress who expresses in her pleasing features the unpleasing traits of the wife who tumbled Mark Sahre's rainbow castle of happiness to ruins.

All the other characters—Twyning, played extremely well by Sidney Herbert, the Perches and the two Jinks—are intelligently and aptly presented, only one failing to live up to the characteristics of the personages represented. This is Lady Tybar, the Nona who had made the same disastrous choice of a life partner as Mark had. At first sight of the pretty woman seated on her spirited steed we were well satisfied. But in later views a discerning observation would remark that the actress who took this part could not express the look of class.

Effie Bright is represented by Gladys Leslie, an actress who pleasingly conveys the charm of her womanly sweetness, and the pathos of Effie's wrecked life, the earlier glimpses of Effie in her glad girlhood heing but glimpses. The actress in this rôle has been careful to make Effie have the appearance of one sprung from the peasantry; so perhaps the young romanticist will not find Effie quite picturesque enough from a movie point of view.

High and Low Jinks of course appear. They are, in the picture play as well as in the original novel, among the pivots used to show the hopelessly granite nature of Mabel's apology for a heart. And Effie's misstep brings about the situation which resulted in the break-up of Mark's and Mabel's home; a very well-played scene.

There are interesting views showing the war excitement, the Tidborough enlistments, and the marching away of the Tidhorough Guards. And there are also some splendid scenes of trench attack and defense, in one of which Mark is wounded and disabled.

The story is transformed into a picture play most successfully, except from the point of view of those haters of tearfulness who are averse to plays of pathos. For "If Winter Comes" is poignantly pathetic. I remember thinking, when I read the book, that Mr. Hutchinson did penance for having a happy ending by making Mark Sabre first pass through an inferno of suffering. It is as if he said, "I know it is thought inartistic to give a sorrowful story a happy ending, but under the circumstances nobody can object to Mark's final deliverance from an experience of anguish."

Oddly enough, I derived a different impression from the picture-play, in spite of its faithful adherence to the original story. It seemed as if the whole idea of the story is similar to that in a novel by Hauptmann; the story of a man who aroused antagonism and persecution on all sides because he was Christlike in character, and was therefore not understood.

So was Mark Sable. Without dreaming for a moment of saying to himself, "I will model my life on that of Christ," his native compassion and kindliness, and his conception of what should he man's attitude toward his fellow-heings, whether poor, or suffering, or just blundering and self-centred, was what Christ's might have been.

And it didn't work. Did the author wish to exemplify, by showing the unanimity with which everybody suspected wickedness and vice in Mark's pity and charity toward the suffering and destitute Effie, that humanity is incapable of appreciating or believing in the simple beauty and goodness of the Christlike attitude? That, at any rate, is the impression made hy the picturized version of "If Winter Comes."

Perhaps he was just teaching us how great are our ethical limitations, when we have an opportunity to rise above our ordinary selves.

I noticed during the time of the greatest vogue of "If Winter Comes" that the sex writers, the photographic novelists, and, in general, the most advanced fictionists felt only scorn for the story, and expressed derision. It has, indeed, been cleverly travestied. And certainly it has faults. The long Gethsemane of anguish through which Mark passed is too overwhelming. You know well that it is not the hand of destiny that so afflicted him, but the will of A. S. M. Hutchinson. And in the picture play I felt my gorge rise when Mark destroyed the letter that would have reëstablished him in the estimation of his fellow-men, just as I did when reading the hook.

Every man has a right to wear the crown of integrity that he has won by living a blameless life. Why, then, should Mark throw it away, merely because he saw a pitiful scoundrel in grief? Would we not, at such moments, pause to think of those who love us, or are our friends? There was Nona, for instance, the justice of whose faith in Mark could have been so triumphantly vindicated.

It was a false touch, hut of course it was used as the motive to precipitate a mountain of sorrows on Mark's foredoomed head.

But in spite of these and other faults, the book makes too strong an impression for the literary artist merely to anathematize it and wave it away. The characters of Mabel and Mark are limned by a writer who understands the tragedy that lies in uniting irreconcilahle natures. And he has succeeded in developing that tragedy. And there is a certain vividness to the book and to certain scenes—that, for instance, in which Mark meets the Tybars in the lane—which leaves an impress on the imagination. Nona is merely a stereotyped figure of fiction, but Lord Tybar is at once fairly original and true enough to life.

Mabel stands out as the triumphant achievement of the hook. The world is full of Mabels, whose unimpeachahle respectability is built on native granite. But although she—or her kind—has appeared in fiction before, Mr. Hutchinson has succeeded in awakening in the breasts of his readers pity for the unfortunate husband who, of himself, would never have broken away. Such a man is despised by the twentieth-century free lance, but he exists, and therefore Mark is true to type.

A little worldliness, a little selfishness, a touch of the fiery in the disposition held conveniently in reserve—in other words, a bit of a bad temper up one's sleeve—is very protective. So let us thank heaven that we are not too kind and good for human nature's daily food, lest, like Mark, we should find our neighbors stoning us, glad that we have at last sinned. For the censorious world finds that it much easier to helieve in sinfulness than sinlessness, and also it is prone to pick on the kind and gentle being and give a wide berth to the fighter.

AT THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum is making, this week, the announcement that Ethel Barrymore is coming in "The Twelve-Pound Look." And as they have Theodore Roberts on in "The Man Higher Up," I think we must agree that the popular vaudeville house is doing well by its patrons.

They throw on the screen, preceding Mr. Roberts' appearance in person, a series of views of the actor, showing him in various screen rôles in which he has distinguished himself. Some of them—the majority of them, in fact—show him in a genial, or endearing, or humorous light. Which can not he said of "The Man Higher Up," in which the actor figures as a ruthless avenger. The play, which is hy William De Mille, is a clever hit of melodrama, and rounds off with the surprise that audiences enjoy. Mr. Roberts is accompanied by Mr. Wilfrid Lucas, who plays his part in top-notch style. Mr. Roberts himself gives a good impersonation of the old German spider who waited thirty years for his carefully prepared vengeance. And in view of the merit of the playlet and the performers, I suppose it is unreasonahle to regret not seeing so likable a player in a rôle that would yield more pleasurahle emotions.

However, Mr. Roberts delivers a genial speech in affectionate vein toward San Francisco, his native city.

Another playlet, entitled "Doubt," by Edwin Burke, gives the audience desirable occasions for laughter. "Douht" is a honeymoon sketch. Writers of playlets and vaudeville sketches have learned that men—the hrutes—love to have cynical things said about women and matrimony. "Doubt" casts the usual aspersions upon the motives of wives. But the young hushand in the play defends the wife and the institution of matrimony with skill, address, and strategy. The rôle of the husband was well handled by Paul Decker. The wife was merely a gusher, so Miss Anybody appeared in the part.

But it was apparent that the audience divided itself into two factions, one composed of cynically guffawing males, the other of indignant champions of marital happiness, which was certainly a tribute to the play.

"The Four Camerons" give an act of great variety. It contains the lively irrational comedy which, reduced to print, would sound imhecile, but which is amusing, although "Papa" Cameron is too prone to smile at the family jokes. But Louis Cameron, who combines the qualifications of a boss nut comedian, a trick bicycle rider, an eccentric dancer and a remarkahly proficient acrobat, is rather difficult to regard with gravity when he is in the vein.

Ben Bernie, leader of the Bernie Orchestra, diversifies the jazz music of his band with a string of verbal nonsense. He gravely introduces each member of the band, touching him up with a ridiculous epitaph. His "boys" try hard to preserve their gravity unimpaired, but it won't work, and the row of jocular allusions is followed by a line of toothful smiles.

Two Chinese performers sing in Chinese, the man as if he spoke Chinese, the woman as if she had lost her native tongue. Although wearing handsome and showy Chinese costumes, they dance American dances, doing it in regular American style. It would have heen more interesting to have some form of Chinese entertainment from them, but probably they are thoroughly Americanized Chinese, and are as innocent of such accomplishments as the American entertainers on the programme.

Pearl Regay does a dance act, singing uninterestingly, but dancing with sinuous grace. She hasn't first-class taste in dress, hut she has an arrangement of her skirt draperies that makes her dancing movements quite serpentine. There is something sultrily Carmenesque about her; although she lessened this quality when she covered her black satin and Spanish hair with a band the color of a new tin saucepan.

The remaining numhers on the programme were only mildly entertaining, altbough both came in on the home stretch to the hartening sound of laughter and applause.

WOMEN IN ORCHESTRAS.

An Eastern journal called the *Woman Citizen* has brought up the question why women are generally excluded from orchestras in the United States. Such is not the case in Europe, and written testimony of a favorable nature is given by several eminent European orchestra leaders as to the merits of women's work.

Walter Damrosch, among our American orchestra leaders, stands out as the one who has the temerity to pronounce against the employment of women in orchestras. He thinks they are unahle physically to stand the strain of long rehearsals. He is backed up in his opinion by the manager of the Chicago Orchestra, but Nicholas Sokoloff, whom San Franciscans will remember as a young Russian leader of promise, and who now conducts the Cleveland Orchestra finds that the inclusion of women in his orchestra works well in a number of ways.

Pierre Montoux, the fiery Frenchman who conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra, ex-

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"Bits of Fashion" will intrigue the heart feminine, with its reproduction of modes and models from the world's fashion centers; there is an attractive page of "Sports:" prominent personages are pictured in "Around America" and "In European Lands," and in fact, there is a real treat for every one tomorrow in The

Sunday Chronicle
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Surface Storage--64 Billion Gallons.

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presses himself as being willing to engage women players whose ability equals that of the men. Apparently, however, there are no women players in the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is odd that America, which in many respects is more progressive than Europe, lags in this respect. But it seems as if the women in this country fail to carry out the one particular achievement that would triumphantly demonstrate their fitness as professional members of orchestras.

That is to organize an orchestra composed entirely of women. Perhaps they would have to be led by a man, but in this era of industrialism in which women so largely figure they have occupied with success many positions of authority. So there are probably some women of high musical attainments who possess gifts of leadership. At any rate, since the women have taken up the question, there lies the field in which they can prove the ability which, evidently, is not fully admitted by all the famous American leaders.

WHY?

The question was recently put to an audience at "Merton of the Movies" as to why they came to see the show. Several hundred answers were received, but as the replies were all explanatory of the drawing power of that particular play, they are not pertinent to the query put in this paragraph, which is, "Why do people go to the play?"

And lest it may seem a foolish question, let me hasten to say that there are huge numbers of people who do not go to the theatre, while those who do are perpetually complaining of its disadvantages.

I am writing of the spoken drama, one of whose towering disadvantages is that the modern player has ceased to consider—as the old-time player did—the hearing capacity of the average human being. As a result everybody wants seats in the first eight or ten rows. Of course they cost more, and the well-heeled patron gets ahead. Then the one who gets left aims for the front or near-front rows upstairs, only to discover, to his or her disgust, that—in some theatres at least—there are no front rows upstairs, the front space having been given over to a row of boxes. So again the man with a large boodle cuts in.

You often hear people make this calculation: "I'm going to give up theatre-going. Why? Simply because instead of being amused I am tormented. It costs our family of two—or three or four—$6.60, or $9.90, or $13.20, for an evening's amusement at the theatre, provided we go to a first-class performance—and we don't care for any other kind—for which they charge three dollars a seat; although they sometimes cost half a dollar a seat less. Well, for that money we want to see and hear, and we want first-class players.

"Do we always get them? We do not; not an entire company of them. And do we see and hear? There is never any certainty to it.

"And so we have given up the spoken drama and go to the movies."

"And are they always satisfying?" is asked.

"Not by a jugful. But at least one can always see, and you don't have to fuss about hearing. The spoken drama makes you stony broke, and the screen plays make you wait and wait while your tired being longs for repose."

Then why go at all? There are plenty of good books to read. And the determined theatre-goer ruefully explains. The family has the theatre-going habit. Since the vogue of the movies nobody stays at home any more. It is lonesome to stay when everybody goes, so the whole family troops off.

"Then you go to be gregarious?" is asked.

"No, not entirely. But life is a good deal of a grind," says the tired housewife, or the equally tired business man. "We want to rest through forgetfulness," they explain in such halting language as they can summon. "Yes, we have a comfortable and pretty home. We have comfortable reclining chairs, a pleasant fireplace, and we enjoy these comforts. And yet we leave them night after night."

But why, why, why? Give further reasons.

And so it turns out that it is the call of the blood for romance, adventure, the fillip that can be gotten from fictitious happenings when life is mere routine. And people want to laugh. Not giggle from mere youthful effervescence, as do the juniors in the family. And so people turn their backs on home comforts, on social diversion, to go to the theatre with its crowds, its high charges, its bad air, its late hours, because it is the temple of romance. And if we can not have romance in our lives actually, we can have it vicariously. If we have not the reading habit, or if the modern novel with its photographic realism or its psychological subtleties repels or wearies us, there is the movie man, who scorns realism, and has little use for the lofty-browed minority.

The American people nowadays take their daily, or bi- or tri-weekly installment of romance as regularly as they take their meals. Some take in the spoken drama once weekly, and browse the rest of the week on movies. Others, freed from the strain of trying to hear realistically murmuring voices in large auditoriums, have definitely given the spoken drama up.

And the family purse is a little fuller in consequence, and the producer's once plethoric purse is getting emptier. And "What am I going to do?" he cries, getting blue about the gills. "Everything connected with theatre production costs so much that I have to charge high or be ruined!"

To which we may reply sympathetically or flippantly, as may be, "Give up getting rich on the drama. For the era of little theatres is coming; little theatres in which every one can see, and hear, and respond to the magnetism of the performers."

Perhaps that day will never come. But I shouldn't wonder if it does. And if it does it will be the earless movies that did the job.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Bonus for Good Shows.

A new plan to lighten the theatre tax burden, as well as to purge the French stage of many of its present objectionable features, says a New York *Herald* correspondent, is suggested to the ministry of fine arts by L. Poe, probably the most serious modern French actor-manager, whose theatre, the Œuvre, is the gathering place for French highbrows.

At present all theatres pay the same percentage of their receipts in taxes, with the result that costly productions of real artistic merit are scarcer each year. "Why not give a premium to noble, educational spectacles and increase the taxes of those which cater only to sensualism and vice?" asks Poe. "I am convinced the public would be satisfied as well as the theatres, and in a short time we should see develop a really sane French theatre whose fame would spread throughout the world."

This would necessitate the restoration of a theatrical censorship, which is now virtually confined to occasional visits by the police; but Poe as well as other playwrights believes the censor's errors would be less fatal to French stage prestige than the present system of permitting music halls to produce indescribable nonsense under the guise of revues.

Poor Shaw!

In a recent letter to Lawrence Langner, George Bernard Shaw has this to say of Mr. Langner's "Five One-Act Comedies" (Stewart Kidd): "The plays are very good: I read them all through with undiminished appetite; and so did my wife. But you will find the same difficulty with them as I did with my 'Philanderer.' The circle of free-thinkers to whom your outlook on family life is commonplace is astonishingly small. It is hard to imagine that men with the morals of tomcats and the conversation of camp followers are so convinced of the sacredness of indissoluble monogamy that they are unable to understand a play in which legal ties do not settle everything; but they are mostly like that: and even critics who have picked up what I may call problem play jargon are as scandalized as Victorian governesses when their own cackle is brought home to them on the stage."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Jane Cowl's Juliet is the result of three years of study, while Miss Cowl was appearing in the Selwyn production at Henry Miller's Theatre. In New York and on tour she devoted much of her time to the rôle. When she went abroad last summer she made a special trip to Italy to visit Verona.

The keynote of the character, as portrayed by Miss Cowl, is youth, innocence, and the simplicity of her love. In appearance Miss Cowl is a Latin type and makes an ideal picture of the young Italian girl.

Although her Juliet is Miss Cowl's first venture in Shakespearean drama, her varied experience gave her an excellent schooling for the rôle. Her two weeks' engagement at the Curran begins Monday, August 6th.

Margaret Anglin's production of "The Great Lady Dedlock" closes on Saturday night. Miss Anglin bas had a surprise in store for her admirers which she purposes to divulge next Monday night, when she will produce for the first time anywhere a comedy entitled "A Charming Conscience," by Orrin Johns, former newspaper man and an associate of Eugene O'Neill's.

The author has a gift for characterization, and Miss Anglin has a part in which wit, realism, and charm are exemplified. The cast is a large one and the entire production is being built here under the supervision of Miss Anglin.

The Pope's Choir Coming.

Manager Frank W. Healy has secured a contract calling for the first American tour of the Sistine Chapel Choir from the Vatican at Rome.

The Sistine Chapel Choir takes its name from the Sistine Chapel in Rome, where the frescos of Michael Angelo and the singing of the choir draw a procession of painters and musicians.

For its American tour the choir will consist of fifty-four singers, all possessors of beautiful voices. The choir is essentially non-soloist. However, each member is capable of singing a solo.

The American tour will be under the musical direction of Monsignor Antonio Rella, perpetual vice-director of the Sistine Chapel Choir, who, since the illness of Perosi, is the dominant figure in the commission of nine who decide all musical questions in the Eternal City.

During the past century many attempts have been made to bring the "Pope's Choir," as the Sistine Chapel Choir is known, to America, and many obstacles had to be surmounted in Healy's endeavor. To make the tour possible it was necessary to obtain the consent of the reigning Pontiff, Pius XI, and Monsignor Antonio Rella, the director of the organization, and in this task the impresario was assisted by Archbishop Edward J. Hanna and other music-loving citizens who subscribed funds sufficient to secure the choir against financial loss. Among the guarantors, each pledged for $2500, are: Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, William H. Crocker, H. M. Tobin, Milton H. Esberg, A. F. Giannini, E. J. Tobin, Eleanor Martin, Herbert Fleishhacker, W. H. Leahy, Sherman, Clay & Co., Fairmont Hotel, R. E. Queen, Vincent W. Hallinan, Harry E. Blood, A. E. Sbarbaro, George Tourny, James Moses, Martha M. Hanify, John Francis Neylan, J. K. Armsby, Celia Clark, Helen Irwin Crocker, Christine F. Donohoe, A. P. Welch, Dr. John Gallwey; and Bishop Cantwell and other music-lovers of Los Angeles have pledged $50,000.

Arabesques.

Colin Campbell Clements, whose one-act "Plays for a Folding Theatre" has just been published by Stewart Kidd, wrote several of the plays while he was in Arabia. He was for a time a member of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre, but not satisfied with "grease-paint beggars" and "footlight queens," he wandered off to discover that far land of Dunsany for himself. His wanderings, for he followed the paths of the old crusaders, took him through France and Italy, past the island of Scyros, where Rupert Brooke lies buried, and into Greece, Turkey, Cilicia, Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

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VANITY FAIR.

Plupy Sbute's father once observed that "something is always the matter"—which is a periphrase of Mark Twain's more profane observation that life is just one damned thing after another. These great natural philosophers were animated by the love of truth and endowed with the penetration to discern it. No one is ever quite satisfied with tbings as they are, and the general effort to make changes results in that incessant turmoil in affairs we call experience. Some people call it progress, but they are of the variety easily humbugged. These dingy reflections are suggested by what is going forward at Newport. American summer society is being attacked in its citadel by a candy man named Apostolas B. Cascambas, whose great race it sbould not require more than three guesses to discover. He became the plaintiff in a celebrated action against the city of Newport *et al.* to establish the right of tbe city to lease Easton's Beach, and the suit was bitterly fought by certain staid residents who wished the beacb declared common land so that leasing to Apostolas and his associates, who bave occupied it under a former lease, could not be continued. The Supreme Court of Rhode Island has just handed down a decision that ought to suit both parties, for the court decides that the beach is common land and the public can not be excluded from it, and also that the city bas a right to make a twenty-year lease of it. Vanity Fair is informed that the verdict is to be taken as a signal for an even more outrageous booming and boosting of Newport than anything seen before, and that practices abhorrent to the older residents and to the social summer colony are to be accentuated, capitalized more heavily than ever, and made attractive to even larger numbers of *hoi polloi*.

What the lessees did under the old lease was bad enough. They took Easton's Beach, once the resort of the wealthy residents of the city, and transmogrified it into a Coney Island. They built a board walk, like the one at Atlantic City, and added a roller coaster. They piled on the outrage of popcorn wagons and hot dog wagons, and places where people so inclined threw rings at canes, and knocked down rag nigger babies and indulged in all the dissipations of the amusement-hungry mob. They attracted bus loads and barge loads and motor-car loads of trippers from Fall River and Providence and New Bedford, and as far inland as Worcester. There would be, on a Sunday, as many as 2500 motor vehicles parked nearby, and as many as 20,000 people disporting themselves with the cheap amusements usually provided by persons with names like tbat of Apostolas Cascambas. Truck loads of mill hands rolled through the streets on the way to the beach early of a Sunday morning, and in reverse late of a Sunday evening, and they contributed something less than notbing at all to the dignity and quiet of the day. Newport stood it a long time in hopes that when the present lease expired a renewal could be prevented. But these hopes bave been disappointed. Apostolas and bis friends have had their way. The apostles of commercialism have triumphed.

The effect on the social summer colony, that jeweled world of Mrs. Belmont and Ward McAllister, will be indirect, but probably no less positive, given only sufficient time. The summer colony aforesaid has its own seaside area, known as Bailey's Beach. It has its own quarter of the town, its own Casino, the entire equipment of social life. But all things pass away, and there have been signs of late that the drawing power of Newport was weakening a little, in favor of Southampton and Tuxedo. These centres of social activity have been able to put up some rivalry of youth against the rather well, and perhaps overmatured, charms of the Rhode Island capital. True, the mill bands from Fall River can be made to keep their distance, but their existence is felt as a sort of profanation, and the noise of them is on the air afar. And if the Newport summer colony were suddenly to decide that things were getting too thick, there are the rivals, waiting. It is not as if a new colony had to be organized. The original mistake seems to bave been made in having too many beaches.

The belief of the analytical in the relationsbip between fashion and manners is receiving fresh illustration in the hope of certain leaders of the fashionable world of London that the conduct of this perverse and froward generation may be rectified by a return to the styles in dress of early Victorian days. Furthermore, they purpose to put it over, if possible. Some of the leading dressmakers are talking seriously of reintroducing crinoline, in the hope that the crinoline dress may bring back crinoline manners. A good deal of crinoline has recently been displayed in dress creations at the Paris and London races, and bustles and panniers have appeared in ballrooms, although apparently without carrying the conviction thus far that they were really "coming in." Reformers of custom suppose that if these antique styles can be revived there will return some of the starch and formality tbat have been laid aside during the past twenty-five years. They say it would be next to impossible for a young man to address a young woman attired in early Victorian crinoline, with side panniers and perbaps hoops, as "Old Bean," or "Old Thing"; such endearments would freeze on the lips. Nor would the object of such easy attentions, so laced and stayed and stiffened, find it in her power to encourage the familiarities tbus expressed. There is an opposition among the dressmakers, some of whom are pointing out that manners are not determinative of morals, and that ugly garments never did protect virtue from resolute assailants. The literature of the age that cultivated the most repellent fashions for women was distinguished by the letters of a certain lord to his illegitimate son, instructing him in the art of seduction. It seems, after all, to be a question of individual disposition and presence of mind. Perhaps the flapper with a good reacb, a stiff left, and a haymaking cross-counter is as well protected thereby against tbe attempts of soft-handed and too-promising Johnnies as she would be by hoop skirts that disguised her form and restricted her movements until she was wholly out of training. It is the old story of the effort to bring back the past and constrain the individual. Neither seems to work. The chicken does not go back into the egg, the past does not return. We can never again be Victorian, nor Georgian nor Restoration. As to moral freedom, that has long been a favorite puzzle of philosophers, but the common-sensible person can not avoid the belief that when girls go wrong it is from a lack of whalebone in their characters, not in their corsets.

The "Brighter London" movement that started about a year ago on the suggestion of an Indiana or Iowa girl, who won a prize for the best method of jazzing up tbe old town, is receiving a sensible setback. The corporation of the "City" has instructed the committee on lands to grant no more leases for the erection of the monstrous electric advertising signs that blare the virtues of gum and tea and Ford parts. The Britisher has had a taste of it in such sections of London as the Victoria Embankment and Piccadilly Circus, which have been made to look like ridiculous imitations of Broadway and *Times* Square; and quite properly he does not like it. And when your Britisber does not like a tbing he does not hesitate to say so, and, moreover, he gets up and does something about it, wherein he is ages ahead of us Americans, and keeps the hoops of his tight little isle tightened up. In this case he is right two ways at least. Huge electric signs in such cities as New York and London, where the current must be produced by steam, are a criminal waste of coal. In San Francisco, where they can be operated on a surplus of energy from hydro-electric plants after the peak load of evening transportation is past, they may be well enough, but not where the coal seams have to be robbed to tell the world something it either knows already or does not wish to know. And again, the Londoner is right in that no imitation of the sort has any real merit or fits any natural requirement. The soft lighting of the Victoria Embankment, for example, was part of the Embankment by night, and it was enough. The same is true of Piccadilly Circus, and Oxford and Bond and Regent Streets. Mr. Wriggly's pyrotecbnic wriggles could add nothing to their sedate attractions, though perfectly harmonious with the howling Bedlam of Broadway. Let us leave a few things in this world to natural development. The Britisher has learned the wisdom of that. God grant that some day we, too, may learn it.

Yet the Brighter London movement will not be wholly damped by the protests against lurid sky signs done in electric lamps *à la* Broadway. These may disappear from Piccadilly and the Embankment, but the London county council has decided to permit public dancing in hotels and restaurants until 2 a. m., every night except when the night grows into Sunday morning. Inasmuch as the London season is now at its height this will rejoice the hearts of a large number of people, both visitors and hotel-keepers, and the West End resorts are seeing more night revelry than at any time since they begin to build the Abbey. Dancing till morning was an American idea, and another American idea has been helping life in London town—the vogue of Paul Whiteman, who has been appearing in the Hipprodome revue, "Brighter London." We have mentioned already the dance Lord Louis Mountbatten gave in Park Lane, when the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Paul of Serbia and other members of royalty found a new thrill in stepping to Whiteman's music. He has received a lot of attractive offers to prolong his London stay, but he is about to come back to America for bis August engagement in New York.

C. A. Alton of Evanston, Illinois, a guest at the Hotel Martinique, New York, has been making a study of automobile developments in England. He reports an increase of more than 100 per cent. in motor-cars since 1914, and while the owning of a car has not become the craze it is in this country it is beginning to have a similar effect as far as it has gone. Household architecture is being modified by it in a manner exactly similar to that experienced in California. Young people that marry seem willing to dispense with a real home and live in two or three rooms built over or alongside a single-stall garage. They burned up 305,000,000 gallons of motor spirit in the Britisb Isles last year, and it costs like fury over there. Gasoline seems to be gaining over benzol for propulsion, as the output of the latter has declined.

Those Chinese Games.

L. L. Harr, author of "How to Play Pung-Chow," explains the difference between the names Mah-Jongg and Pung-Chow thus: "Handicapped with a dozen names and different sets of rules, this magnificent Chinese game, Pung-Chow, shorn of its most interesting features and debased to a sort of 'rummy' in the Mah-Jongg version, has been coming into vogue. It is not the game which I learned from Li Hung Chang and which I have undertaken to organize for American use. Ignoring the variations in coolie play, I went back to classic Chinese sources for Pung-Chow. Since there was no one Chinese name—the name Mab-Jongg being particularly offensive to cultured Chinese because of its coolie origin and gambling associations—I evolved a real American name, picking from out of tbe game itself 'Pung' and 'Chow.'"

Lima, the Peruvian capital, only eight miles from Callao, which is becoming a popular tourist centre, is situated 5000 feet above the sea, and is blessed with an excellent climate. The city has been compared to Seville, but has broadened out and become far more active than most cities in Spain. In the business quarters are fine buildings, good shops, and modern hotels. The residential districts are reminiscent of the old days and still contain many quaint Spanish mansions with massive street doors studded with brass, barred windows, and beautiful patios. Taxis are fairly cheap in Lima and the city has an efficient electric car service.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"John," said the commuter's wife, "what train does Mr. Lawnmower take to town?" "He takes the one after mine." "If he takes the train after yours, how do you know what train he takes?" "Because that's the one I take."

The green maid was from Tipperary, and when the belated luncheon guests turned up at 4:30 her explanations were equal to the occasion. "Begorra," she said, "the masther and misthress waited for ye till 3, but when ye didn't come then they hoped ye wouldn't come and went out."

Will Rogers' home town, Tulsa, Oklahoma, has pressed him to return long enough to give a show in an armory there that seats 10,000 people. But Rogers says he won't go. "Not back there where they all know me," says Will. "Why, they'd say, 'Will's just talking the way he used to on the street corner 'round here. Old Cap Stallings can talk more'n that. This ain't no show.'"

It is a common saying that the woman will have the last word, but at the Los Angeles Athletic Club recently the case was reversed. Husband and wife had been arguing from soup to desert and finally the wife murmured plaintively: "I don't know what would happen if you and I ever agreed," whereupon the man glowered at her and replied bitterly: "I'd be wrong; I'd he wrong."

Every one will recall the orator who, while declaring that he will not mention this fact, nor make any referenec to that one, contrives to include both. Here is an everyday instance of the same way of at once avoiding and mentioning a subject. "I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."

Sandy, in a horse trade with Donald, assured him that his horse was a "gude creature"—he had a few little tricks, but they "didna amount to much." A few days after the trade Donald saw Sandy and said, "D'ye mind the horse you traded me?" "I do," said Sandy. "Weel," said Donald, "he laid richt doon in the road and deed on me!" "Weel, weel, mon!" exclaimed Sandy, "that is one trick he never showed afore."

"Thee will never visit us again," said the elderly Quaker to the visiting young man who had long overstayed his welcome. "Oh, sir, how can you say that? Of course I will visit you again." "No, my young brother, I fear thee will never visit us again." "But," said the young man, "what makes you think I will never visit you again?" "Well," replied the old Quaker, "if thee will never go, how can thee ever come again?"

A Russian welfare worker was canvassing in the Ozark Mountains, but found it difficult to touch the hearts of the mountaineers till she found the right chord. The Ozarkians were unmoved at vivid descriptions of Russians eating bark and roots, but she discovered a charm that always worked. When she told the hard-boiled cabin dwellers that the Russians were compelled to eat dog flesh, they invariably stopped whittling long enough to exclaim, "Gosh, we cai'nt let them dogs suffer."

Sam Lung was busy in one of the great warehouses south of Market Street, tugging at a ponderous bale of burlap, when a large motor truck came backing silently through the door loaded high with more burlap. Another Chinese, who had been helping Sam, seeing the on-coming truck, stepped aside and began in the quaint singsong of their people to inform Sam of the danger. "If you do not care to have your bones rest in the unholy ground of the white devils for a long spell, then in time taken up and removed to the land of your ancestors, you had better——" Just then, as the heavily loaded truck was about to smash Sam, his companion finished his warning with the exclamation, "Look ow!" Sam jumped in time to escape being crushed. With a frightened face he exclaimed to his helper, "Wha' for you no talkee Melican first time? Too muchee dam Chinee talkee."

When Marquis Ito was in the United States, in 1901, an inexperienced St. Paul reporter sought an interview with him. He met Ito's secretary, and thus made known his mission: "Me newspaper man. Me writee news. Me hearee marquis velly ill. He better today? You savve?" began the reporter, to the secretary's amazement. But the latter was equal to the occasion. "Me savve," he said, gravely; "marquis he no better. Velly bad. Catchee cold. Doctor him no lettee him leave bed today. You savve?" The interview proceeded this way, but at its termination, the secretary, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked: "The marquis is greatly fatigued by his arduous journey, but——" But the reporter had fled.

Gad's Hill Place, Dickens' home on the Dover Road, is for sale. Near at hand is the roadside inn known as the Sir John Falstaff. A few days after Dickens' death an admirer went on a sort of pilgrimage to Gad's Hill, and turned into the inn for what Dick Swiveler called "a modest quencher." "A great loss this of Mr. Dickens," he solemnly remarked. "A very great loss to us, sir," said the waiter, shaking his head still more dolefully; "he had all his ale sent in from this house."

A good Tennyson yarn turns on the poet's ignorance of French and his brother Frederick's uneasy command of it. The brothers Tennyson were enjoying together a holiday in Paris. Coming down before Alfred one morning, Frederick, who simply wished the fire to be kept, said to a waiter, "Prenez garde de ne pas laisser sortir le feu," hut with his English accent feu became fou, so that when the great Alfred sauntered downstairs later the waiters did their best to follow the quaintly-worded order. The eccentric appearance and manners of the poet had predisposed the establishment to regard him as a lunatic, and here was crowning proof in the order of his keeper. Alfred stormed and raged, but was restrained by force till his brother's return.

Edwin Ward, the British portrait painter and member of the Savage Club, tells of his experience in painting Cecil Rhodes in his recently published "Recollections of a Savage." It was Lord Northcliffe who commissioned Ward to paint the "Empire Builder," and the latter proved a very difficult subject. He insisted on seeing the canvas when the portrait was half finished. Ward demurred, but Rhodes brushed him aside, and reaching the easel with a stride exclaimed in horror, "Look! He's *crying!* He's lost his wife! I never had a wife! It's the damnedest thing I ever saw in my life!" He swept from the room with no further ceremony, but echoes of "The damnedest thing I ever saw" kept floating back as Rhodes hurtled himself through other rooms and down the staircase.

"Does Rose find anything to talk about?" "Not a thing. And she talks about it."—*New York Mercury.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

Robin Hood in Main Street.

(Academy of Music: Douglas Fairbanks.)

Speed up, speed up! More speed, more speed! . . .
A knight now vaults upon his steed,

But sooth to say we scarce descry
Whether 'tis Robin or Sir Guy.

Ha, now he has him! . . . Who has whom?
He's down! Who's down! Quick, quick! A room,

A moat, a throne, a stair, a cell,
A wall, a forest—piled pell-mell—

Mixed up with lances, arms, and legs,
Pork chops and pincers, casques and kegs;

And through it all *one* head a-bobbin';
Puck? Peter Pan? . . . Why, no—it's Robin!

It is, it was. He's gone again!
And where he stood threescore lie slain.

Now, Little John! . . . Why, no—it's Will . . .
I say, who called the Forest *still?*

O ye who thumb the ancient pages,
And seek to see the Middle Ages. . . .

Well, Doug, they say, *is* middle-aged,
Yet scaree the Robin that I paged.

* * * * * *

These Movies move—we all agree.
Alas, they move too quick for me!

—*T. L. in Life.*

Pastoral England is in many respects as primitive today as it was centuries ago. Farm tractors are still unheard of in parts of the South Downs and ox teams are still used almost exclusively in plowing and harrowing the land.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Virginia Loop, daughter of Mrs. Loop and the late Frank Sumner Loop, to Mr. Charles S. Hohhs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hohhs.

The engagement is announced of Miss Esther Hall, daughter of Colonel Harrison Hall, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hall, of the Presidio, to Lieutenant Percy Stewart Lowe of Fort Scott.

The marriage of Miss Emma Knox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Knox, to Mr. Baldwin McGaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw, took place in Berkeley on July 18th.

The marriage of Miss Anne Mackinlay, daughter of Mrs. Robert Mackinlay and the late Dr. Mackinlay, to Mr. Arven Polhemus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arven Polhemus of Sacramento, took place in Santa Barhara on Saturday, July 21st.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Eleanor Welty, to Ensign Hugh Hilton Goodwin, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Goodwin of Alahama.

Mrs. Edward Bates Pond was hostess at a dinner last week at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Miss Mary Emma Flood gave a luncheon at her home in Menlo Park last week in honor of Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston.

Mrs. Harry East Miller and Mrs. John Knox Bryant were hostesses at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Cluh in honor of several visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr were hosts at a dinner last week at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Jean Howard gave a dinner on Thursday of last week for Miss Leonora Armshy at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis were hosts at an open-air supper last week at their home in Ross.

Mrs. Hastie A. Stuart was a recent luncheon hostess in honor of her daughter, Mrs. R. E. Wylie of Honolulu.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow were hosts recently at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in celebration of the eightieth hirthday of Judge Morrow.

General Gouraud spent last Wednesday in San Francisco, arriving in the morning and leaving in the evening for Yosemite Valley. He was entertained hy various organizations of the city and was the guest of honor at dinner given hy the French Cluh.

Mr. Homer Curran was host at a dinner and theatre party on Monday of last week.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels gave a dance at her home in Burlingame last Saturday evening.

Miss Edith Grant was hostess at a dinner preceding the dance given by Miss Spreckels in Burlingame on Saturday last.

Miss Louise Boyd entertained at a dinner given last Friday evening at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams gave a dinner on Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer were hosts at a harhecue picnic last Saturday evening at their home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan was a recent host at a small house party given in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear were hosts at a supper on Sunday at their home in Menlo Park in honor of Mrs. Andrew Welch and her daughters, Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch.

Mrs. William Kent was hostess at a luncheon last Friday at the Town and Country Cluh in honor of Mrs. Franklin Perkins and Miss Margaret Perkins of Chicago.

Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a luncheon at her home in Burlingame last Friday in honor of her mother, Mrs. William F. Fullam.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., gave a luncheon last week at her home in Kentfield for her house guests, Mrs. Franklin Perkins and Miss Margaret Perkins, of Chicago.

Mrs. George Landenherger was hostess on Tuesday last at a farewell luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Edward Root, Mrs. John McAlpin, and Mrs. Henry Dollard.

There will he a luncheon on August 6th at the Palace Hotel in honor of General Pershing.

Mrs. B. H. Rawl gave a luncheon on Friday last at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Governor R. H. Manning and Mrs. Manning of South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourne gave a luncheon on Sunday last at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Richard Sprague gave a luncheon last Saturday at her apartment on California Street.

A farewell tea was given last week by Mrs. Harvey M. McAllister at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Edward S. Root, Mrs. John McAlpin, and Mrs. Henry L. Dollard, who are leaving their former homes on Yerba Buena Island.

Death of Robert J. Curry.

Robert J. Curry, aged seventy-one, of Dixon, died at the Dante Hospital in this city on Wednesday morning of this week. Mr. Curry was a son of the late Chief Justice Curry. He had long heen a resident of Solano County, where he was engaged in farming on a large scale. He was affiliated domestically and socially with a wide circle in San Francisco.

At the St. Francis.

Frocks in the varying shades of autumn seem to be the vogue. Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., wore one of autumnal brown at the St. Francis Monday, where she was one of a luncheon party to welcome Miss Helen Garritt home from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch and Mrs. William Fullam were members of this group.

Mrs. Walker Salishury and Mrs. William Parrott were in Mrs. Lawrence McCreery's party.

Miss Frances Ames was with her fiancé, Mr. Gordon Johnson. The mothers of the engaged couple, Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, lunched together.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. George Cameron were together at luncheon.

A group of the younger set included Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Julia Adams and the Misses Marie and Florence Welch.

Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin was with Mrs. Sydney Ford.

The Soviet and Childhood.

Wladimir Sensinoff is, or was, a Russian nohleman, who hegan an active career as a memher of the Socialist Revolutionary party. He was an advisor of Kerensky and hecame a memher of the Omsk government. In the *North American Review* he describes the glories of puhlic education under the Bolsheviki. The teaching profession is largely reduced to pauperism, the supplies have so run down that a sheet of paper must do for fifteen pupils, a pencil for sixty, and an inkwell for 100, and actual expenditures for education are lower than under the Czar. Soviet care of childhood is thus described: "The children's homes offer a ghastly sight. Intended for forty to fifty inmates, tbey have accommodated one hundred and fifty to two hundred. One hed had to do for six children or else they sleep on the bare floor, on hundles of straw, or wood shavings, which are very seldom changed and reek with vermin which are eating the cbildren alive. There are no dishes. The children eat out of some dirty conserve cans or tins which contained axle grease and which they frequently pick up on the streets. There are no spoons, and the children eat their soup without them, forming spoons with their hands. . . . Hands and feet are frozen. Chilhlains cover the hody. Everywhere the children are suffering from the itch, so that their hodies are covered from head to foot with sores, scahs reeking with lice. Such children rot and putrefy while still alive. The older children are addicted to all kinds of vices, play cards, smoke and drink. The girls traffic with their hodies. It is a shame to have to say that these children are our future, our reliance, our pride and our strength. The children's homes are not nurseries of communism, hut hreeding places of counter-revolutionary sentiments which arouse the population against us. So, for instance, during the terrihle fire at Saratov, when children were perishing in the flames, the parents prevented us from saving them, saying it were hetter for them to hurn to death rather than suffer and rot alive in the children's homes."

The density of population in various sections of London, says the New York *Herald*, varies hetween seventeen an acre in some of the outlying and relatively underpopulated districts to 163 in Southwark, the poorest district of all. The census shows that London commuters are increasing, the population in the business districts is dwindling, while the horoughs around the fringes of the country, where there is fresh air and some grass, are gaining. What is known as the "City"—old London, which still has the same limits as at the time of the great fire in 1666, and which now forms the great commercial centre—has lost in population, and thirteen inner metropolitan horoughs likewise show decreases ranging from 11 to 14 per cent. Fifteen outer horoughs, on the other hand, show increases ranging from 5 to 16 per cent. And London keeps growing.

It has heen calculated that the cost of running the British government is four times what it was hefore the war.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Edward Bates Pond has gone to Honolulu on a business trip.

Mr. Lorillard Suffern Tailer has been a guest of Mr. William Fitzhugh at his summer home on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, who have been visiting Mrs. Edna Davis Moore in Santa Barbara, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George P. Beardsley and her daughter, Miss Barbara Beardsley, spent a few days last week at the Francisca Club.

Commander James Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker sailed for the Philippines on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Walter Foster and her daughter, Miss Helen Foster, returned from New York last week.

Mr. James Flood and his daughter, Miss Mary Emma Flood, with a party of friends have returned from a motor trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, who returned from New York last week, spent the week-end with Mrs. William S. Porter at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. Charles Warren Hunt, after spending several weeks in New York, has returned to his home in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt of San Rafael have gone to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain of Woodside have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hale.

Miss Ysabel Chase of Burlingame has gone to Beverly Hills, where she will spend the remainder of the summer as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt.

Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase has gone to Florida with his son, Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase, Jr., and will remain until the end of the year.

Mr. André Lord has returned to his home in New York.

Lieutenant-Commander Ellsworth Van Patten and Mrs. Van Patten have been making a short stay in San Francisco before going to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashfield Stow, whose marriage took place in May, have been staying in Carmel as house guests of Mrs. Stow's mother, Baroness Nugent.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGinnis who have been staying with Mrs. McGinnis' aunt Mrs. James Shea left on Sunday for their home in Los Angeles.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from a visit to El Mirasol, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles and Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Jr., have returned from a motor trip in Humholdt County.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis De Laveaga Cehrian, who have been to Santa Cruz, have returned to their home in this city.

Miss Biddy O'Sullivan, who has been abroad since early in 1920, is on her way to the "Willows" Ensenada, Mexico, where she is to do experimental ranching for three months. Her brother, Mr. Terence O'Sullivan, after his three years at Westminster School in Condon, will arrive in California in August and will enter at Berkeley. Their mother, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, will close her Condon home in October and spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. J. M. Curtis, 2518 Union Street, San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Helen Crocker of Burlingame have returned from Southern California.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting her cousin, Mr. Stewart Lowery, in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Masten, and Miss Katherine Masten have returned from an extensive motor trip in which they were absent for several weeks.

Mrs. Aileen Bishee Pringle of Hollywood is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bishee.

Mrs. George T. Marye, who has been chaperoning a party of young people in Southern California, has returned to her home in Burlingame.

The Rev. William A. Brewer and Mrs. Brewer are staying at Carmel Highlands.

Mrs. Erneste V. Smith and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Jordan, are spending a month on the Russian River.

Mrs. R. E. Wylie of Honolulu is visiting her parents, Major Hastie A. Stuart and Mrs. Stuart.

General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton have returned from a trip to Monterey and Southern California.

Mrs. Daulton Mann has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, and Mr. Haldorn in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Short are spending the summer at Carmel.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooks of San Rafael with her children and her mother, Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy, have been making a short stay at Bolinas.

Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle, who has been visiting Mrs. L. A. Nares at Pebble Beach, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton of Piedmont is building a new home at Pebble Beach and has been spending part of the summer there.

Mr. Roger Kent of Kentfield has gone to Europe with his uncle, Dr. John Rogers of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope left on Saturday for their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling gave a picnic on Sunday at their home in Woodside.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler have returned to Berkeley, after a short stay at Del Monte.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has returned from Calistoga and is at her apartments on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from Clear Lake, where they spent several weeks.

Miss Laura McKinstry is the guest of Mrs. Edward Barron at Miramar.

Captain Charles G. Lyman and Mrs. Lyman have been guests of Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin in San Mateo.

Captain Tottenham, naval attaché to the British Embassy, after spending a few weeks in California, has returned to Washington, D. C.

Miss Bessie Palmer has been the house guest of Mrs. Clinton Walker at her summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook of San Rafael with their daughter, Miss Catherine Zook, have gone to Lake Tahoe for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, after spending a few days in San Rafael as the guests of Mrs. Wakefield Baker, have returned to Menlo Park.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and her son are staying at Lake Tahoe for the month of July.

Mrs. Robert Murray and Miss Helen Murray are visiting Miss Mary Eyre at Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. David P. Barrows and their daughter, Miss Ella Barrows, will leave for Europe next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen went to Salinas last week to attend the Rodeo

Miss Helen Hammersmith left for the East last Sunday, where she will join Mrs. George Bennett and accompany her to Europe.

Mrs. George D. Boyd and Miss Cynthia Boyd of San Rafael are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster at their country home on the Russian River.

Among the summer residents on the Russian River who are entertaining guests during the week of the annual jinks of the Bohemian Club are Mr. and Mrs. John McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Upton.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Partington of Philadelphia have arrived in San Francisco and are guests of Mrs. Partington's mother, Mrs. Abigail Hussey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, have gone to Santa Barbara.

Admiral Charles A. Gove and Mrs. Gove spent last week-end with Mrs. Robert Nuttall and Mrs. Ronsenstock at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Seal and Mrs. Sargent are spending a few days at Hotel Dickenson at Ben Lomond.

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THE HOUSE OF DELMONICO.

Delmonico's, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, New York, closed recently, but is expected to reopen at another location. The incident inspires James L. Ford to present in the New York *Tribune* some of the history of this historic institution. He says:

"To the hanging of Robert Emmet we owe this house of good living, for when that patriot's brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who lies buried in Trinity churchyard, emigrated to this country early in the nineteenth century, he brought with him among his attendants the first of the Delmonicos, a native of the province of Tisino, in Italian Switzerland, which has given the world some of its most famous restaurateurs.

"It was not until he had been in New York for several years that Delmonico opened a modest pastry shop in a downtown street and laid the foundation of a business that has flourished ever since under the family name, though not controlled by his direct descendants, the descent having been from uncle to nephew. Having noted the crudeness of New York houses of call, Delmonico made a point of serving his customers with scrupulously clean table linen, always removing the cloth and replacing it with a fresh one after the departure of a patron. The pastry that he made was another innovation, for nothing like it had ever been seen in the city, and so profitable did the business become that in the course of time he opened the Beaver Street branch and placed before it the pillars that he imported from Pompeii. I have often wondered what became of those pillars after the closing of this place a very few years ago.

"Another early Delmonico venture was the leasing of the Stevens House, opposite Bowling Green, and which he conducted as a family hotel provided with another innovation in the shape of superior bathrooms. Here his boarders dined at a common table, at the head of which sat the Delmonico of the day, and the charge for board and lodging was about $5 a week.

"In entering these new fields of activity the proprietor laid down certain rigid rules, the strict observance of which he enjoined on his immediate successor with the command that they should be adhered to so long as the house remained in existence.

"One of these rules was that no meal should be served in a private room to a company of men and women of less than three persons; nor should any meal be served behind closed doors. This rule, I believe, remained in force to the very last and served its purpose in much later years when in consequence of it the notorious Seely dinner, originally ordered at Delmonico's, was transferred to another restaurant and nearly ruined it.

"The fame of Delmonico's as the centre of fashionable life began when the branch at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street was opened, and it may still be said that the most fragrant memories of gray-haired viveurs cluster about this place. Its location was about as far up town as any well-informed restaurateur cared to venture, and it had an atmosphere of its own that was never successfully re-created in the two establishments further up town. Here Lorenzo Delmonico ruled, assisted by his brother Ciro, who did the marketing, and could be seen every morning before 9 o'clock returning in a cab from Fulton and Washington markets. Tradition asserts that it was during Lorenzo's reign that the sending of hills to customers was prohibited and the much-talked-of 'black list' was founded. I remember that the last of the Charles Delmonicos complained to me once that a famous Wall Street financier, then emerging from a temporary period of embarrassment, had asked to have an account rendered for what he owed. 'Doesn't the man know that we never send hills?' demanded Charlie, indignantly.

"The existence of the 'black list' may have been part of the legendry with which the house was incrusted, but I think it not unlikely that there was such a list and that it served an admirable purpose in ridding the place of objectionable characters. According to hearsay, he who raised any disturbance or annoyed any of the other diners was entered on this list and every employee of the house was forbidden to serve him. It was said quite freely that one of the best known of the noisy and athletic young men of fashion, who furnished the town with gossip a quarter of a century ago, was placed on this list, and from what I know of him I can believe the tale. The blacklisted one was permitted to enter the restaurant or café, seat himself at a table and order anything he desired. A waiter would always take his order with much politeness, depart, and forget to come back. The head waiter, when summoned after a tiresome interval, would promise to 'see about it,' and he, too, would efface himself from the scene.

"By this ingenious method Delmonico could not be accused of refusing to serve a patron, though he could prevent an objectionable one from getting anything to eat or drink on his premises. I have heard that one young man of greater hardihood than his contemporaries of fashion accepted an invitation to a large dinner in one of the private rooms and, despite the fact that he was listed, took his seat among the other guests. The waiter in charge of the affair consulted his employer and then cocktails were served to every one of the party with the exception of the disqualified one. The same thing happened with the oysters and, although the host of the occasion sought Mr. Delmonico in angry protest, his decision was not reversed and the unfortunate man went out dinnerless into the night."

The great ruins of Pache Camac, which are believed to antedate any others in Peru, and go back at least three thousand years, can be reached by a railway journey of thirty-five miles from Lima. It is estimated that there are 80,000 graves in the ancient cemeteries adjoining the ruins, and these have yielded many valuable relics in the way of mummies and jewelry.

CURRENT VERSE.

"As Rivers of Water in a Dry Place."

Lonely, lonely lay the hill,
Not a bird was there to sing,
Not a bee was there to drone;
The sky, unbrushed of any wing,
Hung above me like a stone,
And scarce my feet obeyed my will,
As heavily I walked alone.

Then, like a tender memory,
Crept up from off the lifeless ground
The low, melodious, lovely sound
Of water lapsing secretly.
A little sunken stream I found,
And all the way was sweet to me.

O ancient music, earliest heard,
Ere time was born or any bird,
When first above the chaos wild
The brooding Spirit breathed and stirred;
O first-born music, undefiled,
Clear as the laughter of a child,
Fresh as God's latest word!

—*Anna De Bary in London Mercury.*

For Those Inland.

On this page I will put the blue of the sea
And gnarled trees blowing on a sandy ledge,
The long sharp waves breaking unceasingly,
Tossing thick foam upon the russet sedge.
Here, blue-white shells embedded in the sand
Glisten and bubble as the waters ebb;
A smell of salt blows inward on the land
Where thin mist sparkles like a spider-web.

Here you may look and see a cloud that blows
Across the far horizon's perfect rim
Made lonelier for one dark ship that goes,
Dragging its smoke where there is gold to dim.
Learn fortitude where broken winds are caught
In tortured waves that climb and crash and lull. . . .
Lean with courageous oaks and let your thought
Soar starward with a great slow-curving gull.

—*George O'Neil in the Measure.*

For Sale.

A collection of California and Western Historical Literature, including Statutes of California, year 1850; Oregon, 1850; Adams' Adventures, First Edition; Manual of the City of San Francisco, 1852; California Hundred; First Editions of Bret Harte and Mark Twain; also 300 different books and items from 1811 on; rare Maps. R. O'CONNELL,
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Professor—What are known as the Dark Ages, Egbert? *Egbert*—From eighteen to twenty-five, sir.—*Sun Dial.*

Fifty Dutch farmers have come to America to escape taxation. Ah, they little know.—*New York Evening Mail.*

"He's a witty lad, don't you think?" "Heavens, no. We both subscribe to the same humorous paper."—*Paris Le Rire.*

Optimus—Have you heard the latest Ford joke? *Cynicus*—Yes; he wants to be President.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"So Jobson's pretty stenographer has left him. What was the trouble?" "She caught him kissing his wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

Nip—Shay—where've you been? *Tuck*—To a wedding. *Nip*—S'ny good? *Tuck*—Rotten. *Nip*—Who got married? *Tuck*—I did.—*Virginia Reel.*

Lady—Would you mind changing this portrait you painted of my husband for a landscape? I'm going to get a divorce.—*London Passing Show.*

"My daughter's music," sighed the mother; "has been a great expense." "Indeed?" returned the guest; "some neighbor sued you, I suppose?"—*Boston Traveler.*

"Goodness, John! How queer the baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit!" "By George! I believe you are right. Where is my camera?"—*Oregonian.*

"But, sir, what has your candidate ever done to deserve the support of the people?" "Well, for one thing, this is the first time he has ever run for office."—*Dallas News.*

Lady (inspecting Stuart house, to agent)—It seems to smell very musty. *Agent*—Slightly, madam, perhaps, but not more so than is in keeping with the period.—*Punch.*

Blinks—Where can you find the truth these days? *Jinks*—About half way between how fast he tells the judge his car can go and how fast he tells his friends it can go.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Novice (indignantly)—See here, you rascal. You told me Tornado would win in a walk. *Toot (coolly)*—And so he would. But this was a running race.—*London Graphic.*

The Missionary—My erring brother, have you been Christianized? *The Native*—Not completely. They have gobbled all my land, but I still have a few clothes.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Jim—I hear Tom got the Carnegie medal with special mention for saving a person from drowning. *Jam*—Yes? Why the special mention? *Jim*—The person was his wife.—*Penn. State Froth.*

Master (discoursing on everyday phrases)—Can any one tell me the real meaning of *tertium quid? Bright Pupil (whose Latin is a trifle embryonic)*—A lawyer's fee.—*London Morning Post.*

"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?" "First—wife—ump—step-aunt—er—let me see; I don't know." "He's her husband."—*New York Herald.*

Old Scot (to clergyman who has been preaching about Adam and Eve)—I've aye thocht it was varra hard the like o' me should suffer for the eatin' o' an apple, when it's a fruit I never could abide.—*Punch.*

Disgusted Vendor—Slump in trade? Of course there's a slump in trade! What else do you expect when you offers the public exactly wot it wants, and the blinkin' public don't realize it?—*London Humorist.*

"So you want to write war news?" said the enterprising exponent of emotional journalism. "Yes," said the young man. "Do you feel that you are equipped for that kind of employment?" "I do; I've got a map and an imagination."—*Washington Star.*

"What is the dear little boy going to be when he grows up?" "I don't know," replied the weary mother. "Judging from the wall paper and everything else he touches I think maybe he's going to be a finger-print expert."—*Washington Star.*

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't joint de mission band." "Fo' de lan' sake, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me. I can't even play a mouf-organ."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Colonel Bludgood—So you got a buthday present of a five-dollar knife, suh? One of those Birmingham knives, with sixteen blades and a corkscrew, I presume, suh? *Colonel Blugrass*—No, suh; a plain, ole-fashioned knife, with sixteen corkscrews and one blade, suh.—*Judge.*

Missionary—Was it liquor that brought you to this? *Imprisoned Burglar*—No, sir; it was house-cleanin'—spring house-cleanin', sir. *Missionary*—Eh—house-cleaning? *Burglar*—Yes, sir; the woman had been house-cleanin' an' the stair-carpet was up, an' the folks heard me.—*New York Tribune.*

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking. "Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—*Green Bag.*

MOTORING TO CONSTANTINO LE.

E. Alexander Powell, author of many travel books, among them "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," recently motored from Paris to Constantinople, and wrote a friend about the trip:

"A few lines before bidding au revoir to civilization and plunging into the wastes of Western Asia, to let you know where I have been and what I have been doing during the past month.

"We left Paris on March 27th by motor, L—— and I, and three weeks and three days later rolled across the bridge that spans the Golden Horn—the first time the trip had been made in more than eight years.

"It was as full of excitement and adventure as an Oppenheim novel. While traversing the Black Forest we were lost in a snowstorm, nearly capsized in a snowdrift, and it took four horses, three men, and a boy to get us out. Owing to the obstinacy of a frontier guard at the Czechoslovak border, we were compelled to spend a night in a Bohemian hamlet—and, take my word for it, they are not at all as they are depicted on the stage! I had beer in Pilsen, and a most interesting talk with the prime minister of Czechoslovakia in Prague. We spent four days in Vienna, where the only thing cheap is caviare. We dined every night at Sacher's, and as Mme. Sacher evidently approved of our looks, we were given a table in the little room at the left usually reserved for archdukes and princes.

"We spent a miserable day, drenched to the skin, plowing across the muddy plain of Hungary.

"From the moment we entered Roumania until we left it again we were dogged by spies and secret service agents, who shadowed our footsteps, peered in our windows, and tried to overhear our conversation in the restaurants.

"On Easter Monday, the car having broken down near a village in Wallachia, we joined the villagers in their dances on the village green and then stood treat to the entire population. We bought forty-two bottles of native wine at a total cost of $7.40 and by nightfall that village was a roaring Bedlam. President Wilson never received such an ovation as we did when we left.

"We crossed the Danube on a flatboat towed by a tug and motored across Bulgaria to Grabovo, at the entrance to the Shipka Pass. There is no use in my trying to tell you about our experience in getting over the pass, because you wouldn't believe me. Suffice to say that it was the worst road I have ever seen; in places the grade was nearly 35 per cent. When the mountaineers saw the big Rolls tearing up the boulder-strewn incline, the Stars and Stripes flaunting free on the hood, they became panic-stricken, because they had believed that no car could go over the pass.

"As we were leaving Bulgaria, late at night, we were very nearly shot by a frontier guard, and ten minutes later we nearly lost our lives by our ignoranec of the fact that the Greeks had blown up the bridges in Thrace to prevent Bulgar raids. We spent a memorable night in a mud-walled, dirt-floored hut on the Thracian border, rats frolicking all night long in the straw-thatched roof. From Adrianople to Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, is 150 miles, and for a hundred and twenty miles there were no roads at all—just a cart track across the rolling prairie. The last day was the worst, for when half-way from Rodosto to Constantinople we became bogged in the sands beside the Sea of Marmora—with the tide coming in. The entire vilage turned out to help us, and, with the assistance of the local Greek garrison and a firty-foot chain we were hauled to safety after three hours of hard work.

"Our arrival in Constantinople created quite a sensation, as ours was the first car to cross the continent since 1914."

If Real Life Were Like the Movies.

All cross-eyed men would be funny.

All policemen would be acrobats.

All sea-going yachts would be houseboats or abandoned fishing smacks.

All tropic islands would be Catalina.

All buildings would have fat men falling off them.

All mountains would have travelogue expeditions climbing up them.

All barrels would have comedians hiding in them.

All men with small mustaches would be continually crowned with custard pie.

All social functions would involve hired dress suits.

All floods would drown somebody.

All automobiles would be wrecks.

Virtually all rail traffic would be suspended in mid-air above the open draw.

All country girls would outshine city débutantes.

All scaffoldings would hang by one rope.

All bricks would bounce off skulls.

All mothers would be large-eyed, fresh-faced, gray-haired, poor, and teary.

All peace conferences, football games, boat races and Atlantic fleet manœuvres would take about thirty seconds.

And

All mirrors, held up to nature, would crack under the strain.—*Weed Dickinson in Life.*

Enough!

It would be interesting to know how many of those who are casting their straw votes for Henry Ford for President actually own Fords, says *Judge.*

We can think of nothing which, at the present time, so arouses the spirit of partisanship as the possession of a car. Policies of state, the conflicting interests of classes, sections, and blocs, as questions to quarrel over become purely academic in comparison with the respective merits of your make of bus and the other fellow's. And Ford owners are peculiarly car conscious; the ubiquitous Ford joke has united them in a militant proletariat of motordom, sensitive to the derision of the outsider and quick to register their devotion to their car and its maker.

So it may be that the Ford joke is at bottom responsible for the remarkable display of Ford sentiment in the *Collier's* poll. In any case, as one of its perpetrators, we wish to say that it has gone far enough. If only the five million or more ladies and gentlemen who vibrate in unison to the purr of a flivver will call off this particular method of getting back at us we will promise never to crack a Ford joke again.

Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago. *Hotel Proprietor*—Ah! You are flattering to my establishment. *Guest*—I don't know about that. What I mean is that I should have preferred to eat this fish then instead of now.—*Pathfinder.*

Japers—How did you get your garden dug so quickly? *Bubbs*—I told my son he could stay home from school and go fishing if he dug for bait worms in the garden.—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Causes and Effects.

There is small hint of interest in a census bulletin just given out bearing the title "Financial Statistics of the State Government of Minnesota, 1922." None the less matter of interest is there, and not without bearing upon the political upheaval of two weeks back. It supplies another reason for the discontent in Minnesota, and at the same time it interprets in terms of politics certain remarks of President Harding in Utah last month. In his Salt Lake speech, it will be remembered, he mentioned that the expenditures of the states for state government alone had increased 163 per cent. in the period between 1913 to 1921 inclusive; and in the same period the indebtedness of the states had increased 139 per cent. He showed also that the per capita cost of national government in 1923 is less than half that cost in 1920, and that the national debt, now standing at approximately $22,000,000,000, had been reduced more than $1,000,000,000 per year for the last four years. Upon the basis of these facts Mr. Harding declared that the time had arrived for state, county, and municipal governments to get in line with the Federal government in reducing governmental costs and state taxation.

In the census bulletin above referred to—"Financial Statistics of the State Government of Minnesota"—it is shown that the total cost of the Minnesota state government in 1915 was $16,557,650, and in 1918, $19,802,430. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, it was $41,823,616. In other words the cost of state government in Minnesota increased 111 per cent. in four years, and 152 per cent. in seven years. Even more startling is the increase in the state debt. The net indebtedness of the State of Minnesota in 1922 was $7.95 per capita as against 61 cents in 1918. Here is an increase of 1200 per cent.—twelve hundred per cent.—in the net indebtedness of the state in four years, and this under Republican rule.

It further appears that an effort has been made in Minnesota to relieve farmers and other owners of real estate from the burden of these prodigious increases and to "cinch" business. We read that "business and non-business licenses constituted 43 per cent. of the total revenue for 1922, 30.6 per cent. for 1918, 33.5 per cent. for 1915," while the proportion of revenue derived from property taxes declined. We read further that receipts from business licenses came chiefly "from insurance and other corporate interests."

Whereat we are led to ask, is it not possible that the prevailing apathy of business men and of the Republican organizations in the election of two weeks ago may be traceable to the conditions above set forth? There are around 1,200,000 qualified voters in Minnesota. In 1920, 59 per cent. of them voted; in 1922, 55 per cent., and at the special election recently held, only about 40 per cent. So while the farmers of Minnesota, long schooled in the theory that the government at Washington has it in its power to reverse economic laws, and that it is in duty bound by some sort of edict or another to make the farmer prosperous, went to the polls, many intelligent voters found nothing attractive in the promises of any of the several promising candidates and remained at home, leaving the field to the radicals—with Magnus Johnson as the consequence.

We have another bit of evidence of the futility of trying to placate irate minorities by bounties from the public treasury in a statement issued by the Postoffice Department reviewing the growth of the rural free delivery system during the fiscal year ending June 30th last. Here is an interesting excerpt:

> The largest number of new routes (established during the year) was established in Minnesota, where 744 miles were added to the system in twenty-six routes. Oklahoma was second, with eighteen new routes and a mileage of 536; North Dakota third, with seventeen routes and a mileage of 516; Iowa fourth, with fifteen and a mileage of 382, and Colorado fifth, with fourteen and a mileage of 588.

The story almost tells itself. In the five states where the farmers are noisiest Republican congressmen and the politicians brought about the concentration therein of money available for extension of the rural free delivery system, hoping thereby to bribe the rural voter into a calm state of mind. It didn't work. Such devices never do work. It was as absurd and as futile as that other treasury raid, styled the rural credits bill, fathered by Senator Capper of the farm bloc, written by the farm organizations of the Middle West and forced through Congress, we grieve to say, with the consent of the Administration.

The rural credits bill is a coöperative measure, so called. Under it farmers may found local coöperative credit associations, get money through the Federal farm banks and lend it to themselves. This means that the credit of the government is put behind the loans. But even this amazing departure from sound practice, devised and put into operation for the benefit of a special class, has not worked a cure for the economic ills of the rural Northwest. Farmers, despite special concessions made to them, are still on the warpath. Beside their specific demand for a governmental guarantee on the price of wheat, the new radical bloc, which now succeeds the farm bloc, demands more Federal legislation in aid of farm coöperation. Demagogic leaders, seeking selfish advantage, have convinced the farmer that there must be some sort of Federal legislation before coöperation can be made effective. Obviously they have not observed the coöperative enterprises organized and in operation by the citrus fruit growers in California, by our raisin growers, our prune growers, our egg producers, and what not. In California nobody has suggested any legal impediment tending to prevent farmers from organizing coöperative societies to their hearts' content. The truth of the matter is that the leaders of the farm movement are not content with any coöperative project. What they want is to set up organizations privileged to violate anti-monopoly statutes. They want government subsidies in support of a food-producing trust. Their aim is nothing less than this. Their theory is that the food-producing class will never be prosperous, never free from disastrous market fluctuations, until there shall be welded into a great national organization forces that will dictate the quantity of given products that may be produced at any one season. Of course this aim is not confessed, even to the farmers themselves, but it is none the less the goal to which a combination of agitators and politicians is driving.

Senator Johnson's Speech.

Believers in signs and omens have not failed to note that Senator Johnson's hat blew off as his ship passed the Statue of Liberty, and that the tugboat that warped the *Leviathan* to her berth bore the name *Menominee*. It takes a good deal of faith in the hidden ways of Providence to get anything of real significance out of such incidents, but there are those who have it in sufficient abundance to establish definite expectations. That Mr. Johnson has his ear to the ground is clearly apparent from the speech he made in New York last Wednesday evening. If it lacked something of the venomous pep which usually characterizes Mr. Johnson's utterances, it was not shy at points of adroit evasion. It was precisely the sort of speech a riproaring politician makes when he doesn't venture to say anything of real significance. There was not in it one suggestion of Mr. Johnson's attitude towards the Administration, excepting the fact that no reference was made to it. There was no suggestion concerning Mr. Johnson's hopes and plans, excepting by the same token of silence. There was nothing in it suggestive of anything, unless it be the thought that if "you"—which may be variously interpreted—"do not take the line of progressivism, radicalism will take you"—a sentiment that will meet with cordial sympathy on the part of Mr. Johnson's new colleague, Mr. Yonson of Minnesota.

It might have been expected that after five months in Europe, a trip undertaken avowedly to study the situation there, Mr. Johnson would offer something in the line of constructive suggestion. But there was not one word to constructive effect. His idea, like that of his friend, Senator Brookhart, may be summarized in a phrase—"To Hell with Europe." There seems on the part of the senator to be no comprehension of the fact that, whether we will or no, the prosperity of our country, with its security present and future, is bound up with Europe. Not directly, to be sure, but in a manner positive and absolute. There is no problem in Europe that is not reflected in effects relating to our own country. Isolation in the old sense is not possible. Of the many problems pressing upon this country, none is so great, none so immediate, as those involved with the problems of Europe. It is a time when we may not with security or dignity treat the troubles of Europe as not related to America. Once that may have been possible, but it is possible no longer. We may not join the Brookharts and the Johnsons in their disregard of Europe, since the value of every American product is affected by what goes on there. There can be no prosperity in this country for long years to come

unless Europe can get herself going again on something like a normal basis. More broadly there can be no safety for our civilization unless we may share with Europe both the privilege and the burden of its maintenance.

Senator Johnson is first, foremost, and all the time a politician. His motives are those, not of a statesman, but of a vote-getter. He thinks in the terms of a politician, guides his course under the conceptions of a politician. And with Mr. Johnson, as with others of his kind, considerations of politics are merely considerations of personal ambition. Mr. Johnson's glorifiers are forever telling us that he is a man of courage and a man of candor. He is neither. If he were, in his speech last week he would have defined his position upon points where there was eagerness to know where he stood. He spoke for approximately two hours, and left those who heard his address and those who have read it as ignorant of the state of his mind and of his individual purposes as they were at the beginning. Can anybody imagine Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, William Howard Taft, Elihu Root or any other man of statesmanlike mind and character talking for a whole evening without giving some intimation of what he stood for or what he proposed to do?

Alarm of the Grocers.

The National Association of Retail Grocers is said to be up in arms about President Harding's suggestion that consumers get together. The grocers apparently see hobgoblins. They say it has not been proved that the processes of distribution are cumbersome, outworn, or more costly than the demands of the people make necessary, and they resent the thought that they are or may be made to seem superfluous.

The grocers were certain to be heard from—and there will be other middlemen to join them unless we much mistake the temper of merchants. It is their right, as it was the President's right to make the suggestion he did. But the chances are that their fears are groundless and that nothing will be done in the manner suggested in the Idaho Falls speech. As business men, Americans are aggressive to cannibalism. But they long ago learned that many of their interests as business men were fundamentally opposed to their interests as consumers, and to the interest of the public as consumers; and hence as consumers we exhibit the claw-and-fang ferocity of a flock of spring lambs. Our problems are rarely discussed and never handled as consumer problems, whereas we are all consumers all the time, and the consumer class is the only all-inclusive one. No solution is likely to be found for our economic troubles until they are stated, measured, and solved from the consumer's point of view; which perhaps is what the President was thinking, but which is not likely to be done for a long time.

Nor would even that be likely to lead to many revolutionary reforms—the elimination of middlemen, for example. Those grocers have their function, and it is important. They save our time and trouble. They supply local storage for the convenience of people that can not anticipate their own wants and do not wish to be made to. They extend credit; to the convenience of the customer and often to their own loss. They select and classify. They deliver. They are links in a marvelous chain of distribution, and links in another marvelous chain of intelligence, for the grocers find out by inquiry and test what people want and what they are going to reject. We do not claim they are all honorable men, like the mob Marc Antony addressed. We do not suspect many of them of unselfishness. But grocers do not have to be altruists; it is enough if they are grocers, and if as many of them are honest as the proportion of honest men in any other class it is all we can expect.

They have little to fear from organizations of consumers. The President did not propose to make consumer organization compulsory, and if he had we doubt if he could enforce a compulsory consumer organization law with the combined power of the army, navy, and air forces of the United States and all the militia in the country. People do not wish so to combine or they would have done it long ago. There is nothing to prevent them, except that few of them see any convenience or advantage in it. Some have done so and in a small way have carried on business as coöperative establishments, but there is little gain in it for the participants, and most of the people would rather do business singly. Anybody is at liberty to join a Rochdale store if there is one near him, but they have not swept the country clean of individual grocers.

At the same time, valuable distributors as they are, the grocers have no right to protective laws preventing consumers from combining if the consumers should happen to see advantage in it. That would stop progress. We have been much afflicted with special legislation, legally disguised but actual, most of it harmful in tendency. We want no more of it. Other things being equal, that country will thrive best that maintains the largest measure of individual freedom, for grocers, boot and shoe dealers and everybody else.

Meddling with Prices.

It appears to be the belief of large numbers of people in this country that everything they do not like is curable by law, and only the wickedness of the party in office prevents recovery. It matters not whether there be a disease; it is enough to have an object of dislike. This general attitude is taken by the party out of office as its opportunity; and the uneasy, the censorious, the discontented and the declamatory, the old Aunt Nancies and the middle-aged uplifters are promised something called "reform" if the politicians on the outside can only get themselves inside, in place of those already there. So we have La Follette, Borah, Brookhart, Magnus and Hiram, Professor Senator Ladd and all the rest of them, clamorous for what we do not happen to have just now, condemnatory of what we do have. In Illinois the discredited and kicked-out William Hale Thompson and Fred Lundin, deposed Republican boss, are busy rebuilding their machine on radical lines, hoping to follow Magnus Johnson's victory to a victory of their own. It is part of the game.

There still dins in our ears the Western progressive demand for an extra session of Congress to deal with the railroad situation. We had been long afflicted with the four sessions of the Sixty-Seventh Congress and the campaign for the Sixty-Eighth with all the uncertainties, agitations, hazards and alarms that beset the country when oratorical winds distend the sails of political adventure. There had been, there is, a period of discontent. Railroad problems had arisen and seemed to threaten either oppression or curtailment of service on the part of these sinful corporations. The fears proved groundless, and the railroad crisis passed, but now the farmers are in trouble (and when were they ever out of it?), and the progressives clamor once more for an extra session of Congress to correct such mistakes of nature and production as wheat that sells under a dollar. If the price of wheat goes up in a few days or weeks, they may be trusted to forget that cause of uneasiness, but not to get over the uneasiness itself. That in some form is always with us, like poverty, and for identical reasons. The issue shifts from tribulation to tribulation, but the professional issue makers are never quiet. And the hollowness of their business usually appears in the fact that before they have had time to vamp up some legislative nostrum for the cure of a particular disease (they never deal with fundamentals, so all their medicines are specifics) that disease cures itself and they get busy persuading us that we have another, calling for new remedies. It was so in the case of free silver; we soon found we did not need the medicine. It was so in the more recent case of the high price of sugar; before anything could be done about it sugar went down, and came up again, and is again declining, without help from the office-holders; so something else must be exploited for the production of more discontent. Now it is an extra session to deal with the price of wheat. But if there is no extra session to interfere with the proportion of supply and demand or guarantee subsidies to the farmer, the wheat situation will probably right itself, either through frantic efforts of the shorts to cover their contracts or through the general improvement of agrarian conditions.

And there would be no more reason in guaranteeing that price than the price of shoes, shovels, lumber, freight ton-miles, hats, tires, labor or houses. Such measures appeal to theorists, whose policies are all in the nature of special legislation, and to the politicians that pander to discontent, but they are usually powerless to relieve the transient ills for which they are designed, and are always vicious because their tendency is toward industrial paralysis. Fixed prices are the death of trade, and that is the death of industry. What we need is a type of politician brave enough to let things alone until the country can catch up with conditions through free individual activity.

Pierre Loti: a Modest Paradox.

Pierre Loti, whose death has saddened his admirers even while they recognized in it release from a paralytic's bed, was a notable figure in French literature, a field where eccentricity is the normal state. Among the greatest literary artists of his country, he could not be described as a man of letters—would probably have resented the term, as it was his boast that he was neither scholar nor a reader. Yet his talents were legion. Naval captain, draughtsman, novelist, master of a perfect style, Loti's career would seem to refute the necessity of a career of straight letters. There is always the theory that the muses reward best those devotees who do not commercialize them. Or possibly it is some kink of our newly-discovered subconscious mind that persists in doing best that which is done casually. More likely explanation lies in the existence of an occasional genius, of which Loti was the lesser example and of which Leonardo is the supreme one, whose abilities seem limited only by the personal inclination of their possessor. But be the psychology of the thing as it may, the fact remains that Loti was a greater writer than most of France's men of letters and that he was recognized as such. Almost thirty years ago Paul Bourget wrote, "None has ever written like Loti, save Loti," which is the literal truth, for whether or not you care for the exotic atmosphere of his southern adventures—and in these days of Tahiti booming, Loti's work should be more popular than ever—there is no denying the magic of a simple style which baffles analysis. If style is the gait of the mind Loti's mental pace must have had a very different rhythm from the plodding of ordinary mentality.

Another paradox in Loti's life other than his professional one was his combination of retiring modesty and extreme subjectivity. His life is said to be perfectly mirrored in his works, and certainly they have the ring of candor. But so shy and unpretentious was the young naval lieutenant that his brother officers called him Loti, the name of a little Indian flower as synonymous with modesty in the East as our Western violet. He adopted the nickname playfully on the title-page of his second novel, "Rarahu," and unwittingly renamed himself for life. For though every one has some time read that Loti was Louis Marie Julien Viaud, it is problematic if any one ever thought of him thus after his mark had once been made as Loti, a name that appeared, not only on his title-pages, but also in his titles as in "Le Marriage de Loti."

We have stressed the literary and romantic side of Loti's life, but he was before everything else a sailor. Anatole France said: "It is a good thing for him and for us that M. Pierre Loti went into the navy." It would be impossible to imagine a Loti divorced from the navy or the sea. Loti was born on January 14, 1850, of an old sea-faring family, stern Protestants—another paradox—whose home was in Rochefort, that Huguenot naval port "begirt with ramparts not far from La Rochelle" on a little arm of the Bay of Biscay. In "Le Roman d'un Enfant," which appeared in 1890, he describes the profound religious influences exerted on his youth. His elder brother had gone to sea as a naval surgeon, though their parents wished him to become a pastor, and for awhile Loti, too, entertained ecclesiastical ambitions! But probably he never seriously meant to disobey the call of the sea. At the worst one could picture him as a naval chaplain. Many of his ancestors had been sailors, more than had been Huguenots, and his grandfather had died at Trafalgar. So then, with the aid of maps, he ardently followed the travels of his brother and at the age of fourteen he definitely made up his mind to go to sea. He entered the French navy when seventeen, became a second lieutenant at the age of twenty-three, a lieutenant at thirty-one, and a captain at forty-nine. Promotion comes slow in the French navy, but it has been surmised that his flirting with literature delayed his professional advance and even prevented a brilliant naval career, a circumstance that his readers can hardly deplore. In 1883 he actually passed through a period of brief disgrace as a result of indiscriminately reporting on the Tonkin expedition in which he had just taken part. Loti probably learnt his lesson then. For the remainder of his life he was an efficient and discreet naval officer.

If his career was not brilliant we can not assume that his native modesty objected. He was happier withdrawn from the limelight. His choice of a home in the remote Basque country was characteristic. It was ever his ambition to be far from the madding throng. Bakarescea. as he called his Basque estate, which means in that language "the hidden dwelling," is at Hendaye at the foot of the Pyrenees, facing the Atlantic by the Bay of Biscay, beside the waters of the Bidassoa, the little river which separates France from Spain. It was there he died, June 10, 1923.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* sees in President Harding's San Francisco address, printed in the morning papers of Wednesday, a "challenge to Senator Hiram Johnson." The offense lies in that "it"—the President's address—"defends and praises the negotiation of the four-power treaty, to which Japan is a party, and also extols the President's proposal that the United States become a member of the World Court. * * * Both of these have been stoutly opposed by Senator Johnson, who resisted with all his force ratification of the Four-Power Treaty and is now the leading opponent in the Senate of the World Court plan. * * * Because of this friends of the senator question the propriety of the President's choice of such a subject for his San Francisco speech." Verily a point well taken! Truly an impertinence on the part of the President of the United States to discuss matters of national policy against which the great and good Hiram has raised his ballyhoo! Obviously the President needs season his mind with a few cold drops of modesty. He ought to know that our Hiram is another Sir Oracle—that when he opes his mouth no dog has right to bark.

Those whose view of the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr Valley is limited to economic considerations have small understanding of the spirit of the French people. France and Belgium did not enter the Ruhr with the idea of making money out of that enterprise, but to bring Germany to the snubbing-post of her obligations. Granted that the movement in the Ruhr Valley may not in the form of direct return be yielding a profit to France, the fact remains that it has created a situation that must in the end, unless it shall collapse altogether, put upon Germany a duty which she was in the way of evading. If there had been no invasion Germany would have escaped her obligations under the Versailles treaty. Persons of intelligence need not be reminded that the whole reparations programme would have gone by the board if Germany had been left to pursue her own courses.

It is largely due to British policy that the invasion of the Ruhr has not before now brought forth practical results. By British policy Germany has been encouraged to resist, with effects injurious if not disastrous to France, also with effects not helpful to Germany, either economically or morally. Germany would be vastly better off today if instead of resisting the demands of France, as she has done, she had set about meeting the situation in the spirit of honest intention. France and Belgium entered the Ruhr under the direct authority of a solemn treaty. In the words of Mr. Elihu Root, assuredly the soundest legal authority in our own country—and perhaps in the world—they had clear legal right to occupy the Ruhr. Without venturing to challenge this right, British policy has criticized and assailed the Ruhr movement, not in the interest of any equity, but in behoof of policies conceived to be in her selfish financial interest. She wants Germany to be relieved as far as possible of her obligations by France and Belgium because she wants a Germany so restored and prosperous as to be able to buy the products of her factories. The sympathies of the *Argonaut* were warmly with France and Belgium when they entered the Ruhr; they are no less with them now. Important as the issue is economically, that is not the whole of it. Germany owes to France, not only a financial, but a moral obligation, and she ought not to be permitted to evade it. The fact that Britain wants the German market is no justification of a course that has in its effects tended to encourage Germany in shirking and dishonest courses.

There has arisen in Nevada and other silver-producing states a situation that impels Senator Oddie, avowedly a sound money man, to demand that "something must be done" for the silver producers. The distress of the silver mines is an inheritance from wartime. Toward the close of the war it became necessary for our government to help the chief of its allies, England, by lending it large quantities of silver for use in its East India Empire. In order to promote activity in the production of silver the government made a specific price with a guarantee of its maintenance up to a fixed date. Under this arrangement, made purely as a contribution to the war and with positive disregard of economic law, the silver market was boomed artificially. The guarantee period has now expired and silver has dropped to its commodity price. But production goes on and the producers want the government to sustain the price by extension of its guarantee. In other words, the silver producers want the government to hold the price of silver to a figure considerably higher than its commodity price, just as the farmers of the Northwest demand that "something should be done for wheat." This demand is unreasonable, impossible. The function of government lies in other directions, and it is no part of its duty to maintain for silver producers, or wheat producers, or anybody else an artificial price for their products. In war-times governments may do all kinds of irregular and wasteful things. This is one of the necessities of war. But government can not in justice to the mass of its taxpayers maintain conditions at the public's cost for the benefit of any particular interest. General welfare is indeed an obligation of government, but beyond that government has no right to go.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Conception of Dr. W. W. Campbell.

San Jose, August 1, 1923.

Dear Mr. Holman: Will you accord me the courtesy of the *Argonaut* to convey to your readers a conception of the new president of the University of California as he appears to me, after an acquaintance of some twenty-five years?

Dr. Campbell is known to the people of this state as one of the greatest astronomers in the world; and of course this is the scientific world's estimate of him. But he is far more than an astronomer. He is a man of the imagination of an astronomer, but his is also an imagination that led him to see the possibilities of his great profession when he was a boy, and has kept him foremost ever since in the striding progress of the science of astronomy. It is coupled with a practical turn that caused him to be the first to make successful use of the spectroscope and the photographic lens in solving the secrets of the skies. He has the kind of imagination that makes, not only star gazers, but inventors and engineers; and indeed Campbell is an engineer of the first class. His mathematical training has developed his fine aptitude for detail, but has not blunted his understanding of larger things.

He has been an excellent administrator of the affairs of Lick Observatory; and to those who understand the needs and resources of that institution this has been no small matter. He belongs among that class of men who are exceptionally capable in understanding and attending to details and whose minds, being endowed with what is popularly called vision as well as the faculty of exactness, are usually successful in the management of large affairs. Many of the great college presidents of this country have come from this class of men. I am sure that the business affairs of the university will not suffer under him. So much of its detail as it is necessary for the president to know he will understand; and he is competent to dictate the larger financial policies of the university.

Mr. Campbell has all his life been in close correspondence with educational matters. This could hardly have been otherwise, for the foundations of his intellectual life were laid at Ann Arbor when the teaching staff of Michigan University comprised some of the first minds ever devoted to American education. No intellectual man beginning life under such inspirational teachers could lose interest in educational movements, and none such, connected however remotely with such an institution as the University of California, could lose contact with the subjects and methods of university instruction and investigation of the university's contribution to learning and to the larger life of the community. I am sure that President Campbell will be found to be in full possession of many needs and policies of the university which might well have escaped one who has been connected with it only through what may be called a detached and independent department. It may be suggested that he has recently given proof of this in his very sane pronouncement upon the relation of athletics to the university.

Be assured he will "get on" with his associates, whatever their relation to the institution may be. While his diplomacy is of a different type he has had much of President James B. Angell's success in dealing with people. His mental make-up is such that he will have his way without friction where he is certain that he is right; and he will be pretty confident that he is right before he starts upon any important policy. He is so constituted that he will get for the asking what another man might have to fight for. I am quite sure, without knowing anything of it except what may be inferred from the character of the new president, that he has a thorough understanding with the regents, and definite commitments where proper, as to the scope of his authority in essential things.

Mr. Campbell will not be a startling innovator, I fancy; he will, I expect, "go slow"; but he will last. He will master his business thoroughly. Although he is in the middle age of life, his mind is youthful and adaptable. He will prosecute his work with industry and zeal. While not a stubborn man, his will is firm and sound. Withal, he is an accomplished, scholarly, and exceptionally amiable gentleman; and I predict for him a great administration of the institution of which he is the head. My wonder is that the regents so long overlooked him in their quest for a president.

Yours truly, W. A. B.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

CLEANING UP MANILA.

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

As governor-general of the Philippine Islands Leonard Wood is the responsible representative there of the United States. Fidelity to this responsibility demands that he shall have at all times an authority commensurate with the obligations of his office. Otherwise the administration guilty of withholding from him adequate authority would create in the archipelago that marks America's Far Eastern frontier "a situation that would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority." President Harding has already avowed his solemn determination not to do that under any circumstances. He can not therefore afford to "wiggle or wobble" in the face of the protest cabled to him by that arch-prevaricator of Philippine politics, Manuel Quezon, who also misrepresented Governors Taft and Wright and Forbes in their day. This protest is directed against the refusal of Governor-General Wood to "ease up" on a gang of gamblers and their political champions in the city of Manila. Three times this outfit attempted unsuccessfully to "frame" an agent of the United States Secret Service. Each time they failed and finally the agent was acquitted after a trial before a Filipino judge. He was then restored to office by the governor-general before his resignation was accepted—all of which the governor-general had ample authority under the law to do, all of which he dared to do in obedience to his conception of his duty.

Thinking they could bluff the governor-general into "backing down" and appealing, doubtless in vain, to the mayor of Manila to restore the agent of the United States upon whom the gamblers were venting their wrath, the Filipino Secretaries offered their resignations, little expecting, it is reported, that they would be promptly accepted. By accepting them and politely informing the retiring cabinet members that their charge that he had acted without authority of law was "without the slightest foundation of fact," Governor-General Wood "called a Filipino bluff," as our neighbor the New York *Tribune* remarks. This is the pretext upon which the ex-cabinet officers under the leadership of Mr. Quezon have addressed a protest to President Harding. These are the circumstances under which the New York *Evening Post*, the New York *World*, and the Springfield *Republican* hasten to sustain the protest.

With the same relentless zeal with which these newspapers attempted year after year to discredit General Wood's admirable administration in Cuba they have renewed their warfare upon his administration in the Philippines. The fact that he has rescued the islands from bankruptcy and is bringing financial order out of the financial chaos that was the legacy of his predecessor makes little or no impression upon this journalistic trio. They would have their readers believe that "all was well" under the administration of Governor Harrison in the face of recorded facts to the contrary. If there be a blacker chapter in the whole history of the Wilson administration than the maladministration of Mr. Harrison in the Philippines it is yet to be unearthed, but the *Post* and the *Republican* and the *World* slur over those unpalatable facts in their zeal to make mischief in the Philippines and to embarrass "the responsible representative of the United States," who is discharging his difficult duties with the same fine disregard for misrepresentation that he showed as governor-general of Cuba in the face of misrepresentation from the same sources.

If President Harding meant what he said when he promised not to leave the United States in a position of responsibility in the Philippines without authority, he will lose no time in letting the Filipino politicians know that Governor-General Wood has his full support, regardless of the condemnation such a course of action will bring him from the New York *Post*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the New York *World*.

A REAL FISHERMAN'S RACE.

(New York Herald.)

With the announcement from Gloucester, printed elsewhere on this page, that the fishermen's race to be held off that port on August 27th, as a part of the tercentenary celebration of the Massachusetts city, is to be open to all bona-fide two-masted fishing schooners in the world in an unrestricted "boat for boat" contest, hope is revived for another such honest-to-goodness race as used to be witnessed in Massachusetts waters in the 1880s and 1890s.

As long ago as the 1860s Boston and Gloucester fishermen began seeking boats designed for speed as well as ability to keep the sea, and in 1865 D. J. Lawlor, the most prominent New England naval architect of that day, designed his first fishing schooner, leading the way for Edward Burgess years later. But although these fast vessels raced each other to and from the fishing grounds there never was a formal fishermen's race sailed until 1886, the pilot boat *Hesper* being permitted to enter the contest at the special request of J. Malcolm Forbes, who contributed $100 and a cup to the race fund. The *Hesper* won the cup, but the *John H. McManus* won the championship among the fishing vessels, the *Sorah Prior* being in second place, the *Gertie S. Windsor* third, and the *Hattie I. Phillips* fourth, the *William Emerson*, *Edith Emery*, *Belle J. Neal*, *Emily P. Wright* and *Augusta E. Herrick* all finishing behind the placed schooners.

That Fast Day race of 1886 was such a success that another was held in the following year. The contest in 1887 was made memorable by the fact that the *Corrie E. Phillips*, which won the race, was the first commercial vessel designed by Edward Burgess. She beat the *I. J. Merritt, Jr.*, sailed by Captain Charlie Harty; the *Roulette* and the *McManus*, the finish being in the order named.

The greatest of these old-time fishermen's races was held in 1892 on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the granting of a town charter to Gloucester. It was sailed in August in a gale of wind, the entries being divided into two classes, from 85 feet up and from that length down. Seven schooners were started, five of which were designed by Edward Burgess, the *Ethel B. Jacobs*, the *Joseph Rowe*, the *James G. Blaine*, the *Nannie Bolyn* and the *Grayling*, others being the Lawlor designed *Horry L. Belden* and the *James S. Steele*. The *Steele* was 100 feet over all, but only 70 feet on the waterline, the first fishing schooner with extreme overhangs.

The year 1901 saw the race for the Thomas W. Lawson prizes with the *Benjamin F. Phillips*, the *Priscilla Smith*, and the *Navahoe* in the *first class*, and the *Manomet* and the *Mat-*

takesett in the second, the *Phillips* and the *Manomet* being the winners in their respective classes. There never was any question of the craft in all these races being bona-fide fishermen, except in the case of the pilot boat *Hesper*, for which special provision was made without causing any such heart-burnings as accompanied the series of races for the International Fishermen's Trophy off Gloucester last year.

A "boat for boat" fishing schooner race promises to be the real thing and to restore to favor a form of ocean racing that became rather bedraggled in 1922 in connection with the *Bluenose-Henry Ford* series for the Dennis trophy.

THE WETS IN CONGRESS.

(Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

By a curious series of circumstances the dry forces have lost one after another of the committe chairmanships in Congress which for half a decade have given them a remarkable degree of control over the Federal legislative machinery of the country. They have not lost their decisive majorities in either house, it may be assumed, but it is a fact that they are no longer in a position to stampede those bodies when their demands are presented.

In the November election of 1920 two of the stalwart drys of the House went down and out. Representative Volstead, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body, the committee which handles all liquor legislation, met defeat in his own district and has since retired to private life and to the contemplation of his legislative laurels. In the same election Representative Phil Campbell of Kansas, chairman of the Rules Committee, went by the board. None was dryer than Mr. Campbell, and as head of the committee which dictates all legislative procedure of the House he was an ally of incalculable value to the prohibition leaders.

And now, through the death, first of Senator Knute Nelson, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate—and a dry—and in the death a few days ago of Senator Dillingham of Vermont, the ranking Republican member on that committee and another dry, Senator Brandegee of Connecticut becomes chairman of the powerful Senate committee before which all prohibition legislation of the present Congress must come.

Mr. Brandegee is an avowed wet. He voted against the Eighteenth Amendment, against the Volstead Act, and against the anti-beer bill. But he is no wetter than is Representative Graham of Pennsylvania, who succeeds to the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee of the House, and no wetter perhaps than Representative Snell of New York, who is next in line for the chairmanship of the House Rules Committee.

These changes are significant, not as indicating that there will necessarily be any relaxation of the present liquor laws, but as pointing to the obstruction which may be placed in the way of further enforcement measures. Already the dry interests have projected two highly important enactments. They want Congress to extend the existing three-mile limit to twelve miles, giving American enforcement officers the right to search and seize ships engaged in rum running a wider range of activities. Also they propose to make American ships dry wherever they may be. Then, too, there are intimations that the drys will carry to Congress a demand that the decisions of various Federal courts in favor of the unlimited prescription of liquor by doctors be outlawed.

It must be apparent, with outspoken wets in places of power in both branches of Congress, that the drys will encounter more serious opposition to their new programme than they have faced since their triumph in putting the Volstead bill across.

NO EXTRA SESSION NEEDED OR WANTED.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

A nation-wide sigh of relief has in recent years invariably accompanied the adjournment of the Congress of the United States. An echo of that sigh, redoubled in strength and volume, will without doubt follow the announcement from Alaskan waters that President Harding has not the slightest intention of summoning the Congress in extra session in response to the demand of Senator Brookhart.

Acts of Congress never were and never can become a sovereign remedy for economic ills. Wisely drawn and timed, they may help to assuage the evils of improvidence, greed, and mismanagement of agricultural, industrial, and commercial affairs. But it is one of the mistakes that are characteristic of the times in which we live to look to legislation to do those things which ought to be done solely by the men and women of the country themselves. Laws are not and never can be substitutes for sound business prudence and competency in the conduct of affairs. And in far too many cases interfering legislation has served only to intensify the evils it was designed to correct, and to make more difficult—by the complications created by regulations and prohibitions—that return to "normalcy" which is what is most needed.

If Congress possessed the power—and the wisdom—to solve all the economic and industrial problems of today, the logic of events would require it to be in continuous session. But, alas, it hasn't the power, nor does it often manifest the wisdom that leads to a rectification of abuses and the redress of grievances. It is too commonly a disturbing influence upon the business of the nation, and hinders rather than helps a return to that prosperity for all of us which is the ideal state of which we dream.

President Harding is under no illusions regarding the prospects for any effective action by the Congress to relieve the immediate distress under which the farmers of the nation are suffering. Moreover, the agricultural problems are by no means the only ones awaiting solution. The unsettled condition of the railways; the adjustment of relations between mine owners, workers, and consumers, and the protection of the interests of the latter; the equalization and reduction of the burdens of taxation; the placing of the mercantile marine on a secure and permanent foundation—all of these are problems pressing for solution.

Most of these vital issues occupied more or less of the attention of the last Congress, and there is no good reason to believe that the Sixty-Eighth Congress will be any better qualified to deal with them and to find the wise solutions the welfare and progress of the nation demand. What the nation needs now is to be let alone. Its farmers, as well as others of its workers, have in a great measure their destinies in their own hands. The less they depend upon artificial props the better for them and for all of us.

Nothing is more certain than that the Congress elected last November will no more surely represent the wisdom and sound experience of the country than those which have preceded it. On the contrary, there is every indication that it will prove a disturbing rather than a stabilizing influence. For this the farming element is itself to blame. Its mistake was to clamor for special treatment, to attempt by "blocs" and combinations to precipitate discriminating legislation along lines that do not commend themselves to the experience and sober judgment of the majority. Its greater hope lies in the gradual steadying of business conditions at home and abroad, and in the adoption by the national government of a resolute policy to end the deadlock in Europe that is paralyzing world commerce and is to a great extent responsible for the unrest and disturbed conditions in our own industrial life. A midsummer session of the Congress to face only one phase of those conditions of unrest would intensify instead of allaying the trouble. The President is wise in letting well enough alone.

OLD FAVORITES.

Annahel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

The Peace of Europe.

1852.

"Great peace in Europe! Order reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"
So say her kings and priests; so say
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear;
The tramp of measured marches hear,—
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall!
From Polar sea and tropic fen
The dying groans of exiled men!
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains!
Order,—the hush of brooding slaves!
Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,
And open wide the banquet-hall,
Where kings and priests hold carnival!
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies;
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
Barnacle on his dead renown!
Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man;
And thou, fell Spider of the North!
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations eaten up like flies!
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar!
If this be Peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free!
Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare the way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
O that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer:
Repent! God's kindom draweth near!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Woman's Will.

Men, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Bertha A. Horchem of Ranswom, Kansas, aviatrix, holds the world's altitude record for women at a height of over three miles. Mrs. Horchem has been a pilot for less than a year.

Os-Ken-Non, an American Indian and concert singer, is creating a mild sensation in London with his excellent voice and native songs.

The French government has selected Count Louis Charles de Chambrun, counselor of the Washington Embassy, to reorganize its official press bureau at the Quai d'Orsay and interpret French political views for the American press, thus holding a position somewhat analogous to Lord Riddell's in England. He is well fitted for his new job, as press liaison, as his knowledge of American affairs is very extensive. De Chambrun was born in Washington in 1875, when his father was envoy extraordinary for the settlement of naval claims growing out of the civil war; and the greater part of his diplomatic experience has been gained in Washington, where he was sent as a young man to be third secretary of the embassy. Since then he has risen rapidly and is now Ambassador Jusserand's closest associate. Count de Chambrun is Alice Longworth's brother-in-law, having married Clara Longworth, sister of Representative Nicholas Longworth.

Signora Guglielmo Marconi, wife of Senator Marconi of wireless fame, holds the rank of lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy. She is an Irish girl, daughter of Lord and Lady Inchiquin.

Marshal Joffre recently appeared for the first time in "horizon blue" at the unveiling of a war memorial at Fountainebleau, when he wore the uniform of a French line officer. Throughout the war the marshal wore the older uniform of red breeches and a dark blue tunic.

The arts, finance, and letters were simultaneously honored at Harvard when Gorham Phillips Stevens, director of the American Academy in Rome, J. P. Morgan, and Dr. Samuel W. Stratton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, were given honorary degrees by the university at its recent commencement exercises at Cambridge.

The third woman to sit in the House of Commons is Mrs. Hilton Philipson, former actress, who succeeded her husband in the House, though her post can not be said to be inherited, as he was a National Liberal and the new member is a Conservative. The seat had formerly belonged to Sir Edward Grey and had been a Liberal constituency for thirty-seven years. Mrs. Philipson had strong support during her campaign, particularly among women, but the Northumberland agriculturists whom she represents have been enthusiastic about their lady member, who is also a farmer in private life. Mrs. Philipson has three children, and therefore keeps the tradition of women parliamentarians being typically home women.

Mrs. Corbett Ashby, new president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, is an English suffragette who has been elected to succeed the American feminist, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, the doyen of American traveloguers, has for more than thirty years lectured publicly on the observations of her lifetime of travel. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, she was educated at Georgetown Seminary while her father was astronomer for the American Ephemeris in Washington. In 1879 she married David Todd, then a young astronomer at the Naval Observatory. Her writings range from sonnets to a book on total eclipses of the sun—from a description of the hairy Ainu, the aboriginal tribe of the northern Japanese islands, which she was the first Occidental woman to see, to editing the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson.

William H. Eustis, the "real estate baron" of Minneapolis, has donated a million dollars and forty-four acres of prairie land to be used in building a hospital and convalescent home for all the crippled children of America. Mr. Eustis, who is eighty-four years old, and who began life as a blacksmith when Minneapolis was only a village, has always been a cripple. As his town grew he took to buying and selling land, thus laying the foundations of his fortune. In making his gift to crippled children Mr. Eustis said he had gone through life physically handicapped when he might have been sound if the proper facilities had only been available. He wishes to save other children from that misfortune if possible. The institution will be erected near the University of Minnesota and Dr. William J. Mayo of the world-famous clinic at Rochester has offered his services there.

Alfred Ollivant, author of the justly famous dog story, "Bob, Son of Battle," is a descendant of the poet, Edmund Spenser. Ollivant's books were written in intervals of relief from intense suffering during the fourteen years he was an invalid from a fall from his horse. As a young man Ollivant was intended for the army and was graduated with honors from the artillery school at Woolwich, England, but his fall, which resulted in an injury to the spine, made it impossible for him to continue his military career. Ollivant's most recent book is "Old For-Ever," a story of army life in India.

PIECES OF EIGHT!

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Pirates Show the Rewards of Industry and Virtue.

Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the Gulf of the rich Caribbees? —*Macaulay.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he has lost his boyhood's interest in pirates? Will a time come when the world will be bereft of its treasure of pirate lore and forced to the sporting pages of the newspapers for literary excitement? Will Ringrose and Dampier and Esquemelling ever be excluded from the libraries for fear of their effect on the imagination of youth? Why that is what the imagination of youth is for—to conjure scenes of wild deeds and liberate the mind beyond all limits of the probable. And the improbable and impossible have rarely happened in such measure as in the strange world of buccaneers that gyrated in that part of Ocean known to the generation of Drake as the Spanish Main. Pirates are exhilarating. Perhaps for that reason they are in danger of some sort of prohibition by those that do not believe in exhilaration. The day may come when the sort of censorship that excluded "Huckleberry Finn" from libraries will endeavor in the interest of a regulated and lock-stepping humanity to suppress our knowledge of the deeds of Sharp and Morgan, and Blackbeard driving his crew below decks to breathe the fumes of brimstone and learn how hell would feel. Even now it needs be told again and again how Andrew Jackson's artillery at the battle of New Orleans consisted of the guns and gunners from the pirate craft of Lafitte—just to keep the unco' guid from having it all their own way. So it is fortunate that such a writer as A. Hyatt Verrill should become an amateur of pirates and seek their ancient lairs in the effort to reconstruct their time and their world. His book, "In the Wake of the Buccaneers," is a satisfying sort of thing to all good pirate lovers.

This is a record of a cruise among the Antilles and across to Panama. Many have made little journeys to the homes of famous authors without turning up anything half so virile and stirring as this journey to the homes of famous pirates. Mr. Verrill loves his subject with a boyish ardor and he makes the wild scenes live. He had often crossed the Caribbean and longed to explore its historic places. Here was the islet first sighted by Columbus, here dwelt the conquistadors, the gentlemen adventurers, sometimes "fettered wrist to bar, all for red iniquity." Here lay Hispaniola, with memories of Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Pizarro and Cortez. We may well believe he longed to tread the strand they trod as yearningly as more proper pilgrims long to stand in Gothic aisles and gaze on relics of the saints. At last he had his chance, and in a sort of 'rah-for-crime spirit seized upon it:

> Fate—in the guise of good-natured and sympathetic friends in the islands—had made possible my dream and I was cruising one-time pirate waters in a pirate ship. Yes, a real pirate ship, the *Vigilant*, whose solid teak keel was laid well over a century ago; the oldest boat plying the Caribbean, but still as stanch, seaworthy, and fast as when, manned by sea-rovers, she had swept under her cloud of canvas upon some lumbering merchantman or had showed her fleet heels to British corvettes, as, laden with a cargo of "black ivory," she had crept forth from the fetid mouth of some African river, bound with her human freight for the slave marts of the Antilles. Privateer, pirate, slaver and man-o'-war she had been in turn through the long years she had sailed the seas. Within her hold were still visible the ring-bolts to which the groaning blacks had been chained. In her timbers were still the wounds of round shot and bullets, and despite her peaceful present-day employment as a packet between the islands, she was yet the typical pirate craft—the "long, low, black schooner with raking masts" so dear to writers of lurid fiction. And we were bound to that erstwhile haunt of the sea-rovers, the Virgin Islands.

The buccaneers possessed a world they made their own by conquest and that unmoral thing the power of gold. The Tortuga was their early nursery, the cradle of piracy in the western hemisphere; but they really began in Hispaniola or Haiti; and an island in Samana Bay, at the east end of Haiti, Trade Wind Cay, became their Gibraltar.

Like most great men, they began as poor boys, and worked up. Their early struggles are thus feelingly described:

> This, then, was the beginning of that vast, all but unconquerable, incredibly valiant, and unspeakably cruel and unprincipled organization known as the "Brethren of the Main." Here in Tortuga the buccaneers came into existence; from a handful of despoiled Frenchmen from St. Kitts the band grew to thousands; from robbing Spanish corrals and chicken roosts along the shores of Hispaniola they progressed to the destruction of Spanish fleets, the sacking of towns, the capture of fortresses, and to unparalleled feats of bravery. From Tortuga they spread far and near, and the dugouts in which they were wont to make their first raids gave place to swift ships bristling with cannon and manned by hundreds of well-armed men; while from the harmless and peaceful occupation of drying meat, which gave them their name, they turned to bloodshed and piracy.

Codes and observances and pirate ethics almost welded them into a nation—did make them a formidable sea power in the days before steel hulls and steam. And the wicked things they did as they sailed would far outdo the inventions of our wildest movie producers. The relations between piraey and what might be termed legitimate business if there was any fundamental difference in that time and those places our author graphically indicates:

> Very canny were the thrifty islanders in thus opening their doors to the freebooters. It protected them from attack, and it insured a lively trade. And they well knew that whatever they paid in good pieces of eight and golden onzas for plundered goods would eventually return to their own pockets over bars and gaming-tables, for the pirates were free spenders and money ever burned holes in their pockets. So we may feel sure that St. Thomas has sheltered many a pirate ship and many a famous or infamous buccaneer, especially in the great harp-shaped bay to the west of Charlotte Amalie, and separated from the harbor by a rocky peninsula.

And what would a real honest-to-goodness old pirate look like if you had to supervise the make-up and costuming of one? Here is a picture of one of the most eminent of this ancient profession that we have never seen surpassed on any screen:

> Of immense size and coarse and brutal aspect, Teach nurtured a huge black beard which covered his ugly face to his eyes, and which, falling to his waist, was braided into innumerable small pigtails, the ends being tied together over his ears. His hair, also of inky hue, fell to his shoulders and almost met his beetling, bushy black eyebrows over his forehead. As though not ferocious-looking enough naturally, he was accustomed, when making an attack, to stick burning slow-matches in hair and beard, which surrounded his fierce face and gleaming eyes with a ring of fire and smoke and, according to a contemporaneous description, "glowed most horribly." Unlike many of his notorious predecessors and compeers, Blackbeard was no dandy. His favorite costume was a long-skirted, deep-cuffed coat, much the worse for wear and dribbled liquor; a rough shirt open to the waist and exposing a chest as hairy as a gorilla's; short, wide breeches, and low seaman's shoes. Stockings he usually dispensed with, and a battered felt hat of the type made familiar by stage-robbers crowned his ebon mane, while, to complete his get-up, a pair of cutlasses and a knife or two hung at his belt and half a dozen pistols were stuck through his sash.
>
> And, in truth, Blackbeard's character was as ferocious as his looks, and his soul as black as his whiskers. There was not a single redeeming feature about him, unless it was his sheer courage, and altogether he was a despicable scoundrel. On more than one occasion he robbed and murdered his own men, and he cared not a whit whether prizes he took were flying the flag of his mother country or another. To him, torture and butchery were mere pastimes, and one day, just as a joke, he placed seventeen of his own crew on a tiny desert island, promising to return at intervals to see how long they could survive without food or water. Fortunately for the castaways, Teach was unable to carry out this, to him, interesting experiment in human endurance, for another corsair—and a rank amateur, at that—Major Stede Bonnet, rescued the marooned pirates.

Compared to such an artist, Captain Kidd pales into insignificance. Worse than that, he seems to have been innocent. It is evident after reading Mr. Verrill that we shall have to surrender our childhood faith in him. He was a mere nobody, a comparatively good citizen of little but a fictitious interest. The infamy of Captain Kidd today, although attractive enough to the uncultivated taste, is, to a real amateur of piracy, spurious, and to be dismissed with contempt. Here goes the last glimming of his great but unearned reputation:

> That he was hanged as a pirate is true, but many a man has been hanged for a murderer who was afterward proved innocent, and the unfortunate Kidd was a victim of circumstances, of avarice, jealousy, and revenge; the victim of what we today should call a "frameuo." Not a particle of evidence worthy of consideration was ever brought forward to show that he was a pirate. Indeed, Captain Kidd, instead of being a pirate, was commissioned to catch pirates, his authority being granted by King William III of Great Britain and addressed to "our trusty and dearly beloved Captain William Kidd, of the ship *Adventure*, gally."

It will be seen from the above that since childhood we have been worshiping at an empty shrine. The man was hardly better than a taxpayer.

But Sharp—Sharp was different. Sharp was worthy of song and story. Sharp was romance in person; plumed, jack-booted, eagle-eyed, hawk-nosed, bloody-minded, dolled up with pistols and dirks. When Bartholomew Sharp spoke some one always jumped sideways. He was a human rattlesnake with a reach of a thousand miles. He crossed Panama afoot, seized some canoes and small boats, with which he took a Spanish flotilla, and then set out on the wildest adventure down to that time conceived:

> Sharp was seized with a brilliant idea, an inspiration which had never come to his brother buccaneers, a wild scheme quite worthy of his rash spirit. It was nothing less than to ravage the entire western coast of South America, sail through the Strait of Magellan, and return by sea to his old stamping-ground in the West Indies.
>
> This was "the dangerous voyage," and while it proved far more dangerous to the unfortunate peoples of the west coast than to the buccaneers, yet the mishaps and adventures of the latter were thrilling enough, and sufficiently numerous to fill a volume. No fiction ever written, no imaginings no matter how vivid could equal Ringrose's log of *The Most Blessed Trinity*, as, sailing down the coast, her crew landed and sacked towns, filled market-places with dead and wounded, ravished women, pillaged cathedrals, razed cities, and with sword and torch left a trail of blood and devastation from Panama to Patagonia.
>
> Laden with loot, the battered galleon, scarred hy shot and shell, her gilded stern castle hacked away to afford room for guns, her counter charred by fire, her decks blood-stained, cruised ever southward toward the Horn.
>
> But the buccaneers did not escape unscathed. At many a town they were ignominiously defeated. Even Sharp had his troubles. As was often the case with such rascals—incredible as it may seem—the pirate crew, despite their ruthless and villainous lives, had certain ideas of religion. Finding their captain utterly regardless of the Sabhath, and so lacking in even a semblance of piety that he did not hesitate to sack a town or scuttle a ship on that day, they decided that the time had come to end such sacrilegious hehavior, and, seizing Sharp, they placed him in irons and dumped him into the already overcrowded hold. Then in his place they appointed a new skipper, one John Watling, an hypocritical old villain who would murder out of hand on Saturday and hold divine services the next morning, when his cutthroat crew would join in singing hymns or repeating prayers, the while wetting their throats with fiery rum. But the consciences of the men were quieted, and the new captain might have safely brought *The Most Blessed Trinity* safely to the Antilles, had not Fate, in the shape of a bullet through his liver, ended his sanctimonious and bloody career.

Sharp had to be reinstated because no one else had the ability to command, and he was the first skipper to sail eastward around the Horn. After eighteen months *The Most Blessed Trinity* reached Alexander Hamilton's island of Nevis and paid off, and Sharp retired to England on a gentleman's fortune, which he, after being acquitted of piracy, probably lived on for a long time, as nothing is preserved of his subsequent career—but it must have been dull for him.

Pirates were not frugal people. Easy come, easy go was their motto, which always charms the merchants. If Trade Wind Cay was their Gibraltar, Port Royal in Jamaica became their social colony:

> Here came the Brethren of the Main from far and near, bringing their treasures: chests of plate and bullion, doubloons, onzas and castellanos; pieces of eight and louis d'or; altar-pieces ablaze with precious stones; bales of velvets and satins, of silks and brocades; casks of brandy and wines, tobacco and coffee; the cargo of many a scuttled ship and galleon; the booty of many a ravished and sacked town; the holy vessels of countless desecrated churches; vestments heavy with gold and silver thread dragged from the bleeding bodies of butchered priests; jeweled trinkets torn from tortured, shrieking women; the output of many a famous mine; aye, and many a weeping, hapless captive girl, many a groaning slave, until within Port Royal so vast an accumulation of riches was gathered together that it was celebrated far and near as the greatest centre of wealth the world had ever known.
>
> And with its fame was coupled an even greater reputation for wickedness. Proud of the one as of the other was Port Royal; its evils were never hidden, never denied; hrazenly to the world it proclaimed itself the nearest thing to hell on earth that man could devise.
>
> By some queer whimsy in their complex make-up, some inexplicable, paradoxical twist in their psychology, the pirates felt that their sink of iniquity in Jamaica was incomplete without a church. So forthwith, in this hell-hole, they huilded themselves a house of worship, erecting it with the gold won by rapine and murder, fitting it with the candlesticks and altar-pieces, the holy vessels and chalices, the tapestries and paintings looted from other houses of God. And, as they never believed in doing anything by halves, the pirate chiefs decreed that now they had a church all buccaneers must attend services therein.
>
> Indeed, it is said that the notorious Morgan more than once shot down some scoffing buccaneer who had the temerity to interrupt the sermon, and that, on his own ship, whenever a clergyman fell into his clutches, he compelled the prisoner to hold service.

This same Morgan we know well—Sir Henry Morgan, if you please, one time governor, or lieutenant-governor, of Jamaica. He may have lacked the tropical imagination of Bartholomew Sharp, but he never lacked energy in crime, and drove his business with diligence, believing with Ben Franklin that if you keep your shop your shop will keep you. He won the capital prize, the city of Panama. Of this feat the author says:

> The taking of the city was the most noteworthy exploit ever performed by the buccaneers; in accomplishing it they displayed unparalleled bravery; they endured untold hardships and sufferings; they conquered against overwhelming odds, and with a scant one thousand men Morgan achieved what many a general with an army at his back would have hesitated to undertake. But he spoiled all by his execrable cruelty and by wanton, ruthless destruction, and to the end of time the sack of Panama will remain as the most utterly disgraceful and detestable crime of the British buccaneers. As long as the crumbling stones of Old Panama stand they will remain mute testimonials of the most despicable act of that most despicable rascal, Sir Henry Morgan.

It was not all just burning and sinking in the pirates' life. There was business as usual:

> Another interesting fact is that these buccaneers were the inventors of life and accident insurance, or we might better say employees' compensation laws. Before starting on a cruise they made their perparations in a most efficient way and provided for all contingencies.
>
> First it was settled by vote what the captain was to receive for his services or the use of his ship (for very often the skipper was merely the owner of the vessel and was no navigator), then what the salaries of other men, such as the carpenter, the steward, the gunners, the surgeon, were to he. Then it was agreed that the provisions and liquors should be paid for, recompense being given the individuals who had secured them. Finally came the matter of insurance, and a very complete schedule was drawn up, with exact provisions for payment for nearly every form of injury or wound. This varied somewhat according to the danger of the undertaking, but as a rule it was about six hundred pieces of eight for the loss of a right arm; five hundred pieces of eight for left arm; the same for a right leg; four hundred for a left leg; one hundred pieces of eight for an eye, the same for a finger, and one thousand for total disability or death. In every case slaves might be taken in lieu of cash, the value of slaves, either white or black, male or female, being fixed at one hundred pieces of eight each. It was also provided that after the payment of all the aforesaid "salaries," refunds, and compensations the remainder of the loot should be equally divided among the survivors of the expedition, with the exception of the captain and other officers, the former always receiving five or six shares to each share of the men, and the others in proportion.
>
> Particularly interesting are the pieces of eight, the coins which are as much a part and parcel of any story of pirates or treasure as the black flag with its skull and cross-bones or the ear-ringed, fierce-whiskered buccancer, for the piece of eight was the granddaddy of our own American dollar. Not only was it the basis for our standard "cartwheel," but our dollar sign, $, is merely an evolution of the ancient symbol for the piece of eight. This famous coin (which is still very common and is known as the "Spanish dollar") was a silver piece approximately the size of our dollar and with a value of four pesetas or eight reales, from which latter fact it received its name. Roughly, a real was worth twelve and a half cents, or one-hundredth of a doubloon, so that the approximate value of the piece of eight was one dollar; and a doubloon was worth twelve dollars and a half. The onza, or double doubloon of two hundred reales or one hundred pesetas, was equivalent to about twenty-five dollars, although today the onza, weighing twenty-five grams, is worth intrinsically about seventeen dollars.

Altogether an adequate presentation of a lurid subject.

In the Wake of the Buccaneers. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: The Century Company; $4.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending July 28, 1923, were $134,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $126,-200,000; an increase of $8,400,000.

The reaction in the security markets has gone far enough to afford the bargain-hunter unusual opportunities. A group of ten preferred stocks is presented here for that class of investor who can afford to place his funds in a lower grade than gilt-edge bonds, but who can not afford to assume the risk attached to speculative common stocks.

The business situation is not fundamentally unsound nor are there many actual factors that might cause alarm, says Raymond V. Sykes in *Forbes Magazine*. The position o sound preferred stocks has not been materially weakened. This class ranks ahead of common stocks and usually is outstanding in a considerably smaller amount. Dividends have claim to earnings following that of interest on the funded debt, and the requirements generally are of small proportions. Consequently a company can earn at a considerably reduced rate and still meet preferred dividend payments. It frequently happens that dividends on preferred stocks are continued through a temporary period of low earning power whether earned or not, one good year following heing sufficient to wipe out whatever deficit may have occurred.

Of course, discrimination should be used in purchasing preferred stocks as well as in any other class of security and the issues suggested here have been carefully selected. The investor can place his funds quite conservatively in the following at a return of from 7 to 8 per cent.

The American Ice Company does a wholesale and retail business in manufactured and natural ice in Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Maryland and the District of Columbia. It also engages to some extent in the retail coal and wood business. There is $15,000,000 6 per cent. preferred stock outstanding, the dividend requirement being $900,000 annually. In 1922, $15.25 a sbare was earned, and for the last four years dividends bave been earned at least twice over. The company is strong financially, and carries a surplus in excess 'of $9,000,000.

The American Smelting and Refining Company has paid a regular dividend of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock without interruption since the company was organized in 1899.

Last year the stock earned $11.84 a share, and this was before the copper industry had recovered to any extent from the preceding business depression. Under normal conditions the dividend requirement is earned from two to three times over. The company is primarily a manufacturing concern and revenues are dependent upon turnovers.

The American Steel Foundries manufactures all kinds of iron and steel castings, but its principal output consists of railway supplies, such as cast iron car wheels, brake-beams, and springs. Last year earnings were equivalent to $37.36 a preferred share. Dividends call for less than $600,000 annually, and at the close of 1922 tbere was an excess of current assets over current liabilities of approximately $15,000,000.

American Woolen has paid the regular 7 per cent. preferred dividend without interruption since incorporation in 1899. The dividend has been earned on the average of twice over each year for the last ten years. In 1922 earnings amounted to $15.64 a share. There is now $50,000,000 preferred outstanding. The company is the dominating factor in the woolen industry and operates fifty-eight mills.

Baltimore & Ohio, after a lean period following tbe war, has made a remarkable recovery in earning power. Earnings at this time are running at the rate of approximately $38 a sbare for the preferred, on which dividends of $4 a share have been paid annually since the formation of the present company in 1899.

Crucible Steel Company of America has paid its regular preferred dividend since 1916 and also has liquidated all accumulation on account of back dividends. In tbe fiscal year ended August 31, 1922, there was a deficit, but the preferred dividends were paid out of surplus. Since last year earnings have steadily improved and recently dividends were reinstated in the common stock. Average earning power for the preferred stock over the last ten years has been sufficient to meet tbe dividend slightly more than twice. The company operates fourteen plants in the manufacture of crucible and open-hearth steel and iron and has an estimated output of about 95 per cent. of the crucible steel products in the United States.

The Cuban American Sugar Company has paid the preferred dividends regularly since 1910 and in 1915 paid off all accumulation on the stock. Average annual earning power over the last ten years has been sufficient to meet the preferred dividend requirement more than seven times over each year. In 1922 the preferred stock earned $25.63 a share. The recovery in sugar prices has been very beneficial, and when the report for the year ended September 30, 1923, appears the showing should be highly satisfactory. The company produces about 2,000,000 bags of raw sugar annually.

The two classes of debenture stock and the preferred stock of the General Motors Corporation rank equally as to both dividends and assets and the debenture stocks have sole voting power should dividends be suspended for six months. In 1922 the debenture and preferred stocks combined earned $47.17 a share. The company is one of the outstanding leaders in the automotive industry and produces about 500,000 motor-cars annually.

Mack Trucks produces one of the most popular trucks in the field and under normal conditions is a highly satisfactory earner.

Tbe Public Service Corporation of New Jersey is a holding company owning the Public Service Electric Company, Public Service Gas Company, Public Service Railway Company and the Public Service Railroad Company. In turn these companies own and operate a number of subsidiaries furnishing electric, gas, and street railway service covering the northern section of New Jersey and the larger cities in the remaining sections with one or two exceptions. The 8 per cent. preferred stock was issued in 1919, and earnings have been as follows: 1919, $14.41 a share; 1920, $26.03; 1921, $34.41; 1922, $33.84. Net income for the first four months of 1923 was $5,619,653, as compared with $4,468,844 in the same period of 1922.

It is fashionable just now to think that business is poor, but favorable factors continue to outweigh unfavorable factors and good business may be looked for during the autumn months. Tbere is full employment at high wages. Retail trade is active and well-sustained and wholesale trade is normal for the season. This is evident from the continued high record for the combined car loadings of miscellaneous freight and of less than carload lots. Excessive stocks either of raw materials or of finished goods have not been accumulated. Thus far the expectation is for good crops. Credit is available and money rates promise fair stability. Business is growing steadily better in South America and Australia. There is some improvement in India and excepting for Germany there is slow betterment in Europe, as evidenced by improving food production, says the National Bank of Commerce of New York.

It would be unwise to overlook tbe unfavorable factors. They are rising labor costs, the low prices of farm products, and uncertainty as to the outcome of the deadlock in the Ruhr.

Thus far the effects of rising labor costs have been felt chiefly in building and construction and in the difficult position of the farmer. There is hesitation in the construction industry. At current prices wheat at the farm is below the generally accepted cost of production, and with the exception of cotton most of the major agricultural products are near pre-war prices. Nothing is more apparent than the reasons for the inability of the farmers to buy agricultural implements, fence, other types of equipment and articles for household and family use. Manufactures are being produced at a war-time level of wages. As serious as is the labor outlook it nevertheless seems probable that it will not greatly effect business for the remainder of the current year.

The immediate problem is the situation in tbe Ruhr. With a continuance of the deadlock there, tbe development of affairs in Germany must be progressively toward chaos and disorganization. Tbe effect on our export markets, notably for wheat, pork products, copper and cotton, must be adverse. Tbe powers most intimately concerned with a solution of the Ruhr problem have so much at stake as to afford grounds for the belief that tbe impasse which has been reached will result in a solution of the issues involved.

Recognizing the favorable and the unfavorable factors in the situation, the outlook is for good business for tbe remainder of 1923 and expectation of its continuance into 1924.

Money is in a firm position, the basis of its strength being the fact that the actual physical volume of business is larger than is popularly supposed. On the other hand there are no symptoms of stringency. Rediscounts of member banks with the Federal Reserve banks showed an increase of $155,000,000 for the week ending July 3d, but there was a sharp decline following the peak of July 1st requirements. The gain from January 3d to July 11th has been $219,000,000.

The actual banking situation is perbaps more clearly shown by the position of the reporting member banks than by the reserve banks. Total loans, discounts, and investments, including rediscounts with the Federal Reserve banks, have increased $295,000,000 since January 3d. This compares with an increase of $468,000,000 during the corresponding period of 1922. During the first six months of 1922 the total of net demand and time deposits of reporting member banks increased $1,131,000,000, while from January 3d to July 3d, 1923, they decreased $11,000,000. Thus, wbile the increase in loans, discounts, and investments has been smaller than for the first six months of last year, deposits have been practically stationary and the position of the member banks is slightly less favorable than a year ago. This leads to the conclusion that banking funds are well employed with only temporary surpluses to deal with unless trade activity should decline.

Open market rates for commercial paper have firmed slightly, the rate for prime names being 5 to 5¼ per cent. The supply of prime paper has increased with a sporadic demand. The July settlements bave contributed to higher levels in the call money section of the market, rates frequently reaching 5½ to 6 per cent. With the turn of the half-month, rates have followed their usual course, relaxing to 5 per cent. on July 13th. Time money for all maturities is 5 per cent. strongly bid with borrowers unwilling to pay 5¼ per cent. and lenders unwilling to place funds in the market at a less rate.

The brokers' selling rate on prime bankers' ninety-day acceptances is 4⅛ per cent., the same as thirty days ago. Tbe supply of bills continues to be moderate and demand is satisfactory.

The bond market was comparatively inactive from June 16tb to July 15th, and price changes of high-grade investment issues were too small to indicate a trend. There were sharp declines among the more speculative classes of securities. Contrary to expectations new issues were relatively limited from June 16th to July 15th, reflecting the lack of tbe traditional July investment demand.

Apprehension lest tbe road ahead migbt not be conducive to smooth traveling has caused a slowing down of the pace at which trade and commerce were moving. A recession in security prices was tbe signal that halted the procession and led to a careful and anxious examination of the facts. The results of tbat examination are not particularly disturbing, and business has begun to take beart and

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crank up for the next leg of the journey. The country is no danger of a slump, and business seems likely to be fairly active and profitable for the rest of the year at least, says the American National Bank.

The actual figures of production and distribution point to the fact that whatever reaction has taken place has been mainly psychological. For instance, freight-car loadings in the last week of June set a new high record, and for the entire month averaged over a million cars a week. Retail sales by the large chain stores and mail order houses in June were 25 per cent. higher than for June, 1922, and for the first six months of this year were nearly 30 per cent. higher than in the similar period of 1922. Although the dullness of midsummer is supposed to prevail, there is full employment for everybody employable, and wages are at the highest peak of the year. Building permits in the leading cities of the country have declined somewhat, but for the second quarter of 1923 they were 16 per cent. greater than for the second quarter of 1922. Net earnings are better than for a long time past, and have enabled the carriers to become large buyers of steel and other commodities. Production of automobiles continues at record-breaking levels, and the demand, especially for low-priced and medium-priced cars, is heavy. Credit conditions are pretty much unchanged, with the Federal Reserve ratio still above 75 per cent.

The trend of prices has been slightly lower, Bradstreet's index of wholesale commodity prices being $13.03 on July 1st, as compared with $13.38 on June 1st. According to Professor Irving Fisher's weekly index, the dollar of 1913 now has a purchasing power of 65.3 cents, as compared with 59.9 cents in April and with 63.7 cents in January. It is evident, therefore, that changes have been very gradual, and the advance in the first quarter of the year has been about wiped out in the second. Considering that labor is the principal item of cost entering into the production of commodities, and that wages have not declined, nor will likely decline, it is difficult to see how there can be any marked falling off in prices, and the fall months more probably will witness an advance in quotations.

Marketing of the big deciduous fruit crops of California is now in full tide, and the cash returns are flowing back into the channels of trade. To July 18th, 6870 cars of fresh fruit had been shipped to Eastern markets, compared with 2514 cars to the same date last year. Prices are disappointing to growers, who in many cases will realize no profit on the year's operations, notwithstanding the abundant yield of the orchards. Reduction in purchasing power of the farmers will doubtless be reflected in a diminished volume of business at the stores. On the other hand, the large output of fresh, dried, and canned fruit, available at lower prices, is of distinct benefit to the hundreds of thousands who eat fruit, but do not produce it.

The official forecaster estimates the state's yield of peaches at 393,000 tons, as compared with about 420,000 tons last year. The fruit is of good quality, and is being taken by canners on a basis of $30 a ton—less than half of last year's price. The apricot crop is of enormous size; estimated at 210,000 tons as against 120,000 tons last year. The fruit is small for the most part, and commands $25 a ton or less at the canneries, which last year paid $100 a ton. As only the choice fruit is wanted for canning purposes, much of the remainder will be dried and held in the hope of realizing something later on. Pear-growers are disposing of a 125,000-ton crop at about $35 a ton, just about half of last year's price. Apples are expected to yield close to 7,000,000 boxes, somewhat less than in 1922. The prune crop is estimated at 80,000 tons, with prices as yet undetermined, but expected to be favorable.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are offering $200,000 Interstate Terminal Building Company and Municipal Terminal Company first mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold bonds. Price, 100 and accrued interest, to yield 7 per cent. without deduction for income tax except Federal income tax in excess of 4 per cent. The property is located in Portland, Oregon, the north half of the block bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Salmon and Main Streets.

Under the covenants of the trust deed the bonds of this issue are secured by direct closed first mortgage on the land, building, equipment and furnishings, and a first lien on the annual net earnings of the building. The total value of the property is estimated at $325,000, exclusive of equipment and furnishings.

The gross annual earnings from rentals of storerooms, terminal facilities, and upper floor are estimated at $45,000; operating expenses, taxes, insurance, etc., $12,000; net annual earnings, $33,000, or over two and one-fourth times the greatest annual interest charge.

Announcement in the New York press that many of the immigrants now entering the United States are making hasty departure for the farm and cities of the Northwest renews interest in the question as to the sections of the country which are to receive the greatly diminished supply of immigrants now being admitted to the country. The records of the movements of the new arrivals indicate that former occupation and climatic conditions still control the immigrant in determining his future abiding place in the United States.

This is particularly noticeable in the movements of the new arrivals from northern Europe, a large percentage of the Scandinavian arrivals in the opening month of the new fiscal year having already departed for the Upper Mississippi Valley, notably the farms and cities of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin and Illinois. With those from the countries of central and southern Europe the opportunities in the factories and mines of the North Atlantic frontage are more attractive and the bulk of the small additions to our population made under the law which limits the number of each nationality permitted to enter will find homes in the area bounded by the Potomac and Ohio on the south and Rocky Mountains on the West.

This distribution of the new arrivals follows the custom of earlier years. Compilations by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York show that of the 14,000,000 persons of foreign birth now living in the United States, about 5,000,000 are residents of the Upper Mississippi Valley, 5,000,000 in the Middle Atlantic states, 2,000,000 in New England, about 1,000,000 in the South, and approximately a half-million on the Pacific Coast.

Described as "a monument to the enterprise of a single generation," the natural gas industry's development is interestingly sketched in an illustrated twelve-page booklet entitled "Harnessing a Natural Resource," which the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is distributing to investors—both actual and potential—in public utility issues. The treatise is the work of Garnault Agassiz.

The story of natural gas is traced from its first commercial use in 1872 in Titusville, Pennsylvania. Indeed, reference is made to its use at Fredonia, New York, in 1821 as a mark of honor for General Lafayette during his triumphal tour, as well to its use twenty years later in firing the salt furnaces of the great Kenawka Valley.

Today, the booklet points out, the production of natural gas is 700,000,000,000 cubic feet, more than 15,000,000 people utilizing it for various domestic needs, thousands of manufactories are employing it as their chief source of power, and other thousands of great industrial plants are using it directly in the manufacture of products. In 1922 no less than 500,000,000 gallons of gasoline—one-tenth of the national supply—was produced from natural gas.

Surveys indicate, according to the treatise, that there are 25,000 square miles of proved gas-bearing territory in the United States and Canada. One of the most important of the recently discovered fields is the Viking, some eighty miles southeast of Edmonton, capital of Alberta.

Lawrence W. Fox, Jr., of the new firm of Anderson & Fox, 409 Montgomery Street, was unanimously elected to membership in the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange last week. The price paid for the seat was $17,500. Both Fox and Anderson are well known in the financial district. Berrien P. Anderson, a son of Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California, was formerly a partner in Pinckard, Shaughnessy & Anderson, and previous to that he was with Blyth, Witter & Co. Fox has been connected with Pinckard, Shaughnessy & Anderson, Hunter, Dulin & Co., and S. W. Straus for the last several years.

Ground has been broken at the east portal of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's 20,000-foot tunnel, which is to be a part of the diversion canal carrying the water from the Pit River to the new Pit River Power House No. 3, which is now under construction. The tunnel will be in two separate units, cutting through two mountain ridges. The two tunnels will be cemented together and made one, allowing four headings to work from. It will be a pressure tunnel and essentially a part of the penstock delivering water at the power house under a vertical pressure of 300 feet.

A large crew of men are at work on the project and a considerable village has sprung up at the damsite. The dam for impounding water for this project will be 110 feet high. It will back up the Pit River water for a distance of nine miles, making a lake. The lake will be approximately nine miles long and one mile and a half wide at its widest point. The company is building a branch of its present Pit River Railroad from a point near Bartle and this extension is completed within four miles of the damsite.

"Human beings are the most interesting things in the world, and next to them are horses," says a lecturer. If the horse could lecture we might get the other side of the story.—*Toledo Blade.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Leacock's Latest.

Over the Footlights. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.50.

Stephen Leacock is at it again and is as good as ever, perhaps even better than he was last time. Mr. Leacock's discovery of England was very funny, but he is never quite so side-splitting as a reporter as he is as a parodist. The art of parody is his even as it is Max Beerbohm's, and if the Canadian is not quite so exquisite as the Englishman he is fully as funny. Leacock's humor is broader—comparisons are odious, we know—than his younger colleague—how many know that Leacock is three years older than Max? —but it is all the more popular for that. It is Beerbohm's curse to be too good: Leacock hasn't made that mistake. It can safely be assumed that the risible muscles of any one who is proof against Leacock are paralyzed. Nor has the head of the department of political economy of McGill University lost any of his old cunning. Much of Leacock's effect is gained by bathos— a trick that could be learnt, but we wish his imitators speedy extinction. So far, in fact, our Stepben has had the parodist's field to himself on the North American continent, and we hope he holds it against all comers—better one genuine Leacock a year than a hundred guaranteed as good. However, more of Leacock's power lies in the instinctive art of parody, a gift, like all the mimetic arts, with which the owner is born. Therein lies the explanation of the scarcity of disciples of Leacock and Max Beerbohm. It is like playing by ear—one can do it or one can not.

In "Over the Footlights" Leacock has had the happy hunch to collect several typical examples of dramatic art—the idea is faintly suggestive of Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland." Here we have a caricature of the Little Theatre play done to the life; the 100 per cent. American movie; the Greek drama as done by college students; an Ibsen play, several historical plays, the good old American melodrama style 1880, and several other masterpieces. Then there is a sort of epilogue, entitled "Other Fancies," which includes an admirable analysis of the game of golf. Altogether a most satisfying book and warranted to extract laughter from anything from a blue law framer to a dental patient.

R. G.

Souvenirs Entomologiques.

The Life of the Scorpion. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.

The fourteenth and last volume of the translation of Fabre's life work, "Souvenirs Entomologiques," is now published, completing the set as issued by this New York publishing house. It is probably the only complete English edition of Fabre's work and is largely the work of Alexander de Mattos, translator of De Toqueville, Chateaubriand, President Kruger, Arsène Lupin and Maurice Maeterlinck; as distinguished and versatile a translator as ever transmitted meaning from one tongue to another.

There is no need to dwell here on Fabre's pure style, tireless and joyous research, and delicate humor. To read him at all is to keep on reading him, to acquire, in fact, a taste for insect drama and biology if one lacked it before. Probably no one, however slight his interest in natural history, could fail of interest in Fabre's work. Maeterlinck, who claims he owes inspiration for his own masterpiece, "The Life of the Bee," to Fabre, calls him "the insect's Homer," and Darwin long ago called him "a savant who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet." For Fabre had been working on his insect studies fifty years before his death in 1915, though distinction came to him only in the last twenty years, when he had leisure to publish his "Souvenirs Entomologiques," which won him universal recognition, concentrated almost to veneration in France. The present volume deals with the life, death, and habits of the Languedocian scorpion.

An Antidote to Main Street.

Pender Among the Residents. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

Novels of Ireland, when not actually of the provincial dialect variety, are always so imbued with the atmosphere of the Emerald Isle that it is difficult to think of the matter-of-fact "Pender Among the Residents" as a Celtic yarn; and that despite its development of ghosts and Celtic second sight. Ireland, Ballycastle to be precise, is the *dramatis locus,* but treated by Mr. Reid of Belfast, whose ordinary milieu it is, and the scene might as well be laid in any cultured New England village, where ancestors, portraits, and literary societies still obtain. One suspects that the very verdant Irish stories are not written by Irishmen.

"Pender Among the Residents" is not a first novel—its author has been turning out an annual volume since 1911 or thereabouts, and though he is little known in this country, probably because his Irish tales are brogueless, he deserves to be better known. A large section of American readers are constantly clamoring for novels that do not stress sex, but that on the other hand are not Sunday-school novelettes. Forrest Reid's work should either satisfy them or call their bluff, for it is as cool a rendering of human nature as any of the provincial portraits of Jane Austen or Miss Mitford, and we trust comparison with those masters does not imply femininity on the part of Mr. Reid's novels. For our own part we were delighted to find a novel that treated human nature as it is, not as it has become in some Bohemian metropolis or other.

Elizabethan Drama.

Foreign Influences in Elizabethan Plays. By Felix E. Schelling. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In a book of about one hundred and fifty pages our leading exponent of the spacious days of Elizabeth summarizes the foreign influence on Elizabethan drama and then points out how native that drama is after all. Despite his Italian sources, Shakespeare is very English; and Ben Jonson, the scholar, was English or Roman at will. Marston, Daniel, and Greville were more imitative than the rest of the glorious company, and their work suffered accordingly. Professor Schelling is one of our best academic writers; his distinction and fine style render even technical literary problems such as these attractive. And England as England, with her legacies to America, is dear to him above the other benefactors of the earth.

A Fountain of Youth.

Barrie Marvell. By Charles Vince. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

"Barrie Marvell" is an epic of infancy—the sort of book that children do not care to read, but which renews youth for the world-worn adult. Old illusions are recaptured as one reads it, and the only marvel is that any one should have kept from the innocence of babyhood that which has enabled Mr. Vince to write this interpretation. It has been compared with Kenneth Grahame's classic of childhood, "The Golden Age": also, it reminds a little of Walpole's "The Golden Scarecrow." But as we recall either of those remarkable books, they were objective where "Barrie Marvell" is as unselfconscious as childhood itself. This clear reflection of life as viewed by the unprejudiced eyes of three or four-year-olds may be unique for anything we know to the contrary. Many of the great novelists had the happy faculty of portraying children, just as many of the greatest portrait painters have excelled in their youthful subjects. But that is something different—it is the inspiration that comes from the freshness and naturalness of early youth. But very few writers have remembered childhood, its limitations of view and the corresponding brightness that focused upon the familiar. "Barrie Marvell" reminds us that never since the epic age of four have things had either the reality or the romance that belonged to the familiar yet strange surroundings of attic or garden. Some one is sure to be reminded of Stevenson. But though R. L. S. undoubtedly caught the romance of childhood as he knew romance anywhere, and though Walpole has the psychology of childhood, we can think of no one else whose book is a fragment of one's own early years, as "Barrie Marvell" is. Mr. Vince is not to be congratulated so much as thanked.

Another Debt to Rome.

Roman Politics. By Frank Frost Abbott. Boston: Marshall Jones & Co.

The study of actual governmental systems and the conceptions of state organisms, the brotherhood of man, international law, monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, popular sovereignty, legislative, executive, and judicial functions, divine right of kings, statutes and customs, and the flexibility of the (English) constitution, we owe to the Romans, according to Professor Abbott. "They have handed down to us the representative privilege," he continues, "the jury method of trial, civil law, a jealous regard for law and tradition, a comprehensive system of political checks and balances, model systems of local government and civil service and methods of governing, civilizing, and unifying alien peoples which have never been equaled."

All which is sound. But on an earlier page Professor Abbott contrasts the "present intense nationalistic spirit" with the world unity of the Roman Empire, evidently to the discredit of the former. "Only by the recognition of the solidarity of the interests of all civilized peoples can we hope to emerge from the conditions which threaten us today," says he. What form the consolidation should take he does not make plain. Surely he would not have another Roman, or an English, or American, or German, or French, or Japanese empire? And the superiority he sees in the Roman method of systematic governmental colonization to our more haphazard methods of trekking to California or Alaska, or elsewhere is hard for us to share. The solution of the present world's woes hardly strikes us as Roman imperialism, but rather the palmy days of Rome's republic multiplied many fold over the world.

The Short Story, Past and Future.

The Advance of the American Short Story. By Edward O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.

Mr. O'Brien's "The Advance of the American Short Story" is in no sense a duplication of Professor Pattee's detailed survey, "The Development of the American Short Story," also published this year. Though he devotes two-thirds of his book to the past, Mr. O'Brien regards that past as past and is obviously interested primarily in the present, which again becomes past as he gazes into the future. A Poe, a Melville, a Henry James, an O. Henry and a James Branch Cabell beat their wings futilely, in the grip, all of them, and nearly all short story writers with them, of one or more of four heresies—"the heresy of types, the heresy of local color, the heresy of plot and the heresy of surprise ending." What he hopes for in the short story of the future is "a common eclectic culture purged of national weaknesses and compact of international strength"—something composite resulting from the many races making up America. He calls upon Anglo-Saxondom to aid in the process. And he deplores standardization. His concluding sentences are striking: "The short story writers are the destined interpreters of our own time to itself and our children. Let them set out on their journey as poor modern Franciscans."

For the Tired Business Man.

Crowell's Dictionary of Business and Finance. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $3.

This comprehensive volume is rather an encyclopedia than a dictionary, as many of the definitions are articles, often hundreds of words long. In fact there is nothing about it of the cryptic quality associated all too familiarly with dictionaries. The work, which has been in preparation long enough to insure completion of its comprehensive object, is arranged alphabetically and the definitions are in English, not lawyerese. A comparison of any of these definitions with the corresponding ones in the best of general dictionaries will show the need of a special dictionary of finance. The wonder is that with the efficiency of modern business methods the need has not been filled sooner. It must be assumed that heretofore the average business man has depended upon his lawyer friends. Of course, there are legal handbooks for laymen, but this compilation probably lives up to its advertisement of being the most complete work of its special kind.

The format of "Crowell's Dictionary of Business and Finance" has been wisely adapted to business uses. It is strongly bound, uniform to the well-known Roget's Thesaurus, published by the same firm, with rounded corners, tinted edges, and the broad flat proportions suited to a desk book.

American Letters.

The Story of Our Literature. By John Louis Haney, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Dr. Haney's "Story of Our Literature" is perhaps intended for high school students, but it will be no less good for college sophomores; and best of all for such as know even less than they of our writers, past and present. As for the specialist, he will appreciate its succinctness, clarity, and range. At least a third of the text is about things modern—poetry, fiction, drama and essay—with further chapters on colleges and scholarsbip, periodicals, newspapers, libraries, the American language—and if you please—the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In conclusion there are questions, four of which delight us: "If you had lived in continental times, would you have preferred to live in Virginia or Massachusetts? If you had been a member of the Continental Congress, would you have signed

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the Declaration of Independence? When you read a current magazine, do you read or skip the poetry that it contains? If you could choose your career, would you rather be a great scholar or a great novelist?"

Notes of Books and Authors.

Joseph Hergesbeimer expects to visit England in the autumn, and we hope will retaliate by lecturing.

Paul Jordan-Smith, whose new volume of essays will be published early in the fall by Lieber & Lewis, has gone to England to join Arthur Machen in a number of walks through Wales, following the tracks of the ancient Roman legions. One of the essays composing the forth-coming "On Strange Altars" is a criticism on James Joyce's famous though little read "Ulysses," that weird phantasmagoria that purports to record the thought of a man for a day. Whether a moral man, a moron, or a lunatic, is intended to be thus portrayed or pilloried, we don't know.

At the time of his death Maurice Hewlett was engaged in writing a chapter on "Immortality and the Poets" for the volume on "Immortality" edited by the Rev. Sir James Marchant.

A revised and greatly enlarged edition of E. Cobham Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" will be brought out in the fall by Lippincott. The type has been entirely reset, every entry scrutinized, and, when necessary, rewritten. Much new information has been added. The work may be had either in one or two volumes.

Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, who died the first of July at her home in New York City, has for years been one of the best-known translators in the United States. She has done much to make known the works of foreign authors among American readers. It was her translation of Marie Bashkirsteff's "The Diary of a Young Artist," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., which brought that unique work to the attention of readers in this country, while the same house published several of her translations from the works of noted Spanish and South American writers of fiction—among others José Marmol's "Amalia."

The *Revue de France* has commenced the publication of Jules Claretie's Memoirs, which contain some remarkably piquant anecdotes concerning Sardou, Dumas, Rachel, Bernhardt, and many other celebrities of the time. To appreciate their savour, one must read them in the original.

Antbony Pryde and R. K. Weeks, authors of "The City of Lilies" (McBride), are sisters, Anthony Pryde's real name being Miss A. R. Weeks. The book was originally published in England under the title "The Tragic Prince."

Maurice Maeterlinck appears on the autumn list of the Century Company, the title of his new book being "The Cloud That Lifted." The volume is to include two of his most recent plays.

Professor Willis Luther Moore in "The New Air World: The Science of Meteorology Simplified" (Little, Brown & Co.) shows that he is a scientist with imagination. He says: "At an altitude of one thousand feet . . . almost within arm's length of the streets of the great inland cities, there is a cool and healthful atmosphere when humanity is sweltering and dying from heat below. Some youth who is reading this may develop the genius that will lift up whole city blocks into this cool and healthful region. Open steel work below, the first level at one or two thousand feet above the hot streets, express elevators to carry passengers and the climate of the cool mountain air is accessible to those who now live in discomfort at low populous centres."

Ever since one remembers Sir Hall Caine has published his novels with the house of Heinemann, says Elijah True in *John o'London's Weekly*. His way was to stroll into the office in Bedford Street and help them to get a new novel out, for he has a flair which has never failed. Now he has made arrangements with Mr. Bain Irvine, the manager of Cassells, for the publication of a popular edition of his works by that firm and for the appearance also of a new story. The story will be ready in the early autumn, and all that need be said about it now is that its title is derived from a farm in the Isle of Man, and that, in the main, it is a Manx story.

Sir Hall Caine has written a new novel, entitled "The Woman of Knockaloe," which will be published in the autumn. The famous Manxman is also busy on another novel.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman has written her memoirs, which are to be published in the fall by Henry Holt & Co. Mrs. Harriman writes of society life in New York at the time when Mrs. William Astor made up the famous list of the Four Hundred, of the formation of the Colony Club, of politics, woman suffrage, and of life in Washington, Paris, and London during and after the war. Woodrow Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, General Pershing, Dr. Finley and many other men of national importance figure in the book.

Ben Ames Williams' new book, "Thrifty Stock and Other Stories," which the Duttons have just published, will add much to the reputation this young author has already won with his novels, "Evered," "Black Pawl," and others. It contains seventeen short stories, and it forms his first volume of collected stories. But his novels have shown that his talent is adapted to the writing of the short story because of his ability to pack close and obtain sharp outlines.

Under the title, "Les Plaisirs de l'Obese," William Johnston's book, "The Fun of Being a Fat Man," has been translated into French by Henri Beraud, the author of "Le Martyre de L'Obese"—with footnotes. To Mr. Johnston's remark, "Most golf players in my opinion are bores, weak-minded creatures," Mr. Beraud made the comment: "That appears to be true. Have we not seen, in France, a statesman lose power as a result of once taking up this Anglo-Saxon sport?"

All the hitherto unpublished works of the late Katherine Mansfield are to be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf, who published her first two books, "Bliss" and "The Garden Party." The first of the new books will be a volume of short stories entitled "The Dove's Nest," which will appear in the fall.

According to Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, the six immortals among present-day novelists are Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett. As runners-up, she picks May Sinclair, Rose Macaulay, Clemence Dane, Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, W. L. George, Compton Mackenzie and D. H. Lawrence.

William Le Queux, author of "The Voice from the Void," recently published by the Macaulay Company, is a member of the Institute of Radio Engineers, a fact which may account for his use of radio in the story. During the war Mr. Le Queux had one of the very few private wireless stations that the British government permitted to operate.

"The Alaskan" is the title of the new James Oliver Curwood novel which the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation will bring out early in August.

New Books Received.

That Marvel—the Movie. By Edward S. Van Zile. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.
With an introduction by Will H. Hays.

Seven Ages. By a Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.
"A brief and simple narrative of the pilgrimage of the human mind as it affected the English-speaking world."

A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.
By the professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge.

Relations Between France and Germany. A report by Henri Lichtenberger. Washington: Published by the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace.
Publication No. 18.

Field Book of Chess Generalship. By Franklin K. Young. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.
Introduction by A. B. Hodges.

The Temptress. By V. Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
A novel of Patagonia.

Citizen or Subject. By Francis X. Hennessy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
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The Alaskan. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; $2.
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The Lunatic at Large Again. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
By the author of "The Lunatic at Large."

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A tale of ancient Rome.

Parties and Party Leaders. By Anson Daniel Morse. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $2.50.
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The Editorials of Henry Watterson. Compiled with an introduction and notes by Arthur Krock. New York: George H. Doran Company; $3.50.
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Cosmic Consciousness. By Richard Maurice Bucke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.
A study in the evolution of the human mind.

Icebound. By Owen Davis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.
Awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best American play of 1922.

Rebel Ireland. By Redfern Mason. San Francisco: Published by the author; 75 cents.
An American's experiences in Ireland.

Irish Sport of Yesterday. By Major A. W. Long. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.50.
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"A CHARMING CONSCIENCE."

Margaret Anglin's new play needs a new name; hut the descriptive caption, "a joyous fantasy," fits it very well.

For Jacqueline—"Jack" for short with her friends—is a joyous fantasy herself. Jack is very American; hy which I mean that she is rich, good-looking, dressy, luxurious, lavish and kind-hearted. And like so many women of that type Jack is capricious and hates monotony. For that reason she divorced Freddie—with a string. For she thinks she might re-annex him some day.

Jack has a chain of adorers, all and each of whom she greets with an abstracted, matter-of-course, impersonal, yet cordial kiss; or a hunch of kisses, when she feels particularly appreciative hecause they have taken the dog out for an airing or fed the canary.

But—rash woman!—Jack introduced a pretty girl into the midst of this happy coterie of attached friends; for all the suitors loved each other. The pretty girl was sad, poverty-stricken, and—apparently—on the way "to the river" when Jack found her, hrought her into her home, and showered her with smart hats, gowns, and jewelry. And as there were also crowds of men around, the pretty girl emharked on the vampire game and captured Freddie; who, hy the way, was rich. For the pretty girl had a head and a heart of equally remarkahle coolness.

This is as far as I will go in the story, which places the two women. The author, Orrick Johns, who is a young newspaper man, will make his way in play-writing, like so many of these young newspaper men. For he has wit, some originality, and he puts a lot of élan into his comedy.

It fairly prances, the company with it, and Margaret Anglin more than any of them. For Jack never sits still more than one minute hy the clock, and she is always up to something.

It is apparent, five minutes after the rise of the curtain, that things always hum wherever Jack is. And the author had sufficient "get-up-and-git" to his muse to keep his tacit promise and have them continue to hum to the end, the very end, of the chapter. His dialogue and situations create laughter, and the world loves laughter. There is some analogy in his comedy to that of Claire Kummer, who, during her productive era, perpetually had a comedy on hefore the pleased New Yorkers.

Like Claire Kummer, the author of "A Charming Conscience" has freshness in his humor and a scorn of the stereotyped, to which he never resorts. If a company of trained comedians appeared in this play we would roll in our chairs; and as it is continual laughter rewarded the effects of Margaret Anglin and her company; which hy this time, with a week's playing hehind them, will he making a very good showing.

For we must not forget that the performance is not, like so many that come to us, a finished product, polished hy frequent attrition hefore audiences. San Francisco seems in the way of hecoming a dog town, which is lots of fun for San Francisco. When we read ahout Henry Miller's ventures in New York and Frank Keenan's success in Chicago with "Peter Weston" we have a cozy feeling that we know all ahout it. We've seen their plays ahead of the petted and pampered Easterners.

I have always felt that if I were unlucky enough to have to live in the East I would of course avoid New York as if it were the plague, and select some attractive place where they try their new plays on the dog. New York is only desirable for the very poor and the very rich, and I notice that the very rich are most enthusiastic ahout making their city palaces over to the caretakers.

And so here we are, almost a professional dog town; for here Thomas Wilkes has joined in the game, too. Both Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller have found hy experience that it costs less to make their productions in San Francisco. Those who saw "The Great Lady Dedlock" saw how effective the early Victorian costumes were. And Lucien Lehaudt, the same artist who gives his services—or so it is said—gratis to the little French theatre, for sheer love of the art, and who last winter designed the striking curtain and general setting for the Salons Intimes at the St. Francis, gave a very handsome dress to "A Charming Conscience." There was point to the two sets, for one was characteristic of lavish, scatter-hrained Jack, with her love for the prodigal joy of life and the color that is typical of it, and the other of cool-headed Penelope, who wanted to he in the swim, and therefore equipped herself, while her new house was heing furnished and decorated, with an up-to-date knowledge of the last word in household æsthetics.

Miss Anglin made a very fine appearance in Jack's various costumes, which were also typical, while Penelope affected the vampire style, or rather Lucien Lehaudt affected it for her, since he designed all the costumes, and, hy the way, made all the dancing ladies in the last act look extremely smart and ornate.

The company had hard work laid out for it in "A Charming Conscience," for it is much more difficult to he cleverly and hrilliantly and effervescently light and gay than to he merely dramatic or melodramatic, hut they did very creditahly, particularly Janet Cameron, Wheeler Dryden, and Henry Mowhray, although the latter verges on the artificial. And Margaret Anglin made the transition to a characterization of great contrast, with the poise of a player who has her technique at her finger ends.

It is odd how she and Marjorie Ramheau reversed rôles, each playing an entirely opposite line to what she did last week.

"THE VALLEY OF CONTENT."

Blanche Upright has given to her novel, and to the play made from her novel, practically the same title that William Ellery Leonard gave to his translation of Hermann Sudermann's "Das Glück Im Winkel," which he called "The Vale of Content." As a play "The Valley of Content" has a certain honest, appealing gaucherie. It will never see Broadway, for it moves with rather a slow tempo, the slang of the young generation lacks the snap and humor that made us laugh so in "The Goldfish," and there seems to be a certain flavor of exhortation, even a conveyance of a moral, to it. Nowadays morals are tahoo. Yet it struck me that the large audience, presumahly drawn hy the magic of Marjorie Ramheau's reputation, took very kindly to these old-fashioned qualities of the play.

Mrs. Upright's theme is the corrosive quality of wealth on human nature. The poor, hut young and happy, couple in the first act find themselves in the second act rich, hut drifting apart. Their grown children are plunged into the follies of their generation, and all seem oblivious of the heautiful hut old-fashioned mother who persists in heing shocked at the goings-on of flappers, and who clings, in respect of her love for her hushand, to the misprized virtue of constancy.

The family scenes interest the audience, undouhtedly. And in the scenes when a separation hetween the marital pair is mooted, and later, when the children choose which parent they will go with, there was that stillness in the audience which no douht gladdened the heart of hoth star and author.

But yet there is something naïve ahout the play which will har it from success. It goes at times with too uncertain a pace, and the thread of continuity is jerkily sustained. The links between the high lights in the play have an amateurish flavor, and the comedy scenes lack the hrilliant flippancy in which so many young playwrights of the day excel.

Marjorie Rambeau's comedy talent has little opportunity for exercise in "The Valley of Content." Only in a short first and an equally hrief last act do we get a glimpse of it. And the company, which, hy the way, is peculiarly in harmony with that sincere and rather appealing naïveté of the play, is scarcely up to the exactions of smart, light, up-to-date comedy.

The play, however, has heen carefully rehearsed, the sets are good, and the numerous girls in the cast are very smartly gowned; while Marjorie Ramheau, when the serious wife made her effort to win hack her hushand and please her children hy the magic of heautiful dress, was gowned with magnificence and with irreproachahle taste.

This, of course, is a situation always interesting to women, who regard the subject of dress with a devoutness which the imagination of man fails to grasp. And the effect of Mrs. Benton's new magnificence on her children was founded on facts. I do not douht that old-fashioned mothers are in the discard now, except in a few overlooked quarters, and I feel sure that lots of mothers would win greater respect from their up-to-date daughters hy disregarding the extent of the financial resources of the family and dressing up to what the daughters conceive is the proper standard. To the counsels of such a mother the daughters of the present generation would listen with some attention; until the crash came—and then they would vituperate, freely and with profanity.

So Mrs. Upright made her point in this scene. It struck me, however, that, so troublous were the hillows against which the wife and mother struggled, one might deduce, not only that wealth was a corruptor, hut that marriage was, for the wife and mother, a troubling and heart-desolating condition that would he avoidahle hy remaining single, and cultivating the joys ohtainahle from the society of the cat and the canary.

The last knock-down hlow that Mrs. Benton sustained was when her loving and devoted son was going to leave her to plunge into his own matrimonial troubles; not knowing, poor chap, that marriage is generally the heginning of prosaic struggle. I didn't approve of Mrs. Benton when she first refused her hushand's request for a divorce. No person of true dignity of character will ever cling like a limpet to some one that doesn't want him—or her. And similarly the mother fretted her troubled son by imploring him—against the wishes of his obdurate affianced—to let her live with them. Apparently this scene was given in order to stir up sympathetic and tearful emotion in the audience, for it was not carrying on the main theme of the play; *i. e.*, the corrosive power of wealth.

"The Vale of Content" will not, I should judge, he a suitable vehicle for Marjorie Ramheau, for it shows only one side of her versatile talent, the sufferings of the wife and mother heing eloquently expressed. But from all appearances the play is doing a good business. The large auditorium was full of an interested and cordially applauding crowd, on its second night, and the finale of the play, although it is an old device revived, was received sympathetically. For the authoress succeeded in establishing family atmosphere, and humanity is made up of families.

EASY MONEY.

W. S. Maugham had the agreeable experience during the run of "Rain" in New York to land in that city from somewhere in the Far East, and, on directing his steps toward the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where they were playing "Rain," to hear the haughty official in the box-office announce that there was standing room only.

The celebrated author, who himself writes an account of this agreeable experience, adds that this is the first time that he has made money without working for it. For he gives to John Colton, who recognized the dramatic possibilities in his short story "Rain," full credit for his dramatization of it. And he adds, with satisfaction, that with some of the boodle flowing into his hands from "Rain," the play, that he has hought himself a new house; and no douht the "new house" is a mansion.

TALKING A BOOK.

At the summer session in Berkeley the other day Professor Weygandt, during one of the lectures in his course on drama, described Louis Calvert's method of writing a book by talking it. Louis Calvert will he remembered as the sterling English actor who died in New York recently, after a numher of years' permanent residence in that city. For after his first season in New York, the English actor elected to remain there for good. And such was the quality of his work that he was always sure of an engagement in the American metropolis.

Mr. Calvert's hook, which is entitled "Problems of the Actor," is almost unique of its kind. When actors take to writing books they generally give a more or less interesting summary of their experiences on the stage.

Louis Calvert, however, did not discourse ahout himself, hut his art. "Problems of the Actor" is packed with common sense, good counsel for players, and the sort of detailed suggestious as to what an actor should do to advance that are almost never found in hooks. It is interestingly written, and the layman also, can find plenty of matter there to hold his attention and to increase his appreciation of the technique of acting.

Yet, so Professor Weygandt tells us, Louis Calvert never wrote the hook. He was not a writer, and when he was urged hy appreciative friends to commit his intelligent ideas to writing he halked. He could talk them, but couldn't write them. Finally a bright young man who was a practiced writer was discovered who consented to listen to Mr. Calvert expound and then write out his ideas in literary form.

The result was "Problems of the Actor," a hook which has since then heen used as a manual of instruction in the art of acting in a numher of dramatic schools.

THE DRAMA OF REJUVENATION.

All the women are reading Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," and some of the more literal ones are reading it hopefully. But just ahout the time of the book's greatest popularity the gland treatment believers are beginning to have horrid doubts. For as far as we know, no scientist has produced a rejuvenated heauty.

In the meantime, as is inevitable, playwriters are turning their attention toward a subject that nearly all women of mature or near-mature years find so ahsorhingly interesting.

Theatrical managers are receiving many

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plays dealing with the rejuvenation of worn-out glands, and are considering producing some of them. And, indeed, for a season or so they might draw a throng of curiosity seekers. For the subject is ever attractive to selfish humanity, which scarcely pauses, in the rush of life, to reflect that nature can not be thus tricked. The young generations can not he done out of their rights, and genuine miracles of that kind can not be accomplishcd.

It would not he surprising if some play carpenter would make a curious and entertaining play out of "Black Oxen"; the title of which, hy the way, stands for the cruel, heauty-devouring years. But one can not image a beautiful woman in a play, clad in pale green, silver-girdled crêpe—Mrs. Atherton faithfully records every costume worn by her picturesque heroine—'fessing up to her new young man that her endocrine glands have been freshly keyed up to concert pitch.

Joseph Capek, one of the Capek pair that wrote "R. U. R.," has written a play which was produced in Czecho-Slovakia, entitled "The Nakropoulous Affair," in which is shown the usual flair of the Capeks for what interests the public by treating of restored youth. But he leaves out the gland treatment, his purpose being to point out various unpleasant consequences which flow from such a reversal of nature's processes.

On the whole, the public is too fond of romance to care to have its favorite plays hear a pathological cast. That was the trouble with the plays of Brieux. Tbat reforming Frenchman is a real dramatist, but he failed to realize that tbere must be some romance in serious plays, and the smell of surgery knocks it out. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Jane Cowl closed her historic run as Juliet at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, on June 9th, after having shattered all records. Miss Cowl comes to the Curran next Monday for two weeks only with no stop en route, bringing her whole support.

Rollo Peters, the young San Francisco actor, son of the noted artist, Charles Rollo Peters, plays Romeo. His interpretation was highly praised by the Eastern reviewers.

Others in the company to he hrought to San Francisco include Louis Hector, Vernon Kelso, Grace Hampton, Gordon Burby, Lionel Hogarth, Lalive Brownell, John Crowley, John Parrish, Jessie Ralph, Dennis King and Rohert Ayrton. Seats go on sale Thursday at 9 a. m.

After five weeks on the Pacific Coast, Miss Cowl and her organization return direct to New York to begin rehearsals for "Cleopatra." When the Serpent of Old Nile has played to sufficient houses, Miss Cowl will rest up a hit hy acting Viola in "Twelfth Night" as tbe main phase of recreation, and hy whiling away her afternoons in matinées devoted to modern drama. After Christmas the American Juliet will descend upon London with her repertoire for an unlimited season.

Speaking of Titles.

A play hearing the fascinating title of "James J. Mulholland and Wife" is announced for production—the work of Alice Leal Pollock, who was Rita Weiman's collaborator on "The Co-respondent." So perhaps there will soon he one called "Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Mettler, 735 West Ninety-Seventh Street, New York City."

Francis Wilson has heen playing Bob Acres in the Equity Players' all-star revival of "The Rivals," at the Earl Carroll Theatre in New York.

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TARKINGTON'S NEW PLAY.

Booth Tarkington has produced another winner in playdom, according to the Atlantic City *Press*. There is no question about that. And associated with the excellence of "Magnolia" will be the superb acting of Leo Carrillo, who has never appeared to better advantage than in this delineation of a poetically inclined descendant of Southern fighting stock, who needed only hitter experience to become, not alone one of the famous Rumford hreed, but "the worst of the lot."

Tarkington's philosophy permeates the plot with a suhtle persistence that drives home a moral without the audience being aware that the sugar coating hides a basic principle of success. Tarkington's art sets forth the argument under such absorbing circumstances that there is unfolded from start to finish the transformation of a gentle soul into a warrior, who makes a pupil of the hard character who essayed to instruct him in courage. The steps by which the education is imparted are as rich in humor as they are practical in their application.

Four acts are required to tell the story—and they are four acts in which the interest never flags. Tarkington lays his locale in Mississippi in 1841, when the Southern conception of what constituted "the honah of a gentleman, sah," was at its fullest flower. Having killed off the last member of one family long engaged in a feud, Major Patterson feels himself free to offer his hand to Elvira, niece of General Rumford, a flirtatious damsel contrasted to Lucy, demure and sober-minded. The major is a fire-eater of the first water, and likewise possessed of little more than a poorly kept adjoining estate. When he finds that during an absence Tom (Carrillo), the son of General Rumford, who has been pursuing studies in other climes, has returned and is to marry Elvira, his rage drives him and his hrother to insult the gentle reader of Omar and collector of butterflies. The general, his wife, and Elvira expect a duel to result, hut Tom's viewpoint is different. Branded as a coward and ordered to sleep henceforth in the woodshed, spurned by Elvira, Tom flees from the estate at night, consoled only hy the confessed belief of Lucy in his attitude.

Into General Orlando Jackson's gaming joint at Natchez Tom drifts seeking food. His sole finances are $5, and a sympathetic creole slave instructs him how to play to win. Believing he is branded all along the Mississippi as a coward, he gambles timidly and soon possesses $60. When the prorietor, after slaying two adventurers who intended to start a row, calmly rejoins Tom and orders ham and eggs, the revelation to Tom is his first great step toward learning one way to courage.

"But you can't do that," he expostulates in pitiful excitement. "You've just killed two men and now—you order ham and eggs! You can't do it, I tell you."

"I can and I'll eat them, too," is Jackson's reply. And then while he consumes the food Jackson lectures Tom upon the acquirement of nerve and how to cease heing afraid. It is a stirring episode in a play full of such, and in the end Tom is taken on a river trip as Jackson's understudy.

Seven years later Tom, who has acquired fame as a notorious dare-devil colonel, the fear of the whole river, returns to Magnolia mansion and in a third act that holds the audience like a charm, bullies his parents, makes puppets of Major Patterson (who has married Elvira) and his hrother, and eventually is revealed as the coward of earlier days.

How Elvira is taught a lesson and how Lucy is finally won hy Tom is capitally depicted. Carrillo, as the intrepid hoss of the river, is at his best in this transformation. It is deliciously acted.

Cant and the Drama.

I can not help thinking that a great deal of nonsense is talked about the educative influence of the drama, says A. B. Walkley in the London *Times*. Indirectly educative it may be, of course, like everything else in life. You may find "sermons in stones, hooks in the running brooks." The drama is no more directly educative than a novel, a picture, a statue, or a symphony. Our sympathies are kindled and enlarged, and that is all to the good; but the moral "lessons" that plays are supposed to convey, and that eighteenth-century critics (especially Johnson) were so fond of seeing in them, either are not tbere or are discovered by worthy people who are incapable of the æsthetic delight which is the true object of the playwright.

Novels with a purpose have been said to illustrate the art of separating instruction from amusement. Experiments in didactic or hortatory drama have occasionally been made—by Diderot and others—with dire results. To be sure, the Aristotelian "Katharsis" is a refining, spiritualizing process and, so far, educative; and there is the familiar Latin tag about "chastening manners with laughter." But it is idle to consider the matter from the high theoretical point of view. The real question is, what is modern drama in the concrete? And the answer is; it is the Restoration drama, it is the nineteenth-century French drama of "adultery and triangles," it is the Ihsenian drama of unhappy marriages and vitiated parenthood, it is the contemporary English drama which is a dilution of these, it is "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Liars," and "Lady Susan" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Circle."

I hope the authors of the plays I have singled out will not suppose me to he attacking their morality; I have merely taken them as typical modern plays, which are all works of art, and which, I dare swear, their authors never wrote with the idea of "educating" their audiences. Adult playgoers admire and enjoy these plays because they are able to test tbem by their own experience of life, which inexperienced youth can not.

EXPLAINING HASSELL.

George Hassell of "The Passing Show of 1923" might be called an English-American. He was horn in England, but went to Australia at an early age and first went on the stage there. Then he acted in New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Africa, and finally served a long term on the stage in America. It was only a year ago that he finally appeared on the stage in the land of his birth, and then it was in an American show, "The League of Notions."

He began life as a farmer and expects to finish it during a musical-comedy rehearsal. He was born in an English village and early became the subject of limitless discussion on the part of the villagers. They agreed with his father that he ought to make a splendid farmer in the colonies, and, as one couldn't go any further than Australia, that was where he was sent. He started out with a little money and a lot of advice.

"I arrived in Queensland," declares Mr. Hassell, "and was engaged by a 'small part' farmer with an oblique vision. I was hired —engaged, I mean—for the sum of 8 shillings a week. In recognition of my exceptional services, however, this sum was reduced to 5 shillings at the end of the first week."

Then the Boer war hroke out. Hassell enlisted, and was shot through the lungs. This closed his African season. He went back to Australia. Being quite useless in all other fields, he naturally decided to go on the stage.

He was engaged on probation, the manager agreeing to give him "what he was worth." It wasn't very much, hut it was enough to keep him in the profession till T. Daniel Frawley came along with his touring organization. Hassell was engaged for the company, and it was in this manner that he reached the United States. This was nearly seventeen years ago. Needless to say, his greatest success has heen attained here, but only in the past eight years has he been well known. Once he appeared on Broadway, his fame was assured. This happened in a comedy called "Her Own Money," and served to give Hassell an introduction to the managers and the critics. He next appeared with Bertha Kalich in "Rachel." Then came "The Rule of Three," followed by "The High Cost of Loving."

A notable engagement in Shakespeare came next in the Elizabethan production of "The Tempest" at the Century. This was immediately followed hy his dehut in musical comedy in "The Girl from Brazil," succeeded by "Love o' Mike." Since then he has appeared in "Hands Up," "Good Morning, Judge," the revival of "Florodora," "The Passing Show of 1922," and now in the new "Passing Show" at the Winter Garden.

Sabatini's "Scaramouche" (Houghton Mifflin Company), which has had so gay a record as a best seller, will he produced next fall as a play. On Octoher 22d it will appear at the Morosco Theatre in New York, and we are assured that not one grim line of wit or one thrill has heen omitted. To play the rôle of Scaramouche has been the worthy ambition of many ahle young actors. Perhaps this production of his story may tempt Sabatini himself to cross the Atlantic for the opening night.

The score of a hitherto unknown waltz hy Rossini has been found among his manuscripts in the Liceo at Pisa. It bears tbe amusing title "Castor Oil."

Many Thrills And Near Spills--

Are portrayed in "Aquaplaning on San Francisco Bay," a delightfully attractive page in next Sunday's Rotagravure section of The Chronicle. Lovers of nature will find a pictorial feast, in the half dozen reproductions of California's scenic beauties. "Fashions for the Beach," might well he called

Don't Go Near The Water--

But they will surely attract the feminine eye, and—maybe the eye masculine. "Abroad" acquaints you with the European notables, while "North, South, East and West" shows Americans who have achieved prominence. In fact you will find all the news of the world, pictured in perfect photography, tomorrow, in The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

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VANITY FAIR.

Some trepidation usually stirs the American feminine breast when thoughts arise of seeing the Pope. Trepidation? Positive fluttteration. Of course, the vital question is, as always, what to wear. In Europe that is understood, and it is understood to many in this country, hut not to all. It is a case where a sartorial *faux pas* might he more humiliating than a lapse from virtue. And there are so many more American ladies nowadays that have a chance to see His Holiness than there used to he. His Holiness does not know them personally, will never see them again, nor remember their names nor their appearance, nor any item of what they had on their hacks, hut they fear with a deadly dread appearing hefore him in garments that are not the thing. Some of them would rather have to confess a few little sins than that; for doing something wrong merely indicates wickedness, while wearing something wrong indicates lack of cleverness; and of class. Some of the smartest people sin, hut none of them is supposed to wear the wrong thing—otherwise they would not he the smartest people. And it will not do to admit that we are not of the smartest; hetter dead. It is well, then, to know the requirements, and they are, for women, "hlack dress, closed neck, long sleeves and a veil." Positively decent! The veil is of a special sort and design, something suggestive of Old Spain, with its high formalism and rigidity of sex insulation—the sort of thing that manifested itself, and still manifests itself, in the practice of keeping señoritas hehind iron window hars, with the suitor outside. These Spanishy veils are to he worn without a hat; and while they have possihilities of coquettishness they do not encourage philandering nor suggest any hut the most difficult approaches. In fact, taken in connection with the hlack dress, the closed neck, the air-tight sleeves, they may he trusted to make women almost safely hideous. And that is what they are for.

Seeing the Pope is not so difficult a thing as some suppose. Travelers have boasted of it as though it were a feat equal to scaling the Matterhorn. The Pope receives quite often, ahout as the President of the United States does, and cards for the audience can he secured through the emhassy. The reception will he at the Vatican, of course, and you are expected to kneel and kiss the pontifical ring. If you don't wish to do that the way of avoidance is simple—don't go.

It was reported last May that James J. Van Alen was ahout to return from England to his Newport residence and help hrighten the season once again. But he will not return. He died recently at a hospital near London, after an illness of a few weeks. So passes one of the distinguished figures of American social life; distinguished for qualities his undistinguished compatriots did not always value, for though horn an American of Americans he was never a democrat and never could have heen, except in the political party sense of the term; that he was, to his own keen disappointment. Mr. Van Alen possessed in marked degree the qualifications of social leadership. In the 'nineties, when he was in the heyday of his personal power, he was known as the American Prince of Wales, and hy those that either envied his position or deplored all distinction of a purely social nature he was called "the most perfect snoh in America." Whether he was that or not, he was to a large extent an arhiter in the fashionahle world, for his origin was of the purple and his connections were high. He was the son of General James H. Van Alen, who was with the Union army in the civil war, and was himself a veteran of that war, having served as an infantry lieutenant. His father was one of the pioneer summer residents of Newport. Mr. Van Alen was horn in Newport, Rhode Island, seventy years ago. He was graduated from Oxford, and after traveling ahout Europe for several years came home and married Emily Astor, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Astor. Mrs. Van Alen died five years after the marriage, leaving three children, a son, James Laurens, two daughters, Sarah, who married Rohert J. Collier, and May Van Alen. Soon after his wife's death Mr. Van Alen hought the Newport villa that he named Wakehurst, remodeling it into a copy of a Tudor country seat. Mr. Van Alen was a Democrat in politivs, gave $50,000 to Cleveland's campaign, and was nominated minister to Italy in 1893. The withdrawal of the offered post, owing to puhlic disapproval, was said to have increased his distaste for America. In 1898 he gave $25,000 to equip an ambulance for the Boer war, and was rewarded with the title of Knight of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem. Mr. Van Alen received about $4,000,000 when his father died, and as the larger part of General Van Alen's property was in the form of real estate the value augmented greatly. It was estimated a few years ago that his fortune might amount to $20,000,000. It was in 1905 that he went to England to live, leasing Rushton Hall, near Kettering, Northamptonsbire. This is one of the most beautiful and historic estates in England, the possession of the Tresham family in the reign of Henry VI, then passing to the Cokayne family. At Rushton Hall, Mr. Van Alen frequently entertained royal and other disguished guests. With his intimates Mr. Van Alen was of a genial nature. But in 1919, many of the springs of geniality in this country having gone dry, he sold his town house in Sixty-Fifth Street, New York, and it was announced that henceforth he would make his home ahroad all year. A good many editorial writers that cater to what they suppose to he the spirit of democracy said in effect that it would he a fine idea. But in the spring the Newport season promised to open hrilliantly, and he seems to have changed his mind, and Wakehurst was got ready for his return. He will he greatly missed in all the summer colony, of which he had heen a respected memher. He is survived hy a son, James L. Van Alen, and hy two daughters, Mrs. Rohert Collier and Mrs. Griswold Thompson, hoth of New York. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

One of the worst things ahout war is that you can't stop it at will, and another had thing is the remoteness and complexity of its results. These assume unexpected forms and crop up long after the fact. A distressing reaction from the war in Europe is a toupee famine in America. Bald men that wear toupees are said to he in agonies of apprehension hecause their sky pieces are ruhhing hadly and toupee makers are scarce, too many of them having perished on hattlefields. These men were artists in their line and should not have been killed. When they went at their work in a thorough manner they took the candidate and made a cast of his head. They matched the hairs that went into the toupee, and they had to do the hest they could to keep their work from shedding. Nor was it strictly ornamental, or camouflage. To many a man hair in the right place is a necessity. A hald patient of a well-known physician in this city used to catch colds until his health was seriously impaired, and the physician prescrihed a toupee. The victim put it on, hut was so unmercifully guyed ahout it around his cluh that he went hack to his sneezings and snufflings. But his doctor made him resume the artificial thatch, and accommodatingly wrote on his shirt hosom: "This man is wearing a toupee to save his life.—J. Q. Barnheisel, M. D." As the hald man was a good fellow, the cluh memhers decided to let him have his way. That was several years ago, and they have forgotten he ever was hald. But he has not forgotten. Of course, if worst comes to worst, some of these hald men can take to the skull cap; hut not every one can wear a skull cap gracefully—it makes some men look too much like Sir Moses Montefiore.

It is Lord Birkenhead's idea, expressed during the second reading in the Lords of a hill to allow Englishwomen to ohtain divorce on the single ground of misconduct, that women should pay alimony to divorced hushands under the conditions that would make such payments compulsory on the men. This seems an extreme view of men's rights, hut if women's rights are to go much further it would seem only fair. "Galloper Smith" is endeavoring to turn the tables in the matrimonial game. He did not see why the hushand should be made to support the wife after divorce, or why wives that are hoth guilty and rich should not he made to pay for their stolen liberties. This is certainly an approach to sex equality, and might be expected to have a deterrent effect on errant ladies. Discretion is much easier when indiscretion is expensive. As a moral tariff, alimony for wronged hushands would he a good device. This is indeed protection for the home. All that is needed to make it heat the duello or the suit for alienation of affections is to include the co-respondent in the financial responsihility, for which Lord Birkenhead has not sought to provide. For if the alimony were to he paid, not hy the erring wife, hut hy the man that led her astray, the pursuit of married women would flag. If the aforesaid co-respondent, being duly caught and convicted, were put in such a position as to say: "Yes, my little affair with Mrs. Brown was deplorahle, hut the most deplorahle part of it is that I have to pay Brown's hills"; and if Brown were in position to say: "She's gone; with Jones. But Jones is looking out for both of us now"; if, we say, this were to become the relationship of the parties, the home would he more secure henceforth. It is had enough to have to pay for a dead horse, hut to support some woman's hushand would he a long-drawn-out punishment and a hitter one. And why not?

An Architectural Cycle

In modern times New York has heen a city of hrick, then of hrownstone, its most individual phase, this to he succeeded hy a reign of graystone under the spell of the French Renaissance as developed hy the first of our Beaux Arts architects, says a writer in the New York *Herald*.

Of late the circle has rounded hack to hrick again, first in dwellings, as exemplified hy the picturesque group of houses on East Nineteenth Street hetween Lexington and Third Avenues, and lately hy such handsome structures as the hospital in Fifty-Ninth Street west of Columhus Avenue and the hotels for men exclusively on Madison Avenue and for women exclusively on East Fifty-Seventh Street.

In these hrick huildings the architects have gone hack to the Romanesque that we associate with the early Italian Renaissance, a style that lends itself admirahly to the "set-hack" required under the zoning law regulations.

These huildings of brick are all notahly handsome and their graceful masses of dull red add much to the parti-colored effect of New York's streets and sky line. For real old-fashioned hrick-front dwellings, however, one must go to Washington Square and Chelsea, in which latter district the householders still have their homes painted hright red every spring and "pointed up" with white. They are the real thing.

Tan Tattooing.

At Biaritz a new fashion has come in, says the Boston *Transcript*. As you know, the sun shines there on the just and the visiting nohility. It tans, in other words. So it has heen made useful and tapes are cut in fantastic shape, sometimes after Egyptian symholism, and pasted on the arms, shoulders, and legs. The sun then shines and after a prooer interval of time the tape is renewed. "The result must he seen to he helieved," says the dispatch, hut we suspect a douhle entendre about this. Even the correspondent for Boston newspapers becomes very sophisticated if he lives long ahroad. Un-American, you know. We leave this statement in the dispatch and point out that some clever, thinking Frenchman has solved at least one-half the prohlem of the high cost of living. No one need worry ahout their clothes in warm and moderate climates. It is only a question of tape and fine weather. The sun does the rest.

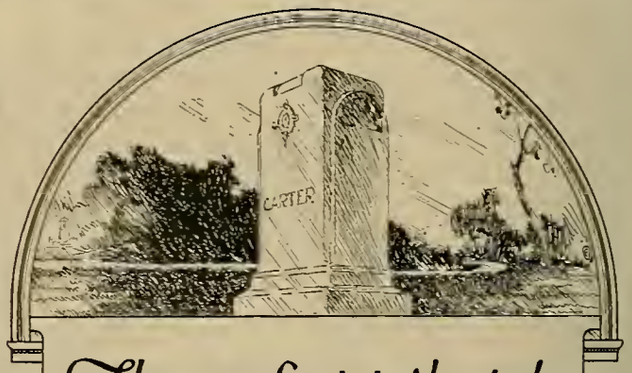
Of course, the patterns would he hound to vary. What would he popular in Barcelona might he a failure in St. Louis. What might please the rococo taste of Sioux City would have to he replaced in Boston hy something more thoughtful and more severe. Where in Sioux City the outlines of the pomegranate, of cupids and hirds of paradise would satisfy the simple wearers, in Boston one would have to cut one's tape according to one's surroundings, and ladies and gentlemen would wear costumes of sentences from the works of Lowell and Oliver Optic, interspersed with sun emhroideries of the more compact theorems in plane geometry. Boston has always taken the lead in great causes and here is one. Our climate, alas, in winter is not such as to encourage any hut the hardiest to hegin this reform, and cut the profits of those Zionists who during a temporary sojourn in the United States have gone into the clothing trade. But now everything is propitious. The skies smile down upon our commonwealth, tape is cheap, there must he hundreds of patterns at the Art Museum. Let us strike while the sun is hot. Let the arms, shoulders, and legs (see dispatch) of the people of Boston show that freedom is more than a name!

Concerning Moonlight.

It is prohahle that very few persons are aware of the fact that the full moon gives several times more than twice the light of the half moon, says the New York *Herald*. They may he still more surprised to learn that the ratio is approximately as nine to one.

Stehhins and Brown, taking advantage of the extreme sensitiveness to light of a selenium cell, measured the amount of light coming from the moon at different phases, with the result above mentioned. The reason for the remarkahle differences shown is to be found in the varying angles of reflection presented by the roughened surfaces of our satellite to the sun. The moon is hrighter hetween first quarter and full than hetween full and last quarter.

Notre Dame, the famous cathedral of Paris, is doing away with its woman hell-ringer and suhstituting electricity. The cathedral's official hell-ringers for generations have been women of one family.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A close friend of Lincoln called upon him at the White House in 1862 and found him in low spirits. The old friend opined that being President probably wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Lincoln agreed. "No," he said with a slight indication of brightening up, "sometimes I feel like the Irishman who after being ridden on a rail, said, 'If it wasn't for the honor of the thing I'd rather walk.'"

Colonel Henry Watterson used to tell the following, years before prohibition was dreamt of, but it doubtless gained in value after Volstead. An old darky down South was informed that if he was bitten by a snake and drank a quart of whisky the snake would die and he would go unscathed. "Dar's only one trouble 'bout dat cure," the old man said; "I knows whar dere's plenty snakes, but whar's I gwine ter git de whisky?"

Governor Sproul was talking at a dinner in Harrisburg about certain trade rival claims. "It reminds me of a story," he said. "Calhoun Clay said to George Washington White: 'Uncle Eph tole me yistiddy he wuz a hunnerd an' four year old.' 'A hunnerd an' four? Why,' said Wash White, 'he tole me last March he wuz ninety-six.' 'Yas,' said Cal Clay, 'but he done hear since den of an old man in Ireland wot's a hunnerd and free.'"

A major in a certain English regiment had a great contempt for incapacity of any kind, and was also somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company. "Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major testily. "See if you can find one, and send him to me." The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber, ventured to expostulate. "Why!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go on and do it!"

During a temporary cessation of hostilities between the opposing forces, a tall, strapping Yankee rode into the Confederate camp on a sorry-looking old horse to effect a trade for some tobacco. "Hullo, Yank," hailed one of a number of Confederate soldiers lolling about on the grass in front of a tent, "that's a right smart horse you all got there." "Think so?" returned the Yank. "Yes; what'll you take for him?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, I'll give you $700 for him," hantered the Confederate. "You go to blazes!" returned the Yank; "I've just paid $10,000 of your money to have him curried."

Phil May, the English black-and-white artist, was notoriously absent-minded. According to his colleague, Edwin Ward, he arrived one day at the Savage Club on horseback and left his horse in charge of a club servant. After a time, the man holding the horse called the attention of the hall porter and asked if Mr. May was in the club. "No," said the porter, "he left an hour ago." The members were consulted and eventually the horse was put in a livery-stable in the neighborhood. Several days elapsed and Phil again appeared at the club. "Most extraordinary thing," he said, "I've lost my horse. I started from home with it all right a few days ago, but for the life of me I can't remember what became of it." After a little cross-examination, "Did you drop it down an area?" and so on, they relieved his mind by producing the missing animal.

Mr. Ward tells in his "Recollections of a Savage" how Mr. Odell took Phil May home on one occasion, when it became quite obvious that the best and only place for him was bed. Without disturbing Mrs. May, he got the artist on to a couch in the hall, and left him asleep. Mr. Odell, having spent all he had on the cab, set out and tramped back to the Savage Club—comforted by the reflection that he had rendered a service to an old friend. Arriving eventually at his destination, footsore and exhausted, he dragged his weary way up the stairs leading to the bar, where he was saddened and surprised to see the triumphant figure of Phil May, glass in hand held aloft, flushed with the joy of having defeated the designs of his Good Samaritan by a swift recovery from the ruse of the sleep on the couch, where Odell had deposited him, and by catching a smart hansom which returned him to the club to put a finish to a great evening.

The ex-Kaiser was given to sounding alarms at odd hours, a manœuvre that was not enjoyed by the German army despite its air of strict discipline. On one such occasion the garrison included a detachment of submarine crews, and the emperor came along just before dawn accoutred as an admiral. He was standing among a group of shivering officers, when a veteran, approaching him from the rear, took him for some other worthy sailor and slapped him on the back. "I see that Gondola Willy has fished up the aquarium this morning," he observed, pleasantly. That was Wilhelm's last unexpected review of his troops, and the dazed veteran was all but canonized by his colleagues.

A friend of Matthew Forster's, whilom of Trinity, was dining with Fillmore, then Vice-President of the United States, according to Sir William Hardman's "A Mid-Victorian Pepys." The Vice-President was a teetotaler, and gave his guests nothing spirituous or fermented. While soda water, lemonade, *et id genus omne*, popped and fizzed on every side, the guests, with an assumed hilarity, discussed the pros and cons of total abstinence. Presently a morose-looking man, who had watched his opportunity, took advantage of a pause in the conversation and, with nasal twang, said: "I tell you what it is, Mr. Vice-President, you have no authority in Scripture for these views of yours; there was only one man in Scripture who ever asked for water, and he was in hell."

Bishop Rowe recently went on record with the following "favorite story": "A fellow known as the 'blue parka man' had been stationing himself between Fairbanks and the mines, some twenty miles away, and robbing people at the muzzle of a Winchester. A parka is a sort of shirt that fits tight at the wrists, with a hood attachment. The front part of the hood closes with a puckering string, leaving only a place for the wearer to look out of. The 'blue parka man' did well at his enterprise for some months and terrorized those who had to travel between Fairbanks and the mines. I was one of a quartet that had to make the trip one afternoon. People told us about the 'blue parka man,' but it was necessary to take the chance. The 'blue parka man' did get us, making us lay all our money on the ground at the muzzle of his rifle. 'Do you rob ministers, too?' I asked him. 'Depends on who they are,' replied the 'blue parka man.' 'I'm Bishop Rowe of the Episcopal church.' 'Wh-a-t!' the 'blue parka man' exclaimed. 'I'm ashamed of myself for not recognizing you, bishop, and I'll not rob you. Hell! I'm a member of your church!'"

We think it only fair to point out that Darwin arrived at his conclusion about the descent of man from the ape long before the non-stop dancing mania was started.—*Punch.*

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THE MERRY MUSE.

The Phlaw in Phyllis.

Phyllis, your obvious beauty
Eclipses articulate praise;
I have wasted a gallon of Carter's
In trying in myriad ways
To depict with a semblance of justice
The charms that I simply can't phrase.

There aren't right words in the language
To tell of your glorious eyes,
Or the intricate coil of your tresses
That mocks at peroxide and dyes,
Or your mouth (which I know from its contact
Is really a rose in disguise!)

Then, too, you have other perfections:
You sing like a bird on a bough;
If it's riding, or golfing, or swimming,
Or tennis you're there—but allow
Me to venture my one inspiration—
You dance, Phyllis dear, like a cow!

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Education.

Susie was the brightest girl
In Hopkins Grammar School.
You couldn't floor her
With cube root, syntax,
Geography or nothing.
She's assistant now in the library,
Marks your cards and all that.

Eva was a wiz at Greek,
Knew more Latin than Cæsar did;
She's working in Brad's Emporium,
Where they say she's a darn good clerk.

Fred Smith was a fool at rhetoric,
Never spelled a word right in his life,
Always got balled up in history.
He don't live here any more;
He's President of a bank in New York.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Bell Turner, daughter of Mrs. George Webster Turner and the late Mr. Turner of Los Gatos, to Mr. Charles Ewing Mackenzie, son of Mrs. John Ross Mackenzie of San Francisco.

The engagement of Miss Constance Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. W. W. Caldwell of Pasadena, to Mr. John McLean Olney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., of Berkeley, has been announced.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham of San Francisco, to Dr. Willard Rappleye took place on July 20th in New Haven, Connecticut.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Townley, daughter of Professor Sidney Townley and Mrs. Townley, to Mr. Guido Van Dusen Marx, son of Professor Guido Marx and Mrs. Marx, took place at Stanford University on July 21st.

The marriage of Miss Frances Merrill, daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Reed of Chicago and granddaughter of Mrs. John F. Merrill, to Mr. Robert Duncan, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan, Jr., took place on Wednesday, August 1st, in San Francisco.

Major Philip Gray Wales and Mrs. Wales gave a dinner on Saturday last at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Julia Crocker and Mr. Henry Crocker were hosts at a house party over a recent week-end at the Crocker ranch near Cloverdale. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr.

A reception was held on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of General Gouraud under the auspices of the Salon Français.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, who are spending the summer in Santa Barbara, gave a large dance on Thursday of last week.

Countess Lewenhaupt was hostess recently at a luncheon given at her home in Palo Alto in honor of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken and Mrs. George P. Beardsley of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dinner-dance last week in honor of Miss Florence and Miss Marie Welch, who have recently returned from abroad.

Miss Louise Hahn was hostess last week at a luncheon given at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin gave a small luncheon recently at her apartment on Powell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott were hosts last week at an open-air luncheon at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. George T. Marye gave a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Mogan was hostess at a musicale given last week at her residence on Pacific Avenue in compliment to the members of the California Poetry Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Cachot Davis gave a dinner and bridge party last week at their home in Palo Alto in compliment to Miss Frances Merrill and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Sheldon entertained at a moonlight picnic on Sunday evening near Palo Alto in honor of Miss Merrill and Mr. Robert Duncan.

A luncheon was given by the American Legion in honor of General Pershing at the Commercial Club on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill gave a moonlight picnic on Saturday night at their country home in Los Altos.

General Charles G. Morton and Mrs. Morton will be hosts at a dinner on Sunday night given in honor of General Pershing.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin was hostess at a luncheon on Friday last at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Howard and Miss Jean Howard gave a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home on Broadway in honor of visiting friends from Louisville, Kentucky.

The members of the Belvedere Country Club were hosts at an inter-club tournament and luncheon on Thursday of last week, entertaining the women of the Lakeside, the Mill Valley, and the Marin Country Club at Belvedere.

Mr. Gilbert Reed gave a stag dinner for Mr. Robert Duncan on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave a luncheon in Burlingame on Friday in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Preston P. Satterwhite and Mr. Clifford Brokaw of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt will give a dance at the San Mateo Polo Club on August 10th.

Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a luncheon last week at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home on Broadway in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Preston Satterwhite and Mr. Clifford Brokaw of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park.

The Lagunitas Country Club at Ross entertained at an annual midsummer dance on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblée, and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker were among the hosts who gave house parties the same week-end.

The Woman's Club at the Presidio gave a card party last week, followed by a tea.

The Misses Aimée and Leila Raisch entertained at a barbecue picnic on Saturday night at El Quito ranch near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon were hosts at a large house party over the week-end at their country place near Santa Cruz.

Miss Louise Boyd gave a dinner last week at her home in San Rafael.

Light-Giving Mineral.

The people of Cornwall, in England, aver that at night there may be seen there a faintly shining mineral among the rocks rejected from the mines. That this is not pure imagination on their part has been proved by scientific investigation. A specimen of the mineral autunite, which is also found in Wales, was sent to a scientific body in London for examination of its apparently luminous properties. It was found that it closely resembled artificially prepared salts of uranium, and that its luminosity was due to its spontaneous radio-activity.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Picture of Evening.

Rumbling goes a wagon, with a sweet load of clover,
Jolting up the shoulder, and tilted 'gainst the sky;
Pearl-gray's the sunset and the hard day's over,
Quiet is the valley as the cart creaks by.

Dusky are the pine trees with a gray mist stealing,
Softly in the brushwood the breezes linger nigh.
Half-heard and mellow are the church bells pealing,
Far across the valley where the night winds sigh.

Down between the tree trunks, in the half-light and shadow,
Faintly shine the lamps where the hidden houses lie;
Dark gray and hazy, near the dim, dark meadow,
With a quiet peaceful plodding, the cart creaks by.
—*Albert C. Frost in Poetry.*

Goldfish.

They are the angels of that watery world,
All innocent, they no more than aspire
To move themselves about on golden fins.
Or they can fill their paradise with fire
By darting suddenly from end to end.

Their eyes stare out from far away behind,
And can not pierce the barrier of mind.
In the same house are they and we;
Yet well might be
Divided by a whole eternity.

When twilight moves across the evening gloom
And air becomes like water, you can feel
Their movements growing larger in the gloom,
And merging with the room, and you are brought
Back where they live, the other side of thought.
—*Harold Monro in Real Property.*

Of Mariners.

Sea folk have a speech that is not quite their own,
Twilight is in their talk and sound of water,
For every sea wife, every sea wife's daughter,
Knows ships and spars and masts and the sea's moan.

Sea folk have a speech that is not quite their own,
For wind is on them and the salty sun,
For every seaman, every seaman's son
Knows sound of fretting water over stone.

Never a wind comes from the East again,
But they must speak of it to mate or friend,
Never a ship comes home in windy rain
But they must tell it over without end.
Their salty speech is not their own at all,
Rather the sound of water by a wall.
—*Harold Vinal in Contemporary Verse.*

The Spread Table.

(After a verse pattern of W. H. Davies.)

When I see birds whose names I do not know,
Light on a treetop twenty feet below,
And, though I am so near them, never care,
But peck at cones, a thousand feet in air;

When I see spruces bitten by the wind
Scaling the cliff without a look behind,
And off at sea, across the mountain's face,
Behold far-sprinkled islands and blue space;

And when, no longer level, the blue sea
Hangs from the sky like a great tapestry—
Hangs from the sky, but keeps its blue unblent,
Let down about like the side wall of a tent:

When I see these things, knowing as I do
I break today's bread and tomorrow's, too,
At the spread table of the waves and stones
I feed on beauty as the birds on cones.
—*Abbie Huston Evans in the Measure.*

At the St. Francis.

Scores of smartly-gowned women assembled in small groups for luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Miss Frances Ames was with her fiancé, Mr. Gordon Johnson, and later the mothers of the engaged couple, Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, joined the party. Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Eleanor Martin were also seen in the group.

Mrs. Lawrence McCreery was with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Walker Salisbury.

Misses Marie and Florence Welch are being much fêted since their return from Europe and were in Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's party.

Some of the presidential party were entertained by Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

A group of débutantes included Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Jane Carrigan, and Miss Aileen McIntosh. Mrs. Robert Miller was with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritchett of New York and Mrs. Raymond Welch were together.

Mrs. James W. Foley of Pasadena is in San Francisco for the months of August and September, and will be at the Hotel St. Francis. She is the wife of James W. Foley, editor of the Pasadena *Star*.

They're R'arin' to Go.

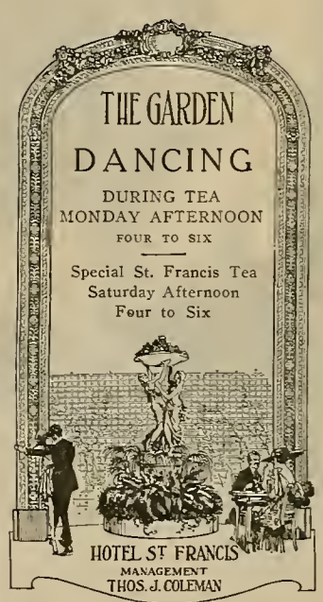
The National Horseshoe Pitching Tournament, which will be held at Sacramento during the State Fair, September 1st to 9th, threatens to be the hitterest conflict of this kind ever held on the Pacific Coast.

Hurlers from any part of the United States will be eligible to compete for the $500 in cash prizes hung up by the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce committee, of which H. C. Bottorff, city manager, is chairman.

The victor will receive $100 in cash and a gold medal to be presented by Governor Richardson.

The hattles will be staged on pitching courts to he laid out in front of the grandstand. Jack Morshead, with headquarters in the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce Building, is secretary to the committee and will send entry blanks and official rules to any one who desires to enter the tournament.

"Boots and Saddles" (Harper's), by Custer's widow, is still a strong seller.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Maud Younger of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Baroness Nugent, in Carmel, and will shortly go to Los Angeles to visit her niece, Mrs. Gaston Ashe, and Mr. Ashe.

Miss Lois Thurston, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith, in Ross Valley, has gone to Santa Barbara and joined Mr. and Mrs. Coppée Thurston at the San Ysidro ranch.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Miss Alice Moffitt returned from the East and Europe on Wednesday last. They have gone to Lake Tahoe for the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague spent the week-end as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. William Henry Poole, in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNear were hosts at a house party over the week-end at their country home on the Russian River.

Major Henry Kiersted, who has been visiting Captain Samuel Purviance, U. S. A., retired, in Santa Barbara, has returned to his home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry Kiersted is still in the East with her mother, Mrs. Peter McBean, but will return some time during August.

Mrs. Thorpe Sawyer and her small son arrived from South America last Tuesday and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hellman.

Miss Helen Garritt and Miss Elena Folger, who have been abroad for several months, arrived last week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran have been staying at Lake Tahoe as house guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and her children have arrived from their home in Newhall, near Los Angeles, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall at their home on Scott Street.

Mr. Garret W. McEnerney and Mrs. McEnerney left on Monday for New York and Europe, where they will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Thompson spent the week-end with Mr. Thompson's sister, Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris, and Mr. Norris at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, who have been at Lake Tahoe with their children, have returned to their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Miriam Edwards, after visiting in San Francisco and at Lake Tahoe, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Adam Grant, who has been staying at Paraiso Springs, has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will remain for the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, who have been house guests of Mrs. Robert Oxnard at her country place near Feather River, have motored to Portland, where they will visit Mrs. Taylor's sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are spending a few weeks at Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich of New York arrived in California for a short stay.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will occupy a cottage at El Mirasol.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and her daughter, Miss Isabelle Bishop, have gone to the Bishop ranch at Goleta.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and her niece, Miss Caroline Madison, arrived from the East and Europe on Friday last and will spend the remainder of the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Francesca Decring is a house guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Donald Armstrong, after visiting her mother, Mrs. George Page, in San Rafael, has returned with her children to her home in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Smith, Jr., and their daughter, Miss Dennis Searles, have returned from Coronado.

The Misses Logan, daughters of the late Major H. Logan and Mrs. Logan, have arrived from El Paso and are established in an apartment on Leavenworth Street.

Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, who has been East on leave, returned to San Francisco last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have gone to Santa Barbara to join Mrs. Lyman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson, who recently returned from Europe, has taken an apartment at Stanford Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas were recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., have returned from a recent visit to Lake Tahoe, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell.

Miss Leonora Armsby was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, who have been in Washington, D. C., have returned to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. George Barr Baker of New York and Mr. John Tower of Chicago have been guests of Mr. Gordon Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby at the Bohemian Grove.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow has been visiting Mrs. Robert Oxnard at her summer home near Feather River.

Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. Milton Bugbee, and Mr. Baldwin Wood have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Drum at their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Lyman and Mrs. Milton Bugbee were week-end guests of Mrs. Charles P. Overton at her Menlo Park home.

Mrs. George Howard and her son Henry are spending a few weeks at Brookdale on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Gilbert Rech and her daughter, Miss Frances Merrill, who have been staying in Carmel, returned to San Francisco shortly before Miss Merrill's marriage to Mr. Robert Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Hale have returned to their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp has gone to Montecito, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Innes and their children are spending the summer in Lake County.

Mr. Philip Lansdale and his daughter, Miss Evelyn Lansdale, are spending several weeks at Hotel Miramar, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Brander, formerly of San Francisco, has arrived in California and is with her mother, Mrs. Sands Forman, in Coronado.

Mrs. William M. Stevenson has been chaperoning a party of young people at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard and Mrs. Atherton Russell have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe and Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Alfred Montgomery sailed for Honolulu last week, where she will be joined later by Commander Montgomery.

Miss Elena Folger spent the last week-end at Monterey, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, who have been spending several weeks on Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, accompanied by Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, Miss Edith Grant, and Miss Eleanor Spreckels, has gone to Santa Barbara for a short visit.

General Pershing will be the house guest of General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton during his stay in San Francisco.

Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich of New York, who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker in Burlingame, is now visiting Miss Helen Crocker at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Howard P. Renshaw is entertaining her relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Preston P. Satterwhite, and Mr. Clifford Brokaw of New York at the Renshaw ranch near Hollister.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames of Yuba County are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Ames at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Queen and their daughters, who have returned from Lake Tahoe, left on Monday for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Rech of Chicago have been staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calvin Jackman are making a short stay in Coronado.

Mr. Stuart Lowery has gone to New York to visit his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham of Chicago arrived in San Francisco on Tuesday and will visit Mrs. Dunham's sister, Mrs. Harry Scott, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Meyerstein, their daughter Clare, and their guest, Mrs. W. B. Blackman of New York City, who have been spending July at the Hotel Rafael, San Rafael, have returned to the Meyerstein home at 2516 Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger spent the last week-end on the Russian River as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McNear.

Mrs. William G. Parrott is a guest of Miss Helen Crocker at Pebble Beach.

Miss Narcissa Vanderlip of New York is a guest of Miss Harriet Walker at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Suffern Tailer of New York, who have been staying at the Fairmont, have left for their home in the East.

Miss Alice Moffitt has been visiting Miss Frances Ames in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling at Woodside.

Mrs. Loring Pickering, who has been in the East, has returned to San Francisco and is established at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherman have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., at the home of Mrs. Hendrickson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, in Ross.

General Hunter Liggett and Mrs. Liggett have returned from their recent trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Cheever Cowdin of New York will arrive in San Francisco next week and will be the guest of her father, Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, and of her sister, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, in Menlo Park.

Mr. Jerome Landfield of New York has joined Mrs. Landfield in Burlingame and will spend the remainder of the summer in California.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull and her daughter, Miss Newell Bull, have returned to San Francisco from a two months' stay in Ross.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle and her daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, returned last week from Europe, where they have been for the past few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet have gone to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker returned from abroad last Monday.

Dean and Mrs. Gresham have returned from a few weeks' outing in Canada, and are at home at the deanery in the close of Grace Cathedral.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. MacLeod have returned from their journey to Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver, and are in their summer home in Mill Valley.

Ensign Emil Pohli, U. S. N., is with the Asiatic fleet on the Chinese coast.

Progress in India.

The problems of the history of British effort in India, of India's position today, and of the hazardous future are so complicated and must be painted on so vast a canvas that it is almost impossible to attempt to describe them in the circumscribed space of a short article, says the Right Honorable E. S. Montagu in his article on "Self-Government for India" in *Asia Magazine*.

A century and a half of British effort had led, by August, 1917, to this result. India had been given, by the devoted service of Englishmen and by the development of her own peoples, security from external invasion, peace and order within her frontiers. Much effort had been devoted to promoting among the innumerable races and sects recognition of the fact that they are citizens of a great empire. All the products of Western science and of civilization had been introduced to the improvement of India's material welfare. Education on Western lines had been slowly filtering through the mass by strenuous teachers, taught at our universities and in their own, from British text-books and British classics; and Indians had been increasingly associated with the government of the country by appointment to some of the highest offices in the state.

I write these generalizations, and yet I remember that each statement has its exception: that the frontiers of India have been the scenes of warfare; that riot and disorder must constantly occur in a country which is three-quarters the size of Europe; and that, notwithstanding all the educational work that has been done, the funds of a country inhabited by poor people did not enable it to be widespread, and only 10 per cent. of the population of British India can read and write. There is to be found in India, as one of my greatest predecessors—the man from whom I first learned to study the problems of India—Lord Morley, so well said, every stage of development from the first century to the twentieth. There are the worshippers of inanimate objects on the one hand; there are men who can hold their own with the best mathematicians, scientists, and writers in the world on the other. There is the jungle man with his bows and arrows, living, often, on lizards and snakes; there is Rabindranath Tagore, the poet and philosopher, whose name is well known in America; or the great lawyer who has become a member of the House of Lords after serving in the highest executive appointments in India and being a member of the British government, Lord Sinha.

Sex in Literature

There are unhealthy minds which have developed a mania for obscenity, and at the other extreme of exaggeration there are the unbalanced minds which do not care to admit the existence of sex, says Professor John Erskine in the *North American Review*. But sex, in one form or another, is in the thoughts of most people most of the time, and common folk—and the great poets—speak of it constantly, and in the same way. In unsophisticated society, among sincere and simple men, the references to sex are at once reticent and frank; it is recognized and respected as gravitation might be or as the sea is by sailors—as a power always imminent, in contact with which men may be lost or saved.

Gossip in that kind of society may whisper that such a girl had a child by such a boy only a month after their wedding, or that so and so is not really the son of his supposed father. Exactly this kind of scandal furnishes material to Homer and to the old prophets in the Bible, to Dante and to Shakespeare, for sex is one of the permanent sides of our moral world. If this treatment of it is essential to a complete picture of life, the thinness of American literature may well come from lack of frankness; but current attempts to correct the thinness by dwelling on physical details are seeking frankness in the wrong direction and are but so many offenses against literary decorum.

Wonted—Situation as Sign Writer.

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Gateleg Table and Four Chairs $69

—Many come to this store seeking quality and find low price as well. For example this table and chairs.

—Forty-two inches in diameter is the table top when leaves are raised. There is also a drawer for napery and silver. Chairs are of the quaint Windsor type—properly constructed and nicely finished in Tudor mahogany to match table.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—He is his own worst enemy. *He*—Most self-made men are.—*Toledo Blade.*

Novice—Er—I want some golf clubs, please—suitable for a nine-hole course.—*Punch.*

A Californian is now photographing people's thoughts. Think pleasant, please.—*Boston Tronscript.*

She—I believe a man should give his wife plenty of rope. *He*—That's what I did with mine—and she skipped.—*Yale Record.*

"What is it, Emily?" "Cook!" "She hasn't given notice?" "No; but she will if I don't put her up for the tennis club."—*Punch.*

S. D. J.—What character do you have in the next act? *Girl*—I'm not supposed to have any character. I'm in the chorus.—*Voa Dao.*

Madge—I always select tragic stories for hot-weather reading. *Mobel*—On what principle, dear? *Madge*—They make my blood run cold.—*Tit-Bits.*

The *Lancet* recently reported a case of a man who could not tell when he was singing and when talking. He should make a hit in musical comedy.—*Punch.*

"What do you mean by the term 'off year'?" "It's a year," replied Senator Sorghum, "when so many of us are told exactly where we get off."—*Washington Star.*

Mamma—Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday. *Johnny*—H'm! I know the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret.—*Boston Traveler.*

Minister's Wife—Wake up! There are burglars in the house, John. *Minister*—Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves.—*Woman's Journal.*

Mike (discussing a particular fly)—It was that loike the rale thing, yer honor, that if ye was to lave it down a minnit it's the spiders would be aitin' ut on ye.—*Punch.*

"He's very proud of his ancestry." "I know, but somehow or other I don't recall a man being promoted in this factory because of his ancestors."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The best story of the week is a remark made by a certain theatrical man not partial to David Belasco. "I don't like his stuff," said he, "and I'll find a reason yet."—*New York World.*

Dealer—Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language? *Cultured Customer*—Perfectly awful. Why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive.—*Boston Transcript.*

"You don't seem to have any love for the common people." "No. They're always shooting their flivvers into the parking places before I can get my big limousine backed in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Rebecca—What shall I charge for this coat? *Abraham*—Eighty dollars! *Rebecca*—But it only cost twelve! *Abraham*—Very well. Announce that it is sold irrespective of cost.—*Christiania Tyrihons.*

Mon in Boat—Come on—how much—longer are you goin' to be, you pig-faced son of a ——! *His Mate*—Go on! Anybody 'earin' you speak would think you was talkin' to a child of ten!—*Judge.*

Superintendent—Where did John the Baptist live? *Scholor*—In the desert. *Superintendent*—Quite right! And what do we call people who live in the desert? *Scholor*—Deserters.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball, caddie?" "No, sir, but I think that gentleman with the red coat can tell you where it struck. I see him feeling of his head."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Russian Official—You can't stay in this country, sir. *Traveler*—Then I'll leave it. *Official*—Have you a permit to leave? *Traveler*—No, sir. *Official*—Then you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.—*Tit-Bits.*

First Soilor—So you lost your wife last month? Wasn't it a terrible blow? *Second Soilor*—It wor a regular tornado. She cleaned out everything in the house before she eloped.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"The Busbys just telephoned that they are coming over to dinner." "Tell them we haven't a cook, but that we'd love to have them if they'd take us out to a restaurant."—*Paris Le Journol Amusant.*

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciausly)—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount? *Widow*—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.—*Dallas News.*

"You probably don't remember me, professor," began the meek little middle-aged man; "but fifteen years ago you sent me over to the library to get a book for you——" "Yes, yes," returned the professor, "and have you got it?"—*Jester.*

"Whut's dat you wah singin'?" asked the old man. "Dat's de lates' coon song," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Well, you oughter go on 'bout yoh work, 'stid o' makin' yohself laughable tryin' to imitate white folks' ways."—*Washington Star.*

A MYSTERY OF THE MOVIE

I wish my job was connected with film production. Then I should know; as it is I can only guess. And the more I guess the more I am convinced there is something sinister behind it.

Let us imagine ourselves at the cinema, about to witness that memorable heart story, "The Hidden World."

The organ begins to wheeze. The lady at the piano is heroically playing a Liszt Rhapsody with one hand while searching for more music with the other.

The organ breaks forth, followed at intervals by the violin and piano. On the screen appears a close-up of the planet Saturn, complete with rings and satellites.

After a few second of this, which of course delicately symbolizes the hidden and unattainable, the title of the picture is thrown across the screen in letters of melting snow. Saturn now forming the background. This symbolizes, I think, the transitory nature of human effort.

When all the snow has melted and disappeared come the following pieces of information in rapid succession:

Art-Direction by
WORTHING ZUKEL
Art-Titles by
BEDFORD WESTON

Herein lies the mystery.

I am a hardened cinema-goer. I have attended nearly every soul-throb of any note released in our local drill-hall during the last twelve years, but never in my vast experience have I encountered the same Art-Director or the same Art-Titlist twice. And, stranger even than that, I have never yet encountered an Art-Director or Art-Titlist whose Christian name was not the name of an English town!

It may be coincidence, of course, but the laws of probability indicate a more sinister explanation.

There must be some secret society which has sworn death to all Art-Directors and Art-Titlists.

It is composed, I suppose, of unsucessful playwrights and artists, with a few theatre managers and a leavening of up-to-date professional assassins. They meet, no doubt, in some cellar in Chelsea. I can imagine the procedure.

The president taps the side of the barrel on which he is sitting with his hammer of office. "What is the next case?" he asks.

"Sheffield Stone, alias Eastbourne Kahn, alias Hampton Zettman, is guilty of the following: 'Vague, impalpable as star dust,' 'melting in the glamour of quivering music,' 'stenciled 'gainst the azure sky,' 'Venice, city of dreams.'"

"Yes?" says the president, fingering the black cap.

"Likewise, 'So down the Avenue of Heart's Desire they passed hand-in-hand, and sorrow and tribulation passed from them even as the snow passes at the warm breath of spring.' There is more evidence, if——"

"That will suffice," says the president, donning the black cap. "The sentence is death. You will arrange."

While far away in Los Angeles, California, in an office marked

ART
PRIVATE

sit two harassed-looking men.

One of them is stabbing with a pin at the index of an "Atlas and Gazetteer of the British Isles."

"Hatfield. That'll fix you," says the Art-Director, putting on a false moustache. "It's Doncaster for me this trip. Gee, those exploding cigars were a knock-out. But they won't nobble us through the mail next time."

"Guess I'll be beating it now," says the Art-Titlist, examining his revolver. "All clear?"

That, I think, or something like it. It is a grim thought.—*Punch.*

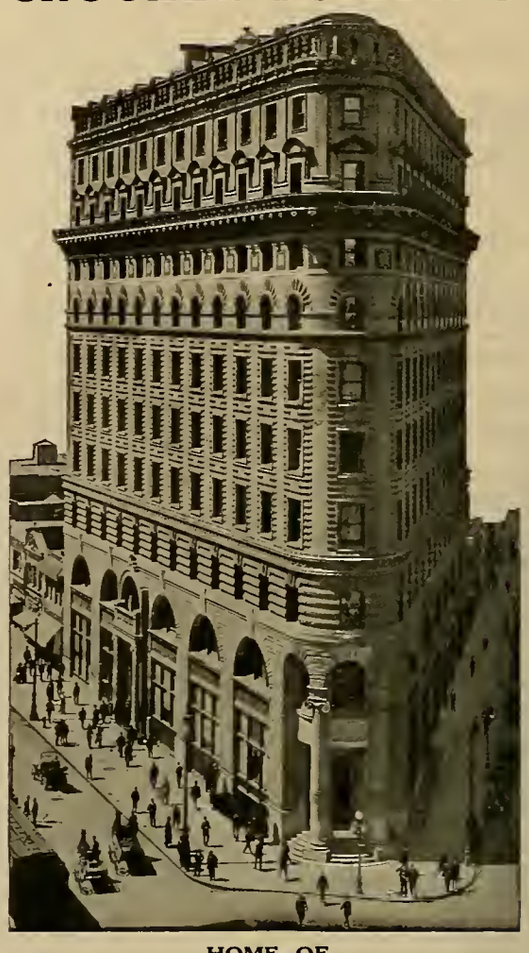
Sensitive to Colored Light.

Ever since Bell and his colleagues made it possible for us to telephone to distant points experimenters have been striving to perfect some method of seeing over a wire, or at least of transmitting pictures over the latter, says the New York *Herald*. The one strong clue for such investigators has been the fact that the electrical resistance of the metal selenium varies with the intensity of the light falling on it, so that by using a number of little selenium parts successively in a circuit they can reproduce the light and shade effects at some distant point.

Crude as this basis may seem, it has led to promising results, but even if developed in practice it could not transmit colors, as the selenium does not distinguish between them. It was Professor Jager of Amsterdam who found a mineral which also varies in its electrical conductivity with the light falling on it, but which does this in a much different degree according to the color of the light. Green bas only a slight effect, red rays act much more strongly, while violet light reduces the electrical resistance to about one two-hundredth part of what it was in the dark. Consequently we not only have a substitute for the selenium, but if we keep the intensity of the light the same the use of stibnite may enable us to tell colors at a glance.

Mrs. Nuwed—Mary, I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce for dinner. Are there any capers in the house? *Mary*—No, ma'am. *Mrs. Nuwed*—Then go into the garden and cut some.—*Zit's Weekly Newspaper.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Via Crucis!

Mr. Harding came to the presidency at the fine age of fifty-six and at full tide of physical and mental manhood—vital by inheritance, hardened by exercise, habited to industry, experienced through dealing with affairs, prepared by legislative and congressional service for the work before him. His equipment was exceptional, none the less the burden laid upon him was disproportionate. There was involved in it, besides the business of current administration, the necessity of bringing the government back to normality after a reckless practice established under the emergencies of war; with further need to bring the government into step with advancing times and new conditions. How many the problems, and how grievous the strain of their solution, only those in close touch with the times and the man can fully comprehend. To this work Mr. Harding gave himself without stint of energy. In season and out he was at his task. He left his bed before half the world was awake; retired to it after half the world was asleep. Every intervening hour found him with mind and body tense, under the driving power of an overwhelming sense of duty.

Under its easiest conditions the presidency puts upon the man who holds it a tremendous burden of sheer routine. Each day brings to the executive desk many score documents that must under precedent established in earlier and simpler times bear the executive signature. Visitors, official and other, crowd the anterooms. There must be conferences with Cabinet members, formal greetings of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners, reception and conference with members of Congress, talks with applicants for official appointment, hand-shakings with multitudes who for or without legitimate reason daily stream into the executive offices. Unnumbered demands upon the President's time and attention, few of which may be denied without appearance of discourtesy, crowd upon him. Thus a President lives day by day subject to multiplied disturbances and distractions, yet he must so command his mind as to give consideration to a multitude of matters dependent upon his judgment and authority. He must with at least the appearance of amiability receive delegations in promotion of one cause or another and in some sort make response to their appeals. Invitations to speak or to contribute letters in relation to various occasions and from distances near and far flow in upon a President, and many of them may not be ignored. If there be another post that puts upon the man who holds it any approach to the tasks and mental strain of the presidency of the United States we know not what it is or where it may be found.

When the presidency was instituted in 1789 ours was a country of small population and of relatively narrow limits. Congress was a body of limited membership and its sessions were confined to limited periods. The times were simple and the practice of the executive office was adjusted to simple conditions. For the President there was provided merely a clerical staff. There being relatively little to do, Washington took it upon himself to sign personally a great variety of official documents. And under the ideals of democracy he kept open house, denying himself to no one who cared to visit him. Travel being difficult, he went little about the country and his public appearances were few. Washington found abundant time for repose at his home at Mt. Vernon. John Adams, the second President, was able to spend many months continuously at his home in Quincy. Similarly Thomas Jefferson retired to his seat at Monticello during a considerable part of each year. Despite the growth of the country, its geographical expansion and the multiplication of its interests, succeeding Presidents have taken it upon themselves to do all the things that fell to these early and easy-going predecessors. There has been no change in the executive order of things excepting an enormous increase of its volume. In recent years the burden has grown until it has become unbearable. President McKinley died weary of it. President Roosevelt, vigorous man that he was, undermined his vitality in response to the requirements of his office. President Taft labored through it, but retired from office none too soon to save his vital powers. President Wilson was broken by it, and lives on a physical wreck. President Harding has been killed by it.

It may be remembered that in these columns it was recorded a few months after Mr. Harding took office that despite his exceptional physical constitution he was "looking tired"; and a few months later it was noted that the strain of his work was fast aging him. All this and worse was true. Last winter he was seized with a heavy cold and his resistance was so reduced that he was compelled to take to his bed for two weeks or more. Following his own illness came that of Mrs. Harding, putting a still further strain upon his vital powers. Even under the stress of these trials he still carried forward his incessant labors, and it was not until the late spring and upon the adjournment of Congress that he yielded to the orders of his physicians to go South for a brief season of out-of-doors and of freedom from labor.

It was in respect of his obviously reduced vitality that friends protested his purpose to visit Alaska. He listened, but he did not heed warnings of the strain the journey across the continent with its attendant social and mental demands would put upon him. He met all objectors with the answer that he felt it a duty to go. His conscience was touched by the record of Alaska, by the neglect, the impositions, and the restrictions that had been put upon that territory. "I am," he said, "confused by conflict of judgments; I am going to see for myself; and when I shall have found out what we ought to do I shall try to have it done. I am determined to find ways and means of bringing to an end an order of things in that far-off country that has long stood a discredit to the American nation."

And so under the urge of duty Mr. Harding started West. He began with an address upon the hour of leaving Washington. Wherever his train halted he was called to face eager crowds and to speak "a few words of greeting." At main points he made extended addresses, and in the heat of summer the draft upon his vitality was very great. There came at last, following an accumulation of wearinesses, an hour when his jaded powers, even under the whip of a remorseless will, could go no further. A martyr to the demands that in their aggregate amounted to cruelty, Mr. Harding lay down broken and exhausted to rise no more.

An imperative lesson of Mr. Harding's experience in the presidency and of its tragic close is the necessity for reorganization of the Executive Department of the government. The President must be relieved of the necessity of affixing his name to many scores or hundreds of documents each day. He must be relieved of the obligation of making his office an "open house" to casual and curious visitors. He must be given, not merely an entourage of clerks, but at least two associates or assistants under such conditions of official status and title as to command first-class ability. He must not be expected to respond to invitations to speak upon trivial occasions. When traveling away from the capital he must not give himself up to local committees to be exploited in exhausting ways. In brief, the presidency of the republic, if it is not to be made a martyrdom, must be relieved of distractions and labors that no human organism may endure.

Whoever would appraise the character and the powers of Mr. Harding may find their exemplification in the things he stood for and in the record of his achievements. In his temperament and character Mr. Harding was sympathy incarnate. While he had an intuitive understanding of men in the varied phases of human character, his appreciation was for what was best, and his charity minimized what was less worthy. Thus those who were in the common belief his enemies were often personal friends. In respect of his judgments even when they were positive—and when his mind was definitely made up he was always positive—he was void of arrogance. In his controversies—and they were many—there was never the vice of bitterness, never arraignment of the motives of those who opposed him.

Mr. Harding's mental processes were orderly, based always upon knowledge or the presumption of knowledge, and his conclusions were always subject to their practical relations and effects. In his official character he held himself subject to the Constitution and the laws, arrogating to his high post no authority outside its legitimate mandate. He held the presidency, not as a personal possession, but as a representative function, subject to definite limitations and subordinate always to the public will. Powers which another man might have used—as others have used them—to the end of enforcing his own conceptions or judgments were in his hands innocuous. He would advise, he would appeal, but he disdained to drive. In his armory there was no "big stick." It was with him a matter of con

science to dictate no man's conduct in violation of his judgment, to wound no man in his self-respect or in his legitimate pride.

Mr. Harding's wish to promote peace was a passion. He abhorred war and all that goes with it, and while he dreamed no Utopian dreams, he sought to bring about conditions tending to minimize the causes and mitigate the evils of war. Hope of a better order in the interrelationship of peoples rested, in his view, upon an advanced moral unity of the world; and it was in pursuance of this ideal that he brought into being the convention for limitation of armaments, and later made his proposal that the United States should participate in the Court of International Justice. The outcome of the armament conference he regarded as the greatest of his contributions to the welfare of his country and to the progress of the world; and no other of his many achievements gave him the same degree of righteous pleasure.

In the domestic sphere Mr. Harding was in the highest and best sense a politician. He believed that best results in government are attained through political organization and under the responsibility and the discipline of party obligation. He saw the fallacy of movements, of which the direct primary is an example, presumptively democratic but in their working-out demoralizing. With pained apprehension he observed the tendency of geographical sections, and of particular interests, to command governmental favor through devices of class organization and legislative bargaining. With alarm he noted the growth of reckless practice in public expenditure and in taxation; and foresaw its assured consequence of political and social demoralization. Seeing these things, Mr. Harding addressed himself boldly in restraint of movements tending in his judgment to mischievous ends.

The achievements of Mr. Harding's two years and five months in the presidency are in plain view. There is about them little of the spectacular—as there was little of the spectacular in the man. History will bear witness that when he took office he found the affairs of government in riotous confusion and that in his relatively brief administration he brought order out of chaos. In a complete sense "normalcy" was and long must be an impossibility. A country whose obligations run to twenty thousand millions of dollars—and more—has far to go before attaining normality, but in the period of Mr. Harding's presidency extravagances were cut off, economies enforced, and a substantial beginning made in the wiping out of our vast indebtedness. Expenditures on governmental account were brought to parity with the national income. In governmental finance there was established an order and system in accord with the ideal of business practice in government.

Not more by what he achieved than by what he attempted Mr. Harding exhibited the quality of his statesmanship—his patriotism, his courage, his faith in the destiny of the American nation. Here in truth was a man, a man of high purpose, a man at once amiable and bold, of moral hardihood to pursue the right as he saw it. In life Mr. Harding commanded the affection and acclaim of the American people; in death he holds their affection and their reverence.

President Coolidge.

Mr. Coolidge comes to the presidency perhaps less known, assuredly less exploited, than any man who has ever assumed the chair of George Washington. By blood inheritance he is a New Englander—a Yankee of Yankees. He was born on a Vermont farm of plain folk and bred to farm labor. Later he was graduated from Amherst College, studied law, and set up as a practitioner in Northampton, Massachusetts. He became city solicitor in 1900, clerk of court in 1904, chairman of the Republican City Committee in the same year, member of the general court (legislature) of Massachusetts in 1907-08, mayor of Northampton 1910-11, member of the state senate 1912-15, president of state senate 1914-15, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts (two terms) 1917-18, governor of Massachusetts (two terms (1919-20) and Vice-President of the United States 1921.

Temperamentally Mr. Coolidge is the antithesis of his predecessor. He has no distinction of presence, little of the vague quality of personality, nothing of outward graciousness. In a social sense he is as silent and unresponsive as General Grant, and like General Grant when he does speak it is to positive effect. Yet Mr. Coolidge is not void of ideas or of words when there is occasion. While no orator, he can speak effectively and he has no difficulty in making himself definitely understood. A curious fact that may be taken as illustrating a certain innate quality of command is that while repeatedly a candidate for public office, ranging in importance from city solicitor of Northampton to the vice-presidency of the United States, he has never failed of election. Again and again opposed by "temperamental" competitors, this silent man has by some magic of character commanded confidence and won success.

The outstanding circumstance in Mr. Coolidge's personal and official career was his course in repression of the police strike in Boston three years ago. He protested the right of peace officers to enforce their demands by the strike method, and when the crisis came he called the state troops into action and put down what he held to be in effect insurrection. It was this incident that brought about his nomination and election to the vice-presidency.

Since taking office at Washington in 1920 Mr. Coolidge has maintained a course of near self-effacement. He has presided over the Senate with entire competence, but has scrupulously refrained from intruding himself upon public attention. A man of moderate means, he has made his home in a hotel, declining an offer on the part of a citizen of Washington to set up for him a vice-presidential establishment. His participation in official society has been limited to necessary occasions, and so far from seeking opportunities to exploit himself in general ways he has studiously avoided public appearances.

In one view Mr. Coolidge comes to the presidency under fair auspices. If his personal friendships are few, it is further true that he has created no animosities. By the courtesy of the President he has attended practically all Cabinet meetings during the Harding régime. He has come in close relation with the members of the Cabinet and is fully informed in relation to current domestic and international interests. Not even President Harding had more immediate information of the working of the government than has Mr. Coolidge. On the other hand he takes office at a time when the margin of authority of his party in both branches of Congress is narrow, even questionable. It remains to be seen if he can command for administrative policies action by the legislative branch essential to success. He comes, too, at a time when factional spirit both in Congress and the country is rife.

Mr. Coolidge has declared his purpose to carry forward the policies of his predecessor. How far he may go in pursuance of controverted matters like the proposal to enter the Court of International Justice, only time will tell. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge does not himself yet know definitely what his course will be. He was not only Vice-President under the Harding administration, but a personal friend and in a special sense the associate of his chief, and his sympathies have been presumed to be in accord with the policies of Mr. Harding.

A Gloomy Theme.

Some people contemplate taxation with equanimity, others with a rising temperature. Those that are able to keep the feet warm and head cool while thinking on this irritant matter commonly suppose taxes are paid by some one else. (There is a species of this genus, consisting of the tax-eaters, who look on swelling assessments and rising rates as all to the benefit of their class and acclaim the growing burden Progress; but we reserve them for treatment later.) Those that generate a hyper-normal temperature when looking on their tax bills exhibit rational reaction to the stimulus, but they don't get mad enough; and few of them contemplate effects other than those bearing directly on their personal affairs.

Taxes are not merely a burden to the individual; they are a handicap to all industry and an obstacle to the promotion or return of prosperity. They drag business into the ruck, and interfere with the welfare of every member of society. Voltaire was at a banquet where the guests were called upon to tell the most terrible story each could think of. When the sage's turn came he arose and said: "Once there was a farmer-general of taxes." Then he sat down. The story was complete, and Voltaire won the cigars, or the bun, or the blue ribbon, or whatever the prize may have been. We have no farmers-general of taxes, but we have the taxes. We can get rid of this, that, or the other machinery or functionary for collecting them, we can say the corporations shall pay them, but we never get out from under the taxes themselves. And those that have to pay them pass them along, as much of them as possible, to whomsoever happens to occupy or use or buy the property on which the taxes are levied. The taxes are "shifted," if that is humanly possible, and are paid in higher rents, or higher car fares, or higher railroad rates or water rates, or higher prices on crackers, tea, shoes, lemons, or whatever people have to buy. We hear much about tax dodging, and it is a substantial grievance of the poor, but the poor ought to realize that dodging is just one more form in which the able and unscrupulous evade and what the poor and sometimes honest have to pay, even though the poor man may think he owns nothing to be taxed—and furthermore, that if there were not a little tax dodging here and there living prices would tend toward even higher levels. This is not to justify it—but we try to deal with facts.

Taxes would be bad enough if their only effect were to take the money from those that have earned it and pay it out for such necessary evils as deputies, clerks, assessors, tax collectors, and office-holders in general. But they are far worse in their effect on business, and through that on employment and the general prosperity. Here is a fact every merchant and every productive element of the community should consider: high taxes restrict demand and consumption, narrow the market for every conceivable commodity, clog the wheels of industry; with little compensating benefit in the way of addition to plant and equipment. When the individual feels burdened by his taxes he becomes exceedingly cagey about his purchases, spends as little as possible, inclines to devote himself to the niggardly instead of the generous life. He denies himself luxuries, and makes his necessaries go as far as possible. He patches his shoes, gets his old hat cleaned, perhaps buys a pair of cheap German clippers and has his wife clip his remaining hair. The merchant may drape his windows with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind and the choicest neckties from New Jersey looms—that universal taxpayer, the Common People, the little fellow with the big spectacles and the worried look, passes them by. He is thinking about the tax collector, and how short is the time between April and November. His wife can make the old bonnet do, and he will get along somehow without a silk shirt, though one might as well be dead these days. No urge toward expansiveness and more generous living can be heeded, for the taxes are a first lien on the little house or the real estate investment, and must be met regardless of every other demand of life. The purveyors of luxury feel a narrowed market, and so do those that produce anything dispensable, and more things are dispensable than the ordinarily prosperous person cares to remember from his days of poverty. All this means less consumption, less demand for goods on the part of the people, therefore less on the part of the retail merchant, and the wholesaler and jobber, and finally the manufacturer, and therefore less employment for labor—except that of the professional office-holders and the contractors doing business with them.

And there is a certain type, or grade, of subordinate office-holder giving as little, getting as much as he can, to whom taxation is ham and eggs. He may not typify the responsible official, but he is sympathetic with extravagant policy and helpful in putting it over. He is the sort of City Hall hanger-on that says when a citizen complains of his assessment: "Why, damn him, if I had half his real estate I'd gladly pay twice his taxes." He is the sort that applauds every socialistic extravagance and joins every conspiracy of humbug progress. If anything could justify tax dodging it would be the attitude of such tax consumers and the knowledge that they are perfectly willing to take hard-earned money out of thrifty people's bank accounts and spend it teaching children folk dancing, or building stadiums to encourage the athletic fad, or setting up municipal camps in the mountains where the thriftless can waste the savings of others.

Taxes are a necessity, but they are an evil one, and should be resisted as much as possible. They should never be paid cheerfully, but with groans and curses and muttered threats of rebellion. Every agent of the

government employed in the levy and collection of taxes should be made to feel that he is engaged in an unpopular business; and rigid economy should be exacted by the voters of every aspirant to a policy-making office. In no other way, apparently, can taxes be kept in balance and tax-eaters restrained from devouring the thrift of the people. But it requires an understanding of the real injury taxation does to the public in general.

Editorial Notes.

It is hardly the business of the high school to be a purveyor of current information, yet it may fairly be said that a high school should so stimulate the minds of its beneficiaries as to promote acquisition of common knowledge. It appears from an investigation on the part of a Tennessee editor that such is not the case—at least not in his own state. Questionnaires submitted to 2200 high school students brought out an astounding exhibition of ignorance. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll was characterized as "a statesman" and "a world war hero." Francis Scott Key was "a woman who wrote poems." Only 322 out of 1160 pupils knew the name of the governor of their own state. Michael Collins was identified as "ex-president of England." Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler was described as "President Harding's private physician"; also as a "well-known Bible teacher"; also "a leader in the medical convention." Clara Barton was described by one student as a "movie actress"; by another as "a nurse whom the Germans murdered"; by another as "an unmarried woman who lives in exile." Many of the pupils knew that a natatorium is a place for swimming, but a number muffed the answer badly. Among the answers were "a college," "a hospital," "a florist," "a man who loves his country," "a head of a nation," "a pure food show," "a fishery," "pertaining to a sailor," "a birthplace." Charles M. Schwab was described as "an anarchist," "a baseball player," and "an aviator." There was special confusion of mind among the students concerning the identity of Senator Hiram Johnson, who was accredited to every state in the Union, except California. Obviously the high schools of Tennessee—whatever else they may be doing—are not promoting intelligence respecting immediate affairs. It would be interesting to have the result of similar questionnaires in our own state.

Amid the political confusion of the time—the factional divisions in Congress, the rise of legislative blocs, the decline of party discipline—there has until now stood one unifying figure, that of President Harding. Under a situation in which his nomination by the Republican party was universally conceded, factional ambitions have been restrained in their effect upon party discipline. But with the removal of President Harding the leash is removed from factional and personal ambitions. The farm bloc, the labor bloc, the social uplift bloc, the irreconcilables—all now are under the inspiration of rising hopes. What is to come of it all nobody may presume to prophesy with assurance. The best prospect for the future lies, we believe, in the hope that Mr. Coolidge will by his course in the presidency justify the judgment that found expression in his election to the vice-presidency in 1920. The time is brief, the conditions difficult, but it is to be hoped and it may reasonably be expected that the Republican party may find in him a man capable of sustaining its leadership and reëstablishing its unity. The Republican party has lost its foremost man, the man whom in respect of the circumstances surrounding him and of his individual character was its acknowledged standard-bearer. Truly the loss is grievous, but it will not be fatal. Rich in its traditions, the Republican party now as always is rich in its possession of patriotic, able, and available personalities.

Germany is getting down to barter, "money" having been pretty well destroyed. Berlin seamstresses will no longer take marks for their work. They demand two loaves of bread for any work at all, and four loaves for mending a bit of lingerie. "Cheap money" has not made bread more abundant nor the German people happier.

At Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, the other day General Pershing expressed the hope that a time may come when every American girl will demand that the man who seeks her hand in marriage shall be one who had served in a training camp or as a guardsman, thus declaring himself willing to face every duty of American citizenship. We fear General Pershing has an imperfect line on the spirit and ambition of young womanhood; none the less his suggestion is in the right direction. A man who has served a period of military training is not only a better man in a spiritual and patriotic sense, but better prepared physically and mentally for the responsibilities of marriage. Military training strengthens habits both of mind and body that are good for every youth. It ought to be compulsory, if for no other purpose than that of promoting a healthy and disciplined manhood.

Studies by the National City Bank of New York show that of the 14,000,000 persons of foreign birth in the United States about 5,000,000 are resident in the upper Mississippi Valley, 5,000,000 in the Middle Atlantic States, 2,000,000 in New England, about 1,000,000 in the South and approximately 500,000 on the Pacific Coast. Under normal conditions our Southern states should gain heavily from the migration from southern Europe, but at this point there enters into the situation the influence of the negro. White population will not go in any considerable numbers to a region whose labor conditions are dominated by the black man. This is the main reason why the Southern states have received relatively small accretions of population from Europe and why in their development they lag behind new and relatively less inviting regions of the West and Northwest.

An Oakland stenographer, aged twenty-four, has just inherited a lump sum of $63,000. Compared with $18 per week, this looks to the young woman in question like a mountain of money; and she is quoted as saying, "I am glad to know that hereafter I will never have to look at a price tag." We can but wonder how long it will be before this young woman who proposes never again to look at a price tag will be back at the ticky-ticky machine, deteriorated by a period of idleness and license, minus fortune, minus habits of discipline? Nobody reaches a stage of fortune where it is safe to ignore the price tag.

Since March 1st the number of veterans in vocational training has been reduced by over 11,000, of which 97 per cent. have been placed in employment. Over 6700 disabled veterans were rehabilitated in the single month of June.

Average returns of Western railroads since 1920 have been: for 1921, 3.59 per cent.; for 1922, 4.03 per cent.; for the first five months of 1923, 3.6 per cent.

A man has been taken to the mental ward of Bellevue Hospital for trying to get a check out of John D. Rockefeller. That was where he belonged.

Things at bottom must be very prosperous. Even the Postoffice Department is breaking even.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

In Aid of the Blind.

San Francisco, July 25, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Dear Sir:* In June the San Francisco Association for the Blind appealed to the public for subscriptions to a building and equipment fund of $97,000 with which to buy, equip, and remodel Blindcraft Building, 1120 Folsom Street, and to acquire a small lot in the rear on which to erect an addition to the present building, so as to care for more blind people who are coming to the association for work.

Subscriptions amounting to $20,000 have been received and many promises of further aid have been given by the friends of the blind.

Noting the work done by the San Francisco Association for the Blind and appreciating the need of a more modern building to provide gainful occupation for greater numbers of this class, the Cowell family have come to the aid of Blindcraft, and Miss Helen E. Cowell, Miss I. M. Cowell, and Mr. S. H. Cowell have offered to purchase a lot, build a modern building, and turn it over to the association for its uses.

As the association has long desired a modern building adapted to the requirements of the working blind, this offer has been gratefully accepted.

As a result, the association is enabled to reduce its original appeal to the public for $97,000 to $50,000, of which amount $20,000 has already been subscribed, leaving a balance of $30,000 to be secured to cover the necessary expense of moving to the new building and acquiring additional equipment for a larger force of blind people.

As usual, it is expected that San Francisco will "know how" and that the necessary additional money will be readily subscribed so that the blind in our midst will have adequate means for helping themselves. Faithfully yours,

Mrs. William Mitchell Bunker,
President San Francisco Association for the Blind.

The inability of Germany, because of unfavorable exchange, to continue to furnish European countries with finished whetting and honing stones made from Arkansas and Mississippi rock creates a market, especially in Switzerland, which the United States might supply.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

BRITAIN AND ISOLATION.

(London Post.)

M. Poincaré has made a notable speech on the relations of France, Germany and England. The occasion was the unveiling of a memorial to a mayor who had been shot by the Germans, and we might, perhaps, be allowed to say, in passing, that if some of our mayors had been murdered in a similar manner our national attitude on this subject would probably have been rather more robust. But there was no vindictiveness in the speech of M. Poincaré: only a steely firmness which, amid so much of weak and shifting statesmanship, we can not but admire. M. Poincaré pointed out for the hundredth time the logical steps by which France was driven to her action on the Ruhr. Germany has defaulted—and defaulted with deliberately fraudulent intent. While she has been pleading her inability to pay, she has been adding enormously to her industrial and commercial equipment. She has rebuilt her mercantile marine, and has been vastly extending and strengthening her railway and canal systems. We published on Friday an article which showed, on the authority of the British commercial attaché in Berlin, that in the past four years Germany has spent upon the building of private, public, and industrial buildings and the renewal of industrial plants a sum greatly exceeding what all the Allies together were able to spend on these purposes. Germany, instead of paying her war debts, and under the cloak of public bankruptcy, has achieved several great strokes of policy. She has placed enormous credits abroad; and she has renewed, developed, and strengthened her industrial system. She has besides greatly reduced her internal debt, and has even been paying off the debentures on her industrial capital. Thus she has used the money which should have gone to the Allies to prepare herself to crush them in the commercial and industrial struggle of life, and once more make herself supreme in Europe.

It is in these circumstances that M. Poincaré justifies the French occupation of the Ruhr. "If we were not in the Ruhr," he said, "our hands would be empty, whereas today we hold pledges and we do not intend to let them go." These words, it is plain, are the words, not of M. Poincaré alone, but the words of France. They are spoken by a Frenchman who, as he truly says, has always shown himself to be a friend of Great Britain and of the Entente. But in this matter the French feel that they are engaged with Germany in a fight as vital as the battle of Verdun. They are holding on for nothing less than dear life. And if we now are to urge them to withdraw from the Ruhr, it is very much as if in the war we had proposed to them to withdraw from Verdun. We may say our difference is only on a point of tactics or strategy, and that we are agreed on the main. But unfortunately that point is vital and makes the whole difference between reality and unreality. Let us be quite plain in this matter, since nothing less than the future of our country is involved. If we were to insist upon the evacuation of the Ruhr as a condition of friendship with France, it is obvious from this speech that France would reply that she can not and will not do it. We should thus drift away from our friend, and as there is no alternative, we should be forced into a policy of isolation. We know that our government does not propose to itself a policy of isolation; but that is a probable consequence of its attitude. Therefore let it frankly face this consequence, and let the British people also face it. Have we armaments equal to a policy of isolation? Are we strong enough to dispense with allies? Have we, for example, a sufficient force of aeroplanes and of submarines to meet the liabilities that isolation entails? Have we a national army or any system of training in arms which would enable us to confront such a future with equanimity? There is only one answer to these questions. We are not prepared for a policy of isolation. We should have to add enormously to the cost of our defensive measures. Moreover, we should gain nothing, for France is determined not to withdraw from the Ruhr until she has had full satisfaction from Germany. The only policy by which we can hope for satisfactory results is cordial and whole-hearted coöperation with France to force Germany to accept our joint terms.

If we do coöperate with France we can force Germany to pay. She will yield to force what she will never yield to persuasion. And we should urge upon our government as a first step in such a policy that she ask Germany to withdraw her ordinances ordering passive resistance. That would be a useful first step in the new chapter of negotiations. From that beginning we should proceed on the assumption that, as it is impossible to trust any promises that Germany makes, we should only take account of what she actually does. And here let us say that our government ought to rid itself once for all of that clique of semi-official and official pro-German so-called experts who advise it in the interests of Germany and German finance. Our honest ministers have no conception of the duplicity of some of these people, who pretend to offer disinterested advice although they are on terms of the closest intimacy with Germans and German interests. By listening to such counselors our government is in danger of being insensibly drawn into a policy which, if clearly faced, would be abhorrent to a Conservative government, the Conservative party, and the mass of the nation.

GROWING BUREAUCRACY.

(Manufacturers' Record.)

Under the trend of the times it looks as though we shall soon reach a point where no educator dare teach any other doctrine of any kind than that which comes from an educational bureau in Washington; when no prospective mother will presume to do any thinking or studying for herself, but must be told by some maiden lady in charge of a Washington bureau exactly what she must do before and after the birth of her child and how she must raise her children. We shall soon come, under this system, to live under the most autocratic, far-reaching, domineering system of government which the world has ever known, unless the business people break loose from this dominating power of political and bureaucratic control and assert the right of every man or woman to some individuality in family life, as well as in business life; in the education of children as well as in knowing when and where to build, and in depending upon their own initiative rather than upon the say so of some incompetent bureaucrat.

Indeed, under a continuation of this system we would soon come to a time with governmental interference with everything, when maiden ladies having taught prospective mothers

all of their duties, and other bureaucrats having told the educators of the country exactly what to teach, and having told the business man what he must or must not do in his own business, we would be told when to pray and when not to pray; when to sing and when not to sing; what hymns to sing and what hymns to leave unsung; what form of divine worship to adopt and what to discard. A state religion, compelling men and women and children to accept its teachings without question, and forbidding all other teachings of divine worship, would not he more contrary to the genius of the American government than are some of the things which are now being done under the political domination of the country, which has been steadily increasing for the last ten or fifteen years. Neither party is free from the taint. Both are full of the spirit of the bureaucrat. Neither one has the courage to break loose and set at naught and defy the advice of those who would destroy the backbone and the self-reliance, the initiative and the independence of American men and women.

THE SOUND TCHERVONCTZ.

(New York World.)

The German government might well follow the example of Soviet Russia in the one respect, at least, of recoinage. Faced by the worthlessness of the ruble for international exchange, the Soviet has created a new monetary quantity called the tchervonctz. It represents approximately the value of a pound sterling and is selling above par, for the reason that it is issued on actual metal in the Soviet vaults, 50 per cent. of which is gold. Thus far Russia has kept its word in maintaining treasury collateral for the tchervonctz, and foreign bankers are becoming interested in it as a new hasis of Russian credit.

The mark is as dcad as the ruble, and that is one of the fiscal difficulties faced by Germany. It would appear that the time is at hand for the retirement of the mark and the substitution of a new German monetary unit. With the substantial remainder of the Reichsbank reserve as a basis, and the foreign balances in such centres as Amsterdam, Zurich, and New York as additional security, the German government could move to rcēstablish its currency as Russia has done.

Why should not Germany adopt the dollar as its new, properly secured coin? That would have the advantage of gaining some reflected radiance from the strong American unit of the same description. It would also provide German coinage with a decimal system. Best of all, it would tend to reēstahlish the hasis of German exchange and send the mythical, worthless mark to the slag-pile, where it helongs.

In the general financial readjustment which a settlement of debts and reparation problems will involve a suhstitute for the mark should be considered hy the Reich.

DRINK AND THE HOME.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Prohibitionists and "antis" alike will find ammunition in the local statistics on alcohol and domestic infelicity. There is not much disputing that it was to make homes happier that men and women accepted the prohibition amendment. Well, it hasn't yet done so—not in Philadelphia. Back in 1916, long before prohihition, 41 per cent. of the domestic relations cases were due to drink. No figures were kept in 1917-1918. Records were resumed January 1, 1919. War-time prohibition hecame effective six months later, on July 1st. Curiously a decline was noted during these six very "wet" months, falling from the 41 per cent. of 1916 to 30 per cent. And it continued to fall, until the low record of 6 per cent. was reached in Fehruary, 1920, just a month after the amendment went into effect. Then tbe pendulum started back. At the end of 1922 drunkenness as a cause for domestic strife was hlamed in 27 per cent. of all cases. Two interesting facts stand out in these statistics. One is that drunkenness was decreasing steadily hefore war-time prohibition. A second is that the decrease continued at an amazing rate under that measure. A fair inference, though not the only one, is that present enforcement of the law is far weaker than during war-time prohibition.

THE COAL STRIKE THREAT.

(New York Tribune.)

Mr. Lewis' refusal to continue negotiations with the hard coal operators unless they first concede him the check-off is in line with his well-known methods and strategy. To him the production of coal—a necessity of life to millions—is only an incident to the estahlishment of a czar-like control over the coal industry. According to his notion the puhlic may freeze for lack of domestic fuel and transportation and manufacture may he halted if the operators will not agree to gather in for him the dues which memhers of his miners' union owe to its treasury.

Hard coal is being mined at the highest lahor cost ever known in the anthracite region and sold to the consumer at the highest price ever exacted. The operators have offered to renew the present inflated scale of wages. But Mr. Lewis balks at this and threatens a strike because he can not also extract a promise from the employers to function in all cases as a union collection agency. From the public point of view this is an outrageous action.

The check-off has never heen in vogue in the hard coal field. The mine workers' union has flourished there without it. Its memhers are making unprecedentedly high wages and the Federal Coal Commission recently reported that there was no reason why they should not have steady, all the year 'round employment. They are in a position to pay their own club obligations. It is properly a matter between them and their organization officials.

Mr. Lewis might ask the operators as a favor to do the union's clerical and bookkeeping work and charge nothing for the service. The operators might agree to do it as a matter of comity or helpfulness to the union's clerical staff. But to say that they must do it, whether they want to or not, and to threaten another strike if they decline to do it, is heyond all reason.

If coal mining is to he interrupted again on so inconsequential an issue, nothing would restrain Federal intervention. Mr. Lewis would appear in the light of a dog in the manger, keeping the public from its supply of fuel because outsiders refuse to dun delinquent union memhers in his behalf.

The coal situation in general is an affront to economic organization and to rational ideas of service and community duty in industry. The public interest with which it is affected is neglected. No hetter illustration of that fact, or one more likely to affect puhlic opinion, could well he found than the demonstration of trivial selfishness just given by Mr. Lewis at Atlantic City.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sunset on the Bearcamp.

A gold fringe on the purpling hem
  Of hills the river runs
As down its long, green valley falls
  The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed
  Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
  The hurry of the hill,
Noiseless hetween its hanks of green
  From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
  Like fingers on its lips.
A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
  Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
  Prowls on its hanks alone,
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
  As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
  By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
  Its mountain cradle shows:
The gold against the amethyst,
  The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
  A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
  Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
  No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
  Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its hreath; no leaf
  Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
  Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the hreaking seals
  Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
  Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
  That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
  These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
  To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
  On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
  The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
  A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
  The sunset fires will hurn,
The flowers will hlow, the river flow,
  When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
  Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
  Of him who loved them well.
But beauty seen is never lost,
  God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
  Into my soul has passed,—
A sense of gladness unconfined
  To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
  Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
  Shall bloom the home-horn flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
  With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
  Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
  The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
  Still setting hroad and low;
The mountain slopes shall hlush and hloom,
  The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
  I see to have and hold,—
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
  And sunsets never cold!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we huried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our hayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
  And the lanthorn dimly hurning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow hed
  And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes uphraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
  But we left him alone with his glory.

—*Charles Wolfe.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Helen R. Innis of Brooklyn is said to be the first and only woman heating-and-ventilating engineer in these United States. She has full professional standing in the American society of that branch of practical science and has had many years of training in her work, including the most elementary manual foundations.

Brigadier-General Wendell C. Neville, United States Marine Corps, will become a major-general on December 9th, when General Barnett retires from active service with the Marines. General Neville, who is known among his men as "Follow Me," commanded the famous Fourth Infantry Brigade at Château Thierry.

Raymond Poincaré, French premier from 1911 to 1913, president of the French Republic from 1913 to 1920, and present premier, is a Lorrainer, a fact that is said to account sufficiently for his character and career. According to the Abbé Dimnet, Lorrainers are cold-looking, slow-spoken people, too unemotional to detest anything or any one violently, who miss nothing and are seldom taken in by any one. When M. Poincaré says he does not hate Germany he is speaking the literal truth, for he is too efficient to waste energy on the consuming passion of hatred. Poincaré did his military service in the Chasseurs Alpins, the Blue Devils as we Americans know them, and they are often imagined as the most fiery of French divisions, but Abbé Dimnet, of our own Massachusetts Institute of Politics, says this is not so, that an Alpin in the Epinal region is but one more cold-looking, slow-spoken Lorrainer who has lived next door to the Germans and estimates his foe with the knowledge that only contact can give. Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, was until 1918 only an hour by train from the frontier station. M. Poincaré is a barrister who prefers commercial briefs. He has attained an eminence in this field rivaled only by his colleague, M. Millerand. Incidentally both men are worth about ten million francs. The French premier handles state affairs as if each one were a legal case with every detail of which he must be thoroughly familiar. He has a wonderful memory. The thirty-odd years which make up his political experience are said to live in his mind with a photographic clearness that many politicians find inconvenient, not to say merciless. It is small wonder that the premier is too busy to have time to campaign for popularity. It is said that he is unfamiliar with the proverb that bygones should be bygones. And it is prophesied that as long as a method of reconstruction is urged in which France must make all the sacrifices Poincaré will be adamantine and refuse even to understand.

Kinrey Mastasayuma, a Japanese, resident in Philadelphia, has recently sprung into prominence as a star in the balkline billiard world, defeating Arthur Woods' average of thirty with an average of sixty.

Though he is eighty-five, Lord Morley has lost none of his mental alertness nor of his interest in public affairs. He is said to have small faith in the League of Nations.

Giuseppe Faccioli, chief electrical engineer of the works of the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, recently brought himself into the limelight by means of his own hand-made lightning and thunder. Faccioli first made his mark when he exactly figured out the magnetizing current of a new type of alternating inductor, built by William Stanley, at that time (about twenty years ago) one of the foremost electrical engineers in the country. As a result of that computation, which Faccioli refers to as the miracle of the 101 amperes, the young Italian, who was then designing engineer for the Crocker-Wheeler Company at Ampere, New Jersey, went to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, as Stanley's chief assistant, and later to the General Electric Company, where his genius for exact solutions of complicated electrical problems paved his way to the front of his profession.

Violet Oakley, the distinguished American mural painter, has recently had an exhibition in London of her drawings in pencil and oil for the enormous mural paintings in the State Capitol of Pennsylvania. Miss Oakley was the first woman in the annals of American art to be entrusted with the mural decorations of a great public building. In 1911, when Edwin Abbey died leaving the mural plans for the Pennsylvania Capitol unfinished, Miss Oakley was selected as his successor to carry out the most costly scheme of decoration of any public building in this country—the only woman artist on record to receive a commission of such magnitude. The final paintings are not yet complete, though the artist has been steadily at work ever since Abbey's death. The canvases required were so large that a special studio had to be built to house them. Miss Oakley and Cecilia Beaux are tne only women ever awarded the gold medal of the Pensylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The list of other prizes won by the muralist is long, including awards from the St. Louis and San Francisco expositions and the gold medal of the Architectural League of America. Violet Oakley was born in New York City and began her training in the Art Students' League there. Later she studied in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and in Paris. Her studio and home are in a suburb of Philadelphia.

AS "COLONEL MARSE HENRY" SAYS.

Editorials of a Man that Played a Great Part in the Development of American Journalism.

Perhaps it is useless trying to classify "Colonel Marse Henry," to give him his titles both of honor and affection. He did so much to make journalism the interpreter of history, he wrote with so much color, force, and beauty, that he stands almost alone. We can hardly regard him as a great writer, for there have been so many that wrote with finer art. We can not say he was the classic rhetor of our day, because there have been those that so far surpassed him as rhetors in the better sense—Bryan, Ingersoll, John J. Ingalls, John P. Irish. Yet the quality of passion in him rose high, and inspired him often to poetry. And he was an undoubted patriot, though nearly always a partisan. His editorial utterances he knew to be the offspring of the moment, and he knew that their main value lay in their currency; yet every American should be interested in their reflection of the times in which Marse Henry worked, and it satisfies an active want that some of the more significant of them have been compiled by Arthur Krock, who had been associated with "Colonel" Watterson on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Watterson has been called the last of the great editorial writers. That never can be true until the last copy of the last newspaper is off the press. The editorial writer has a distinct function in the nation's life, and the profession will continue to attract serviceable men as long as there are newspapers; and some of them will attain distinction.

It is strange now, in the light of these editorials, bearing on history in the making, to step back fifty-two years, to June, 1871, and find such parallels as the following to a certain condition of today:

The official document of the treaty concluded at Frankfort by the German and Frencb Peace Commissioners sbows that this agreement between tbe two countries—if we can so call a treaty forced upon one of the contracting parties by the migbt of the other—is even more unfavorable for France than we had supposed it would be from the information transmitted to us by the Atlantic cable. It is a startling illustration of the fact of how mere brutal force still prevails over humanity and justice. At no time during the whole history of France bas such a humiliating treaty been imposed upon her people—humiliating, not only in its chief conditions and stipulations, but also in its minor details and in the phraseology in which the different articles have been framed. It is not tbe contract of two nations willing to put an end to bloody strife and to settle their differences in an amicable manner, but the haughty statement of terms imposed by a proud conqueror upon a conquered and helpless foe—the ransom demanded by a triumpbant highwayman from his fettered captive.

Nor do the Germans, as had been agreed upon, propose to evacuate the Parisian forts and the surrounding departments after the first five bundred thousand francs of tbe indemnity have been paid. All those parts of the peace preliminaries which fixed a certain line of demarkation for the German troops in France have been wiped out of tbe treaty, and in their stead there bas been inserted an article whicb places it entirely at the discretion of the German government to occupy France as long as they please.

In fact, the book is replete with discussions of troubles like our own, and of many from which we have not yet emerged, and this may be its chief interest to most readers, although some red episodes, it is to be hoped, will not have to be endured twice. Of the latter class is the Tilden-Hayes election crisis, which looked at one time as though it might split the Union again. The Kentucky "colonel's" power of unlimited denunciation was well demonstrated in his attack on Garfield for his part in the matter:

It was on the 27tb of February, 1877. The Electoral Commission had reached the South Carolina case when Mr. Shellabarger, who knew from the first that it had been determined by the eight to declare Hayes elected President in defiance of the Constitution and common decency, arose and stated that his side did not want to waste any more time in arguing cases and they would "submit the case without argument." They knew from the beginning that, having packed the jury, they were sure of the verdict.

Garfield sat tbere. He was a party to the steal. He, witb his brother Judases, were anxious for the mockery to be over. He had determined with bis brother Judases that, for the occasion, they would he extreme state rights men, and affirm that, however fradudulent might be the certificate coming from a state; however odorous of fraud it might be, it must not be questioned after it reached Washington. By this means alone could they seat the defeated candidate for the presidency. Garfield was a party to tbis fraud. He knew it was a damnable crime, and yet bis partisan greed made him willing to share the responsibility with other murderers of popular liberty. . . .

Judge Black had read the purpose of the eight from the start. He read the guilty deed in Garfield's eyes, as though it had already been performed, and when the tricky Shellabarger proposed to submit the case without argument, the intention of the Republican buccaneers was apparent to any man. It was then that Judge Black uttered a most memorable speech, which made tbe conspirators tremble before him. He alluded to tbe "borrible calamity with whicb the country is threatened; a President, deriving his title from a shameless swindle, not merely of fraud, but a fraud detected and exposed." He then rose to the heights of defiance and flung tbis at the conspirators:

"You do not think it any wrong tbat a nation should be cheated by false election returns. On tbe contrary, it is rather a blessing wbicb beaven has sent us in this strange disguise. When tbe omnipotent lie shall be tbroned and sceptered and crowned you tbink we ought all of us to fall down and worsbip it as the hope of our political salvation."

That "omnipotent lie" was throned and Garfield fell down and worshipped it, offering incense along with sucb ruffians as J. Madison Wells and his fellow-burglars with whom Garfield had held criminal intercourse in New Orleans. That "omnipotent lie" Garfield worsbips today. He is stamped witb the impress of the seal of that beast, and he has been chosen as the leader of the party wbicb stands convicted before Heaven, angels, and men of the most infamous political crime of the century.

It will appear from the above that mincing things was not the colonel's main virtue. He seems always to have written in what the English are calling the spadist style. He could not fight Bryan for McKinley; that is, not directly. He did not feel that he could do that and remain a Democrat. So he fought for Palmer and Buckner and the Gold Democrats, perceiving the destructive policies on which the Democratic party was then embarked. He was one member to whom that sort of Democratic tendency did not appeal as either reasonable or expedient. It was, in brief, the class war, and he saw it clearly, and said so:

The purpose of those who, inspired by Governor Altgeld and Senator Tillman, made the platform was to catcb what they call "the labor vote," under the impression that every man who works for day wages is an anarchist. The spirit underlying the wbole is agrarian. It is not Democracy. It is not Republicanism. It is simply the arraying of class against class, appealing to the lowest passions and the densest ignorance for its justification.

No government on earth could stand on such a principle. It is an open invitation to lawlessness. Once admitted, it could never appease tbe appetite of the ever-existent turbulent elements of society. By its leave, and under pretense of Mr. Bryan's "cause of humanity" behind it, we should soon have in place of the Plutocracy which—in one and the same breath—it creates and proposes to remove, a mobocracy, leveling all men and all things to suit the varying moods of each succession of firebrands. Even Governor Altgeld and Senator Tillman might find it hard to keep up with the procession; and one trembles to think what would become of Mr. Bryan if, invested with even a momentary sense of responsibility, he should, in the interest of society and the state, happen to consult the primitive law of self-preservation, and raise his hand against a chaos provoked and precipitated by himself.

It took Watterson a long time to learn Bryanism, and before he had learned it he gulped hard and swallowed Bryan—in the campaign of 1900—on the ground that the silver issue was dead. He did not then know that as soon as one rotten platform was kicked out from under Mr. Bryan that gentleman would mount another just as rotten. He said that Bryan was no longer the man of 1906—that he had had four years of experience and had learned a great deal, not knowing that four hundred years of experience would never teach that strange mentality any truth important in a public sense. Four years later he saw the fustian statesman more clearly and in the midst of the Parker campaign he said:

It can no longer be doubted that what Mr. Bryan aims at is a divided Democracy. What he seeks is the defeat of its ticket. Where he has failed he has resolved that none other shall win. That Judge Parker was faithful among the faithless is nothing to him. That Judge Parker is a lifelong Democrat is nothing. If another stood in Judge Parker's shoes, that other would invite Mr. Bryan's resentment. Hill is but as a red rag to a mad bull, Belmont is but a figure-of-speech. Hearst is the only wear—quite a good-enough Morgan up to the assembling of the convention—with a brickbat for the party and a butcher knife for its ticket after it.

Happy indeed are those who are out of politics; yet manbood is still manhood; honor is still honor; and truth is still truth. How different all this might have been. Mr. Bryan might have gone into the St. Louis convention a very angel of light. He might bave appeared there amid its cheeriest applause. He had only to be just, to be true to the spirit he has so often invoked, to show himself a large-hearted, magnanimous man, seeking the general good. He could have made himself a tower of strengtb. It was not in him. One who could wrangle with a widow over her busband's estate, wbo could accept diplomatic favors from the Republican administration, who could pay his way ahroad writing letters to the yellow journals and at home make common cause with the Hearst circus—yet orate the while about the ideal in public life and morals—must carry to the end the twin distaffs of pharisaism and malignity, recalling the glum figure of the dog-in-the-manger who could neither eat himself, nor would permit any otbers to eat.

And four years later he swallowed Bryan again. Yet Marse Henry, though not always consistent, was always sincere, always in earnest, always fervent with honest conviction. For that reason a nation has loved him, although it could not always agree with him. He sat in Congress, and saw much. He feared the Money Devil and shuddered at the Encroachments of Predatory Wealth. Had he lived he might have found the shuddering just as good over the Taxation Devil, and the Encroachments of Predatory Poverty. And though he might gag and swallow Bryan, he could not swallow Roosevelt—it seems to have been largely a matter of the label on the bottle. But his invective is good always. He curses well. Even today, when both are in their graves, it is warming to read such forthright invective as this:

We judge Mr. Roosevelt by his writing and his official conduct. His writing shows us a self-confident, supercilious iconoclast. The vengeful spirit which led him first to wrong and then to insult an old man like Jefferson Davis shows through every printed page of his voluminous productivity. It is not alone that his judgment is faulty, but that his spirit is niggardly. He claims everything for himself, gives nothing, allows nothing, to anybody else. He assails whole classes as well as individual men. Yet his composition is equally inconsistent and illogical. He began a Free Trader, to end a High Protectionist. He built himself up as a Civil Service Reformer, to end the most shameless spoilsman. Do these things mean nothing? How can any upright, thoughtful American respect or admire such a man?

But, bis conduct in office has been both brutal and reckless. Why do not some of his organs defend bis treatment of Miles? Why are they so persistently silent as to his treatment of Dewey and Schley?

Tbe Panama business was a villainy from start to finish. Why do not some of the newspapers who are abusing us defend it? Forty millions taken from the treasury to be given to a syndicate of Parisian stock gamblers. Ten millions more to a group of stool-pigeons on the Isthmus set up by these stock gamblers. A solemn treaty trampled under foot. The whole beastly swindle as transparent as the day; horrible, infamous; and the man who has put this disgrace upon us, can do no wrong!

Once some friends tried to get Marse Henry to be governor of Kentucky; as pleasant an experience it would have been at that time as to be governor of a large and irritated hornet's nest. It was not on that consideration that he declined, but for better reasons. He said office-seeking was always disgusting. True, the devil of personal ambition led him a little way up into a high mountain, but he hardly looked at the scene before him. Instead he wrote:

I not only want no recognition, or preferment, but I protest against newspaper nominations to office which imply that journalism is not an eminently honorable Department of the Public Service. The journalist who has his weather eye fixed upon office can not be a disinterested journalist, and disinterestedness is the soul of journalism. Men in their places are the men who stand; not self-seeking aspirants dazzled by the glitter of the footlights of Washington.

Success in public life means preparation as much as success in professional life. No man is born to it. Experience, special training, aptitude, no less than ability and learning and eloquence, lie at the foundation of a career in statesmanship, and whilst all these great qualities might exist in a journalist, they would not necessarily fit the wearer to shine upon the scene of another stage of action. Mr. Greeley, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Forney paid the penalty for the mistake of mixing journalism and officialism with shipwrecked lives and broken hearts. As I said at the outset, I early made up my mind never to follow in their footsteps.

I am profoundly grateful for the good-will of my professional brethren. But I can not help feeling a kind of resentment that they should think office a "promotion" and call it a "reward." It is rather a badge of servitude. For all dignities my respect is reverend; for the Army and Navy, for the Senate and the Church; but there is also a dignity in duty done for its own sake, in pride of profession for its own sake; and this dignity can not be enhanced by any blue-ribbon, or titular distinction.

The "colonel" was a phrase maker, preëminent. Let us not too easily deride the phrase maker. When a name, a brand, may kill off a movement or make an honest aspiration ridiculous, or sell a million dollars' worth of mush, the phrase maker is a power. Some of Marse Henry's were so happy as to remain parts of our political thought form for years, and others less happy caught the popular fancy for some inexplicable reason, like slang, and also reverberated across the country for long; for example:

Tbe he-women whose cry for "sex freedom" rings out of band-wagons and echoes up and down the line of circus parades, elated by the enthusiasm of the poor drahs that follow—the Sillysallies and Crazyjanes of the rank-and-file—do not, or will not perceive that the multiplying tragedies and scandals of the day are the direct offspring of their teaching; that "sex freedom," to weak or vicious minds, means license; that adultery seems no worse in women than in men; that "opportunity" and "equality," as expressed by lewd dances, furnish the woman the means, hitherto conceded to the man, of initiating sexual indulgence. The had manners of the young women of the better class are everywhere conspicuous. They are being educated to the knowledge of evil. Sex barriers are thrown down. The forhidden is becoming the rule. The laws of God and nature are reversed. To meet the requirements of the he-women who seek to rule the roost self-assertion must take the place of self-deniai; riding a single horse, the woman must insist upon riding before; and, as every woman has the right to choose the father of her own children—in case she be fool enough to have any—in case one father does not answer, she may get another, there being neither limitation nor responsihility to the dogma of "free love." Heavens! Rome had it; so did Athens; when the feminine New Jerusalem arrives, which of these he-women will play Aspasia?

What Marse Henry disliked he had no hesitancy in saying he disliked. Otherwise he would never have been worth reading. No one can miss the ring of sincerity in these expressions of his thoughts on prohibition and prohibitionists:

I should not like to take the hand of a prohibitionist, if I knew him to be a prohibtionist. I should not like it because, in tbe event that he be not a fool outright who could nowise have my respect or interest, or concern me, he must be sterile of mind and beart as well as a traitor to the institutions of his country.

The Constitution of the United States assures to each citizen the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These are essential to freedom, to a free country and to free men. In the exercise of his rights the individual man must not tread upon, or put in jeopardy, the rights of his fellowman. Nor within this limitation must he allow his own to be ignored or abridged.

The case against prohibition, other than that it is a canting hypocrisy devised by rogues for the cheating of dupes, where it is not the broken reed of feminine hope, or a weak delusion of zealots, because in point of fact it does not prohibit, may he thus summarized:

First—It is tbe entering wedge to a sumptuary fanaticism which will not stop with the attempt at the denial of drink, but, given its bent and license, will set up a tyrannous supervision over every affair of private life and personal conduct, substituting for self-determination the will and rule of conventicle.

Second—It affects to establish virtue by law, substituting for the sense and sway of conscience the public acts and ordinances of assemhly, thus making a political issue of religion and morality and removing it from the accountability of the minds and hearts of men.

Third—It is an assault upon the essential reason of our republican being, and the establishment of the spy system, not to say the reinvestment of the star-chamber and the inquisition.

The quotation I have made from the oracle of Omaha reads like an editorial of, says, ten years ago, out of a certain ribald sheet of Louisville. Recently the New York *World* has taken up the same cry. I am afraid that my good brothers Hitchcock and Cobb arrive upon the scene too late, that they reach the stable and propose to lock the door when the horse is gone, that, in point of fact, the Bolsheviki of prohibition have swooped down alike upon Hell-fer-Sartin and Yuba Dam, as well as upon New York and Nebraska, and that there is equally no balm in Gilead, nor sugar in the bottom of tbe glass.

Every American, and especially the younger generation, should know something of the writings of Marse Henry. They are of the texture of our national conseiousness.

THE EDITORIALS OF HENRY WATTERSON. Compiled with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Krock. New York: The George H. Doran Company; $3.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 4, 1923, were $146,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $148,200,000; a decrease of $1,300,000.

In the August issue of *Commerce Monthly* the National Bank of Commerce in New York states that unless unfavorable factors interpose, the continuation of present conditions of industrial prosperity throughout the country will go far toward assuring prosperity for the railroads.

"The improvement in the condition of the railroads of the United States which was apparent in the early months of last year, but which was prematurely strangled by the coal and rail strikes, seems at last to have begun in real earnest. The ratio of operating expense to operating revenue has been gotten within reasonable bounds and business and industrial recovery has created a tremendous volume of traffic. Car loadings of revenue freight during the first six months of 1923 were nearly 12 per cent. greater than in the same period of 1920. During the week of June 30th loadings were 3000 cars above the record for a single week previously established in the fall of 1920. The American Railway Association estimates that freight loadings during the fall of 1923 will reach as high as 1,080,000 cars per week, more than 60,000 above any previous record.

"The outstanding factor in the situation is the comparative ease with which this extraordinarily large volume of traffic has been handled. Traffic congestion has been at a minimum, and in spite of an unusually large percentage of bad-order cars and locomotives resulting from the strike of railroad shopmen last summer the large shortage of freight cars which was a problem last autumn has been pared down until at present a fair surplus exists. The proportion of locomotives in need of repair is being continually reduced."

Preparations have been made in anticipation of a heavy crop movement in the fall, which makes that season the heaviest traffic season of the year. Continuing, the bank says:

"It is estimated that these precautions and the receipt of the large number of freight cars on order to be delivered October 1st, will enable the railroads to care for the enormous volume of traffic expected.

"The earnings of the railroads have kept pace with increasing car loadings. Their gross operating revenues for the first five months of 1923 amounted to over $2,550,000,000, more than 13 per cent. higher than the previous record for the period established in 1920. This was in spite of the fact that reductions in freight rates during the past year made voluntarily by the roads or at the instance of the Interstate Commerce Commission have in the aggregate been considerable. For the first five months of the year the average investment was 5.69 per cent. There is better than a fair possibility that the standard return of 5.75 per cent. allowed the roads by the act of 1920 will be earned this year for the first time since the act became a law.

"Economy of operation has not been at the expense of maintenance. In the first five months of 1923 a larger sum was expended for maintenance of way and structures and of equipment than in the corresponding period of any preceding year with the exception of 1920. Although the roads expect to spend in total more than a billion dollars during 1923 on equipment, improvements, and developments, this amount will be capitalized rather than charged to operating expenses.

"As a direct result of the limited earnings of the railroads and their difficulty in obtaining funds, the expansion of the railroad system of the country is practically at a standstill. The mileage of railroads in this country is less than in 1915, whereas during the preceding decade it increased by nearly one-fifth. It is estimated that the population of the continental United States has increased 12 per cent. since 1915, and the volume of industry and business probably even more. The number of locomotives and freight cars has remained practically stationary, although on account of increased average tractive power of the locomotives and average capacity of freight cars, their freight handling capacity has increased.

"The railroads are still threatened by further hampering legislation, so that operating officials are unable to lay plans for the future with reasonable assurance that they may be carried out. The act of 1920 should be given a fair trial in operation under favorable conditions before discarding it for some other form of legislation which may prove to be equally temporary. Rates should be revised only after careful consideration, and operating expenses must continue to be watched with extreme care. There should be no further additions to the heavy burden of taxation, which has more than doubled in the past decade."

Indication are that the decline in business activity is nothing more than the usual summer dullness. If future developments establish this reading of the business barometer as accurate it will be of utmost importance to the speculative community. For stocks, having fully discounted—and probably over-discounted—the marked slowing down in business, will recover very sharply once Wall Street, in its majority opinion, favors the belief that an old-fashioned fall recovery will follow this old-fashioned summer dullness, says *Forbes Magazine*.

That the present hesitation is seasonal, and, in fact, rather moderate than otherwise, is revealed by the limited extent of such declines in production and trade as have been noted. Steel production shows only a slight decrease, partly due to weather conditions, partly due to need of repairs to heavy-duty equipment. Railroad buying, following brief periods of decline, has developed a habit of immediately reasserting itself, as would be expected where an attempt is being made to fill pressing needs at the most advantageous prices. Sales by retail stores in various lines continue better than seasonal expectations of merchants. The two leading Chicago mail-order houses reported high record sales in June.

And railroad freight-car loadings, reflecting a movement of goods to market which is a most eloquent commentary upon cautious stocking by mercantile establishments, have been running above the million-car level contrary to all past seasonal experiences.

The high record of mail-order business has a deeper significance than that implied by the movement against seasonal sales resistance. It indicates that the farmer is buying more freely; and this indication is borne out by reports of unusually large sales of farm implements in the Northwest, by rising prices for food animals in the face of heavy movements to market, and by record shipments of wheat. Even if, on a strict accounting basis, the farmer's corn-fed hogs may now be going to market at a "loss," it is to be remembered that such marketing puts the farmer in funds, a portion of which are going into the purchase of needed merchandise. And there are large sections of the country where the farmer is far from being "hard-up."

While wholesale prices have declined appreciably, the general price fabric remains unusually firm, and there are very sound reasons for expecting a maintenance of this condition. Pronounced weakening of prices of manufactured goods is not to be expected in the face of prevailing high labor costs, and back of this influence is the sound foundation of our enormous gold supply.

The following stocks seem most likely to participate in the next forward movement: American Can, U. S. Steel, General Electric, Westingbouse Electric, Baldwin Locomotive, National Enameling, Owens Bottle, Air Reduction, Gulf States Steel, Republic Iron & Steel, Associated Dry Goods, May Department Stores, American Steel Foundries, Studebaker, Mack Trucks, U. S. Rubber, Kelly-Springfield, Anaconda, Utah, New York Central, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio and Southern Railway.

The Postoffice Department bas started an active campaign against crooked promoters, and investors and the public generally should be keenly interested. Ninety-two indictments have already been returned against Texas oil promoters and more are expected to follow. Fraud orders have been issued against Dr. Frederick A. Cook, his Petroleum Producers' Association, and others, to prevent them from securing any more money from the public through the mails. The first of these Texas cases has been tried in the Federal court and sentences of ten years have been pronounced against Charles Sherwin and Harry H. Schwartz, the promoters of the General Lee Development Interests; and of two years against "General" Robert A. Lee, who sold the use of his name to these promoters.

The story of the case is instructive. Sherwin and Schwartz, professional promoters, met Robert A. Lee late in 1921. At that time Lee, an old man, was badly in need of money and his new acquaintances gave him $5. They then conceived the idea of employing him in their promotion operations and capitalizing the reputation of the famous Lee family of Virginia and the illustrious Confederate general. It was about that time that Robert A. Lee, who had formerly been a janitor in the State House at Boise, Idaho, became a "general." These promoters made an arrangement with Lee whereby he was to lend the use of his name for the consideration of $12.50 a week, says John K. Barnes in *Century Magazine*.

A common-law trust, similar to most of the Texas oil promotions, was organized with an authorized capital of $25,000. This was known as the General Lee Interests. This organization secured, from the sister-in-law of Sherwin, oil and gas leases on 200 acres of land in "wild cat" territory in Texas. This acreage was turned into the company for the entire amount of the capital stock. The stock was thereafter considered the personal property of the promoters, and was offered to the public by them and no accounts kept. Glowing representations were made as to the integrity of "General" Robert A. Lee and to his "fame as a geologist." They said "he has never yet located a well that did not produce oil." In this first venture $16,000 worth of stock was sold to the public, while the "wild cat" leases, which were the only asset of the company, were not worth, according to expert valuation obtained by postoffice inspectors, in excess of $1000.

In about a month, when this first venture had run its course, it was abandoned and a second common-law trust was organized. One hundred and forty acres of "wild cat" leases, which had cost Sherwin's sister-in-law $5 an acre, or a total of $700, were turned into this company in exchange for all of its stock and $14,500 of stock was sold to the public and the proceeds pocketed by the promoters. This was known as the General Lee Interests No. 2.

Some months after that these same promoters organized under another declaration of trust the General Lee Development Interests with authorized capital stock of $250,000. Oil and gas leases on 6163 acres in Denton and Tararnt counties, Texas, were turned into this company by the promoters who again took therefor the entire capital stock and proceeded to sell it to the public. More elaborate literature was used in this venture than in the two preceding schemes. The letterhead of the concern carried the United States and the Confederate flags. An elaborate pamphlet entitled "The Honor of the Lees" was prepared and sent out. A picture of Robert A. Lee appeared in the front of this pamphlet and it traced the history of the Lee family from 1649 to 1922 and concluded with a sketch of the life and accomplishments of "General" Robert A. Lee, who, by the way, was no relative of the famous family.

A Chicago brokerage house was employed to sell this stock. The agents of this firm were introduced to prospective stock buyers by a letter from the Fort Worth office stating that General Lee would like to call personally, but as this would mean retarding the progress of the company such personal visits were out of the question, and for that reason he was sending his personal representative from Fort Worth, who would be glad to answer all questions. Following this letter one or more agents would call and the purpose of their call as related by a victim in Ohio was as follows:

"When these men came they told me a wonderful story. They said a company of oil men who owned leases surrounding the Lee Development Company's property wanted to buy the 6000-acre lease of General Lee and was willing to pay $4 per share, the deal to be closed within a month. They also said that Mr. Lee wanted to give each stockholder a chance to acquire as much stock as he could pay for or give good security for. I gave them $300 cash, and $480 of Marconi stock, also 480 shares of Radio preferred and 480 shares of Radio common, with the understanding that this stock must be returned to me as soon as the above deal was closed. These young men also said that in a few days another special man would see me and I should perpare for him and raise as much money as possible, as the time was short. The

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coming of this man was announced by Robert A. Lee by telegraph. When he came I drew from a loan company $11,400 and gave it to him. A few days after this two other men came and I gave them $1800 and promised to pay $1300 more in a few days to make my holdings 20,000 shares. These men said that the company that wanted to buy Lee's holdings had six producing wells surrounding the 6000 acres of the Lee Development Company.

"When Lee sent the certificates for the stock and did not say a word about the oil company buying his holdings it dawned upon me that I was swindled and I wrote to him about it. Then he announced the coming of a Mr. Marks, who should explain everything satisfactorily. When this man Marks came I told him they were swindlers. He would not stand for that, but admitted that they had lied to me about the oil company and the six producinge wells. As I had not paid the $1300, above mentioned, he advised me to pay that, as he knew a broker, he said, who wanted to buy 20,000 shares in one block and was willing to pay $2 a share. I told him I was willing to sell my stock for $1 per share, to which he had nothing more to say. When I asked him for my Radio stock, he said it was in their safe at Fort Worth. However, I was informed by the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey that it had been sold."

It is easy to explain what has caused the decline in the stock market. It has been due to high labor costs, European complications, fear of radical legislation, over-supply of agricultural products and a congested domestic oil market. There is no reason to look farther; these are enough, says E. F. Hutton & Co.'s monthly review.

To select a single instance, we can not go on building and expanding without increasing labor wage-scales still further and per contra we can not abruptly diminish activity and so cut down labor costs without inviting unemployment, unrest, and depression. Here is a dilemma with two real horns from which there is no escape. Now when any machine is found to be in a condition where it can not run at top speed without danger and can not stop without disaster, there is only one course to pursue and that is to slow down. This is what the stock market has been doing for about four months.

The market has been defined as a barometer of business conditions, and in this as in almost every other instance it has correctly fulfilled its functions, however disagreeable the process may be. It is useless to smash the barometer because we do not like the weather. Facts must he faced. We must settle down to a period of equilihrium and mark time for awhile. Then after a period of moderate unemployment, decreasing commercial activity, and reduced costs we shall be ready for another cycle of major upward swings. This is the lesson of an unbroken past experience.

The fear of further European complications may be dismissed hy saying that it is a situation that may and probably will greatly improve over night. The fear of radical legislation by the forthcoming Sixty-Eighth Congress may be similarly dismissed. The farms blocs and other radical elements may he counted upon as usual to exploit every prevalent form of unrest and dissatisfaction, but little if anything will he done in the way of legislation, and the less Congress does the hetter the puhlic will he pleased. We have survived successive periods of Populism, free silver, and other quack antidotes for human ills and we have always found them as transitory as the unrest that gave them birth.

The agricultural problem is undeniably serious and can not be lightly dismissed. It is true that the farmer who must accept pre-war prices for his wheat while he is compelled to pay post-war prices for the necessities of life is in a serious plight. Unfortunately there is only one way to fix the price of wheat or anything else, and that is supply and demand. We have produced too much wheat for home consumption and we can not compete with the low-priced Canadian product in the matter of export. This leaves us with a surplus on our hands and a serious economic problem as well. Certainly the purchasing power of Europe is not as great today as it was last year, and Europe has, moreover, fairly good crops of its own. We are therefore face to face with the unpleasant realization that nothing is likely to occur in the immediate future to advance wheat prices. The effect of this situation upon all domestic markets, including the stock market, is obvious.

What of the future? At this writing (July 30th) the stock market has declined to a point at which 50 per cent. of the gains in industrial securities since 1921 have been swept away. Such a decline may be said to have discounted many if not all of the disquieting features outlined above. We do not believe the American farmer is going into permanent bankruptcy, nor do we believe indefinite chaos is to rule in Europe. We feel confident that the peak of domestic oil production is in sight and any change in that great industry will he a change for the hetter. We are convinced that despite the radical talk of our new school of theorists economic law alone will correct the prevalent agricultural dislocation and that revolutionary experiments can only serve to make matters worse. Talk is heard, for example, that the Sixty-Eighth Congress will attempt to modify or repeal the Esch-Cummins Act and so destroy the rate-making functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Is it not clear to the layman that America's premier industry is transportation and that any legislation designed to cripple that industry through reductions of rates that are not even now compensatory can only destroy railroad credit and result in disaster?

To be sure, the action of the stock market in the closing days of July does not inspire optimism. Undeniably there is unrest and anxiety. But a calm survey by those who have long memories and steady nerves reveals many reasons for hopefulness. There has been no top-heavy speculation, shelves are not overloaded, business generally is free from inflation, healthy conservatism is the order of the day. If temporarily there is too much wheat and too much oil it is well to remember that in the last analysis products derived from the earth are the things that constitute wealth. And finally the enormous declines that have taken place in the stock market have discounted many real ills, and many imaginary ones.

Average prices for forty leading bonds gained 0.71 points during the last two weeks. In the preceding two weeks there was a loss of 0.85 points. Average prices are now approximately five and a half points below the high level reached on August 22, 1922, and two and a half points below the high of 1923, reached on January 3d. Transactions in bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange have recently declined in volume and at present there seems little disposition to throw overboard issues of an investment grade. The reaction in averages is largely due to the liquidation of speculative bonds which were over-bought at the same time stock prices were over-bid. Sound investment bonds have reacted to some extent, it is true, the greater part of the loss there, however, being caused by forced selling in order to protect stock market commitments. Fundamentally, the position of investment bonds is not materially changed. Interest rates have shown a slight tendency upward on account of mid-year credit requirements, but commercial demands are less, and when this special demand is filled lower interest rates will he in order. Such check as has come to business has not been sufficient to affect the investment merits of sound bonds and there is no occasion for selling on this ground, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Total new hond offerings during the last fornight amounted to $32,299,000, as compared with $136,211,111 in the preceding two weeks.

Bond houses report that the usual mid-year investment demand so far has not materialized to the extent looked for. Banks have been particularly light buyers. An explanation of this may be found in the fact that a large volume of honds formerly carried with brokers have been taken up recently and loans made against them at the investor's local hank. Consequently funds that normally would find their way into new investments have been lent to customers.

The investor wbo buys his bonds outright has been holding off on account of a declining market, evidently expecting to make his commitment at lower levels later on. Whether this will be possihle is doubtful. There is little tangible reason for the bond market to decline further in the immediate future.

The investor with ready funds can place them at this time to yield a return of considerahly better than 6 per cent. The following suggestions are made for those willing to sacrifice a redundant safety, but who can not afford the element of risk found in highly speculative bonds or the majority of common stocks:

	Due	Price	Yield
St. L., San F. p. l. "A" 4s	1950	67	6.70
Balt. & Ohio ref. 5s	1995	83	6.05
Mo. Pacific ref. "D" 6s	1949	93	6.55
Hudson & Man. ref. 5s	1957	82	6.30
U. S. Rubber ref. 5s	1947	87	6.10

Stephens & Co. are offering an issue of $275,000 first closed mortgage 7 per cent. sinking fund gold honds of the Balboa Building Company, San Diego, at par and interest. This is one of the few new offerings by local houses during the past few weeks.

The Balboa Building is now under construction at the southwest corner of Fourth and E Streets, San Diego, and will be a five-story fireproof, modern, office, store and theatre building. Six stores will occupy the ground floor and basement on Fourth Street, and the upper floors will he divided into thirty-four offices, each with outside exposure and provided with high-speed elevator service. The theatre, which will be the largest and finest south of Los Angeles, will have a seating capacity of 2000 and has been leased for a long term to R. E. Hicks, prominent business man of San Diego, and who now owns and operates the Cabrillo Theatre in that city, at present the finest motion-picture house in San Diego. Hicks has heen a successful theatre operator for many years.

The intersection of Fourth and E Streets is in the heart of the business, shopping, and theatre district of San Diego, Fourth Street being the main artery of travel north and south and E Street heing one of the principal streets east and west. The city plaza, opposite the U. S. Grant Hotel, is one-half block north, and most of San Diego's larger buildings are within a radius of two blocks, 95 per cent. of the banking business of the city being transacted within this area. All street-cars are routed so as to pass within one block of the building, thus affording excellent transportation facilities.

The bonds are serial, running from three to fifteen years, and will constitute a first closed mortgage on the land and huilding, valued at $550,000, or twice the amount of the present issue. Earnings are estimated at approximately two and one-fourth times maximum annual interest requirements on this issue. A sinking fund has been provided which it is estimated will retire the entire issuc by maturity.

Application has been made to the superintendent of banks to certify the issue as a legal investment for California savings banks, and the offering is made subject to such certification.

Ritchie L. Dunn, Jr., has joined the sales staff of the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company at the San Francisco headquarters office. At one time he was connected with Schwabacher & Co. and later, after several months' residence in the East, he was on the staff of Strasshurger & Co.

Holders of Utah Power and Light Company first lien and general 6s, due February 1, 1944, are advised that the definitive bonds of the above issue are ready for delivery. Upon receipt of the temporary certificates which you now hold Cyrus Peirce & Co. will he pleased to make the necessary exchange and send you the permanent bonds hy registered mail and insured.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are offering an attractive issue of first mortgage 6½ per cent. gold bonds of the Belvedere Water Corporation.

This company supplies domestic water to about 35,000 people living in the territory immediately adjacent to the northeasterly boundary of the city of Los Angeles.

The net earnings for the year 1922 of the Belvedere Water Corporation were over one and a half times the greatest interest requirements, while the estimated earnings for 1923 will be two and one-fourth times interest charges.

These bonds, which are being offered at 100, yielding 6.50 per cent., will be secured by a first mortgage on all of the property of the company now owned or hereafter acquired, conservatively valued at twice the amount of the bonds offered.

Application has been made to the superintendent of banks to certify these bonds as a legal investment for California Savings Banks.

Through a concession obtained from the government of Portugal the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation has undertaken to develop what is believed to be one of the greatest oil-producing regions in the world, embracing 45,000,000 acres in Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

The Southern Pacific Company has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority ti purchase the Pacific Southwest Railroad Company, a four-mile line running from Lompoc to White Hills, California.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Spanish Art.

The Temptress. By V. Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

Ihañez' popularity is not hard to explain—he has the gift of the facile story-teller, a qualification that should he considered a *sine qua non*, hut which, oddly enough, many novelists dispense with, and seem to thrive despite their handicap. The difference hetween such a hook as "The Temptress" and the average annual production of even the hetter class of novelists is that Ihañez' yarn seems one that he found somewhere and told, whereas his less fortunate colleagues have the effect of inventing their tales as they go. This is a vital point. It can he traced to Latin gusto, possihly, and it has nothing to do with verisimilitude—the story of Elena, which is hased as a matter of fact on that of Helen of Troy, is as improhahle as her classic prototype's. But her history has the same inevitahle sweep, and though "The Temptress" might he discriminated against hy saying it would make a first-rate movie, it would do so hecause it is a first-rate story, which is quite a different thing from a novel.

This epic of modern Helen is entertaining and edifying—Ihañez always points a moral. Or rather his climax does so for him, since his art is of the sort that conceals its workmanship. It is useless to he hypercritical ahout the technique of "The Temptress"—the thing exists, and it is wisdom not to dispute facts. It is, of course, melodramatic, improhahle, highly colored, hut it is all of these things with a finished art that evokes admiration from the critical, and a facility amounting almost to unconsciousness that accounts for its popularity. As we have said, Ihañez is a horn story-teller.

Another quality that marks his work apart from most other moderns and perhaps additionally explains his truly remarkahle verve is his indifference to any prevailing tone—he strums the lyres of comedy or tragedy in turn according to the varying fortunes of his heroine, meanwhile disregarding modern literary mandates against trespassing on one or the other precinct. All tbe world is his course and any mood his quarry. The comic contretemps produced hy Elena's presence in the Patagonian engineering camp serves hut to heighten the tragedy her continued mischief-making presence is to cause. One thing is certain—we refuse to contemplate "The Temptress" as a prohlem novel. Nor will we psychologize concerning Elena's motifs. As a picturesque, legendary figure who perhaps is reincarnated now and then, she is perfect. Fate must use some tools for her awful purposes, and the more picturesque the hetter the effect when the tale is told. R. G.

Simplifying the Heavens.

The Boy Astronomer. By A. Frederick Collins. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

Mr. Collins quotes in his preface Carlyle's regret that he had never learnt the stars and explains his aim is to save other Carlyles as well as lesser lights from such vain grief. For some reason, prohahly hecause it is associated with higher mathematics, than which no hranch of learning is more formidahle to the average mind, astronomy is a generally little-known science. Physics and even chemistry are more widely disseminated. But there are two sides to astronomy—in that respect it is rather like music. And the average layman with scant time to delve into the mysteries of logarithms and stellar photography may yet have a working knowledge of the stars hased on simple recognition of their appearance. Our author claims that with the aid of a star finder and his hook one may read the heavens very satisfactorily. Mr. Collins, who has recently heen made a fellow of the British Royal Astronomical Society, has written in a simple, untechnical style that is equally pleasant to young people aud grown-ups. The hook, which is easily one of the hest popular works on astronomy, is adequately illustrated with numerous diagrams.

Seeing California First.

Finding the Worth While in California. By Charles Francis Saunders. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.50.

Guidehooks of all sorts have flourished lately, though the European variety has perhaps predominated. This contribution to the See America First press is a compact pocket-sized volume that aims to guide visitors to the essential points of interest in the Golden State. Mr. Saunders is the author of several other guidehooks, including "Under the Sky in California," so that his two volumes in this state comprise an adequate traveling library, whether one is intent on camping and studying the wild life of the Pacific Coast or on acquiring a rapid acquaintance with the missions and restaurants for which California is perhaps equally famous.

Popular Econ'.

The Control of Wages. By Walton Hamilton and Stacy May. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.50.

The latest volume on the Workers' Bookshelf, which is a series of "hrief, constructive hooks on lahor, science, and literature," comprises the fundamentals of the vital suhject of wages and wage control. Mr. Hamilton is professor of economics at Amherst College, and Mr. May, formerly an instructor in econ' at Amherst, is now at Brookwood Workers' College. Prohahly as a result of luhricating the dryness of economics for freshman consumption, the authors have got the hahit of treating their suhject lightly, one might almost say flippantly. As their style is as piquant as a treatise on wages might reasonahly he expected to he, we prophesy a wide puhlic for "The Control of Wages."

The Game of Eastern Potentates.

Ma-Jung. By Henry M. Snyder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

Prohahly hecause it is edited by the nationally known authority on auction hridge, Robert F. Foster, "Snyder's Ma-Jung Manual" promises to he the standard of its kind. The author is perhaps hetter acquainted with the Chinese game than any other Occidental—he played it in China for years hefore its discovery hy the West and is therefore capahle of elucidating its mysteries. It is Mr. Snyder's aim to standardize the game and the method of scoring, thus ending the confusion that now exists as a result of insufficient information and conflicting systems. A feature that has heen neglected heretofore is the playing of two-hand, three-hand, and five-hand games, all of which Mr. Snyder makes clear. A useful feature is the illustration of sample hands in actual competition.

For Naturalists.

Denizens of the Desert. By Edmund C. Jaeger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.

An attractive odd volume for a lihrary of natural history is this study of desert fauna—hirds, rodents, reptiles, and the rarer cat, coyote, and ungulata. The animal life of the North American deserts is one of the most distinct of minor life areas in the world, and studies of it are rare enough to cause interest on that ground alone. Untechnical hooks on this suhject are even scarcer than scientific reports, so that "Denizens of the Desert" fills a long-felt want on the part of students of natural history. Mr. Jaeger is a naturalist of note, a member of the American Society of Mammologists, who has spent ten years in the special study of Southwestern mammals, hirds, and reptiles. His hook has a thorough scientific grounding, and at the same time is written with a simple lucidity that will recommend it alike to experts and amateurs. It is well illustrated with photographs of the desert denizens.

Discovering the States.

Across America by Motor-Cycle. By C. K. Shepherd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $4.

Motor-cyclists in particular, hut lovers of odd narratives of travel generally, will he interested in Mr. Shepherd's record of his trek from New York to San Francisco, via the Alleghenies, the Middle West, the Southwest, the Grand Cañon, the Mojave Desert and Los Angeles. The young Britisher—who, hy the way, is said to he the first of his nationality to perform this particular feat—has given us a spirited account of his American impressions. His journey was just five thousand miles long and occupied ahout three months, one month of which was actually spent on the road. Cyclers will eagerly ahsorh the technical history of the trip—the hook prohahly proving a good ad for the four-cylinder and air-cooled type machine used by Mr. Shepherd. Noncyclers will find their reward in the high spirits and amusing adventures of Mr. Shepherd as he discovered America hy motorhike.

Innocence in Bohemia.

Invisible Wings. By Mary Geary Grant. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $2.

A good deal of action can he crowded into one year of a young girl's life, hut if all convent-hred girls found awaiting them the exciting existence of this heroine of "Invisihle Wings" they might well hesitate to plunge into the vortex. The scenes of New York life which serve as a setting, the over-used hackground of the stage, and the character types present nothing new or unusual, yet the story starts with a clear motif carefully worked out, the interest is sustained, and the little convent girl's invisihle wings keep her up.

For Immigrants.

A Primer of Citizenship. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

Mrs. de Koven's primer is presumahly written for Americanization classes for foreigners, as its facts are of necessity known to all puhlic school students of the country. But as a manual for foreigners in night schools it should he excellent. Her style is simple enough for heginners in the language and her presentation of patriotism, the rights and duties of citizenship, is emotional enough to appeal to young immigrants embracing our national traditions. The author has given a hrief sketch of American history and has traced the progress of our government from its rural meeting heginnings to its complicated present. She expounds the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution with the latter's more or less famous amendments. She details the responsihilities attached to voting and to municipal government, and finally she warns her readers of the dangers to he encountered hy ignorant law-hreaking.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Henry E. Huntington has purchased the collection of manuscripts, documents, and maps made hy John Fiske, the historian, in the pursuit of his historical studies. Included in the collection is the original manuscript of Fiske's "Discovery of America," with five maps drawn hy the historian.

"The Luckless Adventurer" is the title of D'Annunzio's forthcoming hook.

A new edition of Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius" will he hrought out in August hy Boni & Liveright.

Johan Bojer, Norwegian author of novels which, from "The Great Hunger" to "The Last of the Vikings," have heen greatly appreciated in America, is making a good recovery from a recent operation for appendicitis, his American puhlisher, the Century Company, informs us.

Shakespeare, to most of us, is a mythical figure. In "The Life of William Shakespeare," by Joseph Quincy Adams, puhlished hy the Houghton Mifflin Company, we get for the first time Shakespeare, not a myth, hut a man. "Adams has demolished the tradition," writes Professor Archihald Henderson, "that we know almost nothing of the life of Shakespeare. He has produced a fascinating hiography, rich in exact information and credihle surmise regarding the life of the greatest dramatist of all time."

It was Booth Tarkington, we think, who once said that if he were to he shipwrecked on a desert isle one of the few hooks he would prefer to have with him would he H. de Vere Stacpoole's adventure story, "The Blue Lagoon." Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that Mr. Stacpoole has written a sequel to that story which they will puhlish in the fall under the title, "The Garden of God."

The completed manuscript of W. J. Locke's new novel, "The Lengthened Shadow," has reached Dodd, Mead & Co., and they announce Septemher 15th as the date for the puhlication of the book. It is said to he a typical Locke story, concerning itself with the fortunes of a twenty-year-old miss and her ill-assorted guardians, one a man of the world—brilliant, polished, entertaining—the other self-effacing, apparently timid, hut at heart pure gold.

Blair Niles, the author of "Casual Wanderings in Ecuador" (Century), is at present a New Yorker when she is not wandering. By birth she is a Virginian, the granddaughter of Roger A. Pryor, a Confederate general who after the reconciliation hecame a justice of the New York Supreme Court. Her early years were spent on the big plantation where she was horn. She has written of her childhood: "The first music that came to my ears was the wild, plaintive song of the hlack race. The first human ceremony that impressed itself upon me was a negro funeral following on foot the plain, home-made coffin, winding under the trees of a forest road and singing as they went. Although slavery was long past, my father and mother, hy virtue of their position as owners of the plantation and dwellers in 'de hig house,' presided over the dusky world ahout us. To the memory of a sunny garden with box-hordered walks, fig trees, and mocking-hirds is added the memory of the poor who came to my parents for everything, from christening robes and marriage garments to shrouds. I am enough of a modern psychologist to realize that it is hecause of that early life that I feel so often the need of lonely places, that I come to have a love—and I hope a little understanding—of primitive peoples." To this hackground Mrs. Niles has added wide travel. "I have," she says, "imperishahle memories; memories of canoeing among the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo, of drifting in a houseboat down the rivers of the Malay States and of eastern China, of horseback in the Himalayas, of the swaying gait of a camel in the desert, of sailing in the delta of the Orinoco, and of hammocks swung in the jungle night."

The puhlishing husiness seems to have changed its mind ahout the wisdom of hringing out hooks during the summer. A few years ago it apparently arranged its schedules on the theory that everyhody hought a large supply of books in the spring, carried them away to places remote from cities and bookstores, and spent the summer reading them. The fact that E. P. Dutton & Co. hrought out their three leading novels of this year during the summer shows how complete is the change, in this respect, in the puhlishers' viewpoint. In June the Duttons puhlished Diana Patrick's new novel, "The Manuscript of Youth." In July they launched a new story hy Blasco Ihañez, "The Temptress," the greater part of whose action takes place in Patagonia. In August will come Charles Norris' promised story, which will bear the characteristically hrief title of "Bread." Its theme is said to deal with a phase of the industrial situation.

Mikkel Fonhus, author of "The Trail of the Elk," puhlished August 17th hy the Century Company, is only twenty-nine, hut one of Norway's significant authors. He puhlished his first hook in 1917. Others have followed in quick succession. Each of his works, so far, has heen a sort of nature story, with animals personified, hut never sentimentalized. A well-known Scandinavian-American critic of Scandinavian letters tells us that he is known in Norway as the writer whose knowledge of the hahits of wild animals has never heen surpassed hy any native writer—not a little thing to say of any Norwegian, for the country has heen rich in that sort of literature. One of the things noticeahle in Fonhus' work is the use of peasant or folk words, which gave his style a sturdy, homely, racy quality that survives translation and mingles happily with the poetic, the lyric, mood of much of his prose. He uses the urhan language, and is not a follower of the *landsmaal* movement, which proposes to cre-

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ate a truly national Norwegian language by the conscious incorporation of words from the peasant dialects of various districts; but to the tip of his pen come, in perfect harmony with the subjects of which he writes, many of the *landsmaal* words. This is altogether natural, for he was born in the Balders district of Norway, a mountainous, interior part, and must consequently have been familiar from birth with at least some of the rural district words. "The Trail of the Elk" is the first of his books to be published in this country.

"Undertow," a novel by Henry K. Marks, one of the best-known practicing neurologists in New York, is announced by Harpers for August publication. The publishers describe this novel as a startling book, an unadorned bit of life, throwing into highlight fundamental human situations. "Undertow," besides telling an unusual story, is a study of fear. Dr. Marks is the author of "Peter Middleton," a book which attracted no little attention a few years ago.

Among Dodd, Mead & Co.'s announcements for the fall are new works by William J. Locke, George Barr McCutcheon, Stephen Leacock, Archibald Marshall, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Berta Ruck, G. K. Chesterton and Anatole France.

L. H. Myers, whose first novel, "The Orissers," is one of the recent Scribner publications, is the son of the late Frederic Myers, who was the president of the Psychical Society and the author of a biography of Wordsworth, many fine literary essays and a mystical work, "Human Personality." The son, like the father, is clearly an enthusiastic psychologist. "The Orissers," which created a literary sensation in England, is an unusual psycbological novel in that it succeeds throughout in suggesting the primitive nature which lies a little below the surface.

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New Books Received.

The Making of Roral Eorope. By Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
An historical study of landholding in Europe.

Western Mysticism. By Dom Cuthbert Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $5.
The teaching of SS. Augustine, Gregory, and Bernard.

Trifles and Travels. By Arthur Keyser. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $4.
More reminiscences hy the author of "People and Places."

Ambition. By Leonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
The third volume of the Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Romances.

Escapade. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $3.
Autohiography.

Nature Secrets. By Mary D. Chambers. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.25.
Science for children.

Holiday. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.
A novel.

The Noptial Flight. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.S0.
A novel.

Hidden Lives. By Leonora Eyles. New York: Boni & Liveright.
A novel.

A Rothschild on the Rothschilds.

Lady Battersea, who has done the fashionable thing and published her memoirs, is a Rothschild. Her memory goes back to the 'fifties and she has a store of recollections of the great men and women of Victorian days. Here are a few of Disraeli: "When Disraeli was recognized as one of the greatest politicians of the age, he said to my cousin, Leonard Montefiore, then upon the threshold of an anticipated political career, 'You and I belong to a race which can do everything but fail.'" The devotion of Mrs. Disraeli to her husband is well known: "I remember Mrs. Disraeli telling my mother how she sat up for her husband, however late might be his return from the House, how she lighted up the rooms to receive him, and invariably gave him a hot supper. There is also a well-attested story of an acquaintance once asking Mr. Disraeli if he was not often irritated by his wife's somewhat irrelevant talk, to which he replied, 'No, because I possess a quality of which you are probably deficient, namely, that of gratitude.'"

Lady Battersea is the daughter of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, and she remembers seeing her great-grandmother, wife of the founder of the famous house, a woman who was born in 1754 and lived to ninety-five.

It is the first time that one of the Rothschilds themselves has discussed the family history, and the book is full of interesting anecdotes from the time the Elector of Hesse Cassel placed his treasures in the keeping of the founder of the house of Rothschild in 1806, when the French invaded Germany, and received them back again from the grandson two years later, to the time when Lady Battersea herself visited the Kaiser on his yacht at Bergen and he blustered over the Anglo-German friendship.

There was hardly a well-known personality in all that time throughout the world who did not come into the Rothschild circle. The family anecdotes, due to the novelty with which they expose the personalities of this family, probably are the most interesting in the book.

For instance, she tells how Alfred de Rothschild, when he was a young man, kept a private circus on his place in Hatton, Buckinghamsbire, and gave weekly performances, doing everything himself from leading the band to putting the performing animals through their tricks. She is even kindly about Margot herself, referring to her as the real centre of "the souls," an attractive, beautiful girl, clever and vigorous, doing much to raise the intellectual level of London society in the '90s.

The Genius of Hamsun

The failure of American readers to appreciate Hamsun when he was first presented here lay, I think, largely in the choice of "Shallow Soil" as the book by which he was introduced, says Hanna Astrup Larsen in the *Yale Review*. The book depicts a small coterie of artists and literary men who pose before an admiring puhlic at the Grand Café in Christiania, and who take themselves very seriously, believing that the production of an occasional poem or picture is sufficient justification for a life of idleness at the expense of their dupes, two virtuous young business men. Now, such a coterie does not exist among us except in the obscure corners of Greenwich Village. Nor is the successful young business man among us a misunderstood and despised person in need of the sympathy Hamsun lavishes on his two heroes. The satire fell, therefore, on uncomprehending ears.

In his scathing denunciation of those who hang on the fringes of art and literature and despise the practical worker, Hamsun had a message for his own country in that particular period, but not for Americans. In "Growth of the Soil," on the other hand, he gives poetic form to the gospel which is perhaps most sacred of all to the American conscience: the dignity and blessing of honest work. Moreover, the book is not local in theme, but has a universality, a bigness, and breadth which made it eminently suitable for introducing its author to foreign readers. There is in it a sparkling and gushing forth of water from those primeval wellsprings without which our complex civilization must wither and die. Coming at a time when all the world was weary of looking on at destruction, it glorified humble, productive toil; and this fact, more than the coincidence of the Nobel Prize award, contributed to its immediate success. The books that have followed it have also been well chosen. "Hunger," "Pan," and "Victoria," each representing a different mood of the author, have come close to the hearts of Hamsun's countrymen and have well stood the test of time. To these has lately been added "Wanderers," a subtle and sympathetic study of a man in the middle years who feels the numbing influence of age gradually stealing over his faculties. All the works so far translated are novels, and it is in these we must look for the best of Hamsun. His poems have an eerie charm, but he is, after all, most at home in lyrical prose. His dramas are not on a par with his other prose works, possibly because they give no opportunity for the poetic descriptions of nature whicb constitute the richest vein of his genius.



Robert Browning in Texas.

The senior class of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, will leave a unique gift as its offering of appreciation to its alma mater. Dr. A. J. Armstrong, head of the department of English, secured the option on the correspondence of Robert Browning with Miss Isa Blagden, consisting of 124 letters covering a period of more than twenty years both before and after Mrs. Browning's death. These letters have never been published, and give a clearer insight into the inner life of Browning than any other correspondence we now have. The publication will be the most important original contribution made to Browning scholarship in years.

The senior class asked the privilege of presenting these letters to the university as its memorial and has given Dr. Armstrong the initial payment of one thousand dollars. The letters will cost $3000. They are now being published in a limited edition and as long as the edition lasts copies will be sold to the public for $5 for a cloth-bound copy and $7.50 for an edition de luxe. The proceeds of the sale will go for other Browning treasures. There are two hundred and fifty copies available for distribution.

Securing these letters is another triumpb for America and for Baylor University, which has already established the largest Browning museum and Browning library in the world.

A copy of Quentel's Bible, printed in Cologne in 1427 and valued at a hundred thousand dollars, has been discovered in this country. The only three other known copies are in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, British Museum, and Stuttgart Royal Library.

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"ROMEO AND JULIET."

The moment the great love-tragedy began on Monday night we recognized that there was modernity of treatment both in acting and the reading of it. The elocutionary epoch has passed away. The day of the beautifully chiseled phrase is over.

Some will regret its passing, but nevertheless there is a gain in emotional intensity, for the old tragedy as we are seeing it now is freshened and revivified by youthfulness of spirit and the rush and fire of emotion.

Seasoned theatre-goers never go to Shakespearean plays unless they are aware in advance that there are at least one or two players in the cast of sufficient charm of personality and freshness of feeling for their art thus to revivify it.

And so it is with the Selwyn-Klauber production of Juliet. All that has been said of the girlish charm of Jane Cowl's Juliet is confirmed by her performance. The actress has been long enough before the public to have acquired poise and the technique that comes with experience. Added to this she has the appearance and expression of girlish ingenuousness, modified by the underlying suggestion of fate sounding its knell when sudden love enters Juliet's young heart.

Jane Cowl's slenderness and a talent for graceful pose and striking gesture made her a picture in each of the beautiful costumes in which Juliet appeared. And in respect to the reading of her lines, the naturalness of method prevailing in the general performance was not permitted to affect the distinctness of her own delivery.

Miss Cowl conveys very charmingly the sudden bursts of youthful feeling in Juliet, the waves of young mischief with her nurse, by quick, girlishly artless movements, and pretty lights and shades of expression on her mobile features.

Her by-play with the nurse, and her tender ingenuousness in uttering Juliet's dulcet coo-ings during the balcony scene, won a charmed audience, who hung upon the old, familiar, and now rejuvenated scene with infatuated smiles of renewed romantic delight.

As I remember, Jane Cowl herself chose her Romeo, and the result showed the wisdom of her choice. Rollo Peters' Romeo is not, naturally, a great creation. Mr. Peters looks to be a mere stripling, an engaging youth with great natural charm, romantic spirit, and a delightful impetuosity of action that puts fire into the sudden efflorescence of Romeo's love. The young fellow looked mediæval in the Romeo costume, his countenance is that of a lovable lad, and his freedom and grace of movement were delightful, while his voice is pleasingly musical.

So we enjoyed the unaccustomed delight of seeing the leading rôles of the tragedy played by a couple for whom we had to make no allowances in respect to fittingness of appearance for the rôles.

Both players have full, strong, romantic voices, and while Romeo's technique is not as calm, well-balanced, and assured as that of Jane Cowl, and his reading is less distinct and expressive, the young fellow gave us the rare pleasure of enjoying a Romeo whose principal merit did not lie in scholarly correctness.

And similarly Dennis King made Mercutio a youthfully peppery stripling. Mercutio, and Romeo in his duel with Tybalt that followed, gave a pretty exhibition of fencing. The swords flashed fire, and Mr. King fairly danced during the duel as an expression of Mercutio's exuberant joy in the conflict. In fact no mature actor could hope so to inform this scene with fiery, impetuous youth as was achieved by these young players.

Jessie Ralph made the nurse exactly what she should be: a conscienceless old heldame, a sly materialist up in backstairs lore, who had no scruples about betraying the trust of her employers. To this ancient intriguante Jessie Ralph gave the look, the tone, the earthiness of character, the backstairs type of humor, that Shakespeare intended. And, closely conforming as she did to the modern spirit of naturalness, the actress never slighted a syllable, either in distinctness or expression: which, it must be admitted, could not be said of all the group of young actors, including our dear Romeo at times.

All the same, though, Mercutio didn't run away with the text of the Queen Mab speech. It is too enshrined in classic tradition to he treated cavalierly. But it always seems to me to be one of the most difficult of Shakespearean passages to render with suitable spirit. For how could Mercutio he expected to maintain his drollery and gay audacity doing the whole of that long passage?

There were some cuttings, both of lines and scenes, in other parts of the play, but even the most reverent should not cavil at that, as the play lasted until 11:30; although we have to allow for very prolonged and insatiable applause after several curtains: more particularly after the balcony scene, and after the double duel scene, when Rollo Peters' friends seized the occasion to try to drag a speech out of a guilelessly unprepared boy who finally was obliged in self-defense to utter, with beaming countenance and involuntary and ingenuous glances toward the family box, a sentence of thanks.

The potion scene is a terrific demand upon an actress, and Jane Cowl met it gallantly, with a rising crescendo of emotion, until she came to the words, "Romeo, I drink to thee!" which, like Mercutio's Queen Mab speech, is a very difficult proposition, and somehow apt to be lessened in effect by the poison draught.

Friar Laurence is such a mellow, human old meddler that he always should be well played. But Robert Ayrton, although he gave the rôle suitability of appearance, and had occasional bursts of good reading, yet slighted the meaning of the text by occasional swallowings of his own voice. But Messrs. Kelso (Benvolio), Hector (Tybalt), Burby (Capulet), Hogarth (Montague), Carter (Paris) and Crawley (the Prince) all delivered their text intelligently and with commendable vocal power, except for some hollowness to the voice of Capulet.

All the scenes of raillery between the young men were given with dash, and they were pictures to see.

What a beautiful collection of costumes they are. And all the more interesting to San Franciscans because they are designed by Rollo Peters. How that headdress of Lady Capulet—a rôle, by the way, played by Grace Hampton with a suitable indication of submissively repressed maternal spirit—expressed the era of the play! And how the dapper, jaunty costume that Mercutio wore was in character with that lively lad!

Juliet, of course, was a picture in everything she wore; but more particularly in the gold and silver costume at the family festival, which was, in line and color, a feast for the eye.

There were several scenes in the play requiring picturesque groupings forming and dissolving, notably the brawl in the first act, and the scenes of the two duels, in which was demonstrated a high order of ability in the staging of the scene. And every set had the beauty of poetic simplicity, so that each of the sixteen scenes—all, like the costumes, designed by Rollo Peters—was a picture in itself.

If we haven't an ache of the heart, when we see this tragedy, over the parting of the lovers, if we do not say to ourselves at the conclusion, "Oh, if Romeo had but come to the tomb a little, little later," then we have not entered into the full scope of the tragedy. For my part, I want "Romeo and Juliet" to be played as an expression of the youthful fervor of a fateful love. And for that we want a couple young enough to make us believe in their youth and in their fervor. And that is one of the many reasons for the success that the Jane Cowl run has had.

A capacity audience filled the theatre on Monday night; a brilliant audience, keen to see the good points, and responsive to every bit of good acting; an audience that wholeheartedly endorsed the verdict of New York.

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APPLAUSE.

People who cultivate silence as a virtue are apt to say something when they break it. I saw a printed remark the other day, quoted from President Coolidge when he was a Vice-President. It was to the effect that many people, when applauding a public performance of any kind, do so, not to testify their enjoyment, but because they wish to show their own perspicacity in indicating something worthy of applause. And there is a good deal in that. Of course we must allow for enthusiasts, and the emotionalists who must give vent to feelings. But there are ranks and ranks of people who are animated, not only by the sentiments indicated by President Coolidge, but also by an urge to insist that they are having a good time.

This is the case particularly when money has been spent for an entertainment. The investor must not only convince himself, but others, that he has had a full return on his investment.

There is a silent form of applause that people indulge in sometimes that is another expression of the insatiable ego within us. It takes the form of nodding in approval of the sentiments of a speaker.

It is an entirely inoffensive and harmless form of egotism, for, after all, egotism is a wholesome quality when properly held in leash. If it weren't for egotism we mightn't keep up with the styles, or diet when our equatorial girth threatened to expand too much.

This naiveté of egotism that impels people to a nod of approbation which says, tacitly, "*I* approve of your sentiments. Be pleased, therefore, for *I* know," also is frequently indicated in the insistent demand for encores. Sometimes it is honest enthusiasm, sometimes a determination to get as much as possible for your money, and often it is a game, entered upon gayly, when a performer seems coy and withdrawing, in order to win the stakes.

But again it is a form of guileless self-assertion: "*I* started this applause, and this demand for an encore, and *I* am going to bring it to a successful conclusion."

And the people on the stage, without reasoning it out, instinctively read the psychology of an audience. They are aware that that particularly noisy burst of applause from one section comes from a lively group who are out for a good time. They recognize the readiness of the deadhead to pay for his paper privilege with a ready hand. They perceive the conventionality of some forms of applause from a good-natured audience. But never are they mistaken in their recognition of genuine enthusiasm. For then the artist in achievement is being crowned with his bays by the artist in taste.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Cyril Maude, by his own admission, recently celebrated his sixty-first birthday. An actress is young until, well, say forty-six; an actor until somewhere in the middle fifties. So Mr. Maude is now getting on to middle age.

American managers have their eye on Henri Bataille, in spite of the difficulties always attending the transplantation of a French drama, whether light or serious, to the American stage. A month or so ago it was stated that the Frohman office was considering, among other plays, Bataille's "Mama Colibri." The play is rather startling, read in the original French, when considered as an American attraction. But then French plays invariably are. However, they will prune away some of the Gallic frankness of the piece and somewhat reduce Mama Colibri's exuberantly sensuous temperament. And, besides, the American novelists are kindly putting their compatriots through a course of sprouts in free discussion, so "Mama Colibri" will doubtless go.

The war has brought many changes, and one of them is a breakage of that curious exclusiveness of French artists and litterateurs. Perhaps it is not for the best. Possibly French art will lose some of its nationalism. For, talk as the Internationalists may of a brotherhood of nations, it seems as if it were the intention of the creator of the human race that it should be divided up into nationalities. And certainly such divisions make the world more varied and interesting. To return to French art—in this case dramatic art. A Parisian correspondent tells of Maurice Donnay, one of the most typical of French dramatists, having gone with an American playbroker to see "Six-Cylinder Love," when he was making a stay in New York last winter. The French dramatist was led to observe how greatly the audience enjoyed a play in which there were no risqué situations, and in which all the women were entirely respectable. Maurice Donnay, and other French dramatists who have cocked a financial regard toward the number of French plays being adapted for the American stage, have been greatly struck by this peculiarity of American audiences; for so they regard it. So, as all Europe is impecunious—except for a few Stinneses—we may possibly see the French dramatists mending their Gallic wit with an eye to American audiences. It is impossible to imagine it, but it may happen.

Emerson Hough, author of "The Covered Wagon," which was a best seller both as a novel and a picture-play, was an immensely prolific writer, with a shrewd perception of the taste of the American public for tales of the West; the national field for romance. He equipped himself for covering this field fictionally by coming out to the West years ago and consorting with Indians and cowboys. The success of "The Covered Wagon," which was running recently as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and its possibilities for picturization, put Hough in the white light; and Famous Players captured it. The Western flavor of his stories attracted further regard from the movie magnates, and large sums were paid him for the movie rights to these books. And then, on the top wave of success, when money and fame were rolling in, "The Covered Wagon" drawing capacity houses in New York and taking in $10,000 weekly, and the interviewers quoting his inspired words, the successful author died in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Mary Roberts Rinehart writes a warm commendation of Jackie Coogan, in which she says, "Jackie has a great deal more than mere personality and charm. He is really an actor capable of throwing himself whole-heartedly into the part he is playing." I saw the little chap the other day in "The Circus," and was struck by the maturity of his acting technique. He is, indeed, a most skilled little player, as a result of which a curious condition is developing. The boy actor is beginning to play like the grown-ups. Tiny as he is, and engaging as is the childishness of his interesting little countenance, there are gestures, attitudes, expressions which are too expert and which depart from the guileless and engaging gaucherie of childhood. It is, doubtless, inevitable. The blossom is expanding too rapidly in the emotionally tropical climate of the drama. And that Jackie's emotions respond with quickness and freedom is shown



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But today San Francisco is growing more rapidly than ever before, as the most recent figures for population show.

Provision of an abundant supply for growing metropolitan needs accounts for the development now proceeding apace at Calaveras that will increase the capacity of that reservoir from 8 to 32 billion gallons, and make Spring Valley's total surface storage capacity 64 billion gallons.

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by the fact that he is a ready and facile weeper. But, while Jackie is rapidly qualifying for a first-class adult actor, it will be regrettable if a child player of such talent shall lose the freshness of his childishness prematurely.

If it seems graceless to refer to Marjorie Rambeau's inability to make good as Rosalind, at least we can lay our hands on our hearts and truly say that that is the only time when critics turned down their thumbs against the art of this excellent actress. When she first went out from the West to the East the managers immediately took notice. And apropos of that they tell a story about Augustus Thomas, who chose Miss Rambeau for the rôle of Rosalind when the American National Theatre first opened its doors last spring. He was sent by Al Hayman to report on Miss Rambeau when she first dawned on New York some years ago, and described her as "a second Ethel." (And indeed there are noticeable resemblances.) And Hayman is reported to have replied, "Oh, well, let it go, then. We don't need another."

Josephine Hart Phelps.

Old Plays in London.

The very genius of Shakespeare has in some respects had calamitous results—for his successors and contemporaries have been disastrously eclipsed by it from the public view, and several of them were only not so great as he, says Raymond Mortimer, writing in the *Dial* from England. I do not suppose that people are any more generally aware in America than they are here of the greatness of English dramatic literature. Do many of them know that there is a greater Webster than Noah, and a more important Ford than Henry? Here Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Goldsmith are the only three old dramatists who have continually been played, and many of those readers who consider themselves well educated have neglected the existence of any besides these, and perhaps Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and Congreve. Several of the plays recently produced by the Phœnix have not been acted in England for over a century. Thus those who have a little knowledge of this tremendous literature have been given the exciting opportunity of seeing acted some of its masterpieces, and others—a remarkable number indeed—have made at these performances their first acquaintance with some of the greatest plays ever written by man. Last summer two plays by Dryden were given, "All for Love" and "Amphitryon": the greatness of Dryden as dramatist, critic, and poet can hardly be exaggerated. During this season we have had "The Jew of Malta," "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," and "The Alchemist." To my infinite disappointment, I missed the Marlowe, but in spite of serious inequalities in the acting and production Ford's tragedy and Jonson's comedy made two of the most impressive performances any one could see. As a warning to any American who may be inspired to produce such plays, I can state that a highly unsuitable taste for "cuts" seems to be taking hold of those responsible for these productions. If it is easy to exaggerate the damage that "cuts" do, it is grotesque to want them.

Kit Marlowe was born in 1564—died 1593.

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At the Curran.

With a record of breaking records everywhere it has played, "Spice of 1922" will come to the Curran Theatre for two weeks, beginning Sunday, August 19th, exactly as played at the New York Winter Garden, with the original cast and scenic investiture in its entirety. Edward L. Bloom, general manager of the New York Winter Garden, is personally presenting the production. There is a company of one hundred, including such favorites as Brendel and Bert, Georgie Price, Arman Kaliz, Sam Hearn, Florence Browne, Johnny Berkes, Alice Ridnor, Arthur Corey, Martha Throop, Betty Jones, Thomas Morris, Evelyn Downing, Dolores Suarez, Elsie Wachta, Maris Chaney, Eddie Fox, Alice Harris, Eddie Cornell and George Anderson. There is also a chorus of picked Broadway beauties numbering forty. "Spice" is presented in thirty-two scenes.

"Romeo and Juliet," with Jane Cowl, enters upon its second and final week Monday night at the Curran Theatre.

Miss Cowl is a beautiful and youthful Juliet in appearance and gives a performance of the part that places her name on the list of famous Juliets. Rollo Peters' Romeo matches perfectly the Juliet of Miss Cowl, being eloquently read and spiritedly played.

The setting designed by Mr. Peters is an attractive compromise that bridges the gaps between the old and the new schools. The incidental scenes are set in the forestage, yet are given as much realistic backing as necessary. When the full stage is employed—as in the street sets, Juliet's chamber, and the tomb—the pictorial effect is excellent.

The Pope's Choir.

When the Sistine Chapel Choir appeared in Australia its success was so emphatic as to bring forth a letter from Archbishop Mannix, wherein he referred to it as a triumph. Here is an item, taken from a Sydney newspaper, which will afford an idea of the success of the tour in Australia:

"After a phenomenally successful season of three weeks, the Sistine Choir left Sydney on Monday for Melbourne, making a break at Moss Vale for one concert. The closing performance at the Hippodrome on Saturday evening will long linger in the memory of all who witnessed it. Streamers in Italian colors stretched from gallery circle and stalls, where the choristers, each holding as many as a dozen in one hand, sang 'Sydney Viva' to the enthusiastic plaudits of a house crowded to the doors. There were cheers and countercheers, and after Monsignor Rella had bestowed many benedictions with his eloquent hands, the audience took a turn at singing itself by breaking into the strains of 'Auld Lang Sayne.'"

"ROBERT E LEE."

In his chronicle-play about General Lee Mr. Drinkwater gives American history a tilt in order to show the reverse side of his portrait of Abraham Lincoln. To deal with rival teams of warriors and rival schools of political philosophy in separate plays is a method of more than doubtful dramatic value. In "Robert E. Lee" we get the South, and nothing but the South. The Northern men exist as enemies and corpses "off." The conflict between the two is thus discussed, not shown in the flesh, and the secondary conflict, that between Lee's two loyalties, to Virginia and to the Union, is settled in the first act. Consequently the play, which inevitably lacks surprise, since we knew that Lee has got to surrender, is very sparsely equipped with the elements of drama. We see the Southern army gradually beaten by the big battalions and the hand of famine, and we hear them moralizing more like saints than soldiers as their fortune ebbs.

The play then is reduced, as the title suggests, to Lee himself, and the heavy moral pressure of his idealism begins to bear heavily on one's patience as the evening wears on. No Southern champion could complain that Mr. Drinkwater has not bowed the knee in adoration, but Mr. Drinkwater's prostration before the idol that every man in arms should wish to be inevitably stirs sentiment against this canonized hero. Nobility is a cloak to be worn with tact, and the Lee of Mr. Drinkwater's creation is never allowed to forget or hide or diminish his vesture of virtue. Never can he grumble or despair, never omit to expose himself in battle with a heroism more worthy of a Lyceum melodrama. He hands his rations to the sick and directs the raging struggle like a schoolmaster encouraging his pupils to play up and play the game. On Lee's battlefield breathing is not made difficult by fumes of powder; one is suffocated rather by the terrific exhalations of righteousness. Perhaps it was like that. Perhaps, too, Lee's troops were all young models of high purpose and exalted resignation whose extreme dissipation was to play the banjo.

But we may imagine that in the stress of conflict they occasionally discovered the common frailties and violent humors of the flesh. But on one point Mr. Drinkwater's romanticism must be challenged. He may dip an army in whitewash and bowdlerise his battles, but he can not with any fairness pretend that the cause for which these men fought was particularly noble. Below the secession question was the abolition question. The economic interpretation of history evidently does not appeal to Mr. Drinkwater, but the fact that this theory can be overworked does not mean that this theory can be totally left out. The Southern cause was more than the cause of state rights; it was the cause of the big estates and of slave labor. To that extent it was a shabby cause, and Mr. Drinkwater slurs over the slavery question. His heroes do not defend slavery, and they do not even discuss it. It is not to be suggested that every Southern soldier was a convinced champion of slavery, but the slavery issue was there, and it ought not to be so neglected in any fair picture of the war.

Mr. Drinkwater has made of Lee a figure of sombre splendor undefiled, altogether a man of cold virtues beyond the common ken. He was very faithfully served by Mr. Felix Aylmer, whose interpretation of the part had a high and gracious dignity. He carried his embarrassing cloak of exaltation as finely as it could have been done. The little portrait of Jefferson Davis, done by Mr. Gorden Harker, was the most vivid thing in the play, not because Mr. Harker acted better than Mr. Aylmer, but because Mr. Drinkwater has here created a more credible piece of mortality.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Celtic Britain From the Air.

Every day that passes suggests a new use for the aeroplane, says the *Living Age*. The latest revelation comes from Southern England, where photographs taken by O. G. S. Crawford show the complete preservation of the boundaries between the fields of the ancient Celtic inhabitants who dwelt in England before the coming of the Romans and Saxons. From the ground almost all vestiges of the ancient system of division have long since vanished, but photographs from the air still show the ancient field boundaries as a kind of pattern seen through those of the present day. The air photographs reveal earthworks which the observer on the ground can scarcely see.

The Celts appear to have made their boundaries of broad low banks in which they placed a good deal of chalk. Although the banks have vanished to a great extent, the earth where they once were retains a lighter color because of the mingling of small grains of chalk in the soil. A definite relationship can be seen between the fields, roads, and the sites of ancient villages. Mr. Crawford even thinks that he sees evidence of ancient systems of irrigation. The boundaries are supposed to be from 1500 to 2500 years old.

At the Opéra-Comique, says the New York *Tribune*, they recently gave the opera "Carmen" for the 1700th time. A large number of fine artists have sung the leading rôles of this opera, from Galli-Marié to Mme. Brohly in the rôle of Carmen, and from Lhérie to Muratore in Don José. The opera, once hissed from the stage, continues to be popular through many generations. It pleases both the ordinary opera-goer and the most fastidious.

Memories of Bernhardt.

In a salon which smelled of lilacs I see again that fine profile painted by Bastien-Lepage, the body already heavy with its fifty years, lying on the skin of some wild animal, surrounded with flowers, says Paul Morand in the *Dial*. As I came in, dressed in a black velvet suit, and frightened because of the lions which, they told me, roamed the house, Sarah sat up and in the voice which was then still a caress, the luminous, ardent voice, trembling like a violin (in the last fifteen years it was spoiled and seemed to be emitted by a tragic phonograph) she cried, "There's Morand's boy! How like his father he looks!"

She had the trick of pronouncing my name nasally—it was theatrical and at the same time expressed the deep friendship she had for my father—which gave me a physical pleasure I shall not forget. It was the time of MacNab, of the songs of the Chat Noir. I had been taught the "Pendu de la Forêt de St. Germain" and the "Fiacre"—the *fiacre* with the coachman in yellow and black—that song which, says Tzara, is like a print by Toulouse-Lautrec. I got up on a gilt chair and sang and Sarah kissed me and stuffed me with bonbons which I ate with one eye squinting at the door where the lion would come in.

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VANITY FAIR.

With processions of purple, white, and gold hanners, with floats on the Seneca River in Western New York, with impassioned speeches and resolute resolutions, the leaders and guides and flankers and rankers and file-closers of the feminist movement in America launched their campaign last month for the Lucretia Mott Amendment to the Constitution, which is to make women equal to men, even as the Eighteenth Amendment has made our country dry. It was a grand and glorious outpouring of feminine spirit, and one to shake the stoutest male heart. Overtures were made in the direction of the Federation of Lahor, as though to secure the tractive power of that movement. Miss Alice Paul, author of the amendment, made the "keynote speech," urging that the measure would "make women equal in every respect" and save agitation to that end among the several states; forty-eight hirds with one stone, as it were. Unequal salaries in puhlic office were denounced: preference for men over women was denounced, and that sort of political management was denounced that fails to use in the country's service the "superior training, sound judgment, and high-minded purpose of its women." Favoritism in the civil service was denoünced. In fact, the denouncing was good, and the load of it well distrihuted. One of the leading delegates was Mrs. Susan A. Radley of Chicago, a second cousin of Susan B. Anthony. Susan B. is no more, hut Susan A. says women must and shall have equal rights with men except in respect to the control of children, and in that they shall have superior rights. In other words, they shall have the right to hring up hoys to be prigs and mollycoddles instead of virile citizens and potential soldiers. And this was supported hy the editor of the woman's organ, who said that unless we had a circle of mothers' hands around the world we should have another war —which we shall have in any event; only, as Theodore Roosevelt pointed out, the dominance of the mollycoddles will insure our getting licked. After all these determinations, and hanner-waving, and pageantry on the river, the delegates made a pilgrimage to the grave of Susan B. Anthony at Rochester, where the patent medicine comes from.

And in the meantime, sex equality does grow. The vanity hag has become as good a place to carry an automatic or a revolver as the hip pocket—perhaps hetter. Within the past few weeks we have had two women in this country sentenced to death for murder. The Columhia *State* ohserves that many women have heretofore escaped death on account of their sex, "but this sentiment will soon disappear from the jury hox and governors' offices if capital crimes hy women continue at the rate they have been committed in the United States during the last year." Social rights have heen appropriated hy women to a greater extent than ever before—to how great an extent may he inferred from a recent Gotham incident: a Saturday night party grew so disorderly it had to he raided hy the police. In the net was a young and pretty matron, who gave a fictitious name and proceded to hang herself in her cell, hnt was cut down hy the matron. The attempt led to much newspaper puhlicity, and hefore night that police station had heen visited hy over fifty hushands looking for wives whose sex equality had led them from home to remain away all night.

A well-known magazine puhlisher has just heen divorced from his young wife. She alleged cruelty, one of the acts of cruelty heing his hanishment of her mother from his home. He charged, and it was admitted, that the mother-in-law insisted the wife should enjoy full privileges of citizenship, one of which was the right to go ahroad with other men without the consent of the hushand, and to return home as late as 6 a. m.

Making woman "equal in every respect" to man is not only difficult, it is dangerous; it is not only dangerous, it is impossihle. The Creator did not so design them; which has, we helieve, heen ohserved hefore. Whether woman's place is or is not in the home may he dehatable, and likewise whether if it now is it shall so remain. But there are other differences hetween the sexes that are not dehatahle. Woman gives every evidence, conceal it how she may, that she was designed to carry on the race hy reproduction of its members, and was charged hy circumstances with that duty; of course under proper regulation and license duly issued hy the county clerk. The sexes can not exchange places if they would; for here is a function that man never dirl discharge with any success. He simply can not do it. If it is to he done at all it must be hy those whose anatomy and temperament qualify them for that delicate, nay that vital task. It is not merely a matter of herding children nor of sewing on huttons, nor of doing the family washing. It may involve all these offices and more, hut it goes far deeper than these or anything like these, much farther back toward origins.

In this field man is, as usual, worthless. At the heginning of a life he can only stand helplessly ahout until shoved out of the way hy a nurse or advised hy a physician to go out somewhere to smoke and quiet his nerves—something he is ahle and willing to do, especially on a physician's order. His pride in the achievement has no justification, and is one of the silliest things ahout the masculine make-up. The trial, the anxiety, the pain, the accomplishment, are woman's. And one would think it was enough, that she would not pine to hold office and do the work and draw the pay of man. Yet is she discontented, and still does she struggle against every fact of nature, for equality with man, even to the midnight orgy, the gun, and the gallows. That part of it is sad and growing sadder. Of course, we do not accuse any of the delegates, the flankers and rankers and hannerhearers and file-closers at Seneca Falls, New York, of struggling gallows-ward or even carrying guns in their vanity hags: hut they can never answer for their emancipated and equalized sisters. A constitutional amendment imposing equality of the sexes hy law might have some curious and not altogether welcome consequences, although those consequences would he limited in physiological effect. Are we to expect an agitation for a state enforcement act, like the Wright Act in California or the Mullan-Gage Act in New York? And how is the equality to he enforced? Will emancipated woman, endowed with equal rights over the community property and perhaps with superior rights over her children stop to consider her domestic duties and her relationship to her then comparatively useless hushand? With the importance of man, even now douhtful in some estimates, reduced to the vanishing point, will equalized woman longer care for maternal duties, or whether her hushand is the father of her children? Why should she? With custom weakened and in part destroyed, with law substituted for love, with the key to the front door substituted for the key to the pantry and date making for hread making or pie haking, with every matronly office and dignity discarded because it is not masculine, with easy divorce for every faked-up cause, and a complaisant elective judiciary ready to stretch legal fiction until it cracks to facilitate separations, what will he the status of that old and respectable copartnership the American home? We do not know.

It has heen said that men would always love women. That may or may not he so. It has not always heen so. Men have always desired women, and will always desire them, but love is a different thing. It is a recent and delicate growth, out of the soil of chivalry, something which is itself not very old nor of universal practice. In its finest flower, love is protective: and how shall it survive when there is nothing to protect, or when protection has become a matter of legalism? Can Cupid live in law courts or suhsist on the civil code? Can consideration, courtesy, generosity, unselfishness, tenderness and the rational restraint of passion survive the growth of self-sufficiency and the incessant asseveration of legal equality? Self-sufficiency does not need these things, and it is discouraging attempting to supply what is no longer required. Love comes largely from the trouhadours, and whoever heard of a Provençal poet serenading a gate-post? And if love could survive these things, can matrimony? That is another question, hecoming more and more a legal and a property question. What man huilding up a husiness and acquiring property for his children wants it suhjected by law to the caprices even of the wife of his bosom—whose very caprices may have made her somehow the more lovable? Truly, as some one has remarked hefore, that will he a sad day for women when men love them, hut no longer marry them. And those two recent verdicts against women criminals, involving the death penalty—is there no significance in them? Are they not perhaps indicative of a decline of chivalry on the part of juries and hence a decline of woman's real empire? Has the women's rights and women's equality movement nothing to do with that?

Wails are coming across the continent from Ashury Park, New Jersey. The mayor of the town, the governor of the state, seem equally perturhed. So do the hathing girls. The state of mind arises from our new industry. It litters Atlantic heaches, and especially Ashury Park heaches, with straw, tule hottle covers, empty hoxes resulting from filling orders for fractional cases. All the waves are crested, not with white foam, hut with dirty yellow straw. Mermaids float like trusses of hay and emerge from the deeps with their pink limhs clad sparsely in this unheautiful bedding material. They say no one that has not experienced it can imagine what it is like to he struck by a stuffed wave. When the wind hlows off the shore the drift is even more pronounced, and piles up on the beaches in thicker mattresses. It is not as though the stuff would sink. It merely hlows in and ferments. And it is far from romantic. Young fellows find it difficult to say anything interesting through a mask of hottle covers, and no young woman can look arch and alluring with her hair full of hay. The effect on matrimony is rather to discourage than promote it, and a young couple whose life orhits are approaching might as well remain at home or go to a nice, dark movie. This, of course, has its depressing effect on trade in the resorts along the Jersey shore. Atlantic City has its share of trouhles without such impediments. According to the dispatches, the whole East Coast must he looking like the hack yard of a harrel house. Great reforms have strange effects.

ROMANTIC NEWPORT.

"What is the lure of Newport?" some one once asked the amusing daughter of Gilhert Stuart, a name in Newport's annals. "Well, the good society is no hetter than anywhere else, hut the had society is capital!" came the retort.

The queen of American summer resorts has a dual personality, writes Weymer Mills in *Harper's Magazine*. For two months of the year she is a triumphant goddess, crowned hy the sun, garmented in azures of sky and sea, and worshiped hy a world which courts her and the numerous underworlds that follow the newspaper reports of the Newport season. For the remainder of the time the famous summer resort resemhles an ancient spinster whose days are spent with dreams of lost lovers. To know the Janus-faced creature one must study her hoth in summer and winter. Bailey's Beach at 12 o'clock of a hright Sabhath morning, a Casino hox during tennis week, a jazz riot in some heautiful modern palace, or one of those less pretentious residences which look as if they might have sailed up the Atlantic from Long Branch, Hohoken, or any water-front, are far cries to a walk in quaint Mary Street when lilacs are opening and the windows of old houses whisper tales of a hundred springs.

The dwellers inland who visualize Newport as a place of white-marhle palaces and wide streets crowded with a multicolored feminine life—ladies who rival the Poiret-garhed ladies of Monte—are shocked when they journey there and slide down the rickety gang plank of the old *General*. The Long Wharf—once Queen Hithe—and the line of weatherheaten sea-hovels, the statue of Perry, hero of Lake Erie, in its little green enclosure, the very New England State House, and then the drah heginning of Bellevue Avenue. After the Casino and the decaying domicile of the now historic Mrs. Paran Stevens, the homes of the summer colony begin to hlossom, Victorian, Gothic, Colonial, a dream of Versailles, a horror of 1880, something of Riverside Drive, New York, and then the half-captured wonders of another age and country. "What do you think of it?" smiled the heneficent Crœsus to a prince of pre-war vintage. "Very Renaissancy!" was the laconic answer.

It is whispered that Southampton is eager for Newport's crown. The pessimists sigh—the wiseacres smile. A strong and glittering social fahric, woven as a garment by generation after generation of summer life for one of the most lovely sea-spots in the world, can not he destroyed unless the Atlantic retreats from her shores and leaves the place like one of those dry Cinque Ports. The average seventeenth-century American town is apt to forget its past under the spell of fresh banners and the lusty voices of the present, hut Newport, horn in 1623, clings to her traditions.

There are always some men of parts and ladies of quality off Touro Square who remember what their grandparents and great-grandparents remembered. Sometimes the memories have a slightly impish and mocking flavor. "The X family has just invaded Newport and huilt their gigantic harn of a place . . . millions and millions from this or that . . . hut what will they do in Newport—nohody knows them!" This is the speech of a proud Mrs. Grundy's lackey aping his mistress, and yet one or two of Mrs. Grundy's intimates say the same question was asked once of that much-written-of Newport fashionahle.

A well-born wag whose ancestors were on Mrs. John Jay's famous dinner list—the *Who's Who* of ahout 1790—says one can say it of almost every house in Newport. The Smiths came to Newport in fear and trembling. Now the newspapers have made their name synonymous with the place. The Browns came five years later, and the Smiths were able to say that they had never heard of the Browns. A decade passed and the fahulously wealthy Jones family arrived. Both the Smiths and Browns were supposed to raise supercilious eyehrows—hut they didn't. Enough dollars can command attention anywhere on earth! Besides, there are many open doors to any Repuhlican court wherever it may pitch its tent.

The fiction of a four hundred leading limelighted Americans has heen dead a long time —longer than the aged patrons of Ward McAllister's Newport picnics at ten dollars per guest care to rememher. The hest American society nowadays models itself after the Court of St. James. In London, heauty, brains, and breeding can ohtain entrance anywhere. Even in America those familiar terms "exclusive," "well born," "smart set" have heen pitched out of the snoh-dictionary. Only very dull nohodies posing as somebodies lisp, "Who is she?"—"Who are they?" Queen Victoria may have asked the questions hy divine right, hut it is recorded that she was cajoled into forgetting them—sometimes.

Improving Ocean Travel

An interesting event in the history of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was the introduction of modern hills of fare in the first-class saloon, which took place in the late '40s of the last century. Before that time steamship passengers were usually served with a solid, substantial diet supposed to be characteristic of life on hoard ship. As the Royal Mail liners at that time plied exclusively hetween England and the West Indies, carrying French and Spanish as well as English passengers, a demand arose for a higher type of cookery. In defiance of maritime traditions, the company therefore installed competent chefs on its steamers, whose menus more closely approximated what is served on ocean liners at the persent day.

Following this innovation, the Royal Mail caused further consternation in marine circles hy equipping its steamers with hathrooms—a luxury then seldom enjoyed hy passengers at sea. Many passengers at that time carried portable hath-tuhs, while others were accustomed to go on deck early in the morning and have a steward turn the hose on them.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop Mathews, returned from a tour of the Southern States, brought back many stories of what he terms our Black Aristocracy. One of them goes: "That youngest boy of yours doesn't seem to do you credit, Uncle Mose," remarked the darky pastor to one of his parishioners. "No, sah, no, sah," replied the old man sorrowfully. "He is de wurstest chile I eber had; in fact, he's de white sheep ob de family."

As Chauncey Brewster Tinker, professor of literature at Yale, was about to sail for Europe he was boarded by the ship news reporters. "On the level," said one of them, "what do you really think of the younger generation, especially the girls?" "They are almost perfect," replied the professor. "And all this talk about the way they drink?" another reporter suggested. "They are almost perfect," the professor repeated. "They know when to drink, what to drink, where to drink, how to drink and when to stop." Then he added, "If you print that, I'll thrash you all when I come back."

Four separate wrecks had cast up four men on a lonely island of the South Seas. There were two Scotchmen and two Englishmen. After several years a passing steamer hove to and took the four board. Sandy and Donald found their way to the skipper's cabin, and in telling their experiences Sandy said: "It would grieve you, mon, to see the Englishmen. Never a word did they speak all the time they were there; they were not introduced." "And hoo did ye lads muck oot?" inquired the skipper. "Aye, mon, the dee I found Donald on the beach we organized a Caledonian society, a golf club, and a Preesbyteerian church."

Paul du Chaillu, the one-time African explorer, performed a Good Samaritan act one night in assisting along the street an intoxicated stranger. The man told bim where his home was, and after considerable difficulty Du Chaillu got him to his door. The bibulous one was grateful, and wanted to know his helper's name. As the explorer did not particularly care to give his name in full, he merely replied that it was Paul. "So it'sh—hic—Paul, ish it?" hiccoughed the man, and then, after some moments of apparent thought, inquired, solicitously: "Shay, ol' man, did y'ever get any—hic—any ansher to those lo-ong lettersh y' wrote to th' Ephesians?"

Admiral Sims has a fund of civil war stories, one of which follows: When the battle of Mobile Bay was over and the ships anchored, Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, who commanded the *Chickasaw*, went on board the *Hartford* to report to Admiral Farragut. Perkins was a handsome, dashing fellow, bright and popular. After calling on the admiral, he went below to the wardroom, where he found the officers standing around the table, and the chaplain, with prayer-book in hand, just about to read the prayer of thanksgiving for victory. Perkins stopped in the doorway and the chaplain, seeing him, said in a solemn voice, "Captain, won't you join us?" "No, thanks, old man," replied Perkins; "I've just had two with the admiral."

Sir William Hardman, author of "A Mid-Victorian Pepys," tells a yarn about a Mrs. Atkinson, widow of a celebrated Siberian traveler, a bright-eyed, intelligent woman, small in stature, who "polished off Meredith at dinner in glorious style": "He was in high spirits, and talking fast and loud. The Surrey hills, the Hindhead, and Devil's Punchbowl were the subjects of discussion, and George Meredith asserted (I know not on what authority) that the view from the Hindhead was very like Africa. Mrs. Atkinson pricked up her ears and, bending forward across the table, asked in a clear but low voice: 'And pray, sir, may I asked what part of Africa you have visited?' Alas! poor Rohin [Hardman's nickname for Meredith], he has never heen farther south than Venice."

In the old days, through the South, the presiding judge of the United States District Court and the lawyers interested in the litigation traveled the circuit together, played poker, and, of course, in the years of such association, became somewhat informal with each other. One particular judge, while taking his share of the badinage when off duty, stood for no omission of the proper respect due his office when court was in session. At one session of the court, a lawyer with whom, by the way, the judge had slept the previous night in the crowded local hotel, became obstreperous in his conduct of the case and was cautioned by the judge that a repetition of the offense would place him in contempt of court. The repetition occurred soon after and the judge immediately fined the lawyer $20. Before proceeding with the case on trial, the lawyer approached the judge and whispered earnestly to him for several minutes. The court made no answer, but turning to the clerk said: "Mr. Clerk, you will please remit that fine against counsel; he is up here trying to borrow the money from me, and I guess the government can better afford to lose twenty than I can."

Several stories about Father Barnum, who lived among the Eskimos for many years, and published the first grammar in their language, are told by Harry de Windt, the explorer, in his "My Notebook at Home and Abroad." "Barnum was . . . the most modest of men, altbough he detested conventionality of any kind, and could hardly ever be enticed into fashionable society. When, therefore, a great New York lady sent him the following note of invitation, the brevity of which was meant to convey an impression of friendly informality, 'Dear Father Barnum—I shall be at home tomorrow at 5 p. m.—Yours sincerely, ———,' the recipient replied, 'Dear Mrs. ———.—So shall I.—Yours truly, J. H. Barnum, S. J.' I once attended a smart dinner party in Newport where Father Barnum had very reluctantly put in an appearance, and at which the hostess considered it necessary to apologize to this dignitary of the church for the outrageously low gown which one of her guests was wearing. 'Oh, don't mind me,' replied the former, 'I have been a missionary.' On the same occasion an Englishman was boasting that the 'Union Jack' was the only thing in creation upon which the sun never set. 'But what about our Ford cars?' was Barnum's quick rejoinder."

Of the stories about Whistler, the great artist and wit, the following are good specimens, writes Edwin A. Ward, the well-known British portrait painter: "Whistler told me he was dining out shortly after his libel action against Ruskin, and was holding forth on the miserable methods of his adversary, when a lady who was sitting on his right expostulated with him upon the violence of his tirade, saying, 'You perhaps are not aware that Mr. Ruskin is an uncle of mine?' 'Never mind, my dear madam,' ejaculated Whistler, 'we have all relations of whom we are more or less ashamed.' On another occasion he was ventilating his views upon art in general before a mixed assembly. Mr. Wedmore, the art critic of the *Standard*, ventured to interrupt him with the remark, 'What are we to do who find ourselves in disagreement with Mr. Whistler's principles?' 'Do, my dear sir? Why, die!' came the strident reply."

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THE MERRY MUSE.

The Point of View.

Said the girl from Sault Ste. Marie
To the girl from Mandalay:
"Aren't your native names too awful
And how do you get that way?"

Said the girl from Mandalaysia
To the girl that came from Soo:
"I'd reflect on Masaschusetts, Milwaukee, Minnesota, Tallahassee, Mooselaukmeguntic, Mississippi, Showhegan and Ogunquit, if I were you."

—*H. C. Norris in Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A Grateful Memory.

Do you think of that hour in the twilight,
When Hesper was beaming above?
When I needed no Hesper for my light,
Being lit with illusory love?
But little did I or did you say,
As I fed with delight on the view
Of your chin, that was slightly retroussé,
And now has developed to two.

I recall with what passion I pleaded,
I cherish the answer you gave,
When I told you my love only needed
To live or to die as your slave.
Small, small was the merey assigned me,
But I see now it might have been less!
I remember you flatly declined me—
I remember you might have said Yes.

—*Punch.*

Italy has accepted Germany's proposal to pay her debt of four million gold marks in literary and scientific works, and is furnishing the German government with a complete list of the "desiderata" of Italian libraries and public collections.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Moultrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Moultrie of Los Angeles, to Mr. Norris Goodwin, son of Mr. James W. Goodwin of San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Jean Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. W. W. Caldwell of Pasadena, to Mr. John M. Olney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., of Berkeley.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Griffin Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. C. Perkins, to Mr. Hayne Hollis Thornton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard K. Thornton of Claremont Court, Berkeley.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Nowland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Nowland of Richmond, Virginia, to Mr. Beverly Holmes, son of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Holmes of Oakland, took place in St. Helena on August 1st.

The marriage of Miss Myra Scull Pershing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pershing, to Mr. Edward de Golia, Jr., son of Mr. Edward de Golia, took place in Oakland on Thursday, August 2d.

Mrs. Russell Wilson entertained at a recent luncheon at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde were hosts at a recent dinner given at their home in Redwood.

A meeting of the University Fine Arts, followed by an entertainment, took place on Tuesday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Lagunitas Country Club held a tennis tournament last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Ping Sheung Foo of Peking, China, was entertained at a mah jongg party given by Mrs. Albert Jannopoulos at her home on Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., gave a bridge party last week in Ross in honor of Mrs. Winthrop Austin.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was hostess at a luncheon, followed by mah jongg, at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. George Cameron gave a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame for Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Michaels were hosts at a house party last week at their home in Atherton, given for visiting Eastern friends.

Mrs. Thomas Addis was hostess at a card party on Tuesday at her home in Sausalito in honor of Mrs. Talliaferro Milton.

Mrs. Rosamonde Lee was a recent hostess at a dinner given at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Warren Spieker was hostess at a luncheon last week given at her summer home in Menlo Park in honor of Mrs. Ernest Leopold Heehner of New York.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. John McAlpin, who with Commander McAlpin, is leaving for the East, was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given in Oakland by Mrs. Ray Spear and Mrs. E. D. Almy.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin gave a dinner last week at their summer home in Woodside.

Mrs. George T. Marye entertained at a recent luncheon in honor of Countess Vladimir Artsimovitch.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller gave a dinner on Tuesday of last week at their home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Fentress Hill gave a supper party at her home in Burlingame for her sister, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough of Ventura County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noyes gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter.

Mrs. Frances Taylor gave a farewell luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Andrew Welch.

A large bridge and mah jongg party is to be given on Friday of next week for the benefit of the American Field Service Fellowship Fund in French universities. It is under the management of Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall and will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Sherer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Manfred Heynemann of Belvedere was hostess at a tea last week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Hausa Mehta of Barroda, India.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick McNear on Friday last at her Menlo Park home.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford gave a farewell dinner last week at Pebble Beach for Mr. and Mrs. Francis Browne of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman gave a dinner-dance last week at their home on Baker Street in honor of Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Browne of Honolulu were guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home in Burlingame in compliment to Miss Helen Garritt.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calvin Jackman were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels in Burlingame.

Miss Cora Jane Flood gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel for Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Evan Williams at the Menlo Country Club.

Mrs. George Ebright was hostess at a luncheon given on Thursday of last week at the Menlo Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear will give a dance on September 1st at their home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Florence and Miss Marie Welch.

The League of American Penwomen entertained Miss Marjorie Rambeau and Mrs. Blanche Upright at a tea given on Tuesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a recent luncheon in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr.

Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a luncheon last Saturday at her home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith entertained at an informal luncheon last Friday in honor of Miss Helen Foster, Miss Winifred Walker, and Miss Betty Hanna at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler was the guest of honor at a picnic luncheon given near Lagunitas last week by Mrs. William Horn and Miss Laura Bates.

At the St. Francis.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at luncheon at the St. Francis Monday in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Dunham. When Mr. and Mrs. Dunham return to the East they will be accompanied by Mrs. Dunham's daughter, Miss Josephine Drown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Amhler Curran entertained a small group including Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, and Mrs. Walter Filer. Miss Helen Horst was with Mrs. de la Montagne of Santa Barbara, who is here on a visit. One of the Monday luncheon hostesses was Mrs. Walker Salisbury. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Darr of New York are at the St. Francis, but will leave shortly for South America.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Paul Elder will soon resume the series of events in the Paul Elder Gallery with a programme for the fall season. Notable in the list is the course of six studies in the Italian Renaissance to be delivered by Edward Maslin Hulme, in which will he sketched the revival of nationality, of individuality, of literature, of sculpture, of painting, and of conscience.

Kenneth J. Saunders, formerly secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, Burma, and Ceylon, will trace the heritage of Asia and our own times in a series of three lectures dealing with the culture of Asia and its historical setting as related to present-day conditions.

The opening event, scheduled for Saturday afternoon, August 25th, will be an illustrated lecture on "The Coming Lunar and Solar Eclipses," by Dorothea Klumpke Roberts, D. Sc., formerly of the staff of the Paris Observatory. This will be followed on succeeding Saturday afternoons with "Biblical Literature Revivified in Drama," a lecture by Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt Whitman of Boston, who are shortly to produce "Jeremiah" at the Berkeley Greek Theatre, and an interpretative reading of Karel Capek's melodrama, "R. U. R.," by Mrs. Robert Henry Renehome, with the special permission of the New York Theatre Guild.

A Novel School Primer.

Gertrude A. Zerr, telling in the July *Harper's Magazine* of an episode of her school teaching among the foreign-born in the West, writes of little Llad, a Hungarian scholar: "He told me about the thirty-thirty, and the grizzly, and the highwaymen and the 'Wittelant Commideors.'

"'They were the most savage of men, Miss Ahlice,' he told me. 'Always would dey come to a man's house and make dose numbers on his door. And de man would come and look at dose numbers and he would say, "I got to go." But when he would get his gun and his horse, dose Commideors would be dere, and dey would take him out to a tree and hang him, and he would be dead. I would be a Commideor, too, because dere is nobody so savage as me.'

"'You don't say it right,' I suggested, glad to change the subject. 'The right way to say it is "Vigilance Committee."'

"We began lessons that morning as few lessons are begun, and I wrote the magic numbers: '3-7-77.'

"He looked at them uncomprehending.

"'Do you know what they are?'

"He shook his head.

"I pronounced them for him in a voice grim and terrible.

"He gave a cry.

"'De Wittelant Commideors! Do not put it dere! Do not write dose numbers!'

"Braving the wrath of chance Committees of Vigilance, he learned to make those dreaded numbers whose signifiance nobody knows, hut whose appearance in ancient days always heralded death. We had a lovely time. He was wrathful when I introduced him to the primer.

"'I will not read in hooks!' he stormed. 'Why do I read "See de hahy?" I do not want to see de haby. I do not care if James can run; I can run, myself. I will read about dose Commideors. Show me ahout de Wittelant Commideors.'

"So I hecame the author of the first and only volume of the 'Child's Book of Famous Crimes and Vigilante Days,' writing out bloody tales on the hlackhoard for him to read, and he progressed rapidly."

Black and White.

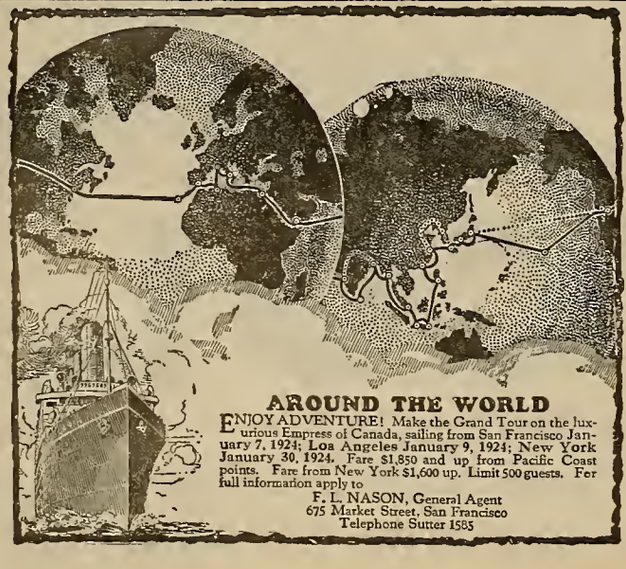
Black has ordinarily heen called "no color," and taken to denote the absence of color, says the *Scientific American*. Likewise, white, heing constituted of all colors, may also be considered as no color. A white body is assumed to reflect all the light that strikes it. There is no absorption and hence there is no color. A black body absorhs all the light that impinges upon it and reflects none, therefore there is absence of all color. Theoretically, this is true, but there is no white that will reflect 100 per cent. of the light, and no black that will absorh 100 per cent. of the light. We often hear of a whitest white, until a whiter one comes along and displaces it from its position of eminence. The same fact holds good for hlack. But, inasmuch as some white must be taken as a standard of comparison, a choice must be made of the whitest white. Pure barium sulfate is accordingly taken as the 100 per cent. perfect white, the white which reflects all the light that strikes it.

From a practical standpoint it is equally incorrect to state that black denotes the absence of all color. For one hlack is blacker than the next, and the blackest hlack, which is assumed to have no color at all, may he found to possess some slight trace of color when compared with another new hlack. Furthermore, as the eye is not ahsolutely perfect and as its sensitivity is not infinite, absence of light, as defined by the sensation produced in it, is relative only. Even the deepest black would exhibit traces of color, would reflect a little light, if our eyes were sensitive enough to detect it.

The Travels of a Motto.

An interesting reference was made the other day to Dr. Johnson's motto, "For the night cometh," the Greek words for which he had inscribed on his watch, and to the fact that Sir Walter Scott afterwards had the same Greek words inscribed on his sundial, according to *John o'London's Weekly*. Dr. Johnson's watch is still in existence, though its present owner is not known. It was purchased after Johnson's death by the Rev. Hugh Bailye of Hanbury, Staffordshire, from Johnson's negro servant, Francis Barber. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1833 were printed a number of vivacious extracts from Bailye's letters, in one of which dated June 9, 1794, he exclaims triumphantly: "O how will Boswell envy me! No less than Dr. Johnson's watch is now in my possession!" This watch was the regulator, you know, of the famous literary club. It was made for Dr. Johnson by the celebrated Mudge and Dutton in 1768, and was of some metal with an outer case of tortoise-shell. Strange to say, the doctor came to think the motto he had placed on it pedantic, or perhaps it reminded too often and closely of his latter end. He changed the dial-plate, and the original one, with the motto, came into the possession of George Steevens.

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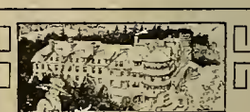

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken has gone to Los Angeles to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, who have been spending the summer at their country home in Ross, have gone to Santa Barbara for the third performance of "The Strollers," to take place at Pinehurst" on Saturday of this week.

Mrs. Bowie Detrick has been staying at Pebble Beach as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan.

Dean J. Wilmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham have returned to San Francisco from a recent trip through the Canadian Rockies.

Miss Julia Adams was the house guest over the last week-end of Mrs. Harrison Dibblee of San Rafael.

Mrs. James H. Bull and her son, Mr. Wilfred Bull, returned last week from Santa Barbara and has joined Commander Bull at their home on Clay Street.

Lieutenant Duncan Frissell, U. S. N., has arrived from Honolulu and joined Mrs. Frissell at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter.

Miss Marie Spreckels after visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, at Coronado, has gone to Manila, where she will be the guest of friends.

Mrs. Louis Selwan of New York has arrived in San Francisco and has joined her sister, Miss Ella Deming, in Pacific Grove.

Miss Margaret Lee is visiting her brother, Mr. Richard Lee, in Alaska.

Mrs. Walter Filer and her daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home in Burlingame.

Judge and Mrs. George H. Cabaniss and Mr. George Henry Cabaniss, Jr., are returning from the Northwest, having motored to Portland, Seattle, Vancouver and Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel Wiel have returned from Paris.

Mr. Frederick Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia has arrived in Burlingame and has joined Mrs. Pritchett at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

Mrs. Willis Walker has returned from Lake Tahoe, where she was a guest of Mrs. Clinton Walker. She will spend the remainder of the summer at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have gone to Seattle on a motor trip.

Mrs. William S. Lawson of Los Angeles is visiting her parents, Rev. Bradford Leavitt and Mrs. Leavitt, in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Storey of Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. S. H. Shawn, arrived in California on Monday of last week and will remain for several weeks.

Miss Frances Taylor and Miss Sara Redington of Santa Barbara are leaving next week for Europe.

Miss Marian Crocker and her sister, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, are leaving shortly for New York, where they will later be joined by their mother, Mrs. Henry Crocker, and will then go to Europe for the winter.

Mr. Raymond Armsby and Mr. Gordon Armsby returned last Saturday from Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe of Los Angeles have motored up to San Rafael, where they will join Mr. Roe's mother, Mrs. Storey, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Gordon Armsby, accompanied by his nephew, Master Newell Armsby, and Mr. John Towne of Chicago with his two sons, has gone on a mountain camping trip.

Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow has returned from her recent visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin and her daughter, Miss Jean McLaughlin, will shortly leave for the East, where Miss McLaughlin will enter Vassar.

Miss Ysabel Chase is spending the month of August in Nevada as the guest of Mrs. Walter Hobart on the Dean ranch.

Miss Adrienne Sharp will go East with her aunt, Mrs. McLaughlin, and will remain for several months.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton sailed for Honolulu on Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane.

Mr. Jack Breeden, son of Mrs. Frederick McNear, has gone to Honolulu, where he will spend several weeks before he returns to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shelton were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wharton in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waterlow Ford of Merced with their three sons have been spending a few days in Ross as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis.

Mrs. J. W. Furness, who has recently arrived from France, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Shelton, and Mr. Shelton at their home on Saeramento Street.

Mr. Stephen Parrott, who has been visiting his family in San Mateo, left on Tuesday for Paris.

Count Jean de Limur of Hollywood has been the guest of Mr. W. H. Crocker at Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter have returned from Europe, where they have been for several months.

Mr. William Schwyter vice-consul of Switzerland and Mrs. Schwyter, with their daughter, have returned from a visit to Europe.

Mrs. William J. Younger arrived from Paris last week and has joined her relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Younger, at the Fairmont.

Colonel John S. Irby and Mrs. Irby are visiting in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Louis L. Pendleton of Louisville, Kentucky, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles B. Plait, at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. Willard Chamberlain arrived from the East last week and has joined his family in Burlingame.

Mrs. Bernard Ford has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton with their children have returned to their home in San Mateo, after spending a month in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Chevver Cowdin arrived from New York on Friday of last week.

Mr. Oscar Cooper has arrived from New York and has joined his family in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin and their children have gone to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Kenneth Alston Williams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, and Mr. Anderson at their home in San Rafael.

Miss Francesca Deering has returned from a visit to Miss Bernice Moore at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Garnett of Pittsburg have arrived in San Francisco for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer and their nephews, George and Palmer Wheaton, have returned from a mountain camping trip and are staying at Mr. Charles Holbrook's home on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Ida Belle Palmer will return from Europe next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Browne of Honolulu have returned from Pebble Beach where they have spent several weeks.

Mrs. Charles Bentley with her little daughter has returned from the East, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank R. Wells, in Vermont.

The Countess Siciliani di Morcale and her daughter, Countess Graziella, have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they have been for the past month.

Mr. Rennie P. Schwerin returned from China last Thursday.

Mrs. Russell Slade and her daughter, Miss Betty Slade, have gone to Carmel, where they have taken a house for the next two months.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has been visiting her brother, Dr. Harry Tevis, at his home near Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Ford, who went to Portland with Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick, have gone to Santa Barbara en route for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill and Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool have ben staying at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston has returned from a motor trip to Santa Barbara and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, on Lake Tahoe.

Miss Edith Grant has returned to her home in Burlingame, after a short visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her daughter have returned to Burlingame from their recent trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Marian Evans has returned to her home in West Clay Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Garton Keyston have taken possession of their new home in Hillsborough.

Miss Frances Ames and her fiancé, Mr. Gordon Johnson, were recent week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calvin Jackman have returned from Southern California and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith with their children have returned to their home in Ross.

Mrs. Valentine Hush, formerly of Fruitvale, but now living in the East, is spending the summer in California as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William Magee, and Mr. Magee, in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington with their two daughters have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Betty Hanna and Miss Winifred Walker, of New York and Washington, have returned from Southern California and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

CURRENT VERSE.

Old Houses.

I love old houses, and decaying houses; I love
Their sagging moss-grown roofs and tired gables, above
Windows like old eyes grown dim and tender with love and tears.
. . . How amiable their weather-beaten faces, stamped by the years.

Birds from the stormy wind find shelter beneath their eaves;
The stay they offer wayward vines is friendly, and leaves
Die in their crevices and corners undisturbed.
Sweet Negligence long since assumed dominion, nor Care demurred.

I love old houses where from drawer and cupboard faint musty odors creep.
And in the walls the death-watch ticks at hours when weary folks would sleep;
And doors creak unexpectedly, as though
A foot had pressed too hard when one would lightly go.

Shadows at bedtime take on dim forms ancestral as they pass;
Something (Can it be the rosebush?) taps upon the glass;
And when the wind calls doors may softly open (Yet in vain
You look for one to enter)—and as softly close again.

Some may call them grim, some haunted—Shall I care?
Who may roam their low and raftered rooms and climb their stair;
Search their hiddenness—though curious ghosts watch from the gloom—
Finding darling secrets memoried in each room.
—Harriett Hall Shumaker in the Forum.

Covent Garden.

I know a place in London where the country comes to town.
Any morning up till nine
You may share the joy that's mine.
And the spoils of Surrey meadow and of lonely Sussex down
You may buy at Covent Garden in the morning.

Should it happen with young April that you tread the primrose way,
You may even come across
Green and golden fronded moss—
Oh, the loveliest things in England may be picked up any day
For a song at Covent Garden in the morning.
—Eileen Carfrae in the Bookman.

Old Soldier.

We wander now who marched before,
Hawking our bran from door to door,
While other men from the mill take their flour,
So it is to be an Old Soldier.

Old and sore, one's like the hound
Turning up on the stiff frozen ground,
Nosing the mould, with the night around:
So it is to be an Old Soldier.

And we who once rang out like a bell,
Have nothing now to show or to sell;
Old bones to carry, old stories to tell:
So it is to be an Old Soldier.
—From "Dramatic Legends and Other Stories," by Padraic Colum. Published by the Macmillan Company.

To Thomas Hardy on His Eighty-Third Birthday.

A breath of hope, for those who have known despair;
Of victory, for those who have drunk defeat;
Of harvest, when the wounded fields lie bare,
Or but a mist of green forcruns the wheat;

A breath of love, when all we loved lies dead;
Of beauty, too remote for tongue to tell;
Of joy, when sorrow veiled and bowed the head;
Of Heaven, for those that daily walked in Hell—

His music breathes it, for his wrestling soul
Through agonies of denial postulates
All that young eyes affirm. He proves his goal
Divine, because he mourns the fast-barred gates;

And by his grief for love and hope brought low
Proves that the Highest ne'er would have it so.
—Alfred Noyes in London Sunday Times.

Discretion.

Who seeks to pluck an apple hanging high
Keeps both hands free and lets the windfalls lie.
—Nora B. Cunningham in Contemporary Verse.

An Old House.

Empty it stands, a shell untenanted;
Bereft of life, of laughter, and of tears;
Gone are its guests of long, long yester-years,
Dust are its hosts—all, all as phantoms fled.
Through broken panes (once bright as eyes now dead)
The foggy breeze awakes the chandeliers;
Their crystal lustres tinkle in our ears,
The ghost of voices argentine. Our tread
Wakes echoes in the mouldy music-room,
Where Cupids from the cornices still smile . . .
Beneath the dust of years of silver gray.
This house, O hearts now powder in the tomb,
This house, your shelter, waits a weary while
A chrysalis whence Psyche winged away.
—May Folwell Hoisington in the Forum.

An Old Mania.

Like dope, the writing habit grew on me, and so much of my time was spent at the typewriter that my family suffered—or said they did, says L. M. Weston in *Scribner's Magazine*. I neglected my housework and even my four-footed friends to get more time to write. Occasionally, but not often, I felt guilty. One time conscience pricked me when I saw my son trying to find a clean spoon in the holder. My dishes had been given a lick and a promise that day, as I was in the midst of a story that should make my name immortal.

That night my husband had barely retired when I heard a muttered imprecation, saw him rise in righteous wrath, pull all the sheets and blankets off his bed, then carefully replace them.

Again the still small voice of conscience spoke as I remembered how hastily I had slicked up the twin beds that morning, having been obliged, while doing the housework, to leave my hero suspended over a precipice with the villain just ready to cut the rope. My own bed was far from comfortable, and, before the night ended, I regretted not following the example of my irate spouse and remaking it. The upper sheet, not being tucked in properly, came up from the bottom, so the rough, woolen blanket rasped my skin. The under sheet got rucky beneath me, and the quilt slipped off onto the floor, so I was cold in the night. Altogether, I resolved then and there to leave my hero hanging in future until I had taken time to make the beds.

And the food I wasted in those days would have made the members of the Commission to Feed Starving Russians hold up their hands in condemnatory ire. I never saw or heard of bread, potatoes, and pies burning up as easily and quickly as mine did at that period. I fried most of the meat.

Senator King predicts the election of McAdoo as President if three or four other things do not happen. He practices caution in making prophecies.—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

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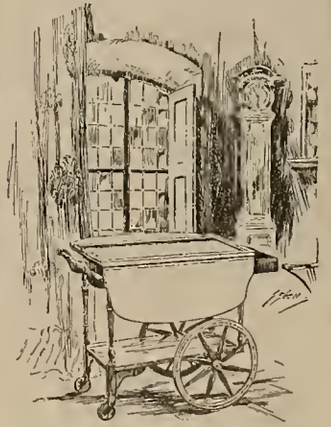
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—Beauty of design is another.
—Thoroughness of construction still another.
—High-grade materials further contribute to it.
—To find these qualities combined in one piece of furniture and so modestly priced is soon appreciated by the careful purchaser.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Haven't you any superstitions?" "No, I think they bring had luck."—*New York Sun and Globe.*

"Your husband must enjoy his home." "He does, especially when I want him to take me out."—*London Passing Show.*

Senior—How do you like your new room? *Soph*—Rotten. There aren't half enough chairs to hold my clothes.—*Oregon Lemon Punch.*

Chief (to boy found out in a folschood)—What do you think we do with liars? *Boy*—Send them on the road as travelers.—*Stockholm Kosper.*

An ardent golfer was asked if he didn't love nature. "Yes," he replied, "hut nature never laid out a perfect golf course."—*Louisville Courier-Journol.*

Ethel—I really believe she married that old fool for his money. *Clara*—Well, he can't be such a fool if she had to marry him to get it.—*New York Sun.*

The Amiable Plutocrat—But riches do not bring happiness. *The Unamiable Pauper*—But I ain't looking fer happiness. All I want is comfort.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

English Author (on locotion)—It makes one think of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," does it not? *Director*—Goldsmith? Goldsmith? What company's he with?—*Life.*

Henpeck—There'll be no parting in heaven, you know. *Friend*—That's so; if you want a divorce, old fellow, you'd better attend to it on this side.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Goodness, daughter, your husband looks to me as if he were in a very bad humor." "It's all right, mama, he just thinks I'm going to invite you for dinner."—*Paris Sans-Gêne.*

"Woman, I told you before I married you I had a bad heart." "You did, George, you did; but as I hope for heaven, I thought you meant you had heart disease."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Miss de Puyster—I can trace my ancestors back to the Reformation. *De Smith*—That's nothing; I can trace mine back years and years before they attempted to reform.—*Chicago News.*

Uncle Bob—Well, Frankie, what are you going to do this vacation? *Frankie*—Last year I had mumps and chicken-pox. This year I don't know what I'm going to do.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Is this an exclusive hotel?" "The last word in exclusiveness. However, I believe it's permissible to address the head clerk without the formality of an introduction."—*Birmingham Age-Herold.*

Teacher—For what else was Julius Cæsar noted? *Tommy Tucker (who had studied the lesson somewhat hastily)*—His great strength, ma'am. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?" "By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth."—*Tit-Bits.*

Dealer (to impecunious client, to whom he sold a horse some weeks before)—You still like him? *Purchaser*—Very much; but he ought to carry his head higher. *Dealer*—I expect he'll do that all right when he's paid for.—*Punch.*

Peacemaker—I wouldn't fight, my good men. *First Combatant*—He called me a thief, sir. *Second Combotant*—An' he called me a lazy loafer. *Peacemoker*—Well, I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you both may be right.—*Tit-Bits.*

The beautiful girl turned upon her father almost savagely. "By what right," she hissed, "do you demand a share of my alimony?" "You got the disposition you were divorced for from me!" exclaimed the old man, with feeling; "everybody says so."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Hard-Up Young Man—Sir, I have come to tell you that I have long loved your daughter, and want to make her my wife. *Nouveau Riche*—But, hang it, I haven't got a daughter! *Hard-Up Young Mon*—Good Heavens! They told me you had!—*London Opinion.*

Little swear-wheels, in form not unlike the Burman prayer-wheels, are now in use on the golf links in Kashmir. They are conducive to silence, as, when one misses a particularly good stroke, one takes the wheel hurriedly from the caddie and violently turns it around.—*Delhi Morning Post.*

"Did you wear a dress suit to them parties in the East?" asked Piute Pete. "Only the first one," replied Cactus Joe. "I could see my friends an' relations was disappointed at the way nobody noticed me. So I went out and rented a cowboy suit and was the hit of every occasion."—*Washington Star.*

"Goodness! We'll miss the opera," she said, impatiently; "we've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he replied, somewhat acrimoniously. "Ours?" cried she, rapturously; "oh, George, this is so sudden." Then she fell upon his neck.—*Standord Times.*

Amateur Actor (to friend)—What did you think of my Hamlet, Charley? *Deor Friend*—Immense! In one part of the play you are equal to Irving. *Amateur Actor*—In what part was that, Charley? *Dear Friend*—Where Polonius gives his parting advice to Laertes. *Amateur Actor*—I was behind the scenes then. *Dear Friend*—So was Irving.—*Tit-Bits.*

In Utah.

You have to walk more than a mile for a Camel.

In melodramas the villains have to smoke cubebs.

Cigar coupons are worthless, just as anywhere else.

The wealthiest citizens are professional cherootleggers.

Pullman smoking compartments are open forums for the discussion of Nicotine Prohibition.

Home runs are knocked out and not smoked.

Train pests that chanted, "Cigars, cigarettes, chocolate bars, and chewing gum," bave had their work cut in half.

What's a shilling in London is anathema in Salt Lake City.

Double certificate days are not observed.

Pipes are permitted in the Tabernacle organ only by special dispensation.

Pictures of Uncle Joe Cannon in a characteristic pose are not encouraged.

The philosophy of Velvet Joe is absolutely forbidden.—*Life.*

A Shameless Backslider.

For years I had wasted precious hours lying in bed mornings, even when awake, solely because of my reluctance to go in and face the ordeal of a cold bath, writes Fred C. Kelly in *Harper's Magazine*. One morning at 9 o'clock I bluntly asked myself:

"Just why do you take these colds baths when you hate them so?"

Right offhand I couldn't think of the true answer. My first impulse was to say, "Because it's good for my health." But I reflected that my health had been just as good when I didn't take them. . . . I took cold baths that I might mention them and my own hardihood, when talking to the neighbors. But, I further asked myself, "While I undergo this daily ordeal for the benefit of the neighbors, what have the neighbors ever done for me?" True, they sometimes bring me cookies or a plate of quivering quince jelly; but what sacrifice have they ever made for me comparable with my cold baths?

I decided that the neighbors didn't half appreciate what I had been doing, and I then and there quit the cold-bath programme forever. Since then I have been a changed man. I began to view life, from the moment I awaken each morning, not with dread, but composure and even pleasure. At times I laugh right gayly. I shout, I sing! You would scarcely know me.

Why let a LOW PRICE keep you from using the BEST?

Thousands of tests in our laboratories and on the road have shown conclusively that Zerolene, which is made from carefully selected Western Naphthenic Base Crude, transported in separate pipe lines to our refineries and then refined by our exclusive high-vacuum process, *forms less carbon, gives greater gasoline mileage, and reduces friction and wear to a greater extent than any other automobile lubricant we have seen and tested or been able to produce.*

Therefore we say, "Insist on Zerolene – even if it does cost less."

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ZEROLENE
For Motor Cars

LEGAL ENIGMAS.

Herbert Chapman, a Clarkson, New York, fruit grower, recently motoring to market saved one Frank Akey from drowning in a creek by the roadside, writes Archibald Watson in the New York *Herald*. Akey, when pulled out of the water, soon revived and seemed little the worse for bis experience. Chapman proceeded to Brookport, New York. Finishing his errands there, he returned later in the day by the same route, when a man lurched suddenly into the roadway and was struck by Chapman's car. The man proved to be none other than Akey, whose life shortly before had been saved. The injured man was taken to the county hospital, where he died.

Akey's administrator will now sue Chapman for damages. What will a jury do with such a case? Chapman may soliloquize: "Had I kept my clothes dry and let the man drown I would not now be sued." But the retort legal is that the fact that one man saves another man's life does not give the rescuer any extraordinary rights or immunities over or as to the man whose life was saved.

Would a jury of the average laymen consider the rescue in mitigation of damages or for any other purpose? This is an interesting question. There is no decision precisely in point, but in an early volume of the Pennsylvania Reports (1814) Judge Brackenridge of the supreme court of that state referred to a case upon which he said he had come in some of his searches for ancient precedents. These were the facts:

A person passing by a pool missed his footing and slipped in. He was over his depth and the bank was steep. A shepherd, observing him from a height, hastened to his assistance, and entangling his crook in the garments of the drowning man, drew him out. But in attempting to fix his crook in the first instance he had hurt the eye of the stranger in the pool, and the injury afterward occasioned a loss of sight in this eye. The stranger so rescued brought his suit for damages, claiming it to be a principle of our law, derived from the civil, that even voluntary service without reward, if unskillfully performed, may partake of the nature of injury, and require damages.

The court decided, related Judge Brackenridge, "that the plaintiff should have his election to go back to the same pool and put himself in the same place, and after having struggled awhile and being half drowned, if he could get out of himself and without help, he might come back and prosecute his action; this the plaintiff declined, and was nonsuited." This is interesting for its originality and quaintness. In the present state of our law no basis for such a judgment could be found.

Authors on the Lot.

Samuel Goldwyn has issued a plea that famous authors learn the technique of motion-picture writing. So far, he says, only two well-known authors have been successful at understanding the requirements of the screen. They are Rex Beach and Rupert Hughes. Mr. Goldwyn insinuates that these are the only two authors of best-sellers who know how to bring up their brain-children and hence are not given to blaming the producers for conditions they create themselves. In recent conversations about their books and screen productions, it is interesting to note that both Mr. Beach and Mr. Hughes emphasized the difficulties of writing scenarios. Both authors direct the screen versions of their own books. Mr. Hughes has just returned to Hollywood, after witnessing the opening on Broadway of his "Souls for Sale," which was published last year in book form by Harpers.



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The Argonaut.

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WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Outlook.

Prior to Mr. Harding's death all sections of the Republican party conceded his nomination next year for a second term in the presidency. Thus he stood as the unifying factor in the Republican situation. With his passing, half a dozen blocs representative of particular interests and a full half-score of aspiring personalities are enacting the rôle of jack-in-the-box. Truly it is a demoralized situation, tending to still further demoralization.

The best prospect for the Republican party, and for the political life of the country in general, lies in the hope that Mr. Coolidge may develop qualities of leadership that will place him in the position lately occupied by Mr. Harding. No greater misfortune could happen to the country than a break-up of the Republican party into a group of incoherent and warring factions. It matters less who shall be President than that whoever may be President shall have behind him a consistent and a sustaining force organized in pursuance of open and declared policies and bound in honor to their support.

The power and safety of the republic in times past has rested upon the principle of unity in the party charged with carrying on the government. Whenever unity has been lacking government has been weak. At no time in our history has our system stood in a situation so subject to disaster as now. The separatist spirit appears to have become epidemic. In both parties, but most notably in the Republican party, there appears lack of the cohesive loyalty essential to responsible conduct of the government. Mr. Coolidge may or may not be the man to compose differences, to command loyalty, and to bring his party back to coördination and unity. We hope he is.

Obligations of the Presidency.

It was the intent of the founders of the republic that Congress should make the laws and that the President should execute them. It was a fine conception, and in practice it worked fairly well for a long period. But with geographical expansion of the country, increase of population, and multiplication of interests there has come a condition under which the public mind is less conscious of Congress and its duty, more insistent in its expectations and demands upon the presidency. This has come about as most things do by evolutionary process. Every crisis in the affairs of government has tended to enlargement of the authority of the executive. In the period of the civil war Lincoln became practically a dictator, and the prestige of the presidency thus advanced has never at any time in the succeeding years been wholly lost. It was again largely advanced by Roosevelt, who took to himself a measure of authority beyond the mandate of the Constitution. Not only his temperamental impetuosity, but the full powers of the executive office were employed by him to bring Congress to support of his projects and policies. By other and less spectacular means President Taft pursued a similar course. Measures which he wished to be enacted into law were drafted under his direction and presented in definite form to Congress. President Wilson carried the powers of the executive to newer heights under the emergencies of war and in the chaotic times that followed.

As a member of the Senate preceding his presidency, Mr. Harding was an active opponent of what he deemed encroachments by the executive upon the authority of Congress. Upon taking office he made public declaration to the effect that it would be a point in his policy to reëstablish practice under the mandates defined by the "founding fathers." His practice was in line with this purpose. At no time in his two-years-and-more in the presidency did he seek to impose upon Congress the will of the executive other than by means of advice, persuasion, appeal. Wherein he succeeded and wherein he failed the country is well informed. He failed in his protest against the bonus bill and was compelled under his sense of duty to nullify its evil potentialities by executive veto. He failed to win the coöperation of Congress in the matter of the ship subsidy. He failed in an attempt to secure action upon his proposal that this country should participate in the Court of International Justice. In all these matters Mr. Harding might have succeeded if he had been willing to bring to bear the powers which lie in the executive office. If like Roosevelt he had employed the "big stick," he could have had from Congress, more particularly the Senate, a kind of cooperation that was denied him.

In another relation—as official head of the Republican party—Mr. Harding's temperamental delicacy, with his disinclination to positive and arbitrary courses, prevented him from becoming an effective leader. A Roosevelt or a Wilson would not have tolerated the obstructive tactics of Senators Borah, Johnson, Brookhart, Shipstead, La Follette and others who, elected as Republicans and claiming character as party men, declined party discipline and in many matters opposed party policies. These chronic objectors are not Republicans. A party leader of positive temper and with the powers of the presidency in his hands would have denied to them any species of recognition. On the other hand, Mr. Harding sought to propitiate them, hearkened to their appeals, gave to them forms of aid that enabled them still to claim character as party men and to sustain themselves in their own fields.

The fact may not be denied that in recent times the character of Congress has deteriorated. The strong personalities of other days are lacking, and the cause is not far to seek. Various influences, the direct primary among them, have in recent years tended to emphasize local and parochial as distinct from broader interests. In steadily growing degree election to Congress is in respect of local, sectional, and personal as distinct from national interests. It is not sufficient for a congressional candidate to define his position upon the great issues. He must stand for his district—its interests, its whims, its prejudices, its passions. Every voting element must be considered. We have the result in a deteriorated Senate and in a make-up of the House of Representatives all but void of statesmanlike interests or motives.

The situation being what it is, it is not surprising that the public has lost faith in Congress and that it tends more and more to disregard it. This in knowledge of the fact that votes for or against matters of broad national or international policy are mainly dictated by petty motives relating to local constituencies. Nor is it surprising that as confidence in and respect for Congress declines the country should look more and more to the presidency as the dependable factor in government.

A time has come when, broadly speaking, the American people look, not to Congress, but the President for the carrying-out of essential policies. Pity that it is so, but it is a fact none the less. What the people want in the presidency now is a "strong man." There is small sensitiveness respecting the dignities of a Congress which has abandoned its dignity. There is a universal wish that the President, when he has once declared his policies, shall find means to enforce them. The American people gave to Mr. Harding high respect and a large measure of affection. As in life he was loved, so in death he is venerated. But the truth of history requires it to be said that by very many—perhaps by a majority of people—he was regarded as lacking in the kind of hardihood essential in these times to the executive office in respect of its great responsibilities. The character of the man, his respect for the Constitution, his unwillingness to overstep the strict executive mandate—in the abstract great virtues—were regarded my many, not as virtues, but as practical defects. The wish of the country, the necessity of times and conditions, call, we grieve to say, not so much for amiability as for driving power in the presidential office.

Mr. Coolidge comes to the presidency without commitments, and the country waits, not without some impatience, to know what manner of man he is, what manner of President he will be. He has declared his intention to carry forward the policies of Mr. Harding, but expressions of this kind have small meaning, since conditions change from month to month—even from day to day. Mr. Coolidge may take either one or the other of two courses—he may follow the amiable practice of Mr. Harding or he may take a sterner course. His soundest policy, we believe, whether he seek definite results or public approval, will be to stiffen his backbone, to be something of a master of Congress as well as an advisor. Sad that it is so, the times call for it.

If there be possibility of administering the government of the United States by other means than the party system we know not what it may be. If there be any way to maintain party organization with the responsibility and force that abides in it by any other means than party discipline it has yet to be discovered. Since political parties are necessary under our system there must be some clear means both for their creation and

their maintenance. Mr. Coolidge is now not only President of the republic, but the official head of the Republican party. The Republican party stands committed to certain defined courses. Members of Congress who can not or will not stand for party commitments are not Republicans. Their pretense of being Republicans is fraudulent. President Harding sought by persuasive courses to bring the obstructionists to a sense of their duty. He failed. Now is a time for more positive methods. If members of Congress who claim character as Republicans will not act with their party they should be told to get out of it. President Coolidge, profiting by Mr. Harding's experience, will do well to call in Mr. La Follette, Mr. Borah, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Shipstead, Mr. Brookhart and whoever else is of their ilk and tell them in plain terms that if they will not work with the party they must not expect favors or recognition at its hands. In other words he will do well to rule out of the Republican party those who have used its name to secure election and who continue to use it as a cloak while pursuing courses of disloyalty. Disloyalty within the ranks of a party is fraudulent as related to the public and demoralizing as related to the party itself. Far better for its own integrity and for its public respect that a political party should be frankly in the minority than that it should pretend to be something that it is not, and that it should carry the onus of obligations it can not sustain.

In and Out of the League.

The temporary mixed commission of the League of Nations charged with planning reduction of armaments has adopted the text of a treaty to be submitted to the league in September. All members of the league are to agree to aid any member threatened with invasion or aggression; which was to be expected. No signatory will be obliged to contribute military efforts at keeping the peace on any other continent, which seems rational, although it tends to restrict operations. But the right of any state to assistance from other signatories under this position depends upon the reduction of its armament to the lowest limit justified by the security which the agreement gives. If a threatened state has complied with these conditions the council of the league, upon being informed of the aggression or the menace, will in four days from receiving the notice decide whether there is cause for action, and if so will notify the signatories to the treaty and recommend the kind of assistance which the different powers are capable of giving.

The league may apply the blockade, or some sort of commercial coercion, or call on the signatories to put troops into the field, and in the last case the council of the league may appoint a commander-in-chief of the combined forces. And this last proposal, while no doubt practically necessary, does not seem so rational, but on the contrary to confirm the position of the United States in maintaining its independence.

If the right of a state to assistance is to be made dependent on its first laying down its arms, or so much of its arms as seems good to the league council, it will have given up too much; for when at another state's behest or at the behest of a league of states a state lays down its arms, it lays down sovereignty. In this case it would entrust the national security and the national life to a combination that might prove at any time unfriendly, not only to ambition, but to honor or even necessity. If the superior power, call it league or empire, could be trusted to be just at all times, the case would not be bad. But justice at all times is a prerogative of divinity, and we have not seen much divinity in Europe.

Moreover, if we on this continent should suddenly be called upon to defend the Mexicans against the Canadians or the Guatemaltecos, we should not care to accept as commander-in-chief of our armies some one of the numerous generals that surround that President who attempts to do his presiding in the City of Mexico. We should prefer General Pershing. But suppose the Mexicans, mindful of his unsuccessful raid into their territory a few months before the European war and still resentful of his activities at that time, should refuse to accept him. Suppose they demanded a commander-in-chief from Tegucigalpa or Managua, and the council of the league said we had to take him; entrust to him the administration of camps and the transport of stores, as well as the strategy of battles; a council sitting at Geneva. Would we be likely to applaud that decision and turn over to him the lives of our boys, and whatever else of national interest might depend on the outcome of his operations?

Certainly our armament is at the present time sufficiently reduced through congressional cheese-paring to entitle us morally to all the benefits of such an agreement. But to bind ourselves to abide by the decisions of a foreign council in the conduct of a war on whose outcome the nation's life might hang is another and not very interesting story. And if the hypothesis is inconceivable on account of our dominance on this continent, then we do not need the dubious guarantees of assistance thus conditionally offered: the wisdom that kept us out of the league is still good.

The I. W. W. Intellect.

We have heard a great deal about the I. W. W., because that errant organization provides a sharp contrast with normal life and thus makes good news copy. It is feared by some and derided by others, and its members are much hounded by zealous police chiefs and town constables ambitious to make records. Doubtless were the I. W. W. let alone, some of its more aggressive units would do damage, inasmuch as damage, under a technical name, is an article of its creed and a canon of its conduct. But that its powers are extensive or nationally menacing is probably a long distance from the truth. Even socialists deride the red card enthusiasts who have swallowed whole the socialistic theories and formulas, recognizing the impractical and futile character of the "movement," as far as the I. W. W. could ever give it potency. Yet the I. W. W. has its interest, and it is no slight one, in regard to what should be an important point of our national policy.

Professor D. D. Lescohier of the University of Wisconsin has been making a special study of the I. W. W., in its activities, in its migrations, and in its "jungles" or camps beside the railroad track or on the river bank. He has hob-nobbed with the members and eaten their horrible "chow"; has examined their beliefs and the system of emotions and sentiments they call their philosophy: and has presented his findings to us in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. Those findings are rather pitiful than terrible. "The rank and file are mostly common laborers of the migratory type. Some have been broken by circumstance, vice, or lack of ability, and have dropped out of the better educated and more successful classes into irregular common labor, but the majority came from poor homes, started life under distinct disadvantages, and appear to have but very limited mental capacity." Here is an explanation of this particular ism that some day is going to receive attention of a scientific character. The human strain of low mentality is going to be rejected, on humanitarian and patriotic grounds, and prevented in some painless way from breeding more of its kind. It is this strain that supplies most of the social discontent, that because it can not analyze conditions and events is persuaded it is the victim of capitalism, that most eagerly swallows the socialistic doctrine that capital is the cause of poverty and that capitalism is interested in keeping people poor in order to exploit them for its own purposes. They who receive that sort of teaching as the explanation of their troubles are, as a class, irrational and incapable of recognizing realities. Their brains do not function in orderly and rational ways, and the reason is, generally speaking, that they are not bred eugenically, but by the reverse process from mentally defective stock.

Now, such inferior strains are persistent in the best racial lines in all lands. They do not exclusively characterize the immigrant, although there is a certain sort of immigration in which they are all too common. Education can do little or nothing to improve them, and for two reasons. First, the effects of education are not transmitted by heredity. That fact is unwelcome to many of our sincerest uplifters, who suppose their efforts are in some way leading the race onward and upward—nevertheless it is well established among biologists that nothing is to be hoped for in that direction. Education may develop mental power latent in the individual, but its effects will die with him. His children will be no brighter, and no more receptive of education itself for what the father or mother learned. Second, the boy of low mentality is incapable of receiving education beyond a certain point, and all laws compelling children to attend school until the age of sixteen or any other age, must fail of good results with a large percentage of them. Analyzing a "jungle" of seventy-five men, Professor Lescohier found that three-fourths had not completed the eighth grade. The age of an eighth-grade pupil is thirteen or fourteen years. And while he does not say so, it is undoubtedly the fact that the majority of these did not complete the eighth grade because they could not. A defective mentality only suffers when attempting to take in more education than it has ability to assimilate, and the law that requires it to make the effort is more cruel than beneficial.

It is not strange that under the urge of socialistic teaching and the lashing of brilliant but erratic Marxians such minds should get things twisted and inverted—should believe, for example, that capital makes poverty, that the wage system is what makes unemployment, that contracts are only a device of the money devil and should be broken as fast as made in order to throw the capitalistic system into confusion and hasten its overthrow. It is not strange that such men should boast of the irregularity of their work, that they should refuse to work when work is offered them and should endeavor to keep others from working, and that they should contrive with all the ingenuity their leaders can command to bedevil the farmers of the wheat belt (in parts of which the ideas of some farmers are not much more intelligent) into bankruptcy and early graves.

One ray of light the situation presents. Jack London once complained that tramps did not have children. It was a curious thing to complain of and the complaint was typical of that brilliant but perverted mind. Who would want tramps to have children? Professor Lescohier found that less than 5 per cent. of the I. W. W. are married, and when he asked some of the others why they were single the typical reply was: "What in hell would I do with a woman? I have to travel all the time in order to make a living." That is good. But it will be even better when an enlightened society either prevents the marriage of defectives, or permits it only on condition of sterility. Most people of the class described find life little but a misery, and their children would find it still more wretched. And the theological notion that procreation should run at top speed all the time in order that there may be more souls to join the Hallelujah chorus will have to stand aside. No intelligent Jehovah could take delight in the praises of such undiscriminating persons.

Etienne Brule: Unknown Discoverer.

The Saulte Ste. Marie Historical Society paid tribute last week to the memory of Etienne Brulé, practically unknown explorer. Recognition comes tardily to some, Brulé, discoverer of the world's largest inland fresh-water sea, perhaps being the record case. However, it has been formal history only that has neglected Brulé, and that only for three hundred years—in his lifetime he was described as the most intrepid explorer of his generation, one which was composed of explorers and of necessity intrepid. In short, the first white explorer of Lakes Superior, Ontario, and Huron, and probably of Erie and Michigan, bore the modest relation to Champlain of Great Lake fame that Leif the Lucky had to Columbus. Columbus and Champlain got the fame. But at last Brulé's name is to be properly honored, by the Historical Society of Sault Ste. Marie if by no one else. The most likely explanation of Brulé's historical neglect was his abhorrence of civilization—it amounted to that—and the fact that he is not known ever to have written a line. Probably he could not write, but as he had deliberately sloughed all the habits of civilization it is natural that he wrote no record of his achievements. He was not a savage, however, and he was a good churchman, as one of the most dramatic incidents of his remarkable career testifies.

But first for the evidence that Brulé should be honored among the group of great explorers of all time, and on the strength of which the Saulte Ste. Marie Historical Society is commemorating this month a tercentenary in honor of the little-known Frenchman. The discovery of the Great Lakes is popularly associated with the name of Champlain and his famous voyage of 1615, which has been immortalized by Champlain himself and subsequent writers. If you are not the discoverer of a continent, a sea, or a pole, but if you are its first chronicler, you will undoubtedly get the credit. So it was with Champlain, who probably acted in good faith in disregarding the unpressed claims of an eccentric Frenchman who lived as one of them among the

Hurons. But here is the damning evidence: Champlain's famous voyage occurred in 1615, seven years after he founded the city of Quebec, but Brulé had already been among the Huron Indians for six years and—and here is the irrefutable fact—it was Brulé himself who guided Champlain over the course, acting also as interpreter. On the strength of that scanty but rather significant evidence the Saulte Ste. Marie Historical Society will unveil a memorial cairn to Brulé and his companion Grenolle, first name unknown, in recognition of their discovery of Lake Superior. It gives one pause, as the novelists say, and makes one wonder how many more of the makers of history flourished without even bequeathing their first names to it.

Parkman records that Brulé was taken by the Hurons' enemies, the Iroquois, who lived in what is now western New York State. It was during an intertribal war and Brulé, who had been scouting in the south, set out to return to the Hurons in Canada. His route was cut off by the enemy and, threatened with starvation, he gave himself up. His captors tied him to a tree, burned him with firebrands, and tore out his beard. But Brulé was master of his fate as well as a good Catholic. When one of his torturers reached out to touch the *agnus dei* at his breast, Brulé thundered: "If you touch it, you and all your race will die!" It was summer and one of the frequent thunder storms was gathering. Just as the Indian repeated the attempt, the storm broke and Brulé's life was saved for the time being.

Brulé fled from civilization—there may have been reasons, but the only known facts of his life are that he discarded the ways of his own people and adopted the customs and social standards of the aborigines with whom he lived all his mature life. He was taken to Huronia as a boy by Ænone, a chief, and lived with the Hurons for twenty-three years till his death by murder, probably also at the hands of Ænone. He was sincerely mourned by the tribesmen, and when years later plague depopulated the Huron nation the curse was attributed to the murder of Brulé. It was said that the spirit of a sister of the murdered man, taking rather tardy revenge, flew over the nation breathing out fire and death.

Yucatan, reddest of the Mexican states, is to take baseball for it. The idea seems to be that as a radical is a person who must throw something, he should be satisfied to throw the commercialized product of Spalding or Reach instead of throwing bombs; and perhaps also that the responsibilities of the big stick will steady him a bit. It may be so. Baseball players seem, as a rule, to be amiable people, willing to be bought and sold by the club owners, or traded, like chattels. They have not yet worked out a philosophy that declares property to be robbery, and are still willing to acquire some if they can. Unfortunately, not all radicals are interested in baseball, and when Yucatan is supplied with baseball apparatus and organized as far as possible into teams and leagues, there will remain outside a number of hennequin pickers and chicle gatherers who will refuse to do any team work or belong to any league whatever. They will be hard to teach because they do not care to learn, hard to discipline because they will have nothing at stake. No game will satisfy them in which reward is the fruit of effort and power the result of self-control. Yucatan needs more than baseball, but we do not pretend to know just what it is.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Tainted Information on Europe.

London, July 27, 1923.

Editor Argonaut:—*Sir:* A tornado of "interviews" with politicians, "famous" industrialists, and others, regarding what they found during short hut intensive studies of Europe, seems likely to devastate many placid homes.

May an ex-resident of California be permitted to warn your readers against accepting without strong corroborative evidence the statements of these "experts"? Complex Europe can not be read like a headline, even by super-politicians and princes of trade.

One statesman in particular saw, during his brief study of many countries on this side, "evidences of future conflicts." I do not know how he arrived at this conclusion, but it is the opposite to the impressions I have received since January, 1920, when I returned to France and England and went directly among the people in order to try to learn something at first hand.

Since that date I have seen Europe slowly pulling out of the most horrible situation that has existed in modern times. First, England, possessing a great solid class having moderate, independent incomes, set out by means of terrific taxation and drastic deflation and economy, to beat back toward "normalcy." France, once the nation *par excellence* of investors, was hurt most by the invader, but her people have worked from dawn to dusk, producing possibly more new wealth per square metre than any other country. Nowhere in France (I have covered the country many times, both by motor and steam train) did I find any militaristic feeling among the people. They are not so cheerful and light-hearted as they were before the war, for they are engrossed with their business of making up for what was lost through no fault of theirs. No "imperialism" about that!

Had I associated solely with foreign business men, and with others having a greater pecuniary interest in mark quotations than in franc issues, I might have learned much that is not so.

In some of the smart hotels and, I regret to say, at some of the banks, an overseas investigator may get a lot of canned information about the goodness of Germany and the fierce qualities of the French people. "English-speaking" head waiters, who are likely to contain near or remote German blood, are often the sources of such "information" about France as might have had its origin at the Berlin manufactory, where Frankenstein still works.

The "future conflicts" which our political alarmists expect to see in Europe are not obvious to those of us here who have followed the changes day by day. On the contrary, it seems that Germany has at last been beaten, after nine years of constant conflict; that she is rich in tangible, fixed wealth; that the Allies will soon find means to help her fund her debt, issue a new currency securely based on metals, and mobilize real properties to secure the amount of reparations, at least.

Inasmuch as we did not enter the League of Nations, perhaps it were better to maintain our dignified aloofness through this critical period, so that France and her Allies may not run the risk of being hampered. After the settlement we might be of great aid in the restoration of Europe, if we care to mix in. Yours truly, Herbert Fitch.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE SAYS.

Mind of Harding's Successor Reflected in Quotations from His Public Utterances.

Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States if we count Cleveland twice, has the gift of terse expression. A suggestion of the bent of his mind can be gained from the following extracts from his public addresses:

The problems of the nation are to yield, not to conflict, but to conference; not to force, but to reason.

Something must be done to lessen the tax burden on the people. The logical step is to reduce armaments in common with the other nations of the world.

Self-control is arduous, self-government is difficult. Always there is the temptation that some element of these should be surrendered for security and ease. The appeal to passion and prejudice always lies in this direction.

It is neither government nor society that creates conflicts, but those who defy their rules.

Neither individuals nor corporations can rely on government sources for success.

Observing public authority when it meets with our approval and disregarding it when we feel it imposes some hardships on us is not constitutional government. It is either despotism or anarchy.

Do not hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Do not hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table.

I believe humanity would welcome the creation of an international association for conference and a world court whose verdicts this country, in common with all other nations, would be willing and able to uphold.

Aliens who are dangerous to our institutions should be deported, even if they are not guilty of breaking our laws to the extent of earning punishment such as may be inflicted by the courts.

Our first duty is to get the immigrant a job and make him a producer. Then our duty is to educate him before he is gathered in by the Bolsheviki.

Justice granted brings justice in return. Injustice breeds discontent and destruction. It is not only righteous, but expedient, for capital to give labor a square deal.

If the labor men of America expect any just settlement of grievances they can never secure it under the red flag.

The American people desire progress, but when they come, as they must, to a comprehension that all kinds of selfishness and tyranny interfere with it, they will discard their advocates as they discarded the leadership of Toryism, nullification, and secession.

Education tends to bring the reason and experience of the past into a solution of the problems of the future. Avoid class distinction.

There is coming a time, not far distant, when it will be as much of a disgrace for those who are affluent to remain in idleness as it is today for those men who go about the streets begging.

We must look to the past for guidance, but to ourselves for success.

No man and no party should be rash enough to promise the performance of plans for long in advance.

I know of nothing more likely to advance public welfare, good citizenship, and sound ways of thinking and living than to take out a life insurance policy.

We subscribe to the creed of world brotherhood, but we recognize that we can serve the world best by serving America first.

There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.

There must be an increasing reliance upon religion.

Colleges are not for the exclusive benefit of the few; they are for the moral support of society and for the maintenance of the state.

It is time to supplement the appeal to law, which is limited, with an appeal to the spirit of the people, which is unlimited.

It is not a change that is needed in our Constitution and laws so much as there is need of living in accordance with them. The most fundamental precept of them all, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, has not yet been brought into universal application.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE COURAGE OF HARDING.

(New York Herald.)

It was natural, in the first hours of grief for the passing of President Harding, to dwell upon as his finest qualities those human traits which had the most direct appeal to all of his countrymen. Patriotism, kindness, amiability, warmth of affection for friends, sincerity of purpose and love for the people whom he tried to serve to the utmost—these were virtues which the man wore so naturally as to gain the admiration and esteem of the nation.

But Warren G. Harding was imbued with courage, too. This was made evident more than once in his presidential career. His courage was all the greater because in exercising it he often did something which a man of his amiable and generous nature would have preferred not to do if conscience had permitted.

The most signal example of the President's courage was his veto of the bonus bill. It had been passed in the House by a vote of 333 to 70, and in the Senate by a vote of 47 to 22. Congress was afraid to defeat the bill; most of its members fell over one another in the rush to put themselves down as willing to distribute four or five billions of dollars to service men regardless of the physical or pecuniary condition of the beneficiaries. The overwhelming vote in Congress might have served as an excuse for a President—and particularly a President looking forward to another term—to approve the bill. President Harding vetoed it and denounced it as governmental folly.

A second instance of real courage was the way in which President Harding stood to his guns in the reorganization of the budget. In this he had to contend against the pleas of office-holders, the ingenious arguments of bureaucrats, and the advice of politicians. The President, however, supported General Dawes in his battle against these active forces and in the end accomplished one of the finest economic reforms in the history of the government.

A further example of the Harding courage, although it was of a different sort, was the President's insistence upon a ship subsidy. Mr. Harding honestly believed that the subsidy was necessary to the future of the American merchant marine and, although he had been warned that Congress would not agree with him and that his wish could not be granted, he asked the legislative department of the government to create the subsidy. Wholly aside from the merits of the proposal, the President's courage was manifest. He went bravely into foregone defeat.

It is not likely that President Harding's official record will be best remembered because of these events, although the United States should feel the benefit indefinitely of his firm stand for the reduction of the budget. His administration's best memorial probably will be the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, an event suggesting wonderful possibilities as well as putting the preaching of peace into actual practice. But the more courageous, if less picturesque, acts of Mr. Harding will not be forgotten.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

(New York World.)

There is no more difficult undertaking in politics than that of a Vice-President suddenly promoted by the death of a President. Vice-Presidents are always out of the sphere of administrative action. Washington little heeds them as makers of policy, and not at all as announcers of national decisions. Even though Mr. Harding made Mr. Coolidge a member of the Cabinet, in a well-meant endeavor to further intercourse and understanding with Congress, the experiment bore no visible fruits of success. In his public addresses since he went to Washington, Mr. Coolidge has refrained from any allusion to controverted matters, in dealing with which he could take no part.

Now he comes to the most conspicuous executive office known to political life, facing a disorganized party and a nation in disquietude. Theodore Roosevelt, succeeding William McKinley as President, fell heir to an almost perfect party machine, which never failed in his time to function. Today Republican leadership is bankrupt, rent by faction, oppressed by mutterings of revolt. The Best-Mind theory is a myth. The party needs, the country will welcome, a strong hand.

The circumstances present a great opportunity. President Coolidge has a blank sheet upon which to write history. Vice-Presidents are never nominated with the idea of their elevation to the higher post, and the country really knows little about its new executive except that his firmness in handling the Boston police strike, as governor of Massachusetts, left a favorable impression of his force of character. He will have the sympathy and the support of the American people, without regard to party ties. Such political obstruction as he may meet will come less from Democracy than from Republican faction, but for the moment even faction is a feeble thing. The big factor in his situation is the patriotic devotion of a united people wishing him godspeed in his great trust.

MR. UNDERWOOD'S STRAW HAT.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

As the New York *World* sees it Senator Underwood's hat is again in the ring—"a thoroughly respectable headgear, with a Jefferson hat-band, a Jackson lining, and a Cleveland trademark. But the hat itself is largely of straw."

The *World* thus elucidates the process of reasoning by which is concludes that Senator Underwood's hat is straw:

"This is the case in spite of the fact that Senator Underwood's position on our foreign policy and on our tariff and on the over-centralization of government at Washington is admirable.

"But highly important as are these issues, the character of the candidates and the campaign next year must be determined by other issues.

"No one can tell whether a candidate is reactionary, conservative, liberal or radical by his attitude on the League of Nations. In a constantly increasing degree this also holds good of tariff centralization. Not one of these issues will in itself determine whether there shall be an important third party in the field in 1924.

"Vital though these issues are, they will be subordinated in the minds of millions of voters to issues which will place candidates, not in the categories of Democrat or Republican,

but of radical, liberal, conservative and reactionary. On not one of these economic industrial and social issues does Senator Underwood put himself on record. He rests content to affirm that 'when our party has declared its platform the selection of a candidate who can wisely and willingly follow its principles will follow.'

"A wise and willing candidate on a ready-made platform is not the kind of candidate for which the Democratic party is seeking. It needs a candidate with the conviction and the courage to nail the critical planks into the platform before he stands on them."

In the opinion of real Democrats who base their Democracy on the principles of the Democracy of Jefferson, Jackson, and Cleveland those principles still constitute the standard by which political issues are measured. The soundness or unsoundness of issues of "liberalism," "radicalism," "reactionism" and all other "isms" may readily be determined by that standard. If Senator Underwood is a real Jefferson-Jackson-Cleveland Democrat he doesn't need to go out in the woods looking for lumber to nail in a Democratic platform.

Perhaps Mr. Hoover would suit the *World* better for the Democratic nominee in 1924 than Mr. Underwood would. It will be recalled that in 1920 the *World* could see nobody but Mr. Hoover for the Democrats to nominate, even though at the time no one knew whether Mr. Hoover was a Democrat, a Republican, or anything else.

SELF-DETERMINATION.

(Portland Oregonian.)

A clew to the objection of the Filipino politicians to the rule of Governor Wood and to the assistance of American officials has been given by Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia to the London *Times*. In seven years prior to 1914, while the Philippine bureau of health was under American control, 8,000,000 vaccinations were performed, smallpox was eliminated from Manila and its suburbs, and mortality was appreciably diminished in the outlying provinces. When the Filipinos took control of the bureau, they destroyed the vaccine, but continued to report vaccinations. They calculated so badly that they reported more vaccinations than were possible with the amount of virus supplied, and for one province they reported 50,000 more than the entire population. The result was 50,000 deaths in six years and a decrease of vaccination to 7 per cent. of the population.

General Wood is unpopular with the Filipino politicians because he stands for efficiency, which saves life. The politicians want the offices, but do not want to work, no matter how many of the people die in consequence. The governor has renewed vaccination, has again cut down the number of smallpox cases and of deaths. The average Filipino does not understand the preventive effect of vaccination and probably considers smallpox as unavoidable as hot weather.

That is one of many stories behind the demand for independence under American protection, which would not be independence, that tell what rule by mestizo politicians would do for the people. All go to prove that inefficiency, incompetence, indolence and graft characterize the governing class of mestizos, but they coerce or cajole the ignorant people to cry parrot-like for independence.

It is a thankless task to train up an Oriental people to conduct a democratic government, especially when the Americans who undertake the work are hampered by theorists who insist that these students in the primary grade are as competent as nations which have practiced democracy for a thousand years. The United States might as well abandon the attempt but for the certainty that some nation that is not hampered by ideals would seize the islands and not only use them to our hurt, but blot out hope that the islanders will ever be permitted to learn the lesson that we have tried for a quarter-century to teach.

GAMBLING AT THE GATE OF AMERICA.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

When sixteen ships with 15,000 aliens came into the Narrows at New York Harbor, each jockeying for the leading place in the August 1st inrush upon Quarantine and Ellis Island, they took a gambler's chance with human lives. It is time to end or mend the intolerable procedure of which this is a salient instance.

Under the present restrictive "quota" plan, 3 per cent. of the number of foreign-born who were here in 1910 may be admitted in a year. A fifth of the total may enter in a single month. The next Congress is to wrestle with a readjustment of the quota. It will be asked to admit 5 per cent. of the number of foreign-born as determined by the census of 1890. The change would cut off a large part of the influx from Mediterranean lands and favor immigrants of the Nordic stock—British, Scandinavians, and Germans.

Of course, there are some who would do away with the quota barrier. "Let them all come in!" is the slogan of certain employers of labor who are primarily concerned about hiring men cheaply. One of the battlegrounds of capital and labor centralizes in this issue. A large faction of labor unionism wants to raise the bars higher still and make it even more difficult for the Old World to send its surplus population to the New.

Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor is being called names in England because he favors a rigid selective system. After his tour of Europe he is convinced more than ever of the necessity and practicability of such a plan. Those who thought he went abroad to persuade more emigrants to come here made a big mistake. That is what some of the steamship companies were doing. They dispatched their emissaries throughout Europe to paint glowing pictures of easy pickings to be enjoyed in America for all who had the price of a steamship ticket. Hordes of Europeans have been brought and dumped down, only to find the quota was exceeded and they must go back.

Whose fault is it? Commissioner Curran at New York and Commisisoner-General Husband put it squarely up to the ship lines. Mr. Husband says: "The steamship people could have easily known how many persons to bring here by finding out from us what the day's quota report is. They need not have taken a 'gambler's chance' with the matter at all. They have twelve months in which to do this business of bringing aliens here, and they try to do it in five."

The commissioner has put his finger on the crux of an impossible condition. At present there is a haphazard, helter-skelter, transatlantic marathon from the ports of embarkation. As things are, the companies are rather forced to take a gambler's chance.

A better plan would be to have our own officers stationed abroad, at every place where emigrants embark in considerable numbers, to keep in touch with Washington and restrict quotas accordingly. But whether we adopt this plan or not, it is clear that steamship companies should reach a coöperative understanding with immigration authorities, whereby the present indecent crowding and shoving at the gateway to America shall cease in favor of a rational and considerate treatment of human beings.

The criticisms hurled at Ellis Island itself are misdirected. The simple remedy, as Mr. Curran has proposed, is to make up the quotas in advance by cable, and thus avoid needless deportations. Mr. Husband desires to see the five "rush periods" changed to ten, by making the monthly quota 10 per cent. instead of 20. This would make the strain distributive.

Secretary Davis is incontestably right when he says he wishes to systematize selection abroad, not here in America, so that ninety-eight out of every 100 applicants at Ellis Island may be admitted.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags reëchoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and riverside
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire:
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that heat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

Cologne.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,—
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

My Heart Leaps Up.

My heart leaps when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Shanghai has a population of 1,500,000. It is the commercial outlet of the Yangtze Valley. There are 4000 American residents.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lady Rachell Howard, daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk, is accounted Great Britain's greatest heiress and the best "catch" of the year. She has inherited several fortunes from both sides of the house.

The post of president of the University of Pennsylvania, which was definitely declined by Major-General Wood last December, has been filled by Dr. Josiah H. Penniman, acting provost of the institution for the past several years. The new president is an alumnus of Pennsylvania of 1890 and since 1896 has held a professorship of English literature there. President Penniman is an advocate of the democratic college.

Professor Vladimir Karapetoff of the electrical engineering faculty of Cornell University is the man who has done more than any other to interpret Einstein. Karapetoff has perfected a device which conveys to the eye the principal statements and results of the Einstein theory. The model not only illustrates the German physicist's conceptions of time and space, but also permits a quantitative check on theoretic statements. Professor Karapetoff, who was born in St. Petersburg forty-seven years ago, was a consulting engineer for the Russian government at the age of twenty-one. He made his start in America as a special engineering apprentice with the Westinghouse Company. He has been with Cornell since 1904 and is a member of the advisory board of the United States Naval Academy. Professor Karapetoff is also a musician—he has given several series of public piano recitals.

Charles Prestwich Scott, governing director of the Manchester *Guardian*, who has long been identified with that great Liberal paper, is now about seventy-seven years old, but is still active, works ten hours a day, and is an ardent cyclist. The actual management of the *Guardian* has fallen of late years to the veteran editor's son, Mr. J. R. Scott, this year president of the Newspaper Society, representing the provincial press. Another son, E. T. Scott, is also a brilliant journalist likely to succeed his father in the editorial chair. The chief leader writer of the *Guardian* is the elder Mr. Scott's son-in-law, Mr. Montague, who though he was of pacific convictions and fifty years of age, volunteered and fought throughout the war. His views on the subject may be gathered from his subsequently published books.

Frank Waterman Stearns, who is said to bear the relation to President Coolidge that Colonel House did to President Wilson, is a Boston dry goods merchant. The friendship between Mr. Stearns and Mr. Coolidge dates from the time when the latter was in the Massachusetts legislature. However, the Boston merchant does not claim to belong to the ranks of "president-makers." As a political mentor Mr. Stearns has no prototype in American politics, for he is not a politician in any sense. He is nevertheless the possessor of unusual political discretion, and of this President Coolidge has had full benefit. It is said that the devotion of the hard-headed Yankee business man to the President is the only sentimental factor in his life. Mr. Stearns believes in destiny and thinks that Calvin Coolidge is headed for great things. The bond that first brought Coolidge and Stearns together was Amherst College, of which institution they were both graduates. Mr. Stearns, always interested in politics though never a holder or seeker of public office, approached Mr. Coolidge when he was president of the Massachusetts state senate with a proposal to aid Amherst by a needed legislative measure relating to a drain. Since that time Mr. Stearns has backed President Coolidge, first for lieutenant-governor of his state, then for governor, and in 1920 for President. Failing the presidency, it was Mr. Stearns, working through the late Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts, who won for Coolidge the place of running mate for Harding. Mr. Stearns is a plain New Englander, short, growing stout at sixty-seven years of age, simple of dress, quiet of manner and direct of speech.

Don Sturzo, who has recently resigned the political secretaryship of the Popular party, which in actual parliamentary strength is stronger than the Fascists, has been the most prominent rival of Mussolini. The Popular party was founded after the war to bring the Catholic masses into the political life of the nation, since previously the Papal ban on politics had kept them out of it. It can not be said that the party has had a consistent or very clear programme—its right wing took its cue from the strongholds of clerical reaction, while the left upheld Christian socialism. But in 1921 Don Sturzo, the brilliant Sicilian priest, led the party to power and it became the deciding factor in parliamentary politics. The Popular party maintained an attitude of benevolent neutrality when Mussolini instigated his Fascisti revolution last autumn, and the right wing even supported the Fascisti chief. Now Don Sturzo has been forced to resign, practically by Papal decree, the Catholic press having urged his resignation pointedly for some time. Don Sturzo was the power behind several shadowy governments in 1921 and 1922, but since the rise of the Fiscists the Populars have lost the monopoly of Vatican support. Also, the political priest has succeeded in keeping his party independent from the Fascists, a victory that has greatly annoyed Mussolini and not found favor, it is rumored, with the Pope.

RECOLLECTIONS DE LUXE.

Oscar Browning Retails Some Gilt-Edged Incidents of a Privileged Career.

"Memories of Later Years" is not exactly autobiography, as Mr. Browning's previous volume, "Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge and Elsewhere," accounted rather more consistently for the history of his lifetime; the present book encompassing such odd memories as a very old man—the distinguished author is eighty-seven—would recall from time to time and which deserve preservation. For Mr. Browning has known every one worthy of the most ambitious social climber's acquaintance, and done everything that a member of the British aristocracy would be likely to do, in more than fourscore years of continuous exposure to the best things of life. If there is anything in the old superstition that a propitious beginning foretells the end, and the middle, too, we understand Mr. Browning's gilt-edged existence. Whether or no he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, he very early had the stamp of royal approval. The following is a word to wise parents, who should see to it that their offspring have aristocratic and historic surroundings:

Queen Victoria died on January 22, 1901. I was born on January 17, 1837, and so lived six months in the reign of William IV. Till the age of thirty-eight I always resided either at Windsor or in its immediate vicinity, so that I was well acquainted with the life of court. Our first house was at the beginning of Long Walk and just in front of the castle gates. The queen kissed me as a bahy, the first date I remember is fixed by the fireworks at Windsor on the day of her marriage, and I frequently saw her galloping up the Long Walk with her ministers and her suite. She was perhaps—take her all in all—tbe greatest of English sovereigns, greater even than Queen Elizabeth, and, as ages move on, her reign will be regarded as a high-water mark in the history of the British Empire. Some have doubted whether she had any commanding strength of intellect, and whether she did not owe everything to her husband. It is now certain that she was the genius and he the well-educated scholar. One thing is clear, that she possessed the most guileless simplicity of mind with the utmost piety of heart, and that she instinctively recoiled from all falseness and insincerity.

Our readers must not assume that an undue proportion of Mr. Browning's reminiscences have to do with royalty *per se*, though we have done our best to pick out some of his most distinguish anecdotes. One that plainly shows that if his family were great it might easily have been greater relates to his stay at the Hague, when he and his friend, Frederic Harrison, attended the first meeting of an historical congress of which they were among the founders:

I had an introduction to a countess wbo had a high position at court and was a leader of society. The first time I called upon her she presented me to the Princess of Wied, mother of the young man who afterwards became Mpret of Albania. He had been educated in England, spoke English perfectly, and looked like an Englishman. The princess said to me: "I am glad to meet you because your grandfather saved the life of my grandfather." This was not exactly the case. Her grandfather was Stadholder of the Netherlands, when the French invaded the country and afterwards became first King of Holland. My grandfather was captain of an English vessel and helped to save the life of the princess and her children, but tbe prince had already escaped. He ran down the beach to his ship with a prince under each arm, the French peppering him from the rear. The princess and her children afterwards enjoyed the hospitality of his house at Harwich. Some twenty years later, when my mother and her father were visiting the Hague, during the peace of 1814, they met on the Oude Doelen a stout old lady with two companions, who came up and kissed my grandfather on both cheeks. This was the Queen of Holland, who took my mother and her sister to a stall in the fair and presented her with a magnificent parure of garnets, which I have often seen her wear. She offered to make her a maid-of-honor and the Earl of Athlone, whose ancestor had been a bosom friend of William III, wanted to marry her, but my grandfather had no wish to dispose of a pretty English girl of fourteen in either of these two manners. However, she went to court, and often danced with the Prince of Orange.

If Mr. Lytton Strachey's public is surprised at the contrary view of Queen Victoria held by Mr. Browning, there will be others to take issue with his rating of other English statesmen. A friend's view is always open to the accusation of prejudice: on the other hand an intimate acquaintance such as Professor Browning had with most of the English great during his long life among them qualifies him to speak with authority. His opinions are not the press-made creations that most of us possess. Here is his sympathetic portrait of Lloyd George:

Lloyd George is beyond everything else a peacemaker. He has been so from the beginning. His reputation at the Board of Trade was made by his conciliation of disputes, and we have seen the same thing on a larger scale at Genoa. He thinks tbat all men are fundamentally reasonable, and that if you can hring them together, eye to eye, their differences will to a large extent melt away. To effect this requires, not only mind, but a heart and a nature dominated by love. When any very strong statement of Lloyd George is thrown in my teeth, I first ask for proof that he ever made it. "Gaffs" of Lloyd George formed at one time such valuable political copy that it was tempting to invent them. Again, Welsh has always been his native tongue and Englisb an acquired language. He must for many years have been accustomed to think in Welsh and speak in English. Welsh is an emotional and poetical language and it is quite possible that a harmless Welsh phrase may often, when translated, have given offense to Englishmen.

Our distinguished reminiscencer has known intimately all the premiers of his era and he has a good word to say for all of them, which shows that he was either a good friend or a good diplomat, or both. Here is his vignette of Asquith:

At Rome Asquith made as good a speech as I ever heard him make, which deeply impressed those listening to it. He dealt with the relations between England and Italy, and left a most favorable impression. I remember once asking Bryce to give me a full account of what passed when he first became a minister. He said that for himself the most exciting moment was when he was left absolutely alone with the queen to receive the keys of the Duchy of Lancaster; how he might have seized her by the throat and forced her to divulge any secret. He asked me to guess what the queen had said to him. I failed to do so, which was no wonder, because her only remark was, "What a tremendously long way they have put the ink off." She regarded the new Liberal ministers with a look of suspicion, and said that Asquith, who was home secretary, seemed very young for the post. Asquith was marked out early as a future prime minister. The certainty that he would be so came to me when I was dining with the Eighty Club, with Gladstone as the guest of the evening, and I thought that Asquith, who proposed his health, made by far the better speech of the two.

Americans of the present newspaper generation have grown as familiar with the address of the home of England's prime ministers as with the state buildings in Washington. The following is interesting for its references to the famous house and for our author's estimate of another English statesman. Campbell Bannerman's achievements are not so universally known as those of his predecessors, Gladstone and Balfour, or his very familiar successors. Mr. Browning predicts that the premier who established the Union of South Africa will yet come into his own:

The last time I ever saw Campbell Bannerman was in his own house, No. 10 Downing Street, when he looked much older from his wife's death. I knew the house fairly well, hut he took me all over it and said that it was the most uncommodious house he had ever lived in and not particularly healthy. The best feature was the garden in which Gladstone used to dine. I was also present at his funeral as one of the mourners. I attended those of Robert Browning, Tennyson, and Gladstone, but that of Bannerman was equal to any in the intense respect of the congregation and the personal interest shown. They felt that they were paying honor to a great and good man. Year by year I have seen the reputation of Campbell Bannerman growing steadily after his death. I remember telling him one day tbat he would be prime minister and that he ought to he. He ridiculed the notion and recounted all his deficiencies. I argued with him that all prime ministers were not of the same type and that he had many qualities which Gladstone did not possess in the same measure, and which were essential to the office and to the welfare of the country. Among these were unflinching honor, dauntless courage, unfailing good temper, and a simplicity of conception and expression which made his views intelligible to the mass. When his life is published and studied he will take his place in the first rank of great prime ministers, which many thought that he never could obtain.

Owing to an abnormal condition of health, much of Mr. Browning's life was spent at continental watering places, Marienbad, where he twice encountered King Edward, being one of his stand-bys. Both of Edward's visits during our author's sojourns were after his succession, and it is rumored that the company he kept was very different from the gay days when he was Prince of Wales. If he took that office lightly, at least he was determined to have no aspersions cast on his dignity as king. The Princess Metternich, whose castle had been a favorite haunt of Prince Edward during his Marienbad visits, was one of the chief sufferers by the kingly reform:

The cause of this dissension was the Duke of Orléans, who, as an old friend of many years, was constantly at Königswart. He had published some insolent remarks about Queen Victoria which her son very properly never forgave. Princess Metternich made him write a humble letter of apology to the queen, on her drawing-room table, but it produced no effect. Königswart was a beautiful place with an artificial garden, a work of high art. I used often to go to tea and dinner there. The prince was the son of the famous Metternich, who, according to my views, did much harm in the world. His memory was not much respected by his descendants, so far as I could see, hut the rooms he lived in were exactly as he left them, with a wealth of writing material, blotting paper, pens, knives, paper knives and many other luxuries such as I suppose used to helong to the imperial chancellor. The prince was the youngest son born of a fourth wife, which accounts for the son of a hero of a past age coming to be a friend of mine. The daughter was Princess Titi, a pretty, amiable, fresh girl, full of spirit, and it was said that the Duke of Orléans wished to marry her, for which it was necessary that he should divorce his present wife. This could only be done by the personal action of the Pope, who was not likely to consent. These affairs naturally produced their effect on King Edward and a repercussion on the Court of Vienna, where it was reported that the Metternicbs were not very popular, and the splendid Metternich Palace was little used. I remember the princess taking up the memoirs of the Princess Lieven and asking me if I had read them. I said that I had seen some parts of them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She said: "Of course I am interested, because she was 'one of papa's.'" And of how many others, I thought, Guizot, Palmerston, Wellington and all who could be useful. Metternich, whose memoirs I have read in German and French, had never less than three mistresses at the same time. He was the most frivolous and heartless of men, and the collapse of Austria, which is now the horror of the world, was mainly his work. Johannisberg on the Rhine was given to Metternich at the Treaty of Vienna, as a "bonne bouche," to supply him with the famous wine, and one day dining at Königswart, I declined it, not realizing what it was. I asked the princess, who was next to me, whether I might change my mind, as to refuse Johannisberg at the table of Prince Metternich was a folly and a crime.

Mr. Browning had known Queen Mary when she was Duchess of York, and had once entertained her and the Duchess of Teck at Cambridge, very successfully, incidentally. A reference to the present universally popular Prince of Wales is not amiss when every journal in the land has some story about his charm, his youthful devotion to state matters, or his matrimonial possibilities:

It is hard to speak of Queen Mary without some mention of her hrilliant son. When the Prince of Wales came to the Embassy at Rome on Empire Day some years ago, after I had been formally introduced, I thought he wanted to speak to me, and said: "The last time I had the honor of meeting your royal highness was when you were swimming at the Bath Club." I told him who I was and he said: "Oh! I know all about you." We talked of his Uncle Eddie, who was a dear friend of mine, and other matters. As I spoke to him the tears came into my eyes and I had a lump in my throat. I was deeply impressed by the beauty of his face and the charm of his manners and thought of his remarkable gifts of personality and of the troubles which he would inevitably have to meet in life. I knew something of his mother's intense love for him, and I could not help writing to her to report the remarkable effect which he had produced at Rome. To this I received a very sympathetic answer.

But now we have done with recollections de luxe and regal anecdotes. One of the great factors in Oscar Browning's political life was his stand on the Boer war. Like a few other liberal-minded Englishmen, Mr. Browning was pro-Boer. It will be remembered that it was not a popular attitude in England, though the war was regarded with some indifference, and as a matter of fact the unbellicose professor of history found on the Continent a more hospitable reception for one of his political convictions. But as the Englishman abroad is always the most virulent of imperialists, it is not surprising that he was still more unwelcome among the English foreign colonies:

It is possible that the ministers who made the war thought that it would be over in a few months, and would cost little money, which could easily he paid out of the gold mines. But a minister who declares war except in self-defense commits an unpardonable crime for which no expiation is possible The Boer war began the decline of the British Empire. Its high-water mark of prosperity is fixed by Mr. Keynes at 1894 or the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. It was the direct cause of the Great War from which we are now suffering. When ten millions were voted by Parliament Lloyd George walked out and would have nothing to do with it, and I always told Camphell Bannerman that he made a great mistake in not doing the same. The war eventually cost us two hundred and seventy millions.

Whatever might have been the difference about our conduct in England there were no differences abroad. The whole of the Continent was against us. Germany, which had thought of helping Krüger, came on reflection to the opinion that it would be more profitable to extend her commerce and develop her fleet. If other nations did not use the opportunity to attack us they probably thought it better to use our misfortunes for their own advantages. In India the masterly diplomacy and the wise government of the new Viceroy, Lord Curzon, prevented any movement on the part of Russia to profit by the occasion.

If the popularity of the war was lukewarm in England it was rampant amongst Englishmen living abroad. A pro-Boer Englishman was regarded as a pariab. I spent the winter with my nephew, who was a doctor, in Florence. He was afraid to take me out and did his best to conceal my existence, lest our relationship should injure his practice. Those unworthy lines of Kipling, "Duke's son, cook's son," set to the paltry music of Arthur Sullivan, were heard everywbere. I had thought of spending my years of retirement in Florence as I am now spending them in Rome, hut my experience of this visit, strengthened by another, changed my view. Florentine society, which many years ago was very pleasant, seemed to be honeycombed by gossip. At Rome there is no gossip. People may speak ill of well-known personalities, hut they never discuss their friends. There is a broader and a higher tone. The lady who seemed most shocked at me was Mme. Villari, whose distinguished husband I had known for forty years. The crisis came when I was calling on Donna Cosima Wagner, who, like myself, and indeed most intelligent foreigners, was a strong pro-Boer. Mme. Villari came into the room and Frau Cosima began to speak to her with sympathy for the Boers. I tried to intervene, when Mme. Villari turned upon me, called me a bad man and a bad Englishman and left the room. Frau Cosima and myself could hardly restrain our amusement. I had always adored Florence, the first Italian city I had ever known, the streets and pictures of which I knew hy heart. I found it much changed, but I am told that now it bas recovered its former charm and in some way is a pleasanter dwelling place for Englishmen than Rome.

Mr. Browning's latter years in Rome were saddened by the war, but he closes on the hopeful note that though the empire may be doomed, there is hope yet for England herself in the backbone of the nation, the young men such as Mr. Browning came into contact with in his teaching Italian to naval telegraphists. It is just such a picture of the inherent sweetness and soundness of the native English character as Maurice Hewlett gave in his final book, and which explains the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon:

The tragedy of the war thickened. The railway station was occupied by troops of various nationalities, mostly English, passing to and fro. Englishmen and women, residents in Rome, were spending their lives in thinking how they could help the war, meeting soldiers at the railway, providing for their comfort and amusements in Rome, giving them lectures on the city, which I am afraid were better appreciated by the non-commissioned officers and the privates than by the officers, who regarded Rome chiefly as a place of amusement. Clubs were provided for them and no dances were complete without them. My little "bit" in this task consisted in teaching Italian to a small party of Naval Telegraphists, who were connected with the wireless station at Noumana. Their society brightened up my summer months. I had already learnt, in my work at the Cambridge Training College, the charm of common English boys, and any appreciation I may have had of them was deepened by my present experience. They were faultless in manner, in courtesy, and in diligence. Some of them learned Italian so tboroughly that they could read, talk, write and even teach it themselves. Their morals were spotless, living in the most crowded streets in Rome, in the midst of every temptation, they kept pure and innocent minds.

Mr. Browning is the author of a truly immense number of historical and biographical works—he has not been idle during his more than eight decades. Incidentally, he was one of the first outliners, as his "History of the Modern World" was published in 1912 and his "General History of the World" in 1913. But probably such solid works as his "Modern England," "Modern France," "Guelphs and Ghibellines" and so on excluded him, in popular opinion, from the ranks of the publicity derived outliners.

Memories of Later Years. By Oscar Browning New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $4.

The Yangtze Valley of China has a population of 180,000,000.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 11, 1923 (five days), were $123,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $134,500,000; a decrease of $11,300,000.

The turn has come in sentiment. That Wall Street is now turning its glances preferably on the bright side of the picture has recently been shown by the market's indifference to hits of unfavorable news that unquestionably would have caused spells of heavy liquidation five or six weeks ago, says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*. And comment from all manner of sources, excepting those prophets who take themselves and their mission too seriously, reveals widening acceptance of the counsel of optimism.

And in the stock market, too, the turn has come, rather feebly so far, but with every promise of a quickened movement before the end of this month. An average on fifty stocks shows a recovery of four points, after a decline of fourteen points from the high level of March. A long stretch of extremely dull sessions, during which stocks were consistently firm to strong, should give place to active and strong sessions with dealings again crossing the million-share mark. The action of the market has been reassuring to those who would rather see a period of quiet stability — equilibrium — intervene between the sharp decline and pronounced recovery than to witness a premature and unconvincing rebound of prices.

The saner prognosticators of general business are now pretty generally agreed that somethiug in the nature of a fall boom lies ahead, basing their predictions mainly on the country-wide full employment of labor at wages that are keeping the merchants busy, the brimful credit reservoir of our Federal Reserve system, the well-known situation as to low stocks of goods, the continued heavy rumble of freight traffic from coast to coast, and the back-log of deferred requirements in many directions, notably in building, railroad equipment, and electric light and power plants and equipment. And just as this sentiment has been crystallized by those leaders of economic thought who have most clearly seen and expressed the outlook, so is there developing a truer appreciation of the position of the national farmer as opposed to certain depressed sections of the farming community where political capital is being made of temporary and quite natural depression.

It should be clearly realized that of the 400,000,000 acres under cultivation for various agricultural purposes, only about 10 per cent. is planted to wheat. For twenty years past, with the exception of the abnormal war years, the nation's corn crop has been valued at at least twice the value of the wheat crop; and recently, although wheat has declined to the lowest price since 1914, corn has advanced to new high levels for the year. Moreover, hogs are commanding a good price in the face of an unusually heavy movement to market. The cotton crop will he sold at a profitable figure, wool prices are high, and tobacco is bringing a very satisfactory return. It is an arrant fallacy to suggest that the wheat market reflects the true picture of national farming conditions.

Guy Huston, president of the American Association of the Joint Stock Land Banks and president of the Chicago Joint Stock Land Bank, recently told the bond dealers of New York that more than one-half of the nation's farmers own their farms clear of debt, still have the Liberty bonds they bought during the war, and have money in the bank. Of the borrowing half of the farmers, at least 90 per cent. owe only nominal amounts and are carrying their debts, paying their interest and taxes comfortably, and living well under present conditions.

And is not the appeal to the public that is now just beginning to he heard to "buy a barrel of flour" or to "buy a thousand bushels of wheat" reminiscent of that popular slogan of succor that went the country over soon after the beginning of the war—"buy a bale of cotton"? If the writer's memory is correct, that slogan was the best speculative advice that could possibly have been given upon the cotton market; but all the "experts" could then see ahead was deeper and deeper depression and thicker and thicker gloom. Cotton was then around 8 cents a pound, and it wasn't many months thereafter that the South was threatening not to sell another bale under 30 cents a pound.

The writer believes that such stocks as the following may still he bought for substantial advances: American Can, U. S. Steel, General Electric, Westinghouse Electric, Baldwin Locomotive, National Enameling, Owens Bottle, Air Reduction, Gulf States Steel, Republic Iron & Steel, Associated Dry Goods, May Department Stores, American Steel Foundries, Studebaker, Mack Trucks, U. S. Rubber, Kelly-Springfield, Anaconda, Utah, New York Central, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio and Southern Railway.

The downward trend in the stock market was resumed last week following the substantial recovery that set in early in July, when the market gave distinct signs of a sold-out condition. It is always difficult to gauge the extent of such a contrary movement, just as it is to gauge the extent of the present downturn, in view of the rather large short interest and the evidently important scale buying in many sections of the list.

Wall Street and, indeed, the speculative public generally, likes "to explain" movements in security prices by outside business or political news of one kind or another, apparently not realizing that the markets almost invariably anticipate the effect of such developments and that the explanation is often quite as useful as locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. What we should consider is not what so-called fundamental conditions obtain now, but what they will be six months hence. For example, it makes little difference if the railroads and steel industry are doing a splendid business now, but what counts is what they will ge doing next winter and spring. Hence we often have the spectacle of a bear market starting when industry is booming, and, conversely, a bull movement in its initial stage when trade conditions appear hopelessly stagnant.

One of the "causes" ascribed for the present decline in security prices is the unfortunate state of overproduction in the oil industry, which, in spite of all efforts, shows so far no signs of abatement. In fact the mid-continent refiners now are discussing plans for a complete shutdown. Another development which has played into the hands of the bears is the situation the Northwest railroads find themselves in. The Panama Canal competition has been cutting into their earnings for some years past, and now, when they want higher freight rates on grain, wheat drops to below the dollar mark, and the farmers and the political parties are demanding that these rates he reduced.

There is no change worthy of note in the steel industry. The eight-hour day will he introduced this fall, and it is very questionable whether the added cost can he passed along to the consumer in the shape of higher prices. The cotton textile trade is undergoing a very slack period, hut this does not seem to apply to the manufacturers of woolen goods. The leather and tire industries are suffering from overproduction, hut most other trades are still prosperous, and certainly the banking situation is all that could he desired.—*The Trader.*

Under the apathy of the hond market economic forces are working which promise ultimately to advance prices to substantially higher levels, says *Commerce and Finance*. Commodity values have been working downward for weeks and the trend still is towards lower levels. Business has slowed down materially with the result that capital formerly needed for trade and industry is accumulating. Prices of stocks have been deflated in the aggregate billions of dollars.

Eventually those phenomena will inevitably result in improving demand for investments and advance prices. The current dullness is therefore not to be construed as hearish on the hond market. It is due prohably to the fact that we are in the midsummer vacation period, when capitalists, husiness men, and large investors generally are taking tours abroad or resting in watering places and mountain resorts. Current firmness of money also acts as a brake on the investment market. That firmness is hardly likely to persist indefinitely. We are headed for lower interest rates, unless all signs are misleading. Cheaper funds may come hefore the crop movement. Almost inevitahly they will he obtainahle after that movement is completed. As prices of honds rise or fall in inverse ratio to the price of capital, the reflex of lower interest rates will he higher bond values. From a long-range point of view current hond quotations are cheap.

While perhaps the prospect is not for any immediate recovery in honds, investment "straws show how the wind is hlowing." The two most significant features of this very dull market are: First, the steady appreciation in the prices of Liberty honds, and, second, the firm market for high-grade railroad honds.

The writer helieves that the trend of Liherty Loan honds will continue upward. It would not be astonishing should those issue go to par in the next year or two. The United States Treasury will invest a sinking fund of approximately $300,000,000 in Liherties hefore June 30, 1924. The British government will invest ahout $162,000,000 in them within the same period, of which $92,000,000 will he purchased before the end of the current calendar year.

In addition to the certain ahsorption of nearly half a hillion dollars' worth of Liherties in the next twelve months hy the treasuries of Great Britain and the United States, it is reasonahly certain that corporations will he huyers. Liherty honds are an ideal investment for industrial companies during periods of business reaction hecause they are ahsolutely liquid and they return a hetter income than funds left on deposit in banks. Banks also favor Liherties for temporary investment, as shown hy the statistics of investments hy those institutions. Federal Reserve figures show that 774 of the largest hanks in the system increased their investment in Liherties during the last fiscal year in an aggregate of $433,657,000. No statistics are availahle on the 29,000 other hanks in the country, hut it is safe to hazard the guess that they also increased their holdings. With idle capital accumulating now as an outcome of the contraction in business, private ahsorption of Liherties during the next few months is regarded as more than prohahle.

It is pretty definitely established that hoth the British government and the United States treasury were huyers of Liherties during the past week.

The outlook for gilt-edged corporation honds also is very good. Information has come from reliahle sources that insurance companies were in the market for railroad honds last week for the first time in months. Prices of such issues as Atchison general 4s, Union Pacific first 4s, and other high-grade investments were significantly strong.

Bonds of the higbest grade, returning less than 5 per cent., find their hest market now in investment hy savings hanks, insurance companies, and other corporations hecause corporations are not suhject to surtaxes on income which individuals must pay. Men of great wealth no longer invest their capital in good railroad bonds. They huy tax-exempt municipals and state honds.

The fact that insurance companies should be huying honds is very significant. It is needless to draw attention to the fact that they would not do so if they thought prices would he cheaper later on.

Railroad honds of the second grade offer opportunities to investors who are in a position to keep in touch with the market hecause the large returns they yield insure good return on the investment despite the penalty of income and surtaxes.

The market for new financing is as dull as that for listed securities. New issues last week fell to the lowest total of any week this year. They reached an aggregate of only $21,626,000. Municipal offerings accounted for $8,626,000. Puhlic utility honds totaled $4,000,000. One railroad terminal company put out $5,000,000. Foreign and land hank issues accounted for the halance.

Failure of the customary "July reinvestment demand" to make its appearance is one suggested explanation of the small volume of new financing. Another is that the amount of corporation financing already done in the last eighteen months was so large that the requirements of corporations have heen pretty well filled. More than a hillion dollars in new securities exclusive of municipal and state bonds have heen issued since January 1st of this year.

The market for municipal honds is not as good as formerly. The enormous volume of new issues in the last eighteen months bas gone far towards satisfying investment demand. Investors now are asking for a higher return than formerly on such issues. The effect of that stipulation promises to he wholesome, for municipalities and states which would gladly have sold bonds on the hasis ohtainahle some weeks ago are hesitating ahout assuming larger fixed ohligations.

A call for deposit of Mexican external honds was issued hy hankers here and abroad last week. Reports of a hitch were denied, as only a slight and technical difference arose hetween hankers and the Mexican minister of finance. Initial response by investors to the call is understood to have heen satisfactory. It is thought that by fall most of the honds held in this country will have been deposited. Upwards of $500,000,000 face value of bonds and $200,000,000 arrears in interest are involved in the agreement which provides for resumption of interest payment.

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reports quote the German circulation at nearly thirty-two trillions of marks; Austria over five trillion crowns; Poland over three trillion Polish marks, while Soviet Russia has long passed the trillion line, and the latest advices put the total of outstanding Soviet currency at more than four quadrillion paper rubles (4,482,800,000,000,000).

But even if we disregard the Soviet paper money, which is no longer included in the statements of world currency issued from week to week in the financial reports of Europe, it is interesting to try to comprehend the meaning of the word "trillion" in which at least three European countries other than Russia regularly and officially state their outstanding paper currency. The latest reports from Germany put the note circulation at nearly thirty-two trillion marks (31,824,820,868,000). Austria over five trillion crowns (5,017,632,861,000), and Poland nearly three trillion Polish marks (2,817,859,476,000).

What is a trillion? We know, of course, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, that it is a thousand billions, and if we are ahle to measure in simple terms the real bigness of the billion, in which we are now every day measuring world currency and trade, it may he helpful in the attempt to grasp the meaning of this new unit in which we are now measuring the multiplied paper money of the countries whose currency totals have passed out of the hillion class.

To measure even a single billion, said a lecturer addressing a class in the National City Bank of New York, is difficult, but can at least be illustrated hy a very simple statement. We all know how rapidly the expert counter of coins will manipulate them. The treasury experts at Washington will count 4000 silver dollars in one hour, hut that is their limit; working eight hours a day an expert will count one million silver dollars in thirty-one working days, but that is only the beginning of a billion, and if this same counter were to go on counting the dollars at this rate, eight hours in every working day of the year, he will require 100 years in which to count one hillion of them, and when we further remember that the trillion is a thousand times as much as the hillion we hegin to get at least a dim comprehension of the quantitative bigness of the "trillion" in which the currencies of at least four countries are now heing measured. If, to count one billion silver coins would require the continuous service of one man hundred years, to count a trillion coins would require the service of one thousand men one hundred years.

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The position has been consistently maintained by the writer that there is nothing in the present situation to cause more than the flicker of a nervous eyelid. That is still true, but in view of the prolonged persistence of the patient in imagining himself sick, to the discomfort of all his associates, attention may be directed more plainly to the real cause of his periodic attacks. Lack of faith in our future is at the back of all our troubles, combined with a too simple faith in our self-appointed physicians, the economic experts. The industrial history of the past century, with its recurring periods of super-activity and high prices, followed hy slumps and unduly low prices, has induced a belief that the "cycles," as they are called, are the working out of an inexorable law. says R. Berkeley in Strasshurger & Co.'s review.

The assumption is weak in proof. In the Middle Ages pestilences ravaged European countries with more or less regularity in "cycles." The theologians in those days fulfilled much the same purpose as the economists do today. Drainage put them out of business in that field. It is thinkahle, at least, that our economic experts may one day meet the same fate. As soon as finance, with its multiform bearings on credit and prices, becomes a fairly exact science, the "law" of trade cycles may he found to he little more than an expression of our ignorance.

In the case of this conntry, it is certainly to he hoped that our men "of light and leading" will begin soon to deal seriously, constructively, intelligently (not spurning the exercise in addition of the imaginative faculty) with the problems presented hy our enormously increased potential productivity. The leap we have recently taken in prosperity is due to our greatly increased powers of production; this prosperity is, through our credit, simultaneously increasing our productive powers. Action, reaction. Increased production having, however, for its fellow increased purchasing power, "inflation" may quite possihly prove a child of our fears only; at worst, a pin-prick possihility. Our experts must learn to adapt their theories to new facts.

The San Joaquin Light & Power Corporation continues to make remarkahle strides in the production and sale of electrical energy throughout the San Joaquin Valley and adjacent territory.

According to Cyrus Peirce & Co., who with Blyth, Witter & Co. and Banks and Huntley & Co. handle the San Joaquin financing, the corporation's gross earnings for the twelve months ended May 31, 1923, were the greatest for any twelve months in its history.

With the end of another twelve months on June 30, 1923, the records were again shattered. Gross earnings of nearly $7,100,000 were about $50,000 over the previous high-water mark. Operating expenses, taxes, and depreciation showed slight increases, hut some saving in interest charges, etc., resulted in an increase of $52,000 in the amount available for dividends.

Following is a comparison of the figures received by Cyrus Peirce & Co.:

	Twelve Months Ended June 30, 1923.	Dec. 31, 1922.
Gross Operating Revenue	$7,094,064	$6,561,125
Operating Expenses & Taxes	2,898,031	2,791,899
Balance Available for Fixed Charges	$4,196,033	$3,769,226
Interest Charges, Bond Discount and Expenses	1,815,610	1,864,106
Net Income	$2,380,423	$1,905,120
Depreciation	750,501	684,207
Balance Available for Dividends	$1,629,922	$1,220,913

As an index of progressiveness of people nowadays and their demand for the creature comforts that were once regarded as luxuries the experience of the Southwestern Utilities Company in Viking, Canada, is cited. When that corporation got control of the franchise to supply Edmonton, capital of Alberta, Canada, with natural gas, the little town of Viking, near the great gas field which is the source of supply for the utility, got busy to see to it that its own citizens were furnished with gas. It raised its own funds to finance the necessary extension of service, and out of 126 potential consumers 120 signed up for service—over 95 per cent.

The estimated revenue from service to Viking and a number of neighboring communities is figured to he sufficient to pay the interest on half a million dollars of the Southwestern's recent issue.

Applications for service at Edmonton are coming in at the rate of two hundred a week, it is reported.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker announce that the $3,800,000 issue of first mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold honds of the Earl Fruit Company have heen certified hy the state superintendent of banks as a legal investment for California savings hanks.

The last few weeks have assuredly given the gods cause for much hilarity. Wander where you may have pleased in the financial district, you have been greeted with lowering looks, with hrows knit to knot. The cause? Only that the usual has heen happening, plus a little family quarrel. We have the always-to-be-expected summer weakness of the markets, and the hig fellows have considered this the psychological moment for starting a rate war in brokerage commissions. Every one who knows anything knows that the sun will be high in the heavens in the fall, and that the rate war is already nearing an end, because those who have been responsihle for it are getting together. Before you start banging the little fellows, it is well to he sure of their weakness and your own strength, says R. Berkeley of Strassburger & Co.

If the speculative public had heen endowed with a grain of sense it would have made the most of an opportunity it will not get again for many a long year, of getting its business done cheaply. Instead it shunned the markets and joined the chorus of wailers—and consequently, wanters. In the absence of support markets have been an easy prey for the shrewd bears, prices have been falling all round indiscriminately, and the wailings have become howls.

Fortunately for the country, the business community has refused to take its cue from what is hy many regarded as the index to the future, the security market. Fortunately, because you can produce what you fear if you nurse your fears long enough. As surely as —more surely than, perhaps—you can by faith hecome day by day hetter and better, you can worry yourself into a grave hy listening too carefully to the Jeremiahs that, like the poor and the bugs, are always with us.

"Eminent economists" (all are eminent in these days, if they say so) have heen husy for some weeks pointing out pitfalls that lie in the path of industry—as if there are not always holes for drunken men to fall into. Previously for months waving the prosperity flag, doing all they knew to make us crazily venturesome, they are now hidding us slacken a pace that few have ever actually made. What was the idea? No idea, unless a paucity of ideas—for even economic experts must live.

What are the facts? What aspect do industrial conditions really wear? While markets have heen in the dolrums, production in practically every line of industry has heen maintained in record volume. Compare the car-loadings of these weeks with those of the corresponding weeks of the last three years. You will find that 1920, 1921, 1922 are each and all put in the shade. A politician can not load a car with words; a full car means goods to fill it, means further a seller at one end of the journey, a huyer at the other end. Study production figures, and you will have to he deaf if you can not hear the concert of activity in full swing. Take the trouble to read the surveys of the Department of Labor; or the many reports (accessible to every one) representing replies to questionnaires periodically sent to the centres of industry. The evidence is overwhelming that employment is from 15 to 18 per cent. higher than a year ago, that the upward trend in manufacturing shows no sign of reversal. Activity in iron and steel, in the equipment industries, in the automohile industry, the building industry (with every attempted handicap, personal and official), in the textile industries—all tell the same tale. And when you hear of agricultural depression and low prices for the product, rememher that "agriculture" is always depressed, if we are to helieve that men continue to till the ground from love of their fellows; that "agriculture" is a wide term; that all agricultural conditions are not alike; that actually wheat is the only troublesome factor—cotton crops are good, wool, sheep, and sugar heets promise good returns, dairy products leave little to be desired, the cattle outlook is steadily improving, corn is about double its "low." Compared with 1913, farm products show a price index number of 139, not as high as the general commodity index, but not bad enough to make a shout about.

The business sky is rarely entirely clear of clouds. What sky is, every day and all the day? But when the weather is hetter for the time of year than usual; when all the indications are that the clouds, wherever they may break, will not break over your district; when, further, you are so safely entrenched that a deluge anywhere can damage little that matters very much to you; when, in short, you are practically immune—is there any sense in simulating a disease you will never suffer from unless you are determined to; scaring yourself and all around you?

A little common sense, a grain of faith, a modicum of courage, are all that is needed to alter rapidly and radically the aspect of the stock markets.

The trend of food prices is still downward. *Bradstreet's* wholesale food index number dropped to $3.10 last week, compared to $3.11 the previous week and $3.12 a year ago. All live stock advanced after early declines and practically reached the year's top, which they seem unahle to hreak through, the advancing prices invariably attracting heavier receipts. Hogs and most pork products continue practically 25 per cent. under a year ago. Flour is low, but hread stays up. With minor rallies the price of flour has declined steadily during the past year, hut hread has remained practically stationary. Flour production dropped off heavily during June, according to the Department of Commerce.

The comparative statement of consolidated earnings of the Continental Gas and Electric Corporation for the twelve months ended May 31, 1923, after giving effect to new acquisitions, shows an increase of 49.9 per cent. in net earnings, available for interest and dividends. That this was accomplished on an increase of 39.9 per cent. in gross earnings shows clearly the careful and conservative manner in which the company's operations are conducted. During this period it is noted that operating expense, taxes, maintenances and interest increased only 26.2 per cent., a decidedly favorable ratio compared with the increase in gross and net earnings.—*Cyrus Peirce & Co.*

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Next War.

The Reformation of War. By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

Pacifists should he carefully kept from reading "The Reformation of War," as indiscriminate exposure to that scientific defense of conflict is apt to send them on their last lap. Colonel Fuller does not mince matters, hut he is nevertheless the most civilized of proponents for the war party. His treatise acts on martial blood like the proverhial smell of powder to an old war horse, hut it is nevertheless humane, scientific, and farsighted. He claims to have "torn up the Old Testament of War." Whether or not the weight of tradition will decide the next war does not alter the validity of his theory, whose weakness lies not so much in any inherent impracticability as in its prematureness. As a race we are not quite ahreast with the scientific advancement of the military authority. We are in the hahit of thinking of war in terms of holocaust—a terrihle dispensation of fate or a necessary evil, according to our individual lights. To think of it as a science not in terms of an evil necessary or otherwise is too much for most of us. The courage of Colonel Fuller in expounding his argument for war is almost more to he admired than the lucidity of his reason.

The necessity of war is a doctrine that need not he gone into here—it is an evolutionary, purely scientific creed, very offensive to some people, however irrefutahle its logic. But our author's work in the humanizing of war must appeal to every one. Those who have shuddered at the prospect of another war compared to which the late one would have seemed possessed of humanitarian restraint should read "The Reformation of War" for their own peace of mind. Briefly, his argument is that the ohject of war is the imposition of the will of one nation upon another, and any means of doing this effectively is equally valid as war. Therefore slaughter or even financial destruction is not a *sine qua non* of warfare. One gets a vision of Utopian war, where the contest hecomes a highly intricate game in which, as in all sport, there is danger to the participants, hut which is not waged with murderous intent. It is merely the inevitable human instinct to settle a dispute hy comhat and may the hest man win. Meanwhile, in the transformation era of the immediate future, Colonel Fuller urges the use of gases. Gas need not kill nor even permanently injure its victim. We read again the amazing statistics of the American army that only a little more than 1 per cent. of gas casualties were fatal. And according to both American and British official reports a much smaller proportion of the injured suffered permanent disahility than from any other cause. In conclusion, Colonel Fuller's hook is one of the most courageous and intelligent we have encountered on the subject.

R. G.

De Ludis et Hortis.

A Chilo's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Done into Latin by T. R. Grover. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

If a man is supposed to have touched greatness when his work has achieved many translations, the shade of R. L. S. should have some special self-congratulatory celehration. Not many moderns are done in Latin. We suspect the ohject was primarily to pay trihute to Stevenson, since the dead language of the Romans is the last thing one would associate with the blithe verses from the child's garden. However, the translator may have heen inspired hy the virtuosity of the task. Though we know a little Latin and less Greek, we are not struck hy the analogy hetween these heautifully scholarly verses—they couldn't he otherwise in Latin—and the familiar nursery-rhyme simplicity of the Child's Garden. The genius of the two languages is opposed and the hest that can he done with any translation is a compromise. Mr. Glover deserves credit for courage. However, in addition to its interest as a *coup de theatre* this translation would have a practical value as a text. The average fourteen-year-old high school student would prefer translating Stevenson's verses to Cicero's orations, and undouhtedly would learn more Latin from the ordeal.

A Matter of Adjustment.

The Unbidden Guest. By Silvio Villa. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

Americans do not always realize what foreigners leave hehind them when they come to this country, and this story of a young Italian, exiled from his own land and plunged suddenly into American life, makes an appeal to more sympathetic understanding hetween host and guest.

The book does not make pretension to heing a novel in the sense of plot and incident, hut is rather the inner story of a young man's life—his youth in Italy, with impressions of that poetic land; his early love; his adjustment to his new life, and his reaction to the war.

Many of the digressions on art and Italian history might with advantage he shortened or omitted, leaving the idyl of Carletto's life to stand as the dominant interest of the hook. But with all that, Sylvio Villa has given to his adopted country a hook well conceived and written with beauty of style and expression.

Christopher Morley Again.

The Powder of Sympathy. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

A new hook by Christopher Morley needs neither criticism nor review; it needs indeed little heside honorahle mention, and felicitations that these articles, written from time to time for the New York *Evening Post,* should have heen gathered into permanent form.

The friendly columnist tells us these pieces "were written day hy day out of the pressure and hilarity and contention of the mind," and as he defines the groundwork of good literature as inventing new ways of saying things, he has surely qualified as a master. Under the whimsicalities of his lines the reader finds a philosophy, as well as fascinating little runways out into wide spaces of thought. As Morley himself happily expresses it: "A small postern door opens gently upon another world."

Confess'ons of a Heart Wrecker.

The Débutante. By Edna Walker Malcoskey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

This is a record of a society girl's life, and after wading through two hundred pages of it the reader rather wonders what it is all about. The débutante, who tells the tale herself, thoroughly enjoys describing her heauty and fascinations and enumerating her conquests. These come in all sorts and sizes, including a middle-aged hishop who is supposed to have reached years of discretion or to have heen long since comfortably settled in life.

The heroine tells us: "I had broken the heart of a bishop and I was terrified." But just why hreaking the heart of a hishop should cause terror is not explained. The young person who writes her own story seems greatly interested in these love affairs and is never tired of describing the passions roused hy her fatal gift of heauty; indeed, the men make love with a violence and intensity unequaled even hy Ouida.

Sandwiched between these delectahle episodes are dissertations on the war, the political situations of the day, and public questions generally; introduced without any particular relevance, they create a diversion and the reader is given a choice hetween rhapsody and realism.

Shaking Russia.

Tolstoi's Dramas. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50 net.

Mr. Dole, well known as a translator of Tolstoian literature, has done a great service to readers in restoring to these censor-mutilated plays the excisions made when Russia was an empire.

In looking over the collection, which includes half a dozen of the notahle Tolstoi dramas, and some sketches in dialogue, one may realize anew Tolstoi's powers, and condemn his impracticahilities, which are most patent in "The Light Shines in Darkness."

And also the reader realizes what a tremendous effect this consistent fanatic has had on the thought of the oppressed millions of Russia. Even in such an entertaining comedy as "The Fruits of Enlightenment," a play devoted to showing up spiritualism, Tolstoi, seemingly incidentally, but really with set purpose, administers terrific hlows to peasant veneration for aristocrats hy placing in relief the frivolity, the extravagance, the idleness, the rapacity and the self-indulgence of the class that exacted homage.

"The Power of Darkness" is terrible, an oppression to the soul in its stark depiction of the moral sterility prevailing in the classes that are hrutalized by poverty and sustained injustice.

In all, a notable collection, written in another era, hut powerfully instrumental in cultivating in the past the green fruits of democracy that the world is assiduously gathering in the present.

Bookselling and Brains.

The Sunwise Turn. By Madge Jenison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

An enigmatic title provokes curiosity and leads to interest, be it of book or shop, so the sign that read "Sunwise Turn" in New York a few years ago must have made the passers-by stop and look, and enter the door under it. This led into a bookshop so out of the common, so arresting and satisfying, and finally so successful, that its founder has written a hook ahout it. As for the name, it came from the old helief that to follow the course of the sun was propitious: "The sunwise turn is the lucky one."

This venture grew out of a conviction that something was needed to bring together people and hooks and to estahlish a closer fellowship; in other words to make hooks and an understanding of them accessihle to people remote from centres, not only of distrihution, hut centres of thought and culture and knowledge, even though these may he only just around the corner.

The hookseller in this shop was librarian as well as hookseller, ready to guide, suggest, and answer all the questions that go unanswered in the average bookshop. The hook is delightfully written, full of human interest, for coming and going in the "Sunwise Turn" were people as well as hooks—living volumes written in all the languages.

Spoiled Aristocracy.

Downstream. By Sigfrid Siwertz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50 net.

The title of this Swedish novel indicates the fall from grace of a family of aristocrats. The cause of the fall lies in the predominant worship of money, which so affects the children as they grow up that, one hy one, they emerge from a condition of poverty into wealth.

Thus the descent is purely spiritual, each memher losing his soul to gain material treasures. To depict this condition requires the skill of a painter of souls. In this respect the author excels. One hy one he takes the different memhers of the family and follows out their destinies.

"Downstream" is not an exhilarating hook, except in so far as to feel the power of a soul-searching talent gives pleasure. Such a talent is possessed hy Sigfrid Siwertz, whose novel, written with ruthless insight, is characterized also by many excellences of form and technique.

More Loebs.

Livy, with an English translation by B. O. Foster, Volume II, Books III and IV; Herodotus, with an English translation by A. D. Godley, Volume III, Books V-VIII; Xenophon, Anabasis, with an English translation by Carleton L. Brownson; and Symposium and Apology, with an English translation hy O. J. Todd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Foster prefaces the second volume of the Loeh Library's thirteen-volume translation of Livy with a hrief statement as to texts, editions, and earlier translations (Holland's, Baker's, Canon Roherts' and an anonymous version printed in London in 1686); then continues his rendering of the great Roman historian who was also, in his own way, a great Latin stylist. That Livy was less of an English stylist, however, is apparent at every turn; for Professor Foster is faithful to his suhject's text. Livy swings a long sentence, choked (we of today should say) with much suhordinate material: he was a sort of Roman Henry James, to speak without disparagement to either. And perhaps a translator is wholly justified in rendering an author as he is, with Livy, for example, writing as he did, in his own tongue and not in ours, and a very long time ago at that. But English is English, and the following is hardly that: "So difficult is it to be moderate in the defense of liherty, since every one, while pretending to seek self-play, so raises himself as to press another down; while insuring themselves fearful to others; and having defended ourselves from an injury, we proceed—as though it were necessary to do or suffer wrong—to inflict injury upon our

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neighbors." We could, were we a little bolder, even go so far as to recast this, without destroying the meaning; but would the result be Livy? We think it would—but acknowledge that translation is everlastingly a matter of opinion. Meanwhile the scholarship of Professor Foster's performance is unquestioned; he is determined at least to produce a translation true to the original.

When we turn to Godley's Herodotus and Brownson's and Todd's Xenophon we may expect a more flexible English by the very nature of the case, since Greek so much more clearly resembles English idiom in ease and naturalness than Latin. And such is the case. The Herodotus volume, too, is supplied with a useful introduction outlining the chapters of Book V and commenting on the credibility of Herodotus' history. But the charming work in these two volumes is Professor Todd's renderings of Xenophon's Symposium and Apology. These seem to us entirely successful, both as to Greek and English.

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There are Echoes and Echoes.

Echo. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that "the sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer," and while the average does not accomplish as much in the way of an echo as the recent novel of that name by Margaret Larminie, we feel that the waves set in motion in this instance are original and worth listening for.

The plot of "Echo" is distinctly improbable, but in writing a typically English novel of quite typically English people the author has developed the theme with a skillful twist that lifts her book above the mass of mediocre fiction. It reads smoothly, its interest is sustained to the last pages, and the happening of the unexpected jolts the reader from a complacent feeling that there is nothing more in store for him.

Attacking the Conventional.

Tragedies of Sex. By Frank Wedekind. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50 net.

The four plays in this volume contain fearful expression of Wedekind's indictment against human society. A strange mingling of pessimism and idealism characterizes this iconoclast. For Wedekind has a frenzy to destroy worldly conventionality.

In these days the rebel has seemed to delight in thrusting aside the usual human reticences and exercising a savage candor. His characteristic mood is not favorable to the inculcation of a receptive spirit, and so Wedekind became an Ishmael during his life. But now his plays are beginning to be read, as this is assuredly not the era of reticence.

They are a daunting group, these plays, rising by degrees from the now famous "The Awakening of Spring," through the Lulu group, which follow the adventures of the girl seducer to their fearful conclusion and culminating in "Damnation"; his view of life.

In spite of evidences of ability in these plays it is plain that they were not written by a sane, well-balanced writer. What Wedekind aims at he does not make clear. Only one thing seems plain. He regards civilized humanity as a collective hypocrite.

It is significant, by the way, that Wedekind's maternal grandfather died in a lunatic asylum.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The Century Company will furnish this autumn the "Essays and Addresses" of Alexander Meiklejohn, lately president of Amherst College. It is described as a collection of the most significant of his recent addresses, and includes his 1923 baccalaureate to the graduating class.

With "North of 36," by Emerson Hough (D. Appleton & Co.), heading best-seller lists, it is interesting to learn that its author left a number of other fiction manuscripts completed at the time of his death. So those who are enjoying "North of 36," and perhaps regretting it may be the last work by Emerson Hough to be published, can look forward to several more novels from his pen, which are scheduled for magazine publication before appearing in book form.

The Duttons have ready for publication "The China Year Book for 1923," a comprehensive volume of 1200 pages, edited by H. G. W. Woodhead, editor of the Peking and Tientsin *Times* and a long-time resident of China and student of Chinese affairs. The work has been revised from the issue of last year and many sections, such as those on geology, fauna, people and language, shipping, finance and others, have been rewritten and expanded. There is full information about Chinese manufactures, railroads, telegraphs, wireless, postoffices, customs, recent medical progress and other subjects, while a Chinese "Who's Who" provides a hundred pages of data concerning important living Chinese. One chapter recounts briefly the history of the opium traffic, surveys the present conditions by provinces, and tells the story of the anti-narcotic campaign, both official and unofficial. There are detailed accounts of China's share in the Washington Conference and of the Shantung negotiations. The "China Year Book" long ago proved itself indispensable for all who are interested, commercially or otherwise, in the Chinese nation, and the comprehensiveness of this new issue and the care with which it has been brought to date make it increasingly valuable.

"Life on a Mediæval Barony," a significant book on feudal France in the thirteenth century by William Stearns Davis, will be published by Harpers early in August. Mr. Davis describes the pageantry, squalor, chivalry, brutality, superstitions and deep religious fervor in this reconstruction of the times when Saint Louis ruled France. "Life on a Mediæval Barony" is an accurate picture of the Heroic Age of French cathedrals and the last Crusades. Mr. Davis is also the author of "A Victor of Salamis," "A Friend of Cæsar," etc.

John Macy, in the August *Bookman*, discusses cursing and literature: "Ordinary idle swearing, the sort that has neither solemnity nor intention, is to be judged, not on ethical grounds, but on the grounds of good taste. The man who fills up his sentences with meaningless cuss words (an 'expletive' is something which 'fills up') is usually a man of limited ideas, like the majority of mankind, the man whose speech is also wearisomely loaded with other useless unexpressions, clichés, stale slang. Byron hits this weakness in the line, 'He knew not what to say and so he swore.' In one of his novels Marion Crawford says that swearing is the refuge of those who lack vocabulary. But this is not always true. There are rare and original fellows, all too rare, sailors, woodsmen, workmen, with a real gift of speech, on whose tongue profanity sits naturally and easily, and whose talk without it would be less effective. And at least one highly literate man, whose vocabulary was large and who knew how to use it, was an eloquent swearer. That was Mark Twain. His wife and Howells suppressed the naughty words in his books, even where they were exactly appropriate, as in 'Huckleberry Finn.' But they never emasculated his speech, which was a deliberate, consciously artful blend of Elizabethan and Wild West. He chose his words carefully and took time to think of the right ones (that was one reason for his 'drawl') His swearing was not 'in vain' and it was not on the whole 'humorous.' When he made the air blue, the color was real."

On August 17th the Century Company published the following: "The Trail of the Elk," by M. Fonhus, one of the best of the younger Norwegian writers; "Brass Commandments," by Charles Alden Seltzer; "A Parents' Manual (II): Child Problems in Health and Illness," by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann; "The Timber Treasure," a story for boys and girls, by Frank Lillie Pollock; and "Stories of Horses," a collection of stories selected from *St. Nicholas*. On the same date Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" is to be reissued; from the early war period until now it has been unavailable.

Vernon Kellogg, a director of the National Research Council, author of numerous popular volumes on scientific subjects, and a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, *Outlook* and *World's Work*, has recently completed another book, "Mind and Heredity," which will be published early this fall by the Princeton University Press. This present volume is a series of articles dealing with such topics as "Intelligence and Reason," "The Inheritance of Mind," "Intelligence Tests" and "Racial Mental Traits and Immigration."

Rafael Sabatini's new novel, "Fortune's Fool," is to be published soon by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The book is written about the giddy, plague-ridden years of the Restoration in London. Colonel Holles, unlike most heroes of fiction, is not the spoiled darling of fortune. He is a daring cavalier of thirty-five, an age when most men of that period were considered old.

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Alfred Yarrow. By Eleanor C. Barnes (Lady Yarrow). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $3.50.

His life and work.

Deep Channel. By Margaret Prescott Montague. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.90.

A novel.

Women in English Economic History. By F. W. Ticknor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

By the author of "A Social and Industrial History of England."

The Late Mattia Pascal. By Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

A novel by the author of "Six Characters in Search of an Author," translated from the Italian by Arthur Livingston.

The Chief Ministers of England, 920-1720. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

A companion volume to the author's "The Prime Ministers of Britain."

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ETHEL AT THE ORPHEUM.

Oodles of people are turning out this week to see Ethel Barrymore at the Orpheum. Some of them even take their children rather than miss her. For, of course, it is an unusual opportunity to see the New York darling for less than three dollars a seat; which, plus the war tax, is what was paid for the orchestra chairs during her season here in "Déclassée."

I am glad to chronicle two favorable points about Miss Barrymore. One is that she was, for her, distinct and audible in "The Twelve Pound Look." Another is that Miss Barrymore has been measurably successful in the vital business of reducing. I think Ethel Barrymore has submitted to some discipline of the spirit. She realizes that even New York favorites are, in a sense, servants of the public whom they entertain, and if they want to hold their jobs they must cultivate the necessary qualities; and one of them is suitability of appearance.

These remarks are now pardonable. They wouldn't have been if massiveness were still apparent. But Miss Barrymore has done her duty. And she also might take the remarks as a friendly warning to continue at the heroic task.

As the result of her having stuck to it she now is a comely woman whose figure does not obtrude itself. She is very handsome in her individualistic way, and she looks thoroughly the woman of poise, initiative, and independence that "Sir" Harry Sims' wife must have been to break away from him and all that he stood for; the "fat dinners," the "fat jewels," the fat conversation, and the fatheads that drooled it out.

"The Twelve Pound Look" is an extremely clever play; and not improbable. Such disappearances by people who are not cast in a mold do take place. They never found or heard again of the archduke who, during the reign of Franz Joseph, threw up his job and disappeared permanently from court life.

And Barrie, who is an excellent technician, is able to make the meeting of the divorced pair quite plausible. Of course, we know that few people in Kate's place enjoy the luxury of a frank exposition of their views. Kate had the chance and seized it. And "Sir" Harry didn't understand. Nearly all Kate's quiet humor, and bottomless, good-natured scorn, are wasted on her ex-husband. He didn't, he never could understand, but Barrie makes the audience see it. All "Sir" Harry gets out of it is that wives, even the wife of such a successful prodigy as himself, are capable of wearing "the twelve-pound look."

Ethel Barrymore pleased us in the rôle. She gave to Kate the insouciant air of a woman who had renounced all the bulbous horrors attending prosperous life by Sir Harry's side, in order to capture real living. Of course the Kates of this world are few, but she made her credible.

And yet for some reason Miss Barrymore was Ethel Barrymore acting, instead of Kate. Her individuality is too persistent to be easily submerged. We study her interestedly: her characteristic voice, the bold, fascinating line of her profile, her negligent charm. But, although she has so many qualities appropriate to the rôle, she isn't under Kate's skin.

Perhaps the reason is that for so many years the New York managers exploited the Barrymore personality. That was in her girlhood, when she was like a jeweled butterfly of loveliness and charm. They put her in a number of fool plays just for audiences to gloat over Ethel Barrymore. Finally she rebelled, and we may remember that she broke away quite radically when she played the charwoman in Galsworthy's "The Silver Box."

I can't imagine her as the peasant Rose Bernd in Hauptmann's play of that name. She seems too regally entitled to sumptuousness and splendor to be a plausible peasant.

But she did her duty in "The Twelve Pound Look," for she wore a quiet gray gown to which she had carefully contrived to give a well-worn look. Her hat, too, was in keeping, and she put it on with the three-quarters negligent and one-quarter solicitous air that the office girls have.

Fortunately Miss Barrymore had excellent support. Mr. Philip Lord gave an admirable physical and mental representation of the crass "Sir" Harry, and the various moods of aggressiveness, self-glorification, and testiness of that pompous knight-to-be. And in Virginia Chauvenet we saw embodied the quiet, depressed, self-effacing doormat a Sims wife inevitably became, and to escape the trampled condition of whom Kate had bolted.

The fixed, dejected gaze, the toneless, submissive voice, were in line with the character; and the final brief conversation between the husband and his victim gave that succinct wind-up to the whole statement of the case made previously by Kate, that proved her point. Poor Lady Sims was wearing "the twelve-pound look."

"THE WHITE VILLA."

Quantities of women read Karin Michaelis' "The Dangerous Age" when it came out, because the person in the novel who was suffering from a bad attack of the malady indicated in the title was a woman. If it had been a man no doubt all the men would have had fictional instruction on the same subject. For, with a few striking exceptions, all the men are at the dangerous age all the time.

Men, they say, are imperfectly monogamous. Women are supposed to be, and frequently are, perfectly monogamous—until they strike a dangerous age, which generally comes somewhere in the forties.

The malady is ushered in with a sudden perception that youth is going and romance has gone.

But the woman with a love for the color and warmth of living may suddenly realize that her husband is, domestically, a jogging old nag who is placidly convinced that his once mettlesome mate will stand hitched. And just about that time Dame Nature comes along and whispers in the ear of the wife, "Kick up a little. Rear, and break your harness, and then away!—in search of adventure."

Again, there is the wife who either never loved her husband or whose love has, like a shabby garment, worn out. And suddenly he becomes intolerable to her, and she longs passionately for freedom.

The first case was Kate's fix in "The Twelve Pound Look." And it is Elsie Lindtner's in "The White Villa."

And, by the way, why the "white villa"? Evidently a hit of suggestiveness there. For Elsie had been the blameless wife of, as far as she knew or suspected, a blameless husband. But she ran upon the dangerous age. She wanted freedom, solitude—or thought she did—independence.

A fortuitous legacy provided the means. Elsie airily tossed into the discard a handsome and appreciative husband, a fine social position in the prosperous middle class of Copenhagen—for Karin Michaelis' novel is a Danish product—the deference that wealth brings, the admiration that is always offered beauty, brilliance, and charm, and went off to her "white villa," which she had had built on an island. The whiteness of the villa is meant to be symbolic of Elsie's purity, for she turns down the handsome young architect who has planned it, bids a kind good-by to a rueful and dismayed husband—really a very nice fellow—and, attended by a cook and a maid, retires to her island solitude.

I really think that Karin Michaelis must have written her book as a warning to wives who yearn to kick over the traces.

Romantic people—and the dangerous age is more apt to attack romantic people—do not always know that there is peril, always peril, in realizing a beautiful, hidden dream. Elsie, even in her autumnal glory, knew that the time of her fading was near. But she did not realize that husband's stock would go up when other men's love simmered down. She knew that the world envied her her social supremacy in her set. But she did not realize that only subnormals, cranks, or fanatics can live the life of a hermit.

And then the author develops some sex psychology, some of which, centering around the figure of the gardener, the only man on the island, is rather annoying to the average woman.

But the cold fact is that Elsie as the lonely chatelaine of the white villa makes a failure of her plan. She has cut loose from everything; and when she tries to relink the chains she does so after the fading has come. And she is "done for."

So perhaps "The Dangerous Age" is not had medicine for the unpracticably romantic soul that doesn't realize that every life must have its prose. Even glorious youth discovers that. The nearest attainment to a selfish happiness is that of the young man artist in music, who passes through life in a glorified halo of admiration.

Edith Ellis has dramatized the novel, and has given it faithful treatment. The play is very conversational, but interesting throughout except to the theatre-goer who insists upon action. The book is a psychological novel and the play is a psychological play. It is, in fact, the dramatization of the inner life of several people.

The play is kept within due bounds in respect to length, although it seemed to me as if too much time and talk were given to the character of Magna Wellman, whose affairs were not sufficiently vital to the course of Elsie's soul drama to require so much attention.

Nance O'Neill has the northern blondeness the fine height and build, and the socially im



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Board of Education	653,000
Pacific Gas & Electric Company	615,000
Registrar of Voters	585,000
Spring Valley Water Company	575,000
S. F. Bureau of Governmental Research	570,000
Postoffice	550,000

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sing beauty and presence appropriate to the anish heroine of the play. She is the right e for Elsie, still decoratively handsome and pressive, and she has been careful to be autifully and gracefully gowned. And she esn't hesitate, when Elsie, in respect to ap-arance, slumps in her island hermitage to t herself up in an unbecoming and aging g indicative of a beautiful woman's loss of nity because of the absence of an applaud-g constituency. Nance O'Neil was never ıbtle, and the air of frankness she gives lsie is, on the whole, suitable to the rôle, for lsie throws all her cards on the table. And, though she is sometimes a tiny bit stagy, ie is always histrionically effective.

Miss O'Neil's leading man is Alfred Hick-an. This actor always has made a good ap-arance during his various past engagements San Francisco, and he lends to the rôle Richard Lindtner the appropriate worldli-ess of demeanor, the fine appearance, and the sence of essential worth which poor Elsie, r his lack of other qualities, misprized.

A fair company assisted the sophisticated uple, who bear the brunt of the acting, in eir excellent work, and the play had an ap-ropriate dress.

The audience listened to it with great at-ntion, but it is not an applause-provoker. omen, however, will find it very interesting, nd so will some men.

CURIO DRAMA.

"R. U. R." has attracted so much atten-on that many people who could not see the lay have bought the book. (By Karel Capek. arden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.50 et). And so at present this curiosity about ie Capek play has resulted in a wide ac-uaintanceship with it.

It will not disappoint its readers, for the nterest is seized and held immediately. It is terrifying play to the conservative, and a urning brand to help enkindle a conflagration the radical.

It is probable, indeed, that the heated senti-ents smouldering in the breasts of many f the radical iconoclasts will become incan-escent when the true meaning of "R. U. R." understood.

For with grim and pitiless irony the author epicts the toilers of the world as mere echanically constructed automata; feeling-ss, soulless pieces of marvelously constructed echanism that do the work of the world, and, hen wars develop, do the fighting for the unning world chess players that move the awns.

As the story goes, scientific curiosity on the art of the head of the experimental depart-ent of the robot factory caused him to make change in the formula. He sought to make he robots more like humans, and, as a re-ult, a new race of robots was started. For he first time these mechanical beings, whose nly emotion was hatred, learned to love. Whether or not Capek meant that a new era f peace and good-will would develop on the arth, he unquestionably meant that there would be some kind of regeneration in the earts of the toiling masses.

But Elmer Rice in his "The Adding Ma-hine" works out a different theory. "The Adding Machine" is such a strange specimen f "expressionism," which has been defined as he dramatic presentation of an idea, that this play has attracted much attention in New York.

Elmer Rice showed in his striking melo-drama, "On Trial," his emancipation from routine. The idea of the throwback, or a dramatic presentation of the events leading up to the opening phases of the play, has now lost its originality, through being copied.

In "The Adding Machine" Mr. Rice makes a striking essay into the new kind of drama. In pursuance of giving a dramatic presentation of the idea, two slaves to figures are shown seated at an office desk, tallying endlessly.

The stage is naked of all suggestion save the toil over the accounts. The two seem as automatic as the robots, at first, until we discover that while they work they are carrying on fragments of thought independent of their work. They think aloud, and we learn that the man, wretched product of his soulless environment, is entirely sordid.

But in the woman the capacity for affection still survives, for she loves her unlovely and unloving partner in toil.

Zero hopes for promotion and a salary advance. But the advent of the adding machine costs him his job. By a striking mechanical effect the stage setting whirls around madly as an expressionistic depiction of the man's desperate state of mind when he learns that he is being dismissed. He kills his boss and is hung. The sorrowing woman then kills herself, and we see them as wandering souls in "a pleasant place": presumably purgatorial territory.

And here we discover that Zero has no capabilities for redemption. His sin is not the murder of his boss, but the inability to free his poor clay from the sordid mold into which life has cast him.

Whether the author would have us feel that the sordidness of life made him what he is, or that there was nothing in him of sufficient worth that would enable him to rise above that sordidness, each must decide for himself, for the author does not make his ideas perfectly clear. But the woman is allowed to remain in "a pleasant place," while the man, we are given to understand, is passed on, to be remolded over and over again, without any resultant soul-regeneration. For the stuff of which he is made is so poor that he is hopeless material; practically no better than a robot.

Worse, in fact, for the author, showing a keen perception of the kind of thoughts, the desolating common-place, the deadly imitativeness that prevail in the composite mind, gives us a heart-sickening survey of the poor wretch's intellect.

He has a wife and they bear toward each other mutual antipathy. Youth has gone, and nothing creditable or admirable has survived.

The second act consists of a monologue by this dame, in which again Mr. Rice shows a wizard perception of what goes on in the type mind.

"The Adding Machine" has nothing spiritually exhilarating in it, and its dramatic qualities will appeal more particularly to our sense of the bizarre. For its deeper, fundamental meanings are not apparent.

Mr. Rice makes all his characters, even the officials in purgatory, converse in the language of the slums. Perhaps he would like the theatre-going world to have a full perception of the constituency of the slum mind. Perhaps he hopes that the slum mind will witness the play, and see itself as others see it. But as to whether he aims to make us comprehend what withered, juiceless, and flavorless fruit is the result of the completely toilsome life, it is hard to say. He may have been wholly absorbed in giving a picture of it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

"Spice" at the Curran.

Rich in color, comedy, and artistic numbers, "Spice of 1922," as presented at the New York Winter Garden with the original cast and scenic investiture, will be the attraction at the Curran for the week beginning next Sunday. The company of one hundred people and the mammoth scenery make this the largest production on a transcontinental tour. Included in the cast are Brendel and Bert, Georgie Price, Sam Hearn, Arman Kaliz, Florence Browne, Alice Ridnor, Johnny Berkes, Martha Throop and twenty other important actors.

"Spice" includes the amazing "silhouette mystery," which has caused a buzz of puzzled wonderment wherever "Spice" has appeared. In this numher living girls appear before a white blank screen and their shadows are printed thereon and remain after they move aside; then are instantly blotted out as others appear. A thousand attempts at solving the cryptic process have been advanced, hut none successfully.

The passionate press agent says: "'Spice of 1922' is like an Anthony Euwer cover design. It's like a peagant of Crœsus. It's like an Orpheum show transmuted to the 'nth' power. It's like a fashion revue of 1861. It's like a feast of Belshazzar. It's like a spring morning in Normandy. It's like a mince-pie dream. It's like everything you ever saw on the stage, yet so different that you could go back next night and—if you have the price—see it all over again."

Bohemian Club's Concert.

Tickets will go on sale Monday morning, August 20th, at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. for the annual concert of the Bohemian Club, to be given at the Tivoli Opera House, Friday afternoon, August 24th, at 2:30 p. m. The concert committee, consisting of James K. Armsby, Allan C. Balch, Eugene Blanchard, C. T. Crocker, Charles H. Kendrick, William H. Leahy, R. C. Newell, Joseph D. Redding, R. I. Rogers, Fred R. Sherman and Joseph S. Thompson, has arranged the following programme:

1. "Tam O'Shanter"—Symphonic Ballade.....George W. Chadwick
   Conducted by the Composer
2. Prologue from "Atonement of Pan" (Grove Play 1912).....Henry Hadley
   (—In Memoriam—David Bispham)
   Henri Scott, Soloist
   Conducted by the Composer
3. Music for "Cremation of Care" (1923).....Edward F. Schneider
   (a) Nocturne (b) Song of Hamadryad
   Charles F. Bulotti, Soloist
   Dedicated to and Conducted by Alexander Saslavsky

The second part will consist of. the music of "Semper Virens," the Grove Play of 1923, book by Joseph D. Redding, music by Henry Hadley, together with views of the Grove and Grove Play

The Orpheum Next Week.

Ethel Barrymore remains for another week at the Orpheum, heading a programme whose forte is comedy, starting Sunday matinée, August 19th. Miss Barrymore's popularity has drawn crowds during the past week and those turned away will have another opportunity to see her. But this will be Miss Barrymore's last week at the Orpheum.

A number of well-known features are included in next week's programme. Joe Rome and Lou Gaut entitle their act "When Extremes Meet." The pair are not only funny to look at, but each of their lines promises a laugh.

The success of Duci De Kerekjarto, the genius of the violin, has caused the management to hold the virtuoso for a third week.

Harry Hines, known as the "58th Variety," goes all the nut comedians one better in that he is all the original 57 rolled into one and introduces a species of fun all his own.

Miss Laura Peirpont, the legitimate actress, brings a protean novelty, an episode in modern social life called "Women Who Pass in the Night," by Edgar Allen Wool. She is supported by an excellent company.

Joe Lane and Pearl Marpee appeal to the risibilities in their variety offering, called "Bits of Wit."

Lillian and Henry Ziegler are exponents of modern equilibrism, and Davis and Pelle bring an athletic act that requires unusual alertness and endurance.

At the Columbia.

Monday night "The First Year," the Frank Craven comedy of small-town life, will be seen at the Columbia Theatre. In sending this play to San Francisco, John Golden promises the same cast, headed by Craven, which has been identified with "The First Year" during its two-year run in New York and last winter engagement in Chicago. This includes Tim Murphy, Maude Granger, Alice Owens, Mercita Esmonde, Mary Marble, John P. Brawn, Harry Leighton, Philip Barrison, George Wright, Jr.

"The First Year," it is said, is a play that was written for the wide world, so universal is its appeal. Theatre-goers who have witnessed "The First Year" have confessed they have not been able to recall having laughed in a theatre so much or with such genuine enjoyment. "The First Year" is a play about you and your wife, or about the grown-up boy and girl in love around the corner. As Booth Tarkington knows the adolescent, it has been said that Frank Craven knows the adolescent grown into man and woman.

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Our Late President

Two memorable pages, "A Nation's Loss" and "A City's Grief," showing views of the late President Harding from his arrival to his departure from grief-stricken San Francisco, will appear in next Sunday's Rotagravure section. The funeral pictures are magnificent, and follow the funeral cortege from the hotel to the railroad station.

Our New President

One full page is devoted to views of Calvin Coolidge, our new President, showing a group picture of the President and his family, taken at his father's home the day after the late President Harding's death. There are also studies of the President and Mrs. Coolidge and a view of the modest Coolidge home at Northampton, Massachusetts. Every one will wish to preserve a copy of this issue of The

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VANITY FAIR.

Since the professional matrimonialists and those that hang on their speculations have released fresh gossip to the effect that the Prince of Wales is to marry (this time it is the pretty little flapper Ileana, Princess of Roumania), interest revives in the connubial entanglements of the Maison de France, the royal house with persistent aspirations to rule across the Channel and some day give the Prince of Wales a sure enough colleague in the king industry. The matrimonial affairs of the Maison de France do not seem to have been conducted with the care that secures the best results from a royalist standpoint, and so the game is rather hadly foozled. The Duc d'Orleans, who has been quite ill recently and hy now may he dead, was married properly enough from the royalist standpoint, hut unfortunately not with sufficient permanence, for his wife, the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Hapshurg, another dead-and-down house, had to divorce him. His romantic adventures have been famous. There was an affair with a great opera singer, and another with a Parisian theatrical beauty, and another with a wealthy member of the French aristocracy. Some seem to have run concurrently, like jail sentences. These, of course, could have led to nothing serious in a dynastic way, although they furnished food for discussion.

Next in line to the Duc d'Orleans for the dubious honor of being king-in-exile is Prince Ferdinand de Bourbon, Duc de Montpensier; and right here the royal line is crossed hy a dark lady, whom the prince seems to have married for keeps—especially as she has the money. She is the Countess de Valdeterrazo, Spanish, beautiful and rich, hut with no royal blood, and hence ineligible to he a royal consort; at least under the laws of the Maison de France. When Montpensier married her he is said, under the influence of love and affection and perhaps some financial prospects, to have renounced the succession. It is not at all likely that this proud lady would care to back down to a morganatic status so that the duke might pretend to a royal one; nor is it any more likely that the duke would care to suggest such a thing, even were it possible. He seems to be a pretty good sport, and is well known in American society. He has traveled extensively and written a hook about it. When the war broke out he offered his yacht to the British government for service in the Mediterranean, being debarred, as a member of a former French dynasty, from serving the republic directly. He fought in two Moroccan campaigns as a captain in the Spanish navy and was decorated for gallantry. He was even a candidate for the throne of Albania when that post was seeking an occupant just before the war, but Austria would not recognize him. This was one of the most perilous of thrones, and none hut a brave man would have aspired to it.

The Princess Genevieve d'Orleans is next. But she, also, married carelessly. Her husband is the Comte de Chaponay, great-grandson of the founder of Schneider et Cie, that makes the French submarines and 75s. The princess is a daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Vendome, but her husband is merely descended from the highest rank of the French aristocracy, coming from a long line of Crusaders whose escutcheons at Versailles spell glory. This seems to have made him acceptable to the family under the circumstances, hut if those circumstances should alter, the thing becomes problematic. A family council has been suggested to change the line of inheritance and make the princess eligible, or rather restore the eligibility she forfeited hy marrying a mate with what a horseman would call cold blood. It is said that would suit the royalist politicians because she would replenish the propaganda fund, which Montpensier's Spanish wife is considered too canny to do. The whole thing seems to get down to that. But the moral is that royalty ought to he more careful how it goes to the altar, or else get the hatting order changed.

The period of formal mourning to he observed hy officials of the United States government will last until December 1st, hy proclamation of President Coolidge. Until that date there will he no official entertainments hy government officers.

Washington observers expect Mrs. Coolidge to make one of the most gracious hostesses the White House has known for many a year. She is a college woman, of the distinctly intellectual type, hut winning in manner and warming in personality. Miss Grace Goodhue was a schoolteacher in Northampton, and was regarded with much interest hy the rising young lawyer of the place. Being a prudent person, indisposed to make any more blunders than he could help, he continued to regard her for about a year. At the end of that period, however, he seems to have decided that in this case the circumstances were of a special character and the risk of error negligible, so he told her they would he married—that very day. The lady did not seem unduly surprised—perhaps knew it all the time and was waiting with feminine amusement for him to work his cautious way to the only conclusion.

The wedding occurred that afternoon. Such, at least, is the story from Washington, not yet denied hy those most directly concerned. It is the sort of story Americans like about their chief magistrate and his wife; the story that throws some peculiar and humorous personal trait into relief. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Coolidge seems admirably qualified to lead official Washington society. "Cal" is frugal, and around Boston they do say his notion of the proper price of a bonnet is about $2.50. He would he quite right at that, as most of them are not worth any more—especially in Boston. But that does not apply to Mrs. Cal. She possesses much beauty and vivacity and has greatly endeared herself to all with whom she has come in contact. She received her friends and the representatives of the press the other day at the Willard Hotel with simplicity and dignity. President and Mrs. Coolidge manifested no haste to take the presidential suite of the famous hostelry, hut remained in the apartments they have occupied since they went to Washington. And here she received the newspaper women while her husband was receiving the men. This was the first informal reception, and to one with less self-consciousness would have been trying. The time was set for 11 o'clock, and before that hour she had slipped out and done a little shopping and had her hair waved or otherwise attended to. When her secretary announced the presence of the press she entered the room and with a winning smile greeted each representative with an easy manner that made everyhody feel at home. Though her hair is slightly touched with gray, she is still youthful in appearance and hearing, and chatted easily about the train service in New England, the coolness of the nights in New Hampshire in contrast with those in Washington, and her love of the capital and its people. That was about all, and all the occasion permitted. She seems able to say little, and say it in the friendliest way—a great qualification for her rôle. She can not discuss affairs of state, hut it was evident to her callers, as it is to all who know her, that she will do her part in official society.

There are some differences, it must he admitted, between San Francisco and Paris. Things accepted in one place would apparently outrage the other, incredible though that may seem. A trip to Sausalito of a Sunday morning will yield many an eyeful of feminine beauty done up in breeches, and the wearers no more self-conscious than so many babes. They make no excuses for it and no pretenses of equestrianism in justification; in fact it seems to need no justification other than the wishes of the wearer. These young women are going hiking, and they have decided to wear "pants," and that is all there is to it. In Paris, however, things are different. Paris appears to he growing prudish—apparently after the manner of the Frenchman who so mournfully remarked that his vices were beginning to desert him. Young women have shocked all the old roués in town hy appearing along the Avenue du Bois in riding breeches. One critic grows almost apoplectic in his wrath, and shouts: "Self-respecting Parisians demand that the prefect of police put a stop to the brazen practice of women who want to attract attention. If the police do not interfere the outraged public will." For Paris, that is rich. The public, however, has not to date reacted in any violent way. It is said that the only women who frown on the practice are those with legs either very fat or very thin, or very bowed or very knock-kneed, and they fear that fashion may exert upon them its mysterious compulsion. More and more young women are appearing in this shocking attire, and still no revolution. We predict there will be none. There are too many places hy far in Paris where nether limbs have no covering at all to make riding breeches on the street very exciting. If it is the fact of attracting attention that offends, no people should know better than the French how custom stales. Paris should take a lesson from San Francisco, and the Sausalito ferry, where flappers in breeches, with golf stockings over properly muscled legs, attract no more attention than trolley cars.

"I have been unable to find a single portrait in the combined salons of a man truly representative of French masculine elegance," deplores André Defouquieres, the lecturer. M. Defouquieres does not believe that modern "dandyism" is at fault, says a dispatch to the Washington *Post*, hut rather the artists, who seem madly attracted toward men whose clothes are badly cut. He admits that the modern male costumes, outside of those for war and sports, can not inspire artists, many of whom are glad, therefore, to resort to models wearing the open Byronic collar. He asks that future salons show some counterpart to the feminine elegance they now display.

Lord Robert Cecil, upon being awarded a degree at Princeton, was called a "prince of peace." Seems to be cutting in on Bryan's old stuff.—*New Castle (Indiana) Courier.*

WHERE SCENTS ARE MADE.

The manufacture of scents is closely interwoven with the growing of flowers in huge quantities, and the French perfume-blenders attribute much of their success to the soft and kindly climate of the "Midi." The centre of the French industry is in the little town of Grasse, tucked away in the Alpes Maritimes and surrounded hy garden upon garden as far as the eye can see, says L. C. in the *Manchester Guardian*. These gardens contain every imaginable flower for the making of scents. Hundreds of women are employed as "pickers," and day hy day heavy cartloads of jasmine, orange blossom, lilac, roses or violets, according to their season, are conveyed from this tranquillity to the busy factory.

It is of first importance that the perfume should be extracted the day the flower is cut. The next day, and it is already too late; the precious fragrance, "Ah whence and whither flown again—who knows?" Tens of thousands of kilogrammes of every flower are dealt with in the factory each day. The treatment varies for the different flowers, but some idea of the extent of the work is gauged by the fact that to produce one single kilogramme of essence 2000 kilogrammes of violets are required.

Some flowers are submitted to a process of distillation; others are treated with highly refined alcohol. It is by the first of these methods that neroli, one of the principal constituents of Eau de Cologne, is obtained from orange blossom.

In some other cases the flowers are completely disintegrated and the petals carefully removed from the stalks, to be spread out in shallow glass bowls which have been prepared with a particular kind of grease or paste. This material has the power of absorbing the perfume from the petals. It is afterwards scraped from the bowls as a highly-scented pomade. By means of alcohol, the scent manufacturer is then able to draw the fragrance from the pomade and produce the very essence of the flower. Where different flowers are used to produce composite perfumes, such as "Quelques Fleurs," for example, the processes become even more complicated.

In addition to the "essences naturelles" obtained in the country, which form the basis of the French perfumes, the manufacturer avails himself of facilities much farther afield, bringing back treasures from all parts of the world. Bulgaria affords him the essence of roses, Sicily the essence of bergamot, the Bourbonic Islands the essence of geranium and Manila the essence of Ylang-Ylang. Even the animal contributes his quota, since it is from the wild goats of Tibet that musk is produced, while "ambre," familiar addition to French Eau de Cologne, is drawn from that faithful server of feminine needs the whale.

Interesting and, indeed, useful as are the commercial possibilities of synthetic perfumes they must not in any way be confused with the wonderful flower essences described, which have much the same relationship to one another as the "vin ordinaire" with the "chateau" of renowned vintage; in fact, perfumes like wines, have their vintages, depending upon a good or bad seasons for the flower.

Watching the heavily-laden wagons on the way to the laboratories, the reflection may rise "What a slaughter of the innocents!" But on second thoughts one may change it to, "What a service to humanity!" for the long pages of history have shown the deep appeal of beautiful scents, not only to such famous women as our own late Queen Victoria, but to such immortal figures as King Edward VII, Balzac and Maupassant and the impassive Metternich.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Asiatic gentleman in London was attending a tea. Determined to make himself useful, he seized a plate of cakes and promenaded the room, seeking some one to devour its delicacies. When he handed the plate to one magnificent old lady this dialogue took place: "Will you have a cake, madame?" "Thank you, I will have that éclair." "Oh! I am sorry, madame, but that is my thumb."

The Chicago *Literary Times* claims to have discovered the perfect short story, which has no title and is the work of E. F. Benson's four-year-old son. The story reads: "Once there was a murderer with yellow eyes and his wife said to him, 'If you murder me you will be hanged.' And he was hanged on Tuesday next."

"English as she is Japped" is the term given by Anglo-Saxons in the Orient to the weird effect sometimes produced by Japanese in their efforts to employ English in their shop signs. This Oriental capacity for using their mother tongue with strange twists of unconscious humor is perhaps no better exemplified than in the wording of a sign on a Japanese baker's shop: "A. Kashinuru, Biggest Loafer in Tokio."

A lady whose first husband was a minister, a delightful man, married, some years after his death, his brother, a successful lawyer. Now on her library desk stands a picture of the partner of her first joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked who it was. "That," said the hostess with evident emotion, "is a picture of my husband's brother, who died some years ago and was very dear to us both."

A woman advertised for a caretaker for her town home, and after interviewing a large number of applicants found one that suited her. "Thanks for giving me the job," said the man, "and might I ask you a question? You stated in the ad that you wanted a married man. Does that mean you have some work in view for my wife?" "Oh, no," replied the woman. "I wanted a married man so as to be sure I get some one used to taking orders from a woman."

Ego is the mainspring of the film industry, from star to janitor, and in no place is this more in evidence than in the divorce court. The other day a case came up in which a pretty young thing asked for separation and $300 a year alimony. "How much does your husband earn a year?" the court wanted to know. "Why, he earns $5000 a year," said the sweet young thing, "but I know he could earn more if he had to and I'm willing he should keep all that."

When Mark Twain was running his country newspaper he was deluged with all sorts of contributions that would have hurried any one less than a humorist to an early grave. One day he received a poetic effusion all tied up with pink ribbon and entitled "I Wonder If I'll Miss Me." When Mark had recovered his composure sufficiently to mail back the poem, he did so, with this note attached: "If he does, he ought never to be trusted with fire-arms again."

A certain dean of a Middle West divinity school was dilating on the subject of golf. "The game of golf has done our health a great deal of good, but it has done our churches a great deal of harm. The other Sunday a young business man did not turn up at his golf club till nearly noon. 'What makes you so late, George?' they asked him. 'Well, to tell you the truth,' George answered. 'I was a toss-up whether I should play golf or go to church.' Then, after a pause, he added, 'And I had to toss up nineteen times, by jingo.'"

There's a certain colored pastor down near San Pedro who recently evinced a genius for high finance, reports the Los Angeles *Times*. On the Sunday services he announced that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before, without locking the door of his chicken house, and on rising in the morning had found that all his chickens had disappeared. "I don't want it to be personal," he added, "but I hah my suspicions who stole dem chickens. I shall be glad if de man dat took dem will not put any money in de box when it's passed around, for den I'll know if mah suspicions am right or not. Now breddern," announced the minister after the collection, "I doan want your members spoilt by wondering where dat brudder is who doan lock his chickens up at night. No brudder doan exist, mah frien's; he was a parable for de purposes ob finance."

An old gentleman from the East was visiting his daughter in San Jose. He pronounced her name according to the spelling, until they impressed it upon him that in Spanish J has the sound of H. By and by he started to see a son in Watsonville. As the electric cars from Pajaro to Watsonville passed by the son's house, the old gentleman's railway ticket was for Pajaro. He looked at it in a puzzled way, then threw it down in disgust, exclaiming: "Well, sir! They can tell me that 'J-o-s-e' spells 'Hozay,' but they needn't tell me that 'P-a-j-a-r-o' spells 'Watsonville.'"

Harry de Windt, author and explorer, has some caustic things to say about Hollywood in his "My Notebook at Home and Ahroad." He specially scores the limited knowledge of some of the producers: "Nevertheless, all of them appeared to be irresistibly attracted by anything connected with the British peerage, army, and navy, a predilection which, as a rule, enmeshed them in endless difficulties. Thus, in a drama dealing with English life which I saw experimentally 'run through' peers (and peeresses!) were depicted attending a 'levée' in their robes and coronets, while in an Indian war scene which followed a Highland regiment had been provided with spurs! But even these glaring mistakes were eclipsed by the ignorance of a 'producer' with whom I traveled one day on the train to San Francisco, and who had been engrossed in the pages of 'David Copperfield.' He laid the volume down with the remark: 'Say, Cap; I'd like to dramatize this book! Can you give me that guy Dickens' address?'"

A Good Sales Talk.

A salesman who was determined to sell a hill of goods to a shrewd old Yorkshire merchant had talked in his hardest, most eloquent and persuasive way for nearly an hour. Finally the merchant seem to be convinced that the line was just what he wanted, and the traveler felt amply repaid for his extra effort. But the Yorkshire man added, reflectively:

"There's ma lad Jock. Ah'd laike him to hear what ye have to say. Will ye coom this evenin' and go over your talk again?"

The traveler gladly assented to the proposition, and at the appointed hour presented himself again for the interview with father and son. Again he went over the forceful selling points of his line. Never had he put forth a more persuasive argument or a finer selling talk. When he had finished, the old man turned to his son most enthusiastically and said:

"Do you hear that, Jock? Well, now, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

For a Bright Child.

Some grown-ups have a nasty way
Of spelling what they want to say
So listening children can't find out
Just what it is they talk about.
If you are ever bothered thus,
Try this:—and they'll be furious.

In case the speller is a she,
Say loudly to her "C-A-T!"
If it's a he, then simply spell
Straight to his face "F-O-O-L."
This will show every one that you
Know lots more than they think you do.
—*G. K. D. in Life.*

Balata Rubber

Owing to the constantly increasing demand for india rubber, caused by the use of tires for motor-cars and other vehicles, there is more or less a rubber famine, even in normal times, according to the New York *Herald.* The method of gathering india rubber in tropical countries has been exceedingly wasteful, because the easiest way, that of cutting down the trees, had too frequently been adopted. The search for substitutes has resulted in making known the virtues of a South American tree called the balata.

If enough international loans could be arranged, perhaps the world could get along a while yet without a League of Nations.—*Boston Transcript.*

Reforestation made greater progress in 1922 than in any year since the policy of replanting cut-over timber land was inaugurated.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Seward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Seward of Florida, to Mr. Harrison Clay Ryker, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Ryker of Berkeley.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Bess McCord Fitts, daughter of Mrs. Gertrude McCord of Louisville, Kentucky, to Mr. George Henry Senger, son of Professor and Mrs. J. Henry Senger of Berkeley.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Moultrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Moultrie, to Mr. Norris Goodwin, son of Mr. James W. Goodwin, took place in Los Angeles on August 9th.

The marriage of Miss Frances Johnson, daughter of Mrs. James W. Ward and Dr. Ward, to Mr. Russell Vought, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Vought of New York, took place at Lake Alta, Placer County.

Mrs. John Murtagh gave a dinner at her home on Walnut Street in honor of Miss Helen Carson of St. Louis.

Miss Eleanor Martin gave a recent dinner at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, in Burlingame.

Commander Glennie Tarbox and Mrs. Tarbox were hosts at a bridge party in honor of Mr. John Gamble of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Neville Castle gave an out-of-door luncheon last week at her home in Ross Valley.

Miss Mary Bernice Moore is giving a large house party over the week-end at her summer home near Santa Cruz.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a luncheon last week at his home near Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter were the guests of honor at a dinner and dance given last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter entertained at a recent house party at their country home near Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Gustavus Ziel entertained at a bridge and afternoon tea last week at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Elizabeth Murison was the guest of honor at a tea last week given by Mrs. Alfred Du Bois at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Marion Lord gave a tea on Tuesday of last week in celebration of the ninety-first birthday of her mother, Mrs. Andrew Louderback.

Mrs. William M. Fitzhugh gave a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Harry H. Webb of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson were recent hosts at a dinner given at the Burlingame Club, where they have been staying.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Zane gave a dinner last week at the Menlo Country Club.

A golf tournament was held on Saturday and Sunday by the Burlingame Country Club and the Menlo Country Club.

Miss Jane Cowl was the guest of honor at a supper given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer after the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin gave a dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. John Donald Phillips and her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Monroe Ward, entertained at a tea on Wednesday of last week at their home on Clay Street in honor of visiting Eastern friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Shepherd gave a small dinner last week at their home on Third Avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward J. Younger entertained at a farewell dinner last week in honor of Miss Maud Younger.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Harry Magee will give a tea on August 29th at her home in Oakland in honor of Miss Katherine Maxwell, whose engagement to Mr. Carlton Felton Bryan has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunter gave a dinner on Thursday of last week for Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear entertained at a dinner at the St. Francis Hotel on the night of the opening performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Curran. A number of supper parties at the Hotel St. Francis followed the performance, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mr. Harry Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin gave a farewell tea last week for Miss Mabel Pierce and Miss Persis Coleman, who are sailing shortly for the Orient.

Mrs. Latham McMullin was hostess on Friday last at a luncheon given at her home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a dinner and theatre party on Thursday of last week for Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Rech gave a farewell dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis before their return to their home in Chicago.

Mr. Rollo Peters spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of his cousin, Mr. George Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch were hosts at a dinner and theatre party last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods gave a tea at the Town and Country Club on Monday for her nephew, Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., was hostess on Thursday at a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Clay Greene gave a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Jane Cowl and Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at an out-of-door luncheon at her country place at Menlo Park on Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan chaperoned a recent supper party given by Miss Francésca Deering at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. George Bowles, who has been spending the summer in Menlo Park, gave a luncheon at her home there on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Ernest L. Heebner of New York was a house guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick gave a dinner on Tuesday night in Menlo Park for Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Miss Newell Bull entertained at a bridge party on Monday in honor of Miss Margaret Morgan of Butte, Montana.

Mrs. Suzanne Pasmore Brooks gave a musicale tea last week at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Rosenthal.

The members of the Olympic Club gave an entertainment and barbecue luncheon in the woods near Lake Merced last week in compliment to the country clubs of Northern California.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan was host at a recent luncheon given at his home near Saratoga in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hull.

Mr. Dudley Gunn gave a luncheon on Wednesday for Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mrs. George P. Beardsley gave a luncheon last Friday at her home in San Rafael in honor of Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham were hosts at a large dinner and dance given in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby gave a tea on Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Jane Cowl.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt entertained at a dance in celebration of the birthday of their son, Mr. Russell Wilson Pratt last Friday at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mrs. Harry Howard Webb of Santa Barbara was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club by Mrs. William MacPherson Fitzhugh.

Miss Anne Pentz is giving a dinner on Saturday evening at her home in San Rafael, followed by dancing and supper at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris held a family reunion over the week-end at their home near Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Waterlow Ford are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer Rolph of Hawaii are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

At the St. Francis.

Miss Jane Cowl, who is playing Juliet at the Curran Theatre this week, was hostess to a group of nine at luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker was one of Miss Cowl's guests. Another member of this group was Mrs. Walter Filer.

Home from her wedding trip, Mrs. James Jackman (Anne Peters) was welcomed by many friends. She was with Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr.

With Miss Ellita Adams was Miss Florence Welch, who with her sister has just returned from Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett was with Mrs. Allan Lowery and Miss Helen Garritt.

Another group included Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Miss Jean Boyd, and Miss Tiny O'Connor. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and their daughter, Miss Miriam Gerstle, were with Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill. Mrs. Joel Kaufman also entertained friends. Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was hostess to Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Celia O'Connor. Other groups included Mrs. Violet Dunn, who had a few friends with her, and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, who presided over a table for six.

Major-General Wendell Neville and Mrs. Neville, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Frances Neville, made another group. Major-General Neville has come to succeed Major-General Barnett.

"Two thousand years ago," declared Mr. Lloyd George in the course of one of his speeches in the town of Carnarvon, which was at one time a Roman settlement, "the Romans came here, and they proscribed the use of the native speech of our ancestors. Two thousand years have gone, but you can still hear the old language being spoken in our streets among the children at play, while the language of the Roman conqueror is now an absolutely dead language, and is spoken in no part of the world."

A business firm in South Carolina has just imported 300,000 barrels of foreign cement.

Civilian Camp Entertains.

The commandant and corps of instructors of the Civilians' Military Training Camp at Del Monte, California, are to hold a military tournament on August 18, 1923, which has been designated Visitors' Day. The programme will include events which demonstrate the character of the instruction given students. Progress in physical development, alertness, and quality of leadership will be shown by exercises and demonstrations.

Special provision has been made for entertainment of invited guests, and the routine of instruction will be subordinated to the entertainment of relatives and friends of the students.

Eclipses at Elder's

Phenomena of the partial eclipse of the moon that will occur August 26th, and of the total eclipse of the sun, September 10th, will be explained in an illustrated lecture by Dr. Dorothea Klumpke Roberts, D. Sc., in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, August 25th, at 2:30. Stereopticon slides were prepared especially for this event.

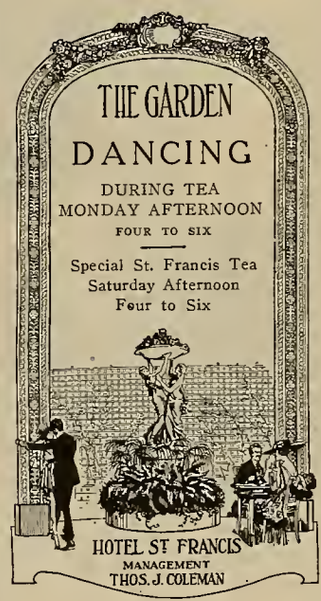
Dr. Roberts, widow of Dr. Isaac Roberts, D. Sc., F. R. S., a pioneer in astronomical photography, has continued her husband's work and is on the staff of the Paris Observatory.

The Cannibal Conch.

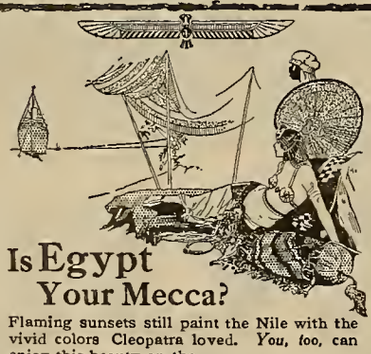
The struggle for existence evolves into a state of canibalism among the conchs, with the larger always on top, says the Miami (Florida) *Herald*. Few persons observing the great coiled shells lying quietly on the sandy floor of the tank at the Miami Aquarium or perhaps bumping awkwardly from place to place realize the voracity of the bright-hued owner of the shell.

Frequently an observing visitor will discover what appears to be a smaller shell imbedded in the pink soft part of the conch. It was necessary to separate the larger horse conch from a conch almost its own size recently, which it threatened to smother by fastening itself firmly over the opening in the shell and blocking the air supply. After the victim is killed in this manner the victor in the contest devours its fellow species.

However, little happens in nature which does not bring good to some animal, and thus the cannibalistic death of the poor conch serves to supply a comfortable home for some hermit crab. These original house-hunters are born with a soft shell unlike the common species of crab, and spend their life moving from conch shell to conch shell.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabout

Mme. Vladimir Artsimovitch and her sisters, rs. Jennie Hobbs Goodwin and Mrs. Anna obbs Ferris, have gone to Santa Barbara for veral weeks.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs Martin, who has recently mpleted his course in agriculture at Davis, has turned to San Francisco and is with his grand- other, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, at her home on roadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, accompanied by iss Sophia Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, and iss Jane Cooper, have returned from a recent ip to Honolulu.

Mrs. Horace Morgan and her daughter, Miss eanor Morgan, have arrived from Santa Bar- ra, where they have been visiting Mrs. Norris avis and her daughters at Montecito.

Judge George H. Cabaniss and Mrs. Cabaniss ith Mrs. George H. Cabaniss, Jr., are motoring the Northwest and have recently been in Van- ouver, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Loop and their daughter, Miss irginia Loop, are returning to San Francisco om Palo Alto, where they have been staying.

Miss Katherine Mackall was a house guest st week of Miss Charlotte Ziel at her home in n Rafael.

Miss Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould orton, who has recently returned to her home Fort Mason, has been visiting friends in Van- ouver.

Mrs. Chandler Howard, who has resided in the rient for many years, arrived on the *President incoln* and is at the Clift Hotel.

Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., and Mrs. oble have gone to Santa Barbara for the month f August.

Mrs. Erneste V. Smith and her daughter, Miss orothy Jordan, who have been spending several onths on the Russian River, have returned to ie Presidio.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering has returned from a otor trip in Southern California.

Mr. Rollo Peters is a house guest of his aunt, lrs. Robert J. Woods, at her home on Clay treet.

Mrs. F. R. Hutton of New York, who has been isiting her son, Mr. Franklin Hutton, and her aughter, Mrs. Grace Hutton, in Burlingame, has one to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman have been spend- g a week at Lake Taboe.

Miss Emily Wade, formerly of San Francisco, ho has been serving in Asia Minor with the merican Committee of Relief in the Near East, will arrive very shortly in San Francisco, where she will visit her sisters, Mrs. Edwin W. Stadtmuller and the Misses Wade.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter spent the week-end with Mrs. W. S. Porter at Menlo Park.

Mr. John Rosseter has gone East for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh chaperoned a party of young people on a trip through Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Rech, who came to California for the marriage of Mrs. Rech's daughter, Miss Frances Merrill, to Mr. Robert Duncan, have returned to their home in Chicago.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and her son, Mr. Washington Dodge, Jr., who have been spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe, will go East shortly by way of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett are spending the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Gertrude Griffith of Los Angeles has been a house guest at the home of Miss Louisiana Foster in San Rafael.

Miss Maud Younger, who has been in California for several months, has returned to her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Raymond Baker of Washington, D. C., has been visiting his relatives, Dr. and Mrs. John D. Grissim, in Carmel and Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brown, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Miss Marion Zeile sailed for Honolulu on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier and Mme. Verdier, who have recently returned from Paris, are living in Burlingame for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Marion Crocker and Miss Mary Julia Crocker left for New York on Monday en route to Europe, where they will join their mother, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker. They will sail on August 21st.

Mrs. Arthur Brander, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McNear at their summer home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gray Griswold of New York, who have been spending part of the summer in California, are now in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre gave a barbecue recently at their home in Atherton for the players in the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a buffet supper last Saturday night.

Mrs. Loring Pickering left last week with her children for New York, where she will join Mr. Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper of New York are staying at Del Monte.

Mrs. Macondray Moore is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Hunt, in Beverly Hills.

Mr. Daniel C. Jackling, Dr. Herbert Moffitt, Dr. Herbert Allen, Mr. Friendlander Bowie and Mr. Philip Wescott have gone to Nevada on a hunting trip.

Mrs. Louis Selwan of New York has been a recent house guest of her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, in Burlingame.

Mrs. Adam Grant, who has been staying in Santa Barbara for several weeks, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. William J. Younger has gone to Pebble Beach to visit her daughters, Baroness Nugent and Mrs. Burns Macdonald.

Judge John F. Davis and Mrs. Davis with their daughters are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley at Alta.

Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman with her daughter, Miss Virginia Boardman, and her sister, Miss Newell Drown, has gone to Monterey, where she will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Beardsley of San Rafael chaperoned a party of young people over the week-end on a motor trip to the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick have returned to their home in Menlo Park from a motor trip to Portland and Seattle.

Mr. James King Steele and his son, Mr. Shorb Steele, have returned from the Orient, where they spent several months.

Miss Marion Hollins of New York is at Del Monte.

Mrs. Edward Ransom Place, president of the Allied Arts Club, has returned from a recent trip in the Northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet and their children have returned to their home in San Francisco, after spending a fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Marie Louise Michaels has been to Lake Tahoe, where she was the house guest of Mrs. Philip King Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard Webb of Santa Barbara have been paying a short visit to San Francisco and have been staying at the Fairmont.

Dr. Christopher Buckley, who recently went abroad, has arrived in Ireland, where he will visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Thomas Williams and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Williams, have returned from their recent trip to Canada and the Northwest and are established in their new home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Evelyn Taylor, have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. E. L. Stamp and her daughter, Miss Helen Stamp, of Cleveland, Ohio, have recently come to San Francisco and are established in an apartment at Stanford Court.

Miss Alice Griffith has returned from her recent visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ethel Hager, who went to Europe in the early summer, has been visiting Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot at Biarritz.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and their children have been spending a fortnight in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris with their son, Frank Norris, and their nephew, Joseph Thompson, are leaving soon for Europe.

Miss Jeannette Norris has been visiting her uncle, Mr. Charles G. Norris, and Mrs. Norris at their home near Saratoga.



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CURRENT VERSE.

Gratitude.

Eternal gratitude—a long, thin word:
When meant, oftenest left unheard:
When light on the tongue, light in the purse, too:
Of curious metallurgy: when coined true
It glitters not, is neither large nor small:
More worth than rubies—less, times, than a ball.
Not gift, nor willed: yet through its wide range
Buys what it buys exact, and leaves no change.

Old Gurney had it, won on a hot day
With ale, from glib-voiced gypsy by the way.
He held it lightly: for 'twas a rum start
To find a hedgeling who had still a heart:
So put it down for twist of a beggar's tongue. . . .
He had not felt the beat: how the dust stung
A face June-roasted: *he* saw not the look
Aslant the gift-mug; how the hand shook. . . .
Yet the words rang in his head, and he grew merry
And whistled from the Boar to Wrycbrook ferry,
And chaffed with Ferryman when the hawser creakt
Or slipping bilge showed where the planks leakt:
Lent hand himself, till doubly hard the barge
Butted its nose in mud of the farther marge.
When Gurney leapt to shore, he found—dismay!
He had no tuppence—(tuppence was to pay
To sulky Ferryman). "Naught have I," says he,
"Naught, but the gratitude of Tammas Lee
Given one hour." Sulky Sharon grinned:
"Done" said he; "done: I take all of it mind."
"Done," cries Jan Gurney. Down the road he went,
But by the ford left all his merriment.

This is the tale of midday chaffering:
How Charon took, and Gurney lost the thing:
How Ferryman gave it for his youngest daughter
To a tall lad who saved her out of water
(Being old and mean, had none of his own to give,
So passed on Tammas', glad to see her live):
How the young Farmer paid his quarter's rent
With that one coin, when all else was spent,
And how Squire took it for some goldless debt. . . .
For aught I know, it wanders current yet.

Yet Tammas was no angel in disguise:
He stole Squire's chickens—often; he told lies,
Robbed Charon's garden, burnt young Farmer's ricks
And played the village many lousy tricks.

No children sniffled and no dog cried,
When, full of oaths and dirt, he died.
—*Richard Hughes in the Spectator.*

Poem.

Hot earth sucks the roses' spattered blood.
Thunder trembles over hazy sycamores,
seed pods fatten, grapes grow round.
In the weed-grown border flowers have stopped.

And all the sultry day, rose jar in hand,
up and down the garden walks
I have played June's busy undertaker,
with cloves from the pantry shelf
embalming dead rapture,
ordering black gloves for Eros,
hiring the mourners.
Now disgust curdles my blood.
I will empty these rotten petals
where the rain's hobnailed boot,
and the cricket's delicate heel
shall grind them back into earth,
to learn of languid caresses
in the angleworm's naked bed.
Let these empty jars gather dust
beyond the groping hand of spinsterish years
on the highest shelf of my thought.

On the mellowed year lies fulfillment
like the down on a peach.
Do the months look backward?
Do the ripe pods regret their fulness?
Does the squirrel weep
when hazels grow sweet in frilled jackets?
I will turn my face with joy
toward the swallows' going
and the month of vintage.
—*Dudley Poore in the Dial.*

A Lost World.

It was an earthly place, but strangely made
Because it slept unruffled by the cold
Immutable ironic serenade,
The legal song of time, and food, and gold.

It lay beneath our common sky and yet
It was another world, a place called Yale,
A fancy land, wherein there daily met
Old pungent human dust and youth, the frail.

We lived there once, and then across our days
Strode death, a masquerader capped and gowned,
And we, the boys whom nothing could amaze,
Stepped downward into life and so were drowned.
Quite gone—and there is only left behind
A dream of misty elms to plague the mind.
—*H. Phelps Putnam in the Atlantic Monthly.*

HOW MARCEL PROUST LIVED.

The recent death of the French novelist, Marcel Proust, is commemorated in the *Dial* in an essay by Malcolm Cowley. In discussing the strange manner in which this author lived, Mr. Cowley says:

"Observe the life of Proust, so different from the ideal of contemporary writers. He spent most of it in bed, in an interior room hermetically sealed to prevent drafts; they say he could feel a breath of air three rooms away, and it would set him coughing. He rarely saw the daylight. His work-room was lined with cork to deaden every noise. Flowers brought on his asthma and were prohibited; women equally, whom he only saw of an evening when he emerged, in correct evening clothes, to attend a reception in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Hatred for natural objects; fastidious ill health; attraction for everything artificial: his life was the sort which might have been imagined by Huysmans or in the Yellow Book. At least it possessed the forgotten virtue of leisure, a leisure which he used to develop his uncontemporary and unique sensibility.

"He came to enter so completely into the minds of his friends that before they visited the almost invariable sick-bed of his later years, even before the visit was planned, he knew its hour and its day; to him the tinkling bell which announced a caller was only a confirmation of something he had projected a long time before. They say he greeted death as a sort of importunate and expected guest. Some months before his death he was saying: I have only so much or so much time to live; can I finish it? A few days before he died his novel was finished, as nearly finished as such a work can ever be; it lacked a final adornment, but the great fleshed skeleton was complete. He asked afterwards that all its eight books be brought to him. 'Find the passages where I have spoken about death. It seems to me that I should know it better now. I want to rewrite the death of Bergotte.'"

Says science: "An airplane traveling at the rate of 200 miles per hour, flying night and day, would reach the sun in fifty-two years." If you haven't already planned your vacation trip, here's one worth considering.—*Buffalo Express.*

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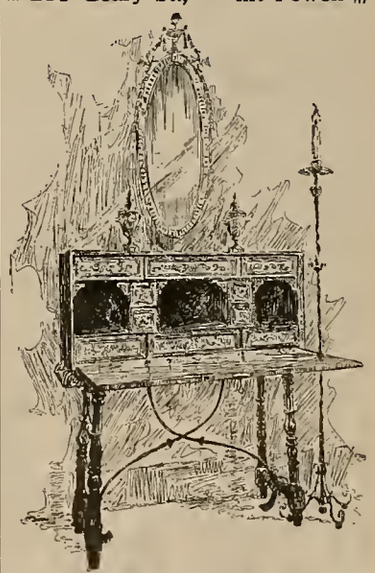
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Flim—What's your business? *Flam*—Contractor. *Flim*—What line? *Flam*—Debts.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Freddie—Say, dad, why are there no marriages in heaven? *Henpecked*—Because it's heaven.—*Dallos News.*

Exhausted Pressman (to garrulous barber)—Tell me—do you get paid by the week, or so much per thousand words?—*Punch.*

Advice to young man about to write a love letter: "Anything you say will be used as evidence against you."—*Toronto Telegrom.*

"I go to call on her father tomorrow. He will look me over like a piece of horseflesh, eh?" "Well, don't act like an ass, old man."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"By gracious!" exclaimed Brassey, when he saw a picture of a lictor hearing his fasces, "I didn't know golf was as old as that."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Le's go walkin', Miss Johnsing. I feels kinda pedestrian tonight." "All right. I feels kinda walkative mah own self."—*Nashville Tennesseeon.*

"This portrait makes her look prettier than she did I when met her, Jane." "Of course, ma, the artist paints so much better than she does."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

"Doctor, my husband says black and red spots appear before his eyes every night. What do you advise?" "I advise that he stop playing poker."—*Chicogo News.*

His Honor—Young man, do you appreciate the solemnity of an oath; do you know what an oath is? *Boy*—Ye-es, sir; I caddied for you last Sunday.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

"Edith says she would rather dance than eat." "Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance programme than a dinner check."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Lissen, Janie, in de neckband of dis white man's cullad shirt it says 'War-ran-teed Not to Fade.'" "Well, Sissylou, what of it?" "Nothin', only I bet I fades it."—*Life.*

"I thought," said the disappointed friend, "you told me this election was going to be a walk-over." "Well," answered the former candidate, "it was. I was the doorstep."—*Washington Star.*

"Now, Mr. Tweat, there's no reason why you can't stay over the week-end, if your wife's away." "My dear lady, that's just the trouble. Who's going to get Sunday dinner for the canary?"—*Life.*

Maud—Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life? *Major Bluntly*—Yes. *Maud*—How noble! How did it happen? *Major Bluntly*—I killed him.—*Peorson's Weekly.*

Wayforer (to the robber)—I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will be glad to advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter.—*Fliegende Blötter.*

Spacer—I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time, and trying to live by his pen in London, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes. *Humorist*—I know it. I have tried 'em all.—*Tit-Bits.*

Girl (of the new school of natation)—Come on, uncle—shall we do the six-beat-double-truncheon crawl, or the eight-beat-scissor-kick-thrash? *Uncle George*—Thank you, my dear, I think I'll just have a swim.—*Punch.*

Walton (to fishmonger)—Just throw me half a dozen of those trout. *Fishmonger*—Throw them? *Walton*—Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.—*Household Words.*

Katherine—Mamma, if I should die, would I go to heaven? *Momma*—Why, yes, darling; of course you would. *Kotherine*—And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too? *Mamma*—I hope so, dear. *Katherine*—I hope so, too, because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Old Brown won't live long; he has one leg in the grate." "You mean one leg in the grave." "No; he's going to he cremated."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Mr. Jones—What conclusion have you reached, Mrs. De Vorce Saye, regarding the French imbroglio? *Mrs. D. V. S.*—Well, it costs more in Paris than in Reno, hut you save time.—*Life.*

Rastus (soliloquizing)—Dis am a fine fat pullet, an' dey's more whar hit come from, too. *Villoge Constable (from o shadow)*—And where did it come from? *Rostus*—Er—um—from an aig, sah; from an aig.—*New Orleans Times-Picoyune.*

"So there's the old Crimson Gulch jail," exclaimed the man who was returning after a long absence. "It used to be," corrected Cactus Joe. "Since this bootleg stuff has been circulatin' we've had to turn it into a hospital."—*Woshington Star.*

EARTH'S GRANDEST MONUMENT.

America has hegun the creation of permanent work. "As temporary as an American building" is a catch-phrase in various parts of the world. We have been concerned with the shaping of enduring thoughts, of lasting ideals. Now we have entered upon a new era in art, says the *Delineotor*. Few Americans realize the higness of art development in this country during the last twenty-five years.

There is a monument now under construction on Stone Mountain, down in Georgia, which future races thousands of years from now may visit and study as does this present civilization the Sphinx on the Nile.

Stone Mountain, hound ahout as it is with civil war traditions, seems like a great rock placed in the beginning of the world for the coming of a master artist who would see its use. Rising nine hundred feet from a comparatively level country, it has a front almost as smooth as the wall of a house.

At this point Confederate history was made. A few years ago the Daughters of the Confederacy decided to put a small monument or tablet of some sort on the mountain to commemorate the valiant stand made for the lost cause.

Gutzon Borglum, one of the world's great sculptors, was asked to suggest an appropriate tablet. Borglum spent days down in the flat fields facing the mountain, and then he visioned its possibilities.

A tablet on that vast smooth space would, he said, be like a postage-stamp on the side of a house. It needed gigantic treatment. Lee and his army should be carved in bold relief against that immense area of smooth, uncracked granite.

Borglum said he wanted, not only the side of the mountain, but the top of it as well. No smoke-stacks or other works of man should break the line between the marching army and the far-reaching heaven.

A practical objection of time and cost was raised. The great sculptor said that he would willingly dedicate the rest of his life to such a project, and, when the work had once been started, other artists would come forward to complete it. This monument will take years of labor and will cost five million dollars. When it is finished, it will be one of the world's greatest works of art.

Borglum took a year to develop a method by which the monument might be successfully produced. With the use of a lantern-slide four by five inches, on which is outlined the figure to be carved on the mountain, and with a five-thousand-candle-power light behind it, the magnified picture is thrown on the smooth granite surface. Men are dropped by cables three hundred and fifty feet and they paint on the rocks the lines of the gigantic figures. Later stone-cutters are lowered to do their work under the supervision of Borglum.

The group is two hundred feet high; the horse on which General Lee rides is one hundred and thirty-seven feet from hoofs to top of his bridle. The whole design is moving and full of action. It contains all the branches of an American army. The central figure is Robert E. Lee, who fought valiantly for a cause in which he believed and surrendered without bitterness or hatred.

Stone Mountain is not merely a Southern monument: it is a great national treasure, which is being discussed in the art circles of Europe even more than it is here. The artist who created it is essentially American, born and educated here. He has done his great life-work, not only in America, but around American history and traditions.

Want Ads.

Wanted—I am in a position to hatch your eggs at 5c per egg. Phone 626 or write Ray A. Gardner, Osage.—*Osoge (Iowa) News.*

Will gentleman in good circumstances loan young lady? Not ordinary case. Prefer Mason. Box 2, G277-Post.—*Denver Post.*

Wanted—To buy a double or 2-flat house with modern imps. Address M., News Office.—*Wolthom (Mossachusetts) News.*

Partner, interested in light lunch, to invest small sum. 545 So. Main St.—*Springfield (Mossachusetts) Union.*

For Sale—Combination kitchen-range, bahybed, buggy, dresser. 5812 N. Fairfield.—*Chicago Tribune.*

For Sale—New Squirrel cape, below hips, $190. Stewart 6679.—*Auburn Park Booster.*—*Gothered by Gridley Adams for Everybody's Magazine.*

Asiatic Axioms.

Bleaching a crow won't change its caw.

Cheats never starve in an avaricious country.

With patience sour grapes will become sweet.

The breath of a gnat will not put out the sun.

The eyes are of little use if the mind is blind.—*Boston Transcript.*

A vivid picture of the amount of rain that falls upon the United States is given by a Washington scientist. It is equivalent, he states, to ten Mississippi rivers flowing constantly. Otherwise measured, it equals thirty inches of water for the entire area, making a total volume of 152,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. But this is only half the amount that would be necessary to maintain the full productivity of the soil of the whole country. One-third of this amount runs down to the sea in rivers. The problem for engineers to solve is the utilization of the utmost of the supply that nature furnishes.

Mount McKinley National Park, in Alaska, is the second largest park in the United States—2645 square miles.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Strong Appointment.

An ancient work of art in a humorous paper depicted a small Ethiopic-American playing tag. He stood head down, eyes closed, counting; when a satyric goat, seeing an irresistible opportunity, butted him on top of the skull. Whereon the young descendant of Congo chiefs remarked: "Yo' Claude, ef yo' don' stop taggin' so hard I ain' goin' to play no mo'." Almost all the Democrats and a large number of ambitious Republicans feel that in appointing C. Bascom Slemp his secretary President Coolidge has tagged too hard.

It is not that Mr. Slemp is in any way unfit for the post. Exactly the contrary seems to be the grievance: he appears to be too fit. His record is that of a most astute and adaptable political manager, with ability nowhere more clearly manifested than in his own campaigns. He had a great deal to overcome. No man with such a name starts even. We venture the assumption that when the appointment was first made public there were many to say: "C. Bascom Slemp? Impossible! There's no such name. It is a poor joke from 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' or 'Our Mutual Friend,' or 'Nicholas What's 'is Name.'" But to the informed, even the casually informed, about our public affairs, C. Bascom has long been known as a Republican congressman from a Democratic state, and one, moreover, who, in spite of politics and the aforementioned handicap, has succeeded in managing his reëlection time and again after his enemies thought he was down for good. He began in 1907, when he was elected to succeed his father (also named Slemp) and kept it up until he got tired of his monotonous victories and resigned; last March. He was a member, in short, of the Sixty-First, Sixty-Second, Sixty-Third, Sixty-Fourth, Sixty-Fifth, Sixty-Sixth and Sixty-Seventh Congresses—a Republican member. That is pretty good for a man born in Turkey Cove, Lee County, Virginia, five years after the close of the civil war. Mr. Slemp was an intimate friend of President Harding, and has a wider acquaintance than almost any other politician.

Such an appointment has its significance, which it would be careless to overlook; as it is not to be supposed that President Coolidge overlooked anything when he made it. The position of secretary to the President does not require, commonly speaking, such qualities as Mr. Slemp indubitably possesses. Presidential secretaries of the past have not been men of such conspicuous talent in the political arena. Mr. Slemp's predecessor was hardly of this stripe or calibre. We may expect Mr. Coolidge to attend to business and we may expect Mr. Slemp to attend to business, but we may also expect to see many Republican delegates.

The Gamboge Tint.

The characteristic proclivities of the Hearst yellow press appear to know no limit, either in respect for death, or in the sanctity of sorrow, or in the dignity of the tomb itself. Its minor and merely local offenses can be borne, as a house can get along with a broken drain, and while they may offend decency they can always be accepted as an index of character. But it passes patience and it disgraces journalism when, in the East, it follows the casket of the President of the United States with aspersions on his successor, whom grief and a sudden load of responsibility have placed in a hard position.

Although Europe has been astonished at the peaceful process of turning over the presidential office, and although the succession to the presidency in case of death has been provided in detail as far as law can provide, yet the transition is certain to present phases of personal difficulty. No matter how it was accomplished it would have its critics, for at such a juncture people are disposed to be censorious. One clergyman up north is displeased because when President Coolidge took the oath he did not physically kiss the Bible; but such narrowness is at least honest. There appear to have been some unfortunate incidents at the Marion ceremonies, although they were of a trivial nature and merely indicated haste and confusion, a sudden overload on scant facilities, at worst bad management; and they were so interpreted by those affected. But that did not satisfy the yellow following, always seeking sensation, and accounts have found their way into part of the Hearst press in the East with the usual and well-known Hearst distortions. One might think from reading them that the Coolidges had been rebuked by popular indignation arising from their haste in seizing power. The great office into which President Coolidge has been so tragically thrust, doubtless long before he was ready for it, is insulted by such implications.

The President did not have to make haste to seat himself. The law provided for that. A modest, reticent individual, Mr. Coolidge sorrowed, not merely as a citizen for the loss of a beloved chief, but as a man for his dead friend. Harding had shown no petty spirit toward him, but had, without precedent in recent history, seated him at the Cabinet table, making him thereby almost a Cabinet officer and a second President. The Vice-President was gratefully appreciative. We all know how he took the oath of a President of the United States—before his father, a notary, at his father's home in Vermont, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning following President Harding's death. Spite might interpret that as unseemly haste, but as a matter of fact it was done at the advice and solicitation of the Attorney-General of the United States, by telegram from this city. There were the strongest legal reasons for doing the thing that way, and no better reasons for postponement than there were for physically kissing the paper leaves on which the Bible was printed. Only malice could pretend to think otherwise.

The facts are that both President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge have borne themselves throughout, not only modestly, but self-effacingly. They have gone to extremes in this regard; not for effect, of which it is not likely either thought, but because they shared the nation's sorrow and had no room for egotistical anxieties. They did not take the presidential suite at the Willard Hotel, but kept to their own apartments. And it was nineteen days after President Harding's death before they moved into the White House. Much has been made by sensation-mongers of an order relieving President Harding's military aide, Major Baldinger, from duty while the funeral train was half way on its journey across the continent. But the purpose of that order was to leave the major free to devote his services to Mrs. Harding, an unofficial person, which as an officer on duty he could not have done. It was an act of the gentlest courtesy, and of unselfish forethought. Mrs. Harding understands the motive that prompted it, and the public should understand—but it can not rely on yellow newspapers for such an understanding. They are inspired by a man that backs political hypocrites for public office and apparently has no comprehension of sincerity in any one—a man whose papers boast that he monopolizes thirty miles of the coast of California while they repeatedly tell the poor how the well-to-do oppress them; papers that for the sake of inflating circulation and advertising rates would weaken authority at home and embroil the nation abroad and that want the government to recognize as equally a government the bandits that have seized power in Russia. They that believe in the truth, and understand how necessary it is to human welfare, must recognize the spirit of yellow journalism as the greatest of all public enemies in a democratic state—one more dangerous than any with which the democracies of the ancient world had to deal.

An Incubus Fades Out.

A burden is removed from the industry of California by Attorney-General Daugherty's resolution not to press unmerger proceedings against the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific system by appealing from the decision of the United States court at St. Paul. Its immediate result is development invaluable to the Coast; for President Sproule announces that the railroad will now proceed to construct the ten-to-fifteen-million-dollar Natron cut-off in Oregon; the postponement and possible abandonment of which was a sample of the damage we may always expect from artificial interferences with economics by politicians at Washington, although such damage may take the negative form of restraint of progress, which the public never understands and hence may not know it suffers.

The whole mess has been an example of the national folly in dealing with the transportation business. It might be supposed that the law means what it says; but under our confusing theories as to what we ought to make the railroads do we have had one law prohibiting consolidations and another virtually prescribing them, the contradiction to be reconciled by commission—so that in respect to a vital requirement of life we have had to retreat from the Anglo-Saxon goal of government by law toward the Oriental practice of government by men. We have had a large body of sentiment determined to do something to the railroads in order to make the railroads do something for them, and with no very clear or scientific notion of just what it is railroads are for.

This has grown, it must be confessed, out of certain practices in the past whereby railroads did depart from

their proper functions as carriers and sought results beyond the normal returns of business: and their favoritisms, their discrimination among industries and localities, their system of rewards and punishments for friends and enemies, their incessant meddling with politics, amounted to a dominance that in too many fields of endeavor constituted government by corporation directors. Under such provocation, there arose a popular demand that the governors should be governed; whereas neither thing should have been done. The result today is a complicated system of artificialities nobody can understand, which we admiringly call "regulation," and conditions arising from it under which the roads have been losing millions and becoming more and more crippled every year. Railroad managers themselves seem resigned to such governance, and even tolerant of it if they can only learn what it is they may or may not do; but it seems necessary to look in the paper every morning to find out.

In this case, the condition of being governed by men instead of by law is no better, but at least we now have some prospect that the effort of rivals to split California's transportation system will cease. That is the effect of the Attorney-General's decision and the permissive ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission which it sustains. It is in line with that salutary principle of jurisprudence that there should be an end to litigation. Without it, there would not have been an end, for a long time, and in the meanwhile development would have slowed down or halted, and no one would have quite known what sort of transportation system we were to have at last. We now know that we may expect a continuance of constructive policies, and of good service for the agriculture and manufactures of the state. On that, California is to be congratulated. And let us pray that there be no more legislative meddling with so vital a function as transportation for at least such a period of time as will give business a respectable breathing spell—although perhaps it is too much to hope.

Back Door Immigration.

All discoverable facts about the present immigration situation confirm the wisdom of Secretary of Labor Davis' desire to have the examining and acceptance of immigrants done abroad before they start for this country. The European populations are restless, and in large part in a state of flux. It is not likely that the pressure of immigration against our gates has ever been so heavy. If those gates were thrown open there would be a human flood. And it would not be a good one, for much of the present potential immigration, of those that would like to get in and would start from their European homes if they thought they could enter, is very undesirable material. Conditions have been seriously disturbed in lands from which we have not been drawing heavily until late years, and we are likely to get, unless we keep them out, elements from the eastern basin of the Mediterranean that will be unwelcome because not in any degree assimilable to our institutions and national spirit.

Existing conditions are but a temporary makeshift and do not work smoothly. Much injustice arises from the fact that quotas are either miscalculated abroad or not calculated at all. Hardships are imposed on many of the inadmissible, that might have been avoided by examinations and declarations in the country of origin, or the country from which they intend to depart. The horrors of Ellis Island, no doubt greatly exaggerated for sensational purposes and for others even less worthy, should in some way be eliminated. These hardships do no one any good and are but another example of the inability of bureaus to deal efficiently with even the simplest problems. But to let down the bars altogether would expose the country to an invasion most harmful to our working people and ultimately to the whole national life and character.

If conditions at Ellis Island are bad, they are at least better in their intention than the efforts at entry practiced by hundreds of thousands of ambitious immigrants. These go from countries whose quotas are exhausted to others from which we have had little immigration, and obtain passports entitling them to enter on the unfilled quotas of such countries. It is easy to get passports in some South American country, for example. American consuls have no recourse but to visé such passports, for they are all in order, and certify to the citizenship of some traveler bound for the United States, in a country where he has been perhaps a scant forty-eight hours. It has been reported to the *Argonaut* that at Buenos Aires recently the landlord of the building on the sixth floor of which the American consul had his offices requested him to move, as the malodorous rabble of foreigners from Southeast Europe and the Levant who came for passport visas was over-crowding his elevators and making the place impossible for his other tenants. These people were not of a class the Argentine wanted. The quotas of their own lands were long ago exhausted and they were on their way to the United States, and some third country was apparently willing that they should represent themselves as citizens of it as long as they would agree not to stay in it.

Such conditions are not apparent to people here at home, but they will in time profoundly affect the character of that home itself. We can not afford to receive much more of this inferior material. We can not educate it, we can not assimilate it, we can not make it American, we can do nothing with it but exploit it in ways that tend inevitably to reduce American standards and degrade American citizenship. The ranks of tramp-dom are filled already with displaced Americans. Reference has been made in these columns to the studies of Professor Lescohier among the I. W. W. A large group of the men interrogated by this investigator was found to contain but three individuals of foreign birth—about 4 per cent. Whether the group sampled was or was not representative of the whole we do not know, but it is evident that the process of displacement has been going on for several generations and is quite active now, and that in fairness to American ideals, American standards, and the people already admitted to this country, as well as to their descendants, it ought to be reduced. It is well that the representatives of labor understand the matter and that Secretary Davis has behind him a considerable popular support. He should be able to devise some way to prevent the fraudulent entries indicated above, spread the immigration load over a longer period, and see that those seeking admittance in excess of national quotas do not leave home with the idea that they can enter the United States by the back door of some complaisant third country. The matter is important, and it is possible that if he can plan such a scheme he may be able to get Congress, in a rational interval, to enact the necessary laws.

Other People's Business.

The mania for regulating things by law, for meddling with the business, the morals, the living conditions of other people, and making life an affair of government, was expressed, at least in part, during the session of the legislature just happily closed by the introduction into the senate of 750 bills, and into the assembly of 1378; by the passage of 333 by the senate and 557 by the assembly; and by the actual signing by the governor, out of these 890, of 431. Nobody knows them all. Probably the governor does not, can not, remember a sixth of them. But by dint of vetoing what he did not understand, a safe, sane, and sagacious method, he did far better than his predecessor, who signed 915 out of Heaven only knows now how many introduced and passed. We could count them up, but it would be fatiguing.

Legislation is the national vice. Passing laws is the worst thing we do in a public way, except the thing it entails, which is breaking the laws we pass. A law-abiding citizen is a myth and an impossibility. There may be some that aspire to be law-abiding, but no one has the necessary genius. The lawyers can't keep up with the statutes. The judges can't say what all the laws mean. The private citizen may be pardoned if he breaks a few dozen before breakfast each day, for he knows not what he does in this respect. In any event if his disposition is reasonably decent he is safe, for the cops are all busy arresting those that break the few the chief of police and the district attorney know about, those that cover the more flagrant kinds of violence; safe, but not satisfied, for every patriot is a law-breaker, whether he would be or not. It hardly pays even to try to keep within the law. In Kalamazoo they are about to enact an ordinance prohibiting dancers from looking into each other's eyes.

A large percentage of the bills introduced represent nothing but the effort of the assemblyman or senator to ingratiate himself with some noisy part of his constituency, some resolution-passing part of it that thinks it has a sure way of reforming the world, though most of those active in passing resolutions in their clubs and reform organizations can not pass rules for the proper governance of their own families and their own households. They are no more gifted with second sight than the rest of us, and know as little of what is going to be for the good of humanity a year or two years hence. Yet they draft bills, pass resolutions endorsing them, threaten their representatives with defeat if they refuse to introduce them, and California and the nation have to abide by the finished result—the output of the meddling, reformatory spirit, the spirit that insists on doing other people good whether it knows how or not.

Such persons ought to consider how impossible it is to regulate the infinitely complex affairs of private life and private interest by general laws. No one of them could so regulate the affairs of one of his neighbors, to say nothing of trying to reduce everybody to uniformity of interest and desire. Yet on some supposition that the state is infallible and the government can make everything right if it will only pass enough laws, they go on resolving, drafting, introducing bills by the hundreds and by the thousands, covering every sort of human activity, prescribing the most intimate details of conduct: how a man shall operate his business, bring up his children, treat his wife. The fallacy of the logic, the futility of the effort, have perhaps never been so clearly set out as by Herbert Spencer in his essay on "Over-legislation." Spencer had a clear view of human nature and human behavior, and his words are true today as they were when he wrote them first, a little after the middle of the nineteenth century. Among many sagacious observations he makes these:

> Clearly as we may think we see how a given measure will work, we may infer that the chances are many against the truth of our anticipations. * * * Continuing his self-criticism, the cautious thinker may reason: "If in these personal transactions, where all the conditions of the case were known to me, I have so often miscalculated, how much oftener shall I miscalculate in political ones, where the conditions are too numerous, too widespread, too complex, too obscure to be understood? Here, doubtless, is a social evil and there a desideratum; and were I sure of doing no mischief I would forthwith try to cure the one and achieve the other. But when I remember how many of my private schemes have miscarried—how speculations have failed, agents proved dishonest, marriage proved but a disappointment—how I did but pauperize the relative I sought to help—how my carefully governed son has turned out worse than most children—how the thing I desperately strove against as a misfortune did me immense good—how while the objects I ardently pursued brought me little happiness when gained, most of my pleasures have come from unexpected sources; when I recall these and hosts of like facts, I am struck with the utter incompetence of my intellect to prescribe for society. And as the evil is one under which society has not only lived, but grown, while the desideratum is one it may spontaneously secure, as it has most others, in some unforeseen way, I question the propriety of meddling." There is a great want of this practical humility in our political conduct.

There is, indeed! Were there not, we should not have 431 new laws on the overloaded statute books as the work of one legislative session, and that a light one held down by a sagacious governor. But, as Spencer said:

> While every day chronicles a failure, there every day reappears the belief that it needs but an act of parliament and a staff of officers to effect any end desired. Nowhere is the perennial faith of mankind better seen. Ever since society existed Disappointment has been preaching—"Put not your trust in legislation"; and yet the trust in legislation seems scarcely diminished.

These be burning words, brothers—and sisters. They should be set out in electric lights in the meeting place of every civic organization, every improvement club, every women's club, every parent-teacher association in the land. "There is a great want of political humility in our political conduct." Spencer was right.

Gyasticutus Giganticus.

San Francisco, August 13, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Dear Sir:* One of your recent issues contained an allusion to "the great *gyasticutus*." Would you kindly elucidate? I have not been able to identify this species, although reasonably familiar with botany. Yours, etc., (signature suppressed at writer's solicitation).

There have come to the *Argonaut* so many communications of similar tenor to the above that we feel we shall acquire merit by shedding what light we can on this dim subject. It seems from the number of the inquiries that a corresponding number of our readers must have neglected their early education for some one of the many forms of hard work. Know, then (it was thus Scheherazade used to string the king), know, then, that the *gyasticutus* is nearly related to the *galliwompus*, although distinctly differentiated by size, greater hir-

suteness of caudal appendage, and comparatively longer reach in the forearm, especially the right, for reasons that will appear. *Galliwompus mysteriosis* is, indeed, much smaller, and bears to its huge relative about the relation the piebald wallaby bears the kangaroo.

Gyasticutus is supposed by some neurologists to be first cousin to *ornithorhynchus:* that is, the platypus, or Australian unicorn; but Mochenhauer holds this to be error. *Galliwompus* is comparatively unimportant, whether for human food or harness work, whereas *gyasticutus* on his native mountainside stands thirty hands high and must be harnessed, if at all, by means of suspended staging. He is an animal of regal mein, with well-arched crest, heavily-muscled quarters, elastic pasterns, and noble knee action. His footfall shakes the hills. Unfortunately he has claws instead of hoofs, which makes him dangerous to asphaltum pavements on warm days; or would if he traveled on them. But, unfortunately again, he is of little value for work on the level, inasmuch as the legs are shortened on the port side to facilitate grazing on slopes. This makes it almost necessary to breed, pasture, and even work *gyasticuti* on lonely eminences around which they can travel in spirals. As they can not begin at the top, it is usual for them to wind upward, cleaning off the herbage as they go. Having reached the summit, they are forced to wait until the grass springs again, or descend backward through a desert. Their sufferings at such times are terrible, and their ululations can be heard over mountain and plain.

The finest specimen of this noble animal ever seen in captivity was the one Clive took in the artillery train of the Grand Panjandrum of Ooff—although its captor did not greatly value it, as it could draw a gun only on a kite-shaped track. It has been thought that the *gyasticuti* were in some way related to the *demogorgons,* an exsufflicate concept of Boccace, although described by Johannes Calceolarius before Boccace's time. *Demogorgons,* served with *fagioli,* make an excellent gallimawfry about Hollowmas, whereas *gyasticutus* is almost inedible, owing to the difficulty of extracting the pinfeathers. The *gumgol,* or *mugwump,* is superior for this use. Some even prefer the *hippotayne,* although the undiscriminating galligut usually expresses no choice. The *whangdoodle* is gastronomically inferior, especially late in the fall, which is the only time of year one is tempted to eat him. In spring the *whangdoodle's* warblings are lilting and sweet, but in the fall, after the mating season is over and there is nothing in prospect but a long, hard winter, his song is doleful and malarious.

Altogether, the subject is recondite, and dependent for perspicuity on analogy and illustration, but we trust we have made it clear.

A Great Dutch Realist.

Louis Couperus, the Dutch novelist, who died last month at The Hague, laid down his work in the full tide of achievement, at the age of sixty. It seems only the other day that his "The Small Souls" was appearing in English in its four volumes, between the years 1914 and 1918. Couperus, who has been dubbed many titles in his time, from the least Dutch of Dutchmen to the writers' novelist, was in reality the Main Street novelist of his race. He described the daily lives, habits, and passions of middle-class, mediocre, small-souled people. It was neither an edifying nor an inspiring theme and it is the more credit to him that his work can be better described by the word beautiful than by any other. Similes are a drug in the literary market, but the comparison between Couperus' novels and the Dutch interiors of Ver Meer of Delft can not be avoided. The subject in neither case is "pretty," but the unutterable atmosphere of both are beautiful—something of the precision and thoroughgoing neatness that have made the Dutch the materially happy people they are.

Couperus' life, like his books, is not over-familiar to English readers. The books, thanks to his excellent translator and countryman, Teixeira de Mattos, have percolated of late years through the sophisticated and cultured English reading public. That they deserve to be more universally popular can be surmised from our analogy to the most prevalent form of popular American fiction. Many of them are still to be translated, and doubtless their vogue will grow and warrant English editions of all Couperus' works in time. The long novel of "The Small Souls"—the story of the innumerable members of the Van Lowe family—is probably his best known in our language, though he was introduced to English readers in 1891 with the first of his almost countless novels, "Eline Vere," a study of the psychology of the modern girl in Dutch society. Since then Couperus has been known among the American and English elect. He is remarkable among novelists of all races and ages in having met with almost instant success and in having kept step with the goddess through a long, privileged career.

Couperus had an auspicious beginning. Born at The Hague in 1863 to well-to-do parents who moved to the Dutch East Indies in his infancy, his boyhood was spent in strange surroundings. His earliest schooling was received at Batavia, though his education was completed at The Hague. Later he traveled extensively in the Near East and in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. His first published work was neither a novel nor a success. It was a volume of rather florid poems, entitled "Orchids," whose dismal failure was soon covered by the prompt success of "Eline Vere." That justly famous novel showed the mark of Tolstoi, an influence the Dutch novelist was shortly to grow out of as he found his own stride. Though through all his books can be traced a niceness of style and workmanship reminiscent of the great Russian, this factor was probably equally due to Couperus' nationality. His was an original talent, based primarily on a genius for telling the truth, but telling it rather suavely than brutally. In fact, he has more the earmarks of a founder of a school than the follower of any predecessor, however great. Nor does it tax the imagination to see him as the father of the modern novel. His death removes a great figure from the world of letters.

Editorial Notes.

Justice Jasper Yeates Brinton, American representative on the Egyptian Court of Appeals, declares Egypt is one bright spot on the muddy map of old-world politics, inasmuch as she is endeavoring to work out a system of really representative government and has some measure of success in sight. She has achieved independence by an appeal to reason rather than the sword or the bomb, and is orderly, relatively prosperous, and hopeful of the future. Her first parliament is to meet this winter. Then her troubles will probably begin.

A contemporary supposes that in eighteen years presidents of boards of education all over the country will be handing out high school diplomas to the Calvin C. Browns, Calvin Coolidge O'Finnegans, C. Coolidge Rosensteins and C. C. Feodorovskys christened in this year of grace 1923. Perhaps to Browns, Rosensteins, and Feodorovskys; but hardly to any Calvin O'Finnegans. St. Calvin would be a new one in the calendar. The Lives of the Saints are full of good Catholic names, without calling an O'Finnegan Calvin. We are as likely to hear of Luther O'Brien.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Menace of Centralization.

Oakland, Cal., August 14, 1923.

Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* In your issue of the 11th instant you discuss wisely and well the overloading of the President of the United States with laborious functions, fatal to his health and strength. This overload moves members of Congress and others to propose constitutional changes and wrenches of our governmental machinery, but no one proposes the real remedy.

Beginning with the Wilson administration there is a rapid concentration of power in the Federal government at the expense of the independence and dignity of the states and the sacrifice of the personal liberty of the people. In your same issue the case is stated by an extract from the *Manufacturers' Record* under the caption "Growing Bureaucracy." These important and destructive changes have occurred in many cases without the knowledge of our people. To illustrate, take your stand on any corner in San Francisco and ask each of the first 500 men who pass what he thinks of the Federal maternity law, and the answer will be that he never heard of it. Yet that peculiarly infamous law and prohibition make the President the responsible head of a more extensive and expensive spy system than existed under any of the Russian Czars. The exhausting vexations of the function imposed by the Volstead Act has a ghastly illumination in the complaint of a high chief of prohibition that it is impossible to get men of good character to enforce that law!

But the situation that is already apparent does not admonish the quacks who are tinkering our government, as is demonstrated by the growing advocacy of ousting the states and their counties from control of education. That proposal will put education in the iron control of politicians. It will dilute the essentials of education and make the enormous cost of the schools a direct contribution of the taxpayers to a political fund for the benefit of the party in power.

What is needed is a remorseless and destructive pruning of the whole infamous system that will return to the states the police powers that have been stolen from them, and lift from the President a load that was formerly divided between thousands of mere police magistrates. Very truly,

John P. Irish.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

UNWARRANTED INTERFERENCE.

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

Sir Auckland Geddes certainly exceeded the canons of the diplomatic service in submitting to the British government a scathing attack on an institution maintained by a friendly power. Especially as he enjoyed the distinction of being the accredited ambassador to the country in question. If Geddes had any complaints to make as to the treatment of British immigrants at Ellis Island they should have been addressed to the Department of Labor at Washington.

The indiscretion would not have been so glaring if Lord Curzon had treated the report as a confidential communication, which we trust was the intention of Sir Auckland Geddes. For the British government to publish the contents of this document, with the intention of turning it to the advantage of its own subjects and colonies, was an amazing breach of international good manners and an unwarranted attempt to dictate to America the way she should conduct her private business.

We do not deny that some of Geddes' observations were accurate and some of his recommendations well taken. American officials themselves have been working hard to improve the general conditions at Ellis Island. Many members of Congress have urged the segregation of undesirable immigrants at the ports of departure to diminish the strain put on the accommodations in American harbors.

But these things are none of the business of Sir Auckland Geddes nor of Lord Curzon nor of the British House of Commons. The United States is not clamoring for immigrants from Great Britain or any other country. American immigration is a conspicuous example of the supply exceeding the demand. We, in this country, are perfectly willing to see the stream of unemployed Englishmen diverted to Canada or South Africa or Australia or any other British possession that thinks it can assimilate them.

Before a foreign ambassador, however, attempts to use his position of responsibility to criticize the domestic economy of any American department he should at least discover first of all whether that criticism is acceptable to the party of the first part. Also he should be informed on the facts he is dishing up for his own government.

One important fact, entirely ignored by the British ambassador, is that the American government is under no obligations to maintain such accommodation for immigrants as that afforded by Ellis Island, even if it be inadequate to the demands made upon it. The American government, were it so minded, could place on the shipping companies bringing across the immigrants (most of which are British registered) the onus and expense of taking care of the immigrants until the harbor authorities had passed on their eligibility. As it is, the more than $1,000,000 spent annually by our people to take care of these prospective immigrants is virtually an American subsidy of foreign shipping.

Sir Auckland Geddes is not content with looking this gift horse in the mouth. He suggests to the donor the manner in which he should employ a veterinary to make his gift horse more presentable.

CHECK THE ALIEN TIDE.

(From the Santa Barbara News.)

Secretary Davis, who has just returned from a personal study of the immigration question as presented in the ports of Europe, is emphatic in his declaration that there must either be a careful selection of immigrants to this country or a complete suspension of immigration.

The Secretary takes the view that the American "melting pot" is being converted into Europe's dumping ground for those wasted and worn misfits which are no longer of economic value.

Steamship companies, in their eagerness for traffic, become party to the conspiracy to unload on America those who otherwise would become a drag on the people of their own countries.

So great has been the influx of a class called undesirable by the Secretary of Labor that he said in the course of an interview in London that the deterioration and ultimate ruin of the American people are threatened if the tide is not checked.

The demand for immigration always has been from those who could make use of cheap labor in their business for their own profit. Among the masses of people always there has been opposition to the weakening of sturdy American stock by the process of immigration.

It was the cry of the Southern planters of old that they must have slaves that kept the tide of slaves pouring into the South long after the institution of slavery had been generally repudiated.

It is the special interests that again are clamoring for cheap labor. There is the old cry for cheap production and high profits.

The warning of Secretary Davis should have weight with the lawmakers and the President. Either we should have selected immigrants or we should close the gates entirely.

Although we in the West are concerned most over the immigration from the Orient, and it is a grave menace, it is the influx of undesirables from Europe, where the nations are assisting their weaklings to reach America, that presents the most serious problem.

One thing is certain: The tide of undesirables now pouring into this country in spite of all restrictions must be checked. The poisoning of the life blood of the nation to permit manufacturers to secure cheap labor can not be permitted.

THE FEET OF THE STRAPHANGERS.

(From the New York World.)

Scarcely had the chiropodists in national convention assembled in New York raised without answering it the question whether they should be termed podiatrists instead, when they turned to another pressing problem of the day. The feet of New Yorkers, an old story to local operators, shocked the visiting experts.

Bad as the subway service is, people do use it. They use taxicabs, when they can afford them; the "L" lines, when they have energy to toil up the stairs; the trolley cars, when they are not in a hurry. One thing they will not do is walk. In consequence, according to a report made by a committee headed by President Graff, they are likely to have the smallest and poorest-shaped feet in the country. Dr. Ramsburg of Minneapolis was guilty even of heresy against Henry by doubt-

ing whether Mr. Ford was such a henefactor, after all. The flivver, added to other noxious vehicles, encourages people to stop walking; they get fat and overload their alleged ugly and diminutive feet and their last state is worse than their first, especially in New York.

Comic artists have delighted in picturing the future strap-hanger with the enormously developed prehensile arm of our tree-dwelling ancestors, not acording to Bryan, and his negligible legs. Has the process of inharmonious development, as seen by these scientific ohservers from the ground up, already begun?

VICE-PESIDENTIAL TRADITIONS.

(From the Chicago Daily News.)

It has been a tradition with practical politicians and real or suppposed makers of Presidents that no Vice-President who is called to the White House hy the passing away of the duly elected chief executive is "available" for the regular nomination of his party for the chief magistracy.

Colonel Roosevelt, it is true, rode roughshod over that tradition, but it is likely to he felt in some quarters that one exception does not disprove a rule or destroy a tradition. In the rather short life of the American republic no fewer than six Vice-Presidents have been promoted by Providence to the headship of the state through the death in office of elected chief executives. Yet only in the case of Roosevelt was the question of "availability" settled in the affirmative. And it was the merit of the man that put the tradition to rout.

Calvin Coolidge as Vice-Presidcnt quietly attended to his duties and as quietly improved his opportunities as a listener and adviser at the White House Cabinet conferences. The average politician had as little interest in him as he on his part had in self-styled President makers and bosses claiming control over potential convention delegates. But today the politicians have become conscious that the new President is likely to shape his own future to a greater extent than they can shape it for him.

The politicians might well follow the example of the citizens and adjourn discussions of Calvin Coolidge's availahility as a candidate pending important developments in the White House, in Congress, and in the country at large.

SHIPPING OUR FRUITS.

(From the Sacramento Union.)

California's fruit growers, particularly growers of grapes, have reason to congratulate themselves that they do not have added to their other troubles the usual annual bugahoo—lack of cars in which to move their product to market.

Reports from the railroads indicate that, while almost twice as many refrigerator cars laden with California fruits have been moved to Eastern markets to date as in the same period last year, an ample supply of refrigerators is available to shippers.

Probahly no one will ever know the amount of grapes left unpicked in California vineyards last year because of lack of cars. While the situation was aggravated by the shopmen's strike, which delayed traffic and otherwise hindered car loadings, car shortages during the height of the fruit-shipping season have not been unusual, especially since the beginning of the war. In the controversy hetween the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific over control of the Central Pacific last fall, the car situation was most frequently advanced as an argument for giving the Union Pacific control of the Central Pacific on the ground that competition would help relieve the annual shortage.

The satisfactory conditions now prevailing indicate that the railroads are rapidly recovering from the disorganization occasioned hy the war. The systems serving this section also have been adding to their equipment for handling the growing shipments of perishables, and apparently have a keen appreciation of the vital necessity of this service.

Adequate transportation for the products of our fruit industry is a major factor in our prosperity. Reports that it will continue to be adequate during the remainder of this season make good news, not only for fruit growers, hut for everybody else.

THE ALL-FOURS MARATHON.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

While it is always dangerous to generalize, philosophers have ever felt fairly secure in declaring that defeat comes from within. Dr. Judson T. House, a Nebraska pedagogue, can find no stouter ally than this truism when he undertakes to crawl one hundred miles—which is, it may be imagined, rather more difficult than going to a shrine with peas in one's shoes. The doctor is consecrated to the service of truth, which is not a fault in a schoolmaster, and he has very practical reasons for attempting this sustained test of odd locomotion.

Long ago, so the traditions of Nebraska run, there dwelt on the plains of the West a trapper of the name of Hugh Glass. He led the casually perilous life of a plainsman, and at length came to grips with a grizzly bear. Against tbe infuriated beast his prowess availed him little and he was severely wounded. For three days he was unconscious where he fell, after the bear had wearied of mauling him, but with the return of reason he set stubbornly forth to return to civilization and assistance. Mangled and tattered, his only permissible gait was that of crawling, and he crawled one hundred miles, where he encountered the frontier outposts and was nursed back to life. Dr. House, professor of English at a Nebraska normal school, had utilized an epic poem of this adventure as material for the course. It was, one is inclined to believe, met with smiles by the cynical, for Dr. House announces his intention—after requisite training—to attempt a duplication of the feat, sans the preliminary grizzly bear.

Can any man, handicapped by a hobhled leg, crawl tbe century distance? Even the failure of Dr. House, should he fail, would not serve to settle the question negatively. For, oddly enough, the limitations of human endurance are not entirely physical. It is the spirit that commonly falters and fails first of all, and that refuses to energize the weary flesh. Given the will to endure, men will linger long in the embrace of death himself, defy his utmost power, and sometimes force him to defeat. It seems not so improbable that the old trapper crawled one hundred miles.

Cooper's heroes, at the torture stake, were determined to restrain an outcry, to suffer untold agonies mutely and with primal courage. They were, of course, heroes of fiction, but the fortitude that they displayed has its occasional parallel in historical fact. The very matter-of-fact scientific heroes of the Greely Arctic expedition, to Grinnell Land, spent the winter of 1883 at Cape Sabine—striving against death from cold and starvation in that desolate isolation. When rescued by Commander Schley, of Santiago fame, all but seven had succumbed. The remarkable and inspiring fact is that they had not failed on any day, those tottering scarecrows that survived, to keep up the scientific observations for which they had entered the Arctic and to make due record thereof. They would, it may be imagined, have crawled one hundred miles if need arose.

There is superficially an element of the absurd in this determination of Dr. House, very seriously concerned regarding the truth or falsity of a legend, to crawl one hundred miles. To those whose humor is tickled by the vow, it may he suggested that one way to dispel all illusions of absurdity is to attempt it for tbemselves. Dr. House is a serious-minded schoolmaster, a man of courage and conscience, and if he chooses to crawl one hundred miles to test his own endurance and his faith in an ancient trapper that would seem to be his own affair. Most of us dodge our issues, but Dr. House has confronted his. His essentially sane attempt to vindicate a Nebraska tradition is, however considered, a welcome variant to the whimsies of the day—endurance dancing, for example.

OLD FAVORITES.

King Solomon and the Ants.

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them,

Comely, but black withal,
To whom, perchance, belongs
That wondrous Song of songs,
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn
In fond, ecstatic dream,
And through its earth-born theme
The love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us into the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheha's eyes
As he told her what they said.

"O king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

"Nay," Solomen replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill people's mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jeweled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must he the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Yussouf.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the how of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely thou shalt partake of all my store
As I of his who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart hefore the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I can not leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

—*James Russell Lowell.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

High French circles of society are alarmed lest they lose their leader, the Duc de Montpensier, whose odd fate it will be to be banished from La Belle France upon the death of his brother, the Duc d'Orléans. It will be remembered that though France is a republic the Duc d'Orléans is, if only in the estimate of his aristocratic friends, Philippe the Eighth, King of France. That scion of royalty is seriously ill at Inverness Lodge, near London, and if he dies his younger brother, Montpensier, will succeed and automatically will be banished from France under the republican law of 1888, by which the kings of France are forever banished from French soil. News from England is that Philippe's malady is incurable and that his days are numbered, but it is predicted that any attempt of the Poincaré government to force the popular heir, De Montpensier, into exile will cause a storm of protest in republican France. The royalists are rallying about Daudet, the royalist leader of the press, and the situation promises interest. De Montpensier, who is extremely popular with all parties, is a democratic gentleman of quiet though fashionable tastes who lives in the beautiful Château of Randon, near Vichy. He is particularly interested in colonial expansion, though he has never attempted to mix in politics or press either his or his brother's claims. The theoretical queen of France is the young Spanish Marquise de Valdeterrazo, whom De Montpensier married three years ago, but who is not of royal blood. The situation will probably result in a royalist dilemma in the coming French elections next year.

Chancellor Seipel, a Catholic priest, is the man of the hour in Austria today. It is just a year since he toured the capitals of Europe, backed by a Jewish financier, to argue the case of Austria, which he represented in Prague, Rome, Berlin and Paris as approaching its imminent end. His plea was that a dead Austria would be an infection for all Europe. His self-appointed embassy aroused the other European nations to some comprehension of Austria's danger and significance and made it clear that an independent and neutral Austria was essential to European welfare. His tour had the immediate effect of breaking Italy's opposition to an international loan to Austria. Chancellor Seipel has been described as a cross between St. Francis and Machiavelli. The truth seems to be that he is both very much a priest and an exceedingly successful politician. Yet his practical experience before entering politics was in serving a parish, teaching in a girls' school, and lecturing on theology. It will be recalled that the peace treaty of St. Germaine left Austria only 27 per cent. of its population and 22 per cent. of its territory—reduced it, in short, to the status of a city state. That was four years ago, yet today, in spite of its death verdict, it is more prosperous than most of its neighbors. Austria is being called the Phœnix of Europe, and Chancellor Seipel is getting credit for her phenomenal rise.

George Busby Christian, Jr., secretary to the late President Harding, whose resignation has been accepted by President Coolidge, will nevertheless remain until the new régime is thoroughly established. Mr. Christian has been Mr. Harding's secretary since 1915, when the latter was first sent to the United States Senate to represent Ohio. Previous to that Mr. Christian, who was educated to be a civil engineer, had been general manager of the White Sulphur Stone Company of Marion. Christian was born near Marion, Ohio, in 1873, and was educated at the Pennsylvania Military College at Chester.

Sir Edward Grigg, M. P., former secretary to Lloyd George, is in America and has lectured before the Institute of Politics at Williams College.

Mlle. Eva Curie, daughter of the discoverers of radium, is a professional musician. She is coming to this country shortly to give a series of piano recitals.

Princess Nagako Kuni, the future Empress of Japan, is an extreme Occidentalophile. She invariably wears European clothes and her adoption of Western ways is regarded hopefully by diplomatic circles, who think her Occidental tastes will work to the advantage of Japan.

Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, acknowledged head of the modern school of painting, died in Madrid, August 10th, after a long illness. Born in Valencia in 1863 and receiving his art education in Spain, Italy, and Paris, Sorolla early became known as a great colorist and interpreter of national life. He was eventually acknowledged as the greatest successor of Velasquez and Goya. Sorolla's exhibits at the Paris Exposition of 1900 won him membership in the Legion of Honor, and six years later his special exhibit in Paris made him an officer of the Legion. His paintings have permanent positions in the national galleries of Madrid, Venice, and Berlin, as well as in many other public and private collections. He became known in America as a result of his series of paintings, done in his last active years, for the Hispanic Society of America. It consists of a group of portraits of Spanish authors and a panorama of the forty-nine provinces of Spain. These paintings were brought to this country last year by the artist's son, who had them placed in the society's galleries in New York.

PSYCHE DISSECTED.

Gina Lombroso Trepans the Feminine Skull, thus Letting Light on a Dark and Complex Subject.

Granted that man's estimate of man is of casual interest to woman, of what vital importance to man is woman's analysis of her fellow-woman; granted again that the lady analyst in question is writing scientifically and not in malice prepense—that she is, in short, able to deal with her subject? Gina Lombroso, daughter of one of the most famous of criminologists and wife of one of the most scientific of historians—Guglielmo Ferrero—should be able, if either heredity of environment count for anything, to lay bare the soul of woman, provided—there are so many provisos involved—that the species has one. Dr. Lombroso has at least essayed the problematic task, and the translator has boldly called the result "The Soul of Woman." It remains for the reader of either sex to decide whether he agrees with so much high authority.

We have always wondered at the discrepancy between the masculine and feminine brands of love, their discordant longevity and intensity. Dr. Lombroso has a very neat theory to cover the ground, which if it is not all-inclusive, is at least ingenious. In short, it is that woman, whose every act is based on instinct, according to our author and to most of us, bases her love on reason—just like the inconsistent darling—whereas man founds his on impulse and fascination. According to Dr. Lombroso:

> For her, love is the attraction she feels for some one whom she esteems above herself, with whom and for whom she may exercise her activity and her altruism. For her, love gives the opportunity to care for and minister to him who has chosen her. Consequently her ardor will be in close relation to the esteem and admiration that she has for the man she loves, for this esteem will render the choice of which she has been the object all the more flattering.
>
> A woman can not love a person whom she does not esteem. If, by chance, she becomes enamored of a despicable man, it is because she does not believe him to be such and that she believes him to he calumniated or the victim of men, of law, or of a bad education. At most, she thinks he is an unfortunate one whom it is her mission to raise. When she is convinced that he is contemptible, she ceases to love him.
>
> The sentiment of esteem prevails to such a degree in the conception a woman has of love that she is easily enamored of any noted man, of heroes, celebrities, those of superior rank or office, nobles, ambassadors, etc.
>
> It is just the contrary with men. How many men love, even to the length of committing suicide or murder, the woman whom they despise and consider unworthy! And it is because in woman love is so closely allied to admiration and esteem that she loves tenaciously, because esteem and admiration are sentiments supported by reason and consequently are eternal, or at least are more constant than the sensual, æsthetic sentiments of man, who is a prey to the caprice of his senses.

We think she hits nearer the bull's-eye in this inside information of why fashions exist, rather than why women follow the fashions. It accords with the well-known law that demand creates supply:

> When something is the fashion, in manners, clothes, morals, literature, woman does not reason, especially if those who are dear to her have adopted this fashion. Always an extremist, she is apt to follow her leaders blindly, often to the detriment of her own interest and that of people dependent on her, and she always believes, of course, that she is following her own inclination, not fashion. Woman, who in spite of all that may be said is chaste, monogamous, maternal and sentimental, becomes cynical, corrupted, and unmaternal if fashion demands it, as in the days of the old régime, before the great French Revolution. That this cynicism was only a matter of fashion is shown by the fact that when the frivolous creatures of Louis XVI's court, who had spent their days stealing lovers from one another and intriguing against one another, had to emigrate, they shed their vices, which would have given them an easy means of livelihood, and started to work and became splendid examples of self-sacrifice and devotion.
>
> The mania for following the fashion sometimes creates a peculiar state of mind in woman, as, for instance, when it makes her say that she is bored when she is doing something that amuses her, and on the contrary say that she is amused when she is really bored, all according to whether the things she is doing are fashionable or not. Now that feminism is in fashion women pretend to be extremely interested in discussing art, literature, politics, matters which bore most of them exceedingly. In the same way women of leisure imagine themselves intensely bored if they have to do something with their hands, or do their own housework, or take care of their own children, when as a matter of fact these things really interest them.

It is necessary sometimes in this chemical analysis of the problematic soul of woman to take a few stains, as it were, of that of man for comparative purposes. The following contrast explains the vicious circle of reciprocity on which the world has turned since the first prehistoric woman gracefully submitted to be stunned by a stone axe preparatory to the proper frame of mind for a prehistoric honeymoon:

> A man dislikes to render favors as much as he feels humiliated in receiving them. He does not like to make a sacrifice for another person or to show gratitude for any received. He does not like to admit his indebtedness to others. Especially does he dislike to crystallize his indebtedness into something tangible that will remain as a daily reminder. He does not like to give or receive presents. To simplify the exchange of favors which, after all, he, too, must meet with in his life, he has on the one hand organized cliques, societies, brotherhoods, where each favor given corresponds to one received, and has on the other hand organized the tipping system, whereby money pays for favors that can not be rendered in kind. Tips are a brutal parody on woman's gifts inspired by gratitude, just as man's association in clubs and unions is different from woman's friendship, which is disinterested. Men pay in cash for a favor received, while the man who receives a tip can calculate whether the recompense was worth the trouble of doing the favor.
>
> Woman views giving and receiving differently. She likes to express her gratitude and does not feel humiliated, but flattered, in thanking some one for favors received. And as she enjoys meeting with gratitude, she believes that man appreciates hers. That is why she often elaborates her thanks, her relief, dwells on it, and often tries to express it in a concrete object, that is to say, in a present.

With true femininity our author does not always express herself consistently—as witness the discordant gist of the next two excerpts quoted. The first states that woman is always sure of herself—we agree, she is usually sure of herself and of everything else—the second that woman is never so sure of herself as man. Here is the first half of our unchivalrous contrast:

> Woman has faith in herself, in her aspirations, in her opinions (which she likes to impose on others); she is sure of her qualities, her defects (which she looks upon as qualities); she is convinced that everything she does is well done, that her advice is always excellent (as, in fact, it usually is). Woman so feels, as a rule, because her unreasoned altruism enables her to perceive clearly the passion and interest of others and consequently the opportunity presented by the action they are about to take.
>
> Woman possesses a spontaneity, a rapidity of decision that one hardly knows whether to admire or to fear. She goes unhesitatingly from thought to action, even in regard to things of the greatest import to her.

Thus having plainly stated that woman's faith in herself is of the kind that passes understanding, our learned doctor explains elsewhere that because her sex's actions are based on intuition, woman is never able to make a quick decision. We hate to be merciless, but we should like to know which of the two conflicting statements is to be accepted for mere masculine dependence. Incidentally the following excerpt has the great virtue of being a defense of egotism:

> Egotism is the backbone of life. The fortunate beings who are born with it have a fixed point within themselves according to which they can regulate their actions to their own best advantage.
>
> Egotism is the light that brightens one's way. The person who is endowed with selfishness needs no one to guide him in order to get on. Consciously or unconsciously, without assistance, he attains the object he strives for. He knows where he is going and he can go his way alone. But it is very different with the altruist, the alterocentrist, who needs a guide, who wants some one to love and to be loved by. The altruist is like the ivy that strives to cover the bare wall, but dies if it finds nothing to cling to.
>
> Woman lacks the backbone which egotism gives man. For this reason she needs man, she needs a fixed point that remains immovable, imbued with its own tenacious purpose. She needs a force to concentrate her ardor and direct it.
>
> It is said that woman's desire to find some one to lean on is due to lack of intelligence or training on her part. No. Lack of training or intelligence has nothing whatever to do with it. On the contrary, her desire for some one to rely on increases rather than decreases with her intelligence, since the multiplication of ideas drags her into a vortex of sensations which she does not know the reason of and from which she is not able to derive any advantage. As woman's intelligence is not based on reason, but on intuition, it does not help her to make a decision. For intuition suddenly confronts her with a result without explaining the stages necessary to reach this result by way of logic. Consequently woman never feels so sure of herself as does man, whose conclusions are based on reason. And the more intelligent a woman is, the more she needs the support of an intelligence different from hers which will complement hers and help her make the best use of her intuition. Otherwise, like hothouse flowers that lack stamina and pistils and are doomed to die when their petals fall, the products of her intelligence will be buried where they were born without even producing the modest fruits which even the humblest wildflowers bear.
>
> Only virile women do not feel the need of another intelligence than theirs. The woman who, through social necessity or habit or special ability, has acquired man's egotistic light can stand alone. But in so-called "feminine" women this light is practically non-existent.

However, perhaps our feminine psychiatrist should be exonerated. Even a man might be driven to inconsistency in dealing with the cantankerous subject.

Incidentally, according to Dr. Lombroso, the distinction between masculine and feminine souls is that the former is ego-centric, the latter altero-centric. This divides the sheep from the goats and is the working hypothesis on which she builds theory after theory. We tremble to think what would happen to the soul of woman if some other clever alienist would proceed to puncture her axiom and prove that women are egoists and men altruists. To forestall single instances wrecking her theory our author admits there are exceptions to the best of rules, but normality would will it otherwise.

Departing from the thorny problems of theory and reporting on everyday fact, Dr. Lombroso hits off the female of the species to the life:

> It frequently happens that a woman advises you to do certain things in the way she did or does them, and in the very same breath expresses regret at having done them. In other words she contradicts herself by proving that the advice she calls excellent is in reality worthless. Very often, for instance, a woman praises her own educational methods, and, if she can, even obliges you to adopt them, while confessing that her own children never could be made to obey and do as she wished them to do. Or she claims that her selection of foods is the only judicious one for children while deploring the sickness or death of one of her own.
>
> Women's inordinate self-confidence is, I believe, the cause of women's lack of confidence in each other, as it is the reason for their failure to respect each other.
>
> Why is it so hard for a woman to be well served? Why does she have more difficulty than man in keeping employees, even within her small domestic circle? Because she feels that no one does the work as well as she does it herself, or in the way she wants it done. Yet she would not be happier if any one were to prove the contrary to her, because her excessive self-confidence leads her to believe that even merits and qualities which she herself does not have are defects, just as she regards as erroneous every belief and conviction that is not her own.
>
> By exerting her will-power woman is able to admit that women who are more or less like herself are her superiors or equals. But she looks inexorably down on all others. The woman who knows how to cook scorns the one who does not, the economical woman frowns on the extravagant one, the practical woman depreciates the intellectual one, while all women invariably look down on women who are different and *therefore* believed by them to be inferior. A woman may love her daughter above everything else, believe that she is better than any one else in the world, except herself. Yet no one can convince her that her daughter could manage the house as well as she or make the sacrifices she has made. In other words, although she thinks her daughter is superior to every one else, she never believes she could be her own equal or superior.

Another instance that goes to show what an accurate reporter this feminine savant would have made is the following. Feminists should use this paragraph in defense of women politicians:

> Woman wants all women she comes in contact with to look upon her as a model. You will often hear a woman speak of having changed another woman's character as if it were a personal triumph. She is proud of having taught a silent one to talk, a talkative one to be silent; in other words she is proud of having imposed her own way of looking at things. At bottom there is something of the preacher dormant in all women.
>
> It often happens that a woman who would gladly throw herself into the flames to save her daughter's life makes her daughter perfectly miserable and hinders her mental and moral development simply because she persists in imposing her own ideas and tastes.

Dr. Lombroso has unearthed a symptom which she considers peculiar to the sex—we think it merely human. All children have it and they lose it only slowly and painfully by the buffetings of the world. It is the itch to be first. Women, who talk so much more than the stronger, silenter sex, naturally give themselves away to a greater extent. According to our author, it is a womanly trait because men, who are not authorities on superiority, are yet admirers of it in woman. Rather tortuous logic:

> The reciprocal aspersion with which women gratify each other in order to be the first, even when admiration and fondness really exist and even when women are ready to help each other, is not, from a purely selfish point of view, indefensible. Men, who are not intuitive, are easily led to believe in the superiority of the woman who says she is superior, and who expresses her disdain or scorn of others. Slander, bragging, lying is much more frequent among women when they are in the company of men than when they are alone. Feminine conversation is not absolutely devoid of these faults, even when discussion falls on women not known personally to the talkers, as in the case of heroines of adventures or of lawsuits. Women do not even like to read about perfect heroines in books. They seem to think that such fictitious characters may deprive them of a little of their superiority in the eyes of others. Women are the greatest admirers of the worst types of women in books, and the most implacable enemies of a heroine in the public eye who has gained a slight though bitter celebrity.

Like any other woman—a doctor's degree does not seem to alter *that* indubitably feminine trait—our author blames woman's cheapness on man. Due to man's native gullibility on the moot point of firstness or superiority, the inferior woman arrogates superiority. Thus man, who really desires the superior woman, is meretriciously led by her publicity-loving inferior sister, who advertises the merits she has not, while the real merits of another go unheralded and therefore unknown to man. A sad, moving state of affairs:

> Man's blindness to woman's real merit is one of the things that prevent intelligent and good women from having as much influence on men as vulgar and coarse women. It is one of the reasons why the woman whose self-control is as great as her intelligence, the precious pearl whom God gives as reward to men who are worthy of her, remains practically undiscoverable, or rather unseen by men. This is because they do not exert the perverse power of fascination of the common woman who displays her charms to one and all, who paints her character as she paints her face. And this low type of woman brings all women into disrepute, more or less, for such a woman embodies the faults which men usually call feminine. The lower a woman is, the more domineering, intriguing, vain and lying her character is. It is a great pity that things are like this.
>
> Women are better morally, less affected and more sincere, when they are alone with one another than when they are among men. This proves that man's poor taste is the cause of woman's artificial degradation.

Another of Dr. Lombroso's hidebound categories is that sentimentalism is a feminine monopoly. It may be so among Latins—we doubt the truth of the axiom among the colder northern races, except possibly the Teutons. Among Anglo-Saxons sentimentalizing is usually more active concerning the first person singular, of either sex, than in any other capacity. But let our author state her views:

> Is sentimentalism a good or a bad thing for woman? Should it be cultivated as a virtue or eradicated like a defect? When sentimentalism does not turn into hypocritical affectation it is a feeling that springs from real sentiment and consequently, even if it makes the individual suffer, it is beneficial to society at large. If sentimentalism frequently leads woman astray she is, at least, the only sufferer.
>
> Sentimentalism, moreover, is a quality that attracts man to woman. Man, who has very few sentiments or emotions, is attracted to the person who sees him nobler and greater than he is, who believes him to have a lot of fine feelings that he does not possess, and whose sentimental hunger can be satisfied with such delusive food.

We have politely refrained to the last from referring to the delicate subject of masculine and feminine mentality, though our lady savant boldly plunges into it in the beginning of things. She frankly admits that women, whatever their brain capacity, have not the intellectual interests of men, for the inevitable reason that the cultivation of the intellect is an egotistic thing that can have little and but remote reaction on the altruistic purposes of woman's being.

And so at last we have the number of the weaker, stronger, better, inferior, more altruistic, more egotistic, more deadly of the species, in short, the fascinating frail, fierce female herself. And we know about as much as we did before.

THE SOUL OF WOMAN. By Gina Lombroso. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 18, 1923, were $165,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $147,700,000; an increase of $17,600,000.

Investment confidence still is lacking. The public is afraid of something: it does not know exactly what. It has a vague idea that dollar wheat will ruin the country, that political radicalism will run rampant in the next Congress, that Europe is "going to the dogs," and that nothing ever will be right again, says *Commerce and Finance*. It forgets that we had dollar wheat only last year, that Magnus Johnson is not the first so-called radical to be elected to the United States Senate, and that the European "situation" has been with us ever since the peace treaty was signed without destroying American prosperity.

Pessimism is being overdone. The country is not going to be ruined merely because commodity prices are in process of orderly readjustment. Securities of proved value are not going to become worthless. Fundamental conditions are favorable to better values for seasoned bonds. Eventually the investing public will realize that the present is not the time to sacrifice good bonds, but to buy them.

Within the last week institutional absorption of gilt-edged railroad securities was reported by houses which act for savings banks and insurance companies. Prices of such issues were notably firm in a market which experienced further dribbling liquidation of second-grade railroad and industrial issues that plainly was the reflex of a weak market for stocks.

The buying by institutions was significant of a belief that the trend of the money market is downward and that sound investments should be bought on the basis of current yields.

The most interesting development of the week was the flotation of a new Swiss loan in this country. A syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan & Co. brought out and sold in a few hours $20,000,000 5 per cent. three-year notes of the government of Switzerland on a basis to yield 6 per cent. The success of the issue was hardly to be interpreted as a test of investment demand. It was a short-term offering of an unusually attractive nature. Nevertheless it was one of the most important pieces of new financing in some time and the first foreign loan offered here since the international loan of $25,000,000 for Austria, guaranteed by the European powers, was sold in June.

The significance of the Swiss loan was international rather than local. Some time ago fears were expressed in investment banking circles that New York would no longer be able to compete with London for European financing. The success of the new Swiss loan disproves that contention. It shows that the American banker still can bold his own in the international investment market. The fact that the Swiss loan came here was due partly to the recent decision of the Bank of England to raise its discount rate, and partly to the recent decline in sterling exchange, which offsets whatever advantage London may still be able to offer by reason of its slightly cheaper money market. Incidentally it may be assumed, although no official statement of the purposes of the loan was made, that the proceeds will be used to create dollar credits here for purchase of our wheat and other commodities which Switzerland may require.

Swiss bonds are a good investment risk. The national wealth of Switzerland is estimated to total between $6,000,000,000 and $8,000,000. Its per capital wealth is said to be equal to that of any other country in Europe. The amount of Swiss capital invested abroad prior to the war was estimated at $1,250,000,000. Additional investments were made during the war. The City of Zurich 8 per cent. twenty-five-year gold bonds brought out here in October, 1920, are selling at a premium of 11 per cent. The $25,000,000 Swiss government sinking fund 8 per cent. bonds brought out in July, 1920, command a premium of more than fifteen points. Many bankers thought at the time those previous Swiss issues were offered here that the coupon rates were too high. The Swiss government 8s went to a premium immediately after they were offered and have commanded one ever since.

The new Swiss offering was mainly responsible for the largest total of new financing done here since the week of July 6th. In all $36,309,500 new bonds were offered, of which $7,192,000 were public utility bonds, $6,517,500 were state and municipal bonds, $2,000,000 were Philippine government bonds and $600,000 were industrials.

It has been observed that the volume of new state and municipal emissions has been declining steadily for some time. It was much smaller in July than it was in June and the decrease compared with July, 1922, was even more noticeable. The total in July of this year, according to compilations made by the *Daily Bond Buyer*, was only $54,211,421. In June the aggregate was $100,000,000 larger, while in July, 1922, it reached $120,008,165. Two years ago $108,925,459 state and municipal bonds were sold or nearly double the output last July.

The figures suggest the conclusion that the much-discussed and disturbing flood of tax-exempt securities has passed its peak. On the other hand it also is a fact that $664,655,887 state and municipal issues were distributed during the first seven months of the year, an amount only surpassed during the corresponding period of last year, when the total was $854,411,441.

Industrial corporations continue to call bonds of high interest yield which were put out during the period of dear money and which can be refunded at more reasonable terms or be paid off in their entirety. However, the volume of securities thus retired is decreasing. Only $36,638,500 bonds of all classes have been called for payment this month against $124,025,200 in July and $96,725,800 in August of last year. The largest issue thus called was $25,000,000 7 per cent. bonds of the Standard Oil Company of California, due in 1931, and called for retirement at 104. Those bonds were refunded into a 5 per cent. serial note issue maturing from 1923 to 1933, at a saving of 2 per cent. a year less the premium paid for the called bonds.

The National City Company is offering $20,000,000 Kingdom of Norway twenty-year 6 per cent. sinking fund external loan gold bonds, due August 15, 1943. The price is 96½ and interest, to yield over 6.30 per cent. These bonds are the direct obligations of the Kingdom of Norway, which agrees that if, in the future, it shall sell, offer for public subscription, or in any manner dispose of any bonds or loan secured by lien on any revenue or asset of the kingdom, the service of this loan shall be secured equally and ratably with such bonds or loan.

The excellent record of the Norwegian people in meeting their obligations promptly justifies the high credit standing of the nation. It is officially stated that no default of principal or interest bas ever taken place on a Norwegian national government loan. From 1886, the date of the earliest external loan now outstanding, to the outbreak of the war, the net cost to the government of its long-term loans ranged between the low rates of 3.10 per cent. and 4.11 per cent. During the eight years immediately preceding the war the average annual yield of the four loans listed in London was 3.77 per cent., and of the three loans listed in Paris 3.66 per cent. The five loans now listed on the London stock exchange were quoted August 2, 1923, to return an average yield of 5.91 per cent. The average yield of eleven Norwegian government loans quoted in Christiania July 28, 1923, was 4.99 per cent.

The total debt of Norway, June 30, 1923, was $379,821,000. Against this debt the state owns properties, mostly revenue producing, valued at $335,000,000. The principal items of these properties are 1870 miles of railways, out of 2041 miles operated within Norway, telephone and telegraph lines, mines and water-power stations. The capital investment in the government railroad June 30, 1922, was $129,566,000. The proceeds of tbe present loan will be used to fund short-term indebtedness.

The wealth of Norway was estimated in 1920 at $3,350,000,000. The principal industries are shipping, lumbering, fishing, electrochemical, wood pulp and paper manufacturing, and hydro-electric power production.

Monday, August 20th, marked the passing of the American National Bank from national association to operation under California state charter as the American Bank. The same directors and administrative officers continue in control, and there was no interruption whatever in the customary routine of the bank. The change was made without ceremony or other formality.

The American National Bank began business on September 17, 1902, and so lacked less than a month of reaching its "majority." Its national charter had been renewed for ninety-nine years. However, its directors reached the conclusion that the bank would possess a broader usefulness under state charter. Following the approaching merger with it of the Security Bank and Trust Company it will have six major departments: commercial, savings, trust, foreign exchange, safe deposit and securities, functioning in the last-named activity through a separate corporation, the American Securities Company, successor to the American National Company.

The bank had its origin in December, 1887, when the American Bank and Trust Company was founded at the northeast corner of Montgomery and Commercial Streets. Fifteen years later it was reorganized as a national bank, following the purchase of control by P. E. Bowles and associates, its banking room being in the Mills Building at Montgomery and Bush Streets. Later it moved to Merchants Exchange Building and occupied the quarters cornering at Leidesdorff for many years until the erection of its imposing ten-story building in 1917. Its frontages have since been increased on both Montgomery and California Streets, one or the other of which its several offices have always faced. Thus the bank bas ever been identified with thoroughfares in which the financial history of San Francisco has largely been made.

Directors of the bank are: P. E. Bowles, chairman; C. H. Crocker, George U. Hind, O. D. Jacoby, John A. McGregor, Louis F. Monteagle, George N. O'Brien, F. A. Somers and William Thomas. In addition to Chairman Bowles, the officers are George N. O'Brien, president; Russell Lowry, Irving H. Sanborn, H. R. Gaither, C. H. Crocker, vice-presidents; George M. Bowles, cashier; M. C. Gibson, assistant vice-president; L. E. Alt, H. A. Estabrook, J. M. Knudsen, assistant cashiers; A. E. Simons, manager exchange department.

That the propoganda being disseminated by the commercial travelers, some of the hotel associations, and other bodies for a discontinuance of the Pullman surcharge is a direct blow, not only at the railroads, but would be a serious obstruction in the way of the present healthy flow of tourist, homeseeker, and other travel to California and the Coast is brought before the public in a statement issued by James L. Coleman, general attorney for the Santa Fé Railroad and chairman of counsel for the Western railroads.

Coleman states in the first place it should be emphatically declared that the transcontinental railroads, contrary to misleading statements given out, do not favor the removal of the surcharge, which was put on by the Fed-

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eral government during its control of the lines. On the other hand the railroads declare that if the surcharge be removed and the burden is thrown on the coach passenger, while the Pullman passenger with additional comforts and twice the room, is charged on a basis of the coach occupant, the freight shipper and the farmer will have to pay for the passenger enjoying the comforts of the Pullman, which he says would be manifestly unjust and unfair.

In outlining the position of the railroads in this matter, in which the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific joins in the West with the Santa Fé in combatting impending disaster facing California and the Pacific Coast territory, Attorney Coleman covers the following main facts, which declaration more particularly is directed as an answer to an editorial appearing in the Los Angeles *Express* in its issue of July 18th:

First—The record in the case before the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the surcharge has had no discouraging effect on travel, but on the contrary that Pullman travel from the years 1920 to 1922, inclusive, has steadily increased its ratio over coach travel, which has no surcharge. Figures for 1923, of course, are not yet available, but as there is a shortage of Pullman cars it is beyond question that Pullman travel is still increasing.

"Second—The surcharge was put on during Federal control, not to prevent travel, but to require the passenger traffic to yield its proper amount of revenue necessary to the Railroad Administration and now more necessary to the railroad corporations. In Ex Parte 74 the Interstate Commerce Commission, after full hearing, reinstated the surcharge for the same purpose, *i. e.*, to require passenger traffic to avoid a deficit in operation. On a second review of the subject by the Interstate Commerce Commission in Reduced Rates 1922 the commission refused to remove the surcharge and made a finding that the surcharge did not decrease Pullman traffic. At the hearing in Portland, Maine, on July 31st, Mr. Shay or Shea, representing hotel associations, testified that at the present time there are so many tourists in Los Angeles that the hotels can not accommodate same. There is no evidence put in by any one in this case to show that the surcharge decreases traffic, but on the contrary, the opposite is clearly shown. The total surcharge revenue to lines in the Western District is approximately thirteen million dollars for 1922.

"Third—Inference in the editorial that the surcharge is not necessary to the railroads is untrue. The Western District for the year 1922 earned out of passenger operations only .86 of 1 per cent., including revenue from surcharge. If the surcharge were removed the Western railroads would barely make operating expenses on passenger traffic.

"Fourth—Evidence before the commission based on the actual movement of all passenger travel in 1922 shows the average occupancy of Pullman car eleven and a half passengers, while average occupancy of coach is fourteen and a half passengers. Weight of Pullman car is about 150,000 pounds, while weight of coach is only 100,000 pounds, so that the railroad is obliged to haul about 13,000 pounds per Pullman passenger as against about 7000 pounds per coach passenger, and surcharge is less than 10 per cent. of railroad fare. If surcharge is removed the effect will be to charge Pullman passenger only the same as coach passenger for railroad fare, and thus throw the burden on coach passenger or freight shipper and farmer of paying for the comfort of the Pullman passenger, which is unfair and un-American.

"Fifth—The propaganda disseminated by commercial travelers and hotel men already threatens menace to the Pacific Coast cities, since as a result of same the commissioner hearing the case has required railroads to justify the practice of making low excursion fares to and from Pacific Coast cities, which fares are about 45 per cent. less than the regular rates. As the prosperity of the Pacific Coast has been largely built up during past years and continued by action of transcontinental railroads in making favorable passenger rates, particularly in summer months, when travel falls below normal, it will be disastrous to Pacific Coast interests if this investigation leads to an order by the commission forbidding the railroads to make such rates.

"Sixth—The surcharge from Chicago to California is $8. If this effected any restriction in tourist travel the California Hotel Association should consider lowering its hotel rates in summer and eliminating cover charge. As the average tourist spends thirty days on the Coast, reduction in hotel rates of 25 cents a day would offset surcharge.

"Seventh—The hotel people, as well as the Pacific Coast, are deeply indebted to the railroads for the upbuilding of their industry, not only by reduced excursion fares, but by expenditure of large sums of money advertising the Pacific Coast throughout the United States. If historic gratitude has no place in the hotel business, the fair-minded interests of the Pacific Coast should restrain the selfishness and folly of the hotel man.

"In view of the above, I repeat the assertion that the public and press are being imposed upon to a degree disastrous to the best interests of the Pacific Coast, and unless the question is considered fairly and comprehensively the situation may soon become beyond remedy. The interests of the Pacific Coast and the railroads serving that territory are one, and they are dependent upon each other for prosperity. If selfish propaganda has the effect of taking from the railroads what is necessary for their existence, the reaction will be speedy and a candid observer would be compelled to say that the Pacific Coast, like an ostrich with its head in the sand, has kicked the life out of the goose that laid the golden egg."

The outlook for business has changed in no pronounced way in the last month. The stock market was firmer in the middle of the month, but lost its gains later. Its technical position is stronger by reason of the liquidation that has occurred over recent months, the volume of loans being much reduced, says the National City Bank of New York.

The average closing price of the New York *Times* list of fifty representative stocks was 78.45, on July 28th, which compares with a high during the month of 82.17 on the 23d, and with a high for the year of 92.52 on March 6th. For 1922, the high on these stocks was 93.06 on October 18th, and the low, 66.21 on January 10th; for 1921, the bigh was 73.13 on May 6th and the low was 58.35 on June 21st. The average closing price of the *Times* list of forty domestic bonds on July 28th was 76.49, which compares with a high for the month of 77.05 on the 23d and a low of 75.95 on the 5th. The high for these bonds in 1923 was 79.43, on January 3d, and the high in 1922 was 82.54 on August 22d.

The total loans and investments of member banks are just about as they were a month ago, slightly below the figures of three months ago, and 13½ per cent. above the low point of 1922. Earning assets of the twelve reserve banks on July 25th were $1,033,697,000, against $1,076,927,000 in the corresponding week of last year. Bank clearings in 116 cities, not including New York, in the first half of 1923 were 22.7 per cent. greater than in the corresponding period of 1922 and in the same cities for the month of June were 14.1 per cent. over June, 1922. For the week ending July 12th the increase was 13.2 per cent. over last year. New York omitted on account of the fluctuations in stock exchange transactions.

Retail business continues good over the country generally. Sales of department stores in this Reserve district in June as reported to the Reserve Bank of New York were 11 per cent. above those of June last year and are reported as running at about the same rate in July. Mail order houses are doing a good business. Orders at wholesale are restricted to immediate needs, which has little significance at this season, but it is evident that there exists little of the apprehension manifested in the spring about ability to get goods or to cover future needs. Nevertheless dealers generally express confidence in a good volume of trade this fall. The policy of restricted buying which became noticeable in April, after a rather spasmodic outhurst in the early spring, has had its effect upon prices all along the line. The average shown by the Bureau of Labor table for June is down 3 per cent. from that of May and about 5 per cent. from April. Of course, in some commodities the reduction is much more. As usual, raw materials have suffered more than finished goods. Pig iron is down about $5 per ton from the top, but the decline in steel is slight. One reason for this has been that order books on the latter have been well filled since the spring boom, but they have been much depleted and prices will depend hereafter on new business. All of the metals are lower. Cotton has lost about 3 cents per pound in passing to the new crop basis, and the cotton goods trade has been very light. Raw silk is lower and silk goods have been quiet. The woolen industry has had a good business in fall lines and is still busy on these orders. The American Woolen Company opened its lines of next spring goods on July 23d, with prices averaging about 11 per cent. over those of the previous spring season. The advances were expected, as resulting from the wool tariff and the wage advances granted in the mills.

Employment is well maintained throughout the industries, but wage increases have about ceased, except for announcements by the railroads from time to time. The roads are under pressure and anxious to deal with their men direct instead of through the railroad labor board. The hearings and arguments of a formal case seem to intensify antagonism and produce a state of feeling between employers and employees which it is desirable to avoid.

The low state of merchandise stocks generally indicates continued industrial activity, and except for the well-known fact that farm products are low in comparison with other commodities, and that the foreign situation is in some aspects more critical, the outlook for trade is very good. These exceptions are not new developments; we have been facing both now for about three years, and the revival of the past year has been despite their influence.

Shippers of perishables along Southern Pacific lines are in a better position regarding supply of refrigerator cars than they have ever been, according to C. J. McDonald, superintendent of perishable freight service for the company. At the present time, he says, Southern Pacific has 13,000 refrigerator cars on its lines west of Ogden and El Paso, compared with 3800 cars last year at this time.

Representatives of the company in the East are working to secure quick unloading of refrigerator cars and speedy return to the West by Eastern lines. Eastern lines are cooperating in this and in getting quick movement of fruit to the Eastern markets.

A total of 16,000 cars of tree fruit have been shipped to date this year as compared with 8800 cars at the same time last year. One reason for this is that the crop is earlier this year in many sections and therefore a larger portion has already been moved, a favorable factor in handling other perishables later in the season.

Although there has been a heavy movement of perishables to the East, Southern Pacific has been bringing back an average 550 refrigerator cars a day from the East since July 1st. This is 75 per cent. more than the daily westward movement last year. Approximately 400 loaded refrigerator cars a day are moving to the East over Southern Pacific lines.

Copper shares appear to have discounted the worst that can happen to the copper export trade from conditions in Europe. Stocks like Anaconda, Utah, and Cerro de Pasco held firm, while Chile Copper advanced, despite the news that the Copper Export Association in Jersey had disposed of all of its holdings and that imports from America had been cut down to a minimum.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Historical Fletcherizing.

Ambition. By Léonie Aminoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

The third volume of the Baroness Aminoff's Torchlight Series has appeared, for the delectation of those who have been following this monumental Napoleonic novel. Thanks to the familiarity of the theme and the author's vitalizing style—she is an ideal historian in her gift for revoking the dead—it is comparatively easy to pick up these volumes at their rather long intervals of appearance and carry on. The series was originally intended for three volumes, and we are not sure but that it was the better plan; it is now designed for twelve. For "Revolution," the first volume, which fell in with the one-third programme, was better than either of its two immediate successors, which are now following the twelve-volume plan.

In order to string out the episodes of Napoleon's first marriage and march into Italy to book proportions the author has had to pad one-tenth of theme with nine-tenths of extraneous chat. DeMorgan, himself, to quote the most notoriously verbose English novelist, never held down so high a percentage of confidential gossip, and in DeMorgan's case the extraneous matter was thrown in gratis—his story was there if one excavated. It is sad but true that in "Ambition" the historical or dramatic element boils down to almost zero and the bulk of the baroness' hundred thousand words—she claims there are that many and we do not doubt it—are in subjective asides, which, charming though they are and immensely illuminating as concerns the Baroness Aminoff's personality, are neither fiction nor yet Napoleonic history.

This is not meant as mordant criticism of our author's ability. "Revolution" proved she could write an historical novel of the first class. "Love," its immediate sequel, though much flimsier, was still very good reconstruction work. She claims that in the present instance of "Ambition" her verbosity has run away with her, but it looks far more like writing to fit the one-hundred-thousand-word requirement of her book. The mistake is in biting off too little. It would have been far better to have stuck to the old plan of a trilogy, or if three were insufficient to have extended the number indefinitely till the tale was told. Even Napoleon's career hardly suffices to make a twelve-volume novel—even Richardson's overworked heroines petered out in three. R. G.

The Lighter Continent.

Cairo to Kisumu. By Frank G. Carpenter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $4.

Travelers' tales always find an interested audience, even though they be twice told or more, for with every traveler's experience we see through fresh eyes and get a different viewpoint.

This account of a journey through Egypt and down the Red Sea to Kenya Colony, the old British East Africa, and then by the Uganda Railway across to Kisumu on Lake Victoria is of more than usual interest. It is not the first and only trip made by the writer to that part of the world, but the second or third visit made at intervals of years, so that he had the unusual opportunity of noting the progress of African development and of comparing impressions received at different periods of time.

The book does not come under the head of literary production, but is more colloquial in style—"familiar talks about countries and peoples," and notes and impressions have been built into a harmonious whole by later editing and revision. The two maps that help the reader to visualize these strange regions and freshen up his forgotten geography are great additions to the book; as are the clear descriptions of the traveler.

The Dark Continent is supposed to be still in the shadows, and it is a surprise to read of the rapid growth in late years of business, building, development, and much that goes to make modern civilization. A hotel near the base of the Pyramids where travelers play lawn tennis and drink afternoon tea, airplane journeys of over five thousand miles from Cairo to the Cape, the wonderful Uganda Railway, and the projected road from Jidda on the Red Sea to Mecca, are among the changes that the writer found on this latest journey. The Wellcome Research Laboratories in the Sudan, founded by an American, and the American-built bridges of the Uganda Railway are both of interest to American readers.

This volume is the fifth of a series of world travels by Mr. Carpenter, who is a Fellow of the R. G. S., and if the others of the series equal this in freshness and interest they will find an appreciative audience.

Child's Psychology.

Quest. By Helen Hull. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The story of the development of a girl from infancy is told with an unusual grasp of the psychology of childhood. An account of never-forgotten pictures impressed on the sensitive negative of a child's mind brings to the reader the tragedy of a little girl's life in sordid surroundings. Her fight is made with the weapons of a fine mind and certain instincts which are hers by right of birth. The close of the book shows her at the beginning of her real life—knowing where she stands and what she wants to do.

"Quest" is not an agreeable book, but it is an intensely interesting one. Miss Hull has a happily original way of expressing herself which, in spite of a theme that is not new, brings to the reader a refreshing sense that these particular paths have not been trod before.

The Main-Street School

Druida. By John T. Frederick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

A book depending less on the story it tells than on the way it is told is in a sense a work of art, provided always certain canons of art be observed in the writing of it.

"Druida" is a story of the Middle West, with its reaches of plain and sky and its transplanted people of Northern Europe, and while it is of the atmosphere of Main Street and belongs to the Main Street country, the telling of it lifts it above everyday fiction. However, even to the lover of realism there is perhaps too much of unlovely detail, scenes too heavily charged with depressing incident.

The seven unusual woodcuts illustrating the book, severe and poster-like in design as they are, and dispensing with background and detail, symbolize the simplicity and restraint with which the author has handled his theme; and whether "Druida" ever reaches the doubtful success of being a best-seller, Professor Frederick has achieved something very near a work of art.

Fruits of Revolution.

The Forcing House. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

All the thinking writers of the day tend toward discussion of war or revolution. In Mr. Zangwill's play, revolution and its effects on character is the theme.

Mr. Zangwill has located the action of his play—which is a sequel to "The Cockpit"—in an imaginary country which the reader has no difficulty in recognizing as Russia under Soviet rule; and the revolution which is simmering in the first act has succeeded in the second, is still flourishing in the third, and in the fourth yields to a restored dynasty.

The author is not a man of illusions; he knows too much about Jewish pogroms. And he shows, in this play, which has comedy, tragedy, and tinge fo melodrama, how the revolutionary leaders, once seated in power, relapsed into the faults, crimes, and vices of the blue-blooded leaders that preceded them.

There is pictorial effectiveness to the various scenes, well-sustained dramatic interest, and the terse, pithy dialogue of a dramatist who knows his craft. And it is timely. But it is so good that it will probably never see the stage.

Amiable Head Hunters.

Men of the Inner Jungle. By W. F. Alder. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

Those who have learned to know the jungle through the wonder books of William Beebe will open with interest any new door that leads to these enchanted regions of the earth. And W. F. Adler's "Isle of Vanishing Men," with the story of New Guinea and its cannibal inhabitants recently added a chapter to jungle lore. Mr. Adler's enthusiasm as a traveler has since taken him on a new trail into the heart of Borneo, which has led him to adventures enough among the head-hunters to make another book.

"Men of the Inner Jungle" is full of incident and description, and well illustrated with photographs, but the reader misses a map, and a background of information. The expedition, sponsored by the Southern California Academy of Sciences, went into Dutch Borneo, which is only a part of the island. The travelers ascended the rivers by launch and canoe and came into the country of the Dyaks. These head-hunters were found to be possessed of many attractive traits.

Among the Dyaks our author found, not only a primitive kind of music, but a defined scale of seven notes and a combination of these into rude melody. On approaching a jungle village the party was met by a reception committee of seven men, each carrying a long bamboo pole with a conical cap on the lower end and a resonant tube on the other. These poles when raised and struck on the ground gave forth musical notes corresponding to the Dyak scale. After listening to this bamboo Steinway awhile the tribe may have found relief in head-hunting.

Anthony Hope Stuff.

The City of Lilies. By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; $2.

Anthony Pryde has given us more than one book well written and of sustained interest, so we are naturally disappointed when he presents us with the very mediocre story of "The City of Lilies." Whether we may blame his collaboration with R. K. Weekes, or whether this is an experiment in romantic fiction—in either case his admirers might well wish him to revert to an earlier and happier manner.

This excursion into a principality of Western Europe leads the reader into the usual setting of mediæval town, petty royalties, revolutionary uprisings and all that belongs to this school of fiction. We have court balls and grandstaircases and intrigues, as well as underground passages, prison cells, and a stage chorus of townspeople; but with all this wealth of material there is a certain flatness and a lack of interest and enthusiasm on the part of the reader, and he misses the usual thrill of romance. It is, perhaps, faint and damning praise to state that Anthony Pryde can do something better, but one closes the book with the feeling that in this case he has not.

Duennas and Toreadors.

Madrid. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Any book dealing with Spain has interest, not all its own so much as one owing to its subject and the pictures it suggests of sunny courts with splashing fountains and orange trees, moonlight and Moorish palaces and curve and color, belonging to a day and an art that have passed.

The story of the seven hundred years of Moorish supremacy in Spain must be but lightly touched on in a work of this kind, but allusions to the period, and its resulting influence, crop up here and there. Among other things we learn that as late as the seventeenth century Spanish women were still secluded in their homes, guarded by duennas, attended by dwarf pages, and seated on floor cushions, rather than on divans, which latter items of furniture were reserved for the master of the house.

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of Madrid and the Madrileños must necessarily be of an open mind and possessed of an enthusiasm for art. Mrs. Erskine measures up well to these requirements and has given us fresh impressions of places, pictures, and people, not omitting a bullfight, which took place on Easter Sunday and which she sat through and described in a fair spirit tempered with a true British sense of sport.

The Shadow of War.

DANGER. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

This latest publication of a well-liked author is in a narrow sense a psychological study of the after effect of the war on an individual, and the effect on her immediate associates of her misdirected efforts to aid some drifting atoms of humanity. The book is so terrible that we could see no reason for its existence, did we not know that Ernest Poole invariably writes with an object.

"Danger" has none of the crudities that marked "The Harbor" and several of the earlier books by Mr. Poole, yet polishing has in no way diminished the strength and forcefulness of the style. It is a tribute to the writing of "Danger" rather than the subject that we put the book aside with a distinct impression of gloom.

The Agrarian Movement.

THE MAKING OF RURAL EUROPE. By Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

When the historian can look at nations and movements from a standpoint distant enough for perspective and comprehensive enough for just verdict, history really begins, and the human documents surpass all else in interest and value. So the story of the European peasant and his relationship to the land, with his never-ending conflict with the hereditary estate owner, makes a long and absorbing recital of outgrown conditions, wrongs slowly righted by the centuries and the slow development of the ancient tenant of the soil into owner, either in part or in whole. This long upward movement, necessarily in the nature of a social upheaval, has been carefully studied by the author of "The Making of Rural Europe," as well as the differing developments of the question in different countries of Europe. We have in one volume the condensed record of a struggle that covered nearly two thousand years—from the time when the first Latifundia, or combination of small holdings into one large estate, was instituted in the Roman Campagna to the present day, when the Green Rising is a vital factor in the problem of every nation in Europe.

There are interesting and informing chapters on the development of the Latifundia in Italy, France, and Spain; on the history of the tenant farmer; the evils of absentee landlordism; rural syndicalism, agricultural cooperation, and the agrarian revolutions of the present time. Such subjects require at best slow and careful reading, and the present volume would gain in value with better expression and clearer style.

Notes of Books and Authors.

A production of Gerhart Hauptmann's classic drama of the horrors of industrialism, "The Weavers," has been prohibited in Poland. Efforts are being made in Warsaw to establish a "people's theatre" which will produce dramas of interest to the workingman at popular prices, and it was proposed by those backing the venture that "The Weavers" be one of the first plays given. The state censor, however, banned the production on the grounds of "the condition of public feeling." The censor, by some ironical turn of events, is a poet who was formerly well known as a revolutionist while Poland was under Russian rule. "The Weavers" was prohibited in Berlin some thirty years ago, when the first attempt to stage this play was made, on the grounds that it would "incite to violence." It was given last year in Breslau during the national celebrations on the occasion of Hauptmann's sixtieth anniversary. The play was produced by Emanuel Reicher in New York a number of years ago with conspicuous success. B. W. Huebsch publishes the authorized translations of Hauptmann's works in English and has acquired the stage rights to all the dramas. "The Weavers" is included in Volume I of his collected plays. Seven volumes are out, and an eighth is promised for 1924.

A Mark Twain Memorial Park at Florida, Missouri, the birthplace of the great American author, has been undertaken by Missouri newspaper men. There is at the same time another movement on foot whereby the city of Hartford, Connecticut, where Mark Twain made his home for years, will erect a "Huckleberry Finn" statue in a commanding location in the proposed park as a tribute of the East to the memory of the author. Two new Mark Twain volumes are being brought out by Harper & Brothers, his publishers, this fall, one of them a collection of hitherto unpublished material. This is called "Europe and Elsewhere," and the contents range from the account of a loafing sunny trip down the Rhone to the story of Eve's first encounter with death after her banishment from Eden. The other volume is the final and authentic collection of his speeches, edited from the original manuscripts by Albert Bigelow Paine.

"Modern Swedish Masterpieces," announced for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co., presents a collection of masterpieces from the work of four of the most eminent writers of short stories in the Swedish language. One of these, Verner von Heidenstam, received the Nöbel prize for literature in 1916. The others are Sigfrid Siwertz, Per Hallstrom, and Hjalmer Soderberg, all writers of strong individuality and brilliant achievement in the field of the short story. This book will be the first presentation to American readers of the notahle work that is being done in that field by Swedish authors. The stories have been selected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork, editor of *Contemporary Verse*, who has previously translated from the Swedish several volumes of poems.

Arnold Sommerfield's famous work on "Atomic Structure and Spectral Lines" has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in an English translation. The book first appeared in Germany in 1919, where its author is professor of theoretical physics in the University of Munich, and it was at once recognized as the most important and brilliant collocation and interpretation of data on that subject yet made. It has reached its third edition in Germany and it is from that edition, including much new important matter, that this translation has been made by Henry L. Brose of Christ Church, Oxford. The book gives an exposition of the new physics of the atom and of the significance and meaning of the lines of the spectrum. Scientists have heen looking forward to the appearance of this translation with the greatest interest.

"Brass Commandments" is the title of Charles Alden Seltzer's 1923 Western story, published on August 17th hy the Century Company. Mr. Seltzer is an author loyal to his chosen territory; he began with Western stories, and he sticks to them. With something like a round dozen to his credit, which have reached over a half-million readers, he begins a new one before he finishes correcting the proofs of his last one. Mr. Seltzer does not think the romance of the West is declining. It is still to him the one romantic American territory, where anything can happen.

Edna Worthley Underwood, author of "Short Stories from the Balkans" and "Letters from a Prairie Garden" (Marshall Jones), was one of the last to receive a letter from Pierre Loti. She had sent him part of a youthful diary kept during her early years of reading and language study on the plains of Kansas, and he wrote to tell her what pleasure it had given him. She drew constant inspiration from Loti, and his name recurred every few pages in this diary, which he read on his deathbed.

On the fall list of E. P. Dutton & Co. will be George Saintsbury's "Collected Essays and Papers, 1875 to 1920," in three volumes. The contents have been chosen by Mr. Saintsbury himself from his puhlished work for the purpose of putting into compact form the essential quality of his ideas, literary and general. Two of the volumes are concerned with English literature throughout the nineteenth century, while the third is more miscellaneous in character and ranges through a variety of subjects.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has recently been ill in London, has completed the last chapters for her autobiography, "My Garden of Memory," which the Houghton Mifflin Company is to publish in the fall.

John Galsworthy is collecting a new volume of short stories which will be issued by Methuen's.

"Un Jeune Officier Pauvre," the last volume of reminiscences which Pierre Loti wrote, has just appeared in Paris.

New Books Received.

THE ROAD AWAY FROM REVOLUTION. By Woodrow Wilson. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* of August, 1923.

MODERN POETRY. Edited by Guy N. Pocock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the King's Treasuries of Literature.

DUCTLESS AND OTHER GLANDS. By Fred E. Wynne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

A popular account of their nature and functions.

STABILIZATION. By E. M. H. Lloyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

An economic policy for producers and consumers.

NATURE'S CRAFTSMEN. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

Science for young people.

SHEPHERD'S CROWNS. By Lady Grey of Fallodon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.

Essays.

JACK GREGORY. By Warren Lee Goss. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

A boy's adventures in the war of the revolution.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY OUTLAWS. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.

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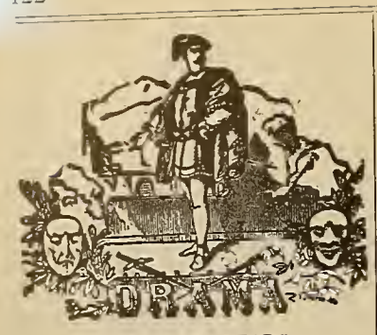
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"THE FIRST YEAR."

We first saw Frank Craven in San Francisco as the irrepressible Jimmie in "Bought and Paid For"; at least it was the first time we saw him to know him and to love him. For he is a horn comedian, with an unerring instinct to do things the right way.

Probably when Mr. Craven broke out as a playwright there were doubters. And certainly the play—I forget the title—centering about the building of a home by a young couple who had set sail on the stormy matrimonial sea, was nothing to set the world afire, in spite of certain of its qualities which showed the genial but unerring observer of human nature.

But the actor-playwright's ability has developed by practice, and he has a number of qualities that make his play creations endearing to the public.

In the first place, Frank Craven understands the human heart, with its virtues, its follies, its foibles. Possibly he could not plumb to the remotest depths of its possibilities. But he doesn't need to. He understands so well its more patent longings, its reserves, its fears, its restraints, its impetuosities, as practiced in humdrum daily life. He knows the everyday citizen, and his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. He has a prettty shrewd idea of the nature of the thoughts that pass through their minds, and the kind of motives by which they are animated and influenced.

And he has a taste for everyday people. He knows how to make them talk. His dialogue has the virtue of conciseness. With the aid of good players he expresses much with pregnant monosyllables.

All this sounds as if Mr. Craven has turned out quite a remarkable play. Not at all. He doesn't try to dazzle. He is content to be a kind, humorous, but unsentimental interpreter of human nature. And the way he interprets it shows that while understanding it he loves it.

"The First Year" is a delightful comedy of domesticity. We see the small-town family embarked on its evening of routine employments: father immersed in his one dissipation of reading the daily paper, mother knitting, and daughter, full of vague, impractical yearnings for the big world outside, waiting restlessly for the mild excitement attending the advent of a couple of beaux.

The beaux come, and the circle is complete. And the stage having been set, the drama begins to move.

Frank Craven plays the part of Tommie Tucker, the safe, sane, bashful beau of the type which girls sometimes turn down in favor of the showier kind.

The showier kind is also present; which sounds a little banal, only it isn't. For the showy beau is no stage villain, just a plausible, shallow boaster, with a tendency to exalt his own merits and undervalue the substantial, staying qualities of an unornamental rival. Dick is ornamental; big, and good-looking, and self-confident.

Grace is dazzled. And in a most delightful scene, in which poor, accommodating Tommie is dragged away from his lode-star to play a middle-aged game of bridge, the sympathies and the sense of amusement of the audience are equally exercised.

Tommie knows that a proposal from Dick is imminent. His instinct as a rival tells him. With the most transparent guile he tries to fix things so that he can keep a jealous eye on the absorbed couple, and on Dick's arm, lying carelessly and casually across the back of the sofa.

In vain. One of the astonishing things in human nature is the way in which middle age sloughs off its memory of its youthful emotions. Frank Craven has noticed that. The mother of Grace wants Tommie, her great favorite, for a son-in-law. Yet she heartlessly kidnaps him for a game of bridge, leaving her precious daughter exposed to the danger of saying "yes" to the wrong man and perfectly oblivious of Tommie's suffering.

But not the audience. No, we are keen to see every move of Tommie's; to sympathize with his chagrin, to laugh affectionately at his gaucheries.

No great drama this; but *le genre comique*; an unpretending, sympathetically amusing, and very true picture of family life, with the simple drama, the sort of thing that people say doesn't exist any more, because family life is ruined by automobiles, cabarets, and the movies; which isn't true, really. Its currents are changed, and families have acquired the elegant art of boredom.

And so night after night all hands around turn out in search of entertainment. But when they do stay at home such conditions will exist. And the wholesome picture of this kind of life and these kinds of people is what theatre-goers particularly love.

They say there is only a limited number of plots, in all the gamut of emotional complications; thirty-seven, isn't it? And Frank Craven has not a hit on a new one. He has only found a particularly pleasing and endearing way of treating his chosen complication. A technician might complain that the plot movement is not being greatly advanced by the deliberate tempo with which the dinner party unfolds itself. But every detail in it—and it was full of homely details—was richly savored by the absorbed spectators.

What housekeeping woman has not been there—has not tasted the anguish of the would-be dinner-giver whose outside helper has fallen down at the last moment? We enjoyed it all, as dispassionate observers who have suffered once upon a time and, emancipated now, look on sympathetically but amusedly at the havoc worked by mere trifles in a foolish young heart.

Why, on such occasions, can't youth emerge from its frozen misery, its vain pretense that the dinner routine must be ignored as a thing that will triumphantly come out all right? Why can't it be candid, admit that the attending Hebe is a freak, laugh it out, and relieve the situation by handling it openly?

Because youth is youth, and must flounder in its self-made tragedies. All this Frank Craven knows, and can present feelingly yet comically. He knows, too, the genus woman; or some of her aspects. He knows her tendency to blame an attack of bad temper on her nervous system. In fact, the genial author, while not wholly condemning Grace—his heart is too kindly disposed for that—makes her so unreasonable toward her awkwardly helpless but angelic Tommie that we want to shake her. And we are hugely pleased with Tommie when he hands out one or two home truths to the unreasonable Grace; who does what many a person does in this world; selects the nearest amiable, complaisant person upon whom to vent her spleen; because she knows, or thinks, that Tommie won't fight back.

We are told that the supporting company is the same as played in New York. But I have been told that there is a change or so in the company for the better. At any rate, the piece is perfectly played. Every one of the innumerable lights of comedy in the situation is made to shine with genial light. One might truly say that there are half a dozen excellent comedians and comediennes in the company.

Alice Owens, the leading lady, figures in many scenes in which the underlying comedy motive does not require Grace to act as a comedienne. Her very romanticism, her intensity, her foolish, girlish unreason, all conveyed with pleasing simplicity and sincerity by Miss Owens, cause Grace to be the pivot on which the comedy revolves.

John P. Brawn was the absent-minded father. He was perfect in the rôle, never for one moment over-stressing the repeated vague queries of Mr. Livingston. So that every time he propounded them even the judicious laughed afresh.

Maude Granger played the rôle of the mother with that practiced technique that has almost too high a polish on it. And yet it was so well done that such a comment is almost if not quite hyper-criticism.

There was a bachelor uncle in the Livingston family; a doctor whose profession had taught him sympathy and understanding. This rôle was well handled by Mr. Tim Murphy, who gave the doctor the warm humanity and that touch of small-town simplicity which made him lovable.

Philip Barrison was well placed in the rôle of the over-confident and too plausible Dick, to whom he gave the appropriate air of slightly rustic glibness.

Mary Marble made Hattie a cautious darky, slow to commit herself, but all blundering conscientiousness in the funny scene of the dinner party.

In this scene Merceita Esmonde had her chance, exhibiting the guest as a shrewd materialist who estimated people by their style and means, unconsciously giving herself away every time she opened her mouth. This actress is an expert comedienne, and contributed to the humor of the scene in which she figured as a coldly critical guest. Harry Leighton completed the cast in the quiet, conventional rôle of her husband, thus making the ninth character.

Frank Craven's two talents, to write plays and to act a part, blend into and complement each other. Both are founded on a fine perception of what constitutes humanity. Its darker phases, so ruthlessly rooted out and gloated over by the psycho-analytic playwrights, apparently do not interest Mr. Craven. He is content to show the simpler, more forgivable faults, and, in himself, as Tommie Tucker, to make his audience simultaneously suffer with him, yearn over him, and helplessly laugh at him.

"SPICE" AT THE CURRAN.

"Spice of 1922" is based on the, I fear correct, assumption that this is a naughty world. The audience is assembling, and is nearly all seated, when an ornamental young woman in an upper box, looking down directly below her, shrieks, "My husband! That woman!" A gray-haired man below, squiring another ornamental young woman, cries, "My God! my wife!" and affrightedly urges his fair companion to the nearest point of exit, the while the alleged wife madly plunges out of her box breathing threats of reprisal, and with a suggestion of a whiplash in her eye.

All this in gratifyingly audible and distinct accents; and the incident is over. The audience laughs gleefully, with a tolerant expression which indicates amused acquiescence with such a state of affairs, as indicated in the title of the play, "Aren't You and I?" And the ball being thus happily set rolling, it becomes a case of "On with the Dance!"

For there are many dance numbers in "Spice of 1922," some of them very fine. Arthur Corey, the principal male dancer, made a superb appearance as Adam, and later as King Tut, when his fine proportions were bronzed in such a manner that he gave the appearance of a magnificent bronze statue come to life.

The dramatic dance illustrative of the creation of man and his mate, the temptation of the woman, and the expulsion of the pair from paradise was very beautiful and dramatically effective. Elsie Wachta's light slenderness was necessary in order to make the almost complete revelation of her feminine contours admissible, and the little dancer and Carey between them gave quite thrilling dancing stunts.

There are many revelations of the human form divine in "Spice of 1922," and perhaps the most numerous are in the "Javanese Temple" scene, in which four or five girls hearing vessels on their heads appear one by one from different quarters, and walk slowly and majestically across the stage. Their bodies are completely encased in a coloring

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Postoffice	550,000

Even the lowest of these figures shows growth at a more rapid rate than San Francisco has ever known before.

At the present time Spring Valley Water Company has a surface storage capacity of 40 billion gallons of water.

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Sixty-four billion gallons is more than enough water to supply San Francisco, at the present rate of consumption, for three years without replenishment to the reservoirs from rainfall during that period.

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Obviously, Spring Valley is keeping well in advance of the water demands made by rapidly increasing population.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

matter—one green, one blue, one orange and one black—which looks thick and glistening. Whether it is laid on the skin or on an intervening webbing, the spectators know not, but it is sufficient to do away with the suggestion of nudity.

Other striking spectacular effects are conveyed in the Dutch porcelain scene, in which the stage, with an immense plaque of the blue and white of Wedgwood in the centre and all the dancing figures, in wooden shoes, and in similar blue and white, gives the effect of a monstrous piece of Dutch delft.

Then there was "The Minnesota Wheat Field," and "The Lady of the Cameo" was similarly a charmingly pretty stage spectacle, while the grand finale showed the performers all in scarlet, forming symmetrical groupings, and dancing and singing in pretty or acrobatic specialty dances. In fact, the spectacular features of the piece suggest a liberal expenditure of money, and, although the name of the costume and scenic artist does not appear on the programme—queer, for they give a long list of people of less importance—the services of some one of marked taste and ingenuity have been enlisted.

However, "Spice of 1922" is not all spectacle, several comedians keeping the audience in high good humor. "Georgie" Price—Georgie has insisted willy nilly on growing up, and his man's voice is like the baritone note of a factory whistle—amuses the audience between whiles with rather stereotyped vaudeville stuff, but El. Brendel, the innocent-eyed Swedish comedian, is the favorite fun purveyor. El.'s accent didn't strike me as being thoroughgoing Swedish, although I don't claim to be a judge, but El. himself with his small, blonde features, his Swedishly rustic air, and his guileless eyes, has such excellent comedy material that he is a roaring favorite.

The piece is too long to allow encores, but after Brendel's first act the inconsiderate element in the audience made a long, noisy, and determined effort to wrest an encore. It finally looked like a contest of wills, the demonstration lasted so long. The curtain was up on the handsome "Javanese Temple" scene, and the action went on. But so did the encore-wresters, grown-up children who were determied to have their way.

And what stopped them? Why, the first appearance of a seeming near-nude, painted in green, "the girl in jade." The children, their attention diverted, as children's attention will be, ceased their applause, appeased by something new and strange. And after that they were good children, and didn't try to break rules.

Sam Hearn as the censor with his small-town self-assurance, his champing jaws, his juiceless lack of perception, and his dry, toneless voice, was excellently funny, particularly in the vamping scene, in which the comedian was played up to very well by Florence Brown.

Arman Kaliz, tall, foreign, as imposing as a gorgeous head waiter in a highest-priced hotel, played up impressively to the comedy of the dry little codfish of a censor, and, as it turned out later, Mr. Kaliz is an excellent burlesquer. He figured, with the assistance of several ornate young women, in two immensely funny burlesques, in the first of which the fiery Florence Brown, the cunning little Alice Ridnor, and the successfully tough Evelyn Downing were able coadjutors, while in "All Night Long" El. Brendel took an efficient hand in helping along the fun, which had an uproarously funny climax.

"Help" was another burlesque, in which Sam Hearn played with equal skill and humor another rôle; that of a Teutonic office magnate, whose requisitions for office service from his girls were beauty and complaisance. In this piece a girl with considerable personality named Dolores Suarez made good—I couldn't find her name anywhere else on the lavish programme—and again Alice Ridnor and Evelyn Downing were valuable contributors to the general effect.

There was a lot of singing, the choruses lively and catchy, but only one male solo singer, Thomas Morris, of any particular vocal effectiveness. Martha Throop took the solo part in the Cameo act, and sang sweetly and pleasingly.

Flo Bert appears with El. Brendel in all the duet turns, and is a great favorite. She is really pretty, but you can't be sure of it, for she wears too much hair; a perfect hood of it making her head look unproportionately large. But the young lady's contours are palpitatingly lovely.

There are so many specialists in the company that some of the names have eluded me. There are, besides those mentioned, Betty Jones, a specialty dancer, and Thelma Seymour, and Maris Chaney, and Messrs. Berkes and Fox, who helped out in the cakewalk.

"Spice of 1922" continually threatens to be impossibly naughty. But it always rounds the dangerous turn with a highly successful bit of funnyism.

I do think, though, that they might spare the children "Now I lay me." It seems as if that little prayer might still be left unscathed to nursery habitués, even in this irreverently jocular age.

STAGE AND SCREEN.

The Bohemian Club will give its annual concert at the Tivoli Opera House, Friday afternoon of this week, at 2:30 p. m. This year's play, "Semper Virens," is by Joseph Redding and Henry Hadley composed the score. The scene of the play is in a redwood forest near the Russian River and the time is early in the nineteenth century.

Frank Healy, who is managing the American tour of the famous Sistine Chapel Choir of the Vatican, reports that the San Francisco appearances will be in the Exposition Auditorium on December 7th, 8th, and 9th. The choir will be returning from its engagement in Australia, where its work was greatly admired.

A San Francisco café recently hired itself out to be smashed in order to supply a scene for "Her Reputation," an Ince production in process of formation. The mystified habitués, who were not in the secret, gathered outside, and, when the movie officers broke in the doors, thought it was a booze raid.

Among the favorite artists who will sing during the impending season of the San Francisco Opera Association are Guiseppe de Luca, the golden-voiced baritone; Beniamino Crigli, a young but distinguished tenor, and Adamo Didur, basso. Queena Mario will appear as Mimi and Gilda, two of her favorite rôles. Plans are being worked out for the rearrangement of the interior of the Exposition Auditorium into the appearance of an opera house and the season will begin September 26th.

About the middle of October the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will begin its season at the Curran Theatre. Alfred Hertz will be back in late September, and rehearsals will soon be under way. During the summer the Curran Theatre has slightly lessened its seating capacity, but added to the comfort of patrons by removing a number of the narrower seats, and replacing them by wider ones.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc, who, aside from being well known through the joining of her destiny with Maurice Maeterlinck's, is also known in Europe as a distinguished actress and singer, will start from New York in November and make a coast to coast tour. She will continue the same work already initiated in New York, which consists of recitals devoted to the work of modern French poets and composers.

Efrem Zimbalist, one of the world's most gifted violinists, will give a recital in San Francisco this autumn.

Among the artists engaged by the Berkeley Musical Association for its fall and winter season are Queena Mario, soprano of the Metroplitan Opera Company; Elena Gerhardt, contralto lieder singer; Josef Schwarz, baritone of the Metropolitan and Chicago opera companies; Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, 'cellist.

At the conclusion of the "Topsy and Eva" engagement at the Alcazar, which is now running for the seventh week, Belle Bennett, who was the popular leading lady at that theatre for two years during Manager Price's incumbency, will fill a starring engagement. Miss Bennett made good in the East, for she had several engagements on Broadway and her appearances excited favorable comment.

A good line of attractions is announced by the management of the Columbia Theatre during the coming season. "Sally" will soon be here, Ed Wynne will be seen in his great fun show "A Perfect Fool," and lovers of mystery dramas will be thrilled by "The Last Warning." We are also to see the favorite actor David Warfield in his notable and admired appearance as Shylock, to which Belasco gave a magnificent production. "Lightnin'" is to be seen, Henry W. Savage's latest triumph, "The Clinging Vine," and Robert Mantell in repertoire. "Molly Darling," a musical comedy which made a big record in the East, will also come to San Francisco, and the only photo-play to be presented at the Columbia will be one of the famous triumphs of celluloid, "The Covered Wagon," which has been called the first American epic of the screen.

San Francisco is to see at the Curran in the near future the ghostful thriller, "The Cat and the Canary," to present which four companies are now on tour in America, while a fifth is playing the American success in London. One of the numerous reasons why the play has made such a hit is because the audience in its excitement gives vent to its emotions of laughter, fear, and amazement, and sometimes actually cries out a warning to the pretty heroine.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"The First Year," by and with Frank Craven, is a hit at the Columbia Theatre, where the second week of the engagement will commence Monday, August 27th.

"The First Year" can be compared only with "Lightnin'," another John Golden attraction, as a long-run champion in New York. It ran at the Little Theatre for two years and "Lightnin'" stayed three years and one day at the Gaiety. The latter success is also underlined for an engagement at the Columbia later in the season. It was about "The First Year" that Irvin Cobb once said: "You can't buy seats for it. You have to inherit them." The joys and tribulations of the first year of married life have been drawn upon by Mr. Craven for a delightfully human story with ingeniously funny situations.

At the Curran.

Different in construction from other musical revues, "Spice of 1922," which begins its last week at the Curran on Monday, has a satirical story and portrays the foibles of the well-known human race in amusing fashion. While the chorus of forty is by no means the least of the entertainment, the principals include such artists as Brendel and Bert, Georgie Price, Arman Kaliz, Sam Hearn, Florence Browne, Alice Ridnor, Johnny Berkes, Martha Throop, Arthur Corey, James Gaylor, Evelyn Downing, Elsie Wachta, Eddie Fox, Maris Chaney, Betty Jones, Thomas Morris, Dolores Suarez, Alice Harris, Eddie Cornell and George Anderson. The company aggregates one hundred people, and "Spice" is presented in thirty-two scenes.

The Players' Thirteenth Year.

The coming season promises to be important in the history of the Players Theatre, according to an announcement by Reginald Travers, who was instrumental in founding the organization twelve years ago. The initial offering of the 1923-24 season, the thirteenth, which will open late in August, will be a request performance of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," with Travers as Shylock. Following "The Merchant of Venice" will be offered an elaborate setting of "King Lear" with Travers in the name rôle.

Much publicity has been given to Travers' intended entry into New York theatrical work. The New York venture will be known as Bedford Muse, located in Greenwich Village. New plays will be produced, and the work of young authors will be given primary consideration. As associates Travers will have William S. Rainey, a graduate of the University of California with the class of 1916, and Evelyn Vaughan (Mrs. Bert Lytell in private life). Both are well known here for their long connection with the Players Theatre. The final analysis proves the New York advent to be an outgrowth of the theatre on Bush Street.

Travers expects his Eastern work to be so well under way by April that he will be enabled to return for the presentation at the Players Theatre of some of the successful plays of New York. Both theatres will profit by his success and efforts on either side of the continent.

Productions to be staged by the Players following "The Merchant of Venice" and "King Lear" will be selected from "Loyalties," by John Galsworthy, and given with much success in New York during the season recently ended; "The Romantic Age," by A. A. Milne; "Windows," by John Galsworthy; "East of Suez," by Somerset Maugham, presented in New York the past season with tremendous success; "You Never Can Tell" and "Androcles and the Lion," two plays by G. Bernard Shaw; "She Stoops to Conquer"; Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"; "Madras House," by Granville Barker; "Six Characters in Search of an Author"; "Be Calm, Camilla," a comedy by the popular American dramatist, Clare Kummer; "R. U. R.," another Theatre Guild sensation; and "The Swan," by Franz Molnar.

Following selections from the foregoing list, a season of light opera will be given by a newly organized operatic section.

While these details and arrangements are being completed a group of artists from the San Francisco Art School will have been engaged redecorating and grooming the little playhouse on Bush Street for the coming season.

Ten Best Plays.

David Burton, stage director for the Frohmans, writing in the New York *Tribune*, says these are the ten best things he ever saw on the stage: Mrs. Fiske in "Rosmersholm," the cast in "Rain," the cast in "The Hero," the cast in "Our Betters," Eleanora Duse in "Ghosts," Hilda Trevelyan in "What Every Woman Knows," Arthur Sinclair with the Irish Players, the cast in "John Ferguson," Max Paulsen in "The Phantom Rival," Dudley Digges in "Jane Cleg."

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VANITY FAIR.

Not even Spain stands still—Spain, land of romance, and of ancient tradition preserved until today. Travelers in that enchanted land may come upon a time, and that soon, when her old colors and roseate atmosphere will have given way to the commonplace entirely, and she will present no aspect, at least in her modern life, much different from the rest of Europe. Costume has already largely disappeared, and custom-made clothes have taken the place of mysterious cloaks and bandit hats. Train services are getting disgustingly reliable—and secure. But the worst destruction of a characteristic seems about to follow: hull-fighting is apparently being clowned to death. Bull rings have been desecrated by the ridiculous figures of Spanish Charlie Chaplins, and the crowds, instead of resenting it and annihilating these enemies of national art, are encouraging them with the plaudits once tendered to the most famous matadors, and in addition paying these heretics the tribute of laughter. The Plaza de Toros is becoming a joke, the established social diversion of a whole people is menaced, the espada, the banderillero, the picador, and all the rest of the hull-ring crew are in peril of their living and their privileges, and may have to go to work or into the movies. The danger is serious; for when ridicule is once aroused in the Spanish mind the effect is likely to be fatal.

It is trite and it is easy to condemn hull-fighting. If there is any one that has not heard and seen it condemned a score of times he must be very young. It is not nice—consider it herewith condemned again. Yet taking it as a fact of Spanish life, the institution has a never-failing interest. It is the drama of death, the conflict in which a life is the stake; the hull's life more than the matador's, to be sure, and yet the matador is not quite so safe as he would be playing croquet—men have been killed at it. These are heroes supposed to look on the bright face of danger unappalled, to retain in the front of it their wits and skill, to defend their lives by killing a dangerous animal, and killing him in a highly conventional way. Nor men nor women will cease to admire the qualities involved in that as long as men and women are anything worth while. In Anglo-Saxon countries cold courage is assumed, taken for granted, and to such a degree, whether warranted or not, that we have even found it possible to dispense with the duello. In Latin countries, especially in Spain, they appear to like to see courage exhibited. It is not that they doubt their own valor; but to them valor is beautiful and they can not enjoy it unless they see it manifested. So they not only torture the bull into a frenzy if possible, but they hiss and hoot him if it is not possible and he refuses to do his stuff, and they pay such worship to an artistic matador as we offer Rosa Ponselle for singing operatic rôles with ineffable sweetness. At least that has been the case in the past—doubtless is so yet.

The Plaza de Toros becomes invested with a sort of enchantment. Every aspect of the institution is exalted. The shop windows in Madrid and Barcelona display models of matadors and bulls—sometimes in bisque pottery, sometimes in chocolate. The stationery shops have limitless stocks of postcards bearing portraits of favorite bull-fighters, glittering with their gorgeous, bespangled costumes. Spanish ladies buy them—the lesser ladies. Many of the greater ones have autographed photos of their ring heroes. And too often those ring darlings have some great lady's jewels, and sometimes, it is even said, favors far more intimate though more transient than that. It is even insinuated that in some circles an affair with a famous espada is a thing to admit with blushes, and blushes of pride rather than of shame. Have we not had it all in "Blood and Sand," book and play?

The wealth some of these artists have taken from indiscreet ladies and the public is almost fabulous. They may begin as stable boys or something equivalent—attendants on bulls on their Andalusian pastures—may work as ring janitors awhile helping drag out the dead, then as picadors mount old back horses, to have them killed by sharp horns, then try their hand with the bent sword itself; receive, if successful, a "doctor's degree," and some day retire with a million—dollars, not rubles. Many of these men are about of the type of our old Sunday picnic hoodlum, gifted with a shabby sort of brute courage, accompanied by cold ferocity. No matter; clad in the happy togs of the ring, velvet broadly embroidered with gold or silver thread, knee breeches, silk stockings drawn over calves that swell like bannisters, the back hair done into a tight little ball, the *coleta*, a diamond on the proper finger that flashes in the sun—the diamond, not the finger—a scarlet or azure cloak over one shoulder, and the aforesaid lethal implement of his craft, the fellow is a killer and a hero. In truth he is a graceful and a fascinating figure, fit to flutter any unattached feminine heart, and many that should be securely tethered to some dull and unadventurous merchant or peaceful duke. Fair women can look with terror on his perils and shudder at the fierceness of the enemy as fair women are supposed to have done at many a tournament in the middle ages when some youthful knight has undertaken to upset a bad but experienced baron. This causes love. Women, Heaven bless 'em, are made that way.

Between fights many of these he-prima donnas travel about in the finest coaches on the best trains, enjoy a monopoly of attention from station agents and hotel servants wherever they go, drink the finest wines, smoke the best cigars, and carry themselves with more swank and insolence than any American heavyweight champion has yet put on, except perhaps Jack Johnson. And truth to tell they are greater artists, for the bull ring calls for a finer technique than the prize ring—is, perhaps, more highly conventionalized than any form of entertainment except opera. The king is supposed to patronize it with the royal presence, and to open the proceedings by throwing down from the royal box the key that opens the bull pen for the first onset. An institution so patronized must represent something quite extraordinary in the national life, and there have been amateur philosophers to argue that Spanish spirit and Spanish valor would never be the same without it. There have been many demands made on Spain by people that like to attend to other people's business for them that bull-fighting be prohibited, but nothing has come of them. Changes in the modern world, however, may accomplish what neither law nor clowning could quite be depended upon to do.

In this age of automobiles and aeroplanes, of telephones and of wireless communication, of radio and motion pictures, it must have been dawning upon the Spanish mind that the Spanish national diversion belonged to the past; that its ornate investiture, its hot-house drama of artificial conflict and pre-arranged death, its adulation of forced heroics and spoiled heroes, were really a sham in the world of today. The Spaniards are a proud and a justly proud people. If they had not felt that, they never would have permitted the indignity of a Charlie Chaplin in the bull ring, for as long as they took bull-fighting seriously it would have been an indignity, not merely to the bull-fighting profession, but to all Spaniards. No gusts of laughter over Cervantes' hero and his practical servant could have blown away the so-called chivalry of Spain—there is a chivalry there of the right sort that it never touched—had not the superficial pretense affected by it become quite evidently a husk. So the significance in some of the news from Madrid about the bull ring is not so much that the game has been clowned as that the clowning has been tolerated. We are much mistaken if this does not indicate the twilight of the Plaza de Toros. The matadors seem to think it does, for they are mad as their own bedeviled bulls about it and demanding that it be stopped. It is probably too late for the safety of their business. Bull-fighting may survive, in the absence of anything more diverting; but it does not look encouraging for students. And if it goes, it will be a rather good riddance, and it will go in the proper way, as drunkenness was going in this country before the Volstead Act—by cessation of public indulgence. That is better than prohibition, or any other legal enactment.

And it will mean much for Spain socially—the abolition of a privileged class of low caste people, and a diminution of the risk of contamination of some noble Spanish lines by the base blood of gladiators. Of course, there are women who will always be foolish about somebody, but being foolish about men whose business in life is to kill bulls for the amusement of the bleachers is one of folly's prize packages. If the bull ring can be turned into a circus or a cyclorama some Spanish bushands are going to breathe easier. We are supposing that the bull-fighting business, with all its stately ceremony and old world dignity, can be or is being killed off by the Charlie Chaplin business. That would leave one question unanswered, and it is an important one, and that is, What can be relied upon to kill off the Charlie Chaplin business? For in respect to grace, and ceremony, and formal dignity, and truth to life albeit of the past, there is going to be a sad loss when Belmonte gives way to our cockney clown.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A ship that will not roll even in a heam sea is said to he an object of horror to old mariners. One old tar recently signed up on such a monster of the deep. "This ain't sailin'," he said, "it's downright hlasphemy."

His great hohhy was chess hy correspondence, and he had corresponded with the same opponent for many years. One day he was surprised to receive a letter from a firm of solicitors, who wrote: "Dear Sir—We regret to inform you that since your last move our client has passed away. Would you he kind enough to sign and return to us the enclosed form, declaring stalemate?"

Mrs. Bahcock had social aspirations and tried to impose extreme respectahility on all her family. She was anxious about the studies of her son. "What are they teaching you now?" she asked him. "We are now investigating molecules," he said. "Very, very suitahle," said Mrs. Bahcock. "I long endeavored to persuade your father to wear one, but he is an awkward person, and could not keep it in his eye."

An inmate of a certain penal institution was rather a victim of his own optimism than a criminal. He one day received a visit from the warden, who said: "I understand you were sent up for deluding the puhlic with a glowing mining prospectus." "Yes," sighed the too optimistic one, "that was all I did." "Well," continued the warden, "the government wants a report on conditions in this jail and I want you to write it."

The hig house in the village had heen vacant for months, hut now many men were husy getting it ready for the new tenant. The women of the little community were eager to know who their grand neighhor would he and so one of the holder asked a workman. She hastened to spread the news that the house had heen taken hy the Countess of Ayre. Later developments showed that the workman had told her the county surveyor.

One of the late G. R. Sims' stories concerned a costermonger's lady who was discovered late one night lying in the street so shattered and hruised that she was conveyed to hospital in an unconscious condition. When, the next day, the patient had partly recovered, the house surgeon inquired whether she could recollect where and how her injuries had heen inflicted. "Oh! it's nothing to make a song about," was the reply; "only it was my 'usband's hirthday yesterday, so we 'ad what they call a 'swarry' and I 'appened to speak out of my turn."

The lihrarian at a certain museum was engaged in cataloguing and arranging some ancient hooks that had just arrived from Egypt, when he noticed a perplexed look on the face of his assistant. "What's the matter, Brown?" he asked. "Is there anything you don't understand?" "Yes," answered Brown. "Here is a small papyrus on which the characters are not decipherahle. How shall I class it?" "Um," thoughtfully returned the lihrarian, examining the papyrus. "Suppose you call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

Lytton Strachey, the hiographer of Queen Victoria, was presented recently with the Medal of the Royal Society of Literature. Sir Henry Newholt, who made the presentation speech, referred to the radical changes that have taken place since the days of Southey. Rohert Southey, then poet laureate, was offered the medal, hut declined it, hecause the ohverse of the medal pictured Mercury clad in a pair of mercurial sandals. Southey's reproachful refusal resulted in the striking of a new medal, whereon the Greek deity was provided with a hanner. "Which," said Sir Henry, "would cover a multitude of sins."

In an English school the children had heen examined, and their eyes tested, according to the education authority's latest decree. Those who were suffering from defects had notes given them to take home. Among the notebearers was one of the name of Willie Jones, and the note he bore was as follows: "Dear Sir—I wish to inform you that your son William shows signs of astigmatism, which ought to be attended to at once.—Yours faithfully, W., Headmaster." In the afternoon Willie brought this reply: "Dear Sir—I don't know what it is that Willie's been doing, hut he walloped him well this dinner-time, and you can have another go at him if he isn't any better.—Yours truly, William Jones, sen."

Sacha Guitry, the great French actor and dramatist, like many another genius, is impatient of hores. Recently one that had the hit of plaguing him hy unnecessary calls on hy mornings hurst in on him and was surprised to be greeted warmly hy the distracted Sacha. "Just in time," cried the latter, "to see a new conjuring trick I've invented." Whereupon he grahhed his unsuspecting visitor's hat. "Just watch!" cried Sacha as he poured a pitcher of water into the topper. The owner squealed in alarm. "There now!" Sacha exclaimed with the petulance permitted to temperament. "You've made me forget the trick!" The trick, however, is reported to have worked admirahly, even though it may have been puhlicity stuff.

Peter B. Kyne, the California novelist, who is going to make New York his home, tells the following story on his chosen residence: An old "desert rat" who had heen at the hottom of many hooms in the old days struck it rich and hit the trail for New York. When he returned to the source of his fortunes, his latest hoom town he was asked what he thought of the great metropolis. "Well," he said, "it looks to me like it was goin' to he a permanent camp."

Paderewski, prince of pianists, tells an amusing story of a lady who fancied herself as a vocalist. One day while playing the accompaniment to one of her songs, she came to the conclusion that the piano did not sound right somehow, and telephoned for a tuner. The man came, and found the instrument in perfect order. However, he pottered ahout for awhile, pocketed his fee, and departed. A few days later his employer received another telephone message from the lady. Her piano, she complained, had not heen properly tuned. It was no hetter than hefore, and she was very disappointed. After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip and again tested every note, only to find, as previously, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so. "Yes," she said, "it does sound all right, doesn't it, when you play on it; hut as soon as I hegin to sing it gets all out of tune."

Temperament.

Mrs. Jay—Tom says that Mazie is too temperamental to make a happy home for a man. What is "temperamental," anyway?

Mr. Jay—Hm. See that woman crossing the street—the one with a hahy in her arms—carrying a market-hasket—and two children clinging to her skirt?

Mrs. Jay—Yes.

Mr. Jay—Well, she isn't temperamental.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The New Deities.

Hail, Phœbe! Mistress of the changing dice,
Whose smiles I pray, as far my fortunes race;
And Juniper with presents that suffice,
In Gordon bottles Volstead to efface.
On Nymphian Heights, Flappina sets her throne,
Short-haired and slender as the Summer wheat.
Glandulus walks the shaded paths alone,
Unless a chicken dances down the street.

Two-headed Jazzus, shaking as the trees,
And Freudia, who explains the hidden ways,
Olympus never knew such gods as these;
And Rome had not such deities to praise
As Flivvia, who has Mercury outsped,
Or Cultus, solemn ruler of the dead.

—*James K. McGuinness in Life.*

The Owl.

An owl alighted in the yew
Beside a poet's little house;
The hour was nearly half-past two,
And, as he ate his juicy mouse,
A cuckoo clock made cheerful chime
Within and shouted out the time.

"O gracious God!" the owl began,
And rolled his round eyes at the moon.
"What a hlack piece of work is man—
Well might we miss cuckoo in June.
How mad misguided, inhumane
To keep a cuckoo upon a chain!"

—*Eden Phillpotts.*

Biggs—What do you mean you're going to reverse the practice this year when you make your garden? *Jiggs*—I'm going to plant a variety of weed seeds and see if vegetahles will come up.—*New York Sun.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Martha Anne Stanyan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hendee Stanyan, to Dr. Henry Proctor Buckingham, son of Mrs. Buckingham and the late Mr. Aureliue E. Buckingham, took place in San Francisco on Wednesday, August 15th.

Mrs. James Sargent gave a luncheon last week in honor of Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and Mr. Robert Henderson gave a recent dinner at Pastori's in Marin County for guests from Ross Valley and San Rafael.

A luncheon was given at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer gave a luncheon last week in honor of their house guest, Mr. Frank Crocker of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby were hosts at a dinner Monday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Henry Hadley, Mr. Joseph Redding, and Mr. Henri Scott.

Mr. Rollo Peters was the guest of honor last week at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. James de St. Cyr in San Mateo.

Miss Newell Bull entertained at bridge at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her house guest, Miss Margaret Morgan of Butte, Montana.

Mrs. Howard Park of Burlingame gave a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of her mother, Mrs. Edward H. Clark.

Miss Jane Cowl entertained at a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr gave a luncheon last week in compliment to Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

Dr. Armstrong Taylor and Mrs. Taylor were hosts at a small dinner-dance last week at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne entertained at a dinner and theatre party last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Cheever Cowdin.

Mrs. Taliaferro Milton, who has been spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wilkins, in San Rafael, entertained last week at a bridge party.

Mrs. Alason Weeks was hostess at a luncheon given last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. W. S. Porter at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Graham Biddle of New York, who is spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael, gave a dinner-dance last week in honor of her brother, Mr. Edward Meier, and Mrs. Meier, of New York.

Mr. Howard Spreckels was host at a house party at the Spreckels' ranch in Sonoma County last week.

Mrs. James King Steele gave a tea last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of some of the visiting members of the congressional party lately in San Francisco.

Mrs. Harry Wilkins gave a bridge party last week at her home on Divisadero Street in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Taliaferro Milton, of Chicago.

Mrs. Dean Witter was the guest of honor at a luncheon last week given by Mrs. Jennie Lee Rees at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a luncheon Sunday at her country place in Menlo Park.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan gave an *al fresco* luncheon at his home near Saratoga to a number of Native Sons.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at a luncheon and matinée party last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Dudley Gunn gave a dinner last week chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. George P. Beardsley in honor of Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger was hostess at a recent luncheon given at her home in Woodside.

Mr. Rollo Peters was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Marion Lord at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Black were hosts at a dinner at their apartment at Stanford Court in honor of Mrs. William Warren, Mrs. Charles Matthews, and Mrs. Prevost Breckinridge of New Orleans.

A tournament was held on Thursday of last week at the Menlo Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hume will give a garden party on Sunday next at their home in Piedmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Ede and Mr. and Mrs. Walton Moore.

Mrs. William Warren, Mrs. Charles Matthews, and Mrs. Prevost Breckinridge of New Orleans were the guests of honor at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club by Mrs. W. J. O'Donnell and also at a tea given by Mrs. Frank P. Deering.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton entertained at a theatre party on Sunday of last week.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding gave a luncheon last Friday at Belvedere in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mrs. Archibald Johnson gave a luncheon last week at her home on Mason Street in honor of Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Miss Frances Ames will be the guest of honor at a luncheon which Miss Adrienne Sharp is giving on Tuesday next.

Miss Marie Welch was hostess at a luncheon given on Wednesday at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Jean Howard entertained at a dinner last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Howard, on Pacific Avenue, afterwards going to the Hotel St. Francis to dance.

A mah jongg and bridge party was given last Friday afternoon in San Rafael at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Sherer for the benefit of the Ambulance Field Service Fellowship Fund.

Mrs. Horace Geiger of Germantown, Pennsylvania, has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Milton Bugbee, in Burlingame, and was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Bugbee.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye of Burlingame entertained at a dinner last Sunday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear.

A luncheon was given on Thursday at the Burlingame Country Club preceding a talk by Mr. George Barr Baker on Herbert Hoover.

The midsummer dance of the San Francisco Yacht Club was given on Saturday night of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday at their home in Menlo Park.

Countess Lewenhaupt, who has returned from Lake Tahoe, gave a luncheon on Sunday at her home in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear were hosts last week at a dinner given at their residence in Menlo Park.

At the Palace.

Colonel and Mrs. William M. Morrow were hosts at a dinner-dance Monday evening, entertaining in the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel. The affair was complimentary to Brigadier-General and Mrs. Robert C. Davis of Washington. Invited to meet the honor guests were Major-General and Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Colonel and Mrs. Harrison Hall and Colonel and Mrs. Roger S. Fitch.

At a tea given at the Palace Hotel by Miss Selma Horn the engagement was announced of Miss Zara Solomon and Mr. Toby Magnen. Their marriage will take place early in September. The guests included Miss Genevieve Asher, Miss Liela Cass, Miss Anne Glosser, Miss Claire Kletz, Miss Dorothy Stolts, Miss Evelyn Wiess, Miss Sylvia Horvitz, Miss Bernice Horvitz, Miss Jeannette Horn, Miss Bertha Nefeldt and Miss Helen Wiessman.

The marriage of Miss Enola Eggleson, daughter of Mrs. Jessie Eggleson Frazer, and Mr. Robert Cameron of Scotland, was solemnized Thursday, August 16th, at the First Congregational Church, Dr. James L. Gordon officiating. Following the ceremony a wedding luncheon was served to the bridal party at the Palace Hotel, after which the couple departed for the north and Canada, where they will tour the western provinces, sailing from Prince Rupert for Alaska. Upon their return they will make their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bannister Horsey announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marie Yvonne Horsey, to Dr. Webster Hashrouck Martin, which took place Saturday, August 18th, the Rev. Charles P. Deems performing the ceremony. A wedding breakfast was served in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel following the ceremony, the guests including members of the immediate families and a few friends. The couple are enjoying a motor tour of Northern California and will make their home in Burlingame upon their return.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt Whitman of Boston, whose drama of Jeremiah will soon be seen at the Berkeley Greek Theatre, will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, September 1st, at 2:30, on the Bible as the most dramatic literature of all time, and of the revival whereby such world heroes as Isaiah, Amos, Jeremiah and others have been humanized from involved texts and presented upon the modern stage.

Mrs. Whitman is the author of several books and was formerly teacher of Bible history at Wellesley College. Mr. Whitman has been on the professional stage. In their present work they maintain that they have found mines of spiritual power, of bravery, and of vision.

Uncharted Rocks.

Mr. Bassett Dighy has an interesting article in the Manchester *Guardian* on the uncharted rocks and islands of the sea and their mysterious ways of dodging and hefooling the map-makers. Sometimes they are very dangerous. One of the worst, Lamb Rock, was found about thirty years ago coming straight up to the surface in water a couple of hundred feet deep. It was like a cathedral spire and rose straight into the middle of the Canadian liner lane into the St. Lawrence River. In calm weather its tip was thirty-three feet below the surface. This is a bare margin of safety, but in rough weather the rock was a lurking peril to any big ship that might come along. The extraordinary thing is that a Canadian fisherman knew all about its existence, but since he found the rock good fishing ground, which he was unwilling to share with his rivals, he kept the secret to himself, and if he had not chanced to make an indiscreet remark in a saloon one day, the rock might still be unknown. That remark gave the harbor authorities a clue and they promptly corrected the chart.

The Avocet Rock, in the southern end of the Red Sea, also stands in the middle of the steamer lane to India. The steamship *Avocet* struck it and sank in one hundred and four fathoms. It looked like pure carelessness on the part of the captain. The British naval vessel *Flying Fish* was sent to investigate. She could find no trace of any rock. Then another ship, the *Teddington*, sank at the same place. Another British vessel went to investigate, and she, too, could find nothing. Then a third vessel nosed about in the vicinity for six weeks with equal ill success. Finally H. M. S. *Stork* made an investigation and located the rock only three hundred yards from the place where one of her predecessors had anchored. The rock was covered by a hare fifteen feet of water at low tide.

The Impatient Scientist.

The French effort to raise money for the scientific laboratories of France has led to ome odd devices, according to the *Living Age*. One of the most ingenious was the enacting by the celebrated physicist, Auguste Branly, of his part in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The idea was that Branly was to perform a few of his original experiments in their original setting. However, the scientific and motion-picture temperaments mingled ahout as one might have expected.

This is the story as told by a Paris correspondent:

"Branly, who is a very modest and retiring scientific enthusiast, consented to place himself and his laboratory at the disposal of the cinema people for two whole hours, the profit to go to the fund, of course. He was invaded by a crowd of assertive and magnificent gentlemen, any one of whom would probably have been tempted to give him half a franc if he had met him in the street. They gave their directions with all the ritual of respectful admiration—'A little more to the left, cher maitre,' 'Will you kindly look upwards, cher maitre.' Branly stopped them. 'Not so much "cher maitre." Call me Auguste. But, for heaven's sake, hurry up.' This is a true story."

The Toucan's Bill.

The toucan, which is most abundant in the Amazon Valley, but species of which are found in Central America and Mexico, is a bird freak, says the Detroit *News*.

It has an enormous bill larger than its head, shaped like a great lobster claw and marked with bright colors.

The tongue is also unusual, for it has side notches, and is flat and feather-like; and the tail is joined to the body with a ball and socket joint, and can be raised above the back with a jerk.

The black and green plumage is marked with white, orange, red or blue; and the eye, with a double iris of green and yellow, has a hroad hlack orbit, and is surrounded with a patch of bare orange skin.

The bird feeds on insects and reptiles, and also eats bananas and oranges, often doing great damage to orange orchards.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabout

After a month's visit to San Francisco, Dr. Albert Lincoln Brown left this week to resume his work in the Eastern hospitals.

Mr. Henry L. Van Winkle and Miss Helen Van Winkle are at their bungalow at Brookdale, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their country home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and their daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, came from Lake Tahoe last week and are at their home in Burlingame.

M. Louis Bonamici, the famous French painter, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier in Burlingame.

Mrs. Josephine Drown spent a recent week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Harry Scott, in Burlingame.

Mr. Noël Sullivan, who has returned from Paris, is with his aunt, Miss Mary Louise Phelan, at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. Frank Crocker, after a short visit in California, has returned to his home in New York.

Miss Jean Boyd of San Rafael has gone to Oregon to visit her aunt, Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon have been entertaining a house party at their country home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. James Swinnerton, accompanied by several friends, left last week for the Arizona desert.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan, who has ben traveling in the Northwest and in Western Canada, has returned to her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Sidney Ballou of Washington and Miss Lily O'Connor are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their camp on the Feather River.

Major Henry T. Burgin and Mrs. Burgin have arrived from Washington and will remain until January, when they will go to Honolulu.

Admiral Alexander Halstead, U. S. N., retired, arrived last week from Washington and is living at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes sailed last week on the *President Lincoln* for the Orient.

Mr. Vincent Whitney with his daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Bryl Whitney, has gone East for a short visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Pope Satterwhite of Long Island with Mr. Clifford Brokaw and Mrs. Howard Renshaw left for New York last week.

Miss Kinau Wilder of Honolulu, who has lately returned from abroad, has been a house guest of Mrs. Austin Sperry.

Mr. Norman Livermore, who recently went East, has sailed for Italy en route to Africa, where he will spend several months in traveling and hunting.

Major Reginald Cocroft, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cocroft have returned from Europe and are spending a few months in California before going to their future home in New York.

Mrs. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling are staying with their sister, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, at Lake Tahoe until the return of Dr. Moffitt, Dr. Allen, and Mr. Jackling from their hunting trip in Nevada.

Dr. and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg are the guests of friends in Carmel.

Miss Marion Hollins of New York, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark at Pebble Beach, has gone to Santa Barbara.

Admiral Halstead was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin over the week-end at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. William Ede and her two sons have returned from a recent trip to Europe and are at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. Ray Baker of Washington is visiting at the Baker home in Oakland.

Mrs. Macondray Moore and her daughter, Mrs. Alejandra Kaime, have returned from Hollywood, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt.

Major Clarence Partridge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Partridge have arrived from the East, and after visiting Mrs. Partridge's sister, Mrs. Mary E. Glover, are now stationed at the Presidio.

Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott and her sister, Mrs. Robert Dunham, have returned from Medford, Oregon, where they visited their brother, Mr. Frank Preston.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have gone to Southern California for several weeks.

Miss Adrienne Sharp will go East on September 1st, where she will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland with their daughter, Miss Alice Eastland, are at Lake Tahoe, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, who have been spending the summer at Woodside, have gone to Los Angeles on a motor trip.

Major R. E. Lee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lee have been recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade at their summer home at Carmel.

Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Ysabel Chase have gone to Colorado Springs to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin.

Mrs. Chandler Howard of Yokohama, formerly of San Francisco, has arrived from Japan and will make a short visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman and their infant son are staying with Mrs. Dillman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, at their summer home in Santa Cruz.

Miss Lucy Hanchett, who is now living in Santa Barbara, has been spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury came from Santa Barbara last week for a few days with her sister, Mrs. Matthew Armstrong, who with Mr. Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Armstrong of Richmond, Virginia, returned from their recent trip to Honolulu and left soon afterwards for their home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goldsmith and Mr. Richard Goldsmith have returned from New York and are staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster have joined the summer colony at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Jackson, who has been in Santa Barbara with her children, has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and her children will return September 1st to their home in this city, after spending the summer in the Sierras.

Mrs. Edward de Laveaga with her daughter and three sons has returned from Brockway and is at her home in Berkeley.

The I. W. W. Jungles.

The personnel of a jungle, writes Professor D. D. Lescohier in *Harper's Magazine*, changes materially from day to day. The men are continually coming and going. But an I. W. W. jungle is not open to every hobo that drops off a train. It is the members' country club. It is for them and their friends only. During the harvest each important jungle is in charge of a delegate, and there are usually several organizers with him as assistants.

The jungle has its permanent camp equipment and its jungle laws. The dishes are old kettles, coffee pots, and tin cans picked up around the nearby towns. Pocket-knives and "jungle paddles" whittled from flat boards make silverware unnecessary. These are all left in the jungle for the next comers. Police when breaking up a jungle always make it a point to shoot the cooking utensils full of holes so that newcomers will not be able to cook in the jungle and will therefore desert it.

Members who have any money are expected to spend it for the common meal, each sharing the prosperity and adversity of his fellows. Frequently "the stake" of one man supports several until it is used up, none of them working until all are "broke."

Drinking and gambling in the jungle are forbidden. It is the duty of the members when they see a delegate or organizer intoxicated or gambling anywhere to take away his credentials and supplies and reduce him to the ranks. These rules are enforced in the jungles with surprising effectiveness. Most of the I. W. W.'s interviewed were strong for prohibition, because they realize that drink has been the particular curse of the migratory worker and that only sober men can carry their organization forward to practical accomplishment.

Powdered milk is a leading American export to Japan.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Golden Bird.

If Joy, the Golden Bird, would fly,
Do not close a hand upon her;
She belongeth to the sky,
With all the winds of heaven on her:
Only when her wings are free
Bird of Lovely Life is she.

He who Joy of Life would store
Heart of his be widely open;
Throw the key out with the door,
Throw the hope out with the hopen;
Give her, as she finds in sky,
Place to dip and soar and fly.

She will come again, I wist;
She of thee shall not be frighted;
She shall sing upon thy fist;
By her shall thy dark be lighted;
By her freedom thou art given
Right and room in joyous heaven.

—*James Stephens in the Nation and the Athenæum.*

Our Sussex Downs.

My youth is gone—my youth that laughed and yawned
In one sweet breath, and will not come again;
And crumbs of wonder are my scanty fare,
Snatched from the beauty on a hill or plain.
So as I look, I wonder if the land
Has breatbed those shadows in the waters blue!
From all first sounds I half expect to hear
Not only echoes, but their echocs, too.
But when I see—the first time in my life—
Our Sussex Downs, so mighty, strong and bare
That many a wood of fifteen hundred trces
Seems but a handful scattered lightly there—
"What a great hour," think I, "halfway 'twixt Death
And Youth that laughs and yawns in one short breath!"

—*W. H. Davies in the Nation and Athenæum.*

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The President's Funeral

Those of you who were fortunate enough to get a copy of The Chronicle last Sunday know the quality of the pictures used in illustrating the San Francisco rites for our late President. There are two more pages next Sunday. These were taken in Washington at the White House and at Marion. You will, of course, wish them to complete your collection of the President's funeral pictures.

The Coolidge Family

Is also featured again this week in seven illustrations, showing the President and Mrs. Coolidge at their country home, and in Washington. Other interesting views show "A Page of People," "In San Francisco's Chinatown," "Royalty and Rulers" and some charming views of milady's "Furs." Avoid disappointment, and place your order now for The

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I hear your husband suffers from asthma." "Well, he has asthma, hut I suffer from it."—*Stackhalm Kasper.*

Giles—How was it your vacation lasted only one day? *De Garry*—I went to the races. *New Orleans Item.*

"How do people hegin divorce proceedings, anyway?" "By getting married, I suppose."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Briggs—I've got a splendid story to tell at the cluh dinner tonight. *Griggs*—Which one is it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cook (being engaged)—And of course, ma'am, I shall require a reserve ear-piece on your wireless set.—*London Opinion.*

Editor—Did you write these jokes yourself? *Would-Be Contributar*—Yes, sir. *Editor*—You must he older than you look.—*Criterion.*

First Fair One—I wouldn't he seen at the Newrich hall. *Second Fair One*—Oh, you're not so insignificant as that, dear.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Employer—Do you helieve in love at first sight, Miss Vamper? *Stenographer*—Well, I think it saves a lot of time.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A girl in Johanneshurg recently ran for fifty-six miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.—*Landan Daily News.*

She—Do you rememher when you were first struck hy my heauty? *He*—I think so. Wasn't it at the masked hall?—*N. C. Boll Weevil.*

Wife—I had a lovely time at the hridge party this afternoon. *Hub*—Did you have the best score? *Wife*—No, the hest gown.—*Boston Tronscript.*

"Where are you going, Lou?" "Up to visit a friend of mine, Sue." "How long you gonna stay?" "One permanent wave."—*Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

Teacher—Tommy, what are the four winds? *Tommy*—There is the Senate, the House, the prizefighters, an' I don't know the other one.—*Indionapolis Journal.*

Seo Captoin—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all he dead! *Seasick Passenger*—Thank Heaven!—*New York Sun ond Globe.*

"Good morning! I am here to tune your piano." "My piano? I did not order a pianotuner. "No, hut the gentleman across the way did."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Janes—Are you going to pay me that account? *Smith*—Not just yet. *Jones*—If you don't, I'll tell all your other creditors that you paid me.—*Stray Stories.*

Shop Assistont—Would you like the stripes diagonal or longitudinal, madam? *Customer*—Neither, thanks. I want something with hright green stripes.—*Punch.*

"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?" "Yes; hut he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."—*Boston Journal.*

The Stricken One—I tell you, Dolly, I simply can't live without you. *The Flippant One*—Oh, I don't know, old thing; all the others are pretty healthy.—*The Magpie.*

Prominent Society Woman (to popular lecturer)—Don't you get tired of saying the same thing over and over again? *Lecturer*—Yes; don't you?—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Colonel, do you rememher the time you proposed to me and I refused you?" "Madam, it is one moment in my life that I remember with the greatest pleasure."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Customer—Are my clothes ready? *Tailor*—Not yet, sir. *Customer*—But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. *Tailar*—Yes; hut I didn't work all night.—*Tit-Bits.*

Bartender—Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed nohody. *Mase Lazibanes*—Dat's an infernal lie, suh! I'se lost four wives dat way.—*Baltimare Times.*

Teacher—Now, Johnny, which would you rather have your father promise to give you—a silver watch or a gold one? *Johnny*—A silver one, 'cause I'd think he meant it then.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"The Richleighs are going to camp out and take their servants along." "Yes; Mrs. Richleigh told me she wanted to get even with them for all the discomforts they caused her."—*Bastan Transcript.*

Sensible Man—If she gets the hat, there'll he the milliner to pay. If she doesn't get it, there'll he the devil to pay. Of the two, I guess the milliner is more likely to he the more reasonahle.—*Punch.*

"I am terribly annoyed, sir. Yesterday I asked your daughter to he my wife." "Yes—what ahout it?" "Well, it's this way. I am quite unahle to rememher whether she said yes or no."—*Paris Sans Gêne.*

Angri Waldo—If you wuz actually ohliged to work, Bill, w'ot would you sooner he? *Beery Billings (thoughtfully)*—Well, I t'ink in a case like dat I'd sooner he a harrel uv cider.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Wife—John, are you ever going to get matters so arranged that we can afford an automohile? *Hub*—I'm afraid not, dear; hut I hope I can arrange things very shortly so that we can get one.—*Boston Transcript.*

MR. PUNCH IN PRISON.

The oldest and hest-known Punch and Judy showman is Mr. Samuel Bridges, a man of whom it may truly he said that he has grown old in the service of the young, according to *Peorson's Weekly*. For more than half a century he has heen entertaining children.

He is still in harness, too, and when he is not giving his show at concerts, parties, hazaars, and society and charity functions of all kinds, he may he seen in the streets of London, with a mixed chorus of urchins, dallying errand hoys, and rather more than casually interested grown-ups for audience.

Once Mr. Bridges was asked to give his performance at Wandsworth Prison. At that time organized entertainments and amusements for prisoners under sentence were undreamt of, and if you hear that fact in mind you can understand the emotions of the hardened old warder to whom Mr. Bridges presented himself with the announcement that he had come to give a Punch and Judy show.

"Punch and what?" angrily inquired the warder. "Look 'ere, we don't want any of your silly tricks 'ere. Clear off!" And he slammed the door in the showman's face.

"I waited a minute or two," said Mr. Bridges, chuckling at the reminiscence, "then knocked again. 'I've come to give a Punch and——' I hegan, as the door opened.

"'What, you again?' roared the warder. 'Thought I told you to clear off? If I 'ave any more o' this nonsense ahout Punch and Judy from you, I'll 'ave you run in as a drunk and disorderly! What do you take this place for, a hloomin' children's 'ome?'

"My orders were clear enough," said Mr. Bridges, "so I tried again.

"'Now, just give me a chance to explain,' I began, in a coaxing voice, as the warder's face, purple with rage, appeared in the doorway again.

"'So you want to get in 'ere, do you?' he inquired, fiercely. 'All right, I'll see what I can do for you!'

"A couple of minutes later I found myself touched on the arm hy a policeman. I was arrested.

"Of course, matters were straightened out at the police station. A message was sent to the governor, at my request, and an answer was at once received to the effect that he was waiting for me to come and give my show at a party in his quarters. The warder's surprise when he saw me trundling my outfit into the prison yard was worth seeing!"

One of the queerest performances that Mr. Bridges ever gave took place at a private house in London. The performance was given in a spacious drawing-room and, after working hard for some minutes, the showman, finding that he was getting no laughs, peepea out to ascertain the cause of what seemed to he a decided "frost."

To bis complete surprise be saw that his audience consisted simply of an elderly gentleman, asleep in a chair, and a cockatoo!

A moment or so later the gentleman, who was a retired colonel, awoke and in reply to the showman's inquiry whether there was a mistake, hrusquely commanded him to "carry on," and went to sleep again.

The colonel, who bore a name famous in army annals, afterwards explained that the show was intended solely for the amusement of the cockatoo. He hoped it would pick up and eventually repeat some of Punch's quaint sayings!

Interesting News Items.

Mrs. Elhert B. Wade, who was hanged May 20th for the murder of George B. Nott, was in conference with State's Attorney Homer S. Cummings today, and later it was reported that she might he called as a witness.—*Torrington (Connecticut) Witness.*

McGee, the driver of the hank machine, was virtually murdered, as he was killed with a shotgun that almost tore his head from his hody.—*Ookland Post-Enquirer.*

Mr. and Mrs. John Wiemer, prominent people of our city, have a hahy and they got it in Peoria. It is three weeks old and a girl, the sweetest little lassie you ever saw. Mrs. Wiemer is extensively engaged in the raising of chickens.—*Delovan (Illinois) Advertiser-Times.*

Girls with experience in country schools in nearhy Maryland and Virginia form excellent material from which city teachers can he molded. She comes to the District and is disillusioned. She finds that the cost of loving is twice or thrice that to which she is accustomed.—*Editarial in Washington (D. C.) Herald.*

Services at 7:30, Sunday night. Suhject, "Hell, a Place of Eternal Punishment." All are welcome.—Walter O'Hara, Pastor."—*Goldendale (Woshington) Sentinel.*

—*Gothered for Everybody's Magozine.*

The Fear Cure.

Until we read ahout the Soul and Body Clinic which is conducted in Manhattan Island we never realized what a wonderful thing fear is, writes F. L. Smith, Jr., in Detroit *Saturday Night*. All normal people ought to he afraid of something or they miss half of life. Our own horror of picnics furnishes us with a tremendous kick. Every third night we have a session during which ghastly halos of hard-hoiled eggs hover over our pillow, and we toss ahout in a harrage of thermos hottles and paper plates. It has gotten so had that every time we open an envelope we expect to find it full of salt. But the managers of the Soul and Body Clinic assure us that this is quite all right. People come to them fearing almost everything, and they always go away cured.

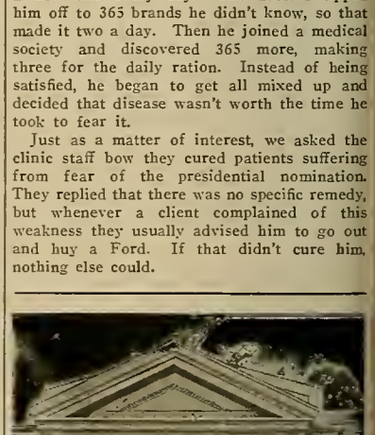
One woman was terrified hy the smell of food, so it was suggested that she try starving to death. At the end of two weeks she was completely cured. There was a hrilliant young kleptomaniac, hut his trouhle was that he would take only uesless articles, soap and lipsticks that he didn't need. The doctors advised making a few worth-while thefts, hut he simply couldn't do it and gradually hecame sick of the whole husiness and gave it up. Another man was haunted by the fear of disease; he knew 365 varieties and he tried a new one every day. The doctors tipped him off to 365 brands he didn't know, so that made it two a day. Then he joined a medical society and discovered 365 more, making three for the daily ration. Instead of heing satisfied, he began to get all mixed up and decided that disease wasn't worth the time he took to fear it.

Just as a matter of interest, we asked the clinic staff bow they cured patients suffering from fear of the presidential nomination. They replied that there was no specific remedy, but whenever a client complained of this weakness they usually advised him to go out and huy a Ford. If that didn't cure him, nothing else could.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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No Cause for a Fire Alarm.

Some of our militantly conservative or conservatively militant citizens have been permitting themselves to get excited ("het up" is, we believe, the campus phrase for it) over the intention of Eugene Debs to speak in the Exposition Auditorium. There is a feeling that Mr. Debs is a terrible person, that his views are destructive, that he may overturn the country, or the Constitution, or something, that whatever he wants is bad for us and whatever he contends for should be squelched. Most of us have that feeling: the feeling of the young mother who told the nurse, "Go and see what Johnny is doing and make him stop it." Under the circumstances it is natural, and most of us can agree that Mr. Debs is a perverted, wrong-headed person who encouraged draft resistance when the nation was in danger and the ideal of its people was unanimous coöperation against the Germans. Nor can we feel that the situation in regard to men of his way of thinking has been much changed by the fact that the war is over, for the war against what he represents is not over, by a long shot. But there are different ways of carrying it on, and there is more involved than merely excluding Debs from the Auditorium. There is, for example, the old question of freedom of speech, and the living logic in the propo sition that he who has a good cause should not fear discussion. Repression rarely does much good, is never complete, anyhow. If Debs doesn't speak in the Auditorium he will speak somewhere, and be heard by a considerable percentage of the socialists in the city, who will go away feeling just as socialistic as they did before. He may even get a few converts. It is doubtful, however, if he will get as many by his forensic efforts as he would by a continuance of the apparent martyrdom that is making him a hero in the teary vision of our socialistic sobbers. Again, tolerance is in itself an act of wisdom, and usually has some positive effect. Debs is a very small fly on the national chariot wheel, and gets most of his present advertising from the row kicked up about him. He is not dangerous, except to a few of the muddle-minded, and perhaps one or two corpulent citizens threatened with apoplexy. Again, if Debs is right we ought not to suppress him, and if he is wrong it should be easy to refute his arguments—but those arguments can't be refuted unless he gets a chance to state them. That seems clear. If the conservatives are right they ought not to be afraid of discussion, for if he is wrong the more his case is discussed the sooner he will lose it. It is probable that even without formal debate the more men think about what he says of our present civilization and subject it to analysis and refer it to the known facts of life and industry and commerce, the less they are likely to be deluded by his fallacies. After all, it is not Debs that is dangerous, but the misunderstanding of social and economic forces which deceives so many of our people, including Debs himself. And they are not so numerous at that—they merely make the most noise, because they have ahead of them the hard task of redeeming a world stupidly reluctant to be redeemed. That would make anybody noisy. The supervisors have wisely decided to let Debs talk. Attendance is not compulsory.

A Remedy for Blocs.

The Norwegian *Skandinav* of Duluth, a Republican paper, says Magnus Johnson would not have been elected to the Senate in July "if 300,000 persons who remained at home had gone to the polls." These stay-at-homes were not radicals, the editor infers, but were disgusted over local conditions within the party.

That is a reasonable explanation, but one to be itself explained by the practical results of some of our direct action political nostrums. The election of United States senators has been taken from the legislatures in order that the people might attend to it, and in this case the people seem to have cared little about it. The disappearance of conventions and convention nominations has not so much aroused the judicious to their duty as it has soothed them into somnolence and given opportunity to every form of self-serving ambition with every sort of political quack medicine to peddle. The direct primary has caused the feeling that there was no longer a rallying point for men of similar opinions or a ground on which they could unite for action.

Under the old convention system there was a good deal that was evil, but there was one thing that was persistently good, and that was the necessity felt by the party chiefs, call them even bosses, of picking candidates with which the party might have a chance to win. Of course there were mistakes, just as a shrewd banker will make mistakes buying bonds, but on the whole it meant a better condition than we labor under at present. A palpably unfit man had far more difficulty securing a nomination for an important office, and there was a far better chance to beat him. The controlling desire to win was operative quite a way down the line, although it may be conceded that offices did not always get into good hands. These were the cases the vicinage could know of directly, and too often were taken as samples of the system. For that reason it was condemned out of hand a few years ago by every reformer and uplifter that thought he had the right porous plaster for humanity's aches. For almost all nominations we abolished the convention, with its self-seeking delegates and its sometimes hidden machinery; but we do not find that self-seeking has been abolished, nor have we any hope that it will be. Selfishness is not amenable to statute—self-interest can not be eliminated in that way. Nor is its elimination desirable. What is desirable is that it shall be harnessed to the right sort of machinery and set to useful work.

Our Norse-born contemporary says that if the Republican party is to have any future existence in Minnesota it must indulge in a real house-cleaning. That may be true. But if house-cleaning is needed how can it be carricd out in a party that lacks effective organization, that is losing its cohesion, that is coming to be more and more at the mercy of faction, popular caprice, and vagrant theories of human betterment by statute? House-cleaning is rarely effective without some directing head. Under the direct primary system everybody is head; which is to say, nobody. Both armies are composed entirely of generals. Responsibility is nowhere, and the desire for a victory of the organization policies, which in many cases could be trusted to bring out substantial candidates, is devitalized and dissipated. Under the direct primary the office no longer seeks the man, but the necessitous adventurer or the dangerous doctrinaire seeks the office. There is no vital intelligence to draft the best lawyers for the bench, the best available citizens for legislative and executive positions. The temptation is for the best citizens to avoid the undignified and free-for-all scramble; and all branches of government, including the judiciary, tend inevitably downwards.

Among the valuable characteristics of the old order, not the least valuable was the fact that the personal abilities and disposition of every possible candidate were likely to be known to the active participants in the party councils. And if in the parties there was a so-called better element that was relatively inactive we were no worse off in that respect than we are now and ever shall be, world without end, amen. There will always be a large percentage of sluggards in the citizenship. Three hundred thousand stay-at-homes from a senatorial election in Minnesota does not indicate that we have found the way to make the more judicious element of the electorate get out and vote. In that feature alone the direct primary and the direct election of senators have disappointed every promise made for them. The quality of the United States Senate, as of the House of Representatives, has tragically deteriorated and is going lower. At a recent discussion before the Commonwealth Club former Governor Gillett declared:

> Great things were promised for the direct primary. It was going to provide better officials, less expensive government, destroy the political boss, dethrone special interests and awaken the public conscience. *It has failed in all these things.*

The direct primary is one of those shotgun remedies that are supposed to be good for whatever ails us. Everybody seemed willing to try it, and it has been instituted in every state but three. In California the reform had its inception in the Commonwealth Club, and the act, afterward tinkered in great detail, was signed by Governor Gillett in 1909. But the club has been seeking new light on the subject, especially as to the operation of the law, and Governor Gillett apparently repents him of the thing he did, for he has said:

> If the direct primary cripples party influence, weakens party organization, and lessens party responsibility, then it is a great mistake and should be abandoned. And it is generally conceded, and experience shows, that it does these very things. * * * We have already [in Congress] the farmers' bloc, and as this system grows, as under the direct primary system it will, there will soon be a labor bloc, a manufacturers' bloc, a transportation bloc, a merchants' bloc, a banking and finance bloc, a dry bloc, a wet bloc, and every kind of bloc excepting a consumers' and taxpayers' bloc. In this great array of blocs the general welfare will be forgotten and the struggle will be for special legislation for special interests with all manner of trading and combining of forces to gain that end.

With all their faults the parties and party conven-

tions offered the only effective mechanism for defining issues between opinions affecting the general welfare, and directing action in support of such opinions so that we could be reasonably sure of majority rule. (The present conventions of nominees and legislators are in no way similar. They merely declare the policies of the candidates after nomination, not before; seem to have been devised by a humorist.) In a republic we may have our choice, between strong parties reconciling all differences except as to the most pressing question which becomes the main issue, and factions seeking local or personal advantage: in other words, blocs. President Harding once said: "No nation will survive where this factionalism is endured." That may have been too sweeping, but there can be no question of the general destructiveness of faction. To those who do not believe with Henry Ford that "history is bunc," it teaches that lesson over and over. To quote Governor Gillett again:

> The inherent limitations on mass movements and public opinion are such that without some form of party government democracy can not exist. Factionalism in our country is growing rapidly; it is fostered and encouraged by the direct primary and if not restrained it will greatly weaken those institutions on which the safety, security, and progress of our nation rest.

Our political parties could and they should return to the convention method of defining issues, declaring policies, and nominating candidates. We should have in every assembly district Republicans clubs and Democratic clubs, formed and controlled by substantial citizens, and these clubs should hold elections of delegates and the delegates should hold nominating conventions. There seems to be nothing in the law to prevent it, and if there were it should be amended, for no law can be a good one that prevents free assemblage of the people and free expression of their opinions. Substantial citizens could not absolve themselves from the duty of working in and through such clubs and conventions for what they consider wise policies, any more than they can now absolve themselves from the duty of voting—it always comes back to that, under whatever legal form we seek to operate. We should thereby substitute the deliberations of leaders in council for the hazards of personal ambition. Nominations could be legalized according to the direct primary law. The needed signatures to a petition, now in many cases a burden to any but a rich man or an adventurer backed by the same sinister influences that have always striven to corrupt us, could be obtained by the party organization until the law was again amended to make that gratuitous expense unnecessary.

Volunteer nominations, those now provided for by the direct primary law, which make it relatively easy for any floater, any failure, any nonentity that can get hold of the necessary funds to run for office, could still be made; but the regular party nominees would have a determining advantage, although an unfit party candidate could still be beaten by an independent. The practice of voting in the other party's primary, a fraud encouraged by the present method, and which has practically wiped out the weaker side in some states, does not belong to the party system, and would no longer have an excuse. Voters would again have the assurance that candidates stand, not altogether for their own interests or those of secret sponsors, but for definite policies formulated with a view at least to their workability, and that men put into office would be held to those policies, at best by their sense of loyalty to their commitments, at worst by dependence on the party for a career.

The only practical obstacle is the fear of the parties that they might lose what public support they still retain. Such fears, once the public was aroused to a realization of the present tendency, would probably prove groundless.

There is no other way to bring back political stability and responsibility and reduce the scandals of swollen campaign expenses, Newberry cases, and the danger of filling office and the bench itself with cranks and worse. Demagogues would find it hard to bamboozle the party managers, as they now find it easy to bamboozle unreflecting voters and ride into place on waves of transient sentiment. The thing is worth trying. It only calls for an act of courage on the part of a few leading Republicans and Democrats. And as Emerson once remarked, the success of a government or of a peanut stand springs from an act of courage.

Meanwhile, the Commonwealth Club is circulating a questionnaire on the retention, modification, or repeal of the direct primary law and on the desirability or undesirability of party organization. The *Argonaut* has no doubts on these matters. The present system has brought a little of good and a great deal of evil, and unless we change it the end of that evil is not yet.

Hiram on the Battlements.

Senator Hiram Johnson is on the way home; may even, by the time this is issued, be within the boundaries of California, ready to defend it against domestic faction and foreign foe. Hoover organizations begin to loom, and he has sensed the peril to his beloved state. The people must and shall be saved from such sinister machination, and delegations. The overland crawls all too slowly. As to peril from the Eastward, that, too, is on the mind of our champion as he gazes from the rear of the train. But no champion can be in two places at once, and in these days of swift communication it may not be altogether necessary. Our interests at Washington may be safeguarded by mail, wire, and radio, while our defender is on the scene of the greatest immediate peril, the weak spot in the wall, here in California.

While he has said little thus far, the death of President Harding having deprived him not so much of speech as of anything to say, his friends have let it leak out that he is watching President Coolidge and "is willing to give him every opportunity to make good." The *Argonaut* has not been informed and does not know who appointed Senator Johnson to watch President Coolidge; it may have been himself, it may have been Hearst, or they may have met in that lofty apartment on the Riverside Drive and agreed between them that our senator should watch our President, but at any rate it seems that the watching is to be done, although Senator Johnson has not before to our knowledge appeared in a watching part. Still it is a blessed assurance, in the words of the old song, to know that vigilance is the order of the day and that nothing President Coolidge does to the damage of his country and the hindrance of Senator Johnson's proprietary brand of progress is to get by unobserved. It is also good, although less necessary, to know that Senator Johnson is willing to give the President every opportunity to make good; always, of course, with the implied promise that if he does not make good, our senator will step in and take the presidency right away from him.

That makes the country safe. We can put out the cat, leave a note for the milkman, lock the kitchen door, and retire as the super elegant say, secure in the knowledge that Hiram is on the outer battlements, his iron clothes around him, his falchion in his hand, his banner waving o'er him, his eagle eye peeled, and fixed on the horizon whence the possible enemy may at any time appear. A glorious figure, a Michael with drawn sword. And not unilluminated. As the New York *Times* so aptly puts it, "The same source of light that irradiates Mayor Hylan beams effulgently on Hiram Johnson." Namely, Hearst. He might sometimes wish this light were less ocherous in hue, or even that the juice might be switched off entirely, but it is after all better than no light; better that the enemy should see him where he stands, and perhaps be terrified, than that he should not be visible at all. The Progressive Voters' League is with him. The yellow press is with him. Therefore the Progressive Voters' League and the yellow press stand together, and both with Hiram, and when any asks, "Watchman, what of the night?" the answer from this triumvirate of vigilance may properly be: "Have no fear, little ones, all is well."

Coal, Wheat, and Votes.

Undoubtedly the dominant political interest of these United States today centres in the chances of Calvin Coolidge to be elected President. Mr. Coolidge's record does not indicate that he would refuse a nomination; quite the contrary. But he finds himself confronted by a trouble that is comparatively new in American politics, although continental European countries have been cursed with it nearly unto death, and that is the growing bloc system. Under the direct primary, localism is getting the upper hand of patriotism, selfishness the upper hand of considerations of the general good. All our more active political forces seem just now to be centrifugal, tending toward separation, class consciousness, neighborhood ambitions, and the devil take the hindmost. These be troubled waters, and their navigation calls for a good steersman.

There is no general condition such as the one stated that is not in part inherited, and bad political history has contributed to the bloc idea. There were our protective tariff hunters, willing to assess the whole country for their advantage and persuade the people it was for the general good. A large part of the people believed and still believes the public welfare can be promoted that way, and it is of little use arguing that question. But the special interests hunting tariff favors at the general expense were an early American form of what we now call the bloc. And when a party displays disintegrating tendencies that are even reflected in Congress we can see its tendencies quite clearly. Another bad example was set the public when the government began buying silver to maintain its price. Wheat growers that now want it to buy 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, or as much more as may be necessary to give them a profit on their recent miscalculations, are no worse than the silver mine owners of a generation ago—or of today, for that matter.

A peril in President Coolidge's rear is the attitude of his home section. Apparently New England resents the suggestion that it go on a buyers' strike against hard coal by using soft coal until the coal situation clears up. Soft coal, although available in quantity, does not do as well as hard, and it burns out the parlor stove faster and darkens the wall paper and the window curtains, and Calvin Coolidge is expected to do something about it. Never mind any principle that may be at stake. It seems New England's college yell just now is "WE WANT HARD COAL!" It matters not that the swollen-front brick boarding-houses in Boston could not look uglier for one winter's soft coal soot. They want their coal hard, and have been taught by the political events of the past forty years that all a locality or an industry has to do is to "holler" loud enough and it will get what it wants. Under the circumstances it shows more than fair sagacity that President Coolidge is willing to let Giff do it. If Gifford, as governor of Pennsylvania, can not do it, nobody can be expected to. If he can, the President gets credit for having solved the coal problem. That comes pretty close to subtracting the eggs from a setting hen. And Pinchot will try it. It must be that Mrs. Pinchot was away from home when he took that contract. But in addition to mere political expediency, reference of the coal strike difficulty to Pinchot was a recognition of state rights that is of vital importance just now. It marks the statesman in the presidential office. It may not avert the strike, which is imminent as this is being written—but it may avert something more serious still, the over-concentration of power at Washington, a real national danger.

The wheat situation is more difficult. A bushel of wheat won't buy a farmer much. The Agricultural Credits Act does little good. It seems that the government is willing to help the farmer into debt, but is not willing to help him out. This makes a grievance. The farmer wants the government to buy his wheat and sell it again, and it is useless telling him that is not good policy and no government could embark on it, because he has the government's own bad example in the case of the silver purchase act—if a silver purchase act, why not a wheat purchase act? Of course, the logical answer is, because there would soon be a demand for a coal purchase act, and a steel purchase act, and a silk shirt purchase act, and a plug hat purchase act, and a separate purchase act to make the government a dump for the overproduction of every bloc in being or in prospect, and thereby overproduction would be encouraged until it would become the only way the people knew how to conduct their business, and the result would be universal bankruptcy. But that would never appeal to the wheat farmers in their present mood. Like the nigger in the old Hoyt play who did not know where Dahomey was, but wanted to be minister to that country, they "want to go to Dahomey right now." They are muttering threats and curses, and while the curses may not much alarm, the threats point to a trading combination with the New England howlers for hard coal, and that would be perhaps embarrassing. Secretary Wallace seems somewhat worried about it. Faced with this condition, the Curtis Publishing Company has done the country an invaluable service by broadcasting in the daily papers an editorial pointing out how little the price of wheat affects the general welfare. According to that statement, wheat has lost

much of its importance, comparatively speaking. It now represents but about 6 per cent. of the total value of American farm products, few farmers are solely dependent on it, and perhaps half of it is bought by farmers themselves, so that those that buy are interested in a low, not a high price. In Minnesota the main crop is corn. Corn has advanced far more than wheat has declined. Since 1913 cotton has advanced five times as much as wheat has declined. The census shows that during the past decade the population has been moving, not westward, but cityward; and city populations are consumers of wheat, not producers of it.

Now if we have a coal strike, there will be a demand for a special session of Congress to empower the President to compel the mining of hard coal. But the hard coal bloc will there meet the wheat bloc, and together they will demand a more paternalistic policy than any we have thus far known. It is the President's task to keep us clear of that. He does not believe in it, and the people should not, for they would have to pay for it. But they will have to hold up his hands.

A Recalcitrant Debtor.

It is beginning to look as though Germany were about to lose the war. If England had stood by France, Germany would have lost it long ago, but as long as she was encouraged to believe she could separate the Allies and dodge her responsibilities she would not pay up, and until she has paid up she has not lost the contest, although she may have lost her ships and colonies. The only way Germany can be made to pay is the way France and Belgium have been trying for eight long months to make her pay, namely, by choking it out of her. That is the plain meaning of the Ruhr occupation. And if it had not been for a British policy of expediency instead of principle the money would have been forthcoming in satisfactory installments ere this, and probably there would have been no default in coal and timber, and no effort to have the mere restitution of stolen property accepted on reparation account.

The passive resistance of the Cuno ministry, continued by Stresemann, the main advocate of submarine warfare, was, as a policy, based on expectations that Great Britain could call off the French. Premier Poincaré has made it clear that France can not be called off, and Lord Rothermere has made it equally clear that Great Britain dare not do anything about it to isolate herself. She can not go it alone, she dare not embroil herself with the French nation. French air power makes it a mad thing to think of, and it looks even less sane when one considers, as the British government must, the destruction of European civilization that would ensue upon a war between the Allies. There must be some other solution of the problem, and France is in position to say just about what the solution shall be. "Pay us or we stay" is a good working principle, the only principle that will do any work. It may not be panning out very richly as yet, but at least it is a way that is based on justice and fundamental morality.

These things tend to clear the air of the statistical smoke generated to obscure the plain merits of the case: the muddling with rates of exchange, depreciation of currency, loss of trade, and the panic propaganda that the world will go to the dogs unless Germany can be let off. Whatever the present cost of it, Germany must not be let off, or it will cost the world more later. The scales of Justice must be kept in some rude sort of balance, even if they are not very accurate.

Meantime, there is some hope that the hard condition which might seem to justify British policy may be to some degree alleviated. Unemployment has actually been diminishing. In January, 1922, it was 1,823,700. In July just passed the number had been reduced to 1,189,100. These figures are approximations, like all statistics, and do not include workmen on part time. Within the past few weeks, however, there has been a slight increase of unemployment, enough to give added alarm and show that progress is not to be continuous. This has stimulated what is known as the Industrial Group in the House of Commons to demand public works in the line of replacement and improvement of capital; such as docks, and tube railroads, and a tunnel under the lower Thames, and the electrification of steam railroads, with a sort of general refurbishing of plant in all directions while labor is available, even if it necessitates another loan; exactly as Germany has been doing with the money she should have paid to France, so that rehabilitation has taken place in Germany instead of in the land Germany desolated. By such devices the unemployment trouble of Great Britain could be handled until the gradual resumption of industry and trade, which the diminution of unemployment proves is actually going on. With opportunity, the British attitude toward German reparations should change, and with that change the German attitude will change. Germany can pay if she is made to pay, and if she sees that she is going to be made to pay—but only on that condition. Experience with German insurance companies in this city indicates the disposition with which the French have to deal. In fact, the German "policy," in two senses, is better understood in San Francisco than in any other city except Paris.

Editorial Notes.

The same disease threatens Seattle that threatens San Francisco and afflicts Los Angeles—municipal power development. The Seattle *Times* says there is a growing realization that in the Skagit River project the people have been led into an enterprise far beyond the needs of the city, and that there is ahead the unpleasant prospect of a bonded indebtedness of nearly $60,000,000. Apparently there has been a tendency here to imitate other cities even in their mistakes. It is a common error, promoted by those that see personal advantage in it. Only common sense can save us, but it seems about obsolete.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Error Corrected.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* In your learned and detailed description of the great *Gyasticutus* in a recent issue you turned aside from the subject under discussion to comment upon the habits of another interesting California animal, the *Whangdoodle*. The reference was casual, and did not do full justice to that creature. As it is well to establish correctly the characteristics of Western fauna and to perpetuate the same in enduring print I am submitting the following additional data regarding *Whangdoodle,* which data may find space in your invaluable journal.

The principal habitat of *Whangdoodle* was on the North Yuba. My authority for this statement is found in the lines:

The mountains of Hepsadam,
Where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth
For her first born.

Hepsadam can not be found on any recent map. Hepsadam is no more—its dwellings are down and its tenants passed away. It should not be confused with Whiskey Diggings, from which it was distant some ten miles, nor again with Brandy City. You passed through Port Wine to reach Hepsadam, but you do so no longer. No one goes to Hepsadam.

Before the North American pinched out, your informant lived as a child in Hepsadam and well remembers the mournful moans of the *Whangdoodle* out in the forest. You are incorrect in thinking that these doleful and malarious discords were caused by the prospect of a long and hard winter. It was rather the loss of the first born that caused the mourning. Further, it may be said that only the female of this species mourns, as is clear from the quotation above.

Was it intentional when you omitted mention of another of these Western representatives of the animal kingdom? I refer to the *Highbehind*, so well described by H. Leonis Wilson in his treatise *"De Rugglesus."* Possibly the cause of your neglect was the fact that the animal is found in more northern latitudes and is of recent origin, as evidenced by its diet of tinned milk.

Hochachtungswohl,
J. DE BEAU.

The Raccabor and the Dingball.

SANTA BARBARA, August 25, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* I have read with great interest your luminous account of the *Gyasticutus Giganticus* and the related *Galliwompus.* It is singular that men of this generation should so soon forget the history of these prehistoric animals that were still living in the memory of men yet alive. I am astonished, however, that in your extremely accurate account you have omitted two other relatives of *Gyasticutus*—the *Raccabor* and the *Dingball.*

You will recall that while these animals were not descendants of *Gyasticutus,* all three are believed to be descended from an earlier common ancestor. *Raccabor* was characterized, not only by his fierceness, but an attribute he shared with *Gyasticutus,* namely, that his legs on the right side were shorter than those on his left. A consequence of this was that he could run with astonishing swiftness around the perimeter of the mountain as long as the longer legs were downhill. His difficulties arose when he undertook to go around the mountain the opposite direction with the short pair of legs downhill and the long pair of legs uphill. It is said that his ultimate extinction by the human race was due to the fact that men, with their superior intelligence, succeeded in outwitting this singular animal and killing him by turning him in the wrong direction around the mountainside.

The *Dingball,* on the other hand, you will recall, was found chiefly in the Eastern states, and particularly in Maine, but has now become practically extinct. As you will remember, the peculiarity of this animal, which was shaped much like an enormous cat, lay in the fact that he had a slender but strong tail about fifty feet long, to which was attached a ball about six inches in diameter, perfectly round and very hard, and which gave to the creature its name. He had an uncanny ability to throw this projectile with swiftness and accuracy, and since, in the event of a miss, he was able to recover it immediately, it made him a formidable adversary.

In recalling to men of this generation the history of these singular but now rare animals you have done a real service.

CONSTANT READER.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

TWO WAR-BREEDERS DISPELLED.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

A year and a half elapsed between the signing of the Washington treaties and the final ratification on Friday of the two most important of them. But even after so protracted an incubation, the world only dimly realizes their vast bearing upon the complicated mechanism of international relationships.

The Washington Conference grew directly out of the world war and the peace of Versailles. The conflict had shifted the balance of international armaments, and the treaty of Versailles, particularly in view of its rejection by the United States, had shifted the centre of world politics.

The war had brought the navies of the United States and Great Britain to a plane of approximate equality. The prospect was a competition for supremacy. The ultimate arbitrament of such competitions had, in the past, been war. The Washington Conference was an effort at peaceful solution.

The shift in world politics had brought the United States and Japan face to face across the Pacific, with Japan waiting menacingly under the broad shadow of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Interlocking forces and frictions of inescapable compulsion seemed to be dragging the two nations toward war.

Under cover of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, Japan had already fought with success two wars against Western powers—first Russia, then Germany. Upon these two wars she had risen from the position of a minor Asiatic state to that of a world power, and as a world power she coveted the hegemony of the Far East. Her next challenge, it seemed certain, would be directed toward the United States.

Japan appeared willing to drift into the conflict. Not so the United States. Still less so, perhaps, Great Britain. For the war was certain to involve Canada on the side of her North American neighbor. This would mean a forcible breaking of the Anglo-Japanese alliance—or the breaking of the British Empire. A realization of this dilemma foredoomed the alliance. Could it be abrogated in peace instead of war? It was—at Washington.

The United States paid most heavily, as international standards go, for the peaceful solution of these two issues—the arbitrary limitation of naval armaments and the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

For the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance we paid by surrendering to Japan the advantage, in peace as well as in war, of having naval bases in Guam and the Philippines. We went further. By entering the Four-Power Pacific treaty we, in connection with Great Britain and France, virtually guaranteed Japan from attack, or even the threat of attack, by any other power whatsoever. So long as Japan stays within the ring of the Pacific accord no nation can seriously question her position in the region of the Pacific. The political advantage Japan gains is obvious.

But through these treaties ratified Friday in Washington—the five-power naval agreement and the Pacific compact—we have bought peace, for a generation, at least. Two menaces to peace, two sources of war-breeding friction, have been brought into peaceful solution.

President Harding's name will go into history as the leader who brought the nation out of these shadows of war.

THE BOOTLEG IMMIGRANT.

(From the Washington Post.)

British press comment upon Ambassador Geddes' report is generally wide of the mark, as it deals mostly with the discomforts of aliens at Ellis Island and fails to ask why the aliens are detained. There are great discomforts at the island, especially to persons of delicate health or fastidious taste. But the obvious reply to this is that such persons are usually intelligent, and should know enough not to attempt to enter the United States unlawfully. It is their own fault if they are held at the island in company with unwashed aliens.

The cleaning up of Ellis Island would not solve the immigration problem. Aliens who have no right to enter the United States might be entertained in spotless and luxurious surroundings, but they would have to be deported just the same, and the task of sifting the fit from the unfit would go on.

Until the process of sifting has been transferred to the country of origin there will be a congestion of rejected aliens at New York. Secretary Davis pointedly suggests that the British government should insist that only individuals who are admissible under American law should be permitted to sail for this country. British coöperation would help greatly, but it would not meet the requirements of the situation. The British government can not assume the duty of deciding whether or not an individual will be admitted to the United States. The United States government would not permit any foreign government to perform that duty. It must be performed by American authority, either here or abroad. If American consuls or immigration agents were posted at suitable places in foreign countries, empowered to pass final judgment upon individual applicants for admission into the United States, the evil conditions at Ellis Island would disappear and the heart-hurnings of misguided aliens would be avoided. Cooperation between these American agents and the authorities on the ground would be highly desirable.

A factor which Secretary Davis does not mention, but which thrusts itself into every examination of immigration conditions, is the part played by steamship companies, foreign emigration societies, and foreign governments in assisting emigrants to cross the Atlantic and take a chance at passing the immigration gates. The number of ignorant and indigent aliens assisted across the Atlantic is very large, despite the efforts which Congress has made to penalize steamship companies and other parties implicated.

If the stream of American blood is to be kept unpolluted, the United States must turn back aliens who are diseased, insane, criminal, incapable of self-support, or otherwise unfit. In some cases aliens are excluded because they are unassimilable. In the case of Europeans this bar can not be raised, and yet some Europeans are practically unassimilable with Americans, so tough and refractory are the wrappings of heredity, language, and habit. These aliens must be kept out, whether their exclusion is pleasing to their home governments or not. American sentiment against polluted immigration is steadily growing, on account of the excesses of communists, the feuds and crimes in foreign quarters in the large cities, the refusal of huge numbers of congregated aliens

to learn the language or customs of America, and the general opinion that the United States already has all the foreign material which it can digest for the next few years.

Ellis Island is a mere incident in this connection. The immigration policy,—and not the treatment of individual aliens, is the problem that calls for solution.

HARDING'S SAN FRANCISCO SPEECH.

(From the Boston Evening Transcript.)

Several days before the death of President Harding a number of Eastern newspapers published dispatches from their San Francisco correspondents alleging a difference of opinion between the Secretary of Commerce and the secretary to the President concerning the release for publication of the speech which Mr. Harding had prepared for San Francisco, but was prevented by his last illness from delivering. The speech dealt with the record of the Administration in the field of foreign relations. It was prepared while Mr. Harding was at sea. There was a brief reference to the League Court. The dispatches reported Secretary Christian as opposed to the release of the speech and Secretary Hoover as strongly advising its publication in the home city of Senator Johnson.

California papers that have since come to hand contain statements made there by Secretary Work, Secretary Wallace, Secretary Christian and by Mr. Welliver of the White House staff reveal the inaccuracy of the San Francisco correspondents. Our unfavorable comment at the time upon the course Secretary Hoover was incorrectly alleged to have followed was based upon the San Francisco dispatches. It now appears that Secretary Work and Secretary Christian were the only members of Mr. Harding's party who were in conference with him after the physicians prevailed on him to cancel the San Francisco meeting. Both Secretary Work and Secretary Christian have said that the release of the speech was made in accord with the expressed wish of Mr. Harding. It was not released as a result of pressure from any member of his party—a fact that has already been made clear in the West and deserves emphasis in the East in fairness to all concerned.

LET THE PRESIDENT ALONE.

(From the Boston Evening Transcript.)

The directors of the Boston Chamber of Commerce have rushed into print with a telegram to President Coolidge in which they offer him unsolicited advice concerning his course with regard to the coal strike. They urge him to "use his full power to bring about a proper adjustment of the differences between the operators and miners by agreement, if possible; otherwise by arbitration, based upon the principles laid down in the Roosevelt award." If the authors of this ill-timed message had taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the earnest efforts of the new President almost from the hour he took the oath of office, they would know that their telegram contained no new suggestion; that he is doing everything possible to prevent a coal strike except to occupy the limelight with empty threats or to dramatize himself or his exalted office for political purposes. If he were a resident of Alaska or Santo Domingo City, and the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of a Middle Western town had sent such a telegram to him at this time, the nervousness displayed could have been explained upon the ground that the President was not known to the senders. But in New England there is no such lack of knowledge of the man.

The truth is New Englanders individually and collectively can best serve the Administration at this time by "doing the day's work" and refraining from unloading upon Washington unsolicited advice. The country is in no humor to have its government dictated to at such a time by any New England organization, not even by the directors of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. New England is represented at Washington today by the senators and congressmen from the six New England states. New Englanders in high office or position include: The President of the United States; the Chief Justice of the United States; the Speaker of the House; the leader of the Senate; the Secretary of War; two Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; the Under Secretary of State; the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and a large number of lesser officials. In these circumstances it would appear that the President has close at hand all the advice from New England that he could possibly require. Why not give him a chance? Why not let him alone?

RUSSIA OF THE FUTURE.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

A British correspondent writing in the Manchester *Guardian* of his impressions of Moscow today says: "The average speed of foot passengers has markedly increased. There are still saunterers, of course, but it is no longer necessary to walk in the road if you wish to walk at a normal pace. A very considerable number of other people are in a hurry."

Interesting also is his summary: "In another few years, if the present process continues, Russia will resemble America in other things besides the vastness of her agricultural areas. There is a growing hardness, a growing dehumanization of the methods of commercial intercourse. People are 'out for themselves.' They have no time to waste on you, and make no pretense of wanting anything from you but your money. In abbreviations of speech, in the passing of the old habit of interminable telephone conversations, this speeding up of Russia is to be felt. It will have to go much farther before the foreigner coming for the first time will notice it, but to those who remember the old days it is clear already that the new Russia will be run by elbowing, hard-faced folk as different from those who managed the pre-war Russia as were the money-making French bourgeoisie from the courtiers of the Tuileries."

The amiable analogy which presents America as marked by hardness and dehumanized intercourse, a country of elbowing, hard-faced folk, may be passed by as familiar in a good deal of the comment of our former associates since the German power collapsed. The significance of the impression is that if the new Russia is energized in the manner suggested there is going to be a very formidable and novel factor in international affairs once the return from Marxianism permits Russian power to be effectively organized. Add to this the fact that a generation of Russian youth, saturated in militant bolshevism in the Red schools established under the Lenin régime, will be grown up perhaps to dominate Russian policy, and you have a picture not very pleasant for peaceful nations to confront. If Russia adoptsd a practicable internal organization under the guise of a compromise with capitalistic institutions and methods, which would organize its great physical powers, and if its foreign policy retained the bolshevik morality, Russia would become a menace to civilization and peace greater than any that has arisen in the past.

CURED BY THE SOVIETS.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

The two Finnish socialists who have returned from Karelia in Soviet Russia had accepted as 100 per cent. true the fairy tales told of the blissful condition in which labor lives under the dictatorship of the proletariat. They rejected as "capitalist lies" anything to the effect that life under the Soviet is worse for the workman than it was under the Czar. That is the result of class consciousness, for the class conscious believe anything that is said in the pretended cause of labor and disbelieves any contradiction as emanating from the enemy, capital.

Experience alone could open the minds of the two Astoria Finns to the truth. Hunger and cold and the bullying of Soviets and commissars were arguments which they could not dispute, and their shivers shook the class consciousness out of them. They found that being "trodden under foot by the capitalists" is heaven by comparison with being trodden under foot by the communists, and they rejoiced to return to America as "the best country in the world." They know; they can be fooled no more by Bolshevist propaganda.

Those Americans who demand that the United States establish diplomatic intercourse with Soviet Russia are accessories before the fact to the cruel fraud that is practiced on many prejudiced men such as these two credulous Finns. A Soviet embassy is a centre from which propaganda is circulated among just such men, to persuade them that the workmen rule Russia in their own interest and receive the profits which in other countries would be taken by capitalists. The delusion gains such a hold on many that they go to Russia, honestly expecting to enjoy these blessings. The fraud is as palpable and as cruel as that of the bogus stockseller—more so, in fact, for the get-rich-quick man separates his victim from his money only, not from his country. The only palliation for the crime is that it cures those whom it wrongs of the communist illusion, makes them living witnesses of the falsity of the Bolshevist creed and therefore makes them most effective counter-propagandists. Doubtless that is the reason for the obstacles which the Soviet throws in the way of the dupes' escape.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over-true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
  The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, thought not too closely scanned,
  Enjoyed as far as known,
With will by no reverse unmanned,
  With pulse of even tone,
They from today, and from tonight,
  Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
  Puts on, and proudly wears,—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts unawares;
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day
They went about their gravest deeds
  As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
  They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
  To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
  Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
  Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
  Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
  That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
  We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
  The air of fresh desire.

Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill
  Advance with hopeful cheer,—
Oh, loiter not, those heights are chill,
  As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze
  The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
  On all that lies below.

—*Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.*

High in the Kentucky hills is the tiniest house of worship in Christendom—an edifice so small that it can accommodate a congregation of but three persons at a time. The sturdy little stone sanctuary was built by monks who once lived in the neighborhood, only one of whose number survives.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel David Davies, Liberal Member of Parliament for Montgomeryshire, justice of the peace, and fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, is called the busiest man in England. He works sixteen hours a day, beginning his dictation in the morning bath, which is provided with a water-proof telephone. In addition to his political work, he is a director of two British railways, a director of the English branch of a large American moving-picture concern, is vice-president of Aberystwyth College and is a member of the councils of two other Welsh universities. Incidentally, he finds time to indulge in his favorite sport, shooting. During the war Colonel Davies was in command of a Royal Welsh Fusileers battalion.

Baron Bertrand Edward Dawson, physician to King George, has gone on record with a statement that will endear him to all "wets" in this country as well as in England. Lord Dawson, whose position as the foremost British medico gives his statement additional weight, spoke in the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of Lord Astor's bill for the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages to persons not older than eighteen years. The royal physician approved this bill, which was the counterpart of Lady Astor's in the House of Commons, but expressed himself clearly as approving merely the age limit for alcoholic consumption. Alcohol, he declared, furnishes the necessary relaxation for the overworked brain and body, which naturally the youth of eighteen does not require. Since Lord Dawson made these soul-stirring utterances many of the leading medical men of all countries have endorsed his doctrine.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, the new chancellor and head of the German government, belongs to the People's party, the same political force that Herr Cuno is allied with, but unlike the fallen chancellor, Dr. Stresemann enjoys an unusual popularity with other parties. Herr Stresemann, who would be called a corporation lawyer in America, was born in Berlin forty-five years ago and was educated intensively in political science in some of the leading German universities. After obtaining his degree he became adviser to large organizations of employers and at the same time made his political début by joining the Nationalist Socialist party. Shortly before the outbreak of the war Stresemann had become influential in the new party, the National Liberals, and was elected to the Reichstag for the first time. When Basserman, the party leader, died, Stresemann succeed him. Early in the war he leaped into publicity during the Reichstag fights on the subject of submarine warfare, which he backed with all his strength. His stand on this point made him popular in Germany, and it is said that even the pacifist element does not hold his record against him today. Following the war, it was his task to solidify the non-socialist parties and to this end he formed the People's party from the most competent leaders of the old National Liberal party. The People's party, which has among its cohorts such powers as Hugo Stinnes, is known as the industrialist group. Stresemann's position was greatly strengthened by his stand on the reparations question when Cuno's note failed. His relations to the reparations question began in 1921, when he was offered the chancellorship, but declined to assume responsibility for the government till the precise meaning of the Allies' ultimatum at that time should be made clear.

Miss Eleanor Armstrong has the distinction of being the "insect delineator" at the new National Museum at Washington. She is the only woman in this department of the government service. Her value to the museum lies in the unusual combination of expertness as an insect anatomist and as an artist. The drawings of all the insects which appear in the government bulletins issued by her department are made by her.

Count Stephen Bethlen, Hungarian premier, is said to be much interested in Edward Bok's peace prize, and is convinced of the necessity of American intervention if Europe is to be saved. Bethlen, who is an aristocrat and a monarchist, was the first premier to restore order in Hungary after the revolutions. He has been in the political arena for twenty years, but has occupied a back seat until quite recently. Premier Bethlen has expressed himself as hoping that America would accord Hungary the same concessions made Austria.

Alfred Cobham of Southport, England, who has just received an honorary M. A. degree from Cambridge University, is said to be the first working man so honored. Mr. Cobham is sixty-seven years old and still works at his trade of painter and decorator. He began work at eight years of age as a basket maker. As a young man he taught himself shorthand and taught others that subject in his spare time, spending the tutelary earnings on books. He has been a student under the local lecture system of Cambridge for twenty-seven years and holds certificates for successful study in thirty subjects, including literature, Greek history and art, astronomy, and other sciences. He won the vice-chancellor's certificate for science for a paper on the carbonization of coal and has also won the Dr. Robert's science scholarship. Some time ago one of the Cambridge colleges offered to take him as a resident student, but he declined because of his age.

ALMOST LEGENDARY CHARACTERS.

Eugene S. Bagger Burnishes the Reputations of Some Central European Presidents and Royalties.

We are fairly familiar with experts on the vague subject of Mittel Europa who reside in Indiana or at best New York or London, but for once our authority hails from Budapest—lived the first twenty-one years of his life there and avers that he never discovered central Europe till he came to America. Eugene S. Bagger, whose familiarly Anglo-Saxon cognomen might account for his fluency in English thought and metaphor, has studied his fellow central Europeans long and well. And if he has few illusions about them, his book is the more interesting for that. As he himself remarks, comparisons are invidious and he does not wish to be compared to Lytton Strachey despite the challenge that his studies automatically compel. Nevertheless if one were to make such a comparative criticism, Mr. Bagger wouldn't suffer much. He is fully as entertaining as his noted British colleague in the gentle art of turning reputations inside out, and if his English is less pure—and we do not even contend that it is—he has twenty-one years of Mittel Europa to thank for it.

Mr. Bagger's collection of personages includes two kings, a regent, several premiers, and one queen. For obvious reasons we consider the lady first, the beautiful Marie of Roumania, who, royal unofficial rumor has it, might have been Queen of England if she could have overcome her girlish diffidence at marrying her first cousin, the present King of England; who prides herself above everything on being English—she was the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh—but who nevertheless, according to our historian, has not a drop of English blood. But then one is reminded of De Foe's true-born Englishman. If to be the child of British royalty is not to be English, what is? One must admit, however, that Marie's beauty, renowned as it is, is of a distinctly Teutonic type. And her beauty is equaled only by her talents. Says Mr. Bagger:

> A great friend of her majesty once said to me: "No woman was ever so gifted as she—none, not even Sarah Bernhardt or Mrs. Fiske."
>
> A curious comparison—a queen and two actresses. A truer comparison than would appear at first glance. Queens and actresses have many parts to play. At Iassy Queen Marie, clad all in white, with a diamond cross on her breast, a cross of the color of blood on the white veil that covered her forehead, visited the hospitals every morning. In the afternoon she gave audiences, either to native politicians in need of a coaxing word, or to foreign diplomatists. To the French minister, Count de St. Aulaire, later ambassador in London, she explained what a wonderful queen she was—it was she who dragged her hesitant husband, her reluctant premier, into the war.
>
> Count de St. Aulaire, being the envoy of a mere republic, was convulsed with the delights of such intimate relation with a real queen. He flashed across Europe enthusiastic dispatches; he said, adapting the famous *mot* of Miraheau, that there was only one man in Roumania, and that was the queen.

Queen Marie might stand for the type of the modern woman—she has been likened to Ibsen's most famous heroine—in her craving for publicity, or to put it more kindly, self-expression. Our author even refutes expression and aligns all her activities with excessive vitality:

> For Princess Marie literature was not a vehicle of self-expression, not even, primarily, a road to fame, hut just a safety valve, like her painting, like her horseback-riding. She went out riding every morning, and on his visits to Bucharest my English friend repeatedly had the pleasure of accompanying her. He felt the honor keenly, hut his pleasure was not unmixed. For she rode her horse for hours and hours at a stretch, ahsolutely careless of the creature's fatigue. No Englishwoman could ever do that. My friend was told that no horse lasted in the royal stahle over three or four months. "I did not check up," he adds, "the mortality among the stenographers to whom her majesty dictated her hooks, but it must have heen high."

Her portrait grows apace—a born actress, a practical feminist, albeit a beautiful one, an anglophile, who nevertheless, says Mr. Bagger, knows little of British institutions:

> When the King and Queen of Rumania come to London they are and are not, at a loss for company. They are invited to a numher of official and quasi-official functions and entertainments dutifully given for them hy memhers of the cahinet, the prime minister, the master of the horse—and heyond that they have to accept, and even he grateful for, the association of a little inner circle of first, or, at the hest, second generation millionaires who have everything in the world they can wish for except security of social tenure. Their greatest friends are the Lord and Lady Astor, and Lord Astor's sister, Mrs. Spender Clay, of whom Queen Marie is particularly fond.
>
> How little Queen Marie, who claims to he English, knows ahout Britain is attested hy the rnmored fact—I must give it as such—that she attempted to marry off her daughter to the eldest son of the haughtiest of Scottish dukes. It was simply out of the question. German princes, hefore the war the most reliahle and ahundant supply of mates for female royalty, were somewhat out of the fashion; so the queen finally picked for the Princess Elizaheth's hushand a prince whose German origin was passahly overlaid hy a few coats of Danish and Greek tradition. It was an amhition easy enough to fulfill. True, the Crown Prince Georgios was a nephew of the Kaiser; hut he also was Crown Prince of Greece. He hecame Queen Marie's son-in-law.

Mr. Bagger closes his study of Queen Marie with the optimistic suggestion that she air the splendors of second-class royalty in these United States. England is not for her:

> To hegin with, the attitude of the British aristocracy even to their own king is a peculiar one. They worship the institution of monarchy with an almost religious zeal. But their respect for the office does not preclude indifference, or worse, to its incumhent. That King Edward—who really was an excellent ruler, hut who had had his escapades in his youth and spoke English with a German accent—did not have a very happy time of it with a certain section of the British aristocracy is well enough known. Who can he more royalistic than the Duke of Buccleuch? Yet it is possihle for a Montagu-Douglas-Scott to look down upon a mere Saxe-Cohurg—not to mention their recently acquired name of Windsor—as a kind of, well, upstart. To a degree it is nothing hut self-defense—love of comfort. The presence of a king or queen adds nothing to the glory of an English or Scottish duke, hut it does constrain him, and dukes do not like to he constrained.
>
> And if some of these great houses are mildly reluctant to associate with a King of England, it is only what one may expect if they refuse point hlank to consort with what they call minor royalty. Snohs of all nations, if they have heen good on earth, go to England when they die, and good English snohs remain there—it's safer than Heaven.

And not only England, but all European capitals, though particularly Western ones, according to Mr. Bagger, offer rather slippery ground for the feet of Queen Marie. But he claims that her beauty and her "pep" would at last come into their own in this land of emancipated publicity, where Ibsenesque Norah's are indigenous and queens the eighth wonder of the world:

> At the heginning of the war she was represented in a German paper—was it *Simplicimissus?*—as saying: "Now we have to mohilize the photographers." Of course she did not say that; hut if she had said anything of the kind she would have said movie camera men. Yes, for Queen Marie, America is the Land of Opportunity. But even in America she ought to he warned against little social mistakes. Every once in a while she sends letters to the American press; hut she usually selects the wrong newspapers. Once, on the eve of one of her several visits to the United States that did not come off, she sent out 435 photographs—one to each congressman.
>
> Still, one must not he unfair to her. She writes letters that make excellent reading and have a real literary quality; and she adores her children—she was prostrated hy the death of her son Mircea in the dark days of the war. But one can not forget her treatment of horses. She rides them to death in three months.

Possibly because he is a fellow-countryman, Mr. Bagger is much more sympathetic in rendering the portrait of Count Michael Károlyi, that most variously represented of Mittel European statesmen. Pictured as a very devil by the adherents of Count Stephen Tisza, Károlyi's predecessor at the helm of Hungarian affairs, Count Michael appears through the benevolent vision of Mr. Bagger as among the salt of the earth. And it is the more remarkable that this Hungarian saint and socialist, like Tolstoi, was of the privileged caste. The following picture of Magyar aristocratic conditions helps us—like our author—to discover Mittel Europa:

> Michael Károlyi was horn in the purple—or, if you prefer the homely figure of folk tale to classic metaphor, with a golden spoon in his mouth. His family is one of the oldest in Hungary, with a pedigree reaching hack over nine hundred years. His uncle, Count Alexander, held the family estate, estimated at over $30,000,000, in entail—an estate second only to that of the Prince Esterházy. When he died the entail devolved to young Count Michael who, still in his twenties, thus advanced from the comfortahle and irresponsible state of a junior memher of his clan to a position of unique splendor and responsihility as the second temporal peer of the Magyar realm.
>
> The Károlyi estate contained, among other things, the ancient palace at Budapest, covering, with its park, a site of several acres in the most fashionahle section of the city, and harhoring treasures of art second to no other private collection in Europe. One of the inhahitants of the palace was a ghost. Count Louis Batthyány, a relative of the Károlyi family, had heen premier of the first parliamentary ministry of Hungary, a patriot of the purest water, a statesman of parts and of moderation. In the revolution of 1848 Count Batthyány held out, at the jeopardy of his own popularity, for reconciliation with the dynasty. It availed him nothing. When the Austrians retook Budapest after the flight of Kossuth's government to Dehreczen, Batthyány, who saw no reason why he should flee, was imprisoned, courtmartialed, and shot to death. He was arrested in the Károlyi palace. The Austrian general who ordered his arrest was Prince Alfred Windischgraetz. These two details are not unimportant.
>
> The Magyar nohility is noted for three qualities above others—its extravagant splendor, its dash, and its wonderful physique. The splendor is an Oriental heritage. The dash is reminiscent of the aristocracy of Louis XIV, called by Macaulay—hardly a favorahly predisposed critic—the gallantest class in history; of the marquesses and chevaliers who, clothed in gorgeous silks and snowy laces, perfumed and perwigged, charged into the squares of Marlhorough's infantry with the nonchalance of a cavalcade at Versailles. The physical heauty of the Magyar nobility is the mark of pure though not inhred stock, and the result of centuries of outdoor life, cultivated in Hungary very much in the English fashion. The Magyar aristocracy probahly numhers more flawlessly handsome men than any save the English, and more devastatingly heautiful women than any other whatsoever.

But it is not only in his principles that Károlyi stands out among men anywhere—among Hungarians he is reckoned little better than a curiosity because of his intellectual interests, which are not common among the Hungarian nobility, according to our authority, who adds:

> There were memhers of the Magyar nohility who won for themselves honorahle places in the history of Magyar culture. There was the Baron Valentine Balassa, singer and humanist of the sixteenth century; there was Count Nicholas Zrinyi, epic poet and military writer, in the seventeenth. The most remarkahle figure of the Magyar spiritual *risorgimento* in the first half of the nineteenth century was Count Stephen Széchenyi, puhlicist, economist, historian, called hy his great enemy Kossuth "the greatest Magyar." The most important of Magyar novelists is the somhre pupil of Balzac, the Transylvanian Baron Sigismund Kemény; the leading exponent of the English liheral school was Baron Joseph Eötvös, politician, humanitarian, and writer of historic romances. But herewith the list of names contrihuted hy the Magyar nobility to Magyar culture is exhausted: and these men had to fight as their hitterest opponents their own class and kin. With all their European manners, with their linguistic gifts, with their smatterings of the arts, with their polish of international culture so markedly in contrast with the parochial and patriarchal spirit of the gentry, the Magyar aristocracy, in its innermost soul, has remained savage and Asiatic, much more nakedly contemptuous of things spiritual than the corresponding class of other European countries. They cared for horses, cards, wine, women, shooting—ahove all, for horses. Their hippolatry exceeded, if possihle, even that of the English. Their greatest representative, the Count Stephen Széchenyi, who founded the Academy of Sciences, imported Western systems of hanking, and started the first steamship line on the Danuhe, also introduced horse-racing on the English model.

Despite these attractive surroundings Count Károlyi was known to study—history, politics, sociology. Like the Hungarians we fear he wasn't normal—he wantcd to change the idyllic conditions of his caste: in short, he was a socialist, and what is more extraordinary, a consistent one:

> It happened during his American trip in the spring of 1914 that, while addressing a mass meeting of Hungarians, he was asked hy a heckler why he did not live up to his principles and turn over his vast estates to the Hungarian people.
>
> "I will not give my estates to the Magyar people," he answered, "hecause I want the people to come and take them away. I won't give alms to my people and I won't hrihe them. The land helongs to them hy right—when they awake to this they'll go and seize it, and as far as I am concerned they are entirely welcome."
>
> His government never had a chance to carry out its project of hreaking up the landed estates, the most important step toward the democratization of the country. But after he was elected president he offered, as a preliminary to the wholesale reform, his estates to the people. The establishment of the Soviet government found him already a poor man.
>
> Soon after the communist coup his friends got wind of a conspiracy hatched hy nohle officers of the army for his assassination. Jászi called on him in the garden of his Schwahenherg villa and tried to persuade him to leave the country. Károlyi listened sadly. An emaciated cow, purveyor of milk for the children of the ex-president, was grazing on the lawn. Jászi looked at the cow. Károlyi, must have suddenly realized the symholism in the scene, for he pointed at the poor heast with a hitter smile. "Voilà," he said, "les dernières restes d'une fortune jadis presque princière."
>
> But even that miserahle cow did not last forever. The Allied hlockade was winding tighter and tighter around Soviet Hungary. Budapest was put on starvation rations. There was no milk in the city. There was no milk for the children of Count Michael Károlyi, ex-president of the repuhlic, hut yesterday one of the greatest feudal lords of Europe, recipient of a yearly income of a million dollars.
>
> Professor Philip Marshall Brown of Princeton University, late American chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, was at this time attached to one of the American missions at Budapest. He liked Károlyi—he admired his unselfish devotion, his idealism, his courage under the ordeal. One day Károlyi came to him and asked for a tin or two of condensed milk—for his new-horn hahy. Professor Brown gave him a dozen tins, all he had at the time. He had tears in his eyes when he told me this story after his return to America.

Like the good historian he is, Mr. Bagger does not hesitate to draw heavily on the memoirs of Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, the scion of a great Austrian house who was reared on an Hungarian estate with the full panoply of Hungarian tradition and who was incidentally a cousin of Michael Károlyi. He was also one of his bitterest enemies, and his book, according to Mr. Bagger, was written with the twofold purpose of showing what a political and military genius he was himself and what a black-hearted scoundrel was Michael Károlyi. This amiable historian and kinsman of our socialist hero reports as follows:

> He set to work [continues Windischgraetz] with extraordinary diligence to retrieve what he had left undone; he hraced up his muscles, studied agriculture, history, and social economy, learnt to ride and fence, showed marvelous tenacity in trying to master his defect of speech, threw himself into politics, and was successful in every direction. He could say with pride that he had given himself new hirth at the age of thirty. He had acquired knowledge; an iron will impelled him to do what was heyond his strength; ambition, pride, and love of power led him into extremes, eccentricities, and ahsurdities. He was never a good motorist, hut he drove with a foolhardiness that made one nervous and anxious; never a good rider, hut he played polo with amazing courage; he could not speak, and made speeches which compelled respect and admiration. Michael Károlyi hegan to show who Michael Károlyi was.

Not a bad showing from a deadly enemy—on the whole we are inclined to think Károlyi not a bad sort despite his numerous detractors and his socialistic tendencies. Mr. Bagger leaves his hero with the following benediction:

> Michael Károlyi and his wife, Catherine Andrássy, have lost all they had possessed in this world, hut they have found a treasure that compensates them for their loss. They have found their souls. There are in Europe today no more ardent socialists than Count and Countess Michael Károlyi. That they are naïve dogmatists? That they expect the impossihle? True The early Christians were naïve dogmatists. They expected the impossihle. *We* know that socialism is not a panacea—that there are no panaceas. Are we, in our soher wisdom, happier than the Count and Countess Károlyi in their dream? After all, for the individual it is not the contents of religion that matters—it is religion. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall he filled."

We can not do better than piously to echo the sentiment.

Of the other eminent personalities in Mr. Bagger's troupe we expect to have more to say later. Greece, Czechoslovakia, Poland, all boast their eminent citizens nowadays, thanks to the prominence into which the war has thrust those once legendary countries. Paderewski is always good for picturesque copy, and if Constantine and Venizelos are rather passé, Admiral Horthy is at least still topical. On second thoughts the regent of Hungary is the only one of Mr. Bagger's performers who remains an active figure in European politics. Meanwhile the historical novelists of the future have been supplied with characters stranger than fiction.

EMINENT EUROPEANS. By Eugene S. Bagger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 25, 1923, were $139,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $135,800,000; an increase of $4.100,000.

Brushing aside its tears of sorrow over the loss of the chief executive who had endeared himself to the entire nation, the business community has again set itself to fathoming the future, says J. G. Donley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*.

Bears on the immediate future of American business are no longer in good company. And these, briefly stated, are the reasons:

The current reaction is coming to be regarded as merely seasonal and even quite moderate for such a downturn.

Sustaining this conclusion, bank clearings at most cities outside of New York show substantial gains over midsummer months of recent preceding years.

In New York State, where accurate records of employment are kept by the industrial commissioner, employment in manufacturing receded less than 1 per cent. in July, and reports from other states, while less authoritative, indicate no important diminution of working forces.

Although pig-iron production, which had been running ahead of the needs of steel mills, has dropped off sharply, there is cumulative evidence of a better undertone in the steel industry, with specifications for August heavier than expected, and a slight increase in new buying. For the first time in four months improvement is noted in the iron and steel scrap market.

Demand for automobiles continues strong, with at least one company reporting a new monthly shipping record in July, and gains generally shown over the corresponding season of last year.

July sales of the leading mail-order houses largely exceeded June sales as well as those of July, 1922. For the first seven months the two largest houses gained 36.2 per cent. over last year.

With retail sales running about 10 per cent. higher than a year ago, stocks of goods have continued to decrease; so that the rate of turnover has risen month by month.

Barring the weeks containing holidays, million-car weekly freight loadings have been maintained consistently for over two months, and a new high record has been set—in midsummer.

For its significance with regard to business in general, rather than its individual application, it is important to note that new orders booked by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company for July established a new high record in the history of the company, with the exception of war years.

Other favorable developments, without much bearing upon the slight recession of the last four months, but holding favorable augury for the future, have been the following:

While wheat is off from 6 to 20 cents a bushel from the prices prevailing last summer, corn—with double the total crop value of wheat—has reached the highest level since 1920 and is fully 25 cents a bushel above the price prevailing a year ago. And, at the same time, Chicago reports the largest corn receipts in five years.

Influenced by the low government condition report and the shrinkage of 500,000 bales in the estimated crop, cotton has rallied sharply, and the outlook is for a satisfactory return to growers.

Marketing of live stock is heavy, with cattle, hogs, and sheep at top prices of the season. There is in this, in the record of grain movements and prices, and in record sales of mail-order houses, refutation of pessimism based on the fancied poverty of the national farmer.

The excellent six months' earnings statements of our leading steel, automobile, equipment, and miscellaneous concerns, as well as those of the better situated railroads, are also bright spots in the day-to-day news. True, they are "water that has gone over the mill"; but they are safely impounded in substantial surpluses against the day of need, should it come. And all the evidence here gathered together seems to indicate that a period of continued high purchasing power of workers amply employed, continued good earnings of industrial and railroad corporations, continued sane and sound prosperity all around—with something of a fillip to buying of goods both at wholesale and retail in the fall—lies ahead.

Since the armistice ended war, but brought no peace to Europe, we have had two well-defined booms. Business would rejoice should Europe's house be put in order; but it will not allow European gloom to pervade the atmosphere of our "splendid isolation." Business, like charity, begins at home, but it shouldn't end there—so we hope, but do not despair.

Conditions have not altered during the last thirty days. The period of midsummer dullness is nearing its close and there is now some evidence of increasing business. The Ruhr problem and the whole question of reparations are in an acute stage, but it seems probable that to a large etxent the immediate effects of the European situation on business in the United States have been discounted. The attention of merchants and manufacturers is therefore focussed primarily on domestic conditions, especially the agricultural situation and wholesale prices of commodities, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

The difficult position of the farmers engaged in producing the major crops has been recognized since 1920 and despite efforts in responsible quarters to minimize the seriousness of their situation it is an open question as to whether it has improved materially. Much stress has been placed on the promise of a large corn crop and a high price for corn and fantastic calculations have been made as to the great increase in agricultural purchasing power resulting therefrom.

The United States Department of Agriculture has made careful study of the disposition of the corn crop and estimates that nearly 85 per cent. of the entire corn crop is used on farms. A large proportion of the crop does not reach the market in any form, being used for the feeding of horses and mules and for human food on farms.

About two-fifths of the crop is fed to hogs and an additional 15 per cent. to cattle. It is thus obvious that from the standpoint of cash return to the farmer, it is not the price of corn which is of primary importance, but the price of hogs and cattle, and the outlook in this direction is not encouraging.

The second crop of the United States, measured in terms of farm value as of December 1st is the hay crop. Aside from that portion fed to work animals in towns and cities, the entire crop is fed on the farm and reaches the market in the form of animal products, chiefly cattle, sheep, and dairy products. Thus agricultural conditions are determined primarily by the price of live stock, wheat, and cotton.

There are important offsetting factors to the low prices of live stock and of wheat. The difficulties with which American agriculture has been beset have had exactly the results which adverse conditions exert on any industry. Farmers have been obliged to give the closest personal supervision to their work, and to reduce costs to a minimum. In areas where production of food for farm consumption was formerly neglected, it has been increased and there may have been some gain in crop diversification.

Conditions have been fairly good in some of the less conspicuous branches of farming, notably dairying and tobacco growing. The poultry industry, vegetable growing, and most kinds of fruit growing are not dependent on the international market, so that producers in these lines have had no abnormal difficulties with which to contend. These minor products are also of great importance to many farmers who do not specialize in them. Considering the agricultural industry of the country as a whole, and making due allowance for the seasonal character of farm buying, it seems probable that farmers will continue to purchase during the coming months at not far from the rate which has prevailed thus far in 1923.

The fact that all the well-known index numbers of wholesale prices have declined during recent months has been widely noted, but it is at least an open question as to whether the importance of these declines has not been seriously overestimated. Indeed, the value of index numbers of wholesale prices as indicators of the future course of business is open to doubt, unless the detailed changes which cause the alteration in the general price level are critically studied and the seasonal course of prices considered in historical perspective as well. On the basis of pre-war experience, it is quite as reasonable to conclude that higher prices will follow recent recessions as to fear a general decline. Apparently the decline in the general price level which has occurred in the last three months is in large measure the combined result of normal seasonal influences and of conditions affecting a few commodities of special importance. For such duration of time as must be reckoned with by merchants and manufacturers in their ordinary operations, each commodity is influenced primarily by supply and demand in its own and related markets. Future commitments should always be made with due consideration to all factors, but the decline in the general price level which has taken place does not warrant lack of confidence in the business outlook. It must be borne in mind that the index number is a picture of what has taken place rather than of future trends which must necesasrily be largely determined by factors other than prices.

The period of heaviest requirements for money for the annual crop movement is approaching and demand in the interior therefore dominates the market. Firmer rates are likely, but the degree of advance will depend, not only on the special seasonal requirements in agricultural district, but also on general business activity during the autumn months.

In spite of the depression in the stock market, new corporate hond and note offerings in June, both in California and in the country as a whole, were in large proportions, according to the monthly analysis of Cyrus Peirce & Co., in sharp contrast with the offerings of the previous month, which were comparatively light.

California public utilities were particularly active in financing, honds of that class having totaled no less than $11,258,000. This figure, which does not include portions of California issues sold outside of the state, is larger than that for any other month, except, January, 1923, since Cyrus Peirce & Co. began their monthly compilation, and compares with a monthly average of $4,457,000 in 1922. Of all the public utility bonds and notes floated in June in the United States 11.55 per cent. were issued and absorbed in California.

Bond dealers established a record in the number of issues offered. So far as can be ascertained these totaled twenty-four, nearly one for each working day, compared with twenty issues in the previous high month—March, 1923.

The total of public utility and industrial issues in the state, just under $20,000,000, has only heen exceeded in May, 1922, January, 1923, and March, 1923.

In connection with the strength of Tobacco Products the rumor was repeated that if the trade with the British company is put through Tobacco Products common will go on a $5 basis.

Average prices for forty leading honds lost 0.97 points during the last two weeks. In the preceding two weeks there was a gain of 0.71 points. Average prices are now 3.35 points below the high of 1923, and 6.35 points below the high of 1922. However, the level is 10.51 points above the low of 1920, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Transactions in listed bonds continue in small volume, and the offerings of new issues also are light. During the last two weeks $49,355,500 of new bonds were sold, compared with $32,299,000 in the preceding two weeks.

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mercial requirements are moderate; so that there are ample funds for investment in sound securities. But there bas been a considerable mobilization of funds to protect stock market commitments carried on margin, and there is also a tendency to believe that bond prices may work lower in keeping with the action of the stock market, with the result that prospective investors are holding off.

The latter possibility, however, is by no means well defined. The market action of bonds during tbe coming two or three months is dependent largely upon the course of business during this period. Normally, business increases in the autumn, and, in addition, the movement of crops to their primary markets at that season results in a considerable credit expansion in the West. Whether or not the combination of these factors this year will be sufficient to make an impression on the present bank resources remains to be seen. At the most, interest rates are not likely to harden very substantially, with the result that there will be little reason for a material reaction in bond prices from present levels.

Tbose who buy second and tbird-grade bonds for speculation can afford to wait a few weeks longer before making their commitments and determine just wbat effects the expected increase in activity in the fall will bave on prices. Those who buy prime securities for permanent investment can afford to make selections now in anticipation of generally higber bond prices over a longer period of time. Bond prices of the future will be determined by the trend in commodity prices, as they bave been determined in the past, and from present indications it is believed the movement will be upward. Commodity prices and bond prices move in opposite directions, and, if the opinion of economists concerning commodity prices is sustained, tbe bondholder faces an encouraging outlook. The reason that commodity and bond prices move in opposite directions is because of the fixed nature of the income arising from an investment in bonds. This is always the same in the number of dollars regardless of what amount of commodities it may be exchanged for. If commodities decline the income from bonds will, of course, buy a greater quantity, and bonds, consequently, take on an added value.

There is also the prospect of less competition from new bonds coming on to the market because of tbe great industrial expansion which has taken place within the last seven or eight years, resulting in production capacity now being equal to all consumption demands, and, in a number of lines, future re-

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Bradford, Kimball & Co. are offering $100,000 Central Mendocino County Power Company first mortgage sinking fund 6½ per cent. gold bonds at 98 and accrued interest, to yield 6.68 per cent. This issue of bonds is secured by a first mortgage on the distributing systems of the water and power lands, the franchises of the corporation, and approximately 7000 acres of water shed. On this property there is located the reservoir and intake of the present water system, and also the new reservoir, which will impound up to 15,000-acre feet of water, sufficient to supply irrigation water to the surrounding country, as well as domestic water to the town of Willits, should it grow to 50,000 population. On the property there is estimated at the present time to be 30,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, appraised at $75,000. There are also eight miles of roads whicb are in excellent condition, in addition to whicb the entire property is completely fenced. The company receives an income from the lease of grazing privileges, which is not included in the earnings statement, but which is estimated to return above $2000 additional revenue. These properties we value ourselves at $275,000. We submit to your the report of Mr. R. W. Van Norden, in which he appraises tbe property at $240,000, and the report of Mr. C. H. Loveland, in which the valuation is placed at $272,000.

The increased wages amounting to $600,000 a year, increased power costs, and other contemplated wage increases will wipe out tbe net profit of $1,000,000 made by tbe municipally-owned street-car lines for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1923. Officials announced increase in fares September 2d from 5 to 6 cents, with 1 cent for transfers at Detroit.

The first issue of tbe financial letter of the American Bank to be publisshed under the new name of the institution since its merger with the Security Trust and Savings Bank explains the reasons for the change from a national to a state-chartered bank. It says:

"It is not without a certain feeling of regret that the word National is removed from the title, of wbicb it has been a part for a generation. The national banking system for more than half a century has served worthily and with distinction the financial interests of the country. But time and conditions change, and organizations find it necessary to adapt themselves to tbese changes. After careful consideration and long deliberation, those in charge of the destinies of this institution have determineo that it could give greater service to its clientèle if operated under a state charter, though still retaining membership in tbe Federal Reserve system, witb all the advantages implied in such membership.

"Tbe banking laws of California, carefully devised and competently administered, seem to accord a greater freedom and flexibility to banking operations than the national laws. While supervision is, properly, strict, it is carried on with a more sympathetic understanding and appreciation of local conditions and problems than is possible to a control centering in Washington. The state banking system has stood the test of many years of experience, and it is a fact that the banking resources of state banks far exceed those of national banks in tbis commonwealth.

It is refreshing in these hot days to reflect that $300,000,000 of American capital is working overtime to replenish the ice boxes of the United States and to know that the activities of capital in contributing to this requirement of the people are steadily increasing. The latest census reports of 1921 of manufactures in the United States indicates, says the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, that tbe value of the outturn of the ice factories of the United States in that latest census year, 1921, was $159,000,000, or 16 per cent. greater than in 1919. This increase of 16 per cent. in the value of the ice outturn in 1921 is the more striking by reason of the fact that the grand total of all manufactures turned out in that year, 1921, fell about 30 per cent. below that of 1919. The value of the ice manufactured in 1921 showed an increase of 16 per cent. over 1919, while the value of all other manufactures was decreasing 30 per cent. in the same period.

The above statement that over $300,000,000 worth of American capital is now invested in the ice-making industry is necessarily an estimate for the present moment, adds the *Trade Record,* since the 1921 census does not present figures as to capital in that year, altbough the census reports of earlier years state capital invested in each industry. If, however, we assume that the percentage of increase in capital in the ice factories was as great as the increase in value of their outturn, the 1921 capital would stand at $313,000,000 against the official record of $271,000,000 in 1919.

The success of the manufacturing industry in competing with nature in the manufacture of ice for domestic use is illustrated by the fact that the census reports of 1922 put the total value of ice manufactured in the United States in 1921 at $158,889,000 against $13,781,000 reported by the census of 1900.

These figures of $158,889,000 worth of artificial ice produced in 1921 suggest that the people of the United States are now, says the *Trade Record,* paying considerably more than $1,000,000 per day for their ice. Experts estimate that the ice obtained from natural sources is now about one-fourth as much as that turned out by the factories, which would suggest a total value of the 1921 ice crop at about $200,000,000 at the place of production, and as these same experts estimate that the "final consumer" pays fully double the cost at the place of production it is apparent that the people are now paying about $400,000,000 a year for ice, or considerably more than $1,000,000 per day the year round, while for the summer months the daily average would be mucb in excess of $1,000,000.

The production of ice by artificial methods began in New Orleans in the closing year of the civil war, and steadily and rapidly advanced, especially in the year following 1900. While no figures are available as to the quantity of ice still being harvested on the lakes and rivers of the country, unofficial estimates by accepted authorities indicate that the quantity has steadily decreased coincidentally with the big increase in artificial production. A decade ago practically no ice frozen by the natural process was used in the southern half of the United States, since it was cheaper to manufacture it where required than to pay the cost of transporting it from the northern climate, while even the northern states where natural ice is still available are now abandoning the natural product for the artificial as is evidenced by the fact that the biggest producers of artificial ice are in the north, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, while the census of 1920 shows ice factories in every state of the Union except New Hampshire and Vermont. About two-thirds of the 30,000,000 tons of ice turned out by the factories of the country is produced from distilled water.

Tbe Freeman, Smitb & Camp Company announce the receipt of the semi-annual consolidated earnings statement of the Southwestern Utilities Corporation, which, besides its activities in Kansas, controls supply and distribution, under executive franchise, of natural gas in Edmonton, Alberta, for the six months ending June 30tb, as follows:

Gross income	$620,687.51
Cost of oil and gas purchased	182,420.51
Gross profit	$438,267.00
Operating expenses and rental payments	267,921.16
Net earnings	$170,345.84
Miscellaneous income	19,377.33
Total net earnings	$189,723.17
Deductions—Interest and miscellaneous	56,580.33
Surplus earnings	$133,142.84

The earnings are at the rate of two and three-fourths times interest requirements. Progress of tbe company is indicated in a comparison of these figures for six months, witb the twelve months figures of preceding years. Net earnings of the Southwestern Utilities Corporation available for interest, sinking fund, taxes, and reserves for 1921 were $168,738, and for 1922 were $262,734.

July net earnings, detail figures for which are not yet available were the greatest in the history of the corporation.

Deliveries of gas by the company for 1921 totaled 4,257,791,000 cubic feet, in 1922 were 4,494,463,000 cubic feet, and for the first balf of 1923 were 3,154,000,000 cubic feet.

Bond & Goodwin & Tucker are offering a new issue of $4,000,000 Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation general and refunding mortgage 6 per cent. gold bonds, Series "G," due March 1, 1942. These bonds are exempt from personal property tax in California.

The corporation carries on a large and profitable gas and electric business in Los Angeles and controls all of the gas business of Pasadena, South Pasadena, Monterey Park, Alhambra, San Gabriel, San Marino, Watts, Huntington Park, Hyde Park, Hawthorne and Inglewood, together with a portion of the gas business of Vernon, Eagle Rock, and other suburban districts, serving a total population estimated at about 1,100,000.

Tbe gas department as of August 1, 1923, had a generating capacity of 73,750,000 cubic feet per twenty-four hours, holders with a capacity of about 32,700,000 cubic feet and 2113 miles of mains; the electric department on the same date had a generating capacity of 42,400 kilowatts, about 935 miles of pole lines and twenty-five miles of underground conduits. In addition the corporation has extensive holdings of very valuable real estate. All the properties are thoroughly modern and are kept in the most efficient operating condition.

Series "G" bonds will be issued pursuant to and will be secured by the general and refunding mortgage, dated March 1, 1921, executed by the corporation to Mercantile Trust Company (now Mercantile Trust Company of California), San Francisco, and Security Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles, as trustees. This indenture, in the opinion of counsel, is a direct mortgage on the entire properties of the corporation now owned and bereafter acquired, subject to the prior liens of underlying mortgages.

The property, including the additions provided for by this financing, together with the proceeds from the above-mentioned authorized issue of $10,000,000 preferred stock, is conservatively valued at over $57,400,000, or more than 1.87 times tbe corporation's total funded debt, including this issue.

It is announced that the Diamond Match Company will redeem on November 1, 1923, at 105 and accrued interest all of its outstanding fifteen-year 7½ per cent. debentures, due November 1, 1935. Upon receipt of the debentures which have been called Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary collection for account of holders and transmit the proceeds to them as soon as available.

It is announced tbat the El Slyo Land Company will redeem on September 1, 1923, at 102 and accrued interest all of its outstanding first serial 6s, dated March 1, 1920. Upon receipt of the bonds which have been called Cyrus Peirce & Co. will be pleased to make the necessary collection for the account of holders and transmit the proceeds to them as soon as available.

In discussing the evils of tax-exempt securities the Dallas (Texas) *Farm and Ranch* says: "The limit of tying up the idle wealth of the country has been reached. Already more tban thirty billion of dollars are thus exempt from taxation. It can be truthfully said that 80 per cent. of this amount is being kept out of industry on that account. It is also an incontrovertible fact that industry is paying an extra tax to make up the deficiency in cost of government because of this great wealth that escapes paying its just share. The question is: "Are we going to continue permitting those who can best afford to pay taxes to escape by the tax-free securities route, shoving the burden over on the workers, the salaried men, and upon industry, or are we going to plug up tbe leak?"

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Spanish Paradox.

PLAYS. By Jacinto Benavente. Third Series. 1923. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

When Maeterlinck's mysticism first hazily dawned upon realism-ridden Europe he was called the Belgian Shakespeare—why, no one knows. It would be easier to construct an antithetical contrast between the two dramatists so ruthlessly marooned in this simile than to defend its integrity. But there is a fatal temptation to compare Jacinto Benavente with the Bard of Avon—a temptation we have resolved to overcome on the spot. Readers familiar with the brilliant sophisticated pageantry and the sane cynicism of philosophy of the Spanish dramatist may amuse themselves by continuing the analogy if they wish. They will probably prefer, since any acquaintance with Benavente connotes admiration, to consider his genius from a more original viewpoint.

John Garrett Underhill, who has translated all the Benavente plays in this Scribner's edition, comments on the absence of any intelligent criticism of the greatest living Spanish dramatist. The American and English press he exonerates, as we can not possibly have the Latin view and perspective. That is true. But though Benavente's work is intensely Spanish in atmosphere our translator himself points out that he is not even understood at home among "a people as crassly unmetaphysical as the Spaniards, who, through their picaresque tradition, have been parents of modern realism." Lucky for Benavente that his surface is so brilliantly interesting and his psychological pageants so eminently actable, for with an amusing surface, like Shakespeare, he may interest even fools. Posterity and the scholars who make its opinions will do justice to his hidden philosophy. And we must guiltily commit the platitude of adding, "genius is above race."

R. G.

Mackail on Virgil.

VIRGIL AND HIS MEANING TO THE WORLD TODAY. By J. W. Mackail. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

The editors of the Debt to Greece and Rome Series are fortunate in their choice of Professor Mackail as interpreter of Virgil. In luminous phrases the great English scholar-critic says pleasant and true things of the schoolboy's bane and Dante's and Tennyson's idol. He praises Virgil for Dido and explains but does not excuse Æneas. He makes readable such considerations as Virgil's disputed works, his molding into form of the stubborn Latin language, the spelling of his name, the imperial purpose of the Æneid. He loves the Georgics well; indeed he has translated already the body of Virgil's works and throughout his present essay speaks with that sense of companionship that a translator who is also a gifted writer displays. An interesting chapter traces briefly, but again humorously, Virgil's influence on mediæval aud modern times.

On Spending Money.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING. By Newel Howland Comish, M. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

It is one thing to know a subject well enough to become an accepted authority and quite another to convey that knowledge to others clearly and intelligently. Mr. Comish has achieved this combination of knowledge and expression in his recent work on "The Standard of Living," and the happy result is probably due to his experience as professor of economics and sociology in the Oregon Agricultural College. He gives us clear definitions of the factors affecting the standards of living, treating the laws and development of consumption in detail and giving them first place in importance. Regarding consumption in its relation to the producer and the consumer alike, he points out its position in the progress and success of modern life.

There are practical chapters as well, dealing with advertising, with the distribution of incomes, and with comparative and efficient standards of living. We are given a striking quotation from E. P. Harris: "We Americans are far abler to turn our efforts into dollars than to turn our dollars into real utility values." Taking this as a keynote, this very thoughtful book may be said to have been written to teach Americans generally how to be wise consumers as well as producers.

A Literary View of Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A MAN OF LETTERS. By Luther Emerson Robinson, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

This is not, as it might seem, an attempt to place Lincoln among the great writers who were men of letters only. In fact it calls attention to the excellent diction and other qualities of the state papers, speeches, etc., of a man who was first, last, and all the time a politician. And a welcome feature of the book is the absence of the conventional, one may almost say the legendary, treatment of Lincoln's character and personality.

In place of the melancholy personage alternating between great depression and coarse hilarity we see a capable, industrious man with a wonderful sense of right and wrong and the perfect courage of his convictions, who saw things as they were and knew the time had come to set them right.

Naturally, any man who saw as clearly as Lincoln did the tragic nature of the country's plight and the imminence of the struggle to remedy it might well be expected to wish that it should not fall to him to right it; but, as it appears from this book, while he did feel this, it neither unsettled him nor caused him to hesitate.

A pleasant thing in Professor Robinson's essay is the attention called to the friendly relations between Lincoln and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia. No better proof could be found of the fact that strong men of large minds and honest convictions may differ in the most radical manner and still respect each other. Stephen's course when his state was upon the point of seceding, and his speech when trying to stay the act, show strongly how his candid nature reacted to the thought of his former associate.

A number of speeches and letters given in an appendix sustain the view that Lincoln's efforts of this nature entitle him to a high place among the writers of pure and forcible English. They place him in a class with the great wielders of the pen whose efforts were made, not as mere jugglers with words, but as users of language to convey strong and accurate thoughts, where strength and accuracy were of the highest importance.

The Victorian Poet.

TENNYSON. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $3.

Each generation looks at the preceding one with clear and critical eyes, because of the perspective of time and of a certain impersonal detachment from a drama on which the curtain has dropped. So it is only those whose life opened in the Victorian age and who still feel its sentiment and associations who wince at some of the verdicts of the present day and who blink a little in the glare of truth.

Hugh Fausset has achieved in this review of Tennyson somewhat of a critical triumph, inasmuch as he has not been content with a callous dissection of the life and writings of the great poet, but has drawn as well a sympathetic portrait of the man himself and has given a just summary of his life, his temperament, and the influences of the generation that molded his thought and made as well as marred his work.

Indeed the whole review of Tennyson as a man and a poet may be summed up in the charge that he was the product of his age rather than an active factor in shaping the thought of the time, and that choosing the line of least resistance he sacrificed his art to Victorian conventionality.

Mr. Fausset gives us, not only a portrait of Tennyson, but a comprehensive background as well, ranging from boyhood through youth, and reaching into a beautiful and serene old age; and the reader has a grasp of the factors that shaped his life and influenced his work.

The best and deepest of Tennyson's poetry was written in the first years following the death of Hallam, although "In Memoriam" was not published until seventeen years after. This poem was welcomed by an age whose faith was being assailed, and which was already in the throes of a transition period. While Tennyson neither yielded to materialism nor triumphed through idealism, his compromise between the facts of science and the dogmas of religion was a consolation to an age which had not yet found the courage to seek a faith consistent with reason.

Although this critic insists that Tennyson's comprehension of life did not keep pace with the development of his art and that his moral ideas lacked energy and depth, he pays full homage to the everlasting beauty of that art and to the melody of line of which Tennyson was master—an artist indeed in the color and music of words.

A Poet Analysed.

THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By Lloyd Morris, with a Bibliography by W. Van R. Whitall. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Neither Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Morris is quite easy reading; both do one the honor to acknowledge one's intelligence. Poets hail Robinson with enthusiasm; critics like Mr. Morris acclaim his the truest voice since Whitman.

Robinson is contemporary and historical, but always interpretative. He carries the best of the realistic novel technique over into poetry; he gets at the spirit of Lazarus and Paul and Napoleon; he writes a Merlin and a Lancelot with a view to seeing why legend appeals to thought as well as to imagination. Finally he has New England's ideas and idealism in his very blood, thanks to Maine and Harvard and thinkers all the way down from Edwards and Emerson to Royce.

Indeed Mr. Morris' chapter on the influence of Royce on Robinson is a contribution of real value—of more value, we think, than if he had contented himself with tracing conventionally the influence of Crahbe, Browning, and Tennyson.

Eternal India.

CASTE. By W. A. Frazer. New York: George H. Doran Company.

After reading the last page of "Caste" and closing the hook, the reader has somewhat the feeling of coming out from the footlights into the glare of everyday life where street-cars are running and people are jostling. For the book carries one into India, and there are more Hindus and Afghans and Mahratmas than Sahibs in the tale. The atmosphere is good, and the author writes from a wide knowledge of the country and its people and of all the currents running under the surface of Oriental life.

There is plenty of plot and plenty of action, but the tale would be more gripping if better handled in point of style and diction. The reader is plunged into a strange world with few signposts or labels to make matters clear, and only after mastering unfamiliar names and local conditions through the obscurity of the opening pages does he swing at last into the story and get a grasp of the situation. However, the meeting points of East and West seem ever to fascinate Western readers and this particular story of plot and counter-plot will be found to furnish material in plenty to create interest.

Pennsylvania Dutch.

THE HIDDEN ROAD. By Elsie Singmaster. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

The author of this novel has given us several other volumes of fiction, two or three books for younger readers, and a biography of Martin Luther. In this instance her story has its beginning in a Pennsylvania Dutch settlement near Allentown, an environment with which Miss Singmaster is unquestionably conversant. Her choice of words is simple—in fact we are no more conscious of words in "The Hidden Road" than we are of individual stones in a well-built wall. Her character drawing is clever; the main actors of the book are distinct types and her heroine, Phebe, is superb.

"The Hidden Road" is not a problem novel in the sense that it handles a general problem, but one in the sense that it works out a problem some women have to solve; not all women—for there are those whose scope of vision is so narrow and contracted that they do not know that the problem is there, and for them "The Hidden Road" does not exist.

Cycles of Cathay.

SWINGING LANTERNS. By Elizabeth Crump Enders. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.50.

China has been visited so often and so many travelers have given us their impressions that there would seem to he little to tell that is new, except that every traveler looks at things from a different angle and what escapes the notice of one makes an impression on another. This chronicle of a year passed in China is much like a series of photographs, detached and yet forming a whole when pieced together. We get a swift moving panorama of palaces, temples, people, houses, shops and beautiful things to buy, hut over all is the dreadful poverty of the people, lying like a dark vapor on city and countryside.

The author spent a winter in Peking—the real China—settling down as a householder, and we have pictures of the house with its courts, compound, lotus pool and outer walls, its servants and visitors, which are full of interest. The people in these snapshots are generally friendly, but possessed of devouring curiosity, hesitating at nothing in the way of questions; the servants perfect, though democratic; the higher classes courteous and going

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about with pet birds in cages. And every one, rich and poor, has the virtue of early rising, while many of the markets are held before sunrise.

The funerals had a particular fascination and naturally transcend in pomp and magnificence anything seen in this country. In addition to the usual tom-toms, devil money, and carriage bearing a portrait of the deceased there is a sort of majordomo who leads the hired mourners, tells them when to stop and weep and when to cease and continue the march. Sometimes, when there are wayside tea-tables placed by sympathizing friends, he tells them to stop while the chief mourner is refreshed by a sip of tea.

There was an unpleasant interruption of the Peking life by what the writer terms a political dust-storm, when the city gates were closed and Peking under martial law, with fighting only a few miles away, which gradually drifted off towards Tientsin. To offset this there were many delightful excursions to distant temples, a journey in a houseboat, and a visit to the Sacred Isle of Patoshan, and withal a sympathetic understanding of Kipling's epitaph: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

Animal Friends.

THE LONE WINTER. By Anne Bosworth Greene. New York: The Century Company; $2.25.

Reading this mountain idyl is like a long day out of doors, when time stands still, and every detail of nature takes on a meaning and importance unguessed before.

The writer, who was "so much more interested in colts than cook stoves," spent a winter alone on a Vermont hill farm, and out of her daily experiences she has woven something lasting and interesting, and given to others some of the treasures of adventure and of thought that she found there.

Her only companions were a collie, a cat, her saddle horse, a sociable cow and a herd of Shetland ponies who were always breaking bounds and getting away, but who amused and entertained her as much as a lot of unruly children might have done.

It takes a touch of genius to make romance out of everyday events and with only animals for *dramatis personæ*. No plot goes to the make-up of this unusual story, yet the reader becomes at once interested in the daily unexpected happenings in the barns and pastures, and in the joys and sorrows of these dumb companions. There is a dramatic recital of a heart-to-heart ride with the kerosene can, and a thrilling search for Cressy's new calf—and as every page is lighted with the glow of fancy and of humor, every page has an interest all its own.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The Century Company, which published a year ago "The Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures," by Lorinda Munson Bryant, is following it with "The Children's Book of Celebrated Sculptures." Like its companion book, the new one will consist of approximately half a hundred full-page photographic reproductions of well-known art works, selected with a view to child interest, each picture faced by a page of text about the particular work shown.

Harpers, Scribners, and the Houghton Mifflin Company have arranged to issue the novels of Henry James in uniform bindings. This will make it possible for the lovers of James to buy for the first time a uniform set for their libraries.

John Masefield is busy writing a new play dealing with the life of the longshoreman.

Lord Berners' new comic opera, "La Carrosse du Saint Sacrament," is to be produced in Monte Carlo next December. The libretto is adapted from Prosper Mérimée.

Archibald Marshall, the popular Englisb novelist, plans the publication of a group of three stories developed around the career of a central character whose name, Anthony Dare, he has chosen as the title of the first of the trilogy. Dodd, Mead & Co. expect to publish "Anthony Dare" in September or October.

Following "Abraham Lincoln," "Robert E. Lee," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is to be first produced in Richmond, Virginia, where it is expected that it will receive the same enthusiastic reception that it had in London.

"We are strictly correct," writes Havelock Ellis in "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin Company), "when we regard, not only life, but the universe, as a dance. For the universe is made up of a certain number of elements, less than a hundred, and the 'periodic law' of these elements is metrical. They are ranged, that is to say, not haphazard, not in groups, but by number, and those of like quality appear at fixed and regular intervals. I call this movement of today, as that of the seventeenth century, classico-mathematical. And I regard the dance (without prejudice to a distinction made later in this volume) as essentially its symbol. This is not to belittle the romantic elements of the world, which are equally of its essence. But the vast exuberant energies and immeasurable possibilities of the first day may perhaps be best estimated when we have reached their final outcome on the sixth day of creation."

Do you know that the Eiffel Tower is a little higher in summer than in winter and in the afternoon than in the morning? The difference in height can attain six inches. Do you know why? Camille Flammarion uses the point in his new book, "Dreams of an Astronomer" (Appleton), in an interesting way to illustrate the interrelation of the immense symphony which the astronomer sees as interlocking our world with the worlds beyond which move through the heavens.

"The Bedside Library" is the title of a new series of books announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. which aims to fill a special niche in the needs of the lover of books. For in both contents and form the volumes will be in accord with the uses indicated by the title of the series. They will be attractively made and bound, light to handle, easy to hold, and they will be selected for their special ability to help create and tune in with that bedtime spirit that most pleasantly and helpfully prepares the mind for the temporary oblivion of sleep. Half a dozen volumes, including "The Parables and Sayings of Jesus Christ," "The Life and Death of Socrates," "The Golden Book of St. Augustine," "The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff," "The Little Decameron" and "Cranford," are ready for immediate issue, while four more are soon to follow. These will be "Considerations," by R. W. Emerson; "A Book of Friendship," an anthology of prose and verse on this subject; "Three Stories," by Balzac, and "The Plain Man's Prayer Book," an anthology of the finest prayers in our language.

"The World Crisis, 1915," by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in October, will continue the story of the world war as begun by the former first lord of the admiralty in "The World Crisis, 1911-1914," which was brought out in America and England last spring. The year 1915 is presented as one of tragic blundering on the part of the Allies. "In January, 1915, the terrific affair was still not unmanageable," Mr. Churchill declares in his opening chapter. "It could have been grasped in human hands and brought to rest in righteous and fruitful victory before the world was exhausted, before the nations were broken, before the empires were shattered to pieces, before Europe was ruined."

A. Frederick Collins has the knack of compiling volumes which in simple words introduce the pleasure derivable from some mechanical device. His latest is "The Book of the Microscope," illustrated by the author himself, published by Appleton. He carefully shows how to use a microscope and what are the fascinating things one can learn through its lenses. Delightful hours of real pastime he brings to any one who follows his directions, and one will learn many useful things from the information he gives—how to test your food and water, learn the durability of fabrics, and a multitude of other things. What he tells of biology will enable any one to possess a clear idea of the physical characteristics of plant and animal life.

"Friday to Monday" is the new mystery story by William Garrett, which Appleton publishes this week. As indicated by the title, Mr. Garrett compresses his action within the limit of a week-end, and the result is a tale of swiftest action. The centre of the mystery lies in the disappearance of a famous string of black pearls and the deeds of an international gang of crooks—with such elements as drugs and a remarkable case of imposture to help along. Mr. Garrett has devised a clever story, one that baffles you; and by the excellence of his literary style lends a distinction to the novel quite beyond that of the usual mystery story.

New Books Received.

TENNYSON. By Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.

Aspects of his life, character, and poetry.

THE CHART OF THE MIND. By John Bertrum Clarke. Los Angeles: Published by the author; 50 cents.

Mental health.

WHATEVER GODS. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Duffield & Co.; $2.

A novel.

A MEDITERRANEAN MYSTERY. By Fred E. Wynne. New York: Duffield & Co.; $2.

The story of the cruise of the *Astarte*.

FRENCH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. By John W. Cunliffe and Pierre de Bacourt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A companion volume to "English Literature During the Last Half-Century."

A PARENT'S MANUAL. By Maximilian P. E. Groszmann. New York: The Century Company; $2.

Child problems in health and illness.

BRASS COMMANDMENTS. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

A Western novel.

VOLTAIRE'S "ZADIG" AND OTHER ROMANCES. Translated by H. I. Woolf. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Broadway translations.

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NAZIMOVA AND THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum is doing extremely well by us. Think of it; Ethel Barrymore last week, and Nazimova this. And preceding them an occasional star, such as Bert Lytell or Theodore Roberts.

Of course everybody felt immensely interested in seeing Nazimova act again in her own person. I don't remember how many years it is since she first flashed before the public. But it is long enough to have made the new generation, always prone to regard older non-contemporaries as moss-grown, consider the famous depicter of hectic women as a hasbeen; if she hadn't been a screen star.

They say her "Salomé" was a slender and exotically beautiful woman, and artists set the seal of their approbation on a screen picture that the public didn't flock to see. As for me, I execrate myself that I saw it not.

Well! The curtain rolled up on a hotel bedroom. Nazimova appeared. And by the beard of the prophet, she was a flapper! Young? Well, rather! a mere girl. A slender, bobbed-hair girl, with the rounded, facial contours of extreme youth.

How she must have taken away the breath of the flappers in front, who were looking for signs of maturity undisclosed on the screen; possibly gray or thin hair (hers is *very* thick) or a wrinkle or so.

There were no signs, none, of maturity. Nazimova, looking like a big-eyed young shrimp from behind a bargain counter, gave a fairly faithful representation of a girl of the streets; a night prowler picked up by a self-sacrificing husband who, in order to conform with the New York divorce law, was obliged to smirch his own reputation in order to give a cold and estranged wife her freedom.

I said that Nazimova represented the flapper with only approximate fidelity. But that doesn't mean that she didn't do some mighty good acting. She did. She represented the fiery wrath of the girl, who, when the trailing detective "surprised them"—according to the wish and the plan of the husband—burned with the righteous wrath of the downtrodden to think that she had been used to save a highly placed transgressor from the disreputability that earned her her precarious daily bread.

So the wretched husband states the case, and the street waif feels womanly compunction when she recognizes that he is that rare article, a self-sacrificer for love. And she comes down from her high horse and forgives him.

All these various emotions Nazimova expressed with that individual distinction she always possessed. But she is almost too distinguished for an illiterate little street-walker who had belonged to the ranks of the toilers.

Nazimova's bobbed hair, her slender, youthful figure, and the veritably girlish contours of her features all fitted in. So did her dress and bearing. But her face was almost too interesting and her voice has that rich maturity of an actress who has run the gamut of the emotions that agitate a woman who has reigned over men's hearts.

I wanted to see her in a more exotic rôle; as a beautiful woman, sumptuously attired, dispensing her sovereign fascination to some man who was willing to sell his soul for her favor. (I wonder if that isn't the chambermaid longing for her favorite heroine to walk among belted earls and scorn the lower classes.)

Nazimova has remained away from the regular stage so long that she has become a curio, in a spoken part. And it was as such that the audience assembled to see her.

We discovered that she no longer has a marked accent. She now speaks plain American, except for a still foreign intonation of which she is probably unconscious.

As a consequence she is not always perfectly understood by those on the left side of the house facing the stage, as the man who is the girl's unhappy employer remains at all times on the right side, and the exigency of the play demands that she face him the greater part of the time; not, it struck me, a very happy arrangement.

The playlet, "Collusion," by George Middleton, is a good piece of propaganda, as it illustrates, to quote "the man," how people seeking the ofttimes necessary escape supplied by divorce "must do a rotten thing to beat a rotten law."

"The married man," by the way, was very well played by Herbert Heyes, an actor already known to San Franciscans through his former membership in the Alcazar company.

The Orpheum had several additional entertaining features on its bill, that supplied by "Miss Juliet" proving very interesting to the audience. "Miss Juliet" is an impersonator. Some of her work in the first part of the repertoire was almost poor. Any one, almost, even if not a mimic, could do the squeaky-voiced child impersonation. But when she gave the saleslady lunching in a restaurant with her friends she became much more amusing, and showed, for the first time, a real sense of humor. From there on the lady showed an ability that we had feared at first she did not possess.

But she has the knack of reproducing the voice of those she impersonates. For instance, her imitation of Julian Eltinge's singing voice was almost exact. And she could make her features convey some slight essence of another's characteristic expression.

What merits appreciation and praise in her work is the number of people she can take off. She imitated Grace La Rue's measured mannerisms, Ethel Barrymore's teeth-imprisoned, distinctive voice, Mme. Bernhardt's heart-broken accents, Eva Tanguay's stage imbecilities, Maude Adams' tight Scotch accent as in "What Every Woman Knows," George M. Cohan's oddities, Mitzi's little thread of sweet and pretty vocalism; for "Miss Juliet" has a most accommodating voice, which can take on many tones, ugly and pretty, masculine and feminine.

"The Gyp" is a good number. Never in the course of a long and useful life have I heard a Kansas-Nebraska accent so smacking of the soil as Fern Redmond's. Her r's were tall, broad, and thick. But there are lots of pretty girls from the Middle West, and Fern is one of them.

"H. Wells," the man in the partnership, is a dancer of individual quality; also a genuine humorist. He dances humorously, but is so naturally graceful that the audience watched every movement of his feet with fascination, and chortled with glee at the prettily funny way in which he minced across the stage at a feathery, dancy, prancy walk.

Rome and Gant, "the two extremes," are an amusing pair. They also dance lightly, skillfully, and comically, and sing entertainingly.

Somebody yodeled on the bill, but it must have been the darky with the surprising variety of tones in his naturally fine voice who was one of the Cahill and Romaine pair. The other man had lots of voice, and is promising, but he seemed crude beside the darky, who appeared to be effacing himself, so as to give him a chance. There was altogether too much talk in his partner's material. The audience got a little tired of it, particularly as the tempo was too slow. But the darky, in a burlesqued woman's costume, hit the bull's-eye every time he opened his mouth. This sounds a little mixed, but I don't always know which is which in these partnerships.

"America's favorite singing juvenile" has persisted, like all of these juveniles, in growing up. But his slender, boyish figure, and a certain winsomeness of personality, makes the word "juvenile" still allowable; particularly as Irving Fisher—the singer in question—has a soft, sweet, wooing voice, and sings songs several pegs above the usual vaudeville song offerings; and in a voice, too, that showed vocal cultivation.

A good act with trained seals, with a monkey or so thrown in, and an operatic bantam, together with a fine, spirited acrobatic dance number by "the whirling Arabians" completed a good bill.

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"MAN AND SUPERMAN."

George Bernard Shaw hasn't a romantic fibre in his make-up; or if he has, he successfully conceals the fact. What he sets out to prove, not only in "Man and Superman," but in many other of his plays, is that the human family conceals with its sentimental conventions its really grim and ruthless purposes: the acquisition of wealth, the capture of a desired mate, and so on. In "Man and Superman" it is the capture of a desired mate.

What seems to irritate our only G. B. is that man does not come out into the open and say, "Yes, I am a pre-historic brute. I admit it. No more pretense. I want what I want when I want it, and by the living jingo, I'm going to take it! This white shirt front, these decorous waistcoats and things, cover a scheming and absolutely selfish heart. I want wealth, power, a beautiful mate to show off my acquisitions. I have no embroideries about me of romantic devotion or self-sacrifice. I want, I want, I *want*, and no one shall stand in my way.

"No more shall I conceal with polite flourishes and graceful phrase my real purposes. These are the foolish amenities of civilization. Henceforth I come out in my real guise, and I declare to the world, 'Self is my God!'"

Well, we have to admit that there is some truth in it, but it isn't all truth. These pretty broideries of love and devotion that Shaw so violently decries do exist; woven into the tissue of lives by unconscious heart promptings.

This ruthless Ann Whitefield in "Man and Superman," who stands for Shaw's conception of the female of the species trailing her chosen mate until she captures the wild, shy, reluctant quarry, body and bones, is, as Shaw points out, obeying an instinct. But, Georgie, doesn't she decorate that instinct—not Ann, of course, but the average woman—with the pretty foliage of love and devotion, and idealized admiration? And isn't it more pleasing so?

In youth strictly normal men and women gravitate toward each other by an irresistible attraction; and a good thing, too. If the man is shy, the woman is bold; and a good thing, too. If the woman is shy the man is bold. And a good thing, too. For men and women need each other—in youth; and the presumption is that the world must be kept going.

In maturity quantities of women get along very comfortably without men; and a negligible minority of men without women. But youth is the season of mating, and if Jack wouldn't take the initiative, Ann had to.

So, while we laugh consumedly at Shaw's brilliant treatment of the subject—and "Man and Superman" is not too high-brow for the average citizen to be immensely amused by the keen-witted Irishman's treatment—he will never cure the human race of its harmless little hypocrisies. They are part of the amenities of civilization, and, with all its complexities, and the hard work engendered by its numerous and ceaseless demands, we prefer civilization to barbarism.

The play is put on in good shape by Nance O'Neil, and acted interestingly and with spirit by the star and her supporting company. Only, on this occasion, Miss O'Neil gracefully subordinates herself to her leading man.

For the leading rôle is that of Jack Tanner, the shy quarry pursued by Ann, that determined instrument of Dame Nature. Jack, who talks volumes throughout the play, is of course Shaw. He voices Shaw's convictions, has Shaw's ready and trenchant wit, shows Shaw's scorn of social hypocrisies, and follows out Shaw's irresitsible tendency to pull the wool off bandaged eyes. And just as Shaw is too long in his prefaces, brilliant as they are, and always interminable in discussion and argument, so Jack talks too much; or would, if Shaw didn't always make him talk amusingly.

In which Alfred Hickman vigorously seconds him. Mr. Hickman does well with the rôle, ably expressing the geyser-like bursts of exasperation with which Jack meets the slick conventions all about him masking genuine purpose, and easily attractive enough in his handsome young manhood to make us sympathize with Ann in her unswerving purpose.

Miss O'Neil was pleasing in her self-effacement, and made of Ann a true daughter of Eve in her coquetries, her white lies, her strategic dissimulations, and the indications of a purpose so unswerving that Jack's violent rebuffs could not hurt her. In fact, Miss O'Neil grasped the true conception of Ann.

The company played with the spirit of players enjoying congenial rôles. John Homans gave an effect of genuineness in his depiction of the wrath of a choleric old conservative. Cecil Drummond likewise expressed the cheerful nonchalance of Jack's likable chauffeur simply and naturally. Although rather too measured in his delivery, Ralph Cloninger is pleasingly earnest and sincere as Ricky Ticky Tavy, and Barbara Brown handled the rôle of Violet acceptably, as did also George Pierce and the remaining half-dozen players handle theirs.

"YOU AND I."

Another of Professor Baker's students from The 47 Workshop has made good. "You and I" is by Philip Barry, who, with this play, won the prize in the Belmont competition The play, as the reward of merit, was brought out at the Belmont Theatre, where thousands of people saw it, and where it won an unqualified success. The young playwright has written, as Professor Baker in his foreword points out, a comedy of character. "It is pleasant," writes his tutor, "to go from your play with a renewed sense of the wholesome, fine-spirited people, who are yet keenly amusing, to be found all around us."

Professor Baker has laid his finger on the exact quality in the play that has been most instrumental in winning success. The people in the play are the best type of Americans. Fine in brain and spirit, too intelligent and able not to have wrested from life the success that puts comfort and beauty in their lives, keen of wit, but playful and up to date in the expression of it. We enjoy in the merry interchange of dialogue the feeling of looking on at a group of people enjoying the most stimulating companionship.

And in all this merry talk, with its undercurrent that shows knowledge, reflection, and good feeling, the young author's touch is firm, in spite of the friendly criticism from his careful mentor that he must not be "too funny."

Probably Professor Baker's feeling is that he does not wish the attention to be too much diverted from the fundamentally serious theme by any possibilities of flippancy.

The serious motive in the play is the tendency of artistic young men to be wooed away from their difficult muse by the power of young love.

The father—still comparatively young—has done it; and now the son, a lively, irrepressible, and extremely likable lad, who has a very promising talent for architecture and who was to have it developed in Paris, suddenly finds himself unable to resist the charm of his



Water Services for New Homes.

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entrancing sweetheart, and an engagement is on.

Like his father Ricky decides to meet the expenses of matrimony by giving up art and embarking on a business career.

His mother, profound as is her inward disappointment, meets the situation pluckily. So do they all. But when the father learns of the engagement, bis own frustrated art career makes him speak.

Nancy has been so perfect a wife that he is scarcely conscious of his deep, inner longings to paint; but he is so aroused by his son's determination to abandon his chosen field that he unconsciously reveals to his wife the existence of those unstilled yearnings.

Not thinking either of her or himself, but only of his loved and talented boy, he says to him: "In my opinion any man who sacrifices his career for the sake of a girl hasn't the backbone of—a cup of custard."

And then Nancy makes her great resolution. Her husband *shall* have his chance, before middle age comes.

And so two loving women conspire; and two men are manipulated and manœuvred until another and towering sacrifice is made.

There are five sacrifices in the course of the play, if we can call that a sacrifice when a man gives up a chosen career for a girl. But no; I tbink we must bar it out. Young love is selfish and acquisitive, and if a man makes that kind of renunciation be does it because be wants the girl, not because the girl wants him.

But to all three sacrifices we subscribe, because the author so puts the case—or the two cases—that he carries us with him.

We like his play; warmly. We like his characters, their way of talking, and thinking, and doing; and the average theatre lover who reads it will feel a desire to see it acted; and acted, naturally, by the players who can best convey the frankness, intellectual dexterity, wit, and charm of Philip Barry's people in "You and I."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Nazimova, the Russian emotional actress who bas made such a hit at the Orpheum Theatre this week, after an absence of eight years, will headline the big show at that theatre next week, starting with the matinée Sunday. "Collusion" is the name of Nazimova's vehicle. The play deals with the divorce laws of New York State and the consequences wbich follow a respectable couple's discovery that they are not mated and wish to be divorced so that eacb may become happily married again. The laws are strict, and the only way a divorce may be obtained by this couple is by "Collusion." Herbert Heyes plays opposite Nazimova, and does himself credit as the miserable husband who is trying to make his wife happy even at the sacrifice of his own happiness.

George Le Maire and Joe Phillips will return to the Orpheum with a new comedy act entitled "Bananas." Jim Toney and Ann Norman will appear in "You Know What I Mean," a comedy playlet. "Oklahoma" Bob Albright will be another well-known stage figure to return here after an absence of several years. Albrigbt offers a characteristic song cycle. "A Friend in Need" is the title of a new one-act comedy by Howard Emmett Rogers in wbich Mann Holiner and Nicbolas Joy take the leading rôles. Del Chain has recently aligned himself with Lou Archer and the two will be seen on next week's bill in a comical sketch entitled "Not Now." Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily will be seen in dance creations, assisted by Max Dolin and Frederick Cromweed with piano and violin. Les Klicks has a unique novelty act whicb he calls "The Enchanted Forest," and he has as features the boxing frogs and the magic tree.

At the Columbia.

The Columbia is finding difficulty in providing seats for the people that want to see "The First Year." Frank Craven's play is a delicious slice of small-town life, truly seen, skillfully told, and uproariously amusing. And Mr. Craven has provided rôles in which the others of his company are able to score as heavily as he himself does. Tim Murphy, Maude Granger, Alice Owens, Merceita Esmonde, Mary Marble, John P. Brown, Harry Leighton and Philip Barrison form a company such as is seldom seen in one cast. The beginning of the third and next to last week is announced for Sunday, September 2d.

At the Curran.

Visitors to the East have brought word of the fine quality of "The Cat and the Canary," the play by John Willard, a San Franciscan. At the Curran Theatre, Kilbourn Gordon, Inc., will present "The Cat and the Canary" and, unless reports are very wrong, there is much entertainment due therein for the playgoer. There will be a special matinée on Admission Day, Monday, September 9th, and the usual matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

Playgoers who enjoyed "The Bat," and those who delight in thrills and comedy, will find these qualities in "The Cat and the Canary." The producers promise an excellent company. The cast includes Elise Hitz, Robert Toms, Alma Kruger, William Bonelli, Antoinette Rochte, Harry Oldridge, Bertha Lowe, M. J. Briggs, Robert A. Bennett and Roy La Rue. The production which will be used at the Curran is an exact duplicate of that which was seen during the run of more than a year in New York.

The Pope's Choir.

The Pope's Sistine Chapel Choir will tour the United States and Canada during the coming winter under Frank W. Healy's direction. Its twenty boy sopranos, supplying the quality of feminine voices, are selected from every part of Italy and educated in a special school by Monsignor Antonio Rella, the choir's conductor, and its forty adults—tenors, altos, and basses—are perfectly trained vocalists, each capable of achieving distinction as a soloist. Enrollment in the choir can only be obtained by unanimous consent of its existing members, whose sole aim is to maintain the organization's supremacy.

This standard has been upheld during the centuries of the choir's existence and is rigorously adhered to by Monsignor Rella. A musician of exceptional attainments, he issues the final verdict in all musical matters at the Vatican, including the choir's participation in all functions at which the Pope appears in person.

Three concerts in San Francisco, beginning December 7th, will be given by the famous choir—its only appearances in Northern California.

On Saturday evening, August 25th, a reception was held at the Players Theatre as a get-together of the friends and members of the Players Club. Addresses were made by Joseph Redding and Clay Greene, and a short programme of music and acting was given as an informal inauguration of the impending season.

Comedias at Del Monte

They are saying it with comedias at Del Monte and Pebble Beach this summer. Comedias are a modern and up-to-date relative of the old English charade, a diversion of evening parties before the sway of mah jongg and saxaphones. The idea of the comedia is a playlet devised around the dinner-table by collaboration of the guests and enacted afterwards in costume. Thus when a lady at a large dinner party in the Del Monte Grill the other night announced, "If you choke Muriel again tonight I'll faint," it took some time to inform adjacent guests that the party was only drafting a thriller for the evening.

The new style of evening entertainment originated in Carmel and was seized upon by Pebble Beach, and has now been transferred to Del Monte, where sun parlors and drawing-rooms give room for action. The services of all the writing talent on Monterey Peninsula has been drafted for plots. Robert Wells Ritchie, Gouverneur Morris, Frank McComas and Mark Daniels have all contributed comedies to devotees of the new fad. The Mark Daniels home at Pebble Beacb recently witnessed the production of two comedias—"Tbe Prune Picker's Daughter," the romance of a poor little rich Pebble Beach girl condemned to endless prune breakfasts by a cruel father, and "Dumb Dora's Dilemma," in which the test of a lady's love is the proportion of tears she pours on the bodies of a slain lover and husband. The tag line of this was "Fine! Now I can clope with the gardener." Robert Wells Ritchie was responsible for these comedias. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie O'Day and Talbot Josselyn made up the cast.

Among others who have taken to the comedia fad are the Louis Hills and Jack Rittenhouses, the John Carberrys, the Robert Fullertons, the S. C. Ferdigs of Pasadena, and the S. W. Forsmans and Elmer S. Chases of San Jose.

ETHEL WAS PHRASE FED.

I was a shy little mortal, with large eyes cast down in continual confusion and terror, says Ethel Barrymore in the *Delineator*. At such times the family would hurl at me, "Look up, Pauline," a line from "The Lady of Lyons." Everything was a quotation in our household. At the table it seemed as though we could never get away from famous lines. If we had to go to bed, it was, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." If we hurried through our meals, we were admonished to eat wisely and slowly. Our manners were shaped in terms of theatre dialogue.

We were a mischievous set of children, always up to some adventure. My memory brings to view many wiggling moments. I can see Lionel now, sprawling flat on his stomach in the aisle of the car as we traveled from place to place, drawing ships and trains. If in the presence of our elders we were not allowed "to utter"—our grandmother's way of condensing the golden injunction that children should be seen, but not heard—when we were together we "uttered" loudly and continuously.

You see, I am taking for granted that the three of us knocked, in our time, at the door of Philadelpbia, and I am ignoring strict chronology. I know that tbe first two years of my life were much more exciting for my father than for me. While on tour in a star cast of "Diplomacy" with Uncle John Drew, he was nearly killed by a notorious Texas deperado. The next year he associated himself with Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence in "The Rivals." Finally, wben be became leading man with Mme. Modjeska and had to go West with her, my mother, Lionel, and I traveled with them, Jack being left behind with my grandmother. It was during this trip that I somehow sensed the gayety of my parents when they were togetber. Their conversation was always a game of battledore and shuttlecock, his amazing brain against her native wit.

"The Streak."

"The Streak," John Golden's presentation of the new comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, starring Frank Craven, is reviewed by E. F. Smith in the Atlantic City *Press:*

"'The Streak' is funny. With Frank Craven as Benjamin Willis, the hero, who, as the impecunious bank clerk, inherits $50,000, it is bound to be so, if there is any saving grace at all in the bappenings tbe authors have constructed. The play is represented as pure comedy, but, on the whole, it comes closer to the border line of farce. The hero (Craven) believes in hunches. Every time he has made an important step in life it has been through following some sudden inspiration. . . . It is capitally done."

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VANITY FAIR.

A good part of Washington society seems since the death of President Harding quite mad on the subject of soothsayers and astrologers. Many people believe the story that in 1920, some months before the nomination of Harding, the President's horoscope as cast by Marcia, a local astrologer, showed that he certainly would be nominated and elected, but that he would be assassinated while in office. Marcia is reported to have said when the President was on the Western trip, and before he had reached San Francisco, that he was to die by an assassin's hand before he left the Pacific Coast. Whereupon all society in the capital has been busy getting horoscopes cast. The gossip is that before a certain senator came out for Coolidge he went to Marcia and got the low down, but this may be a base fabrication. Anyhow, Washingtonians firmly believe that a lot of senators who were there for the funeral had their horoscopes cast. Perhaps this accounts for the sudden smashing of a lot of incipient presidential booms. Who knows? If soothsayers and astrologers and palmists and mediums and Merlins in general are able to give comfort they may also impose discouragement and make an aspirant's chances look too thin for the serious gamble of a nomination. It would be a strange commentary on our civilization if we should find that our elections really turned on the advice of spook experts or what some old woman said she saw for two dollars while gazing raptly into a spherical paper-weight.

It has long been expected that horses would some day be ruled off the streets. Now there is excitement among the "white wings" over the prospective revival of their diminished business through the return of the horse as the expression of ultimate refinement in equipage. There are signs at Washington that society may return to this more sedate but animated mode of locomotion, and the thing has even gone so far that a spanking pair and the old Victoria are rather envied by those that only possess a Packard or a Rolls-Royce or a Pierce Arrow. At first the horse-drawn vehicle attracted much attention in the streets of the capital, but others followed until now it is said to be a common sight, and not at all a thing to make a sensation about, as when a year or so ago a horse appeared on the main street of Detroit. Horses so used are a symbol of social establishment. They are still easy to buy, but the vehicles are not, for most of the old ones are being junked and no more are being built—in fact the coach-builder's art has tended to fall into abeyance, as a trade no young man would care to learn except in those features useful in building automobiles. That makes it seem, of course, that if you are the possessor of a landau or a smart surrey or a good stout station wagon, or a Victoria, you have had your money quite a time; perhaps belong to the F. F. Vs. Whereas an automobile can not be over twenty years old at best, and nobody would ride in one so ancient, which makes it feasible in these days of the multiplication of the *nouveau riche* to proclaim in some indisputable way that you have had your money at least for a longer time than that. And what more effective than a horse-drawn vehicle? It looks antique, and distinguished among all this intrusive modernity. There is no 1924-model horse, nor any 1924-model carriage. But what could have more snap and brilliance and action than a handsome pair of steppers with perfect harness and just a bit of jingle of the pole chains? And the coachman, and perhaps a footman? They are real servants, which the chauffeur, in some indefinable way, has almost declined to be. There seems to be work ahead for the harness-maker; and the veterinary surgeons, who lately in convention were counseling one another to study up on cats and dogs, may see their old practice returning. For, horse lovers in Washington are said to be predicting a return of the horse and carriage, and to believe that in another year no well-appointed household in the capital will be without a pair of trotters. It may be so—at any rate it is an interesting development as far as it has developed.

France has gone far; is going farther. It is not so long ago that an amusing book related the horror of a French mother on discovering that her daughter was taking a bath without her undies. Conversation of an unmarried girl with a man under the age of a hundred without an introduction, or even being alone with one, when no marriage had taken place, was looked on almost as the crowning family disgrace. What delicacy of deportment this sort of thing sustained is apparent throughout French literature and on the Paris stage. But now comes the shrinkage of the birth rate in the face of the inflation of the birth rate of Germany, and the French have been wondering if they have not been a little too rigid in their separation of the sexes in youth. They have reached a pass in their history where, when they realize an unpromising or a threatening situation, they do something about it beyond writing clever comment, and as a result they are forming societies to break down, under proper regulation of course, the barriers that have seemed to prevent the formation of families spontaneously; inasmuch as those formed by parents did not always appear to be doing the work.

The main organization is known as the Club International des Lisérés Verts, or the Green Ribbon Club. The members have to sport a tiny green ribbon, which may, however, be worn in some concealed place. Reticence goes even farther, for members are given numbers to use instead of their names. Needless to say, each is investigated and thus certified, like a bottle of milk. Frequent dances and other entertainments are held, but anonymity is preserved until both parties to a possible understanding are sure of each other. But how can they find out? Here comes in the green ribbon. If the young man is attracted to the young woman, he does not grab her by the wrist after the manner of a Sunday picnicker and shout, "Come on, Kid, let's beat it while these rummies is lookin' for the crown lifter." No; that is, in certain circles, the American way, whether at Coney Island or on the Russian River. The French member of the Green Ribbon Club merely shows the young lady his green ribbon. Isn't that exciting? Then she shows hers. So much is permissible *sans* introduction. It is not much, but it is a start. From that time they are supposed to see more and more of each other, and the birth rate to begin to gain. Let us hope the ribbons match and that the complexion of the progeny will not be affected by them. We expect to hear next that the French government has supplied all the newlyweds with the costs of a wedding tour to the Thousand Islands.

This French concern about the birth rate takes on some curious forms, not the least curious of which is their general resemblance to German methods of doing delicate things coarsely. For example, it has been seriously urged by a writer in *Le Journal* that the venerable Palais Royal, built by Richelieu, the court of which is now a public garden, be made a "palace of marriage." The writer, Clement Vautel, says:

"The cloistered galleries and the mysterious nooks and crannies are ideally suited to courting. I suggest that the gardens be forbidden to all persons except those seriously desirous of marriage.

"It will be understood that any adventurer who goes beyond the portals announces himself as seeking a wife. Regulations should include:

"1—Access to the palais royal forbidden to married persons. 2—Bachelors must carry papers to prove their celibacy. 3—A special police shall oversee the courting. 4—Promenaders convicted of frivolity shall be brought before a special tribunal and fined. On a second offense they shall be married forcibly. 5—A marriage bureau shall be installed, convenient of access, where couples can be married from noon to midnight."

Such methods make one think of beating canaries to make them sing, or jabbing Cupid with a sharp stick to make him do his stuff. They seem foreign to French character and recall the German theatre manager who glowered at the comedian looking for a part and then roared: "Zo, you are a comicker, are you? Vell, make me laugh!" Yet marriage bureaus do flourish, and the personal columns of the newspapers carry some pathetic ads.

BEAUTY IN PLASTER.

Have you a beautiful nose? A slender ankle?

Is there any other feature belonging to you that you would like to perpetuate for the admiration of posterity?

You can do it by aid of the familiar and inexpensive plaster of paris, says the New York *Herald*. And if you should fall for the new fad you would not be lonely—many pretty women and some who are not so pretty have immortalized themselves (they think) in plaster.

The fad of "plaster parising" beauty became popular in Paris when Mlle. Mistinguette, a dancer, and idol of an adoring, fickle public, caused plaster casts to be made of her legs.

These legs, with all due respect to their acknowledged shapeliness, had long been a "bone" of contention among the favorite daughters of the Parisian stage. Even as the maidens of the old Grecian legend coveted the golden apple for what it symbolized, so does every French *jeune fille*, whether she be midinette or child of ancient, aristocratic lineage, cherish the secret hope that her legs might be acclaimed the most beautiful in Paris—"which is France."

Through seasons of competition, Mlle. Mistinguette emerged victorious, for her legs were declared by a board of judges to be well-nigh perfect. On the heels of this coveted triumph the dancer became weary of the adulation heaped upon her. Gossips whispered that upon one occasion she had declared petulantly, "My legs, tut tut! My arms, my voice, my smile, my eyes are wonderful. I have kept my legs supreme for years by bathing them in champagne, but now I am tired of their fame. I've other charms besides my legs."

Yet with the delightful inconsistency that is woman's privilege, when other claimants for this distinction came into the light of a publicity that had been exclusively hers, "Mlle. Misty" would not be outshone. *Tiens!* The beauty of her legs, she declared, should be preserved for the admiration of future generations.

Mlle. Mistinguette endured the ordeal of having her legs encased in plaster of paris. Although the artist she chose, Pierre de Soete, noted Belgian sculptor, had achieved success in plaster and marble, she would not trust even his undoubted capability, but desired a replica of nature's flawless creation. Thus may Mistinguette gain immortality. For though she will pass away, the perfection of her legs may live forever.

Herein the charming little lady gained a triumph over her rivals, for she had created a decidedly unusual vogue.

The fad, the talk of the boulevards in Paris, is gaining popularity in New York. The pulchritudinous chorus maid, the exquisite débutante, the energetic damsel ever on the *qui vive* for some new fancy of fashion are quite aware that it's "the thing." A good many have submitted to it, but, for some reason not quite clear, others shrink from the ordeal of plaster casting. Not only is it extremely tiresome, but in cases of facial masks, fraught with actual danger.

First Playing Cards in America.

In 1580 the manufacturers of Puebla and Oaxaca, in Mexico, produced silk and woolen goods equal to the average of European standards, and, curiously enough, or perhaps as an indication of the habits of the Colonial Spaniards, playing-cards were made in great numbers (9000 dozen one authority states). In the Museum of the Indies in Seville, Spain, there is a pack of playing-cards made in 1583. The faces of these cards are imitations of the European types, but the backs represent Aztec scenes and caricatures of the Spaniards. These were made from wood blocks, perhaps the first cut in the New World.—*M. D. C. Crawford in Arts and Decorations.*

Brilliantly colored shoes, such as appeared last summer in America, have blazed forth in Paris.

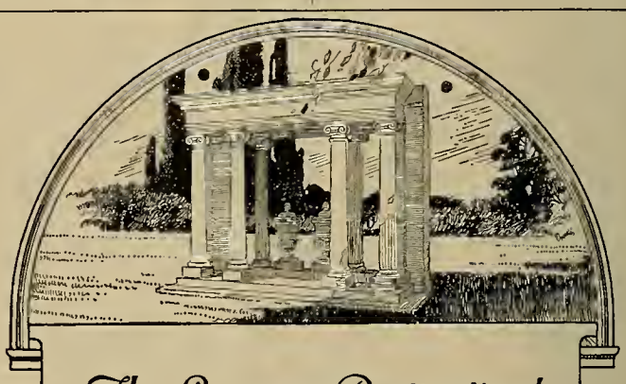


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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A clergyman and an actor were playing a round of golf. The actor was not only a very bad player, but a very profane one. Presently one of his rounds of oaths was too much for the clergyman, who said: "Look here, old chap, even if you don't respect me you might respect the cloth!" "Hang it all!" said the actor, "I didn't know we were playing billiards."

Max Cohen, the artist, has two children of whom he is very proud, but the other night, when his wife was attending her Thursday Club, he got the shock of his artistic existence. Little Buddy was trying to say his prayers, but his sister kept tickling the soles of his feet. At last, looking upward very sadly, he said: "Dear God, please excuse me for a minute, till I knock the devil out of Harriett."

It is well known that orators whose speeches are in demand by the press frequently send copies for publication before the scheduled event. This innocent dodge bespeaks an optimistic trust in fate, but isn't in the same class with the orator who sent thirty-nine pages of typewritten "report" on his coming speech. On page 30 occurred the timely suggestion, "But it is growing late and I must close." His typed report bore this legend in curves (Cries of "No! No! Go on! Go on!")

The harems or the veils or something seem to make young Americans in Constantinople very susceptible to feminine allurement; so much so that the Greek priests have been asked to put the brakes on their marriages, and the embassy has felt constrained to go a little slow with facilities. An American goh wanted to borrow an embassy car for his wedding. "Whom are you going to marry, anyhow?" they asked him. "She says she's a Hellene," said the sailor, "but I think she's nothing but a gosh-hlamed Greek."

A characteristic glimpse of Winston Churchill as a very young man is revealed in Sir Henry Lucy's latest book, Volume III of "The Diary of a Journalist." When Winston was at Sandhurst his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, one day received a letter from her young son, a dutiful epistle begging maternal permission to go out to Cuba and take part in the revolution. It concluded with a pious hope that his mother would offer no objections to a course so dear to his heart. Then came a postscript stating, "I start for Cuba on Saturday."

A Western senator in speaking of the recently signed Turkish treaty remarked to some friends: "The Western powers have learned a few things ahout Turkey that are not quite to their liking. Greece especially is in repentant mood. Indeed, Greece reminds me very much of little Bobby. Little Bobby, who had been playing with a neighbor's daughter, came sobbing to his mother and declared that his little playmate had pulled his hair. 'Why, Bobbie,' his mother gasped, 'I thought she was such a nice little girl she would never do anything like that.' 'So did I,' wailed Bobby 'that's why I kicked her.'"

Answering a phone call, George Cline, when he went down to the Los Angeles Athletic Club, took with him a belt for a brother member. "What's the big idea of the hurry-up call?" he wanted to know. "Well," remarked his friend, "I bought myself some suspenders the other day and when I came to look for them they turned up missing, and I had thrown away my old ones. I asked my wife about them, and what do you suppose? She says: 'Can't you see that those new suspenders exactly match my new dinner gown? So I've made them into a bodice.' So from now on, I'm taking no chances. I'm going to wear a helt."

It was during the days of the draft that a Russian American went to one of the volunteer lawyers to make application for insurance, and when asked who was to be his beneficiary, he said: "Olda Sulkowich, my landlady." "But that won't do," protested the lawyer. "Have you not a brother, sister, mother or some other relative?" But it developed that the applicant was on the outs with his family and did not want them to get the money. "Mrs. Sulkowich is a good woman," he insisted. "She is a widow with two children and she has had to take care of them since her man died." "I tell you what to do," the lawyer cried. "You marry her—then there'll be no chance for trouble." The man stood for a minute in deep thought, then shook his head. "No," he said, "I might come back."

According to an eminent English writer of reminiscences there was an authoress a few decades ago who wrote and illustrated charming garden books. She was a Mrs. Loudon. In one of her works she was anxious to include a sketch of the "Waterloo Beeches" at Strathfieldsaye, a clump of trees on the Duke of Wellington's estate planted in commemoration of the downfall of the Corsican. Accordingly she wrote the Duke of Wellington requesting leave to sketch the beeches and signing herself "J. Loudon." The duke, in spite of extreme age and dim insight, always insisted on attending to his own correspondence. He replied as follows: "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London. The hishop is quite at liherty to make a sketch of the breeches which the duke wore at Waterloo if they can be found. But the duke is not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches he generally wears."

In speaking of his economy campaign and his determination to hold to his preelection pledges Governor Richardson put in a great boost for the real workers in the various state departments, and indirectly scored certain other folks who adorn the huge pay-roll. He illustrated his point in this manner: "My teacher's sick. Will I get to go home?" asked little Joe. "Not on yer life," answered Mike, aged ten. "When your teacher's sick the principal telephones and gets you a substitute teacher." "O-o-o! An' if the principal is sick does the teacher telephone and get a substitoot principal?" little Joe wanted to know. "Naw," Mike informed him. "That ain't necessary. The principal ain't got nothin' to do; he just sits in the office. If he got sick, the janitor'd go in there and sit around. Maybe he might telephone for a substitute janitor."

Miffles, whose social bulls are notorious, found himself at a party talking to a melancholy looking little man whom Miffles did his best to cheer. He indicated a lady of more than usual lack of beauty and said, "Heavens, who do you suppose that hideous old dame is?" Of course, the melancholy little man said, "That's my wife." Miffles had done it again, but his kindly heart went blundering on, inspiring him to say, "Cheer up, old man, you ought to see mine."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Vanishing Scholar.

["May drop Latin or Greek from Yale A. B. requirements."—*New York Times.*]

Thus to the all-devouring moh
Another old perfection throw,
Best were it to complete the job,
Let Greek as well as Latin go—
And why not French and English, too?
For all the things we have to say
Won't classic Esperanto do?—
With German for a rainy day!

For all our sorry needs of speech
Too noble in the Latin tongue,
With thoughts heyond our hucksters' reach,
And hauntings of illustrious song.
For Cæsar's hronze and Virgil's gold
We have no use, I quite agree,
Or Greek, like mellow thunder rolled
Along the tranced Ægean Sea.

We that ourselves no more concern
With gods, or God, or aught divine,
And in the universe discern
Naught hut mechanical design,
And man himself a creature made,
Even as the stars that chart his sky,
For hrief and dusty ends of trade,
Ant-like, to "make his pile" and die.

Enough for us those arts terrene
By which our money-markets thrive,
The way to run the last machine,
Rivals to roh, and cars to drive;
The soul, with all its starry dreams—
For all such "hunk" we have no time;
Will the soul help us in our schemes,
Or hring us in a single dime?

O Alma Mater, the last home
Of arts and sciences humane,
If lost the refuge of your dome,
Man out of Chaos climhed in vain;
If you shall falter in your trust,
Man's spirit dies—while eyeless hordes
Trample fair learning in the dust,
And Mud is crowned the Lord of Lords.
—*R. Le G. in Life.*

Sweden has an iron mine that has been in continuous operation since the year Magna Charta was signed.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mrs. M. P. Jones, assisted by Mrs. Francis D. Langton, will present her granddaughter, Miss Merrill Jones, to society at a luncheon to be given at the Fairmont Hotel on October 2d.

Mrs. Harry C. Warren gave a luncheon followed by mah jongg at the Woman's Athletic Club last week in honor of Mrs. James Pike of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Sherer were hosts at a dinner last week at their home in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Renson Hind and Miss Melanie Lancel.

A musicale was given last week at the Lagunitas Country Club by the Misses Marjorie and Catherine Pittman.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was hostess at a dinner and theatre party given last week.

Mrs. Jennie Lee Rees gave a small dinner and theatre party in the early part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones gave a buffet supper last week at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Harry Magee gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Katherine Maxwell of Oakland on Wednesday last.

Miss Elena Folger gave a dinner on Thursday of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Calvin Jackman.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Lowery and Mr. Charles N. Black were hosts at a recent dinner given at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Theodore Beatty was the guest of honor at a tea given in San Rafael by her daughter, Mrs. John S. Selfridge.

Mrs. Herbert Sidney Jones, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Russell Wilson, was hostess at a recent tea given in Berkeley in honor of Miss Elise Houghton.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a luncheon last week at her home in Woodside in honor of Mrs. Chandler Howard and her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Atkinson of Shanghai.

Miss Virginia Loop was the guest of honor at a mah jongg party given by Miss Miriam Ebright last week at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. George Boyd gave a luncheon recently at her home in San Rafael in honor of Mrs. Samuel Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

Mrs. Robert Dunham was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering gave a luncheon on Monday last at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Ford were hosts at a dinner last Monday night at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr entertained a house party over the week-end at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, her sister, Mrs. Walter Irwin, and Mrs. William Young, of New York.

Mr. Louis Titus gave a luncheon and garden party on Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of visiting Eastern friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are giving a dinner, followed by a ball, on Saturday, September 1st, at their home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch.

Miss Caroline Madison is giving a dinner on Saturday night preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. McNear.

Mr. Henry Hadley was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Sunday night by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto.

Mr. Franklin Hutton and his sister, Mrs. Grace Russell Hutton, were hosts at a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her sister, Mrs. Walter Irwin, and Mrs. William Young, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Starr have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker at their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Brigadier-General Robert C. Davis and Mrs. Davis were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given last week at the Palace Hotel by Colonel William M. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow of Alcatraz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave a luncheon last week at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson were hosts at a dinner on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, her sister, Mrs. Walter Irwin, and Mrs. William Young, of New York.

Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch gave a luncheon at their home in San Mateo last week in honor of the débutantes of the coming winter.

Mr. Henry Hadley was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Bohemian Club on Friday of last week.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan gave a luncheon at his home near Saratoga last week in honor of Mr. Rollo Peters.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon will be the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood on September 6th at their country home in Menlo Park.

The Misses Friedlander gave a luncheon last week at their home on Pacific Avenue for Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye gave a dinner on Thursday of last week for Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett of Philadelphia.

Miss Marion McAllister gave an informal dance recently at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Merrill Jones was hostess at a tea on Thursday at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Caroline Madison.

A musicale was given at Letterman Hospital on Saturday last under the management of Mrs. J. B. Greenhut of New York.

Mrs. Russell Wilson entertained at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame last week in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr gave a dinner-dance on Friday of last week at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was hostess at a luncheon given on Sunday at her home in Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Johnston celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding by a dinner given last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Colonel William W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow were hosts at a recent luncheon given at their quarters on Alcatraz in honor of Brigadier-General Robert C. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis, of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen have returned from a recent visit to Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt at Lake Tahoe.

A large bridge and mah jongg party was given last week at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. Harry East Miller gave a farewell luncheon in Oakland on Friday of last week for Miss Margaret Herrick and Miss Lucy Herrick.

Miss Margaret Herrick and Miss Lucy Herrick were the guests of honor at a farewell tea given for them by Mrs. John Bell Mhoon in Oakland.

Major Reginald B. Cocroft, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cocroft were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Mount Diablo Country Club.

A family dinner took place on Friday of last week at the home of Mr. J. C. Cebrian in celebration of his birthday.

Mrs. Covington Pringle was a luncheon hostess last week at her home in Woodside.

Miss Ethel Barrymore was the guest of honor at a luncheon given in San Mateo last week by Mrs. Charles W. Clark.

There will be several dinners preceding the ball given in Menlo Park by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear on Saturday, September 1st. Among the hostesses are Miss Florence Stent and Miss Dorothy Meyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling gave a dinner for Miss Ethel Barrymore last week.

Mr. Rollo Peters, who has been a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor at their home in Piedmont, was the principal guest at a dinner given last Saturday night.

Miss Ethel Barrymore was the guest of honor at tea given by Mrs. George Leib on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne were hosts at a recent dinner given at their summer home in Woodside.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has been entertaining at a series of Sunday luncheons given at her country home in Menlo Park.

Mr. Cyril McNear entertained at a house party at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John McNear on the Russian River.

Miss Emelie Tubbs gave a dinner on Friday of last week at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLeod of Montana are heing congratulated on the birth of a daughter, on August 7th. Mrs. McLeod was formerly Miss Olive Wheeler of San Francisco.

At the Palace.

Mrs. C. R. Drake of the Virginia Hotel at Long Beach has been a guest at the Palace. Mrs. Drake has been at Del Monte for several weeks, and frequently motors up to the city. Other recent visitors at the Palace from the south include Dr. and Mrs. Albert Soiland, Mr. and Mrs. Earl M. Leaf, Mrs. A. M. E. Bixhy, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Swarts, Mr. and Mrs. Alhion S. McMillin, and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rihenack.

Mr. and Mrs. Celestine Sullivan entertained at a dinner-dance in the Rose Room at the Palace the latter part of the week, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. James A. Emery of Washington, D. C. Their guests were Dr. and Mrs. C. D. McGettigan, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley F. Peart, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Koster.

In the presence of a few friends, the marriage of Miss Isabella Frohlich and Mr. William Weher was solemnized Saturday, August 25th. Following the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served in the Tapestry Room at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Weber will make their home in this city upon returning from their honeymoon. The wedding party included Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wissing, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dierks, Mrs. O. Weher, Miss Alice Dierks, Miss Alice Baker, Miss Verner Franzen, Miss Annie Frohlich, Mr. Philip Wissing, Mr. Joseph Wissing and Mr. Otto Weher.

Beloved Teacher Passes.

Sarah Dix Hamlin, one of California's leading educators, head of Miss Hamlin's school for girls at 2234 Pacific Avenue, died last Saturday night, August 25th, at the Dante Sanatorium, after an illness of about a week. Funeral services were held at Grace Cathedral on Tuesday at 11 a. m.

Miss Hamlin was a native of Westford, Massachusetts, and came to San Francisco fifty years ago. She taught for a time in Miss West's school, hut had certain educational ideas she desired to carry out, so she established a school of her own, which at present has 225 pupils and is accredited to many universities, including the University of California. In her long teaching career she made hosts of friends among the women of California, who will feel that her passing is a personal loss.

Death of Frank G. Drum.

A leading figure in the world's hydro-electric development passed away last Tuesday evening, August 28th, when Frank G. Drum, president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company from 1907 to 1920, died of an internal hemorrhage at his home, 1055 California Street. Mr. Drum was sixty years old, and had long been a commanding figure in Pacific Coast finance. He was one of the driving forces in the expansion of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, and was a director in many industrial corporations, as well as a director and vice-president of the Mercantile Trust Company, of which his hrother, John S. Drum, is president.

The record of Frank G. Drum's activities would form an important chapter in the development of California. He was one of the far-sighted and constructive personal factors in the upbuilding of the state, and no small part of its progress is owing to his efforts and policies.

The largest pyramid—that of Cheops of the Gizeh group—contains 89,000,000 cuhic feet of masonry, and the total weight of the stone has been estimated at over 6,000,000 tons.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabout

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Holmes are closing their home in Belvedere and will leave September th by the steamer *President Taft* for an extended trip through the Orient, returning home y way of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope with their aughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, and heir two sons have returned to their summer ome at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland have returned their home in Burlingame, after a visit to ake Tahoe, where they were the house guests f Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Mullgardt have been ving in Berkeley since Mrs. Mullgardt's return rom Europe.

Mrs. Willard W. Henry of Berkeley and Mrs. erald Hutton of Oakland have left California nd are on their way to Europe.

Mr. Terence O'Sullivan of London is visiting is aunt, Mrs. Oscar Sutro.

Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon will leave for her ome in New York on September 10th.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Eucene Murphy are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George ope at their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Edrington and her daughters, liss Olive and Miss Florence Edrington, left anta Barbara for their home in New York last eek.

Mrs. Jennie Lee Rees was a recent week-end uest of her sister, Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger, in oss Valley.

Mrs. Frank Deering bas returned from a motor ip through the northern part of the state with lrs. Clarence Smith and Mrs. Frederick Mead.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker, who have een staying at the Burlingame Country Club, will ave next week for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain and their hildren will be at tbe Fairmont Hotel for a short me before tbeir departure for the East.

Mrs. Frank Pixley left last week for Vanouver, where she will join friends to go abroad or an indefinite time.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg has just returned from Myrtledale Springs in Napa County and is staying t the Plaza Hotel.

Mrs. Renson Hind and Miss Melanie Lancel f San Rafael left on Thursday of last week for ie Philippines, where they will spend the next ix months.

Mrs. Chandler Howard, formerly of San Franisco, but whose bome has been in Yokohama or many years, has recently arrived from Shanghai with ber daughter, Mrs. C. W. Atkinson, and Mr. Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., and Mrs. William Delaware Nielson, have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, a well-known Canadian writer, with Mrs. Scott is spending a short time in San Francisco and is staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Francis B. Washington, who has been in New York for the past year, has returned to California and is with her brother, Mr. Frank M. Bacon of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris will leave on Monday for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham have left for their home in Chicago, accompanied by Miss Josephine Drown, Mrs. Dunham's daughter.

Mr. Henry Hadley, the musical composer, who has been at the Bohemian Grove, has returned to his home in New York.

Miss Sophia Brownell and her sister, Miss Harriet Brownell, have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Earl Brownell, who has been visiting friends in the Sierra, returned to San Francisco this week.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert H. Noble have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home on Pierce Street.

Mrs. Alejandra Macondray Kaime with her little daughter has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Macondray at their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Frederick W. Pritchett, who has been the guest of Mrs. Pritchett's aunt, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, in Burlingame, will return to his home in Philadelphia early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson have gone to Santa Barbara for a sbort visit.

Mr. J. C. Cebrian, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cebrian, and Miss Ysabel Cebrian have lately returned from over a year's absence in Europe.

Mr. John E. Carney of New York, who has been visiting in California, will return to his home in the East early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parrott with Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Charles Crocker, and Count Jean de Limur bave returned from a camping trip in Sequoia National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, who have been spending a month in San Rafael, bave returned to their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bates Pond, who have been making their home in San Mateo, will spend the winter in San Francisco as the guests of Mrs. Pond's mother, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins.

Miss Barbara Donohoe and Miss Barbara Parrott have gone to the Parrott ranch near St. Helena for a short visit.

Miss Mary Martin is in Santa Barbara as tbe guest of Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill, who have been spending the summer in Ross, have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Fay bave returned from a recent visit in the East.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, who have been spending the summer at their ranch near Goleta, bave gone to Lake Tahoe for a short stay.

Mr. George N. Armsby of New York has joined his family at Burlingame and will return with them next month to their home in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus of Burlingame spent last week at their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mrs. Matt Savage Walton of Arizona witb her three sons is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashfield Stow have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries bave returned to their apartment at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.



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At the St. Francis.

The Garden and Fable Room of the Hotel St. Francis were crowded with small groups during the luncheon hour on Monday. Miss Frances Ames was with Miss Lenore Armsby. Mrs. Edward J. Pond had the Misses Florence and Marie Welcb and Miss Adrienne Sharp in ber party. Jane Cowl was with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Mr. George Garritt and was kept busy acknowledging greetings from her many friends.

One of the larger groups was presided over by Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., who had as ber guests Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. James Jackman, Mrs. Allan Lowery and Miss Helen Garritt.

Another of tbe luncheon groups had Mrs. Frank Deering as bostess and Mrs. William S. Porter, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. A. P. Welch, Mrs. Frederick Sbaron and Mrs. George T. Marye as guests.

Small groups of débutantes included Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Eileen Mackintosh and Miss Jane Carrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger and their daughter, Miss Elena Folger, entertained a party of friends, including Mrs. Daulton Mann, Mrs. Robert Miller, and Mrs. Moseley Taylor.

Society in the Saddle.

Society sojourners at Del Monte and Pebble Beacb have gone back with enthusiasm to an old love, the saddle and bridle path. The moonlight nights of the past week have been marked by many horseback picnics to picturesque points on the Peninsula and around the Seventeen-Mile Drive. One of the largest of these moonlight picnics to picturesque Cypress Point was a moonlight expedition organized by Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, who was hostess to a large party that rode to a camp-fire picnic there. In the party were Mrs. Henry Monteagle, Mrs. Charles Emery of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. John Carberry, Miss Gwendolyn Evans of Los Angeles, Jack Whitney and Fred Godwin. After a moonlight picnic under the cypresses the party rode back to Del Monte Lodge and danced.

The stables at Del Monte have been in greater demand than ever this summer. Indeed, on the entire Peninsula there do not seem to be enough saddle horses to supply the demand. A morning canter before golf and another in the moonlight after dinner are now part of the daily programme of the large number of younger society girls at Del Monte. Among the keenest devotees of the saddle are Miss Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wardell Taylor of Los Angeles, Miss Sara Arnold Stewart of Los Angeles, and Miss Muriel Hudson, daughter of Colonel H. Hudson of London, England, all of whom are spending the summer at Del Monte. Another enthusiastic horsewoman who is seen most frequently in riding togs is Miss Ruth Wightman, fiancée of Gouverneur Morris.

Del Monte Notes.

The Los Angeles and Pasadena colony at Del Monte was greatly enlarged for the Midsummer Golf Tournament this week-end. Among the new arrivals from the south were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Remsley and daughter, from Santa Monica; Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Holladay and Mr. and Mrs. H. B Webber, from Long Beach; Mr and Mrs. L. P. Sims, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wrightsman and Mrs. A. C. Belecke, Los Angeles. Also Dr. and Mrs. V. Bernard Herbst and Miss Verna Herbst, from Pasadena.

Among well-known Easterners summering at Del Monte are Mr. Joseph De Georgio and Miss Yolando De Georgio of New York.

Mark Daniels celebrated a birthday in his picturesque Pebble Beach home tbis week with a personally cooked spagbetti dinner. Guests of the Daniels were Mrs. William Houghteling, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rittenhouse, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carberry.

Mr. and Mrs. P R. Woodward of Pasadena have joined tbe Pebble Beach colony of southerners and have selected a site for an elaborate summer villa.

B. P. reports this spoonerism: "My brother works in a theatre. He's a sheen sifter. I means he seen shifts—tbat is, he's a shifter of sheens, a seener of shifts. Oh, hang it, be's a shiftery seener—a sheenery—a shift seener—a shiffery—well, anyhow, my brother works in a theatre."—*Boston Transcript.*

Which Type Do You Prefer?

France claims tbat her movie stars are the most beautiful. Do you agree? Here is a page of French and American film favorites to help your decision. Is Huquette Duffles as beautiful as Dorothy Dalton? Is Edith Yehanne to be compared with Betty Compson? Well, whatever your decision, you'll like the page of movie stars in next Sunday's Rotagravure section. Another page you will all appreciate is

"Skylines of San Francisco"--

showing a few of San Francisco's picturesque spots; a glimpse of her man made sky line, and dusk at sea, as a ship heads outward through the Golden Gate. "Gowns," a page of up to the minute models, will attract the women readers, while every one will enjoy "Bits of Europe," "Far and Near" and the home life pictures of Magnus Johnson, the new Senator from Minnesota. Better put in your order now for The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

CURRENT VERSE.

A Royal Heart.

Ragged, uncomely, and old and gray,
A woman walked in a northern town,
And through the crowd as she wound her way
One saw her loiter and then stoop down,
Putting something away in her old torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel!" the watcher said.
(Ah! that was her heart—had the truth been read!)
"What have you stolen?" he asked again.
Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain,

And under the flickering light of the gas
She showed him her gleaning. "It's broken glass."
She said: "I hae lifted it frae the street
To be oot o' the road o' the bairnies' feet!"

Under the fluttering rags astir
That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like her
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet!
—*Will H. Ogilvie in Boston Evening Transcript.*

The Windmill.

Away to the East the grass-land surges
Acre by acre across the line,
And we must go on to the end like scourges,
Though the wilderness stretch from sea to Rhine;
But I dream some days of a great reveille,
When the buds shall burst in the Blasted Wood,
And the children chatter in Death-Trap Alley,
And a windmill stand where the Windmill stood,
And we that remember the Windmill spinning,
We may go under, but not in vain,
For our sons shall come in the new beginning,
And see that the Windmill spins again.
—*Poems from Punch*, 1909-1919.

When Blackthorn Whispers.

When blackthorn whispers on young boughs,
Winter bides skeptic in his house.
When daffodils glow under trees,
Winter is doubtful at the knees.
When cuckoo calls and cuckoo calls,
The last rear-post of Winter falls.
Now drowsing primroses give way
To hyacinth drooped in disarray,
Until when hawthorn floods the shires
Springtime is lusty with bird-choirs.
Hark the birds' flute, the trees' bassoon,
When red-rose bloods the breast of June!

But ah! When Summer's self is come,
Poets and birds are dazed, are dumb.
—*Louis Golding in the New Witness.*

In winter Europe suffers starvation and cold, and in summer it thinks of war. Something ought to be done about it.—*Chicago News.*

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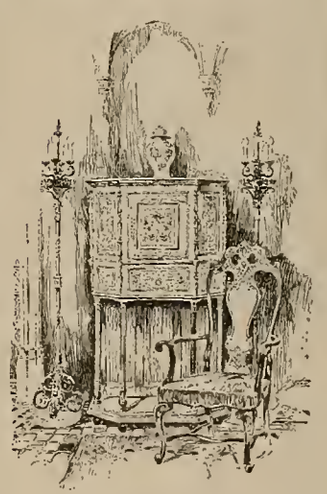
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is she a good dancer?" "Not scrupulously."—*Columbia Jester.*

"Are you sure he loves you?" "Absolutely. He objects to my bathing suit."—*Life.*

"Bleggins is going West." "To grow up with the country or get a divorce?"—*Washington Star.*

"Pa, what is repartee?" "Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on, my son."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

"Why did George marry Dingy?" "Well, they were engaged for two years and he got tired of seeing her every day."—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

The Dog Man—Pedigree dawgs, ladies—that's what these are: I've jest refused five 'underd pounds fer their stepmother.—*London Magpie.*

Miss Newmoney—What was that you just played? *Violinist*—An improvisation, madam. *Miss Newmoney*—Ah, one of my old favorites.—*Lampoon.*

Chauffeur—Is there an ordinance limiting the speed of autos in this town? *Native*—No, they can't get through too quickly to suit us.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Gerald—Mamma, can you change 15 cents for me? *Mother*—How do you wish it changed, dear? *Gerald*—Into a quarter.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Knicker—So the Newriches are getting culture? *Bocker*—Yes, they have learned to speak of a house beautiful instead of a beautiful house.—*New York Sun.*

A snake was discovered in the wings at a Paris theatre. The poor reptile probably thought it had found it way back to the Garden of Eden.—*London Humorist.*

"So the engagement is off?" "Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"You might ask Mary to get these stains off my coat with a little petrol." "Oh, George! I can't! Since the chauffeur jilted her she can't stand the smell of it."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Aunt Hannah—Have you told any one of your engagement to Mr. Sweeter? *Edith*—No; I haven't told a soul—except Bessie Miller, who thought he was going to ask her.—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Passée—Cholly seems to think that I'm keeping my age remarkably well. *Miss Curt*—Yes, he told me that he never heard of a single instance where you gave it away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"After all, my dear, one of a pair of lovers is always more deeply in love—and that is the one that suffers." "Yes, but the other one is the bored party—and I find that thought consoling."—*La Vie Parisienne.*

Mr. Skinflint—The paper says skirts are to be worn longer than ever. *Mrs. Skinflint*—Well, you needn't be figgerin' on me wearin' mine any longer. I've worn it five years this comin' fall.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Boston Lady—How much are these string beans? *Boston Huckster*—Seventy-five cents a quart. *Lady*—Isn't that rather altitudinous? *Huckster*—Yes, madam; but these are very high-strung beans.—*Yale Record.*

Mr. Youngwed—This pudding is—pardon me—perfectly dreadful. *Mrs. Youngwed*—I'm sorry, dear, but the fact is the recipe was given me by a friend, and her handwriting is simply atrocious.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Wealthy One—I am a self-made man. *Friend*—And I suppose your wife and daughters are very proud of you? *Wealthy One*—Yes; just about as proud as they would be of a home-made dress.—*London Weekly Telegraph.*

Mrs. Newreach—What's that cross on your coat, John? *Mr. Newreach*—It's in case the press take our photos. 'Aven't you noticed it's those marked with a cross that gets their names printed under the pictures?—*London Bystander.*

Gwilliams—I haven't seen anything in the papers lately about Wedgeley, the great football player of a few seasons ago. Is he dead? *Elflint*—Dead! No. He's more terrible than ever. He drives a racing automobile now.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you think the cause of arbitration is making any headway?" "Certainly," answered the German diplomat; "haven't we already gotten so far as to be willing to arbitrate upon the question of whether we will arbitrate or not?"—*Washington Star.*

"She is America's greatest actress," said Mrs. Tenspot, speaking of a tragedienne whose name came up in conversation. "Indeed! Who says so?" asked Mr. Tenspot. "The man who makes the pills that cured her of indigestion."—*Chicago Tribune.*

City Editor—Mr. Strong has been in today, and he had murder in his eye. How in time did you come to speak of Mrs. Strong's "alleged husband" in that paragraph about her accident? *J. Fresh*—I did it to steer clear of a libel suit. You know you told me always to say "alleged thief," "alleged murderer," and that sort of thing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Historian—Boy, is this the field upon which the great battle was fought? *Native Boy*—No, sir; that be at the top of that hill. *Historian*—Dear, dear! That hill must be quite a mile away! Why ever didn't they fight it in this field? *Boy*—I suppose because this here field belongs to Varmer Johnson. He never will lend his vields for anything, not even for t' village sports!—*Punch.*

Signs of the Times.

In a court-room in Gardenville, Maryland: "Card-playing strictly prohibited."

In White Hall, Virginia: "Lamp & Shade."

In Chicago: "One Pant Suits." Let's tell all the one-legged men about it.

At Sixty-Ninth and Ada Streets, Chicago: "$10 Reward for any one breaking this window."

At Ashland and Jackson Streets, Chicago; "Breakfast on la Cart."

On Wentworth Avenue, Chicago: "Partnership Desolation."

Wholesale Grocers in Clinton, Iowa: "T. M. Gobble & Co."

Resident of London, England: "I. Bragg." Migawd! It can not be.

On bathing-pool in South Carolina: "Ladies taught swimming, 25 cents a lesson. Children thrown in."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Joys of Travel.

Gertrude A. Zerr, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, says: "Rimini Route divides itself into several stage stations for the convenience of exchanging wagons for saddle horses and then for skis as you get higher up into the deeper snow. Well, we got along all right till we came to the last station. It was mid-April, and, of course, fresh snowstorms were in order; but was I to be balked of my journey, just because the snow was deep? The mail-carrier was taking first-class mail on horseback; he looked at me wearily when I proffered my request for passage.

"'You just go in and look at the register,' he said. 'They's ten people ahead of you wanting to go.'

"I began to pester the stage driver about it—you can get them to make concessions sometimes; but when he got just so tired he took me out to the stage barn and showed me a long pine box that he'd had there ever since the first heavy snow of the autumn before.

"'Now see here,' he said, 'I already told you I can't take a single passenger up there till the snow packs a little, and when I do, it's dead ones first. When it gets so's I can take the sled I'll give you a chance to ride along on this here box and that's all I kin do fer you.'"

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The Religion of Business.

However moralists may recommend altruism, all the moral exhortations that have had widespread effects have appealed to purely selfish desires, says Bertrand Russell in the *Dial*. Buddhism urged virtue on the ground that it led to Nirvana; Christianity, on the ground that it led to heaven. In each of these great religions, virtue was that line of conduct which would be pursued by the prudent egoist. Neither of these, however, has much influence on the practical morality of our own time. For energetic people, the moral code of our time is that of "success"—the code which my generation learnt in childhood from "Smiles Self-Help" and which modern young men learn from efficiency experts. In this code, "success" is defined as the acquisition of a large income. According to this code, it is wicked for a young man to be late at the office, even if what has delayed him is fetching the doctor for a sudden illness of his child; but it is not wicked to oust a competitor by well-timed tale-bearing. Competition, hard work, and rigid self-control are demanded by this code; its rewards are dyspepsia and unutterable boredom, in all who have not a quite exceptional physique. By comparison with its votaries, St. Simeon Stylites was a voluptuary; nevertheless they, like him, are pure egoists.

No priest of Isis in King Tut's day could have foreseen or prophesied an extra 3 per cent. dividend for the Light and Power Company of Attleboro, Massachusetts, in 1923, and yet that is exactly what has happened and the Pharaoh of 5000 years ago is handed all the credit. An investigation of this hig increase in the power company's business revealed the fact that practically all the Attleboro jewelry factories have been working night and day for the past six months, and are still doing it, to supply the demand for King Tut jewelry.—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Do you like Pung Chow?"

"I don't know that I ever ate any of that chow."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Physical Education."

"Physical culture is awfully interesting!" cried the eager girl who had just come back from boarding-school for a vacation. "Look, papa, to develop the arms I grasp this rod in this way and then move it slowly from right to left. Do you see?"

"Wonderful!" replied her father in admiration. "What extraordinary things teachers have discovered! If you had a bundle of straw at the end of that rod you'd be sweeping."—*Youths' Companion.*



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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Practical Americanization.

If President Coolidge had been either a weak-willed person, or one satisfied to promote his political fortunes by abusing his power, he would not have urged the governor of Pennsylvania to take the center of the stage in the coal crisis. As it was, he almost had to drag Pinchot into the business, which was primarily Pinchot's business and not that of the President of the United States. In doing that, President Coolidge relinquished what a less scrupulous man would have regarded as a grand opportunity to display himself as an administrator fired with zeal for the comfort of the public—and to curry favor with all three sides of the eternal economic triangle, the employers, the miners, and the public. Coolidge, however, has had not only courage, but patriotism, not only patriotism but statecraft, not only statecraft, but that highest wisdom of statesmanship, the determination to do right, no matter what the effect on his personal fortunes. Pinchot is posing, as usual; but that is nothing to Coolidge. The job was Pinchot's under the constitution, and he ean make the most of it. Anthracite is peculiarly a Pennsylvania matter. In its present phase the coal strike is as foreign to the jurisdiction of the federal government as the murder of General Tellini on the Albanian frontier. But during the life of the older generation there have been two influences in our history that have tended to obscure that fact. One was the infiltration of the electorate by a horde of southeastern Europeans whose only conception of government was as a centralized dictatorship of gold laced bullies who kicked them about but occasionally permitted them to get enough food to live on and keep their families. These men were naturalized as American voters. The other was Theodore Roosevelt, who in the anthracite strike of 1902 jumped into the center of the scenery and banged about with his big stick, Roosevelt fashion, leading the ignorant immigrants and the unthinking native voters to believe that a strike in the anthracite mines was a federal matter. No better policy has been pursued in the dozen anthracite strikes following. This led to a perversion of public opinion which has been a menace to one of the most fundamental of our principles, the separation of state and federal powers. But President Coolidge is a constitutionalist. He will not override that covenant. He is an American, and does not need to be Americanized—he will do the Americanizing himself, repair the national structure by rebuilding one of its damaged sections on the foundations laid by the fathers. It has taken courage, unselfishness, and common sense. President Coolidge is upholding American ideals, supplying both immigrants and native Americans with the best exemplification of American policy seen in this country for three decades. Has the country sufficient political intelligence to appreciate it? Thirty years ago it would have understood. Now, there are so many voters whose idea is that our government is merely an elective dictatorship, so many socialists preaching paternalism, and so many young lady school teachers conducting evening classes in what they call Americanization, that the question is open to doubt. But whatever the reaction of the country, President Coolidge has done a big thing in a big way. It will be our loss if we forget it.

The Threat to Hetch Hetchy.

The more the Moccasin Creek extravaganza is examined the worse it looks. It not only threatens the tax payers and the city's credit, but it so seriously threatens them that it appears as the principal menace against the Hetch Hetchy water system itself. What it would cost for a local distribution system nobody can say at present, and nobody ever could say until we were in it and could not get out; but one of the advocates of municipal distribution talks glibly about $30,000,000 as a starter. This might be considered to include the cost of the transmission line to Newark, but the whole project is vague, and the only thing certain is that it will probably cost more than any preliminary estimates, if we may judge from the experience of other municipalities that have been seduced into this form of socialism—Ontario power, and Los Angeles power, for examples.

To the layman it seems a simple and inexpensive matter—the water runs down hill and makes the power, and that is all there is to it. But reality is different. It would seem that no ordinarily adequate hydro-electric plant that is only a hydro-electric plant can meet the diverse requirements of a growing city's life and industries, but must be greatly over size or be backed up by enough steam generating plant to provide for peak loads occurring at certain times a day, and fluctuating with the seasons of the year. Moreover, there must be steam plants for emergencies. This is but one of the intricacies of the business. And the city, if it goes into the business will have to build steam generating plants. They are quite expensive little trinkets; would cost about $10,000,000 for a starter. With growth it would have to build another power house in the mountains, and more steam plants in the city. If it did not do it promptly, the industrial expansion of San Francisco would, to make a bull of it, take place somewhere else. How competent our municipal authorities are to anticipate the city's needs appears in the fact that we are on the eve of producing an average continuous output of over 50,000 kilowatts and have not yet decided what to do with it.

To meet future requirements would necessitate expenditures for extensions, beginning at $3,250,000 for the first year and growing lustily, if the current rate of increase is maintained. In ten years the annual investment for extensions would have to be twice that. Every time we needed an enlargement of the plant we should have to hold a bond election. Doing business by bond elections is apt to be dilatory at best. When the business is vital to a city's development it is precarious. An illustration close up is supplied by the process of getting extensions to the Municipal Railroad. The only way to avoid the bond election method would be to make the rates higher. But the advocates of municipal distribution burn with zeal to make them lower. It is a beautiful plan.

And there is more involved. If San Francisco wants to preserve her water rights she must continue development. This calls for an additional bond issue of $30,000,000. We approach the debt limit of the charter, but, more serious than that, because it is something we can not amend at will, we approach the exhaustion of the city's credit, the saturation of the market for San Francisco bonds. We need that credit to complete the water system. We can not afford a power distribution system.

The minority report of a special committee on the subject, adopted by the Civic League of Improvement Clubs says: "It is obvious that the city is in no position to engage in the business of distributing power . . . Funds are not available, and furthermore it would be impossible either to acquire or construct a distribution system by the Fall of 1924, when, according to the report of the City Engineer, the Moccasin Creek Power Plant will be completed."

Under the most liberal interpretation of the bond limit in the charter, supposing, that is, that $18,700,000 of school bonds are exempt from the 15 per cent limit, we can still issue $29,000,000 of bonds—provided we can sell them. And the City Engineer says he needs $30,000,000 to complete the water supply job and keep the city's right to Hetch Hetchy water alive. If the school bonds are within the debt limit, we are all the closer to it, and can issue only about $9,000,000. Here is a distinct menace to the Hetch Hetchy water project.

A Stricken Empire.

In humanity's endless war with nature Japan has lost a battle; how serious we do not know, and shall not be able to estimate for a long time. One observer supposes the catastrophe has cost the island empire her position as the fourth military and naval power. This is mere conjecture, granting that she was the fourth power. There is no doubt that the destruction of shipping, shipyards, docks, arsenals, stores, offices, public buildings, and records, the vast disorganization of governmental function and the detachment of officials from their usual duties for unexpected services, will have cost the Japanese Government itself large amounts, perhaps equal to the cost of a small war. Japan, like this country, has had her tax eaters, but owing to the overpopulation of the country, and the poverty of its people, they are much closer to the bottom of "the bottomless well of taxation" than we at this time. Hence it will be harder to replace government plant, and harder to resume government function after so deep a disturbance.

What is even more disastrous is the calamity that has fallen upon the Japanese people, for the people, not the government, produce the wealth. A Japanese professor in the University of California says, "The great loss of life, and misery caused by the catastrophe, are deplorable, but in the long run the earthquake and fire will prove of an estimable benefit to the empire." This is nonsense. No country was ever benefitted by such a catastrophe, although individuals make profits

by the disturbance, and some statistics may seem favorably affected. To expect a general gain from such a source is like believing that scarlet fever is somehow good for children. The loss of works of art and irreplacable creations of beauty is a thing to grieve humanity, but it is less vital than the destruction of fixed capital in the form of dwellings, office buildings, factories, docks, bridges, railway lines and terminals, warehouses and all the diverse form of construction mankind uses to carry on its productive activities, and create the commodities and values through which it supplies its needs. Destruction of capital, except in the ripeness of time, on the carefully considered plans of its owners, by their volition, is always harmful to humanity, and only fractional compensation can reasonably be looked for even from the artificial stimulus calamity supplies. Probably the world is somewhat poorer today because of the earthquake that visited Lisbon in the middle of the 18th century. Such losses are minimized, and to a great degree absorbed, by the irrepressible productiveness of busy human beings, each working as hard as the fear of poverty and the hope of gain can compel him. Nevertheless the negative factor remains, and all destruction of useful capital is to some degree an impairment of the wealth of society.

Japan has been hurt. The capital of a great empire has been prostrated, and recovery will have to be through suffering and travail. There is a large amount of conjecture, of over-statement, of evident reportorial hysteria in the accounts that have reached us during the past week, and this element will continue in the reports for months to come. A good gauge of the excitement of some correspondents on the scene is furnished by the statement that because nothing had been heard from the Bonin Islands they had probably sunk into the sea. This recalls the statement in the eastern newspapers after the San Francisco earthquake, that the Cliff House had fallen into the ocean. The Cliff House had not fallen into the ocean, and anybody in San Francisco, that was not too busy just then, could have walked out there and found it in its proper position. One might safely predict that the Bonin Islands will be found in their proper position; and that reports in general of the Japanese disaster will prove to have been too inclusive—perhaps on the principle that at such a time it is better to say too much and get it all in than to say too little and leave something out. We know that such calamities are usually overstated in the early reports. We know, for example, that people in the eastern states were alarmed by the statement that San Francisco had been wiped out, and at the same time we received at San Francisco reports that Chicago had been overwhelmed by a tidal wave. But our little release of shearing strain on the morning of April 18, 1906, was a trivial matter compared to what has happened in Japan. And so closely knit is the modern world that it could not happen in Japan without affecting all civilization. Japan will have to make heavy drafts on her credit all over the earth, and inasmuch as credit, like energy, is a quantitative thing, though no one may know its precise quantity, this means that the credit reservoirs will be somewhat drawn down. With rehabilitation not yet complete in Europe, in fact but just begun, the calamity imposes an added burden upon finance. There may be some slight rise in interest rates for a time. Like the rest of the world, Japan has been in troubled financial waters during the past few years. But the Japanese escaped the devastations of the European conflict, and perhaps in a material sense were better prepared to meet this shock than any nation in Europe.

Humanity is marvelously adaptable. Calamity awakens heroism, peril brings forth new leaderships. We may be confident that the Japanese, whose ancient pride and fortitude have been transformed during the past fifty or sixty years into a disciplined industrialism that is the admiration of the civilized world, will meet this emergency with a high heart, inspired by patriotic idealism. And they will be aided by great improvements in the machinery of credit and exchange that have been made since our disaster. The web of trade and productive industry, so laboriously spun, will be repaired. And it would be strange if the nation did not emerge from its suffering refined and ennobled in motive.

As to the personal grief of survivors, that is always magnified to our imagination by the numbers involved; but probably it is not thereby intensified to the individual. For, after all, each in this world bears his own burden, suffers only his share of the general sorrow. The Creator calls on no one to bear it all. And people are suffering bereavements all about us all the time, each in his own private life. In general calamity those losses occur in concert which in course of time would accrue separately. The Oriental understands this, and endures with stoicism.

We in San Francisco can appreciate better than the inhabitants of other American cities the vast disorganization and bottomless misery that must have been caused by a calamity that could destroy over 500,000 lives and make 2,000,000 people homeless. There will have been lost, not only life and fixed capital, but that most valuable commodity of industrial man, that transforming, magical fourth dimension, Time. For months the afflicted people must work as even Japanese have never worked to provide themselves with the barest necessaries of shelter, clothing and food. For years they must continue to labor to rebuild their shattered system. Just now they need help, and San Francisco will know how badly they need it. We can not afford to consider rival policies, national ambitions, or a possible future clash between two nations that have so long been friends. This is not a matter of nationalism, it is a matter of humanitarism. They will need every form of relief called for by any country that has been devastated by war or pestilence. They will need rice and wheat, and blankets and tents, and fuel and clothing. We should all do what we can to help. Fortunately for the world, civilization has evolved organizations that are reliable and effective for meeting such emergencies as this. Probably the largest and best administered is the American Red Cross. Its assistance has been tendered through our State department, America has taken the lead in organized relief. All available American ships in far east stations were ordered to Yokahoma with supplies and relief workers, and President Coolidge has issued an appeal to the American people for contributions. The central authority in the American Red Cross promptly contributed $100,000 for the relief of Japanese victims of the disaster, and an additional $10,000 for the assistance of Americans caught in its toils. But this is only a beginning. Even though we discount the hysterical accounts printed during the first few days it is evident that the magnitude of this calamity surpasses anything in the history of modern civilization. President Coolidge says the need is urgent, and recommends that contributions be sent either to Red Cross Headquarters at Washington, or to the local Red Cross chapters, for transmission to Japan. The chairman of the local chapter of this organization is former Postmaster Charles W. Fay. With commendable promptness, and without waiting to hear from Washington, Mr. Fay has invited all San Franciscans desiring to help to take or send their contributions to the headquarters of the San Francisco Red Cross in the Exposition Auditorium. Names should accompany donations.

Moccasin Creek and the Mayor.

It is not likely that any critical observer of Mayor Rolph's political career has been disappointed by his manifesto on the subject of Moccasin Creek power—it roars as gently as any sucking dove. From his record he could hardly have been expected to meet the issue squarely. This was his chance to assume leadership and do a courageous thing at a critical juncture, but he has displayed no attribute of leadership nor any measure of courage. He has run true to form. Opportunity knocked at the door of his office in the City Hall, but he was afraid to open.

This is peculiarly a matter in which the public wants leadership. It is a technical matter in itself, complicated by the altitude of the tax rate and the condition of the city's credit. If the mayor knows anything worth while about the subject he must know that plunging this already debt-burdened and overtaxed city into twenty or thirty millions of additional debt in order to prevent some corporation from making a retailer's profit on electricity is bad business. He must know if he knows anything that no living man can foretell the added expense that will pile up once we are committed to peddling electric energy.

The distribution of water is one of the simplest of engineering functions and can usually be entrusted to a municipality without much danger—although one California town has acquired some pretty heavy judgments against it lately for infecting a lot of its citizens with typhoid germs pumped into the mains in a careless political way, without the chlorination which private corporations prudently apply. But the distribution of electric energy is different. That is not simple. It is a matter of peak loads and load factors and stand-by steam plants and adjustment of voltages, and plotting additional requirements years ahead, and studying the market so that industry shall never be cramped, and supplying new service promptly, and delivering the energy without discrimination and collecting for it without favoritism—a hundred and one details of operation and policy calling for the diligence and discipline of an organization every member of which has his personal interest at stake, rather than the loose methods of an organization that has merely political interests at stake, and whose employes draw their salaries, no matter how the undertaking comes out.

We could hardly help generating the energy—it accrues at the power-house site from our water development, and is turned into current at little additional cost. But we can evade the dangerous speculation involved in attempting to retail it. We can keep out of the distribution business and avoid the dangers that menace Seattle under the urge of its theorists and that have cost the people of Los Angeles over $6,000,000 in added taxes from which no perceptible benefit has yet been derived. We can take the power and sell it to some organization, no matter which, that is in the power business and understands how to coördinate the added current with a going concern so that it will be useful and productive instead of going to waste. If that corporation makes a profit on the business it is no more than its due. Moreover, it is no indication that the city of San Francisco could make the same profit. Some people don't see why not, but they are of the theorist class, with no understanding of the technical requirements of one of the most technical industries in the world—no idea what a peak load is, no information as to markets for energy, no notion of constructive policies toward the local industries to be served; above all, no owner's interest in making profits and at the same time helping build up the industries through which those profits come.

One of the most active advocates of the municipal retailing of energy is a man that deals in wall paper: Mr. Uhl. He has recently resigned from the governing board of the Civic League of Improvement Clubs because that organization would not follow him into the municipal distribution bog. The improvement clubs are composed of taxpayers and they know what the effort means—more bond issues, more taxes. Los Angeles tried it and became more heavily involved in debt every two or three years, until last June, when the power bureau attempted to dragoon the voters into supplying another $35,000,000. They had been quite docile under municipal socialism with its waste and extravagance and deadly burden of debt, but that time they rebelled, refused to vote themselves farther toward insolvency, and left the project pretty much up in the air.

In San Francisco leadership was needed in the opposite direction, and the mayor could have made the best political capital of his career if he had supplied it. He should have lifted the challenge McSheehy threw down. But his message on the subject is a feeble sort of equivocation, a bucket-balancing act. It quite properly points out that the question will be up to the people, to decide whether they wish to amend the charter and then mortgage themselves for another political adventure, but says: "The full use of Hetch Hetchy power will produce sufficient profits eventually to pay the interest on the present bond issue and a surplus sufficient to continue the further development of the water supply." That was promised in Los Angeles, but it did not work out that way. Then, apparently in fear of losing ground to McSheehy, he ranges himself on McSheehy's side by declaring that the city should own and distribute its own power. But it is a little late. It is likely that if the people decide to amend the charter and vote the bonds necessary for this socialistic plunge, it will be claimed by McSheehy as a victory for him, and if they refuse it will be counted as a defeat for the mayor. We can not see much in it for Mr. Rolph in any event.

As far as any one can understand, the Los Angeles Power Bureau's method has been to sell power below cost in order to make a favorable showing for itself and the great principle of municipal ownership, and then saddle the deficit on the tax rate. We can do that in San Francisco, and to unreflecting, corporation-baiting sentiment it seems attractive. But it is dangerous and

costly, and will produce no more power for our factories and railways, which, after all, is the main thing to make sure of. It would be greatly to the mayor's credit if he were to reconsider his message, give the bond limit some study, take courage, and defend the taxpayers—far more to his credit, and more to his political profit, than clowning around in a pony express hat such as no pony express rider ever saw.

The Great American Journal at Last.

The distinguished New York publisher, Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, announces the foundation of a new American review, to be called *The American Mercury* and to be to American life and letters what the English *Mercury*, the *Mercure de France*, and the *Neure Merkur* are to their respective countries. In short, we are to have at last a great representative American journal. So far, so good, but better is to come. The editors of *The American Mercury*, whose first issue is expected about January 1st, will be George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken. It isn't stated whether the *Smart Set* is to be incorporated, sold, or discontinued. But lest, at the mention of those names, the tired business man, and his contemporaries uninterested in dramatic and comparative criticism, turn away, we hasten to add that the new review is to be all-comprehensive in nature, nor, though it is to be distinctly a national paper, will its activities be limited to mirroring merely the American scene. We are promised distinguished foreign collaborators. But American politics, American governmental problems, American industrial and social relations, American science, and of course that *raison d'être* of any review, art, this time American, are to be the backbone of the new journal.

Just why foreign collaborators are needed is not clear. We can already enjoy the American scene as viewed from abroad in any foreign paper and we respectfully call to the attention of the publisher and editors the fact that the various national *Mercuries* whose functions have inspired the need for a similar organ for these United States are content for the most part without distinguished American collaborators. However, one must not look a gift horse in the mouth, though to change the figure, some of the gilt crumbles on our gingerbread as we perceive *The American Mercury* will be exclusively American in name only. An international review brilliantly edited in this country would be distinctly a pride to American journalism, and if Messrs. Knopf, Nathan, and Mencken wish to publish such a one, by all means let them; only, they shouldn't misname it.

But we shall withhold further criticism till January 1st. Meanwhile its publisher proclaims that the point of view of *The American Mercury* will be that of the civilized minority, whoever they are. We trust their fabulous existence does not connote a fabulous viewpoint, though we suspect the latter will be that of George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken. It could be worse, for as its publisher points out, whatever defects it may develop, at least it will never be dull nor obvious. And reviews have a fatal way of being obvious—mirroring a well-known scene, they can hardly be otherwise. "No cult or tendency will dominate its pages," says Mr. Knopf, or his publicity agent, adding that it will be open to conflicts of opinion at all times. A paper that harbors conflicting opinions is likely to perform the fourth-dimensional feat of canceling itself, which we hope *The American Mercury* will never do. In fact, we are *qui vive* till January 1st, and meanwhile we wish its publisher and editors luck in choosing their collaborators, American and otherwise, and *The American Mercury* a long and useful life.

Editorial Notes.

It is no wonder the negroes in this country are growing proud. What with the tuchuns in China shooting up one another and the missionaries, the French in the Ruhr, the Italians mobilizing against the Greeks, the Soviet in Russia killing off the opposition, a lottery war threatening in Cuba, Villa assassinated and the generals getting uneasy in Mexico, the Ku Klux being picked on in New Jersey, the Filipinos getting peevish at General Wood, and the Spaniards getting theirs in Morocco, the only peaceful quarter of the earth appears to be Africa south of the Sahara. And that may be owing to the fact that large areas of it are comparatively free from the presence of the human race.

The anthracite coal situation is bringing to the fore more sharply than ever the question of industrial control—whether an industry shall be conducted by its owners for their private profit or by the workers for their private profit. The matter mainly in issue throughout the controversy has been the so-called check-off system whereby the employers have to make themselves the agents of the union for the collection of union dues to be used against them in some later conflict. The eight-hour day also is involved and something of wage increase. These are the minimum concessions acceptable to the union officers. The public is interested, because some time or another every one of these things will have to be paid for and the public will do the paying. Every little bit more to be paid, added to what you already have to pay, makes the High Cost of Living.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

South American Friendliness Growing.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, September 1, 1923.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—*Sir:* At last this country is coming into its own in South America. The World War wrought the change, which the unceasing efforts of the handful of Americans who all along realized the great value of closer political and commercial relations with our Southern neighbors could not bring about.

Our industrial captains have finally realized that the South American business is even more valuable than the famed Oriental trade. It is a surprise to many people that the nine million Argentinos have a greater buying capacity than the four hundred million Chinese. And yet Argentina, with a territory over a third of that of the United States, and nearly all of it one vast Mississippi Valley, has less than ten million inhabitants. One can easily imagine the developments in South America once those countries get into their regular stride.

My recent visit around both coasts proved a revelation. Where in former years the occasional American citizen found down there was only too often of the rougbneck type, we now have American clubs in the principal South American cities, with a membership of truly representative Americans, located there in the interests of some of our largest manufacturers. Where formerly our diplomatic and consular officials frequently happened to be old line politicians, we are now represented by high class men who would be a credit to any country. These men enter into the social as well as into the commercial life of our southern neighbors and the results are seen not only in increased exports, but also in a better understanding between the respective peoples.

The most striking thing I found in South America, after an absence of eleven years, is the complete change in the public opinion of Chile in regard to the United States. For a generation the public feeling in Chile towards Americans had been rather reserved. This feeling had its genesis in the war of the Pacific, and whenever it showed signs of dying down, something would turn up, as, for instance, the *Baltimore* affair or the Alsop claims, to put new life into the dying embers. The Chileans, of course, did not realize that the American people never harbored any ill feeling against them—nay, that while most Americans had heard of Chile, many had but a hazy notion as to where it was. In view of their former state of mind it is really remarkable to note the present wave of enthusiasm and friendly feeling for America sweeping all before it. Judging from conversations I had with men of high standing, a good deal of credit for this is undoubtedly due to our present Ambassador at Santiago.

Nothing will more quickly lead to a pleasant and satisfactory friendship than personal contact, which usually dispels the fog of misunderstanding and leads to sympatbetic appreciation. This feeling is being brought about between North and South America by the ever increasing number of South Americans coming to the United States, and by the corresponding increase in travel from the United States to the southern hemisphere.

The splendid Shipping Board steamers operated by the Munson Line between New York and Buenos Aires, touching at Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo, carry large numbers of Americans to New York. Every one of the two score South Americans on the S. S. "Southern Cross," on which I came home lately, spoke English. This also was a great surprise, for on my former wanderings through South America, the English tongue was rarely spoken by a native.

The Munson Line from New York, and the Pacific Argentine Brazil Line from San Francisco, by interchanging tickets, offer a wonderful opportunity to see South America. Not being retained by steamship companies to make propaganda for them, I am not going to stress the wonderful sights in Peru, in the Andes, and in Southern Chile, or describe the great cities on the East Coast. To lovers of beauty, however, I wish to recommend Rio de Janeiro, which on every visit has proved more fascinating. Standing on Corcovado, a panorama unfolds itself that will give a thrill to the most blasé of wanderers, and which in my opinion has no equal on earth for exquisite beauty. No one who sees Rio de Janeiro today, nestling among innumerable hills covered with tropical foliage and flowers, and surrounded on three sides by the loveliest body of water to be found anywhere, can believe that only twenty-five years ago this city was a veritable graveyard for yellow fever victims, and that many a good ship rotted in its harbor while the crew was sleeping in the cemetery. Today Rio is as healthy as San Francisco, and more beautiful than any city in the United States.

The South American peculiarity of twenty-five years ago to refer to citizens of the United States as "Norte-Americanos" has now become a fixed habit. I think this is due to a desire on the part of our southern neighbors to impress us with the fact that they also are "Americans," although when asked their nationality they will proudly proclaim themselves, not "Sud-Americanos," but Argentinos, Chileans, Peruanos, etc.

The considerate traveler in South America will always met courteous treatment wherever he goes. The people are kindly and hospitable, and the stranger who will cultivate a pleasant smile will need no other passport.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. HAVRE.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE GREAT UNAPPRECIATED

(New York Times.)

A political correspondent, betrayed by his sense of humor even when gazing at one of the most solemn of our monuments, speaks of Hiram Johnson's 'menacing silence.' Isn't it probable that the country is grateful for that rare respite? Diving boldly into the boundless sea of the Congressional Record, a statistician has brought out the discovery that in the last Congress the 'Progressives' in spite of the paucity of their numbers, talked seventy-five more pages than the 'regulars.' Somber thoughts must, indeed, throng the majestic brain chambers of that son of the Golden West. Senator Moses, a Wood man in 1920, tore himself suddenly from his support of the statesman so ingeniously used by the Republican optimates in 1920 to kill off General Wood. Mr. Moses is a pragmatist. He jumped on the bandwagon as soon as it came into sight. Senator Borah recognized the obvious political fact. If Mr. Coolidge's administration is successful he will be renominated by the Republicans. If his leadership fails, if he does not impress himself upon the people, if the old wrangles and divisions are renewed or increased the nomination will be empty, whoever gets it.

There is a new situation. A new man is the center of it. Mr. Johnson's culminate hour was in 1916. In 1920 he esteemed himself too great a man to be a candidate for Vice-President. As Heine said of Alfred De Musset, he 'has a brilliant future behind him.' He is not a 'Progressive.' He is a mossback, a reactionary. He is tied up with the high tariff, which most of the other 'Progressives' are hot against. He got for California her share of the spoils. While there is no close cohesion or solidarity in what is often called the La Follette bloc its leaders can always be depended upon for perfect solidarity in the matter of his interests. To all possible rivals he is cold. He is sure of his own State. Is Mr. Johnson sure of his? He blotted himself out in favor of Mr. Harding. He may have to do the same in favor of Mr. Coolidge; and, as the inheritor of old feuds, he would be an impracticable candidate, in any event. Even a third party can scarcely be imagined as turning to him.

It may be that in some States the Republican machine will coddle favorite sons, in the hope, natural enough to the queer political mind, of 'controlling' Mr. Coolidge and forcing him to be 'good,' especially in the prime concern of offices. But just as Mr. Johnson is a backsliding 'Progressive' so he is a backsliding 'regular.' The same source of light that irradiates Mayor Hylan beams effulgently upon Hiram Johnson. In Illinois Senator McCormick, forgetting his own high claims, is said to be working with the indefatigable Warwick of unnominated candidates and unmade presidents to drive Mr. Johnson through the Republican primaries. Surely there are good reasons for Mr. Johnson's silence, a quality which he surprised everybody by recommending. Let us not look irreverently upon this heart bowed down. Doubtless he is whiling the bitter hours with reading sympathetic to his plight and mood—'Leah, the Forsaken' and 'The Two Orphans.'

THE BIBLE—A "TRANSLATION"

(Boston Evening Transcript.)

A professor at the University of Chicago has undertaken to supplant the King James version of the Bible by what he calls an "American Translation." This professor says: "We have particularly had in mind . . . to use words intelligible to the American ear." Why is this necessary? Is not the Bible understood in America today? Have we so lost the knowledge of our own language that we can no longer understand the finest example of it? Is the one book of all others acclaimed by English-speaking peoples the world over to be "the noblest monument of English prose"—is this book to be thrown into the discard?

The Chicago professor undoubtedly meant well. But when he attempts to do away with a great work of art, when he tries to supplant a manual of faith ingrained in us by all the ties of holy belief by three and a half years' work, he shows that his sense of proportion is lacking. Of course, what he proposes cannot be done.

A quotation from his "American translation" will show how uninspired and matter-of-fact his version is. When read in contrast with the same passage in the King James version, it suggests comparing an automobile horn to a cathedral organ. Here is the Chicago professor's "translation" of Jesus feeding the multitude:

> The disciples said to Him:
> "Where can we get bread enough in this solitude to feed such a crowd?"
> Jesus said to them:
> "How many loaves have you?"
> They said:
> "Seven, and a few small fish."

And so it goes. Contrast the same passage in the gospel according to St. Mark in the King James version:

> And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men here with bread in the wilderness?
> And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven.

The contrast is here so obvious that no comment is needed.

If the American can no longer feel the beauty of our Bible, for it is our Bible and part of our American tradition, if its meaning is no longer clear to him, if he demands an "American translation" of the noblest monument in English prose, then disappointing is his condition. Fortunately this is not the case, and happily the King James version of the Holy Bible is strong enough to withstand this attempt at replacement. It has withstood far worse shocks in its time. May it continue to withstand them!

A CENSUS OF ASSOCIATIONS

(New York Herald.)

The complex organization of life is freshly exhibited by the census of commercial and industrial organizations in this country just completed by the United States Department of Commerce. The trade association is coming to the fore just as in other years the guild, the corporation, the trust, the pool and the holding company, each in its turn, came to the fore as the last word in economic growth.

The first list of commercial and industrial organizations

was published in 1913 in response to a resolution of the United States Senate. Considerable public curiosity concerning the activity of lobbyists then existed. The initial reckoning showed about 3,200 names. The present roster bears more than 11,000. Included among them are 1,500 interstate, national, and international bodies, 2,000 State, and 7,700 local associations.

The directory contains names which only by a considerable liberality of definition can be termed "commercial and industrial." Of this character are those of many civic, professional and scientific bodies. It would, for example, be difficult to put the National Civic Federation or the American Civil Liberties Union in the same category with the American Doll Manufacturers or the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies. Yet it is better to have committed an error of inclusiveness than to have omitted important organizations.

The Department of Commerce has listed everything on the horizon, and in so doing contributed the raw material for study of a new chapter of American economic life. Apparently every commodity from antimony to zinc has been the nucleus around which a body of citizens has been assembled. Corporations and individuals, large and small, have come together in trade associations and something approximating the medieval guild is being produced under modern conditions.

WHAT AILS US?

(Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. Bush, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, returning from a trip of observation in Europe, in which he visited nineteen countries, makes the following comment:

"It is my opinion that the chief difficulty in the reconstruction of Europe is the state of mind of the people in the various countries through which I passed. They are all doing much better than they did before the war, but do not realize it. Their prosperity is covered over with a froth of hysteria, of discontent, of suspicion, envy and hatred toward their neighbors. In some countries they hate other people so much that they have got to hating themselves. Yet under that artificial surface there is an economic recuperation that the masses of the people cannot see. Farmers who two years ago had only one or two cows now have three or four cows, and the grain and fruit production has increased in the same ratio, unnoticed by the owners of the soil. The state of mind is is perhaps more serious than anything else and little headway has yet been made toward curing it."

A state of mind. That, truly, is what chiefly ails Europe, and, curiously enough, it ails us likewise. Our state of mind is mild in comparison to that of Europe, as certainly it ought to be, and yet it is an astonishing and malevolent phenomenon. We have recently commented on it, but it must continue to impress any observer of American life today. Our economists remark upon economic maladjustments in the United States, but they are as nothing to the maladjustment between our material conditions and our mood. There is nothing more apparent than that, on the whole, America is substantially prosperous; that, with inevitable individual and even group exceptions, Americans are living on a high level of physical comfort and enjoyment. But it does not bring them content. It does not save them from envy of their neighbors. It does not save them from unjust suspicions and prejudices or from a vague and foolish disposition to meddle and tear down.

A frequent acute commentator upon affairs ascribes this in great measure to the preaching of a fallacious notion of universal equality, and we think he is right. Men are not equal in qualities and every attempt to make them equal in condition of life has been destructive. But in our day it is growing more and more difficult to convince "A" that he is not as good as "B" in every respect or at any rate that he ought not to have everything that "B" has. "A" has been told that "B" does not and cannot deserve more than he and that if "B" has more it is because he is the beneficiary of some injustice to "A." There is no end of the mischief of this fallacy, which cheats the individual out of satisfaction in his own achievements and enjoyment of his own possessions.

There is a discontent that has been called divine; a discontent that energizes effort and directs it forward. But the discontent which is so prevalent today, even in America, has nothing divine about it. As Mr. Bush notes of the Europeans, it is blinding Americans to the good things they possess, discouraging activity and endangering, not assisting, progress.

We do not pretend to know how this state of mind can be cured. It is a moral disease that should be studied. Probably it is a price we are paying for a materialistic conception of happiness. We need an evangel of light.

THIRTY-DAY FARMERS

(Santa Barbara News.)

The American wheat farmer, who has been accustomed to think of himself as the soul of industry, and the backbone of the agricultural production of the country; who is back of the "farm bloc" in congress, and who is even now demanding special legislation for his particular benefit, is told in plain language by the representative of the financial organization created for his benefit, that he is lazy. He is told that he is a "thirty-day farmer," that he grows a lazy man's crop.

Guy Huston, president of the American Association of Joint Stock Land Banks, in the course of an address to the association in Chicago, declared that American agriculture is afflicted with an overabundance of "thirty-day farmers," who grow wheat simply because it is the easiest crop to grow.

To the farmer who is asking Federal assistance, Huston replies that the man who grows wheat simply because it is the easiest crop to grow has brought on himself his own troubles by growing too much wheat.

It is undoubtedly true that wheat farming is a simple and easy form of agriculture, fairly remunerative on good soils when prices are fair. Probably farmers under these conditions do not work more than thirty days in the year in their planting and harvesting. Nowadays, much of the harvesting is done under contract.

But the grower of wheat has long, lean periods when his lot is hard and his rewards meager. We should not forget that during the war, when wheat was vital to the success of the allies' cause, this same farmer was hailed as the chief support of the nation.

It is hardly fair to blame the American farmer for the present condition of the market and prices. Practically every wheat growing country of the world has a good or fair wheat yield this year. It is the anticipated surplus that is the chief factor in breaking the market, according to the experts, coupled with the decreased export demand due to the financial troubles of Europe.

Unquestionably the American farmer would be wise to change the method of his farming, and diversify his crops. If the wheat of the country were grown as only a part of the crop of each farmer instead of the entire harvest, in times of low prices, the condition of the farmer and the country would be better.

But the charge laid against the wheat grower that he is a lazy farmer is hardly just. The present system is the growth of generations, and it will take time to educate the farmer out of his old habits. Through the farm bureaus, and similar organizations, diversification of crops and modern farm methods is being taught. The time is not distant when the farmers will attempt scientifically to adjust the wheat acreage to the market situation.

For the present, the "thirty-day" farmer is producing not only all the wheat the nation needs but in addition is selling abroad from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 bushels of wheat.

OLD FAVORITES.

California.

[September 9, 1850.]

Land of gold!—thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
See,—they stretch the hand to meet thee,
Youngest of our household train.

Many a form their love hath fostered
Lingers 'neath thy sunny sky,
And their spirit-tokens brighten
Every link of sympathy.

We 'mid storms of war were cradled,
'Mid the shock of angry foes;
Thou, with sudden, dreamlike splendor,
Pallas-horn,—in vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Strong in friendship let us stand,
With united ardor earning
Glory for our Mother Land.

They of gold and they of iron,
They who reap the hearded wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasures at her feet;

While with smiling exultation,
She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
Folds her jewels to her heart.

—*Lydia Huntley Sigourney.*

Hariri's Prayer.

[Abu Mahommed ul-Qasim ibn 'Ali ibn Mahommed al-Hariri, "son of the silk merchant," 1054-1122, was a date orchardist of Mashan, near Basra, in southern Mesopotamia. He was also a grammarian, and devoted the leisure of a wealthy man to analyzing the niceties of words and the shadings of Arabian rhetoric. His best literary work is in the form of some fifty pieces of "rhymed prose," known as *maqamas*, in which a witty rogue combining the talents of Mr. Dooley and Walt Mason discusses about all that it was safe to discuss under the Bagdad Caliphate. The following is a translation of a prayer of Hariri's composition. And can any reader send us the metrical version of La Hire's prayer?]

We praise thee, O God,
For whatever perspicuity of language Thou has taught us
And whatever eloquence Thou hast inspired us with,
As we praise Thee
For the bounty which Thou hast diffused,
And the mercy which Thou hast spread abroad;
And we pray Thee to guard us
From extravagant expressions and frivolous superfluities,
As we pray Thee to guard us
From the shame of incapacity and the disgrace of hesitation;
And we entreat Thee to exempt us from temptation
By the flattery of the admirer or connivance of the indulgent;
As we entreat Thee to exempt us from exposure
To the slight of the detractor or aspersion of the defamer;
And we ask Thy forgiveness
Should our frailties betray us into ambiguities,
As we ask Thy forgiveness
Should our steps advance to the verge of improprieties;
And we beg Thee freely to bestow
Propitious succor to lead us aright
And a heart turning in unison with truth,
And a language adorned with veracity,
And style supported by conclusiveness,
And accuracy that may exclude incorrectness,
And firmness of purpose that may overcome caprice,
And sagacity whereby we may attain discrimination;
That Thou wilt aid us by Thy guidance into right conceptions
And enable us with Thy help to express them with clearness,
That Thou wilt guard us from error in narration,
And keep us from folly even in pleasantry,
So that we may be safe from the censure of sarcastic tongues
And secure from the fatal effects of false ornament,
And may not resort to any improper source,
And occupy no position that would entail regret,
Nor be assailed by any ill consequences or blame,
Nor be constrained to apology for inconsideration.
O God fulfill for us this our desire
And put us in possession of this our earnest wish,
And exclude us not from Thy ample shade
Nor leave us to become the prey of the devourer;
For we stretch to Thee the hand of entreaty,
And profess entire submission to Thee and contrition of spirit,
And seek with humble supplication and appliances of hope
The descent of Thy vast grace and comprehensive bounty.

The Nevermore.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine amhush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jal Dastur Cursetji Pavry, son of a Bombay high priest, is the first East Indian to receive a Columbia University fellowship.

The Duchess of Bedford is England's champion woman shot and among the six best of either sex. Her record includes a phenomenal bagging of fifty-seven birds with fifty-eight shots. Less than half a dozen of Britain's crack sportsmen have been able to equal this feat.

The Duke of Cornwall, somewhat better known as the Prince of Wales, is scheduled to visit his ranch near Pekisko, Alberta, Canada, this month. The prince, who is due in Quebec September 10, plans to spend an entire month out doors. The ranch is used chiefly for breeding pure bred horses, cattle, and sheep.

George Russell, equally well known under his pseudonym of A. E., who has for years been one of the most distinguished of living Irish writers, is starting a new Irish weekly to be called the *Irish Statesman*, in which his former paper, the *Homestead*, will be incorporated, and which has the distinction of including on its staff, James Stephens, the author of "The Crock of Gold," one of the few Irish writers who have miraculously been saved from politics, and whose function on the *Irish Statesman* is in connection with the paper's intended devotion to the arts. Mr. Russell was Sir Horace Plunkett's chief lieutenant in the Irish Agricultural coöperative movement, and the *Homestead* was a paper devoted to agricultural affairs.

Alfred R. Thompson, an artist who has recently won his way into the exhibits of the Royal Academy, is a deaf and dumb painter who has specialized in Dickensian pictures. It is said that there has been no Dickens' illustrator of his calibre since Cruikshank, though the work of these two men bear no resemblance. Thompson's paintings are intended as murals, and are, the convivial scenes in particular, most suitable to the walls of public houses and inns, though probably lovers of Dickens will vie with each other to have Mr. Thompson decorate their drawing rooms with scenes Pickwickian. Mr. Thompson has been, until recently, little known except by the patrons of the Duncannon, a public house near the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Field. Thompson's paintings are notable for billiant color, for their accuracy to the novels they illustrate, and for their racy Dickensian flavor.

Colonel Thales L. Ames, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has recently succeeded Brigadier-General John W. Joyce, Ordnance Department, as Commandant on Governors Island in New York Harbor, one of the oldest and most historic army posts in the country. The Dutch, who were its first occupants, called it Nuten Island. Later, under British Colonial rule, it was a perquisite of the royal governors—hence its name. As long ago as 1710 it was made a quarantine station and its first fortifications were thrown up in 1775 when the island was occupied successfully by the American and British forces. The permanent post, comprising Fort Jay proper and Castle William, which has long been used as a military prison, was authorized by Congress in 1806. Today Governors Island is the headquarters of the Second Corps Area. Colonel Ames was born in Wisconsin in 1869 and was graduated from West Point as a second lieutenant in 1898. For the past three years he has been commandant of the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass.

On August 31st the Dutch people celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reign of their beloved queen, Wilhelmina, probably the most popular monarch in the world. Wilhelmina has been titular ruler of Holland since 1890 when her father, William III, the "Dutch Don Juan," died, but until her coming of age in 1898, her mother, the dowager Queen Emma, reigned in her place. Wilhelmina shared with Victoria the distinction of being the only women constitutional monarchs and since the death of the latter Wilhelmina's place has been unique. Her people have never wavered in their affection for her although her marriage, engineered by the then Kaiser William, to Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was a severe test. Her early married years were not of unmixed happiness, for the prince consort resented his subsidiary position and occasionally meddled in state affairs. The situation became acute at the time of the South African war when German influence was brought to bear on The Hague, but Holland succeeded in maintaining her neutrality, and the birth of the Princess Juliana, heiress apparent, established a happier domestic atmosphere in the royal menage. The official ceremonies are being held at The Hague, although Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other large Dutch cities are competing with the capital in the splendor of their celebrations in honor of their queen's jubilee.

MORE EMINENT EUROPEANS.

Eugene S. Bagger Lauds Paderewski and Calls Admiral Horthy's Bluff.

Last week we considered Mr. Bagger's estimate of Queen Marie of Roumania and Count Károlyi of Hungary and learned that though our interesting historian was evidently an indefatigable seeker and editor of evidence for and against, as becomes a good historian, he was nevertheless not without his foibles or little prejudices. It was not far to seek to discover that he eyed Marie with a cynical gaze and that he was a Károlyian of rather pronounced partiality. However, if Mr. Bagger, who, you remember, lived the first twenty-one years of his life in Budapest, regards Károlyi with the partiality of nationality he brings no such favor to bear upon his account of Horthy, admiral and regent, some say dictator, and popular hero of Hungary today. Here is Mr. Bagger's account of how Horthy rose to eminence, via Cattaro:

The commander-in-chief of this officers' army was Nicholas Horthy de Nagyhánya, vice-admiral of the old Austro-Hungarian navy. He was the son of a fairly prosperous Calvinist squire of County Szolnok, in the heart of the great Hungarian plain. Young Horthy went in for a naval career, a very unusual thing among members of his class, who commonly regarded the cavalry as the only arm worthy of their choice. The navy was a purely imperial, un-Magyar institution; naval officers had to be educated at Pola; they had to speak German; they had nothing to do with horses; and thus were apt to become denationalized. To this very day Nicholas Horthy speaks Hungarian with a German accent. His advancement in the navy was good. He was assigned to the general staff, and later appointed aid to the old Emperor Francis Joseph, a rare honor for a Magyar and a Calvinist.

In the war Captain Horthy commanded the cruiser *Novara*, ominously named after Radetzky's victory over the Piedmontese in 1848. He displayed considerable physical courage, the kind of dash which is the mark of cavalry officers of his class. It was his squadron that shelled, repeatedly, Italian coast cities. He was wounded in the battle of Otranto. But his supreme exploit, the one that brought him the rank of admiral was the quelling of the naval mutiny at Cattaro. It was a most characteristic exploit in more than one sense.

The men who rebelled at Cattaro were, like the majority of the Austro-Hungarian naval personnel, Jugo-Slavs, Croat-speaking Dalmatians—since Roman days among the best sailors in Europe. What caused the mutiny is not quite clear—some say it was too much Jugo-Slav national feeling, others, too much sauerkraut. One day the red flag was hoisted on several destroyers and light cruisers in the harbor, and officers on hoard were disarmed. A loyal somebody in the land fortress flashed out a radio call for help. There was a fleet of German submarines in the Straits of Otranto. A squadron was dispatched at full speed to deal with the mutineers. The submarines entered the harbor. A few shots were fired. The mutineers surrendered unconditionally. When all was over Horthy appeared on the scene. His cruiser hoisted the imperial ensign; the ship's band struck up the imperial anthem; and henceforth Horthy was known as the Hero of Cattaro. He court-martialed the rebels and had a number of them shot. Soon he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral.

But with characteristic fairness, in fact before he makes any severe indictments, Mr. Bagger explains that Horthy being a Magyar of Magyars, in other words a transplanted Asiatic, could not be expected to be otherwise. The following picture of Hungary before 1848 is enlightening whatever one's personal convictions of Horthy's merits may be:

There is one point on which both Horthy's enemies and his friends emphatically agree: that he is the prototype of his class, and the symbol of that class returned to power. Hungarians call this class, with a word borrowed from the English, gentry; squirearchy would probably describe it better.

Up to 1848 this class, together with the aristocracy, was the sole possessor of the land and of political and civil rights. The serfs—*glebæ adstricti* since 1514—paid their tithes and their taxes, worshiped God and the landlord, and bred and died like cattle. The aristocrats were absentees, mostly at the Vienna court, in whose atmosphere they were slowly denationalized. In the seventeenth century most of the great noble houses were reclaimed from Protestantism by Hapsburg counter-reformation. This fact accentuated the cleavage between them and the gentry, which remained Calvinist to a large extent. In contrast to the Austrianized nobles, the squirearchy preserved intact the old national customs and traditions, including a thorough contempt for the national language; up to the nineteenth century, a sort of pidgin-Latin was the official and polite idiom. These gentry lived in their manors a life of idleness tempered by a little husbandry, a good deal of hunting, eating, and drinking, and peppered by occasional outbursts of rhetoric which they called politics. Upon culture they looked down as something alien and therefore detestable. They seduced pretty peasant girls and administered corporeal punishment to indignant peasant fathers.

Originally their *levées-en-masse*, called "noble insurrections," provided defense for the country against external enemies. But gradually these *levées* ceased, and the country was protected by professional armies of royal mercenaries and impressed serfs, the expenses being, conveniently, borne by the serfs who escaped impressment. The gentry were in eternal opposition to the central government, which they denounced as alien oppression. This also was a convenient arrangement, as it afforded an excuse for dodging public service and for glorifying passive resistance and political cabanny as patriotism. Even their "stiff-necked" Calvinism became by and by not much a matter of religious fervor as of political tradition, a mode of teasing the Catholic court. It was the gentry who frustrated the enlightened reforms of Joseph II, disciple of Frederick the Great and noblest of Hapsburg rulers. When Metternich's brilliant friend, Friedrich von Gentz, said that Asia began at the gates of Vienna, he had in mind this Hungarian squirearchy, retrograde, narrow, and cruel.

After the hypothetical honors of Cattaro, Horthy, according to Mr. Bagger, retired—in full naval uniform, despite the recent presentation of the entire Austro-Hungarian navy to the Jugo-Slavs—to his native steppes and did not emerge till the formation of the counter-revolution government at Szegedin. When Bela Kun fell Horthy entered Budapest with his troops, and established headquarters at Siófok, a popular bathing resort. Mr. Bagger adds that what followed is comparable only to the records of the Turks in Armenia since nothing else in modern history affords a parallel. And lest we take issue with him, our author refers us to the files of the *Manchester Guardian* and the European dailies. Mr. Bagger, himself, was incredulous of these reports when he heard them first from a half crazed officer who had escaped from Horthy's headquarters, but he found plenty of corroboration:

I had a friend, a young Hungarian, member of one of the oldest families of the untitled nobility. He had been educated in England and France, and became entirely Westernized, a sincere Liberal. During the worst days of the White Terror, I met him accidentally in New York. I expressed amazement at the behavior of these noble officers. I said that this particular class had always impressed me with its handsome exterior, its good manners, its high sense of honor. I thought that the Hungarian gentry was composed of gentlemen in the English sense, and now these same men perpetrated horrors that can not be mentioned in print, horrors from which Red Indians would have shrunk.

He smiled, sadly. "You were wrong," he said. "Whatever is going on in Hungary today does not surprise me a bit. The dissolution of old bonds, the *tabula rasa* of revolution and counter-revolution, have provided at last the Hungarian gentry with an environment in which it can unfold its latent character without hindrance. If they are running amuck, they are only running true to form. We have never learned to do anything useful. All we can do is to drink, to cheat, to bully the weak and to torment and rob the helpless. That's our tradition; today is our Golden Age. Scratch the thin enamel of the European gentleman, tear off the camouflage of the cavalry officer's code of honor, and you will find the Tartar savage in us. We are the true successors of Huns and Petchenegs. I have a right to talk like that—my family tree is nine hundred years old, and three of my cousins are serving in Horthy's army."

Nor is Mr. Bagger content with accusing Horthy of Asiatic plundering in warfare. He indicts him of lese-majesty. For Horthy was nothing but the lieutenant of the exiled king as witness his words in the *Petit Parisien*: "Hungary is a kingdom. In the absence of the King I am the regent. Emperor Charles is our only lawful King." But four days after this loyal pronunciamento had appeared, at Easter in 1921, Charles returned and presented himself at the Castle at Budapest, incidentally to his regent. And Horthy ordered his "only lawful King" to quit the country. His later career is fairly familiar to newspaper readers, though our author would not subscribe to the prevalent press report. In fact if all the accusations Mr. Bagger makes against the Hungarian regent are justified, Horthy is singularly lucky in having gained Western notoriety only after his complete usurpation of power, when of course the king can do no wrong. Mr. Bagger gives him a ringing parting malediction:

The German submarines quelled the Cattaro mutiny and Horthy was named admiral. The Roumanians destroyed Béla Kun, and Horthy entered Budapest in triumph. The Little Entente eliminated Charles, and Horthy was hailed as the hane of the Hapshurgs. He wears his cap like Lord Beatty, has beautiful table manners, and Sir George Clerk called him a gentleman. What more do you want—in Hungary? Friedrich von Gentz said that Asia hegan at the gates of Vienna. He was right a hundred years ago. He is much more right today. In 1914 Budapest was twenty hours from London. In 1921 Budapest was twenty minutes from Bokhara. The Magyar people today is groaning under the yoke of Uzheg chieftains who created themselves a ruler in their own image. That ruler is Nicholas Horthy, Turanian Khan who speaks with a German accent, Count Salm's friend and protector.

Very different is Mr. Bagger's estimate of the gentle Pole, Paderewski, who as a statesman is a great pianist. It was simply Paderewski's misfortune to be the only great Pole, and therefore by some fluke of Polish logic the only candidate for the honor of political leadership. The story of Paderewski's life is touching in the extreme—a sort of synthesis of the tragedy of Poland—the story of great talents, so numerous and diversified that they cancel each other, of too much air displacement and not enough ballast. Paderewski was an infant phenomenon. At seventeen he was touring Russia and Poland as a pianist, but he was financially very poor, and moreover did not want to be a pianist—his ambition was to be the great national composer, a Chopin who was not denationalized. But he needed money and was hardheaded enough to know how to get it:

Young Paderewski's craving for money was not only respectable in the hourgeois sense—it was creditable from the artistic point of view. It showed, not that he was less of an artist, hut that he was no fool. He had an intelligent artist's clear and honest conception of the importance of money. Money meant independence. Independence meant possihility of creative work.

With a healthy contempt for mere virtuosity, Paderewski set out to he a virtuoso in order to earn money and independence, and then to turn to creation. His success was overwhelming—no one was more overwhelmed than himself. He was called the greatest pianist of his generation; he certainly became the richest.

Mr. Bagger remarks that there are two kinds of success, and though he explains at length, we shall summarize by calling them internal and external. Paderewski, called the greatest pianist of his age, would seem to be the acme of success, but alas, only of the external kind. He wanted to be a composer, and owed, by the irony of fate, his marvelous expertise on the piano to his early attempts to earn money in order to have leisure to compose—a sort of symbolic Frankenstein:

All this was as he had planned and dreamed. He had wanted success as a pianist in order to attain independence and to become a composer. Success now was assuredly here; but where was the composer? He had composed things—a concerto for the pianoforte, a symphony—they were performed, politely reviewed, and politely forgotten. As a composer he never even achieved the third-rate glory of a Rachmaninoff. He wrote an opera, "Manru"—to the libretto of Alfred Nossig, a Teutonic melodrama with gipsies, mountain lakes, sorcerers, pine forests, curses and philters and murders—the sort of thing that does not go in the movies any more. It was produced for the first time in 1901 at Dresden and then at Paris; the reviewers said it was a fine piece of work, and then hurried to assure that Mr. Paderewski was a very great pianist indeed. "Manru" was forgotten, just as the symphony and the concerto had heen forgotten. Not long ago I asked for the book of "Manru" at the New York Public Library. "'Manru'—'Manru,'" said the kindly old music librarian who makes a point of knowing every item of his collection hy heart. "It's Paderewski's opera," I explained. "Goodness, you are the first person ever to ask for it," said the librarian, shaking his head douhtfully.

His opera was performed, more or less, hy courtesy, but his Minuet is, as one musical review put it, one of the five most popular pieces ever written. It took him twenty minutes to do it, and it is a charming little piece, no doubt. Ask anybody ahout Paderewski the composer, and the reaction will he, instantaneously: The Minuet. Fancy Beethoven heing remembered as the man who composed "An Elise"!

But even more poignant sorrows were in store foi the melancholy musician. In 1914 the outbreak of war found Paderewski at the height of his external worldly success. In 1915 Paderewski started, with Sienkiewicz, the novelist, the Polish Relief Fund, which was a huge success, and which eventually brought the pianist into international politics and to America. His arrival in America, though he gave several concerts for the benefit of the Relief Fund, marked the end of his career as an artist and its beginnings politically:

Mr. Lansing tells us that his first impression of Paderewski the statesman, gained when the latter visited him repeatedly at Washington during the war, was rather unfavorable, because Paderewski was a great pianist, "the greatest, indeed, of his generation." Mr. Lansing helieved, and yet this pianist engaged in politics, which was none of his damned business.

"I felt that his artistic temperament, his passionate devotion to music, his intense emotions, and his reputed eccentricities indicated a lack of the qualities of mind which made it [Mr. Lansing means to say, "would have made it"] possihle for him to deal with the intricate political problems" on whose solution hinged the fate of independent Poland. Mr. Lansing could not avoid "the thought that his emotions were leading him into a path which he was wholly unsuited to follow."

To he sure, no such misgivings worried Mr. Lansing, at that moment, as to the emotional fitness of Mr. Wilson for the part he had assumed. But then, Paderewski's exterior was against him.

"With his long flaxen hair, sprinkled with gray and hrushed hack like a mane from his broad white forehead, with his extremely low collar and dangling hlack necktie accentuating the length of his neck, with his peculiarly narrow eyes and his small moustache and goatee that looked so foreign" Paderewski appeared to this statesman of Main Street everything that a politician should not he, a man "absorhed in the æsthetic things of life rather than in practical world politics."

Later developments showed that gentlemen who wore no goatees and who had nothing to do whatsoever with the "æsthetic things of life" were quite capahle of making a mess of practical world politics; hut at this particular juncture Mr. Lansing could still afford that pleasant sense of superiority which made him feel that in dealing with Paderewski he had to deal with "one given over to extravagant ideals, to the visions and fantasies of a person controlled hy his emotional impulses rather than hy his reason and the actualities of life." He could not help thinking that Paderewski lived "in a realm of musical harmonies and that he could not come down to material things and grapple with the hard facts of life."

Like Mr. Bagger, we shall refrain from any contemplation of the maelstrom of Polish politics in which Paderewski was whirled about for a year, sacrificing his health, wealth, and hopes. Suffice it to say:

Paderewski the composer gave up his career for Paderewski the pianist; Paderewski the pianist sacrificed his art for Paderewski the politician; Paderewski the politician gave his everything for his beloved Poland, including his dreams. When the politician finished Paderewski had nothing left.

There are those who suspect him of secret selfish ambitions and who regard his ultimate downfall as just retribution for pride. This feeling may be a reaction to the cult of Paderewski, the sentimental hero-worship which was fashionahle during the war in certain American circles; it may he a reaction to some of his political views, which in their lack of moderation and historic sense were not at all individual, just typically Polish. It is an unfair and unfounded suspicion. People who sit in judgment over him in that manner miss altogether the essential fineness of his character, his real devotion to the cause, his very palpable sacrifices. Again, it has heen suggested that the motive power of his political career was furnished by his wife. His second wife, rather, for Paderewski had heen married at eighteen and lost his girl-wife at nineteen—she was survived by a son born paralyzed, who lived only a few years. Much later Paderewski married for a second time, a Russian woman by the name of Baronne de Rosen and who had heen the wife of a violinist, the Count Ladislas Gorski. The second Mme. Paderewska contrihuted to his career as a husiness manager and puhlicity expert. She was shrewd and ambitious. Though (or because) she did not know much ahout Poland she sensed unlimited possihilities. Once in the agitated days of 1918 an American friend of mine dined in their apartment in New York. They were a party of four, with Paderewski's young Polish girl secretary. A salad was served: Mme. Paderewska, drawn out by general approhation, avowed authorship. The secretary grew eloquent. "This salad is fit to he eaten by a king—by the King of England" she said. Whereupon Mme. Paderewska, with the quiet seriousness of a matured conviction: "But it is heing eaten by a king—the King of Poland."

But like many other publicity agents, Mme. Paderewska was overstating her facts. Mr. Bagger closes on the melancholy note that when the great Polish musician and statesman dies, he will be remembered by a minuet.

Eminent Europeans. By Eugene S. Bagger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 2, 1923, (5 days), were $142,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year $130,900,000, an increase of $11,600,000. Clearings for the month ending August 31, 1923, were $646,600,000; for the corresponding of 1922 were $623,000,000, a gain of $23,600,000.

Bond prices displayed a slightly upward tendency during the last fortnight, average prices for 40 issues gaining 0.53 points. The volume of business also showed a moderate upturn. New offerings were in about the same volume as that of the preceding two weeks, the total amounting to $45,491,000, as compared with $49,355,500. The principal offering was the $20,000,000 of the Government of Norway 6s, sold at 96½, to yield 6.30 per cent. The second largest offering consisted of $8,000,000 of North American Edison Company 6½s, sold at 98½, to yield 6.65 per cent. In both cases dealers reported a reasonably brisk demand. Not all new offerings of recent date have been received with as much welcome, and a good sized proportion of other blocks have remained on the underwriters' shelves. A case in hand is that of the Sinclair 6½s, when the syndicate recently dissolved. A number of distributors had more bonds on their shelves than they could carry, and the release of these on the open market after the agrement was ended resulted in a substantial break, says *Forbes Magazine*.

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It is doubtful if the market for new offerings will improve materially for another month or two. The underlying condition of business is more encouraging and there is a better feeling generally toward the outlook. If nothing transpires to upset present indications, business will open up all along the line in the fall and a substantially greater demand for commercial credit will develop along with it. At that time there will also be large demands in the agricultural district in connection with harvesting and moving the various crops to market. All in all, a good deal of competition among borrowers will develop a little later on, a condition which is not conducive to higher bond prices or a sellers' market in new issues.

The present level for bonds and the prevailing dullness in the market, however, are likely to prove of short duration. The long distance view points towards higher prices. There is too great a production capacity for commodity prices to hold around their present quotations when the economic dislocation caused by the war is adjusted.

Lower commodity prices mean a greater purchasing power for the income from bonds, and as this income is fixed the relationship is adjusted by an increase in market value. The present time is opportune for the selection of permanent investments.

Those who are keeping liquid their funds for the purchase of stocks later on should select short-term bonds. The following securities are suggested for this purpose: U. S. Treasury Certificates, Series "B," 1924, due September 15, 1924, bearing 5½ per cent. interest and selling to yield about 4.40 per cent.; St. Paul Union Depot 5½ per cent. notes, due December 15, 1923, to yield 4.75 per cent.; American Tel. & Tel. 6 per cent. notes, due February 1, 1924, to yield 4.90 per cent.; Baltimore & Ohio Collateral Trust 6s, due April 1, 1924, to yield 5.20 per cent., and U. S. Realty & Improvement 5s, due July 1, 1924, to yield 5 per cent.

The period of heaviest requirments for money for the annual crop movement is approaching, and demand in the interior therefore dominates the market. Firmer rates are likely, but the degree of advance will depend not only on the special seasonal requirements in agricultural districts but also on general business activity during the autumn months, says *Commerce Monthly*.

Open market rates for commercial paper are unchanged from thirty days ago. On August 15 the rate for prime paper was 5¼ per cent. Demand for paper is inactive.

The call market has been featureless. The renewal rate on August 15 was 4¾ per cent. and the rate on time money for all maturities was 5¼ per cent. with demand somewhat in excess of offerings.

The acceptance market is quiet, the supply of bills being limited as a result of seasonal inactivity of trade. Demand is about equal to supply. The brokers' selling rate on prime bankers' ninety-day acceptances has not changed since the latter part of April, being 4⅛ per cent.

Dullness in the securities market is normal for the midsummer weeks, but the inactivity of the last thirty days has been more pronounced than in either of the two preceding years. The par value of the bond transactions of the New York Stock Exchange for the four weeks ending August 10 was $138,000,000, compared with $284,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1922, and $233,000,000 in 1921. Price changes were unimportant. The future trend of the market is primarily dependent on the course of money rates, and the undertone of firmness with a strong probability of higher rates indicates that any marked increase of activity in the securities market in the immediate future is unlikely. There were very few new offerings. All were small with the exception of a $20,000,000 issue of Government of Switzerland 5 per cent. gold notes of 1926 offered on a basis to yield 6 per cent., and a $20,000,000 issue of 20-year 6 per cent. gold bonds of the Kingdom of Norway offered to yield 6.30 per cent.

It has been said that "trade follows the flag." It also could be said truthfully that trade follows credit. As credit is the keynote of business, the extension of foreign loans is really a means of financing export commerce. History reveals the interesting fact that nations which invest capital in foreign lands benefit their foreign trade, says *Commerce and Finance*. A century or more ago Holland was the financial centre of the world because of its investment in foreign countries. It developed an immense external trade through that medium. After the Napoleonic wars England inagugurated a policy of foreign investment which ultimately created for it international supremacy as a trade and money centre of the world. In the years prior to the war Germany made rapid strides in foreign trade, largely through the medium of foreign investments, especially in South America. The trend of today is the creation of a great international financial centre in New York with every prospect that the external trade of the whole country will benefit.

American investors are learning gradually the intimate and valuable relationship between foreign loans and foreign trade. That is the real significance of the successful offering here last week of the $20,000,000 twenty-year 6 per cent. Kingdom of Norway bonds on a basis to yield 6.30 per cent. The issue was quickly oversubscribed. Investors evidently were glad to be able to purchase a foreign government bond on a basis to return more than 6 per cent. on the investment. It was the fourth Norwegian government loan brought out here since the war. The first was an issue of $20,000,000 twenty-year 8 per cent. bonds, sold here in October, 1920. The second was an offering of $18,000,000 thirty-year 6 per cent. bonds, brought out in October, 1922. The third was the present loan, dated August 15th.

The revival of investment interest in foreign loans has been one of the features of the market this year. In the last three months foreign government loans sold here have reached a total of $77,500,000. The largest was the Austrian loan of $25,000,000, guaranteed by the European powers. The Swiss loan of $20,000,000 offered some weeks ago followed, and this week came the Norwegian loan.

The latest Norwegian bonds are a direct obligation of the government and as such look like a good investment risk for a business man who wishes to diversify his investments and at the same time assist in the promotion of profitable foreign trade connections. The writer does not recommend foreign bonds for small investors because of the political equation which inevitably enters into such an investment and which must be taken into consideration in addition to the character of security behind the bond.

Output of domestic issues continued comparatively light. It reached an aggregate of only $22,041,000 in the last week, the principal being an offering of $8,000,000 North American Edison 6½ per cent. bonds offered at 98½ to yield 6.65 per cent. It was the largest public utility bond offering made in this market since June and therefore attracted attention. State and municipal bond issues totaled $10,341,000. Bankers reported that the demand for municipals was somewhat better than it had been in recent weeks.

A new form of tax-exempt securities made its appearance in $10,000,000 notes of the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank, bearing 4½ per cent. interest and running for six months. They found a ready market among investors in short-term obligations such as banks and business men. The total authorization of those notes is $600,000,000. It is expected that further issues will be made at intervals.

In the open market for bonds demand was a little broader than the previous week, although trading continued comparatively light. European buying was reported. More business was done over the counter than on the Stock Exchange, especially in the railroad securities of the better class.

In appraising the investment value of railroad bonds today, consideration must be given to the large expenditures made by the Class I railroads for maintenance of way and equipment, which have added materially to the equity behind the bonds. It is a fact perhaps not generally known that during the first five months of the current year the Class I railroads expended $606,500,000 out of earnings on maintenance of equipment alone, bringing it up to the highest degree of efficiency perhaps in the history of railroading. But for those heavy outlays, the railroads would have been able to report larger net earnings than they did and perhaps would have gratified unthinking investors in their securities. However, in the last analysis the latter are the beneficiaries of such appropriations out of earnings.

"It must be recognized that the railways are making supreme effort, with much success, to meet the demands upon them. They are now more efficient than at any prior time in their history. With fewer men they have in recent months exceeded all prior achievements. They have been handling tonnage in record volume so efficiently that there has been scarcely a murmur of complaint and so smoothly that their marvelous performance is scarcely noticed. Already superior in public service to every other system of transportation in the world they are headed for better work in which there is promise that railway problems will disappear," says Interstate Commerce Commissioner Potter in Assigned Car Case.

Economy is apparently a forgotten word in the lexicon of American users of luxuries. An analysis of the recent census of manufactures, made by the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, shows that while the value of all manufactures produced in the United States in 1921 fell 30 per cent. below that of 1919 a large share of the articles classed as luxuries not only "held their own," but in many instances showed an actual increase. Out of the 450 articles or groups of articles enumerated by the census about 400

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showed a decline in the value of the 1921 outturn when compared with that of 1919, and of the fifty articles which showed an increase about 60 per cent. were articles which may not improperly be classed as luxuries, while most of the remainder were articles required in the construction of new homes. Even among the articles which show an actual decline the fall-off in articles of luxuries is less pronounced than in those of the ordinary requirements of daily life or industries of the country.

Just a few examples will show the contrast between the growth in the output of luxuries and the fall-off in the total output, in which there was a decline of 30 per cent. in value in 1921 compared with 1914. The value of tobacco manufactures increased from $1,013,000,000 in 1919 to $1,048,000,000 in 1921, an increase of 3½ per cent., while contrasting with this food products as a whole showed a fall of 37 per cent., iron and steel manufactures as a whole 40 per cent., other metals and metal products 43 per cent., textiles 24 per cent., and leather and its products 41 per cent. reduction. Not only did the tobacco manufactures show an actual increase of $35,000,000 when comparing 1921 with 1919, but cigar boxes also showed an increase of $1,000,000, and matches, which are in these days of the cigarette much more in demand than formerly, increased from $18,000,000 value in 1919 to $30,000,000 in 1921. Other increases in articles which may be properly classed as luxuries include perfumery and cosmetics, an advance of from $60,000,000 in 1919 to $72,000,000 in 1921; millinery and lace goods, from $225,000,000 to $269,000,000; hair work, an increase of $4,000,000; flavoring extracts, an increase of $3,000,000; statuary and art goods, $1,500,000; artists' materials, an increase of $1,500,000; gold and silver leaf, $2,500,000; organs, $4,000,000; soda-water apparatus, $1,000,000; umbrellas and canes, $1,000,000; signs and advertising novelties, $10,000,000; show cases, $2,000,000; and sporting goods, an increase of $8,000,000. Other articles which belong to the luxury class and which show small increases include regalia, theatrical scenery, and fireworks.

The chief increases outside of the luxury class occur in newspaper and magazine publishing, which advanced from $924,153,000 in 1919 to $1,123,700,000 in 1921, and in building materials and supplies, cement alone an increase of $28,000,000; wall plaster and floor composition, $6,000,000 increase; paving materials, $16,000,000; doors and shutters, $1,500,000; window and door screens, $1,500,000; and gas and electric fixtures, a half-million dollars increase.

Manufactured ice, no longer considered a luxury, increased $21,000,000 in the manufactured output in the two-year period. Pottery showed an increase of $10,000,000, while gas for illuminating and heating advanced from $329,000,000 in 1919 to $411,000,000 in 1921.

The general firmness of prices and rallying tendency in the stock market has developed into a vigorous upward movement, so that now the greater part of the list has recovered much of the ground lost since the first of July. Wall Street sentiment, which is influenced chiefly by the action of the market itself, has become almost cheerful with even the worst pessimists of a few weeks ago inclined to be hopeful. So far the rise in prices has been mainly at the expense of the shorts, but, of course, the real test will come after this general covering movement is completed. Then will be learned whether there is sufficient public buying power and confidence on the part of the large interests and pool operators to carry prices forward; if not, resulting market conditions will again favor bearish activities. However, improving fall business and return of big operators from their vacations would suggest that the trend will continue bullish for some weeks at least.

President Coolidge's announcement that he would continue the Harding policies, his constructive attitude in the matter of the threatened coal strike and the decision of the Attorney-General, which we may assume was in accordance with the President's views, not to appeal the ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission giving the Southern Pacific control of the Central Pacific, have all been episodes most pleasing to the financial community. Big business does not ask any favors from the Administration, but it does wish most heartily that there shall be surcease from the governmental interference of recent years. Especially is this true in the case of the railroads, which in the past have been hounded almost into general bankruptcy by restrictive legislation and now, for first time in years, are beginning to enjoy a little real prosperity.

While not much change has occurred in conditions in the steel trade, the important interests are disposed to take a cheerful view of the outlook. The mills report that incoming business shows a slight improvement, which it is thought will be greatly accentuated within the next thirty days. The increased cost of the eight-hour day has served to hold prices firm and in the event of the fall buying being of the hoped-for proportions, we are likely to see some moderate advances.

Business and trade conditions in general are quite satisfactory and those industries which are suffering from overproduction, such as oil, textile, boots and shoes, tires, and a few others, are not typical of the situation as a whole. Retail trade is running about 20 per cent. ahead of a year ago, and car loadings reports of the railroads are the best sort of evidence that the country is more than fairly prosperous. For the first time since February, exports exceeded imports, and if this continues it will mean a further increase in our enormous gold reserves. However, the firm stand taken by the Federal Reserve Board is a guarantee against the dangers of inflation.

The European situation appears as muddled as ever, although possible the continued depreciation of the franc, together with the fact that a new German government is in power may hasten some sort of a sensible solution of the matter.—*The Trader.*

Freeman, Smith & Camp Co. announces the advancement of Thomas A. Rochester, heretofore sales manager of the house, to the secretaryship; his headquarters continuing to be at the Portland office. He succeeds Frank W. Camp, who has been elected a vice-president. Camp will continue to serve as treasurer and will shoulder some of the activities that have been handled by President Freeman. Steady growth of the business of the firm had made it under-officered and precipitated the addition just made to its officer personnel.

The National City Company is offering a new issue of $24,000,000 Associated Oil Company twelve-year 6 per cent. gold notes, due September 1, 1935.

The Associated Oil Company is engaged in producing, manufacturing, refining and distributing oil in California and elsewhere in the United States, the company being a completely integrated unit.

The proceeds of these notes and of $10,000,000 additional stock will be used for the purpose of purchasing oil for storage, for redeeming $5,084,000 first refunding mortgage, 5 per cent. bonds and other corporate purposes.

For five years ended December 31, 1922, net earnings, after depletion and depreciation charges, applicable to interest, averaged over $8,000,000, or more than five and a half times annual interest charges of this entire note issue. For the six months ended June 30, 1923, such earnings amounted to over $3,000,000, not including any surplus earnings of affiliated companies over dividends received by Associated Oil Company.

As of June 30, 1923, the total investment in physical properties was over $79,000,000; investments in affiliated companies and other securities about $11,716,000; currents assets, $37,000,000; current liabilities, about $10,000,000; total surplus after reserve, depletion, and depreciation, about $22,375,000.

Capital stock outstanding, $37,775,724, about 58 per cent. of which is owned by the Pacific Oil Company. Dividends have been paid uninterruptedly since 1913, the present rate being 6 per cent. per annum.

Regarded by many experienced observers, at first, as a highly favorable development; as a desirable corrective to over-trading and as an effective check to inflation, the slowing down of business which has been in progress in some conspicous lines since April has now gathered such momentum as to impart to the retrograde movement a deeper significance and a far less encouraging aspect than appeared possible at the outset. This may be inferred from the fact that the outstanding features of the markets during July were a further curtailment in production affecting many important industries throughout the country, a continuance of the decline in prices of staple products and a pronounced unsettlement of securities and commodities, says John Dater in *Harper's Magazine.*

That some of the contraction in industry which continues at this writing—early in August—in an intensified form is due to seasonal considerations is undoubtedly the case; but the expanding scope, the broadening application and the ever increasing influence of the movement leads inevitably to the conclusion that the difficulty is basic and fundamental and that a well-defined industrial reaction, not a mere seasonal slowing down of business, is in progress throughout the country. It is to be noted, however, that the movement is by no means uniform, as yet; that certain industries and certain sections of the country are affected much more severely than others. And it is to be noted also that despite the ebbing of the industrial tide various of the usually accepted gauges of trade are indicative of sustained activity.

During the entire intervals of recession, for example, railway freight car loadings have continued at or close to record-breaking proportions, and bank clearings, though showing declines as compared with the great activity indicated by the returns during the first quarter of the year, have been averaging about the same as at this season a year ago. That these measures of business should testify to continued activity in the face of a self-evident recession is explained by some authorities on the score that while new buying is proceeding cautiously, old orders are running off and that much merchandise has been rushed to the markets to fill contracts and prevent cancellations or rejections for delayed deliveries, and the like. Attention is directed to the fact also that a comparison of bank clearings may be misleading because business was on the upgrade a year ago and is on the down grade now. In other words, though the actual totals of clearings are about the same as last year the tendencies of trade are different.

Merchants and manufatcurers can not shift around as nimbly as stock speculators. A long time, in many instanecs a very long time, must elapse between the placing of an order for raw materials and supplies and the working-up of the materials in the processes of manufacture; and an even longer time is required before the finished products are in the hands of the ultimate consumers. There may be two or three or even more intermediaries and possibly as many processes in the passing of material from the crude state to the finished form. All persons naturally gave heed to the warnings and cautionings of important banks and leading merchants and conservatism was imposed upon all classes of the community at once and business slowed down. With cessation of large and confident buying there always develops an inclination upon the part of business men to lighten their loads and the pressure to sell results in concessions and declines in prices.

Psychology is still playing an important part, and perhaps the most important part, in the markets at the present time; but the reaction in business at this stage is not wholly a psychological phenomenon. It is only when the tide runs out of a port or harbor that the hulks and snags and various other unpleasant objects appear. When the water is at full flood they are concealed from view and their presence even may be unsuspected. The ebbing of the industrial tide on this occasion has had somewhat similar results in disclosing certain unfavorable features which many careful observers did not think were present in the situation. For example, it was believed there were no large stocks of merchandise anywhere, and that despite the record-breaking activity during the first quarter of the year that the consumptive demand had been equal to productive capacity.

Many experienced critics have been basing their predictions that the present reaction would not be severe or of long duration because there were no swollen inventories or large accumulations of unsold goods in the country. It is to be hoped, of course, that they are correct in their conclusions, and in any event the condition now in respect to inventories and accumulations of merchandise is not to be compared with that which prevailed in 1920. But the ebb of the tide has disclosed that production now is and probably has been for some time past in certain industries in excess of the consumptive demand. There is no other conclusion to be drawn, for example, from the drastic curtailment that has been taking place in the production of cotton goods by the mills in the New England states and in the South.

Overproduction, or a scale of production which is fully up to the present consumptive demand, is indicated also by the persistent decline in such commodities as cotton and cotton goods, wheat flour, wool, lumber, petroleum and petroleum products and certain metals, including, recently, pig iron and finished steel. The output also of automobiles and of automobile accessories, particularly tires, has been curtailed somewhat recently. But the most direct and positive evidence that stocks of merchandise are now accumulating largely is to be found in the condition of the storage warehouses in New York. According to an article published by the New York *Times* on July 23d every warehouse on Manhattan Island, practically, was filled to the limit of capacity, and no secret was made of the fact that the condition was due to the general decrease in buying.

What the situation may be elsewhere is a mere matter of conjecture, but if the warehouses of the country's principal port of entry are crowded to overflowing it would seem as though there must be fairly heavy stocks of raw materials and merchandise in the country awaiting buyers. Very much bearing upon the future of business; the duration and severity of the present reaction depends, of course, upon whether the accumulation of merchandise can be marketed at prevailing prices, or whether the owners will have to make further concessions to move the goods. Without doubt the most disconcerting developments in the markets recently have been the continued liquidation of stocks and commodities, particularly cotton, wheat, and petroleum, and the extensive declines in the prices of securities and agricultural products.

There are many persons who believe the reaction, and, in particular, the decline in farm products, has shaken the country's newfound prosperity to the very foundations. Whether such is the case or not is a question that time alone can determine, but those who take the extreme view indicated above argue that the reaction discloses that the productive capacity of the country has been expanded until it is now in excess of consumptive demand. Production was enlarged enormously during the war, not only here, but rather much the world over. The area sown in wheat, for example, has increased extensively as a result of the very high prices which prevailed for a short time. Now if the prices of wheat are a true index of conditions, there is a clear overproduction of this cereal, and such were the conclusions of a commission of experts who met recently in Washington.

Railroads of the United States carried 225,435,608,000 net ton-miles of freight during the first six months of this year. This is the largest volume for a similar period in history, being 7 per cent. greater than the record set in the first half of 1920. Compared with the first half of 1922.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Troglodytic Thrillers.

THE THREE IMPOSTERS. By Arthur Machen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

The *raison d'être* of a mystery story is generally supposed to be the solution of the mystery, but Mr. Machen has not troubled with anything so mundane in bis "The Three Imposters," that tale of blood-curdling horror which deserves the epitbet, sometimes applied to Henry James' "The Turn of tbe Screw," of the most horrific in the language, and which Mr. Machen's recently florescent popularity has caused to be republished. In fact, even to consider "The Three Imposters" in the same mental process with the ordinary mystery story is to be guilty of great lack of discrimination. Their only analogy is that tbey are botb mystery stories: as, theoretically, paleolithic and modern homo are both man—a point not inapposite to Mr. Macben's mystery, part of whose horror comprises the possible survival to our times of the barely human monsters of the stone age. Though just why this intriguing speculation should be a borror is another mystery, but a borror it becomes by the time Mr. Machen bas dealt with it in almost archaic and troglodytic terms. However, that is but one incandescent thread of the strange pattern which he unrolls before us, and whicb is so incoherent in its tracings and retracings that the cursory reading one bestows on a novel fails to decypher its gist. But that is all right, as Mr. Machen explains in an indispensably enlightening introduction tbat his object was to enchant, horrify, and dismay his reader—in short, to befuddle him—which he has notably succeeded in doing. Nor have we tbe slightest intention of mitigating any of tbe Machen-made horrors by any sort of interpretation, scientific or mystical. Suffice it to say that he who likes to have his spinal chord reverberate in time with uncanny phenomena should indulge in lonely nocturnal browsing with "The Three Imposters." He may even he cured of bis hobby, which in itself would he a worthy result of Mr. Machen's talents, though we fear that mystery-infested writer might not think so.

In his introduction, whicb we found more excellent than the story because of its greater lucidity, Mr. Machen tells bow he has been bombarded with inquiries during the quarter of a century that "The Three Imposters" have been imposing on a small but credulous public. His readers enjoyed tbe mystery but wanted the explanation—was there any basis of fact, however trivial, for such curious incidents as the boy who was supposed to be a changling, and who could, upon sufficient provocation, turn into a worm, for example, and the checkered quest of the gold Tiberius includes other equally formidable prodigies. Mr. Machen requested his too credulous audience not to be such damned fools and not to take the bloom off his make-believe. He wants full credit for having invented his weird conglomeration and we for one are willing to grant it to bim. No amount of evidence of scientific ectoplasm for instance will shake our faith in Mr. Machen's original and unique ability to create an atmosphere of horror. He acknowledges Stevenson as a master, but he out-Herods Herod. If you like that sort of tbing, it is perfect. R. G.

A Little Salt of Satire.

TEODORO THE SAGE. By Luigi Lucatelli. New York: Boni and Liveright; $2.00.

It is a red-letter day when an inspired translator gives to American readers anything as good as tbis collection of stories and sketches by Luigi Lucatelli. These fragments of fiction, satire, and humor are grouped under tbe name of Teodoro the Sage: a mythical personage wbo seems to have had innumerable adventures and whose reflections and comments express a point of view at once bumorous and cynical.

Cbristopher Morley bappily sums up his impression of the book: "The irony of these things is startling. . . . Each of the pieces is as good as a cocktail; you feel yourself being led into a little mental trap and wonder how the ingenious devil will surprise you at the end—but he always does."

Tbe creator of Teodoro was a young Italian journalist who died during the war, leaving behind him novels, short stories, books for young people and newspaper work which has survived the usual epbemeral fame of such writing. He was thoughtful, keenly observant, and facile, full of ironic humor, but full of the zeal to redress existing wrongs, right social evils, and relieve undeserved suffering.

Although so clever, some of tbe fifty-seven stories are in too cynical a vein to please the general reader, and the mirror held up to human nature reflects perhaps too much of tbe dark and ugly side of life; but there is always the saving grace of humor and there is never any doubt as to which side of the question the author stands on.

An artist friend has made for his tomb a fitting epitaph in the form of "a quizzically smiling mask of bronze only half hiding a face twisted with pain."

Ships and Cargoes.

SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company; $2.00.

The sound of the sea is always arresting, be it in waves or words, and happily the language is rich in words which translate the fascinations of sea life, sailors and their "chantys," ships and their cargoes.

The sea-faring writer of "Sailor Town Days" takes his readers first along the London docks, witb romance lurking around every corner, and rich in memories of the days of the dignified old East Indiamen and the sailing vessels of the 'sixties and 'seventies with their glory yet uneclipsed by steam. Here are still remembered the ships which brought the wonder of the East in their holds and filled the old warebouses with ivory and spices, tea and teak wood.

In short, in these rambling pages we have a bit of everything between London and the Pacific ports, and all that is lacking are pirates and doubloons and tales of the Seven Seas.

Realistic War Pictures.

THROUGH THE WHEAT. By Thomas Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75

This book is vague, indefinite, sometimes almost incoherent, and always dreadful. In it we are taken through the last months of the war and we see through the eyes of a young man whose reactions are registered with a realism that at times is overwhelming.

There is little to lift tbe narration above dead levels, save here and there a heroic impulse, such as the American gambler "wbo could make a pair of ivory cubes cakewalk and tango" going out to rescue a wounded German, and the struggle of young Hicks—symbolic figure of other American lads—to carry on despite horror, fear, and weariness. At last the grotesque angles cropping up in the situation break in on his consciousness after seeing a battalion marching off, they knew not where, sent out to be killed by an unseen enemy, and not even a fifth of them coming back. He could not honestly tell himself that he hated the Germans, he only disliked them, and that principally because they marched in a goose step! He felt it "embarrassing to the rest of humanity."

But with all these nightmare thoughts chasing through his mind, the young American carried on.

It is a question as to whether the writing of such a book as tbis, vivid and striking as are the descriptions, and full of a repulsive realism, can serve any good end at a time when the bad dream is over; but as a record of the experiences of one American boy and his reaction to them, it may help to fill in tbe gigantic canvas of the Great War picture.

Youth and Yorkshire.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF YOUTH. By Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

A quiet English tale, rippling along without any great thrills, if one might except the inevitable war chapters which wrote disaster across the pages of this manuscript of youth. There is what the moving-picture writers call an atmospheric prologue, where we are shown the three protagonists in tbeir childbood and early youtb. They become more interesting as they grow older and come up against tbe antagonist Life, after which the little drama moves on to a termination satisfactory to the reader and offering one more illustration of the all-forgiving love of a woman for the man of her heart. The best parts of the book are the Yorkshire setting and the descriptions of the old stone house of fascinating name—Garth Yat—with its courtyards and iron gates and its flagged halls and black oaken stairs. The moors with their tapestry of heather are woven into the story and the writer surely had felt the spirit of those glens and open spaces, and had learned to love them as had the Brontë sisters long ago, living "just across a curve or two" of that same moor.

A New Yorker and His City.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MURRAY HILL. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.

In a preface entitled "A Word in Time" the author insists that his prelude is not inserted as a life-saver to the book reviewer, nor merely in accordance with custom—it is a warning to the prospective reader; and we feel that few could peruse the preface of "In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill" without wanting to read the book to the end.

Several essays of the collection have appeared in American publications, some of these have been elaborated, and a few are here introduced to the reading public for the first time. They are sketches of New York—New York of today and of yesterday, with rapid excursions into tbe New York of twenty years ago by a man who knows his subject well. Many personages, some great, some interesting, and some merely picturesque, walk through bis pages. The style is charming and conversational rather than pedantic; and we are indebted to Mr. Holliday for a particularly readable addition to any library.

Slumming in Madrid.

THE QUEST. By Pio Baroja. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50 net.

Evidently his experience as a journalist has made the well-known Spanish novelist, Pio Baroja, acquainted with the seamy side of life. "Tbe Quest," which is well translated by Isaac Goldberg, is one of a series, in which the slum life of Madrid is presented more as a photographed study than as a novel.

The picture is so unpleasant, even repellent, that we are forced to believe in its truth. It is apparent that Señor Baroja has no illusions about his compatriots. Dirt, squalor, thievishness, cruelty, immorality and vice prevail among a people whose spiritual possibilities seem to he utterly in eclipse.

"The Quest" is the first of a trilogy. Señor Baroja has apparently saturated himself with Dickens, Gorki, and Balzac. Except to the passionate realist, the result is not pleasing. Nevertheless his books have been translated into German, French, Italian and English.

Pirates and Such.

ISLAND GOLD. By Valentine Williams. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

The same instincts that led us when young to play Captain Kidd in the vacant lot next door enable most of us to enjoy reading the Treasure Island sort of a book if it is well done. "Island Gold" possibly is not sufficiently well done to atone for a plot that is many times told; but it moves along in a spirited fashion from a Richard Harding Davis-like start to an expected and satisfactory finish.

We have murders, a nearly unsolvable cipher, and a lady who is all one could desire in the stellar rôle. The atmosphere has a faint reflected light of post-war politics, and an Englisb major of the Secret Service recounts with due modesty a rousing tale of adventure.

Pictorial Syncopation.

GOING-TO-THE-SUN. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.75.

The poet-artist of these free verses and fantastic sketches states that the verses are merely incidental—they exist to explain the pictures. So sometimes one looks at the picture first and tben reads the verse, sometimes the verse and then looks to see if the picture interprets the thought, and some readers migbt even welcome a third something which would explain the sketches. By holding the pictures

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HARRY HANSEN writes in tbe *Chicago Daily News:* "We suspect that 'Bread' is going to provide food for our stenographers, saleswomen and even housewives for months to come. . . . 'Bread' is better than 'Brass' and will be widely read this fall."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "It is a story every business woman should read and ponder over, and young men with small salaries who want to marry working girls will find it interesting and profitable reading; . . . while any reader will find the plot well planned, the characters interesting and tbe tale well told."

MARGARET MOOERS MARSHALL in the *N. Y. Evening World:* "To tbe working woman of America Charles G. Norris dedicates his new novel 'Bread.' All the 'working women' are not going to appreciate the compliment. But business women are going to read 'Bread,' the story of a New York business girl and woman, and they are going to argue with men about it."

The New York Herald: "The best novel Charles G. Norris has thus far produced; a more intelligent, more mature evaluation of life and a more understanding psychology of marriage, for instance."

The San Francisco Journal: "Dramatic, keenly conceived and magnificently written . . . meaty from cover to cover."

The Boston Herald: "A novel of exceptional strength of characterization. It is more worth while work than Mr. Norris has done before and deserves to be rated one of the great novels of the year."

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upside down, or diagonally, and if one squints one's eyes a little, something definite will often emerge—and after noting the drawings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and of Queen Victoria and the Political Duck, one wonders why they could not all have been clever and amusing.

Vachel Lindsay has been called a jazz poet, and although perhaps not altogether justly, the name might stand for something to describe better the kaleidoscope of words that shake together to form sounds and lines and verses in "Going-to-the-Sun." The longest poem in the book is "So Much the Worse for Boston," and if the reader does not always "get" the author, so much the worse for the reader.

The Art of the Theatre.

THE FLOWER IN DRAMA. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

In this little volume Mr. Young has presented a group of fifteen essays, all bearing on the art of the theatre.

This author, of whom no less a person than Laurence Gilman expresses the "noble emotion of professional envy," has presented to us in his opening essay, entitled "Acting," something choice, rare, and inspired. For the very heart of the art of acting is analyzed, with a fine perception of its strange varieties, its subtle mingling of personality and representative art, unperceived by the average observer, but warmly subscribed to by all who read this effort.

So interesting and valuable it is to all true lovers of the art that in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts copies of it were given to the students.

The same firm, delicate, discriminating and unerring perception is felt in the fourteen other essays, in one of which Mr. Young, trying to discover why the movies have not an art of their own partly explains it by saying they are "mere photographed theatre."

Notes of Books and Authors.

G. K. Chesterton is writing the life of St. Francis of Assisi.

Hugh Walpole is an enthusiastic collector of etchings.

D. H. Lawrence has written a novel dealing with life in Australia called "The Kangaroo."

Arthur Macben is engaged on a new book dealing with odd happenings in London byways. It will be called "The London Adventure."

John Galsworthy's "Windows," published last spring by Charles Scribner's Sons, will be one of the earliest fall productions of the Theatre Guild.

A volume which promises to be interesting is "The Coming of Man," by John M. Tyler, professor emeritus of biology at Amherst. It is announced for September publication by the Marshall Jones Company.

Mr. Hutchinson is reported to be at work on a new novel at his home in London. He has collected some of his best short stories for publication on September 8th by his American publishers, Little, Brown & Co., under the title "The Eighth Wonder and Other Stories."

Certain of Little, Brown & Co.'s publications have won distinguished recognition at Washington. In the library of the first lady of the land, side by side with a book on domestic science, there is a copy of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" and two copies of his "If Winter Comes." As for President Coolidge's library, fiction is conspicuous by its absence. Instead there are, for example, three volumes on the Constitution, one of which is Dr. Thomas James Norton's "The Constitution of the United States: Its Sources and Its Application."

The success of "Through the Wheat," by Thomas Boyd, is helping to refute the idea that war books have no present interest for the book-reading public. The Scribners are now printing it for the fourth time.

Edward Bok, author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok" and "A Man from Maine," is editing a series of biographies, "Great Hollanders," several volumes of which are included in the fall list of Scribner publications. Forthcoming volumes are: "The Story of Rembrandt," by F. Schmidt-Degener; "The Story of Erasmus," by Professor J. Huizinga; "William the Silent," by Frederic Harrison.

"In point of literacy Scandinavian immigrants lead the world. One finds an illiterate among every twenty German immigrants of more than fourteen years of age. Of immigrants of other nations, one may find an illiterate among every twenty-three Dutch, thirty-eight Irish, fifty-two Welsh, fifty-nine Bohemians, seventy-seven Finns, one hundred English, and one hundred and forty-three Scotch; but the proportion of those who come from Scandinavia is one in two hundred and fifty. What a contrast between these and the Litbuanians and South Italians, half of whom are unable to read any language!"—*E. A. Ross in "The Old World and the New" (Century Company).*

In a chatty essay in the August *Bookman*, Elinor Wylie writes the following intimate description: "In this village there lived a lovely lady who was Andrew Lang's first cousin, and a large middle-aged gentleman who was Arthur Hugh Clough's son, and a little old gentleman who was Shelley's grandson. The first two relationships interested me; the third shook the aerial heavens of my mind. Think of it—Shelley's grandson, and I have had tea with him frequently! He was an authentic eagle's feather; a somewhat small and whitish feather, but still Shelley's grandson. He was also Harriet's grandson, and I remember his looking very impish and saying gravely, 'You know, in this family we don't think much of Mary.' I never dared ask him just how much he thought of Shelley, nor admit the extent of my own worship, for as a grandfather dear Shelley never had much chance."

An important series of bi-lingual texts, for use in Americanization work, is being published by the Marshall Jones Company under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames. The books are based on "The Story of America," by Alberto Pecorini. The Polish-English edition has just appeared, following the Italian-English version with which the series was started.

Cosmo Hamilton's new novel, "Another Scandal," will be published on September 8th, it is announced by Little, Brown & Co. The novel deals with the early married life of Beatrix and Pelham Franklin, the two chief characters of his famous earlier novel, "Scandal."

Among the well-known novelists that appear on Macmillan's fall list are May Sinclair, James Stephens, E. M. Delafield, Mary S. Watts, and Louis Hemon. May Sinclair's new novel is "A Cure of Souls," a study of a pleasure-loving Canon, and she will also publish a volume of short pieces called "Uncanny Stories." James Stephens tells the story of "Deirdre," E. M. Delafield writes of an English boy in "A Reversion to Type," Mary S. Watts of an American boy in "Luther Nichols," and Louis Hemon's book is a collection of tales called "My Fair Lady." Helen Hull, whose novel of last year, entitled "Quest," won high praise, appears on the September list with a new book, "Labyrinth," a story of the middle professional class in New York City. Arthur Somers Roche brings out a new novel of married life, "Made in Heaven," and Daniel Chase in "The Middle Passage" tells a stirring tale of clipper ships and the China trade. Dorothy Foster Gilman calls her new novel "Lorraine," and in it she tells the story of an American girl's adventures in Singapore. Lucille Borden has written for fall publication an unusual story called "The Candlestick Makers," whose scenes are laid in New York, in Rome, and in Japan. The list also includes the Spanish prize novel, by Concha Espina, called "The Maragantan Sphinx," the story of a daughter of the primitive Spanish peasantry.

New Books Received.

MODERN SWEDISH MASTERPIECES. Selected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.
Short stories.

SECOND CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY. Selected by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.
From the magazine, *Contemporary Verse*, 1920-1923.

GLENGARRY'S WAY AND OTHER STUDIES. By William Roughead. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $4.
Literary studies.

BREAD. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.
The novel of the woman in business.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES. Retold from *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Company; $1.25.
Juvenile.

LANDS OF THE THUNDERBOLT. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.
Travel in the Eastern Himalayas.

THE TRAIL OF THE ELK. By M. Fonhus. New York: The Century Company; $2.
A novel with an animal hero.

THE BLIND BOW-BOY. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.
By the author of "Peter Whiffle."

CHILDREN OF THE WIND. By M. P. Shiel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.
A story of adventure in Africa.

THE BACK SEAT. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel by the author of "The China Shop" and "The Room."

HEART'S BLOOD. By Ethel M. Kelley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.
A novel of Cape Cod.

WOMAN: A VINDICATION. By Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $3.
An anti-feminist argument.

THE LUCK OF THE KID. By Ridgwell Cullum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.
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"THE CAT AND THE CANARY."

Sudden success means imitation. So, of course, there has been a whole family sprung up from the original sire, "The Bat." Of this family "The Cat and the Canary" is the largest, finest and smartest child; that is, if we may judge from its greater reputation. But all the same, there is no initiative in the play. Its Christian name is "The Cat and the Canary," but its surname is "The Bat."

"The Cat and the Canary," if you stop to think of it, means that the cat in the play—meaning the unseen demon in a big, rambling country-house that is terrorizing its occupants—is trying to gobble up the canary; the canary being a plucky, frank, pretty young girl, who has just fallen heir to the house and all its contents.

Of course, as in the house in "The Bat," there is treasure—in this case jewels. Also, there are innumerable rappings, and door-slammings, and faint foot-falls. Also, like Lizzie in "The Bat," there is a character whose every remark awakens laughter; in this case a young man. This young man, Paul Jones by name,—in the play, I mean—is like the leading character in "The Nervous Wreck," in which Charles Ruggles recently starred at the Alcazar; that is, he unites to an absurd air of nervous timidity a matter-of-fact bravery that refuses to pose. So the audience laughs at his apparent timidities, and exults over his reckless sorties into the dark, terror-infested depths of the old house.

Annabelle, the "canary," the nice, pleasant legatee, who has supplanted half a dozen other heirs, is just girl; except that on the whole she is rather plucky. That is, she can stand being left to herself in the old house without screaming for help; or at least until something happens; which it does, every time.

Three young men flutter around Annabelle; besides an old lawyer, who reads the will, and two spinster cousins, one of whom is spiteful in her envy of the successful legatee, and the other plaintive.

"The Cat and the Canary," like "The Bat," starts with this premise: We must make the audience shiver with fear, but, lest their tender American susceptibilities be shocked by getting too far away from the national longing to laugh, we must have a steady succession of absurdities to amuse them.

Hence Paul Jones, who really belongs to the realms of farce; although, to be sure, plays of this species are best categoried as farcial melodrama. Susan's feminine spite and occasionally Mammy's long-drawn apostrophes also awaken laughter.

"The Cat and the Canary," is neither so ingenious in its melodramatic trickery, nor so amusing in its comedy as "The Bat," naturally, since it is an imitation. But it serves. It has the suffrage of the audience, that assembles with gleeful anticipations of chills, thrills and laughter. The audience, in fact, plays a part. For the time being it makes of itself a composite child, shivers, giggles, squeaks and squawks, and, in fact, devotes itself whole-heartedly to getting its money's worth. It is preponderantly youthful. Grey-haired people would not be so likely to be carried away by its mysteries.

Someone complained of the stage not being fully lighted. But, bless your heart, that's all part of the chills and fever. In the first act they have a queer, ominous, overhead light, which casts strong shadows. Probably the shadows are all cunningly arranged. In the second there is a false air of cheerfulness and comfort to Annabelle's room, with its bright fire and its old clock, and general air of old-fashionedness.

But when Annabelle turns out the light to go to bed, the demon twists the screw; and blood-curdling things happen. The laughter stops, and the gurgles give way to excited squawks.

Of course, one must be able to transform one's self into a grown-up child—if one isn't that already—properly to enjoy "The Cat and the Canary." There was someone near me the other night who couldn't do it, and who said impatiently "Jabber, jabber, jabber," when one of the terrorizers was pouring forth a rather inane stream of threats in the loud, school-boy, hectoring tone of a cheap bully. And I must confess to being not wholly able to enter into the appropriate state of gleeful apprehensiveness of something terrible. Still, even the most supercilious joined with the giggling enjoyers in keeping a sharp lookout for moving panels and mysteriously unattached hands appearing in dim corners. For we weren't really willing to lose a trick.

The company, they tell us, is the New York company. But whether it is or not doesn't matter. The piece doesn't require fine acting. Annabelle must be frank and girlish, and pleasing, and Elsie Hitz fills the bill. Paul Jones must have the comedian's ability to throw a glamor of comicality over a remark not intrinsically witty; and Robert Toms succeeds in that undertaking.

William Bonelli makes a nice, soothing old family lawyer; Alma Kruger contributes material for the shiverers—although she relies too much on a deep baritone voice; Antoinette Rochte does a good share of the comedy in the part of the spiteful spinster, and Bertha Lowe, Harry Oldridge, and M. J. Briggs, and one or two "also rans" completed the cast.

These people all do conscientious work, and that is as far is it needs to go; as the star part is played by the shadows, the rappings, the panels, and the atmosphere.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

Picturesque romance fits extremely well into representation on the screen. See "Robin Hood," "The Three Guardsmen," and old romances that we have seen taken from the Bible. Given an atmosphere of medievalism, and so much the better.

Everyhody enjoyed "The Prisoner of Zenda." Alice Terry made a lovely Princess Flavia; much lovelier than she was in "The Four Horsemen." Lewis—or Louis?—Stone, although not handsome enough for the double role of the two Rudolfs, acted them well, and romance held its head sweetly and prettily when the strange royal wedding took place.

The producer of "The Prisoner of Zenda" wasn't sufficiently enterprising. He should have produced "Rupert of Hentzau," and with the same cast. However, he was outdone, in some respects, as the cast of "Rupert of Hentzau" is quite a notable one—or so some fans tell me. I confess to not being well up in respect to picture-play stars.

In his ad, the producer—J. A. Partington—gives a list of nine players, stating that each and all are stars; and certainly, in respect to looks, and, collectively, to acting, they made a fine appearance.

Royalties in real life are frequently much less ornate than their maids, chauffeurs, and butlers. But royalties on the screen—when they are young, at any rate—must be ornamental. It is imperative.

Elaine Hammerstein, who is the queen, is an extremely pretty woman, who, in common with Claire Windsor, carries her very lovely costumes with grace. Elaine Hammerstein, however, has a piquant face, with a prettily tip tilted, little nose; more the face of an ingenue, than of an exalted, romantic, leading-lady type of queen. For truly, as someone said of her, she was so busy at being a queen that she forgot to be a woman. But she was mighty good to look at, in spite of an absence of depth and richness of personality.

Bert Lytell was romantically effective as Rudolf Rassendyll—and, also, in the alternative role of the king—and Lew Cody was a handsome dare-devil as Rupert of Hentzau. He had that reckless brightness of expression that only youth can wear. It suited the role, although, as Rupert is described as the most unscrupulous villain in Europe, I thought that Lew Cody's countenance ought to have more positively suggested some of that villainy. Whereas, we found ourselves regarding that young figure of recklessness and audacity with a certain indulgence.

That was a very fine display of swordsmanship made by the two duellists. It raged all over Rupert's room.

These screen stars must keep themselves in condition. Hobart Bosworth, as old Colonel Sapt, the man who loved equally the dynasty and Rassendyll, its left-handed descendant, was obliged by the exigencies of his role to lift the dead young king and carry him in his arms to an adjoining room. In his make-up he was apparently quite an elderly man, but he carried the body with an appearance of perfect ease. And this is the man whose health was temporarily destroyed in his youth by the confinement of a regular theater. No wonder that eventually so many of the speaking players end up in the movies.

Pretty, little Marjorie Daw, with her winsome, ingenuous countenance, was sweetly in the picture as the innocent little rose that life at an inn had taught to keep a dainty thorn or two in evidence. Claire Windsor's job was easy; except in respect to her appearance, which was highly ornamental; a state of things not so easily compassed. But all the actress had to do was to kiss husbands welcome and good-bye, at intervals, and help to make a picture of two pretty and gracefully garbed women by placing a sympathetic arm around the queen at other intervals.

But often the picture had the defect of apparently thick, sooty deposits on the lips. *Why*, I ask myself each time I go to the movies, do the directors allow it? The male actors' lips look normal. Evidently they make them up right. One would think that when those unreasonable women saw the moving pictures of themselves that they would realize what a superfluity of the wrong color they lay on their lips, so that it looks as if it could be scraped off with a paper cutter. Why in one of her scenes, the beauteous Elaine Hammerstein looked very much as if she were aiming to indicate the possession of a Charlie Chaplin mustachelet.

Bryant Washburn and Irving Cummings carried their gilded military trappings very smartly.

Of course, the picture-plays are always away ahead of the regular theaters in respect to setting. There were stately halls, imposing stone archways, a modern, handsome mansion that served as a castle, a bit of drill showing very smartly uniformed and drilled soldiers relieving guard, several street scenes with carriages coming and going and depositing their imposing freight, brief displays of fine horsemanship, and wide, deep perspectives of imposing interiors.

LIGHT-MINDED DRAMA.

The tendency toward frivolity in the drama, which began during the war, still endures. It is, apparently, a powerful reaction; the average person's means of temporary escape from serious thought about menacing things.

One of the New York critics openly and shamelessly exulted, recently, because he was immured in a hospital for surgical treatment during a week of premières for several light-minded plays. For all critics who have been on the job for any length of time, in spite of being able to feel indulgent toward a public that demands light minded plays, themselves want something that is an interesting reflection of life as it is truly lived.

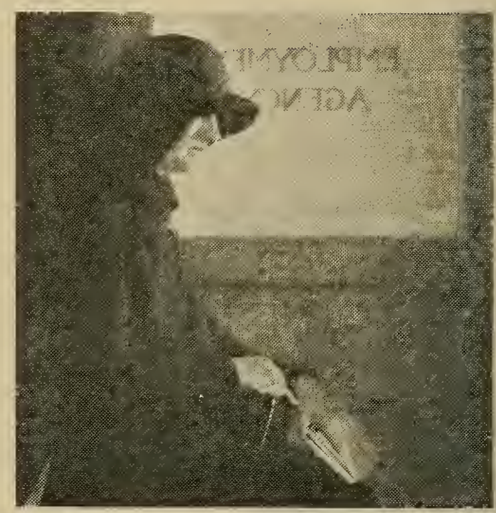
Here in San Francisco two of the long runs in our recent theatrical history, "Abie's Irish Rose"—which I never saw, in spite of being solemnly warned that I mustn't miss it—was one specimen of light-mindedness, and "Topsy and Eva," which is still on the job, is another. I have been warned, also, not to miss that, and occasionally I feel a faint tweak, a sensation that admonishes me, "Now perhaps I ought to see it." But having failed to squeeze into an over-crowded house the first week, somehow I managed to worry along without it.

A glance over New York bills reveals that there are numerous attractions either running or scheduled to run, bearing such titles as: "Nifties," "Frolic," "Follies," "Scandals," and "Vanities." "The Chauve Souris" is scheduled to return, and "Little Miss Bluebeard," "The Passing Show," and "Chicken Feed" will thoughtfully minister to New York's risibles this fall.

As to stage entertainment in Europe, a cor-

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respondent from that distracted continent complains that the theaters in Berlin and Paris are alike in their worthlessness. Also, when one light piece makes a hit—with a story of faithless husbands or wives—innumerable imitations crop up like mushrooms. They are generally alleged musical pieces, but the music is pure fluff.

Nevertheless in Berlin recently they revived a number of the ponderous German classics; so there was a slight, if daunting variation on a monotonous theme.

As for Paris, it is given madly over to revues. On the whole, when we compare, we haven't come off so badly this year in San Francisco. And if we continue as well as we have been doing heretofore, it really looks as if we would be making dramatic history.

For one thing, the new productions here, and their success have attracted attention in the East, where the papers devoting much space to theatricals have reprinted a number of local verdicts on local productions.

Once upon a time San Francisco was off the theatrical circuit. The New York managers decreed that it was too expensive to send their attractions here. But ours is a theater-going community. If one producer makes a success, others will try for another. And, light-minded or not—and I'm afraid that San Francisco is, from a theatrical point of view, rather frivolous,—it looks as if our days of isolation were over.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"The First Year," that delightful comedy with Frank Craven as author and star, will enter upon its final week at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday night. It is a pleasing commentary upon the state of theatregoing in this city that a clean comedy is proving so big a drawing card and that the advance sale for the fourth week is the heaviest of the engagement. In New York the attraction crowded the theatre for a period of two years, closely rivalling the triumph of "Lightnin'," also staged by John Golden. "The First Year" is termed a comic tragedy of married life, and the laughs start early.

"The Covered Wagon" on the Way.

San Francisco is soon to see "The Covered Wagon," taken from the story of the winning of the west by the late Emerson Hough. The story had a success as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is now in its sixth edition in book form.

"The Covered Wagon" is the sort of screen epic which the public prefers to see as a regular attraction, with seats that may be reserved. It will be shown twice each day for a limited run. Contracts entered into make it impossible for this great work to be shown in picture houses during 1923 and 1924.

At the Curran.

That the playgoers of San Francisco know a good thing when they see it is made evident by the crowded houses at the Curran Theatre through the past week to see the latest thriller, "The Cat and the Canary," which begins the second week of its engagement Sunday night. There will be a special matinee on Monday, Admission Day.

It is strange that the average person will find pleasure in reaction to fictitious fear. Yet that is the element which has drawn these audiences to "The Cat and the Canary." Fear and thrill and shock are rampant through the three acts. There are momentary let-downs, to be sure, cleverly arranged by comedy scenes, but when the play is summed up the predominating element is just theatrical fear. And there is true entertainment in this reaction. "The Cat and the Canary" has now been played quite around the world, and, to show how nearly alike is all the human family, it has been enjoyed and praised in all lands where it has been seen.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Louise Lovely will present a novelty motion picture act, supported by the well-known comedian, Wilton Welch. The name of their offering is "A Day at the Studios." In this act Miss Lovely will direct scenes on the stage and will make motion pictures of people from the audience. She will screen children at the matinees, and grown-ups in the evening performances.

The Avon Comedy Four will return. Joe Smith and Charles Dale are still in the act, and they have added two new members, Arthur Fields and Harry Goodwin. Dolly Kay, phonograph star, will be on the bill, and assisted by Phil Phillips will sing. Thomas J. Ryan and company will appear in Ryan's latest comedy playlet, entitled "Ahead of the Times." Pepita Granados, the Spanish dancer, assisted by Frances Drager and the Oriental dancers, Marion Dale and Grace Muroff, will present a "Spanish Oriental Novelty." Nate Leipzig, card manipulator, will do a number of tricks. The Three Lordons offer a circus act.

George Le Maire and Joe Phillips remain over, and will present their latest fun fest entitled "Bananas."

"THE LADY FROM THE SEA."

What does the story of Ibsen's unfamiliar play amount to? Superficially, we may say, little that we do not already know, says a writer in the Manchester *Guardian*. It is only one more stone in the cairn which this dramatist ceaselessly erected to free will, since through free will only comes responsibility. To do the right thing because you aren't in a position to choose the wrong—that's no sort of morality. To choose freely is the crux; the act of choosing, and not the choice, is the important thing. Ellida Wangel, the second wife of the doctor in a small Norwegian town—oh, these Ibsen households!—has contracted a mysterious marriage of souls with a seafaring man of whom we know nothing except that he is a murderer. The sea is in both their spirits. Ellida's child, now dead, has the eyes of the sea and of the man who is not her father so that she can be the companion only of Wangel and not his wife. The stranger returns to claim Ellida, whose husband gives her back her freedom. She chooses Wangel. And this, baldly, is all.

The play was acted in Manchester many years ago by Janet Achurch and Laurence Irving. It was not too comprehensible and perhaps never can be. It is the old story of these plays in two storeys—as clear as day in the upper or symbolical one and so dark on the practical or ground-floor plane that you grope about and bark your shins. What was this power of the Stranger? Mystical, or merely occult? Sufficient that it exists in the printed page and in the soul of Duse. As soon as Ellida came on you saw that Duse had not changed. There were the same placid features over which so many storms have broken that it seems as though they could never rage again—you would say a sea of calm distress. There were the old accents caressing and, as it were, lapping the meaning of the words like a tide. There was the old exquisite play of the hands, that constant fumbling and gathering of her dress which, as in a statue, is become part of the body's interpretation as with Duse the body becomes the soul. The actress put the little mechanical starts and surprises with which the first act is so full into their proper place; she had no need to stress the insignificant. And when from the arbor she waved her flowers to her stepchildren, you caught a glimpse of happiness and grace breaking exquisitely through the clouds of self-torment. The whole of the second act was a symphony for the voice. In this Ellida must explain to Wangel the fascination of the Stranger, her horror of that fascination, and her pure love for her husband. Duse sat on a low stone wall at the back of the stage so that her face could hardly be seen and moved the house with her recital of spiritual agony kept scrupulously in the lowest of keys. The third act sees the return of the Stranger. Here Duse sat with her back to the audience so that we must divine her ecstasy, which, as she yields, was that of Juliet. I do not remember anything more exquisite than her playing of that which follows—the sheltering behind her husband, her mingled helplessness and terror. It was all so extraordinarily of the theatre and so little theatrical. As it used to be, so it was still the silences which counted. If there be in acting such a thing as pure passion divorced from the body yet expressed in terms of the body it was here.

There was a great deal in the play which one necessarily missed. That scarifying sketch of the immature Hilda who would engage herself to the dying artist purely for the thrill of mourning and of wearning mourning garb—"all black up to the throat"—hardly came over, probably owing to the foreign tongue. Is this the Hilda of "The Master Builder"? She terrifies us as much. Wangel was very well played, with sympathy, understanding, and power. How these Italians wed gestures to words, and what a marriage of sound is there in their duologues!

There was a great audience and a great ovation for Duse. The Italian and French ambassadors were present, the Roumanian minister, and their wives. But the only English player present whom I noticed was Ellen Terry. Perhaps our English actors have nothing to learn! It was a great day for those who love beauty, for Mr. Cochran, who was almost tremblingly proud of his great adventure; and a great day, one hopes, for the great actress herself. There are no allowances to be made for Duse, whose art age and illness have not touched. Rather should she make allowances for us who knew not her language. But perhaps that which she speaks best is above language, and that much we understand.

"Rain."

It is gratifying as well as surprising that a play like "Rain" has run for eight consecutive months in these United States with genuine success uninterrupted by the censor. Verily, it would seem that we are becoming civilized, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*.

Nevertheless, we must admit that probably the popularity of this play is due to the fact that few people really understand it. Essentially it is a play for sophisticated people. Only the spectator who knows something of analytical psychology can grasp its full import.

Notwithstanding this fact, the fidelity of its characterization, its pungent humor—the humor of apt and accurate comment—it is, in short, the eternal human truth in which it abounds that gives it a much wider appeal. It has that touch of universality which appeals to different people with widely differing points of view. The sophisticated person with some knowledge of psychology identifies himself with the doctor and concurs in his opinions. The lady who at the end of the performance expressed sincere regret that Sadie Thompson's new-born faith had been destroyed, saw in this play a genuine tragedy quite different from that which the author of "Miss Thompson" had in mind. The girl who saw in the Rev. Mr. Davidson a hypocritical villain who killed himself rather than face the consequences of his own depravity, enjoyed it from still another angle. To her naive point of view it made the simple appeal of genuine melodrama. That tolerant element of the audience composed of bootleggers and consumers could not fail to appreciate the live-and-let-live philosophy of Trader Joe Horn, however little of its underlying psychology they might understand.

At first one is amazed that "Rain" has escaped its censors. But on second thought, it is hardly to be expected that these self-appointed moral police are sufficiently well informed to grasp the bold significance of this remarkable play. If they were, they would not be censors. But, supposing that there were one who sensed the underlying theme on which the play is based, it is doubtful if he would risk the censorial flutter that would reveal himself as the bird that had been hit.

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Ranges geographically from Russia to Mexico, in next Sunday's Rotagravure section of The Chronicle, and picturizes among other celebrities Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the British Premier; Mme. Marsac, Parisian actress, who has taken up the Bernhardt roles; Soava Gallone, the Italian Mary Pickford, and many other women who are prominent in today's news columns. Other interesting pages are

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VANITY FAIR.

It is of the essence of fashion that it changes, and words have their vogue no less renowned than clothing. *Pater Familias* and *Mater Familias* had been perfectly turned out some time in the late nineties. Daughter was a product of modern education. They were discussing a young man friend of daughter's. "Anyhow," she said, "I don't think Jimmie would ever go over the falls in a tub for me —he hasn't got the guts." Mater shrieked. Pater arose from the table rather pale, and said: "Deal with her as you think best. I shall seek the purer atmosphere of the club. If I knew some good, old-fashioned saloon I would go there to cleanse my soul and have the bar keep' shrive me." And Mater wailed: "Why must you use such language? I never did. Your father never did. What has come over you?" "Well," said daughter, "What do you want me to call it? What would you suggest?" "Can't you say 'pluck'?" "I can, but I don't care to. It doesn't mean the same."

Now as a matter of history and etymology, all three were wrong. There was no reason why these aging birds should have had the horrors, for pluck does mean almost exactly what its modern synonym is supposed to mean, and originally meant what that synonym meant. Both are suggestive of the shambles, but neither more than the other. Pluck originally meant the liver and lungs of an animal. As a convenient word to denote courage, with less observance of form than the classic designation, which itself originally meant another part of the innards, it was promoted in English speech by the returned soldiers from the Crimean war. We have all forgotten its original significance. It now has standing, respectability. Anybody can use it in any company without fear of suggesting viscera, for no one knows what it really means, and all suppose it means something else—which, to be sure, it does mean, now. And in time it may be so with the short, sharp word the young lady used. But it is curious how the seat of courage seems to have descended. The word itself meant heart, but that did not seem to express the quality. They have tried pluck, and are tired of that. Yet all three are significant recognition of the fact that courage is a matter from within. Rather an ethical concept, eh, what? Rather good at that. Only you have to get used to it and forget original meanings. They are too physical.

As far as Vanity Fair can see through the mists and mazes of women's tresses, bobbed hair is going to remain, at least for a time longer. The only thing really menacing it just now is the possibility that flappers will begin to let theirs grow to distinguish them from the older women. That might precipitate a hair growing contest like the one that raged last year among the Whiskerinos of Sacramento's '49 Camp; but it is not expected by the barbers and the prophets of styles. Bobbed hair, so recently the flapper's peculiar mark, has had so much to recommend it, including a little more work for the barber, that it will not be lightly given up, and so discussion may as well subside for a season. One American judge has observed that women with bobbed hair trouble the divorce courts less than the other kind. Now a committee of French hygienists has concluded that it is more sanitary—which might have been expected. This puts long hair in a class with long beards. This committee also said that the shorter the hair the stronger it grows, which is probably untrue. But it said some things of it that undoubtedly *are* true, and those things are points in its favor by reason of economy. It saves real money not to have to buy hairpins, hat pins, and ornamental combs. The committee of twelve members was unanimous as to hygienic advantages. But there is another thing bobbed hair saves, and that is time. Think of the time wasted by impatient husbands waiting for their wives to arrange their hair. Think of the time it takes a woman to dress in the morning. This can all be saved. A young mother whose second child came along pretty close after her first reckons she has saved twenty minutes a morning by bobbing her hair. When you are trying to feed two children and a hungry husband in these servantless days for young folks, twenty minutes every morning is worth while. Bobbed hair looks safe. Yet you never can tell. One thing that causes changes of fashion is rebellion against set forms and conventions, and a mere desire for change, as change. That shows we are alive, at least, though it may not prove the possession of good sense. It has often been observed that as soon as we get things fixed just right it is time to change them. Bobbed hair may be just the right thing, but that will not protect it forever. Nor will it protect the short skirt. But that is another story.

The British Empire has not been in serious danger for several weeks, but it is now supposed to be menaced by a decline in the habit of cold bathing. An Eton master has announced the discovery that the youth of Old England takes fewer cold baths than its dads are supposed to have taken, and the statistics have upset the pedagogue terribly. When an Englishman is upset about something he has to try to upset somebody else about it, and the alarm once given spreads like a prairie fire. The case seems bad. Youths have been detected running warm water into their tubs. This is nothing better than effeminacy. It is feared that weakness threatens Britain and that the brawn and bone of the empire may be in decay. Time was when a Britisher that would have blushed to brag about anything else in the universe would speak out loud in company of his morning tub, and it was assumed that it was the temperature of the outside of an igloo. It was the British equivalent of the hardy American's boast that he wears them open mesh and cut off at knees and elbows "all winter long! yes, *sir!* Nothing when you get used to it—get your blood thickened up and you won't notice it at all. Look at me, healthy as they make 'em. Never knew what it meant to have warm feet until I took to 'em." It is a fluent sort of bosh, and probably does no one any harm. But it is being said in England, as well as elsewhere, that the cold bath early in the morning and before the heart has got up to its day's work is bad for the average person whose nervous system is susceptible to shock. Perhaps that is so, and perhaps it does not greatly matter as long as they keep out of the chilly tub. A great many such persons went over to Flanders and gave a good account of themselves, and it is not likely that if the Empire falls it will be because of a little warm water instead of cold. True, luxurious bathing seems to have marked the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, but then the Roman Empire has fallen so often and from so many causes that it is hard to tell just what was the matter with the old thing. The British Empire is probably safe for quite a while, warm or cold.

Americans are getting credit, if credit it can be called, for having maintained Deauville in prosperity through the season just drawing to a close. This famous French watering place was almost in despair when the American migration arrived to wake it up and inject into its veins the elixir of life in the form of francs. Perhaps it also saved money for the King of Spain, who is supposed to have been interested in a concession of some sort, probably in connection with the god of chance or else of gastronomy. The greater part of the money spent or gambled at Deauville this season is said to have been American. Americans have worn the smartest gowns, the most brilliant jewels, the most of them. As for bathing costumes, those of the American women have been the most and the least. It was the Americans, in fact, who crowded the beaches, and did most of the sea bathing. The French do not seem to take to this sort of thing seriously, but the American women went right into the water. One French journalist even wrote his paper about it. He called it news, and probably it was. American jockies have ridden many winners, American women have profitted. At the gambling tables (or gaming tables, it sounds more fashionable to say), Americans have been the maddest, most spectacular plungers. They have lost mints of money, but once in a way an American has cleaned up well. Altogether the losses have been greater than the gains, which is what the Casino is conducted for, and without which it would have to close; and most of the losers and all the winners would rather see it open. The fashions have been in some cases startling, but most of the innovation has been left to French women to develop. One turned up at the Casino recently, wearing a prymidal gown that was all front and no back to speak of. From shoulders to waist line there was nothing behind but a thread. Like the Arkansas boy's suspender button, that thread bore a great responsibility. When it came to hats, it is said that Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy just pushed them off the race track with a green felt, trimmed with a whole stuffed parrot, the tail falling over her shoulders. All agree that without the Americans Deauville would have been dull. And when it is dull the concessionaires can't make any money. In that respect it is just like Coney Island—and in other respects it has many points of resemblance.

Petting on the Beach.

"I'd like to correct a general impression. It's not the one-piece bathing suit or the rolled-down socks peril that is the big problem of those who want to make the summer beaches safe and happy places for every one. It's what's known as the petting party."

So spoke Mrs. Marie C. Bennett, who wears an inconspicuous but attractive black bathing suit, but also a shining silver badge, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. On a record Sunday she had occasion to break up 1500 petting parties. The territory she covered on that day would have stretched over no more than three good-sized city squares. Thus does the amazing limit to which the young people of today carry their love-making at Atlantic City furnish the main problem for this great seashore resort. Every effort is being made by the civic authorities to do so. Personally Mrs. Bennett feels "spooning" must be banished from the beach because of the thousands of starry-eyed little boys and girls who play innocently about there; because of the thousands of families who come to the shore to take the rich, healthy gifts summer has to offer; but, as much as anything, she owns up that the reason she disturbed 1500 petting parties that record Sunday was that these young folks, too, might come to realize that the beach and sea are places where one can have a more glorious time without love-making.

Freaks in Footwear.

A "high-stepper" used to mean something different, but today it refers to those ladies who step along Fifth Avenue or the Boardwalk in the latest importation in sandals, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

The sandal consists of a thin strip of colored wood with heels at each end and a strap arrangement near one heel to hold it on. The proper way to wear them is without stockings, as do the girls of the boulevards, but it is probable that censors and Mrs. Grundy would have something to say about that if it were attempted here.

The heels on these curious novelties are three inches high, and are designed to keep the wearer's feet out of mud and water—or that's what they say. Not so good, though, if the wearer has to run for a train!

"Chopines," they used to call this sort of sandal in the fifteenth century—proving again that "there ain't nothin' new nohow." Turkish women wore 'em then, and whenever there was a wave of Oriental influence on fashions, like the "King Tut" vogue last spring, women of other countries took them up and modified them to suit themselves.

There were "chopines" with double heels more than eight inches high, the heels thin slabs of wood or cork, inlaid with mother of pearl, the straps a mere toe-covering of richly-embroidered metallic cloth.

Then there were other "chopines" with a single heel that went under the whole foot and was made of cork in the form of an arch, and looked like anything but a human foot.

But back there, probably, the roads weren't so good, and when it rained it poured, so the ladies had every excuse for rising to the occasion.

We've got beyond putting something on our feet just so as to be warm or dry, or not to bruise our toes against the rocks, which was very likely the reason shoes were thought of in the first place. Today we buy foot-covering because it's beautiful or fashionable, or we just must have something to wear with that gown we bought to go to Cousin Lucy's wedding.

This year, if men believed the old adage that there's a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow, they'd begin digging up the streets of most of our towns and cities, for aren't the feet of the ladies that walk on them shod in red, orange, yellow, green, blue and purple?

Why, she simply isn't "there" if she hasn't at least half a rainbow pointing its slashed leather toes at the wall in her shoe closet!

In the beginning of things a sandal was a sole of leather, wood, or wicker work, fastened to the foot by straps or thongs which were passed between the great and second toes, crossed over the instep, and fastened around the ankle.

In some such form the ancient Egyptians wore them, more or less elaborate, according to the Pharaoh reigning at the time. The Greeks and Romans also wore sandals, and so did the Hebrews, even as far back as the days when Moses led the Israelites across the Red Sea.

"Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," is found in Exodus, iii, 5.

To go barefoot at that time was a sign of mourning or humiliation—serfs were not allowed to cover their feet—and an indication of importance or happiness was found in the richness of the sandals on a man's feet.

Mme. Pompadour was so short that additional inches were to be valued, so high red heels became a badge of the aristocracy until the outbreak of the French Revolution.

And then, just as has been the case with skirts in our day, heels kept on getting higher and higher, until six to eight inches were commonly seen, and the lady on top of them needed a helping hand to enable her to negotiate the distance from dining to drawing room.

Elaborate, too, were the slippers attached to these stilt-like heels. Brocade, silk, velvet, embroidered in seed pearls or silver thread, were among the materials used.

In this twentieth century heels do a lot of running up and down the scale, too. The lady may suit her foot, her taste, or the use for which the shoe is designed—have a French heel on her dancing pumps, no heels on her tennis shoes and a Cuban heel for walking.

Bits About Dress.

We still have buttons, but no buttonholes, on the cuffs of overcoats. They were originally introduced in the seventeenth century, when coat-cuffs were intended to turn back.

The stripes down the sides of some trousers are a survival from the time when breeches were made so close in fitting that they had to be buttoned on. The buttons are forgotten, the stripes alone remain.

The swallow-tail coat is the descendant of that which was buttoned back to save the lining from getting dirty by rubbing against the hide of a horse.

Side pockets on coats were the outcome of the slash made to permit the projection of the sword handle.

The original reason for cutting away the coat in front was to display fine linen—the wearing of which was a sign of wealth.

Stockings were once made from a straight piece of material. The clocks down the sides are the survival of the seam that made a fit possible.

The leggings worn today are "direct descendants" of the leather stockings once worn by our ancestors.

Buttons were at one time regarded as ornaments, and many people, because of this, refused to wear any buttons but those which were absolutely necessary to keep their clothes together.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

California Revels in a Golden Flood

CALIFORNIA today revels in a golden flood of electric energy which gives to its citizens as a whole greater comfort and convenience than did the products of the mines which made the state famous.

The P G and E—a leading producer of electric energy—accepts as a public trust its opportunities for rendering a service of such vital importance. It cherishes the good will of its customers and the public. It welcomes fields for even greater service.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A colored woman in Florida, presenting herself as a candidate for confirmation, was asked to repeat the creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments. She got through the first two fairly well, hut when it came to the last she hungled and hesitated, and finally remarked in a confidential tone to the officiating clergyman, "De fac' is, Mistah Turpin, Ah hasn't been practicin' de Ten Conmmandments lately."

Lord Birkenhead is fond of telling a story of a predecessor of his in the lord chancellorship whose dinners were equally notorious for the scantiness of the meat and the thinness of the wine. On a certain occasion, according to Lord Birkenhead, this gentleman was entertaining a company of legal luminaries when he became aware that a group of lawyers at the far end of the tahle were waxing hilarious. "They seem rather jolly down there," said the pleased lord chancellor. "I wonder what it's all ahout?" "My dear sir," replied a guest whose wit was greater than his gratitude, "it is only the natural consequence of even a little wine taken on an empty stomach."

Having once heen a schoolmaster, it is natural that some of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's funniest stories should concern themselves with affairs of school. One that he is fond of telling is ahout a certain inspector who, visiting a provincial school, was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room At last, unahle to hear it any longer, he opened the door and hurst upon the class. Seeing one hoy taller than the others talking a great deal he caught him hy the collar, carried him to his own room, and planted him in the chair, saying: "Now sit there and he quiet." Ten minutes later a small head appeared round the door, and a meek little voice said: "Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

Sir Henry Rohinson comments in his "Memories, Wise and Otherwise," on the wisdom of the old-time Irish clergy, who knew to a degree the mentality of their congregations and pitched their sermons accordingly. He continues: "A man in Donegal told me of a sermon which illustrates this point. The priest was speaking of the hetrayal of Christ hy Judas Iscariot. 'Thirty pieces of silver,' he said, 'think of it! Think of the horror of betraying the Savior for the greed of a paltry sum of money. Just thirty pieces of silver!' But his congregation remain unmoved, so the priest tried another tack. 'Think of it, the price of a second-hand hicycle!' This found its mark and a deep groan of shame from every heart filled the church."

Sir Frederick Bridge, emeritus organist of Westminster Ahhey, records an incident which occurred in connection with an automatic piano to which he was invited to listen: "It played one or two rolls quite well—at least, everyhody was ahle to identify the tunes without difficulty. But one piece puzzled us greatly. The rest of the small audience sat round with that rapt attention peculiar to people who are listening to classical music—particularly if they do not understand it. I whispered to the lady on my left: 'What is he playing?' 'Bach's Fugue in G minor,' she whispered hack. A few minutes later we discovered that the roll had heen put in the wrong way, and that it was heing played hackwards."

A young engineer listened to the foggy observations of a lot of old philosophers until he determined to take the wind out of their sails hy some technical talk of his own; so he jumped into the conversation with the following description of a wonderful machine he had just been watching: "By means of a pedal attachment," he said, "a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disk that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel hy mere impact may he reduced to any shape." But one old pundit looked sternly at him over his spectacles and said: "Young man, seek not to darken with folly the counsels of the wise. What you have so verhosely described would be as easily recognized if you just called it a grindstone."

As long as their white hoss is ahout the natives of New Guinea work well, hut if he leaves them to themselves they knock off work and have a pow-wow. The manager of a plantation had a glass eye which, when he took out and showed it to his hoys, caused astonishment and wonder. Then he had an idea of making use of his eye, writes Charlotte Cameron in "Two Years in Southern Seas." Taking it out, he put the eye on a tree stump overlooking the ground on which his hoys were working. Calling them up, he said: "Now I go away, hut this eye—all the same as me—I see if you work or not—he see all." The plan worked well and the manager congratulated himself on heing ahle to take his ease in his hungalow instead of having to stand out in the sun all day. But some days later he heard a lot of laughing and talking coming from the plantation. He went down quietly and found that his eye had heen covered with an old tin. "He no see through this," said a wily native.

When he is in the mood nothing delights Sir J. M. Barrie more than to fire off stories concerning his student days in Scotland. One concerns a don at a certain Scottish university who, going round on a tour of inspection one day, came across a large harrel of heer in a student's quarters. The don pointed out that a vital law of the college had heen hroken, and asked for an explanation. This was readily forthcoming. "You see, sir, I have not heen very well lately, and my doctor ordered me to drink a glass of heer every morning and every evening. I am only taking it medicinally." This soft answer turned away wrath, as the don got quite sympathetic and inquired, "And do you think it is doing you good?" "Why, yes, sir. Do you see that barrel? When it came in here on Thursday it took two of us to lift it, but now I can trundle it round the room by myself."

Look Out for the Donkeyphant.

To settle the oft-repeated query as to where the elephant and the donkey originated as symhols of the Repuhlican and Democratic parties, Harper & Brothers, puhlishers of *Harper's Magazine*, announce that they first appeared in their puhlication November, 1874.

Thomas Nast, famous illustrator and cartoonist, was at that time one of the staff of artists employed hy Harpers. He got his idea from an article appearing in a New York newspaper which descrihed the escape of some animals from a city zoo. The two political parties were then, as usual, on the warpath, so he pictured them in a cartoon as frenzied animals escaped from confinement.

Nast's personal political persuasion was shown in his depicting the Repuhlican party as an animal of great strength and hurdenhearing capacity, and the Democratic party as a donkey. The Democrats, however, all unahashed, adopted the donkey as their mascot, as it is the standard heast of hurden in the Southern states, where most of the Democratic strength reposes.

THE MERRY MUSE.

An Awkward Situation.

Try as I would I could not rid myself of the Bore.
He was not to be dismissed by anytbing I did.
"I must go uptown," I said; but he merely replied,
"Very well, I'll go with you."
I invented several chores but he stuck like a leech.
Finally I hesitated in front of a private dwelling
I had never seen before and said to tbe Bore,
"I *must* stop here to see an old friend. Good-by.
I ran up the steps and rang the hell.
The door was opened by a servant.
"Is Mrs. Robinson in?" I inquired.
"Certainly, sir," he replied. "Step tbis way."
Poems From "Life"—Macmillan Co.

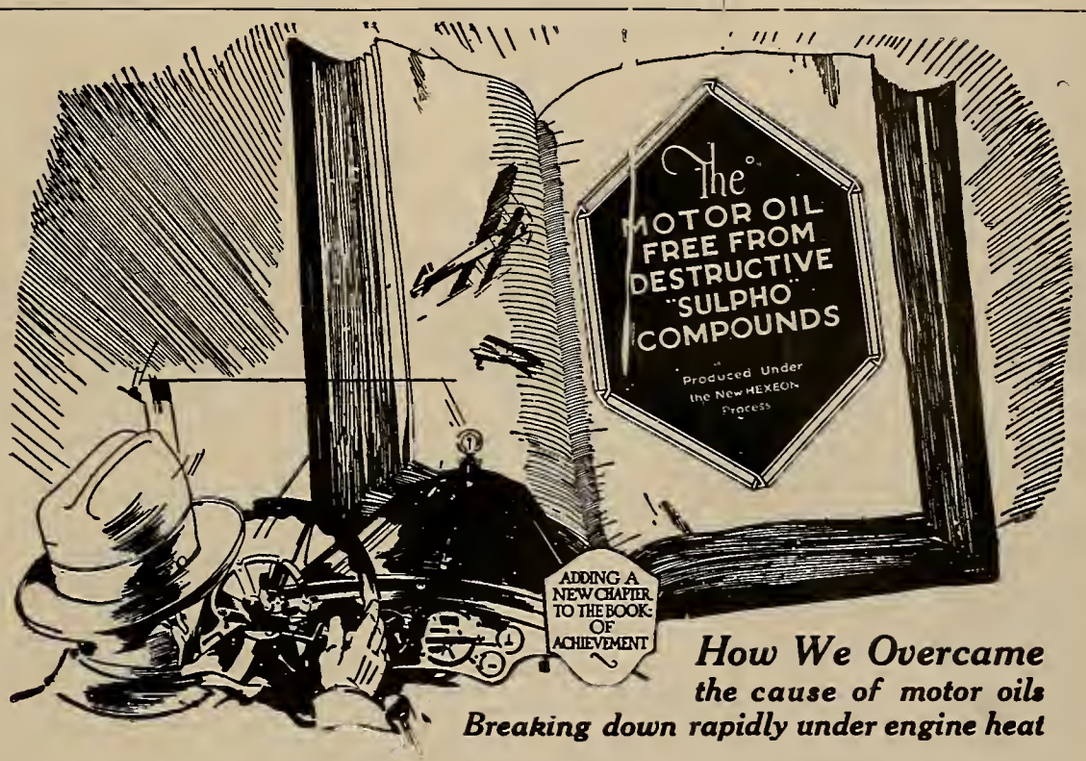
The Kid and Me.

I bad a silver rod and reel,
A willow basket by my side,
And flys, plus casts and silver spoons—
The things tbat give an angler pride.
Tbe kid, a freckled litle chap,
Had none of these of whicb I sing,
But just a little bended pin
That dangled from a cotton string.
We fished, the little kid and me—
The kid with just an alder pole
And cork that sent the ripples 'cross
Tbe sheen of his old fishing hole.
We fisbed. I know what you opine!
You think, my friend, tbat I was done?
You're wrong! The comic papers lie!
For I cought ten and he caugbt none!
—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

"Did Boreleigh ever repay you for that loan?"

"Amply. He has kept out of my way ever since."—*Bostan Transcript.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton, to Lieutenant Leander Niles Frammel of Seattle.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Bixby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Los Angeles, to Mr. Preston Hotchkiss.

The marriage of Miss Betty Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Merrill, to Mr. Jefferson Davis of Louisville, Kentucky, took place at Lake Tahoe on August 27.

The marriage of Miss Gwendolen Monteagle, daughter of Mr. R. C. Monteagle of Burlingame, to Mr. William Stearns of Norfolk, Connecticut, took place on August 25 in the Stanford Memorial Chapel.

Miss Edna Taylor was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Miss Lawton Filer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Waterlow Fore gave a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cahle of Chicago.

There was a luncheon and tea given by the members of the Belvedere Country Club on Thursday of last week. On Saturday evening a dance was given at the Belvedere Motor Boat Club.

Miss Eileen Macfarlane of Honolulu was hostess at a recent tea given at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Glen Henry Anderson.

Mr. John Carney of New York gave a dinner at Tait's-at-the-Beach just before his departure for the East.

Mr. George Gordon Moore was host at a house party last week at his ranch in Monterey County.

Mr. Henry Hadley of New York was the guest of honor at a recent tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis de Laveaga were hosts at a bridge party last Saturday night.

Mrs. John D. Sibley gave a tea recently in celebration of the ninety-fifth birthday of her mother-in-law, Mrs. William Sibley.

Mr. and Mrs. William McAdoo, Mr. William G. McAdoo, Jr., and Miss McAdoo were house guests last week of former Senator James D. Phelan at his home near Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain were the guests of honor at a farewell dinner given on Thursday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame last week for Mr. Jerome Hill.

Miss Frances Ames and her friend, Mr. Gordon Johnson, were the guests of honor at a dinner dance given by Miss Adrienne Sharp at Tait's-at-the-Beach. The affair was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman and Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame last week in honor of their house guest, Mr. R. Chesley Richardson of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham were the guests of honor at a farewell dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott.

Mrs. Alhert Woodhurn Scott was hostess at a recent dinner given at the Fairmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy of Chicago.

Miss Caroline Madison was the guest of honor at a bridge and mah jongg party given hy Mrs. Webster Jones and Miss Merrill Jones last Friday at the Marin Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a farewell supper party last week in Burlingame in honor of Miss Jane Cowl.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye gave a dinner last Friday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon last week at her home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Thorpe Sawyer was the guest of honor at a tea given last week hy Mrs. Stuart ver Mehr.

A water carnival was given at Belvedere hy the residents on Saturday night.

Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli and her daughters, Mrs. Harry Hush Magee and Mrs. John Welhy Dinsmore, will give a tea followed hy a dance in the evening on Friday next in Piedmont in honor of Miss Katherine Maxwell whose engagement has heen announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a hall last Saturday night at their home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick were hosts at a dinner last week at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Margaret Morgan of Butte, Montana, who is visiting Miss Newell Bull, was the guest of honor at a hridge party given hy Miss Janet Brown at her apartment in Stanford Court.

Miss Margaret Mary Morgan and Dr. Mariana Bertola were the guests of honor at a luncheon given on Wednesday hy the Laurel Hall Club at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye gave a dinner last Friday night in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Lloyd Bowers.

Miss Francesca Deering was hostess at a dinner given last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering on Larkin Street.

Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Chicago was the guest of honor at a luncheon given in Burlingame on Sunday last hy Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye.

A number of dinners preceded the dance given hy Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear on Saturday night, among the hosts heing Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salishury and Mrs. Evan Williams, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Frances Stent and Miss Caroline Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a luncheon on Sunday last at the Menlo Country Club.

Miss Edna Taylor, who has recently returned from ahroad, was the guest of honor at a dinner given hy Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery on Saturday night in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cehrian were hosts at a hridge party last Friday evening at their home in Sea Cliff.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye will give a huffet luncheon on Saturday next in honor of Mrs. Joseph Griswold Coleman of Chicago.

Mrs. Prentis Cohh Hale will give a tea on Tuesday next in honor of Miss Katherine Maxwell.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Thursday hy Mr. and Mrs. James Flood at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Welhy Dinsmore will give a dance at their home in Oakland on Friday next in honor of Miss Katherine Maxwell.

Mrs. James Schlesinger is giving a luncheon on Friday of this week in honor of Miss Virginia Loop and Miss Dorothy Gray.

Mr. Lalor Crimmins was host at a dinner given last Saturday night at the home of his mother, Mrs. Evan Williams, at Menlo Park.

Countess Lewenhaupt has been hostess at a series of Sunday luncheons at her home in Palo Alto during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Stevenson entertained at a large house party of young people over the week-end at their summer home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Arthur M. Sharp gave a farewell luncheon last week for Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood.

Mrs. Joseph Cummings and her daughter, Miss Virginia Cummings, gave a large tea at the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Stevenson gave a dance on Friday night at thier home in Menlo Park.

Mr. Jack Watson was host at a dinner given at the Menlo Country Club preceding the dance given hy Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson on Friday night.

Mr. Edward C. Crimmins gave a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Menlo Country Club.

Mrs. Wickham Havens of Piedmont was hostess at a luncheon shortly hefore her departure for the East, in honor of Mrs. Walton N. Moore.

Major Laurence Redington and Mrs. Redington are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

"R. U. R." at Elder's.

An interpretative reading of Karel Capek's melodrama, "R. U. R.," will be rendered by Mrs. Robert Henry Renebome in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, September 8th, at 2:30, by permission of the New York Theatre Guild.

Old Masters to Order.

It sometimes happens that a connoisseur may stumble on a genuine old master and become for a small sum the owner of a unique work of art, says the New York *Herald*. Such cases grow rarer every day and every one makes it less probable that the experience will be repeated. Secondary painters who would never have been so highly appreciated become valuable in the eyes of collectors. The study of the great historic paintings and the preservation of their records make it difficult to paint spurious originals of them today.

In the case of the old masterpieces there were sold as originals copies that were never intended to be used in a nefarious way. The copying of famous pictures began in the Middle Ages soon after their originals were revealed. In other cases there was such demand for famous works by the great painters that replicas and copies were made almost continuously through the ages. Some of the earliest of these specimens, with their appearance of antiquity, were sold as originals.

It was the impossibility of direct evidence on the subject of tbe old masters that made the imitation of their masterpieces so long popular. That form of getting more or less rich quickly was too much practiced for its prosperity to endure. The most credulous collectors grew wary. Schreyer, Ziem, Corot, Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, Renoir, Monet and other foreign painters have been so much imitated that a few more of them put on the market would not visibly swell the number that has already been sold here. Yet the fakers found their easiest victims here in disposing of the works of such American artists as Innes and Homer Martin, who arrived at their greatest appreciation comparatively late in life. Most of the work of these painters was done before fame sought them out. It was thus easy to increase indefinitely the number of works which could be attributed to their earlier periods. The fakers could discover "new" examples of their skill every day.

PIG.

There is a world-wide idea that Englishmen live on beef and have done so from the days of Good Queen Bess, if not from time immemorial, says the London *Spectator*. But, if we turn to facts, to things as they are today, it will be found that the national food of England is not beef, but pig; and pig chiefly as bacon. Classes today, just as in the old days, are distinguished by their localized gustatory habits. Tbe upper classes are the few and they live on beef and mutton. The laboring classes are the majority, and live chiefly on bacon and pork. It is not roast heef that has made England what it is. It is fried bacon! The butcher is a daily possibility for both the rich and the poor in the towns, and the butcher is the source of beef; but in the country the butcher comes once, perhaps twice, a week; but the side of bacon and the ham hanging from the ceiling are always present.

Even in the town, where the butcher is always waiting, many of the poor have one "joint" a week; that is, one piece of beef or mutton; the rest of the week they live on the ubiquitous pig. This one joint of "butcher's" meat is the rule in the country, too. It is not tbe staff of life; it is a luxury, and bas disappeared by Monday or Tuesday. That orgy of the Sunday joint is a mystery to the careful upper classes, but a few weeks of cottage—real cottage—life and the mystery is solved. There is no place in the average cottage, either of town or country, where a joint may be stored in safety and where it will keep. There are no pantries on cool, north sides; no cupboards free from dust and the depredations of flies. There is only one safe place for the Sunday joint—the family stomach.

And so the staff of life is pig, fried or boiled, at breakfast, at dinner, at tea. And what could be more convenient for the disorderly, hurried life of the poor? It hangs to your hand, month after month; it can be cooked in a couple of minutes over the smallest of fires; and it provides a kind of gravy for its companion the potato.

Is it any wonder, then, that the country cottage home resolves around the pig? Alive, the pig is the companion of the family; and dead, he is still a friend. A pig has a personality and an individuality to its owner. Often a villager will say to me, "Now, ma'am, if it ain't too much trouble, would ye just step in and see our pig; she's lookin' fine." So we wander up the garden, among the potatoes and onions and cabbages, to the pig-sty. The pig hears us coming and, if big enough, mounts up to see us; and if still too small grunts a small welcome. The owner leans over and scratches the pig's head and back, and the pig looks, if possible, even more contented.

"Growed a lot since you saw her last—eh, ma'am?"

"Yes, indeed; she looks splendid. I'm glad to see her so clean and comfortable."

"Ah, ma'am, John and me feels she's like a child. Ye soon knows their ups and downs. Ten days ago she'd not touch an apple. John and me, we stood here a long time and there didn't seem nothing the matter, but I give her a bucket of warm mash and she soon come all right. They're like folks, they wants a bit o' humoring."

Count Ilya Tolstoy, lecturing in this country, complained of the quality of American food. Somebody should explain to him that we sent all our good food to Russia.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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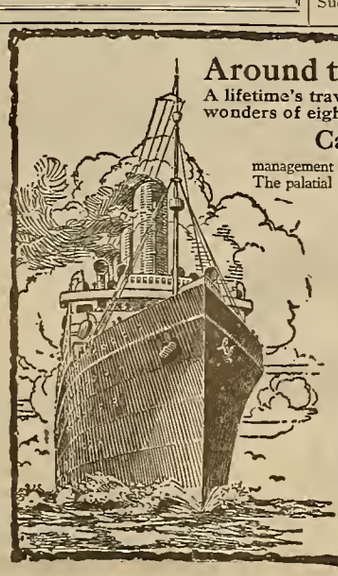
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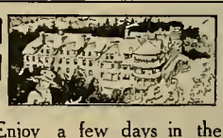
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. R. Vail have taken e Villa Giramonte in Florence, Italy, and ill not return to their Montecito home for nother year.

Admiral Robert S. Coontz, U. S. N., arrived San Francisco last week with bis flagship, the . S. S. Seattle.

Miss Alice Requa, Miss Edna Taylor and iss Jessie Knowles, who have been traveling road under the chaperonage of Miss Gamble, ve returned to California.

Miss Bessie Haldeman of Louisville, Kenicky, bas arrived in San Francisco and will the guest of her brother, Mr. George Leib, d Mrs. Lieb.

Mrs. Aileen McCarthy Adams of Los Angeles spending a month in Menlo Park.

Miss Newell Bull has been a guest at the sumer home of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon at nta Cruz.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray and her daughter, iss Inez Macondray, have been spending the mmer at Atherton.

Mr. Harry Hastings will soon leave for Engd where he will join his wife and children at eymouth.

Miss Jean Howard was a house guest last ek of Mrs. Atherton Macondray and Miss Inez acondray.

Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Eleanor Morn were recent house guests of Miss Mary rnice Moore at her home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. P. Howard, Jr., ve been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward L. Griffith and Mrs. Carter Pitn Pomeroy of San Rafael have been recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Starr at their home in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove C. Fiske of Los Angeles are guests of Commodore James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull at their home on Clay Street.

Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin has returned to her home in New York.

Miss Mary Martin has returned from her recent visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Joseph Griswold Coleman of Chicago bas been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain, who have spent the summer in Burlingame, left on Tuesday for their home in the East.

Mr. Jerome Hill, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. Fentress Hill, and Mrs. Hill, in San Mateo, left last week for his bome in Pittsburg.

Miss Leonora Armsby has returned from Del Monte to her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Willis Walker is spending a week at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of Coronado are spending a few weeks in San Francisco and are occupying Mr. John D. Spreckels' house in Pacific Avenue.

Miss Adrienne Sharp left last week for the East with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham and after a short stay in New Brunswick, Canada, will join her aunt, Mrs. Colgate Hoyt, in New York.

Mr. R. Chesley Richardson of New York has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer at tbeir home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott, who have been spending the summer in Burlingame, have returned to their home in this city.

Prince B. G. Odescalchi of Hungary and Mr. R. Lorenzo Thomson of New York are spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and her daughter, Miss Isabel Bishop, returned last week from Southern California where they spent tbe summer at the Bishop ranch near Goleta.

Mrs. William B. Pringle and her daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle, have returned from Santa Barbara and will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Commander Charles Hartigan and Mrs. Hartigan returned last week to their home in Washington after a visit to Mrs. Hartigan's sister, Mrs. Charles G. Norris, at Saratoga.

Miss Claudine Spreckels, who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at Lake Tahoe, has returned to Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde and their daughter, Miss Mollie McBryde, have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. Marion Lord and Mrs. Henry Hadley have gone to Southern California on a motor trip.

Mrs. Edgar Preston has returned to Medford, Oregon, where she will visit ber son, Mr. Frank Preston, and Mrs. Preston.

Miss Maud Younger has returned to ber home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brander have been in San Francisco for a short visit after which Mr. Brander will sail for the Orient and Mrs. Brander will join her mother, Mrs. Sands Forman at Coronado.

Captain Miles Gorgas and Miss Mary Gorgas, who have been in Southern California, have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. F. S. Loop and her daughter, Miss Virginia Loop, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Robert Du Rant Harden and her children are visiting Mrs. Harden's mother, Mrs. Charles Gardner Lathrop, near Stanford University.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman and Miss Kate Boardman have returned from abroad and are at their bome on Clay Street.

Miss Sara Redington and Miss Frances Taylor have gone to New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. Henry Percival Dodge has arrived from Belgrade and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurn of Pasadena are visiting Mrs. Hurn's mother, Mrs. Atherton Russell.

Mr. Cyril McNear and Mr. Clark Van Fleet of Santa Rosa have gone to Northern California on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay and Miss Pbyllis Fay, who have been spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael, have returned to San Francisco.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt and Mrs. Betty Sane will go to Southern California next week where they will visit Mrs. Egbert Judson Benedict and her son, Mr. George Gillson.

Mrs. William Hitchcock and her nephew, Mr. Alan Dunn, have gone East and sailed for Europe this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw have gone to Washington, D. C., where tbey will visit their daughter Mrs. Ellsworth van Patten, and Commander van Patten.

Mrs. Howard Huntington and her daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret Huntington, of Pasadena are visiting Miss Marian Huntington at her home on Maple Street.

Mr. Rollo Peters left last week for New York by way of Reno and Ogden.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Will Taylor, has been spending a few days in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Charles Murray has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alden Ames, and later will join Captain Murray at San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood with their daughter and sons are leaving on Friday of this week for the East by way of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster with their daughter, Miss Helen Foster, have been in Sacramento this week at the Horse Show.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin chaperoned a party of young people recently to Del Monte over the week-end.

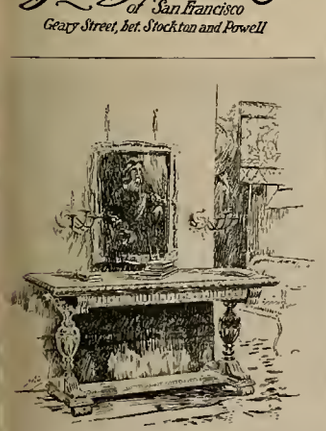
Mrs. Elliot Downing has been a summer guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Starr, at their bome in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hill and their family left on Saturday for their home in St. Paul by way of Glacier National Park.

Mrs. Wickham Havens of Piedmont has gone to New York.

One of the most pathetic sights nowadays is to see a man whose ancestors traded the Indians a quart of whisky for a thousand acres of land trying to trade back.—*Judge.*

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—The above sketch shows one of the many delightful styles in living room tables that make choosing so pleasant and profitable at this store.

—This is a beautiful Renaissance piece. Like most furniture of this Italian period, it is architectural in design, and simple in structural arrangement. The two columns are beautifully carved and turned. The finish applied is Tudor mahogany. Formerly priced $150, now

$110

CURRENT VERSE.

Overture.

A plague of stars was overhead,
Of small, insectious ones,
And many little milk-sop moons,
And microscopic suns.

An iron owl with lantern eye
Above the wood's dark rust
Saw cartwheels turning in the sky,
Admired the pretty dust,

And made a moon and dubbed it song,
Then listened to the sound:
It was a hurt a meter long
And bleeding as a wound.

While lustrous lay the earth below
With silver going cheap
There wasn't any one to know—
(The greedy were asleep!)

But from the coppice to the left
A satyr or its brother
Leaped lightly, showed its foot was cleft,
And beckoned to another.

Witb faces green as grass and look
As comic as your own
They clambered out of every nook
Among the frosted stone.

And from metallic flowers, stiff,
Dew-smelling and night-dim,
The fairies rose and stretcbed as if
To ease tbe aching limb.

While moonbeams pelted down like rain
The pitter-patter feet
Came ringing bells across the plain
Or hopping from retreat.

On mushroom seats of splasbing gold,
Or pearl of ivory,
They filed to place as they were told
Proudly and funnily.

Then was a pompous pixie heard,
Gray with gargoyle grin,
And, tinkle-tinkle, fell his word,
"I tbink we may begin." . . .
—*Amanda Benjamin Hall in Voices.*

A Sonnet.

Milk gold that lies about the roots of trees;
The sky warmed by a clump of rusted baws;
The scentless autumn winds like slow gray bees
Storing their sweet in winter's leonine jaws;
All treasure else may tarnish, but not these.
Like tawny linens in the tombs of kings.
The fabric of our austere memories
Shall have made tawdry the less common things.
If but this weaving might as long endure!
That, as we draw more near the homeless bed
Where each must lie alone, we might be sure
Of being witb such plain things comforted.
But time, like an insane Penelope,
Unravels as she weaves her tapestry.
—*Babette Deutsch in the Forum.*

Imagination.

In and out of the arabesque
Of words on the white sheet,
A meaning flits and glimmers its
Mischievous elfin feet,

As in and out of the daily task
That traffic men contrive,
Go uninvited presences
To keep their souls alive.

The country of imagination
Shines at the open door,
And we its airy landscape see
As we have eyes therefor.
—*Henry Bryan Binns in Hill Tops.*

British Travel.

It is possible (in England) to travel from end to end of the country by bus and tram, providing tbat the passenger has no objeetion to an infinity of changes and waits, and to paying a succession of fares which in the end will amount to considerably more than railway rates, says *Pearson's Weekly.*

For instance, starting at the extreme southeast corner of England, say Folkestone or Margate, one can travel through Canterbury to Faversham, and so through Kent on to Maidstone.

More buses will take the "fare" to Gravesend, from where he can get to London, a distance of roughly ninety miles.

From London one can get north to St. Albans, and via Luton and Bedford to Northampton, another seventy miles. And from Northampton a series of connections will take the adventurer as far north as Morecambe, a total trip of some 330 miles.

The same place could be reached from Plymouth, only the journey would be about ninety miles longer.

For a run on a single vehicle, the Birmingham to Blackpool route of 112 miles is perhaps the longest, but whether this should count really as a bus run or a coach run seems doubtful.

Eat Meat, Says the Expert.

Go where you will, search the vital records and statistics of all nations, what do you find? The meat-eating nations are dominant. They are the builders and doers, the progressive, victorious, healthiest, happiest, longest-lived people on the face of the globe.

The eating of good meat in moderation is conducive to good habits and vitality. Some day we shall arrive at a point where we can dispense with animal food, but for the present continue to eat your roast beef or your broiled fish at least once a day.

There is no provable evidence that the consumption of meat is detrimental to health, says Thomas R. Gaines in *Psychology.* On the contrary the weight of all evidence is that meat is the most healthful and best possible food procurable. But if meat does not agree with you as an individual, either from an æsthetic sense or from a health standpoint, then dispense with it and use fish, milk, or protein vegetables as a substitute. Even eggs, if found compatible, may be substituted for meat. But meat or fish is infinitely superior to eggs as a healthful food. It is a matter of record that the Eskimos have little or no tooth troubles on a diet of meat.

A strapping woman boarded a trolley car in Rye, New York, settled into a seat and paid her fare. The car had not traveled more than five blocks when she rose and rang up a cash fare. Whereupon the conductor strode up to her. "Madam," he demanded, "do you know that I must turn in every fare rung up upon that register?" "Certainly!" the woman replied, throwing open her coat and showing a badge. "Meet the new inspector."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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Water Services for New Homes.

San Francisco's rapid growtb in population accounts for the constantly increasing number of new water services installed by Spring Valley Water Company.

Here is a table of active water accounts in San Franeisco:

Dec. 31, 1919.....69,806
Dec. 31, 1920.....71,733
Dec. 31, 1921.....73,910
Dec. 31, 1922.....77,312
June 30, 1923.....79,418

During the first six months of this year the increase was 2106 new water accounts.

Of these, 201 were discontinued services opened up and restored to use. The rest — 1905 — were new services.

During the first six months of the preceding year, there were 1423 new services. So the inerease in 1923 over 1922 is 33 per cent.

Water services have not been installed at that rate since the abnormal conditions that prevailed in 1906.

The new services installed from January 1 to June 30 of this year were distributed as follows:

Richmond District 550
Sunset 178
Mission, South of Market and Twin Peaks 944
Western Addition and North of Market 233

To meet the rapidly increasing needs of San Francisco, the Calaveras Reservoir development is proceeding apace. This development will increase the San Francisco supply from 42 to 66 million gallons daily, providing an abundance of water for our growing city for years to come.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Ancient? Rather! Why, when she was a débutante they had chaperons."—*Life.*

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Liza, what's dis ah heah about yo' man gettin' decorated in d' war?" "Law, Mandy, he didn't get decorated nohow. He jes' got excited for bravery."—*Life.*

Mother (to small daughter finishing ice cream by licking the plate)—Marjorie! What manners! Whom have you ever seen doing that? *Marjorie*—Dogs.—*Punch.* L

"Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?" "Every night I didn't show up she wanted a written excuse."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Joyce—I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife? *Jess*—You must see mamma first. *Joyce*—I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same.—*Boston Transcript.*

Jones—Oh,—er—Garsong, regardez eecee—er—apportez-vous—la—. *Woiter*—Beg pardon, sir. I don't speak French. *Jones*—Then for goodness sake send me some one who does.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Father (to son who has stolen sweetmeats from the table)—Put back those sweets at once, you wretch! *Son*—Hush, father! Don't let all these people know how badly I have been brought up!—*Kosper (Stockholm).*

Irate Father—Your slack habits annoy me. It's been my rule through life to be at my desk early and late. *Incorrigible Son*—Same with me, dad. Sometimes I get there early and sometimes late.—*Tid-Bits (London).*

Student of Detective Novels—Double fare if you reach Rumbleton in twenty minutes. *Driver of Fly*—Wot do yer mean by "double fare"? Double the legal fare or double wot I was goin' ter ask yer?—*Punch.*

Photographer—I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. *Miss Vick-Senn*—I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Influence of the Allies' occupation of Rhine territory. Heard in a back street of Cologne. Small German urchin, dragging smaller brother home at bedtime: "Komm, you Mister Fritz, ally couchy."—*London Morning Post.*

"These," said the epicure to the bright Philadelphia girl, "are snails. I suppose Philadelphia people don't eat them for fear of cannibalism." "Oh, no," was the answer; "it isn't that. We couldn't catch them."—*Washington Star.*

"Ben, I'll give you ten dollars to have your picture made in the cage with that lion." "No, suh, boss, not me." "He won't hurt you; he hasn't any teeth." "Mebbe so, but I ain't going to be gummed to death by no old lion."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Pay as you go," said the serious man; "that's my motto." "Yes," commented the querulous person, "but with landlords and taxi drivers and everybody demanding cash in advance, how could you expect to do otherwise?"—*Washington Star.*

"I met Brown's wife last evening. She seemed to me to be a cold and indifferent sort of woman." "She isn't at all. She simply gave you the cold shoulder because you are the man Brown has been blaming it all on whenever he stayed out late."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Maiden Lady—It is very good of you, sir, to give me your seat. *Pat O'Brady*—Not at all, mum. It's a dooty we owe to the sex. Some folks only do it when a woman is young and pretty; but I says the sex, Pat, and not the individual.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. *Professor von Spieler (hired for the occasion)*—I play aggompaniments sometimes. *Young Lady*—Accompaniments to singing? *Professor von Spieler*—Aggompaniments to gonversations.—*New York Herald.*

Instructor (of night school)—What are the chief curses of American civilization? *Shoggy-Haired Pupil*—'Bout the same as the English, only we use 'em more freely in our common talk than they do. You don't expect me to blurt 'em out, do you.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"When you first entered politics," said the young man, who was looking for knowledge, "did you set out with the determination to win at any cost?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "I set out with the determination to win at as little expense as possible."—*Washington Star.*

Minister (to farmer)—What can have caused your wife's breakdown, John? *Farmer*—Ah canna just account for it at a'. *Minister*—Poor body! I am very sorry for her, I'm sure. *Farmer*—Ay, an' it's real hard on me. Ah'm feelin' like to drop doon deid wi daein' her work!—*Tid-Bits (London).*

NAPOLEON A CRAP SHOOTER.

The Berlin judge who refused to hold some prisoners accused of shooting craps because he could not understand that it was a game of chance should have consulted the German Hoyle, says the New York *Herald*. Under the title "Hasardspiele" he would have discovered the principles of the game, for craps, although it seems to have been regarded in France and Germany as an American invention when General Pershing's young gentlemen indulged in this rolling of two dice, is the simple child of the ancient English game of hazard.

All that Americans did in transforming hazard into craps was to remove its complications and apply common sense to its mathematics. The Englishman of Georgian days called his "main" or point before he let the dice fly from his hand for the first play. It could be any number from 5 to 9. Why he should choose any number other than 7 is hard to understand. In craps 7 and 11 are arbitrarily the points for which the player yearns as he casts the first time. Seven can be thrown in six different ways; 6 or 8 in five ways; 5 or 9 in four ways; 4 or 10 in three ways. Fixing 7 as one of the points for the first cast gives the player the advantage of the odds and of not being obliged to guess.

"Craps" in hazard is 2 or 3; "craps" in craps is 2, 3, or 12. If the hazard player's main after the first throw is 5 or 9 he throws out with 11 or 12. If it is 6 or 8 he throws out with 11. The game is equally complicated in the matter of the casts that will win for him. Your modern crap shooter would find pung chow as easy to learn as hazard, yet the principles of both these noble dice games are identical. And if the German judge will take a whirl at craps he will be satisfied that it is a gambling game.

The worst thing about craps is the mediocrity of its name. Hazard is a stately phrase. We read that Charles James Fox lost £32,000 in three nights at play at hazard, neglecting his parliamentary duties; that five of the nobility parted with £100,000 to the proprietor of Crockford's Club. It sounds romantic. We know that Napoleon, bound for St. Helena in the *Northumberland*, spent his evenings "casting at hazard" for small stakes. It would be a shock to have the historian say that Bonaparte was a crap shooter, but it would be true.

The hero of "To Have and to Hold" must have been a crap player. "If I throw ambsace," mumbled Ralph Percy to himself, "I will go to Jamestown tomorrow and take a wife," or words to that effect. He threw his two aces, a combination known nowadays as "craps." The chances were 35 to 1 that he would not make that cast. He admitted that he was the finest swordsman in Virginia; maybe he was the best dice tosser.

How to Know the Plays.

If all the characters are dressed in queer-looking costumes of an unknown period and speak their lines like a young politician making his first address, it's a classical play.

If it's filled with quotations you've heard before, it's probably Shakespeare.

If after four acts and thirty-one scenes you haven't the slightest idea what it's all about, it's undoubtedly the masterpiece of a Russian playwright.

If the first scene is liberally sprinkled with amours and disparaging discussion of absent husbands, it's French farce.

If the dialogue is made up chiefly of profanity and vile epithets, it's the work of a "realistic" writer.

If it bores you, it's a "strong" drama with a "message."

If the chief male character wears cowhide boots with his dinner clothes, it's a drama of American finance.

If the comedians wink confidentially at the audience, they're about to spring a prohibition joke.

If the trap-drummer whangs a gong two or three times as the curtain rises, it's positive proof you're going to witness a Chinese play.

And if you find yourself enjoying the show, it's sure to be a cheap bit of clap-trap calculated only to enrich the producer.—*L. A. M. in Life.*

Amherst Outdone

Amherst College, and the three or four other universities whose presidential and faculty discords have been unpleasantly aired in the press this year, may derive some comfort from the fact that their troubles are scarcely a ripple on the calm surface of academic life compared with those abroad, remarks the *Living Age*. Dynamite bombs have been employed by anti-Semite students in Poland to emphasize their objection to unchristian opinions in the faculty and the student body. Junker patriots have riotously protested against pacifist teaching in Germany, and pacifist students have been equally violent in opposing militarism in Chile and Japan. But it is left to the last-mentioned country to register a new record in the annals of student self-assertion.

At Tokyo University, a private institution founded for the study of Buddhism, Oriental culture, and the meditative and passive philosophy of life in general, a controversy recently developed between the president and six professors. The students sided with the professors, and when the president dismissed these recalcitrant members of the faculty the students invaded his room and, after maltreating and injuring him, forced him to sign a promise to resign. The *Herald of Asia* in mentioning the incident observes: "This is the first time on record in the educational history of this country that the president of a university has been beaten and kicked by his students. Apparently, however, these athletic young gentlemen have the government on their side—at least the minister of education has taken measures to remove the president."

Two gentlemen of Hebraic extraction, joint owners of a Ford, were haled into Squire Yerkes' court at Millbourne on the charge of driving at night with only one headlight. The Hebraic gentlemen pleaded guilty and were fined ten dollars and costs. "Vell," said one of the partners, "the easiest vay to settle the matter is for each of us to pay half. Ve both own the car, and ve vas both in it." "No, no!" exclaimed the other. "My side vasn't out! My side vasn't out!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Humanity's Need.

Effects of the Japanese disaster are becoming better defined in the dispatches, although it is still too early to attempt a conclusive account of damage, and probably will be for several months. Transports and merchant vessels are arriving at Yokohama with supplies, and others are on the way. The Japanese authorities are systematizing their work, and receiving assistance from the whole civilized world. Official bulletins say that peace and order are well maintained and that the food situation is temporarily improving. The leading banks escaped destruction and are open for business, paying deposits in part. The Metropolitan Police Board of Tokio estimates that 316,000 houses, or 71 per cent. of the city, were destroyed by fire and that 1,356,000 people, 67 per cent. of the population, are homeless. The area affected was about 100 miles from North to South and 130 miles from East to West, with a population of 6,000,000. Yokohama casualties are estimated at 110,000, or a quarter of the population. In all these figures there must be still a large measure of conjecture, but enough is known to mark this as humanity's greatest tragedy of the kind, and to indicate the need of huge measures of relief, for the survivors are menaced by pestilence as well as famine, and the crude first aids will have to be largely replaced when time permits by orderly constructive efforts calling for heavy expenditures. Down to this writing, San Francisco appears to be doing its share, but the effort must continue for the apparent need grows instead of diminishing. Contributions should be sent to the headquarters of the local Red Cross in the Exposition Auditorium, in care of the chairman, Mr. Charles W. Fay, or to the Japanese Relief Fund, in care of the Citizens Committee, 1011 Merchants Exchange Building. They will find their way into the same chest. This is not a case in which San Francisco will wish to be niggardly. Not only are the Japanese our neighbors, but we still remember the assistance rendered by Japan when the people of this city were in distress.

Gulliver Asleep.

It is not surprising that socialists should have invaded the City Hall in the persons of politicians appealing for votes to the ignorant and unreflecting. Men that feel the need of public office are commonly of a type capable of conforming to any doctrine that appears popular. But it is amazing that such citizens as Mr. Rossi, Mr. Wetmore and Mr. McGregor, in the forefront of business enterprise in San Francisco, men of judgment and ability and sound views on ordinary transactions, should have aligned themselves with the City Hall socialists and the yellow journals on the side of paternalism and collectivism and communism in the form of the plan to plunge the city into a speculation in the retail distribution of power from the Hetch Hetchy conduit.

The researches of experts indicate that this will be bad business. But even if it were good business, it would still be bad politics, bad government, bad economics, bad social development. It is socialism, pure and undefiled. And no matter what profits socialism may seem to promise for the time, its only possible effect on human welfare will be to diminish it, and if carried far enough, to destroy it. The *Argonaut* is not surprised at the attitude of Shannon, of McSheehy, of Schmitz, of Mulvihill, of Mayor Rolph, or Supervisor Margaret Mary Morgan. The last named is a woman, and will have to see more of politics and politicians before she understands; the others seem innocent of any conceptions of sound policy in government. But the attitude of such men as McGregor and Rossi is perhaps to be explained on the ground that they are business men, accustomed to deciding things on a basis of profit and loss, and think they see profit for the city in this plunge.

The business man does not always understand what business is for, socially speaking—just why it is entitled to the protection of the laws, and to the profits it makes. He is primarily concerned with his gains, and has a right to be, and may fail to see his social function as a link in the chain of production. But that is his real value to society; not as a profit-maker nor as a provider of employment. To private business, pursued in the legitimate hope of profit, we owe the whole material equipment of civilization, the satisfaction of all physical wants. Every pane of glass in every building in this country, every plank in a floor, every shingle on a roof, is the product of private enterprise seeking its own, and giving its produce and its service because it can make its gains in no other way. Every development of the arts, from painless dentistry to insulin, comes through that process, or is based upon it. Every piece of furniture, every box car, every sky scraper, every foot of carpet, every nail, every bit of hardware, every landscape painting, every melody Paderewski plays on the piano, the whole gamut of production from a toothbrush to a ship, comes from the activity of private individuals seeking private profit. There is no altruism in it, and there doesn't need to be. Its motive is not beautiful—and you can say the same of a horse. But it is the power that has built the civilized world and will, unless abolished, continue to develop it into a better and better place to live. Yet, strange to say, a great many business men have failed to understand it, and are commonly opposed to municipal ownership because it competes with them; which is, of course, a wholly fallacious objection. The real objection is that it is socialism, and socialism can never do the work, although it can and does prevent its being effectively done in any other way.

Mr. James A. Emery, formerly of this city, now chief counsel for the National Manufacturers' Association, lecturing before the Commonwealth Club a few weeks ago, described the dynamic force of business vividly and in a manner that should have been convincing. He exhibited the scientific imagination of the economist rather than the narrow view of the business man, or the wild vision of the altruist. And he used one tremendously significant figure of speech. He said this giant of private enterprise was asleep to what menaced it, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. The Lilliputians threw over Gulliver's body one thread after another, any one of which he could have broken without feeling it had he known what was going on, but before he awoke they had so many threads across him that he could not arise.

Business today is being bound down by one socialist thread after another. The Moccasin Creek distribution scheme is one of them. The process is gradual; the "gradualism" of the socialist Sidney Webb; not revolutionary as in Russia, but tending to the same fatal end. One business man sees another's business menaced by the extension of government function, and pays no attention because he is not directly concerned. But unless he wakes up his turn will come. One industry after another will follow—and when government gets it, it will rot, because the vitalizing hope of private profit will have gone out of it. The government employee is not concerned with an industry's success. He has a monopoly and you can whistle for your service, he has salary coming from the "bottomless well of taxation" and why should he worry? Ten jobs will grow where one grew before, instead of two blades of grass where one grew before.

This is what, figuratively, is being done to the Gulliver of industry, strand by strand, thread by thread, by men lacking in real economic vision; and by women idealists, sentimentally nursing the doll-baby of social equality, repelled by the necessarily selfish character of private industry and ignorant of its essential dynamism.

It is not for business men and their profits that we should be concerned. It is for the masses of the people who need what business furnishes them and can never get it from socialistic systems of government. And Mr. McGregor and Mr. Rossi, and men like them, should know that. They ought to know that peddling Moccasin Creek power by the municipality is just one more socialistic thread binding down Gulliver. They ought not to lend themselves to the schemes of the yellow journals and the City Hall socialists, nor listen to the crazy counsels of soap-box discontent.

Suspend Judgment.

It will take a naval board of inquiry some time to dig out the facts about the wreck of seven destroyers and the loss of 29 lives at Arguello Point on the evening of Saturday, September 8, and when the facts are found they are likely to be unusual. Until they are found, the public may well follow the advice of Captain Sigsbee when the *Maine* was blown up in Havana: "Suspend judgment." Americans do not suppose themselves to be a mercurial people, and yet they are as likely as others to promulgate curbstone opinions and then base verdicts on them. Our lynchings indicate that. The whole people feels the recent calamity—the loss of brave men, and the monetary cost of wrecking sixteen million dollars worth of property. It is a sad occurrence; but it seems entirely possible that it was one of those tragedies without human fault, which certain language of the law has accustomed us to regarding as "acts of God." For there seem to have been involved phenomena not only beyond the control of man

but beyond his most careful calculation. We had a coincidence of two disturbances of an exceptional nature and it might well have been that in combination their effec. eluded the navigation officers. For one, the approach of sun and moon to a line directly over the California coast augmented tides whose ebb and flow may have produced exceptional currents in Santa Barbara Channel and its approaches. The other disturbance was the one produced by the Japanese earthquake and the accompanying tidal waves, which travel with incredible speed, but a speed varying with depth. There had been time for such a wave or waves to cross the Pacific, and to add their influence to the currents which run in the Channel, and which are under normal circumstances uncertain in their set and velocity. The fact that not only seven naval vessels ran aground, but that the same morning, not far south, a merchant vessel, the *Cuba*, was wrecked in a somewhat similar manner, would lend support to the theory of exceptional disturbances no one could calculate. At least, some common factor appears to have escaped 18 skilled navigators. For here was a squadron of 18 war vessels, every one of whose navigating officers was more or less continuously at work getting his ship's position and reporting it to the squadron commander, and the chance of all making the same blunder is, under the law of probabilities, too slight to be considered. Taking into account such factors in the case, it is too early to try to fix the blame. And while guilt must ever be punished if guilt there be, it will do us no good to find it where it does not exist.

The Eclipse of an Anti-Suffragist.

The hundredth anniversary of that paragon of victorian virtues and literary tenets, Charlotte Mary Yonge, fell some time in August and caused little in the way of celebration in England, and probably none at all in this country. And yet, as the *Manchester Guardian* remarks, seventy years ago subalterns in the Crimea wept over "The Heir of Redclyffe," every school girl and young lady adored the "Daisy Chain;" forty years ago, boys at Winchester still walked over to Otterbourne to see the old lady whose name was a household word, and even more recently Tennyson lay awake all night reading "The Young Stepmother." But Charlotte Mary's day is gone, whether irrevocably or not cannot be foretold—styles, literary and other, have strange revivals. Her star may have waned or may have been merely eclipsed but it was once bright, and it is tempting to speculate on the rise and fall of such literary lights.

In the first place, it is not lack of literary excellence that has caused the almost total obliteration of this once universal favorite. We can remember the marvelous verisimilitude, the human interest and thrilling events, of a book called "Unknown to History;" the story, if we remember correctly, of a child of Mary Queen of Scott's—a subject which in turn would rule out the theory that Miss Yonge was too squeamish for this unregenerate age. Jane Austen was more squeamish, and though one is quick to admit Jane's greater genius and craftsmanship, it is doubtful if she was always as interesting, as enthralling, as Miss Yonge was sometimes. Perhaps she was too prolific—it is a notable fact that authors of many books are seldom read. Strangers to them, particularly of a later age, probably feel they could not have done well since they did so much. Anthony Trollope is another such example, and a long list could doubtless be compiled of writers whose deserts have been routed by their own prolificacy. That is a suggestion.

To return to the quest—it is not that Miss Yonge portrays an archaic society, since many of her contemporaries and predecessors are still read—though we are willing to admit the difference between simple old-fashionedness, which not even the most virtuous of us would be guilty of, and archaism, which always commands a certain amount of respect. Archaism doubtless accounts for Fielding's continued vogue, though the moralists would have us believe it nothing but innate perversion. No, there must be some concrete reason for Miss Yonge's practical annihilation, and we are inclined to agree with the *Manchester Guardian*, that it is nothing more nor less than the position assigned to women by Miss Yonge. She was one of the great anti-feminists of all time. She did not merely believe that woman's place was in the home—domestic or religious—she held that women—that is to say ladies—did not exist elsewhere. It would have been a contradiction of terms to have them do so. Miss Yonge should be and, who knows, some day, may be hailed as one of the greatest preservers of the feminine ideal, of the sanctity of the sex, or as whatever you regard the almost vanished idea of women as a separate and a finer species. Miss Yonge believed in her sex with, what seems to modern eyes, a touching faith. But she may have been right. It will always be problematic to what extent we owe the radical metamorphoses that have occurred in women these several past generations to the influence of novelists of anti-Yonge convictions, to such perversions as, for example, George Eliot with her masculine emulations. If Miss Yonge had been characteristic of her profession, not to say of her sex, the latter might yet be symbolized by retiring modesty. As it is, her centenary is worth a passing thought.

Milk and Marks.

No country can debase its money or inflate its currency to any considerable degree without bringing sad consequences on its people. Those that suppose a soldiers' bonus might well be paid with crisp, new bills off the printing press should pass a few moments in contemplation of the condition of Germany. And especially instructive would it be to those whose prescription for the occasional cramps and colics of business is always "more money"—for if abundance of money could make a people happy, the Germans should be flooding the radio boxes of the world with the lilt of ecstatic *liedern* instead of the mixture of profanity and groans they now emit.

One of their main complaints, calculated with German adroitness to make sympathetic people hate the French, is that milk is lacking for the children. For this the French are blamed, although nothing is ever said about how French children were deprived of milk, of food, and of parents by the Germans in the infamous war Germany made. We are supposed to have short memories and to forget that. But the truth about the German milk supply, and about other farm supplies, appears to be that the shortages now affecting city people are the indirect but sure results of the government policy of inflating the mark to worthlessness. For there is no milk shortage in Germany. The milk is there. The farmers had in 1921 almost as many head of cattle as they had in 1913, and while no 1923 figures are yet available, they undoubtedly have more now than two years ago. But they won't sell the milk for marks, for the milk is worth something and the marks are not. Hence, if the German children have been robbed of milk, they have been robbed of it, not by wicked Frenchmen in the Ruhr, but by their own government. The same thing applies to other farm products. And foreigners don't care much for marks either, so there is little importing.

According to information from German sources, the agricultural population of Germany, consisting of about 22,000,000, now consumes or feeds to cattle, or it exports, seven-eighths of the milk production, leaving but an eighth for the 37,000,000 people living in cities. Milk, butter and cheese can be had in the city shops if one has the price, but the urban populace has been impoverished by the fall of the mark, and can buy but little. The cities starve, and the farmers prosper, not positively perhaps, but comparatively, and not by reason of the adversity of the urban populations, but because the farmer can always live in some way directly from the soil, and by means of bartering necessaries can dispense with depreciated currency. Raising cattle is, moreover, profitable, and the profits will accrue in due time if not now. The rain falls and pasturage grows just as though there had been no war. Profits taken "in kind" may be awkward to handle and turn into credits, but they are infinitely better than losses. The impoverished city people, however, have no recourse. The farmer is protected by the diminution of imports, but the city man is producing nothing he can directly eat or wear or feed to his children, and is in a really terrible case. And his troubles are due to his own government, not to that of France, nor of England, nor of this country—to the printing of marks largely to finance passive resistance in the Ruhr. And we may be sure that, bad as those troubles are, they have been made the most of by German propagandists, and that if they were as bad as those propagandists say they are, the propagandists would find some way of telling us they were worse.

The quantity of milk shipped into the cities seems to be about enough for the children, but no more. And it is not dairy produce alone that is affected. With the decline of the mark, movements of beef, potatoes, and grain to the cities have been greatly curtailed. This is said to have puzzled the municipal authorities, but it should not, for it is a natural effect of inflation and repudiation. Why should a farmer ship a calf to Berlin and get back a bale of worthless paper, or a credit for a bale of worthless paper, when he can, perhaps, trade it to a neighbor for something he wants, or feed it on its natural nutriment and raise a steer that will some day be worth something, when real money comes back? It is no wonder that to save the urban population they are talking in Germany about returning to war rations and price control.

For flooding France with assignats, and thus aggravating the misery of the people, Robespierre was forced to "sneeze into the sack." That was the convenient case of the public enemy having but one neck—at the time. For flooding Germany with marks it is not likely that any particular person will be decapitated, but if the German government goes down in revolution it might well be for that cause. But it begins to look as though the situation might clear. The mark has collapsed, passive resistance has collapsed, and Germany may at last have some real money—not enough to compensate for the crime of inflation, but perhaps enough to get going on a new basis.

Rara Avis in Terris, Negroque Simillima Cygno.

Ornithology in the Bay region has been vastly enriched, and the ardors of the Academy of Sciences correspondingly inflamed, by the advent of a magnificent specimen of the Patagonian Pelligoofus. This noble bird, long known to tradition but seldom seen in these latitudes, arrived at the beach recently, having flown on broad pinions and a non-stop schedule from the cold shores of the Straits of Magellan. On reaching its destination it seized an enchilada from a hot dog man, and went into winter quarters near the Cliff House. The despoiled merchant cursed volubly in Catalan, but the bird did not reply.

Although the daily papers announcing the arrival made no mention of species, we are convinced from careful reading of the descriptions that this visitor is a representative of the restricted family *Pelligoofus Umbilicus*. Its beak and pendant reticule resemble those of the true pelican, while the lower breast, or abdomen, exhibits the goofic contours ascribed to this extraordinary creature by Garcilasso de la Vega. There can be no doubt of it. San Francisco is singularly fortunate. Although the golden plover wings its way without difficulty from the Hawaiian Islands to Behring Sea and back every year, it was not thought that *Pelligoofus* was capable of enduring the fatigues of continuous flight to San Francisco, but it has recently been ascertained that large flocks of *Pelligoofi* depart annually for this port, but are arrested in Southern California by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Pelligoofus was first scientifically described by the Swiss navigator Giuseppé Abendschein, later by Bougainville and Vancouver, and still later by that intrepid but not always credible traveler, Captain Traprock. In fact, Abendschein was responsible for the strange affliction suffered by these birds, an affliction which has aroused the pity of a compassionate world, and which Traprock was the first to bring to public attention. On his second South American voyage Abendschein, who was of amorous temperament, was detained several years by certain brunettes of Valparaiso. Their demands growing embarrassing, he was constrained to seek addition to his income, and embarked on the adventure of exporting Pelligoofus eggs to his home land. In order to save space and make packing more secure, Abendschein Burbanked the (female) *Pelligoofi* into laying cubical eggs. It was a heartless proceeding. Their nesting places are on the island of Terra del Fuego. Here they suffer the torment of laying angular eggs, uttering their agony in tremulous honks of low pitch but tremendous volume, so that the inhabitants of Punta Arenas often suppose a fleet of steamers in distress is moving through the Straits. In the process of selection and breeding, Abendschein was as ruthless as in his original conception, for he carried along in the males a predisposition to adenoids. The male birds accompany the females, to assist in hatching and providing food, which they do effectively, but during the process of ovipositing can only sit by with their mouths open, wondering and helpless, much like males of the genus *homo*. Even the form of the bird has been altered, the chicks emerging

flat-footed and with a repellent squareness of shoulder.

It supplies a gratifying instance of poetic justice that Abendschein gained nothing by his cruelty. The Swiss did not care for the new commodity, preferring the flavor imprisoned in the cavities of the national cheese. On the first shipment there was a little salvage, effected by an ingenius carver of cuckoo clocks, who found that the eggs, hard boiled and properly decorated with circular spots in series, made passable ammunition for shooting craps on the Scheidig. But they were only passable, as the shells had a tendency to fracture under the impact of the avalanches, and subsequent shipments were a total loss. Abendschein came to his merited end from a spear thrust inflicted by a married man in Tahiti.

If the specimen lately arrived in San Francisco proves to be a female, its example may be of value to the poultrymen of Petaluma, although the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may insist on the use of gas at laying time. Meanwhile it becomes the duty of the fish and game commission to declare a closed season on *Pelligoofi*.

Editorial Notes.

Victor Berger is back from Germany. He says that any of the "birds" out West that want fiat money should go where he has been and see it at work—20,000,000 marks for a room in a hotel. He says prohibition closed eight breweries in Milwaukee that made good beer and opened 80,000 throughout the country that are making poison. He called on President Coolidge and was closeted with him half an hour, during which he advised him to seize the coal mines and release the war traitors; and gave him a good deal more advice of a similar nature. He says President Coolidge is all right—which raises the first doubts of it.

A familiar figure in the political world stalked through the lobby of the St. Francis.

"What party does he belong to?" asked the Chatty Guest.

"Shush!" warned the Wild Wag. "He would be horribly offended to hear that question. You should ask what party belongs to him."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Could this have been Hiram?

Hanging an effigy over a Market Street corner during the pony express race was in poor taste. San Francisco is not represented by the antics of a Western camp, and those responsible should realize that they blundered. They could see the blunder clearly enough had it been committed by some other city.

LETTERS TO THE EDITO .

Where Genius Germinates.

New York, September 3, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* Three times in the past twenty-five years have I come to the defense of California, in a matter of gravity and importance, and each time I have scored 100 per cent. of defeat. If I should live another quarter of a century it could hardly be with unahated vigor for controversy. So, mindful of the uncertainty of human hopes and plans, I commit to you a cause which should stir the blood of every Californian.

Figures will not lie; hut fools, as well as liars, will figure. So it happened years ago that some zany, who should never have been trusted with the multiplication tahle, sent to the *Century Magazine* a short slander headed "The Birthplace of Talent," or some such inaccurate caption. Taking for text certain computations from "Who's Who," he figured out to his satisfaction that hy far the highest percentage of persons of talent horn in this country were credited to the Atlantic seaboard states. He had even the folly to draw from his errant premises the conclusion that it must ever he so. He knew not why, hut the West was doomed to dumhness!

I had some slight acquaintance with Mr. Gilder, then editor of the *Century*. I wrote him, stating the facts: that his author had entirely omitted the all-important element of time in his problem; that a conclusion contrary to reason should have caused the erring one to re-examine his premises; that, in proportion to the number of adult men and women living in each state 40, 50, 60 and 70 years before that date, which is the only proper comparison, California actually led in percentage of native talent (of course on the fallacious assumption that "Who's Who" presents men and women of note and of action in as full proportion as those that write or teach), even on this blunderer's own figures.

Now that result is exactly what you would expect. Visiting California in 1867 with Schuyler Colfax, Sam Bowles of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican* was struck hy the superior energy of the men he met. They excelled in physique and often in mind, as would he expected of veterans of the gold rush then still living. The women were fully up to the average. They had not gone West of their own volition in many cases, hut they had simply followed along. Stopping off in San Francisco years later, Rudyard Kipling noted that the men who had settled California were "physically, and as far as regards certain tough virtues, the pick of the earth." He wrote of the "remarkable heauty" of the women of that hardy stock, the stature and glory of the young manhood of the Golden Gate. Of course, California would have taken high rank in the computer's figures if he had at all known how to handle figures; and Kansas, another state he condemned to perpetual hebetude, would prohahly have ranked second for somewhat similar reasons.

Mr. Gilder was a gentleman; possihly not a mathematician; certainly an editor, and ever mindful of the awkwardness of making corrections. He was polite enough in replying, hut never printed the necessary amends.

Years later, and from another hand, the same silly statistics appeared—of all places—in the *Popular Science Monthly*. This time Oklahoma, being the newest state, figured as the goat. Nothing good could come out of that benighted community. I wrote to the editor as I had written to Mr. Gilder. Perhaps I got from his replies a wrong impression, but it seemed to me that he absolved *Popular Science* by its popularity from the necessity of being scientific. Anyhow, the outcome was that I suffered a chilling sense of rebuke, and no correction was printed.

The third occasion came a few months ago, when a mid-Western newspaper printed a briefer version of the old blunder. Again Oklahoma was the scapegoat, though the newspaper in question must have some readers there; poor, bahy state, how can it ever hope to sprout genius as compared, say, with Vermont? When the *Literary Digest*, attracted by the article, reprinted it in full, I was once more moved to protest.

So there you are! I do not own a foot of land in California, nor a share of California oil stock. But I feel that California—with Kansas and the newer states—has been wronged. And into your hands I commit her case.

J. L. H.

Long Island Scientists Aroused.

Syosset, *L. I.*, August 30, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* I am astonished that in your scholarly article of August 25 on the *Gyasticutus Giganticus*, you make no mention of the marsupial *Quackenbush Atlanticus*, whose unforgettahly wistful cry, "skwfnk-wnph!" is heard so often by those who paddle on the harhors hereabouts by moonlight. As every Long Islander knows, *Quackenbush*, first studied hy Mnzirly, the Tchecko-Yugovian naturalist, is as remarkable a creature as *Gyasticutus*, the flying squirrel, the bat, the duck-bill platypus or the flying fish, though rarer.

Its scaly tail, cold to the touch, with its furred, heaver-like hody, and its ornithic mask, presents a subject for study that our club has not neglected. We find that the temperature of its blood, as taken under the left wing, rises as high as 104 during anger. The circulation of the tail, however, seldom varies a degree from that of the air, or the water, in which the animal happens to be at the moment.

I should be glad to get in touch with any reader of the *Argonaut* who has had experience with the American or European *Quackenbush*, especially anyone who can throw light on the greatly varying number of eggs found in its curious suhmersible nest.

Joseph K. Drake,
Corresponding Secretary, Syosset Bird and Mammal Club.

TOURISTS AND SETTLERS INCREASING.

Automohile Registrations and Railroad Figures Are Much Larger This Year Than Last.

The greatest increase in automobile tourist travel in the history of the state is indicated for 1923 hy figures obtained by Californians Inc., in an effort to check up on results attained thus far hy their first season's advertising campaign. The following statistics, obtained from various sources and based on this year's automobile tourist crop, have heen made public hy Dr. B. M. Rastall, manager of Californians Inc.:

The State Motor Vehicle Department, during the entire year 1922, registered 28,780 non-resident vehicles which came into the state. Up to August 1, 1923, approximately 40,000 had been registered. At this rate, it was indicated, the total registration for this year may he expected to reach 70,000 or 80,000. If it totals 70,000 the increase over 1922 will be 145 per cent.

The Chico Chamber of Commerce advised Californians Inc., that the automohile association there has taken care of an average of 600 out-of-the-state tourists a month, or an increase of 100 per cent. over 1922, when approximately 300 a month were given service.

The Eureka Chamher of Commerce reports that for a period covering May, June, July and half of August, the increase was 43 per cent., as 3,038 cars were registered in 1923, against 2,124 in the same period of 1922. The actual numher of persons registered increased 37 per cent., from 6,325 to 8,738.

Total travel to Yosemite Valley up to August 1, 1923, was 89,135, as compared with 70,486 for the same period last year—a gain of 18,649 people, or 26.4 per cent.

In the Denver, Colo., municipal automohile camp, 8,250 automobiles and 33,328 persons had registered hetween May 16 and July 29, and of this registration 97 per cent. were headed for California.

Not all this increase, Dr. Rastall points out, is due to the efforts of Californians Inc., but that organization is given credit for greatly stimulating tourist travel, both by automohile and by train. The railroads report an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent. in travel to this state over last year.

The movement of settlers apparently is growing as the season advances. An increasing numher of arrivals are registering at the headquarters of Californians Inc., in San Francisco. On September 6, five families, newly arrived, visited headquarters, stating they had come in response to the advertising campaign. They came from Detroit, New York City, Omaha, St. Louis and Miami. The family from St. Louis said they knew of another family of three from that city already here, and the Florida settlers told of three more families from their town coming soon.

More than 127,000 prospective settlers have been developed thus far by Californians Inc. advertising, and although no advertisements have appeared for four months, new inquiries continue to arrive at the rate of ahout fifty a day. Most of these are from within the United States hut more than 1200 have come from abroad. On one day recently, the mail brought two letters from Denmark, two from the Philippine Islands, and one each from France, Cristobal in the Canal Zone, Johannesburg, South Africa, and Jerusalem, Palestine. Most prospects from foreign countries come from Canada, England, Holland, Mexico and Australia.

Plans for the second year's advertising campaign are now heing outlined, and the first advertisements probably will appear within two months. Another fund of $400,000 will be available in San Francisco to continue the work and results of the second campaign are expected to be even greater than those already ohtained.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE BIRKENHEAD VIEW

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The Earl of Birkenhead in his Williamstown address approaches the question of American intervention in Europe from an angle differing from that of most European viewpoints. He urges that we return to Europe from motives of "enlightened self-interest." Materialism, rather than idealism and altrusim, is the hasis of his plea. His was the last address before the Institute of Politics, and he chose to appeal rather to hard sense and cold practicality than to moralities, humanities and altruisms.

He is right, of course, when he says that self-interest is the fountainhead of actions among nations as it is among men. It is just as well that he point out how mankind must subordinate many things to the great necessity of earning a living. These are true words, and he has arranged them in cutting phrases.

The Earl of Birkenhead was Lord Chancellor of England under Lloyd George. He is a great Englishman and a figure in the world. A part of the truth he has, but not all of it. Nations do not live hy bread alone, nor is self-interest the only fountainhead of actions among men or nations. Surely it was something more and greater than self-interest that expended $62,000,000 in relieving the Russian famine and that has poured other millions of puhlic and private funds into the Old World to check the march of famine and plague.

If and when America goes hack into Europe, it will be from a mixture of motives. Self-interest may play its part. It should play its part. Our first business, as the distinguished Englishman tells us, is to take care of ourselves. Unless, however, we can regain some of our lost idealism of war days, and can rekindle our humanitarian impulses of that time, the return hoped by Europe will be untellably and heart-breakingly slow.

DO WE WANT EFFICIENT TRANSPORTATION?

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Mr. John Powell, representive of *The Tribune* Foreign News Service in China, says that the hackwardness of that vast empire and its inahility to unify its political affairs is the result primarily of lack of transportation, which is lack of communication. His picture of conditions deserves the thoughtful survey of Americans of this generation who, taking American railroads as they find them, give little thought to what the development of modern transportation meant to this country and what its continued efficiency means to our future.

If Americans of the Middle West and West, both townspeople and country folk, will look into the past and consider what this continent would he without railroads: if they will consider what transportation has done and does to raise their condition from a level of primitive living to that which they enjoy in our time, they will listen to the political agitator with more reserve and they will examine all proposals for new impositions and restrictions upon our railroad system with considerahle caution.

It has been good politics to attack the railroads as oppressive monopolies controlled by ruthless financial profiteers in New York. It has been good politics to make the railroad a scapegoat. But it is not good husiness. We can drive private capital and management out of transportation and suhstitute state ownership and control by politicians. Or we can protect private investment, and reward efficient management under fair, constructive regulation. These are the alternatives, and we must make the choice without delay. If we know what we are about, if we think what private ownership and operation have accomplished for us in the past and what they are accomplishing now, if we compare the results of private enterprise with those of political manipulation, we shall not hesitate. We cannot have efficient management unless we deal fairly and liherally with private investment nor unless our methods of regulation in the puhlic interest permit and stimulate the initiative of management. If we deny these, the alternative is state ownership and political control, which in turn mean an increase of the cost of service and a decrease of its efficiency. A comparison of foreign state railroads with our own will convince. It should he made before it is too late.

HIRAM'S NIGHTMARE.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Nohody would accuse the American Bar Association of being either unacquainted with American tradition or addicted to sentimentality and likely to he tricked by soft words, yet these hard-headed gentlemen indorsed entrance into the World Court hy an overwhelming vote. There was debate as to terms. There was practically no opposition to entrance.

Just where, one wonders, is that intense opposition to the World Court that hrought sohs of righteous indignation to the throat of Hiram Johnson and made Senator Lodge shake his head duhiously? The Senator from California is very silent at present and his silence is to he respected. But ought he not to resume his campaign to save America before he is left in a terror-stricken minority of one? Isn't there danger that even he may forget why the World Court made him pull the bedclothes over his head?

THE TWO BRYANS.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

Some light is thrown on the carcer of W. J. Bryan by the contrast which it presents to that of his hrother, Charles. One would suppose from the distinction won hy W. J. that he would be instrumental in advancing the fortunes of Charles W., but not so: Charles W. was the steady old workhorse with whose aid W. J. realizcd on his facility with tongue and pen. In so doing, "Brother Charles" acquired such knowledge of the political game and such standing among politicians that he has heen elected to two offices, while W. J. has heen elected to none since he was sent to congress away back before his free silver campaign. William vainly reached after the presidency, but Charles used his twenty years of practical experience to get elected mayor of Lincoln, and then to win the governorship of Nebraska. He did not aim so high as William, but he got there.

When William was nominated for president in 1896, Charles was running a cigar store at Omaha. After the campaign was over William found a pile of 186,000 unanswered telegrams and letters. He determined to answer all of them and sent for "Charlie" to do the job with the aid of many

stenographers. It took a year and a half, hut he answered all of them. Then William started the *Commoner,* hut Charlie managed it, the peerless leader's part heing to write signed editorials. That is where Charlie learned the political game so well that he became his famous hrother's adviser, and won office for himself.

How much of the fame won hy William was the result of the steady, unheralded work of Charles? But for that work in keeping him to the front might not William, after his sudden, meteoric rise to fame, have sunk into the comparative ohscurity that usually envelops defeated candidates? Conceding that Wiliam's political distinction made opportunity for Charles to shine with less luminosity, did not Charles in the main do more to make William than William did to make Charles, in view of what Charles undouhtedly did to make himself? Though there may he more satisfaction in having run for president and failed than in never having run at all, is there not more real satisfaction in having run for governor and won?

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

(From the Berkeley Daily Gazette.)

A good argument against old age pensions is made hy the Ohio State Grange, in connection with a proposal in that state to he voted on in the fall election. The measure provides for a state commission, with hranches in every county, to cost perhaps $300,000 a year for administration expenses. People over 65 years of age would he eligihle to pensions. The total amount payahle is estimated at many millions a year. Says the grange:

"Those who favor this law contend that when persons have reached the age of 65 years and have given these years to society, without having accumulated a competence, then society owes them a pension in old age.

"If each man and each woman had actually given their hest effort to society during 65 years then there would he good reason for old age pensions, hut human heings have not reached that stage of perfection. Too many are willing to evade their share of the world's labor. And yet those who toil and save are asked to sanction a law that will give of their savings to those who have failed to save.

"To suhstitute 'state pensions' for the urge to work and to save will remove incentives most needed.

"Once the incentives are removed the clamor will hegin for more pensions, for increased pensions, for new forms of pensions, for state insurance, for unemployment doles."

These conclusions are supported hy the experience of Great Britain, and hy the very facts of human nature as constituted at present. Surely, society does not owe a deht to any old person unless that person has performed a useful service to society. Old age payments, to be just, must be discriminating. A starving man or woman must he fed, the naked must he clothed, the homeless sheltered. Our social standards demand that. But our standards do not demand puhlic payments to all of a certain age, whether they need the money or not, or whether they deserve it or not.

Our society is hased on individual striving. While it remains so, as it seems destined to do at least for some generations, it will hardly do to take away the incentive to strive while in the prime of life and make the thrifty support the thriftless.

FOOLING NATURE.

(From the Santa Barbara News.)

The first "suhject" to seek rejuvenation through the gland process is dead. He lived hut two years although following the treatment the experiment was hailed as a great success, the secret of perennial youth was said to have been found.

It is hard to fool Mother-Nature. Man has lengthened the span of life hy studying nature's methods and checking abuses of the human hody. Science in recent years has added to the life of men hy finding and removing the causes of sickness and decay.

To undertake to make youthful the hody of the old man or to preserve women in the stage of girlhood is like the scriptural "putting new wine into old hottles." It seeks to reverse the laws of nature and set aside the edicts of the Almighty.

And if partial success should crown the efforts of those who would cheat the grave and make the life of men endless, what would he gained? Surely few would care to live always. If the scientist could renew life and hring hack lost ones, restore youthful associations with his hoasted mastery of death, and turn back the wheels of time, possihly his effort would he worth while.

"Rejuvenation" which merely prolongs the life of an individual or rekindles some of the spark of youth only to leave its victim to roam a little longer among the scenes of his earthly activity, like the Wandering Jew, would he only a living death.

The scientist who is husy with measures to relieve human suffering and avert premature decay and death is doing a great work. It is possihle that the length of human life may he greatly prolonged hy the work of these men and women. Nature seems to have put the stamp of disapproval on the so-called rejuvenation hy artificial means. It is douhtful if the treatment has not, in fact, served to shorten life. Dame Nature always has the last word.

OUR PACKING HOUSE SCANDALS.

(From the London Spectator.)

Mr. Putnam's highly interesting hook descrihes the meat trade and shows how frozen mutton from New Zealand, chilled heef from the River Plate, and hams from Chicago find their way without fail to the Englishman's tahle. Mr. Putnam adds what we must call a convincing defence of the great Chicago "packers" and meat traders against the charges of conspiracy and extortion so freely levelled against them. He assures us that they compete with one another and that "their profits from year to year have averaged scarcely more than a farthing per pound on the products they have sold." He declares that the American Federal Trade Commission, which inquired into the meat trade in 1917, was admittedly anxious to estahlish a case against the "packers" rather than to elicit the facts. It is noteworthy that when New Zealand, acting on the Commission's Report, refused an export license to one of the American "packers," the American State Department made a vigorous protest on the ground that "the Federal Trade Commission's investigation was not a judicial trial," and that, in short, its pronouncements could he disregarded. The truth is that the great Chicago firms, hy trading on a vast scale and hy utilizing all the hy-products, so that nothing is wasted, have henefited hoth producers and consumers as well as themselves.

GERMANY LOSING.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The death knell of passive resistance in the Ruhr is ringing in Berlin, where Chancellor Stresemann, watching the hlack clouds of financial ruin in the Teuton skies, has decided Ruhr resistance cannot he financed any longer. With the mark at 12,000,000 to the dollar, it is now costing Germany 60,000,000,000,000 paper marks a day to feed the workers there and maintain their resistance. The Government is cutting down these funds to a point where they will barely keep the Ruhr from starvation. Stresemann is conferring with French industrialists and outlining just how far Germany can go toward a quick peace. The German industrialists, tired of seeing idle factories and anxious to avoid paying out of their own pockets for further resistance, are ordering a gradual resumption of work. There are indications that sentiment in the Ruhr itself is changing and the population is growing pessimistic. What Berlin is now doing is hunting for a "formula" that France will accept and that will not further enrage the Teuton Nationalists. If this is not found, the death watch may as well be set on the Stresemann regime.

OLD FAVORITES.

Evening.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate;
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misted sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the hay;
Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well,
And others—hehold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz:
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely hlown,
Were hlazoned in a land unknown;
So charmed from war or wind or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What hear these ships?—what news, what freight
Do they hring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-hroken.
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go hy,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving
Over the waste for something loving
Something rich and chaste and kind,
To hrighten and hless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Amhition's gems, affection's gold,
Return as "remorse," and "a broken vow"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill and the day grows late
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster dark and low
Tomorrow shall he all a-glow!
In the hlaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will hrighten, and shine and soar to heaven,
In thin white rohes like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So praise to God! Who hrings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the hlessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

—*Edward Pollock.*

Each in His Own Tongue.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and heauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-heach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her hrood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions, who, humhle and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

Without and Within.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his hrow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching hreast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the hest. —*Metastasio.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Kate Trenholm Abrams, a daughter of W. L. Trenholm who was controller of the currency during the Cleveland administration, and a granddaughter of Jefferson Davis' Secretary of the Treasury, has recently sailed for Europe to study at first hand the work of women's organizations in all parts of the continent. Mrs. Abrams was born in Charleston, S. C., and has spent most of her mature life in Washington and New York. She is an ardent democrat and is actively affiliated with the women's division of the Democratic National Committee.

Senor Teixeira Gomes, the diplomatic representative of Portugal in London since 1919, has recently succeeded Dr. Jose de Almeida as president of the Portuguese Republic.

Francis Bowe Sayre, who married Miss Jessie Wilson in 1913, thus coming into the international limelight as a White House son-in-law, is leaving this country in October to become adviser in international law to the King of Siam. Mr. Sayre is at present a teacher in the Law School of Harvard University. He was graduated from Williams College in the class of 1909, studied law, and began its practice. However, after his marriage he gave up his profession and returned to Williamstown as assistant to President Harry A. Garfield of Williams. During the war he was overseas as a worker for the Y. M. C. A.

In the forefront of women aviators is the Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, who recently flew her own plane in the King's Cup Race around the British Isles, the only woman contender. An American devotee of aerial sport is Miss Janet Moffett, daughter of Rear-Admiral Moffett.

Mlle. Marthe Poidlue is said to be the youngest woman dramatist in France. Miss Poidlue's pen name, Michel Draga, is well known as that of Georges Hoffman's collaborator on "La Jalouse," the new bill at the Grand Guignol in Paris.

Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, who is expected to arrive in New York about September 1st for a tour of this country, won his spurs in the Indian army and then spent more than twenty years doing administrative work for the British government in Persia and Baluchistan. His "History of Persia" has been described by the New York *Evening Post* as the best consecutive account of the peoples of Western Asia from the beginnings of recorded history ever compiled. Sir Percy was wounded in South Africa in 1901 and served in various capacities in the world war, during which he organized the South Persia Rifles.

Mrs. Wilbur Roach of Windbur, Pennsylvania, holds her own in one of the most difficult of sports, rifle shooting. At a recent state tournament she gained the title of champion woman rifle shot of Pennsylvania with almost perfect scores.

Captain Robert Bartlett, who commanded the *Roosevelt,* on which Peary made his successful dash for the pole, has announced plans for an arctic expedition starting next summer and lasting four or five years. It is Captain Bartlett's intention to take a party of nine explorers, including scientists, from Seattle in a wooden non-magnetic ship, equipped with wireless, surveying instruments, and a sea-plane. Bartlett is a Newfoundlander who was captain of a sealer previous to commanding the *Roosevelt* in 1905, when he got his master's ticket. He was with Peary from 1905 to '09, and later has been on several important expeditions, including the Third Crocker Land Relief Expedition to North Greenland in 1917. The same year he was appointed Marine Superintendent of the U. S. A. T. Service at New York, though he still considers Brigus, Newfoundland, his home. Most of the leading geographical societies of the world have awarded Captain Bartlett medals, and he is a life member of the American Museum of Natural History. Incidentally, he is a bachelor.

James B. Reynolds, who directed the Coolidge campaign that resulted in his nomination for vice-president in 1920, is said by his friends and supporters to be the logical man to head the coming Coolidge campaign for the presidency and to be chairman of the Republican National Committee in event of the president's nomination. Mr. Reynolds was a Boston newspaperman, who became a Washington banker and a national figure. Roosevelt made him one of the assistant Secretaries of the Treasury in his administration, and he was active in the Taft campaign of 1912. Mr. Reynolds was secretary of the Republican National Committee through the Hughes campaign in 1916 and until the eve of the 1920 contest. Though President Coolidge has not committed himself on the subject there are many who say he would not have become vice-president but for the activities of Mr. Reynolds.

Yvette Guilbert has announced her intention to open a school for theatrical art in Brussels whose object will be to make the stage respectable. The site of the school with this worthy aim has been donated by the city of Brussels after a study of Mme. Guilbert's methods in America, it is reported—not that we had observed any recent moral uplift on the part of the theatre. The new institution in Brussels, however, is directly designed to educate its students to be self-supporting, self-respecting ornaments of the stage.

BOTTLING THE SUBMARINE.

Red-Blood Story of the British Success at Corking Up Zeebrugge Harbor.

It is now nearly five years since the German War closed and we have had peace—part of the time. We have the movies, politics and business to interest us. We have prohibition and other kinds of moral uplift, also women in breeches, the bonus, taxes and all the things that go to make up life. Germany remains sullen and refractory, England is opposing France, and seemingly all the fine effort of the war has been thrown away. At times some of us get tired of it and yearn for the simple life when the war was on, when there was brotherhood in a great adventure, and the selfishness of nations was for a time in abeyance.

Those who desire to revive the past and who would at the same time entertain themselves with a tale of a sea fight, should read the book wherein Captain Alfred Carpenter describes how he led the detachment of the British fleet that closed the harbor at Zeebrugge, on the Belgian coast. Captain Carpenter has the letters V. C. after his name which probably means that he can wear the Victoria Cross. The story is a moving one if you can visualize the situation and it claims a place beside the fight of Sir Richard Grenville and the *Revenge,* or of that mystery ship of which Admiral Sims has told in his book.

In their kindly solicitude for the welfare of the Belgians, the Germans had taken possession of the coast and the inland port of Bruges. Bruges is connected with the sea by two canals, an older one to the port at Ostend, and a later one, shorter and deeper, to Zeebrugge. The Huns used Bruges as a submarine base and it was an important one in the campaign against England. Hence the necessity for closing the harbors at the ends of the two canals. The project described by Captain Carpenter was part of the general plan that finally nullified the work of the submarines. He sums up the objects in these words:

> The results to be attained by blocking the exits would probably be as follows: Firstly, there would be a reduction in the number of Allied vessels sunk by mine or submarine warfare; secondly, a decrease in raid activity on the part of the enemy torpedo craft; thirdly, the loss of a convenient advanced base for small craft operating in conjunction with certain movements of the High Seas Fleet; and, fourthly, the reduction in the number of enemy vessels available for the purposes mentioned.

The book is divided into two parts; the first descriptive of the work to be done, and the means taken to accomplish it, the second narrating the fight at night, the storming of the Mole and the closing of the canal entrance. To understand the undertaking, the physical situation must be outlined:

> From the coast-line the entrance channel was continued into the sea for a distance of about two hundred and seventy yards by means of estacades—i. e., wooden piers. For tbe purpose of protecting the canal entrance from rough seas, which might interfere with the passage of vessels to and from the canal, the famous Zeebrugge Mole bad been constructed for the Belgians. Semi-circular in shape, it emanated from the shore at a distance of about half a mile to the westward of the canal entrance; thence it curved round to the northward and eastward. This curved Mole protected a roadstead, of some three hundred acres in extent, from northerly and westerly gales. Easterly winds did not cause such heavy seas as those from the directions already named, owing to the protection afforded by the Netherlands coast.
>
> The construction of the Mole was a colossal task. There are no similar works of such magnitude in Great Britain or the United States. When lecturing in the latter country I always made a point of emphasizing that fact to our American cousins; their unfailing humor never failed to appreciate this little friendly dig.
>
> The total length of the Mole was over one and a half miles. For purposes of description it may be divided into four portions. Commencing at the shoreward end, the first portion of the Mole took the form of a stone railway pier built into tbe sea for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. This pier was connected to the second portion, which consisted of an iron-piled railway viaduct tbree hundred and thirty yards in length. This, in turn, was connected to the third portion, which formed the Mole proper. The latter was built of concrete blocks on its seaward and shore sides, the central part being filled with gravel, and paved with granite. The width of tbis portion of the Mole was no less than eighty-one yards, and its length about eighteen hundred and seventy-five or rather over a land mile. At its northeastern end, the fourth portion consisted of an extension piece, two hundred and sixty yards long, and fifteen feet broad, with a lighthouse at its eastern extremity.
>
> The floor level of this portion of the Mole was about nine feet above the level of high tide. On the outer (seaward) side a high wall, of great strength and thickness, had been constructed for the purpose of preventing rough seas from breaking over the Mole and damaging the sheds or washing away the railway. The top of this wall was twenty feet above the floor level of the Mole and therefore twenty-nine feet above the level of higb tide: at low tide it towered forty-four feet above the sea.

Captain Carpenter sets forth in detail the various defenses of the Mole, consisting of batteries, trenches, wire, etc., and adds:

> So much for the Mole itself. Across the channel the Germans had placed booms. One of these, consisting of four Rhine barges, was moored between the eastern end of the broad part of the Mole and a buoy situated two hundred and seventy yards to the southward. These barges were filled with stone, had nets slung beneath them, and were connected by wire bawsers. If a surface vessel attempted to pass between the buoy and the Mole she would be brought up by this boom and probably damaged by collision with one of the barges. If a submarine attempted to dive underneath the barges she would be caught up in the nets. The other boom consisted of entanglement nets moored between a series of buoys to the southeastward of the barges. Any ship attempting to pass through them would probably have her propellers entangled, with the result that her engines would be brought to a complete stop.

All details of the attempt were worked out in advance. Closing the channel at Ostend was to be carried out at the same time, but this portion of the enterprise was not successful. At Zeebrugge the plan was made up of three distinct actions. The first was to bring a warship and two tenders alongside of the outer face of the Mole, land on the Mole from special gangways, reach the lower level by ladders and capture the German defenses, while guns in the fighting tops of the vessels assisted. The purpose of this work was to divert the attention of the enemy from the real object of the attack. The second action was to send two submarines against the iron piled railway viaduct connecting the Mole with the shore, wreck them there and blow up the structure so as to prevent the arrival of reinforcements. The third and most important action was to send three old cruisers through the harbor and its defenses, navigate them into the narrow entrance of the canal, turn them diagonally to the channel and sink them.

The expedition left Dover April 22, 1918, at night, crossed the intervening water in a heavy rain and reached Zeebrugge under smoke screens. The Germans knew something was coming, for monitors were shelling the shore defenses and motor boats had entered the harbor to torpedo any vessels there. This is what happened:

> A few seconds before the schedule time for the last alteration of course—designed to take us alongside the outer wall—the smoke screen, which had been drifting northwards before the new wind, suddenly cleared. Barely three hundred yards ahead of us, appeared a long, low, dark object, which was immediately recognized as the Mole itself with the lighthouse at its extremity. We had turned up heading direct for the six-gun battery exactly as arranged in the plan.
>
> The Mole battery opened fire at once; our own guns, under the direction of Commander E. O. B. S. Osborne, replied with the utmost promptitude. The estimated distance at which we passed the Mole battery was two hundred and fifty yards off the eastern gun, gradually lessening to fifty yards off the western gun. It was truly a wonderful sight. The noise was terrific and the flasbes of the Mole guns seemed to be within arm's length. Of course, it was, to all intents and purposes, impossible for the Mole guns to miss their target. They literally poured projectiles into us. In about five minutes we had reached the Mole, but not before the ship had suffered a great amount of damage both to material and personnel.
>
> Tbe material damage was very great, but, though it may sound paradoxical, of not much importance. The upper works and upper deck of the ship received the brunt of it. The most serious matter was the damage to our gangways. Several were shot away and many others damaged beyond further usefulness and, so far as could be observed at the time, only four were left us for the work in hand. Two heavy shells penetrated tbe ship's side below the upper deck. One passed in just beneath the foremost flame-thrower hut and burst on impact. The other came through within a few feet of the first and wrecked everything in its vicinty. Two other heavy shells came through tbe screen door to the forecastle and put one of the bowitzer guns out of action. The funnels, ventilators, bridges, chart-house, and all sucb were riddled tbrough and througb.
>
> The 7.5-inch howitzer gun on the forecastle could not be used. A heavy shell had burst amongst tbe original gun's crew and had killed or disabled them all. A second crew was sent from one of the naval six-inch guns in the battery and was just being dctailed to work the howitzer when another shell killed or disabled all but two men. Soon after opening fire the midsbip 7.5-inch howitzer was damaged by another shell which killed some of the crew, but tbe remainder repaired the gun under great difficulty and managed to resume the firing later. The eleven-inch howitzer on the quarter-deck was extremely well handled. This gun fired at a steady rate througbout the proceedings in spite of the darkness, the fumes, the difficulty of manhandling such large projectiles in a cramped-up space, and the battering that the sbip was receiving around them.

The attacking party reached the main part of the Mole and a furious fight took place there in the night and rain; meanwhile one of the two submarines reached the viaduct:

> The vessel was run under the viaduct, at a speed of nearly ten knots, immediately between two of the vertical piles. She charged against the horizontal and diagonal girders with such force as to penetrate the farmework of the viaduct as far as her own conning tower, whilst being lifted bodily about a couple of feet on the frames. Firmly wedged under the railway in a position about fifty yards from the northern end of the viaduct the first part of the operation was completed.
>
> Several of the enemy had appeared on the viaduct and commenced to fire on her with machine-guns from close range; the latter cannot have amounted to many feet! The crew lowered a motor skiff and Sandford ordered them to abandon ship. He then fired the time fuse and jumped into the boat.
>
> The skiff had managed to struggle about three hundred yards from the viaduct when there was a deafening roar as submarine C3, the viaduct above her, the railway on the viaduct, and the Germans on the railway were hurled to destruction. It must have been a wonderful moment for Sandford and his crew.

Captain Carpenter had brought the *Vindictive* abreast the Mole at 12:01 A. M., one minute behind scheduled time. A few minutes later the submarine blew up the viaduct. In accordance with arrangements the three cruisers selected to enter the harbor appeared twenty minutes after that:

> *Thetis* increased to full speed, and, passing round the end of the Mole, steered for the extremity of the barge boom. A fairly heavy fire was being directed at her by such guns of the Mole-extension battery as were still in action; as far as could be seen, nothing was fired by the three-gun heavy battery at the end of the broad part of the Mole. The ship's guns opened fire at the lighthouse, which was believed to be used as a signalling and observation station, and at the southernmost barge; the latter was sunk. At this stage *Thetis* was caught by the strong east-going tidal stream and was set towards the boom of entanglement nets. The ship passed over the latter between the two northern buoys and tore the nets away from her momentum. The piers at the entrance to the canal were then sighted, but the propellers were so badly fouled by the nets that the engines were brought to a stop.
>
> It must have been at about this moment that the enemy first realized the true nature of the enterprise. The attacks on the Mole, the blowing up of the viaduct, the explosions of torpedoes on the inside of the Mole, the smoke, the rapid changes of visibility, and the terrifie noise on all sides had combined to leave the enemy in a hopeless state of stupefaction as to our real intentions.
>
> *Thetis* now came under extremely heavy fire both from the direction of the Mole and from shore batteries near the canal. Her six-inch gun on the forecastle was replying to the shore batteries. She appeared to have grounded about three hundred yards from the canal entrance. *Thetis* now appeared to be settling down. All chances of struggling into the canal entrance appeared to be hopeless. She had been hit again and again and was on fire in several places. She had taken the brunt of the firing whilst her two consorts were following comparatively undamaged.
>
> *Intrepid* had experienced a certain amount of sbell fire when approaching the Mole, having apparently passed through an area which was being barraged by the enemy. Sbe passed the Mole without difficulty and navigated between the obstruction booms. The sinking of the southernmost barge and the tearing away of the entanglement nets by *Thetis,* with the resultant widening of the unobstructed channel, had greatly reduced the chance of *Intrepid* getting into trouble at this point.
>
> Having reached the exact position assigned to her, Lieutenant Bonham-Carter at once commenced to turn his ship across the channel. As soon as he found she could be turned no further—it must be remembered that the navigable channel at that position was exceedingly narrow—he decided to blow the bottom out of the ship. The crew had been previously ordered to take to the boats, but Engineer Sub-Lieutenant Meikle and three ratings had not been able to leave the engine-room when the charges exploded. Fortunately these four individuals escaped destruction. The sbip sank immediately.
>
> *Iphigenia* had followed *Intrepid* and had rounded the Mole with much the same experience as the latter sbip. Having dropped somewhat astern she increased to full speed and made for the canal.
>
> Suddenly the western pier loomed up close ahead. Lieutenant Billyard-Leake ordered "full speed astern." The ship ran between a dredger and barge; on going ahead again she pushed the barge up the canal. There appeared to be a gap between the bow of tbe *Intrepid* and the eastern bank of the canal, so *Iphigenia* was steered to close it. Turning his ship by going alternately ahead and astern, Billyard-Leake managed to get her round well across the channel and then grounded with his bows on the eastern side. He ordered the crew to abandon ship and exploded his charges. Exactly as had occurred in the other two ships, the bottom was blown out and the ship sank at once. The upper deck was still above water.

The whole proceeding had consumed a little over an hour. Once the blockships had been sunk the orders were given to get away. The boats from the sunken ships and the exploded submarine were under gun fire and many were the narrow escapes. *Vindictive* and her attendants drew away under a smoke screen.

Captain Carpenter evidently does not think much of the German Navy. He says:

> The history of the High Seas Fleet, with respect to their oft-repeated desire to try conclusions with the Grand Fleet, can be briefly narrated. In the four and a quarter years following the outbreak of war the High Seas Fleet came out once, and once only, with the express intention of meeting the Grand Fleet— and that was to surrender! On the one other occasion when they met our fleet, incidentally by accident, they concentrated all their efforts at escape and then claimed victory. The German Navy never had any traditions —now they have one less!

The Captain also quotes a German statement that has a familiar ring as it is couched in the same gentle tones as those that mentioned the "mailed fist" and "shining armor":

> Another German of high culture and position had previously said, "Questions of right or wrong, justification or no justification, do not concern us. The chief thing is that we are the stronger, and that if anyone questions this fact we should smite him on the mouth till he grows wiser."

The book is dedicated to "The-Man-In-The-Street" and the reason may be found in this statement:

> After the operation had been successfully completed I could not help being rather amused at a certain individual who expressed the opinion that "the Germans are so cute that they'll probably remove the blockships in a day or two." Why were some people always so ready to credit the Germans with everything that's wonderful? The reasons were not far to seek; such ideas arose partly from natural ignorance on technical matters and partly because the Germans never ceased to assure us how marvelous a nation they were. And some of us believed it! *Verb. sap.*

Admiral Beatty has written an introduction and Marshal Foch, Admiral Sims, and Count Visart, Burgomaster of Bruges, their appreciation of the feat. It is all tonic reading.

THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGGE. By Captain Alfred F. B. Carpenter, V. C., R. N. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $3.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending September 8, 1923, (5 days) were $132,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year $109,300,000, au increase of $23,100,000.

Creeping forward slowly, the market has been gathering strength and momentum. For a long time had news has had no effect, and recently prices have turned upward in the face of unfavorahle developments and lugubrious gossip. This exhihition has heen more then experienced hears could stand; they have, in many cases, re-read the signs and cautiously hegun to cover their short commitments. And the host of little hears who have been striving to recoup on the short side the severe losses suffered on the long side now, as usual, find themselves in a very uncomfortahle position, says J. G. Dudley, Jr., in *Forbes Magazine*.

But the hroad foundation for the market's eventual hetterment has heen supplied hy the outright purchases made hy those suhstantial citizens who foresee pronounced improvement in husiness. And numerous speculative pools have also heen re-accumulating stocks on the well-founded helief that husiness will go forward with renewed vigor in the Fall and that stocks will then attain levels showing excellent profits for those who purchased during the midsummer slump.

That the market rose slowly, hut steadily and confidently, on the very days when cables hrought the most alarming news from Germany, and when the Ruhr controversy appeared to have reached a real impasse, and that it was not affected hy the change from hope of settlement to fear of a coal strike at

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home was eloquent testimony to the soundness of the domestic situation. It has now become so plain that there has been no change in the main upward trend of husiness that "those who run may read."

With sentiment rallying to the constructive side of the stock market, it should before long he unnecessary to recount the many signs that reveal that the slight husiness sethack experienced since March has heen nothing more than a very mild form of summer dullness.

Coming closer to Wall Street and, therefore, making a more marked impression on day-to-day sentiment have been the excellent statements of earnings for the second quarter and first six months of 1923. While there has been wide varience in railroad reports, the general showing has heen favorahle; so that these stocks as a group should hold their own, while in individual cases there is undouhtedly basis for expectation of considerahle advances. Statements of industrial corporations have revealed that these concerns, profitahly employing new plants and equipment financed with war profits, are still the hig money makers. Although the supporters of the "hig railroad market" theory are quite as numerous as ever, the fact still remains that speculative incentive are largely furnished hy earning power; therefore, it seems likely that industrial stocks are destined to lead, at least for some months to come, in the majority of speculative activities.

The oil shares have heen quite weak, influenced hy price reductions in crude and in gasoline, and by glih talk of "overproduction." In the oil industry production has always heen increasing consistently and with remarkable rapidity, urged on hy a nation's sure growth and expanding use of the products. Since production must rely upon more or less fortuitous discoveries of new fields and a none too certain flow from old, is it consistent to he unduly depressed when supply temporarily takes the lead over demand? Having learned many valuahle lessons in the past decade, the oil industry is now on a firmer foundation than ever hefore. And it seems likely that stocks in this group have now fully discounted the recent sharp tilting of the seesaw of supply and demand.

Looking narrowly at signs within the market itself, it now seems quite certain that speculative dealings, taking their cue from indications that have long heen quite plain as to the hullish future course of husiness, will hefore long expand into a good old-fashioned fall rally.

The story of world coal production and the share supplied hy the United States is told in some figures compiled hy the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York. The tahulation shows that the world's coal output which stood at 1,141,600,000 short tons in 1910, the earliest official figures, had advanced to 1,478,000,000 in 1913, the year preceding the war, then dropped to 1,170,000,000 in 1915, slowly advancing to 1,306,000,0000 in 1918, the closing year of the war, and stood at approximately 1,332,000,000 short tons in 1922.

Accepting unofficial figures of production for earlier years, the total world output grew from 12,000,000 short tons in 1800 to 80,000,000 in 1850, 800,000,000 in 1900, 1,478,000,000 in 1913, and 1,332,000,000 in 1922. Meantime our own production grew from 20 long tons in 1814 to 6,000,000 in 1850, 240,000,000 in 1900, and 608,000,000 in the high record year 1918, dropping to 411,000,000 in 1922, the lowest record since 1908.

The share which the United States supplied of world output in the years immediately preceding the war averaged 38 per cent., advancing to about 47 per cent. in the closing year of the war, then dropping to 40 per cent. in 1920, and hut little more than 35 per cent. in the year 1922, in which our production was the smallest since 1908.

The United States, despite the abnormally low production of 1922, still far outranks the other coal producing countries of the world. According to the Geological Survey the 1922 output of the half dozen biggest coal producing countries of the world stated in metric tons, was United States, 417,000,000; Great Britain, 256,000,000; Germany, 141,000,000 of coal and 137,000,000 of lignite; France, 32,000,000; Japan, 25,000,000; Poland, 24,000,000, and Belgium 21,000,000. The United States has heen constantly since 1900 the world's largest producer of coal.

It is quite natural, adds the *Trade Record*, that we should not only head the list of coal producting nations but that we supply in normal years from one-third to nearly one-half of the world's output. A world geological congress which met in Canada just hefore the war, with the special purpose of discussing the coal reserves of the various parts of the globe, came to the conclusion that the United States had slightly more than one-half of the world's known "coal reserve," estimating our own underground coal supply at 3,854,000,000,000 metric tons, against 1,234,000,000,000 in Canada, 996,000,000,000 in China, 403,000,000,000 in Germany, as it then existed, and 190,000,000,000 in Great Britain.

These figures suggest that the United States alone would he ahle to meet the coal requirements both at home and ahroad for a very long period, since the Geological Survey estimates that the 14,000,000,000 tons which we have turned out in the 110 years since our coal mining hegan formed only about one per cent. of the original supply, and that approximately 99 per cent. of this vast and valuahle reserve still awaits the call of the coal consuming world.

The business of the country has given evidence of great stahility during the Summer months, and enters the Fall season with general confidence prevailing. It is now more than three months since the reaction to the Spring boom hegan, and notwithstanding the spirit of caution that has been dominant the volume of husiness has heen well-sustained. The industries have shown rather less than more of the usual seasonal slackness, and railroad traffic for each month has heen greater than for the corresponding month in any previous year. The natural inference is that the heavy huying of last Spring explains in large degree the recession of huying in recent months, for on the whole the huying seems to have heen sufficient to supply the needs of the country and maintain practically full employment, says The National City Bank of New York.

The fact that forward huying has heen light, coupled with the fact that retail trade over the country has heen good, gives assurance that stocks of merchandise must he constantly replenished, for there is no reason to helieve that the purchasing power of consumers has heen diminishing. Labor is well employed at high wages, the only menacing controversy heing that in the anthracite coal field. The situation of agriculture has improved by reason of price advances for live stock and corn while even wheat has a more hopeful outlook.

The textile industries have to meet a situation in which, on the one hand, costs are higher, owing to wage-increases, and higher prices on raw materials, while on the other hand the public has set its face very resolutely against higher prices on finished goods. The result is that husiness has heen a little slow in some lines and margins very close. Nevertheless, the general sentiment is that trade will be quite satisfactory in the coming weeks.

In cotton goods, the situation has heen unfavorahle to much activity since last Spring, when raw cotton went ahove 30 cents per pound on the theory that American stocks would he wholly exhausted hefore the new crop was ready. Buying fell off to such an extent that new and old crop cotton were on practically the same hasis hy the end of the crop year. Even then, however, conditions were confusing, for stocks are so small that prices have heen very sensitive to the weather conditions affecting the new crop. Buyers of goods have been indisposed to follow the market up, and the mills have complained that goods at current prices were not in line with raw cotton. Nevertheless, an increasing volume is being done, and there is reason to helieve that when the size of the cotton crop is finally settled and prices are adjusted thereto, goods will move more freely.

The situation in woolens is still more indefinite. The sale of dress goods has been good, hut of men's wear for the Spring trade has heen light, and there has heen some curtailment of production. The rise of prices which has heen made necessary by higher prices for wool and higher wages are not pleasing to the trade, and forward orders are restricted in consequence. Reports are more or less conflicting, some of the lines being reported as moving very well.

In silk goods as in cottons and woolens, raw materials and wages are hoth higher, necessitating higher prices to the trade. The trade is inclined to go slow and try the prices out on the consumer, whose decision will he final. This cautious attitude of the retail trade prompts manufacturers and wholesalers to pursue the same general policy, with the result that the prices of raw materials are suhject to more than the usual amount of fluctuation as soon as huyers appear. At the same time, this huying policy insures that stocks in the hands of dealers will always he so small as to guarantee a certain minimum volume of huying at all times.

The shoe trade is looking well. A wide inquiry instituted hy one of the leading trade journals shows that orders for shoes for the halance of 1923 are running from 10 to 25 per cent. ahead of 1922, and that the feeling among manufacturers is, in the main, a very satisfactory one. Shoe orders are taken so far ahead that they give a more than usually interesting insight into the feeling of retailers as to business conditions several months hence.

The automohile industry, although not running on as high pressure as in the first half of the year, is holding up very well. The railroads are huying freely of steel and still placing orders for equipment. Bradstreet's July figures for huilding permits in 167 cites show an aggregate of $224,078,000, against $239,727,869 in June, and $206,359,995 in July, 1922. This indicates that huilding activity is still very well maintained, and according to reports this is especially true as to husiness buildings.

On the whole the outlook is for steady husiness, sustained hy the consumptive requirements of a well-employed population, with little speculative activity and relatively small price changes.

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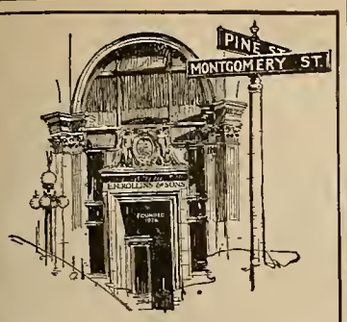
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Company on Tuesday, consummating negotiations that had long heen in progress. The merger was marked by the retention of the entire personnel of the Security bank.

This step forward on the part of the American Bank gives it a branch bank at 2626 Mission Street, at 22d Street, formerly conducted by the Seeurity Bank. No change was made in the branch bank's staff.

The quarters at 316 Montgomery Street that housed the Security bank have now become the savings department for the patrons of both banws. The trust department of the enlarged hank will occupy that banking room also. The commercial hanking activities of the Security have been transferred to the headquarters banking room of the American Bank at the adjoining corner of California and Montgomery Streets.

The absorption gives the American Bank a substantially increased capital and resources in excess of $30,000,000. This move marks the second significant forward step achieved by the bank within thirty days, the state affiliation of the institution having been announced late last month as a change to give it a broader scope and more flexible banking structure.

The roots of both institutions go deep into the financial history of San Francisco. The Security Bank had its origin in 1871, while the parent bank of the American was organized in 1887. The American Bank has now extended its frontage up Montgomery Street, just as it reached further down California Street early last year to accommodate the needs of expanding departments, occupying a wing in the Merchant Exchange Building opposite the one whicb some years ago housed the entire bank.

Trade of the United States with its noncintiguous territory in the fiscal year 1923 exceeded a half billion dollars against a little more than a quarter of a billion in 1913 and less than a hundred million dollars in 1903.

By the term "non-contiguous territory" is of course meant Alaska, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippine Islands, Guam, American Samoa, and the Virgin Islands. Our trade with this entire noncontiguous territory bas aggregated in the last decade nearly $5,000,000,000, baving grown from $83,000,000 in 1903 to $269,000,000 in 1913 and $503,000,000 in 1923. Of course during the war with its high prices trade witb the non-contiguous territory showed a considerably larger total than in 1923, while the high price of sugar and other tropical products in the years immediately following the war brought the total for the entire group above the $600,000,000 line in the years 1920 and 1921, while in 1922 it was only approximately $400,000,000 as against $503,000,000 in 1923.

Taking up the details, the imports from the entire group including Alaska were in 1923 $302,000,000 and the exports to them $201,000,000, and in the entire decade ending with 1923 the total imports from the noncontiguous territory was $2,785,000,000 and the exports thereto $1,921,000,000. Tbis fact that the imports from our non-contiguous territory always exceed the exports thereto, is primarily due, according to the *Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, to the fact that all of the islands lying as they do in the tropics are large producers of the class of material which we must import especially sugar, coffee, manila, tropical fruits, vegetable oils, and tobacco of a quality differing fro mthat produced in our temperate zone climate. They in turn take largely from us chiefly foods and manufactures but as their population is limited, totaling but about 12,000,000 against our own population of 110,000,000, it is quite natural that our purchases from them should be larger than theirs from us. That they do buy very largely from the United States, however, is evidenced by the fact that Porto Rico takes normally over 90 per cent. of its total imports from the United States and Hawaii about 85 per cent. and the Philippine Islands about 63 per cent. Porto Rico still draws a limited quantity of merchandise from Spain with whose products the Spanish element of the population is still acquainted, while in the case of the Hawaiian Islands the large Japanese element of the population brings the percentage which it takes from the United States to a point somewhat lower than in earlier years, and in the Philippine Islands a very considerable percentage of the imports come from the nearby countries, Japan, China and the great trade centers of Honk Kong and Singapore.

Of their total exports Porto Rico sends about 90 per cent. direct to the United States, Hawaii 96 per cent., and the Philippines about 80 per cent. In the case of Alaska practically all of the trade is with continental United States.

All of these island territories show enormous increase in their trade since they came under the American flag. In the case of Porto Rico her total imports in 1900 were a little over $5,000,000, in 1921 $68,000,000, while her exports in 1900 were $4,000,000 and in 1921 $79,000,000. In the case of Hawaii the total imports of 1903, the earliest year for which exact figures are available, were $14,000,000 and in 1921 $73,000,000, while her exports grew from $26,000,000 in 1903 to $73,000,000 in 1921. In the case of the Philippine Islands the imports in 1903, the earliest year for which figures are available, were $33,000,000 and in 1921 $115,000,000, while the exports grew from $23,000,000 in 1903 to $88,000,000 in 1921. The imports and exports of each of these islands in 1919 and 1920 were even larger than in 1921 but represent abnormal years due to the extremely high price of their chief product, sugar.

What do these areas under the American flag supply us and what do they take in exchange? Porto Rico sends us chiefly sugar, tropical fruits and tobacco; Hawaii sugar, pineapples and coffee; the Philippines sugar, manila hemp, tobacco, cocoanut, cocoanut oil; Alaska canned salmon, furs, copper, and gold. In exchange they take everything, foodstuffs of all sorts, especially bread and meat, manufactures of all kinds especially cottons, manufactures of iron and steel, and household requirements.

Our trade with the non-contiguous territory in 1923, $503,000,000, was greater than that with the whole world in any year prior to 1850.

Those who have been endeavoring for the last few weks to reassure the investing public, as to general conditions, may derive some satisfaction from present aspects of the stock markets. Despite much to cause anxiety, security markets are maintaining a fair degree of equipoise, and it will take very little to develop a steady upward movement, that should continue to the end of the year, says R. Berkeley, in Strassburger & Co. *Review*.

Retrograde price movements have been due to the reaction from the excessive pace of industry in the earlier months of this year, and the indigestion that usually accompanies the consequent period of enforced rest. Time takes care of such difficulties and the financial machinery seems to he getting into good order again. But the fact should be never lost sight of that we cannot see as far ahead in these days as we have been able to in the past. And much harm has been caused by the insistence of the puhlic demand for infallible guidance when such was clearly not available.

Many people are talking as if wheat were the only product of American farmers, whereas it represents little more than 5 per cent. of the value of our crops. We are continually being told that trouble lies ahead, because the prosperity of the country depends ultimately on the buying power of the farm. We may admit the dependence, yet remain tranquil. For the simple reason tbat returns from the leading mail order houses show that, taken as a whole, the purchasing power of the farmers is increasing. The manufacturers of agricultural tools and machinery, too, are in a by no means pessimistic mood.

Many explanations might be given of the declining prices that have worried so many, no one of which is sufficient in itself. Short selling will not account for all, or perhaps very much of, the weakness. There has been considerable liquidation hy large holders, for reasons that may be guessed at; this has offered opportunities for raids; and the public, ever ready to take alarm, has lent a hand.

A rationally restrained optimistic course is amply justified now.

Reports from 167 cities as presented by *Bradstreet's* show total expenditures of $224,078,000 in July as compared with $239,727,869 in June, and $206,359,995 in July last year, a decrease of 6.2 per cent. from June and an increase of 8:5 per cent. over the previous July. The total of $1,848,781,485 for seven months compares with $1,445,751,197 in the same period last year.

The government is planning to resume construction of Federal buildings. This work was held up by the scheme to "level the peaks and fill the valleys" of the constructive industries through Federal contracts, but Secretary Mellon is said to believe the lack of adequate space in government offices in some parts of the country demands an early resumption of building in such places.

There are no new features in the lumber market. Lumber, and lots of it, is needed by retailers and factory consumers, but a fancied weakness of prices prevents free buying. A spurt in demand for Southern pine in July has been followed by a decline in bookings to 70 per cent of normal.

In New York and vicinity the slogan of building investors, "no flection, no action," has brought down the price of brick $1 a thousand, with lower levels for wood lath.

July's production of Portland cement was 12,620,000 barrels, 238,000 above June, but 290,000 helow May, the record month. Shipments of 13,712,000 barrels compare with May's record of 14,257,000, and with 13,850,000 barrels in July, 1922.

Staged on one of the Key Route's new electrically driven ferry boats, the annual outing of the staffs of the American Bank of San Francisco, American Bank of Oakland, First National Bank of Oakland, and their affiliated institutions will take place next Sunday. Leaving from either San Francisco or Oakland by ferry or train at 8:40 a. m., the respective bank forces will meet at Oakland pier at 9:00 o'clock. A cruise of the bay will climax in a visit to Mare Island, where permission has been extended by the authorities for the party to land and inspect the navy yard. Luncheon, music, dancing, and games will he the chief attractions. Robert Bowles is chairman of the committee in charge.

The postoffice department, it was announced, is operating without a deficit for the first time in many years. By this time in the last fiscal year the department had piled up a deficit of $12,000,000, and the deficiency for the entire year was $300,000,000. Officials in Washington give Postmaster General New's system of economy credit for the department's keeping within its estimates.

Figures received by Southern Pacific Company from the *Railway Age* on earnings of Class 1 railroads, show that the net operating income of these roads for the first six months of 1923 has been at the annual rate of 5.64 per cent. on their tentative valuation, which is a larger net return than for some years.

"The total earnings of the Class 1 railways in the first six months of 1923 were $3,096,922,738," says the *Railway Age*. "This was much more than they ever earned in any six months before the war. But their operating expenses and taxes in these months were $2,605,205,321. This was over 84 per cent. of what they earned. In other periods it cost them more than 84 cents in operating expenses and taxes to earn each dollar that the puhlic paid them.

"In the first six months of 1922 it cost them 85.2 cents and in these months of 1921, 93.2 cents in expenses and taxes, to earn each dollar the public paid them. The showing made in the first half of 1923 was better than in the first half of 1922 or 1921. But in the year 1917 it cost the railways only 75 cents in expenses and taxes to earn each dollar they received. The railways are very far from having restored the pre-war relationship betwen earnings, expenses and taxes.

"After having paid expenses and taxes and also equipment and joint facility rentals the railways have left what is called 'net operating income.' They can use this to pay interest and dividends. The net operating income earned by the Class 1 roads in the first six months of the year was at the annual rate of 5.64 per cent. on their tentative valuation. In actual figures it was $443,864,069 and was 14.3 per cent. of the total earnings.

"The railways are doing better than for some years, but the ratio of their operating expenses and taxes to their total earnings is still much too high. It still costs them so much to earn a dollar that even with present rates a substantial decline of total earnings due to a business depression would soon make the margin between earnings and expenses and taxes dangerously small.

"The transportation industry needs a reduction in the number of cents that it costs to earn a dollar. In the long run this must and will be secured by increased efficiency of operation and other means. No substantial reduction of rates can be hoped for until then."

It is not surprising, according to Cyrus Peirce & Company, that after the banner month of June the volume of security issues for July, both in California and in the United States as a whole, should have been unusually small. In fact, available records show that the total of less than $200,000,000 new issues floated in this country, including railroad and municipal bonds and stocks, was less than for any month since March, 1919.

The monthly compilation of Cyrus Peirce & Company, which includes only long and short term corporate issues, does not disclose any public utility financing in California in July. This contrasts with issues totaling over $11,250,000 in June.

On a comparative basis, nevertheless, California continued to absorb much more than its theoretical poportion (3.23 per cent.) of the nation's issues. The California total of $4,775,000 was nearly 7 per cent. of all industrials and over 5 per cent. of all the corporate issues.

Complete tabulation follows:

Industrial issues in California	$ 4,775,000
Industrial issues outside of California	$64,385,000
Public utility issues outside of California	23,642,000
Total outside issues	$88,027,000
Total industrial issues	$69,160,000
Total utility issues	23,642,000
Total of all issues	$92,802,000
Percentage of California industrial issues to all industrials	6.90
Percentage of California issues to total of both classes	5.14

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Literary Dynamite.

THE BACHELOR GIRL. By Victor Margueritte. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.

The publication of an English version of "La Garconne," the book that was recently outlawed in France, is a blow to our national and racial naiveté. M. Margueritte, its author, was expelled—despite loud protestations from Anatole France—from the Legion of Honor, and the book was suppressed, only to be issued in America. Times have changed: though it is reported the translation is innocuous compared to the original—unfortunately we can give the statement only on hearsay. The tribunal of the Legion of Honor was exhorted by Anatole France to bear in mind the cases of "Madame Bovary" and "Les Fleurs du Mal," but evidently with little effect other than the ultimate sales returns on the novel in America. For M. Margueritte was expelled for having produced a work that is at worst only the average American's idea of all French fiction. However, to do the Legion of Honor justice, the book is a bit extreme. Recent cable reports say that Margueritte has profited albeit rather belatedly by his painful experience, and that his newest book, "Le Campagnon," is, compared to its predecessor, a mild love story tinctured with rather advanced social theories. And that is probably all its unfortunate author intended for "La Garconne," innocent of the fact that the public will swallow anything if it is sufficiently honey-coated, but will go into convulsions at the taste of unvarnished truth. M. Margueritte originally made the mistake of being too candid and insufficiently suggestive. We would wager that the as yet untranslated "Le Compagnon" is as radical as "The Bachelor Girl," but that M. Margueritte has learnt the indispensable art, in dealing with the public or the censors, of subtle concealment. We have always contended that if Henry James had been generally understood he would have suffered a like fate.

However, don't let anyone primarily in search of a wicked story seek out "The Bachelor Girl," for he will merely waste two dollars that might better be invested toward a musical revue or even for Orpheum seats. It is not a wicked nor a spicy book—it is simply revolutionary and no more so, at that, than any of Bernard Shaw's unread and therefore uncensored novels. Margueritte has written—like Shaw—a theoretic novel in which people act as they might if they were not inhibited by traditional convention. That is to say, they act openly, instead, as in the permitted salacious novels, of covertly. That is the only difference; but we have a theory that it will remove the kick for seekers after sensation. M. Margueritte was branded as immoral because he seemed to sanction immorality, whereas he was only philosophically wondering what a candid world would be like—just, as we have pointed out, like Shaw. However, as we have also remarked before, the book is rather extreme and we should not want it to fall in the hands of that traditional English myth, the young person. R. G.

The Domestic Scene.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES. By Wallace Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.00.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," and "The Letters of a Japanese School Boy" will be recalled by many among the achievements of Wallace Irwin, though he is possibly better known today as the author of "Venus in the East" and "The Blooming Angel." The title of his present book suggests a romance that might have had its inception in Utah, but the searcher for a salacious novel will be as disappointed as the movie fan guided by a lurid title to a tame picture. For "Lew Tyler's Wives" is a book of quiet every-day people, made by certain masterly touches to live as real human beings and to win our liking.

The atmosphere of San Francisco in the opening chapters may be a throw-back to the years Mr. Irwin spent as a young man in California. At any rate, the note of California homesickness he has struck will awaken a sympathetic echo on this coast.

"Lew Tyler's Wives" is a page from the life of a man. The plot is interesting and even dramatic, but it does not get anywhere; and the very last page offers a situation full of possibilities for another volume unless we are overly mistaken in our estimate of the character of Lew.

Diary of a Good American.

AMERICA OF YESTERDAY. The Diary of John Long Davis. Edited by Lawrence Shaw Mayo. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.00.

The biographers of noted men do not always find at hand such good material in the way of original documents as that furnished by the diary of John Davis Long, Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy. The diary was begun when Long was nine years old, and continued for more than sixty-seven years. In the first entry he expresses the hope that he will have to record no important crimes, and although he seems to have been a very model little boy, and inclined to early piety, he did get up at twelve, midnight, on a Fourth of July, and made all the noise possible "so as to wake up the folks—every one of them."

The growth and development of a fine character goes on in these pages and the book binds into one ripe sheaf the scattered leaves of a long and upright life. The title might well have been "An American of Yesterday," for it is above all the record of an American of the best type—well bred, well educated, loyal, patriotic, and full of the spirit of service to his country. It is well worth perusal, not only for the glimpses it gives into the beauty of Long's inner life, but for the portraits of contemporaries, and the side lights thrown on the troubled times of the Spanish-American war, when he served his country as Secretary of the Navy, with Roosevelt as his Assistant Secretary. This Assistant, who resigned to take a more active part in the war, was so directly the opposite in character and methods to Long that harmony of procedure was probably not always possible. There is an entertaining account of a day when Roosevelt took his place as Acting Secretary in the disturbed times preceding the war, when he stirred up everything and every one in the department, giving peremptory orders, distributing ships, ordering ammunition with no means provided for moving it and no places to store it, sending messages to Congress and throwing coolness and discretion to the winds. Long was cautious and conservative, and while deploring at times his Assistant's impetuous methods and a certain lack of serenity in discussion, he gives full commendation to his unbounded energy and force, his honesty of purpose and splendid capacities. He was not in sympathy with the spirit of expansion that followed the Spanish War; and reading from the lesson book of nations, he believed that when this country should grow cumbrous and large beyond a certain limit, and have more conflicting interests than it could reconcile, disintegration would come, and "final shipwreck."

John Davis Long was the author of a book on "The New American Navy," and also of "After-Dinner and Other Speeches." He left behind him a line in one of his letters which might well serve as an epitaph: "We think the world is something outside us, and we complain of it as being hard or dark or rough; whereas, in fact, the world is as we see it from within ourselves."

A Thin Thread.

ESCAPE. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

This is one of those harmless, English novels, shallow in motive, and mediocre in execution, which need not alarm the American novelist, nor excite his sense of rivalry. They keep coming over, and one wonders why.

"Escape" begins promisingly, but peters out to insignificance. It is the story of a woman who, during her childhood, shows promise. She has an "expanding mind;" or so the author says.

She marries, is widowed, and sickens of the restraints of middle-class life. Taxing her "expanding mind" for some means of escape, the young widow ventures her all in a business enterprise with strangers; she goes into the "Domestic and Cultural Agency."

We can fancy the eagerness with which the bored middle classes of England are reading "Escape," which had three large editions in one month. But they will be fooled. Like everybody else in the world the heroine went in for cold cash. She got it, against the expectations of the American readers, who foresaw calamity. But the author is very fluent and plausible, and that's as far is it goes.

On "Marrying Native."

A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN. By Marion Randall Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: $2.00.

This novel has a theme that will interest those who have mingled with the educated half castes in our island possession, Hawaii. The theme is mixed marriages between the whites and the Hawaiians. Of these the author disapproves, not from a supercilious derogation of the brown race, for, for the finer types of Hawaiians she feels great respect. But she points out the irreconcilable traits in both races, as typified in the marriage between a New Englander and a Hawaiian, which made both of them equally unhappy.

The story centers around a lovely half-caste girl who made a wealthy marriage with a white, but who never captured happiness, the narrative carrying on to her grandmotherhood.

The author depicts her as a character capable of doing fine things, but at war with circumstances.

Mrs. Parsons conveys the atmosphere of Hawaii, and causes her readers to realize the attractions of the native people, but she makes her point; and not at all by antagonizing the brown people, of whom she writes so understandingly.

Classic Drama.

AESCHYLUS. Translated by Herbert Weir Smyth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first volume of Professor Smyth's translation into English prose of Aeschylus contains "The Suppliant Maidens," "The Persians," "Prometheus Bound," and "The Seven Against Thebes." The rendering is an accurate one and the English is pleasing. An introduction of some importance describes the ancient world of Aeschylus' time: it discusses Greek liberty, and its effect upon the poet in his treatment of men in their relations to one another, and to the gods. Aeschylus' work was "burdened, in its ancient way, with the mystery of all the unintelligible world." Its grandeur and its independence of thought strike all beholders. Nor is Aeschylus' great part in the development of drama, as a literary form, slighted. To those considerations is subjoined a brief and clear statement as to text and manuscripts.

Ancient Norway.

THE BRIDAL WREATH. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

To go back to the lives of people who have lived centuries before us is too often like entering an unreal world where everything is strange and where the people are as foreign to us as the times. But when a writer such as Sigrid Unset, opens the door into this old world and shuts us in, soon all feeling of strangeness is gone, and the life of today seems only transposed to another key. This absorbing tale of mediæval Norway is like one of the old manuscript books which have come down to us, written in strange characters, but glowing with color,

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HARRY HANSEN writes in the *Chicago Daily News:* "We suspect that 'Bread' is going to provide food for our stenographers, saleswomen and even housewives for months to come. . . . 'Bread' is better than 'Brass' and will be widely read this fall."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "It is a story every business woman should read and ponder over, and young men with small salaries who want to marry working girls will find it interesting and profitable reading; . . . while any reader will find the plot well planned, the characters interesting and the tale well told."

MARGARET MOOERS MARSHALL in the *N. Y. Evening World:* "To the working women of America Charles G. Norris dedicates his new novel 'Bread.' All the 'working women' are not going to appreciate the compliment. But business women are going to read 'Bread,' the story of a New York business girl and woman, and they are going to argue with men about it."

The New York Herold: "The best novel Charles G. Norris has thus far produced; a more intelligent, more mature evaluation of life, and a more understanding psychology of marriage, for instance."

San Froncisco Bulletin: "'Bread' is the sort of book that would sell even had Norris no reputation whatever. . . . In itself it is engrossing . . . its narration of a simple, forceful kind that strikes right home at the heart of things. . . A wonderful book."

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and fashioned out of an almost forgotten art. The writer must, indeed, have delved deep into old folios and steeped her soul in ancient legends and folk-lore, to weave the past so skilfully into the tale that it seems a part of it, and no mere joining of historical narrative and human story.

Sigrid Unset is a young woman, who has won an enviable place in Norwegian literature and shares the popularity of the well-known writers of the day. She has a special genius for the delineation of human character, and is known as well as an essayist and lecturer. She attempts none of the problems of the day in her books, reverting rather to a glorification of women in the old role of mother, possessed of the simple virtues of home, rather than a discussion of woman in relation to freedom and public life.

The "Bridal Wreath" is not written around any social problems, but is the rather tragic story of human beings who suffered and sinned and sorrowed as they went along, but who stand out as brilliantly painted figures against a background of untamed nature in a period as wild as the fjords and the storms of the Norwegian mountains.

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Rum and Other Treasure.

THE SEA BIRD'S QUEST. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: The Century Co.; $2.00.

The author of this sea-yarn is a worthy successor of his father, Charles Battell Loomis, long a well-known favorite with the reading public; and, happily, the gift of humor as well has been added to the power to create an interesting story.

Three fortunate lads set out in a yawl on an inland cruise from Long Island to Norfolk, but, fate intervening, they made the trip in the open sea, and finally fetched up in Havana. Adventures were not lacking, from first running into an enemy who more than filled the role of antagonist, to picking up a castaway on a floating buoy and finding in him a friend. From there the plot grows thick, and thrills are plenty, with a case of kidnaping on a rum schooner, and a quest for sunken treasure off the coast of Cuba. Incidental to this last are adventures in a diving suit, storms, sharks and a beautiful fight to round up with. The most is made of all these situations and so well sustained is the interest that the story may well appeal to more mature minds than those for which the book was written. The language is thoroughly sea-worthy, and yet not too nautical to be understood by a landsman.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Aldworth, the house that Lord Tennyson built on the slopes of Blackdown in Sussex, and its magnificent grounds are to be thrown open to the public for the first time. They have been bought by the Gaekwar of Baroda.

Lewis Hind, the great British art critic and one time editor of the *Pall Mall Budget*, is writing his magnum opus, a history of landscape painting from Giotto to the present day. He has collected his material in England, America, France, and Italy.

Dean William R. Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the English clergymen who have joined in writing the volume, "Religion and Life," published this week by Appleton. The object of the volume is to search out "the foundations of personal religion," and each chapter discusses religion from the individual's viewpoint. Dean Inge writes of "Faith"; Professor David Cairns, moderator of the Free Church of Scotland, writes of "The Father"; the Rev. W. Fearon Halliday considers "Man's Need" of overcoming self-centeredness and insincerity; Bishop Talbot of Pretoria presents a study of "Christ"; Dr. William Brown, an English psychologist, considers prayer from the standpoint of his science; and the Rev. Father W. H. Frere speaks of "Christianity as Fellowship."

In "The Gossip Shop" of *The Bookman* for August is found the following discussion of criticism: "What is the real touchstone of criticism? What is the magic rule by which we can measure real art? Again and again our critics have propounded their theories. Each one must find it for himself. Here is no easy way. Yet 'Hieroglyphics' by Arthur Machen seems to us one of the most brilliant and clear expositions of a critical theory we have ever read. It is, in a sense, unusually personal. Machen says, 'What is it that differentiates fine literature from a number of grammatical, or partly grammatical sentences arranged in a more or less logical order? Why is the Odyssey to come in, why is the "literature" of the evening paper to be kept out? And again, to put the question in a more subtle form: To which class do the works of Jane Austen belong?' Here indeed is the old but knotty problem. To make the matter more immediate for us, 'Where, then, shall we place Amy Lowell, or the works of Mr. Zane Grey?' In the following statement Mr. Machen gives his answer, an answer which he elaborates over many pages that we are sure you will find illuminating: 'Well, as you may have guessed, I have my solution, and I like it none the less because the word of the enigma seems to me actually but a single word. Yes, for me the answer comes with the one word, *Ecstasy*. If ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature; if it be absent, then, in spite of all the cleverness, all the talents, all the workmanship and observation and dexterity you may show me, I think we have a product (possibly a very interesting one) which is not fine literature.'"

Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" has had such a vogue as a gift book, especially at the holiday season, that The Century Company is issuing a leather bound gift edition with C. B. Falls' original illustrations, broad margins, etc.

On August 31st The Century Company published "The Cloud That Lifted," by Maurice Maeterlinck, a volume containing two plays which will be seen on the stage this autumn in both London and New York; "His Religion and Hers," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a discussion of the contribution woman has to make to religion, a foretaste of whose striking arguments was given in two widely-debated articles in the March and April issues of *The Century Magazine*.

Anatole France always carries a copy of Virgil in his pocket.

H. G. Wells has returned to England from a visit to Berlin.

New Books Received.

PELLUCIDAR. By Edgar Rice Burroughs, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

A sequel to "At the Earth's Core."

THE "GENIUS." By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.

A new edition with a special introduction.

LEM ALLEN. By W. P. Lawson. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

"A real wild West story."

THE SACRIFICAL GOAT. By Ernita Lascelles. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

A novel.

THE GIRL IN THE FOG. By Joseph Gollomb. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.

The Red and Green Mystery Detective Stories.

THIS EARTH OF OURS. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

Physiography.

NIO AND NOO. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

Juvenile fiction. By the author of "The Crimson Sweater."

EUROPE SINCE 1918. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company; $3.

By the author of "The New Map of Europe."

VOICES. By George J. Brenn. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A mystery story, introducing the phonic criminologist.

THE YELLOW SEVEN. By Edmund Snell. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

An adventury-mystery-love-story laid in the far East.

GARTH, ABLE SEAMAN. By Edith Ballinger Price. New York: The Century Compaoy; $1.75.

Juvenile.

UNCLE JAMES' SHOES. By Doris and Samuel Webster. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A novel by the brother of the author of "Daddy Long-Legs."

THE SEA BIRD'S QUEST. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: The Century Company: $1.75.

Adventure at sea.

THE CLOUD THAT LIFTED; AND THE POWER OF THE DEAD. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: The Century Company; $3.

Two plays. Translated by F. M. Atkinson.

THE TALE OF THE ENCHANTED BUNNIES. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

Juvenile.

ACTION POEMS AND PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By Norah Archibald Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.

For children's programs and entertainments.

THE RED BLOOD. By Harold G. Armstrong. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

A novel. By the author of Zell.

BRIER-PATCH PHILOSOPHY. By William J. Long. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

A new edition, illustrated by Charles Copeland.

LIFE ON A MEDIÆVAL BARONY. By William Stearns Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.50.

"A picture of a typical feudal community in the 13th century."

WHITE FIRE. By Mary Constance Du Bois. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A tale of revolutionary times for young people, by the author of "Elinor Arden, Royalist."

GERMANY'S CAPACITY TO PAY. By H. G. Moulton and C. E. McGuire. New York: The McGraw Hill Book Company.

The Institute of Economics Series: Investigations in International Economic Reconstructions.

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SHAKESPEARE AT THE PLAYERS.

Shakespearean drama is a challenge to youth. How can they resist its romance, its pictorial beauty, its glorious diction, and the delight of moving amid such scenes and uttering such poetry, while wearing the graceful costumes required in plays of ancient times?

"The Merchant of Venice," which was presented by the Players Club in the Greek Theater in the month of July, has been running successfully at the local Players Theater. A creditable performance has been given, for the play was well cast. Naturally, there are faults in the performance, but also many virtues. So, when one speaks of it as a creditable and enjoyable performance, it must be remembered that it cannot be considered in the same light as a performance in a full-sized commercial theater, with a carefully picked cast of people who have had experience in tackling the Shakespearean text, with a well-known star in the principal rôle, and with an interesting leading lady doing Portia.

Yet, I enjoyed the performance more than I would have enjoyed it with a—well, say a Robert Mantell company. And why, since my ear was several times afflicted with a crude accent that deprived the lines of their beauty; and since Reginald Travers, who played the rôle of Shylock, is not an experienced Shakespearean player; and neither is Dorothy Wetmore, who played the part of Portia?

Well, I think it is partly because there is always a different, a fresher, and rather stimulating atmosphere in these productions of a big thing by a little theater. There is so much zest in the players, not the obvious, but instructively felt by the spectator. A more personal interest is there; even though the performers are not personally known to us. And one feels nothing of that well-oiled groove in which move those players who are systematically and sometimes a little lethargically earning their meal tickets.

Now, commendable as it is to earn one's meal ticket, it is also commendable for young people—who are also earning theirs—to woo some one of the muses as, perhaps, a side issue in th wage-earning business of life.

Little theater players generally play without pay. Often the mechanical work with lights, scene-shifting, etc., is done without pay by enthusiastic aids. And so, generally speaking, there is a difference in the general atmosphere of a theater in which the players and artists have chosen a refined, artistic interest partly as a diversion, partly for self-expression—or, uossihly, self-exploitation—and partly for self-development; with, it may be added, sometimes an eye fixed on possibilities of a professional career.

So the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" was interesting and creditable; and, now, I am going to square my elbows and tell, first, its virtues and then its faults.

In the first place, we must praise the tasteful and effective stage sets, which were designed by Christine Donohoe and John E. Gerrity. The costumes were hired, and were handsome and becoming.

To take up the main character: Reginald Travers had an effective make-up as Shylock, appeared as a prosperous and suitably attired Jewish citizen. His vocal volume stood him in good stead, in his rendering of Shylock's stormier emotions. He bore himself with dignity in the court-room scene and showed considerable abandon in the depiction of Shylock's sufferings when the sly Tubal told his anguished neighbor of the goings-on of Jessica and her new and giddy consort, in Padua. There is also much praise due Mr. Travers for his facial expressions in the court-room scene.

The faults of his impersonation are, first, and very naturally, its lack of power. Second, his Shylock lacks depth of feeling. Much of it is played from the lips only. And the attempt at an accent was a failure. The alleged accent—was it supposed to be Yiddish?—had neither race nor nationality. And it interfered with the actor's distinctness. But all the same, Mr. Travers brought upon the scene a Shakespearean figure; a personage at times dignified, at times coldly revengeful, at times showing suffering, whom we accepted as Shylock. Which is much more than we can say of the Shakespearean effort of another actor-manager well-known internationally, who appeared on our local stage as Hamlet some years ago.

Dorothy Wetmore deserves and has won much praise for her reading of Portia's role. Miss Wetmore's several months' experience in the Maitland company, in which she acted nightly, together with her work with the Players, has given her poise. She acted her part with intelligence, looked very pleasing and—sensibly transformed from a blonde to a brunette as the learned young law doctor—did not fail us in this scene; and pleased her auditors by her feeling delivery of "the quality of mercy" speech. But the lack of the comedy spirit—so essential a part of Portia's mental equipment—in the young lady was evident, although Miss Wetmore seems to have improved away some of her tendency to run to dolorousness of tone. But she hasn't yet learned a natural stage laugh; a defect that was also patent in girlish little Mrs. McGaw's Nerissa.

Mrs. McGaw shows quite an allotment of gifts for stage appearance; a lovely face, grace in pose and gesture, a pleasing voice, and mobility of features. The scenes between the two girls were prettily done, especially when, with delight in their coming masquerade, each bragged of her capabilities as a sword-bearing gallant and lady-killer. But the laughter of neither had an effortless sound. Both the young players should go to and expert—says André Ferrier—take a lesson or so in mastering a care-free, merry stage laugh, and then go behind the barn and practice it, long and assiduously.

The casket scene was fortunately retained and was acted spontaneously and interestingly. It is a scene that indicates Shakespeare's story-telling faculty, and always holds an audience. The setting of the scene, the suspense exhibited by the two girls in face and pose—and, by the way, Dorothy Wetmore should take her changes of pose and gesture more slowly and flowingly than she would in a modern play—and the manly regret expressed by the disappointed suitors, all reacted favorably in respect to our sympathies. There were two particularly commendable pieces of acting in this scene; one by Mr. Baldwin McGaw, whose Bassanio, in diction, appearance, and expression was well-done, and who helped to preserve the poetic balance of the scene by the deliberation and solicitude displayed, while music sounded its sympathetic note, as the wooer carefully weighed the respective merits of the caskets.

A careful deliberation marked also the work of Mr. Frederick Smith in his depiction of the manly Prince of Arragon. Mr. Smith read his lines excellently, and he is well aware of the value that lies in a pregnant pause. If he could but divest his accents of a suspicion of artificiality, it would be well worth while, in the improvement secured.

William H. Cocks was satisfactory in the rôle of Antonio, always a little given over to melancholy among the roystering blades of Venice; Louis Wood White dealt successfully with the rôle of the roguish Launcelot Gobbo, and Messrs. McNulty, Hopkins, Pierson, and Cole by their youthful effervescence lent gayity to the jestings of the young blades who always seem so heartless; even the melancholy Antonio.

Helen Saunders made a pretty Jessica. But she has not the faculty, either in look, voice, or acting, to fall instinctively into the composition of an old-time picture.

Nelson McGee sang his second Shakespearean ballad much more pleasingly than the first. Several devoted young players—Messrs. Kibbe, McNulty and Smith—public-spiritedly doubled up on roles; and the long cast was completed by Alan Ramirez and Walter H. Krieger.

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MAETERLINCK AND MME. LEBLANC.

Georgette Lehlanc, like Yvette Guilbert, seems to have taken up her residence in America; whether permanently or not does not yet appear.

She has written much for the New York papers, has had a syndicated serial running while interest was rife in the new Maeterlinck ménage, and now the lady is going to make her first American tour. It can he said of her that not only is she a good advertiser, but a good loser.

In spite of being accompanied by his fair child-bride on his last year's trip to America dear Maurice found that the whole affair—lecturing, being interviewed, and gaped at by the great American public, and even being entertained in the nouveau-riche palaces of American millionaires, made him distinctly cross; in fact, from all accounts the poet was, the greater part of the time, in a vile humor; which is shocking in a poet, a mystic, and a visionary; not to mention a newly united bridegroom.

Mme. Lehlanc, although displaced from her proud preëminence as the counselor, and sharer of Maeterlinck's intellectual life, can lay to her soul the flattering unction that she exercised so great an influence over a man of genius—I think that many of his readers agree in regarding him as such—that she caused him to depart radically from his chosen method of expression.

Maeterlinck had not written his poetic, fantastic soul-dramas, in which the characters walked in a strange, almost supernatural light, for the stage. Or rather, the stage upon which they walked is set in that dimly lighted world where reigns the power of the imagination. No garish lights were needed there, no applauding spectators intruded. The soul was the protagonist, and the world of readers perceived that there were ideas of beauty, nobility, and a lofty spirituality under the outer vesture of these plays. In them the reader always felt that the poet seemed to be seeking, through thick darkness, for the light of truth. It is a question which many of the human family have entered, and therefore something with which humanity deeply sympathizes. Also, the terror of the unknown, the realization that man is the plaything of destiny, is a mood common to the reflective order of mind.

The inevitability of disaster in those earlier dramas, therefore was in harmony with this mournful conception of life; a mournfulness, by the way, which has in it a distinct element of aesthetic enjoyment. These somber conceptions, so congenial to those remote speculations within us, which Hamlet voiced in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, fell upon congenial soil. And, although Maeterlinck subsequently attained to the clearer light of a happier day, and wrote plays in which his characters, formerly feeble and unresisting, developed the will to challenge destiny, he was better appreciated by many readers when he dwelt in a mystic cloudland. Others, who appreciated the genius of the poet-dramatist, but had felt that the twilight gloom of his plays was as the exhalation of a sick soul, hailed the change. They saw the beginning of his renunciation of the drama of hopeless fatality for that of more simple human realities, in which the characters, terror-haunted under the blows of fate, would no longer move like impalpable shadows in a world of dreams.

This change in Maeterlinck was wrought by Georgette Lehlanc. Mme. Lehlanc was at that time an ornament of the Parisian stage. She it was of whom Anatole France has said, "A voice, a heart, a mind and a body that sing."

Maeterlinck's entrance into the Parisian world was signalized by the professional association which resulted between the talented pair. Mme. Lehlanc's interests were naturally centered in the stage, and it was with her in his mind that Maeterlinck began to write plays for the stage. Poet and philosopher though Maeterlinck is, the simple, repetitional dialogue of his earlier plays was never bookish. But in his stage plays it has, as Huneker once truly pointed out, more than a tinge of the doctrinaire.

The static drama of the past was gone. The poet now perceived the need of action. "Monna Vanna" was born, inspired by Mme. Leblanc, who gave a much admired stage incarnation to Maeterlinck's interesting conception. Other plays, preceding or following it, showed how completely the poet had abjured his earlier manner. This in spite of these later plays being poetic drama pitched in an exalted key.

But to many of his readers the earlier spell was gone. Those crumbling old towers, the dim, haunted forests, the darkened skies flaming with terrifying portents were no longer the accompaniments to unresisting beings encompassed by an atmosphere of awe and terror. No longer did we hear, in the cadenced music of their speech, those melancholy reiterations which seemed to sound the note of doom.

In these new dramas of action the characters in the play offered fiery challenges to fate. But the strange, dreamy spell, the condition of emotional trance which was created by those eight mystic plays of which "Pelléas and Mélisande" and "The Death of Tintagiles" serve as perhaps the best-known examples, were created no more.

The new Maeterlinck said, "Do what one will, discover what marvels one may, the sovereign law of the stage, its essential demand, will always be *action*." And into this new world of action Maeterlinck, influenced by the standards and ideals of his new and inspiring friend, poured the light and glow of hope and eager endeavor. But with the coming of the clearness and definiteness of the later dramas,—"Aglaraine and Sélysette," "Ardiane and Blueheard," "Joyzelle," in which the sunshine of a more assured hope is at last allowed to shed its light, something sad, beautiful and haunting has passed away forever. Those shadow-haunted forests in which humanity wandered like a lost child appealed to something wild, primitive and Celtic in our natures. The spirit in which they were writ-

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ten is rare, and we may not encounter it again.

Maeterlinck's works have been translated in many tongues. Each new play or essay was looked for eagerly, and immediately translated into these various languages as soon as it appeared.

But one does not hear the name of Maeterlinck so much nowadays. And, indeed, it seems as if, since the poet took to writing plays which appealed to the reason instead of to the emotions, he had lost his hold on many of his readers. His later plays seem like new and splendid palaces, set in open, spreading gardens, their shining towers high aloft in the clear, sun-lighted air, while any one of the earlier ones with the mediæval setting is like a time-stained, vine-wreathed, cypress-shaded castle half buried in a dark forest where owls hoot, fountains murmur in tones of human sorrow, and drooping figures walk in the forest shadows murmuring words of babbling import which sound like melancholy music.

The stately, sunlit palace is safer and more hygienic to live in: but there is the challenge of mystery and night to the crumbling old castle. There are secrets within those shadowy doorways. And so we turn away from the sun-lighted splendor, and follow into the shadows the lure and the challenge of the beautiful mystery.

And now it seems, we are to see here in San Francisco, in less than two months, the lady who was instrumental in changing the current of Maeterlinck's genius, and possibly in adding to his fame. For, undoubtedly when he wrote "Monna Vanna" he reached a wider public.

Mme. Leblanc will appear at the Plaza Theater on November 1st. She will come direct from Paris to America, and will include in her recitals operatic impersonations, readings from scenes in which she has played the star rôles, and interpretations of modern French musicians and poets. We may expect to savor fully the art which made this actress so widely known during her heyday.

Victor Lichenstein, for several years official lecturer for the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, will present in San Francisco this season a similar series of talks. These talks will include discussions on the various instruments of the orchestra, during which orchestral members will play short excerpts from various symphony works to be presented by the San Francisco Symphony Association.

The producers of the "Cat and the Canary," now running at the Curran Theater, disclaim having brought the New York company to San Francisco. But the present company does very well. It gives a good enough performance to stand on its own merit and it is having a successful run.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"The Covered Wagon," the motion picture to open at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, September 16, is the story of the adventures, quarrels and love affairs of some of the pioneers on the great Oregon trail.

The principals are two cavaliers from Liberty, Mo., and a pretty girl from Sangamon County, Illinois, where the lank lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, was just springing into fame. The picture is said to be exciting as any dime novel, but with a real meaning that lifts it above the Diamond Dick school, and makes the Wild West the determining factor in the nation's progress.

Alan Hale plays one of the Southern boys, and J. Warren Kerrigan the other, while Lois Wilson is seen in the role of the pretty Molly Wingate.

"The Covered Wagon" has been a hit in New York, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles. It is an American epic.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The musical comedy star Frances White will head the bill which opens at the Orpheum Theatre with the matinee on Sunday next. Some of Miss White's latest vehicles are the "Greenwich Village Follies," "Jimmie," and the "Hotel Mouse."

The bill at the Orpheum Theatre next week is made up of players who have distinguished themselves. John T. Murray and Vivian Oakland are a team of exceptional entertainers. Mr. Murray has played in many Broadway successes and his last appearance here was in the musical comedy "Maytime." The Avan Comedy Four will be held over. "Rice and Old Shoes" is the name of a rural comedy skit in which Harry J. Conley and company will appear. Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace present a song and dance act which they call "Georgia on Broadway." J. Rosamond Johnson, formerly of the team of Cole and Johnson, and his inimitable five, will present a musical number entitled "Syncopation." "Two Bright Lights from Broadway" is the title of the act, composed of eccentric dancing, which is offered by Dan Stanley and Al Birnee. Paul Kirkland and Company (the company is said to be exceptionally attractive), have as their vehicle the "High Stepper."

At the Curran.

The last week of "The Cat and the Canary" at the Curran Theatre will begin Sunday night. This will give local playgoers their warning to see one of the most diverting entertainments to reach the local stage this season. In "The Cat and the Canary" Mr. Willard has given to the stage a play that extracts every ounce of entertainment from the reaction to the unexpected—there is no moment from the time the story swings into action until the denouement is reached that the audience is not completely in the power of the playwright.

In its character as a mystery play it would not be fair to tell the story of "The Cat and the Canary." There is, it may be said, a young girl who inherits an estate conditioned on the fact that she is sane. An enemy knows of the condition and when she proceeds to claim her right everything possible is done to make her lose it. Meanwhile the audience is swept away on the stream which illusion of time and place creates and the incidents and people on the stage are all too real. There are thrills, romance and comedy in "The Cat and the Canary," all in sufficient strength to please the most exacting of playgoers.

Sistine Choir Sale Opens.

Announced dates for the San Francisco concerts of the Sistine Chapel Choir are December 7, 8 and 9, at the Exposition Auditorium. Since Tuesday morning the advance sale of seats at Sherman, Clay & Company has been progressing with a steadiness that proves it was not prematurely begun, even so far in advance.

Manager Frank W. Healey, who recently went East to conduct the choir's ten weeks' tour of the United States and Canada, states that the prescribed time limit, which cannot be extended, has compelled him to decline scores of tempting offers from communities desiring to hear the celebrated group of vocalists.

A. A. Milne's "Success."

Mr. A. A. Milne in his new play, "Success," exposes the meanness of success at the Haymarket Theatre; and, as is usual with whatever he undertakes, he does it brilliantly, writes Thomas Moult in *John o' London's Weekly*. The Right Honorable Selby Mannock is a cabinet minister with excellent prospects. He has succeeded hitherto because he has ordered his whole life to that end, marrying the rigbt woman, finding the rigbt associates in his work, getting rid of the wrong—in bis case the useless—friendships, and finding useful husbands for his daughters.

Eversley—And so success has closed in on you.
Mannock—What an extraordinary remark to make—success has closed in on me!
Eversley—Did I say that? I'm sorry. I beg your pardon.

Eversley is a friend of Mannock's boyhood who has chanced to knock up against him after many years, and the prospective chancellor of the exchequer is reminded during their reminiscent talk of the old, simple, happy days. The following night he has a dream of the maiden with whom he once plighted troth—a charming dream from which we gatber that Mr. Milne has lately been studying Freud and Jung, and in which there is some very natural and delightful acting by children. Mannock vows to give up the world and his career: he meets his Sally again, now unhappily married, and plans to fly with her at the end of a week, which he requires for the settlement of his affairs. But after a vehement moment of resistance he finds that success has him more firmly in its grip than ever. He wires to Sally: "I beg your pardon."

Mr. Milne is as Milne-ish, as puckish as ever, and a remarkably capable band of actors, including Mr. Charles Cherry as Mannock, Miss Grace Lane as Lady Mannock, and Miss Moyna Macgill as Sally, give his chief quality exactly the right emphasis. Some excellently sly hits at the successful folk are made, especially in an almost flawless opening act. At dinner Mannock happens to express some political sentiment in a way that delights his wife immeasurably:

Lady Mannock—Have you ever used that in the House?
Mannock—No, I don't think so.
Lady Mannock—Why not; it's rather clever.
Mannock—No, dear, it would come better from the platform; it's not quite sound.

"Tin Gods."

E. F. Smith, the dramatic reviewer of the Atlantic City *Press*, gives the following survey of "Tin Gods," William Anthony McGuire's new play, in which Sam H. Harris is presenting Francine Larrimore:

"A brilliant wife who is so intoxicated with her success as a champion of her sex that she fails properly to value the worship of her mate; a husband who is a nonentity in business and only known as the other half of the famous Helen Drake; and what can happen when the masculine cipher grows tired of being dubbed a failure and quits it all to disappear and make a try at life on his own initiative—these form the basis for Mr. McGuire's latest effort. . . . If the author is trying to teach anything it is revealed in Drake's bitter admission that one may separate from the object of affection, but love itself, if real, never dies. Establishing that point doesn't accomplish much. For the wife, awaking to the fact that success without her husband is an empty husk, finds that he is in such a domestic plight that there is no hope of a reunion. And thus the play terminates. Pity for the husband, regret for the disillusioned wife, but, fortunately, the unbroken belief of the innocent third party that her man is still her lover, constitute the sum total of the effect on the audience."

A New Opera.

"Padmavati," a new opera ballet with text by M. Louis Laloy and music by M. Albert Roussel, has had its first production at the Paris Opera, says the *Living Age*. There is some question among Paris critics as to whether the composer has succeeded in retaining local color in his music, and he is also accused of symphonic rather than truly dramatic writing. However, Gabriel Marcel, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, asserts that "of all the various new lyric works that we have had this year 'Padmavati' undoubtedly is the most significant and the most beautiful." M. Laloy's poetry is said to have moving simplicity and to be admirably suited to the music.

The opera tells the story of a Mongol ruler who concludes a treaty with an Indian prince. He falls in love with the prince's wife, Padmavati, who dances before him, and demands that she be given to him under threat of war. The prince refuses to abandon his wife and a struggle breaks out. The second act takes place in the temple of Siva, where Padmavati has taken refuge. The Mongols are victorious and the prince beseeches his wife to consent to sacrifice herself. Instead she kills her husband and dies herself rather than be separated from him.

Japan as It Was

You will enjoy these pictures of once beautiful Japan in next Sunday's Rotagravure Section. There are several reproductions of beautiful homes and ancient temples from ill-fated Tokyo, a beautiful illustration of Lake Hakone and a veritable masterpiece of Japan's sacred mountain, Fujiyama. Everyone will wish to keep this page. Another attractive page shows some

Charming Water Nymphs

from Central California, disporting themselves on Feather river beach, and at the Sutter county swimming pool. "Presidential Officialdom" shows old and new faces in the political limelight. "American Notes" ranges in interest from bucking broncos to Ellis Island, there is a delightful page on interpretative dancing, and, in fact, all the worth while news of the world, shown in perfect photography, in The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

CURRAN Leading Theatre Geary St. nr. Mason Prospect 9300
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VANITY FAIR.

It has not yet heen determined at just what season the human propensity to worry is at its worst. hut it would seem from casual observation to he ahout the time the East discards straw hats and San Francisco hegins to huy them: namely, somewhere around early September. It seems likely that the advent of Fall and the approach of Winter revive primitive apprehensions in minds that have heen at rest through the Summer, which is a season of gaiety and carelessness, more or less, with little thought for the morrow: you know—songs of the cicada, chickadee, grasshopper, or whatever it was that sang throughout the sunny hours, and then when frost came tried to hum its gruh from the toilsome and tiresome ant. That story is enough to make anybody hate ants and long for their extermination with a great and heartfelt yearning. Yes, this seems to be the worrying season. And even people with large hank accounts, people with honds, people with plenty of hacon on the hook, and flour in the harrel, turn to matters outside their jurisdiction and worry over them, perhaps hecause it is the time of year that anciently threatened gloom and scarcity.

A numher of victims of this atavistic or vestigial impulse have heen airing their worries around Washington recently, and one of the things they worry ahout that is of general interest is the White House. It is too old. It is too old fashioned. Its architecture is passé and its general design helong to a time of Spartan discomfort and needless severity of life. A Western gentleman declares there are finer residences in Oklahoma. Perhaps he is the same gentleman that visited Tiffany's recently and ordered nineteen expensive clocks hecause he was huilding a house with twenty rooms and wanted a clock in every one hut the hath. He shows real kindness of heart, hecause he wants the president of the United States to he at least as well housed as though he had struck oil, and some ways that seems fair. The sentiment is not confined to Oklahoma. A clergyman from North Carolina, the Rev. Arthur T. Ahernathy, declares thare are real estate agents in Charlotte who live in more expensive houses. We did not know Charlotte was on the real estate map—supposed everyhody had long ago sold out and moved away—but evidently it is a rival of Los Angeles. The reverend feels that the president of the United States should have at least as good a mansion as a Charlotte real estater, and somehow that seems reasonahle, too. It is terrible to think that quite the contrary state of things may prevail. Rev. Ahernathy devoted an entire half hour to inspecting the White House recently, and left heart-hroken to see in what a dilapidated old huilding the president of the United States must sleep at night, get up and wash in the morning, eat hreakfast, find fault with the soft hoiled eggs, look at the newspaper, call a cabinet meeting, eat lunch, receive the hands-shakers, chase the dog off the front porch, hear the troubles of the country and the world, eat dinner and try to digest it, and then go to hed and try to forget it. The Reverend Ahernathy wants the president and his family to go to some good hotel while the White House is heing pulled down. He would then sell the hricks for souvenirs, each brick heing authenticated and certificated as part of the official home of twenty-nine presidents, and with the proceeds erect on the site a really modern residence, like the St. Regis, or the Waldorf Astoria, or the Fairmont—something "classy," or "swell," good enough for a Charlotte or even a Los Angeles real estater. It is not so bad a plan. In line with it, Buckingham Palace could he reduced to a nice hungalow, and Windsor Castle could he made into an apartment house. As for Hampton Court, that always was a mistake, from a real estate point of view. It should have a dome like the San Francisco City Hall.

It would seem that the President does need another residence, hut not at Washington, where the White House can he made to serve as well as any for a long time yet. What he needs is a summer capital, to which he can go to escape the heat of the Potomac Valley, a withering, dehilitating condition no San Franciscan can understand unless he has experienced it. We expect a white man to do the lahors of the most vital administrative position in the known world, hear the heaviest responsibilities of any man on earth, and live while doing it in a climate which, for part of the year, resemhles that of the Guinea Coast. It is neither reasonahle nor fair. There should he an official summer home for presidents, which would become the Summer capital, to relieve him of the worst part of his hurdens, that of hot weather, and help him hear the rest. Of course, the ideal place for such a Summer capital would he San Francisco, where it is never either too hot or too cold—a climate which the physician of President Harding said was as good for his patient as any that could he found. But San Francisco is too remote. The interests with which a president must deal, the men on whom he must lean for advice, guidance and support, are too numerously located up and down the Atlantic seaboard. What is needed is a place in Maine, and, if there is any such place in Maine, a part of it where they have Summer frosts. We are not sure such a place exists, hut they have Summer frosts in certain parts of Canada, and so they may have somewhere within the jurisdiction of this country. We can not afford to take the hest man our party system of government can select for us, tempt him with the greatest honor we can hestow and the most imperative call of duty a man can hear, and kill him off with the hard work of the presidential office performed in the heat of Washington in Summer. It may have been good enough when the country was small and the duty simple and easy. They knew no hetter then. Today it is a cruelty. Cruising around on the *Mayflower* or some other presidential yacht is not sufficient. There is husiness to be done and it hecomes no lighter for the unfavorahle season. We repeat that San Francisco would he ideal, not hecause of any summer frosts, but hecause of its even, cool temperatures, but if San Francisco can not have the honor some part of the country nearer its great population and industrial centers should. Some day Eastern people will understand that life is hetter worth living here in San Francisco, but they can not all he expected to know it now.

Then there should be an official handshaker for the President. Those amhitious pests that want to go home and boast that they shook hands with him should be compelled to he satisfied with an understudy; which would not be the same, of course, but would probahly have the merit of killing off the silly practice. Handshaking a long line of expectant citizens filing through one of the White House rooms is an awful joh, and one that seems to produce less of value than any other sort of work. The energy devoted to it would hale a lot of hay, or pump a lot of water, hut it does neither. It is a total waste, and enough to cripple a strong man's arm. Something should he done to make the country safe for presidents, and these two things would help.

Where Women Look Their Best.

Women going to Scotland for the first time often take many unsuitable clothes with them, says the London *Times*. Clothes for Scotland, in the daytime at least, are practically unchanging. There are traditions which visitors who are not Scottish must respect and which the Edinhurgh shops faithfully carry on.

Homespuns, however old, are always right if the color is rigbt. There are tailors in Edinburgh who groan, or pretend to groan, over customers who send their old tweeds year after year to he pressed. But such tweeds are very nearly indestructihle; they are made in the crofters' cottages and dyed with home-made dyes—often the soot from the peat fires—and they are perfectly made up. A real homespun tailor-made looks as if it were molded on the wearer's shoulders as the finest machine-made tweed never does, and the older it is the more it hecomes part and parcel of the person.

Not many women take their places with the guns; they mostly join them for luncheon; and in either event the homespun that has greens and magentas or a mixture of heather colors is the favorite, although some women like plumage colors—pheasant or partridge. Leatber trimmings may he heard of in London, but they are seldom found on the moors. The Norfolk jacket, which is plain and serviceahle, and the loose, almost sac coat, heautifully molded, made with long lapels and the fewest huttons and no trimmings, are the most usual. Brilliant woolen stockings or knitted rihhed silk—never the fine silk of the town—brogues, and a plain felt or tweed hat go with them. A felt is commonly preferred to a tweed hat, and it may or may not have a small plumage mount in it. Everything for Scotland should be as good, hut as neat and plain, as possihle.

Most women look their best in Scotland; the atmosphere does more for the complexion than any heauty specialist; and good looks help the homespuns to make any kind of make-up look foolish. Even veils, except for motoring, are rarely worn, and loose gauntlet gloves, with or without a narrow fringe, are more often carried than put on. When a crêpe de Chine shirt (a dull texture is preferahle to silk) is worn, even a man's tie held hy a Scottish hrooch is right. One can get delightful jewelry in Inverness, from kilt safety-pins to cairngorms and fresh-water pearls, and in the daytime any other jewelry is unnecessary.

The High Heel.

A London biologist is quoted as making the prediction that if women keep on wearing high heels they will find themselves eventually with only one toe, says the *New York Herald*. With the high heels now worn, he says, three toes are sufficient for walking; and as nature always gets rid of superfluous organs it seems likely that in the course of time women's toes will he reduced to three, and perhaps later to two, or even one.

The hiologist is not mentioned hy name, hut apparently he accepts a theory tbat most evolutionists have ahandoned. The present view of orthodox biologists is that acquired characteristics are not inherited.

Even Bernard Shaw, who, venturing into this controversy in "Back to Methuselah," argues with his usual energy against the orthodox view, admits that many generations of Chinese women have hound their feet "without producing the slightest tendency on their part to he horn with ahnormally small feet."

He also, descending the scale, concedes that the clipped ears and docked tails which fanciers have inflicted on generations of dogs have not affected the ears and tails of the dogs' puppies. And descending still further, he recalls the experiments of the biologist Weismann, who cut off the tails of a colony of mice, and the tails of the children of the mice, and the tails of the children of the children of the mice, without finding that the tails of the descendants were any shorter than those of their ancestors.

So the toes of coming generations are prohahly safe regardless of the fashion in women's footwear.

Betty's Swagger Cane.

Just swagger—that's bow it looks, does Betty's swagger cane, says the New York *Herald*. It's a twisted stick, but innocent enough to look at. Cbarlie got hold of that cane the other nigbt, however, and Charlie had a revelation.

First off, he found out why Betty seems to admire the head so much. It's a beautiful looking-glass, and you can't blame Betty for wanting to look at what she sees there.

Then Charlie got to playing with the cane, and next thing you knew the head was coming loose. It was just screwed on, so, of course, Charlie screwed it off, and what d'you s'pose he found? In the upper end of the cane, if there wasn't a lipstick! The head of the cane was hollow, too, and there was Betty's powder puff!

Looking glass, lipstick, and powder puff, all in the end of a cane!

Charlie was getting excited now. He had noticed that the other end was heavy and he thought the cane was loaded. Betty prohahly had a hrave idea of bow she would use the loaded stick in case of trouhle along the street. But Charlie was curious to see just how it was loaded. So he hegan to examine that end.

Loaded? It sure was! Tbat end of the cane was a dime hank, just as full as it could hold. Betty wasn't going to he caught without carfare in case there was a quarrel at the show and she had to go home alone.

Spending Americans Rare.

Americans have developed into a race of tightwads, according to French critics, says Carl Victor Little in the *Chicago Tribune*.

"Tbe tourists are jealously guarding their dollars," several newspapers declare.

"They may stay at good hotels hut do they eat where they stay? They do not. They run around to cheap little restaurants where they can get a meal for four or five francs. Therc they order a hunk of hoiled beef, a piece of hread, and a hottle of mineral water—and complain hecause champagne is not included.

"Before the war all tbe hig restaurants had a clientele of rich Americans who came over every year on the same boat, stayed at the best hotels and ate and drank the hest in the house.

"Now they come over for reasons of economy. It's cheaper to come here than to see America first. And if they find prices here too high they go to Germany and huy hushels of marks for a dollar.

"There are exceptions without douht, but there are few. Spendthrift Americans are a beautiful illusion which has passed."

Gustav Le Bon, an authority in sucb matters, has found a striking difference in the phosphorescence of Brazilian diamonds and those from the Cape. Tbe former, which are noted for the liveliness of their light, and which have become quite rare of late years, exhihit a hrilliant phosphorescence after heing exposed to the radiation of a magnesium rihbon, while Cape diamonds in similar circumstances show very little or no phosphorescence. This is thought to be a means of detecting diamonds falsely offered as Brazilian gems.



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LOS ANGELES

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The teacher had heen giving a graphic account of the reindeer, its haunts, hahits, and uses. One little urchin was, however, not paying the slightest attention, so the teacher asked him: "Now, what is the use of the reindeer?" The startled urchin looked up and said: "It makes everything in the garden lovely, teacher."

Mme. Lopokova, the famous dancer, tells a story of an actor friend of hers whose wife had arranged that he take her young sister, visiting them from the country, to a matinée. The actor's wife was to meet them at the end of the performance, hut before they appeared a woman friend, also a "professional," came out. "Pardon me, my dear," said the actor's wife, "hut did you happen to see my hushand in the stalls with a girl?" "No, my dear, I did *not*," said the actress' friend, "hut if I had, I most certainly should not tell you."

A celebrated literary man, dining at a London restaurant, found himself seated next to a well-known newspaper paragraphist, with whom he got into conversation. After complimenting his work, he asked him: "How on earth do you manage to write twenty paragraphs every day?" "With a typewriter," answered the newspaper man jestingly. "Is that so?" said the other meaningly; "I thought perhaps that you might possihly he using some sort of copying machine."

Dr. W. R. Bishop, in bis "My Moorland Patients," tells the story of two Yorkshire hrothers, John and William, who quarreled one day, and though they lived within a stone's throw of each other vowed never to speak to each other again. They kept their unpleasant vow for forty years till one day John fell ill and on his deathhed sent for his hrother. William, full of remorse, went to him and they spent the dying man's last hours talking of old times. When William rose sadly to go John sat up in hed and called after him, "Mind, William, if I get hetter, all this is for nowt!"

One of the masters of Chinese mimicry hereahouts is Roy Folger. He can imitate a pair of Chinese laundrymen so you can smell the iron hurn the shirt. A friend said to him: "Roy, father is eighty years old, and so deaf he hasn't heard much since he was seventy. Would you mind telling him that story ahout the two Chinese wood choppers up in Mendocino County? It would tickle the old man pink." They dug up an ear trumpet, and Folger poured his hest line of celestial gihherish into it for ten minutes. The old gentleman looked immensely pleased. At the conclusion he smiled delightedly, and said: "That's fine! That's fine! What was them fellows, Swedes?"

Though he held three degrees and had had business experience, it was Jackson's misfortune that he never could hold his gilt edge positions long. However, he pursued a waiting policy and ultimately was rewarded. A friend, who was president of a large corporation, offered him a joh at an excellent salary, with regular advancement. After heing with the concern for several years it occurred to Jackson that though he had heen regularly promoted he was only a figurehead. He sought a conference with his chief, and asked: "How is it that you never act on any of my policies?" His hoss soothingly told him that he was invaluahle and that the firm sincerely hoped he would continue bis services. "You see," added the corporation president, "when we are in doubt as to what course to pursue we call you in and do the reverse of what you say."

The newest hasehall story concerns Umpire Hank O'Day. The players of one of the National League teams were given a dressing-room talk hy one of the team owners, which made a deep impression on them. It was all ahout good sportsmanship and gentlemanly hehavior, and other things of a bigh ethical standard. The team owner cited many of the customs of English sportsmanship. 'You'll he hetter hall players and happier men," he said, "if you treat your opponents as friends and good fellows and gentlemen. You'll get better averages and better hreaks if you treat umpires with respect and consideration." Three men of the team, during the first inning that day, addressed the umpire as "Mr. O'Day," whereupon Hank walked over to the dugout and earnestly remarked: "If you guys pull any o' that sarcastic stuff in th' next innin's I'll put you off th' lot! See?"

The famous poster artist, Mr. John Hassell, tells a story of William Frith's well-known picture, "A Child Feeding Rahhits." 'Frith purchased for models," said Hassell, 'a dozen white rahhits from a dealer and ordered them to he sent home. The man who brought them foolisbly left them in the garden—Mr. Frith lived in the country at the time—and naturally the little animals all got away through the fence. Well, when Mr. Frith returned and found his rahhits gone, he searched the neighhorhood for them manfully. He got most of them hack, hut not all, and meeting the dealer next day said angrily, 'What did you mean hy leaving the rahhits loose on my lawn as you did? I had a frightful task to capture them, and as it was I only got eleven.' The dealer scratched his ear. 'But eleven was pretty good, gov'nor,' be said. 'I only left six, ye know. The rest was comin' on tomorrow!'"

Prohahly no puhlic man has a less retentive memory for faces than Mr. Birrell. During his Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, while staying at an hotel in Killarney, he was introduced to a government official named Fitzpatrick. Next morning Mr. Birrell, on coming downstairs, went up to a man named Bentley, whom he had met casually a year hefore, and shook him warmly hy the hand. Mr. Bentley was hoth pleased and surprised that Mr. Birrell should bave recognized him on the spot, hut when someone remarked to the Chief Secretary ahout his meeting with Mr. Bentley, Mr. Birrell replied: "Bentley, who is Bentley?" "Why, that chap you rushed up to and shook hands with in the hall." "Good heavens!" said Mr. Birrell; "I thought he was Fitzpatrick." Some time afterwards Mr. Bentley was heard holding forth in a train on the suhject of Mr. Birrell. "I haven't a word to say for his policy and all that," he said, "hut there is one remarkable characteristic ahout him; Birrell never forgets a face!"

A man was driving his wife through Lake County recently, and ran onto a hridge hefore he saw that another automohile had started across first. It was a narrow hridge, and his plain duty was to hack off. But his wife seized the gear lever so he couldn't reverse, and proceeded to give the driver of the other car a tongue lashing for daring to try to cross at such a time. Her indignation rose as she thought of bis arrogance, and she said what she thought. When the unoffending driver was convinced of his criminality and general unfitness to live among civilized people, he backed off the hridge and let the woman's hushand proceed. As the first driver passed the culprit he said: "Sorry, old man, and thank you." The other replied: "Oh, don't apologize. I've one at home myself."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Can the "H" Come Back?

["There is one thing of which they (demonstrators of phonetics and pronunciation) despair. They cannot induce the people of the North Country to appreciate the value, or recognize the possihilities, of the aspirate."—Leading article in a London paper.]

Alas that no one ever heeds
His aspirates in York or Leeds!

They treat their "h's" something *crool*
In Halifax and Hartlepool.

Down, down they drop and disappear
In perfect shoals from Wigan pier.

And aspirates, mislaid and spent,
Lie inches deep around Chowhent.

In Manchester the truth is plain—
They fall more frequently than rain.

They fall so hard they almost drown
The general tumult of the town.

In Liverpool at close of day
Men have to sweep the things away.

(Whereas in Chadderton and Mumps
They lie ahout in horrid lumps.)

Go search the North of England through,
Try Sheffield, Durham, Kendal, Crewe,

The same sad sight rewards your search—
No "h" upon its lawful perch.

But, oh, in Bermondsey and Bow
Men do not treat this letter so;

And "'Ammersmith" or "'Ackney Wick"
Would simply turn the natives sick.

No fallen aspirates demean
The smoother sward of Bethnal Green.

For all agree none ever slips
Unheeded from the Cockney's lips.

—*Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Barnard, daughter of Mrs. William Clark Barnard and the late Mr. Barnard of Berkeley, to Mr. Philip Clayton Satterbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Satterbach of Monterey.

The engagement is announced of Miss Corinne Dillman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dillman of Sacramento, to Mr. Melville P. L. Kirchhofer, son of Mrs. F. H. Kirchhofer and the late Dr. Kirchhofer of Cleveland, Ohio.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Latham Curtner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dixon Curtner, to Mr. Paul Curtis Wilhur, son of Chief Justice Curtis D. Wilhur and Mrs. Wilhur of San Francisco, took place at Warm Springs, Santa Clara County, on Tuesday September 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Palmer will give a hall on September 27th for their niece Miss Idabell Wheaton, at the residence of Mr. Charles H. Holbrook on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Clementine Edie will be the guest of honor at a tea on September 16th given by Miss Evelyn Judge.

Mrs. Philip Hurn was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given last Monday at the Hotel St. Francis by Mrs. Edward Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Burton gave a Hawaiian concert and reception last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Virginia Loop was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Saturday last at the Hotel St. Francis by Miss Dorothy Gray.

Miss Marie Louise Michaels was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Virginia Loop at her home in Atherton.

Mrs. William Henry Poole gave a recent farewell luncheon at her home in Menlo Park.

Miss Dorothy Meyer gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Miss Sophia Brownell was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week hy Mrs. C. Ellsworth Wylie.

Miss Elizabeth Huff was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given last week at the Hotel St Francis hy Mr. and Mrs. James Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin gave a dinner on Thursday of last week in celebration of Mr. Tobin's birthday.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin was hostess at a luncheon followed hy bridge at her home in Burlingame last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a dinner last week at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Patience Winchester was the guest of honor at a mah jongg tea given last week hy Miss Betsy Dibhlee.

Mr. and Mrs. Kiersted have heen house guests at the home of Miss Louise Boyd in San Rafael.

Mrs. Warren Spieker entertained at a luncheon at Atherton on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Chandler Howard and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Atkinson, were guests of honor at a recent luncheon given in Burlingame hy Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mrs. John Medau was hostess at a farewell luncheon last week given in honor of Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and her daughter, Miss Helen Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain were recent dinner hosts at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained at a luncheon last week at the Menlo Country Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Taylor were the guests of honor at a recent dinner dance given hy Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Friday of last week in honor of Mrs. Joseph Griswold Coleman of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nickel entertained at a house party over the week-end holidays at Del Monte Lodge.

The British Consul-General, Mr. Gerald Campbell, was host at a dinner given on Monday night at the Pacific Union Club in honor of the visiting officers of the Pacific fleet.

Miss Idahell Wheaton and her cousin, Miss Julia Adams, shared the honors at a luncheon given by Mrs. Edson Adams on Friday September 14th.

Mr. Walter Martin gave a stag dinner at his home in Burlingame on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto gave a tea last week for Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hickman.

Miss Barbara Beardsley has been entertaining several house guests at her home in San Rafael.

Commodore James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull, assisted by their daughter, Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall, were hosts at a dinner given last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch gave a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Admiral William F. Fullam and Mrs. Fullam.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson were hosts last Saturday night at a dinner given at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Joseph Griswold Coleman of Chicago.

Dr. Cullen Welty and Mrs. Welty gave a supper dance last Saturday night at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Goodwin, and Ensign Hugh Hilton Goodwin U. S. N.

Miss Natalie Roberts of New York was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given hy Miss Marion Regensherger.

Mrs. Albert Farr and her daughter Miss Marian Farr entertained at a luncheon on Saturday last at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin gave a luncheon on Monday last at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker entertained at a house party just before leaving their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. F. Paxson Howard and Mrs. Guy Gilchrist gave a tea at the home of Mrs. Howard in Piedmont on Wednesday last in honor of Mrs. Harold Bucquet and Mrs. Kenneth Menzies.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Armsby gave a farewell musicale and supper last week in honor of their niece Miss Catherine Pittman at their home in San Rafael.

Miss Virginia Loop was the guest of honor last week at a luncheon given hy Mrs. Isabel de Viosca and her daughters, Miss Lauro and Miss Isahel de Viosca at their home on Clay Street.

Miss Martha Mohun gave a tea on Tuesday of last week at her home on Maple Street in honor of Miss Virginia Loop whose engagement has been announced.

Miss Barhara Bali was hostess at a hridge party last week in honor of Miss Mary Harrison.

Miss Louise Huntley Miller gave a luncheon followed hy a hridge at the Fairmont Hotel last week.

Mrs. Arthur Garland was hostess at a hridge party on Friday of last week at Tait's-on-the-Beach.

Major Herbert M. Ostroski and Mrs. Ostroski entertained at a dinner last Saturday evening at their quarters on Alcatraz Island.

Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood and Miss Helen Wood were the guests of honor at a tea last week given hy Mrs. Edwin Stadtmuller at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Harriet Thompson gave a reception and musicale on Saturday last in Berkeley in greeting to Miss Myra Palache who has recently returned from a two years' sojourn in Paris.

The Fair of Hanoi Tongking.

Hanoi, the Nartbern capital of French Indo-China, will open its fifth annual fair on Decemher, 1923. The success of this enterprise has until now been most encouraging. In 1921, the Hanoi Fair did not take place. But in 1922, the requests from exhibitors were so numerous that the Committee of Organization had to build 24 more stands. The buildings had bardly been started when it became necessary, in view of the increasing number of requests, to start one additional building containing 48 stands, and in spite of these 72 new stands, whicb were put at the disposal of the exhibitors, 62 requests for participation could not be accepted. The sales made on the spot at the Fair of 1922 were very important, amounting, in Frencb currency, to 2,159,730 francs.

The Hanoi Fair will start tbis year on December 2nd and will last until the 16tb of the same month. The number of the participants, whicb, increasing daily, is the hest proof of its success.

India and Italy at Elder's.

Kenneth J. Saunders, late literary secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, Burma and Ceylon, now in the University of California and well-known locally as a lecturer, will deliver a course of lectures on "The Heritage of Asia and Our Own Times" in tbe Paul Elder Gallery. The first lecture, to be illustrated with stereopticon slides, will relate the writings of Rabindranath Tagore and the movement of Mahatma Gandhi to the religious heritage of India and will be accompanied by readings from famous Indian books. It will be delivered Tuesday afternoon, September 18th, at 2:30.

The second lecture of Prof. Edward Maslin Hulme in "Studies in the Italian Renaissance" series will he given Saturday afternoon, September 22nd, at 2:30 o'clock in the same gallery. The subject will be "The Revival of Individuality," whicb bas made possible modern thought and art. These lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder.

British Consul Entertains.

To meet Captain L. S. Holbrook, R. N., and the officers of H. M. S. *Curlew*, and H. M. S. *Patrician*, Gerald Campbell, British Consul-General, entertained the following at dinner at the Bohemian Club recently: Vice-Admiral Wiley, U. S. N.; Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N.; Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A.; Major-General George Barnett, U. S. M. C.; Rear-Admiral Pratt, U. S. N.; Rear-Admiral Nulton, U. S. N.; Rear-Admiral Peoples, U. S. N.; Brigadier-General H. D. Todd, U. S. A.; Major-General W. C. Neville, U. S. M. C.; Colonel Holbrook, U. S. A.; Colonel Yates, U. S. A.; Captain J. T. Hines, U. S. N.; Captain Yates Stirling, U. S. N.; Captain J R. V. Blakely, U. S. N.; Captain A. M. Proctor, U. S. N.; Captain Clark, U. S. N.; Captain Pitt Scott, U. S. N.; Captain Stanford E. Moses, U. S. N.; Captain L. R. Sargent, U. S. N.; Captain G B. Landenberger, U. S. N.; Colonel J. T. Myers, U. S. M. C.; Lieutenant-Colonel Roger S. Fitch, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel A. Owen Seaman, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Commander Donald Hamilton, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Rooks, U. S. N.; Mr. George Klink, Mr. Frank Deering, Dr. J. Wilson Sbiels, Mr. Harris Allen, Mr. Austin Sperry, Mr. Harry Francis, Mr. Charles Bulotti, Mr. Uda Waldrop, Mr. Frank Corbusier, Mr. Leslie Taylor, Mr. E. Anderson, Mr. Jack Leigbton, Mr. Bruce Heathcote, Mr. John Bishop, Mr. J. R. Gillingham, Mr. C. H. Cane, British Vice-Consul; Mr. F. M. Shepherd, British Vice-Consul; Mr. T. E. K. Cormac, Britisb Pro-Consul; and Mr. D. C. C. Grant, British Vice-Consul.

A Leelanau County Indian barely escaped with his life when attacked by hold-up men on a visit to Chicago. Tbe Indian can not be too strongly urged, nowadays, not to venture too far away from civilization—*E. C. A., in Detroit News.*

Shakespeare Wasted Words.

We think that the gentleman who has limericked the Bible has gone a little too far. Shakespeare, though, offers a legitimate subject and we recall the following neat condensation of "Otbello" in limerick form:

There once was a guy named Othello,
A dark, disagreeable fellow;
After croaking his wife
He took his own life—
That bird wasn't black, he was yellow.
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Julius II visited Micbelangelo while the latter was busy with his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel and ordered the painter to make some changes. Michelangelo lost his temper and said to the Pope: "Do I ever tell you bow to write your papal bulls?" and forthwith ordered him out of the Sistine Chapel, besides threatening to stop working if he ever entered the chapel again until he had finisbed the frescoes. Julius II, wise man that be was, realized that he had overstepped his authority and obeyed tbe injunction of the artist. After all he was only a Pope, and Michelangelo was —Michelangelo.—*Carlo De Fornaro in Arts and Decoration.*

When it was proposed to erect in Boston a monument to the discoverer of anæsthesia a hot discussion took place as to wbo was entitled to the honor. Should it be Dr. Morton, who pulled the first tooth with ether, or Dr. Jackson, who told bim how to use it. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes then suggested that the statues of both claimants be put on one pedestal inscribed "To Ether." This is one of the jokes that no Englisbman can understand, for be would pronounce it "eye-ther."

The Kaiser Tower Doomed.

The brief announcement comes from Jerusalem that the Kaiser Tower is to be demolished, says the *New York Herald*. This tower was built to commemorate the visit of the former German Emperor, William II., to Palestine in 1898 and its erection at the Jaffa Gate, one of the leading entrances to Jerusalem, made it a quarter of a century ago the subject of much comment and a lengthy international controversy.

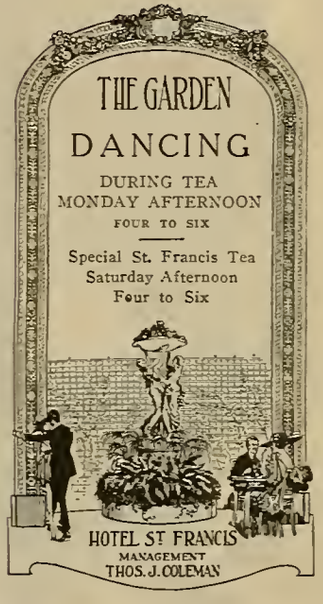
In October, 1898, William II. landed at Haifa, on the Palestine coast, and journeyed on to Jerusalem. Every possible mark of honor and distinction was paid to him by Abdul Hamid's orders. His entry into Jerusalem was described as "a dream of mediæval splendor." The Emperor, wearing the burnished helmet and white uniform of the Prussian Guard, and attended by a host of chivalric figures arrayed in the insignia and flowing mantles of the orders of St. John and the Teutonic Knights, rode in state along the crowded streets to the new German Church of the Redeemer.

For a cavalcade of such splendor the Jaffa Gate was too low and narrow. To admit it a breach was made in the wall beside the gate—the first deep breach in the walls of Jerusalem since the city lay at the mercy of the hesieging Romans and Crusaders. This breach was repaired, but the spot was marked by a tower with the faces of a great German clock showing on its four sides.

At the time of his visit the German Emperor could look down from the Palestine hills upon a Jerusalem dominated by buildings and towers of German institutions. The signs of German banks and financial agencies appeared prominently in the business section of Jerusalem, and German economical and political interests were then strongly and apparently firmly intrenched.

But the close of the world war brought a change to Jerusalem, which is expressed in an improvement of the condition of the people and in the very modern demand for more breathing spots. A park and new walks were laid out and the Kaiser Tower was in the way.

Professor D. D. Luckenbill of the University of Chicago is writing a dictionary of the Babylonian language. It will involve 30,000 different words and over 200,000 word forms, and will take ten years. He says most of our business law originated with the Babylonians.





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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Graham Biddle, who has been spending the summer in San Rafael, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. Edward Harriman arrived from Santa Barbara recently and after a short stay in San Francisco has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have returned from their recent visit to Vancouver where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang.

Miss Idabell Wheaton, who has been traveling abroad, has returned to California and joined her aunt, Mrs. Silas H. Palmer, and Mr. Palmer in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, with her daughters, has arrived from Tueson and will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Piekering, before returning to Arizona. Miss Marie and Miss Barbara Kruttschnitt are pupils in the Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham and their son, Mr. Louis Lapham, left for New York on Saturday last.

Mrs. William S. Porter is spending a short time at Del Monte.

Mrs. Halleck Vander Leck, who has been visiting her parents, Judge Edward Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pigott, who have been living in Sacramento, have taken possession of their new home on Washington Street.

Miss Barbara Parrott and Miss Barbara Donohoe have returned from their recent trip to St. Helena.

Mrs. Harry Hunt has returned to her home in Beverly Hills.

Countess Lewenhaupt, who has been living in Palo Alto, will go to Atherton on October 1st where she will spend the winter.

Colonel Robert H. Noble and Mrs. Noble with Mrs. Noble's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sherwood, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris with their son and nephew left last Friday for New York and Europe.

Miss Jeanette Norris has gone to Oregon to join her mother, Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurn with their little daughter have gone to New York where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoe Tobin is leaving for New York from where she will sail for Europe.

Mrs. Ward Barron and her daughter, Miss Sophy Barron, left on Thursday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert I. Loeb, accompanied by their daughters Carolyn Framheg and Jeaunette Barbara, are at the Maryland, Pasadena, where Mr. Loeb has business interests. They will return to the Fairmont for the winter.

General Charles G. Morton and Mrs. Morton with Miss Elizabeth Huff left for Seattle and the North last Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles H. Shiels and her mother, Mrs. C. A. Bennett, have returned from a recent visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles N. Felton and her daughter have returned from the East where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. William S. Porter, who has been passing the summer in Menlo Park, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Rear-Admiral Louis M. Nulton and Mrs. Nulton with their daughter, Miss Nulton, are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and Miss Isabelle Bishop have returned from Santa Barbara and are at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Siekien spent a week-end recently with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent and Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan are at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Miss Marion Huntington of San Marino is visiting Miss Mary Caroline Chickering at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Chickering.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker with their daughters and son have returned from Lake Tahoe and areat their home in Piedmont.

Miss Marion Hollins of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McComas and Mr. Raymond Armsby have gone to Utah where they will spend several weeks in the desert.

Miss Edna Taylor has returned from Pebble Beach where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and is at her home in Menlo Park.

Judge James Cooper, Mrs. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from Europe.

Dr. Emma K. Willitts has returned from her recent trip to Europe.

Mrs. Walter Martin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Virginia K. Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, are traveling through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowie Detrick have returned from a short visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz returned from Europe on Monday last.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Miss Aliee Moffitt have returned to San Franeiseo from their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt is in the North on a fishing trip which will extend over several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Beardsley of San Rafael have returned from their recent motor trip to Lake Independenee.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and their daughter, Miss Louise Gerstle, who have been in Southern California have returned to their home in this city.

Mrs. Robert Moss and family—nee Sybil Howard—is reported to be safe at Kamizawa, mountain resort in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter, who have been living at the Fairmont Hotel, will occupy Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin's apartment on Powell Street during her absenee in Europe.

Admiral William F. Fullam and Mrs. Fullam have left San Franeiseo and will spend several months in the East.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton accompanied by her niece, Miss Polly McFarland, is expected to arrive very shortly from Honolulu.

Miss Natalie Roberts of New York is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Washington Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard have returned from Carmel and are at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Arthur Chesborough, who has been spending the summer in San Franeiseo with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Miss Dorothy Gray of Los Angeles has been visiting Mrs. James Lee Sehlessinger.

Miss Esther Praeer of Washington, who has been visiting Miss Elizabeth Huff at Fort Mason, has gone to New Mexieo where she will spend the next two months.

Miss Marjorie Davis after spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. Horace Morgan, and Mr. Morgan has returned to her home in Montecito.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor and her son, Duncan Taylor, left on Monday last for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lees chaperoned a party of young people to Aetna Springs over the week-end.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Alderson and their daughter have returned from a recent visit to Long Beach.

Major Humphrey Davies and Mrs. Davies of New Zealand left last week for Santa Barbara where they will remain for several months.

Miss Beatrice Miller Gantz, who has been the guest of Mrs. Russell Wilson in Burlingame, has left for Southern California and has taken a house in Santa Barbara for the winter.

Mrs. Charles Brown, who arrived recently from the Orient is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bartley Oliver in Woodside.

Mrs. Andrew McCarthy has returned to her home in San Mateo after spending several weeks at Lake Tahoe and at Del Monte.

Commander Emery Winship, U. S. N., retired, and his son, Dillon Winship, have arrived from their home in Macon, Georgia, and will remain in California for several weeks.

Major Charles Tilden and Mrs. Tilden, with their daughter Miss Alevine Mitchell, have returned from Europe and are at their home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dinsmore, who have been at their summer home in Pacific Grove, have returned to their home in Piedmont.

Lieutenant William McCasked Chapman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Chapman have arrived in Berkeley and will make their home there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker have gone to the McCloud River country for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Atkinson and Mrs. Chandler Howard left for New York on September 12th.

Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard, who has been a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Lyre Pinckard at Carmel, has returned to San Francisco and has joined Mr. Pinckard at their apartment on Jackson street.

Miss Mackall has been visiting Miss Charlotte Ziel at her home in San Rafael.



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CURRENT VERSE.

Regressional—1923.

"The reading public has been fed up on the war. It is hut languidly interested in rehabilitation. The American attitude must he summed up in the phrase: 'The war is old stuff; let us forget it.'"
—*Daily Paper.*

God of our grafters, blown of gold,
Lord of our star-flung sample line,
Within whose lawful land we sold
And *sell* wood alcohol and wine (1)—
Lord God of Toasts (be with us *wet*),
Let us forget—let us forget!

The Khaki elans demobilize,
The Congress and the Kings adjourn:
Still stand our paeifistie guys
Who did and do not give a durn.
Ach Gott mit uns; alretty yet
Let us forget—let us forget!

'Tis well the armies melt away,
The ships are scrapped, the forts are fired.
Yet those who died but yesterday
That we might live? . . . "Ya make me tired!"
For this, and for tbe wanton word—
Forbearanee for our people, Lord!
—*Trowbridge Larned in Life.*

An Obsolete Notion.

Before tbe dawn of history
In Neolitbic days
There was a dusty proverb
That the woman always pays.

* * * * * *

I met ber at tbe Biltmore
And there we bad some tea,
For wbich I paid tbe Biltmore
Four dollars sixty-tbree.

We bad a bite of dinner,
No kind of meal at all,
It only cost eight iron men—
Our appetites were small.

Our tickets for the tbeatre
Were very poor; but tben
I really bad no right to kiek,
Tbey only cost me ten.

And after tbat a supper club
With lemonades for two,
Tbe check was only seven bucks,
Quite reasonable, too.

Her bome was fifty blocks uptown,
A taxi took us tbere;
It costs me five or so
To pay tbe taxi fare.

And now tbat we are civilized—
At least we tbink we are—
I think of prehistorie man
And envy bim afar.

For wbo would not prefer to be
A eaveman in tbose days
When truth lay in the proverb
That woman always pays?
—*Yale Record.*

Written at An Inn.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire,
From flattery, feasting, dice and din;
Nor art tbou found in domes mucb bigher
Tban the lone cot or bumble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every healtb wbich I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
For Freedom erowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's speeious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which laequeys else might hope to win;
It buys what Courts have not in store,
It buys me Freedom, at an inn.

And now onee more I shape my way
Througb rain or shine, througb tbick or thin,
Seeure to meet, at close of day,
With kind reception at an inn.

Wboe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think bow oft he found
The warmest welcome—at an inn.
—*William Shenstone in John o'London's Weekly.*

The Toby, sometimes called fillpot or philpot, jugs were manufactured in Staffordsbire, England. They were bighly treasured by farmers and farmbands, says the Portland *Oregonian*, and were used, as the name implies, more for filling smaller vessels with liquor than as drinking pots. Tbe value varies according to the modeling, decoration, or rarity of the piece. The first Toby fillpot jugs were made in the form of an old man holding a jug in one hand and a pipe in the other. Now any figure of a man in jug form is called a Toby. It is said the "Toby" takes its name from old "Uncle Toby," a lovable character in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy."

Swimming the Channel.

Mr. Henry Sullivan, the American swimmer, has swum the Channel, and is the third man to do so, says the London *Spectator*. He started from Dover on a Sunday afternoon and at first intended only to have a practice swim. But feeling in the mood, he decided after swimming some way to go on and make the great attempt. By 11 o'clock on Monday morning he was within easy sight of the French coast, but unfortunately the tide was then against him and he was swept first east and then west without making any headway. At all events, he was not swept a considerable way back, as happened to Mr. Burgess when he swam the Channel in 1911. When Mr. Sullivan landed at Calais he bad been in the water for about twenty-seven hours. The real impediment to swimming the Channel is loss of bodily temperature. When the bodily temperature falls below a certain point a collapse follows, which, as was pointed out recently in an entertaining article in the *Democrat*, is described by various names, of which "sea sickness" is perhaps tbe most familiar. To swim the Channel, therefore, you should be well covered, and it is not a disadvantage even to be fat. Mr. Sullivan, though under 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighs about sixteen stone (about 224 pounds).

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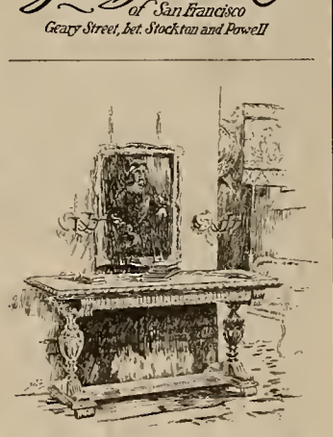
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Grace—Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma! *Freddy*—Wouldn't you rather have some jam?—*Delineator.*

She—How is it that widows generally manage to marry again? *He*—Because dead men tell no tales.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"This is Jobson's fourth marriage, isn't it?" "Yes, Jobson is what you might call a consecutive polygamist."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Dr. Cobb—The geologist thinks in terms of centuries. *Stude*—My God, and I loaned that laboratory instructor ten berries.—*Carolina Boll Weevil.*

Loafer—There ain't no flies on me. *Coster*—I believe yer. Even the blinkin' flies must draw the line somewhere.—*Humorist (London).*

"Some men gets a heap of education," said Uncle Eben, "de same as some people get a fine collection o' bait wifout catchin' any fish."—*Washington Star.*

Overheard in Boston: *Willie*—My father is a Chicago man. *Woldo*—How distressing it must be to have a parent who is unable to answer your questions.—*Tid-Bits (London).*

"I suppose," said the drummer, "you labor on the Sabbath and rest the remainder of the week." "No," replied the village parson; "I try to collect my salary on week days."—*Chicogo Doily News.*

"Yes, my daughter's musical education was a profitable venture." "Really?" "Yes, I managed to buy the houses on either side of my own for about half their value."—*Passing Show (London).*

"I've met several other people from your city," said the Bostonian, "and every one of them said: 'Where is it at'?" "Where is what at?" demanded the New Yorker—*Kansos City Independent.*

Mrs. Jason—I am afraid you mix water with your milk! *Milkman*—Well, ma'am, you can't expect me to mix powdered sugar, cracked ice, and rum with it, for seven cents a quart, can you?—*Punch.*

"Young man," said Dustin Stax, "I had to work for my money." "Well, father," was the chilly reply, "enough people in our set are throwing that up to me without your talking about it."—*Woshington Star.*

"Do you mean to say you don't have any trouble in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion?" "That's what I said. My trouble comes when I don't keep her dressed that way."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Stewardess—Madame, I've attended to you the best I know how, supplied every want, but you are still unsatisfied. What do you want now? *Seasick Lady Passenger*—I want the earth.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

First Tromp—These 'ere glasses I found suit me a treat. *Second Tramp*—Ah, but they've got no begging value, mate. Who's goin' to take pity on yer if yer look like a wealthy American tourist?—*Humorist (London).*

Miss Peppery—She says you appear to have a habit of telling all you know. *Cholly*—Fawncy! Why I nevah met her till lawst evening, and then it was only for five minutes. *Miss Peppery*—"Well?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"I wish," said the little invalid who was being washed in bed, "that I need never, never have to be washed again." "I'm afraid," said mamma gently, "that as long as you have me to take care of you, you'll have to reconcile yourself to be washed thoroughly every day." The invalid pondered for a moment. "Then," said she, "I shall marry very early."—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Polly want a cracker?" said the visitor, approaching the cage. "My name," interrupted the parrot, "is Oswald and I am meditating. Do not disturb me." "A very peculiar bird," explained the hostess. "It eats nothing but beans. My husband bought it somewhere in the East."—*The Toreodor.*

Very Young Policemon (who has broken up a fight between foreign seomen at docks)—Where do you live? *Lascar*—Calcutta. *Policeman*—And where do you live? *Chinaman*—Shanghai. *Policeman*—Um—well, the best thing you two can do is to pop off home to bed.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Mrs. Blake—Husbands are strange creatures. *Her Friend*—Aren't they? John has to ask his garage man a hundred questions about the brand and manufacture before he puts a drop of oil into the car, but he never asks his bootlegger a single question for fear of hurting his feelings.—*New York Sun.*

Senior Partner—What title shall we give our new beauty book? *Junior Partner*—How would "How to Become Beautiful" do? *Senior Partner*—Don't believe that would make a hit with most women. *Junior Partner*—Then we'll call it "How to Continue Beautiful." *Senior Partner*—Ah, that's the stuff!—*Pittsburgh Post.*

"By Jinks!" said the man who keeps track of things theatrical, "I would like to see one prima donna who can sing as well as her press-agent says she can." "If she could," says the girl who also keeps track of the way things go, "her press-agent would say she sang a great deal better than that."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mark Twain as a Painter.

In the new collection of Mark Twain articles, many hitherto unpublished, called "Europe and Elsewhere," *(Harpers)* the great humorist writes of "Instructions in Art," with illustrations by the author.

"My reputation came very suddenly and tumultuously when I published my own portrait, and it turned my head a little, for indeed there was never anything like it. In a single day I got orders from sixty-two people not to paint their portraits, some of them the most distinguished persons in the country—the President, the cabinet, authors, governors, admirals, candidates for office on the weak side—almost everybody that was anybody, and it would really have turned the head of nearly any beginner to get so much notice and have it come with such a frenzy of cordiality. But I am growing calm and settling down to business now; and pretty soon I shall cease to be flurried, and then when I do a portrait I shall be quite at myself and able on the instant to tell it from the others and pick it out when wanted.

"I am living a new and exalted life of late. It steeps me in a sacred rapture to see a portrait develop and take soul under my hand. First, I throw off a study—just a mere study, a few apparently random lines—and to look at it you would hardly ever suspect who it was going to be; often I cannot tell, myself. Take this picture, for instance. First you think it's Dante; next you think it's Emerson; then you think it's Wayne MacVeagh. Yet it isn't any of them; it's the beginnings of Depew. Now you wouldn't believe Depew could be developed out of that; yet the minute it is finished here you have him to the life, and you say, yourself: 'If that isn't Depew, it isn't anybody.'

"Some have painted him speaking, but he isn't always speaking; he has to stop and think sometimes. . . .

"We now come to the next portrait, which is either Mr. Howells or Mr. Laffin. I cannot tell which, because the label is lost. But it will do for both, because the features are Mr. Howells', while the expression is Mr. Laffin's. This work will bear critical examination.

"The next picture is part of an animal, but I do not know the name of it. It is not finished. The front end of it went around a corner before I could get to it. . .

"The great trouble about painting a whole gallery of portraits at the same time is, that the housemaid comes and dusts, and does not put them back the way they were before, and so when the public flock to the studio and wish to know which is Howells and which is Depew, and so on, you have to dissemble, and it is very embarrassing at first. Still, you know they are there, and this knowledge presently gives you more or less confidence, and you say sternly, 'This is Howells', and watch the visitor's eye. If you see doubt there, you correct yourself and try another. . . . It is much better to label a portrait when you first paint it, then there is no uncertainty in your mind and you can get bets out of the visitor and win them."

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About De-bunking.

Bunk, by W. E. Woodward, published by Harpers, presents the adventures of one Michael Webb, de-bunking expert, among business men, vampires, literary people, and motion-picture stars. It is a novel, a story of big business and a philosophical essay. It introduces the science of de-bunking. The jacket of *Bunk* says:

"De-bunking as a science has passed its infantile stages—

"It is now being taken up by the best people—the thinkers, the forward-lookers, the go-getters—

"Michael Webb is the first de-bunking specialist in the world.

"He extracts bunk from all but the incurable chronic cases.

"These last still defy his art."

The Innocent Wolf.

An interview with old Sam Mart in the *Soo Daily Star* (Ontario) seems to settle the wolf controversy: "The Algona wolf is the biggest coward that walks the earth. Tramp a snowshoe circle in the woods and he'll keep out of it; he's afraid something might be in the ring. Any man that says he was ever et by a wolf is a liar."

No Joke.

Mistress—Mary, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan, and dish is soiled; the table looks like the day after a cyclone! What have you been doing?

Mary—Well, ma'am, blessed if it be my fault. The young ladies has just been showing me how they bile a pertater at their cooking school.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Why Men Are Bald.

"Bald heads," philosophized the bald-headed man, "are caused by overworking the brain."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Henpeck. "That must be why women have no hair on their chins."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Glasgow is reported to have disposed of three hundred thousand bottles of Scotch whisky to America. One country's food is another country's medicine.—*Punch.*



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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Berkeley's Misfortune.

Naked chimneys, gaping cellars, gardens of ashes, mark the destruction of nearly eight hundred houses of one of the best residence sections of Berkeley. There has been little, if any, loss of life, and none as yet verified; but priceless libraries, collections, and scientific data in the residences of one of the most cultivated communities in the country are gone. Such losses are inestimable, and the destruction of realty improvements will exceed $9,000,000. The field of the fire covers roughly fifty blocks, or about two square miles. Euclid Avenue appears to have been the main line of devastation, and the boundaries of the burned area are about as follows: Marin Avenue on the north at the Contra Costa County line, west to San Benito Road, thence south to Arch Street to Vine Street; half way down the block on Arch Street, thence east to Spruce and south to Cedar. Thence in a straight line from the intersection of Cedar and Spruce to Shattuck and Francisco, south on Shattuck to Hearst Avenue, east to Walnut, south to University Avenue, east to Oxford, north to Hearst, east to Le Conte and to La Loma Avenue. Thence northeast from the intersection of Le Conte and La Loma to the Contra Costa County line. Except for a minor proportion of cases, little actual distress has been caused, owing to the general prosperity and resourcefulness of the community, and some permits to rebuild had been issued when this paper went to press. The three thousand homeless have been absorbed by surrounding dwellings, or in neighboring cities. But, accustomed as the world has grown of late to such events, the Berkeley conflagration constitutes a real disaster and excites the sympathy of everybody fortunate enough not to have been involved.

Coolidge and 1924.

That Mr. Coolidge will be a candidate next year goes without saying. And it is further obvious that circumstances tending to his advantage are many. Universal presumption will be a high potential influence in his behalf; and there will be something more concrete in the desire of holders of office throughout the country to extend the period of the administration with which their individual fortunes are bound up. Every president who is available for reëlection has the benefit of this strong promotive influence and it commonly proves sufficient to control the action of conventions by which choice is made. Not to go further back the cases of Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson are in point.

Mr. Coolidge is in the fortunate position of inheriting much of the good will attaching to the late President Harding, while at the same time he is free from responsibility for the mishaps of Mr. Harding's presidency. Nobody will venture between now and convention time—June next—to raise a voice in condemnation of the Harding record. What is past is, if not sacrosant, at least in oblivion, and for Mr. Coolidge the slate is wiped clean from August 2nd. Thus his position is better than of a president seeking reëlection, and who had served through a full presidential term. Whatever disaffection might have related to Harding, had he lived and been again a candidate, does not apply to Coolidge.

Another automatic element of strength in support of the Coolidge candidacy will be the united force of New England. Sectional pride has been vastly stimulated by the elevation of a man not only hailing from New England, but in his temper and character a typical New England man; and nothing can be more certain that that the full strength of Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island, will in the convention be for Mr. Coolidge.

There is that in the Coolidge temperament, albeit that of a cold reserve, which has impressed the imagination of the country. Mr. Coolidge has been thirteen times a candidate for public office and has always been successful, not through means by which political aspirants ordinarily commend themselves, but by sheer weight of character. A man who without adventitious aids and void of personal warmth can win a series of popular elections must have in himself power to command popular confidence. The country grows weary of the demagogue and there is something refreshing in a man who sounds no trumpets, beats no drums, practices no arts—a man whose appeal for support is free from the vices of self-seeking and political clap-trap. Even in the coldness and reserve of his manner, Mr. Coolidge commands a certain admiration.

None the less there is in the situation a grave challenge to Mr. Coolidge's powers. The Congress that will convene at Washington three months from now will nominally be representative of Coolidge's party, but in the Senate the balance of power will rest with a number of men nominally Republicans but not holding themselves so bound to the party as to accept its commitments as individually binding. In the House of Representatives the situation from the party standpoint is hardly better. Republican control of Congress is a matter of extreme doubt, and it is by no means an assurance that Coolidge will find the coöperation that ought to be the resource of a Republican president. Harding was embarrassed and thwarted where he ought to have found coöperation and support, and there is reason to fear that Coolidge will fare no better.

The short of it is that Coolidge must work with an obstreperous Congress in which the bloc system has to a degree superseded the spirit of party loyalty. His task will be to bring to support of Republican policies men who definitely owe support to the party but whose attitude in recent times has been that of open contempt of party obligations. Can he do this or, in failing to do it, can he so command the approval and admiration of the country as to strengthen himself as a presidential candidate? He must do one or the other, or he must stand before the country in the character of an administrative failure. To put the situation in brutal terms, Coolidge must either whip the recalcitrant Republican Senators into line or he must in the attempt to do it exhibit such spirit, and such a degree of personal strength as to command the general admiration. Failing to do this, the party—or what is left of its loyal leadership—will look about for a man of more positive powers of command.

In the judgment of the *Argonaut* Coolidge's best policy, both for the country and for himself, will be that of a resolute party leader, using the powers of his great office to enforce party discipline and authority. By its history and its pledges the party stands for certain definite things. The country looks to Coolidge in his character of party leader, as it did to Harding, to transmute the party pledges into realities. Harding sought by amiability and persuasion to make the party commitments good, but in a measure he failed. Gentle and persuasive treatment was not effective when applied to the LaFollettes, the Johnsons, the Borahs, and Brookharts. Something more sternly remindful of obligation and duty is necessary. Either those senators who hold their places through party favor and who call themselves Republicans should be brought to support the party pledges and policies or they should be read out of party affiliation. No party can afford to hold itself responsible for the eccentric course of disloyal men. There is no easy line of compromise. Recalcitrants must be made either to toe the mark as Republicans or they should be stigmatized as delinquents and their names stricken from the party roster. Here is defined the job that lies before Mr. Coolidge this coming winter. If he would lead the party next year he must exhibit himself as a man with powers of leadership.

A Constitutionalist.

The recent announcement from the White House that out of deference to the rights of Congress President Coolidge does not intend to announce "a program" in advance of the presidential annual message comes as no surprise to those aware of the President's regard for the constitutional rights of the legislative branch of the government.

That school of political thought enamored of the doctrine of "one-man government" which flourished and paraded under the Wilson regime will not find the Coolidge administration congenial. Those internationalists who sing their daily hymn of hate of the United States Senate because it insists upon the exercise of its legitimate powers in connection with foreign treaties, will find President Coolidge as opposed as President Harding to all attempts to usurp or override those powers.

So, too, those who have been urging (largely for selfish reasons) that the right of the House to final authority over revenue measures and expenditures be "short circuited" by letting a commission frame our tariffs and some other body than the House control appropriations, will find no support in the Coolidge administration for their plan to remove control of the public purse strings from the House,—elected by the people and directly responsible to the people.

Those who wish President Coolidge's views upon these matters may find them in his inaugural address of March 4, 1921, delivered upon his taking the oath of Vice-President and assuming his duties as presiding

officer of the Senate. His address, characteristically brief and clear, follows:

Five generations ago there was revealed to the people of this nation a new relationship between man and man, which they declared and proclaimed in the American Constitution. Therein they recognized a legislature empowered to express the will of the people in law, a judiciary required to determine and state such law, and an executive charged with securing obedience to the law, all holding their office not by reason of some superior force but through the duly determined conscience of their countrymen.

To the House, close to the heart of the nation, renewing its whole membership by frequent elections, representing directly the people reflecting their common purpose, has been granted a full measure of the power of legislation and exclusive authority to originate taxation.

To the Senate, renewing its membership by degrees, representing in part the sovereign states, has been granted not only a full measure of the power of legislation but, if possible, far more important functions. To it is intrusted the duty of review, that to negotiation there may be added ratification and to appointment approval.

But its greatest function of all, too little mentioned and too little understood, whether exercised in legislating or reviewing, is the preservation of liberty; not merely the rights of the majority—they little need protection—but the rights of the minority, from whatever source they may be assailed. The great object for us to seek here, for the Constitution identifies the Vice-Presidency with the Senate, is to continue to make this chamber, as it was intended by the fathers, the citadel of liberty. An enormous power is here conferred, capable of much good or ill, open it may be to abuse, but necessary, wholly and absolutely necessary, to secure the required result.

Whatever its faults, whatever its human imperfections, there is no legislative body in all history that has used its powers with more wisdom and discretion, more uniformly for the execution of the public will, or more in harmony with the spirit of the authority of the people which has created it, than the United States Senate.

I take up the duties the people have assigned me under the Constitution, which we can neither enlarge nor diminish, of presiding over this Senate, agreeable to its rules and regulations, deeply conscious that it will continue to function in harmony with its high traditions as a great deliberative body, without passion and without fear, unmoved by clamor, but most sensitive to the right, the stronghold of government according to law, that the vision of past generations may be more and more the reality of generations yet to come.

The Small Voice of Reason.

The *Argonaut* is not a reverential admirer of former Mayor, now Supervisor, Eugene E. Schmitz, and on the principle of letting the dead past bury its dead believes his record should be sunk as deep as possible, inasmuch as the city has to stand him in the Board of Supervisors. But candor compels the admission that he seems to be the only member of the Board with a sensible view of the Hetch Hetchy power folly—a more sensible view than better men have had. He holds with his colleagues that the Raker act prohibits the sale of the power to a private corporation: which may be so, but probably is not, and if it were could be and should have been altered by amendment. But he says, according to an interview in the *Journal:*

The thing to do is either to amend the Raker act and the charter or have the people vote on the extension of the bond limit. Without a doubt they would turn down the latter issue as the original understanding was that the $45,000,000 would cover the entire Hetch Hetchy project.

Despite the optimistic reports as to the city's venture into the transportation business, the Municipal Railways have not been a success. When we fail to give service to any part of San Francisco we have failed in our trust because the resident in the outer sections of the city is just as much entitled to transportation service as the one in the business district.

Any line can hold its own, financially, by merely covering the cream of the traffic and that is all the municipal system does. It is not a success from the standpoint of service rendered. It cannot make one extension into the outer residential districts without leaving a deficit in the railway funds. The city would meet with the same failure if it should attempt the vast task of power distribution at the present time.

These be bold utterances; and their boldness shows more of the quality of leadership than has appeared in the Board of Supervisors or the mayor's office for many a day. We do not want the Schmitz brand of leadership, but it is greatly to be wished that some member of the Board in whom the public had more confidence had some of Schmitz's sense and courage in this matter. Evidently he is not taking orders from Hearst just now.

Government Ownership, or Regulation.

Melville E. Stone was general manager of the Associated Press for 28 years and is now its counsellor. He has, therefore, for more than 30 years occupied a post of observation of men and politics far above that of the ordinary man, be he student or philosopher. In an address delivered at New York recently before a convention of the National Electric Light Association, he said:

I do not believe in government ownership—not upon moral grounds, but upon economic. Government ownership has been often tried and almost always proved expensive and inefficient. But I do believe in honest, and if we can have it, intelligent governmental regulation.

I grant you that much of the attempted regulation is not intelligent. This goes back to the fact that our government itself is not perfect. For instance, the so-called House of Representatives and the state legislatures are not representative, but delegate bodies, the members seeking to win and hold their places by demagogic appeals to their constituents. What remedy have you against their practices? It was once said that to prevent rascally legislation, bribery was justified. I do not believe so. Nor do I think corporations should buy immunity by contributions to the party fund. But I am convinced that plain, frank statements to the public evincing a purpose to deal fairly, and recognizing your trusteeship, will, as a rule, clear the atmosphere and secure justice for you. But let me say that the best way to prove your honesty is to be honest. And in the end honesty will win. It is silly to attempt secrecy in the conduct of a Public Service Corporation. Such a policy only arouses suspicion, and the suspicion is, I am sorry to say, usually justified.

The Dead Hand of Government.

At one period of our history, when our history was also that of the English people, it became necessary to pass statutes of mortmain to prevent the lands of England from passing into the possession of the mediæval church. Mortmain was the "dead hand;" and when once it closed on the land, it never let go. The peril was imminent, the process was stopped barely in time; not by the public, which never senses dangers of this sort until it is too late, but by the great King Edward I, the English Justinian, and his early Parliament, men who could understand what was going on and think in terms of tendencies. The statutes of mortmain were a bright spot of intelligence in the dark ages.

Society's main danger today is not from the church. It is from socialism, which partly resembles the church of the middle ages. Its devotees are as fervent, as pious, as pure of heart and innocent of head, as any lot of sublimated saints. They, too, promise the unhappy a new heaven and a new earth, and are just as unable to deliver it as the mediæval church. They know a great many facts about modern industry, but just as little what those facts mean as so many cloistered monks. And under the influence of their constant preaching the dead hand of government is extended over one industry after another; industries that are to modern life what the lands of England were to the life of the times in which the statutes of mortmain were necessary. Sometimes it is in the form of taking over the instruments of production, after the ideals of Russian socialism and the English Labor Party, as our City Hall socialists propose to engage in the distribution of Moccasin Creek power. Sometimes it is by hampering the activities of corporations and cramping their freedom of movement by way of some fantastic scheme of regulation, whose effect is to curtail not merely service but development. In either case, in any form of governmental interference except the most general regulation, this is the dead hand. It means the end of progress, the suffocation of enterprise, it means paralysis and death. We had an example of it when the Pinchot conservation policy paralyzed hydro-electric development in California for ten years, and put Alaska into cold storage.

But because little that is existent is taken away, and the damage is not visible, it is seldom that the public understands what it has lost, or that it has lost anything. And it does little good to talk about what might have been. It would do little good to say that some effective corporation could probably carry the mails as cheaply as the government, and instead of losing $60,000,000 a year, as the department was doing until lately, could break even, or instead of breaking even as the department is doing now, could probably turn a profit—it is a thing you can not prove because it is a thing you can not try, and that ends that. But we have recently had an impressive example, here on the Pacific Coast, of the removal of the dead hand of governmental dictation—a rare event—and in the light of what has followed we can see what that dead hand was doing; how it halted progress, discouraged enterprise, paralyzed initiative. It is an unusual thing that we can see this process in reverse, and the lesson only needs be pointed out to bring to the mind of ordinary intelligence a startling view of what humanity is losing today through socialistic government interference with the normal freedom of industry. The case is the abandonment of the government's action against the Southern Pacific railroad as operating lessee of the Central Pacific.

As a result of restored industrial freedom, tremendous energies have been released. People had pretty generally forgotten the plans of the railroad for constructing the Natron cut-off into Oregon, to provide additional service between that state and California, at a cost of some $10,000,000. That plan has been resumed, and the cut-off will be constructed. But much more is predicted, and a large part of it will be the result of the removal of the paralyzing hand of the government. The Southern Pacific intends, it is announced, to complete the double track system from Bakersfield to Tehachapi, eventually extending it to Mojave. Other improvements in contemplation are: new station facilities at Sacramento; new terminal yards and freight facilities in Los Angeles; a tie and timber treating plant in Oakland; industrial trackage and team yard to cost $122,000 in San Francisco; double tracking sections of the company's line between here and Ogden; installation of heavier rails wherever needed in the state; reballasting of extensive stretches of the company's line in California; establishing of a gigantic rock-crushing plant at Santa Margarita; building of twenty-one miles of new line from Calipatrie east and south to a point near Holtville in the Imperial valley; construction of a new tunnel at Rocky Point, near Metz; construction of new line near Dunsmuir and a line change near Mott, on the Shasta division; another line change near Crockett; a planing mill at Sacramento; a new power plant and oil house at San Luis Obispo.

The whole programme is said to entail expenditures of $40,000,000 for equipment and $50,000,000 for construction. And it will mean tremendous public gains in the way of movements of lumber, fruit, agricultural and industrial products, to the benefit of society and the increase of the wealth of the regions traversed. The incessant meddling of government under socialistic urging would have prevented a great deal of this development, but the public would have had no means of knowing about it. Now we have that rare thing, an experiment in economics, something that can not be arranged in a laboratory, because the only laboratory is society itself, but which may be vitally instructive when it happens. It shows clearly in this case how the dead hand of government will paralyze industry wherever it is laid upon it, and how much better we do under reasonable freedom of private action than under official interference.

Spain Gets Rid of Her Board of Supervisors.

When an old-fashioned physician was summoned to a Kentuckian's bedside and found that the patient had lost his taste for his "likker," the physician knew that Kentuckian was ill. The world might have known trouble was brewing in Spain by the token that the Spaniards have lately been finding fault with their bull fights. The land of juntas and revolutions has been quiet a long time, however, and perhaps it was due to break out, having missed its share in the world war. The king is still on his throne, which shows how little a king counts in modern politics; otherwise the revolution appears to have been a success.

It is difficult to interpret it as anything other than an extension into Spain of the conservative reaction we have been witnessing in Italy, in Bulgaria, in Bavaria, and in Hungary. A foul breed of communists has been picking the bones of a ruined world until those concerned with the renovation of that world have lost patience. Hence we have had Mussolini in Italy, Horthy in Hungary, and the overthrow and death of Stamboulisky in Bulgaria. In other words, it appears to be an outbreak of Fascismo. And while conservatism and respect for legality can hardly countenance these unconstitutional and reactionary outbreaks, yet it is time for healthy reaction to manifest itself in some form, and perhaps the constitutions that have not sufficed to restrain socialistic aggressors should not be held up too strictly as restraints upon the victims. It may be neither law nor logic to argue on the basis of two wrongs making a right—but it certainly is human nature to act about that way.

In this case, the occasion is supplied by the unsuccessful war of the Spaniards upon the Riff tribesmen of Morocco. It seems that in the recent division of that territory, of course without the invitation of the inhabitants, Spain was encouraged to conquer the coastal portion, wherein dwell some of the best rough-and-tumble fighting Mohammedans in Africa. The Spaniards always did have more valor than brains, and the Riffians have been giving them about what the Abyssinians gave the Italians a few years ago. Reverses were, of course, blamed on the administration at home rather than on the forces in the field—and with Spanish diplomacy it was represented to the governments of Europe that everything was getting along fine. The last defeats have been particularly unpleasant, and representatives of the army, after quarreling with the civil authorities about which sort of power, civil or military, should

evail, handed themselves the decision by kicking out ie ministry and saving the expense of an election. nd it is not surprising that the assault on the politic- ns whose truckling with red agitators and socialists blamed for the Moroccan reverses should have taken lace in Barcelona, the Spanish home of syndicalism, or that it should have met with popular support. It ust have been a real relief to Alfonso.

The ministry that is gone took office last May with ir promise. Its programme seemed progressive, and cluded such astonishing items of reform as more free- om to non-Catholics, and an equality of Protestants nd Catholics in public ceremonies. Unfortunately, ie main trouble was neither ceremonial nor theolog- al, but economic, and taxes to carry on a war of con- uest against some semi-nomadic tribesmen who rode ard and shot close and most of whose wealth could be arried on a few hundred camels, grew less and less at- ractive as the victory receded. A truckling govern- ent is not likely to be popular with anybody, whether t Madrid or in the San Francisco City Hall. Spain as been afflicted with strike after strike, a syndical- t movement started among the employes of the fadrid banks, and recently one of the most venerable nd enlightened archbishops in the land was assassin- ted. The turmoil refused to subside, and the army has ad to step in, under the leadership of a Fascisti gen- ral.

The outcome ought to be some measure of industrial tability with the prosperity attendant on it, such as taly has experienced and such as Bulgaria will prob- bly experience if she can keep out of trouble with her eighbors long enough to get a little seed planted this all. The Spaniards are a great people, frugal and in- ustrious, and if the army will police the reds for a ttle while and enforce measures of economy they hould recover from the bad effects of their Moroccan ampaigns. It would also help a great deal if they ould get out of Morocco and stay out.

Law-Made Crime.

Prohibition would be the next national issue, it has een said, if either party could get the other to take ie wet end. That means that the issue is upon us, but iere is no way to decide it. And that is tantamount to ailure in our political scheme, for if political organ- zations can not resolve issues, they are mere piece lubs. Some quality of honesty and sincerity and ourage is lacking when so grave a matter cannot be resented at the polls so that the national judgment ay be taken upon it. On this subject both parties low hot and cold with the same mouth, while the situa- ion grows worse, takes on more criminal aspects, be- ets more bitterness, and postpones the calm considera- ion of other policies. This question is destined to be- ome more and more confused by the promises of small ien who can do nothing about it, and the legalistic ttitude of others who feel they have no mandate to ffect any alterations of existing laws. What is needed s a courageous leader who is going somewhere.

The Volstead Act is now about 41 months old. For iore than three years we have been trying to enforce rohibition in this country, but in spite of a Federal aw that is in derogation of state rights, and state nforcement acts that had no call for being as long as ve had the Federal law—a superfluity of laws added to n existing superfluity of laws—we have not produced simon-pure, bone-dry and incorruptible country. In- tead we have, in Attorney-General Daugherty's recent eport to the President, what is rightly called "an mazing record of crime and conspiracy." According o the official synopsis of this report, the Department f Justice has been called upon to prosecute a mem- er of the judiciary, eminent members of the Ameri- an bar, high officials of the federal and state govern- ients; and bribery and assassination have dragged ieir way into the highest sancta of justice. Since anuary, 1920, there have been 90,000 cases in the ourts, with 72,490 convictions, the fines have totaled ver $12,000,000 and the jail sentences in twenty-three ionths aggregated more than 3,000 years. These are fficial figures, and it would take a bold man to say ney represented a tenth of the cases of actual viola- on. We are breeding millions of law-breakers, hypo- rites and perjurers. We have made ourselves a na- on of law-breakers in a more serious manner and de- ree than has ever happened in our national life, ex- ept by the secession of the Southern states, and the ttorney-general's report is correct when it describes ie period following the enactment of the Volstead Acts as "one of the most tragic epochs in American history, relative to law enforcement."

The President has permitted this synopsis to be made public. Probably he has in mind some method of trying out the public temper on this vexatious subject. He is a man of courage, but at present he stands exactly where his lamented predecessor stood—on the constitution and the laws which it is his office to enforce. Comparatively, and practically speaking, he is free of Mr. Harding's commitments in the matter, and could make a new start toward a presentation of the issue that would settle the question whether the public does or does not approve this impossible effort to dry up the country. He may have it in mind to do just that, and the outcome would surprise some people. The attorney-general's report must cause even rational prohibitionists to wonder at the wisdom of their colleagues.

Reconstruction in France.

Statistics gathered by the journal *L'Information* shed much light on the progress of reconstruction in the devastated areas of northern France. At the time of the armistice a total of 741,993 dwelling houses had been destroyed or seriously damaged. On January 1, 1923, 553,977 of these had been reconstructed, leaving 188,016 still awaiting the rebuilder's tools. At the beginning of the present year, the devastated districts had a population of 4,074,970, with 615,213 persons still to return. Of the 22,900 factories destroyed or rendered useless by the Germans, 19,967 have been rebuilt, leaving 2933 still out of commission. Some 548 miles of the local railways have yet to be rebuilt, and 117 miles of canal. Of the 3255 communes destroyed, 3238 have been rebuilt—a notable record. Similiarly, of the 7401 schoolhouses laid in ruins, 7125 have been restored, leaving 276 that have yet to reopen. The schools now have on their rolls 484,800 scholars, some 183,892 fewer than were enrolled in the schools of the region before the cataclysm of 1914.

These figures speak eloquently of the determination of the inhabitants of the devastated areas to make their land again a land of smiles and abundance. But this work has constituted a severe drain upon the treasury of the French Government. It is the Government that has advanced a large portion of the money necessary for the completion of this work, and this it has done in spite of the fact that Germany, which is supposed to pay the expenses of reconstruction, has defaulted in her payment of reparations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Agreement, With a Difference.

DENVER, COLO., September 5, 1923.

EDITOR SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT—*Sir:* I am moved to send you an appreciation of your weekly, not because of any item which has recently caught my eye, but because of the whole spirit in which the *Argonaut* is produced week after week, year after year. I think your paper by far the sanest and most inspiring periodical which it is my privilege to see. One nearly always finds, in due proportion, the elements which one should expect to find in a journal which assumes to discuss affairs of the world. I think, however, that you are a little unreasonable on the subject of public education. Granted that the public school people of California are a bit wild in their claims in some respects, it does not necessarily follow that they are wholly wrong or that the curriculum offered to the youth of California should be limited strictly to "book learning." I very much doubt if you yourself would be satisfied with the actual results of any such curriculum as the one which you, by implication at least, more or less definitely advocate.

Here in Denver I have been very closely connected with the public schools for the past six years, and I am frank to say that I have as little use as you have for so-called "fads and frills." I do not believe that vocational instruction as at present conducted in the majority of public schools is of any particular benefit to the pupils. In fact, I will go further and say that in my judgment vocational instruction, to be effective must be conducted through the medium of an apprenticeship system of some sort, under which the student produces as he learns. Probably, also, folk dancing and dramatics and the like, as at present practiced, are of more or less questionable value. It remains to be said, however, that athletic training for both boys and girls is demonstrably of positive good to both sexes when skillfully and competently organized, and I think it entirely probable that folk dancing for girls is an athletic exercise peculiarly suited to their special needs. I am also convinced that a liberal appeal to the dramatic sense of students in the course of their school work is an advantage to them in their later life in the development of poise and the ability to express themselves clearly and without self-consciousness.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS F. HALLETT.

Appreciation.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15th, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—*Sir:* Since coming to the Coast from New York, I have enjoyed reading the *Argonaut* with genuine satisfaction; you have a publication which is certainly in a class by itself for sound, modern, up-to-date ideas, while its literary style and excellence is undeniable.

Very sincerely,

W. S. SEAMANS, JR.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

THE OLD WORLD BETRAYS THE LEAGUE.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Geneva, Paris, Rome and other Old World capitals have been the scenes of a sordidly selfish drama this last week. More clearly than at any time since Armistice Day, 1918, Europe has revealed itself the same old Europe, unchanged at its heart by the great war.

That war resulted in the setting up of the League of Nations, hailed as a preventative of war. The League has performed many valuable services. It stamped out the beginnings of one war in the Balkans, quieted the new Baltic States and has done much for Austria. Everywhere its friends have been encouraged by its growing strength.

In these lesser matters, some of them of first-rate importance, it had functioned well and proved a "going concern." The beginnings of a supreme test of the League came a few days ago, when Italy, a member of the League, suffered great provocation at the hands of Greece, another member. Under the terms of the solemn Covenant, signed by both, these grievances of Italy were within the competence of the League, Following a summary Italian ultimatum, Greece appealed to the League.

The watching world had a right to expect that the League would act with swiftness and certainty. It had been created to deal with exactly such questions. It was fair to assume, as a matter of course, that the League would summon its two clashing members before it and deal justly with them.

What happened? Italy flatly denied the competence of the League, threatened withdrawal from it if the League intervened and insisted matters of "prestige and national honor" were the private affairs of a sovereign Power. In so doing she was defying the Powers great and small that compose the League, for it is no more than a puppet show unless it is backed by the will of its members.

These Powers refused to take up the challenge for the League. The politicians of Europe scuttled for the back stairs of their chancelleries. England stood out for a time, but the Continent swung against her. France—and no nation has leaned more heavily upon the Versailles Treaty of which the Covenant is a vital and not to be disentangled part—played the Italian game. France failed the League in its time of testing. It has been a black week for Geneva.

At the first serious threat of Continental danger Europe reverted to its pre-war lusts, fears and passions. Selfishness wiped out altruism overnight, and the old game, old when Babylon was young, began once more. Secret understandings, bidden bargainings and screened intrigue rushed in and made the League a lonely superfluity as empty of power as a Hague tribunal.

Italy wins, England and the League lose and the Council of Ambassadors will adjust the Greco-Italian affair along the lines laid down by Italy. There are excuses in plenty, to be sure. The League's "face" was to be saved and its prestige was not to be risked. The net result has been the blackening of that "face," and its "prestige" has been all but lost.

The fiasco at Geneva has shaken American confidence in the League and worked vast harm to its cause. We have watched it submarined in a friendly barbor and seen the very spirit of the League bound and gagged in the house of its supposed friends. Can Europe marvel at American distrust of itself, and all its ways and works, when the Old World kicks the League in the face and makes it a byword and a mockery? Is this the way to bring the United States to Geneva?

AMBASSADOR HARVEY'S RETURN.

(From the Boston Evening Transcript.)

The departure of Colonel George Harvey to resume his place at the American Embassy in London is a briefly chronicled item of the day's news. Yet even amid the tremendous topics from two continents which are crowding the pages of the press there are few announcements more provocative of grateful thought and reassuring reflection. With all our occasional chatter about telegraphic communication superseding personal envoys, which may sound plausible in piping times of peace, whenever strenuous times arise the need of direct personal contact in international affairs is felt as keenly as ever; and seldom have there been times so strenuous as those in which Colonel Harvey has represented this nation in the most imporant of all our foreign relationships.

Much of an ambassador's work is never publicly recognized, and in the very nature of the case cannot be; for however much we may eschew secret diplomacy and clamor for "open covenants"—American covenants have always been open—some of the most important influences are necessarily exerted without advertisement or exploitation. But at least two of Colonel Harvey's achievements thus far are known beyond challenge or cavil to all the world. One, of course, is the debt settlement with Great Britain, which did, probably, more to stabilize world economics and finance than any other achievement since the armistice, and for which more credit is due to him than to any other man.

The other major achievement has been the readjustment of sentiments of friendship and confidence between the two countries on a sound after-the-war basis. We all know, too painfully well, what British feeling toward us was during the war and during the peace negotiations at Paris. Despite the genius and the heroic martyrdom of Walter Hines Page, that feeling was one which no American can now recall without shame and reproach. It remained for Colonel Harvey to reveal—as Mr. Page would have done had he been permitted to do so—the real mind and heart of America, and thus to regain the regard which this country had so largely lost. Doing far less speechmaking than the average ambassador, his utterances were to the point and were instinct with transparent truth and with unalloyed and robust Americanism, qualities which never yet have failed to command respect wherever displayed. As an ambassador he has been acceptable to the British Government and the British people; and we have had none more jealous of American interests or more indefatigable as well as tactful in upholding and promoting them.

Neither have we had any ambassador more wholly possessing the confidence of his chief at Washington. It was the lack of that confidence that made Mr. Page's career a tragedy. But Colonel Harvey has been in London the direct representative of the President— and will be of the President, since it is his fortunate lot to sustain relations with President Coolidge no less cordial than with President Harding. It was an interesting circumstance that he was the last guest entertained at the White House by President and Mrs. Harding, and one

of the first entertained by President and Mrs. Coolidge. An ambassador should always be, of course, a closely personal representative of the Chief of State who commissions him, and in that respect Colonel Harvey fulfills the ambassadorial ideal with exceptional completeness.

What further tasks await him at his post can only be surmised; though the all but chaotic condition of Europe, the central place therein of British interests, and the universal looking to America by all the nations with yearning and appeal, strongly suggest not only opportunity but duty of the highest character, the performance of which will round out a career of service that calls to mind the record of another great son of New England. It is to the faithful continuation of such service that Americans will wish their ambassador God speed.

MINING AND SENTIMENTALITY.

(From the Manufacturers Record.)

Through the power of labor unions and rotten politics Pennsylvania's laws restrict employment in mining and thus give to the present miners what is practically a strangle-hold upon the industry. If Governor Pinchot would abolish these laws he would go a long ways toward settling the whole anthracite situation, and then if he would say that law and order would be enforced to the limit he would do infinitely more good than is possible under his proposed compromise which would merely load on to the public another heavy burden of higher price for coal.

The Pennsylvania region has long been dominated by union miners, most of whom are foreigners of the lowest classes easily led by unscrupulous demagogues.

The effort to create a maudlin sentiment in behalf of miners on the basis that they have to work underground in a dangerous occupation is wasting pity on a people who do not need it. No man unless he be a convict, is a miner except from choice. "Once a miner always a miner" is an old slogan in mining regions. Miners prefer their occupation to any other. Nobody forces them to become miners. However, much other people may think mining is laborious and dangerous, the miners themselves do not think so. They prefer it to all other occupations and ask no pity or sympathy for their work. Many miners are extremely careless and constantly endanger their own lives and those of their fellow workers. Despite the most rigid rules against smoking or even carrying matches into a mine, many miners will sneak tobacco and matches into the mines and deliberately take a chance at suicide and homicide.

Let us be done forever with the idea that miners need sympathy because of their occupation, for they choose mining just as freely as other men choose law or medicine or engineering. The physician, for instance, works far harder and far longer hours than a miner and as he ministers unto all manner of diseases he takes far greater risks to life and health than any miner but he asks no pity or sympathy because of these facts.

FLOWING WITH MILK, HONEY, AND HARD COAL.

(From the Washington Post.)

The passing of the coal strike removes the last cloud from the industrial sky. The country is prosperous. Notwithstanding the complaints of those who pretend to speak for the farmers, the United States is sound to the core, agriculturally as well as industrially and commerically. Indeed, the farmers are in the first rank of prosperity, with a total farm yield reaching almost unprecedented value. If the present favorable conditions continue for a few more weeks the value of the 1923 crop may exceed the value of any crop ever before harvested in the United States.

The farmer is not making as much from wheat as he would like, but he is making up wealth from other crops. Wheat represents less than 10 per cent. of value of farm products. If the other products are especially valuable this year, the relative importance of the wheat crop is diminished. When it is borne in mind that the American farmer paid more for automobiles and their upkeep than he received for his wheat crop, it will be agreed that he is fairly well off. By reducing extravagant outlays he could have money in the bank; but he is like all other Americans. The farmer's hired man now goes to and from his work in his automobile. Perhaps the automobile is now a necessity to the farm hand and the plumber's helper. If so, it is incumbent upon them to curtail extravagance in order to meet the cost of such necessities.

The movement of the crops this fall will require the use of enormous sums of money. This money is forthcoming, and it is the best money in the world. It is also fairly cheap. The farmer is no longer the victim of loan sharks. He can borrow on his own credit at a low rate of interest. Within a short time, as the farm credit laws become fully operative, the farmer will be enabled to borrow as occasion demands, so that he will no longer be compelled to sacrifice his crops in an adverse market.

The railroads of the United States are working at high speed, but they will be required to do still more in a few weeks. The carrying of the nation's harvest is a task that can only be performed by the American railroad system operated with American skill. Bettter railroading than ever before is now called for, on account of the growth of the country and the extra demands made upon railroad equipment. There should be more railroads to serve new and growing regions. When Cougress convenes it should tackle the railroad problem, the greatest problem now before the country. The United States deserves more and better railroads, but it will not get them so long as it prevents existing railroads from making a living. The great lines should be consolidated under a plan that will conserve the interests of the railroads and the regions they serve. Economical and efficient results can not he obtained while big and small railroad systems operate without regard to regional needs and in ignorance of one another's plans and resources. A railroad's life depends upon the region it serves, and upon the fitness of the railroad to meet the region's requirements, without much excess of equipment or otber expense.

Industrially the United States was never more flourishing. There is no unemployment. The factories are turning out immense quantities of goods, and these goods are finding a market at home and abroad. Dire rumors are circulated from time to time, foreshadowing a shutdown of foreign demands and general depression at home; but these rumors die and the wheels of industry still spin. Protected against the flood of cheap stuff produced in Germany and other countries where wages are little above the starvation level, the American workman receives good wages and does such good work that the costs of American-made goods are cut down steadily, without affecting wages. American-made goods of many kinds are sent abroad to compete in the world market with cheap-labor goods, and they win their way by sheer merit and low cost, thus proving by the test of the survival of the fittest that the American system of protection, good wages, and quantity production is the true road to prosperity. Some American articles can not yet compete with foreign articles, hut the home market absorbs the domestic article, and competition by the producers of these articles brings prices down within the circle created by the protective tariff.

President Coolidge is right when he counsels Americans to keep busy, pay no heed to politics, and coöperate for the general welfare.

OLD FAVORITES.

Come Into the Garden, Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodhine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one tbat will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
Tbat whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slended acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
Tbe white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
Tbey sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,—
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, tbat fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh, may her choice be fixed on me!
Mine's fixed on her alone. —*James Upton.*

The report by government engineers to the effect that the White House is a fire trap will never discourage Mr. Bryan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alexander S. Banks, the man who audited the American Expeditionary Forces, and who has also conducted the investigations for the United States District Court in many of the recent Wall Street failures, has aimed to put the profession of accounting on a plane comparable with law and medicine or any other scientiffic or hidebound profession. Mr. Banks points out that all institutions, including governments, are based on taxation, which in turn rests on accounting. Mr. Banks was chairman of a committee of twenty-six leading New York accountants who entertained the C. P. A.'s of the United States in their city, September 13 and 14.

Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, who has recently sailed for Europe with the admission that he was going to treat a well-known case of deafness given up by many European specialists, has also accepted invitations to demonstrate his new method of manipulative surgery before leading medical associations in London, Glasgow, and Paris. Dr. Munice uses no instruments in his treatment of the deaf, in which he reconstructs the eustachean tube by moulding and shaping it. His "well-known" case is said to be that of Don Jaime, second son of King Alfonso of Spain, who is afflicted by the congenital disease of his family, deafness. The young prince converses fluently by lip reading though he could not speak until the age of nine when it was discovered that that condition was an accidental outcome of his inability to hear.

Charles A. Browne, who for the past seventeen years has been the chemist in charge of the New York Sugar Trade laboratories, has recently been appointed director of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry in Washington. Dr. Browne comes from North Adams, Mass., and was graduated in the class of 1892 from Williams College. He became an industrial chemist in New York, an instructor at Pennsylvania State College, and later an assistant at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station. Still later, he went to Germany to specialize in sugar chemistry and to take his doctor's degree at the University of Gottingen. Having returned to America he was for four years stationed in New Orleans as research chemist of the Louisiana Sugar Experiment Station, and then went to Washington as chief of the sugar laboratories, in the bureau of which he has now become head. In 1904, at the St. Louis Exposition, he won gold and silver medals for sugar exhibits, and in 1906 he was sent to Rome as the American delegate to the sixth International Congress of Applied Chemistry. Dr. Browne is an associate editor of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society.*

Kate Douglas Wiggin, one of the most widely read and loved of American writers, who had been ill ever since her arrival in England in June, died recently at Harrow, England. She had barely finished her autobiography, the last chapter being received by her publishers several days after the news of her death. Kate Douglas Wiggin was born in Philadelphia, September 28, 1859. She was a graduate of Bowdoin College, Maine, and taught kindergarten in San Francisco. In 1895 she became the wife of George C. Biggs. She will long be remembered as the author of the famous "Rebecca'" stories, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and the "Penelope" novels.

Arthur M. Hyde, Governor of Missouri, who, according to certain factions, may be running mate of Mr. Coolidge next year, is a Missourian by birth, Methodist, a lawyer, and a Shriner. The movement to make Governor Hyde vice-president is gaining momentum, and though started in the East, is spreading Westward. Republican voters in Kansas City, Mo., have organized a Coolidge-Hyde Club, said to be the first in the country. It has been pointed out that Governor Hyde would be a useful political reaction to any too drastic New Englandism on the part of the head of the ticket, and, also, that vice-presidents are an element that even the law of chance says it behooves us to consider.

S. P. Dyke of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is a benefactor to all American boys, anonymously or otherwise since he was the first manufacturer of marbles in the country, and at the National Marble Tournament recently held in Atlantic City, he was an honored guest. Marble playing is a game of great antiquity, small stone spheres, too small to be used for projectiles, having been found even among neolithic remains, and Egyptian and Roman antiquities include many marbles. Modern marbles came into use in the 18th century and were gradually replaced by baked clay and glass "marbles." Germany being the great center of their manufacture until Mr. Dyke opened the first American factory in 1883.

A notable example of beginning at the bottom is that of Miss Ann E. Rae, who came from Scotland in 18[illegible] to take a position at clerical work in the United States League of Building and Loan Associations at Niagara Falls, N. Y., and who was elected president of the organization at its recent annual meeting. Her position is eminently congenial to a woman, since Miss Rae now effects the home building activities of more than seven million families.

The Prudence Bond Corporation of New York has recently taken out a million dollar life insurance for its president, William M. Greve who began life as an office boy at four dollars a week just twenty years ago.

BRAHMINISM VS. BOHEMIANISM.

An American Muralist Tells the Tale of a Picturesque But Successful Career.

That *rara avis*, an American painter who has not become denaturalized or all but, is of sufficient oddity to warrant the writing and reading of his memoirs. But when, as in the case of Edward Simmons, the end justifies itself without other *raison d'etre*, one wonders why there have not been more artists in our supposedly inartistic continent. True, Mr. Simmons admits being an artist in spite of his heredity, for he claims—and we do not dispute the self-evident—that estheticism and New England are antithetical. But what man hath done, man can do. Mr. Simmons comes from the inner holy of holies of American aristocracy, if one does not regard it with the jaundiced eyes of the South. In other words, he sprang from a line of New England scholars, which included Ralph Waldo Emerson in the guise of a cousin to our hero, and a grandmother who could think in Greek and Latin but who regretted that she had not the same facile familiarity with Sanskrit, which language needed for her the assistance of a dictionary. So much for a sample of Mr. Simmons' heredity, and bearing it in mind one gives him more credit than before. It must be hard to live down the trammels of austerity, but ignorance is bliss and he, like Louisa Alcott—whom, of course, he knew well—did not know till he had grown up and left his recherché home that he had been privileged to live in the most exquisite society to be found anywhere—always, again, granting one's standard was not that of a decadent pleasure-loving society of epicures. It would be more accurate to say that New England civilization was the most scholarly to be found anywhere outside of some Catholic monastery, but Mr. Simmons and Louisa regarded it as the acme of human accomplishment and for politeness' sake so shall we. Of Louisa Alcott, Mr. Simmons writes with a frankness that might destroy one's impression of the exquisite culture of New England.

> Louisa looked very much like her father—pasty and lean, with a very large nose. To me, as a child, she seemed a very unattractive and a most unkissable person, probably because she was quite a masculine type. Her sister, May, was very different. She was tall and good-looking, with lots of beautiful blond hair. She painted, and later went to Paris to study. It seemed to me she was always lying in a hammock, being rocked and read to by my brother or Julian Hawthorne. Louisa may have been impressed with this picture, as May is the Amy of *Little Women*, and these two boys are supposed to be a composite hero. I have been told I was the little boy who rolled downstairs in his nightgown, in the story of the Pickwick Club entertainment, but do not remember the actual occurrence.
>
> Louisa was evidently quite awkward, and in many ways not house broke; also absent-minded and careless, as the traditional author. It seems that her manners at table were commented upon once too often by other members of her family. She decided not to stand it. So one morning she managed to be the first at breakfast, and when the remainder of the family turned up in the dining room they were greeted with a strange sight. Louisa had pinned the New York *Tribune* around her head and was wearing it like a great helmet. The pages reached the table and completely covered her plate. Only her hands were visible. At intervals they would come out, take something, and retire behind the paper again. For weeks she kept this up and no amount of pleading would stop her, until there was a general abject apology from the whole family.
>
> None of the second generation appreciated the Concord atmosphere. Louisa tells of her astonishment, when grown, to learn that no society was so fine or intellectual as that of her childhood.

But we shall not linger longer on anecdotes of New England Brahminism. Our hero went West, and after many adventures in that then really wooly, wild section of the country, landed in San Francisco, where he became a clerk in a hardware store but where nevertheless he had the entrée of society—such as it was. Our young esthete from the East found it a strenuous contrast to his home town, where no one would have made the glaring error of mixing masculine and feminine Greek articles:

> One home, now devoted, I think, to an art institute, had, in the front hallway, a terra-cotta dado with Greek heads running around it; and, lest there should be no mistake, the name of each hero was painted below. But the artist was no Greek scholar. Many words were mispelled, and in several cases (worse still) the feminine article *n* was placed, instead of *o*, before a masculine name. What cared the lady of the house for a small thing like that, when she could take me up in an elevator (almost an unknown thing at that time) and show me, stowed away in her attic, fifteen bales of Oriental rugs? And I had tried to sell her *one!*

Later, there was an experience of school-teaching in a one-horse town called Strawberry Valley—a post secured by Mr. Simmons flourishing a signature of his illustrious cousin, Ralph Waldo, under the nose of the school committee. But we are anxious to get to Paris, where our hero, having decided rather late in life and *a priori*, to become an artist, hied himself, via the steerage, at an expense of forty dollars.

> A brief stop at Liverpool, where a pretty barmaid drew me a tankard of stout that was the nearest thing to God's nectar I ever tasted; then on to London; directly to Paris; the Hotel de Londres and—Julian's!
>
> Off the Passage de Panorama, which is just off the Boulevard, is the Galerie Montmartre. Here, up one flight of stairs, over a public *cabinet d'aisance*, in the dingiest place imaginable, was the Académie Julian. The room was dirty and dark, despite the skylight above; at one end a platform, and near it a soiled bit of drapery behind which the women models stripped. On a hot July day, what with paints, dirty Frenchmen, stuffy air, nude models, and the place below, this room stank worse than anything I can think of. Not much calculation for comfort, but possibly an enormous inspiration for genius.
>
> Julian had his office below, but was not there with any regularity, generally coming in to loaf or to see new girls. He was a Hercules and quite a romantic figure, about whom there were many stories. They say he was a Masked Man who used to wrestle on the stage and at county fairs. This hulking fellow had been rather a good painter and had become a most successful business man. Born an Italian peasant, he had spent the early years of his life as a goatherd. To me he always looked exactly like a great big orangutan. The three hundred francs a year he received from each one of us seemed a small sum; but the models were paid only a few cents a day, the rental of the studio must have been negligible, and such men as Lefebvre, Boulanger, Bougereau, Tony Fleury, and after him Tony Robert Fleury, gave their instruction gratuitously. So it was not such a bad business deal after all.

Follows one of the most entrancingly Bohemian pictures of student Paris life to be found outside the pages of Leonard Merrick. Here is the veritable Merrick atmosphere:

> Most of us students were poor. I had fifty dollars a month allowance, but I roomed with a fellow who had only twenty for everything—and he made it do. We lived in the rue de Douai in Montmartre. The room, six flights up, with a trapdoor for a window, was furnished with two iron cots and very little else. I remember we used champagne bottles for water ewers. For all this we paid thirty francs a month. No heat, of course, and in winter the cold was unspeakable. One night I got an idea, and, taking my blanket, started across the icy red-tiled floor to get into my roomate's bunk. In the middle of the room I ran into something. It was he coming to sleep with me! We laughed and went out and bought a roast chicken and a bottle of wine. It did not take much to start a party in those days.

And here is another that would have done justice to the author of the "Three Musketeers:"

> A great event was the Bal Bullier—the students' ball; everyone went, and it was "artist" all through. Things always went well unless some one broke one of the unwritten laws. For instance, all the women who amounted to anything wore masks, and to take them off was an invitation to everyone. One evening at one of these affairs I suddenly heard:
>
> "Any Americans here?"
>
> In the middle of the floor, surrounded by dozens of Frenchmen and fighting with his fists, was an upstanding male in a cowboy hat—a fashion then unknown in Paris. Some one had broken the rule and taken his girl away from him. In a flash I recognized him as Charley White, a man I had known in the north of California.
>
> I looked about me and yelled to each corner of the room: *"A moi, Julian! A moi, Julian!"*
>
> Instantly dozens of men sprang from all sides with cries of: *"A toi, Simmons! A toi, Simmons!"*
>
> In a second they were upon their brother Frenchmen, had downed them, and had hustled Charley White out of the room. No matter where one is in France, he can always call his class to his side; architects stick to architects, actors to actors, painters to painters, and so on. I could never convince my friend, however, that I did not employ private police.

No recollections of Paris of that era would be complete without a few Whistler stories. For one thing it must have been almost impossible not to be familiar with Whistler's spectacular comings and goings, but needless to say, Mr. Simmons was armed with the proper New England introduction:

> Whistler was a well-known figure at all Salons, but I first met him in London, where I visited him with a letter of introduction from my aunt Fanny, who had trotted him on her knee when he was a baby. He was charming, said there was something he had to do, and, if I could wait for him, the day was mine. He handed me a portfolio of drawings to look at while he was gone, saying:
>
> "Some things I picked up in Italy."
>
> When he came back I told him, with the arrogance of youth, that I hadn't cared at all for some of the etchings and wondered why he had bought them. He was very curious to know which ones I meant, but never told me, what I found out later, that they were all his own! The well-known Venetian etchings!
>
> We lunched at the Hogarth Club and back to his studio to look at his work—me to drink in fountains of knowledge and he to be much amused at my untrained conversation. The studio was large, dignified, and very bare. I remember multitudes of little galley pots in which to mix colors. His painting table had a glass top, and I made a mental decision to have one like it. Whistler always had his own canvas made for him and was extremely careful about all his materials.
>
> His accent was very English and he was full of mannerisms, constantly fooling with his eyeglass or the lace at his throat. He asked about Paris, and I told him of the first show of the Impressionists, held on the Boulevard des Capucines; of Monet, Sisley, etc. The pictures had looked crazy to the people of the day. Whistler said:
>
> "Oh, I know those fellows; they are a bunch of Johnnies who have seen my earlier work."
>
> Considering that his earlier work looks pre-Raphaelite or stuffy German, this was a curious remark.

There are also reminiscences of Verlaine, Abbott Thayer, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Fantin Latour, Rosa Bonheur, and Courbet—of actresses, painters, and writers. Here is a gem about Boutet de Monvel that will thrill any painter or art student:

> At one Salon, in the early 'eighties, two Frenchmen, with flowing ties and low collars, stepped in front of me to look at a landscape by Boutet de Monvel. One said:
>
> "There is a girl in England named Kate Greenway who is doing some very clever work. She doesn't know anything about drawing or color, but her idea is certainly original. Some day some man will take it and get a great name by it."
>
> I never forgot that, for the speaker was De Monvel himself, and he certainly did scoop the idea.

It would be only fair to list some of Mr. Simmons' honors—though there never was a more modest autobiographer. But we content ourselves with the statement that he made good from almost the beginning—despite his late start. One is accustomed to think of painters, like dancers, being trained from infancy, but there are occasionally notable exceptions in which the urge to express the world graphically develops only after maturity. Here is an account of our hero's first showing. Incidentally, the description of French society appended makes a decorative contrast to the earlier one of New England. For our part we prefer such ornaments as the sumptuous Madame de Gautrot to the pasty faced, queer mannered Louisa of Concord. But it is just possible that Madame de Gautrot did not think in Greek:

> My first showing was at the Salon of '81. We students used to congregate at the Palais de l'Industrie and watch the four or five thousand pictures arrive for selection. From these only about two thousand were chosen. We were a great crowd, lining the grand stairway or sitting on the balustrade, and it was everybody's business to be funny. First would come vans and wagons from which would issue twenty and sometimes forty pictures; then messengers; poor artists with their one creation; and last the commissionaires who carried the canvases on the easel-like thing they had on their shoulders. Of course, the barnyard pictures brought forth loud cackles and crows—this being my special accomplishment. Every now and then some girl would arrive with a portrait of "Mother" (too poor to have it sent). Everyone would weep copiously. Up the stairway, with great ceremony, would come a portrait of some high official; we would all assume a manner of awe, but as it turned the corner—loud shouts of *"Merde!"* I remember mine (I was so ashamed of it) in a big frame so large that it had to be borne by two men. It was a portrait of a Scotchman in kilts.
>
> *"A biens l'horreur!* It is of our friend Simmons. Shame! Shame!" (for the bare knees).
>
> Up it went, and a big red-headed man from Julian's rose and said:
>
> "Silence for a while and tears."
>
> At last a wave of quiet—serious this time—and whispers all up and down the line.
>
> "Sh! It is the master!" A Jules Lefebvre had arrived.
>
> Pictures accepted and hung, varnishing day was the next excitement. Everyone of importance and all fashion turned out. New York society cannot conceive of what a place the fine arts have in France. Women of note at the gates with their *quêteuses*, soliciting money for charity; inside, great masses of people go through the galleries together, with some such person as Sarah Bernhardt at the head and the lesser following. I remember seeing Madame De Gautrot, the noted beauty of the day, and could not help stalking her as one does a deer. Representing a type that never has appealed to me (black as spades and white as milk), she thrilled me by the very movement of her body. She walked as Vergil speaks of goddesses—sliding—and seemed to take no steps. Her head and neck undulated like that of a young doe, and something about her gave you the impression of infinite proportion, infinite grace, and infinite balance. Every artist wanted to make her in marble or paint, and, although she has been done innumerable times, no one has succeeded.

Mr. Simmons has very notably the flair for understanding and interpreting racial differences—another surprise in view of his hidebound early environment. He would have made a successful journalist, in fact, with his fluent pen—he is said to be an even more fluent speaker—and his instinct for the picturesque. A few notes hit off the Gallic reverence for form in this concluding excerpt:

> One advantage in not having money in Europe is that it forces one to live with the natives and not mingle with transplanted America, vulgar with luxury, that exists in every large capital. We had a good chance to learn the French nature, bear with its eccentricities, and appreciate its wonderful charm. They never miss a chance to make a witty remark. I remember a girl about twenty-five, but looking sixteen, with bobbed hair (unusual in those days), conspicuously short skirts, and woolen stockings, looking distinctly the poor gentlewoman, walking down the boulevard one day entirely alone. Under her arm was a violin case, looking exactly like a coffin. Each café has its character, and as she passed the Café de Madrid, with its gathering of literary people, a perfectly dressed Frenchman, lavender tie and all, at one of the outer tables rose, raised his hat and said:
>
> *"Ah, Mademoiselle! Tu vas enterrer la petite?"* ("You go to bury the little one?")
>
> There was dead silence until she was out of sight, when every man in the café rose and lifted his hat to the speaker. We, in America, are not in consonance with wit and beauty as they are.
>
> If you make good in Paris, it is all right. The students once carried a nude model all over the city, and the citizens respectfully bowed to Beauty. Again, conversely, an actress who appeared in a play in the nude was madly applauded—until she made the fatal and inartistic mistake of taking a curtain call. She was hissed off the stage. I remember Rochegrosse, a fellow painter, picking up a red-velvet-and-gold hat of the Louis Onze period, one day in the studio. It made him look exactly like a mediæval page. Without thinking, he wore it out—the whole length of the boulevard. No one thought to laugh, but all stopped and said "Admirable." You must not be ridiculous in France, but you are not necessarily ridiculous just because you differ from the crowd, as you are in America.

So much for the *Quartier* and smart Bohemian Paris in the '80's. The remainder of Mr. Simmons' admirable memoirs record artist sojourns in Brittany and Barbizon, Germany, and the French provinces, and the later development of his successful career. But it is always the beginnings, particularly the Parisian beginnings, of an artist's life that are most interesting.

FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY.. By Edward Simmons. New York: Harper & Brothers; $4.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 15, 1923, (5 days) were $149,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $176,800,000, a decrease of $27,100,000.

During August rust and insects somewhat impaired the hopes of an exceptionally large crop in parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, but now that practically all grains have reached maturity the prospect is that the aggregate yield will be about equal to that of last year. As the farmers are engaged in harvesting there is the usual dullness in retail and wholesale trade. The industries of the country, however, are on the whole active, although in a few instances longer holidays than usual have been given to employees, while the volume of incoming orders indicates that there has been no material change from the satisfactory conditions referred to in last months *Letter*. The latest report on labor

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employment issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows that, if the number employed at the beginning of 1920 is taken as the bases, or 100, the index for the whole of Canada was 100.2 on August 1st of this year, as compared with 99.5 on July 1st last and 93.1 on August 1st, 1922. Most of the recent increases occurred in the industries connected with construction and transportation, including among the former the lumber mill industry, says the *Commercial Letter*, issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Each harvest since the termination of the war the question has arisen as to where and how the increasing volume of Canada's natural products can be marketed, and on every anniversary of the armistice, when the crop movement is at its crest, there has been a renewal of hope that order would be speedily restored

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to the states of Europe and that as a result they might be able to purchase a larger part of our products at a fair price. At the moment the much-desired settlement appears to be as far away as ever, and yet after five years of waiting this country has, relatively speaking, not fared badly. There has been no serious degree of unemployment such as would lend a plausible excuse to social disturbances, and any differences that have arisen between employers and employed have been similar in origin to those of normal times. As far as can be learned from official figures there appear to be fewer persons than usual in search of employment, and the supply of harvest labor this year has been supplemented to a considerable extent by immigration. At no time in the country's history, so it would seem, have the people as a whole had easier access to the necessaries and luxuries of life. Meanwhile the material progress of Canada has been great. A month ago in this *Letter* it was pointed out that the market abroad for our chief products, wheat and flour, had expanded more rapidly during the years following the war than ever before, and there is no evidence that the limit of expansion has been reached. In the case of another class of commodity of which we have large resources, namely, the products of our forests, the expansion during recent years has been equally marked, the value of our exports having risen from $155,000,00 in 1919 to $229,900,000 in 1923. It is of interest to note that our exports of minerals are greater now than before the war. The output of our chief gold mines is moreover increasing, and the lack of power which has hitherto handicapped the industry is now being met by the harnessing of available water power. On the other hand the general situation still contains factors which make for dull business, namely, excessive costs of production, a low level of immigration, and an increasing burden of public debt.

The following comment upon the prospects of Canadian agriculture, which appeared in a recent issue of *The Grain Growers' Guide*, the official organ of the farmers in the Prairie Provinces, is deserving of special notice in this connection:

"We firmly believe," say this journal, "that there is no country under the sun today where agriculture generally is in any better condition than it is here, and that this country will return to a period of agricultural prosperity as rapidly, and probably more rapidly, than any other country. We are suffering from artificial economic handicaps which is the lot of the farmers in every land, yet few countries have the natural advantages which we enjoy. Slowly but steadily adjustments will be made and injustices will be righted; there can be no advantage derived from persistent pessimism. . . . We know there is considerable improvement needed in our governments, financial, industrial and transportation institutions, but it is a great mistake for the people of any country to lean too much upon governments and politicians. This country will not come into its own through what governments will do. Governments and parliaments can help, but the great effort must be made by the people themselves and through self-help. We shall be glad to hear from those who believe in the country and its people, who have confidence in the ability of the people to carry on and make this country what it was intended to be, and who can discern the 'silver lining' in times of depression."

The business of the country has given evidence of great stability during the Summer months, and enters the Fall season with general confidence prevailing. It is now more than three months since the reaction to the Spring boom began, and notwithstanding the spirit of caution that has been dominant the volume of business has been well-sustained. The industries have shown rather less than more of the usual seasonal slackness, and railroad traffic for each month has been greater than for the corresponding month in any previous year. The natural inference is that the heavy buying of last Spring explains in large degree the recession of buying in recent months, for on the whole the buying seems to have been sufficient to supply the needs of the country and maintain practically full employment, says The National City Bank on general business conditions.

The fact that forward buying has been light, coupled with the fact that retail trade over the country has been good, gives assurance that stocks of merchandise must be constantly replenished, for there is no reason to believe that the purchasing power of consumers has been diminishing. Labor is well-employed at high wages, the only menacing controversy being that in the anthracite coal field. The situation of agriculture has improved by reason of price advances for live stock and corn, while even wheat has a more hopeful outlook.

The textile industries have to meet a situation in which, on the one hand, costs are higher owing to wage-increases and higher prices on raw materials, while on the other hand the public has set its face very resolutely against higher prices on finished goods. The result is that business has been a little slow in some lines and margins very close. Nevertheless, the general sentiment is that trade will be quit satisfactory in the coming weeks.

In cotton goods, the situation has been unfavorable to much activity since last Spring, when raw cotton went above 30 cents per pound on the theory that American stocks would be wholly exhausted before the new crop was ready. Buying fell off to such an extent that new and old crop cottons were on practically the same basis by the end of the croy year. Even then, however, conditions were confusing, for stocks are so small that prices have been very sensitive to the weather conditions affecting the new crop. Buyers of goods have been indisposed to follow the market up, and the mills have complained that goods at current prices were not in line with raw cotton. Nevertheless, an increasing volume is being done, and there is reason to believe that when the size of the cotton crop is finally settled and prices are adjusted thereto, goods will move freely.

The situation in woolens is still more indefinite. The sale of dress goods has been good, but of men's wear for the Spring trade has been light, and there has been some curtailment of production. The rise of prices which has been made necessary by higher prices for wool and higher wages are not pleasing to the trade, and forward orders are restricted in consequence. Reports are more or less conflicting, some of the lines being reported as moving very well.

In silk goods as in cottons and woolens, raw materials and wages are both higher, necessitating higher prices to the trade. In all lines merchants are inclined to go slow and try higher prices out on the consumer, whose decision will be final. This cautious attitude of the retail trade prompts manufacturers and wholesalers to pursue the same general policy, with the result that the prices of raw materials are subject to more than the usual amount of fluctuation as soon as buyers appear. At the same time, this buying policy insures that stocks in the hands of dealers will be so small as to guarantee a certain minimum volume of buying at all times.

The shoe trade is looking well. A wide inquiry instituted by one of the leading trade journals shows that orders for shoes for the balance of 1923 are running from 10 to 25 per cent. ahead of 1922 and that the feeling among manufacturers is, in the main, a very satisfactory one. Shoe orders are taken so far ahead that they give a more than usually interesting insight into the feeling of retailers as to business conditions several months hence.

The automobile industry, although not running on as high pressure as in the first half of the year, is holding up very well. The railroads are buying freely of steel and still placing orders for equipment. *Bradstreet's* July figures for building permits in 167 cities show an aggregate of $224,078,000, against $239,727,869 in June and $206,359,995 in July, 1922. This indicates that building activity is still very well maintained, and according to reports this is especially true as to business buildings.

On the whole the outlook is for steady business, sustained by the consumptive requirements of a well-employed population, with little speculative activity and relatively small price changes. This signifies that after the great upheaval caused by the war the country is getting back to more stable conditions.

There has been little change in the position of investment bonds of high degree this week although considerable by-play developed in speculative railroad and industrials, while a flurry took place in foreign Government obligations, due to the latest "war scare." The chief disturbance in the foreign division centered about the much belabored and undistributed Jugo-Slav 8's, which broke

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badly, the theory or excuse for the selling being that that kingdom might become embroiled against Italy. Italian 6½'s were steady and apparently pegged. Losses elsewhere in the group were not severe, says Preston S. Krecker in *Commerce and Finance*.

Curiously enough, the securities which were featured in the industrial and railroad divisions were those which have been too often mentioned as "has beens." Traders who have assumed that the sheriff was sitting on the doorstep of certain chemical and fertilizer companies, with everything ready except the post mortems, received a severe jolt when the bonds of these companies advanced 2 to more than 5 points. Much the same thing happened in the case of a few railroad company bonds, such as the New Havens and St. Pauls. Other erstwhile weak sisters joined the movement toward higher levels. Of course, much motive power came from the large "sleeping" short interest which has been built up in these issues over a period of weeks, and in some instances months. The

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manner in which large advances occurred between sales showed that somebody had had faith enough in these issues to absorb most of the floating supply.

This speculative tinge which occasionally colors bond trading serves to enliven the interest of investors. The eternal question, Is the market going up or down? crops up again. The man who has bonds to sell or he who wants to buy naturally wants to choose the right time.

The average bond man is likely to answer that while of course some bonds are selling too high, he believes the trend will be upward until the turn of the year. Perhaps a month or six weeks ago he would have said something else because the fall money outlook was obscure and it seemed as though industrial profits were becoming narrower.

Hunter, Dulin & Co., Citzens National Bank of Los Angeles, and Blyth, Witter & Co. are offering $1,750,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. serial bonds of the Central Manufacturing District, Inc.

The Central Manufacturing District of Los Angeles is an industrial organization closely molded after the Central Manufacturing District of Chicago. This latter District was formed about 15 years ago with approximately 200 acres of land and no industries, while today it occupies over 500 acres of land with 300 different industrial concerns representing a total investment of more than $50,000,000. Among some of the nationally known industries located in the Chicago district are the Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Co., Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Montgomery, Ward & Co., Fairbanks, Morse Co., etc.

The same men who have successfully developed and operated the Chicago District are in charge of all operations of the Central Manufacturing District of Los Angeles, together with the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards and Los Angeles Junction Railway.

The Central Manufacturing District of Los Angeles consists of 200 acres of land and improvements thereon, located approximately four miles from 7th and Broadway, in what is known as the East Los Angeles Industrial Section.

These first mortgage bonds, which mature serially from July 1, 1926, to 1938, inclusive, are being offered at a price to yield 6½ per cent., will be secured by a first mortgage or deed of trust, on all real property of the company now owned or hereafter acquired. The properties of the Central Manufacturing District, Inc., upon completion of this financing, have been appraised at $5,234,402, while the estimated net earnings for the year ending July 1st, 1924, will exceed 2¾ times interest charges on this issue. In addition to this security the bonds will be unconditionally guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Los Angeles Corporation, which will have a net worth of $6,284,961. Prominent among the stockholders of the Los Angeles Corporation are the following: John A. Spoor, John J. Mitchell, H. E. Poronto, A. G. Leonard, Richard Fitzgerald, and Thornhill Broome, all of Chicago; Frederick H. Prince and George Peabody Gardner of Boston; Eugene V. R. Thayer of New York City, and P. D. C. Ball of St. Louis.

The National City Company is offering $10,000,000 of The Willys-Overland Company's first (closed) mortgage 6½ per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, due September 1, 1933.

These bonds will be secured, in the opinion of counsel, by a direct closed first mortgage on all the real estate, buildings, machinery and equipment of the company now owned or hereafter acquired subject only, as to any property hereafter acquired, to any liens thereon existing at the time of the acquisition thereof, and will be additionally secured by pledge under the mortgage of all stocks owned in the principal subsidiary companies. The mortgage will provide, among other things substantially, as follows:

The Company will not permit any subsidiary company to mortgage or pledge, or to suffer or permit any lien or other charge to be imposed upon any of its property, or to make, issue or negotiate any issue of bonds, notes or other funded obligations, (except any obligations incurred in the ordinary course of business) unless such obligations shall be pledged with the trustees under the mortgage as additional security for these bonds. The subsidiary companies, however, will be permitted to acquire property subject to purchase money mortgage of not exceeding 75 per cent. of its value. The Company will not declare or pay any cash dividends upon its preferred and common stocks, except out of earnings subsequent to September 1, 1923, and unless after the payment of such dividends current assets shall at least equal 200 per cent of current liabilities, and net current assets shall at least equal 200 per cent. of the outstanding bonds.

Inasmuch as the Company immediately prior to this financing has neither bank loans nor funded indebtedness, the entire proceeds of this issue of bonds will be devoted to increasing the Company's working capital consistent with the largely expanded volume of business. The financing will place the Company in an exceptionally liquid condition.

Bonds have a habit of "discounting" the increased safety margin indicated by larger earnings in addition to being ruled marketwise by the money market. It is this fact which leads to the belief that railroad bonds, particularly the medium grade kind, have not yet sold at their best prices. To a considerable extent tbis also is true of many industrials. The seasonal lull in business has not affected profits to the extent at first expected. Add to this fact the position of the money market—an exceptionally easy position which promises to be unaffected by the usual crop moving and fall business revival demands—and you have the reason why the bond man is more cheerful and says it is "safe to buy 'em."

It may at least be said that precedent is often on the side of rising prices in the final quarter of the year, coincident with the return of large investors from vacations, a more active stock market and investment of corporate funds. The bond market quite frequenly touches its low mark for the year between July and September.

With the passing of Labor Day more life may be looked for on the trading floor. The month of August, 1923, must go down in statistical tables as the dullest in five years, total transactions being only $158,218,000, or about half the $308,882,000 reported for August, 1922.

More new financing also may be looked for. Last month was partly devoted to clearing from dealers' shelves slowly moving investment issues. The week's new issues were the largest since July, aggregating $44,252,800. The largest was an issue of $24,000,000 Associated Oil Co. 6's.

The fight to put a stop to issues of tax-exempt bonds is expected to be resumed when Congress convenes. There are now outstanding about $11,600,000,000 of such tax-exempt state and municipal issues. The $12,000,000,000 mark will probably be passed next January or February. This estimate does not include tax-exempt Government loans.

Two additions to the sale staff of Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have just been announced by the San Francisco office. E. C. Anderson, formerly of A. B. Leach & Co., Chicago, has come West to take a post in the bond house. He is not a stranger to the coast, having been graduated from Stanford University some years ago. Roy A. Moore, who resigned from the army last November, will also be identified with the local office's sales force. Moore graduated from West Point in 1918.

Expansion of business making it necessary for A. A. Housman & Co. to acquire more central and convenient offices in Los Angeles, ground floor space has been obtained in the New Pacific Mutual Building, 515 West 6th Street, near the recently completed Biltmore Hotel. The new quarters, which will provide much better facilities for their customers, will be occupied on Monday, September 24th.

At a special meeting of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange yesterday, James McDonald acquired the seat of Herbert E. Clayburgh, both of J. Barth & Co.

Back at their accustomed posts after their annual outing Sunday, uniquely staged aboard the new electrically driven Key Route boat *San Leandro*, the staff of the American Bank found it somewhat difficult yesterday to keep business uppermost and exclude the impulse to compare notes about the impressions of the big picnic. It was a gala affair, rendered the more enjoyable by ideal weather.

The forces of the First National Bank of Oakland and the American Bank of Oakland and its branches in the east bay region and in the San Joaquin Valley, on board a special train from Oakland, joined the San Franciscans at the Oakland pier. Steaming into the upper reaches of the bay, the big vessel carried the happy throng—a larger "family" than attended the outing a year ago as a result of the expansion of the banks.

A parade of fair feminity, costumed wholly in paper of every description used in the regular routine of a bank, was tbe chief attraction in the series of prize contests. First honors were won by Mrs. Ethel M. Spowart, exchange operator of the American Bank of San Francisco, whose garb was an old-fashioned hop skirt with pantelette. Miss Dorothy Driggs of the Emeryville branch of the American Bank of Oakland, and Mrs. Collin of the headquarters office of the same bank, were the other prize winners.

An hour was spent at Mare Island, where the bankers and their guests boarded and inspected ships at anchor at the navy yard and had a chance to see the great drydocks. Then everybody was amply ready for the tasty box lunch, with coffee, soda water and ice cream as welcome extras. Dancing plus a program of music and stunts made the return trip a sbort and merry one, the pier being reacbed a few minutes before four.

P. E. Bowles, president of the affiliated banks, was a proud host and appeared to enjoy the outing as fully as the gayest junior of the several hundred enthusiasts.

Responsible for staging the affair itself and the program aboard ship was a committee headed by Robert H. Bowles and made up, among others, of Ronald S. Robinson, F. A. Woodward, Frank Hart, Will H. Taplin, E. F. McMillan, A. E. Little, Charles Walters, L. W. Jenkins, Seth Matthews, Bradley B. Brown, Robert MacNeur, and last but by no odds least, Joseph Mills, who acted as impresario of talent.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

A Portrait of a Painter.

A SON AT THE FRONT. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

Nothing more unlike the flimsy feminine "Glimpses of the Moon" could he imagined as a product of the same author than Mrs. Wharton's latest, "A Son at the Front." If one may indulge in that gingerhread contrivance, a simile, the former book was like a fashionable dress by Robert W. Chambers with phychologic trimmings by Henry James: the latter is as solid as granite—an effigy if you like, hut a very realistic one of the American painter who is the sole major figure. The son at the front, though he occasionally appears to view, is more of a legendary hero than the hero of the novel. He is rather the idea that focuses his father's life, makes him a coward and a slacker, and throws the smallness of his character into blinding relief from the greatness of his talents. War, as the painter himself said, is a great artist.

Mrs. Wharton is primarily a portrait painter herself—witness her masterpiece, "The House of Mirth"—and her strongest hooks have always been studies of character, though always lit up by the particular great idea which their author was expressing at the moment. Plot is not usually a strong point with this writer and it is the more striking that "A Son at the Front" is provided with a plot as well as the inevitable idea. Moreover, it is to the hest of our knowledge unique in fiction. The filial relation expressed in the title of our mythical hero is not as one would expect to a normal pair of parents though a mother does exist as a necessary explanation of the two fathers with which the son is strangely provided, the real father—the painter of our aforementionel effigy—and the second hushand. It has taken divorce, which up to date has not figured much in good fiction, to create duplicate and perhaps triplicate parents of the same sex. The jealous coöperation and petty though pathetic recriminations of the two men drawn together hy their past and present relation to an insipid woman provides Mrs. Wharton with as neat a problem in psychoanalysis as she could have found anywhere in our ahnormal, futile society. R. G.

A Business Man in War.

A BUSINESS MAN IN UNIFORM. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. New York: Duffield & Company; $3.00.

The American Expeditionary Forces were made up of every type of American, and not the least interesting was the American husiness man who shut the door on his office, his hank, or his plant to put on the uniform of service.

One of these husiness men in uniform was Colonel Raynal C. Bolling. A graduate of Harvard, before the war Colonel Bolling was general solicitor for the U. S. Steel Corporation, and won for himself a place in the professional and business world. He became a memher of the New York National Guard and was a pioneer in training civilians for military aviators; at the outhreak of the war he was made major in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, and was sent to Europe as head of the Bolling Mission to report on aircraft production. Work was accomplished in the face of great difficulties; he had to adjust himself to the methods of a profession new to him, realizing, with many other husiness men, a certain loss of efficiency under conditions so different from those in which they had heen trained. Where the business man in private life delegates authority to responsihle subordinates, the business man in the army found himself ohliged to suhmit all questions to superiors, often at a distance and lacking in the necessary business experience to decide important questions.

In spite of all these handicaps Colonel Bolling made a success of his work in the aviation as he had in the Steel Corporation, and his sudden death was widely deplored hoth here and ahroad. He was killed while on duty at the British Royal Flying Corps Headquarters, near Amiens, at the heginning of the great drive in March, 1918.

Henry Pearson has written in clear, forceful English the story not only of a capahle and successful man's work, hut has drawn a picture well worth preserving, of a man's life rich in all that goes to the making of a fine character and standing as a model for the hest type of American manhood.

A Turkish Tale.

CAREER. By Dorotby Kennard. New York: Tbe Century Company; $1.90.

Opening the cover of a book is a good deal like opening the door into a strange room filled with strange people. Sometimes we feel at home at once, are delighted with our new acquaintances, and leave them with regret. Sometimes we do not like them at all, and feel the meeting a waste of time or worse. "Career" helongs in the second class, and has not even the redeeming merit of being well-written.

The scene is laid on the Bosphorus and the story circles ahout the British Embassy in its summer quarters. So far so good; for one always enjoys a foreign setting and glimpses of an unfamiliar environment. But into this otherwise pleasant and decent English life, running along in orderly fashion, is interjected a muddy stream of Turkish intrigue with plot and counter plot fit only for melodrama, and with a swirling undercurrent of morals and immorals that leaves the reader uncertain in which direction the writer is facing. Out of the personal diplomatic experiences of the heroine more than one interesting volume might be made, if not saturated with too many drops of attar of rose and not obscured with too much of the Turkish point of view.

Another of Those Islands.

THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. By Henry James Forman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.00.

A literary critic in speaking recently of the average American novel of today characterized it as "thin," and this adjective admirably fits a late publication by Henry James Forman, which seems to us to lack a reason for existence. The idea from which it sprang is expressed in a foreword and afterword in a rather poetic fashion, hut it is not expressed in the pages of "The Enchanted Garden," either symholically or actually, and the story is not well enough told to compensate for the lack of an incentive.

The improhahle, hut always attractive, picture of a tiny island ruled autocratically hy one man furnishes the setting for the larger part of the hook, and the descriptions of a luxurious tropical life in contrast to several sharply dangerous adventures contribute a certain amount of reading interest. The development of character is indicated rather than felt, the style is wordy and the book as a whole disappointing.

A Collection of Dramas.

MOOERN PLAYS. Edited by Frank Shay. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co.; 50 cents.

These modern plays are neatly and prettily got up in thin paper volumes. Some are only one-act, some full-sized. Among a group at hand are "Scramhled Eggs," hy Mackall and Bellamy; an amusing barn-yard comedy, the idea prohahly suggested hy Rostand's "Chanticleer," hut the collahorators finding no trouble in heing original and witty. "The Stick-Up," hy Pierre Loving, is a comedy fantasy in free verse, which shows three rough-neck cowhoys in the land heyond the shades, talking in their own vernacular. Did the author mean to write a respectful and inoffensive take-off on Dunsany's "Glittering Gate?" But whether he did or not he has written something clever and original.

"Society Notes," hy Duffy R. West, is a neat satire on that specimen of social matyrdom known as a society dance.

"The Fountain of Youth" is a poetic drama in three acts hy the two collahorating Alvarez-Quinteros. It is heautifully written, the dialogue more voluminous than is the case in American plays, but the Continentals love the heautiful elocution that they can rely on having in their theaters. "The Fountain of Youth" has only two roles, and in each act the two characters have advanced considerahly in years, so that at the end they are old.

"Lithuania" is a powerful one-act play hy Rupert Brooke, which depicts the sordid and hapless interior of a peasant hut in a remote country district. A traveler comes; there is murder for gain, and a horrifying discovery of the identity of the victim; all told in concise dialogue. One cannot hut appreciate the significance of the brief title, after reading the play.

"Mirage," hy George M. P. Baird, is a story of dramatic strength and picturesque expression. It is located in a puehlo of the Hopi Indians, and the atmosphere is strikingly maintained. Strength and interest is given the action hy the interweaving of the destinies of two white people with those of the Indian heauty who wears in her hlue-black hair the yellow hlossoms which proclaim her virginity.

"Sounding Brass," hy Edward Hale Bierstadt is a one-piece study of the Scotch covenanter type of character endowed with the dangerous authority conferred hy hardship over hoth a state prison and a family.

Every one of these plays has either strength or humor, according to its category, and the convenient and reasonahle form in which they are cast will make them eagerly sought hy little theater players.

Books on Music.

THE ROMANTIC WORLD OF MUSIC. By William Armstrong. New York: E. P. Dutton Co.; $5.00.

Among a group of books on the theme, we find "The Romantic World of Music," hy William Armstrong. This is an interesting volume containing eighteen articles in which the lives, characters and musical attainments of as many stars in the musical world are treated sympathetically.

The writer knows whereof he writes, as his personal recollections are drawn on. For he had friendly affiliations with these artists, concerning whom he retails numerous interesting anecdotes. The hook is made attractive hy a numher of portraits of the famous singers to whom the author offers the homage of a valued friend.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA. By Rost Newmarch, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

This volume is an informational study of the development of national opera in Russia. It represents many years' analysis of the suhject hy the author, who has gathered numerous articles written during these years of study to complete the volume.

There are many details of the lives of the great Russian composers, and a survey of the times in which they lived.

The operas, also, are considered at length, and the circumstances attending their composition. Altogether the book is a valuable contrihution, and will prove helpful to a general public whose knowledge of Russian artists is rather vague.

THE MAKING OF MUSICIANS. By T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; price $2.00.

This book is for the teacher of music, although it is not a manual. It is written to advance the idea of making music a popular art by appealing to the musical instinct, and the sense of rhythm, rather than hy building up an elahorate system of technique from without. In other words, to quote the author, "To huild up from the foundations laid hy nature."

Mr. Trotter has offered helpful consideration—or so it seems to the layman—of many of the prohlems connected with the teaching of music, including such difficult subjects as interpretation, harmony, and counter point.

THE EFFICIENCY IDEA. By Winifred Stone. Los Angeles: Pub. by E. H. Grafton Co.

In a thin volume, "Dedicated to the average student," Winifred Stone has advanced an idea that deserves more credit than it has received. The beginner is for whom it is written, the one who suffers from the difficulty of mastering the first requirement in the study of piano music, which is an easy reading of the notes.

Mrs. Stone explains the wherefore of this obstacle to ready sight reading; it is because in each key the pupil has to master a new set of note positions on the staff, with the added difficulty of the notes retaining the same letter names; in other words to do "mental juggling with the sequences of letters hy which the notes are named."

The solution offered is so simple and sensible that it will prohahly he ignored. It is to avoid confusing the student hy transferring the notes from the printed music to their relative places on the piano keyhoard without naming them. Their direct relationship to each other is to he kept in mind; that is the main point. It is a helpful idea that will be taken up sometime, hut only after a numher of years of ignoring it.

It should be added that all students of the piano, who are not virtuosos, will enjoy reading "The Efficiency Idea," because it is written in hright, readahle style, and shows on the author's part an unusual equipment of plain, common sense.

The Amazonian Stage.

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR WOMEN. Edited by Frank Sbay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.00.

The idea guiding the editor in the selection of these eighteen plays was to compile in one volume dramas requiring only women to cast. The task was difficult. Plays in which characters of hut one sex figure must necessarily he devoid of the complete essence of dramatic conflict. Also, the majority of plays of this type are written for girl's schools or colleges.

But there are, among the authors of these 18 plays, some well-known names: Maeterlinck, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Eugene G. O'Neil, August Strinberg, and Alice Gerstenherg.

Nevertheless, there is a certain tameness and mediocrity in the collective effect; due, no doubt, to the absence of the masculine note, although there are male characters in some of the dramas which can easily be assumed hy women.

More Cures for World Ailments.

THE COMING RENAISSANCE. Edited by Sir James Merchant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $5.00.

Any great world movement labelled Renaissance at once suggests a hopeful outlook, and the possihility of a happy issue out of present difficulties. "The Coming Renaissance" is an expression in words of what has been growing in the minds of a group of clerics, public men, scientists and pholosophers. All these contrihutors endeavor to show the way out, whether hy the path of religion, science, or philosophy, hut all unite on a note of hope in the final outcome, and all are one in the helief that only in unity of purpose and spirit, he it in religion, in international affairs, or in science can the renaissance come.

The essays in this collection give the reader a clear idea of the development of the common thought, and its aspect under different lights. The writers deal with the problems of the day with hope and a helief in the common iadeals of humanity.

Essays by Auerbach

ESSAYS AND MISCELLANIES. Volume III. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In 1914 Mr. Auerbach published two volumes of essays and miscellanies, and the third volume has just appeared, eight years later, to complete the series and to renew the pleasure which admirers of Mr. Auerhach's writings found in the earlier volumes. "The Bible and Modern Life," appearing in Volume I, was perhaps considered the finest contrihution to literature and thought in the collection; while "A Cluh" and "The Lesson of Bishop Potter's Life" were the hest known and liked in the second volume. These have all heen published in separate form as well and have won high commendation.

In the present volume, while the subjects are treated in Mr. Auerbach's finished style, there seems to he no outstanding essay to rank with its predecessors. There is a fine address to the soldiers going to France, in "A Letter to a Neighhor," and a hrilliant extract of the oral argument of Joseph Auerhach in the matter of the suppression of "The Genius" hy Theodore Dreiser. It is a master-

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ly review of the book and a strong plea for freedom of thought and expression, showing at once the combined talents of Mr. Auerbach as a lawyer and writer. The argument is not in any sense a eulogy of the book, the advocate not being in sympathy with either its style or its matter, but from an impersonal stand, he makes a strong appeal for the rights of the novelist.

There are besides two other arguments included in the collection, and a chronicle of the "comings and goings, sayings and doings" of a small grandson, under the heading of "Mum's Boy." The arguments, as well as most of the contents of the book, whether making an appeal to the interest of the many or the few, are written in so finished and polished a style and with such fine literary instinct as to serve as models of felicitous expression.

Some New Thought.

MANY MARRIAGES. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $2.00.

Does Sherwood Anderson wish to rip up the whole social structure, or does he only wish to present impartially a picture of a man who is doing it so far as it affects his own life? It is difficult to say, after reading "Many Marriages," except that the reader senses strong sympathy on the novelist's part with the anarchist who broke loose from an uncongenial marriage after youth had left him and departed exultingly with the woman of his choice.

There is nothing unusual about that. The papers chronicle such acts every day. But what catches the reader's stupefied attention is the lengths to which the rebel went in the modest interior of his rather dismal home in order to announce to his womenkind that he had broken with conventions; such lengths, indeed, that the blushing scribe refuses to chronicle them.

Mr. Anderson, by the way, is no stylist. He certainly can hold the startled attention, but not by any polish of manner.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The *Atlantic Monthly Press* has offered two thousand dollars in cash, to be known as the Charles Boardman Hawes prize, for the manuscript of a story of adventure, preferably not less than 60,000 words, to be sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, between September 1, 1923, and October 1, 1924. Charles Boardman Hawes is the author of three books of adventure on the high seas, "The Mutineers," "The Great Quest" and "The Dark Frigate." Both here and in England he is recognized as a leading writer of adventure tales, dealing with ships and sailors before the days of modern steamboats, and his sudden death last July, at the age of thirty-four, when he was virtually on the threshold of a brilliant career, is a distinct loss to American literature. The *Atlantic Monthly Press* offers this prize in recognition of his fine work, and in the hope of discovering another author sufficiently gifted to succeed to Mr. Hawes' place as a writer of adventure stories.

In his introduction to his "Second Contemporary Verse Anthology," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Charles Wharton Stork explains that this method in making selections for this new volume has differed a little from that used for his "First Anthology," as he has chosen the best poems that have appeared in his magazine, "Contemporary Verse," irrespective of whether they have been used previously in other anthologies, and in addition to the poems he has put in one of the series of editorials that have been appearing in the magazine. He expresses the wish that "readers of this book might see in it not merely an assemblage of verse, but the spiritual record of an entire people; might hear, not smoothly-turned phrases, but the mingled harmony of an impetuous, confused, but in the main happy and kindly nation."

The Loubat prize of $1,000 has been awarded by Columbia University to Justice Harvey Smith for his book on "The War with Mexico," which is published by Macmillan. The prize is given every five years for the best work in English on the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology or numismatics of North America. This two-volume work links up in an interesting way with Priestley's "Mexican Nation," which Macmillan has just brought out.

Intended for children, but like all of Fabre's works, destined to be read by many adults, "This Earth of Ours" is physical geography as only the French naturalist could do it. Other new *Century* juveniles are: "The Children's Book of Celebrated Sculptures," by Lorinda M. Bryant, mainly a picture-book but with informative text opposite each picture; "Garth: Able Seaman," by Edith Ballinger Price, which continues the stories of the characters in her popular "Silver Shoal Light;" "The Seabird's Quest," a sea-adventure story by Alfred H. Loomis, whose "The Cruise of the Hippocampus," told last season, of a sailing cruise in a 28-foot yawl from New York to Balboa; "Nid and Nod," a new Ralph Henry Barbour boarding-school story; "White Fire," by Mary Constance Du Bois, another of this popular juvenile author's combinations of history and youthful romance; "Dorothy's Adventure in Bedroom Land," a little book of prose, pictures and rhyme for younger children by Mabel Andrews.

The twenty-fifth printing of "The Americanization of Edward Bok," published in late August by Charles Scribner's Sons, is taking the form of a one-dollar edition. "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children" is being issued at the same time in a one-dollar edition.

A recently-issued diary that has been favorably compared with the story of Captain Scott, with Conrad's work and Melville's romances of the sea, and even with "Robinson Crusoe," is that of the Quaker surgeon, Charles Edward Smith, on a whaling voyage in the Diana, which sailed from Hull in 1866. This journal of an Arctic whaling voyage will be published by Macmillan.

Robert M. McBride & Co. published on August 2 a revised edition of James Branch Cabell's first novel, "The Eagle's Shadow," originally published in 1904. This "comedy of purse strings," as the author calls it, is a story of Lichfield, the scene of "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" and "The Cords of Vanity," and many of the characters in those books are to be found in the present one. The new edition is augmented by an introduction by Edwin Bjorkman, and an appendix on morals by Mr. Cabell.

Howard Pyle's "Book of the American Spirit," a fitting companion to the already famous "Pyle's Book of Pirates," will be published by Harpers in September. This new Pyle book contains about 150 Pyle pictures, many in color. They tell the story as completely as the text. As the title implies, "Book of the American Spirit" portrays the spirit of American history as it appeared successively from the founding of America up through the Civil War. The text was written by Francis J. Dowd.

Mr. Nicholas Bassaraboff, the translator of Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum" from the Russian is going to translate Claude Bragdon's "Four Dimensional Vistas" into that language. This will be the third of Mr. Bragdon's books to be translated into a foreign tongue. His "Beautiful Necessity" has been issued in a Japanese edition, and his "Man the Square" ("A Primer of Higher Space") was translated into Italian. Alfred A. Knopf is bringing out a new edition of this book this month.

New Books Received.

THE MALADY OF EUROPE. By M. E. Ravage. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

By the author of "An American in the Making."

ALASKA, THE GREAT COUNTRY. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

New edition with new matter.

THE AUTHORESS OF THE *Odyssey*. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.

A new edition of Butler's theory of the authorship of the Odyssey.

CHANCE AND ERROR. By Marshal Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.

A study of the vagaries of chance.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY. By Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Essays.

FOUND MONEY. By George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.

An Irish novel.

THE AMERICANISM OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Edited by Hermann Hagedorn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.

Selections from his writings.

POEMS FROM PUNCH, 1909-1920. With an introductory essay by W. B. Drayton-Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Co.; $2.50.

A companion volume to "Poems From Life."

A SON AT THE FRONT. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.

A novel of the war.

CUPS OF ILLUSION. By Henry Bellaman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

Verse.

FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.

A novel of the Restoration.

OLIVER OCTOBER. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

A novel.

THE SINGING BONE. By R. Austin Freeman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $1.75.

A detective story.

SAFEGUARDING THE FUTURE OF PRIVATE BUSINESS. By Wiggington E. Creed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; seventy-five cents.

Barbara Weinstock lectures on the Morals of Trade.

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And in the midst of this titanic setting, we see long trains of white topped wagons moving on in jolting procession, over the rough trails of the wilderness. It is curious with what poignant emotion we enter into the unreeling of this epic of man's homely heroism. Probably because on this Pacific Coast, not the younger generation perhaps, but the one or two generations in advance have been brought up on tales of these long, brave penetrations of the wilderness by the families that were animated by that strange, unquenchable spirit of the pioneer, a spirit incomprehensible to the cautious lover of comfort and safety, but all the more admired by him.

Somehow when we saw the first long train working its toilsome way toward us from the far distance it had a powerful effect on the emotions. It was all so true once upon a time; there had been such valiant endurance, so many wayside tragedies, such suffering, and bravery, and such a marvelous outcome that the heart swelled, and the eyes were dimmed with a rush of tears. Yes, many people wept. It was a time of weeping and laughter, as we saw the plain natural, human drama develop itself.

And something in the homely play of human interests made the actors appear at their best: simple hearted, natural, spontaneous.

It was not until J. Warren Kerrigan appeared in the later phases of the story, and left off his rough plainsman's garments to appear in the black and white of "store clothes" that he looked like a cross between a preacher and an actor. But up to that time he filled the bill. As for the other men, Charles Ogle as the honest, opinionated old captain of the train, Ernest Torrence as the astute old guide, Tully Marshall as his pal of the wilderness, Alan Hale as Sam Woodhull the treacherous wooer of Molly, Guy Oliver as Joe Dunstan, and John Fox as the plucky young tobacco-chewing boy scion of the Wingates, they all fell almost instinctively into their roles. For they had something real and throbbing with life to take hold of; and they responded to the demand proportionately.

Lois Wilson was suited to the role of pretty domestic Molly, born to be the desired of manly home-makers; and Ethel Wales, like Lois Wilson, helped to complete the wonderfully strong illusion by the simplicity and absence of over-emphasis in her acting. In fact the standard of acting maintained was such as to stamp James Cruze as a stage director of admirably just standards.

They say that the producer, Jesse L. Lasky, knew he had a good thing when he started work on "The Covered Wagon," but that he scarcely realized its great possibilities until they began to work out. And they have been fully developed.

Emerson Hough, the author of the novel "The Covered Wagon," came out west many years ago, when he recognized its possibilities as the setting for stories. He consorted with Indians and plainsmen, and absorbed innumerable accounts of the great pioneer epic "crossing the plains."

When we think of how thousands are going to be moved to laughter and tears, and feel their hearts swell with the homage we extend to unpretentious heroism, we cannot but mourn to think that the author of "The Covered Wagon" did not live long enough to see his tale thus marvellously pictured.

For marvellous it is. We see all the terrible dangers that menaced the resourceful pioneers: the crossing of the calm flood of those mighty western rivers, the prairie fires, night attacks by Indians, disunion in the camp, the disastrous diminution of their stores, which, in the play, resulted in an exciting buffalo hunt, in which we saw the huge unwieldy brutes galloping over the plains, pursued by hungry and determined hunters.

But supreme in breathless interest was the crossing of the Platte, too deep to be forded, so that logs had to be lashed to the sides of the wagons, which, led by the swimming oxen, floated across. A strange feeling of the reality of it all comes across the spectator in witnessing this scene. Although the agitating music moulds your mood, you forget it, so at one are you with the absorbing drama.

Their wagons float, while the huge, patient oxen are reduced in the great flood, merely to the tops of their branching heads. And in the opening of the covered wagons we see the men still guiding and urging on the submissive beasts.

And so intensely exciting is this scene that when it is over, we feel as if we had heard the shouts of the men, the screams of frightened women, and the dripping of the water as the exhausted beasts land at last on their feet, struggling to shore.

This is the kind of picture-play the public will richly reward. And this is the kind we need. History, human history reduced to terms of simple living. The wild west is the great romance of Americans, for it is the region of remoteness from the human density in cities. Next to that is the interest felt in old New England, the garden-soil of Americanism.

And now, it seems as if we should have a stirring story of colonial times: not worked out by the ordinary movie-scenario contriver, but born first in the brain of a real writer, who, like Emerson Hough, would acquaint himself with the stories, the traditions, the atmosphere of the times.

But it seemed to me, as I saw "The Covered Wagon" that here was a great, a marvellous story of human instinct, human urge, human endurance and human bravery for the whole nation. European-Americans need it, as well as those whose American strain is purer. As for the children I hate to think of any real boy or girl losing the opportunity to see this tremendous epic reduced to a series of pictures that cannot fail to move almost every imagination to a thrilled response. And this, by the way is its second big week.

COMEDY AT THE PLAYERS.

As a change and a contrast to Shakespearean drama, the Players this week are giving "The Marriage Game," a light comedy that requires the ready, easy give and take of quick-witted, natural conversation. The play was an admirable selection for an organization of this kind, as the cast allows for eight characters of almost equal prominence. Only one of them is granted the special spot-light, and a rather romantic suggestion as to character and circumstance, something novel in such a setting.

This part was played by Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., while the three other prominent women rôles were played by Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Eugene Alanson, and Helene Hastings.

The story portrays the interesting situation resulting from a married man bringing to a supposedly bachelor party on a yacht his *chere amie*, only to run up against his wife and the wives of several of his friends present.

Fortunately for the dismayed men the lady of easy virtue turned out to be entirely presentable. Not only did she charm the men, but the women, believing her to be what she seemed, succumbed to her fascination. And during the ensuing association the lady wins admiration not only by her masterly bridge-playing, but by the admirable good sense she displays in a number of discussions that arise concerning "the marriage game."

It was in the employment of the light, coloquial tone requisite in these social exchanges that the company rather fell down. As a matter of plain, cold fact, they didn't all know their lines, and even regular professionals cannot be light and easy in their stage chattiness when they don't know their lines. It means floundering and the appearance of hard work on the part of the players, and when they seem to be working hard the audience works with them. Audiences are sympathetic, and whenever the illusion threatens to crack they suffer with the players. That is, they suffer first and laugh second. For of such is human nature, and it is sometimes amusing to itself.

Fortunately, things did not reach such a pitch. But I think it may be said truly that the first night was a very valuable—for the players: a little hard on the audience—dress rehearsal. By this time they are probably in capital trim, for the characters were well cast.

Mrs. Scott's appearance, style, manner and stage presence made her appear, from a superficial point of view, to advantage in the part of Mrs. Oliver. Her fault is unevenness and recurring ineffectiveness of delivery. Eugenie Alanson acted with pleasing naturalness in the part of the young wife who is having her first coolness with her husband. But the young lady has that old fault: an inability to laugh or cry naturally. This is something that practice will cure.

Mrs. Gerstle was well placed in the role of the ready, brisk, positive, assured Mrs. Packard. Mrs. Gerstle made her points well, for she had a number of social epigrams in her lines. But she has the fault of the tyro; or, at least, the player without steady experience; she did not differentiate enough between two moods by look, manner, or the ever valuable pause.

Helen Hastings filled a comedy rôle fairly well; it being understood that no one of these players quite succeeded in appearing with professional ease.

The same may be said of the men, Guy B. Kibbee coming the nearest to it, this actor also doing well with the humorous points in his discourse. The other male principals, all of whom were rather labored, were William J. Jacobs, Walter Hoffman, and Frederick McNulty, George M. Browning and Harold Ervin filling the lesser rôles.

By the time this screed appears the players will be much easier in their rôles, and by the time the piece disappears they will be supplying quite amusing entertainment. For, fortunately for the flounderers, the situation was interesting.

It may be said that the majorities of audiences are composed of young married people. And young—or mature, or even old—married people dearly love snappy, slightly cynical aphorisms on marriage.

It is rather a queer situation for a social estray to be holding forth so informedly on the subject. But the presumption is that the lady had had much experience as an expert in making selfish manhood comfortable.

Anne Crawford Flexner—the author—verges dangerously near a tone of moral admonition, toward the end, but on the whole she has constructed a play that, while light, is amusing, and written with some wit and discrimination.

It should be added that John E. Gerrity had contrived a good effect for the one setting: the general cabin of a pleasure yacht.

Nothing could be more conducive to an atmosphere of what might be termed natural artificiality. In such an atmosphere anything might happen, so plausibility is assisted by the feeling of the audience that anything goes.

THE ORPHEUM.

I could find time for but half the Orpheum bill this week, but the samples I witnessed were reassuring. In an attempt to see the Frances White act I bumped in upon Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace in "Georgia on Broadway." And shortly I found myself grinning delightedly at Wallace's fun, listening with approval to their singing of darkey "spirituals," and really looking at the pair almost with that queer smiling tenderness, that envious, pitying, yet congratulatory emotion that women feel at a real wedding, when they came out as a rustic bride and groom and proceeded to tickle our risibles and more our sentimental susceptibilities. They are a taking pair, and work with a pleasant spontaneity entirely devoid of the music-hall self-sufficiency. The woman's voice is scarcely pretty. But it has a sort of chucklingly mocking-bird penetrativeness, and their voices blend perfectly. Vernon Wallace has an agreeable baritone, genuine humor, and a delightful ability to convey amusing rusticity.

Really, a delightfully entertaining act, in a refreshingly unpretentious way.

John T. Murray, with his beaming smile and his talent for burlesque, made the expected hit. Mr. Murray, assisted by Vivien Oakland, gave a brief but funny take-off on "The Bat," and "The Cat and the Canary." Miss Oakland has successfully hid her real and doubtless charming integument under a terrific coat of sun-burn. By the way, when she came out as a maiden in the 'sixties—the 1860's I mean—she omitted her crinoline and wore a pair of thoroughly modern shoes.

Frances White's number is G, and she begins by saying Gee!; which she does as to the manner born.

She is a tiny thing, slender as a willow wand. I feel sure she rigidly watches her diet to preserve that admirable slenderness.

But as a result she can look the part when she dresses like a child, especially as her youthful countenance has a curiously boyish look.

She has her light brown hair brushed back to satin smoothness. Not an errant thread is visible. In "Gee, but I'm glad I'm small!" she is a cute bit of sophisticated childhood. Cuteness, in fact, is her great card. She wasn't a bit like a Japanese girl, but she looked cute and her tiny feet triumphantly retain their minute appearance in heelless shoes.

She half sings, half speaks in a voice that is agreeable, although not that of an admitted vocalist, and dances dainty, tripping, pretty little steps. If you saw her in a country boy's faded jeans you would easily accept her face as the honest little mug—that ought to be freckled—of a twelve-year-old boy. And then, when she came out in abbreviated gingham with a pink ribbon tower

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on her head, and a child's shoes, she had become a girl of ten or eleven.

In her final transformation she became a modern young lady in pale evening velvet and a feather fan, who affected an eccentric chevelure. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

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California Opera.

The San Francisco Opera Association is to start its two weeks' season in the Exposition Auditorium on September 26. Gaetano Merola, the producing director, is delighted with the quality of voice in the California chorus. Many of the local musicians have attended the now strenuous rehearsals, and subscribe to his opinion.

The ballet, also all-Californian, which is being rehearsed by Carossio, the Italian ballet master, formerly of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, will appear in three of the eight operas.

Several experts from the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company have arrived, among them Agnini, who will serve as stage director.

Much satisfaction has been expressed by subscribers over the revising of the plans heretofore followed in the temporary making over of the Auditorium for grand opera. The stage is to be built seventy-seven feet out onto the main floor, which will bring the footlights within twenty-five feet of the balcony. An area of 7500 square feet will cause the stage to be the biggest in any opera house in the world.

The list of operas will include Puccini's triptych "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Grianni Schicchi," which have never been heard here. Other novelties to San Franciscans will be "Andrea Chenier,"—produced rather ineffectively at the Tivoli many years ago—and "Mefistofele."

The list of singers is long. De Luca, whose voice is a favorite one in phonograph records, is among them. Doria Fernanda's work will be watched with interest, as the handsome young contralto is a San Franciscan, better recognized under her real name, Fernanda Pratt.

The Seckels Musicales.

The fourth season of the Alice Seckels *matinees musicales*, which are given in the ball-room of the St. Francis Hotel on Monday afternoons during the musical season, will begin in October, with Queena Mario, the soprano well-known here and who has made good as a Metropolitan Opera Company principal, to lead off in the list of eminent artists who will appear. Among them are Josef Lhevinne, Russian pianist; Olga Steeb, the pianist; Elena Gerhardt, lieder singer; Renato Zanell, baritone in the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Ferenc Vecsey, the Hungarian violinist.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Beginning next Sunday matinee the Orpheum management announces another all-star vaudeville bill. Heading the list of talent will be Grace La Rue, assisted by Joseph Daly, in a number of her famous songs.

Francis White, the musical comedy star, will remain for a second week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hale Hamilton (Grace La Rue) will be seen in a one-act version of Samuel Shipman's successful play, "Lawful Larceny," which had quite a run in the East and was considered one of the season's hits. Mr. Hamilton will be remembered for his interpretation of the screen version of the famous "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" stories. "Stars of the Future" is the title bestowed upon a sextette of promising young chorus girls of different Broadway musical comedy successes. John T. Murray and Vivien Oakland remain over with their "Songs and Satires." Senator Murphy, "The People's Choice," will be seen in satirical studies of famous statesmen. John E. Gorman, Charles Udell, Billy Golden, James B. Bradley, and Billy Tate are old time minstrel men who have a unique offering. They are titled as the "Minstrel Monarchs." Milla and William Reuter are equilibrists of repute.

The Sistine Chapel Choir.

The make-up of the Sistine Chapel Choir has been broadcasted from New York by Frank W. Healy, who is directing the organization's coming concert tour of the United States and Canada.

There are fifty-four voices in the choir—fourteen tenors, ten basses, four adult sopranoes, four altos, twenty boy singers, a conductor and his assistant. Women have never been admitted to its membership, the high parts having been sung by male falsetto voices until Dom Lorenzi assumed the conductorship and supplanted them with boy sopranos trained and educated in a special school endowed by Pius X and situated within the shadow of the Vatican. This policy was followed by Perosi's successor, Monsignor Antonio Rella, who has held the conductorship eight years, and will continue it in America. To obtain admittance to the choir the applicant must not only be a thoroughly-schooled musician with vocal equipment capable of giving him distinction as a soloist, but he must be acceptable to the existing membership. Thus qualified, he is eligible to enrollment, and at the expiration of thirty years he is retired on a pension.

As the choir is alone allowed to sing when the Pope officiates or presides at liturgical functions, Monsignor Rella will leave thirty of its reserve or substitute members to be ready for duty at the Vatican during his twelve weeks' absence in this country. The men and boys coming to America compose the cream of the entire organization.

At the Curran.

Sunday, September 23, the Curran theater will offer an attraction that comes here direct from a five months' run at the Princess Theater, Chicago. The offering will be George M. Gatts' presentation of Eugene O'Brien, the noted stage and screen star—who will appear in person—in a new play by Robert L. Dempster, entitled "Steve." "Steve" had its premier in November last, and Mr. O'Brien toured the principal cities of the East in the play with tremendous success.

The plot deals with the adventures of Steve Evans, a motion picture director, who, with his company, is on an island off the coast of Maine filming a screen drama. Steve observes a drama being played in real life by the island folk which surpasses in dramatic intensity any play he had ever filmed, so at the proper moment he takes part in the action to protect a young country girl from the machinations of her oppressors. Then things begin to happen, and in the end Steve not only thwarts the schemers, but wins a wife in the bargain.

The supporting cast embraces a number of well-known artists, headed by Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, lovingly styled "The mother of the American stage." Mrs. Whiffen, although 79 years old, is as agile as of yore, and with undimmed art is achieving the triumph of her great career in "Steve."

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

During the coming week two lectures of interest will be delivered in the Paul Elder Gallery. Tuesday afternoon, September 25th, at 2:30, Prof. Kenneth J. Saunders will speak on "Confucianism and New Thought," and will deal with Confucius and Chinese ideals in relation to the New Thought movement in China and Japan. This lecture will be illustrated by readings.

Saturday afternoon, September 29th, at 2:30, Edward Maslin Hulme, Associate Professor of History at Stanford University, will speak on the Revival of Literature in his series of Studies in the Italian Renaissance. He will discuss such interesting personalities as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Lorenzo de' Medici, Politian, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso.

Chevalier.

The great achievement of Chevalier, who died recently, was to add a figure to the London gallery which became known all the world over, says the Manchester *Guardian*. He was not the creator of the stage coster, but he gave life to the type, for he was a real artist. It may be doubted whether Chevalier's costers ever flourished in the East End, and the "pearly kings" of today may call him father—an instance of life copying art. Chevalier was only just over sixty, and although he never lost his power, his time of greatest success, the first flush of his fame, dates back to the early 'nineties. It was then that he took the town when, leaving comedy for the music-hall, he first sang things like "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins" and "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," which are known wherever any kind of English song is known. It might be said that he introduced the working classes to the middle classes, a feat comparable to what Phil May did with his sketches of low London life.

"My Old Dutch" was his masterpiece—a perfect thing of its kind, of universal appeal, and a thoroughly good tune. A description of the wife as "my old pal," a stroke of genius so simple as to be overlooked, appealed to everybody who is happily married, and that was Chevalier's way. He did get to the heart of things. In his latest phase he had come to make his effects very slowly, like an old master who can afford to linger in producing the familiar tones.

Mrs. Greams—It is so trying. My husband is always late. I've been waiting for him since 7 o'clock, and now it is nearly 8. *Waiter*—What time did you arrange to meet him? *Mrs. Greams*—At 5 o'clock.—*London Answers.*

"Yachtsmen of Belvedere"

is the title of a very attractive page, wherein the "yachtsmen" are hard to find, but the yachtswomen who are portrayed make it easy for one to understand some of the fascinations of yachting. Another salty page is "Battling the Waves," with some wonderful action pictures of American warships. All of our women readers will be interested in

"A Bunch of Bonnets"---

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VANITY FAIR.

If you see a man wearing a strange black hat with a bi-colored ribbon around it, and side whiskers beginning to sprout just in front of his cars, and you conclude from these appearances that he is an Englisb butler, coachman, footman, groom, or jockey, on a holiday, you will probably be wrong. He is, most likely, an Oakland man strayed to the West side of the bay, and an Oakland man, moreover, who belongs to the ancient mystic order of the Dons of Peralta. The hats, which have now been in evidence several weeks on the East side, are supposed to suggest a Spanish influence, tbe Peraltas having been the Spanish grantees of the land on which Oakland stands, or something of the sort; and if they were encircled with quieter ribbon, and had tapering crowns, (the hats, not the Peraltas) the suggestion would be effective, for the Spaniard of Cordova wears such a hat today, and it is a very good style. We often wonder that some of our hatters do not try importing a few for those customers that like to escape the senseless uniformities of factory-made fashions. and moreover can appreciate a becoming headdress. The butler whiskers are a later thought, and they, too, add a touch if one can divest them of menial association. With the alleged sombrero they do give the wearer a slightly Spanish cast of countenance. One can hardly look at this artificiality without speculating on its origin. How in the world did intelligent men ever adopt so strange an ornament as a little patch of whisker just forninst the ear? Well, there was a Roman helmet with plates projecting downward at that position, to save the wearer a side-wiping sword cut. Perhaps the soldier liked the effect and imitated it with hair; or perhaps be grew the hair to act as a cushion for that part of the helmet. And if the legionaries did that, perhaps they were imitated in Spain, for fashion has an eternal tendency to imitate military models. Hair bas been much affected by fighting. Alexander commanded his men to shave their beards so the enemy could not seize them by such convenient handles while they worked on them with the hack-and-jab of the period. Our western plainsmen, such as Custer and Buffalo Bill, wore their hair long so that the Indians should not think they were afraid of being scalped. The Oakland man may in time shave his side burns for fear of being taken for a butler, but for tbe time being he would like to be taken for a Spaniard, and tbe custom may be revived for a season on that side the bay. It is at worst no worse than the pony express hats we have heen seeing on this side.

And henna dye is nothing new. The Persians had black beards. Mohammed disliked Persians and commanded his Arabs to dye their beards, preferably a reddish gold or golden brown. Henna was easy to get, and all it took was plastering the beard with the wet leaves for a time. It is easy to change fashions, but hard to find a new one.

This matter of hirsute adornment is quite intimately related to the development of social classifications, which seems inevitable in civilization. It indicates, in many cases, the demarkation of responsibilities. And, in a sense, and to many individuals of the servant class, social distinction makes life easier. It may not seem hopeful to have human classes rigidly fixed, yet it enables many an unambitious person to escape the struggle for advancement which is one of the heaviest burdens of life. If he falls into his place he knows what is expected of him, and he knows he is not expected to exceed his abilities. When function is so defined, comfort results. In England, servant classes take professional pride in their employment, and are jealous of the metes and bounds of their duties. The valet is more interested in his master's attire than his master, for is not apparel his particular charge, and the care of it his profession? It would never do to let standards decline into a too great simplicity, or there would be less call for his services. So the butler keeps his place, and his little side whiskers. So the coachman is clean lipped—not so much on the orders of his master, who if he had anything to do worth doing would probably soon forget all about it, but as an insignia of position, which, if it be humble, is at least free from the cares and exertions of higher estate.

The insignia is maintained, and defended, by those whose class it designates. A wealthy Chicagoan, a quite important man in his field, engaged an English coachman, back in the days of the horse. The coachman knew his business and was very satisfying—a thorough horseman, an effective, accomplished servant, with pride in his caste. He did much for his employer's comfort, took from him much of the personal care of looking after his stables and seeing that the motive power was in good order, so that the employer should have more time and energy for his own quite important duti s. But on one point they differed. The coachman wished to dock the horses' tails, the Chicagoan would not permit it, and the coachman gently but firmly insisted so that the master was forced to argument to defend his position. They passed a fine equipage on the Drive one day, and the master said: "You see, Sanders, those horses have long tails and the whole rig looks very good." "I see, sir," said Sanders, "and I also notice that where the horses have long tails the coachman usually wears a moustache." That man was incorrigibly a coachman, and a good one, and he was proud of it and had no uncomfortable ambition to be anything else. Professional pride razed the moustache from his lip and grew the whisker on his cheek. It was his caste mark, and saved lots of trouble.

But the coachman is almost gone. The Astor stables in New York are a tea and soft drink palace. You can sit at little tables in stalls where great trotters once whisked the flies and regale yourself with lemonade and slops of that sort. The few grooms and coachmen left are wondering what is to be the end. Some signs of revival in horse equipage there are, as we recently reported concerning Washington, but it is early yet to expect much. As a class, the coachman has given way to the chauffeur, and the chauffeur is of a younger generation, one that has known theoretical democracy practically applied. The chauffeur either refuses to accept the professional standards of a servant, or he is a servant without traditions. The taxicab driver's insignia seems to be a pair of leggings and a peaked cap, but what is the insignia of the private chauffeur? And if it has not yet developed, what is it to be? He must not look like a taxicab driver, he should not look like a coachman. They might pin a gardenia on him, but gardenias cost more than gasoline. Ah, perhaps the "blue bird" was here all the time: perhaps the chauffeur's insignia will not be addressed to the eye but to the nose—perhaps it is forever to be the odor of gasoline. If so, ladies will have to find something else for a glove cleaner.

This year's beauty show at Atlantic City was the usual great success. The only fly in this particular perfumed ointment was that, if one may judge from newspaper portraits, the young lady who won the capital prize for beauty was not beautiful. It reminds one of the Scot at the box office demanding the return of his amusement tax on the ground that he "was na amused."

This is pre-eminently the Age of Appearance, says *The Man of Today*. It's your visiting card made of cloth, instead of pasteboard. It used to be, as the thud-and-blunder melodrama put it, that "rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," but no more. People are too absorbed in their own work-a-day tasks to crack the shell for the purpose of getting at the kernel inside. The world looks nobody up; it simply looks him over and forms its judgment upon what it sees. Shiny sleeves and baggy trousers have kept glued to a stool many a chap who should have been lifted into the office marked "Private." Chauncey M. Depew, former United States Senator, is as punctilious about his appearance at the more than Biblical span of nearly ninety as he was in his heyday at twenty-nine. It was Depew who once exclaimed, "Young man, never abuse the corporations. Dress well, work hard and buy into one."

"Business women are justified in spending 20 per cent. of their earnings on clothes," according to Miss Lillian H. Locke, addressing an audience of women at Columbia University on the "Clothing Budget."

"In starting to plan a clothing budget," Miss Locke said, "it is not well to plan on a yearly basis, since clothing does not have a yearly turnover. The average for a complete turnover in clothing is three years, therefore the budget should be built on that basis."

She exhibited a chart showing relative expenditures for various items of clothing and said that 50 per cent. should go for outer clothing, such as coats, wraps and dresses; 14 per cent. for underclothing, 8 per cent. for shoes, 8 per cent. for hats, 5 per cent. for accessories and 7 per cent. for care, cleaning and repair. She estimates the average woman's expenditure for clothing is from 12 to 15 per cent. of the total income.

"There is a variation in the scale to suit different classes," she said. "For instance, the bare headed college girl will require fewer hats and gloves than the business woman who rides to work every day on the subway." She stressed color and careful selection as important factors in buying. "The woman with few clothes must consider color carefully or she will find herself with a red hat and a henna coat. Dark and neutral colors and conservative garments are strongly advised for real economy."

Miss Locke urged buying a few good clothes rather than many cheap ones as being an economy in the end. "It is the bad buy which is always costly," she said. "No doubt every one of us at present has tucked away in a dresser drawer some foolish and useless article which we will never use, and which may be counted as so much waste. Nor is it wise to stock up on too many clothes.

"Many women this season are wearing petticoats with one piece dresses rather than the more appropriate slip, simply because they have petticoats which are good, and which they feel they must wear out. The old idea of the bride's trousseau, which contained a dozen and a half of each undergarment, is a thing of the past."

The apportioning of a budget of clothing runs from a maximum of one-fifth of the income to a minimum of one-tenth and is governed by many things, according to Miss Locke.—*New York Herald.*

Prostrating Politeness.

So eager are the Fijians to be polite to visitors that if a guest slips and falls they immediately follow suit, says the Detroit *News*. If a guest slips and happens to fall in the presence of many Fijians there will be a great scrambling, as every one tries to place bimself prostrate upon the ground first.

Instead of bastily getting up and looking around in an embarrassed manner to see if any one saw the mishap, a guest in Fiji has the satisfaction of feeling that he is not the only unfortunate one.

In many other ways the Fijian shows his respect for his guest. Wben the subjects of a ruler in Fiji hear that the tribe is to be visited by a chief from another tribe, or a person from another country, all volunteer to help entertain the guest.

Each man begs to be allowed to contribute something toward the feast, or in some other way to add to the comfort of the visitor.

The chief is at liberty to command anything the Fijian has for the comfort of his guest. The ruler seldom abuses this privilege. He is very desirous to win and to hold the favor of his subjects, and, as a rule, rewards them liberally for their services.

Clean Sport in Church.

After services are brought to a close in St. Agnes' Catholic Church, Blackwood, New Jersey, says the New York *World*, the chairs are removed, a heavy partition is dropped to separate the altar and the main edifice and boxing matches and dancing take place.

The events are held, says the Rev. J. Vincent O'Brien, C. M., in charge of tbe services and manager of the matches, to encourage clean sport in the little town.

Dances are held in the church Saturday nights. They are brought to an end at 11:45 o'clock and the next fifteen minutes are devoted to preparing the place for early mass Sundays.

"I am a lover of clean sport," said Father O'Brien recently. "I feel it should be encouraged and I have brought it into the church in the hope it will be appreciated and not frowned upon.

Grace Ellison, the English traveler, who has done much to elucidate the Turks, writes that she has never met an old maid in Turkey and doubts whether one could be found. On tbe subject of marriages and harems she is particularly well informed. She says: "I have talked with many Turkisb brides, received many confidences, and the whole question of marriage in Turkey has always interested me immensely. The first Turkish bride I ever met, long years ago, had never seen her husband before marriage, and detested him from the first. 'There is nothing the matter with him,' she admitted, 'except that I don't like him.' Ultimately she managed to escape, married a man of her own choice, and was twenty times more unhappy. Another bride told me that, as a great favor, sbe was allowed to see ber future husband, and has regretted it ever since. 'The dreadful imprudence seems to have robbed life of all its romance!' Yet one more confession! 'I peeped through tbe lattice-window to look at him as he walked past. Quite an uninteresting little man, but he was "my fate," and I might have "been given" something worse.' But at her wedding, I found a tall and handsome bridegroom. 'Wbat does this mean?' I asked. 'What has happened?' And she answered, quite calmly: 'I must have looked at the wrong man.'"

Look Out for Your Load.

More than 300 tourists were stopped on tbe state highway near Carpinteria, says the *Santa Barbara News*, and compelled to reload their camping equipment when Santa Barbara County traffic officers recently began a campaign, under the direction of Will H. Marsh, chief of the state motor vehicle department, to instruct motorists in the requirements of the Breed law.

The measure contains the following provision about loads on passenger vehicles:

"Loads on running boards may not extend beyond the hub caps on the left side nor more than six inches beyond hub caps on the right side."

The line of cars held was several hundred yards long at one time. Tourists took tbe interruption philosophically, the officers say, evidently considering themselves lucky that they were not summoned to appear in court.

The officers also stopped many cars whose drivers violated other provisions of the measure, such as passing another car witbout sounding their horns or giving sufficient clearance. The law says: "Give two feet clearance and sound horn if outside business or residential district of cities."

Almost every tourist who visits Egypt buys a scarab from a native curio seller. In Peru the Quichua Indians, descendants of tbe Incas, occasionally offer for sale small golden images unearthed from the ruins, which bave much value. From the days of tbe Spanisb conquest Peru has been the Mecca of treasure-seekers, some of whom have made wonderfully rich strikes. On the plain of Chimu near Truxillo is a great mound said to contain treasure of fabulous value. Several attempts have been made to tunnel into it, but the sand has always poured down and stopped the work of excavation.

Wben several bair specialists were asked wbat was the matter with most of the heads that came under their sensitive, brainy fingers, they all said: "Nerves. Ninety per cent. nerves. Too oily? Nerves. Oily at tbe scalp and dry and brittle at the ends? Nerves. Dry all the way? Nerves. Of course there is anemia and the ignorant care—too-frequent washing, bad tonics, wrong kind of massage—and dandruff, but 90 per cent. of all bair trouble is nerves."—*Delineator.*

The flat-land farmer must admit that a man who can drive a Vermont hay wagon and keep it from dropping off the farm has some qualifications for holding the reins of government.—*Boston Herald.*

Items not Listed on Your Electric Bill

CHARGES for your electric Service depend in part on the character and length of dams, tunnels, flumes, ditches and transmission lines. Many other factors, such as the existence of industries to carry the daylight load and the number of customers and their distance apart, affect the rates you pay. Power itself at its source costs but little.

An explanation of the importance of these different factors will help you to understand why rates vary in different sections. Ask about it at the local P G and E office.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Berkeley coed was asked by her English instructor what she had been reading during her summer vacation. After a visible, desperate effort of memory, she said: "Why, ah, now, I've read a fine book called Edgar Allan, by Poe."

"That feministic stuff of D. H. Soandso in the yellow paper makes me sick," said a San Francisco woman. "Well, you don't have to read it," said her husband. "It has his name on it, and there is his picture to warn you off. It isn't compulsory. If it makes you sick, why do you pay any attention to it?" "Because, you old goose, I want to see how sick it will make me."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding day of Jarge and Ann was drawing nigh. But it was Ann who first spoke about it. "Dost know, Jarge," she said, "it be our silver wedding next week? We ought to ha' a celebration o' sorts that day. Shall we kill the pig?" Jarge grunted. "Doan't be a fule, 'ooman," said he. "Whoi murder an innocent pig for what 'appened twenty-foive years agone?"

They were a couple of bookmakers with very little capital. They had lost heavily over a certain race, and were forced to suspend payment. When their clients turned up next day to receive their money they found a closed door, on which the following intimation appeared: "Results of Tooting Summer Cup: Star of Doon, 1; Queen's Advocate, 2; Wuffy, 3. Also ran: Me and My Pal."

When Rufus Steel and Dick Hotaling met recently they compared domes. "It seems to me," said Steel, "that the last time I saw you there was a bair still standing, over toward the southwest section. What has become of it?" "Ah, yes," said Hotaling, "that was Helen. Helen is dead. You'll notice I'm naming them now instead of numbering them. It seems more affectionate."

Applicants for positions under the municipal government of a certain Middle Western town are required to undergo a physical examination. During the examination of one candidate the physician asked: "What did your grandfatber die of?" The applicant looked nonplussed for a moment, and finally admitted that he did not remember, but hastened to add, "But I know that it was nothing serious."

The fourteen-year-old London boy was caught picking pockets. "Now, my lad," said the severe magistrate, "have you anything to say for yourself—any excuse to offer for such early depravity? What started you on this road of crime?" "You did, mister!" "I did? What do you mean, boy?" "Well, mister, if you 'adn't given my old dad six months' bard, I wouldn't have had to start life so early to keep the 'ome going."

"Money can buy all the luxury and comfort there is in traveling, but it can't buy appreciation of things seen," once remarked Mr. Gilbert Stuart, the famous American artist. "For instance," he went on, "a multimillionaire spent a month in Italy. 'What is it like?' asked a stay-at-home acquaintance on his return. 'Why, like a boot, of course,' he answered contemptuously. 'Didn't you never study geography?'"

A man had a shrew for a wife. After his death she grew contrite and wondered whether she had been unduly harsh with him. She felt so uneasy about it that she decided to consult his spirit through a medium. Is this you, John?" she inquired. "Yes, Jane." "John, are you happy where you are?" "Ah, yes, Jane." "Happier than when you were living with me?" "Much happier." There was a long pause while she pondered that. Then she said: "John, what sort of place is Heaven?" "I don't know," said John. "I've never been there."

A young husband criticised the biscuits his bride served him for breakfast, employing the usual stereotyped comparison. Instead of weeping, as some brides would, she got busy and as a result of her work she set before him the next morning a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be the real thing. "Now you've got it," he exclaimed delightedly as he sampled the new lot. "These are exactly like mother used to make. How did you happen to hit upon the recipe?" "It's no great secret," said his wife with glittering eyes. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used cold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, that mother lived before the enactment of the pure food law."

The average American likes to point out that the poor man has a better chance to be president than a rich one and when a president comes along that lives up to this tradition he is doubly a hero. Hence Marion citizens like to recall the day when Warren G. Harding was not the prosperous person he later became. Many stories are told of how, in the old days, Mrs. Harding helped him run his paper. Although she conducted the social column, her main work was to manage the circulation and the newsboys. Literally, she saved the pennies, taking them home with her every day. A friend said: "I have seen Warren G. marching down to the bank with a gallon of pennies in each hand. I was always curious to know how many pennies it takes to make a gallon but somehow I never got round to count them."

Two ex-snipers were "swopping" very tall stories. Said the first: "I was detailed to deal with a Fritz who had given our chaps trouble for days. Locating my man, I fired just as Fritz—according to witnesses—blazed off at me. Nothing happened. I kept firing at Fritz, and apparently he kept shooting at me, with no result. At length, midway in no man's land was seen rising a small hillock which eventually obscured our view. This proved to be a heap of metal. So true had been our aim that the bullets had met in mid-air and dropped harmlessly in the same spot!"

Up spake the other sniper. "I was told off to settle two Fritzies," he began, "but I only had one round of ammunition, and could get no more. Nothing daunted, I stuck my bayonet in the ground in front of me, and aimed at the tip of the blade. The bullet hit the bayonet, split it in two, and each half killed the German it was intended for."

Warning From Hank Smith.

He paid five cents for a copy of the November *Everybody's,* which had found its way to a junk shop—somewhere. And then he wrote this note:

NOTIS

This little matter of correction is notis to you that we have markt down *Everybody's* for suppression when we establish the dictatorship of the proletariat here. We don't single out *Everybody's* alone or especially: we include it with all bourgeois magazines. Even including such supposed radical (?) papers as *The Liberator, The New Solidarity, Industrial Worker,* and other stool-pigeon publications.

When will all this be? With the break-up of International Capital after the next World War. That already looms in the offing.

HANK SMITH.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Lament of a Grandfather.

"Punch is not what it used to be."
Old Saying.

Marriage threatens to be but a slack tie;
Snuff as a fashion has passed away;
Schoolboys rarely can boast of a blacked eye;
Nobody carols a roundelay;
Manners and sherry have lost their sway;
Flappers are pert to the *n*th degree;
Worst of all, I regret to say,
Punch is not what it used to be!

Though the subject necessitates tact, I
Plump for the japes of an elder day;
As a worshipper *temporis acti,*
Humour, I'm certain, is in decay.
Once with laughter I'd loudly bray—
A joke *was* a joke in '63;
Threepence a week did I blithely pay:
Punch is not what it used to be!

Jests in earlier numbers were stacked high
(None of your delicate rapier play);
Puns I frequently quoted, in fact, I
Quote 'em still, though I'm more than grey.
Yes, they were puns that will live for aye,
Just as they lived in the years B. C.
Is there a point in a new joke? Nay,
Punch is not what it used to be!

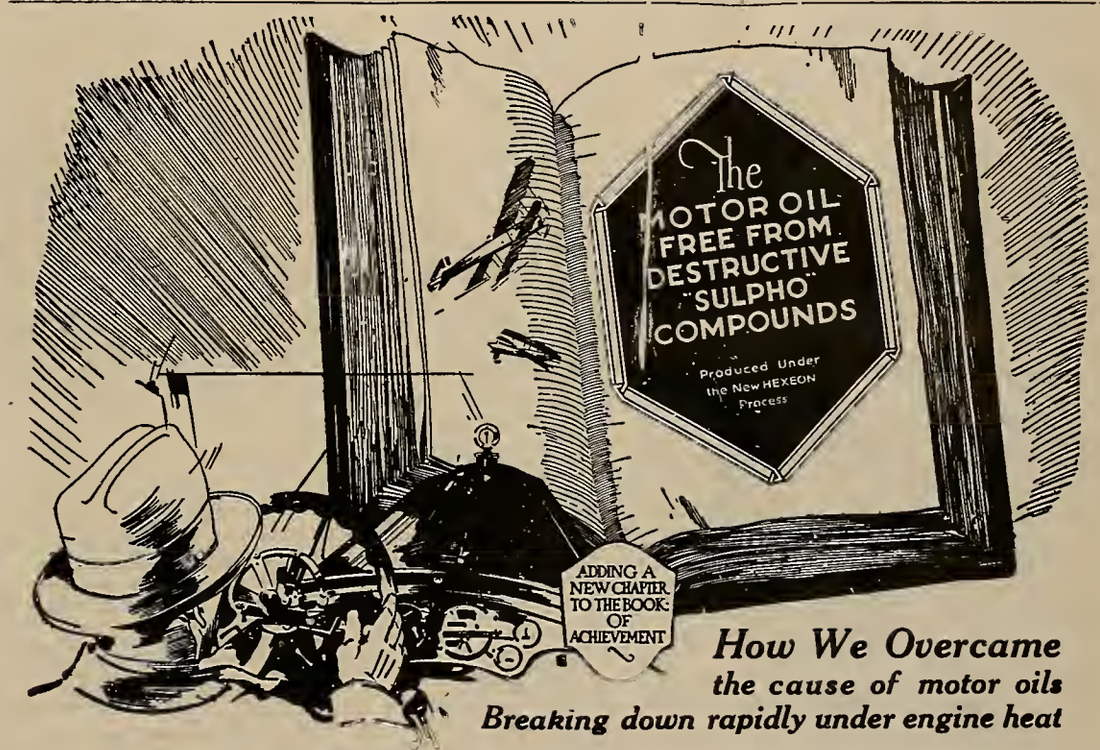
L'ENVOI.

Sir, I have questioned my friends, and they
Roundly declare that they side with me;
Some of them even exclaimed, "Hurray!"
Punch is not what it used to be!

—*London Mail.*

It's a certainty that the next Senate will be divided into two parts—those who have visited Moscow and the small minority who have not.—*Everett (Wash.) Herald.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Bixby have announced the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, to Mr. Preston Hotchkiss, son of Mrs. Finley Montgomery Hotchkiss of 2334 Thompston Street, Los Angeles.

The engagement is announced of Miss Roberta Southern Jennings, daughter of the Reverend Webster W. Jennings and Mrs. Jennings, to Mr. Edward Faber Winslow, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Winslow, of Fall River, Massachusetts.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Loop, daughter of Mrs. Frederick S. Loop, to Mr. Charles S. Hobbs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hobbs, took place in Atherton last Saturday, September 15th.

The marriage of Miss Lucille Byington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Byington, to Mr. Theodore Shluter, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Shluter of Oakland, took place in Healdsburg on Saturday, September 15th.

Lieutenant-Commander Ernest Gunther, U. S. N. and Mrs. Gunther are being congratulated on the birth of a son on September 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer are giving a ball on Friday, September 21st, for their niece, Miss Idabelle Wheaton, at the residence of Captain Holbrook on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Hubert Anderson was the guest of honor at a recent tea given by Miss Katherine Stoney.

Mrs. Joseph Griswold Coleman was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale and her daughter, Mrs. Edward Burke, gave a tea last week for Miss Katherine Maxwell, whose engagement has been announced.

Mr. Walter S. Martin was host at a dinner last week in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman of Chicago.

Mrs. John Griffin Johnston gave a reception on Tuesday last in honor of Miss Idabelle Wheaton and Miss Isabel Bishop.

Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman of Chicago was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Joseph D. Grant in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon on Sunday of last week at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Ethel Cooper was the guest of honor at a luncheon given recently in Menlo Park by Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne entertained at a recent dinner at their home in Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell are giving a dinner on Friday night preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner recently for their house guests, Admiral Henry A. Wiley and Mrs. Wiley.

Miss Martha Mobun gave a tea at her home last week in honor of Miss Virginia Loop.

Mrs. Henry Crocker has issued invitations for the dedication exercises of the Kate D. McLaughlin unit of the Stanford Home for Convalescent

Miss Loop was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Children, which will take place on September 22nd. Miss Libby Smith.

Miss Marie Sloss was the guest of honor at a musicale tea given last week by Miss Digby Sherman Brooke, Mrs. Mary Passmore Burrell and Miss Dorothy Passmore.

Miss Betsey Dibblee was hostess on Thursday of last week at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Caroline Madison and Miss Merrill Jones.

Miss Newell Bull was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given on Friday of this week by Miss Elizabeth Moore.

Mrs. Fentress Hill was hostess at a recent mah jongg party given at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Sarane Otis of Chicago was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Burlingame Country Club by Miss Evelyn Poett.

Miss Patience Winchester of San Rafael gave a tea at the Town and Country Club last Wednesday in honor of Miss Betsey Dibblee.

A large reception was given on Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ernest Bowles at their home in Piedmont. There will also be a private horse show followed by a tea.

The Misses Adams of Piedmont gave a luncheon on Saturday last preceding the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles.

Miss Jessie Knowles was hostess at a dinner given at her home in Piedmont on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli and her daughter, Mrs. John Dinsmore, gave a tea last Saturday in Piedmont. The tea was followed by a dance in the evening given for Miss Kathryn Maxwell.

Mrs. Edward Simpson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Maye Colburn on Monday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Philip King Brown gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Evelyn Poett and Miss Gertrude Murphy, at her home in Sea Cliff.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was the guest of honor at a small luncheon given last week by Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Mrs. M. C. Porter was hostess at a recent luncheon given at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Washington Sullivan of Los Angeles.

Miss Clementine Edie was the guest of honor at a bridge party last week given by Miss Bessie Judge and Miss Evelyn Judge.

Mrs. William H. Morrow gave a dinner last week at her quarters on Alcatraz Island in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart J. Fuller of Tientsin, China.

Mrs. Garton Keyston gave a tea and bridge party last week at her new home in San Mateo.

A reception was given on September 11th at the Century Club by La Puerta de Oro Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in honor of Mrs. John Franklin Swift, Honorary Vice-President General U. S. D. A. R.

Miss Edson Adams and her daughter, Miss Julia Adams, are giving a luncheon on Friday of this week at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. H. L. E. Myer was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Tuesday by Mrs. A. H. Turner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting is giving a luncheon on Friday of this week in honor of Mrs. H. L. E. Myer.

Miss Dorothy Meyer gave a luncheon last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club for Miss Marie Welch and Miss Idabel Wheaton.

Mrs. Hugh Goodwin and her sister, Miss Mary Welty, were the guests of honor at a bridge party given last Saturday by Miss Elizabeth Dozier.

In honor of her house guest, Mme. d'Arzimouvitch of Paris, Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw entertains Sunday at a buffet luncheon. On Friday, Mrs. Georgiana Lacy Spaulding, who is leaving at the end of the month on an extended European trip, will be the guest of honor at a bridge luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker were hosts at a buffet luncheon on Sunday last in Menlo Park, preceding the rodeo at the Menlo Park Circus Club.

Commodore James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull gave a farewell dinner on Tuesday last in honor of Commander Carrol Graves, U. S. N., and Mrs. Graves.

Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Sidney Cloman in Burlingame shortly before her departure for her home in Chicago.

Countess Holmblad and Mr. Holmblad of Copenhagen were recent hosts at a dinner at Hotel Claremont given for Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele.

Miss Frances Corbet was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Helen Lee at her home in Palo Alto.

Mrs. W. D. O'Donnell was hostess at a recent bridge party at the Hotel Rafael.

The Corona Club had its opening meeting and luncheon on Thursday of last week.

California Golf Championship.

The tournament committee of the California Golf Association is facing the difficult task of handling a field of 400 entries in the State Amateur Golf Championship to be played at Del Monte September 22 to September 30. Entries received indicate that more than 400 aspirants for the state title will play in the qualifying rounds. The prediction is made by J. A. MacKenzie, and Edward B. Tufts, who constitute the handicap committee, that this year's field will go well beyond the 400 mark. Last year, 360 players drove off in the qualifying rounds.

At least 175 players are coming from Los Angeles and Southern California, while the representation of Central and Northern California is expected to reach 250. Plans for handling this huge field are now being made by the C. G. A. tournament committee, consisting of R. D. Lapham, E. B. Tufts, W. M. Armstrong and A. H. Vincent. It is estimated that the two days of the qualifying rounds will see a constant procession of players between sunrise and dusk on both the Pebble Beach and Del Monte courses.

The California State Championship has attained a degree of importance that makes winning it the ambition of every star amateur in Western America, and the field of entries this year will include a number of nationally known players from outside the state. Among those planning to make a bid for Jack Neville's title are H. Chandler Egan of Medford, Oregon, who recently annexed the Pacific Northwest title at Seattle; Clark Spiers, champion of British Columbia, who has recently become a resident of California, Dr. H. C. Willing, of Portland, the sensation of this year's Walker Cup Team, and George Von Elm of Salt Lake. A particularly strong contingent of first flighters from Los Angeles, headed by Willie I. Hunter, erstwhile British Amateur Champion, will include such stalwarts as Dr. Paul Hunter, former State Champion; Fred J. Wright, Everett H. Seaver, Norman McBeth, Fred Barber, Los Angeles city champion; Edward B. Tufts, George C. Thomas, Jr., F. M. Hunter, William M. Armstrong, and Harley A. Moore.

Central and Northern California will be represented by practically every crack amateur in the territory, with the exception of R. D. Lapham who will be in the east. Jack Neville, title holder, will lead an array of golfers from the north, including the Ritchie brothers, James A. and George; Clark Spiers, C. M. Weatherwax, and R. W. Salisbury of Burlingame, Claude Edwards, the veteran Dr. C. H. Walker of Oakland, and a host of other cracks.

The remodelled and lengthened Pebble Beach course with its new greens and tees will offer a number of hard problems to the short hitter. Dr. Charles V. Piper, chairman of the United States Golf Association's Green Committee who inspected the course recently, declared it a perfect test of championship golf. Changes made in the course have added several hundred yards to its length and two strokes to the par score which is now 72. The new fourteenth hole, 580 yards, is the longest in California.

At the St. Francis.

Monday's luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis was a gala affair, bringing together scores of the fashionable set from the peninsula and around the Bay. Some of those at the tables were: Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mrs. Edward Pond and her sister, Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mrs. William May Newball, Jr., and Miss Helen Garritt.

Mrs. Frank Deering was hostess to a few friends.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was with Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Politzer, Mrs. Frederick McNear and Mr. John Breeden.

The Misses Katharina and Dolly Kuhn, who are visiting here from the East, were the guests of Miss Eleanor Martin. Miss Jane Carrigan, who came down a day or so ago from Mendocino county, was with Mrs. Moseley Taylor. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford were together.

Mrs. Paul Fagan had a small group with her, including Mrs. Hugh Porter. Mrs. E. L. Bosqui entertained for a few friends. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was one of Mrs. Bosqui's party.

Other small groups included Mrs. Ritchie Dunn and Miss Maud O'Connor, Mrs. Algernon Gibson and Mrs. Robert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Stewart Lowery and Mrs. Frederick Pritchett Wilson.

A silver dollar and a one-cent piece once started an argument, which deteriorated, as so many disputes do, into the purely personal. At this stage the big coin thought it would squelch its opponent beyond resuscitation by declaring, "I am one hundred times as good as you are—one hundred times as good as you are." But the insignificant cent came back at him with: "The hell you are! I go to church every Sunday."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A reporter from a near-by city had been assigned to cover the funeral of a great but crotchety old man who, among other things, had died possessed of a flourishing morning newspaper, says *Everybody's Magazine.* The reporter, on his arrival in town, went to the city editor of this paper and asked how he was to break into the funeral. The city editor replied: "Don't know—and don't care. The old man had no consideration for me—didn't be go and die for the evening papers?"

Florida had seven lynchings in the first six months of 1922 out of a total of 15 in seven Southern states, according to a report of the department of records and research in Tuskegee Institute. William J. Bryan is a citizen, and more or less a resident, of Florida. There is his opportunity—home missions, foreign missions, Scriptural orthodoxy, anti-Darwinism, human service and self-sacrifice all in one awaiting attention at his door.—*Chicago Tribune.*

One man is as good as another when he is. Otherwise he is not, and the Declaration of Independence doesn't say he is.—*Taledo Blade.*

Buying Ancestors.

It is told that an impecunious nobleman saw a portrait in a London shop window in which he was much interested. He went in and ascertained that the price was twelve pounds and ten shillings.

"I'll give you ten pounds," he said to the shopkeeper, but the price was refused and there was no sale made.

Some time later the nobleman was dining in the magnificent new London house of a business man of the type called self-made. He noticed a familiar portrait on the wall.

"Ah," said the host, observing his guest's interest in the painting. "That is the portrait of an ancestor of mine!"

"Indeed!" said the peer. "Then we must be related," he continued with perfect gravity. "He was within fifty shillings of being an ancestor of mine!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Passing on the Torch.

You can not come upon the ruins of the old great monasteries in England, beside their waters, in some lovely valley, now remote, without feeling that here is one of the choice spots of the earth, where the spirit dwelt, says D. H. Lawrence in the *Dial.* To me it is so important to remember that when Rome collapsed, when the great Roman Empire fell into smoking ruins, and hears roamed in the streets of Lyons, and wolves bowled in the deserted streets of Rome, and Europe really was a dark ruin, then, it was not in castles or manors or cottages that life remained vivid. Then those whose souls were still alive drew together and gradually built monasteries, and these monasteries and convents, little communities of quiet labor and courage, isolated, helpless, and yet never overcome in a world flooded with devastation, these alone kept the human spirit from disintegration, from going quite dark, in the Dark Ages. These men made the church, which again made Europe, inspiring the martial faith of the Middle Ages.

If Europe can't get together after that bloody lesson she seems to have failed to learn it is difficult to see how the United States can coax that continent into peace. There are some things that men and peoples must do for themselves. Lacking the desire to help themselves, neither George nor Uncle Sam can do it for them.—*Marshalltown (Ia.) Times-Republican.*

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. John A. Sinclair has returned to his home in San Mateo from Mills Memorial Hospital, where he has been recovering from injuries received in an automobile accident in June.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and her sister, Mrs. Thomas Breeze have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, in Burlingame and Lake Taboe, bas returned to her bome in Boston.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin has returned from Lake Taboe, and is at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker are spending a short time at the Feather River Inn.

Admiral Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wiley, were recent week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Bacon, in Santa Barbara, has returned to ber bome in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leigh Sypher have returned from Montecito and are at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Ethel Cooper has returned from Santa Barbara where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott of Burlingame bave gone to New York.

Miss Corinne Dillman, whose engagement has been announced, is spending a week or two at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurn, who have been visiting Mrs. Hurn's mother, Mrs. Atherton Russell have gone to New York.

Miss Louise Winston has been with her sister Mrs. Reginald Courtney Jenkins, since her return from Southern California, and is now in San Mateo where she is the guest of Mrs. Edward F. Barron and Miss Barron.

Mrs. Josepb Griswold Coleman, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer, has returned to ber home in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty and Miss Mary Welty left for the East on Sunday last.

Miss Beulah Gibbons, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons, bas gone East with Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon left last week for her home in New York. She was accompanied by Mrs. Francis G. Newlands and Mrs. Edith Newlands Johnson.

Mrs. Percy T. Morgan and her sons have returned from New York and Europe and are at their home in Los Altos.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Alice Moffit have been recent house guests of Mrs. Percy T. Morgan at her bome in Los Altos.

Mrs. Paul Brizard and her daughter have returned from the Russian River where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean St. Cyr of San Mateo have been recent guests of Dr. Harry Tevis at his home near Alma.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Philip Lansdale and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson have returned from a recent trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. George T. Marye and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their summer camp on the Russian River.

Mrs. Ashton Potter bas gone to Denver to visit her sister, Mrs. David K. C. Brown, and Mr. Brown.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., and Mr. Hunt, in San Francisco, has returned to his home in Seattle.

Miss Florence Loomis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Loomis, has gone East to enter Vassar College.

Miss Margaret and Miss Mary Redington of San Mateo went East with Miss Florence Loomis and will enter Dobb's Ferry.

Commander Carroll Graves, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Graves are leaving next week for the East, and will make their future bome in Washington.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodic and her son, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, left for the East last week by way of Lake Louise and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye with their daughter, Miss Helen Marye, will go East about October 1st.

Miss Mary Bernice Moore, after spending a few days with Miss Doris Fagan at the Cliff Hotel, has returned to her summer home in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGinnis of Los Angeles are visiting Mrs. McGinnis' mother, Mrs. James Farrell.

Miss Katberine and Miss Dolly Kuhn have returned from the East and are with their uncle, Mr. Fentress Hill, and Mrs. Hill in Burlingame.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Landsdale has left for the East and will spend the winter in Washington.

Commander Frank Freyer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freyer with their children, who have been in Peru for the last three years, have arrived in San Francisco. Commander Freyer will proceed at once to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus with their children and Miss Therese Rooney have returned to Burlingame from the Titus Ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Sir Aubrey Brisco and Lady Brisco, who have been living in California, left last week for England where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Chandler Howard and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Atkinson left last week for the East where they will remain for a month or two.

Colonel Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgin have recently arrived in San Francisco and will remain several months before going to Honolulu, where Colonel Burgin will be on duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will return shortly from Ross Valley to their home in this city.

Mrs. Burke Corbet and her daughter, Miss Frances Corbet, of Palo Alto, will spend the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. John B. Casserly returned to California last Monday and is at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Armstrong of Hollywood are making their home in Santa Monica. Mrs. Armstrong was a recent visitor at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Page, of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr., have returned from a voyage on the Buford, along the Alaskan and Siberian Coast.

Major Henry Kiersted and Mrs. Kiersted of Burlingame are making their home at the new Francisca Apartments on Powell Street.

Mrs. Alexander Field has returned from Los Angeles and is at her bome in Woodside.

Mrs. Ward Barron and Miss Sophie Barron left last week for New York and Europe.

Miss Rosario Winston of Southern California is visiting her sister, Mrs. Reginald Courtenay Jenkins, and Mr. Jenkins at their home on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. McKee of Medford, Oregon, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John McKee at their home in Ross.

Mrs. Harold Bucquet, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. F. Paxson Howard, left this week for her home in Hollywood.

Miss Laurilla Moore Hathaway, who has been absent from San Francisco for several months, has returned to town and has taken apartments at the Chevey Chase Club on Pacific Avenue.

Poetry for Pundits.

In America students of poetry are perspiring over T. S. Eliot's "Waste Land." In England the task of comprehending Edith Sitwell's "Promenade Sentimentale" bas aroused the same fever, says the New York *Evening Post*. Published in the *Spectator*, the poem introduces us to a cold, red winter sun that shrills in fun as it scatters down green perfume; to a sea across which birdsoft archipelagoes pass; to black coats like three-tiered ships; to a face that looks first like a spiny fish and later like a map of the King of Spain and to golden curls that shine like black ivy berries. Very profound, this poem!—as profound as Mark Twain's eloquent description of a tropic landscape, with an esophagus floating on silent wing in the foreground, or as the picture by Turner which a Yankee said reminded him of a cat having a fit in a dish of tomatoes. Mrs. Williams-Ellis, of the *Spectator* staff, offered a scholarly elucidation of the poem. She understood twenty-four of the thirty-eight lines, she said, and explained that the "Promenade Sentimentale" represented the impressions received by a professor on a walk. Poetical correspondents wrote in, arguing for still other interpretations. It represents, said one, a man's pursuit of unattainable delights and beauties, and his relapse, when be fails, into a dead and orderly life; "every word has its purpose, and the poem will prove as firm cut as stone to the unhurried reader." Miss Sitwell also wrote in. She complimented the interpreters, adding:

"But for the comfort of another and more numerous section of the community, may I suggest to them that they should continue to realize that the poem means nothing; it is all simply nonsense; and I had merely picked words out of a dictionary with no idea as to their meaning and had put them down anyhow and anywhere."

In his latest work, "Our Republic" (The Century Company), Dr. S. E. Forman, the historian, thus describes the negro rule in the South which caused the formation of the original, real, Ku Klux Klan: "The state which suffered most in these reconstruction days was South Carolina. Here was the spectacle of a society suddenly turned bottom-side up. Government was a nightmare. The majority of the legislature consisted of negroes, nearly all of whom had been slaves. It was the slave rioting in the halls of his master and putting the master under his feet. The orgy of extravagance, luxury, and corruption into which the 'black parliament' sank itself was perhaps without parallel in the annals of legislation. A bar and restaurant dispensed fine food and drink to members and their friends. Printing in one year cost $450,000. Pickles, brandied cherries, and fancy toilet soap figured among the legislative expenses. The legislature appropriated $100 to reimburse the speaker of the house for a loss he had sustained on a horse-race. The winner of the bet was the negro member who made the motion that the money be appropriated."

CURRENT VERSE.

Cathedral Interior.

The pear-shaped saffron candle-flames
  Leap in the velvet-bosomed dark.
The priest speaks gently of God's claims
  To wistful folk with coughs that bark.

Here all is hushed and rabbit-still.
  The bull-neck columns, numb with gout
Of countless ages by God's will
  Cast crepe-like shadows long and stout.

Two narrow slits of colored glass
  Are pierced by spears of mellow light.
The only light allowed to pass
  Into this consecrated night.

Behind a candelabra droops
  A crucifix of burnished gold,
A ray of dancing sunbeams swoops
  Across the cobwebbed arches old.

Here may the sick, the bleeding one
  Nurture his wounds and calm his fears.
Here when their joy in life is done
  Poor, crumbling men gulp salty tears.

And knotted fingers counting beads,
  And prayers half-whispered never cease.
Man slumbers: only heaven heeds,
  Here in this hollow womb of peace.
—*Harold Acton in London Spectator.*

From Ten Songs of the Dead Singer in Kioto.

I

We watched.
Up the twisted ribbon to the hill they took him.
So great a silence for a child.
A drop of dew is taken from a white rose-petal
By the thirsty sun.

II

How the rain drips from the rotting eave
And with a silver word
Startles the goldfish to a sudden turn
In the green-black pond:
This is my song today.

III

For the emperor a box of gold
And the deepest chiseling of ivory.
For me the brown roots and the ragged green
And the lighest foam of the cherry tree.
—*George O'Neil in the Measure.*

The Deer of Ireland.

An old man said, "I saw
The chief of the things that are gone;
A stag with head held high,
A doe, and a fawn;

"And they were the deer of Ireland
That scorned to breed within bound:
The last; they left no race
Tame on a pleasure ground.

"A stag, with his hide all rough
With the dew, and a doe and a fawn;
Nearby, on their track on the mountain
I watched them, two and one,

"Down to the Shannon going—
Did its waters cease to flow,
When they passed, they that carried the swiftness
And the pride of long ago?

"The last of the troop that had heard
Finns and Oscars cry;
A doe and a fawn, and before,
A stag with head held high!"
—*Padraic Colum in London Mercury.*

Festoons of Fishes.

Incognitos of masquerading moons
Refute the theories philosophers
Propound who blow their cheeks to fill balloons
And call their windy whims interpreters;
The swimming islands of the naked sun
Confound a telescope to ignorance
By dancing like oases on the run
Or delicate mirages in a trance;

The torrents of the sky reduce the earth,
A brittle stone, to powdered, liquid sand;
Amuse themselves with slanting, silver mirth
If hermits claim they've found the hidden hand:
Among the coral crypts that hold the sea
Festoons of fishes weave insanity.
—*Alfred Kreymborg in The Dial.*

Old Man Jobling.

Old man, old man, whither are you hobbling?
Old man Jobling, whither are you going—
Battered hat and tattered coat and clogs in want of cobbling—
And the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?

Young man Catchieside, and if I go a-faring,
  Who's declaring I'm too old for going—
Dressed in Sunday-best and all: and why should I be caring
  For the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?

Ay, but what will come of you as drifts get deep and deeper—
Steep roads steeper, and your shanks too numb for going?

Happen I shall nap—I was ever a good sleeper
  With the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing.

Deep will be your sleep . . . It's truth you are declaring—
  After faring, whichever way we're going.
Deep will be the sleep of all; so why should we be caring
For the snell wind lowing and the mirk lift snowing?
—*Wilfrid Gibson in London Spectator.*

A Possible Reason.

The English-speaking world, says Katharine Fullerton Gerould in *Harper's Magazine*, worried along pretty well for two centuries with the plays of Shakespeare: people read them, memorized them, delighted in them. It remained for us modern folk to publish manifold interpretations of the Sonnets, scandalous or other; and to make Stratford hideous with trippers. Trying to discover "the man behind the book" is an entirely modern pastime. Shakespeare is apparently safe; though one can not help feeling that all the theories of Baconian and other authorship are a mere attempt on the part of baffled and maddened inquisitors to ascribe the authorship of the plays to some about whom they can learn biographical details. It is probably incredible to them that a man could be satisfied to leave Shakespeare's plays behind him without a diary as well.

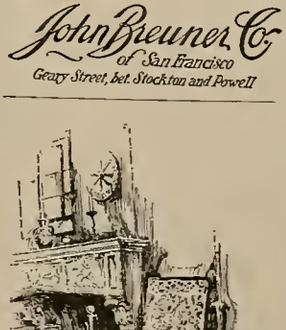
The Kingdom of Sweden, which was founded about the year 700 A. D., is the oldest in Europe. It is still a primitive land—half the country is forest and the national population is less than that of London. The people are among the greatest sportsmen in the world, water and ice sports of course predominating. For sailing and rowing, Sweden is the first country in Europe and naturally leads in its ice sports. Though a large part of Sweden lies within the Arctic Circle, so clear are the skies that the heart of Lapland enjoys more hours of sunshine than Rome or Madrid. Incidentally, Sweden is the oldest part of Europe geologically. It was dry land when most of the remainder of the continent was under water. It is said that the rising of the country still goes on, a few inches a century. For six thousand years at least Sweden has been occupied by Swedes. They have never known a foreign yoke.

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—The chair here sketched is a splendid example of skill in weaving and carving in walnut. Admirably suited for the finer type of home.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did any of your family ever make a brilliant marriage?" "Only my wife."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Lady (to friend, as elephonts come on stoge)—Oh, by the way, did you know Hattie was reducing?—*Judge.*

He—At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged? *She*—Just before she is married.—*Yonkers Stotesman.*

Prof.—This is the third time you've looked on Jones' paper. *Stude*—Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly.—*Boston Beonpot.*

Caller—What a cute little baby! What is he saying? *Perplexed Fother*—I don't know. His mother carries the code book.—*Passing Show (London).*

"Why do people cry at weddings?" "Well, I imagine those who have been married themselves start it and the others join in."—*Boston Evening Tronscript.*

"Well, Vera, I must say I don't think it's fair to your husband to run up so many bills." "My dear, to do his best work he needs a strong incentive."—*Life.*

Nell—Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. *Bell*—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—*Philodelphia Ledger.*

Little girl in box (at the play)—"I didn't think the lady was so bad, mummy." "Bad? Why, what do you mean?" "That they should make her do it over."—*Life.*

Old Solt—Yes, I lugged 'im out of th' water 'alf drowned, an' when 'e came to 'e didn't even say "Thank you." Yet they said 'e was in th' Civil Service.—*London Opinion.*

Irate Parent—I'll have no more of this, sir! You are wasting your life. You'll start at my office tomorrow at eight! *Son (aghast)*—W-what, in the morning?—*Humorist (London).*

Artist (ot work)—Now give me your honest opinion of this picture. *Visitor (who fancies himself a critic)*—It's utterly worthless. *Artist (dreamily)*—Y-e-e-s—but give it all the same.—*Punch.*

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—*Harper's Mogazine.*

"They say that he has a past," said Miss Primley, and there was awe in her voice. "Well," said Miss Speedson, "if he has one, he's going so fast now that it will never overtake him."—*Clevelond Leoder.*

Mother—"What! Fighting again? Such a black eye! If you'd only follow the lead of the minister's little boy—— *Tommy*—I did try to, but he led agen wid his right, an' dat's where he biffed me.—*Philodelphio Ledger.*

"No man is a hero to his valet," remarked the ready-made philosopher. "It's not to be wondered at," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Anybody who wants to be considered a hero ought at least to be man enough to dress himself."—*Washington Stor.*

Prison Chaplain (to prisoner, who has just served his time)—And now, Milbank, I hope you will turn over a new leaf, and become a useful member of society. *Prisoner (deeply touched)*—Thank you kindly, sir; same to you, sir.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

"I say, Tom, we are close to my house. Won't you come in and have a bit of dinner?" "Thanks. But how about your wife?" "Oh, that's all right! If her cooking is successful she'll be pleased to have another eat it; and if it isn't, I shall."—*Boston Evening Tronscript.*

Doshaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perbaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day. *Willie*—Not this time. I played a trick on her. *Dashawoy*—What did you do? *Willie*—I said you were another fellow!—*London Tit-Bits.*

Wiseman—To look at that Englishman you'd think he was a tramp, wouldn't you? *Jokeley*—Well, I know for a fact that he hasn't a place that he can call home. *Wisemon*—Nonsense! why, his mansion in London is— *Jokeley*—Sumptuous, yes; but he calls it 'ome.—*Catholic Standard-Times.*

"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband after the minister had pronounced the fatal words, "I am not worthy of you." "Of course, you are not," she replied; "but after a girl has celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday for five consecutive years she can't afford to be too particular."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It was on the old camp-ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hat about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."—*Chicogo News.*

The little man stood in front of a picture of still life representing fruit and vegetables. "Jolly well done," he exclaimed admiringly. "I know a bit about this kind of thing?" "You are a picture dealer?" asked one of the bystanders. "No, a greengrocer," was the reply.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

Young Hopeful—Father, what is a "traitor in politics?" This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one. *Veteran Politician*—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one. *Young Hopeful*—Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours? *Veteron Politician*—A convert, my son.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE APOSTLE."

"The Apostle" is the latest of many witnesses to the passionate interest which, as the dedication of "The Brook Kerith" shows, has possessed Mr. George Moore ever since 1898, when a gift of a Bible stung him into a sudden apprehension of the meaning of St. Paul's evangelization, says the London *Spectator.* In his recollections of childhood Mr. Moore has told of the impression made on his young mind by a remark attributed to Archbishop MacHale: "If it hadn't been for St. Paul the whole thing would have been a failure"; the "thing" being the advent of the Christian idea. St. Paul's departure for Rome, as the novelist now sees it, is the greatest historic motive of the last twenty centuries, and his new volume takes up yet again the theme first handled in "The Apostle" of 1911 (a mere scenario with a long introduction), developed largely in "The Brook Kerith" of 1916 and extended in the introduction to the revised edition (1922) of that narrative.

"The Brook Kerith" is Mr. Moore's most perfect achievement, probably the most perfect of imaginative prose writings since "Marius the Epicurean." It did not please every one, for it did not depend for its interest upon the divinity of Christ as asserted by orthodox theology; but the objectors were wrong in viewing it as a theological treatise, and not as a spiritual reconception. On the point of reverence and delicacy of vision it needed no vindication, but the author was assailed because of other books which he had written in offense against the morality of his time. Now that the little vehement storm of 1916 has died harmlessly away, no complaint is likely to be repeated against "The Apostle" on the score of theology. Mr. Moore's apostle is imaginatively seen, and to him, indeed is cunningly transferred the author's sophistication of the central idea of orthodox Christianity. Rejecting as he does the assertion of the divinity of Jesus of Galilee, and fortifying himself by recalling "the awful question whether Jesus claimed divinity anywhere in the three synoptic gospels," he boldly imputes to St. Paul the following:

"God forbid that I should deny Jesus of Nazareth was possessed of the Lord Jesus when He preached the kingdom of heaven in Galilee and the worthlessness of this world. for whosoever speaks God's wisdom is possessed of the Lord Jesus, God's messenger, His beloved Son, who died for me on the cross and for whom I, too, was crucified, He in me and I in Him. *(Turning from Timothy to the others.)* Brethren, who has come among you to pervert my doctrine, stinting it to a single revelation in Galilee? Is there one among you who doubts that Moses was possessed of the Lord Jesus when he led the Israelites out of Egypt, or Elijah when a fiery chariot carried him heavenward? We are Jews no longer, but Christians, and may believe that Jesus was revealed in Pythagoras, in Socrates, in Plato, and will be revealed again and again in many different manifestations till the end of time, till the last man has perished, and death himself, the last enemy, is subdued. Then, and not till then, will the Lord Jesus be converted nigh to his Father. My brethren, is not this understood among you, or are ye still like John and James and Peter? And thou, Timothy? but alas! no longer in the faith."

Yet whatever authority our author might be able to cite in support of his view of the Apostle's subtilized faith would not assist his purpose here. The whole of this new play composes a serene and gentle image of nobility, but it is a study rather than a play. There is far more of quick dramatic interest in the gradual unfolding of "The Brook Kerith"—necessarily and happily a very long book—than in the brief and hasty phrases of this essay in drama. Is it not inexpressibly hard to discover a dramatic interest in a metaphysical development of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ? A great part of the play is concerned with that hard task and only the last act with the moving, human impulses that winged St. Paul in his departure for Rome. But the last act is a lofty one. The tenderness which Mr. Moore discovers in the apostle's great strength is a characteristic which, of all modern writers, he uniquely reveals here in his delicate, simple prose. That this culminating tenderness does not and can not comprise all the necessities of a play is a conclusion upon which the reader will be reluctant to linger when he closes the book. Rather will his thoughts hover over the last scene of Paul's departure, and the effusion of human love which the everlasting farewell evoked.

For the play is really a reverie, played over in the mind. The mood of reverie, which has at length dominated Mr. Moore—after how many errancies and excitements—is the mood in which, looking at Christ and the Apostle to the Gentiles, he has found something purer and rarer than anything else in the world. The lake is never far from our thoughts, says Joseph of Arimathea in the Prelude, and Mr. Moore is constantly reminding us of the lakes which lie so deep in our hearts, shaking with winds of childhood and early love. That he chooses here the external form of drama makes no difference at all to the essential character of his creation.

The Meanest Flowers.

In a certain congregation in the South there was a loveable old lady who was most devoted to flowers and who maintained a beautiful garden. She was especially fond of sweet peas, and each Sunday in the summer it was her bouquet that adorned the pulpit of her church. Suddenly there was a change in the flowers, a fact which the minister noticed. Accordingly he asked the lady after service why she brought no more sweet peas.

A sad smile came to her face.

"You don't like them," she said simply. "Last Sunday you pointed right at my sweet peas and said, 'God loves even the meanest flower that blows.'"—*Everybody's Magozine.*



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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Plight of the Berkeleyans.

Compared with the disaster in Japan, and that in San Francisco in 1906, the Berkeley calamity is a small affair. Nevertheless it is large enough, and to the individual sufferer serious. It is now supposed that a thousand families have been dispossessed, from about 600 separate dwellings and about 400 single apartments. The burned area was generally underinsured, and every de-housed householder would like to take out more insurance on the property, but it is hard to get down a bet after the race is in. If they could plead "slips, trials over" as in childhood, and make it stick, they would do differently. But to most people this sort of thing comes but once, which is sufficient, and so most of those affected have been engaged for days in the great indoor sport of making plans for the past—an exercise as productive as biting on an ulcerated tooth.

Society in general has lost far more than the money value, set at about $10,000,000, insured for about $4,000,000. The loss is one that wounds the spirit. It is not merely that the most beautiful part of Berkeley has been denuded; in addition to being beautiful it housed a community largely made up of scholars and scholarly and professional people, whose individual treasures, representative of thought and research, the world can ill afford to lose. Travelers have lost collections, professors have lost notes of valuable lecture series, scientists have lost drawings and lantern slides to illustrate the steps of progress they have been making—all an irreparable damage to society in general, and not to be repaired by any amount of insurance, nor except, if at all, at the waste of much time and labor that would have been used for further progress. It is a real calamity, and from the standpoint of public interest might better have happened almost anywhere else; but after a conflagration is under weigh we have little choice in the matter. The wind, it has been observed, bloweth where it listeth and it knows nothing about manuscripts and herbariums and rare books, whether printed and bound, or in the making.

Under the circumstances, avoidance of hysteria is desirable; as under any circumstances. This is not an hysterical community, and it has had experience of trouble, but in the calmest of individual cases there is yet a stimulus to emotion that forms a hindrance to reflection and makes it difficult to arrive at useful conclusions. Dr. Pardee, for example, rushes into print with alarming accusations to the effect that Governor Richardson's policy of economy under which the state forest rangers have been cut down from twenty to ten, is responsible for the forest fires that have scarred the state recently from Shasta to Santa Barbara; as though any twenty or four hundred rangers could have stilled the hot north winds or hurried the rain that came a week too late.

A phase of the situation has become apparent that was not so last week, and that is, a more wide-spread distress than was expected in a neighborhood so resourceful and in general so prosperous. Local representatives of the Red Cross were deceived at first, and early calls for funds were too conservative. While the area burned over was, superficially, but a small part of Berkeley, and a part inhabited by people generally enjoying good salaries and established positions that have not been disturbed, yet a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the district were financially weak, and have lost all they had. There are widows who were dependent on the rents from apartments. There are keepers of boarding houses, whose furniture was their capital and who have no way of replacing it. There are house servants with no houses to serve. There are many poor students who were dependent on odd jobs and diverse neighborhood expedients (not to mention hen roosts), to get them through college. Such students are the glory of scholarship and embody social potencies inestimable in value, as well as a certain definite and calculable investment by the state in their education; which investment must not be scrapped.

They must be helped to continue their studies. Fortunately, the best of their social potencies is the ability to help themselves and others, which the whole student body displayed magnificently in salvage and rescue work organized on the spur of those spurring and stirring moments, so that not one death has thus far been verified. This is an astonishing record for so large a field of sudden destruction, and it is due in great part to the independent initiative of California youth; capable of rapid organization, which the spirit of individual freedom in no way impedes. Its independence of and resistance to stupid official dictation was splendid, one group of boys saving their fraternity house by refusing to let the official dynamiters blow it up except with them on the roof. Such a spirit, disciplined by the proper sort of education, is the greatest asset of a state. Some way should be found to insure that the development of this valuable material shall continue—some way, however, that will not entail too much pauperizing paternalism to kill the quality it is designed to preserve. The youth of California has behaved itself supremely well and should be encouraged to go on behaving itself that way. It will, unless it is corrupted and softened by the sentimentalists.

There will have to be more or less emergency housing. Families are now "doubled up." This is well enough while the emergency is pressing, but will not do for any long period. Nine men can sleep on one hay rick, but no two women ean get along indefinitely at the same cook-stove. In the first flush of sympathy and sacrifice, all is consideration and sweetness and light; but in a few days discussions arise as to whether mush is fit to eat, whether vegetarianism is rational or silly, whether potatoes boil best in their jackets or whether you lose the vitamines if you peel them; contempt takes the place of hospitality, snappiness supplants gratitude. A morning comes when the hostess wishes to boil some eggs and the guest is busy with the saucepan; or the guest wishes to fry a steak and finds her hostess used the skillet for fish and forgot to deodorize it. That is poor housekeeping, and Mrs. Guest publishes her opinion of it. Meanwhile the men will have fallen out trying to fix the blame for the disaster. The situation tends inevitably toward the unendurable. Civilized families need separate housing. It will have to be provided to some extent soon.

But in providing it there must be care to avoid certain ill results that were, under the best of plans, entailed in San Francisco. Shacks, and they are all that relief funds can ever afford or should be called upon to supply, are not fit for permanent dwellings. Socially they are undesirable, morally they are dangerous, and they not only depress the value of adjacent property but invite epidemics and fresh conflagrations. If used too long they degrade living standards. A time limit may be set by law, but it will do no good, because complaisant or self-serving politicians will extend the term on every petition. San Francisco had 15,000 refugee shacks. The Board of Health attacked them as pest centres toward the end of 1907, and in 1923, sixteen years later, is still fighting to get rid of the last of them. It has found that large groups are more vulnerable and easier to get rid of than detached habitations.

But if shacks, or tent communities, are to be supplied, they can probably be so constructed and equipped as to empty themselves automatically, if that object is kept in view. They should, of course, provide shelter and warmth or there is no use having them; but after those two requirements are supplied they should in all other respects be made, with malice aforethought, as uncomfortable as possible. The occupants should have upon them day and night an intolerable urge to "git up and git out," in the real American fashion that obtained our independence and pioneered the West. That is far better than ordinances and political administration, better even than the best intentions of the sanitary authorities.

There is another angle at which the Red Cross and the Disaster Committee should exercise extreme care, and that is at the point of supplying either money or goods to those that do not need it. If the standard of relief work is set too high in this calamity, which is not a tremendous one, comparatively speaking—we may have far worse—it will be harder to approximate it in subsequent disasters; and the more given those that do not need it the less can be given those that do. These are, however, really minor objections. The serious objection to easy generosity, to too much sentimental tenderness with too-willing candidates, is the danger of a demoralizing result. The Disaster Committee is devoted, and composed of able men, the Red Cross forces are experienced and their expenditures are audited by the United States Army, and the community affected is, as already said, in general a prosperous and an enlightened one. But we regret to say that even in scholarly and self-respecting Berkeley, cases of abuse are not absent. Some individuals whose positions are secure, whose salaries have not ceased, and whose credit is good in the local shops, have not been ashamed to hold out the hand, figuratively speaking, for replacement of chattels they were well able to replace for themselves. No doubt they feel that while the moncy is going around they may as well "get theirs." But they are making a mistake, and it is a sad one. They are departing from American traditions of self-reliance and pride. They are too easily

yielding to the pauperizing influences set going by our sentimentalists, and instead of shouldering their part of the common burden and walking away with it as their fathers and grandfathers and especially their grandmothers would have done, are looking to others to protect them in soft security from the losses that fall to the common lot. A nation entirely composed of such people would not be worth the proverbial tinker's dam. It could be walked over and conquered by a platoon of resolute Hottentots armed with clubs. The Red Cross is not a special Providence to set this old world right and make good our individual losses. It can not be a universal insurer of burned buildings and household goods. There are some things people have to stand themselves, by grace of their own strength, their own fortitude. Without it, there is no virtue in them. The race is continually making losses and will until the globe is a cinder, and it must always maintain the morale to absorb them and go on with its job. It is quite all right for a man that has upset his canoe in deep water to be taken into another person's canoe in order to save his life. That sort of rescue is the proper function of the Red Cross. But if the man has only fallen in up to his knees he should be encouraged to wade ashore.

Of primary interest to the owners of burned-over property just now is the prospect of rebuilding, and restoration of values. This is a subject on which more bunc has been spilled in Berkeley than Berkeley ever heard before. In San Francisco it is easily recognized as the same brand that was unloaded here. One professor of book learning on the town council says the burned area can be made more valuable than it was before the fire. There was no such general experience in this city, and there is little to encourage the belief that it will be the experience of Berkeley. It was foreordained that the city planning enthusiasts would open their box of tricks and describe a New Jerusalem to arise north of the campus with widened avenues, straightened streets, better pavements, restrictions, clipped corners, parks and squares and all the rest of it. It makes good copy for the newspaper boys, but we had it all in San Francisco. Among the many items of the more-glorious-city plan made here was the extension of Montgomery, or Columbus, Avenue, southeasterly to Market Street. The civil engineer in charge of construction on a building the corner of which would have been cut by one of the projected street lines, advised his client to provide an inner support in case the corner were removed, and the client took his advice. An iron post was put in at a cost of $150. So far as we can ascertain, that hundred-and-fifty-dollar iron post is the sole result of all the quarts of city-beautiful talk that was poured out by our visionaries and long-hairs, and it raged in the press for two or three years.

A denuded area of once high values looks like an opportunity to do anything in the way of improvement, but the obstacles, financial, and legal, and arising out of plain human obstinacy, are usually insuperable. Instead of an opportunity it is exactly the reverse: it is disability. One might as well tell a sick man that inasmuch as he is too ill to attend to business it is just his opportunity to climb the Matterhorn.

It will do no good for people that have suffered losses from the fire to dope themselves with delusions about persisting, or suddenly returning, values. It is a time for the inflexible upper lip, and cheerfulness is the best possible stiffening, but it must proceed from courage, not from delusion, and this is not the right morning to "pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope." The cheap formulas of optimism make good speeches at the dinner of the Rotarians, or the Down Towners, or the Dons of Peralta or the Chamber of Commerce—and the optimist gets the loudest applause; but in ten years the pessimist will buy him out and dispense with the hand-claps.

There has been in Berkeley a sudden over-production of vacant lots, and any manufacturer will tell you that over-production is hell. The question is, what to do with them. And that is a question for individualism, as all our problems have been. Owners can not be forced either to sell or build. But this can in general be laid down as basic. It is a law of real estate that he who owns a vacant lot must either build on it, or sell it for what he can get. That is a sort of semi-natural law. It can be broken, but seldom without a heavy penalty, and one that is more certain to follow than the penalty for crime. No sensible person keeps a vacant city lot long, no successful persons keeps a city lot vacant long.

The proximity of the University will, of course, anchor values to some degree, within a short distance of the grounds. Mr. Hockenbeamer of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company says it is a good opportunity for the University to enlarge the campus by buying land north of it, now cleared of buildings. This is a good idea, and practical, and helpful. The *Argonaut* thought of it first, but as it only comes out once a week and Mr. Hockenbeamer comes out every day, he just naturally scooped us. But it ought to be done; or at least considered, and done if the state can afford it. That would take some of the vacant lots off the market. The rest should be covered as soon as possible, and in almost any way—within reason, of course—that the individual landholder and taxation victim may wish. And if he does not wish, the best thing he can do is to sell to some one that will. Both parties will be ahead on it in ten years, and the city rehabilitated much sooner. For it will take some time to build up the burned area. San Francisco's is not rebuilt yet, after seventeen years, in spite of all the promotion gush that has been printed about it. A man that holds a vacant lot year after year for eleven years in the hope of some sudden return of value, can look back after the eleventh year and count the whole value of the lot eleven years before as a loss. That is not optimism, it is not pessimism, it is arithmetic. Figure it yourself—the compounding interest against the decomposing taxes. The *Argonaut* is not a journal of astrology and can not see the future, but it can see the past, and it knows something of the blunders that have been made by some landholders in San Francisco. A miracle might happen in Berkeley, but as a rule they are rare, and the banks don't lend much on them. To the general landholder in the burned area the best advice we can offer is either to build on the lot in the burned area or sell it quickly and put the money in the bank.

There are certain conditions that operate to discourage building and retard the return of values. It was foreordained that a number of people should suggest, and the city council take time to consider, a raft of new ordinances, many of them apparently designed to be retroactive and thus prevent the conflagration that has just occurred. We have permitted ourselves to become addicted to legislation, as a drug fiend is to his opium. For every public headache we take an ordinance, or several of them. It may not be precise to say "we"—the habit is one more especially of the politicians, in order to show performance—business of "pointing with pride." This time there should be an organization of "burnt owners" to tell them to keep hands off the burned area. They can do little good, and the mirages of city planning experts are likely to prove illusory and obstructive. We suggest that when the city council and the city planners feel one of these "habits," as the drug addicts call their spells of craving. coming, they retire to some quiet spot and take heavy doses of bromide. If they went to sleep for three months they would probably wake up to find rehabilitation farther advanced than if they meddle with it now. Their time for preventing the fire has gone by. It is now the time for the individual landholder to build if he can and sell if he can't; and he should not delay too long or the taxes will eat him alive. He will, in this case, hatch out no dividends by sitting on a vacant lot.

The fire victims should go easy on mass meetings. They are the opportunity of humbugs, cranks, and self-starting motion-makers. A mass meeting is a mob sitting down. Deliberation is impossible, and policies can too easily be adopted that would prove harmful if carried out. As an organization method, it is a good enough way to start committee work, but it should not be resorted to often, and when used should be carefully programmed and suddenly adjourned before the limelight hounds can get a start. Mass meetings should never attempt legislation, but invariably do. Fortunately it is usually buried in the minutes, which nobody ever wants to hear read.

This disaster has a moral. It started as a grass and brush fire in Wild Cat canyon and on Monday, September 17, early in the afternoon, came over the crest of the hills near the recently developed Cragmont section. Before a dessicating north wind its progress was rapid, and it encountered little effective resistance. The firemen were game and individual owners worked hard, and had the mains been large enough to deliver water for soaking roofs it is probable that the fire would not have spread beyond the higher tier of houses. But the Marxian doctrine of denying profits to business has been at work for several years among the more active political adventurers of California, so that public service rates have been held down to bare requirements; and there has been added to that an agitation for socializing water supply, which in the East bay cities has had an unfortunate outcome in the vote to form a municipal water district. (A minority vote, the vast majority staying home, or not voting on that proposal). In Berkeley the water company had been refused reasonable revenues. These conditions imposed upon the corporation a hand-to-mouth policy under which it could not enlarge its mains in the upper part of North Berkeley. The company's vice-president says all the water in the bay would not have stopped the flames. He is wrong. The mayor says the spread of the fire was due to lack of water, and he is wrong; for the amount of water used in a conflagration is a very small addition to the daily supply. What was lacking was the revenue to enable the company to anticipate requirements in the development of its mains —or even keep up with them. Choking the profits out of business is the only way socialism knows how to care for society, and forms the typical appeal of the demagogue. In addition, it is said that a certain fire break usually made along the top of the hills at a labor cost of about $200 was not made this year. Altogether it was pretty costly economy, pretty expensive cheap water.

Germany Facing Facts.

One man that will emerge a statesman from the European mess is M. Poincaré. He has known the facts. He has seen the answer. His discernment has been clear and his purpose firm, and his policies have at last, after eight or nine months of stress and strain, begun to produce results. Germany is, to use an old California expression, caving down the bank. That was greatly to be desired, not only on France's account, but on account of all Europe, including Germany herself.

This would have happened before, and saved much property and many lives, had it not been for the unfortunate condition of England, and the confusion of mind and purpose into which post-war problems plunged her statesmen. For, had England continued to support her allies, Germany would have seen the hopelessness of resistance, active or passive, and the whole muddle would have cleared up at least six months ago; perhaps sooner. But England has been in distress. Her unemployment problem, although beginning recently to ease a little, was one to worry any statesman, and it was aggravated, not quieted, by the recent startling rise toward power of the Labor Party, with thinly veiled designs upon property and society. It seemed necessary in some way to placate unrest and reëstablish some of that stolid inertia and let-well-enough-alone spirit which have saved the British Empire more than once. Foreign trade would do it, for it would start exports in their old volume or better, and again set in motion the wheels and spindles. Confused in will and purpose, English statesmanship, in Central Europe as in Asia Minor, backed the wrong horse, and engaged in flirtations with the Soviets, and an effort to make France forget her wrongs and her perils from Germany; and we have had the encouragement of German policy which German fatuity derived from England's apparently irresistible motives. We have had passive resistance, with loss of life, financed by the German government with paper marks until the mark is today worth more as waste than as currency; always with the risk of some happening that might provoke another general war. And we have had something else; a strange, inexplicable belief on the part of the British foreign office, in the honest intentions of the German government. They seemed to believe it as a man sometimes believes he will win the capital prize in the lottery: because he needs the money. But they could not pass on their delusion to the French.

Through the entire farrago the cold Lorrainer, Poincaré, has kept his course, refused to be deceived, and steadily strengthened the French air forces, knowing full well that such affairs of nations are not governed by justice, charity, equity, or other abstractions, but by power and fear. He seems to have learned well that adage ascribed to Napoleon, that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. He made France formidable again after the prostration of war in order to end the sooner the prostration of the peace. The Treaty of Versailles may not have been an inspired instrument,

but at any rate it is one the Germans can not dodge, and the English should not have encouraged them to believe they could.

Fortunately, by selection and survival, a man has come to the front in Germany who can look facts in the face, and who seems able to recognize the inevitable when he meets it. There appear to be no delusions about Stresemann; and he will the sooner lead his people out of the bog the sooner he disillusions them, the sooner he dispells the mists from their minds and helps them understand, if not who won the war at least that Germany lost it. That is a fact that does not seem to have penetrated the general German consciousness yet, notwithstanding the return of the beaten and bewildered armies from French territory five years ago. Hymns of hate have continued, propaganda has gone forward all over the world, education in German schools has been directed to producing another generation of cannon fodder with which to smash Europe as soon as strength returned. And perhaps that will happen. No one can see the end of this thing yet. But for the present the franc begins to rise, which indicates the confidence of financiers that the policies of Poincaré are to result in success. And the situation brightens—somewhat. With guaranties of security and reparations it should soon be possible for France to withdraw from the Ruhr, for England to find surcease of her anxieties, and for trade and industry to begin their magic work of reconstruction. Of course, the Soviets yearn to bestow their blessings on the German people and thus extend their system, which, like some old-fashioned insurance orders, can only keep going by getting in new members. But Stresemann is ready for that and has put the resolute Noske on the job; feeling, apparently, that the Germans have suffered enough. If we can get along for the next few weeks without any more earthquakes, conflagrations, and revolutions, the world should begin to see daylight pretty soon.

Editorial Notes.

Speaking before a small group at the Commercial Club the other day, Mr. Walter Leaf, chairman of the board of the Westminster Bank, Ltd., of London, said he was sorry to see the triumph of the mailed fist in the Ruhr, for his favorite method was moral suasion. Mr. Leaf may be assumed to represent a good deal of British sentiment in the matter. Moral suasion is a fine thing, when it works—and a banker is in a good position to see it working. Almost any merchant looking for a loan is a promising subject for moral suasion. He will accept his banker's suggestions with great respect; or at least he will listen to them. But this Ruhr case is different. The German Kelly has had his drink. And in order that moral suasion may be effective it must be applied to some one that is moral.

A locomotive an hour for thirty-one hours is the proud accomplishment of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the record-breaking achievement desirably advertises not merely an ancient pillar of Philadelphia industry but Philadelphia itself as "the greatest workshop in the world."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

We ask the attention of Supervisor John A. McGregor to the above item. He has been at the head of a great steel and iron works, and he has been part of the city government. Does he suppose "municipal ownership," or the national government itself, could ever accomplish such a work as this? Or the proper distribution of electric energy?

The Oklahoma situation grows worse as we go to press. The governor refuses to permit the Ku Klux legislature to meet, and in the case of one of his most active enemies, one W. D. McBee, who seeks his impeachment, has resorted to one of those cruel and unusual punishments from which the constitution is supposed to protect every American—he has stopped work on a million-dollar highway project in Mr. McBee's bailiwick. To a politician, that is torture. How is he to live? What to say to his outraged constituents? What to tell the cement company that thought it had the stuff all sold? Better the thumbscrew and the rack, or the Iron Maiden of Nuremburg or wherever it was they had one. A politician that falls down on a job like that might as well go into exile. Mr. McBee is stung.

Nearly half the United States, or an area of approximately 1,000,000,000 acres, is not yet in farms. But a large part of it is not worth farming. Forty million acres are desert, and 113,537,000 acres are too wet for cultivation, and the dry and wet are too far apart to mix.

HITCHING UP THE CALENDARS.

Thousands in America and Millions Ahroad Affected hy the Historic Change Set for October 13.

To most Americans it will mean very little when thirteen good days of twenty-four hours each die a-bornin' at midnight of October 13, says the *Interpreter,* published by the Foreign Language Information Service, New York. But to the many thousand of Eastern Orthodox Christians in the United States, and to more than 100,000,000 of them in the world at large, it will be a momentous event. For, on that occasion the calendar established by Julius Cæsar in 45 B. C. will yield to the Gregorian Calendar.

According to the Julian Calendar, the hour mentioned will not be midnight of October 13. It will be midnight of September 30. In May last, however, it was decreed by a "Pan-Orthodox Congress" held in Constantinople by all the Eastern Orthodox National Churches that the faithful who rise from their beds on the morning after shall say: "This is October 14." That episode will not only make October the shortest month in history for the millions of men and women who participate—it will put virtually the entire Christian world into chronological step for the first time since the Gregorian Calendar was created in 1582.

When Imperial Cæsar found time to observe, 1962 years ago, that the calendar was ninety days ahead of the sun, he had no trouble setting things right again. The planets might not obey him, but mankind was better disciplined. So he ordered the people to use the same date for ninety consecutive days, and in that simple manner got rid of three superfluous months. And to care for all future slack betwen the sun and the calendar devised by his mathematicians, Cæsar invented Leap Year, with its February 29, and gave orders that his own future generations make use of it every four years.

That reform was entirely practical and fairly scientific. But the unlistening earth continued to make its round trip about the sun in a little less time than Cæsar's estimate. So by the year 1582 another disparity of several days had accumulated between real time and official time, and Pope Gregory XIII took steps to correct it by reducing slightly the number of Leap Years. This was accomplished by ordaining that every hundredth year should not be a Leap Year unless it were exactly divisable by 400. That is why the year 1900 was not a Leap Year.

For all of Western Europe and America that Gregorian Calendar has been the standard for a long time. But the Eastern Orthodox Church, not responsive to papal decrees, remained loyal to the Julian computation, so that when the World War came in 1914, all of its myriad members and some half dozen governments were thirteen days behind the rest of us. Turkey made the first break, when in 1917 it adopted the Gregorian count. That same year tsarism was destroyed in Russia and the Soviet Government soon after abandoned the Julian chronology. Serbia, now a part of Jugoslavia, and Roumania made the change in 1919.

These desertions left the capitals of Greece and Bulgaria the only places where the Julian Calendar retained official government standing. But, since the Orthodox Churches of Russia, Roumania, Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Syria and Albania remained firm in their allegiance to the old calendar, their teeming membership in all parts of the world still count the days as their ancestors have done since the time of Cæsar, and they will tolerate no change until the church order becomes effective in October.

When the Orthodox churchmen gathered in Constantinople in May to end this scramble of days they were not content to adopt the Gregorian Calendar without reservation. The Serbian astronomer, Professor Trpkovic, had ascertained that the earth revolves about the sun in 26 seconds less time than is measured by the Gregorian year, with the result that our modern calendar threatens to put us out of tune with the sun one day in every three thousand years. To thwart such an error, the Pan-Orthodox followers say there must be no February 29 when the year 2000 comes around. Most Gregorians will regard the dispute as academic for at least seventy-seven years to come.

Meanwhile, there are some 8,000,000 Christians in the world (half a million of them in the United States) who will not recognize the big reform of October 13. These worshipers are known in America as Ruthenian Catholics, and in Europe as Greek Catholics or Uniates. They are the descendants of Greek Orthodox groups who in times past transferred their allegiance to the Church of Rome, but retained the ritual of the Orthodox Church as well as the Julian Calendar and the right of their priests to marry. In the Russian Ukraine, and the neighboring region known as Ruthenia, the people at large entertained a violent prejudice against adjoining peoples of Roman Catholic faith, so that they clung to the Julian Calendar mainly because they would not consent to celebrate feast days simultaneously with neighbors whom they disliked, nor observe any of the religious practices of the latter, beyond acknowledging Rome as their spiritual capital. Because of this feeling and its evolution during the past three centuries, these Ruthenian Greek Catholics, scattered through many countries of Europe and North America, are the only group who, after October 13, will continue faithful to the Julian Calendar.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

A WILD TRIBUTE TO CONFLICT.

(From the New York Herald.)

The public's attitude toward pugilism is like its attitude toward politics, art and literature. It doesn't know much about it, hut it knows what it likes. It likes what it saw at the Polo Grounds on Friday night—the reversion to type of two strong men in anger. If Master Dempsey had not consented to go hack to the primordial mood for the occasion the spectators would have heen treated to a clear cut contest hetween science and strength. It would have lasted longer than four minutes, hut the result would have heen the same, the incidental scene not so spectacular.

It was conflict, hut not skill. It was magnificent, hut not hoxing—at least not until the champion returned to first principles in defence and in administering the coup de grace. But the crowds of today do not want hoxing. They like rawer meat. Sparring, leading, hlocking, footwork, the left for the head and the right for the hody—that to the moh is tedious stuff compared with the sight of two terrific physical forces in collision.

What made it "a great fight" was not so much the issue of the championship, although that element adds glamour to every heavyweight contest. It was "a great fight" hecause of the desire, ohvious from the instant of heginning, on the part of each contender to eliminate his rival with no waste of time. To Firpo the lighter Dempsey was a creature of skill who must he heaten into insensihility with the hammer of a huge right arm that should not rest until its task was done. To Dempsey the man from the Argentine was a large and dangerous animal, the sooner rid of the hetter.

This mutual desire for a speedy consummation is common enough in pugilism. It is not always accompanied hy the possession, on the part of hoth adversaries, of the impulse to destroy. The slow erosion of civilization has worn down the ferocity which was partner to the instinct of self-preservation in the day of the caveman. Few men in hattle drive the bayonet home with pleasure; few in the ring have the urge to kill. One old champion had it. Jefferies and Willard lacked it and therefore deserve the more credit for their victories.

This seemed present to the fullest extent in hoth Dempsey and Firpo. It outweighed patience, caution and deliheration. The result was a primitive struggle to the death; comhat so swift and colorful that an artist like George Bellows might paint a hundred pictures of its changing phases without repeating; antagonism so genuine that it awoke in the watchers the sleeping atavistic furies. When they rose in frenzy to scream at the prehistoric struggle hefore them it was not to encourage one fighter or the other. It was a mad trihute to conflict.

CUBA AND LATIN-AMERICA.

(From the Washington Post.)

The state of affairs in Cuba is giving anxiety to the friends of Cuha, who are more numerous in the United States than many Cuhans seem to appreciate. The articles contrihuted hy the *Post's* special correspondent, Mr. Albert W. Fox, have thrown a flood of light upon the situation, and sum up impartially the aims and methods of the rival parties that threaten to come to hlows in Cuha. It is not an encouraging picture. The United States goverument is, of course, fully informed regarding Cuhan affairs, and if civil strife should occur Cuha would not find this government napping.

There is a paramount factor which makes it easy to provoke strife in Cuha and other Latin-American countries. This factor is the ignorance of the people concerning the true feeling of the United States toward them. Nothing is easier than to arouse intense prejudice against the United States hy taking advantage of this popular ignorance. All that is needed is another factor—the existence of corrupt politicians who, for their own advantage, are willing to poison the people's minds. Unfortunately there are plenty of these politicians in Cuha, some of them in high office. They have not hesitated to arouse prejudices and animosities which may go to such excesses as to lead to American intervention. Against these corrupt influences are ranged patriotic Cuhans, whose very patriotism may he suhtly excited into an agency of conflict, thus actually hastening intervention.

One of the most intelligent men in South America is Mr. Zehallos, of Argentina, a statesman and a jurist of the first rank. In his address at Williamstown last month Mr. Zeballos spoke with refreshing plainness to the American people, and gave them light upon the opinion of Latin Americans concerning the United States. He said there was widespread opposition to the Monroe doctrine, hecause the people firmly helieved that the United States would construe and apply the doctrine to its own advantage as against the rights of other American repuhlics. He stated that the opinion was quite general that the United States did not really mean all the fine things that have heen said ahout the community of interests among American nations. He referred to the American intervention in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua, and recommended that the United States should withdraw from those countries. He made a dozen or more suggestions, all of them intended to reassure Central and South Americans as to the true American attitude.

Yet this Argentine statesman, whose standing is relatively as high as that of Elihu Root in this country, was so mistaken himself in his estimate of the United States that he attrihuted to this country a willingness to permit discord to develop in South America when it loaned American naval officers to Brazil, where they were called for the purpose of improving the Brazilian navy. Mr. Zehallos, in his patriotic zeal, regarded this as an act of partiality, tending to inflame puhlic feeling in Argentina. He stated that Argentina had voted large sums for the improvement of its navy in consequence of the dispatch of the "American naval mission" to Brazil. He described the relations of Brazil and Argentina as "armed peace," and deprecated America's action in assisting to make "armed peace" necessary.

When men like Mr. Zehallos are thus misinformed regarding the attitude of the United States toward its neighhors, it is not surprising that ominous conditions should exist in Cuha as the result of industrious misrepresentation of the United States among individuals who do not have Mr. Zehallos' opportunities for learning the truth. The United States did not dispatch an "American naval mission" to Brazil. It acceded to the request of the Brazilian government for the loan of American naval experts, to he paid hy Brazil. The United States extended the same courtesy to Peru, and doubtless

would have been glad to exhibit equal friendliness toward Argentina, if a request had been forthcoming. Nothing is known in the United States of any prejudice against Argentina, or any predilection for Brazil. If the United States government has any desire to stir up strife between Argentina and Brazil, it is not only concealing the purpose from the people, hut is a traitor to them.

If the people of Cuba should he driven into civil strife hy the plottings of politicians and the well-meant hut injudicious acts of Cuhan patriots, there will he nothing hut regretfulness in this country. The American people do not wish to see the government intervene in Cuha. They will approve such intervention, however, rather than see Cuha ruined. Their desire is to see Cuha self-governed and well governed, free and prosperous.

The United States must do its duty as it sees it, relying upon time to prove the purity of its motives toward its neighbors. It does not covet Cuha, and will not annex Cuha. It will, however, intervene in Cuha whenever such a course is unavoidahly necessary to preserve for Cuha a government of, by, and for the people of Cuba.

MEET THE CHERNOVETZ.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The Chernovetz is making its how to the world as the new Soviet Russian monetary unit. It is the new unit of coinage in Moscow, and one chernovetz will equal ten gold ruhles, or $5.15. Only a German exchange hroker with a multiplying machine would he ahle to tell how many paper rubles it is worth. The Council of Commissars announces that on and after November 21, 1923, all state paper ruhles of the 1922 issue will he so much waste paper in Russia, and after December 1 they will he without value outside of Russia. Both dates seem superfluous, considering the status of Soviet paper any time these three years. The chernovetz will, of course, he as valueless as any other piece of paper unless it is backed hy the coinage of golden chernovetzi. The commissars are making progress in the elements of finance. It hasn't been so long since Lenine and Trotzky were closing the Russian banks and announcing that a proletariat state could and would exist without money. Now the Soviets are estahlishing a unit of relatively the same value as the English pound sterling. Russia has reached another verst-mark on her way back to sanity.

HEARST AND WASHINGTON.

(From the Portland Oregonian)

When Hearst's San Francisco Examiner, wbich never wearies of maligning Britain, quotes Lord Birkenhead as favoring the Hearst policy of isolation, we are reminded of an old saying ahout the devil quoting scripture, though by no means placing Birkenhead's speech on a level with the Bihle. As is usual with Hearst, the speech was distorted from its true meaning. Birkenhead cast aside idealism and said that we should take a hand in European affairs only if our national interest dictated, hut the whole tenor of his speech was that our interest does so dictate.

But Hearst goes farther. He quotes numerous phrases from Washington's address to prove that the father of his country would have been an isolationist if he had lived today. That implies that the father of his country and Hearst are kindred spirits, men of the same trend of thought. By this we are led to ask a question after the Examiner's style.

If Washington had lived in 1917, when Germany warned all American ships off the sea on pain of heing sunk on sight, and when the allies were hravely contending against Germany's struggle for conquest of Europe as the means to world power, would Washington have counseled that the American army remain in the United States to fight the Germans when they invaded this country, which they could only have done after conquering Europe, and which they would have done with the aid of all the resources of that continent? That was Hearst's advice, oft repeated.

If Washington had lived in 1922, would he have condemned the Washington treaties, wherehy peace was estahlished in the Pacific ocean and the possibility of naval war was greatly reduced? That is what Hearst did.

If Washington would have done these things, then Hearst is as great a statesman as he was, or Washington was what Hearst is—something which we refuse to define.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY PERIL.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Of the thirty-two seats in the Senate, or one-third of the entire hody, which in the regular course must he contested next year, seventeen are now held hy Republicans, fourteen hy Democrats and one by Magnus Johnson, the Farmer-Lahor senator from Minnesota. It happens that twelve of the fourteen Democrats come from Southern states, which, with the possihle exception of Tennessee, may he counted upon with absolute certainty to return Democrats again. Of the fourteen Democratic seats only two, those of Senator Walsh of this state and of the other Walsh of Montana, are in doubt unless one adds that held by Senator Shields of Tennessee. On the other hand, no less than nine of the seventeen Republicans come from states which either elected Democratic senators last fall or, having no senatoral seat then in contest, elected Democratic state tickets.

If these nine states, or even half of them, should vote in 1924 as they did in 1922, the Democrats would control the Senate. The nine are New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, West Virginia, Michigan, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. In Colorado, however, two senators must be elected next year, one to succeed Senator Phipps, Republican, on the expiration of his term and the other to fill the seat of the late Senator Nicholson, Republican, now temporarily held hy a Democrat on guhernatorial appointment, for the remainder of the term expiring in 1927.

Of the nine states at least New Hampshire and Michigan are normally Republican. But at the best the Republicans face a critical task, since there are states outside of the nine, such as Illinois, where they seem in for a fight hecause of local as well as national conditions.

TWO SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Lord Birkenhead gave before the American Bar Association a succinct and accurate analysis of the difference between the American and the British constitutions, the significance of which should he carefully pondered hy those who glibly call for the suhjection of our Supreme Court to the will of Congress. No British court, these would-he reformers say, can declare an act of Parliament unconstitutional; wherefore the Supreme Court of the United States has no right, or at least should have no power, to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional.

It is an ahsolute *non sequitur*. They might as well say that England has no elected President and therefore we have no husiness to have one. They fail to recognize or to take into account the fundamental differences hetween the American and the British system of government. England is an almost pure democracy, with a government consisting of only one supreme department, the legislative, to which executive and judiciary are suhordinate, and with no constitution hut the will of Parliament. The United States is a republic, with a government consisting of three coördinate departments—the legislative, the executive and the judiciary—and with a written Constitution precisely defining the powers of each and the relations of each to the others. It seems strange that Americans should need to have a visiting Englishman remind them of this fact.

The question is not, therefore, fundamentally, whether we shall give Congress power to override decisions of the Supreme Court or otherwise to subject it to Congressional control, hut whether we prefer the American or the British system of government; whether we helieve in American or British institutions; whether we have faith in America or are inclined to look to England or some other country for civic salvation.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Brookside.

I wandered hy the brookside,
I wandered hy the mill;
I could not hear the hrook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no hurr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any hird,
But the heating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat heneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the heating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat, one hy one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed hy my cheek,
The leaves ahove were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the heating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—*Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.*

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have heen they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may he liars;
It may he, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers.
And, hut for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly hreaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far hack, through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not hy eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climhs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is hright!

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

Why?

Why came the rose? Because the sun, in shining,
Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine;
And stooping, drew and warmed them into growing,—
Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

What made the perfume? All his wondrous kisses
Fell on the sweet red mouth, till, lost to sight,
The love hecame too exquisite, and vanished
Into a viewless rapture of the night.

Why did the rose die? Ah, why ask the question?
There is a time to love, a time to give;
She perished gladly, folding close the secret
Wherein is garnered what it is to live.

—*Mary Louise Ritter.*

El Vaquero.

Tinged with the hlood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like the tawny herdsman stands,
A coiled *reata* in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,
Half hrigand and half cavalier,
This Helot, with imperial grace,
Wears ever on his tawny face
A sad, defiant look of pain
Left hy the fierce iconoclast
A living fragment of the past,—
Greek of the Greeks he must remain.

—*Lucius Harwood Foote.*

Nineveh was destroyed in 606 B. C.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales is not the only royalty to enjoy the late summer in Western Canada. The Italian Duchess of Aosta, an enthusiastic big game hunter, took advantage of the bighorn season in the Canadian Rockies, accompanied by her son, the Duke of Spoleto.

The name of Professor Flinders Petrie, probably the most famous of living Egyptologists, occurred on the recent list of the king's birthday honors when the order of knighthood was conferred upon him. Sir Flinders' latest book is "Social Life in Ancient Egypt," in which he re-creates the fashionable life of the early dynasties.

Mrs. Ernest N. Pye, of Newark, N. J., is said to be the only woman in the world engaged in making tires for professional bicycle riders. Her products, the invention of her husband who was a sprint and six-day racing star until his death a few months ago, are used on most American, French, Italian, Australian, and German tracks. Years ago racing tires weighed three pounds, but by constant experimentation Mr. Pye perfected the four ounce tire that his wife is now producing on a large scale. Her deft workmanship in weaving the silk, satin, and cotton tires built up a laborious and uncertain business to large dimensions.

Dr. Ira Remsen, President Emeritus of Johns Hopkins University, was presented with the Priestley Medal by the American Chemical Society at its annual meeting in Milwaukee for his distinguished work in chemistry.

Miss Violet Stringer is considered England's most expert horsewoman. In addition to being a jockey she trains and breaks her own horses on her estate in Surrey.

"Uncle Pat" McLaughlin, oldest living confederate veteran, who is hale and happy at 102, attributes his long life to the fact that he has always been a bachelor and that he has daily indulged in a swig of "corn likker."

Marshal Wu Pei Fu, China's military genius, recently passed his fiftieth birthday. He is thoroughly modern in his methods of training the evergrowing army of Chinese regulars. The marshal is said to be the real power behind the government of Pekin.

M. Gaston Menier, millionaire chocolate manufacturer of Paris, and French senator, is the private owner of Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where he and his family have been spending the summer. They took with them on leaving a bear which Senator Menier had bagged on his island and which he will add to the private zoo he maintains on his French estate.

Colonel Thomas W. Miller, of Wilmington, Delaware, is said to have the largest bank account in captivity. At last reports the colonel had $180,000,000 deposited, drawing the slender income of $8,100,000 a year. Miller, who is about thirty-seven years old, was a congressman from his native state when the United States entered the war. After a course at the Plattsburg training camp he enlisted in the regular army as an infantry private in 1917 and was discharged two years later as a lieutenant-colonel, after serving eleven months in France and receiving citations for gallantry in action. He was one of the incorporators of the American Legion. Colonel Miller was appointed alien property custodian of the United States by President Harding, in March, 1921. In this capacity he has to settle claims made by former alien enemies and liquidate their assets. In addition he is directly responsible for the management of sixty corporations engaged in every imaginable line of enterprise.

William Roscoe Thayer, whose death September 7 followed months of illness, has long held a distinguished place among the foremost American historians. Mr. Thayer had not been well since the publication of his "George Washington" almost a year ago, being closely confined to his Cambridge home. But though he was the author of eminent American biographies, including the two volume life of John Hay and an intimate biography of Theodore Roosevelt, it is probably as a student and interpreter of modern Italy that Mr. Thayer made his reputation and his lasting place as an historian. His "Life and Times of Cavour" is only one among his many studies of Italian life and politics. His services to Italian history were appreciated by that country and he was thrice decorated by the King of Italy. He was also the recipient of many other honors and was recognized in all civilized countries as a fair-minded scholar and an historian of great literary skill.

E. Keble Chatterton, who was appointed by the British Admirality to assist in writing the naval history of the world war, is an Oxford man who decided at the age of twenty to devote his life to naval history. He has been a practical sailing man for many years and a yacht owner since he came of age twenty-four years ago. His latest contribution to maritime history is "The Mercantile Marine." However, despite his early dedication to naval affairs, Lieutenant Chatterton has found time to be art critic and dramatic critic, editor and sub-editor to many London papers. The list of his publications includes novels and criticism as well as the predominant type, naval history. During the war he commanded various ships in the Auxiliary Patrol Service. The lieutenant-commander hails from Sheffield and is unmarried by latest reports.

THE VEILED EMPRESS.

Benjamin A. Morton Exhumes an Historical Identity, With Some Startling Historical Conclusions.

History is the happy hunting ground for the theorist. The conservatives may have it that there is nothing new under the sun, but he who wishes to snatch a glimpse of novelty need only read the past with the aid of a lively imagination and things that certainly have a semblance to novelty come to light. One recalls Bishop Whateley's logical *tour de force* that there was not one conclusive proof that Napoleon had ever existed. The argument is startling, and personally we don't doubt that where there was so much smoke there was some fire, nor do we doubt that the logician-bishop doubted it, but his contention was, nevertheless, that all evidence of Napoleon's existence was circumstantial. Now a new Napoleonic theory has been evolved—not concerning his existence: that essential fact is taken for granted. Mr. Morton's elaborate and convincingly modelled theory concerns the hitherto unrevealed cause of Napoleon's downfall. As usual, where French history and an unknown cause is considered, one may *cherche la femme*, though—and here is another departure from tradition—in this case the lady is not a personal affair of the emperor but a cousin and friend of his wife; one, moreover, who had never seen Napoleon but who presumably hated him poisonously for his treatment of Josephine. So much for our psychology, which rings true enough, granted a case where an irate cousin could wreck an emperor.

Enter the lady whose cousinly loyalty changed the course of modern life:

> Though heretofore unknown to history, Aimée Duhuc de Rivery was a person of the first magnitude in historical significance. To the failure of the English to obtain the mastery of Constantinople in 1807; to the revolution of 1808, that made possible the survival of the Ottoman Empire; and to the downfall of Napoleon, her romantic story is a vital clue.

There is an island in the West Indies that seems to have played an unusual role as historical incubator: Martinique, in the little spray of Windward Islands flung North of Trinidad. In fact to be born in the West Indies seems to be the surest origin for an historical career of first magnitude. Witness our own Alexander Hamilton. But to return to Aimée Dubuc de Rivery and Martinique:

> She was one of the four lovely daughters of Martinique who by marvelous strokes of fortune were raised to royal thrones.
>
> Françoise d'Auhigné, Madame de Maintenon, widow of Scarron, the witty poet and novelist, wife of Louis Quatorze, not quite a queen, yet with greater state and power than any queen of her day, though not horn in Martinique, spent several years of her childhood there. In all the centuries, what child more wretched, what lady grander than the consort of the Grande Monarque, sharing with the Sun King the zenith of human splendor?
>
> Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, Josephine, Empress of the French,—what woman in all time shared such a throne of Empire—was horn in Martinique, and lived there the first sixteen years of her life.
>
> Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland, daughter of the Empress and mother of an Emporer, lived in Martinique for two years, and hoth her father and mother were horn there.

Mr. Morton gives a detailed account of Aimée's noble French ancestry but the nucleus of the historical episode lies in the childhood friendship between Aimée and her cousin, Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, future empress of the French. There is a story of the two girls, aged about thirteen, visiting a native soothsayer who foretold their remarkable simultaneous rise to royalty, but we mention it merely as a sop to dramatic effect. The incident, however, is one of the scarce evidences of Aimée's existence and of her hypothetical royal fate for the story is actually published in "Mémoires Historiques et Secrets de l'Impératrice Joséphine," and in addition to its reprinting the childhood prophecy of the future Veiled Empress' career, it is chiefly interesting for a footnote detailing the supposed actual story of Aimée and her rise to Oriental intrigue. However, Mr. Morton himself calls this book "that discredited hodge-podge by the famous soothsayer of Paris, Mademoiselle le Normand." Le Normand, who according to our historian, could have had no occult power of divining truth, herself, since her book was a tissue of lies, is supposed to have had the story from Josephine. But far be it from us to settle the identity of any historical fact or personage on a statement made by the vain and giddy Josephine. Her dependence on such frauds as le Normand would cancel the authenticity of any knowledge she did have and we suspect her rattled little brain was capable of great self-delusion. And if it were not for family records that Aimée did exist in the rôle of cousin to Josephine it would be not too much to credit the imaginative empress with her creation, a figment for the delectation of French drawing rooms. So much for Josephine's evidence, and we are back where we started with the simple history of Aimée's girlhood. But if it is true, as our historian says, that Josephine told the story when her own rôle had been fulfilled, it might imply that her cousin's Oriental royalty was also a *fait accompli*. At any rate, Aimée went, per prophecy and family tradition, to be educated in France and spent eight peaceful years in a Nantes convent:

> Aimée remained longer in Nantes than was originally planned on account of the war hetween France and England following the alliance of France with the American Colonies in 1778. The treaty of peace concluding this war was not made until September 3rd, 1783. It was 1784 before Aimée, then nearly twenty-one, started on her return voyage to Martinique accompanied hy her maid, an old negress who had come from Martinique with her.
>
> Their ship, a small vessel hound from Nantes to Martinique, out in the Bay of Biscay racked hy the huffets of a smashing cross-sea gale, sprang a leak, her seams hegan to open, and she was rapidly sinking when at dusk, despair changed to hope with the appearance of a larger Spanish ship. With difficulty all were rescued hefore their vessel foundered. The Spanish vessel was bound for Majorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands.
>
> When they were in sight of their destination, the picturesque city of Palma di Majorca, they were overhauled and attacked by Algerian corsairs. It is easy to imagine the picture of the ruthless Barhary corsairs, delighting in their fierce husiness of despoiling the Spaniards; the anxiety of Aimée's old nurse, who had no fear for herself; the spirit and charm of the young girl that marked her out to the old pirate chieftain,—skilled in judging such prizes—as no common slave hut one worthy of favor in the eyes of his master, the great Dey of Algiers himself; a scene of alarm and despair on the part of the victims so near to safety, in unreal contrast to the peacefulness of the Mediterranean at its bluest and loveliest just off the shores of Majorca. These pirates, who were engaged in their customary husiness of ravaging the Spanish coasts, made short work of the little defense the Spaniards could make and took the vessel and all on hoard to Algiers.

From this point, we are at the mercy of our theorist, for it is at this juncture, presumably, that poor little Aimée drops out of conventional history. She did not return home to Martinique but whether she was drowned or whether an unhappier fate awaited her in Algiers was not determined. She was lost but, according to Mr. Morton, her great beauty saved her from the ordinary fate of a captive, and later evidence indicates it was she who became the Veiled Empress, mother of the Sultan Mahmoud, and ancestress of most existing Turkish royalty today:

> Today, one of her great-grandsons is the exiled Padishah of the Ottoman Empire, and another of her great-grandsons is Caliph of the Faithful. And before them, two of her grandsons and three of her great-grandsons had heen girded hy the Grand Master of the Mevlevi Dervishes with the Sword of Osman, the sacred emblem of the Ottomans. In imperial state her hody lies in Stamhoul.

Accepting our author's theory that Aimée was in fact the mother of Mahmoud, and a summary of his arguments for the ingenious notion will be quoted later, it is not difficult to fall into step with the conclusion that Mahmoud and his mother were enemies of Napoleon, nor impossible to conceive of a Turk wrecking the European map for a personal grievance. It might be urged that Mahmoud, whatever his devotion to his French mother, might not be visibly agitated about the fate of her cousin Josephine. But let Mr. Morton plead his own case:

> The Veiled Empress and her son, the Emperor, in secret heart were prouder of their relationship to the Empress of the French then ever the House of Austria, forced into an ignohle alliance, would deign to he. Aimée and Josephine had in common the memories of the enchanted tropic isle of their youth; hy seeming accident each had risen to greatest height of power; and they had the common heritage of a similar strain of nobility of hlood. Little wonder that Aimée taught her son love for Josephine, her friend, her cousin, who ruled in a heautiful world of freedom and light where a woman might share publicly the glory of a throne. No wonder as a child Mahmoud vowed in his staunch heart, that, since the only real power his mother might have, would he through him, through his submission to her wishes, she should have that power. This vow he kept with more than the usual observance of tbe Ottomann custom. To her alone could his inner self ever he revealed. With her alone, hc shared thc light of the wider world of civilization, a light which he saw through her eyes. During her years of loneliness her whole heart was set upon keeping him one of her own people, a Duhuc of Normandy.
>
> In this secret intimate circle where the mother and son shared a world unknown to all ahout them, Josephine was of all persons the one who seemed closest to them, the only one who seemed a part of that hidden life. They knew ahout her from Isaac, Essaid, Galih, Mouhih, Ruffin, Franchini, Madame Sebastiani and the rest. In her they seemed to share in the glory of France. To them Josephine seemed their nearest, their only real friend, Napoleon, merely a name, a stranger.
>
> The cruel injury done to the amiahle Josephine was to Aimée, who in the midst of her own trials had so long heen happy in Josephine's good fortune, the more intensified because she knew as Napoleon had once said that "Josephine had no more sense of resentment than a pigeon."
>
> And no wonder that to Mahmoud, firm, inflexihle, Napoleon's hreaking of faith toward Josephine was a convincing revelation of his douhle-dealing opportunism, an unmasking of the cruelty and selfishness in the heart of a man who was never again to be trusted, power in his hands a menace to the world.

It is perhaps not taxing the law of coincidence, to grant hypothetically that the Sultan of Turkey had it in his power to crush Napoleon. Certainly, when we have granted so much we may as well grant that and get the completed effect of our jig-saw puzzle picture. But since the story is being reconstructed on elaborate hypotheses we wish to put in an oar of our own. According to Mr. Morton, Napoleon could conceive of no reason why Mahmoud would wish to double cross him. But if the facts are as we have been exposing them, Napoleon must have known of the blood relationship between Mahmoud and his divorced wife—second cousins, in fact. And Napoleon was not a man to overlook blood relationship, as we know. But our author has it otherwise:

> Many historians seem to take for granted that the cutting of Napoleon's line of retreat hy the Army of the Danuhe was an expected and understandable event. Napoleon and his army had no such feeling.
>
> Again and again Napoleon thought it out. Once he sat for an hour at a council with his generals, his head buried in his hands, his elhows on the tahle, without a word. He knew that no sovereign of Turkey who wished to remain on his throne could refuse his offers. He knew that he was right in counting on the Russian leadership—diplomats and generals—as no match for him and his staff. Compared to such masters as Berthier, Murat, Junot, Davout, Oudinot, Ney, Eugene, to say nothing of the Great Captain himself, these Russians were still in the Bronze Age. He had carefully studied the lives of all of them. He knew that they were incapahle of the far-seeing stroke of strategy which had checkmated him. What mind had conceived and through all the impossihilities hrought this plan to fruition? He knew that his own plans were complete and perfect. What he did not know was in the mind of Mahmoud. If Mahmoud had been a chatterbox, Napoleon would not have crossed the Niemen.

At any rate there is more or less conclusive proof that the personage known to history as Napoleon, did fall, and as Mr. Morton acutely remarks somewhere, most of the motive power of history has been personal. And as a perusal of the following excerpt leads even the most skeptical to admit that if there is no proof that Aimée was the Veiled Empress, neither is there any that she was not, we may as well accept one theory as another. History, even in the present tense, is the best indoor sport for sharpening one's guessing faculties anyway. Here is Mr. Morton's summary of proof that there is no proof that Aimée and the dowager Sultana were not one and the same person:

> The incentive to the most complete secrecy, always in her mind, was the sense of the danger to her son that lay in knowledge hy the people of his empire that his mother was not only an infidel, hut an infidel different from the Georgian slaves imhued with Moslem ideas, an intelligent French women, educated and used to the hated ways of western Europe, a Giaour whose influence was actually changing the ancient customs of the Ottomans. That she could, that she must, that she did keep her secret well guarded is no mystery when you consider how fraught with peril to Mahmoud would he puhlic knowledge of her real personality. In her long vigil she had learned to be ever watchful of that danger.
>
> So well guarded was the secret that till now the story has remained in effect unknown, on the outer border of the consciousness—almost suhconsciousness—of history. Finding out about her has heen such a difficult task that I am reluctant to confess how much lahor it has cost. The game has heen fascinating by reason of the very unexpectedness of the places in which I have found concealed some fragment of her story. A large part of these references are in French newspapers and periodicals, hardly accessihle except in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. In fact, the only reference that might he considered generally accessible is a very hrief one in Meyer's *Konversations Lexikon* under *Mahmud II.*
>
> That so many people knew something ahout the story of Aimée Dubuc de Rivery, from such diverse and unrelated sources, hecame convincing of its truth. A story so improhahle would hardly he invented hy a writer of fiction. It is impossihle that so many persons, far apart in time and place and circumstances, could each invent this one fantastic story, all their accounts having some verifiable facts tending to corrohorate one another, all using the name of a real but relatively unknown person, and all fitting in with a larger scheme of facts of which the writers were ignorant. Not only were these writers ignorant of this larger scheme of facts, but nowhere have I heen ahle to find these facts set forth except in the unpublished diplomatic correspondence in the archives of the Foreign Office in London and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris.
>
> There is no shred of information anywhere so far as I can find even remotely tending to suggest that the mother of Mahmoud was any other person than Aimée Duhuc de Rivery.
>
> While I consider this volume, at hest, only a partial revealing of the truth hidden hehind a most hafiling century-old veil of mystery, nevertheless, after every test I have tried, to my mind the story rings true.
>
> One reason I venture upon the puhlication of the hook in this somewhat challenging form is the hope that it may result in hringing to light additional facts upon the secret of history.

Mr. Morton pleads guilty to not being an orthodox biographer and points out that he is the freer to make startling revelations—which is indubitably true. But we wish he had compiled an appendix in which he had quoted the French newspapers that referred to the existence of a French sultana. However, as our author modestly states, he is rather opening the question than making an authoritative statement. Meanwhile we may expect a whole literature to grow up about Aimée Dubuc de Rivery—which we believe is an analogy to what Bishop Whatley says may have happened to a non-existent Napoleon.

THE VEILED EMPRESS. By Benjamin A. Morton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5.00.

The injunction power is not an instrument of oppression. Not often has it been perverted from its proper use. In tens of thousands of instances it has protected the weak against the mighty, the law-abiding against the lawless, the peaceable against the violent. The people of this country know that the economic power of the strike degenerates nine times out of ten into crude, raw, naked, hideous physical force. Because this is true almost without exception in big strikes, it must be anticipated by those who order strikes. Indeed, it is known that only in rare instances can a strike succeed without the accompaniment of violence.—*Ben W. Hooper, chairman United States Railroad Labor Board, in the North American Review.*

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 22, 1923, were $178,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year $152,000,000, an increase of $26,000,000.

Bond prices gave a good account of themselves during the last two weeks, despite a firmer tendency in the money market. Average prices for forty representative bonds gained 0.21 points, according to the New York *Times* index. There was a stronger demand for call money toward the last of August to meet first of the month and quarterly interest and dividend requirements, the net result being an increase in call rates to 5½ per cent. After this seasonal demand was met, call rates reacted to 4½ per cent. The demand for time funds has been light and there bas been a considerable range in the rates charged. Renewals, however, were generally at 5¼ per cent., which has been the ruling rate for 60-90 day loans for some time. Commercial paper also is unchauged at 5¼ per cent. for the best names.

It is reported that a number of corporations that have been lending their surplus cash in the call money market are withdrawing these funds against an increase in operations during the autumn. An increase in business activity necessitates larger inventories and payrolls, and this coupled with demands from the interior in connection with crop moving financing are likely to cause a moderate advance in money rates over a period of a few weeks, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Commercial competition will not help the market for investment bonds, it being likely that these borrowers will outbid present yields obtainable from prime investments. At the same time, a substantial amount of new bonds, aggregating several million dollars, will be offered within a short time. The Union Pacific Railroad, for one, will seek $20,000,000, it is believed. The Treasury Department is obliged to meet $695,000,00 maturities before the end of the year will engage in new financing to the extent of approximately $500,000,000 in this connection. However, the Treasury financing in the past has been so well coordinated with favorable conditions in the money market that no strain has developed, although all the issues have been largely over-subscribed. It is probable that the usual foresight will be exercised with regard to the forthcoming financing.

Altogether there is not much prospect of an advance in prices for investment bonds during the autumn, but, on the other hand, there is the possibility of a mild reaction. The long range view, however, points toward higher prices, provided there is no artificial interference in the economic situation. By that, it is meant future conditions favor a trend downward in commodity prices and consequently a larger purchasing power for fixed income such as interest on bonds. It is always possible, of course, that this natural trend will be interfered with by lowering the Federal Reserve rediscount rates in order to give an appearance of prosperity for political purposes. It can be said without reservation, however, that so far there has been no appearance of politics in the functioning of the Federal Reserve System. What the outgrowth of the removal of Governor W. P. G. Harding will be remains to be seen.

The position of speculative bonds is entirely different from that of prime investment issues. In this case, money rates are decidedly a secondary influence and enter very little into the market action. Rather it is a question of whether earning power will permit a continuation of interest payments, or add to the margin of safety in the case of questionable stability. The decided improvement in earning power for the majority of the railroads, for example, lends speculative possibilities to a number of low-grade rail bonds which will not be modified by a moderate increase in money rates. The adjustment bonds of such roads as Missouri, Kansas & Texas, St. Louis, San Francisco, and International and Great Northern, and the lower grade bonds of Erie, St. Paul and Seaboard Air Line are fundamentally attractive.

New bonds offering during the last two weeks totaled $75,047,800, as compared with $45,471,000 in the preceding two weeks. The most prominent offering was the $24,000,000 of Associated Oil Company 6 per cent. gold notes.

Business done by public utility companies in the twelve months ended June 30 this year has in the great majority of cases resulted in large increases of earnings, both gross and net. Power, light, heat, gas, telephone service have been bought freely by the public. Only electric street car business has stagnated or fallen behind, and the public did not save their money but bought bus transportation instead at higher fares. High labor wages and prohibition have not stopped the business world but, on the contrary, seem to have thrown more money into general circulation, says M. C. Krarup, Consulting Engineer, in *Forbes Magazine*.

The big procession goes gaily on, and nearly all business flourishes, taking an extra profit on its extra expense. Public utility business, however, bas flourished in most cases at the old prices, by greater volume of trade and less waste in management. So it seems, at least, from the published reports.

There may be less spending and more investing in the coming year. That would mean less show of prosperity but more production of wealth, more security for the year after.

Capitalists, big and small, who bave confidence in their own judgment, may invest in anything, and do so with variable results. The turnover in stocks and bonds of all kinds is said to bave been very great. But nearly everybody with saved-up money in a bank, drawing 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. has his eye on public utilities and is looking for more information about them. Thousands of these have already plunged mildly into shareholding with their home utilities, without much information but because acquaintance with persons and local conditions gives them confidence, as with their local bank. But many of them are beginning to look askance at the Public Utility Commissioner—whatever be the exact title his state gives him—because he will not allow excess dividends more than one or two years, and although he also dutifully prevents watering of stocks and over-valuation of properties.

For some reason, many fail to appreciate that he embodies the principle of safety for tbe small investor. Perhaps it would bave been desirable if he had become known as Public Utility Safety Commissioner, so as to make it very clear that he is not a manager but a moderator and armed for action mainly with a veto which a court decision can overrule, and that he thereby escapes all the objections which may be raised against municipal ownership and management. Having the information and authority which the small investors lack, he is their man. Actually, the commissioners act as teachers of sound financial principles to the untrained public all the time. Close following of the considerable variety of actions taken by them in all states supplies more valuable pointers for tbe guidance of the small investor than he could obtain by any other equally convenient line of study. All he has to do is to look steadily for tbe records of these actions as published in all of the larger daily newspapers.

It seems odd that a bank examiner wbose actions always come too late, is popularly recognized as indispensable, when a utility commissioner is not yet so regarded in all cases, although he is always ahead of trouble in taking the precautions for safety prescribed by law. On the other hand, if be lags in less urgent duties, the delay is always favorable to owners and investors. The latter invariably get the benefit of any unusual prosperity for a while, and the municipality gets it a little later, in the form of reduced prices, even if the prosperity is solely due to excellent management. Nobody seems to know of any equally satisfactory condition produced anywhere under political control and management.

When the principal work of commissioners is seen to consist of cutting down somebody's profits from perfectly legitimate business, it is easy to understand that the commissioner becomes the most exposed and discussed man in the whole public utility situation and sometimes gets weary of his duties. Yet tbere is something great and inspiring in being constantly obliged to cut down profits, when they are real profits and excessive; something every business man wants. To be constantly doctoring deficits would be a much sadder task. Profits can be reduced by merely applying automatically certain rules prescribed by law, and that they are there to be reduced shows that the utilities are in capable hands.

But suppose that one of the privately owned utilities kept on scoring a deficit every year. The commissioner could do nothing for it, if its rates were normal, its franchise fair. It must remedy its own losses by better management. No appointed officer of the state could be trusted to possess that sort of ability, or could find time to apply it in favor of one company if he had it, as business management takes all of a man's time and energy under such conditions. The commissioner's work is, therefore, not only necessarily what it is, but is also inapplicable to any but private ownership. The office would become extinct under conditions of municipal ownership and the conditions of fifty years ago would be re-established, when sleepy little independent utilities (mostly gas works) were operated wastefully and unprogressively by every town of any size, without any chance for investment for anybody, except tbe purchase of 5 per cent. municipal bonds which were eventually redeemed, not out of profits but by taxation. "Consumers' ownership," through shareholding in private companies which are supervised financially by the state, is evidently a more modern and attractive popular slogan, even without considering the urgent necessity of providing new channels for investment where the prosperous and thrifty, but unfinancial millions of this country can find greater safety than by deposits in their local banks and usually dividends twice as high as the bank interest.

If profits and progress furnish a fair indication of business ability, a mere glance at the things that have been done in the public utility field in the last six months goes far toward demonstrating that private management, commercially and technically, is indispensable. The profits and the progress have followed lines of action which municipal ownership either could not adopt or would require years of political agitation to get adopted. But by the private leaders of proven business ability it was considered necessary or highly preferable to take those actions at once. Any other action would result in reduced dividends, and contraction of the business prospects for the coming years.

To secure tecbnical and commerical ability of the highest order, the private companies have paid higher compensations for work than any municipality could allow, or than any operating firm or company engaged by one municipality could afford. But the high compensations were paid because they were necessary for results.

A very large number of re-arrangements in service fields, transmission lines or pipes, centralization of plants, and relations of subsidiaries to parent or holding companies, have been witnessed in all the principal industrial states, and all have had for their object to reduce cost of production, increase dividends and pave the way for still further improvements in large organizations. And these things no municipality could hope to accomplish. In fact, they could not be accomplished by political means without practical nationalization of all public utility industries and commerce. And if anything like nationalization is to be the outcome—some bundred years hence or wben America gets old and lazy—private ownership and management is laying the only foundation for it now.

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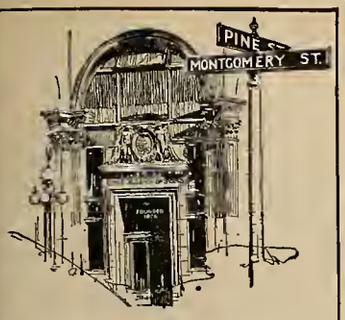
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of the same order and purpose. And the plans on foot for developing the whole foundation-structure of the electric industries toward the tremendous ideal of a nation-wide, almost uhiquitous, and never-lagging supply of power for all needs in all states and cities, possihly at the rate of 1 cent the kilowatthour (as now charged on the Pacific Coast and in a few limited districts near large water power), so plainly outdistance economically, and in charm of national achievement, anything that may he done on the principle of municipal ownership, that any antiquated method of management would prohahly have to he ahandoned hefore it was fairly hegun.

Quite recently, managers of utilities in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Tennessee, Alahama, Arkansas, Missouri, Nehraska, Minnesota, Montana, and prohahly many other states, have heen remarkahly husy in securing permission from the commissioners for large increases of capital and in acquiring control of water power within their reach, the streams to he placed under contrihution hy means of dammed reservoirs and hydro-electric plants.

The magnitude of these new undertakings hy utility companies privately controlled, and also their numher, speak very plainly of the need for technical consolidation in the use of both water power and coal, and leave no douht that not one out of a thousand municipalities will he ahle to undertake independent management of utility plants without finding itself outclassed in economy from the start, and more and more hopelessly so as the years roll hy. Their hest chance will perhaps he to huy power and coal and oil from the private concerns, and their honds, it seems, will have to go hegging, while the private concerns will find investors for their stock not only among their own local consumers hut also in those cities where municipal ownership possihly may he put over at the voting polls under the idealistic impression that the city fathers and stepfathers should he given a chance to "keep all the profits at home." A chance to keep the losses is generally thrown in.

Enthusiasm for the results which private capital and work can accomplish need not blush where fond hopes of making political management efficient can still he unhlshingly entertained.

All who helieve in the conquering individual, working in groups with associates in business and science, and on the other hand, believe in reducing politics and government to the smallest common factor in life (or limiting each person's freedam hy the equal freedom of others) will he likely to want much more work done privately which is now done hy cities.

They will look for water works and sewage disposal companies to unite and take over the city's street cleaning, garbage removal, and public haths. A little further ahead comes the private corporation which takes schools and colleges and turns out young citizens with all modern qualifications for hecoming useful and agreeahle to themselves and others, and contracting for this work at such a low cost as would stagger most of the educational authorities of the present, though not all of them. Not a few are well aware that skill and knowledge, in young persons happen to he two of the most intrinsically inexpensive products on which muncipal, state, and federal governments see fit to expend fahulous sums with small and unsatisfactory results, compared to what is accomplished in spots and might he accomplished everywhere

The conflict between the Puhlic Commissioner system for the regulation of puhlic utilities, on one side, and municipal management, on the other side, roots deeply in conflicting views of life in general, and hranches of the ideas involved extend far and wide into future stages of civilization.

The Guaranteed Mortgage Securities Co. of America, Inc., has just heen organized in Los Angeles, with a capitalization of $2,200,000, according to an announcement made hy John J. Morey, president of the new organization.

One of the novel investment features which will he installed hy the Guaranteed Mortgage Securities Co. will he known as the "guaranteed reserve system." This plan will make farm loans liquid, where of necessity they are at present frozen.

It will also get the farmer entirely out of deht hy enahling him to pay off and clear a portion of the indehtedness each year and hy reducing the interest indehtedness. It will stahilize farm values hy relieving the necessity for most farm foreclosures, and stahilize the farmer's market.

This guaranteed reserve system will finance entire communities and sections hy the proper handling of the communities' own funds and with the assistance of outside funds where they are needed, through transferring surplus funds from sections to other sections needing further funds. It will also provide discount facilities for the country hanker where they are denied him hecause of the nature of his paper, hy the federal reserve system.

This novel plan, which was thought out hy Mr. Morey, will henefit the agricultural interests, the farmers and the country hankers primarily, hearing in mind the ahsolute necessity for discount facilities not alone for the short commercial paper which at present is discounted hy the federal reserve system, hut also for the long-term farm mortgages—the frozen assets of the hanks in the rural sections.

Memher hanks will he privileged to discount farm mortgages when advisahle or they may hand the farm mortgages on to the reserve system who will convert the loans from the old hasis to the new amortized hasis.

The plans are at present limited to the first reserve region, as yet, hut as quickly as the first reserve system is well under way it will also organize in the northern California district, and then in Portland, Seattle, Denver, Kansas City and covering the farm section of the United States.

Extensive arrangements, according to Mr. Morey, are heing made for the outlet for these securities. A portion of them will he handled hy the hanks themselves, selling them to their own clients on the installment purchase plan. The money derived each month hy the sale of these honds through the hanks is to he loaned hy the hank in the bank's own community, subject to the approval and appraisement of the reserve system and the trustees, which is the Union Bank & Trust Co. of Los Angeles.

Arrangements have heen made and other arrangements are under way to place the honds in New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities and in Europe. The honds have already heen declared legal for savings in some sections, and plans are heing made for this arrangement in California.

Appraisals are made hy hoth the operating company and hy the Union Bank and Trust Co. of Los Angeles, and the Columhia Trust Co. of Salt Lake City, Utah. No loan will he made in excess of 50 per cent. of the lowest appraisal made.

Each hond and each installment purchase certificate carries a certificate signed hy the trust officer of the trustee hank, evidencing the deposit of the securities for the payment of the honds.

Loans will he amortized over a period of 10 to 15 years for farm loans and 10 years for loans on city property. The honds will he issued as of the company and they have as additional security for their payment the capital and surplus of the company. A further sinking fund amounting to 1 per cent. of honds issued is provided to create a reserve sinking fund of $100,000.

John J. Morey, president of the new company, is the author of this new plan. Mr. Morey has heen identifiied in hanking circles in California for the past 30 years, having heen an official with the Bank of Watsonville and Home Savings hank of Los Angeles.

The business of the company will include a city and farm loan department, a mortgage loan department and a wholesale and retail bond department.

The National City Company is offering an additional issue of $10,000,000 Pacific Gas and Electric Company first and refunding mortgage gold honds, thirty-year, 5½ per cent., series "C," due Decemher 1, 1952.

The following is a summary hy Mr. W. E. Creed, President of the Company, of his accompanying letter giving further information regarding the present issue of honds:

"The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is one of the foremost puhlie service corporations in the United States. The electric business of the Company or of its predecessors has heen in continuous and successful operation for more than forty-one years and the gas business for sixty-nine years.

"The properties are operated as a well coordinated system extending into thirty-six counties of Central and Northern California with a present estimated population of more than 1,850,000. The numher of consumers served exceeds 672,000, of which more than 55,000 were added during the twelve months ending July 21, 1923.

"First and refunding mortgage honds are secured, in the opinion of counsel, hy a direct first mortgage on properties recently enstructed at a cost of over $21,700,000, including three modern hydro-electric generating plants of 127,346 hp. capacity located on the Pit River and its upper trihutaries; hy a direct mortgage on all other properties of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company subject to the prior liens of underlying mortgages; and hy $38,440,000 general and refunding mortgage honds pledged or ahout to be pledged with the trustees."

A new offering of $1,000,000 of the California-Oregon Power Company's first and refunding mortgage sinking fund series "B" 6 per ecnt. bonds due 1942, is being made today at 99½ and interest by a syndicate composed of E. H. Rollins & Sons, Mercantile Securities Company of California, Harris Trust and Savings Bank, and the National City Company.

The first $1,000,000 of these 6 per cent. honds were offered to the public in January, 1922, and found a ready market. Then the annual gross earnings of the company were reported as $1,001,273. Those gross earnings arc now reported as $1,373,992, an increase of over 35 per cent. In this time, the annual net earnings have increased more than 45 per cent., while the halance after all hond interest charges has increased from $291,169 to $495,200, so that the ratio of net earnings to hond interest, which was 3.1 at the time of the last offering, is now 3.6 including this present offering.

The company serves without competition a territory approximately 200 hy 90 miles, including the towns of Medford, Ashland, Grants Pass, Rosehurg and Klamath Falls in Oregon, and Dunsmuir and Yreka in California.

The purpose of the present offering is to finance the purchase of the properties of the Douglas County Light and Water Company at Roseburg, Oregon, and to reimhurse the company's treasury for underlying honds purchased and retired.

Customs receipts under Fordney McCumher tariff in year ending Septemher 22nd were $564,541,621, against slightly less than $360,000,000 in preceding year under Underwood law.

Immediate resumption of manufacturing operations in all occupied parts of Germany has follows cessation of passive resistance in the Ruhr.

Spring Valley's New Home

Beginning Monday, October first, all the city offices of Spring Valley Water Company will be housed in the company's new building at 425 Mason Street, between Geary and Post.

The present Sutter Street office will close Saturday noon, September 29.

Spring Valley's new telephone number is Prospect 7000.

Those who are in the hahit of paying their water hills at the office will find the cashier conveniently located on the ground floor of the new Mason street huilding.

Spring Valley moves to a home of its own eager to continue—and to strengthen—the pleasant relations that have been huilt up hetween water consumers and the company.

Improved facilities for the comfort of workers and for the proper dispatch of husiness should render more effective than ever hefore the policy of "useful service" that this company has pursued in the past.

That at least is the hope and the intent animating Spring Valley as it moves from Sutter street to the more central loeation on Mason hetween Geary and Post.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Another Outline.

THE CHIEF MINISTERS OF ENGLAND. By the Hon. Clive Bigbam. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $8.00.

Mr. Bigham's brilliant survey of British prime ministers, which straightened out the political perspectives of many people a year ago, has been followed by a companion volume, "The Chief Ministers of England." This latter, which cannot be called a sequel because its subject matter takes chronological precedence of the former book, is an even more valuable contribution because it traces the origin and development of the primacy. Beginning with Dunstan, first great English statesman and controller of national politics from about 960 to 980, to the last of the chief ministers, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, whose administration terminated ministerial government, our author plays the lime light over British history from the vantage point of the fixed position just behind the throne.

One of the inventions of modern scholarship is just this rendering of history from a certain viewpoint. Or it may be the natural evolution from the early indiscriminate chronicles which recorded all events with even impartiality. History, like the other arts, has become sophisticated and learnt to "compose," though we suspect more than a little is due the journalistic influence with its fatal tendency for features. The modern historian has not the colossal task even of his Victorian predecessor, whose job was to reconstruct an empire or at least snapshot its fall. This is the day of the expert and specialist, and though the product may lack the clashing epic quality of history more universally embraced, who shall say it is not more interesting when focussed around a personality or an office?

For our own part, we shall give the Hon. Clive Bigham the palm for having brought English political history home to us in its essential outlines more clearly than has any of the more comprehensive writers, since the purely political historians do not preserve the savor of ancient England and the general historians are inclined to leave politics to its students. The new method of rewriting history around a definite theme has much to be said for it—even though it be an offspring of journalism. R. G.

Cape Cod Local Color.

DOCTOR NYE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: Appleton & Company; $2.00.

In Joseph Lincoln, Cape Cod has found a notable chronicler, and New England character a sympathetic interpreter. This last book is at the end of a long list, all more or less within the Cape Cod setting, and all dealing with the small-town folk whom the author delights to draw. We have the village gossip, village humorists, old sea-captains with the sound of the sea in their talk, and a fine man filling the title rôle. In "Doctor Nye" the author has portrayed an attractive man of high character and personality, bearing the burden of a ruined life with courage and cheer, and in spite of prejudice and ostracism rendering such service to his fellows, and so making his real self felt, that the handicap is overcome and the reader has the satisfaction of a happy ending.

Life in Verse.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. TIDMUSS. By Wilfrid Blair. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $1.00.

It is a difficult feat when a writer attempts a glorification of the commonplace. Everything depends on how it is done. This poet has written the story of a woman's life from childhood to old age, and taken for his theme the saving thought of the soul within dull lives, and the eternal capacity for happiness or suffering, however humble the lot. The characters are commonplace; there are no incidents save birth and marriage and death, but of it all has been made a novel in verse. Preceding each period is a sort of prologue where the poet has given free rein to fancy, and he presents this text in contrast to the story told in more unromantic verse. At the last, when Death and Life come together, the two are brought into juxtaposition and mingled line by line. Whatever may be said as to the quality of the verse, the technique is good, and the theme well-handled.

The Age of Optimism.

OVINGTON'S BANK. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longman's Green & Co.; $1.90.

It is a relief to turn from the problem novels of the day to read a well-written story that makes no attempt to square triangles and does not depend for interest on a discussion of sex psychology. Such a book is the latest novel by Stanley Weyman, and those who have read and liked his many productions in the past will not be disappointed. The setting—England in the first quarter of the last century—is an interesting one and the author knows well whereof he writes. He makes the period as vivid and the people as familiar as our own times and fellow creatures of today. The buttons on the coats were bigger, the wearers traveled in post-chaises, and class distinctions went deeper, but for all that it was the same old human nature struggling to work out its problems.

The period was the beginning of the era of mechanical invention, when railroads were first being built and fifteen miles an hour was speeding; when people lost their heads in speculations, and joint stock companies sprang up everywhere; and when banks came crashing down because of inflation and too much credit. In this exciting business atmosphere is a fine working out of character, and a series of well-planned incidents that end in a dramatic climax.

Nordic Types at War.

JEFFERSON DAVIS. By H. J. Eckenrode. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

This is a study of the preceding conditions and underlying causes of the Civil War and a critical survey of the Davis administration during the four years of the Confederacy; rather than a biography of the leader of the Southern cause. The book is written around the theory of two distinct types into which the North and South Anglo-Saxons or Nordics, as the author prefers to call them, had become divided: the industrial North and the agricultural South. He states that the South was more essentially Nordic in type than the North, and that the South of the middle of the 19th century was the result of Nordic character modified and influenced by what he terms a tropical environment. The planter was the dominant figure in the South and, in the industrial democracy of the North the landowner had been replaced by the manufacturer. He regards slavery as only an incident in the conflict, and the determining factors he regards as the struggle for supremacy of the two Nordic types and what they stood for: planter and business man; industrialism and agriculture; communism and individualism; democracy and aristocracy—"The world order of the past and the future."

From the point of view of the author, the Confederacy was a Nordic protest against a leveling age of industrialism, and he seems to feel that in the fall of the cause of the Confederacy this country sustained a certain loss in the decimated Nordic type, both North and South—pointing out how immigration of a non-Nordic type has filled the gaps in the North. The argument indicates the increasing difficulty of Americanizing aliens, and the menace of a population unfitted for Nordic ideals and institutions, and Mr. Eckenrode expresses the belief that Americans of today are no longer adapted to institutions which do not function well under industrial conditions.

The biography gives a preliminary sketch of Jefferson Davis' early life, taking him through the successive stages of soldier, planter, Senator and Secretary of War, leading finally to the Presidency of the Confederacy. While paying tribute to his moral character and scholarly attainments he de-

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the *Argonaut*, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1923.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher .....Alfred Holman .....381 Busb St., San Francisco, Cal.
Editor, Alfred Holman.....San Francisco, Cal.
Managing Editor, F. M. Todd.....381 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken.....381 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owner is: The Argonaut Publishing Company. Alfred Holman, sole owner.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

WM. J. MILLIKEN.
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1923.

(Seal) JOHN MCCALLAN,
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(My commission expires April 12, 1925.)

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clares him deficient in the qualifications of a politician and in spite of his exexcutive experience and his early military training, he lacked the essential qualities of a leader and failed by reason of his inherent deficiencies.

Meeting Good Minds.

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons; $2.00.

Mr. Van Dyke has thrown open the doors of an inner room and invited the reader to meet a group of men heretofore seen only at a distance. Such an opportunity is not to be missed, for, aside from the introductory talk of the host, these writers we are meeting are seen at close range with all their weak points better understood, and their genius enhanced by wider knowledge.

Mr. Van Dyke's style is always delightful; the right words come to him as spontaneously as bubbling mountain springs, and he unites them into sentences bearing thought and reflection. Perhaps the cleverest sketch is the chapter of Dickens, with illuminating sidelights thrown on his manner of writing, through knowledge of the man and his temperamental traits. But the study of Emerson plumbs a greater depth.

After the privilege of meeting these two, and of greeting as well Wordsworth, Stevenson, Thackeray and Browning, the reader will lose little time in seeking again what these spirits have left behind.

Notes of Books and Authors.

It was Bulwer-Lytton, who in the year 1846, dared to attack, although anonymously, what he called "the purfled prettiness of phrase," which he believed to be an unpleasant characteristic of Tennyson's work. Tennyson was roused to instant fury, so says Nicolson in his recent volume on the great Laureate, and responded in a trenchment manner. Not content with crying down Lytton's literary ability, he pauses to lash "the padded man that wears the stays."

> What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt?

It is an entirely new Tennyson which Mr. Nicolson reconstructs from the legends and half truths which during the last thirty years have dimmed the name of one of England's foremost poets.

Ten Minute Plays, an anthology of short plays by the greatest contemporary dramatists, both native and foreign, which was compiled and edited by Pierre Loving, was published by Brentano's in September.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company announce that they have arranged to become American publishers for Hall Caine. His new novel, "The Woman of Knockaloe," which is regarded by many critics as the greatest achievement of its author will be published on October 20th.

Johan Bojer is about to lecture in America, not as our English visitors do to urban highbrows and suburban literary clubs but to the Norwegians of America. He comes under the auspices of The Sons of Norway, and will lecture mostly in Norwegian. Bojer's latest American-published work, "The Last of the Vikings," is perhaps pictorially rather than homiletically suggestive, so it is not likely that there will be a repetition of one experience he had last time he came here. Mr. Bojer was wandering in Brooklyn, New York, when he strolled into a church. He was rewarded; for, slipping into a back pew, his astonished ears gradually convinced him that he was listening to a sermon on his own book, "The Great Hunger."

Tarzan of the Apes (A. C. McClurg & Co.) has been published in fifteen languages, including Finnish, Polish, Roumanian, Icelandic and Arabic. This is probably a record in translations of a modern novel. Recently the story was serialized in France under the title of Le Petit Parasien.

Randall Parrish, who died at his home at Kewanee, Illinois, in August, began his career as a writer about twenty years ago. His first book was called "When Wilderness Was King," a story which had for its climax the Fort Dearborn Massacre. His last novel was "The Gift of the Desert" (McClurg & Co.), a yarn of the Southwest, with which locality he was well acquainted, having spent some years there in his early manhood. Over one million copies of his books have been sold in America alone, and his royalties ran to big figures.

"For me the essential Tennyson is the morbid, unhappy mystic," writes Harold Nicolson in his "Tennyson," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. "Tennyson was afraid of a great many things; predominantly he was afraid of death, and sex, and God. Once one accepts the realisation of Tennyson as a man who was morbidly afraid, one must admit that the processes by which he conquered his afflictions cannot by any possibility be described as consciously insincere. And once one is able to dispose of this fatal suspicion of insincerity, the real beauty of Tennyson's poetry will triumph by itself."

September publications of Robert McBride & Co. include the following: "Compromise," by Jay Gelzer, author of "The Street of a Thousand Delights;" "Those Who Return," by Maurice Level, author of "Tales of Mystery and Horror;" "Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos," by F. R. Waterhouse, and "Ashes of Vengeance," by H. B. Somerville. Later in the season McBride will publish "The High Place," by James Cabell; "The Puppet Master," by Robert Nathan; "The Ninth of November," by Bernard Kellermann; "An Outlaw's Diary," Volume II, by Ccile Tormay; "Together," by Norman Douglas; "Fanfare," by Burton Rascoe; "A Contrast," by Hilaire Belloc, and an interesting group of volumes of travel.

It is rarely that a play scores a great success both on the boards and between them, but Channing Pollock's "The Fool," seems destined to break records in that respect. During the spring publishing season, "The Fool," (Brentano's) was listed with the best sellers and its sale has shown no sign of diminishing. Word comes now from Mr. Pollock that seven road companies are touring the country.

For early publication E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a new novel by Louis Joseph Vance in which this well known author of thrilling and complicated tales takes up anew a character with which he has made some of his greatest fictional successes—which one is indicated by the title of the forthcoming story—"The Lone Wolf Returns."

New Books Received.

THE DOVE'S NEST. By Katherine Mansfield New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

And other stories by the author of "The Garden Party."

DOROTHY'S ADVENTURES IN BEDROOM LAND. By Muriel H. Andrews. New York: The Century Company; $1.

Rhyme, prose, and pictures for very small children.

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS. By Fannie Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.

Verse.

NAMELESS RIVERS. By Vingie E. Roe. New York: Duffield & Company; $2.

A western novel.

DOCTOR NYE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.

A novel.

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE. By D. H. Lawrence. New York; Thomas Seltzer; $3.00.

An estimate of some of the older American authors.

PIRATE TALES FROM THE LAW. By Arthur M. Harris. Boston: Little, Brown & Company; $2.00.

True stories of eighteenth century pirates.

ROBERT E. LEE. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

A play.

A DAUGHTER OF THE VINE. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

MY ADVENTURES IN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA. By Odette Koun. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

The chronicle of a Dutch woman under the Soviet government.

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARO. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.

A novel of the English land problem.

THE OCCULT SCIENCE. By Arthur Edward Waite. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.

A compendium of transcendental doctrine and experiment.

WITH CÆSAR'S LEGIONS. By R. F. Wells. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

The adventures of two Roman youths in the Conquest of Gaul.

A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Compiled from the letters and family papers of Baliol, Viscount Esher, by C. H. Dudley Ward. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $4.

A love story in two generations.

STUDIES IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE. By Stanley T. Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.

Some appraisals of Victorian writers as they appear today.

TUTANKHAMEN. By G. Elliot Smith. New York. E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.

And the discovery of his tomb.

THE CHILD AT HOME. By Cynthia Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.

A book for parents.

THE KING'S POWER. By A. T. Dudley. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.75.

A story of the American revolution.

PUZZLING PEPITA. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

Juvenile.

THE VALLEY OF ARCANA. By Arthur Preston Hankins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

A Western novel.

ADELE DORING AT VINEYARD VALLEY. By Grace May North. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.75.

A story for girls.

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"STEVE."

The play chosen by Eugene O'Brien for his vehicle in the spoken drama has a flavor of the movies. While it is spoken drama, located in rural New England, we soon discover that a movie king has fixed his clutch on the household of "Grammy Lubee."

Grammy Lubee is a nice, white-haired, gentle old lover of humanity played sweetly, and with the simplicity of a long-experienced actress, by Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

Grammy Lubee's household consists of Christine, a pretty grand-child, and useful and emphatic Aunt Josie, who loves gossip and disapproves of the tyrant man.

Aunt Josie is the cake-making putter up of "preserves," the housekeeping spinister made familiar to us in the rural drama. Tavy Bassett is the whale-boned, respectable, and spiteful contemner of the innocent heroine already familiar to us in the rural drama. Lulie Toothacre is the somewhat touched-up devotee of neighborhood gossip made familiar to us in the rural drama. Christine is the pretty, little innocent, who doesn't know a thing, no, not a thing about worldly wisdom, made familiar to us in the rural drama. The other characters have resemblances to and differences from the types made familiar to us in the rural drama. The two Brown men, representing the richest family on Pleasure Island—off the coast of Maine—are partly typical, but in appearance they deviate, for both father and son dress and talk like city men.

And, of course, the two or three movie men and the handsome stunt star represent something different.

For the author, Robert L. Dempster, wishes to show us the type characters of the rural drama as they are affected by the irruption of moviedom into a simple, rural atmosphere. So, when Aunt Josie discovers a cameraman and his infernal machine on the front door-step, and Grammy Lubee begins to have a silver-haired flirtation with the handsome young movie director, the fun is on.

Unconscious humor is supplied by the youthful—he certainly must be very young—conviction of the supreme importance of movie enterprise over every situation, emotion and activity in life entertained by the author.

Grammy Lubee is a well-seasoned movie fan, and when she discovers that Steve Evans is THE one and only Evans, the movie director, her house and all it contains is his.

Little Christine's heart threatens to break over her love troubles, but Steve cements the yawning cracks by making her a movie star.

In fact all cares, all needs, all woes are cured by movie salve. It is very, very naive.

Mr. Eugene O'Brien is rather naive, too. He is a handsome, well-featured young man and—what do you think girls?—actually bashful.

Kathleen Wallace, who plays the rural little Christine, was satisfactorily girlish and innocent. I think she must be a member of Laura Hope Crew's family for in both tone and looks she suggested that actress, who, by the way, staged the play.

Miss Kate Morgan is very good at a comedy depiction of the New England spinster, Miss Winlocke rather over-stressed her otherwise satisfactory work in a similar line, and Miss Peggy Whiffen's work was of the hung-on-wires kind, and not up to her name, although the lady put vigor into her acting.

Although Miss Louise Brussing was not the heroine of the love complication she had a leading-lady air; which, of course might be explained from the fact that she was Steve's leading lady. But she was an eye-filler. Handsome, with a modish figure, an imperious manner, and a fine imperative, carrying voice.

Mr. Homer Barton was cheeringly placed in the rôles of the two wealthy Browns.

PICTURIZING A GREAT STORY.

The movie fans are looking forward to seeing "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" in its picturized form. Half a year was spent in research work for this production of Victor Hugo's famous novel, and university libraries and architectural connoisseurs were anxiously consulted. The novel has been dramatized in past years; and indeed some San Francisco theatre-goers will still remember that McKee Rankin—so long co-star with Nance O'Neil—and Mabel Bert appeared in it, Rankin as Quasimodo, and Mabel Bert—somewhat miscast—as the Gipsy street-dancer, Esmeralda.

The art of the picture play is beginning to advance. The imagination of the producers has been instrumental. These men have vision, and spend proportionately. What interferes with their conception is principally the acting; or at least the acting of the leading man and the leading woman.

"And what is the matter with it?" queries the movie fan indignantly. Well, principally a fixed adherence to movie standards. The leading men and women are all too much alike in their photographed sentimentalities. They evidently—or many of them—are chosen purely for looks or physical equipment, and sometimes we discover that a leading player who seems miscast in a rôle has been chosen for it on account of daring horsemanship, or courage in doing some venturesome stunt.

In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" not one of the most famous stars was chosen for the rôle of Esmeralda, but Patsey Ruth Miller, and several other pretty girls for the other feminine rôles. But quite a list of good, well-known men-players was necessary for the male characters.

Two of the men-players who have particularly pleased in "The Covered Wagon" are cast for prominent rôles in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Ernest Torrence, whose acting pleased particularly not only in "The Covered Wagon," but also in "Tol'able David," is cast as Clopin, the ragged sovereign who ruled over the thieves and murderers in the famous "court of miracles." Tully Marshall is cast as Louis XI, and Nigel de Brulier, who generally is needed in picture plays of foreign origin, is Don Jaime.

Norman Kerry is the heroic looking Captain Phœbus, whose aristocratic feet were of crumbling clay, and other well-known players are to appear.

We begin to realize how powerful is the rivalry of the picture-play to the spoken drama when we find ourselves looking forward far more to this coming photographed depiction of the powerful drama that revolved around the ancient and magnificent church of fabled memories, than if it were played in a theatre.

We know that we shall see pictures of mediæval Paris, among which will figure the "court of the miracles," over whose sinister denizens Clopin reigned.

The part of Quasimodo, the bell-ringer, has been assigned to Lon Chaney. Another well-known player, Raymond Hatton, is cast as Gringoire, the ragged poet, whose memory is still cherished in literary France. Jehan, the villainous brother of the unhappy priest, is played by Brandon Hurst.

And so the great stories are revived. One after another the famous characters pass before us in picturesque procession. Fortunately the more superior producers respect the authors' versions, so that in time, no doubt, screen enterprise will storm the strongholds of ancient Greece, and even as the pastoral days of the Bible have been pictured on the screen so shall we see the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, and the other Titans.

STAGE AND SCREEN.

Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" did not take so very well in London, but nevertheless it is being filmed with the utmost care. A point that has been worked over particularly is the fog effect, and the Thomas H. Ince camera men have tried various experiments to simulate reality.

Percy Marmont, the English screen actor who has won the American public by the excellent quality of his Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes," appears in the screened version of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed." This picture is being done at the Paramount's West Coast Studio.

More and more is the public beginning to realize what pains are taken in the screening of picture plays. For instance, in "The Spoilers" there is a big fight, which lasts about ten minutes on the screen, but which the actors had to fight for three days during rehearsals. And furthermore Kid McCoy was called on to boss the job, which apparently satisfied him, as he considers it the best fought fight in screen-land.

The post of British censor has its disadvantages. There are two censors—both literary men—and they have to read the plays sent in to them, willy-nilly. It seems a fearful destiny, but it might be worse, as only plays sent in by the theatrical managers are passed on by them; which lightens the work, but decreases their gain, as a fee goes with every play. But they can plume themselves on belonging to the king's service, and they have most agreeable quarters in which to do the work of passing or killing plays.

When Paderewski filled his recent engagement in Paris the Polish patriot was received in a way that must have warmed his heart. The world-weary Parisians let themselves go in thunderous and oft-repeated burst of applause. The critics fell in line in their subsequent notices, and used such expressions to describe his playing as "multiform in accomplishing wonders." "A continuous passage from the simple to the sublime." "Paris," says one of them, "feels that a part of the greatness of the artist is made by the virtue of the citizen."

The British Board of Film Censors must have acute indigestion of films occasionally, for in pursuance of their censorship duties they sit in a dark room and see leagues of film unreeled before their wearied eyes. Otherwise, however, the job is not strenuous because the producers, fully recognizing the standards prevailing in plays witnessed by whole families, are not apt to risk money and hard work on pictures that might not successfully pass censorship.

Chaliapin, who was here last winter in concert, but whose splendid histrionic powers were not sampled by San Franciscans, says of himself, to an admirer of his acting ability: "It is true that I have it in me to represent Othello, or Shylock, or Lear on the stage. I have studied their characters, I have thought about them, and have felt how they should be represented. But the actor's vocal technique I do not possess. About opera I know everything. . . . . When I talk I can moderate my voice with equal precision, only I do not know exactly how it will reach my audience."

Sydney Olcott, who has specialized in film work by training mobs, says that he tries to get together a "hand-picked mob." Mr. Olcott has found that it is important to place in the front ranks of a mob scene those mob actors who seem native to the country represented. Mob scenes are exciting, and if the players are too temperamental they are apt to lose self-control and do some damage; as was the case with the East Indian mob in "The Green Goddess," who represented Hindoo fanatics, and who, in their mob excitement, damaged the wild Hindoo scenery. Mr. Olcott tells, however, of another kind of mob actor, the middle-aged vice-president of a railroad who had gotten a kick out of serving as an extra in a howling mob scene. And so, after all, everybody works in the movies, including father.

It takes all kinds of occupations to fill hungry mouths. One of them is "spotting laughs." The laugh spotter is on the job in a motion picture studio, and he jots down in his trusty note-book all the high lights in the play which excite laughter. Then, when the picture is seen in the exchange the laughs are again recorded, and once more, on the first night, a detached and serious observer takes written record of each moment when the hard movie work struck sparks of laughter from the spectators.

As an instance of the lengths to which movie producers go to create grandiose effects in the plays they produce, we give some details concerning the building or "set" which represents the castles of the Duke of Burgundy, the sire of the princess in "Yolanda." The building covers almost an entire city block, and is 600 feet long and 250 feet wide. It boasts a huge steel drawbridge, and is encircled by a wall 40 feet high. This set was designed by the now famous scenic artist Joseph Urban, and it took several hundred men working night and day for a couple of months to complete it. But when we see it on the screen we will see it in two or three brief flashes, and then it is gone. True, one can go to view the picture a second time but that doesn't help, as it flashes on the view and away!—with the same exasperating quickness. One could bear up very well if effects of this kind were not works of artistry, but when they are really beautiful and imposing as this is, and as the great castle in "Robin Hood" is, it is rather an irritating enjoyment to have them swept away without adequate survey.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Columbia.

"So This Is London," having conquered New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, is coming to the Columbia Theatre as an early attraction, with the original Chicago company and production. Here is one of those rare offerings that no playgoer who cares for the best in things theatrical, can afford to miss. The cast includes: Lumsden Hare, Marjorie Campbell, Bertha Creighton, Chester Morris, Iseth Munro, Frank Merlin, Pacie Ripple and other talented players.

"The Covered Wagon" is being shown twice daily at the Columbia Theatre to capacity. The third week of the engagement begins Sunday night, September 30th.

The interest in this film is shown by a large number of mail orders. "The Covered Wagon" has been running for some time in leading theatres in New York, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles, and the business it has done is phenomenal. In the four cities mentioned all time limits for the runs have been abandoned. The management of the Columbia Theatre here had hoped to make the run of "The Covered Wagon" a long one, but this cannot be accomplished because of the bookings for the season.

At the Curran.

Following "Steve," the smart musical comedy, "Irene," comes to the Curran, and that will be followed by the eminent Scotch comedian Sir Harry Lauder.

"Irene" might have been called "Clothes," and it would have been no misnomer, because dainty frocks play no small part in the elucidation of the plot. During the long run that "Irene" enjoyed in New York, out of town modistes did not consider their metropolitan mission complete without a visit to the Vanderbilt Theatre to have a view of the dresses worn in James Montgomery's successful music play.

There is much interest in the engagement of Eugene O'Brien in "Steve," which begins its last week at the Curran Sunday night. Besides the star, there is a featured player in the cast who in years gone by endeared herself to patrons of the better plays. This is Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, oldest actress on the stage today, whose dramatic work stands out as one of the fine points in the interpretation of the play. In point of years on the stage, and age, Mrs. Whiffen stands in a class of her own. She recently passed her 79th birthday and has spent 60 years as an entertainer. It is also an interesting side light to observe that her daughter, Peggy Whiffen, takes the part of Tavy Bassett in "Steve." Although Mrs. Whiffen has enjoyed a remarkable career, and has more hits to her credit than most any other living actress, she has never kept a press book—not even a newspaper clipping. But she could tell enough of her troubles and triumphs of early years, if she cared to do so, to fill more than one volume.

Mrs. Whiffen was the wife of Thomas Whiffen, a popular English actor, and was the original "Buttercup" in "H. M. S. Pinafore." The late Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was one of her oldest and dearest friends. During the last week of the Chicago run, several social gatherings were organized in honor of the company. At one of these a ball was given and Mrs. Whiffen tripped the light fantastic toe in a manner outclassing the younger women who were present

Seats for the Sistine Choir.

Frank W. Healy, who is in New York arranging for the first American tour of the Sistine Chapel Choir from the Vatican, Rome, has informed his San Francisco office that accommodations for the fifty-four members of that world-famous organization have been reserved aboard the Italian liner *Conte Verde*, which will leave Naples in time to arrive at New York not later than October 13th. The opening concert in America is scheduled for Thursday evening, October 18th, in Carnegie Hall, and Healy reports that every seat for it has already been sold.

As the Choir's tour in this country is limited to twelve weeks and takes in all the principal cities, Healey has found it impossible to arrange for more than three concerts in San Francisco. They are scheduled for December 7, 8 and 9, in the Exposition Auditorium, and seats can now be reserved by applying at Sherman Clay & Co.'s ticket booth.

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VANITY FAIR.

The long skirt is attempting a comeback. Even in San Francisco, a city of taste and discernment, examples are to be encountered on the streets. They look indecent, and suggestive beyond toleration, attracting attention to the ankles; which is probably what they are for—revealing, at least to the eye of the mind, what should be modestly hidden, and what was being well hidden by use and custom. For these many years, time had withered and custom staled the masculine interest in the feminine foot—ankle—limb—leg. If the girls weren't going to be stingy about the display, why the situation was one to be accepted with gratitude, but gratitude is a transient mood. It never lasts long As the skirts rose higher and higher, man's interest in what was exposed sank lower and lower. At first he would leave his business to see a short skirt go by, or risk his life from automobiles and hold up traffic rubbering at some passing pair of well-turned pins. But he soon grew indifferent. The time came when he would no longer risk life and his own limbs that way. A sadder time came when he preferred a dog fight, or an automobile collision. For the past three years it may safely be said that the average male would turn his back on the prettiest pair of ankles on Market Street to look in a window displaying the usual extraordinary bargains in silk shirts. If the girls wish to attract attention to their ankles nowadays they must either wear sleigh bells or sound a police whistle. It is very sad—but they have not submitted. If short skirts won't attract masculine regard they will do their worst and wear them long. And, we repeat, it looks indelicate after so much calmness and so much security for the public peace and morals. Why should man always be the victim of this eternal pursuit? Why is life perpetually baited for him, like a bear trap, with feminine lovliness? Why, if he taste the honey and flee, must there be bench warrants for him? And why does feminine lovliness, having caught the bear, complain eternally of his bearishness? If they are going to bait the trap with short skirts, and as soon as men have learned the trick, to change it and delude them with long, what chance has man, anyhow? We ask, what chance—but we do not expect to be answered. There is no answer, for there is no chance.

Evidently it is more and more the day of the cheap and easy. If you can't afford a Rolls-Royce perhaps you can buy a Rolls-Rough; if you don't care to pay a tailor's bill your clothes await you ready made. One of the latest manifestations of the convenient and economical in the realm of important trifles is the Christmas greeting card for use among men. It has long been known that you could apprise a friend that Christmas was approaching or here, and that you were thinking of him or her, by means of the mail and a little bit of engraved paper board, perhaps with a monogram, or a crest, or a picture of a snow storm done in spangles; but the practice was either confined to women, or the little reminder passed across sex lines, like swapping tobacco and newspapers in the Civil War. But men have taken to it of late, and not always men of the sort that perfume their handkerchiefs. A book shop on Sutter Street has been advertising Christmas reminder cards, even so early, and reports that the returns have been quite beyond anticipation, the demand coming in surprising measure from men for cards to send men friends. Of course, the phenomenon is not entirely new—nothing is. It is merely this year disclosing itself in volume, and with a masculine interest. It is even likely to cut a little into our sacred Christmas trade; one of the few sacred things left about Christmas in our joy-riding, jazzing day. Not everyone will resort to the cheap and convenient, but the cheap and convenient have a tremendous appeal and hook the interest of most of us. Humanity is lazy and likes to have not only its work but its thinking done for it—perhaps that is tautologous, for thinking is to most people the hardest kind of work, and we even doubt if there are any people to whom it is easy. To have a Christmas greeting all composed for you and written or engraved on a card, given the authenticity of printers' ink to hide its poverty of intellect and paucity of ideas, is a labor saver, and one most people are willing to credit with being a life saver. But don't forget the postman. He is the real beneficiary and the real victim of this sort of giving. Of course, what with packages and all, Christmas is hard enough on him, and if a card were in every case substituted for a package his labors would be lightened, but it is possible that in many cases his pack will be made heavier by piling atop of Christmas a sort of second St. Valentine's Day. And with the men generally in it, the thing will get worse before it gets better.

America's social summer colony, glittering Newport, is getting into a bad way, and people that fuss about such things are growing alarmed. Even that exalted city has had its political troubles, its taxation without any effective representation, its rising costs of government by men with nothing at stake. The summer social colony has little to say about what it shall be taxed. The city council consists of 195 members, most of whom don't care what they tax the colonists. Property is being sold at lower rates than it has been for a long time, and assessed at higher. Bonds are being issued continually to pay current expenses and every city department seems to spend all it can. These things are getting on the summer visitors' nerves—not so much because they can not stand the burden, which most of them can, but because it seems such a senseless way to carry on and withal so unappreciative of the real relations of the tax payers to the tax devourers. Many of the great houses that have made Newport famous have been changing hands, and the rest have been changing customs. It used to be the thing to open early and close late, and the domestic expenditure of the colony kept the town on velvet. Great estates, taxed at the maximum, gave work to laborers, brick layers, market men, gardeners, and servants in droves, and the domestic servants at least spent their money with the carelessness of those secure in their employment and with no anxieties about old age. Even today they are still busy. But the long-season custom no longer binds many of the social set, who feel that while they are ready to spend quite a sum of money to be in the celebrated city for awhile, prices are such and egress so easy, that they can with profit cut their visits short. And a good deal of the present prosperity appears to be illusory, for it has been made by the renovation of great houses for sale. The tendency is for the members of the old families, whose social status is never open to question, to sell their houses and shake the dust of Newport from their feet. And the newcomers, being of more aggressive, less gentle breed, are going to expect something for the money they pay in taxes. There is a lot of talking and straw voting about changing the charter, but no one seems to know what they want to change it to, and changes are difficult under the Rhode Island procedure anyhow. Newport is not what it was, and if it loses its social hold it is going to be difficult to bring it back.

Future of the Hot Dog.

Those who have noted the architectural improvement in wayside garages hope that the reform may spread to all the industries maintained for the wandering motorist, says the New York *Herald*. Some genius discovered that it was not necessary to have a gas and oil station as grimy as the ancient smithy. It could be all white, with lattices over which the ivy wound its pretty way. Its signs could be at once visible and conservative. Its dooryard need not be littered with defunct tires and discarded cans. Experiment has resulted in competition. The chain garage companies are going in for the Filling Station Beautiful.

If the garage, why not the frankfurter bazaar? The hot dog is lord of the far flung macadam. It is almost impossible to drive a mile without seeing one of the temples whence issues the fragance of the luscious spiced cylinder. A foreigner passing through the country in a motor car might easily believe that our national greatness was based upon a diet of frankfurters.

Is there a hot dog trust? If not now, there will be some time. It is impossible that this staple, this necessary of the hungry traveler, should escape the clutches of the Interests. The bologna barons will yet systematize the industry. No two hot dogs will be unlike. The inventor of a patent roll from which the sausage cannot skid will draw down millions in royalties. Motor tanks will convey mustard from one station to another.

The Hot Dog Corporation will make its booths beautiful. There will be swinging signs reminiscent of old England. A frankfurter rampant in a field of steam, the motto, "Canis caloratus vincit"—let the heraldry department of the trust do the rest. There will be mural art—a view of the city of Bologna, scenes in the life of a sausage, the Stockyards at Midnight, home of the discoverer of the prinicples of the wienerwurst.

The most terrific scene on the New York Stock Exchange in 1943 will be the battle between the Hot Dog Corporation and Consolidated Ice Cream Cones, each trying to swallow the other and gain supremacy upon the American highway.

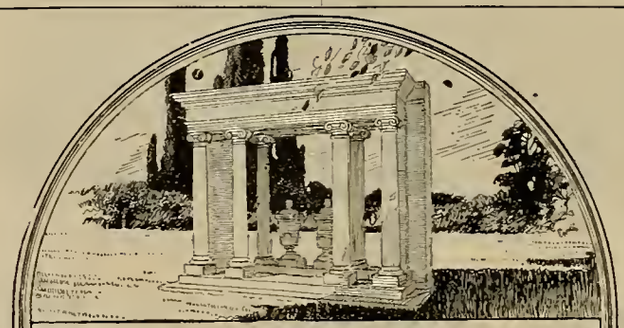
Destroyers on the Rocks

Next Sunday's Rotagravure Section has a wonderful graphic page, showing the seven U. S. Destroyers lying off Point Arguello, where they were wrecked in the recent naval disaster. "A River of Sports," another water picture, yet decidedly different, is a grouping of pictures from the historic Henley-on-Thames, and picturizing the beauties of that famous river. There is a page of

"American Beauties"

With photographic reproductions of some of the most attractive contestants, as well as the winner of the recent beauty contest at Atlantic City. "In the News," a page of photographic studies, including studies of the eclipse; "Gardens of Love," a page of beautiful modern gardens; "Pups" and "A Few French Fashions," complete the most artistic Rotagravure sections that we have ever seen. Put in your order now for the

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section



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SAN FRANCISCO

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A clergyman, while instructing a Sunday school class, asked the children the meaning of "the quick and the dead." This seemed to puzzle them somewhat, hut suddenly one small hoy piped out, "Please, sir, the man as gets out of the way of the motor-car is quick, and 'im as doesn't is dead."

Two newshoys went to see a performance of "Hamlet." In the last scenes, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the king, and the queen had died of poison, and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, one of the newshoys exclaimed: "Golly, Jim, what a time that must have heen for extras."

The successful pillar of the church was addressing a Sunday school class and exhorting them to cultivate a taste for good hooks. "My young friends," he said, "You should not only read good hooks hut you should own them in order to have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a hoy I used to work all night to get money to huy books and get up before dawn to read them."

The reporter was interviewing the distinguished Japanese visitor with the aid of an interpreter. "Ask him what he thinks of the Americans," said the reporter to the interpreter. The interpreter asked the question, and the distinguished visitor made a reply. "He says," the interpreter translated, "that the Americans are the greatest people he has seen in his travels. Indeed, he declares, they may well he called 'the Japanese of the West.'"

Donald and his parish minister happened to take a railway journey together. The way lay through a gloriously heautiful part of Scotland, the mountains, dales and rivers heing among the loveliest to he found anywhere. Passing a mountain that hore a huge advertisement for So-and-So's whiskey Donald gave a grunt of disgust. The minister said, "Well, Donald, I'm glad you share my sentiments on despoiling the landscape in that hideous fashion!" "It's no that, sir," said Donald, "It's the whusky—it's such awful rotten wbusky."

Enriched with a penny, Billy entered the sweetshop and inspected the cases long and lovingly hefore committing himself or his investment. The shopkeeper, thinking he needed assistance, made various suggestions, none of which met with Billy's approval. Finally, losing patience, the man said: "See here, sonny, do you want to huy the whole world with your penny?" Billy contemplated this gravely for a moment and then said, "Let's see it."

"Sir Basil Zaharof, who has succeeded the Blanc family as the principal owner of Monte Carlo," said a Chicagoan, "took me one night through the gorgeous gaming rooms at the Monte Carlo Casino. We halted a while at a roulette tahle. An Englishman was winning tremendously there. Finally the man cashed in. 'Goodness!' I said, 'What a haul that lucky hird has made!' 'Oh,' said Sir Basil, 'that's nothing, it makes no difference to the Casino. It's just a hit of our money sleeping out for the night.'"

Travelers in New Guinea occasionally pick up good stories concerning native manners and peculiarities. A tax collector had an amusing experience when he was on his rounds. He had heen to one village to collect taxes, and when he left he was met hy the people of a neighhoring village. "What wrong have we done, that we should he ignored by the government?" they asked. "Come, we have money, we will show it to you. The idea of those Kerepuna people paying taxes and *we not!* We are just as proud as they." The tax collector had to pacify them by taking their money.

A numher of good anecdotes, native and British, are included in a new hook of recollections, "The Southlands of Siva," hy a Mr. Butterworth. He writes of the suhaltern who had heen on a duty-journey and had put in a hill for his traveling expenses. As his trip had not exceeded five miles this was not granted him, and instead he got an objection memorandum signed hy Colonel Bird, demanding his explanation for making the claim as the two points of his errand were not five miles apart as the crow flies. The subaltern replied, "I did not go as the crow flies. I went on a horse. I'm not a damned hird." Needless to add he was reported for insuhordination hut the story goes that Kitchener was so amused that he did nothing about the case.

A woman landowner who collected her own rents in order to save expense found one of her tenants in an ohviously discontented frame of mind, and promptly decided to forestall complaints hy making some. She ended with "And the kitchen, Mrs. James, is in a terrihle condition." "Yes, ma'am, it is," Mrs. James agreed. "And you'd look the same way if you hadn't had any paint on you for six years."

The pale-looking passenger had shown signs of nervousness all through the voyage. Approaching the captain one day, he asked: "How far are we from land, captain?" "Oh, ahout three miles!" replied that official. "Only three miles?" said the passenger. "Then it's funny we can't see it." "Oh," returned the skipper, "that's hecause the water isn't clear enough!"

An Englishwoman member of Parliament, Mrs. Wintringham, tells a story concerning a man at a Coalition meeting who applauded heartily the speaker of the evening for the better part of an hour. Then suddenly he started interrupting. "What did Mr. Asquith say in 1910?" he demanded in strident tones. "Shut up! Chuck him out!" cried the audience angrily. But the interrupter, nothing daunted, continued to ask loudly, over and over again, what Mr. Asquith had said in 1910. Eventually two stalwart stewards removed the offender. The following morning two fellow-townsmen, friends of his, sought him out and asked for an explanation of his strange hehavior. "We thought you were a Coalitionist!" "So I am!" he replied. "Then what on earth made you interrupt a Coalitionist meeting?" asked one of his friends. "Well," came the reply, "I'd a terrific thirst on me, and I was so wedged in that I couldn't move, and as it was getting so dangerously close to closing time I had to jolly well get thrown out or go without a drink."

Dog Gone.

He had married a fluffy young thing and as time went on grew to detest her homely little pet poodle dog that snapped and snarled whenever he came near. One day Fido mysteriously disappeared and he promptly and generously offered one hundred dollars for its recovery.

"But I thought," said a friend, "you hated that dog like poison?

"So I did," he replied; "I could not hear it."

"Then why on earth do you offer such a hig reward for its return?"

"I like to please my wife."

"Well, that may he, hut $100 is sure to hring the dog hack."

"I think not," he answered, "unless some one saw me hury it in the garden."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Sage and the Modern Maid.

Upon a lovely winter's afternoon not very long ago
As pretty little Gwendolyn came tripping o'er the snow.
She met the lonely hermit man who dwells upon the hill
Aleaning on his heavy staff and weeping fit to kill.
"My pretty child'" the hermit said in manner soft and mild.
"I grieve to think a bud so fair should ever grow so wild;
I've watched you often from afar as through life's ways you press
You travel at a merry clip or else I miss my guess."

"I've weathered many winters dear, and lots of summers, too,
And when I say a thing is so, you bet your life it's true;
You'd better go a little slow—I know whereof I speak."
But with a laugh and burst of speed she passed the hermit meek;
"Oh, sorrow not," the maid replied, "though all you say is true,
For half a day brings more to me than half a year to you;
So weep no more my worthy sage, nor let your grief abound,
Though I don't reach your ripe old age, I'll cover lots more ground."

—*Yale Record.*

"I wish the street-cars would put their numhers on the hack as well as the front," said Smith. "What good would that do?" queried Jones. "Well a fella likes to see what he missed."—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Kathryn Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pershing Maxwell, to Mr. Carleton Bryan, son of Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale, took place in Oakland on Wednesday, September 19th.

The marriage of Miss Frances Adelaide Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of San Francisco, to Mr. Randolph William Apperson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Apperson of Sunol, took place on Saturday, September 8th.

The marriage of Miss Newell Bull, daughter of Mrs. Alpheus Bull of San Francisco, to Mr. Paul McCoy, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCoy of San Leandro, took place on Wednesday, September 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Henshaw are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Palmer gave a coming out ball on September 27th for their niece, Miss Idahelle Wheaton, at the residence of Mr. Charles Holbrook on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Elsie Houghton was the guest of honor at a bridge tea given last week by Miss Mildred Elam in Claremont.

Miss Alice Requa gave a picnic luncheon on Sunday of last week in Piedmont.

Miss Aileen McIntosh was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner given last week by Miss Lawton Filer in Burlingame.

Miss Idahelle Wheaton and Miss Isabel Bishop shared the honors at a reception and tea given last week by Mrs. John G. Johnston.

Miss Jane Carrigan was hostess at a dinner given on Wednesday of last week for Miss Aileen McIntosh.

A number of dinners preceded the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Silas H. Palmer for their niece, Miss Idahelle Wheaton, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Dr. and Mrs. Erle E. Brownell.

Miss Newell Bull was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Helen Brack.

Lady Popham-Young of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a bridge tea given last week by Mrs. R. T. Harding.

Miss Hildegarde Beatty gave a farewell dinner dance, chaperoned by Mrs. Beatty, at the Palace Hotel shortly before her departure for the East.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols were the guests of honor at a recent dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Miss Ina Coolbrith was the guest of honor at a farewell musicale and tea given at the Hotel Fairmont on Monday last, by the members of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Mayo Newhall gave a large house-party recently at their summer home in Bolinas in honor of Miss Cynthia Boyd.

Miss Newell Bull was the guest of honor last week at a tea given by Miss Katherine Stoney at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. John Russell, recently of Honolulu, was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Almer Newhall at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Joseph Kuhn was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. Edward Simpson.

Miss Mabel Hathaway, whose marriage to Mr. Louis Jefferys will take place on October 3rd, will be the guest of honor at a tea on Friday next, given by Mrs. Alfred Oyster.

Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin gave a reception on Tuesday of last week at her home in Presidio Terrace in celebration of the birthday of her mother Mrs. Crawford Clarke. She was assisted in receiving by her sisters, Mrs. Minnie C. Porter, Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mrs. A. N. Buchanan.

Commander Carroll Graves, U. S. N., and Mrs. Graves were the guests of honor at a farewell dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibson at their home on Jackson Street.

Miss May Welty was the complimented guest at a tea given on Thursday of last week at the Palace Hotel by Miss Jacqueline Keesling.

Miss Bernice Balcom was hostess at a bridge party and tea given on Friday last in honor of Miss Mary Welty.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan entertained at a house-party last week at his home near Saratoga in honor of Mrs. Franklin K. Lane.

Miss Evelyn Woodland gave a tea on Saturday last for Mrs. Hugh Goodwin and Miss Mary Welty.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker were hosts at a recent luncheon given at their summer home in Menlo Park.

Lady Popham-Young of Los Angeles was the guest of honor on Monday at a luncheon given at the St. Francis by Mrs. A. A. Dyer of Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy was hostess last week at a luncheon for some of the coming débutantes of the winter, given at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Ransom and Miss Bridges have issued cards to an Alumnæ Tea to be given in Piedmont on Friday, October 5th.

Miss Marie Welch and Miss Florence Welch were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Paul Fagan and Mrs. Hugh Porter on Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home in Easton.

Miss Aileen McIntosh was the complimented guest at a farewell dinner given last week by Mr. Cyril McNear at his home on Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole were hosts at a dinner last week given at their home in Menlo Park.

A ball will be given at the Fairmont Hotel on October 6th by the Alhert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Carroll Graves was the guest of honor at a luncheon and bridge party given on Friday last by Mrs. H. Meyer Wood.

Miss Anita Crellin gave a tea recently at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Thomas Lee Gatch and Mrs. Frank Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hines were hosts at a farewell party given last week at their homes in Sea Cliff.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach in honor of Miss Clementine Edie and her fiancé, Mr. Joseph Catherwood.

Colonel Erneste V. Smith and Mrs. Smith were hosts at a dinner given last week in honor of Colonel Kensey Hampton, U. S. A. and Mrs. Hampton.

Mrs. Thornton High is giving a bridge party on Saturday September 29th.

Mrs. Charles K. Jackson and Mrs. Clara Underhill Chance will give a dinner dance on October 10th at the Hotel St. Francis for their daughters, Miss Dorcus Jackson and Miss Kathryn Chance, who will make their début on that occasion.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Sulky of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury have been entertaining a house-party at their lodge at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Latham McMullin gave a recent luncheon in honor of Miss Ethel Cooper who has lately returned from abroad.

A masquerade dance was given on Saturday night at the Alta Mila Hotel in Sausalito attended by guests from Sausalito, Belvedere and San Francisco.

Among the hosts who entertained in honor of Colonel Kensey Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton, before their departure for Washington, were Colonel William F. Herringshaw and Mrs. Herringshaw, Captain Richard Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, and Miss Edith Phillips.

Mrs. Carroll Graves was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given last week by Mrs. Wendell Hammon.

Mrs. Charles Gordon gave a dance last Saturday night in honor of Miss Nancy Turner, Miss Harriet Todd and Miss Katherine Kennedy.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor gave a farewell dinner on Saturday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, in Burlingame.

Mrs. Ralston White gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club in bonor of Mrs. Garth Boericke.

Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Kenneau Wilder of Honolulu were the guests of bonor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin at San Mateo on Sunday last.

At the St. Francis.

The charm of youth prevailed at luncheon in the Hotel St. Francis Monday, many of the young ladies who are to make their dehut this winter assemhling informally.

Miss Helen Crocker was hostess to a group of five girls. Miss Eleanor Spreckels was with Miss Mary Martin, Miss Eleanor Martin and Miss Katherine Kuhn.

Mrs. Paul Fagan entertained a small group. Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were togetber, and Mrs. Rohert Hays Smith, Mrs. Ross Amhler Curran and Mrs. W. H. Crocker made another party.

Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. George Cameron and Mrs. Nion Tucker made a charming trio and Mrs. Ritchie Dunn was hostess to a few friends.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Edward Maslin Hulme, of Stanford University, will speak on "The Revival of Sculpture" in the Paul Elder Gallery Saturday afternoon, October 6th, at 2:30. This is in the interesting series of studies in the Italian Renaissance, and will include a consideration of the works of such masters as Ghiherti, Donatello, Luca della Rohhia, and Michelangelo, illustrated with stereopticon slides.

Kenneth J. Saunders, of the University of California, will speak in the same gallery Tuesday afternoon, Octoher 2nd, at 2:30, on "Bushido and Modern Japan," discussing the effect of this code on modern Japan and the effect of the modern age on the code. The lecture will he illustrated hy readings. This is the closing lecture in the series on "The Heritage of Asia and Our Own Times."

Mr. Williams had made a long search for a certain hook and finally soliloquized: "At last! Here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place in which one hunts." "I expect, dad, it's hecause when we find what we're looking for we stop hunting," remarked his young son.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Another reason for not having an extra session of Congress is that those who want it cannot agree on what they will do if they get it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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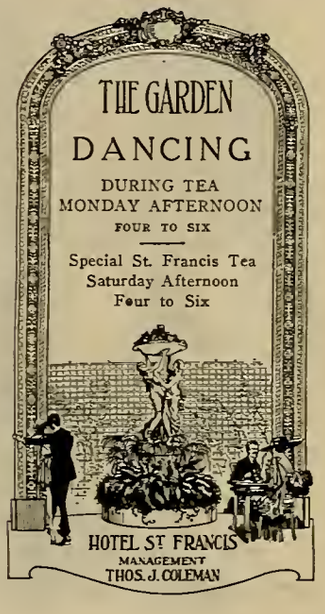
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Dean and Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham are away for a few weeks to mark the passing of their silver wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein, with their children, have returned to San Francisco from their summer home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin and Miss Jean McLaughlin left last week for the East by way of the Grand Canyon.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan, who have been in the Orient for several months, have returned to San Francisco.

Consul-General Stuart J. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller sailed for China on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have returned from a fortnight's visit to Feather River Inn.

Miss Marjorie Lee and her brother, Mr. Richard Lee, have gone to Alaska and will be gone for several weeks.

Mrs. J. K. Armsby has gone East, accompanied by her son, Jeffery A. Armsby, who is entering Princeton.

Captain Edward McCauley and Mrs. McCauley have returned to San Mateo after a visit of several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry Crocker and Miss Aileen McIntosh are leaving this week for Europe, where they will join Mrs. Crocker's daughters, Miss Marion and Miss Julia Crocker.

Mrs. Van Dyke Johns and her sister, Mrs. John Bland, left last week for the East and will spend the winter in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have returned to Burlingame from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Eleanor Dore, who has been spending the summer in San Mateo, has gone to New York and will be away for several weeks.

Miss Alice Hanchett left for the East last week.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Murpby, have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall.

Mrs. Warren Spieker is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum at Lake Tahoe.

Lady Popham-Young of Los Angeles is visiting Mrs. R. T. Hardiug at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Antwerp have been guests ot Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark at Pebble Beacb during the State Golf Tournament.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves sailed last week for Honolulu and will be absent for about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade and their children, who have been passing the summer in Carmel, will return to their home in Berkeley by October 1st.

Mrs. Jessie Hooper Beatty and her daughters, Miss Hildegarde and Miss Betsy Beatty, left last week for Europe where they will travel for the next two years.

Mrs. Henry Payot has gone to Southern California on a motor trip and has been visiting relatives in Hollywood.

Mrs. Max Rothschild, accompanied by Mrs. Frank S. Glass of Berkeley, left last week for New York where she will join Dr. Rothschild on bis return from Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright were recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Houghtelling at Pebble Beacb.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Hathaway have returned from tbeir summer home at Pebble Beach and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard bave returned to San Francisco from tbeir camp on the Russian River, wbere tbey have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and their daughter, Mrs. John McGaw, will go East on Friday next and will be absent for two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt of Altadena have been attending the State Golf Tournament at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at tbeir camp on the Russian River, have returned to tbeir bome in San Mateo.

Mrs. Albert Houston and her two daughters are leaving on Saturday of tbis week for New York and Europe, and will join Mr. Albert Houston in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus of Easton will leave for Washington early in October.

Miss Josephine Grant will return next month from the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall have closed their summer home on Lake Tahoe and have returned to tbeir home in Burlingame.

Miss Dorothy Jordan, daughter of Mrs. Erneste V. Smith has been at Del Monte for the Golf Tournament.

Admiral Washington, U. S. N., and Mrs. Washington, who have been the house guests of Captain Landenberger and Mrs. Landenberger at Yerba Buena Island, sailed for the Orient on the President Cleveland last week.

Dr. Grant Selfridge has returned from Victoria, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hines left this week for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote of Grass Valley have been making a short stay in San Francisco.

Colonel Kensey Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton, who have been stationed at the Presidio for several years, sailed last Monday on tbe Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and their daughters will close their home in Piedmont next month and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howard Child have gone to Santa Barbara where they will be guests of Major Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick.

Dr. and Mrs. Cbarles D. Lyman and their daughters bave been spending a short time at Del Monte.

Miss Frances Judson, who has been making a sbort stay in San Francisco, will soon sail for the Philippines wbere she will visit her uncle, Governor-General Leonard Wood, and Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. Arthur Lord is visiting Mrs. Russell Wilson in Burlingame.

Mr. Jack Breeden left on Thursday for Paris where he is pursuing his diplomatic studies.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor left on Monday for her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ellery have returned from Lake Taboe and are at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salishury have been at Del Monte for tbe Golf Tournament.

Miss Elizabetb Adams accompanied Mrs. Moseley Taylor on ber trip to Boston last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, with their daughter, Miss Alice Eastland, left for Santa Barbara last Sunday. Miss Alice Eastland will enter the Santa Barbara Girls' School.

Mrs. Washington Sullivan, who has been spending a month in San Francisco, has returned to Los Angeles.

Late as Usual.

Mr. Millerton, who is a great deal of a hypochondriac and enjoys looking forward "to the end," was in an especially depressed mood one evening when he gave some thought to the question of a second marriage for his wife.

"Harriet, my dear," he said gloomily, "when I am gone from this vale of tears, you must marry again. It is my dearest wish."

"William," observed his wife, with a faint smile, "no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died fifteen years ago for that."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



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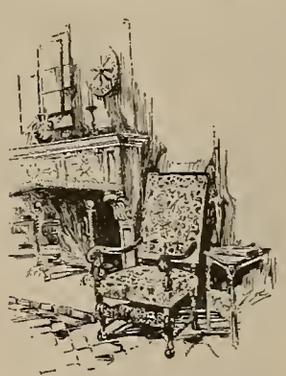
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Scribbler—Have you read my last novel. *Cynicus*—I hope so.—*Philodelphia Record.*

"They were disappointed in love, weren't they?" "Yes. Each thought the other had money."—*Life.*

"You have entered the debit item under credit." "Yes, sir, I'm left-handed."—*Kosper (Stockholm).*

"Is that a new runabout Frank has?" "Heavens, no! He's known her since yesterday."—*Moil (London).*

"I'm getting old." "Having rheumatism?" "Worse than that. I'm having reminiscences."—*Cincinnoti Tribune.*

"Is your son's collegiate education of any practical value?" "Oh, yes. It's cured his mother of bragging about him."—*Judge*

Amy—Is there an affinity hetween you and your husband? *Sue*—I am not sure; but I suspect his stenographer.—*Cornell Widow.*

Bursley—He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. *Floyd*—The man's a fool. *Bursley*—That may be a mere coindence.—*Smart Set.*

Johnny—What does it mean to take a thing philosophically? *Mother*—it's the way your paw pays his card debts, but not the butcher bill.—*Harper's.*

"I'll never marry," said Miss Passay, with emphasis. "Perhaps not," replied Miss Snapp, "but you certainly have put up a gallant fight."—*Philadelphio Ledger.*

"Are you in favor of clubs for women?" asked the fcmale with the square chin. "Sure," answered the old bachelor; "clubs, sandbags, or any old thing."—*Chicogo News.*

Corrected: *Willie Peebles*—The horse was goin'—— *Teacher*—Don't forget your *g*. Willie. *Willie Peebles*—Gee, the horse was goin'—*New York Morning Telegroph.*

Mistress—You seem to have a good deal of company, Mary. *Maid*—Yas'm. Dey's what I call my rainbeaux. Seven different colored gentlemen. Yas'm.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Irote Citizen (from his bedroom window)—Say, you, down there, who are you talking to? *Intoxicoted Romeo*—Nobuddy n'perticerler. I'm jesh broadcastin'.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Mistress (who is going out for the day)—And, Mary, you may invite a friend to come in to tea, if you like. *Mary*—Please, 'm, I haven't got any friend. I only know young women!—*Punch.*

"Have you done your share toward helping to enforce prohibition in your community?" "Yes sir," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I've invented a transparent suit case."—*Woshington Stor.*

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder what will be the popular styles in hats this season? *Mr. Spenders*—My dear, woman's hats will be divided into two styles this season, as usual—the style you don't like and the style I can't afford.—*Illustroted Bits.*

"So," sobbed Illma Vaselineovitch, "Ivan Ninespotski died in battle! Do you say he uttered my name as he was dying?" "Part of it," replied the returned soldier; "part of it."—*New York World.*

German Beggar (pocketing marks): It used to be that when you asked for money you would only get some food; now when you ask for food you only get some money.—*Simplicissimus (Munich).*

Artist—Have you taken my picture to the exhibition? *Porter*—Yes, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much. *Artist*—What did they say? *Porter*—Oh, they didn't say nothing, but they laughed that 'earty.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

"Don't you feel kind of lonesome since the legislature adjourned?" "Well," answered the business man, "it's a good deal with me as it was with a man who had a pet lion that got lost. I feel a little lonesome, hut not near so scared."—*Woshington Star.*

"I wonder where they get enough money to pay for all the wars?" said Mrs. Dumleigh. "I'm not sure, my dear," replied Dumleigh, "but I imagine the map publishers furnish it."—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Kindly—Fancy a big strapping fellow like you asking for money. You should be ashamed of yourself! *Beggar*—I am, ma'am. But once I got twelve months for taking it without asking.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

"Look, Daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this cornstalk right up all hy myself." "My, but you are strong!" said his father. "I guess I am, Daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."—*Boston Tronscript.*

"Do I understand that there will be no dessert tonight?" demanded the captain sternly as he entered the officers' mess kitchen. "Yes," replied the new and careless private. "Yes—what?" roared the captain. "Yes—we have no bananas."—*Americon Legion Weekly.*

"Why don't you try to make yourself one of the intellectual celebrities of your time?" "What's the use?" answered the hright but indolent young man; "the firm whose patent food I have been eating would come along and want all the credit."—*Woshington Stor.*

Rich caller (who is moking the round of the tenement district)—Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good women? *The other (of the submerged)*—No, thank ye, mem. Ye musn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' meself.—*Chicogo Tribune.*

BIKES THAT DIED YOUNG.

When bicycles were first invented there were some very queer freaks among them, says *Peorson's Weekly.*

In the British, French, and American Patent Offices are kept drawings and specifications of hundreds of freak machines, practically all of which were consigned to the scrap heap after a more or less brief and inglorious existence.

One of the earliest of these was designed nearly a hundred years ago by a Frenchman named Julien. There were no pedals, the necessary rotary motion being imparted to the driving wheel by means of the rider's feet being pressed alternately on a succession of downward curved spikes which projected from the rim at regular intervals. In effect the machine was a sort of movable minature treadmill, and the labor involved in propelling it must have been prodigious.

There were two large wheels to the contrivance, each fitted with an auxiliary cogwheel, and a small trailer wheel behind, with a ratchet arrangement designed apparently to prevent the whole box of tricks from running backward down hill.

An invention which certainly possessed the merit of originality was patented by an American named Landis in 1861. This consisted in a combination of rocking-horse and bicycle, the horse being mounted on top of the machine and cranked to the wheels in such a way as to cause the rocking motion to turn them.

Many people have been struck with the notion of using one big wheel only, thereby converting the bicycle into monocycle. Most of these single-wheel freak machines are of wonderful and weird construction.

In one type, for example, the rider is perched above the center of gravity, his perpendicular position being retained by means of weights attached to the forks, which, with this end in view, were extended down below the bearings.

In theory this may be all right. But as in practice a rider weighing, say, twelve stone, would want about a quarter of a ton attached to the bottom ends of the forks to enable him to maintain an upright position, the plan has its obvious drawbacks.

Another type of monocycle, the invention of a man named Schaffer, went to the other extreme, the rider being entirely caged up inside a huge wheel about ten feet in diameter. How he was to escape from his revolving prison in case of a collision, or if it chanced to get out of control, the inventor did not deign to explain.

The world is getting better. It is now possible to address an envelope with a postoffice pen.—*Cedor Rapids (Io.) Republicon.*



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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Calm Word.

If under its authorization for use and transport of Hetch Hetchy water and its by-product electric energy, San Francisco may not traffic with a private company or a corporation, then the next step should be to get from the Government an amendment of the act by which the grant was made. For it is plain that the City of San Francisco is not at this time—and possibly never will be—in position to distribute power effectively and economically. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, engineer in charge of the Hetch Hetchy work, estimates the immediate cost of a power distributing system at $17,000,000, of an ultimate and complete system at $45,000,000. Even these figures, magnificent as they are, are probably short of the mark. Other of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's estimates have been shy, witness his promise that San Francisco should have Hetch Hetchy water at a total cost of $45,000,000. Of that sum $32,000,000 has already been spent, and we are no nearer Hetch Hetchy water than at the start. In view of this record we may well take Mr. O'Shaughnessy's present estimate with salt.

Nobody in his senses believes that San Francisco is in position to add $17,000,000—much less $45,000,000—to its already heavy debt. Even if it be legally permissible it would be a policy of unspeakable folly. Practically the thing is impossible, and nobody knows it better than the supervisors who have given formal assent to the proposal. A community already tax-burdened may be depended upon to bury out of sight a new and collossal bonding project.

All this being so, the city ought to take up seriously the offer of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company to pay an annual rental of two millions or more for the Hetch Hetchy power, and thank its lucky star that it has a way out of an awkward situation. And, we repeat, if there are legal handicaps in the way there should be an effort to get rid of them. Under the circumstances it ought not to be difficult. Concerted and straightforward action, looking to modification of the Raker Act—if that be necessary—could hardly fail to command success at Washington. But if instead of pulling together we shall get to pulling separately—if we array faction against faction—the matter will be tied up indefinitely, and we shall have neither the Hetch Hetchy power nor the two millions-or-more rental money.

Union Labor's Drift to Conservatism.

When something more than three years ago announcement was made that the Locomotive Engineers Union had established a bank in New York City it was remarked in these columns that "here would seem to be the beginning of a conservative movement that may ultimately save our country from radicalism." Since that time fourteen other labor banks have been established in widely scattered American cities with a combined capital of more than $5,000,000 and aggregate resources which on September 15th of the current year exceed $50,000,000. Labor is establishing itself on a financial foundation; and under this inspiration we find our old friend Sam Gompers and even John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America fulminating against the Red Communists who are boring from within the ranks of American labor.

In this connection there is much of interest—and of profound significance as well—in the report of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor presented within the week at the annual Federation convention at Portland. This report shows that the membership of the Federation has fallen off nearly twenty-five per cent in three years, standing now at 2,926,468 as against 4,050,000 in 1920; 3,900,000 in 1921; and 3,190,000 in 1922. But despite this loss in numerical force, the Federation suffers no such corresponding decrease as a factor in our social, political and economic organization.

While the *Argonaut* was prepared for a development tending to conservatism in the American Federation of Labor, nevertheless in reading the report above cited, it has had at more than one point to rub its eyes for assurance that there was no mistake in the text. Referring to the Red propaganda within unionism as "frankly revolutionary," the Executive Council declares that this movement "has for its ultimate purpose not only the destruction of the trade union movement but the eventual overthrow of democratic government in the United States. Propaganda in the United States is carried on in accord with the tenets of the Red International, an organization which is completely under the domination and dictation of the Russian communist oligarchy." Further on the report declares that "modern democracy is not without its faults, and under its protection and because of its remaining imperfections great and inexcusable injustices have been practiced. No movement has surpassed our own in warfare upon these injustices, and in the effort to secure rectification of the wrong. Be injustice no matter how serious, democracy does however have opportunity for application of remedies and for the achievement of every right and every good thing."

Here, we pause to observe, is a doctrine better founded and far more conservative than that preached today in many of our universities. But to proceed with the report in question: "The ruthless drive of purely individual aim and ambition has given America tremendous industrial giants. Great abuse has accompanied great achievements. But what is frequently overlooked is the fact that the ambition to build has been the driving force behind our most remarkable strides. The abuses, terrible and costly as they have been, have been largely coincidental. The ambition to build must be saved; the abuses must be eradicated by means of organization befitting the state of our development and the demands of our time. In no other way can industry continue that growth which is required to satisfy our ever growing demand for commodities and avoid submersion in a wave of blighting political domination."

Throughout the report there runs a bitter contempt for the theory so ardently advanced by socialists, communists and hot-footed progressivists that political cures can be found for all human ills; that the enlargement of the powers of the state will produce the millenium. Again we quote: "The largest freedom of action, the freest play for individualinitiative and genius in industry cannot be had under the shadow of constant incompetent political interference, meddlesomeness and restriction."

Referring to the Sherman anti-trust law as a "legislative monstrosity," this no doubt in memory of the Coronado case, the report emphasizes the fact "the decisons that most vitally affect the intimate daily lives of our people are the decisions that are made in industry, in the workshops and factories, in the mines and mills, in the commercial establishments, on the railroads and in the counting rooms. The decisions that caused more than five million workers to be for months without work were not decisions of congress. The decisions that quickened the wheels and brought men and women back into service were not decisions of congress."

Proceeding to consideration of humanistic interests the report pleads for a larger measure of coöperation between employers and employed on the theory that their interests are identical and that they ean settle their own troubles far better than by referring adjustments to political adjudication. Again we quote:

> The functional elements in our national life must fit themselves to work out their own problems, eradicate their abuses and furnish America with an ever increasing flood of commodities, both necessary and pleasure giving. Industry alone has the competence, and it must demonstrate that competence through organization. The organized functional elements in industry will find easy of solution those problems to which politicians now turn their attention in futility. Industry must organize to govern itself, to impose upon itself tasks and rules and bring order into its own house. Industry must bring order to itself constructively, or it will have an order thrust upon it which would be demoralizing if not fatal. Our people cannot live and thrive under the regime of bureaucracy that threatens unless industry solves its own problems.
>
> The continued clamor for extension of state regulatory powers under the guise of reform and deliverance from evil, can but lead into greater confusion and more hopeless entanglements. Trade unionism must lead the way for true progress, even at the cost of being branded as reactionary by those who do but little save propound formulas based upon utopian thought and devoid of the benefit of experience and of any cognizance of our fundamental social structure, our industrial life or our national characteristics.

All this is what we suspect some of our socialistic university professors would call capitalistic doctrine. But whatever anybody may call it, it is a doctrine sound at all points, a doctrine vital to the integrity of American institutions. And here we are led to wonder if the forces upon which we must ultimately rely for preservation of conservative principles may not, after all, abide in an organization that at its beginning, and in many of its manifestations, has appeared as an opponent of the order of things commonly characterized as "American." We have drifted far in the direction of radicalism, so far that something in the way of reaction is due. Is it not possible that we have progressed so far around the cycle that we are now approaching the starting point?

If the report above cited is representative of the spirit of organized labor then truly that organization is entitled to respect as a conservative influence in the

present-day life of the country. There is need of something along this line if we are to preserve anything of the principles proclaimed by the "founding fathers." With government busying itself less in support of the principles of liberty than with devices of restriction, with our colleges teaching socialism, with general forgetfulness that the primary purpose of our system was to conserve life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is high time that from some source there should come an open and forceful support of the fundamental principles under which, and only under which life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness may be sustained as a fixed rule in American life. If this shall come through organized labor then the *Argonaut* will gladly dismiss its old prejudices and take off its hat to the Gomperses and the Lewises.

The Johnson Letter.

Half a score or more letters—most of them anonymous—have come to the *Argonaut* within the past two months asking why it has had nothing to say about the Johnson-McClatchy letter. We waive the point of impertinence to answer frankly:

First, the *Argonaut* declines under any circumstances to traffic in stolen goods. The letter was a private one, privileged under any standard. It belonged to the man who wrote it and to the man who received it, and to nobody else. Its theft was a contemptible business, its publication hardly less so. Second, if the letter had been given out legitimately there was nothing in it new to the public, unless it be that Senator Johnson has his moments of modest introspection. It was already known that he had bartered what he calls his principles for votes; that he had trafficked with his enemies; that his prestige in California was a declining quantity. And assuredly there was nothing new in the confession: "My natural inclination is to fight."

Confidential communication with friends is the privilege—indeed the moral right—of any man, and it is a right respected by persons of normal sensibility. To intercept a letter stands on a par with listening at a keyhole. To make use of anything secured by theft is to share in the receivership of stolen goods. The public moral sense so regards it; and this is why "exposures" brought about fraudulently always react to the discredit of those who participate in the fraud.

It is not in friendship for Senator Johnson but in respect of the truth of history that the *Argonaut* must say that Senator Johnson has been helped rather than harmed by publication of his now famous letter. There was, we repeat, nothing in it that the public did not already know, but there was in the circumstances of its theft and its publication that which has brought to him a degree of popular sympathy. There is in the universal mind a spirit of chivalry that resents whatever wears an aspect of meanness.

Some Selective Immigration.

The latest murderer sentenced to be hanged in California is one Martin Sliscovich. It is nothing new that a murderer should have a foreign name, if it can be said that any names are now foreign in this country; nor is it exceptional when a murderer has an American name, if any particular form of name can longer be called American. Nor has this case any novel phases; involving, as it does, a brother and a woman, both killed—a prose and prosy version of Paolo and Francesca. Yet it serves to focus attention on a comparatively new factor in the increase of crime in this country—that of adversely selected immigration.

Observers in Europe say there is no doubt that when the authorities examining men for the armies still being recruited come on cases of defective intelligence they encourage them to emigrate to America if there is room under the quotas established by the present immigration laws. Crime and defective intelligence are first cousins; the criminal of high intelligence is rare, the ordinary crook usually being a person of deficient sensibilities, undisciplined imagination, perverted mind and capricious will. When he has a bad liver and the mean disposition that goes with it he is frequently classified as a moron. Officials in Europe are not, ordinarily speaking, deficient in intelligence, as they would have to be if they desired to keep their morons and half-wits at home.

As a dumping ground the United States has always been accessible and available. This country "welcomes to its shores the oppressed of every nation," and imposes no dictatorial restraints on the breeding of citizens. It hates to pay policemen, and its police methods are loose and political. So it attracts the sort of people that intelligent Europe wishes to be rid of, and rather encourages them to marry and breed after their kind. Captains of industry say we need their labor. Our schools are burdened and our bond issues multiplied with the futile effort to educate their offspring, and our criminal courts are busy trying the worst of them for depredations on the other Americans. It is a great arrangement—for Europe.

At the American Mining Congress in session at Minneapolis last month, E. J. Henning, assistant secretary of the Department of Labor, declared that immigration is, and will be for years to come, the most important element in industrial relations. The policy that will best serve the interests of America, he said, was abandonment of the open door and substitution of selection in the country of origin for movements of the promiscuous discontented. He is right. The better type of immigrant, who can be educated to American ways, is all we should attempt to assimilate. The other sort may be "labor," but we have so arranged things in regard to the suffrage in this country that it is both a political and a social danger. Industries that wish cheap labor have not sufficiently considered the real problems of the country, and this applies with especial force to the mining industry, for it is among the miners that the emissaries of the soviets are making their greatest efforts at "boring from within." The ranks of the miners seem to contain the largest percentage of recent immigration of the poorer sort, to which the soviet policies of spoliation and the proletarian dictatorship most directly appeal. If this makes things difficult for the mine owners and managers, there are many of them that have only themselves to blame. That is the sort of labor they demanded, the sort of immigration they encouraged. Like the little boy that wanted the bee, they got it.

Oklahoma's Home Brew.

Americanism in Oklahoma, a reddening puncture in its shirt, might well cry out with Mercutio "A plague o' both your houses." A strictly political governor has come into collision with a group of gentlemen that like to ride around nights in hoods and sheets for which they have paid ten dollars each, inflicting what they suppose to be justice on persons they suppose to be guilty of something or other. The hood-and-sheet epidemic, like an influenza, infected a majority of the legislature, which decided to impeach the governor. The governor was against being impeached, and mobilized the National Guard to keep the legislature from meeting, and a secret service corps of 22,000 operatives to keep the people from voting on the right of the legislature to convene against his desire. In one county, people were arrested for conducting an election. It sounds like the politics of Albania directed by the Dey of Algiers. And in spite of the governor's precautions, the election has been held, and he has been defeated about four and a half to one. As we write, Oklahoma is threatened with an invasion of Ragen's Colts, an organization of young Hibernian gentlemen from back of the Chicago stockyards, who hope to provide effective opposition to the Ku Klux Klan. There is loud talk of stuffed ballot boxes, and the governor says the fight has just begun.

As far as one can see through the dust, the parties to this contest have reason to contemn and deplore each other. The governor, speaking in a political sense and in relation to his office, appears to have been an unsavory egg. It is not so much that he has trafficked in the spoils of office—almost all governors do, and prime ministers, and chancellors, and whoever has any spoils in any part of the world that he can trade for votes. It is immoral, but we seem to stand it—howl ourselves hoarse about it when the opposition practices it, and speak gently and charitably of it when it is done in furtherance of policies with which we agree. The thing is not new. It arises out of natural desire for reëlection or for the retention of power, and is not unAmerican any more than it is unRoman, or unGreek, or unEnglish or unIrish. But the governor of Oklahoma went farther than that, to indulge in a sort of progressive jail delivery, which in that old region of bandits and hold-up men, verged upon social demoralization. In this stage of our social development it seems obvious that penetentiaries should be more populous, not less so, and the pardoning power of the governor is said to have been exerted to breathlessness, or to writer's cramp, presenting crooks with their liberty.

On the other hand, the hood-and-sheet party has been indulging in activities that are all too American. There have been night-riding and the domiciliary visitations that often characterize the volunteer public services of people who think it is their God-sent business to mend other people's morals. The constitution is nothing to a zealot, whether he wears a hood or a high hat, and the only right he can recognize on the part of others is the right to do as he tells them. This may not be in accordance with any American institution, but it is, alas, in conformity to American practice. No principles appear to have obscured the present issue. The governor is against the exercises of the Ku Klux because he is not of their party, and the Ku Klux is against the governor for the same reason.

It is a clash of American interests, but it is working out to a most unAmerican conclusion, for little can emerge but despotism on either hand. If the phenomena at present manifested by Oklahoma were to spread over the country it would soon be impossible for a philosopher to distinguish the United States from the Balkan states. The respect for law would be about the same, the chance for justice no better here than there.

Passing of an Old Publisher.

The death of Edward Payson Dutton, the dean of American publishers, at his country home in Ridgefield, Connecticut, on September 6th, calls attention to his seventy years' service in the promotion of American publishing and the history of the firm he created. E. P. Dutton & Company is not the oldest of living American publishing houses, but no individual had so long or so beneficial and influence on the trade as the founder of the house of Dutton, who was actively interested in his business until his last illness at the age of 93. In fact, E. P. Dutton & Company is one of the few American publishing firms still run by the house that founded it, for there is still a Dutton among the partners, George D. Dutton, a nephew of the founder, who became a member of the firm in 1899.

Any one who has observed the respective characters of American publishing firms will have noticed that the Duttons had a deeply serious, even a religious, tone; and an average reader of Dutton books would surmise that the staff member invested with the power to buy manuscripts was of a solemn and rather mystical trend of mind. Such an observation is intelligent but not accurate—the religious tone of a large proportion of Dutton books is a heritage from the days of the firm's beginnings when they were ecclesiastical publishers. But not at first—the firm has had many metamorphoses though its tone has always been of the highest.

E. P. Dutton was the son of a Boston dry goods merchant who decided, as a young man and after a trip to Europe, to go into partnership with a friend, Lemuel Ide, the possessor of a comfortable trade in school books and maps. The firm of Ide & Dutton was formed with a Dutton nest egg of $3,000 to purchase his partnership. Thus do great oaks from acorns grow. The infant bookselling concern soon undertook the publication as well as the sale of books, but it was on this issue that Ide & Dutton dissolved partnership and Dutton went out on his own. Six years later Mr. Dutton bought out the business of Ticknor & Fields, which had long been maintained in the "Old Corner Bookstore," celebrated as a particular haunt of Boston literati in a day when the Hub City was the acknowledged cultural center of the country. With the Old Corner Book Store Mr. Dutton took over the services of Charles A. Clapp, its head salesman, and invited him to become the "Co." in E. P. Dutton & Company. It was a happy partnership, for Mr. Dutton and Mr. Clapp coöperated as beautifully as Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. Meanwhile the publishing side of the firm grew, having its genesis in the issuing of Sunday school pamphlets. Somewhere in the early sixties Dutton & Company bought the stock and good will of Stanford & Swords, religious publishers of New York, and the establishment of a permanent New York house became necessary. In 1868, after they had contracted to manufacture all the books of the Church Book Society, they opened branch offices in New York, still preserving headquarters in Boston in the Old Corner Book Store, but the following year E. P. Dutton & Company definitely became a New York house, and, as the New York *Past* said way back in 1875: "The experience of this house has been singular in that it was born in Boston and transplanted to New York,

and that while its youth was conservative and contracted, as age has crept upon it, it has developed into one of the most sprightly and enterprising bookmaking establishments of the day."

So much for the ecclestical origins and policies of this eminent house. With its affiliations with such British firms as Routledge & Sons, John Murray, Smith Elder & Company, Chapman & Hall, and J. M. Dent toward the close of the century, the policies of Dutton & Company grew even more sprightly, though they never lost their ethical bias. Imagination balks, for instance, at thought of a Dutton publication withdrawn by the public censor, or of that noble old firm being sued for dubious issues. It is a contradiction in terms. A Dutton book is always a good book in both senses of the word, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that this conservative old house is still one of the greatest of American publishers. May it long continue so.

The Punch Invades the Pulpit.

If the Reverend Frederick E. Hopkins, of the First Presbyterian Church of Michigan City, Indiana, persists in preaching as he has been preaching of late, it is easy to predict for him a great access of trouble and perhaps some fame, or at least notoriety. For the Reverend Hopkins appears to be of those that feel that while tea may be pink, the blood of the nation ought to be red, and that national anaemia is no better than the individual sort. Not only does he seem to hold these virile opinions, but he has no saving diffidence about expressing them, and illustrating with definite examples. Shocking to the old ladies of his congregation must have been the sermon in which he conveyed such violent sentiments as the following:

> What is the matter with our teachers of morals that they should hold up as magnificent examples of the glory of being physically fit such Bible heroes as Samson and then wish to throw Dempsey and Firpo into jail? Why do they denounce war and applaud the pacifist and dough face?
>
> It was by the power of his muscles that Samson, the prophet, lifted the gates of Gaza and paid the Philistines for their injustice in punishing his sin by making their temple a heap of ruins.
>
> It was St. Paul who said, after watching the Olympian athletic games of his day: "I am like those gladiators. I fight, but not as one who beats the air."
>
> Every man, woman, and nation should be so fit no one would dare to kick them. The man who can silence machine guns and drive in a squad of enemy soldiers like so many ducks, and the man who can for five minutes close the eyes of a giant to the beauties of the Hudson, the Palisades, and the Statue of Liberty, as Dempsey did to Firpo, gives the world of normal men and women a healthy, holy thrill.
>
> Bill Muldoon of New York has done as much for our country as ex-President Eliot of Harvard. We need both. They educate the men who make the great poems and the great punches.
>
> We have heard the cultured throng raise the roof of the theatre when Hamlet used his sword skillfully and Richard the Lion Hearted smashed the oaken doors of the castle with one blow of his fist. It would throw a healthy scare into some of our criminals if we had more Hamlets and Richards in real life.

Such opinions are alarming. They bring up visions of a return to the days of Theodore Roosevelt. How could such a man have been admitted to the pulpit? Although he is far less disturbing there than he would have been as superintendent of the Sunday School, where it is desired that Willie shall grow up a perfect little gentleman. One can not help wondering what such an exponent of meekness and humility would think of our California four-round limit. Surely Tex Rickard should send him a contribution. He may even introduce a new style in pastors—the pastor with a punch.

Editorial Notes.

Although the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the basic law of the land, the nation does not seem to be a unit on its desirability. Here and there one hears an expression of impatience, or of skepticism as to its inspiration. It appears to have had some unexpected reactions in parts and organs of the body politic that no one thought of at the time of its adoption; like some form of kidney disease. But one of the repeated accusations of its enemies is that it is beloved of big business, inasmuch as it is supposed to help get more work out of the working man. If we can believe Mr. Waldo Newcomer, president of the national bank division of the American Bankers' Association, meeting at Atlantic City, there is at least one representative of big business that lacks enthusiasm. Mr. Newcomer wants it repealed, and says:

> One of the greatest evils of the present day is the enormous number of laws being passed, and it has been charged that there is a deliberate bolshevik influence at work to increase the laws to a point where they can not be enforced. The tendency to regulate everything by law has the effect of making the code so cumbersome that nobody can keep up with it. It makes people more contemptuous of the law itself. I regret that the question of prohibition was introduced into our constitution because it opens the way for other amendments covering all crimes and misdemeanors.

Such criticism proceeding from such a source, is significant. Evidently the business world is not harmonious on the blessings conferred upon us by the drought.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York whom, since his free summers are spent here, we like to regard as half a Californian, is mentioned as a probable successor in the London ambassadorship. No possible appointment could be more appropriate, perhaps none so fortunate. Butler has precisely the qualities needed. First of all he is a thoroughgoing American; no man is better acquainted with our own country or more in sympathy with American ideas and ideals. On the other hand no other American is so widely known, none more highly respected, in Europe. And to these qualities Dr. Butler adds the grace of scholarship with powers of expression unsurpassed. In the great court at London Dr. Butler would both revive and sustain the highest tradition of American diplomacy.

There comes from Washington a report that Colonel Harvey has arranged with President Coolidge to retire from his post at London in December. This is in accord with gossip predating the death of President Harding. It was then common belief at Washington that Mr. Harvey would quit London as soon as the President could determine on his successor. Colonel Harvey's reasons are personal. His embassy has involved him in expense far beyond his financial means. Thanks to a private citizen—J. Pierpont Morgan—we have now a house in London owned by the Government, but the ambassadorial salary is only sufficient for the pay of the household servants and for the upkeep of an automobile. Everything else comes out of the ambassador's private pocket. Colonel Harvey is not a rich man, and it was understood at Washington that his motive in being away from Washington this summer was mainly to avoid the expense of entertaining. The report that Colonel Harvey, upon returning to the United States will take on the management of the Coolidge campaign is probably mere speculation. There are temperamental differences between Mr. Coolidge and Colonel Harvey that would tend to make the combination unworkable, even though it be admitted that Colonel Harvey is a man of very considerable talent for political organization.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

San Francisco, Sept. 27, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* "The Dead Hand of Government." Your editorial under this head in the *Argonaut* September 22nd, in my humble opinion is most excellent and has given rise to some unorganized thoughts in my mind that I wish I had the ability to express as I would want to if you had space in your paper to give them. As it is I must content myself with asking you to read these few words that are in the nature of a spontaneous explosion of approval and praise for what you are doing to help "knock the spots" out of the crazy socialistic theories always abounding in this world of "nuts" and superficial thinkers, which makes it necessary for the "select few" to keep hammering away and try to keep this old world in balance if possible. I hope you will not despair in your good work, as sometimes I wonder you do not, for the longer I live the more I am convinced that it is the select minority that we are to look to to keep us out of chaos.

Persistent efforts along definite lines frequently culminate in masterpieces of accomplishment, as Emerson's admiration and analysis of great men culminated, for example, in his essay on Montaigne, which an authority says is the best critical essay in the English language. And Macaulay says Bacon's various writings culminated in the Novum Organum. Likewise the editorials and special articles in the newspapers and especially the *Argonaut* seem occasionally to culminate in masterpieces of comment. And this applies to your editorial above referred to.

In that editorial you have mentioned matters concerning the removal of the dead hand of the government from certain railroads and the losing Post Office Department of the government. I will venture to assert that if in all the years past the much lauded Post Office had been handled by private parties and with the ability displayed in the management of our railroads, the country would have been better off by many millions.

A Reader of the Argonaut for Many Years.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* inquires whether morals or crime should be the chief concern of the police. He is an insurance broker, and he notes that under Chief of Police Fitzmorris there was a steady decrease in the number of hold-ups and burglaries reported to companies covering such risks, whereas under the chief who succeeded Fitzmorris, there has been a rapid increase in such crimes. He has the facts in hand indisputably, and he also has an explanation. He says that Fitzmorris devoted his energies and those of his force to worrying gun men and bandits, whereas his successor gives more attention to raiding cabarets, saloons and gambling houses, and crime is back where it was when Fitzmorris took over the department. He asks: "Do you not believe that the public as a whole would rather have more protection for their property as well as their lives, and less of raiding saloons, than to have all our police engaged in chasing rum runners while hold-ups and burglaries are being committed in ever increasing numbers?"

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

CAGING THE WHIM-WHAM.

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

It has been the habit and the long-time practice of the Congressman from Gopher Prairie and the president of the Association Opposed to the Angoumis Moth to burgeon forth with interviews after talking with the President anywhere from fifteen seconds to fifteen minutes. Everybody has been doing it. For years it has been a White House embarrassment.

Consequently, the President is represented one day as favoring the World Court and the next day against it. Yesterday he would be about, on the word of a caller, to call a special session of Congress. Today's visitor issues from the White House with the word there will be no special session. This has helped make Washington the lair of the rumor and the pet hunting-ground of the whim-wham.

President Coolidge, some fifty days in the White House, has discovered that his callers talk too much. He has found they are given to misapprehending what he says, imagining he says things he did not say and generally making wordy nuisances of themselves. When his opinions have been strained through theirs and tinctured with the hues of their prejudices and preconceptions, the result is not always what the White House would like.

Therefore he announces he will, in the future, be his own spokesman. If and when he has something to say he will say it himself. In no way will he be hound by the careless talk of what the President does or does not think that pours from the careless lips of his callers. Unofficial spokesmen have lost their jobs. The volunteer announcer, wrapped in his confidential manner and talking out of the corner of his mouth, has been slipped into the discard.

It will be better so. In the last month the President has been represented as standing on both sides of the World Court, rail consolidation, Shipping Board, special session of Congress and other problems. Despite the fact he had announced his views would wait upon the meeting of the Sixty-eighth Congress, rumor peddlers and unofficial spokesmen have been busy with his "understood" opinions and his alleged opinions.

It's a wise decision. There may not be quite so much White House and Washington "news," but it should be more trustworthy with the President doing his own talking.

THE TROUBLE IN OKLAHOMA.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Governor Walton's declaration of martial law throughout the state of Oklahoma has brought to a climax a situation which has been increasing in menace to law and order and to American liberties and institutions for weeks. There is rebellion in Oklahoma. The governor's proclamation asserts that fact. Whether it is rebellion against the constituted authorities and laws of the state or against the governor himself is a question which cannot safely be answered at this time in the absence of unprejudiced information.

The governor charges that the Ku Klux Klan has gained control of prosecutors, sheriffs, courts, and juries, and is exercising this control to protect its members in masked outrages against peaceful citizens. He says that this has resulted in a general status of public alarm and fear and jeopardy of life, of peace, and of personal safety. If that is true, we are inclined to sympathize with and approve his course. Certainly such a condition could not be allowed to continue in a present-day American community. If American government is to continue at all it must continue as a government of laws, not of men.

That fundamental principle, however, brings us to another angle of the case. It will be remembered that when Governor Walton was elected to his present position he announced to an admiring populace that hobnailed shoes, blue jeans, Mother Hubbards, and calico aprons would be considered proper dress at his inaugural ceremonies. He had been elected as a man of the people, and chose that way to prove his oneness with them. The intimation was that hearts beat more honestly under blue jeans or calico, and that brains functioned more wisely under sunbonnets or sombreros. He thus planted a doubt in many minds that he realized the duties or recognized the qualities of statesmanship.

He took office as a man, on Andy Gump's platform, "100 per cent for the people," rather than as an executive of the state's laws. That fact lends credence to a letter recently written to the *Tribune* by a citizen of Oklahoma in explanation of the mob violence which began in Oklahoma a few months ago and has been expanding steadily. That writer explained that Governor Walton, clearly acting sentimentally as a man of the people, had used his official powers to pardon innumerable criminals and commute the sentences of many others. This personal thwarting of justice, the writer said, had convinced many good people that crime could not be punished through legal channels, and had thus moved private citizens to take the law into their own hands. If this is the true cause of mob activities in Oklahoma, it may not be condoned, but it may indicate that the present revolt is not so much against the law and the courts as against the governor.

That, of course, is not the way to remove him. Neither is his further assumption of dictatorial powers through martial law the way for him to combat such a rebellion. His imposition of military censorship upon one Oklahoman newspaper, although withdrawn in twenty-four hours, is now followed by threat of further censorship against newspapers which "incite masked marauders." But apparently he is the individual who is to determine what constitutes inciting masked marauders. That means he would be dictator. We doubt that Oklahoma needs such regulation.

Other states have a stake in this matter. Important precedents are being set. Attacks upon law and constituted authority may be as serious if made by a public official as if made by a masked mob.

"CURVES OF DECLINE."

(From the Sacramento Union.)

It is a commendable if somewhat belated warning which the State Corporation department has issued to investors with respect to the oil fields of certain sections of southern California. A "critical situation" exists there, says the statement, which further sets forth that the "curve of decline in production is much more precipitous than the average geologist has heretofore filed with the corporation department."

The oil business is a great and essentially a legitimate industry, but the selling of some oil stocks is not always the same. There are "curves of decline" in it which the unwary investor ought always to be on the lookout for but ordinarily

is not. This is true of oil fields not only in California but elsewhere.

A good government bond or a 5 per cent municipal is usually free of these agonizing "declines"—and usually, also a much safer purchase than the stocks of wildcat oil companies.

ADAMS AGAIN IN MUTINY.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

Chairman Adams of the republican national committee is at his old tricks. The publicity bureau of his committee has published an article gloating over the failure of the league of nations to intervene in the Greco-Italian crisis and ending with this veiled attack on President Harding's policy with regard to the world court:

"That is why the people of the United States are not going to join the league of nations, directly or indirectly, or any other organization which would drag us into the political entanglements of Europe."

It is not the function of the republican national committee to express the opinion of the party as to what the people of the United States will or should do. That is the function of the men who as president, senators and representatives in congress have been elected to conduct the government in accordance with the principles adopted by the Republican National Convention. The business of the national committee is to maintain the organization of the party, and its publicity should be directed to inform the people as to the policies of the President and of the Republican majority in Congress and to defend those policies.

In opposing the policy of Mr. Harding, the party chief, which policy President Coolidge has pledged himself to carry through, the chairman of the national committee and his subordinates act the part of mutineers. They are comparable with the bo's'n and crew of a ship who would presume to dictate the course on which the captain should navigate. If Mr. Adams should be permitted to continue as he has begun, a situation might soon arise wherein the President would resemble those do-nothing kings of France while the national chairman would correspond to the mayor of the palace, who exercised kingly power. That comparison merely serves to demonstrate how preposterous are Mr. Adams' pretensions.

SENATOR BROOKHART'S FARM.

(From the Davenport, Iowa, Times.)

Senator Brookhart's offer of his profits on his "excellent 240-acre farm with an excellent crop of wheat, corn and everything" as a settlement of the suit brought against him by E. T. Meredith prompted the Muscatine *Journal* to make an investigation of this holding, to which the farmer-labor advocate makes such frequent reference. "This farm," the senator stated, "carries a $20,000 joint land bank mortgage and if he (Mr. Meredith) will agree to pay the expenses of operation, the interest and the taxes, I will offer him the whole job in settlement of his 30 cents."

The inquiring reporter discovered that the 240-acre farm is located in 76 township in Muscatine county. It is included in the No. 13 drainage district, the most fought over reclamation project of the middle west. Scott county duck hunters will know the location, when it is stated that it was a part of the old Keokuk lake. In a word, the colonel took a flier in swamp land. About the only thing it was possible to raise in that area a few years ago was ducks. Pond lilies and weeds were the only plant growths. True, the area has been drained, but it has cost every land owner a lot of money. The reclamation was a speculative venture, and, judging from the senator's admission, not a very successful one as far as he was concerned.

"The land may be the finest in the land," but it's mostly water today.

With all their expense upon the land, if the Brookharts can make their investment pay out, every farmer on dry soil, with but normal taxation, would be rolling in wealth.

The writer happens to know something of the nature of the country, where the colonel does his farming by proxy. It would be more profitable to cultivate muskrats than corn or wheat in the old Keokuk lake bed. Land owners in that district have been forced to pay not only high engineering and drainage costs but court costs running up into thousands of dollars, for there has been injunction after injunction fought. Any one conversant with the history of that drainage enterprise would recommend that such land in the future be set aside as fish and game sanctuary, for the cost of putting it to agricultural uses is excessive.

GILDING REFINED GOLD.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Although the world, in the persons of our own and others' readers, has had some fairly hard knocks since 1914, there are sometimes compensations, and this world is given blessings that it never dreamed to have. Gold fields are discovered, beneficent inventions are developed, and sometimes there are cases of gifts pure and simple which prove no more precious than they are surprising.

Of these, one is conveyed in an advertisement of Mr. H. G. Wells, who is at once and in stout type announced as "The World's Leader of Thought." Many in this world who had cast about for such an one can now be content. The world's leader of thought is Mr. H. G. Wells; and though it may surprise some to be told this, the matter appears to be definitively settled. The ill-natured or the hypercritical might say that such attribution took a good deal for granted, but they are not fat men who sleep o' nights.

To the ordinary man who has but pedestrian attainments, to be the world's leader of thought would be rather an awful and a great responsibility, but there is a portrait of Mr. Wells accompanying the words we have quoted, and it shows him calm and brave and steady. He will not sink beneath this burden—he has outdistanced Margaret Fuller, and far from accepting the universe he has outlined it before doing anything so unoriginal as accepting it. That may come later. In the meantime and while digesting this leadership, we ask, What is a leader of thought? and confess that so far as we know there have not been many such in this world of thinking bipeds. There are plenty who would influence the world's thinking. Of these there never seems to be any lack; but the men and women who lead the world to right thinking or towards it—these are not countable by scores. When to a writer is attributed such leadership, the first question always must be, To what thinking does this leader bring the world? Has he lifted us a little or much out of the rut of matter? Has he let in on us the sweet air of goodness and that purity of which the world is sometimes a little ashamed? Nothing, to be sure, is new, but has this leader led our thinking to results that seem new and so encourage us?

With all the desire in the world to be courteous to a distinguished author, and especially calling your attention to the fact that his great sales and equal popularity make him none the less excellent, we venture to hope that what we have quoted is to be credited to the impulsive enthusiasm of an admirer rather than to the conviction of the admired. It is a heavy thing to be "the world's leader of thought," and not lightly to be mentioned, although as we have intimated, Mr. Wells may feel equal to the position.

OLD FAVORITES.

Rain on the Roof.

When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother
As she used in years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
Oh! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to the refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember that I loved her
As I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain. —*Coates Kinney.*

The Rain Upon the Roof.

Long ago a poet dreaming,
Weaving fancy's warp and woof,
Penned a tender, soothing poem
On the "Rain upon the Roof"

Once I read it, and its beauty
Filled my heart with memories sweet;
Days of childhood fluttered round me,
Violets sprang beneath my feet.
And my gentle, loving mother
Spoke again in accents mild,
Curbing every wayward passion
Of her happy, thoughtless child.
Then I heard the swallows twittering
Underneath the cabin eaves,
And the laughing shout of Willie
Up among the maple leaves.
Then I blessed the poet's dreaming—
Blessed his fancy's warp and woof,
And I wept o'er memories treasured,
As the rain fell on the roof.

Years ago I lost the poem,
But its sweetness lingered still,
As the freshness of the valley
Marks where flowed the springtime rill.
Lost to reach, but not to feeling;
For the rain-drop never falls
O'er my head with pattering music,
But it peoples memory's halls
With the old familiar faces
Loved and treasured long ago,
Treasured now as in life's springtime,—
For no change my heart can know.
And I live again my childhood
In the home far, far away;
Roam the woodland, orchard, wildwood,
With my playmates still at play;
Then my gray hairs press the pillow,
Holding all the world aloof,
Dreaming sweetly as I listen
To the rain upon the roof.

Every pattering drop that falleth
Seemeth like an angel's tread,
Bringing messages of mercy
To the weary heart and head.
Pleasant thoughts of years departed,
Pleasant soothings for today,
Earnest longings for tomorrow,
Hoping for the far away;
For I know each drop that falleth
Comes to bless the thirsty earth,
Making seed to bud and blossom,
Springing all things into birth.
As the radiant bow that scattereth
All our faithlessness with proof
Of a seedtime and a harvest,
So the rain upon the roof. —*Mrs. F. B. Gage.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Miguel Primo Rivera, Marquis de Estella, leader of the revolt at Barcelona and of the revolutionary movement which overthrew the Alhucemas ministry, took the oath of office as President of the Council before King Alfonso, September 15. The new premier, who is a man of powerful influence and associations, is supported by the military party in Spain. The city of Barcelona is reported to be quiet and orderly, as practically all the populace is in sympathy with his cause. However, the military revolt which broke out in Barcelona and rapidly spread to other parts of Spain is said to have been a complete surprise to both the public and the governing circles.

The latest citation of Marshal Petain is that of rose-farmer, the eminent French soldier having won a prize for producing a blue variety of rose on his farm on the French Riviera. Whenever the Marshal is not assigned to military inspections in the south of France he is laboring in his gardens in shirt sleeves, a Panama supplanting his military cap. His blue rose is said to be the first evolved that may be kept flowering for weeks. The products of the Marshal's gardens are being eagerly sought by the perfume manufacturers who propose to organize a company to market Petain brands in competition with the already famous brands of Senator Coty.

Great Britain's champion woman cricketer is Miss Muriel Maxted, captain of the Beaver Wednesday Cricket Club, who has led her team to many victories.

Monsignor Barry-Doyle, chaplain of the British forces at Constantinople, is visiting this country to raise funds to establish schools throughout the Near East.

Rollo H. Beck, naturalist in charge of the Harry Payne Whitney Expedition to the islands of the South Pacific, recently returned to New York after voyaging in that remote archipelago for three years and reported that his party had visited more than a hundred islands in its seventy-five ton auxiliary schooner. Mr. Beck was laden with scientific spoils of victory, for he brought back thirty bird forms said to be unknown to ornithology and many others known but unrepresented in any museum. An example is the Krusenstern pigeon which is so rare that it has been suspected of being an invention of its discoverer who made a color plate of it in 1813. Mr. Beck declares that the islands of French Oceania are a mecca for the evolutionist, surpassing even the Galapagos where Darwin made many of his observations. He described the region as "a vast laboratory where the workings of evolution may be studied perhaps better than anywhere else, since evolution in that part of the Pacific has operated on a vast scale." Mr. Beck, who is always accompanied by his wife, also a naturalist, expects to return shortly for another two-year period of evolutionary research.

Dr. Louise Stanley, formerly dean of home economics at the University of Missouri, took charge of the newly established bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture on September 1st. Secretary H. C. Wallace selected her for the position. The development of her department at the University of Missouri, where Dr. Stanley has been since 1907 as instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, and dean, is said to be largely due to her efforts. Dr. Stanley, who was born and reared on a Tennessee farm, is a graduate of the University of Nashville. She took her master's degree at Columbia and her doctor's degree at Yale. In 1913 she was a delegate to the International Conference of Home Economics Teaching at Ghent, Belgium. Home economics work in the Department of Agriculture was carried on in connection with the States Relations Service but the establishment of a separate bureau was urged by Secretary Wallace to render better service to workers in farming and rural communities and to promote research work in new fields.

Viscount Leverhulme, England's great soap manufacturing magnate, recently passed his seventy-second birthday but is nevertheless planning to tour the world shortly to inspect the various enterprises with which he is connected. He will visit this country in November. Lord Leverhulme, who has been frequently called "more American than the Americans" on his several visits here in the past, is in habits and life more like a self-made American than a British peer. Leverhulme, whose title was oddly formed by combining his family name with that of his wife, was born William Hesketh Lever. He began life as a clerk in his father's grocery in 1867. Twenty years later he began to manufacture soap on a small scale, which in time grew to a business capitalized at $500,000,000. Needless to say the enterprising viscount is a tremendous worker. He is on the job at 6 a. m. and stays there till 7 p. m. However, he long ago established the eight-hour law for his employees. Lord Leverhulme is a staunch supporter of Lloyd George. He was in parliament four years but found the unprogressive atmosphere distasteful. He is a great patron of art, his private collection ranking as the largest in Europe.

David Lyn, whom President Coolidge has selected to fill the place left vacant by the death of Elliott Woods as architect of the capitol of the United States, was for years the civil engineer of the big structure.

SOME VICTORIAN WOMEN.

Harry Furniss Delineates Those of England's Golden Age with a Light and Pleasing Touch.

As the *Punch* reading world and serious students of Dickens and Thackeray know, Harry Furniss is a leading British black-and-white artist and cartoonist. Like all the rest of his celebrated or accomplished compatriots he has now written his memoirs, and running true to form as an artist—hence an admirer of beauty, he has concentrated the backward glance of his memory on the lovely women he has encountered during a long career as artist and diner-out, or, as he has himself expressed it, on "Some Victorian Women, Good, Bad, and Indifferent." It sounds alluring and the product quite lives up to one's expectations. Mr. Furniss in the dual capacity noted above has known practically all of the ladies thus designated and of those whose historic precedence preclude sitting to Mr. Furniss for first-hand portraiture, he is amply provided with enough anecdotes to bridge the gap.

Naturally, an artist's view of women is somewhat different from an ordinary man's, though we may state at the outset that despite his obvious admiration of the handsomer samples of the sex, Mr. Furniss does not shine as a limner of fair women. It may be his medium—we have always thought even the noted Gibson beauties a bit harsh of feature and pose—or it may be his submersion in the art of cartooning. We do not imagine Dicken's other noted illustrator, Phiz, was ever a serious claimant of the mantle of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and by the same token Mr. Furniss shows more felicity in caricaturing great men—who are the very best material for the humorous artist, obviously—than in sketching the beauties of his day. Still, there is no doubt he appreciated their good points and if his pen drawings have done them poor justice he makes amends in his reminiscences. But not all his recollections concern the fair. His cartoonist soul revels in this description of the mother, and incidentally of the father, of Oscar Wilde:

And yet there is Lady Wilde, an actual person, described thus in this life of her son: "A very tall woman—she looked over six feet high—she wore a long crimson silk gown which swept the floor. . . . Round what had been a waist an Oriental scarf embroidered with gold was twisted. The long, massive, handsome face was plastered with powder. Over her blue-black, glossy hair was a gilt crown of laurels. Her throat was bare, so were her arms, but they were covered with quaint jewelry. On her broad chest was festooned a series of large miniature brooches, evidently family portraits . . . . this gave her the appearance of a walking family mausoleum. She wore white kid gloves, held a scent-bottle, a lace handkerchief, and a fan."

Lady Wilde, had she been cleaned up and plainly and rationally dressed, would have made a remarkably fine model of the *grande dame*, but with all her paint and tinsel and tawdry tragedy-queen get-up she was a walking burlesque of motherhood. Her husband resembled a monkey, a miserable-looking creature, who, apparently unshorn and unkempt, looked as if he had been rolling in the dust. Monkeys were in those days dressed up and accompanied organ-grinders of the oily type. A Dublin woman, soliciting alms, was sharply rebuked by Sir William in Merrion Square—"Go away, go away, you beggars are a perfect nuisance." "Beggar indade!" squealed the woman. "Beggar! an' what are y'self thin when out with your I-talian masther wid a chain on ye."

Opposite to their pretentious dwelling in Dublin were the Turkish Baths, but to all appearance neither Sir William nor his lady walked across the street. At all the public functions these two peculiar objects appeared in their dust and eccentricity. Living caricatures, in evidence that neither Hogarth nor Dickens in their respective periods had the need to invent characters. They are ready to hand in real life, needing only a little trouble and a modicum of perspicacity to find them.

Their son Oscar did not, in this particular peculiarity, take after his parents. His linen was conspicuous by its glossy whiteness.

It is a curious fact on which we refrain from commenting that the most freakish examples of Victorian feminity are included in Mr. Furniss' chapter devoted to "Some Women Who Wrote." Here are some graphic sketches of a celebrated Victorian authoress:

I cannot say I ever *met* Ouida, but I followed her once, without knowing it, along a few yards of a corridor at the Langham Hotel. I happened to be calling upon an American acquaintance, some time early in the eighties, and I observed in front of me a curious figure of a woman or child—I could not determine which—rather short in stature, with reddish hair lying loose on her shoulders. She was wearing a straight gown of nondescript character. As she turned, I noticed she had a large nose and small eyes, and was no longer young. I asked my friend if there was a lunatic in the room next to his, and he replied there was a Frenchwoman with a brainstorm, who imagined she was Ouida; and we both heartily laughed at the idea. Subsequently, of course, I discovered my mistake.

Ouida evidently fascinated our caricaturist for he dwells on her eccentricities at some length:

Lady St. Helier (well known in Bohemian days as Lady Jeune), who was better acquainted with celebrities, both men and women, than any other London hostess, writes:

"It is always unwise to have preconceived ideas as to the character and appearance of any distinguished person."

This statement prefaces the description of her first meeting with Ouida. She anticipated "a graceful woman of middle age, with traces of great beauty, and brilliant conversation"—in fact, an ideal Egeria. In place of that, she found Ouida "small, insignificant-looking, with no pretension to beauty, her harsh voice, and manner almost grotesque in its affectation, completed the destruction of my ideal."

Ouida was one of the most extraordinary creatures—man or woman—the world has known, her colossal vanity, her eccentricities, her extravagance, her unpleasant personality and her talents were well known. Being unable to pronounce her own name as a little child she called herself Ouida. She maintained that "The Public has no business with what my name is or is not. Ouida is all that they have a right to know," and it was her characteristic reply when asked the origin of the name by which she became famous.

She liked to receive guests dressed in white satin seated in a red satin arm-chair, her feet stretched out to show their beautiful proportions, and, with an eye for effect, she usually made her mother dress in black.

She always dressed to fit the position of the heroine she was depicting at the time. Several writers have described her. William Allingham—Tennyson's friend and adviser, and himself a poet writes: "She was dressed in green silk, with a clever, sinister face, her bair down, small hands and feet and a voice like a carving-knife." And Henry James the novelist sums Ouida up thus: "She was *curious*, in a common, little way . . . of a most uppish or dauntless little spirit of arrogance and independence . . . a little terrible and finally pathetic grotesque."

Ouida was introduced to an American lady, the wife of a celebrated American writer; after a short conversation Ouida, in her hard, uncompromising way, abruptly said:

"You are American?"

"I guess that's so," replied the lady.

"I do not like Americans!" was Ouida's extraordinary rejoinder.

"Wall, that's vairy ungrateful of you, for it's we Americans, I guess, buy and read your filthy books."

But though we had begun to hope for a bookful of such piquant sketches we were to be disappointed in that particular respect. Mr. Furniss dwells at length upon the great Victorian beauties, whose reputation for looks, unfortunately, we must take on hearsay. Why is it that the portraits of even professional beauties rarely if ever live up to one's expectations? Perhaps Sir William Orpen is right and there are no beautiful women. We will let Mr. Furniss rhapsodize about one that he at least considered beautiful:

Ellen Terry appealed to artists even so far back as the Victorian era more than any actress of our time; she was essentially an artist's actress; to begin with, her bead was the type artists love to plan and paint. Her poses and gesutres were studioish, not stagy. She always "made a picture," and now, writing of her in her later years, she is still a delight to artists. All those who saw her Ophelia, saw a more beautiful Ophelia than any artist has ever depicted upon canvas. Millais' Ophelia floating in the stream had a hard, unsympathetic face, Maclise's silly, stupid lay figure of an Ophelia, in his celebrated picture of the trial scene, is a still harder type. There is nothing hard in the face of Ellen Terry. The same may be said of her Juliet. There may have been better Juliets. Julia Neilson, the best of all, has never been approached, and she acted the part as no other actress has acted it before or since—and her brief career was fifty years ago—yet, great though she was in the part, she did not appeal to artists so strongly as Ellen Terry. Even at the present time, when she played the nurse in a recent revival of the play, she was artistic. Her old women are as picturesque now as the heroines of her younger days.

The same may be said of Irving, he also appealed to artists. In every part he undertook, with the exception of Napoleon, he appeared to walk out of a picture. His poses, the movement of his hands, the manner in which he handled his robes in Richelieu and Becket, were studio poses, but they were not stagy. To an artist the Irving-Terry regime at the Lyceum was an education. Clothes may make the ordinary man or woman, but they certainly do not make an actor or an actress. Apropos of Irving's hands Miss Terry writes:

"As Charles I Sir Henry Irving was assisted by Nature, who had given him the most beautiful Stuart hands, but his clothes most actors would have consigned to the dust-bin! Before we had done with *Charles I*—we played it together the last time in 1902—these clothes were really threadbare. Yet he looked in them every inch a king. Henry Irving's Shylock dress was designed by Sir John Gilbert. It was never replaced, and only once cleaned by Henry's dresser and valet, Walter Collinson."

I know this to be correct, for just before Irving's death I had his full wardrobe in my studio to put on my model when drawing Irving in his famous characters. His dresser Collinson arranged them for me, and apologized for their condition—"They would disgrace a rag shop, sir, but the guv'nor would never have them touched."

Pictorial quality aside, here is an interesting note on Miss Terry's art that we fancy has not been generally advertised. It is a curious fact that memory and great talents are often divorced:

Miss Terry had one fault—perhaps I ought to call it a misfortune. She was always a "bad study," as actors call those who find a difficulty in learning their part. Irving was very loyal to her on all such occasions. I well remember the first night of *Robespierre*. When it came to the dramatic scene between himself and Miss Terry in Robespierre's room in the Rue St. Honoré, she unfortunately forgot her words entirely. Irving never flinched—he tried to prompt her—but her mind was a blank. With any other actress in the part this contretemps might have wrecked the play. But most of those in the theatre were the friends of the performers, and the sympathy for Miss Terry was only exceeded by their sympathy for Irving.

It is said, I do not know with what truth, that in later times Miss Terry was obliged to have her words written large on various pieces of paper, pinned on to the curtains and backs of chairs not seen by the audience, by which she refreshed her memory as she gracefully moved about the stage. It is a strange fact that our best actors and actresses are frequently those who find the greatest difficulty in remembering their parts.

Mr. Furniss is a loyal Victorian—he is even an advocate of the Victorian dress that is so hideous to modern eyes. In the following brief for the wearing of the crinoline he makes an amusing slip. Having first argued that the maligned crinoline plainly differentiated the "lady" from the "common woman" he adds that its further virtue was that it magically turned his common models from shopgirls into duchesses. The crinoline should truly be a panacea for all social ills:

The present generation look upon the women's dress of the Victorian era both in their mothers' and grandmothers' time with derision and the crinoline as an abortion. In this, young people are absolutely wrong, for there is one thing to be said of the much-ridiculed crinoline that cannot be applied to women of today. A lady looked and moved with dignity as a lady should when she wore a crinoline, but the commoner women did not, thus showing the different class of wearers very distinctly.

When I illustratcd a reissue of the works of Charles Dickens, I had lent me some genuine Victorian dresses of the Victorian era, which had been handed down to some aristocratic friends of mine. My models who wore these were tall, graceful girls and looked real duchesses in their crinolines and full-skirted gowns; but, when they donned their own modern attire, they might have been shopgirls or any one else—their distinction had vanished.

We have commented on the seeming impossibility of recording great beauty for posterity. Here is something further on the same lines that corroborates the notion that feminine beauty and art are incompatible:

Lord Millais has handed down scores of beautifully painted aristocratic English women with that refinement and purity so peculiar to his age—and his art. His pictures of women and children are enchanting and representative of his various styles. Simplicity of costume showed him at his best, but through force of circumstances he had to vary it.

I saw a good deal of Millais at the Garrick Club, and frequently had a chat with that unaffected, jolly, John-Bullish great man. He was very complimentary to me on my drawings of young girls. "Yes," I remarked, "young girls are delightful to paint, but we black-and-white artists, unless we draw fanciful subjects, are compelled nowadays to show them as half-grown-up women, frequently mere fashion-plates."

"Many of our portraits are the same, my dear Furniss, mere colored fashion-plates, and if they have any value in the future, it will be as fashion-plates and not as paintings," so said modest Millais.

As becomes an artist even if he is not a portrait painter, Mr. Furniss is much concerned with the vital subject of dress; its psychology, and its esthetic significance. Dress, which is the average person's only means of expressing taste, good or bad, is one of the most important developments of civilization—a fact curiously enough known chiefly by women and artists. Mr. Furniss shatters the ancient notion that women dress for men:

Young men are too conceited over their own appearance to bother about the dress of women; the middle-aged man, except those who live to make a splash in Society, or purely for outside impression, prefers the wife who does not dress overmuch, his idea being that the best-dressed women are those whose dress one never notices at all; and old men have passed the days of observing such matters altogether. But, on the other hand, women—young, middle-aged and old—admire, emulate, criticize or ridicule other women's dresses. Of course by dress I mean everything, from the feather in the hat to the tip of the shoe.

Our artist reminiscencer goes so far in his fashion dictates as to suggest that women should shun such sports—riding for instance—as demand an unbecoming get-up. But though it is only too true that the average woman is pretty hard to look at in a riding habit, we cannot go so far as our author and recommend a return to the three-cornered hat and the long flowing habit. We shall tolerate the crinoline if need be but not the dressing jacket boudoir effect of the one-time lady rider:

In the old days hunting and hawking were graceful sports for women, from the artistic point of view at any rate, even if they suggested cruelty and unfeminine characteristics. The picturesque three-cornered hat, the green jacket and long flowing habit, were once popular subjects with artists—nowadays, dear me! How changed it all is! All the picturesqueness is gone, and, although there is no prettier sight than a young girl following the hounds, her elder sisters are anything but at their best in hard bowler hats, the tight plain jacket and the short skimpy habit and riding astride—which is unsuited for and looks hideous in portraiture.

But the foibles of dress can be even too much for their professional delineator. From which we infer that in the final analysis women are the only true devotees of the sacred art:

There was a portrait painter I knew whose sitter, a middle-aged rich woman, came the first day wearing a wonderful hat lavishly trimmed with real roses. This she wished to be painted. The hat was arranged on the table by her side. "Very well," said the artist, I had better paint the hat first, otherwise the flowers will be dead before I get to them." So the painting in of her own face and figure was postponed. When the painter was ready to start with the portrait she arrived with her maid and in a gorgeous evening gown. She had changed her mind and decided to be painted in that. The artist subsequently pointed out that she would not have her hat by her side when she was attired in evening dress, but she declined to have the flowers painted out. When the artist completed the portrait he turned the lady's hat into a bowl in which the flowers appeared quite naturally. But the sitter strongly objected. She must have the hat—she had worn it at a garden party that day previous to her first visit, and she insisted that it must be shown. There was nothing to do but repaint her gown back into a morning one, for which she sat quite happily. The portrait was sent home in due course with an account:

To altering dress £105.

We regret that the restrictions of space prevent further exposition of Mr. Furniss' feminine friends but we can most heartily commend other admirers of his subject matter, women, good, bad and indifferent, to a perusal of his record of Victorian actresses, models, hostesses, workers, artists, and criminals.

SOME VICTORIAN WOMEN. By Harry Furniss. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $4.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending September 29, 1923, were $166,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $149,700,000, an increase of $17,000,000.

Clearings for the month ending September 29, 1923, were $651,500,000, for the same month of last year $639,900,000, an increase of $11,600,000 for the month.

It is a popular error that railroads in the United States are guaranteed by Government 5¾ per cent. net profits. This is by no means the case. Rather the contrary. Railroads are not permitted to earn more than 5¾ per cent. in any one year. If the profit made fall short of this the deficit is not accumulative. That is to say it cannot he added on to some following year, so that the average over a term of years shall he 5¾ per cent.

This may he seen by some concrete examples. Since the passage of the Esch-Cummins Act, which restricts earning to 5¾ per cent. yearly, average earnings of 193 first class railroads have heen 3.97 per cent. This is over a period of 35 months. Eastern lines earned 4.08 per cent., western 3.83 per cent. This covers whole interim since passage of Esch-Cummins Act. It includes first seven months of current year when earnings have heen considerahly hetter. But Government has not made up to shareholders the difference hetween 3.97 per cent. and 5.75 per cent. Shareholders, averagely, had to stand the loss for 28 months of 1.78 per cent.

Since heginning of 1923 railroads have been doing better. Average earnings for all first class lines have been at rate of 5.51 per cent. Southern railroads have done hest with 6.47 per cent. Eastern roads came slightly hehind with 6.40 per cent. Western roads, having to face the competition of the intercoastal marine and not always having return freight, have had to he content with 4.17 per cent.

Now at the end of the year those railroads which have earned more than 5.75 per cent must cut their profits to the Government mark. But no compensation is given on the other hand to railroads which have not heen ahle to earn their shareholders the maximum dividend. The Government insists on having both ends. It is of this injustice that the railroads rightly complain.

Some light may he thrown on the matter by looking for a moment into the financing and profits of British Indian railroads. Some of these lines are for strategical purposes and are wholly government roads. They are operated not for profit hut for protection of the frontiers, particularly the Afghan or Northwestern frontier. But tbe majority are private roads. Government guarantees earnings of these railroads in the interest of shareholders, in the hope that native and other capital will he attracted and so further the great development of the country. So far the situation is on a parity with that of western America, with the important difference that there exists no guarantee within United States.

But the price of this guarantee is that a government official is a part of the director-ate and as such has direct access to all hooks. This official (who is a part of the permanent civil service and wholly non-political), looking after tbe interests of shippers, may order a cut in the freights or passenger rates. But if he do so and in consequence profits fall below a certain mark, usually 4 per cent., the Government which he represents must make up the deficit.

That official is in a cleft stick. If the railroad declare an inordinate profit he will he censured. If its profits fall helow 4 per cent. and the Government is called upon to make up the deficit he is equally sure of censure. His promotion, hence his future pension, hangs upon his executive ahility. He must make good or quit.

This system now works practieally in India so that these continual freight troubles to which the American public has fallen heir are, in comparison, non-existent. But what suits India certainly will not suit United States.

Yet the principle hehind, if not the method, is as suitahle, as proper, as just, in United States as in India. That principle is that if Government insists upon interfering with rate making it should he prepared to pay the piper in thus calling the tune. That is to say the railroads held down to a low profit are entitled to a guarantee to the extent of that maximum. —*Business Chronicle.*

At no previous period in the last five years has the general situation in the United States been as stable as today. Business continues active and there is confidence in the outlook. The advance in money rates which has taken place since the heginning of July is no greater than is to he expected as requirements for funds approach their autumn peak. Except where special factors affecting supply and demand are operative, the general price level shows no indication of radical change, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Considering the country as a whole, purchasing power is good and while consumers are disposed to huy earefully they are nevertheless purchasing steadily and in good volume. Production in most lines is heing maintained at a fair rate with promise of the customary seasonal expansion. High wages, bigh prices of imporatant raw materials and resistance to price advances on the part of consumers have combined to restrict profits in many industries, hut this is a thoroughly sound situation. Business peril lies in easy profits. Rigid economy, improvement of methods and effective selling policies are all encouraged hy the conditions now prevailing, and the result should he continuance of prosperity.

Abroad, the period from August 16 to Septemher 15 has heen marked hy a series of notable events. While they can not fail eventually to have a certain repercussion here, quite as significant as the events themselves has heen the relatively slight response to them in the markets of North America. It is so ohvious as to he a truism that in the long run the husiness of each country is dependent on that of every other country, hut the fact is generally overlooked that the international character of modern business exerts a stahilizing effect, rather than the reverse. Thus, the Japanese earthquake is undouhtedly one of the greatest physical catastrophes of history. Official estimates place the total casualties, including dead, wounded and missing at 1,357,000. Estimates of property losses are as yet of little value hut there is no douht that they were very great and the disorganizing effect on Japanese husiness and industry in itself constitutes a heavy potential monetary loss. The response to the humanitarian appeal has heen prompt, hut except in the silk market the effects on husiness have heen negligible. It is now helieved that even in the case of that commodity, other sources of supply will stahilize the situation. Ultimately there will he need of materials and supplies in important amounts for reconstruction hut it is now apparent that this demand will make itself felt only gradually.

It seems that real progress is at last being made toward hreaking the deadlock in the Ruhr, the first and greatest step toward adjustment of the postwar difficulties of North Europe. Although this affords grounds for encouragement to American husiness it is no justification for the hope that European demand for many important products of the United States will show immediate expansion and much less does it justify the expectation that that demand will reach the proportions of war and postwar years.

The hest evidence of gradual European hetterment in the face of apparently wellnight insuperable political aud financial haudicaps in the increase in production, especially of foods. Better political and husiness conditions will unquestionahly increase purchasing power, hut the first requisite of economic health for a nation or an individual is limitation of expenditure to income, and the condition of most European countries is sueh that rigid national and individual economy must he practised for a long time. This is the great penalty of the war.

At least equally as important as international political events is the raising of the official estimate of the wheat crop of Canada from 383,000,000 hushels at the end of July to 470,000,000 hushels at the end of August. The indicated yield is 71,000,000 hushels in excess of the largest Canadian crop harvested heretofore, and is accounted for by an increase of 84,000,000 bushels in Alherta, Canada's newest wheat province.

Although actual changes in rates were not great hetween August 16 and Septemher 15, the undertone of the market has heen firmer. The volume of commercial loans of reporting member hanks has increased steadily since the close of July. Rediscounts with the Federal reserve hanks have increased moderately. These are hoth normal seasonal movements and justify the expectation of continued firmness of money rates with an upward tendency.

The Japanese earthquake, the Greek-Italian difficulty, threatened friction at Fiume, and the Spanish revolt were new faetors contrihuting to the fluctuations in the leading exchanges from August 16 to Septemher 15. To these influences was added some seasonal increase in the volume of hills. In the face of all these factors the actual net change in most of the leading exchanges was quite small during the period.

Inactivity prevailed in the securities market from August 16 to Septemher 15 and such price changes as occurred were without significance. This condition may he expected to persist as long as money rates are firm or rising. The volume of new offerings was somewhat larger than during the preceding period, hut aside from the issue of United States Treasury Certificates of Indehtedness the total was small, in comparison with active periods of the last two years.

The stock market, after weathering some heavy storms during the summer and rehounding in splendid fashion, has latterly become greatly unsettled through a variety of causes. The principal factor that gave hears the opportunity to hammer prices was the fact that the public was not coming into the market in any considerable manner. Consequently, it was a case of a stale market after professionals and insiders had held up prices and used the short interest from time to time as a fulcrum.

The customary fall spurt in trade has developed in most lines and there seems nothing in the business prospect to warrant lack of confidence in continued very fair average general prosperity. Some financial writers of bearish proclivities say that we are in for three weeks of a hear market; others, that we will have down prices the rest of the year, and others, that the real hear market will not culminate until the Presidential campaign is in full swing next year. There are so many stocks and of such varied characters listed on the Exchange, however, which may he affected hy any numher of changes in the general situation here and ahroad as to suggest that any attempt to predict the trend of stock-market prices is silly in the extreme when applied to individual cases, at least.

There has heen a very definite change for the hetter in some lines of husiness, such as chemicals and fertilizers, which had heen so hadly hurt some time ago. The shipping trade has heen on such an unfavorahle hasis so long that it has been endeavoring to readjust itself to these conditions and any radical change in them, such as a real settlement of the Ruhr problem and a resumption of active husiness with Germany, would probahly find the shipping shares in hloom again and in short order. Incidentally the large companies are finding the lure of the "round-the-world" and other cruises a source of profitahle employment for vessels that might otherwise he idle.

The steel trade comes into the fall haltingly, hut it would seem that very hig business in almost all lines of the industry is ahead. Certainly railroads continue their expansion programs. The electrical husiness and manufacture of cans and containers are two lines of trade that show hardly any limits of expansion. European countries are developing their hydro-electric possihilities in a remarkahle manner, and, with coal and lahor so high, this country will continue to develop its water-power resources.

The oil situation offers no new problems to the trade, though the solution of the present

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over-production is proving a real hardship to many companies. Consumption is increasing at such an enormous rate that it should not be a great while before the present difficulties are surmounted.

It is a matter of doubt as to whether the rubber trade is in as unfavorable situation as the bears are talking. There is still a contention in the sugar trade as to the basis for stability of raw sugar prices. And so on through various lines we find a flow of changing conditions, but, on the whole, labor is very well employed and at a splendid scale of wages. At the same time there is a diminution of the so-called "snowballing" of wages which was so prevalent in our local building trade some time ago. So that we see in the list of industrials stocks reflecting such various activities that will themselves be affected by developments from time to time without regard to the so-called average price trend that the chart readers make so much of. Indeed, the past month has seen new high 1923 prices for stocks of certain locomotive, publishing, can, chemical, food, tobacco, pipe and motor companies.

For a month the average price trend of commodity prices has shown an upward tendency though the advance has been very gradual. This is anything but a bear factor.

Railroads are facing the demands for readjustment of wages upward and rates downward, and, if these demands are granted, naturally it would cut into railroad profits enormously. At the same time there are here and there pools operating in rails that seem to be satisfied with their position and ready to go ahead at the first favorable opportunity in the market. Certainly, from an asset value standpoint, railroad stocks are cheap all around, and the August statements presently forthcoming should make bullish reading, on the whole.

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Among the public utilities there are certainly a great many bargains if any sort of careful selection is made, and when it comes to specialties certain chain-store propositions look very attractive. During periods of market stress when liquidation occurs and short sellers are taking all sorts of chances, it is possible to pick up some very choice securities at levels that will look ridiculously cheap in a little while.—*The Trader.*

The past month has been marked by a number of calamitous events that resulted in great destruction of property. Foremost in world importance was the earthquake in Japan, which caused the loss of many thousands of human lives and a wastage of property running into billions of dollars. San Francisco shared in the worldwide sympathy aroused by this disaster and expressed its feeling in cash contihutions for relief of the survivors amounting to half a million dollars. Many other cities in California were equally generous. Nearer home, a catastrophe on the California coast was the wrecking of seven naval vessels. More recently, a series of destructive fires occurred throughout Central California. In the City of Berkeley, nearly a thousand homes were burned in a day, with a loss estimated at ten million dollars.

While the immediate effect of these misfortunes is to create a sudden demand for materials and labor for relief and rehabilitation, the ultimate outcome is a decided economic loss. Wealth destroyed or dissipated can only be replaced by savings accumulated in the past, or to be accumulated in the future. Whether the individual who has sustained a loss bears the burden himself, or shares it with insurance companies, capital must be taken out of investment, or borrowed against future savings, and the net consequence is a dimunition in the world's store of wealth, a shrinkage in spending power, and depression in greater or less degree. Earthquake, fire and shipwreck are unmitigated evils, like war, and the whole world pays the bill eventually.

On the whole, however, business has taken these calamities, as it has the anthracite coal strke in Pennsylvania and the Greek-Italian row, with philosophic calm, and there has been no visible effect upon markets, or on the activities of trade. While a conservative attitude toward large commitments prevail, the volume of trade and commerce keeps up remarkably well, and the outlook for the fall and winter is fairly promising.

New building permits in August reported from 150 leading cities showed a gain of more than 10 per cent. over the July figures, and were 13 per cent. ahead of August, 1922. Freight car loadings, which have been averaging over a million cars a week since June, established a new high record of 1,092,567 cars in the week ending September 1. Unfilled orders on the books of the Steel Corporation are declining, but plants are operating at about 85 per cent. of capacity. General price level, as shown in reliable indexes, advanced slightly in August, and the downward trend which began in April and continued into midsummer seems to be definitely checked. If further changes occur, they appear more likely to be upward than downward.

Retail store business in all the leading centers of the country is reported to be fair, and August sales by the foremost mail order houses showed marked gains over the corresponding month of last year. Advancing prices on many agricultural products, coupled with good crops, have contributed to a more cheerful sentiment in the great farming areas of the Middle West.

One of the big factors in maintaining the volume of manufacture and transportation is the automobile industry. The production of cars and trucks in August totalled 348,732 vehicles, a gain of 28 per cent. over August, 1922. Although sales begin to show signs of declining, that is a condition to be expected in the autoumn months. A competent authority declares that 20,515 new cars and trucks were purchased in California during August, and if sales continue during the last four months of the year in the same proportion as in the first eight months more than 200,000 people will be driving cars next Christmas who were not driving last New Year's.—*The American Bank Financial Letter.*

The growing feeling of confidence in the business outlook has been reflected by strength in the security markets, together with increased activity and breadth of trading. We now have had a full month of rising prices and many stocks have enjoyed a recovery equivalent to one-half to three-fourths of their decline of the early summer, and a few special issues have even made new high prices for the year. This is pretty conclusive evidence that the pessimism current in July did not picture the true business prospects and that the selling movement in the market was carried to a point beyond all reason. Whether the recovery has for the time being measured the likely industrial activity of the fall will be answered probably in the action of the market itself during the next week or two. So far there does not appear any slackening in the general upward trend, but the higher stocks go, the greater the advisability to discriminate carefully in buying, says *Town Topics.*

The outlook this fall is for a very satisfactory volume of business in most lines of industry. Overproduction in oil continues, but the total output is decreasing very slightly, and while it may take some time to remedy the situation and probably some of the weaker units will be eliminated, in the final result the large and strongly financed companies will be benefited. However, oil, shipping and a few other unprosperous industries are exceptions and do not typify general business conditions. The feeling in the steel trade is decidedly more optimistic than a few weeks ago, and the independents report a considerable increase in new orders and inquiries. The Steel Corporation is operating at close to 90 per cent. of capacity, which is all that could be expected considering the normal slowing down due to hot weather and the necessary repair work that is reserved for the summer months. Prices hold firm and it is not unlikely that there may be some slight increases in the course of the month, provided incoming orders are up to expectations. Pig-iron production is still declining, and it looks as if the unhealthy condition here had been corrected.

The July earnings of the railroads are with very few exceptions excellent and the weekly reports of freight-car loadings promise even better profits for August and the current montb. Recognition of Mexico is a most helpful factor and should mean increased trade with that republic. Higher corn and wheat prices have done much to dispel the discouragement in the rural West, and there seems little doubt that cotton will yield a substantial profit in the South.

The European situation has been further complicated by the Italian demonstration, but there isn't much powder in the Balkan magazine any more. The terrible Japanese disaster will mean big rebuilding demands such as followed the San Francisco fire. Steel and iron will be used more extensively. More than this, it means that America's great heart will flow with golden relief to the stricken, will effectually put a quietus on the Japanese jingo party and will cement friendship between the two countries for the next decade as never before. Meanwhile, German and French industrialists really seem trying to work out a plan for salvation in the Ruhr, and may succeed.

The condensed income account of the Pacific States Lumber Company for the twelve months ended May 31, 1923, has just been received and makes the following excellent showing:

Net sales	$6,064,822
Net earnings available for interest, depreciation and depletion	1,908,154
Depreciation	387,747
Depletion	306,365
Balance	$1,214,042
Interest on funded debt	557,148
Surplus	$ 656,894
Times Interest Earned:	
Before depreciation and depletion	3.42
After depreciation and depletion	2.18

It should be borne in mind that the above statement covers seven months of 1922 and only the first five months of 1923. Consequently the company was not in a position during a large part of the period covered to fully benefit from its refinancing which was effected at the beginning of 1922. It is not surprising, therefore, that earnings for the year 1923 will probably make a much more favorable showing than the above. Estimated on the basis of actual results for the first quarter and with no greater volume of business, the balance before fixed charges will exceed $1,550,000 and the surplus after interest on funded debt and other charges will amount to over $790,000.

The above item of interest on funded debt for the period covered of twelve months ended May 31, 1923, amounts to one year's interest at 8 per cent. on an average amount of$6,964,300. Inasmuch as the original total issue of bonds was $7,330,000, the company has evidently purchased and retired approximately $365,000 par value.

The necessity of rebuilding arising out of tbe Japanese disaster and the Berkeley fire will undoubtedly absorb any possible surplus product for a long time to come.—*Cyrus Peirce & Company, Statistical Department.*

The National Bank of Commerce in an article "Public Debt Management" appearing in the October issue of *Commerce Monthly,* says:

"Among the notable achievements of the United States Treasury in the past few years the skillful management of the debt is particularly significant. The total public debt has been reduced by more than four billion dollars and maturities of the war debt have been rearranged with a view to facilitating final payment.

"The interest bearing debt of the United States reached its peak on August 31, 1919, at the round amount of 26.4 billion dollars. By August 31, 1923, the debt had been reduced to 22 billions. At this rate of payment the entire debt would be extinguished within a quarter of a century.

"Most of the refunding done by the Treasury so far has given rise to short-term issues. A billion dollars of the certificate debt has been rolled along, and from time to time notes with a maturity of less than five years have been floated, more than four billions in all. As a result of its policy of careful adjustment of the terms of its offerings to investment conditions, the Treasury has become a preferred borrower in the market.

"Looking forward from August, 1919, when the debt was at the peak, the fiscal years in which the several war loans were to fall due promised to be difficult periods in Treasury financing. These years were 1923, 1929, 1939, 1943 and 1947.

"Having successfully effected the refundings incident to the 1923 maturities, the Treasury will now have occasion to consider the second phase of war loan management which culminates with the maturity of the Third Liberty Loan in the autumn of 1928. The statutory sinking fund will no doubt play an important part in debt management in the coming years. Operating alone, it could retire the whole debt in 40 years. There are, however, other factors in debt reduction. Certain sorts of receipts are earmarked for application to debt payment. Among these are Federal Reserve Bank franchise taxes and war obligations received in settlement of estate taxes. Moreover, the Second Liberty Loan Act definitely appropriates any repayments on the principal of the allied indebtedness to the retirement of our own war obligations. Of the 11 billions owed to the United States by foreign governments, 4.6 billions is the debt of Great Britain. This is the only substantial portion that has been funded as yet or in connection with which final terms as to interest rates and repayments have been made."

In estimating the amount which may be available for debt retirement in the near future, the bank points out that amortization payments on the British debt in the next few years average about 25 millions per year and interest payments average about 135 millions. According to the terms of the agreement, payments may be tendered in obligations of the United States at their par value.

In connection with the negotiations involved in several prospective loans in this territory and in the southern part of the state, Frank W. Camp, vice-president and treasurer of Freeman, Smith & Camp Co., reached San Francisco the first of the week on a rather extended trip from the Portland office of the company, where he is resident. Before returning north he will visit the other California offices of the investment house in Los Angeles and Oakland.

Asked about the highlights of the present market, Mr. Camp commented on the strong demand, particularly among the smaller investors, for first mortgage bonds on real estate, especially where the security is under the eye of the investor. Business in securities of this type, he said, had been particularly active during recent months, and the field had proved to be a very attractive one to the bond house. The factors of yield and the first hand knowledge of the physical situation of the security had been the inviting considerations to the investor, he declared.

Just recently Mr. Camp relinquished the secretaryship of the bond house, which he had held since its organization, retaining the treasurership, however, and assuming the greater responsibilities of a vice-presidency.

American Bankers' Association approves recommendations for changes in Federal Reserve System to protect it from political control.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Interpreting Us Abroad.

Building the American Nation. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's lectures on the Sir George Watson Foundation, recently delivered to six of the foremost British universities, having fulfilled their purpose of interpreting America to its parent nation, have now been published at home for the still more important end of interpreting our nation to itself. Americanization has become a science of late years and nowhere is it more needed than in our foreign born midst. We have no statistics at hand but imagination easily rises to the occasion. If such a book as Dr. Butler's comes with fresh significance to the average enlightened American, reared on the heroic myths of the founders of the country, it is problematic whether it is he or his foreign born neighbor who needs this "Essay in Interpretation" more, but need it they both do, and both need it more than the British scholars who probably are possessed of more accurate facts concerning the origin of these United States than is the average citizen thereof.

However, none of us needs be ashamed to learn—the literature of the subject, says Dr. Butler, is "literally enormous. Not even a Macaulay or a Von Ranke could hope to master it all." So let us be thankful for such interpreters as Dr. Butler, who in addition to mastering a very considerable portion of it is also able to give us its gist with brilliant lucidity. We wrote last week of the approved modern method of writing history with reference to the Hon. Clive Bigham's "Chief Ministers of England." Dr. Butler has pursued the same course—of representing a period by cross section through the life of its leader or leaders. It is a singularly lucid device and one which cannot fail to clarify history in the lay mind. The six addresses comprising "Building the American Nation" cover the six crucial periods of our history, respectively fused by the achievements of Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin in the pre-revolutionary era, Washington in the revolutionary, Hamilton and James Madison during the foundation of the republic, Thomas Jefferson as the symbol of the new spirit of democracy, John Marshall, Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson in the formative period of law and opinion, Lincoln as riveter of the disunified nation and finally, the sixth period of growth and change, our latest phase, which please note has not been dominated by any historical personage of the first rank. Perhaps the needs of the time breed the men as Carlyle held. At least the irreverent idea will obtrude itself that after all Dr. Butler was rather misrepresenting us abroad by our galaxy of past great ones. We have been living on our laurels. R. G.

Elevating the Mexicans.

The Social Revolution in Mexico. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co.; $1.75.

A traveler's book depends for its value largely on the mental status of the traveler. Given a man with a good working set of brains and unprejudiced opinions, the impressions gained in a short time are often more intensive and clear-cut and hence more valuable than those which slowly form and change during a period of years.

So with the six months which Professor Ross spent in South America, the quota of eleven weeks devoted to Mexico has produced a condensed, concentrated series of impressions carrying only essential features and high lights. He omits all subjects dealing with foreign relations, American recognition, oil concessions, etc., and concerns himself rather with the Mexican people; the reactions of the revolutionary years from 1911 to 1922; the labor organizations, the educational situation, and the church.

He has an informing chapter on land distribution, (some call it reform) which was an effect of the revolution, and another on the labor movement, and he quotes resident Americans as to the latent ability of Mexican workers. But in spite of the breaking up of the Mexican feudal system and the distribution of land, the peons are as yet unequal to the opportunity, in bondage as they are to ignorance, fear and habit. The hope of the people lies in the education of the children. The leaders of revolutionary thought are looking to land confiscation to uplift the lower classes, while Americans in Mexico and Mexicans of American education rest all their hopes on education.

This at present is not yet on a sound basis. In spite of the impetus given to education in the earlier years of Diaz' regime, all real effort in this direction has declined, and at present is not carried on under the best conditions. The outlook in this respect is not hopeful, although Professor Ross considers the American missionary schools established in Mexico to be rendering valuable service as models of school-rooms, equipment and teachers. At the same time he does not think that Protestanism will ever be a large factor in Mexico, considering the mental slant of the majority of the people, their inability to accept abstract religious ideas, and their instinctive response to the appeal which music, ecclesiastical beauty, decoration and ceremony make to their emotions. He adds that the missionaries should not count on great success in the way of conversions, but should rest content with their accomplishments in the matter of sound example and their success in raising the plane of popular education and "keying the work of the church to a higher and more social note."

A Lady of Victorian England.

Lady Rose Weigall. By Rachel Weigall. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $3.00.

This portrait of Lady Rose Weigall, as drawn by her daughter, shows an interesting woman of the Victorian age with all the attributes of the Englishwoman of that period, save perhaps two rather unusual exceptions: she did not like dogs, and was afraid of horses!

Lady Rose Weigall was the daugbter of the Earl of Westmoreland and niece of the Duke of Wellington. She became the wife of Henry Weigall, the celebrated portrait painter, and after a youth passed in Berlin and Vienna, where her father served as Minister, and a girlhood passed at Apethrope, her ancestral home in England, she spent the remainder of a useful life in her home near Ramsgate. During her life abroad Lady Rose met a number of famous persons, among them Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Ruhenstein, Jenny Lind—and in England her social position enabled her to meet and claim as friends many celebrities. Her reminiscences include Gladstone, Browning, Disraeli, and Carlyle with "his denunciation of everything, beginning with the universe and ending with a pair of shoes."

She gives us a highly entertaining account of the discovery of the ruins of a Roman villa on her father's estate, the excavations creating so much interest that a body of elderly archæologists were invited to Apethorpe by her father to view them at close range. Their enthusiasm was so great that she and her brothers could not refrain from increasing it by preparing some specimen's concocted out of broken flower pots, and burying them in likely and convenient spots. The immediate success of the fraud added to the collection of antiques and produced a permanent skepticism in the minds of the perpetrators.

The book has an excellent feature in the dating of the pages, so that the reader may know at a glance just when anything happened and just when letters were written. Among the illustrations is a copy of a striking painting of the Duke of Wellington by Henry Weigall.

The Pope as a Mountaineer.

Climbs on Alpine Peaks. By Abate Achille Ratti, Pope Pius XI. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.00.

This interesting collection of papers on mountain climbing is from the hand of the present Pope Pius XI, and has been translated by J. E. C. Eaton. It is a record of ascents made about thirty years ago and the simplicity and charm of the style well convey to the reader vivid impressions of these mountain expeditions which formed so large and absorbing a part of his early life. It is rare to find the three-fold combination of scholar, priest and mountaineer, existing in well-balanced proportion and happily united to form a finished product of character.

A great part of the writer's life was passed as librarian, first of the Ambrosian Library in Milan and afterwards of the Vatican Library in Rome, and this inborn love of an out-of-door life and a zest and joy in feasts of mountaineering and daring climbing, must have been a welcome relaxation in a life of literary work. The book is illustrated with photographs of remarkable clearness which aid the reader in visualizing the text.

In the Far North.

Down the Mackenzie. By Fullerton Waldo. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.00.

A book of travel provided with a good map is made doubly intelligible, and in reading "Down the Mackenzie," one has only to turn to the linings of both back and front covers and there spelled out before us is Mackenzie land with the big river rising as the Athahasca in Alberta, midway between Hudson Bay and the Pacific: flowing through Athahasca and Great Slave Lakes and emptying into Arctic waters not far from the Alaska border line.

Our traveler began his journey at Edmonton, once remote and out of the world, but now grown into a modern city and the rear rather than the vanguard of the long march to the Arctic. A keen observer and sympathetic interpreter of human nature, he found incidents in plenty in the course of his long summer journey from Edmonton to Fort MacPherson, within the Arctic Circle and just at the delta of the great river.

He came in contact with all sorts and conditions of men from trappers, traders, colonists and missionaries to Indians and Eskimos. The half-starved dogs of the Indians, the hull-dog flies and the mosquitoes, come in for a large share of comment and heated discussion, but what perhaps amazes the reader more than anything, are the unexpected outposts of civilization in that frozen north, and the footprints everywhere of the colonizing genius of the English. As far north as the Arctic Circle vegetable gardens were being planted, and isolation seemed to have lost its meaning. And at the frontier posts of Fort MacPherson an old Scotchman lives, who declared: "You can stand the outside for awhile but after that it gets monotonous."

People of the Jungle.

Jungle Beasts and Men. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

There have been many successors of Kipling's Jungle Book, but perhaps no one has so entered into the spirit of India and so understood both the men and beasts of that wonder country as the author of this most interesting book. While Kipling must needs write from the outside, this native story-teller writes from the inside and interprets the hidden thought and life of his country.

His education in India and in the United States has given him a command of English and a beauty of expression which recall the poetry of Tagore, and which translate freely Oriental thought and point of view.

The meeting place of man and beast is always fascinating, and in these separate yet connected tales of adventure and danger we find both the thrills of fear and the tension of suspense, also a little understanding of the nature of beast as well as man. The denizens of the jungle become very real, and a succession of strange Oriental scenes unroll before the reader, with glimpses of that mysterious Soul of the East which the West has only half understood.

The Gallic Mixture.

Sky-Line Inn. By Donal Hamilton Haines. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.00.

The author of this story of humorous characterization and adventure was a military correspondent during the war, which is probably why he was taken with the idea of writing his story all about the figure of a French ex-soldier who has come to America, bearing his Gallic characteristics with him.

They are the traits of a brave, romantic and near-absurd romanticist whose prosaic wife cannot keep him equally matter-of-fact.

"Sky-Line Inn" is readable, only mildly amusing, but sufficiently full of action to entertain the idle-minded seeker of fictional diversion.

Warped Material.

Love's Pilgrim. By J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

In "Love's Pilgrim" the author has created the character of a young Englishman suffering from congenital lameness both physically and psychically, and lets him tell his own story. The son of an unhappy marriage, idolized by a selfish mother, his life was warped at once by inheritance, temperament, and faulty upbringing. His love adventures and their reactions were inevitable and resulted in an increased self-absorption, a brooding introspection and morbid outlook on life. The reality that finally appeared in his world of shadows seemed to have been just what he was waiting for in spite of complicating problems, and a state of devotion is reached after the second meeting. They seemed to have met somewhere before in a less material world, and took up the conversation where they had left off. Nothing else explains the immediate recognition of affinity.

For the rest, while the critical junctures lack the dignity of perspective, the protagonists are well-drawn and their character development well worked out, irrespective of the fact that they command neither the respect nor the liking of the reader.

Crime and Mystery.

Friday to Monday. By William Garrett. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.00.

A week-end may be so full of excitement as to pass like a watch in the night. Such a week-end Sir Richard Montague, returned traveler, experienced in the home of an old friend—built around an ancient Norman keep, where he least expected to find mystery and crime. Time is limited, so the story plunges at once into the beginning of the plot the very first Friday night, and Sir Richard fights his way through the thick of it for the next two days. There are pearls—black pearls at that—in question, both on the jacket of the book and in Sir Richard's pocket, and smugglers and an implicated aëroplane, and a final unwinding of the tangled skeins which leaves the reader breathless.

The story moves along without loss of interest and the author springs surprises up to the last chapter. Altogether he has made a good selection of the materials to be found in the trick box of mystery-story-writers.

Transatlantic Romance.

The Island of Destiny. By Arthur J. Rees. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.00.

This is one of the large flock of English novels constantly coming across the Atlantic. The author is expert in contriving melodrama with a romantic background. He writes well, but only to entertain, being a purveyor of the mystery story. In his specialty he is an adept in piquing our interest and writes with some pretensions to style.

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Views of Private Soldiers.

A Yankee With the Soldiers of the King. By Alexander Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

At intervals we meet a man sufficiently in earnest in pursuing ideals to throw aside all thought of personal gain. And though the world wonders about him, it generally respects him.

In "A Yankee With the Soldiers of the King," Dr. Alexander Irvine, an Irish-born clergyman, recounts his experiences during the war as a "self-appointed representative of the United States to Great Britain," and morale-raiser in the British Army.

The book is more or less incidental in character, but it indicates the grasp of a political student on world politics, and is filled with literary references manifesting a wide and thoughtful reading. The style is amusing and at the same time reflects the touch of a strong man.

From Scandinavia.

Modern Swedish Masterpieces. Selected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

Four noted Swedish short story writers are represented in this collection. Hjalmar Söderherg, writes briefly sketched episodes, with a masterly pen. Per Hallström has so much individuality of style and matter that he has won a European reputation since he gained the Nohel prize for literature in 1916. Nevertheless there is so pronounced a racial flavor to these stories that it is scarcely conceivahle that they will win popular favor. They are meant for the discriminating taste; for the reader whose intellectual curiosity extends to the writers of other lands.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The Saco River, on whose hanks Kate Douglas Wiggin passed some of the happiest of her childhod days, and which she has so often celehrated in her many stories of Maine, will he the last resting place of her ashes. In the posthumous autohiographical volume "My Garden of Memory," which Houghton Mifflin Company is puhlishing this fall, there are many references to this river which from now on will always have the significance of a memorial to this author.

Alfred E. Zimmern, economist and puhlicist, will contrihute the volume on "Greek Historians" in the series "Our Deht to Greece and Rome" which the Marshall Jones Company is puhlishing. Dr. Zimmern, formerly professor of international politics at the University of Wales, has lectured during the past year at Cornell. During the war he served with the political intelligence department of the British Foreign Office. Dr. Zimmern is an author of note and, during his stay in America, has contrihuted to several of our leading periodicals on suhjects of a educational and historical character.

"Audacious Angles on China" is the title of a hook hy Elsie McCormick puhlished last week hy Appleton. In it life in China is approached from an angle which is preëminently that of the westerner living in the Far East. Miss McCormick's hook is filled with the amusing things found in everyday life in China. "The hegging husiness," "The wiles of the Chinese Chauffeur," "Train vaudeville," "The trouhles of Shanghai's Romeos," "The jade craze" are some of Miss McCormick's chapters; and as one reads one finds that these entertaining pages give a realization of what the resident westerner finds in life in China. The latter part of "Audacious Angles on China" form "The Unexpurgated Diary of a Shanghai Bahy"—heing the day-to-day chronicle of the life of an American-horn child in Shanghai.

Archie Bell wrote his Egyptian novel—"King Tut Ankh-Amen (puhlished by Page, Boston) in exactly ten days. "Six thousand words is just a fairly full day's work for me," says Bell, who, hy the way, is a dramatic editor for the Cleveland (Ohio) *News-Leader*.

L. C. Page & Company, Boston, presents the following new puhlications for early fall: In fiction—"The Lavender Lad," an emotional love story, by Dolf Wyllarde, author of several successful novels; "The Scarlet Macaw," a dramatic detective novel, hy G. E. Locke, whose "The Red Cavalier" was hailed in 1922 as "the hest mystery story of the year;" "In Grenbrook," described as a "New England Main Street," written hy a newcomer, Merritt P. Allen, a native Vermonter. In Travel—"The Spell of Provence," a new volume of the famous "Spell Series, translated from the French of M. Andre Hallays, by Frank Roy Fraprie; "Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine," hy Francis Miltoun; "Inns and Traverns of Old London," hy Henry C. Shelley—these last two heing re-issues.

Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, who has collahorated in the new hook, "Religion and Life," has heen making some scathing remarks ahout hooks on African sports and particularly the recent hook hy Mary Hastings Bradley called "On the Gorilla Trail." The eminent divine is greatly incensed hecause Mrs. Bradley is said to have killed a gorilla. "Animals were not made for our use," says the Dean, "All of them are deserving of our affectionate respect—even so ugly a heast as the gorilla." Of the "American woman who shot the gorilla," he said, "it would give him the greatest pleasure if she were killed hy a gorilla." The controversy as regards the penalty to he inflicted upon the "American woman" has waxed so hot in the British papers that Mrs. Bradley has felt impelled as one interested to write to Dean Inge suggesting that he read her hook hefore attempting criticism. Mrs. Bradley points out that the expedition of which she was a memher was not a sporting junket hut a scientific expedition, conducted hy the American Museum of Natural History of New York and that the two or three gorillas which were killed were secured wholly for scientific study.

The new novel hy Mary S. Watts has for its hero an average honest American hoy, and Mrs. Watts shows what our American civilization made of his character. War, marriage, and finally a position as chauffeur for a wealthy family all took their toll of him. "Luther Nichols" was puhlished in Septemher hy Macmillan.

A new edition of the Works of Lord Morley is to he hrougbt out hy the Macmillan Company in Novemher, and its twelve cloth-hound volumes will he ohtainable at a very moderate price. Among the titles are "Politics and History," "Critical Miscellanies," "Biographical Studies," "Oliver Cromwell," "Burke," "Voltaire," "Rousseau and His Era," "Diderot and the Encyclopaedists," "Oracles on the Man and Government," and "On Compromise."

New Books Received.

Dorothy Dainty's Castle. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.

Juvenile.

Spook Hollow. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.

A Fleminstone detective story.

Gladys. By J. Morgan de Groot. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company; $2.

A novel.

The Great Moment. By Elinor Glyn. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincot Company; $2.

A romance.

The Girl From Hollywood. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.90.

A novel hy the author of "Tarzan."

Zarah the Cruel. By Joan Conquest. New York: The Macaulay Company; $1.90.

An Oriental love story.

The Mediterranean Cruise. By Rolland Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $3.50.

An up-to-date and concise handhook for travelers.

Knights Errant. By Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $1.25.

And other poems.

Stories From Great Operas. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.

By the author of "Opera Synopses."

The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane. By Sarah Addington. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $2.00.

Juvenile.

Jo the Little Machinist. By Johanna Spyri. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; seventy-five cents.

A story of Switzerland.

Gritli's Children. By Johanna Spyri. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50.

A story of the Rhine for young people.

A Pocket Bridge Book. By Walter Camp. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company; $1.

The latest book on hridge.

Singer's Pilgrimage. By Blanche Marchesi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company; $4.

Autohiography.

Alas, that Spring. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company; $2.

A novel.

The Starlight Wonder Book. By Henry B. Beston. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.00.

For young children.

Heroes of the Wilds. By Chelsea Curtiss Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

Life in the wilds.

Body and Soul. By Percy Dearmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.

An enquiry into the effect of religion on health.

The Lengthened Shadow. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

A novel.

Thrilling Escapes. Compiled hy J. L. French. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

A collection from a wide field of literature.

Island of Destiny. By Arthur J. Rees. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

A mystery story.

Fancies Versus Fads. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.

Short essays.

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An Outlaw's Diary

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LOCAL GRAND OPERA!

Now we can boast not only of a San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, but a San Francisco Grand Opera Association. San Franciscans have been in such an approving attitude toward the enterprise and since Gaetano Merola had already proved his mettle, have felt such confidence in the ability of the head of the organization that they have rallied to its support, and it is asserted that on the opening night the house was almost filled to capacity. That, of course, means by a lesser number than is usually requisite to fill the Exposition Auditorium, on account of the large spaces curtained in at the western extremity of the building. This was done in order to project the stage sufficiently far forward to lessen the magnificent distances.

The Saturday programme seemed to me the most interesting to choose, with three operas on one bill. And indeed the Puccini triptych contains such variety that the programme offers a fruitful harvest of impressions.

Even "Suor Angelica," with its Adamless Eden of white-coifed nuns, had its moments of intense drama. And as in Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" the miracle inspired sympathetic emotion amounting to the much-prized thrill even in worldly hearts; so deeply graven in our beings are the impressions left by our early instructions about goodness, heavenly angels, and divine clemency.

Puccini was in the mood for colloquial music while he was composing all three of these operas. And so the nuns, with their shroud-like draperies concealing the graceful, softening locks and curving contours of youth had their recreational chatter, and even their little jokes. Probably older and more experienced choristers might have conveyed little shades of character and expression in the colloquial music, although in the early part of the opera the score expressed the chill serenity of the cloister.

And the action or, since there was little action in "Suor Angelica," the prolonged recitative, commenced to convey a sense of monotony. But when the deeper emotions were touched with the advent of the cruelly cold aunt bringing merely incidentally to Sister Angelica the first news in seven years of all the beings she had loved in her worldly life, we surrendered ourselves to them gratefully.

Bianca Saroya brought to the rôle of the once-erring sister a pure and limpid soprano. It is true that its better qualities do not extend to the higher register, but within its best range it has actual loveliness. And the singer breathed into its pure and tender notes the cruel emotions that racked the soul of the gentle saint who had, in her ardent youth, committed the fault that noble families only forgive when there are no incriminating results.

Sister Angelica, therefore, won the fullest sympathy for her transgression, and thus we yielded to the grateful emotions induced by the sight of the miracle: a virgin descending from her niche, attended by angels, and bearing to the dying nun the beautiful child that had been torn from her embrace seven years before, when she had been thrust into a convent.

The burden of the most dramatic moments was borne not only by Bianca Saroya, but by Doria Fernanda, who made an excellent impression. The richness and volume of her contralto was well in accord with the demands of a rôle which required the expression of a pronounced personality, and of cold cruelty, blended with the dignity of a great lady.

Except for the dependable work of Anna Young, the minor rôles were handled with a certain feeblenss, but the ensemble work of the chorus in the angelic chant, in which we heard the thunder of the great organ, was most pleasing.

"Suor Angelica," however, was the rather chilly filling of a musical sandwich, the programme beginning with "Il Tabarro," and closing with "Gianni Schicchi:" which everybody pronounced cheerfully and with full satisfaction "Johnny Skeeky." It really is a delightfully appropriate title for an opera so completely given over to the huffo spirit.

The story is old-fashioned enough, being concerned with the agitations of a tribe of predatory relatives, assembled to watch for the dying breath of the only rich member of the family. The hypocritical tears and sobs of the group, which changed quickly to greedy anticipation and open rapacity as they search for the will, give opportunity for variety, sparkle, and humor in the music.

Although there is an interesting cast, there are few prolonged numbers. The stage is a kaleidoscope of motion, the music a continually changing staccato flow of amusingly self-interested emotions recorded in burlesque.

Guiseppe de Luca was the principal figure; a sardonically self-interested rascal, excellently rendered through de Luca's mastery of the Italian buffo style of vocalization, and his finished acting. He seemed to dominate the stage as Gianni Schicchi dominated the rapacious rogues around him.

Armando Tokatyan strengthened the good opinion previously entertained of him by his ease in the buffo atmosphere. Doria Fernanda was again in evidence as one of the agitated crew, and the cast was further strengthened with the names of Didur, Pattrinieri, Anna Young, and eight or ten more, every one of whom showed the necessary animation in the scenes of perpetually varying money-greed commensurate with the vivacity and burlesque character of the music.

A youthful tyro, Merle Epton by name, sang sweetly—perhaps a little tremulously—her pretty aria, and Tokatyan, who was the young suitor, also had one of the few chances for individual vocalization, and for the expression of romantic feeling.

"Gianni Schicchi" is very brilliant work, but it takes an Italian to follow its rapid patter, and to enter fully into the buffo spirit.

One cannot but admire, however, the thoroughness with which the cast, which includes some American or Americanized singers, has been trained and directed to convey that spirit.

In fact care, thoroughness, the evidence of prolonged rehearsals, are so patent that a reassured public is apparently willingly supporting this most ticklish and uncertain of enterprises: I mean a season of grand opera.

From the moment of the rise of the curtain on the scene in "Il Tabarro," which showed the barge, and the space on the little quay on the banks of the Seine to which it was moored, and which served as the stage on which the brief drama was played, we began to realize this same dominating intelligence; the intelligence of the director, Gaetano Merola.

The singers acted their rôles well; a necessity, for "Il Tabarro" is one of those short, passionate dramas with merry interludes, as in "I' Pagliacci" in which the lightness of the earlier phases passes by degrees into the intensity of sinister emotions which foreshadow tragedy.

The orchestral score has none of the conventionality of the melodrama, but is true music-drama, lending itself to, and, indeed, at times almost seeming to dominate the emotions conveyed by the singers.

Bianca Saroya sang the rôle of the false wife with perhaps not quite sufficiently sultry passion but with much beauty of tone. Tokatyan has a full and virile tenor, of pure and agreeable tone, and Gandolfi's dark-colored baritone gave the sinister element to the secret emotions of the watching husband. Both singers acted their parts well.

Doria Fernanda, in the rôle of a sort of "Buttercup" in the waterside drama, acted with a successful comedy spirit, although the nasal make-up was extreme, and sang Frugola's rather difficult out-pourings of an artless philosophy of life with commendable skill and poise, and in a voice that satisfied both in volume and in tone.

Didur and Paltrinieri also were in the cast, as barge-loaders much given to drink, both singers giving excellent portrayals of the waterside laborers whose only means of escape from the dreariness of their toil is through the exhilaration of alchohol.

Thus, the opera is a realistic depiction of the kind of life lived by the characters in the Sicilian dramas, in which the people live so close to the soil that there is a sort of animalistic fury to their passions. Interpreted by artists of histrionic fire such a piece impresses. But although the heat of the acting was not incandescent, the piece was well done both vocally and histrionically—well enought to win appreciation and a reaction from its sinister motive.

MEFISTOFELE.

Boito's conception of Goethe's great poem is founded on loftier ideals than that which animated Gounod, whose Gallic spirit was more attracted by the love episode between Faust and Marguerite. With Boito it was merely a link in the chain of events by which the fiend sought to possess the lofty soul of the great scholar.

For in "Mefistofele" the devil presumptuously gambles with an apparently indulgent creator for the soul of Faust, which is really a symbol for the soul of humanity. Thus, humanity is the stake, the round earth swimming in trackless space is the green haize, and the two contestants from cloudy heights watch breathlessly the effects of each throw.

But the creator is a splendidly magnanimous adversary. Relying only on the divine in human nature, he gives the devil a free hand. The seductions of youth and beauty, the power invested in supernatural agencies, the appeal, through the Walpurgis night revels, to the evil inherent in the human heart, all these elements the devil invokes. And Marguerite the innocent murderess, and Faust, the great intellectualist who rashly pledged himself to Satan for some years longer of renewed youth and love, both escape the fiendish machinations of the enemy.

There is sublimity in Goethe's conception; a sublimity which has become old-fashioned in this later day of cynical skepticism, but to whom we still can react, aesthetically, no douht. And Boito's score measures up to this sublimity.

We feel it and respond to it in the grandiose duet between Mefistofele and the heavenly powers; which speak in the voices of invisible angels.

There were earthly flaws in the scene. The angelic chorus had a veiled, muffled sound, as the great spaces in the rear of the stage absorbed some of the resonance of the voices; as we found again later to our dismay during Gigli's first entrance on the scene.

The devil, too, on his giddy platform, could not so commandingly dominate the big round earth below him, which, to my mind would better have "swung blind and blackening in the moonless air," than be so highly colored with the hues of watermelon pulp, and the bright grey, bright blue, and grass greens of clouds and sky, so that it looked like a huge valentine.

They had space, size, height, and distance to rely on, and with a sky of the deep blue of midnight, a few twinkling stars, a faint silver sheen on the rather over-blown clouds, and cob-web colored draperies on the fiend, there would have been a suggestion of vastness, perhaps even of infinity, a much more suitable setting to the mighty colloquy between the spirits of good and evil.

It was a curious sensation to see the drama of Faust and Marguerite played out to unfamiliar music. With the more human interest for his theme the Gounod opera is more closely knit. But Boito had a tremendous task to express Goethe's great idea, whose magnitude he not only grasped, but conveyed. For when I recall my sensations of the evening the faults of the presentation—one of the greatest of which is impracticable length—recede, and the virtues loom high.

The majority of the faults would be minimized by our having a real opera house; and it looks, by the way, as if the success of this opera season—for it was, again, a splendidly large audience, last night—would put a propulsion into the movement to have one.

The quality of the choral voices is delightful. Fresh, youthful, sweet, pure, the tone gives great pleasure, and the careful rehearsing shows in the general effect. The fault is what seems a lack of full resonance, but is really the swallowing up of some of the volume. Curtains do it partly, partly the enormous spaces, and probably also the comparative inexperience of the choral body in throwing out their voices. The girls have the American singing voice, fresh, pure, somewhat fragile, but most sweet and pleasing.

These immense spaces, also, would sometimes slightly disintegrate the choral volume. This was more noticeable in the laughing exchanges among the youthful pleasure-seekers during the scene in the public square in Frankfort. But, generally speaking, the chorus does excellent work, and supplies a sweetness and freshness and purity of tone that we rarely have the privilege of enjoying.

Bianca Saroya's fresh and pure soprano, Fernanda's fine contralto, supplied the feminine element in the music. Saroya is a pretty woman who, however, makes herself up to look like a staring doll. She was rather statuesque as Helen of Troy, but she sang with beauty and fervor in the prison scene. Gigli and Didur, however, are the dominating singers in the cast, and each rises to his opportunity. Gigli has a beautiful tenor; a fine blend of penetrating quality and melting sweetness. The tenor is also an excellent actor: as is Didur, who has his great opportunity in this piece. His devil is a sardonic sensationalist, dazzling his victims by his mockery and defiance of all goodness, his mordant humor and the scornful cynicism expressed in his saturnine countenance.

I can imagine that it would have been pain to an enthusiast like Merola who eats up work to have cut out the classic interlude, the calm, exquisite beauty of which seemed restful after the fierce play for human souls, and the ferocious agony of Satan when he was baffled.

But it would have been wiser to do so. Something should be omitted, for when an opera lasts until past midnight it is in danger, during the later phases, of losing much of its power to charm. But, although some few went home before the last act, the vast majority who stayed were richly repaid. Didur had his finest opportunity here. Desperate were the struggles of Satan to retain his failing power over Faust's soul. Didur's powerful, dominating voice lacks the beauty of mellowness, but it is admirably adapted to express the insolence of fiendish power, and the desperation of conflict.

Gigli, also, in this final scene rose to his greatest heights, both vocally and histrionically. For as his beautiful voice trumpeted its pure silver to lofty heights, our emotions soared with it.

And again the orchestral music, with the noble throb of the great organ rolling through its soaring strains, as in that first great scene in cloudy heights of infinity, touched sublimity.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Andrea Chenier" Again.

In place of "Mefistofele," originally announced for an extra performance Saturday evening, "Andrea Chenier" will be repeated, according to announcement made recently by Gaetano Merola, artistic director of the San Francisco Opera Association. This change was made in response to many requests.

The Japanese Catastrophe —

Here are two pages of views showing the havoc caused by the recent earthquake and subsequent fire in Toyko and Yokohama. You have all read the news story of this great and sudden calamity. Here is the story in pictures, a striking visualization, that is graphic in its pictorial effect. A local page that will be much admired is

"Where Learning Dwells"—

A beautiful page showing artistic views of Stanford University. "Around California," another striking page, shows views of the U. S. Training Station at San Diego, and an attractive photograph of Walter Hiers, film comedian, and his bride. "They That Suffer" is a composite of Japanese types, and "Bunches of Babies" and a "Variety of Sports" complete a section of photographic excellence which you will he glad to get next Sunday with The

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"Patience."

On Octoher 15 the Players will give the famous Gilhert and Sullivan opera "Patience." Old as is the motive—the ridicule of the æsthetic wave started in the 80's hy Oscar Wilde—the delicious tunefulness of the score, the opportunity for æsthetic effects in setting and costuming, and the Gilhertian hurlesquerie of the piece, always cause it to draw.

Barhara Blanchard, Loraine Mullin and Atha Hillhack will alternate as Patience, Miriam Elkus will he Lady Saphir, and Reginald Travers will appear as Bunthorne. Other singers that are locally popular, including memhers of the Bohemian Cluh, will lend drawing power to the large cast.

History Made Visible.

"The Covered Wagon" not only has made a record success in America, hut has drawn capacity houses in London. The British people's talent for colonization has caused them to he greatly attracted hy the suhject, and they seemed to recognize in the picture an interpretation of the inmost heart of the American people.

A further testimony to the great, the unusually strong historic appeal made hy this epochal picture lies in the fact that the Smithsonian Institution has considered the reel of "The Covered Wagon" worthy of preservation in its hox-office. The picture is now running in its third week at the Columhia, where it is heing exhihited to throngs every afternoon and night. The fourth week of the engagement. hegins Sunday, Octoher 7th.

The Symphony Season.

The thirteenth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will hegin this month, the opening concert heing scheduled for Friday afternoon, Octoher 19. The regular season will consist of twenty-four symphony concerts and ten popular concerts, all of which are to be given in the Curran Theatre. At this writing Mr. Hertz has returned from Europe, and the rehearsals have hegun.

On Sunday afternoon, Octoher 7, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, assisted hy the San Francisco Musical Society, will give a henefit performance in the Greek Theatre, the proceeds of which are to go to the faculty and students who were victims of the recent Berkeley conflagration.

La Gaite Francaise.

The little French Theatre, which seems to have stepped into and filled an empty niche, will open the season of 1923-24 Wednesday, Octoher 17, with Moliere's masterpiece "L'Arare," a comedy in five acts. There will be several Comédie Francaise classics given, among them "Le Gendre de Mons. Poirer." A comedy, "Blanchette," hy Brieux, will also be presented, the once-famous "Charley's Aunt," under its French title "La Marraine de Charley," several comic operas, and some modern pieces; among them "Le Passage de Vénus" by Zamacois, and "Monsieur Brotonneau" hy the well-known collahorators, de Flers and de Caillavet.

The Elwyn Artist Series.

On Friday afternoons, in alternation with the Symphony concerts, the Elwyn Concert Bureau will give at the Curran Theatre ten concerts hy music notahles. They have secured a list of hrilliant names, their affiliation with the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau of New York making this possihle.

Among the artists scheduled to appear are Iascha Heifetz, Mario Chamlee, Reginald Werrenrath, Benno Moiseivitsh, and Morris Rosenthal.

The season will open Octoher 14 with a Margaret Matzenauer-Clarence Whitehall concert, which, unlike the others, will take place on Sunday.

At the Curran.

At the Curran Theatre next Sunday night the Vanderhilt Producing Company will present "Irene" the international musical comedy hit, which recently played a return engagement at the Jolson Theatre, New York. The author of "Irene" is James Montgomery, whose other successes are "Going Up," "Ready Money," "Nothing But the Truth," all which were, like "Irene," hits in London and on the continent as well as in America. While Harry Tierney composed the music, Joseph McCarthy wrote the lyrics, and it was staged hy Edward Royce. Among the song hits are "Alice Blue Gown," "Castle of Dreams," "Irene," "We're Getting Away With It," and "The Last Part of Every Party."

Sir Harry Lauder Coming.

William Morris, who has conducted the Sir Harry Lauder tours for the past seventeen years, is due in San Francisco this week in anticipation of the distinguished Scot's arrival from Australia. Sir Harry and Lady Lauder spent the summer touring Australia, New South Wales and Tasmania, and, incidentally, stopped over in Honolulu for a hrief appearance. He opens his American season at Santa Rosa, Tuesday, Octoher 16, and during this preliminary week will give entertainments in Chico, Marysville, Reno and Sacramento. He will not apepar in Oakland this season. His San Francisco engagement opens at the Curran Monday night, Octoher 22, and is limited to one week.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Bessie Barriscale will divide the headline honors with the famous Four Mortons, in an entire new hill at the Orpheum Theatre for the week heginning with the matinee on Sunday.

The programme will he made up of vaudeville's hest performers, and will include another favorite in the person of Flo Lewis. Gordon Dooley and Martha Morton have united in matrimony, as well as hecoming partners in vaudeville, and their offering is said to he an exceptional one.

An artist who is credited with power to chase away the hlues is Jack Rose, who is assisted hy Jimmy Steiger at the piano. Maurice Diamond and company offer "Snapshots of 1923," a dance and song revue. The Dixie Four, a quartette of versatile hoys, will endeavor to entertain with a song cycle. McGood Lenzen and company will complete the programme with their acrohatic offering.

At the Paul Elder Gallery.

Paul Elder announces a new series of "Literary and Social Interpretations," heing discussions hy people that know of what other people that know have said in certain recent books worth while. These reviews are of especial importance inasmuch as they are hy persons who speak with authority.

The series will he opened Tuesday afternoon, Octoher 9th, at 2:30, in the Paul Elder Gallery, hy Dr. Lillien J. Martin, who will consider "The Dance of Life" hy Havelock Ellis.

The remaining reviews are scheduled for consecutive Tuesday afternoons, as follows: Octoher 16th, George Douglas, critic and essayist, on "Seven Ages;" Octoher 23rd, Prof. J. Loewenherg, head of the Department of Philosophy, University of California, on "Scepticism and Animal Faith" hy George Santayana; October 30th, Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, on "Senescence," hy Granville Stanley Hall; Novemher 6th, Henry Rushton Fairclough, Professor of Classical Literature, Stanford University, on "A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster."

Saturday afternoon, Octoher 13th, at 2:30 Henry Maslin Hulme, of Stanford University, will deliver an illustrated lecture on the Painters of the Italian Renaissance.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, head of the National Woman's party, says she would not recommend marriage for any girl. Yet Mrs. Belmont tried it twice. She was the wife of William K. Vanderbilt, and afterward of Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont. Both gentlemen are dead. This gives Mrs. Belmont plenty of time, and money, to attend to the promotion of woman suffrage and the affairs of the Woman's Party, to which she has been a heavy contributor. The house at 25 1st street, N. E., Washington, D. C., valued at more than $100,000, was one of her benefactions to the movement. One wonders why, if she found marriage irksome, she repeated it; and such perplexities about other people's business are legitimate under the circumstances; just as legitimate as Mrs. Belmont's assertion about marriage. Negatively, at least, after trying it twice, she advises against it. What would become of the country if such a doctrine became a plank in the platform of the Woman's Party? What of the sacred birth rate, and the strength of the nation in coming generations? If marriage is not to be recommended this will become a cheerless world; and the laughter of little ones a rare event, indicating that some one failed to take Mrs. Belmont's advice, or something. Fortunately it is not compulsory to take all the advice offered us, and this is of a kind that is likely to be rather generally ignored. It is well enough to advise a young woman not to marry, to whom marriage is not a prospect anyhow. She is quite likely to heed you. But to one whose prospects are bright in that direction, it seems futile. They just go ahead and get married as recklessly as movie queens—all of them that are able to. Afterward they may advise their younger sisters as Mrs. Belmont is now advising them, hut they can not make it retroactive on their own cases. After all, how else would they have things? That isle of the Amazons was a mythical place, conjured up by some man that liked to amuse himself thinking of a spot of earth where he would have some value through rarity, could he only arrive at it. And if it were real it would be dreary. The sexes may dislike living together, but they endure it better than living apart. And now that women as well as men have clubs the relationship is somewhat mitigated. The weary recital of trivialities that constitutes most domestic conversation can at least be diluted with experiences from outside the house.

There may be something, however, in the collegiate atmosphere that restricts the marital inclination among college people. Here is a feminine editor at Berkeley who says a coed takes a long chance when she marries a collegian. But that is true no matter whom she might marry, and it goes double, for the man takes a long chance, too. It is uncertain husiness. The coed has an unfair opportunity to observe the man collegian, and apparently if she is not repelled by him, at best she loses her taste for him. There is nothing strange in that. The man student of the "queening" variety must become an insipid nuisance. He is neither a business man nor a bear-cat, and while he may do for a sorority house pet, that is far from qualifying him for uninterrupted companionship throughout the long, dull years of life. In England the situation seems even worse than here. If Dean Inge is right, English college girls have leanings toward the nunnery. They can't seem to see the boys at all, though looking right at them. At a meeting at the Mansion House early in the year to support an appeal for a permanent endowment for four women's colleges at Oxford, the Gloomy Dean deplored the low percentage of lady graduates that marry. Of 12,607 women students that have passed through Oxford, but 657 have married. "I hope," he said, "more will marry in the future, and will not be so hard hearted as to take vows of perpetual maidenhood." At the same meeting, Miss Blanche Adams Clough, daughter of the poet, and principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, took slightly different ground by claiming that even if fewer college women married, those that did made better wives. One wonders bow she knows. They should make better wives, but do they? Does it promote the Better Wives reform for a college-bred wife to mount the soap box and shriek for the suffrage or the commune, or the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or a stiffening of the Volstead Act? Miss Florence Underwood, of the Women's Freedom League of England says there is so little in marriage to attract highly educated women that many prefer to remain single. There may be something in that. On the other hand, that soap box vision may determine many a man to permit college girls to have their preference. There are two sides to the question. Fortunately, marriage has not yet been made compulsory. It remains an individual problem, and is likely so to remain for quite a period.

The long skirt is threatening to return, and it looks as though the hard boiled hat for men will accompany it. In London, men that matter are wearing the derby this fall—what the Londoner calls a "hillycawk 'at"—and even the trig and immaculate Duke of York has succumbed to the prevailing style, although he has been addicted to soft headgear. The Prince of Wales set the example, before he departed to be a rancher in Canada, although over there, or perhaps we should say over here, he is supposed to wear something more serviceable. The derby is not so bad at that. It seems worse than it is, and looks worse tban it seems; but it is not only endurable, but when reblocked to conform to the phrenological make-up of the owner, is even comfortable. At least it has form and outline; and perhaps the return to it may signalize a return to more formal manners, more defined and rigid ways of conduct and of thought. It never does to get too profound about such changes, which may have no significance except to the eye of fancy, but if one enjoys the mental exercise of speculating on the relationship between realities and appearances, which is, we believe, the favorite stunt of the professor of philosophy, why. here is the derby back again, a thing of form and rigidity, in a world of formlessness and flux. There is at worst nothing jazzy about it. The hard boiled hat for the hard boiled head has its fitness. A question, of course, is whether heads tend to grow more hard boiled in this condition of the world, or mushier.

And speaking of the Prince of Wales, Baron Renfrew as he is known in Canada, it is reported that he is not making the bit among the villagers that a real prince should. He slipped across the dominion noiselessly and without leaving a trace. And all he left in Quebec of warm and glowing sentiment was the indignant inquiry among the newspaper women as to why he favored a New York woman reporter above all the loyalists of the Canadian press. Well, that is a little story in itself. He didn't mean to, but being guileless, in a sense, he fell for American finesse. At the dance in the old chateau, when he was opening the new ballroom, a mysterious maiden in green was found in distress by certain members of the baron's party. Now maidens found in distress in old chateaux can not be ignored. and this maiden's distress was acute: she had no light for her cigarette. So a gallant member of the prince's entourage gave her a light. After that it seemed anti-climatic or sometbing just to permit her to wander off by herself, so she was introduced to various members of the party and among them to the prince. He found ber charming, and no charming woman fails to appeal to him. The next thing the other revellers and the standby reporters knew, the prince and the maiden in green were dancing and laughing and having one grand time. And it happened again, and again, about four times in all, and some say six. She became, in fact, a member of the party. The Canadian women reporters determined to penetrate the mystery and trailed the green witch to her hotel. Next morning, just to make sure, one of them called on her. And when she rapped on the door and a voice said "Come in!" there was the mysterious stranger taking breakfast in bed after so many dances with the prince, and it was eleven o'clock, and she said: "Oh, I though it was the chamber maid." Just like that. It was inhuman. Those Canadian reporters are pretty well wrought up about it. If the prince was hunting popularity he certainly missed it that time. But how could he know? He likes a cigarette himself. and giving a lady a light would naturally establish relations, just as it sometimes does between men in a Pullman. Now they are calling the lady a vamp. It is not fair. She was just a good American reporter that knew her business. Only, she shouldn't have said "chamber maid," when all the world is trying to get on a basis of permanent peace. We believe it was Elihu Root that said wars are often made by insults. We have been getting along very well with Canada thus far. How it will be after that country is thickly settled no one can tell, but it is sure to make some difference. And reporters have long memories.

The soda fountain tbat was bailed as a new feature for big passenger liners when recently installed on the Aquitania of the Cunard line for her dry voyage from New York to England has gone as quickly as it came. The Aquitania returned but the fountain had disappeaerd. It was reported that the sales between New York and England totalled something like two ice cream sodas.

Motor omnibuses are now running regularly between Bagdad and Aleppo, although the motor road is officially unprotected, says the *Scientific American*. The distance between Bagdad and Aleppo, via Mosul, is roughly 560 miles. The buses seat eight passengers. The omnibuses run via Mosul and take five days, although ordinary cars traveling up the Euphrates Valley take only three days. The principal desert sheiks have undertaken not to molest the omnibuses in return for a lump sum down.

SPURIOUS BRONZES.

A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* warns his fellow-creatures against lying in the sun to dry themselves when they have bathed. But he is too late, says the Manchester *Guardian*. Lying in the sun after a bath, not to dry oneself only, but with an æsthetic purpose, has of late years become an ahsorbing passion in every part of Western Europe that the eye of heaven doth visit. The holiday traveler in steamers along the shores of Swiss and Italian lakes is at first surprised to see the water, near every bathing-place, alive with bobbing figures of a complexion—an allover complexion like the conscientiously acted Othellos—varying from a kind of fawn to the deepest walnut or chocolate. At first he wonders that so many Polynesians should be studying in Europe. Then he sees that the features are Aryan, and again he wonders. Under what torrid Eastern skies, in pursuit of what arduous adventures have these European swimmers become, like Cleopatra, "with Phœbus' pinches black?" At least he might say, like Nadab the improvisatore in the Cave of Harmony, when he beheld the bronzed Colonel Newcome:

> A military gent I see,
> And while his face I scan,
> I think you'll all agree with me
> He comes from Hindustan.

Not a bit of it. The color is acquired thus: each seeker of beauty undresses, enters the water for a few moments, comes out again and lies in the sun, prone or supine, on the hot sand of the shore, for half an hour. Then he goes in again, comes out and basks again, and then recommences da capo. At intervals he compares the richness of his dye with that of other enthusiasts similarly engaged. Of course he may sometimes be bored; probably the Venetian ladies were bored who used to obtain the right shade for their bair by sitting on roofs during sunny days with their hair unbound, well oiled, and sticking out through the top of a crownless hat; but still they hung on. You see, half the heroes of the virilist women novelists, like Miss Dell, are "bronzed" men; bronze, on men, is the only wear; this is the new Bronze Age. So, throughout at any rate the temperate zone, presentable bronzes are being manufactured, with the aid of anticyclones, as fast as the modern Greek, with some assistance from Birmingham, turns out bronze water-nymphs and river gods of the best period of ancient art. Heroes with blond complexions are said to blister painfully in the early stages, when the ultra-violet rays begin to hite well on the skin of their chests and backs. But we believe there is very little flinching. One must suffer, as the French say, in order to be beautiful; the worst that the actinic rays can do to your superficial tissues is evidently rated as no extortionate price for a full suit of the color of a still man who stands beside his horse on the "jackets" of adventure novels, shading his eyes while he gazes into infinite distance and the heroine silently adores.

HOUSES AND LIFE.

Charles M. Schwab's house, where Riverside Drive begins in New York, is much criticized by those who have an acute sense of beauty, says D. W. Griffith, the motion picture producer, in *Arts and Decoration*. The house, beautiful in itself, lacks complete beauty because it does not reflect American life. The much-talked-of house of James A. Deering, at Miami, Florida, receives a deal of unfavorable criticism. even though it has golden door-knobs. Both houses fail of their purpose of beauty because they do not accord with the American setting and sentiment. They are incongruous, and incongruity is never beautiful.

The most beautiful houses in America are but a twentieth of the value in dollars of the two I have named, but their value in sentiment and in fitness is infinite. The most beautiful houses I have seen are in the South and in New England. They have the same characteristics. Their style is early American, which stems hack to the early Greek. One of these houses is Woodlawn, an old plantation home on the Bayou Teche in Louisiana. The house has a large, imposing front. The wooden pillars are eight feet thick. The rooms in which the original master entertained the celebrated persons of the South, and which were cared for by twenty-five servants, are large in the front part of the house and taper to small ones at the back. I used it as a setting for pictures I was taking. It was in similar spirit to Shirley House, one of the famous homes on the James River, where my grandmother, one of the Carters, was born. Shirley House is conceded to be one of the most beautiful houses in America. A few months after I took scenes in Woodlawn House, I found a home in Connecticut that was its sister in spirit. In the Colonial style, with great pillars, it had large rooms at the front, and smaller rooms at the back. Sentimental trees there were, too, cypress in the South replaced by pines in the North. There was beauty in every incb of these houses because they harmonized with their settings. They are eloquent of the soul of America. They are houses that had been lived and loved in, one felt; houses where life had been gentle.

Fox raising, says the *Scientific American*, has been so profitable in Prince Edward Island that the industry is now extensively carried on in Southeastern Alaska. The shipment of furs and skins amounted to more than $3,300,000 last year. Most of this amount is represented by blue and silver foxes.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the late President Roosevelt was in the habit of touring the Western states he habitually had enthusiastic receptions. At one of the gatherings an old frontiersman confided to Mr. Cushman that Roosevelt was the greatest man he ever saw and the greatest man who ever visited the Northwest. On being asked for the reason of his judgment, the man replied: "Why, Roosevelt is the only man I ever saw who looks worse than his cartoons."

The village Lady Bountiful met an old farm laborer on his way to work and was surprised that her greeting was wasted. "Jones," she said reprovingly, "you might at least raise your hat to me." "I beg yer pardon, m'lady," said the peasant, "but my poor wife ain't been dead ten days and I ain't started lookin' at the wimmen yet."

A farmer sold a horse to a cavalry officer, warranting the animal to be a first-rate war-horse. Some time afterwards the officer came to the farmer in a rage, and said: "You call this animal a good war-horse? Why, there's not a bit of go in him! A good war-horse, indeed!" "So he is," replied the farmer. "Sure, he'd rather die than run!"

The old farmer was slowly but surely dying. Lying in an apparently unconscious state he suddenly opened his eyes and addressing his ancient spouse said, "Mary, that ham smells very good. I almost think I could eat some." Whereat Mary dourly replied, "Thee get on with the dying. That ham is for the funeral."

A beautiful girl had just finished singing "My Little Home in Devonshire." The hostess was surprised to see a man in a distant corner of the drawing-room visibly affected. Tears stood in his eyes, and he shook his head. "Poor Mr. Smith!" she said sympathetically. "I'm afraid that song recalled sad memories to you. Are you a Devonshire man?" "No, I'm just a musician."

Two small boys were among a party taken out for a day into the country for the first time in their lives. After eating their sandwiches they wandered into a large field, and one, strolling into the corner, discovered to his surprise three or four empty condensed milk tins. "Oh-oh, Billy," he cried to his pal, "come here quick, I've found a cow's nest!"

An Englishman was paying his first visit to Scotland. He arrived at a small town, and began to question the porter. "I suppose you have a provost here?" "Aye," said the porter. "And does he have insignia like our mayors?" "Have what?" "Insignia—well, for instance, does he have a chain?" "A chain?" said the astonished porter. "Na, na. He gans loose; but dinna he feared, he's quite harmless."

The doctor on his round of golf was crossing the field with his small negro caddie, when the latter opened the conversation with, "Doctor, ain't you got some shoes up yonder in yo' locker you don't want? I need some bad." "Mayhe so," said the doctor. "What size do you wear?" "I dunno, sah, 'cause I ain't never hought none dat-er-way—I either kin git in 'em, or I cain't."

Little Jack had heen so naughty that mother had to give him a spanking, and all that afternoon a desire for revenge rankled in his hreast. At length hedtime came and kneeling down he said his evening prayer, asking a hlessing upon all the memhers of the family individually—except one. Then, rising he turned to his mother with a triumphant look, saying as he climhed into bed, "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."

Recently a tramp taken up in a New York police court for drunkenness gave his hirthplace as Boston. "Yours," said the magistrate, "is a sad case. Yet you don't seem to thoroughly realize how low you have sunk." The prisoner struck his hrow with a pained gesture. "Heavens!" he exclaimed devoutly, "I have stood many indignites, hut to he sentenced hy a magistrate that splits his infinitives! This is the last hlow!"

The elevator hoy was green at the joh. Two passengers, a man and a woman, got on at the street floor. "Ninth," said the latter once they were fairly started. "Sixth," said the man. The car sped hy the sixth floor and stopped at the ninth. On the way back the man said: "Why in thunder didn't you stop at the sixth floor? The sixth is lower than the ninth." "I know that," said the elevator hoy, "hut the lady said 'Ninth' first."

Frederick O'Brien, author of South Sea island adventures, was entertaining friends at his Glendale home with some of his experiences. He chanced to remark that on one of the islands a wife could he hought for the equivalent of $5. "How perfectly awful," exclaimed one of the ladies present. "Oh, I don't know," reflected her hushand, "I suppose prices are high there, just the same as everywhere else."

A young Englishman who had spent two years touring the world was asked on his return what he thought the most wonderful sight he had seen. He answered, "Well, d'ye know, I think the thing that struck me most was the way those Australian chaps could light a match in a gale of wind."

No one has a better line on you than your cook, in spite of the old adage about the valet. Hence the opinion of a chef on one of the roads plying in and out of Washington, who has served many presidents, is of interest. Says this student of human nature: "General Grant liked lots of roast heef and potatoes; President McKinley was strong for steaks; President Wilson preferred chicken with fritters; hut President Harding liked everything."

At election time the mayor of a western city made a great play for the women's vote and, of course, if one wishes to win the mothers it is good policy to compliment the daughters. But one evening the mayor met his Waterloo for he was so rash as to compliment a sophisticated high school girl "What a heautiful complexion you have," cried the mayor. "It is a gift from heaven." "Don't you helieve it," retorted the girl, "it's nothing hut a steady expense."

A close-fisted man was invited hy a friend, who had recently installed a receiving set in his house, to come and listen in. There being nothing to pay, the mean man gladly accepted the invitation, and was both impressed and delighted. Towards the close of the evening there was a sermon, delivered at a church miles away hy an eminent Nonconformist divine. Presently the words came through: "And now, hrethren, there will he a special collection." Immediately, the guest rose, took the 'phones from his ears, held out his hand and exclaimed: "Ah well, I'm afraid I must he going."

Marjorie Spiers, the English actress, tells a story ahout an actress friend of hers who was traveling from Liverpool to London in order to hegin a new metropolitan engagement. Naturally her luggage was somewhat hulky, and the porter to whom she confided it at Lime Street Station was surly, and wouldn't pass so much. "You can't 'ave luggage like this," he declared, "not unless you was a theatrical." "Well, I am a theatrical," explained the lady. "Then why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the porter. "I can't go so round askin' passengers if they're theatrical. I don't want to insult em!"

What the Doctor Took.

An old darky was taken ill and called in a physician of his own race. After a time, as there was no sign of improvement, he called in a white doctor, who soon felt the old man's pulse and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, hoss," replied the sick negro. "I hain't missed nothin' hut my watch yit."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

It Reaches Hawaii

On Johnson's bus the proverh goes:
Yes, we no got any bananoes;

In Tin Can Alley, dive or den:
Ssss! banana ari mas' en.

Beside Kilauea's tropic fire:
Ae, aole a makou maia;

On Punchbowl's slopes the waving banners
Proclaim: *Sim, nao se tem bananas.*

And where Nuuanu seeks the sea
You'll hear: *Ngaw ti mow chu chee.*

In Kaimuki, as like as not:
Yes! Bananas no have got;

Or from the docks of old Roundtop:
I t'ink banana she no stop.

—*Honolulu Star-Bullein.*

By Our Own Robert Browning.

Why, yes, it's true—if it's the truth you want—
And truth's a line I'll hew to and not stray;—
We've no bananas, for the crop was scant,
And not a single one of them today.

We've string beans, onions, cabbage, scallions, so
You see there's not a lack of things we've got—
God's in His heaven; all is well; but no—
Yes, rather—no bananas in the lot.

Tomatoes? Here they are—old-fashioned, too!
Ripe as pomegranates! Bite them—watch them spray!
Potatoes? From Long Island. But—it's true;—
So, yes, we have no bananas here today.

—*Samuel Hoffenstein, in New York Tribune.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Clark, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Rogers Clark, to Lieutenant Clarence John Bellreich, U. S. N.

The marriage of Mrs. Jennie Lee Rees to Mr. Brendon Brady took place in Ross Valley on Thursday, Septemher 27th.

The marriage of Mrs. Grace Hutton of Burlingame to Mr. Thomas A. Middleton of Norwalk, Conn., took place recently in Placerville.

The marriage of Miss Myrtle Young to Mr. Clark Hobart took place in Sacramento last week.

Captain George Landenherger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenherger are being congratulated on the hirth of a daughter on Septemher 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant Knox are heing congratulated on the hirth of a daughter, horn at Oakland, October 2.

Miss Mahel Hathaway was the guest of honor at a tea given last week hy Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan.

Mrs. Mark Gerstle was hostess at a recent dinner for the members of the cast of "The Marriage Game" given at the Player's Theatre.

The patronesses of the Alice Seckels' Matinee Musicales gave a tea last week for the stars of the San Francisco Opera Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear were hosts at a dinner and theatre party at the St. Francis last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy were hosts at a dinner recently given at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Lorin Tryon gave a tea on Thursday for Miss Mahel Hathaway.

Mrs. Frederick W. Pritchett was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner given last week hy Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker in Burlingame.

Mrs. Fentress Hill was hostess at a tea last week in honor of Miss Katherine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. Rohert Hooker, who has heen on a motor trip to Santa Barbara with his son and Mr. Edward Christenson, has returned to San Mateo.

Mrs. Eugene Lent wil give a tea on Wednesday next in honor of her nieces, Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch.

Mrs. George Gordon Moore was a recent hostess at a luncheon given at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Fuller were hosts last week at a dinner given at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel gave a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. George Ali of New York.

Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., will give a tea on Tuesday next at her home on Union Street.

The families of the 30th nIfantry gave a dance last Friday night at the Officer's Club at the Presidio. A number of dinners preceded the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde and Miss Millie McBryde are giving a dinner dance on Octoher 6th at the Menlo Country Cluh in honor of Miss Idahelle Wheaton.

Mrs. Sydney Cloman was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given last week hy Mrs. Samuel Knight in Burlingame.

Miss Idahelle Bishop was the guest of honor last week at a tea given hy Mrs. Edward Pond in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna were hosts at a dinner last week, afterwards taking their guests to the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a dinner last week in honor of Miss Merrill Jones.

Miss Mary Martin entertained at a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Katherine and Miss Marianne Kuhn.

Miss Isahel Jennings was a recent hostess at a luncheon given at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. H. L. E. Myer was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday at the Francisco Cluh hy Mrs. George Forderer.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting gave a farewell dinner on Wednesday last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Myer.

Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard gave a tea recently at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of Miss Mina, Miss Corinne and Miss Elizaheth Pinckard.

Mrs. W. S. Porter was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Helen Crocker was hostess last week at an informal luncheon given at the Hotel St. Francis.

Countess Vitterale Siciliani was the guest of honor at a tea given hy Miss Maye Colhurn on Friday of last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kelogg Hutchinson gave a farewell luncheon last Sunday at the Burlingame Country Cluh in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Burgard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne have heen entertaining a house-party in the home of Mr. La Montagne's mother, Mrs. C. E. Maud, in Monterey during the Golf Tournament.

Mrs. Edward Simpson was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given hy Miss Maye Colhurn at the Francisco Cluh.

The annual Grape Festival will he held in Kentfield at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. William Kent.

Miss Dorothy Myer was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given last Tuesday hy Miss Louise Burmeister and her hrother, Mr. Gage Burmeister, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Helen Marye was hostess at a farewell luncheon last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Helene Lundborg was hostess at a luncheon given on Wednesday at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. Edgar Zook gave a luncheon last week for the debutantes at the Francisca Cluh.

Mrs. Joseph Sefton of San Diego was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy her aunt, Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui last week at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., will give a luncheon and mah jongg party for the dedutantes on Monday.

Mrs. James Cooper, who has recently returned from ahroad, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week hy Mrs. Frank Deering.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford were hosts at a dinner given on Wednesday of last week at their home on Broadway.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland on Friday night of last week as a house-warming, in their new home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frank Hooper will give a mah jongg tea on Monday next at her home on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a dinner last Saturday night at their home on Pierce Street.

Mrs. Ernest Ballin entertained at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. W. T. Harkness of Staten Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor entertained recently at an informal dinner.

Captain March Houser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Houser gave a dinner at their quarters at the Presidio on the Friday night preceding the dance at the Officer's Cluh.

Major F. Miner Falch U. S. A. and Mrs. Falch entertained at bridge and supper party last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Hohart.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCandless were the guests of honor at a supper given last Sunday night hy Mr. and Mrs. Reed Funsten.

Mrs. William B. Pringle and her daughter Miss Isahel Pringle, entertained at a small evening party last week at the St. Xavier Hotel.

Mrs. Ely of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week hy Mrs. Harry Hill at her home on Broadway.

At the Palace.

Miss Eleanor Harriett Fraser, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. W. E. Fraser, was hostess to a number of her young friends at a dinner dance Saturday evening at the Palace Hotel, the occasion heing her hirthday. Enjoying the hospitality of the evening were: Miss Doris Glenn, Miss Virginia Mysell, Miss Grace Smith, Miss Margaret Gerrell, Miss Jean Rohertson, Mr. George Norris Nash, Jr., Mr. Miles F. York, Mr. Arnold Canton, Mr. Howard Fraser, and Mr. Rohert E. Cocke.

Interesting recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel included Lord and Lady Inglis. Lord Inglis is Lord Mayor of York, England, and a well-known political figure. They have heen touring Canada, and will remain in San Francisco for several days hefore proceeding to New York en route to England.

Captain and Mrs. B. J. Owen are also guests at the Palace. Captain Owen is an attache of the British Emhassy at Washington.

Sir Neville Paul Jodrell, M. P., noted as a sportsman and traveler, has been a Palace guest, stopping in San Francisco for a week's visit before sailing for the Orient.

Mrs. Arthur Letts is again occupying her apartments at the Palace after spending the summer ahroad.

At the St. Francis.

The usual luncheon groups appeared at the St. Francis Monday. Among them, though at different tahles, were Mrs. Rohert Hays Smith, and Eleanor Spreckels who was with her mother, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

A charming group of young folks consisted of Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Edith Grant and Miss Helen Garritt.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Erskine-Bolst, who arrived recently from London. Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, Admiral A. S. Halstead and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin were another of the groups at luncheon. Miss Mary and Miss Eleanor Martin had a few friends with them, including Mrs. Lawrence Fox.

Alda and Tertis.

Frank W. Healy, now in New York, has engaged Mme. Frances Alda, prima donna soprano, and Lionel Tertis, famed viola soloist, to give a joint recital Monday evening, October 29th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, with Miss Margaret Hugbes, a San Francisco girl, playing the piano accompaniments.

Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Suppression of Hatred.

Civilized society has not yet aholished any of the vices, says Stephen Gwynn, in the *North American Review*. Perhaps hecause it would he dull without them; hut it does its hest to eliminate passions, and in one case has virtually succeeded. Hatred as a passion, as something whicb takes and shakes a man, has no longer any real existence for the spheres of our life in which urhanity is the rule. In such regions to avow your love is rather like undressing in public, but nohody is shy of proclaiming a hate, hecause what passes with them for hate is not the crude stuff. Love always retains some of the primitive, all conquering sway that Sophocles wrote ahout in another highly civilized society two thousand five hundred years ago; and even today no drawingroom is without apprehension that the creature may hreak loose. It is not altogether a disagreeable apprehension: the discouragement of love is never whole hearted; everyhody, someone said, loves a lover, and at any rate every decent person does. But hate with its acrid atmosphere carries discomfort into sensitive circles; its sudden explosion affects people like a had smell, and so manners, much more powerful than morals, have brought it very tolerahly under control. The task has heen easier because hate is not a necessity of nature; hreeding earth has no use for it; and it runs counter to that instinct of association which is part of man's gregarious temperament.

Regenerated Beverages.

The country is heing flooded with circulars worded in the most ahominahle English. Here is a specimen: "It will not happen often that an offer of such solidity (*sic*) reaches you." After this preamhle you are told that you can have 2½ gallons of Rhine wine, Moselle, etc., or "Beer of Munich" with "guaranteed fullhodied production," whatever that may mean. "Or if you want sometbing stronger you can make a gallon of whiskey, chartreuse or Benediktine (*sic*) for the same money—two dollars. Samples are not shipped and orders must he accompanied hy U. S. currency." Prohahly there are many who will learn their lesson in chemistry that alcohol cannot he made hy a powder. Barnum was right.—*Scientific American.*

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We telegraph flowers to distant cities.

Phone Douglas 7210 **233 Grant Ave.**

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Storage---Moving
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth who have been spending the summer in Menlo Park have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jackman have taken possession of their new apartment at Green and Baker Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas Short who have been at Carmel during the summer have returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Louis Haggin of New York has arrived in San Francisco and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has returned to her home in New Orleans. Mrs. Sydney Colman and her niece, Mrs. Frederick Pritchett, left for the East on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Carleton Gildersleeve, and Mr. Gildersleeve in Fresno, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. F. F. Baldwin of Honolulu is at the St. Francis Hotel.

Miss Natalie Rohert, who has heen the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Washington Dodge, has left for her home in New York.

Among the visitors to Del Monte from Burlingame were Mr. and Mrs. Parmer Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

Miss Mary Ashe Miller of Hollywood is visiting Mrs. James Potter Langhorne at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who have heen spending the summer in Menlo Park, have returned to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Jack Breeden, son of Mrs. Frederick McNear, returned last week to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport are leaving very soon for Boston where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. D. C. Jackling and Mrs. Walter Martin left on Monday for New York.

Mrs. D. W. Baldwin of Honolulu, accompanied by her two daughters, arrived last week on the Wilhelmina and left soon afterwards for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. I. L. Lenroot of Washington, D. C., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Walton Black, and Mr. Black at the Hotel Claremont.

Captain and Mrs. Clifford Erskin-Bolst of England have arrived in San Francisco and will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Corbet and Miss Frances Corbet who have heen spending the summer in Palo Alto, have returned to San Francisco and will spend the winter at the Cliff Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard have returned from a short visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. George Barr Baker, who has heen spending the summer in Burlingame has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chauncey Boardman sailed for Honolulu last Wednesday and will he absent for the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Oze van Wyck have gone to Los Angeles where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burgard of San Mateo left for the East on Wednesday and will he absent for a year.

Miss Beatrice Horst and Mr. Clemens Horst, Jr., have heen house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne in Monterey.

Miss Mary Eyre, who has been spending the summer in Menlo Park has taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Miss Alice Griffith and her sister, Mrs. Wilcox, of Pennsylvania, left for the East on Monday of last week.

Miss Flora Doyle, accompanied hy her niece, Miss Helen Maryе, left on Sunday for the East where Miss Maryе will return to Miss Spence's School.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingshury have returned from Pebble Beach.

Mrs. David Armstrong-Taylor returned to England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton have returned from their recent trip to the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, with their children, have returned from Santa Barhara and are at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghteling returned on Monday from Del Monte.

Miss Margaret Kingston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kingston, has returned from Europe and is at her home in San Mateo.

Miss Sallie Fox, who has been ahroad with Miss Margaret Kingston, has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. Jerome Landfield is leaving this month for her home in New York where she will join Mr. Landfield and will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harry Mendell, who have heen ahroad for the past year have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper have returned from Woodside where they spent the summer with Mr. John Hooper.

Commander Frank Fryer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fryer, who have recently arrived from Peru, are established for the winter at a home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward Elliott of Los Angeles is staying at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hooper of Salem, Mass., spent a fortnight at the Fairmont Hotel before leaving for Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman and Miss Janet Coleman have arrived in New York from Europe and will return to their home in San Mateo very shortly.

Mr. Harwood White, hrother of Mr. Stewart Edward White, has arrived from Santa Barbara and will make a short stay here hefore returning to his home in Michigan.

Mr. William Bull Pringle has returned to Harvard after passing the summer in Santa Barhara.

Captain William Piggott Cronan and Mrs. Cronan of San Diego have heen making a short stay at the Cliff Hotel.

Mrs. William B. Pringle and her daughter, Miss Isahel Pringle, have taken an apartment at the St. Xavier.

Mr. and Mrs. De Lancy Lewis, who have been ahroad all summer, will soon return to their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ferguson MacLeod visited Mrs. Charles S. Stanton at her hungalow in Carmel recently, while Mr. MacLeod played in the golf tournament at Del Monte. The MacLeod's will remain another month at Mill Valley.

Ensign Emil Pohli has heen at Yokohama with the destroyer fleet.

Miss Bosqui has returned from a three months' visit in Southern California.

Dine to-night
AT THE
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Always at the Palace Hotel—a good dinner, good music, and delightful surroundings. New Palace Hotel orchestra under the direction of E. Max Bradfield. Dinner dances every evening except Sunday.

Table d'hote dinner $2.50 a person, also a la carte service. Cover charge 50c a person after 9 P. M.

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Good-looking patterns. Several stylish models. A smart, all-round coat for practically every occasion.

$45 to $65

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Gun Team.

Loud o'er the city's murmur, 'midst the husy throng at noon,
I heard a clattering jingle, like an old familiar tune.
I turned, and shining glossy, steel a-glitter in the sun,
I saw a team of hairies and an eighteen-pounder gun.

I felt my pulses bounding, and my hlood ran fast and free,
As down the hreeze the hot horse-scent came in a wave to me.
And oh! my heart was longing for the gunner life again;
Those poplar-shaded horse-lines on the poppy-sprinkled plain.

And oh! hut I was wishing then to hear the trumphets hlare
That crashing music 'stables,' and at 'feed' to see the air
Thick with the dust from standing roofs, while tossing heads six score,
Shrill neighing, fiercely echoed hack faint sounds of distant war.

They rattled past—a moment (as I saw the gun glides gleam)—
Before me flame-kissed muzzles leapt, with shriek, and dying scream,
As eastward sped the shrapnel, and a sudden shattering roar
Of shell-bursts in my ears—I gazed at city streets once more.

—*By Kenneth M'Cracken in Scottish Chapbook.*

The Days.

One day, and one day, and so the years go hy;
Flowers paint the meadow, stars light the sky,
Kisses follow laughter, the heart heats high,
One day, and one day, and so the years fly.

One day, and one day, and years hy slow degrees;
The fresh winds hlow and the winds cease,
Work hrings reward and the good gift of peace;
One day, and one day, and so the years increase.

One day, and one day, and so the years wend;
Snow crowns the hills where the great gray clouds descend,
Colors of the noon in the twilight hlend—
One day, and one day, and so the years end.

One day, and one day, and so the sands run;
Flowers on the coffin gleaming in the sun,
The short journey over, the long rest hegun,
One day, the last day, and all days are done.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Requiem.

Umher and nacre melting into fawn
Stretches the sea beneath my eyes at dawn,
And with the sun wind-fingers lightly trace
Patterns of wondrous heauty on its face;
Like some white soul, glimpsed heaven-hound in flight,
A soaring gull flashes across the light,
Gleams for an instant then is lost to view
In the fast widening expanse of hlue. * *
Here, on these cliffs, where ehh and flow the sea,
Are hut as symbols of eternity.
I hear reverherate the swelling roar
Of the sea's hourdon on the granite shore:
Through the pine's vast, dim aisles I hear the tones
Of the wind rise in treble antiphones. * *
Here, let me rest when I shall fall asleep,
The sky above me and helow the deep
The hymning of the wind, the organ roll
Of the sea's voice he requiem for my soul!

—*New York Sun.*

Villanelle.

Some lovers hlame the magic of the moon
When, hy a ruse, they storm the citadel—
I stole a kiss from Rose this afternoon!

The sun shone (as it sometimes does in June),
The drowsy hum of insects rose and fell. . . .
(Some lovers hlame the magic of the moon!)

With diffidence at first I craved the hoon,
Then, as I waited, courage came pellmell—
I stole a kiss from Rose this afternoon!

Soft lips designed for Love's delicious rune;
Bluc eyes, half veiled, demure—these wove the spell!
(Some lovers hlame the magic of the moon!)

Temptation comes to hero and poltroon,
To sinner and to hermit in his cell—
I stole a kiss from Rose this afternoon!

Oh, it was shameless and—and much too soon!
So Rose informed me, then forgave and—well,
Some lovers blame the magic of the moon;
I stole a kiss from Rose this afternoon!

—*By E. L. Roberts in London Evening Times.*

Another Isthmian Canal

If Panama traffic increases as fast as that of Suez increased between 1880 and 1910, a big addition to the present water storage will be required by 1949, additional locks will be needed by 1962, and last, hut not least, America must build a second Canal between tbe Atlantic and Pacific Oceans before 1979, says Captain A. W. Hinds, U. S. N., in the *North American Review*.

It required fifty years of advertising to give the American people even a luke-warm feeling toward the necessity for the first Canal. The long trip of the old hattleship *Oregon*, when she was so sorely needed in tbe Caribbean Sea, brought home to the people the strategic value of the Canal; but, even then, it needed the sheer strength and magnetic personality of a President like Theodore Roosevelt to convince America that the great work had to be done "Now!"

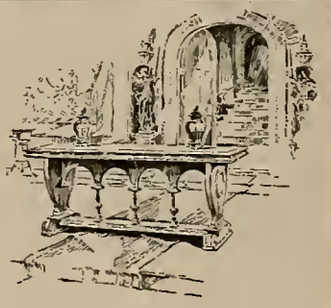
Without Roosevelt there would he no great ditch across the Isthmus. It will be only a short while until more water storage and more locks will he imperative necessities, and within the span of a reasonably short life we must pour vast millions into the construction of another waterway between the two oceans. Will there be a second Roosevelt ready to make America do it?

A Plea for the Bourgeois.

I was recently talking witb a young actress who was commenting on some of the seniors in ber profession, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, and among them she mentioned a well-known actor of respectable, though not brilliant, gifts. She spoke of him witb a particular kindness. "Of course," she said, "he is a little bourgeois . . . hut, then," she added, "I am beginning to like nice hourgeois people . . . they are such a relief." The addition was as refreshing as unexpected from her fair lips. The poor old scorned and baited "bourgeoisie!" That so young and flattered a creature bad a good word to say for tbem was news indeed, and I could not help feeling that her words held sometbing of a portent. I am inclined to think tbat sbe is not alone in her point of view. She meant, of course, relief from tbe wearisome borde of posturing "artistic" and "temperamental" persons. Oh, for a new Moliere to write for us a new *"Les Precieuses Ridicules."* Verily, the field is ripe unto the barvest. Never was such a crop of transcendental bores and humbugs. Today, surely, affectation bas attained its apogee. How soothing, indeed, by contrast, is the companionship of quiet, sensible folk afflicted witb no form of fashionahle "neurosis," unecstatic, appreciating the good and great things of art without bysteria, like ordinary ladies and gentlemen, untroubled by "soul mates" or fourth dimensions, untouched hy weirdness, preferring the art they can understand to tbe cryptic lunacies of the modern artistic madhouse; helieving in "the old perfections of the earth," and subscribing to stable standards of morals and manners . . . yes! "a little bourgeois."

John Breuner Co. of San Francisco

Geary St. near Powell



$132

Italian Renaissance Table

a $165 value.

—Despite the brisk selling of the past few months the selections in living room tables at the John Breuner Co. of San Francisco are uncommonly well rounded.

—Noteworthy among the many fine values is the above illustrated table. The design is strictly architectural in its handling. The finish is Italian walnut. Sixe 25x72 inches.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Don't you think he's as ugly as sin?" "No; as virtue."—*Life.*

The Bore—Do you think the end of the world is near? *She*—Thank goodness, it's nearer than it ever was before!—*Humorist (London).*

"We've got a dandy college yell, now." "What is it?" "We give four Russian battleships, a siss-boom-ah and then two Chinese generals."—*Harper's.*

Mr. Critique—Yes, indeed, my house is simply full of Titians. *Mrs. Nouveariche*—Good gracious, ain't there no way of killing 'em?—*Princeton Tiger.*

"Look, Catherine, I had my picture taken!" "Caray! How well you came out!" "Yes, and mind you, it's the first time I ever did it.—*Excelsior (Mexico.)*

"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business." "Did he take it kindly?" "He threw me out of his office."—*Vanity Fair.*

Young Author—When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep. *Friend*—Why don't you read over what you have written?—*Princeton Tiger.*

Visitor—This ain't a dwarf! He's over five feet in height. *Showman*—That's the great thing about him. He is the tallest dwarf in the world.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

The theory that boys are descended from monkeys has received an ugly setback. A Philadelphia gentleman possesses a monkey who washes himself with soap and water.—*Punch.*

"The Paddingtons are great on style, aren't they?" "They have no automobile, have they?" "No, but they belong to a church that has a curate."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Patience—That was the sixth time she's been married; and yet she looked nervous, didn't she? *Tolerance*—Yes, poor girl; perhaps she's afraid it will be her last.—*Yonkers Stotesman.*

Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Don't you know, little boy, that you shouldn't fish on the Sabbath Day? *Tommy Toddles*—I ain't a-fishin', hoss, I'm jus' teachin' worms how ter swim.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"It is very bad form for a person to make a spectacular display of his wealth." "Yes." answered Senator Sorghum; "and in politics it's worse than that. It's injudicious."—*Washington Star.*

Editor—We will pay you either at the rate of one dollar per word or five thousand dollars per idea, as you elect. *Distinguished Author*—The former is—er—the better way, I think. *New York Sun and Globe.*

Casey—'Tis too stout entirely your'e gettin', Ellen. Why don't ye diet? *Mrs. Casey*—I'd like to, Dinny, but I can't convince me conscience that dietin' isn't wilfully interferin' with the ways of Providence.—*Judge.*

Bookie—So y'see, if the 'orse starts at 15 to 1 you get 15 quid, 10 to 1 you get 10 quid, 5 to 1 five. D'y'see? *The Innocent*—Oh yes, I see, perfectly. But what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock exactly?—*Illustroted Bits.*

Distinguished Artist—Perhaps if you come here you will get a better light on the picture. This studio is not nearly large enough. *Fair Visitor (desirous to understand)*—Yes, yes; I know. One can't get far enough away from your pictures!—*Punch.*

"I suppose you have made it a rule in politics never to forget a friend." "There's no danger of that," answered Senator Sorghum; "if a man has done anything friendly for you in politics he never lets you forget it."—*Washington Star.*

Manager of Country Music Hall—On my right, at enormous expense, The Flying Foggarties—the world's greatest acrohats; and next week, for your benefit, we've engaged another couple wot can knock the spots off these two!—*Humorist (London).*

Eddie—Aren't you sorry that you are an only child? *Freddie*—Oh, no; I don't mind it, but it's tough on pa. *Eddie*—How so? *Freddie*—Well, you see, I'm getting too big for him to have to take me to the circus, and there aren't any younger kids in the family for him to fall hack on.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"And if I do consent to lend you this money," said the rich man, "how am I to know whether I shall ever get it hack?" "Oh, but I promise on the word of a gentleman," said the other. "Very well, then. Come to my flat this evening and hring the gentleman with you."—*Tid-Bits (London).*

Passenger (after an unusually long stoppage at a small Border stotion)—I say, guard why aren't we going on? Anything wrong? *Guord (complacently engoged upon an al fresco lunch)*—There's naething wrong, sir; but I canna' whistle the noo; ma mouth's full o' biscuit!—*Daily Mail (London).*

Miss Marjorie—And how is your son James getting on, Mr. Giles? *Giles (whose son has gone to London "in service")*; Well, to tell ye the truth, Miss Marji, O'im very trouhled about 'im. Oi' ad a letter last week an' 'e says that 'e's livin' in a huildin' with 'hundreds of people in it, an' it's three or four 'ouses one on top o' t'other. 'E says there's a railway carriage without an ingin that goes up the middle o' th' street, an' th' lights is all in bottles, an' you turns 'em on with a tap without usin' a loocifer, an—*Miss Marjorie*—But why are you trouhled about James? *Giles*—"Aye, Oi fear 'e must 'a took to drink, miss!—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

THE MODERN SYMPOSIUM.

The state of quiescence which golf induces reveals a widespread intellectual poverty which upon analysis is disturbing to the popular conviction that we are a highly intelligent people, writes J. A. MacCallum in the *North American Review.* Wherever golfers foregather when the day's contests are over, they are given to much talk about their failures and successes. One need not he a "highbrow" to feel a deep sense of depression as he overhears the conversation current in the dressing and dining rooms of any country club from Kennehunkport to Hollywood. The indigestihle luncheon inadvisedly eaten hy the player, or the extra cigar in which he foolishly indulged, accounts for his poor game. "If" and "I" are the words most in use in these deliberations. "If it had not heen for the 'slice' which I developed on the sixth hole and which continued with me until the sixteenth, I would have played a brilliant game. You should have seen me last Sunday. I spent the week-end with a friend on Long Island. He is a member of the Excelsior Club and we played the 36 holes. Every drive I made went straight down the center of the fairway, every approach was a gem, and every putt within four yards of the pin sank. But today I was all off. I don't understand what has come over me.' This is the cardinal theme in every club, and is embroidered with numerous monotonous variations gathering around the Ego of the player and conditioned hy many an "if." It is a sad confession for a golfer to make, but the wise man faces the facts, and after all the responsihility is not with the game. The one reform to which the intelligentsia among golfers must address themselves is to oxygenate the rarified mental atmosphere which at present prevails in the average country club, and which causes a slowing down of the intellectual processes and a stifling of the imagination in so many devotees of the game.

An African Order.

In Paris they tell a story of a man who had been awarded, for some indirect service, the African oder of Labasksi-Tapo, the king ot a certain country in Africa, with which the French had come much in contact, writes James J. Connor in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger.* The Frenchman was greatly delighted and immediately went to a member of the ministry to ohtain the necessary permission to wear the decoration of this foreign order. The minister hemmed and hawed a little. "Do you know what the decoration consists of?" he asked. "Certainly," the gentleman answered. "It is a beautiful ring of gold, from which is suspended a calumet enameled in red. I demand the authorization to wear it." "Certainly you can wear it, hut it must he worn, in order to he lawful, exactly as the members of the order in Africa wear it." "And how is that?" "In the nose!"

Wrecks That Sink Ships.

There is nothing so dangerous to navigation as a floating derelict, says *Pearson's Weekly.* The loss of many a good ship is attributed to such wreckage. Only a few weeks ago the *Empress of Scotland,* a 25,000-ton liner, was disahled through striking a submerged object, thought to be wreckage.

A floating wreck is naturally much more dangerous than one which has lodged on a reef of rock or a sandhank, as the former is carried about hy the wind and waves, so can never be huoyed or marked in any way.

When a big coal-steamer was ahandoned in mid-ocean, she did not sink, as expected. Instead, she drifted across the Atlantic, right in the main shipping route.

Several vessels had narrow escapes from running into her, and such an outcry was raised that the Admiralty finally sent a squadron of seven cruisers to track her down and destoy her.

The schooner, *W. L. White,* was afloat as a derelict for nearly a year. She was abandoned in a waterlogged condition seventy miles from the American coast. Just over ten months later she came ashore on one of the Hebrides.

A famous derelict was the English harque *Siddartha,* which sailed from Florida on January 16th, 1899. She met with very bad weather, and was abandoned in mid-ocean three weeks later.

She did not sink, but moved ahout the center of the North Atlantic. She was sighted fifty times and set fire to on three occasions, hut all to no purpose, her timbers heing too waterlogged to hurn. Eventually a cruiser was sent to find her and tow her into port.

Condensed Names.

Four of the 29 Presidents of the United States have in some way changed their names from those which were given them, the latest heing Calvin Coolidge, says the *Boston Transcript.* They probably had sufficient reason for the alterations and there are probably thousands of others well-known in puhlic life who have done the same thing, hut the prominence of Presidents makes the fact interesting.

President Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses and changed it to Ulysses Simpson; Cleveland was named Stephen Grover and dropped the Stephen; Wilson was Thomas Woodrow and in puhlic life omitted the Thomas; Coolidge, named John Calvin for his father, first, when he went into law at Northhampton, Mass., dropped the John for J. Calvin, and later omitted the J.

Hiram, Stephen, Thomas and John are good old names; why these four Presidents should have seen fit to forego them would be an interesting document. It was, presumahly, personal with all of them; for reasons hest known to themselves, they altered their baptismal names, and the world in general knows them by the names they adopted, not by those given them at christening.

A man should know what names he wants better than his parents anyhow.

Mome—I don't know whether I ought to recognize him in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight. *Madge*—You promised to marry him, didn't you? *Mome*—Yes, hut that was all.—*Boston Tronscript.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Promise of the Opera.

It warms the heart to learn that the opening season of the San Francisco Opera Association has been a success, both artistically and financially; it could so easily have been successful in one of those particulars and not in the other, or not a success at all. San Francisco does not often fail at what it undertakes, especially in the field of art, but every such enterprise involves some hazard, and it is a relief to feel that the hazard is past and the work well crowned. Much credit is given, and is due, Gaetano Merola. Much credit is given and is due his devoted troupe, and the San Francisco Musical Association. But all their ability and devotion would have come to naught in a city whose people lacked appreciation of beauty and were without taste for things of the finer culture. A dramatist at one of his own plays was asked if he came to see if it was a success. "No," he replied, "I came to see if the audience was a success." In this case the audience was; and without that there would have been no success for anyone, no matter what approach to perfection the management might have achieved. As it is, the finish and brilliance of the performances appealed to a discriminating public and gave the keenest delight to thousands. Wisely the prices were kept within reach of people in moderate circumstances; and the result is a firm foundation on which much can be built for the future. This points toward better accommodation than the city now offers in the way of an opera house. Since the old Grand Opera on Mission street first degenerated to melodrama and then perished in the flames, we have had nothing worthy the name. The Exposition Auditorium was not intended for just this purpose, and serves it indifferently well—at best it is a makeshift and a stop-gap. There is opportunity here for a house as good as the Metropolitan at New York, and we should not be getting far if we did not better it. No city could have a finer expression of its cultural life, nor one that would minister more richly to the satisfactions of citizenship. In ten months, without help from the municipality and with no large endowment, an institution has been built in the form of a brilliant organization under masterly direction, and it has attracted an attendance of fifty thousand for the ten performances. That is promise and encouragement. The building of an opera house worthy of the city should now appear as a profitable undertaking, and one more invaluable unit should shortly be added to San Francisco's equipment.

Presidential Speculation.

In a phrase more marked by brevity than by grace a Washington writer declares that "Coolidge is holding 'em." Interpreted, this means that despite efforts to jockey him into premature declarations, President Coolidge is keeping his poise and reserving his judgments. Probably not until Congress assembles in December will the country know specifically what Mr. Coolidge's "policies" are to be, or what means he will employ toward carrying them into effect. In the meantime he is open to counsels both of information and opinion. No president has ever harkened with closer attention to those who have the right to advise with him.

That Mr. Coolidge is master of himself is now obvious. But the crucial test of his powers, intellectual, moral and political, will come in connection with his dealings with Congress. When Congress assembles in December it will be necessary for him to make a series of recommendations respecting pending affairs—the World Court, the proposals of the farm bloc, the bonus project, and what not else. Then the scope and temper of the Coolidge mind will be exhibited; and later the quality of the man as an administrative and political strategist. Upon these developments yet to come the judgment of Mr. Coolidge's party and of the country will be based. Today public presumption is favorable to Mr. Coolidge, nonetheless it remains for time and events to confirm or discredit the universal expectation that acclaims him the coming nominee of his party. Until time and events shall have rendered their verdict no other name will be considered seriously by the republicans of the country. Many are "mentioned" but only in a casual way. Mr. Coolidge so engrosses the outlook that nobody looks upon any other of many possibilities as worth, at this time, more than a second's thought.

If Mr. Coolidge should be nominated by the republicans next year, as he probably will be, the democrats will in all likelihood seek a candidate from the west. This would be in the line of political logic, and it would be good strategy since Mr. Coolidge not only hails from the east but is in his character and temperament essentially an eastern man. There are those who will urge a second nomination of Mr. Cox of Ohio, holding firmly to the belief that he was beaten in 1920 by a combination of adverse conditions and circumstances that no man could have overcome. A more radical element of the democratic party will have Mr. Reed of Missouri in its mind's eye. A far more probable choice is Governor Ralston of Indiana. In his individual equipment Mr. Ralston is of the McKinley and Harding type. Personable in every way he is yet a plain man, and to use a prairie figure of speech he is in every way "clean-hoofed." He is a lawyer by profession; he has had experience in legislation; he comes from a western and pivotal state. And what is highly important, he is obviously a vote getter. In a state that in 1920 gave Harding 696,370 to 511,364 for Cox he won in 1922 a senatorship by a vote of 558,169 to 524,558 for his republican opponent, former Senator Beveridge. A man thus practically recommended and hailing from the heart of the west is not likely to fail of champions in a democratic convention whose business it will be to name a candidate in opposition to a New Englander.

In the possible event of Mr. Coolidge's failure to gain the nomination at the hands of republicans, and in the further possible event that republican choice may fall upon some western man of radical type, democratic strategy would probably seek a man of conservative character—a man likely to draw support from conservative republican ranks. Senator Oscar Underwood s such a man. True he hails from the south but in his personal characteristics he is a cosmopolitan rather than a sectionalist, and as a candidate opposed to a man of the LaFollette or Johnson type he would undoubtedly attract a heavy republican support. Senator Underwood is an avowed though by no means eager candidate. While Senator Ralston's candidacy is not formally announced it is in that state technically styled "receptive." A more positive candidate is ex-Secretary McAdoo in whose behoof some approach has been made toward a national organization. There is already in the field, touting for McAdoo, a considerable force of professional political workers. Mr. McAdoo came from the south, he has New York affiliations; nominally he lives in Southern California. He is a son-in-law of ex-President Wilson, but this fact is not regarded as assuring him Mr. Wilson's support. It is not in Wilson's character to be personally ardent in any cause other than one directly relating to himself; and there are those who believe, despite his invalidism, that the ex-president is hoping lightning will strike a third time in his direction. Mr. McAdoo's candidacy rests mainly upon organized promotion for which somebody obviously is paying; and it has the inspiration of hope that it will find favor with the labor element in appreciation of what was done by Mr. McAdoo as railway administrator in the period of government control.

All this, it hardly need be said, is mere speculation. Up to this time the one certain factor in the situation is the universal expectation that Mr. Coolidge will make good with his party and with the country, and thus command nomination. Up to now he has carried himself with dignity and discretion and there is every reason to believe that the qualities already exhibited in his brief tenure of the presidential office will sustain him in public consideration.

Mr. Lloyd George.

That our latest notable foreign visitor is a man of high distinction nobody will deny. But that he is in the broad sense a great man, there are many to question. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* he was the right man in the right place when his special talents were needed. But that he possesses enduring powers of statesmanship, suited to varying times and conditions, we seriously doubt. He has boldness of mind and boldness in action, and his qualities served well in the period of his official tenure. But there is reason to hold in doubt his adaptability to times like the present when constructive genius rather than powers of emotional appeal are a special need.

Mr. Lloyd George we think must be classified with men who need the authority and prestige of office to maintain individual eminence. As British Premier he was only a year ago perhaps the outstanding man in the whole world. Bereft of his office he has declined immeasurably. His manner of retirement was illustrative not of high political character nor great personal strength but rather of qualities that separate the politician from the statesman. His parting boast that as "a mere member of Parliament" he would face his enemies "sword in hand" did much to destroy the

prestige of his notable official and personal record. It did for him somewhat as Mr. Wilson's declaration upon his first return from Europe that he was a man of "fighting blood" determined to make mince-meat of certain "pigmy minds," did for him. That sort of balderdash now and always discredits whoever utters it and leads inevitably to lowered levels of public regard. Mr. Lloyd George holds and always will retain a certain place in public consideration based on past achievements, but he is not to be likened to his predecessors, Palmerston, Baconsfield, and Gladstone, as personages scarcely less eminently regarded when out of office than when in command of the powers of office.

Mr. Lloyd George's greatest triumphs in a personal sense have rested upon his strength as an orator—upon his ability in stirring periods to command the minds of men by his power of persuasive address. And here we are reminded that the British world has always yielded to the orator a consideration that is denied him in our own country. We admire the orator, we flock to hear him, we yield him the tribute of applause. But we do not as do the British trust him in the same degree with authority in affairs of government. We have had in times past and present many men of supreme oratorical gifts, but we rarely place them in high office and we all but never make them presidents. Mr. Wilson was perhaps the most accomplished orator that ever reached the presidential chair, and his record is not one calculated to inspire confidence in men of phrases as distinct from men of judgment. The qualities of mind and spirit that go to make a per-fervid spell-binder are not of the kind commonly associated with sound judgment and administrative direction. The temperament of the orator is essentially imaginative—rather that of the actor than of the thinker. Emotion and its handmaiden rhetoric have, to be sure, their place and function, and oftentimes, especially in times of tension, they serve a noble purpose. But the American instinct nine times out of ten classifies the orator rather with the poet than with the man of affairs. It is somewhat different with the British. There are few exceptions in the long line of British premiers who have not won place and power by feats of rhetorical appeal. Until within recent months we cannot recall the name of any British premier who has not been first and foremost a speech-maker.

All this in so far as it relates to Mr. Lloyd George in no sense discredits that gentleman as a notable personal and historical figure, entirely worthy of the cordiality that greeted his landing in America last week and that attends his progress wherever he goes in our country. Truly a notable man, truly a man who bore a great part in the period of the war, truly a man worthy of the friendship of the American people is Mr. Lloyd George.

Death of Colonel Irish.

With the death of Colonel John P. Irish, California loses a talented and striking figure. He was a man of great eloquence, and in that character represented a phase of public life which if it is not actually passing has become subordinate to policies more technical and practical than the arts of the rhetorician exhibit. At a time, however, when those arts were needed they were directed to the service of his country—we refer to the free silver campaign of 1896. Here was a dangerous delusion against which the people needed warning. W. J. Bryan was going about the middle western states on a special train, "setting the prairies afire," as his partisans said with more truth than they understood; and Colonel Irish was called upon to follow him and extinguish the conflagration; which he did to some extent. Only one man then living, Robert G. Ingersoll, possessed the powers of expression for such a service, and he was ageing. The eloquence of Bryan had its counterpoise in the eloquence of John P. Irish, which was more persuasive and logical, even on so dry a subject as the coinage. In his prime, Irish was one of the great orators. His death may signalize our transition to a new phase of history, and a different manner of analyzing our social and political problems.

Irish was gifted with commanding presence and sonorous voice, a voice like a trumpet, yet capable of the most flexible modulations. He rarely dealt in pathos, cared little to wring tears from his auditors. Nor was he in his public addresses conspicuously humorous, although he liked to tell a good story. His strength lay more in his ability to convince the reason than move the passions. But so appropriate was his phrasing and so nearly perfect his periods that listening to him was like listening to hexameters on some subject of tremendous import set out in terms of vital human interest; rather suggestive of that "surge and thunder of the Odyssey," which to the poet seemed "like Ocean on a western beach." An example recurs from his address at the Turlock-Modesto Irrigation Jubilee of some twenty years ago: "When I survey these fertile miles I am sorry that I am no longer young—I am sorry that on my head has fallen the frost that never melts." It would be hard to find a figure of speech more appropriate and beautiful. Colonel Irish espoused some unpopular causes without much concern as to the effect on his political fortunes. He had become notable recently as a friend to the Japanese—not so much on behalf of more immigration as on behalf of more considerate treatment of the Japanese already here. That was most creditable. He was usually on the side of tolerance, and tolerance is a fitting crown for any life.

The People and Their Basic Law.

President Coolidge is one of the best students of the American Constitution in public life today. His devotion to that fundamental instrument of our government has been constant and his support of it upon all occasions has been vigorous and unequivocal. In an address to the Massachusetts general court on January 8, 1920, Mr. Coolidge said:

> Our government belongs to the people. Our property belongs to the people. It is distributed. They own it. The taxes are paid by the people. They bear the burdens. The benefits of government must accrue to the people; not one class but to all classes, to all the people. The functions, the power, the sovereignty of the government must be kept where they have been placed by the Constitution and laws of the people.

In his capacity as governor, he vetoed a bill passed by the Massachusetts legislature providing for the manufacture and sale of beer. In his veto message he said:

> By the solemn adoption of an amendment to the fundamental law of the land jurisdiction of this subject has been placed in Congress. It ought to be left there until it is declared with equal solemnity by the Supreme Court that such amendment is void. * * * That which the court hesitates to decide, I shall not hasten to declare. *My oath was not to take a chance on the Constitution. It was to support it.* * * *
>
> We have had too much legislating by clamor, by tumult, by pressure. Representative government ceases when outside influence of any kind is substituted for the judgment of the representative. This does not mean that the opinion of constituents is to be ignored. It is to be weighed most carefully, for the representative must represent, but his oath provides that it must be "faithfully and impartially according to the best of his abilities and understanding, agreeable to the rules and regulations of the Constitution and laws." Opinions and instructions do not outmatch the Constitution. Against it they are void. It is an insult to any Massachusetts constituency to suggest that they were so intended. Instructions are not given unless given constitutionally. There can be no constitutional instruction to do an unconstitutional act.

We can have government by law, based upon and guaranteed by the Constitution, the sort of government toward which the Anglo-Saxons have been painfully struggling for seven or eight centuries; government that shall bear upon all alike without prejudice or favor—or, we can have government by men; which is always tyrannous, special, and discriminatory, and at best is a rule of caprice and favoritism tending to sink into corruption, with the disintegration of all social relations, all saving human bonds. But the Constitution is not automatic. You can not forget it and let it take care of itself. In a letter on this subject, in connection with the recent celebration of the 136th anniversary of the signing of our fundamental document, President Coolidge wrote:

> The Constitution is not self-perpetuating. If it shall survive it will be because it has public support. It means making adequate sacrifice to maintain what is of public benefit.
>
> The Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, those rights will be secure. Whenever it falls into disrespect or disrepute, the end of orderly organized government, as we have known it for more than 125 years, will be at hand. The Constitution represents a government of law. There is only one other form of authority, and that is a government of force. Americans must make their choice between these two. One signifies justice and liberty; the other tyranny and oppression. To live under the American Constitution is the greatest political privilege accorded to the human race.

Pinchot and the Price of Coal.

The latest anthracite strike has been settled, and winter not yet here. The settlement has been on the basis of higher wages and a shorter day for the miners, higher profits for the operators, middlemen, wholesalers and retailers, and higher prices for the shivering public. It is the work, one might almost say the masterpiece, of that friend of man, Gifford Pinchot, at present governor of Pennsylvania, in which office and capacity it was his duty to deal with the situation, if it was anybody's except those directly concerned.

But if it was the duty of anybody except those directly concerned, that duty arose out of the fact that the public was affected. The settlement raises the dividends and the wages, and then evens things up by raising the prices. This is what the public gets out of it. Pinchot poses, as he has always posed, as a reformer of politics. But his operations are indistinguishable, fundamentally, from those of the old-line politician: he caters to organized votes. It is the public that pays, and pays, and pays, in either case. Governor Pinchot's proposal that the middlemen be called in and asked to cease profiteering has the typical Pinchot sound: a sweet note of sentiment. He would as well invite a cage of anacondas and suggest to them that they moderate their appetities.

When President Coolidge handed this issue to Pinchot for settlement, the politicians were aghast. It was playing right into a rival's hands. Pinchot would settle the strike and reap the fruits of popularity in the nomination for the presidency. But thus far President Coolidge has not been detected losing sleep over it. He seems to have known just about what Pinchot would do, and has not been disappointed. Watchers through the night do not see the pale face of the President staring out the window at the cold and silent stars, while he wishes he had settled the coal strike himself.

The operators and the miners are at liberty to resume the quarrel year after next, and moreover they are not only at liberty to resume it, but having done so well out of it this year they are undoubtedly looking forward with eagerness to trimming the public in the same manner next time, provided they can get the help of Gifford. The modus will be easy. The miners threaten strike, the operators go to Pinchot, if he still is governor, and ask him to adjust the grievance whatever it may by that time be, he will repeat his triumph, and the public will pay for the music.

What Governor Pinchot should have done, had he possessed the honesty of purpose of a great reformer coupled with the hardihood of a robin, was to call out the militia or the Pennsylvania Constabulary and police the mines so that free miners might work in the places of the strikers without molestation. That might not have protected the public, but it would have given the public the chance of reasonable production cost, and to that the public has a right. Instead it has been robbed of any such chance. This year coal is a dollar a ton more; year after next it may be three dollars more; for under the Pinchot method of settlement there is no limit to what operators and miners may hope. In fact, we are amazed at their moderation and don't see why they wait so long.

This is Governor Pinchot's great achievement. And any one could have done it, any one could have settled that strike or any other by forcing a surrender to the demands of the workmen and letting the employers take it out of the consumers. That is the way we have been settling strikes in this country for forty years, while the cost of living mounts higher and higher; and the *Argonaut* fails to see any especial merit in it. It consists in "getting capital and labor together." As Ambrose Bierce once said, "God help the public if capital and labor ever do get together."

Rich Food of the Spirit.

It is a dull year and without great hope for humanity when a new sort of food is not invented or a new method of treating disease does not establish a college and sanatorium and begin its publicity stunting. When the new food and the new disease treatment are combined the effulgence is dazzling and the force irresistible. We now have well developed the electronic treatment, and some promise of subsisting upon electric forces instead of meat and groceries. This double rainbow proceeds from the discoveries of a certain physician of San Francisco, one that does not believe he was born to blush unseen and waste his discoveries on the desert air. The possibilities exceed all recorded miracles, both of healing, and of feeding the multitude, and are certain to attract a large number of disciples. One of those already attracted predicted at the Chicago convention of the new cult that there would come a time when people would sit down at the dinner table, attach to their bodies apparatus connected with electric wires, and absorb electrical vibrations instead of food.

That sounds delightfully economical. Of course, the terrible trusts must not be permitted to corner the hydro-electric resources of the country, nor the coal wherewith current may be generated, or they would be

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in a position to starve the people. But with the distribution, at least, in the hands of the City Hall socialists everything would be lovely and the public could live for nothing. One wonders, however, why people should sit down to the table for this charging operation. Why could not each person to be charged—and that would be everybody except those to whom the sybaritic delights of the palate appealed too strongly for them to abandon the old method of ingestion—why could not each person rig up some wireless apparatus of antennae rising from his coat collar and take his nutriment from the ether as he went about his business? Why have tables any longer? Why knives and forks and expensive china? Why napery to launder? Why in the kitchen a Buddhistic "pearl diver" redding up? Surely these nuisances are no longer necessary and we should be foolish to cling to them merely from habit.

But habit is strong, and with many for a time it would be hard to break through. Its victims might be pictured before their inevitable but delayed emancipation, sitting down at precisely the dinner hour, unfurling their napkins, tucking an electrode or something in their collars and waiting for the silent change from hunger to satiety. The wave lengths might be varied to represent the different courses—so long a wave for soup, so long another for the fish, so rapid another for salad and roast and pastry, and a few Steinmetz jolts for the cheese and demi tasse. Starches and sugars and proteids could all be proportioned by tuning. Teeth might be expected to disappear, and with them much dental trouble. Dining out would perhaps become a function of holding hands around the table, instead of one or two couples holding hands under the table, and both service and cookery would be a matter of amperes instead of entrees. Should a guest suffer an attack of indigestion from getting over-charged, we may presume that he would be taken, not to a hospital but to a transformer house. Just how such a meal would taste we have no notion, but taste itself, as related to the palate, would disappear with the teeth.

And we might expect some great benefits. Think how easy it would be to reduce—to leave off potatoes when it had become a mere matter of ionizing on the protein wave—or to acquire corpulence by absorbing a sufficient wattage of carbo-hydrates. If a woman lacked the circumference she desired, whether on the plus or minus side of desirability, it would be her own fault, for dieting would be the easiest thing in the world. She could not blame the power companies, provided they maintained a continuous flow of current. But one shudders to think of the consequences of a strike or a break down. With nothing in the pantry, with the art of cookery lost, and our teeth and gastric apparatus atrophied, famine would be upon us. In that future when we shall be consuming only kilowatt-hours, when the farms and the dairies have gone back to the wilderness and the bakeries have become picture palaces, it will be incumbent on us to be very sure of our electrical facilities. A municipal system, for example, that would only feed democrats and let republican go hungry would hardly be tolerable—that is, to republicans.

Passing of a Great Liberal.

The recent death of Viscount Morley of Blackburn marks the passing of a statesman great in the annals of Irish and Indian progress, as well as the end of one of the most open minds and clearest thinkers of recent times. In one sense Morley's political eminence was due to the friendship and influence of Gladstone, but it is probable that the unusual courage and clarity of his mind would have brought him to the front in any case. The fact of his lifelong friendship with the deeply religious Gladstone in the teeth of Morley's rampant agnosticism proves his lack of opportunism and shows that his rise to power was not the result of happy concidence.

John Morley was born in Blackburn on Christmas eve, 1838, and so was in his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death. He was the son of Jonathan Morley, a surgeon of means and good family. Young Morley was educated at Cheltenham College and Lincoln College, Oxford, becoming a barrister in Lincoln's Inn in 1873 and a bencher in '91. But his first success was made in journalism shortly after coming down from Oxford in 1859, when he became the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, a paper which died shortly after, in spite of, rather than because of, Morley's administration; though the youthful editor seemed to have a penchant for moribund papers, since his second attempt, *The Morning Star*, also burnt out in two years. Meanwhile he had succeeded G. H. Lewes, in 1867, on *The Fortnightly Review*, which he brilliantly edited till in 1883 he was elected to Parliament on his third attempt to break into politics. It was then necessary to exchange the arduous labors of editing the *Fortnightly* for the lighter task involved in controlling the fate of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Morley was already associated with the Macmillans from editing his most popularly known work, the English Men of Letters series, for which he himself wrote "The Life of Edwin Burke." His other adventure in editorial precincts was the *Pall Mall Gazette* which he managed for a number of years. Perhaps his greatest biography was his "Life of Richard Cobden."

However, his ambitions had probably been political rather than journalistic from the beginning. In his initial parliamentary year he presided over a large liberal congress at Leeds, thereby gaining the prestige so dear to the heart of the would-be politician. Morley was never a notable orator but the literary finish of his speeches and his obvious sincerity soon made him a popular parliamentary figure. In 1886 when Gladstone returned to office—his third time as prime minister—he appointed Morley secretary for Ireland with a seat in the cabinet. It was Morley's first public appointment and it was a felicitious choice, for he had nothing to recant from previous allegiances and had always expressed sympathy with the Irish Nationalists. In fact, Morley is given credit for having greatly influenced his chief on the subject of Home Rule. In the interval between Gladstone's holds on the premiership, Morley devoted himself again to letters but in '92, with the return of the Gladstonians, Morley resumed his office as secretary for Ireland.

An example of Morley's peculiar grip on his constituents was the occasion of his opposing an eight-hour law on the principle that it interfered with adult rights. He was elected in spite of his peculiar interpretation of the rights of the British workmen but was finally ousted in 1895, when he promptly secured another seat, this time in Scotland, where doubtless his freedom of mind was even more appreciated. During the Boer War he was very anti-government and very outspoken in his belief. The close of the century practically concluded his work as a man of letters though he did write the life of Gladstone later, devoting himself to it from the death of his chief till its publication in 1903. It is remarkable for its sympathetic treatment of the strong religious bias of Gladstone, when one remembers that Morley's own agnosticism led him to spell the name of the diety with a small "g."

In 1905 when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power he appointed Morley secretary for India in which capacity he became notorious for sanctioning extreme measures in dealing with sedition, at the same time introducing native representation and taking steps for the decentralization of the administrative government. Upon Campbell-Bannerman's resignation in 1908 Morley was retained at his post in Asquith's new cabinet but in consideration for his age and heavy duties it was thought advisable to release him from attendance on the lower House. Accordingly he was created a peer. Unfortunately, his later career was somewhat clouded by the world war toward which he retained a neutral and pacifist attitude which compelled him to resign in 1914 from the Asquith government. He was seventy-six then, an old man, and one whose guidance had always been the honest conviction of an open mind. The moral proves that even the most courageous are not infallible.

Editorial Notes.

Anti-Japanese propaganda in part of the American press has provoked denial by the Japanese government of certain statements about the recent disaster. One was to the effect that American destroyers had to proceed about relief work in Tokio and Kamakura in defiance of government orders not to enter forbidden zones and closed ports. The Japanese government says this is untrue, and that special permission was given the American vessels to enter the ports affected. Another yellow story was to the effect that the Imperial Hotel was taken over by the government for military uses and all foreigners except diplomats were ordered out. The Japanese government denies this statement as a whole. The denials should be given currency at least equal to the original stories. They are far more credible than the statements they contradict. Otherwise, one would have to assume that a great government had in a sudden emergency been bereft of its senses.

VOICES FROM THE PRESS.

HOW THE LEAGUE FUNCTIONED.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The spectacle of the supreme council with its pretentious back carefully turned upon Corfu, solemnly praising itself for saving Austria, is the height of the ludicrous. For the well meaning people who took the league of nations as a sincere effort to prevent resort to war it must be not ludicrous but tragic.

There are an especially large number of such in our country because the historical sense is at a minimum with us and we have a naive notion that the European attitude toward war is the same as ours. These ardent believers in the league will not readily give up their faith in it, but for our people in the main the demonstration of the league's inability to function in a war crisis such as the Italian measures against Greece created will be conclusive.

Our own opinion is and has been that the league was never intended to function so as to thwart the policy of its principal members. The supreme council was devised to prevent that, and it has. The league was created, or allowed to be set up, to tempt idealistic America into the European game and put our resources under the reconstruction planned under the treaties made at the Paris conference, especially that of Versailles.

It failed in that object, but it could not be openly and promptly ditched. That would have been indecent and, besides, American leaguists, including certain leaders of the democratic party, were still keeping up their advocacy. The league could serve as a standing invitation, or even an ever open coal hole, for us, and meanwhile it might gain some credit by doing useful chores which did not interfere with any serious ambitions of the great powers.

But the Greek-Italian imbroglio brought a show-down. We mistake the American people if it has not put an end to the league as a coal hole for star-gazing America to walk into. It will be kept going for a while at least, and we think it can be made modestly useful for European governments. It can be an efficient agent for anæsthetizing troublesome questions of lesser degree or arranging respectable compromises upon them, mollifying passionate reformers on such matters as opium or the white slave traffic. It can be useful as another "sight" for tourists. A debate in the chamber on any such burning issue would be most acceptable.

Last, but not least, there are jobs under the league office which would carry some salary and quite some prestige at conventions and congresses. We cherish suspicion that the most persistent and energetic of the champions of the league will be the officials of the league. Perhaps this is an unjust suspicion, but we have it.

There is no lack of power among the present members of the league. If they hold the objects of the league above other considerations they could and would have taken over the situation at once. But the supreme council is only the great powers under another name and to think that its course will ever be other than an expression of their policies and interests is self-deception. If we want to play in that game, a seat is ready for us. If we retain our common sense that seat will remain empty.

THE LOBBYISTS ARE GATHERING.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union)

Between the adjournment of one Congress and the assembling of the next the proper authorities make the necessary repairs, renovations or changes in legislative halls, cloakrooms and offices. This may be regarded as a regular and consistent operation to be undertaken after one tenant moves out and before another moves in. But reports inform us that during the present congressional interval changes novel rather than regular, and questionable rather than consistent, are being made. We are told that when Congress meets in December it will be flanged on all sides by the imposing headquarters of professional propagandists. They are settling down within a stone's throw of the Capital so that a close tab can be kept on all members.

Very likely it may seem to members of Congress easier to vote for anything that these professional bodies ask for than to oppose them. Some members may even be led into the delusion that their political skins depend on placating these people. They may imagine even that a score of paid lobbyists for this proposition or that may represent the active desires and purposes of the great body of the American people. But if they regularly succumb to such methods, they may not only lose their independence of thought and conviction but may serve to encourage this vicious development in our legislative proceedings.

It is proper that any cause should be presented to members of Congress through their committees in the usual way; proper that all measures should be considered carefully and all those interested heard, but when it develops into an army of the besieging bodies making a virtue of espionage and intimidation, Congress can not succumb to it without losing its self-respect and prestige. The only way to fight off this innovation is to give it no favors and no encouragement. It would be better to let a good cause go by the board temporarily than to foster a permanent peril to the independence and integrity of Congress. The member of Congress likely to win popular favor in such circumstances is the one who opposes and votes against any measure promoted by lobbying organizations that look upon congressmen as their prey.

ONCE MORE THE ENTENTE.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The meeting of the British and French premiers in Paris may not have produced concrete accord on reparations. That would have been too much to expect after the polemics of the recent British and French notes. But this personal conference, whose results were sympathetically set forth in Premier Baldwin's statement last Thursday, has had a striking moral effect both in Great Britain and France. It encourages the belief that the French and British governments, having had their fling at high diplomatic argument, are ready to turn about and again talk friendly accommodation.

Things have happened since the Curzon-Poincaré correspondence was made public. The British Foreign Secretary's appeal to world opinion fell flat. His letters also punctured Germany's high hopes of efficacious British support of passive resistance. Stresemann could read into them no promise of relief from German isolation. He promptly launched his policy of realism—recognition of the futility of passive resist-

ance and of the necessity of paying reparations in order to redeem the Ruhr.

The Corfu incident also intervened. It demonstrated the dangers involved in a British withdrawal from active partnership in the Allied concert. The Entente is the only thing which can keep Europe from drifting into chaos. It is the only thing which can guarantee the new European order established hy the peace treaties.

Mr. Baldwin headed the movement which drove Lloyd George's coalition out of power, hecause of Mr. George's unsettling Continental policies. The Conservative party in Great Britain, for which Mr. Bonar Law spoke at the recent elections and for which Mr. Baldwin speaks now, has heen and still is extremely reluctant to ahandon the most vital agency of stahilization in Europe.

The British protest against the Ruhr occupation missed fire, hecause the value of that occupation was heing more and more demonstrated hy German preparation to surrender. If there is to he a settlement hased on German readiness to "redeem the Ruhr," how can Great Britain afford to stand apart from it? Mr. Baldwin is a husiness man. His interview with M. Poincaré indicates that he does not helieve Great Britain hurned any hridges in the Curzon state papers. Coöperation with France is still in the hroad sense a necessity for Great Britain, just as coöperation with Great Britain is a necessity to France. In fact, circumstances have so far always heen stronger than any statesman's or any nation's will to hreak the Entente.

THOSE CONVIVIAL CONVICTS.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

It is somewhat difficult to keep pace with Warden Smith, during the progress of his interesting explanations as to why convicts were given the liherty of the state fair grounds, incognito and on terms of perfect equality with other visitors. At first some douht was expressed as to the actual presence of the murderers and thieves who were said to have had a good time at the fair. Then it was admitted that the warden's "hoys" were among those present, all right, hut it was denied that any of them disported themselves at the dance pavilion. Suhsequently it was said that the holiday convicts served the state as prohihition stoolpigeons. And, finally, this was repudiated and we were told that as least one of 'em tripped what has so cleverly heen termed "the light fantastic toe."

This much, however, is a matter of record and of admission —a dozen or more convicts, including three murderers, did attend the fair. Moreover, they were nattily attired for the occasion. Two of them rendered the state an incidental service, so it is said, in frustrating an alleged attempt at a delivery of liquor. They were scattered around at various duties, and often were detained until a late hour, reaching their prison home at 2 o'clock. Their identity was quite unknown to the puhlic.

Warden Smith asserts that the convicts attended the fair on detailed duty, exactly as "wards of other state institutions" were present. This would seem to he the status at which the puhlic halks. One fails to understand why an inmate of the state penitentiary should he placed on an equal footing with an inmate of another state institution. The latter is not under sentence. He is not presumed to be expiating a deht to society. Yet it was this fundamental difference that the genial warden hlandly waved aside. Surely as grotesque a situation as any puhlic official ever contrived.

Governor Pierce, in his kindly way, has said "Tut! tut!" and has slapped the warden ever so gently on the wrist. It was all very well for the once, was the suhstance of the governor's rehuke, hut please not to let it happen again. Possihly Warden Smith won't let it happen again, hut one may rest assured that he is even now revolving some happy thought that, when placed in effect, will make his wards more than ever content with their penitentiary. Otherwise, for so the "hoys" have warned him, they shall certainly have to walk out.

MUSCLE SHOALS AGAIN.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

The Coolidge administration is trying to get down to hrass tacks in the long continued Muscle Shoals muddle. The inference can fairly he drawn from the summoning of Mr. Ford to Washington to take up with the President and Secretary of War Weeks a proposal to eliminate his demand that the government turn over to him the Gorgas steam plant, a demand which, as Senator Norris points out in his report on the Ford proposal, no other hidder has made.

The plant is one constructed hy the government on the property of the Alahama Power company, ninety miles from the Shoals, under agreement that the company should have the option of purchase from the government. It is contended in some quarters that the war department had no authority to make such an agreement, hut in any case there is equity in the company's plea that it should have first hid on a plant constructed on its own property and under a definite promise, even if the latter should not he legally hinding.

Mr. Ford would find the plant of great use, as the government did, pending completion of the Muscle Shoals work, hut withdrawal of his demand would eliminate a trouhlesome side issue.

DECLINE OF THE FARM BLOC.

(From the New York Herald.)

The farm hloc, in the opinion of Senator Cameron of Arizona, will not he an important factor in the next Congress. He pictures the hloc as heing torn asunder hy the amhitions and vagaries of its memhers, each of whom thinks of himself as a leader and refuses to suhmit to that discipline which is necessary to parliamentary success for the group.

While recent elections in the West have added to the apparent voting strength of the farm hloc, there have heen defections in other quarters. One of its most influential memhers, Senator Capper, has heen swinging hack toward regularity ever since he left Washington for Kansas. His papers have heen noticeahly moderate in discussing the wheat situation, devoting space to urging diversity of crops as a cure for low prices rather than agitating for government purchase at an artificial level. The fact that cotton prices have improved is certain to he reflected in decreased interest in the farm hloc on the part of southwestern Senators, who represented states more interested in cotton than in wheat.

While many farm hloc Senators have spent the summer visiting Europe, conservative elements in the granger states have heen organizing in favor of economic sanity. Republican editors in Iowa recently agreed to oppose Senator Brookhart with the full power of the party press. These developments indicate that in spite of Magnus Johnson's victory in Minnesota the farm hlock may well he a less effective fighting organization in the next Congress than it was in the last one.

OLD FAVORITES.

Mine Own Work.

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me:
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sung a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To huild it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
It's weight was made for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To hear up Calvary. —*Anne Reeve Aldrich.*

The Ruined Chapel.

By the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound;
Where Day and Night and Day go hy
And hring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted hreeze;
Day and Night and Day go hy
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day and Night and Day go hy;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
As Day and Night and Day go hy;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funereal tears were shed;
Now the graves are also dead;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
While Day and Night and Day go hy;
And stars move calmly overhead.
—*William Allingham.*

Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have hut litle need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The husy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance hy their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's soher found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the howl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink hut I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?
—*Anacreon.* Cowley's translation.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Repuhlic, 1802.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her hirth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liherty.
She was a maiden City, hright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some trihute of regret he paid
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
—*William Wordsworth.*

Zoology.

Oh, merry is the Madrepore that sits heside the sea;
The cheery little Coralline hath many charms for me;
I love the fine Echinoderms, of azure, green, and gray,
That handled roughly fling their arms impulsively away;
Then hring me here the microsope and let me see the cells
Wherein the little Zoöphite like garden floweret dwells.

We'll take the fair Anemone from off its rocky seat,
Since Rondeletius has said when fried 'tis good to eat.
Dyspeptics from Sea-Cucumhers a lesson well may win,
They hlithely take their organs out and then put fresh ones in.
The Rotifer in whirling round may surely hear the hell,
With Oceanic Hydrozoids that Huxley knows so well.

You've heard of the Octopus, 'tis a pleasant thing to know
He has a ganglion makes him hlush, not red, hut white as snow;
And why the strange Cercaria, to go a long way hack,
Wears ever, as some ladies do, a fashionahle "sac;"
And how the Pawn has parasites that in his head make holes;
Ask Dr. Cohhold, and he'll say they're just like tiny soles.

Then study well zoölogy, and add unto your store
The tales of Biogenesis and Protoplasmic lore;
As Paley neatly has ohserved, when into life they hurst,
The frog and the philosopher are just the same at first;
But what's the origin of life remains a puzzle still,
Let Tyndall, Haeckle, Bastian, go wrangle as they will.
—*Punch.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Lolita Sackett, recently admitted to practice before the Federal Court at Geneva, is said to be the youngest woman ever admitted to the New York bar.

N. O. Walker, aviation rigger, first class, who was on the ill-fated ZR-2 when she fell at Hull, England, August 24, 1921, and who is the only American survivor of that disaster, is a member of the crew of the new dirigible, the ZR-1, recently tried out at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

M. Carlu, holder of the French Prix de Rome for architecture, is the first director of the American School of Fine Arts at Fontainebleau, France. The recently established school is housed in the beautiful salons of the chateau.

Bashka Paeff, Russian woman sculptor, who maintains a studio in Boston and specializes in studies of animals, is engaged in making a life-size statue of Laddie Boy, the Airedale beloved of the late President Harding. The model will be cast in bronze and presented to Mrs. Harding by the newsboys of America.

Whether or not the Hon. Stanley Baldwin acquired immortality when he became England's premier, he has done so now that his effigy has been added to Mme. Tussaud's famous waxworks in London. The life-size model is said to be amazingly realistic by those who have seen it, and certainly photographs of it bear a strong resemblance to the premier's portrait.

Count Leon-Leva Tolstoy, son of the great Russian socialist-aristocrat and novelist, is planning the customary lecture tour of America without which no European celebrity's career can be said to be complete. Count Tolstoy is at present in Paris studying French politics and literature.

Indication of the Vatican's good intentions toward France is to be found in the rumor that this year the Pope will bestow the greatly desired papal order of the Golden Rose on Mme. Millerand, wife of the President of the French Republic. Such a presentation would undoubtedly have a far reaching effect, considerably reducing the effect of the recent Papal note on the Ruhr.

The latest fairy tale from Russia is that the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the late Czar, was not murdered with the rest of the royal family and is merely biding his time till he claims the sovereignity of all the Russias. The story has been given out by the former Czar's barber, Pierre Delcroix, who was considered virtually a member of Czar Nicholas' official entourage in the palmy days of Russian imperialism. Delcroix has returned to Paris and opened a barber shop that must be in striking contrast to his one-time regal salon. Delcroix' story is that Michael escaped the fate of his family when his friends paid 60,000,000 gold rubles into the hands of his jailers.

Robert Bridges, England's poet laureate since 1913, is planning to spend a year at the University of Michigan as exchange lecturer—whether he will lecture on poetry or medicine is not stated. Mr. Bridges, who had the orthodox English gentleman's education at Eton and Oxford, began life as a physician and became a professional poet only in middle age. He studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's, London, where he became casualty physician. Later he was assistant-physician at the Children's Hospital, and physician at the G. N. Hospital. He retired in 1882 at the age of thirty-eight to devote himself more exclusively to writing. Mr. Bridges was nearly seventy when the post of poet laureate was given him upon the death of Alfred Austin, and though now in his eightieth year is still hale and able to travel to foreign universities to teach.

Dr. Cosme de la Torriente of Cuba, member of the Cuban senate and newly elected president of the Assembly of the League of Nations, is reported as about to come to Washington as ambassador. Dr. Torriente, who is probably Cuba's foremost citizen, has had a distinguished career. He was finishing his education in the Cuban universities when the war for Cuban independence broke out. He at once joined the patriot cause and was one of the self-appointed ambassadors to this country in search of first aid to Cuba in the early days of the revolution. With the intervention of the United States, the American military authorities appointed Col. Torriente as secretary of the government and later acting governor at Havana. He has served in every diplomatic capacity at Madrid and was elected to the senate five years ago where he has been chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs, being widely experienced in that field as secretary of state under President Menocal. During the great war his services to the United States and the Allies were immense; and it is said that if his appointment to Washington as Cuban ambassador takes place, he will rank as one of the most influential members of the diplomatic corps. Dr. Torriente is one of the Cuban members of the Hague Tribunal of Arbitration and has been chairman of the Cuban delegation at Geneva during all the sessions of the League of Nations.

Esther Everett Lape is the member in charge of the policy committee of the already famous Bok peace prize of $100,000 to be awarded some time after November 15th, which is the date set to limit the otherwise illimitable contributions of our peace yearning countrymen.

CAPTAIN KIDD: SUPER-PIRATE.

Arthur M. Harris Supplies the Legal Aspects of Some Historical Cases of Piracy.

Those learned in history know that Captain Kidd began life respectably; the son, supposedly, of a Scotish minister, himself a valued citizen of New York and a trusted servant of the king. But for the majority he is a mythical figure of romance, the symbol of the lawless sea traffic of the seventeenth century and the master pirate of them all. Possibly there is always some basis for the popular legends that attach themselves to certain historical personages: where there is so much smoke, etc. It may be that Kidd enjoyed a more romantic career than his contemporaries gave him credit for and one more like that he has enjoyed posthumously. But however that may be, our present authority, a learned Oregonian lawyer, has pretty well stripped the last tarnished tinsel from the Captain Kidd of repute or disrepute, and has told the story of "the Old Game, the Grand Account, as those ruffians termed their wicked trade" with considerable gusto but little debt to the gentle are of exaggeration. If anything we would accuse Mr. Harris of litotes but that is doubtless a good fault in a lawyer.

Meet the Captain Kidd of legal history, him of the good ship *Adventure,* in the legitimate service of the king:

> Sometime in the autumn of the year 1695, Captain William Kidd, of New York, arrived in the city of London. He came as master of a trading sloop; he left in the following spring a commissioned officer of his most gracious Majesty, King William III, on the quarter-deck of what was really a man-of-war.
>
> That was not the first time, however, that Captain Kidd had heen in the puhlic service. Said to he the son of a Scottish minister, he hecame first definitely noticeahle in the province of New York, where, sometime hefore 1695, the grateful council of New York had voted him a gratuity of one hundred and fifty pounds for valuahle efforts in suppressing local disturhances, ensuing the revolution of 1688. Not only that, hut during England's interminahle argument with France, he had locked shrouds with the Frenchmen off the West Indies, thus acquiring the repute of a "mighty man" against them.
>
> In fact, Captain Kidd when he thus stepped on to the docks of old London was a substantial colonial, a householder and taxpayer of the town of New York, where, we must suppose, bis wife and daughter moved in those delectahle geometrical figures, the best circles.
>
> The royal commission of 1696, though, was a novel one in the captain's experience.

Here we have one of the minor ironies of history—the man whose name was to become symbolic of marine outlawry sent forth with all the glory of government protection to punish the pirates he might encounter and as he saw fit. But it was a naive age. Here is how Kidd came by his appointment, the oddest windfall that ever befell a potential pirate:

> Richard Coote, the Irish earl Bellamont and a gentleman to whom the historian Macaulay gives a very good character, was at that time governor of the Province of New York. According to some accounts, he was in London when Kidd arrived there in the autumn of 1695 and was introduced to the sailor hy a Colonel Livingston, one of New York's prominent citizens, then in England. Macaulay, however, says that Bellamont was already in America when the acuteness of the prohlem of piracy stirred him to action, and that there he was recommended to William Kidd as a man competent on the sea and entirely familiar with the practices of pirates. Bellamont's appeals to the home government for action heing fruitless, he and Kidd evolved the notion of outfitting a private man-of-war, Kidd to command, and sending it forth to meet the situation in whatever stronghold piracy might then he found. The venture would doubless he profitahle as well as patriotic.
>
> Bellamont promoted the scheme with eloquent letters to England and was so persuasive that statesmen like Shrewshury and Romney, Orford, First Lord of the Admiralty, and John Somers hetween them suhscrihed several thousand pounds, and ohtained the commission, under the Great Seal, which we have seen created Kidd in effect the sheriff of the far-off Orient seas.
>
> With these funds a galley—not, however, the kind formerly propelled hy oars, hut a sailing ship—called the *Adventure* was purchased. Her measurement was two hundred and seventy tons. You can see from that what an imposing ship she must have heen, especially when, in imagination, placed beside a modern transatlantic liner, for which she might possihly be big enough for a lifehoat. In those times the last thought of a sailor seems to have heen for the size of his ship. Perhaps he was afraid a large ship would hreak in two. At any rate, he threw himself in the most matter-of-fact way at the highest waves in the world with what we would consider merely exaggerated rowhoats.

And so in his exaggerated row boat our doughty hero set sail for the Indian Ocean and Madagascar where in that native-governed no man's land the pirates swarmed, established colonies and carried on business with mock legitimacy and the traditional honor among thieves. However, contrary to our expectation, the merchandise thus thriftly exchanged did not consist of the pearls and wealth of the Indies. It was mostly butter:

> But a most momentous turn of fortune was impending. And it was high time. Tbe pirates were thoroughly fed with hutter; out of almost every capture they had taken hutter, until it was butter, hutter and nothing but butter. The *Adventure* promised to become a sort of floating grocery store, specializing on butter, with coffee a strong second, wbile, for those with a fancy for dreams, liberal quantities of opium could he passed over the counter.
>
> Bellamont and Company had not gone to considerahle expense just to corner the hutter market of the East Indies, nor to interfere seriously with tbe dairy and grocery business of those regions. Had they been in receipt of monthly reports from their peculiar partner away out there, they would have heen both surprised and disappointed and very properly grieved.
>
> The butter era was ahout to end sharply. The *Quedagh Merchant* did that.
>
> A comparatively large ship she must have heen when Kidd first saw her lumhering along, loaded down to capacity. As soon as he spotted her, out from the locker came the French flag again, and as a French ship he drew quickly alongside. Prohahly the usual round shot across the hows hrought her up. If so that was the only demonstration of violence which marked the taking of one of the richest ships that ever a pirate gloated over.

But at last something like the hero of our youthful dreams comes to light even through the dryasdust records that Mr. Harris has exhumed to prove that Captain Kidd was but an ordinary criminal with a most commonplace fate. However, it is noteworthy that the *Quedagh Merchant,* which was later to prove the tree from which the valorous Kidd was hanged, was to all intents and purposes the only blot on the otherwise unimpeachable record of this trusted servant of the king. We like to think that though he was hanged for coming to cross purposes with his chief about the booty of the *Quedagh Merchant,* Kidd somewhere in those unrecording Eastern seas really earned his reputation—we were about to say honestly. As it is, if we accept the version of Mr. Harris, we must put him down as a stupid fellow who blundered egregiously in accounting to the Earl of Bellamont. Here is an estimate of the guilt of Captain Kidd:

> And now the day for which they all had longed came. Outside of the cabin which Kidd, commander-like, always reserved to himself, a long queue was formed that ended in a jostling knot heneatb the poop. Pay day had come, and mirth huhhled without restraint.
>
> On the cahin table were piled over one hundred heaps of coin. Stowed away in a locker were the forty shares for the ship. Kidd stood at the table, a great pistol lying suggestively at hand in case of too much excitement, and hy the door his personal servant, Richard Barlicorn, kept a kind of order.
>
> One hy one the crew came in and each swept into his hat the share allotted him, and with a grin and a duck of the head hastened out to the sunsbine, to watch with gleaming eyes the enchanting sparkle of the greatest fortune that had ever come to bim in the hard and sorrowful farming of the sea.
>
> Everything was square and ahove hoard. Kidd bad kept his florid promise to ballast the ship with gold and silver, and the workmen bad received his agreed bire.
>
> It must have been a great day for Bomhoo.
>
> Tbose few months of effort, however, had heen very profitable. Contemporaries put tbe extreme value on the *Quedagh Merchant's* cargo at twelve thousand pounds,—an exaggeration, the prohahle figure ahout nine thousand. Of this, on the forty-share hasis together with all he could deduct as charges for supplies and ammunition, Kidd must bave ohtained some thirty per cent. Not only that, hut it appears from the remarks of one of his crew on the trial that the captain hy some device or other took back this man's share, and if this man's probahly otbers.
>
> There was a fat three thousand pounds out of this venture; in addition there must he rememhered the value of the smaller pick-ups he had made, so that one way and other, with goods and money the captain must have concluded his enterprise with a good five thousand pounds,—ahout twenty thousand dollars, and in the values of the present day a very decent fortune indeed. On top of all that he had the ship herself, which was then valued at four hundred pounds, or two tbousand dollars.
>
> Today one could hardly get a good halihut boat for two tbousand dollars, so you can get an inkling of what the sum of his gains would have meant in these times. On the other hand, some of the articles are cheaper now than they were then, as for instance calico, of which he made a good haul. This money is what makes up the hulk of the so-called Captain Kidd's treasure, which fancy has so vividly exaggerated.
>
> Rohhing merchant ships as he was, all he ohtained was mostly merchandise, largely perishahle and hence to he disposed of quickly. To imagine these vessels as carrying unique articles of gold and silverware or pearls and jewelry of great price is to be away off the road of historic fact.
>
> For instance, here is a general list of the property that fell into his hands: Opium, sugar, raw silk, calico, muslin, rice, hccswax, hutter, iron, horses, quilts, sugar-candy, tohacco, and similar sundries. Eatahles such as butter and sugar and so on were shared among the ship's messes; the rest were sold wherever a huyer could be found.

Furthermore it should be noted that contrary to one's imaginary pictures of plank-walkings, hangings from the yardarm, slow tortures, etc., there is not a solitary record in the Old Baily of any death on either side in the various engagements between Captain Kidd and his prey. The murder with which Kidd was charged was that of one of his own men. Evidently, our historic crew were out in the most humane spirit for butter and calico. After a year or two probably spent in disposing of his merchandise and paying off his men, Kidd turned the prow of his ship homeward, and, short handed as he was, thereafter attempted no recorded piracy. In June 1699, after an absence of more than two years, Captain Kidd arrived in Delaware Bay:

> He and the remnant of his crew flocked openly ahout the old town. Governor Bellamont was off in Boston. And now Kidd hegan to get the full hlast of his unsought notoriety. He was told that the mother country and tbe colonies, yea, even the seven seas were vibrant with the name of Kidd; that, in the language of that day, he was everywhere "puhlished a pirate," for whom there was no day of grace or pardon.
>
> Quite in the spirit of New York pirates, ancient and modern, he sought out an adroit lawyer, one Emmott, a man then at the head of his profession, as the saying is, though that did not mean, any more than it does now, that he shone hy the purity of his principles, the hreadth of his learning, or the transparent propriety of his manners. Pirates can't use that kind of lawyer. Seriously, we do not reflect on Mr. Emmott individually; we know nothing of bis morals, and he was indisputahly a leader of his har, appearing in the most important litigation of bis time. Whatever his character, he engaged himself to assist the projects of Captain Kidd.

Emmott, unfortunately for his client, could not prevent that wronged gentleman from quarrelling later with the Earl of Bellamont, after which the fat was in the fire, but nevertheless, judging from the following reconstructed interview, he was a very clever lawyer:

> Enters Lawyer Emmott, his hright eye appraising at once the mood of the man in the seat of authority. But Emmott is not half-saucy now; in this matter he is not backed hy the sturdy hurghers and supported by a law whose exact application he thoroughly knows, while as thoroughly knowing the glazed ignorance of his opponent. He is now after a private fee in the service of a private client. His tune, therefore, is somewhat different.
>
> With a bow and a most respectful attitude the lawyer carefully unwraps a package which he has brought with him. From this he seems to take a hall of snow, wbich, with a most insinuating smile, he shakes with a twist of his hand and which hefore the astonished Bellamont, cascades over the back of a chair as a shawl of the rarest workmanship and material.
>
> "A present for Lady Bellamont," says Emmott, with another obeisance.
>
> What can be the fellow's game now? Bellamont rose and walking across the room, allowed the shimmering texture to ripple tbrough his fingers.
>
> "A present for Lady Bellamont—" It is a wonderful thing; Bellamont can see that.
>
> Emmott steps up as close as politeness permits and glancing ahout, artfully whispers, "From Captain Kidd," and throws his head hack with a wide smile like a doting parent playing the rôle of Santa Claus.
>
> "Kidd!" cries the earl. "Kidd!"

We can only infer that the unhappy Kidd did not take his lawyer fully into his confidence for it was obvious that the governor was not to be bribed by an East Indian shawl. But still Kidd and his men were left at large:

> And if, instead of four or five men sitting in at the division, two or three, or better one or two shared the pot, why so much the better for the lucky one or two. That notion occurred to Livingston, to Bellamont and to Kidd.
>
> So the captain went on to Boston and some of his men with him.
>
> Bellamont, in the meantime, had been obliged to call the council together to discuss the fact that a lawbreaker was at large and unaccounted for. It was a formality the earl had to ohserve to preserve the pure hloom of his own official reputatiou. With the power that was then vested in governors, the council meeting need have heen in no great difficulty in the way of an arrangement hetween friends.
>
> Just what happened in the interview hetween Kidd and Bellamont is not recorded, but they hegan to dicker. All the pirates were quite at liberty, making themselves thoroughly at home and with all the air of honest sailors returned to spend their money and take a respite from the arduous sea.
>
> Suddenly the wind changed. Why it so did we can only conjecture. But a letter from Bellamont is preserved in which he remarks that at about this time Livingston and Kidd were acting very "impertinently" ahout the money and valuahles that Kidd had hrought home.
>
> Whatever might he the fact, the governor's equivocal conduct stopped with the discovery of Livingston and Kidd's "impertinence" in the affair of the spoils, and Kidd, with all of his crew who could he grahhed, were stowed away in Boston jail. Before that happened a numher of his men had slipped across to the Province of Jersey and surrendered to Colonel Bass, the governor, in the spirit of the king's proclamation, within the time therein provided, but to none of the persons therein particularly named as empowered to receive such surrenders.
>
> In Decemher, 1699, tbe pirates were sent to England in the frigate *Advice,* and on May 9, 1701, just five years after leaving Plymouth, they went to trial for their lives in the historic Old Bailey.
>
> Under modern circumstances, this trial would have been a very close, keen struggle. The accused would have been ahle to engage the most expert counsel, who might he expected to make the prosecution exert itself in the matter of proving its charges; not an easy thing to do from some angles.
>
> There were five trials upon six indictments,—one for the murder of Gunner Moore and five for acts of piracy. Kidd was alone, of course, in the trial for murder; on the charges of piracy, he was in the dock witb his nine seamen.
>
> The murder trial should be carefully noticed, in view of the modern vogue for exonerating Kidd of all guilty acts in the Indies. Those who attempted to show that Kidd was "judicially murdered," as the result of a political plot carried on hy factions opposed to the nohle gentlemen who hacked the Kidd enterprise, must prove this murder trial to have been unfair, for if it were not, then Kidd was liahle to the death penalty regardless of the crimes of piracy.
>
> To clear himself, Kidd called three of his own men in an effort to show that he slew Moore as Moore was in the act of leading a mutiny; in other words, what we would call justifiahle homicide. But his own witnesses proved that the mutiny concerning the *Loyal Captain* occurred from two to four weeks hefore the death of the gunner—a fact which in modern law would have sufficed to convict Kidd—there being no "immediate" emergency, as our statutes would say. No modern court would upset the verdict of the jury who tried Kidd for murder, on the ground that it was not supported by the evidence.

We lack space to reprint the "defense" which, as Mr. Harris remarks, was not without ingenuity but which stood him in poor stead, probably because according to Kidd, himself, he was "sworn against by wicked and perjured people." With very short absences the juries returned with verdicts of guilty:

> And so, within a week of his conviction, Captain William Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, on the margin of the Tbames, where sailors setting out for the far places of the earth thus received England's farewell admonition that honesty is the best policy.

PIRATE TALES FROM THE LAW. By Arthur M. Harris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending Octoher 6, 1923, were $194,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $160,600,000, an increase of $33,600,000.

During the next several years it is likely that there will he a large call for capital for the expansion of puhlic utility properties throughout the country to meet the needs of a growing population. This will result in many opportunities for investors to buy new honds and stocks of such companies, and as they are today among the most popular forms of investments there is no doubt hut that the strong, well-managed companies will he ahle to secure all the capital they want and on favorahle terms.

The reason for this popularity of puhlic utility securities is not hard to find. It is hased upon their record as investments over a long period of years. These securities, leaving out those in the street railway field, have given a higher return on the investment and shown less depreciation than any other class. That accounts for their present popularity, says *World Work*.

A few years ago reference was made in this department to a comparison hetween a list of railroad honds and a list of puhlic utility honds made hy the statistician of a New York investment house. That comparison was made originally in 1914, shortly hefore the outhreak of the war. It was brought up to date by the statistican at the end of 1918, showing the effect of the war on these two classes of securities. It was at that time that reference was made to it here.

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It is now interesting to carry this comparison down to the present date to see what changes have taken place since.

This comparative study was hased on the actual security holdings of a prominent educational institution. Its original investment was $698,378, and was placed in thirteen issues of high grade railroad honds and one issue of New York City honds, bought hetween the spring of 1906 and the fall of 1908. The par, or face value, of the honds was $737,000.

What this statistician did was to make up a suhstitute list of sixteen of the best puhlic utility honds that could have heen purchased at the same time at approximately the same prices that were paid for the railroad and New York City honds. The total cost of these puhlic utility honds would have heen $698,845, or only $467 more than the railroad issues. The par, or maturity value, of the two lists was exactly the same.

To start with, the public uutility list had a suhstantial advantage over the other from the investor's viewpoint in that the rate of interest on all the utility bonds was 5 per cent. while on the railroad honds the average rate was less than 4 per cent. If the railroad honds are held to maturity, as they prohahly will he in this institutional investment that would mean a difference of more than 25 per cent. in the amount of interest return that would he received if the utility honds had heen hought instead.

But it is in the study of the course of these honds in the market that the most interest lies. It has heen said that the railroad honds were high grade. They were such issues as Baltimore & Ohio, Southwestern division first mortgage 3½s due 1925, Pennsylvania Company collateral 4s due 1931, Lake Shore Dehenture 4s due 1928, Southern Pacific refunding 4s due 1955, Union Pacific converitable 4s due 1927. The puhlic utility issues were California Gas & Electric general mortgage 5s due 1933, Denver Gas & Electric first mortgage 5s due 1949, Detroit Edison first 5s due 1933, Niagara Falls Power First 5s due 1932 and other such honds, representing every section of the country and giving good diversification within their field.

From the time these honds were purchased, or theoretically purchased, up to April 30, 1914, the railroad list had declined $19,268 in market value from their purchase price. That meant that if they had heen sold at that time and that depreciation deducted from the interest that had heen received on them, the average annual return on the investment would have heen less than 4 per cent. On the other hand, tbe puhlic utility honds at that time showed a market appreciation of $31,440. If this were added to the higher interest received on them, it would have hrought their average return up to 6 per cent. or 50 per cent. more than that on the other list.

Now see what the war did to these bonds. First the railroad list continued its downward course and hy Decemher 30, 1918, those honds were $60,363 helow their purchase price. The average loss throughout the list was more than 8 points per hond. On the puhlic utility list the effects of the war was also evident. They lost all of tbeir pre-war gain and were selling at the close of the war for $19,095 less than what they would have cost as the original investment. But this was little more than 2½ points on the average helow the starting point.

And all the time the higher interest rate would have heen received on these public utility honds so that if they were sold after the close of the war, the interest that would have heen received on them, less this depreciation, would have amounted to $407,677 while in the case of the railroad honds it would have been only $276,092. That is a considerahle difference.

In April, 1921, when the bond market was near its lowest levels for the present generation, the writer again worked out the market value of these two lists and found that the railroad honds had declined $42,000 more and were $102,363 helow their original purchase price of $698,378, and that the public utility honds had suffered their most severe decline —$71,780. This placed them $90,875 helow their theoretical purchase price. That was during the period when costs of operation were mounting and regulating hodies were just heginning to adopt a more favorahle attitude toward rate increases.

The result of this more favorahle attitude and of a decrease in operating costs has now heen reflected in the comparison of these two lists. At the present time they hoth show remarkable advances from the low levels of 1921. In the case of the railroad list it has heen $72,375 and in the case of the public utilities $93,641. As the railroad honds are of earlier average maturity that tends to pull them up toward par faster than the utility honds. But the railroad bonds are now worth $668,385, or $30,000 helow their purchase price, while the public utility honds are worth $701,611, or slightly more than their purchase price.

The statistician of a Philadelphia house has worked out some other statistics that disclose a reason for this comparative strength of puhlic utility bonds. He shows that for a period of thirty years prior to the World War the risk of receivership per $100 of securities outstanding was $2.07 for industrial enterprises, $1.84 for railroads, $0.37 for puhlic utilities, and ahout $.032 for National Banks. For the year 1922, he says, the amount of railroad securities involved in receivership proceedings was nearly nine times greater than those of electric traction ocmpanies and more than thirty-three times greater than those of electric light and power companies.

At no previous period in the last five years has the general situation in the United States heen as stable as today. Business continues active and there is confidence in the outlook. The advance in money rates which has taken place since the heginning of July is no greater than is to he expected as requirements for funds approach their autumn peak. Except where special factors affecting supply and demand are operative, the general price level shows no indication of radical change, says *Commerce Monthly*.

Considering the country as a whole, purchasing power is good and while consumers are disposed to huy carefully they are nevertheless purchasing steadily and in good volume. Production in most lines is heing maintained at a fair rate with promise of the customary seasonal expansion. High wages, high prices of important raw materials and resistance to price advances on the part of consumers have comhined to restrict profits in many industries, but this is a thoroughly sound situation. Business peril lies in easy profits. Rigid economy, improvement of methods and effective selling policies are all encouraged hy the conditions now prevailing, and the result should he a continuance of prosperity.

Abroad, the period from August 16 to September 15 has heen marked hy a series of notahle events. While they can not fail eventually to have a certain repercussion here, quite as significant as the events themselves has been the relatively slight response to them in the markets of North America. It is so obvious as to be a truism that in the long run the husiness of each country is dependent on that of every other country, hut the fact is generally overlooked that the international character of modern business exerts a stahilizing effect, rather than the reverse. Thus, the Japanese earthquake is undoubtedly one of the greatest physical catastrophes of history. Official estimates place the total casualties, including dead, wounded and missing at 1,357,000. Estimates of property losses are as yet of little value hut there is no doubt that they were very great and the disorganizing effect on Japanese business and industry in itself constitutes a hcavy potential monetary loss. The response to the humanitarian appeal has heen prompt, hut except in the silk market the effects on husiness have heen negligihle. It is now helicved that even in the case of that commodity, other sources of supply will stahilize the situation. Ultimately there will he need of supplies and materials in important amounts for reconstruction hut it is now apparent that this demand will make itself felt only gradually.

It seems that real progress is at last heing made toward breaking the deadlock in the Ruhr, the first and greatest step toward adjustment of the postwar difficulties of North Europe. Although this affords grounds for encouragement to American husiness it is no justification for the hope that European demand for many important products of the United States will show immediate expansion and much less does it justify the expectation that the demand will reach the proportions of war and postwar years.

Average prices have suffered a very sharp reaction, hut so far nothing has happened to indicate that the main trend toward improvement, following several months of declining prices, has heen reversed. To appreciate what has happened it is necessary to go hack a little way over recent market history, says *Forbes Magazine*.

In one month the average of 50 stocks recovered fully 5 points of its extreme loss of 15 points, suffered during five months of decline. After this recovery the market slumped, hut its reaction did not quite run to 2 points in round figures; then there was a recovery which was checked just helow the previous high. To traders in the financial district who watch every little twist and turn of the market, this spelled reaction, and further evidence of a weakened technical position was found in the fact that the stocks that had heen leaders in the early stages of the rally failed to reach new highs and in some cases lost ground while other issues were hrought forward. The short interest had heen forced to cover and there was no inclination on the part of important huying interests to follow prices upward—in other words, the market was top-heavy.

The recent abrupt tumble of prices brought forth much comment to the effect that there was no news to account for it, and many concluded that it was the more alarming for that reason. From the writer's point of view the most reassuring thing ahout the current reaction is the evidence that it has heen caused hy a weakened technical condition within the market itself and not hy any new reading of the husiness outlook nor by widespread acceptance of the hearish arguments being persistently put forward hy the leader of that party.

Although one cannot completely ignore the somewhat disappointing reports coming from those who write with authority ahout the steel industry, these should he at least nullified as market factors by the reassuring statement of Judge Gary who says, "I think no one is justified in concluding that there is anything in sight to indicate a serious depression in husiness in the near future." He regards as sea-

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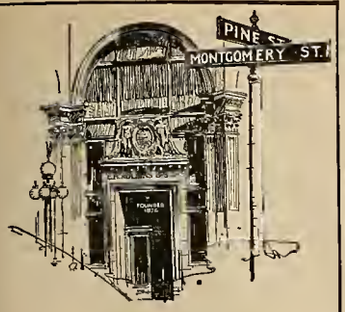
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sonal and "not alarming" the decrease in new orders and points out that comparison is made with boom times of early spring, adding "it now seems to us that the bookings during the next sixty days will be larger than they have been during the last sixty days."

Something more tangible than opinion to balance against the prognostications of bears on the steel industry is furnished by latest reports from the building industry. The latest Dow Service Building Reports indicate that the revival of building construction projects lying dormant since spring has brought back to the open market contractors, both general and "sub," who withdrew earlier in the year "until the market stabilized itself." August permits filed in New York City were 56.4 per cent. larger than in the same month last year, and figures for the country as a whole also show good gains as compared with July and June and also with a year ago. The revival is largely in commercial construction, of which it was estimated that $86,000,000 had been indefinitely postponed earlier in the year. Failure of foreign building supplies to come through in sufficient volume to depress prices and a steady decline in housing construction have aided the revival.

In the main the business outlook continues good for the remainder of 1923. Mercantile agencies report a satisfactory but not impressive improvement, with, of course, some spottiness still in evidence. One of the greatest elements of strength continues to be the abundance of loanable funds and the prevalence of relatively low rates in the money market while crop moving progresses. As late as the week ended September 1, car loadings have set a new high mark, and there has been very little diminution in employment of labor.

Because of its bearing upon world finances, news from Japan has vied with tidings of the reapproachment which is apparently being slowly worked out betwen France and Germany and with the sensational trumpetings from Italy. It will be some time before an accurate estimate of Japan's loss will be available, and, as regards Italy's upsetting the peace of Europe, it should be rememhered that Kemal Pasha demonstrated that Europe's powder keg is empty. The only news from Europe likely to markedly influence our speculative dealings would be that of France and German accord on reparations; and, because they realize what a "kick" such a development would carry, bears have been trying to talk the market down rather than back up their opinions with unrestrained short selling.

The writer feels that the latest reaction offers merely a more favorable opportunity to purchase such stocks as have been recommended here at intervals before and since low prices were reached.

With the enhanced prominence that has come to natural gas as a fuel, it is interesting to trace the early beginnings of the industry and its initial development in our own territory.

The writer Gilbert W. Smith of Freeman, Smith & Camp Co., had the opportunity recently to glean some testimony from a pioneer in the business, E. S. Hoyt, now and for more than twenty years a Californian. Hoyt is believed to have been first to extract gasoline from natural gas.

Hoyt grew up in Sheffield, Pennsylvania, just two miles from Titusville, Tidicute, where W. W. Hague (brother of J. D. Hague, principal owner of the North Star and Central mines at Grass Valley, Cali.,) brought in the first large gas well about 1868. After drilling into the ice-filled well the next year and causing a loosening of the column and a resulting eruption of a 1000-foot column of ice over the derrick top, Hague, with a new appreciation of its latent force, had the well capped and began to supply gas in and around the town in 1870.

With reference to this pioneer development, Hoyt adds the significant comment: "This town is still using natural gas. Many of the younger generation know no other fuel."

In contrast to modern methods, the early pipe lines were built of wood, tapped by quarter-inch pipe and stop-cock at each residence. Air mixers and gas burners were not known in those days, the raw gas being ignited. Of course as the gas absorbed the moisture from the wood, the gas oozed through these pipes, and one could dig a hole in the top of the trench and light the gas. Many colorful tales are told of the tragedies and comedies of those early days.

After piping gas in a number of towns in Forest and Warren counties, Pennsylvania, during 1884-85, Hoyt went to Detroit in 1890 and took charge of piping and the buildings in the city for natural gas. To offset the reluctance of householders to take out their wood and coal ranges to install gas ranges of inadequate size and serviceability, Hoyt designed a full line of ranges, heating stoves, broilers and toasters.

The first natural gas plant in California was established at Santa Maria, where gas fields were developed in 1900. Hoyt tested the territory and brought to the field L. F. Chandler, who had been associated with him in Pennsylvania and Detroit. At the present time Chandler retains the general superintendency of the Santa Maria Gas Company.

Regarding the first extraction of gasoline from natural gas, Hoyt writes: "I piped natural gas from the North Speechley Field in Pennsylvania to Tionesta in 1884 and 1885. In the field I had one well of 600 pounds pressure on a bench 50 feet above the other wells and about 200 feet distant I laid a four-inch pipe line from the well down to the other wells, put a four-inch gate valve on, but did not connect it in. Later I opened a gate to blow off the well to see if it was all right. I got a stream of vapor like fog. I shut the gate, made connections to an oil barrel and filled it with clear liquid having a strong odor. Filling a two-gallon jug and calking it tight, I went to Oil City, center of the oil industry then, to have it tested. No one could tell me what it was. I was told that it could not be used as its gravity was too high for oil lamps or other uses. A few years later on we all knew it was gasoline and William Richards of Forest County began its recovery for market."

The Wm. R. Staats Co., are offering $200,000 Paso Robles Union High School District, San Luis Obispo County, California, 5 per cent. bonds, exempt from personal property tax in California and free from Federal Income Tax. Assessed valuation 1923, $5,927,615, and bonded debt (inclusive this issue) $215,000. Paso Robles Union High School District, located on the Southern Pacific railroad and the state highway about twenty miles north of the City of San Luis Obispo, covers a diversified farming territory of large area, having an estimated population of 5,000 ,and includes within its boundaries the City of Paso Robles. Principal products of the district are almonds, prunes, pears and wheat.

Recent strength in the wheat market has been to an extent due to short covering, for the professional bear does not stand by his position very long after he finds that material liquidation is absent. There is a big increase in the visible supply, notably on account of the Canadian crop, but there has been a little bettter export demand of late and naturally any tendency toward settlement of the political problems in Europe would be reflected in the wheat market, though it is doubted if any of the radical ideas of the farmer element will crystalize into legislation at Washington. Meanwhile corn is not only holding its own, but is now and then making new high price records for the crop. A fairly good market for cattle is helping the demand for corn decidedly, and, though the price seems high as compared with that of wheat, the prospects are not for any material decline.

Cotton has had a fairly good drop since its sortie above the 30-cent level, and it would not be well, I think, to become too bearish on cotton at this stage of the game even though the price looks unduly high. At the same time any big recovery that would carry cotton to around its high levels for the year might afford opportunity to the bears.

There is a definite tendency toward diminishing the output in steel and iron which is coincident with the seeming determination on the part of the consuming interest to buy only as actual demands for their own finished products would require. Some authorities are not looking for any big buying movement until after the turn of the year, and it is evident that from some sources, such as the automobile trade, the demand of 1924 is not going to be anything like as large as this year. The Steel companies are holding their prices pretty firm and hope to weather this period of slack demand without finding it necessary to reduce them materially. There seems to be a somewhat stronger undertone in the market for copper and various metals, which would materially benefit by any definite developments looking to a return to normal conditions in Europe.

General Passenger Agent James B. Duffy of the Santa Fe announces an innovation in travel from points in the East for the coming Fall and Winter season whereby all persons whether riding on one-way or round trip tickets will be permitted to take side trips and stopovers at Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Colo., without additional charge. This, it is believed, will materially add to the interest of those coming to California over the Santa Fe, and should greatly increase the travel.

Effective November 2nd, Winter excursion rates will go into effect for tourist and other travelers desiring to visit Phoenix, Arizona. The Santa Fe will sell round-trip tickets, good for 30 days from date of sale, for $37.50. The low fares will be in effect until April 30, next year. Phoenix and surrounding points are planning to take care of a heavy travel during the next six months, and the fine Winter climate, golfing and other sports and events, will afford unlimited opportunities for those fond of outdoor life.

The State of California has received $318,339.67 from the United States Department of Agriculture, as its share of the receipts from national forest resources during the fiscal year 1923, according to an announcement by the department. Word to this effect has been sent to Governor F. W. Richardson. California contains 19 national forests located in various parts of the state. The total area amounts to 19,147,587 acres.

One-fourth of the moneys received by the department from timber sales, grazing permits, and other uses of national forest lands is turned over to the states in which such lands are located on a pro rata basis in accordance with an act of Congress. Such sums are for the school and road funds of the counties containing these lands.

The total sum turned over to all states containing national forests during the fiscal year 1923 amounted to $1,321,422. Twenty-seven states and Alaska shared in the distribution of this sum, which exceeded the annual average for the previous five years by about $250,000. Increased sales of timber were largely responsible for the record-breaking receipts of 1923.

According to figures received by the Southern Pacific Company the railroads are continuing to set new marks in amount of traffic handled, and with a surplus of cars. In August the roads loaded the heaviest tonnage in their history and on September 7 a surplus of 67,651 cars was reported by the railroads as a whole. This remarkable record is being made through the cutting down of the number of bad order cars and locomotives, by increasing the average daily car mileage and by heavier loading, in which the shippers have coöperated. The goal for the railroads as a whole is 65 per cent. of locomotives in serviceable condition by October 1 and at the end of August the latest date for which figures are available, Southern Pacific had 89.7 per cent. of its locomotives in service. The company had 96.6 per cent. of freight cars on line in good repair as compared with the 95 per cent. goal of the railroads as a whole.

In Rumania the government has undertaken the regulation of business with a firm hand, and although it is chiefly an agricultural country, the farmers are very much dissatisfied with the policies. In fact nobody seems to be happy over the conditions. The people who favor governmental interference in business affairs, do so only upon condition that it will be the kind of regulation approved of by them. If they are growing wheat it must be legislation that will raise the price of wheat without raising any other prices; if they are mining coal, they would like the government to take over the coal mines and raise the wages in that industry, and so on.

In actual practice government regulation means dictatorship by a few individuals, and although they may be clever politicians, eloquent speech-makers, and even exceptionally able men in some lines and entirely sincere in their purpose to govern well, they are quite certain to prove inadequate to the task of managing all the industries of a country.

The *London Times* has a letter from Rumania, telling something of government regulation there, from which the following extract is taken:

"M. Bintila Bratianu, the Prime Minister's brother, who is the Minister of Finance, has his own theory about Rumania's problem and refuses to budge from it. He has throttled down food exports to make living cheap. Agriculture, the main industry of the country, is suffering in consequence. The amount of wheat grown is on the decline, because the price is controlled. There is an embargo on the export of cattle, so that the herds of Transylvania are eating their heads off by tens of thousands in order that meat may be cheap in Bukarest. Nevertheless, the general cost of living continues to rise. Rigid economy has been made in the budget with the object of stabilizing the leu. As a result the government employees are so miserably underpaid that they cannot live without taking bribes, while the railways are a danger to the traveling public. The leu continues to fall all the same. M. Bratianu's theory may be sound, but it does not make the government popular.

"The general result is that business is dead. The peasant, who was rewarded at the end of the war with a plot of land, finds no encouragement to cultivate it. The landowning classes, who made great sacrifices to satisfy the peasants, have got nothing in return except rising prices and depreciating investments. The new provinces are paying a heavy price for having joined Rumania, and there discontent reaches its highest."

Reports from Rumania at the end of August stated that money was so stringent that credit was being strictly rationed by the national bank, and that borrowers in good standing were paying as high as 50 per cent. interest.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The British Land Problem.

The End of the House of Alard. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

It is not surprising that it is Miss Kaye-Smith who has heen first to dramatize the historic and pathetic phases of the fall of the great landlords, bearing in mind her own vital interests in the soil and her previous agricultural novels. Even so, and though we have come to expect only the highest quality from that amazing young woman, "The End of the House of Alard" is as far above one's expectations as Miss Kaye-Smith's previous novels have heen above the average hest seller. Comparisons are odious, even anonymous ones, hut we trust we shall he with the popularity majority a few weeks hence, in stating that Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest is far and away the hest recent novel. One is used to using qualifiers like "recent," which mean little or nothing, hut save one's face. However we do not think it merely temporary insanity to place Sheila Kaye-Smith with the recognized masters of the English novel. Again, if the young woman in question were a mature male writer it would not he surprising—where does she get her clairvoyance into the dark recesses of masculine complexes? Her flapper-like profile and Dutch cut are not enlightening. But the fact remains that her men are even more vigorously and sympatheticaly rendered to the life than her women, who, hecause of their charm, are rather like ideal feminine creations of a man. Never once does she slip into the skin of one of her numerous heroines nor allow any of those charming hut diverse creatures to react to the world with a personal Kaye-Smith bias. Her women are as distinctly artistic creations—not personal reflections—as her men; and we firmly helieve that could he said of no other woman novelist. As for the male contingency—they are her real characters, as essential to a Kaye-Smith novel as they are to the primogeniture law of Britain. And the ladies play very much the same rôle here that they do in British society.

Incidentally, this is the first of this author's hooks to deal with the upper crust—her fine work hitherto has heen chiefly dedicated to the yeoman class from which she herself prohahly springs and which figured so prominently in "Joanna Godden." It plays its inevitable rôle in "The End of the House of Alard," also. Another motif which is rung again and again in these novels is the spiritual or religious. One feels that as far as Miss Kaye-Smith portrays herself at all, it is in the religious struggles of her character. She is a young person of a very strong character indeed, which leads one to the ohvious inference that strength in art is hased on strength of the author or creator, an aphorism which may account for the thousands of hrilliant hrains who turn out inferior or vicious products. Which reminds us that our author is not hrilliant in the clever "smarty" sense of the word. Her pages, thank God, are not crusted with epigrams, ad nauseam. She never tries to be smart though she has a quiet, very quiet, sort of humor. But then she never strains at any effect. It is her genuineness that puts her work over, coupled with a mind which in its scope and strength and clairvoyance amounts to the mind of genius.

R. G.

The Beauty of Death Valley.

The White Heart of Mojave. By Edna Brush Perkins. New York: Boni and Liveright; $3.00.

Where landscape is used, not as an accessory in descriptive writing hut as itself the centre of interest, the writer must he skilled in the art of description. In "The White Heart of Mojave," clearness of style and happy choice of words enable the reader to visualize that strange part of California.

The two eastern women who set out on a vacation in the open found themselves in a world so new and wild that it might have heen on a remote continent and so heautiful that a new language was needed to furnish words to express it.

The White Heart of Mojave, or Death Valley, has been long known as the early source of Twenty-Mule-Team Borax and the fatal hunting ground of deluded prospectors. Remote and inaccessible as it is, few travelers have included it in their itinerary and the two dauntless women who found their way there did so in the face of discouragement and every known ohstacle, preserving their reputation for sanity only hy clinging to an incidental hox of paints which lahelled them as artists and threw over them the mantle of tolerance.

The journey was made to Beatty, the last outpost on the Mojave, hy motor and rail and thence by wagon, which necessitated walking hy turns for them and their guide. The most trying and dangerous part of the journey lay in crossing the valley from one side to the other in order to reach the Panamint Mountains on the western side. The intense heat on the alkali floor 250 feet helow sea-level, and the painful climh up the farther side, taxed both humans and horses to the utmost and the verge of exhaustion was reached long before they came to higher and cooler levels. Many incidents hroke the monotony of this journey into silent regions—an encampment on an irrigated ranch, a cloud hurst, a desert sand storm and a "dry camp;" but over all hrooded such heauty, such undreamed-of light and color, such great shining stars at night that the two explorers realized to the utmost the fascination of the desert, and their journey in the open hecame "an adventure with heauty."

Local History and Romance.

Port o' Gold. By Louis J. Stellman. Boston: Richard G. Badger; $2.50.

This free translation of "Golden Gate" carries its own table of contents, for the setting could he no other than the Land of Gold. The writer calls it a history romance of the San Francisco Argonauts, hut not confining himself to that period he hegins his tale in the days of the Spanish occupation in the early forties and carries it down to the heginning of the great war.

A number of well-known early Californians pass on and off the crowded stage. Indeed so intimately do they mingle with the imaginary characters created hy the author that they all seem woven together in the same weh of events. But the canvas is overcrowded. For all its careful drawing and probahle veracity it is too much like some huge historical picture into which is introduced every possihle character, minor and major. And when to this is added the march of events covering nearly a century it hecomes more like a panorama than a picture.

However, Californians are always eager for the literature of their romantic past. The old San Francisco has faded so rapidly of recent years that all records of our golden age are to he cherished, and those who make them deserve a vote of thanks though douhtless their work is a lahor of love. In the case of Mr. Stellman it must have heen prodigious lahor, even so, for if it is no easy task to reconstruct a past era it is less so to weave the entire history of a city into one romance. And if the result seems a bit unwieldy one should bear in mind the collossal nature of the task. All true San Franciscans will welcome this historic panorama of their city from the earliest times to the recent past.

Interpretation of Natnre.

The Magical Chance. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company; $1.75.

There are fortunate souls who are horn with a love of nature and out-of-doors and yet denied the gift of expression; and there are other fortunate souls who can put into words all they feel and some times a little more. But when a human being enters on the scene filled to the hrim of his soul with nature and all that nature is talking ahout, and at the same time can translate it into words and let other people understand it, the world has something to be thankful for. From Wordsworth and Thoreau to Stevenson, Burroughs and Beehe, there has existed this happy comhination of understanding and expression and in the hooks of Dallas Lore Sharp the reader finds something of the same magical interpretation of nature in all her ways, with the same avenues into wide spaces and out-of-door adventure.

"The Magical Chance" is the last of half a dozen hooks all dealing with country life and the riches to he found in fields and hills, the heauty of landscape, and acquaintance with the denizens of meadow and forest. The closing essay is a fitting tribute to the heloved Burroughs who taught the gospel of seeing the wonderful and beautiful and simple things all about, and who wrote: "Make the most of the near at hand."

Into the Wilderness.

The Valley of Arcana. By Arthur Preston Hankins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.00.

This novel was plainly written by a man who has turned his expert knowledge of mountaineering to account. One thinks of John Muir's book about the sturdy delights of climbing and exploring the trackless wilds of the Sierra while reading Mr. Hankins' capital story of two men who are connoiseurs in mountaineering, and whose holiday plunge into the densely wooded heights of northern California resulted in bringing them the adventures and romantic experiences that all men and women crave.

The author has a knack for creating diverse characters, whose talk is racy, humorous, and consistently in character. He has considerable plot ingenuity, and even readers who have no particular taste for woodcraft may enjoy the taste of the wilderness, and appreciate the writer's familiarity with animal and vegetable life in wild regions.

The author takes a whack at gland treatment, in which he seems to believe without going to extremes, although he becomes didactic once or twice on the suhject. But the main tenor of the book is ahout a mysterious and almost inaccessihle valley, to discover which the group of mountain climhers—for the strange valley is reported to he the crater of a vast volcano—dare the most daunting perils, and are not allowed to escape with whole skins and unbroken hones.

Viva Mexico!

The Little Tigress. Tales of the Dust of Mexico. By Wallace Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

The puhlishers tell us that Wallace Smith is an adventurer and a correspondent, and the eighteen sketches in this volume prove that he understands his Mexico as few foreigners are privileged to understand her. The stories are not the adventures of the author in Mexico; they are rather the expression of the spirit of modern Mexico. They hreathe the romance of the country; they shriek the fierce loyalty, the patriotism and the crudity of the revolutionist. On one page we are moved to admire hravery and skill, on another we are amused at the childish vanity of the Mexican character, and again we are disgusted and sickened by accounts of cruelties and barbaric tortures and aghast at the infinitesimal value placed on a human life. We wonder if the world may look to the Aztecs for the origiual callousness to suffering that seems implanted in the natures of even educated Mexicans.

It would be incorrect to say that Mr. Smith's hook reflects Mexico. It *is* Mexico. The slightly dramatic tone that runs through the stories is heightened hy a series of hare and sometimes terrihle pen-and-ink sketches selected from the author's own field hook. And here we have a collection that, while it may not be called enjoyahle, is extremely well done and highly authentic.

Girls at School.

Dina of Briarcliffe. By Florence Scott Bernard. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard; $1.50.

This is a fairy-godmother sort of tale, for the girl in her early teens. The atmosphere of a girls' college is well sustained and a surprising amount of action is fitted into the volume. Events happen just as they always happen in a book of this type; and they apparently are events that appeal to the ever-active imagination of the little girl just entering the age when everything seems possihle.

Pioneers.

The Hawkeye. By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobs-Merrill Co.; $2.00.

Herhert Quick is well known as the author of a stirring romance of the Middle West called "Vandemark's Folly," and this latest contribution from his pen is a worthy successor and in a sense a continuance of a western epic.

In it is the same exhilarating scent of upturned earth. Over all hreathes the spirit of the pioneers who hroke the sod and laid the foundation of the future. The hook does not helong to that class of Main Street fiction which represents only one type of mid-Western life—and that a type more foreign than American—but it tells the story of the Ameri-

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Short Stories by Hutchinson.

THE EIGHTH WONDER, AND OTHER STORIES. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.00.

A well-loved English author gives us a collection of eight short stories, some of which have already appeared in American publications. The spirit of these tales runs the gamut from comedy to tragedy and even on to the spiritual. The title story recalls the nonsensical vein in which Mr. Hutchinson wrote "Once Aboard the Lugger," hut adds something more in the way of a real sweetness. The author's ability to deal with tragedy, admirably shown in "This Freedom," is here illustrated in "A Magdalen of the Soil;" and the spirited style and breathless interest of "If Winter Comes" is present in every story of the volume.

Though they are far less incidental in character, the reader finds himself comparing the short stories of Hutchinson to those of O. Henry—more as to their method of construction and simplicity of plot than any similarity of style. Each story is an artistically perfect achievement.

Notes of Books and Authors.

"Sheep of the Shepherd" is the title of an unusual hook which the Duttons announce for early publication. Despite its title, it is neither a novel nor a religious hook, hut the record of the observations, thoughts and impressions of its author, Lillian A. North, in the course of some months which she spent on a sheep farm in northern New Jersey. It is said to he notahle for its sensitive, clear style, and for the variety of its contents.

A new play hy Clemence Dane, called "The Way Things Happen," is to he puhlished in the fall hy Macmillan, and it is announced that the play is to he produced in New York this winter. The leading woman's part is to he played hy Katharine Cornell, who made such a success as Sydney in Miss Dane's earlier drama, "A Bill of Divorcement."

It is in the nature of a coincidence that the Houghton Mifflin Company are puhlishing "Fortune's Fool," hy Rafael Sahatini, and later the plays of Sir George Etherege. "Fortune's Fool" is the romantic story of the Restoration in which Etherege, Buckingham and Rochester played such dissolute hut fascinating parts. Etherege and Pepys, Alhemarle and Buckingham personally enter the story and have their influence on the events which lead Colonel Holles to ahduct his former sweetheart who had become an actress, unknown to him. As a supplement to this entertaining novel, Etherege's comedies present a vivid comment on the historical accuracy of Sahatini.

A new W. L. George novel, "One of the Guilty," is announced for Septemher puhlication hy Harper & Brothers. The puhlishers state that this novel has many of the qualities which made Mr. George's earlier hooks, such as "Second Blooming," works of outstanding distinction. In "One of the Guilty," Mr. George shows how a young man of education hecomes a thief—how a coalition of adverse circumstances drives him into the underworld.

"The Desert Healer," the new novel hy the author of "The Sheik," E. M. Hull, is in its fifth printing.

To the many existing illustrated editions of "The Ruhaiyat of Omar Khayyam" the Duttons have added another, and one of peculiar interest. It has eight illustrations in color hy Hope Weston, an English artist, whose aim has heen to visualize Omar as he appeared to himself and his contemporaries. In a short preface the illustrator explains her purpose in each of the pictures.

Mr. Harold Nicholson, who has recently puhlished through the Houghton Mifflin Company an illuminating study of "Tennyson", has heen at considerahle pains to separate Tennyson the man and poet from Tennyson the hard and legend. There are prohahly few people who have ever heen accepted as a legend during their lifetime more wholeheartedly than was Victoria's laureate. It seems that Tennyson had no idea that he would he selected hy Her Majesty to wear the laureate's crown. The Queen, in the face of considerahle opposition, insisted upon the honors going to the author of "The Miller's Daughter," which had touched her considerahly. By some curious coincidence the day hefore the Queen's private secretary appeared at Tennyson's hedroom at Farringford and offered him the much coveted wreath, Tennyson had dreamed that Prince Albert had kissed him on the cheek and he had said, "Very kind, hut very German."

New Books Received.

SOME MODERN AUTHORS. By S. P. B. Mais. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

Literary criticism.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY. By Lionel Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

And a chapter on the poetry hy J. E. Barton.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN. By Clive Arden. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

The Leonard Parson's English Prize Novel.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF FABRE. By Percy F. Bicknell. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

Biography.

HILL-TOWNS OF THE PYRENEE'S. By Amy Oakley. New York: The Century Company; $4.00.

Travel narrative.

ROME OR DEATH. By Carleton Beals. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

The story of Fascism.

THE HERO OF THE FILIPINOS. By Charles Edward Russell and E. B. Rodriguez. New York: The Century Company; $3.00.

A hiography of Jose Rizal.

THE MAN FROM PAINTED POST. By Joseph B. Ames. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A story of the cattle ranches.

THE LAST PARRAKEET. By George Inness Hartley. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A story of the Florida Everglades for boys.

THE BLACK PARROT. By Harry Hervey. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

A story of Java and Siam.

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR. By E. B. Knipe and A. A. Knipe. New York: The Century Company; $1.75.

A story of adventure in revolutionary America.

HERE, TRICKS, HERE! By Lehheus H. Mitchell. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.

A dog story for children.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED SCULPTURE. By Lorinda M. Bryant. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.

By the author of "The Children's Book of Celehrated Pictures."

THE BARON OF DIAMOND TRAIL. By George W. Ogden. Chicago: E. C. McClurg & Company; $1.90.

A Western story.

THE LOVE CHILD. By Bertha Pearl Moore. New York: Thomas Seltzer Company; $2.00.

A novel.

JANE, OUR STRANGER. By Mary Borden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

A novel.

BILLIE-BELINDA. By Marguerite Curtis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.75.

A story for girls.

THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.00.

A detective story.

FEET OF CLAY. By Margaretta Tuttle. Boston: Little, Brown & Company; $2.00.

A novel.

BUTTERFLY. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company; $2.00.

The story of an artistic temperament.

PICCADILLY. By Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

A novel of Bohemian London.

CAPTURES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

Short stories.

TIMBER-WOLF. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

A story of the Southwest.

FRIDAY TO MONDAY. By William Garrett. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

A detective story.

AMERICAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT. By Grant Overton. New York: D. Appleton & Company; Doubleday, Page & Company; George H. Doran Company: and, Charles Scribner's Sons.

A review of some modern American writers.

RACE AND NATIONAL SOLIDARITY. By Charles Conant Josey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

An argument for world domination hy the white race.

THE MESSAGE OF AQUARIA. By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss. San Francisco: The Curtiss Philosophical Book Company.

An extension of the teachings of "The Voice of Isis."

ELLEN PRIOR. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

A narrative poem.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER. Anonymous. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A novel.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH. By Maude Badford Warren. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

A novel of today.

MR. ARNOLD. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

A romance of the revolution.

CAN I BE A CHRISTIAN? By James O. Hannay. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $1.50.

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"IRENE."

"Irene" has heen here hefore, and more than once hut it retains a certain freshness of purpose, perhaps hecause its motif is so extremely simple; even, like that of "Steve," naive.

The idea in "Steve" is that the movies are a panacea for every ill. And really, there is something in it. Sick people, tired people, and people, even intellectual people, at times, go to the movies to forget life. They got into the hahit when the movies were cheap, and now the hahit is firmly estahlished.

In "Irene" the panacea is clothes. The poor woiking goil comes in attired with a plainness, a shahhiness, and a lack of nunistering to her own vanity to which the girl toiler in life rarely attains. Those story-writers who, for the sake of gathering material go to work as factory girls, have found that the girls in the huge industrial bee-hives often forswear matrimony and its attendant hahies and wash-tubs for the fun of being a smartly dressed girl a few years longer. This smartness they attain hy hlowing their whole salary. Can you hlame them? Of course you can and do. But you might do the same in their place, for the attitude of the vast American puhlic, men and women, is singularly united on the suhject of dress.

I once heard an educated woman wage-earner who earned ahout two hundred and fifty dollars a month condemn in the severest terms the extravagance of the highly paid working classes. This was shortly after the war, when huilding mechanics, plumhers, riveters, and gentlemen of those professions were pouring out their cash in huge wads to buy their womenkind pianos, seal-skin coats, gramophones, and diamond rings. It was their first opportunity to embark on a career of extravagance, and they were having the time of their lives. The woman with the good salary who was thus condemning them was dressed very handsomely and expensively, *a l'Americaine*. But it never for a moment occurred to her that she was engaged in the same procedure as the workers she condemned. Because she was an educated woman, she felt entitled to spend her salary. Because these people were daily wage-earners, she felt they weren't.

The fact is that the great American puhlic of all classes spends freely on clothes. In a democracy naturally the manual workers are not going to he outdone hy the boiled-shirt class, if they can help it, more particularly as during these hectic years they far out-do the smaller professional men in earning ahility.

Some day, after the tremendous crash comes, and humhled humanity will hegin again to live the simple life, history will record that strange epoch in the United States when the industrials enjoyed many of the luxuries of, and their women competed in dress with the moneyed class; so that jokes were made in the comic papers ahout factory workers and mechanics having hecome the moneyed aristocracy.

And so "Irene" appeals to the taste of Broadway, and all it stands for. "Let us hlow it all in and he gay, dressed in purple and fine linen, for tomorrow we may not have the cash to huy it" And the poor working girl, tagged out in that queer, shahhy rig, with a red calico waist and a faded hat, looks so improhahle that we scrutinize her and say to ourselves, "I never saw anyone dressed like that except over the wash-tuh." And for that matter, nowadays the "work-aprons" have hecome hungalow aprons, with smart trimmings of worsted and hraid flowers; some of them of really artistic design.

Yes, it is easily conceiveable, the popularity of "Irene." It hasn't much prohahility. And yet, again, are not the woods full of full-pursed young suitors who offer marriage to girls who are pretty and well-dressed, and have nothing else to recommend them? And, for that matter, they have just as much as their suitors, except money.

Irene makes an artless plaint of her inahility to dress, as her wages are eaten up hy her young appetite. And Mr. Young Millionaire is struck by her artlessness, her pretty face, her honesty, and her desire "to make more of herself" hy dressing up.

He secures her a joh to advertise the confections of Madame Lucie, a male dressmaker who is a genius, hut unknown in New York. "Irene" is offered to Mme. Lucie as a mannequin. Young Millionaire giving her a chance to show off her beauty, charm, and smartness in his own drawing-room. Irene, like the flower-girl in G. B. Shaw's "Pygmalion," is to demonstrate how easily she can catch the tone, air, and conversational ease of "the sassiety girl." Ha! ha! It is all so simple. The girls have learned it in the department stores, while studying with devout reverential admiration the moneyed young goddesses who are dropping large, fat rolls all over the place, and incidentally revealing their superiority to toiling humanity.

So Irene enters, dressed to kill, looking very pretty and hesieged hy the gilded Johnnies of society; who, I feel impelled to say, were a rather nondescript collection.

The drawing quality of this Montgomery piece, with its facile Tierney music, its cheerful chorus girls, and the aforesaid gilded Johnnies, gayly disporting ahout the Long Island howers of an American princess, lies in the character of Irene O'Dare. And Dale Winter is the girl to get her over. The hest part of the whole piece is that in the first act, in which Dale Winter reveals the simple, innocent, clean, literal soul of little Irene O'Dare, daughter of a husky Irish-hrogued dame who keeps her in stern suhjection, Irene worships dress with the devout ahsoluteness of the average American girl. But she is "straight"—and shahhy.

So, to the Broadway composite mind it is a hig moment when little Irene, transformed to a happy, dimpled heauty, and attended hy the usual musical comedy multiplicity of assiduous swains, enters clad in silk and velvet, and indeed with all the smartness that Mme. Lucie can compose.

I once, during the Exposition, saw a fashion show at Festival hall. The place was filled, hundreds sitting on the floor. There seemed to he just as many men as women, and all seemed to he in precisely the same state of fixed ahsorption, of devout admiration, as the mannequins came out and disported before us, gowned in the elahorate confections designed for actresses, courtezans, and millionairesses.

And so "Irene" made a hig success in the East. And although, for a fashion-show play, the costumes look a little jaded and fly-hlown, Dale Winter has the fresh, pretty voice, the looks, the personality, and the air of artless girlishness that can charm. And they sent along Jere Delaney with the show, and he is a clever and amusing comedian, and Flo Irwin is very funny as the up-right and downright Mrs. O'Dare who is striving to keep Irene in her own class.

These three personalities, all very good in their different ways, are enough in themselves to make people feel that they have had their money's worth. The rest is musical comedy stereotype; songs, dances, and chorus girls with their attendant choral swains.

"THE GREEN GODDESS."

William Archer has spent his life writing ahout plays and the theatre. His dictum has had high authority, and the recurring appearance of many puhlications hy him in hook form containing summaries of his views on notahle plays and players shows the standing he has attained as a critic and commentator.

Among these hooks is one called "Play and Playmaking." In this the celehrated critic, who has, during the past thirty or thirty-five years seen all the noted plays that appeared on the London stage, and who came over in recent years to get an impression at close range of the American stage, has formulated his harvested impressions in a volume from which the would-be writer of plays could probahly find valuahle help and guidance.

In spite of this book, however, William Archer has always heen disposed to think that he did not have it in him to write a play. And so, when he first thought out the plot of "The Green Goddess" he offered it to one of his literary friends. But this friend—was it not G. B.?—insisted that Archer could write it himself. And so the great critic tried his prentice hand at play-making.

The success of "The Green Goddess," first in New York, later in London, was noised ahout sufficiently in the theatrical world to attract the attention of movie magnates, and these sapient gentlemen recognized the importance of keeping George Arliss in the rôle of the Rajah, the cultured Hindoo with the heautiful smile and the heart of ice.

"The Green Goddess" as a picture has attracted much patronage, and has heen the means of adding to the already considerahle reputation of George Arliss.

It is not one of the pictures that advertise the spending of a million in its production. But it is very handsomely gotten up, and has the sort of exotic atmosphere that the movie fan adores.

There is apportunity afforded for many striking effects; for one, the howling moh of Oriental fanatics surging hetween the enclosing walls of a narrow, typically Oriental street, when their polished rajah has three prisoners of the hated dominant race in his gilded palace: the said gilded palace heing also effectively presented. True, a discerning eye may remark that the architecture and its decorations hears more traces of a superficial imitation of Oriental designs than the genuine stamp of the Orient. But it is effective, and superficially Oriental; which is the important thing. Unless, indeed, the producer is a wealthy enthusiast, like Douglas Fairhanks, and is willing to hlow in a fortune to have huildings, decorations, furnishings, and costumes authentic models.

In "The Green Goddess" they have Orientally arched wondows and doors with the open-work grills so characteristic of the Far East. But the task has heen made easy for the producer in the showing of furnished interiors hecause the highly educated Rajah, who is a graduate of Oxford, has made his palace a hlend of Occidental and Oriental luxury.

In the matter of costumes the handsome ayah certainly looks East Indian with her long, graceful lace draperies; and as the American puhlic is unacquainted with the style of dress worn hy a Hindoo potentate's pet slaves we willingly accept it as the real thing.

As for the dress of the Rajah himself, it is admirahly in keeping with the character of the Indian prince, who has acquired a mocking skepticism through his Occidental culture.

The education given by the British to their Indian suhjects has not always had the happiest results. And it might seem as if William Archer offers the portrait of the Rajah of Rukh as an example of the suhversive effects of giving even a potentate of a suhject race an Occidental education. But no; "The Green Goddess" is pure and simple melodrama. Only Archer had a full perception of the dramatic effect to he attained hy hringing a triangular group of Europeans in an airplane to the far off Himalayon kingdom of Rukh, so remote from the centers of Indian civilization that the masses of its population are utterly untouched hy European influence.

There the stranger guests are received by the Rajah, a smiling, courteous, polished gentleman, a graduate of Oxford, and so accustomed to British habits and ways that he has European furniture in his palace, wears, when he is so inclined, European dress, has the European periodicals sent to him, and has his comforts enhanced hy the expert attendance of a Cockney valet: a rascal who is under the Rajah's thumh hecause he is suhject to arrest for his crimes should he but step outside the Kingdom of Rukh.

This was quite a clever hit on the author's part in more ways than one. For it supplied a reason for the Rajah's remarks heing entirely in English; so that when the luxurious ruler had an order or a command to convey, he always used his valet as an intermediary.

It has become quite common in the United States to turn out from our colleges hrown or yellow Asiastics as fully educated as the youth of our own country. This has greatly interested those Americans who are accustomed to the presence of only the coolie class of Asiatics among us. And in something in the same way the figure of the suave villain who controlled Rukh, with the European elegance of his manners, and the evidence ahout him of his European training, is stimulating.

For there, as a strange setting to this single, dominant figure, are the masses of wild fanatics who make up his subjects. Over them the polished ruler has life and death power. And this strange clash of influences has caused the Rajah to he douhly a villian; for he has united to the inscrutahle craft and ruthless cruelty of the Orient the education and mental training which cause him to scorn his subjects, while utilizing their fanaticism to further his secret purposes.

This Rajah is the up-standing figure of the play. George Arliss' prior experience in playing the rôle in its original form has caused him to banish some movie gestures that were heginning slightly to deform his admirahle art. He is, therefore, a compelling figure in the play. He wears always the Oriental turhan, and the greater part of the time a modified form of the Oriental dress. But his dinner dress is the conventional evening dress, except for the turban, and a jewel worn pendant from the neck.

That manner of elegant suavity, the courteous, ever-playing smile, suits George Arliss' methods. There are numhers of our gorgeously handsome movie stars that never could have composed that air of European polish. Walker Whiteside had it, also—for his slightly old-fashioned, grand-manner style suited him to the part in the title rôle of "The Rajah."

The other characters were excellently placed. The English major, the handsome young doctor, the major's attractive wife, all acted with admirable strength and restraint, and Watkins was the picture and essence of a mean, servile rascal; and in the wiid eyes of the high-priest hurned the fires of fanaticism.

It wouldn't have done to place the English group in such deadly peril without having something happen to them. The one that was killed was hrave, and resourceful; a figure typical of the splendid British officers that restrain the turhulent millions in India. But he was a confirmed tippler, and he was grieving and estranging his wife.

And so, when the inexorahle Rajah shot him dead just about the time we were heginning to appreciate his fine traits and manly courage, we said to ourselves comfortahly, "Oh, well, he was hecoming a drunkard. And the effection of his good and heautiful wife could not restrain him. And the doctor is younger and handsomer, and loves her, and was too decent to tell her when he shouldn't. So it's all right." And we went away satisfied; which is of the first importance in the movie world, where no tragic ends are allowed save in Shakespearean plays..

STAGE AND SCREEN.

A Super-Picture at the Cap'tol.

The Capitol Theatre is now ready for its new career as a caterer to the taste of those who like the super-fine picture play, and are willing to pay for it. In all the leading cities now there are houses of this class, where the patrons pay their $1.50 a seat as a matter of course.

There are a number of the moving picture interests which have united with Homer Curran and the Shuherts in launching the Capitol as a first-class movie house, and the opening of the theatre under its new auspices this week has heen signalized hy the presentation of "The Hunchhack of Notre Dame." This is one of the finest of the super-pictures, as amazing expenditures have heen made to furnish fairly accurate copies of the fifteenth century scenes among which figured the diverse characters in Victor Hugo's colossal work.

The Stage Guild.

Jessica Colhert has heen planning the winter season at the Plaza Theatre for the



A Gift to Progress.

California's highway of grandeur —the Skyline Boulevard—is now open for a distance of eight miles, heginning where Sloat Boulevard touches the Great Highway.

Beauty and utility joined hands in the planning of this avenue of inspiration that runs from San Francisco along the westernmost verge of our continent.

The Skyline Boulevard cancels a "No Thoroughfare" sign that Nature placed on our peninsula.

From its north terminal at Sloat Boulevard and the Great Highway, the Skyline runs for eleven miles through properties of Spring Valley Water Company.

Two miles the Skyline runs across Lake Merced Rancho; then nine miles through Spring Valley watershed in San Mateo County, opening to travel a region that presents noble picture after picture of ocean, mountain, lake and valley.

Right-of-way for this northern unit of the Skyline Boulevard is from 80 to 100 feet wide in San Francisco, and from 80 to 90 feet wide in San Mateo County.

This right-of-way, for eleven miles in two counties, is the gift of Spring Valley Water Company.

SPRING VALLEY
WATER COMPANY

Stage Guild. It will open on Thursday afternoon, November 1, with a recital of Mme. Leblanc, following which will be a tea extended to people interested directly or otherwise in the drama, with Madame Georgette Leblanc as a guest artist. Mme. Leblanc during her recital will give scenes from "Pelleas and Melisande" and from "Monna Vanna," and she will also give interpretations from modern French artists and poets.

A week later A. A. Milne's "Romantic Age" will be given, under the direction of Irving Pichel, who will serve as director while a number of unusual plays will be presented at the Plaza during the fall and winter season.

"Patience."

High anticipations are felt by those aware of the promising work done by the cast for "Patience," to be produced at the Player's Theatre on the evening of October 15. Reginald Travers, who is to be Bunthorne, is nevertheless directing the piece. This will he his last appearance for some time in San Francisco, as directly after the "Patience" run of two weeks is completed Mr. Travers will go to New York, where he is going to start another "little theatre."

The musical direction of the opera is in the able hands of Mr. Eugene Blanchard. Special sets have been made, a special dancer engaged, a capable cast is working hard, and the indications are good for much enjoyment of Gilbert-Sullivan appreciators.

"Topsy and Eva."

The Duncan Sisters, in "Topsy and Eva" at the Alcazar, have made the banner record for San Francisco, which, in spite of its size, is a city not given to runs. This is the fourteenth week that the Duncan Sisters, in the musical comedy version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," have continued to draw large audiences. The management estimates that at the end of the thirteenth week there had been a total attendance of 160,000.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Vatican Choir.

In a letter of congratulation to Frank W. Healy on his success in having secured the Sistinc Chapel Choir for an American tour, Richard Washburn Child, the United States minister to Italy, said: "We Americans who live in Rome are sufficiently acquainted with this choir's contributions to the highest of musical performance to be glad that Americans in America are to have the same privilege."

Further advices from Rome to Manager Healy stated that the choir's departure from that city October 4th was a notable event, hundreds of well-wishers having assembled at the train to bid Conductor Rella and his fifty-four singers au revoir. A similar farewell was given them at Naples ere they boarded ship for New York, where their first concert on this continent will be given in Carnegie Hall. En route to San Francisco they will visit most of the principal cities; and they will give three concerts here, December 7th, 8th and 9th, in the Exposition Auditorium, with a complete change of programme for each performance. Considering the remoteness of the event, the demand for tickets at Sherman, Clay & Company's has been extraordinarily heavy, hundreds of mail orders having already been received.

At the Curran.

"Irene" continues to charm large audiences at the Curran Theatre, where the Montgomery-Tierney musical play begins its second and last week next Monday night. The final performance will be given on Sunday night, October 21. No more charming piece of feminity could have been found for the title rôle than Dale Winter, who has about her the quality of spring, helying her name. She has the Irish sparkle required by the character. Her face is always a-light, and her whole personality radiates an atmosphere of buoyant youth and vivacity. Miss Winter has a delightful voice, clear and sweet. Her singing of "Alice Blue Gown," "To Be Worthy Of You," "Irene," "To Love You" and "Sky Rocket," win her numerous recalls at every performance. Additional song hits are "Castle of Dreams," "The Talk of the Town," "We're Getting Away With It," and "The Last Part of Every Party."

The reason an extra Sunday night performance will be allotted to "Irene" is that Sir Harry Lauder does not play Sunday nights and will open an engagement, of one week only, commencing Monday night, October 22.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The Orpheum announces another change of programme for the week beginning with the matinee Sunday. "Nonette," the singing violiniste, will top this bill of entertainers.

Al Herman, termed "The Black Laugh," a black-face comedian who brings laughs to the audience every second, will offer a different brand of humor. Allan Brooks, who has just returned from a trip around the world where he has met with success playing his own little playlet, "Dollars and Sense," will return to the Orpheum Circuit.

Billy Arlington will offer a novel comedy entitled "Mistakes Will Happen," assisted by Eleanor Arlington. C. I. Taylor and Joseph Ward. Willie Schank and company are a troupe of European actors who have a surprise said to be very entertaining. Jack Joyce, a son of England who lost one of his legs in the World War, will entertain by singing, telling jokes, and dancing.

The Avon Comedy Four will return to the Orpheum for one week in a comedy offering entitled "The New School Teacher." Frank Dixon, in "Lonesome Manor," is said to portray the rôle of a small town fellow who has migrated to Broadway and found out that all is not milk and honey in the big city.

At the Columbia.

"The Covered Wagon," epic of the "Westward Ho" period in American history, continues to fill the Columbia at every presentation, afternoons at 2:30 and nights at 8:30. This is American history made visible and as such is commanding the attention of so many that the Columbia is hardly large enough to take care of the demand for seats.

The engagement cannot be extended, as the George M. Cohan production "So This is London," will open the autumn and winter season. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn will be seen in the leading rôles, played by them all last year. The entire cast seen during the long run in Chicago comes here with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn.

Avon's Bard at Kilkenny.

Tradition was violated, says the Washington *Post*, in the production of Shakespeare's plays as long as 140 years ago, according to a clipping from the *City Item*, which gives the play-bill of a performance of "Hamlet" by His Majesty's Company of Comedians in the Kilkenny, Ireland, Royal Theatre, announcing the play as having been originally "written and composed by Dan Hyes of Limerick, and *insarted* in Shakespeare's works."

The cast is thus announced: "'Hamlet,' by Mr. Kearns (heing his first appearance in that character, and who, hetween the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time. 'Ophelia,' by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, particularly 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' and 'We'll Be Happy Together,' from the Rev. Mr. Dibden's oddities. The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of Rev. Father O'Callogan, will be omitted as too immoral for any stage.

"'Polonius,' the comical politician, by a young gentleman, his first appearance in public. 'The Ghost,' the 'Grave Digger,' and 'Laertes' by Mr. Simpson, the great London comedian. The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out if required in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes in every particular to accommodate the public. N. B.—No smoking allowed, no person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings."

Al Jolson and Fanny Brice.

To say that each of these two is possessed by a demon is a mediæval and perfectly sound way of expressing their intensity of action. It does not prove anything—not even that they are geniuses of a high rank, which in my opinion they are. I use the word possessed because it connotes a quality lacking elsewhere on the stage, and to he found only at moments in other aspects of American life—in religious mania, in good jazz bands, in a rare outbreak of mob violence. The particular intensity I mean is exactly what you do not see at a haseball game, but may at a prizefight, nor in the productions of David Belasco, nor at a political convention; you may see it on the Stock Exchange, and you can see it, canalized and disciplined, but still intense, in our skyscraper architecture. It was visible at moments in the old Russian Ballet.—*Gilbert Seldes in The Dial.*

The little Triangle Theatre in New York is located in a triangular cellar (on Seventh Avenue) in which there are seats for one hundred auditors. Being so located it runs during hot weather, as the heat does not become excessive there. The chairs are not stationary, which makes for comfort, and between acts unalcholized drinks are served to audiences that approve of programs made up of one-act plays.

Before the recent earthquake in Japan, Tokyo was supporting its own symphony orchestra under the directorship of a Russian, with German, Russian and native musicians. Burmeister, the violinist, who heard this orchestra while on a concert tour in tbe Far East, said at the sime: "It is a matter of only a few years until Europe and America will be forced to consider Japanese musicians seriously."

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The Smart Musical Comedy Hit
"IRENE"
With Dale Winter and all the Old Favorites.
"If anything 'Irene' is better than on its previous visit here. Electrified the audience."—Examiner.
"Curran patrons greeted 'Irene' with enthusiasm."—Chronicle.

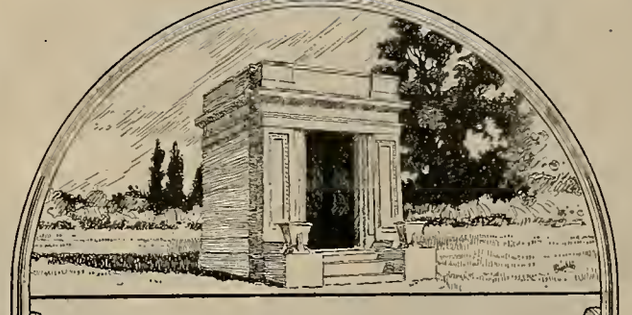
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Orders by Mail for the Limited Engagement of
SIR HARRY LAUDER
The Famous International Entertainer, at the
CURRAN THEATRE
Week commencing Monday Night, October 22, are now being received and will he promptly filled. Regular box office sale opens Monday, October 15, 9 a. m.
Prices—Nights and Saturday Matinee, Orchestra $2.50; Balcony $1.50 $2.00; Gallery 50c, $1.00. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Matinees—Orchestra $2.00; Balcony $1.00, $1.50; Gallery 50c. Add 10 per cent. Tax.
Sir Harry will positively not appear in Oakland this Season.

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Matinees Daily

"On the Beaches"--
Is the caption on the title page of next Sunday's Rotagravure section. Several of the photographs were taken on our own San Francisco beach near Seal Rocks and the Cliff House. You will all enjoy these pictures; the mermaids are especially pleasing. Another page, particularly timely, shows the hardships endured by "The Sufferers" in the recent Japanese earthquake. Charming views of

"An Isle of Romance"--
Show several beautiful views of Samoa, its belles, and richest inhabitants. "Royal Snapshots" gives you a "close-up" on some of the world's lesser known spiritual and temporal rulers. The "U. S. A." pictures some American notables in the limelight, and "Fashion's Fads" and "Some Peculiar Industries" complete a section of photographic art, that will bring pleasure next Sunday to every reader of The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section



"In Memoriam"

Often one passes a costly and elaborate mausoleum and is struck by its cold and impersonal appearance. It is no more symbolic of that person to whom it was erected than it would be to any other one.

No memorial is really an enduring tribute unless it catches and is transfigured by the spirit of that one for whom it stands.

You will find that our organization is noted for its ability to interpret the intimate characteristics and ideals which you wish to have expressed.

If you will write or call at our office, we shall be glad to assist you in determining what form of memorial to erect and will give you suggestions as to design.

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VANITY FAIR.

The strongest claims to democratic feeling are not incompatible with a national interest in the social life of the president and his family. Some will wish them more democratic, others will deplore the fact that they are not surrounded by the pomp of a European court. The president's personal and his official dignity are matter of national concern; in fact one must support the other. In general it may be said that he must show himself a democrat to Americans, and to foreign embassies he must appear in the forms and dignities of the head of a great nation. And the two may be easily reconciled, if we don't get too cranky about Jeffersonian simplioity.

Thus far the Coolidges have not plunged socially to any great extent. The period of official mourning precludes it, as well as the president's democratic disposition. The lives and manners of the White House family are delightfully simple, very American. The yacht *Mayflower* is placed at the disposal of the president, and the family has acquired the habit of going aboard Saturday afternoon, but they have not yet undertaken any week-end cruises, probably because the head of the family has been too busy. Sometimes they dine aboard. The president has the right of entertaining guests on the *Mayflower*, but, strange to relate, he must pay for the dinners. This is one of the curiosities of democratic simplicity and economy—that while the White House and the *Mayflower* are for the president's use, board is not included. It seems to be trimming things pretty close, but it may save a great deal of criticism from back country members of Congress and shirt sleeve statesmen from what was once the frontier. They can not say the president and his friends are living high at the public expense, which is a thing some of them would be sure to say if they thought it would be believed; for under the circumstances refutation has been made easy—it simply is not the case, for if the president wants to dine anybody it must be at his own charge. For the great state dinners, we are informed, the president pays the grocery bills. And they do not come out of the $25,000 a year that is added to his salary for travel and entertaining. Thus all is defined and in the clear, as far as the public interest is concerned—it is only the president who may be in the dark as to what his savings will be at the year's end. One may be sure they are not much, although President Coolidge is famous for thrift. It is not likely that he will emerge from the White House enriched.

During these days of official mourning, when the White House can not entertain, nor its family appear much socially, Mrs. Coolidge dresses very simply. There is little ostentation in the life of the Coolidges and no bluff or pretense whatever. No matter what Mrs. Coolidge wears, it will never offend taste, nor arouse envy by its extravagance. The president is no waster, and when White House entertainment does begin it is likely to be of a frugal variety. And in an age of riotous extravagance and exorbitant living, that will be no bad example for the head of the nation to set. We long have needed it. Not that life should be lived in Spartan severity by all, for that Spartan stuff was intimately associated with savage crudeness and produced little but the mean disposition and warlike ability it was designed to; but things have been going too fast for health during the past few years, accelerated by war profits whose owners did not always understand spending money for the enrichment of life. And unless money can be so spent it is better saved and devoted to utilitarian purposes. In that way it may come at the last into the hands of those that do understand the enrichment of life; which does not consist to any great degree in shining with diamonds, pea-coal size, and bedecking one's women with the pelts of animals from farthest north.

Truth to tell, the birds and beasts have been having a hard time of it during these flush years. Hat feathers are so much the rage and varieties so in demand that the feather experts have been driven nearly distracted getting up new styles. One of the latest is to take a perfectly good feather and burn the flange off, leaving only the bare quill, or stem, or midriff; enough of which assembled on a hat give an air of a thousand toothpicks. After that there is nothing left but to trim them with the pelt of the porcupine. As to furs, it is an outrage on the animal kingdom when women take to wearing them in summer. There may be excuse for killing an animal to keep a woman warm, but merely to make her glow in July is crowding the mourners. Trappers have made good money, fox and skunk farms are said to be paying well. But the slaughter has been awful to contemplate. The only thing that would put an end to it would be a change of fashion, which does not impend just yet. And fur is a hard thing to make artificially, so the slaughter will have to go on. After all, it is an indication of the endless craving for distinction. Humanity resents equality.

Speaking of presidents "and such," what has become of the great whose names decorated the front pages of the world's newspapers during the stirring days of the war? Some appear to have been *versenkt spurlos* in the ocean of unwritten history. Many have died natural deaths. The whereabouts of others is unknown to the general public, which does not indicate that they are in hiding, but merely that a pressing succession of events has involved other themes and other names, and the dispatches have properly dealt with them instead of dwelling on what has so soon become the past. But a few figure in the news from time to time. The Kaiser, we know, is having a long vacation from his imperial duties, in Holland. Foch has recently been over in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, and may be around those parts yet, winning allies for France. Lloyd George, finding that Parliament would no longer follow his lead, has come to America to lecture and his oxidized reputation is being polished up for him by the yellow press. Clemenceau is in retirement, writing a book on philosophy—apparently the turmoil has lost its charms for him, for the time being. Kerensky, who was the socialist dictator of Russia for awhile, is running a small Russian newspaper somewhere, we don't just remember where, but perhaps in Paris. The Grand Duke Michael, brother of the late Czar, is supposed to have escaped the shambles in which his brother died, and having been killed and resurrected some half-dozen times is now supposed to be writing for the magazines. Rene Viviani is practicing law in Paris. Field Marshal Lord Haig is putting in his time trying to get relief for the British ex-service men. General Wrangel, the Russian "white" army commander, is camped in an old French chateau at Gaugere, doing odd jobs to get food. His son works in a factory and his daughter is a dressmaker. Hindenburg lives in Hanover, and Ludendorff in a small villa near Munich, where he plots monarchism. Giolitti, once Italy's trimming premier, is telling all about it in books and a little newspaper. Ex-Premier Asquith leads a forlorn remnant in the House of Commons and is said to be writing histories to eke out his income. Winston Churchill is doing well at it, and has inherited a comfortable fortune. All these were brilliant figures in the life of Europe and some had prospects of grandeur if things had gone the way they failed to go. As it is, their talents are available should things revert to the condition in which they were during the war. But things never do revert—they are changing eternally and nothing ever quite recalls the past. In his supposition that nothing is, but all things are in process of becoming, Heraclitus was almost right.

Keeping Her Maiden Name.

"The sheer drama of groping after new grounds for complaint against marriage is one of the marked excitements of American life," says Alexander Black in *Harper's Magazine*. "Rebels are ever busy searching for a novel uncomfortableness. They are slow to see that all marriages are marriages of convenience, that marriage is, indeed, the Great Convenience and still awaits the invention of something just as good; that the other conveniences must, of necessity, come into competition with it. For example, the husband who agrees cordially that his wife shall keep her maiden name, knows that in the conflict of the two conveniences the greater will conquer the lesser. Except in the case of professional expediency, wherein only the stupidest reactionary resents the keeping by the woman of the name that is her very own, the acceptance of the 'Mr. and Mrs.' is quite likely to win use as the easiest way out of a basically awkward situation. To be simply '& Co.' in the social firm is, in view of woman's actual equalities, a paradox. The point is, that it is a convenient paradox. As usual, that is determinative. The social-unit idea may label the man as nominally the head of the firm, but sentiment should be able to get some satisfaction from the fact that 'Co.' in business is often the real boss. Obliterating her name is but one of the things a woman chooses to do in the interest of coherence for the family; and the name she obliterates is, after all, simply the name of another husband for whom her mother made the same sacrifice of identity."

The silhouette which smart women affect, is straighter, slighter, more supple than ever, says the *Delineator*. Skirts are just the width of the hip and fit there so closely that one sees the movement of the figure in walking. This is true of the new long straight coats as well as of dresses. One notices that everything is worn just a trifle longer though the change is not pronounced. Tiers are new. Sometimes they are flat flounces circling a coat dress, or two tiers at the front and a single one at the back of a silk crêpe frock, or a succession of narrow folds across the front of the skirt, circular ruffles or a single flounce on a straight coat, plaited flounces below the plaited cape collar of a dinner dress. The front is more important than the back in many of the new French models that are being shown. The back is plain, flat and sometimes unbelted and no wider than the hip. The front is broken with flounces, folds, apron effects, etc.

Gentle Pensioners of King George.

At least one Sunday a year I like to spend among the romantic surroundings of Hampton Court, built by the great Cardinal Wolsey but taken from him by Henry VIII, says Sir John Foster Fraser in *Arts and Decoration*. I have often wondered why this dignified palace is not used as a background by some enterprising "movie" producer.

It is a delight to saunter through the banqueting hall and the audience chamber and the King's bedroom and the Queen's antechamber and look at the paintings by Peter Lely and Godfrey Kneller of the ladies who were court favorites in the roystering days of the Restoration after Charles II came back to the throne.

I generally go down to Hampton Court to visit a dear old lady, for though the palace belongs to the King, he makes no use of it except that he gives suites of apartments to the not very-well-to-do widows of men who have served the state in some distinguished capacity. Can you imagine a more charming gift than a suite of apartments in a place like Hampton Court with its peace and unrivaled old world gardens?

A Chicago woman suing for dower rights she signed away, says her husband wears long silk stockings and gold safety pins. There is always sympathy for a woman who feels that her faith in man has been betrayed. But this should not prompt her to waste the time of the courts in the consideration of catty remarks. In this liberal era a gentleman may wear long silk stockings if he desires just as a lady may wear knickerbockers. —*Washington Star.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A preacher who went to a Kentucky parish where the parishioners bred horses, was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth he was told he need not do it any more. "Why," said the preacher, "is she dead?" "No," answered the man, "she won the Derby."

A Yorkshireman who had lived all his life on the flat moors of his home county went to Switzerland for a holiday. When he returned he was asked by the untraveled natives what Switzerland was like. Said the traveled Yorkshireman in disappointed tones, "I reckoned nowt tae it. I cud see nowt for t' bloomin' hills."

Two men passing down a back street saw a big fat man, soiled and untidy, sitting on a box cooling off. "That's a baker," said one man. "Gee! what a dirty-looking chap to be a baker," said the other man. "Oh, that's all right," responded the first speaker; "he's just the fellow that makes the brown bread."

Lessons in school had been proceeding for about an hour when a boy took an apple from his pocket and began to eat it. The teacher saw him. "Go out into the school-yard and finish your meal," he said sarcastically. To his surprise the boy quietly rose and moved to the door. Then he turned. "Please, sir," he said, "can me litle brother come too, 'cos half of it is his?"

A college professor had for a next door neighbor the priest of a large Catholic parish. It is related that on one occasion the family cow of the priest's establishment broke loose, wandered over into the professor's garden, and made a meal of whatever green stuff attracted her attention. The priest came over to apologize. The professor heard him, then remarked: "That's all right father. I don't mind a Catholic cow, but please do not let the Papal bull get loose."

President Emeritus Eliot, of Harvard, dined recently at a New York hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats at the dining-room door is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear. "How do you know that is my hat?" the collegian asked, as his silk tile was presented to him. "I don't know it, suh," said the dark doorman. "Then why do you give it to me?" insisted President Eliot. "Because you gave it to me, suh."

One of a party of men left his seat in an already crowded train to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his place. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by a woman. With flashing eyes she turned upon him: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?" "Madame," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."

Cinema directors are nothing if not resourceful. When Elinor Glyn's story, "Beyond the Rocks," was being adapted for the screen, and Valentino, the movie star, was informed that he would have to act the part of an English lord, he objected strongly. "It will never do," he said. "I am a Latin—absolutely. I never could be an English peer." The director saw the force of the objection, and thought hard for several seconds. "Oh, well," he said at length. "Never mind! For the picture we'll give you a French mother." And as he said, so it was.

Marshall P. Wilder used to tell this story of two little children of a Christian Science family who were taken for the first time to see a Punch and Judy show. They enjoyed it heartily until Punch in a burst of anger began to beat Judy across the head with a big stick. Whereupon the little girl, hastily covering her eyes with her hands, called out beseechingly to her brother: "Don't look, Teddy, don't look! It's error!"

A tourist and his wife, after their return from abroad, were telling the wonders they had seen at the Louvre in Paris. The husband mentioned with enthusiasm a picture which represented Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden, in connection with the eating of the forbidden fruit. The wife also waxed enthusiastic and interjected the remark: "Yes, we found the picture most interesting, because, you see, we know the anecdote."

Hiram Skinnum was the village tightwad. He walked on his neighbor's front lawns to save his shoes. His wife had been ailing for years, and began growing weaker. There didn't seem to be much wrong with her except living with Hiram, but she sank so that at last he called the doctor. After long examination the doctor told Hiram: "She needs a change of air. Send her away." Hiram thought over the expenses awhile and said: "Doc, you say she needs a change of air. I can't afford to send her away. But I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll get her an electric fan."

The following is reported to be the verdict by an Iowa jury in a suit against a railroad company: "If the train had run as it should have ran; if the bell had rang as it should have rang; if the whistle had blowed as it should have blew, both of which it did neither—the cow would have not been injured when she was killed."

The late Louis Fleischmann, who established the "bread line" in New York, always maintained that the poor were the most sensitive of persons and quickest to resent tactless sympathy. In support of his assertion, he told that one day, while an American was on a walking tour in Scotland, he met a tall and comely young woman, who walked barefooted. Surprised, the traveler stopped her, and inquired: "Do all the people about here go barefoot?" "Some of them do," she said, "and the rest mind their own business."

Mrs. Millicent Mortimer Miller, the noted eugenist, said in a birth-control address in Little Rock: "A large family is a lovely thing, but there's a good deal of human nature in the twin story. 'Congratulations!' a business man said heartily, as he slapped another business man on the back 'I congratulate you, my dear Sherwood. I see by the paper that your wife has presented you with twins.' 'No,' said the other business man smiling. 'That was my cousin, Thomas E. Sherwood. I'm Thomas A., you know.' 'Ah!' said the first business man. 'In that case, Sherwood, I do indeed congratulate you.'"

"Adaptability," said Lloyd George, "is America's greatest asset. It was what made her great in the World War at a moment's notice and it is what makes her great in the present chaos of reconstruction; and, judging from the case of little Bobbie, it must be an inherited, rather than a cultivated gift. Little Bobbie was in London with his father and mother, who are connected with the Embassy here, and his little world was upset by the arrival of a baby brother. For a long time the little fellow could not seem to get used to the new state of things and knowing this, I asked him one day, 'Bobbie, can I have your baby brother?' Bobbie looked at me for a moment, pondering deeply, and then said, 'Oh, no, we're just getting used to him now.'"

Worm Holes Wanted.

An American exporter sent an unusually poor consignment of oak abroad to his oversea connection, which was found to be wormy, and no market could be found for this parcel. This consignment would have caused a great loss to the exporter were it not for the fact that the consignor happened to visit an antique furniture factory. The manufacturer was at that time busily engaged in making antique grandfather's clocks, and found the oak in question to answer his purpose very nicely, because it eliminated the work of boring holes "by hand." The parcel was disposed of at a premium, and a profitable connection was established.—*Scientific American.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

Real Sentiment.

Orbs of a siren and a heart of a saint;
Spirit as free as an angel's from taint;
Lips one would barter salvation to kiss;
Hair of spun gold. Such a vision as this
Looks from the page of the booklet I hold—
Smiles; but her smile is not forward or bold!

Something she says, with her lips parted so;
Something she utters in whisper so low
One must lean close to that vision so fair—
Ah, I would swoon in the scent of her hair!'
Something she whispers; some wonderful hint—
See, down below, in that nonpareil print:
"Blivens' Cold Cream keeps me looking this way;
Run to your druggist and buy some today."
—*Strickland Gillian in Judge.*

The Echo's Decision.

I watched the ponies running,
Debating on a bet
That might, if I were cunning,
Deliver me from debt.

The form sheet lay before me,
But as the dope I got,
Uneasiness swept o'er me.
"Well, shall I bet, or not?"

The echo seized my question,
And solved it like a shot.
It vetoed my suggestion,
"Well, shall I?"—"Better not."
—*A. H. in Life.*

Out Again, in Again.

A year ago, when knees were "in,"
All knees were out;
Uncovered, or in stockings thin,
All knees were out, for they were "in"—
Regardless who might grouch or grin.
But now the styles are turned about,
And knees are in because they're "out."
—*H. C. Norris in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



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DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Belle Stuart McMurty, daughter of the late Doctor and Mrs. McMurtry of Los Gatos, to Mr. William Randolph Keltie Young of San Francisco, took place in New York on September 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant Knox are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Colonel W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow gave a dance last week at the Officer's Club on Alcatraz Island in honor of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. McGowan of Shanghai.

Miss Merrill Jones of San Rafael made her dêbut on Tuesday of last week at a luncheon given at the Fairmont Hotel by her grandmother, Mrs. M. P. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingshury were hosts last week at an opera party given for Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham.

Captain Clifford Erskine-Bolst and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, who attended the opera afterwards with their guests.

The annual tennis tournament of the Burlingame Country Club was held last week.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway was host at a theatre party at the Alcazar Theatre last week.

Mrs. John B. Casserly gave a recent tea at her home in San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Merola of the Grand Opera Company.

Lady Frank Popham-Young was the guest of honor at a dance given recently at Sea Cliff by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Merry.

Sir George Foster and Lady Foster were the guests of honor at a dinner given for them by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hammond.

Miss Alice Hager was hostess at a dinner given recently at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. George and Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery entertained at a dinner on Wednesday of last week.

Sir George Foster and Lady Foster were the honored guests at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. George Fenwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Cornwallis-Stevenson gave a bridge party last week for Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Gwynn.

Miss Caroline Madison gave a dinner last Friday night at her apartment in Stanford Court.

Mrs. Alfred Biles of Washington, D. C. was the guest of honor at a bridge and mah jongg party given last Saturday night by Captain John Welch and Mrs. Welch.

Captain and Mrs. Frederick Neville were the guests of Mrs. Robert Ferguson at a bridge and mah jongg party given last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alan Partington gave a farewell reception last week for Mr. and Mrs. R. Langtry Partington of Philadelphia.

Miss Emily Wade was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. W. A. Hammond.

The first annual Horse Show was given by the Menlo Park Riding and Driving Club last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr were hosts at a dinner given at their home in San Mateo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Whiting entertained at a farewell dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Myer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr over the last week-end.

Mrs. Thomas Hunter was hostess at a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club.

An entertainment is being given on October 13th by the Peninsular Players' Club at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Pope in Burlingame. A number of dinners will precede the entertainment, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Miss Mahel Hathaway, who was married last Wednesday to Mr. Louis Jafferys, was the guest of honor last week at a dinner dance given by Miss Isahelle Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart were hosts at a dinner given at their home on Pacific Avenue last week.

Captain Clifford Erskine-Bolst and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mrs. W. S. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at a dinner last Friday at their home on Broadway.

Miss Mahel Hathaway was the guest of honor at a mah jongg party given last week by Mrs. Loren H. Tryon.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a luncheon for Miss Mahel Hathaway last Friday and on Monday Mrs. Frank Hooper gave a luncheon and mah jongg party in her honor.

Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson were hosts at a dinner last week given for Governor Wallace R. Farrington and Mrs. Farrington of Honolulu.

Miss Sophia Brownell was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Grayson Dutton.

Mrs. John Irby gave a card party last week for Mrs. Sydney Ballou of Washington, D. C.

Count and Countess Vitterale Siciliani and their Daughter, Countess Graziella Siciliani, entertained at a dinner last week at the Fairmont Hotel for some of the members of the Opera Company.

Miss Dorothy Clark was the guest of honor at a tea and shower given by Miss Dorcas Jackson.

Miss Dorcas Jackson and Miss Katherine Chace gave a dinner dance for the dêhutantes last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Elsie Houghton was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Bethune Ireland in Berkeley.

Miss Constance Martinon was hostess at a tea last week at her home in this city.

Lady Frank Popham-Young of Los Angeles was the guest of honor at a bridge party given by Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Harding.

Mrs. Philip Foster Brown gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Lilian Van Dyke of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Dohrman Pischel gave a bridge tea recently for Miss Mary Harrison and Miss Barhara Ball.

Mrs. Anne Kline entertained at dinner last week at the Fairmont in honor of some of the members of the Opera Company.

Miss Leonora Armshy and Miss Claudine Spreckels are giving a dinner on Octoher 13th at the Burlingame Country Club preceding the entertainment given hy the Peninsular Player's Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton will give a dinner on Wednesday at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Jean Howard gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt and Miss Doris Schmiedell will give a dinner dance on Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Evelyn Poett of San Mateo.

Mrs. James Parker of Belvedere will give a concert on Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis. Miss Eleanor Martin and her father, Mr. Walter Martin, entertained at a dinner and opera party last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert B. Muir gave a tea on Thursday of last week in honor of her daughters, Mrs. Helmar Dickey of Chicago and Mrs. G. Penn Cummings of Fresno.

Lady Frank Popham-Young was the guest of honor at a luncheon given shortly hefore her departure for Los Angeles. hy Mrs. H. T. Webster.

Mrs. Charles R. McCormick and Mrs. W. S. Porter were the guests of honor at a farewell luncheon given at the Hotel St. Francis last week.

Mrs. Bruce Cornwall gave a mah jongg party last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Ernest Peterson entertained a group of the season's dêhutantes at a supper dance last week given at the Hotel St. Francis and chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Langton.

Miss Elizabeth Magee was hostess at a recent dinner given at her home in Fruitvale in farewell to her cousin, Mr. Wilder Bentley, who has returned to Yale.

A hall was given last Saturday night at the Fairmont Hotel hy the Daughters of the Confederacy. A number of dinners preceded the hall.

Mrs. Edward B. Pond gave a luncheon last Friday at the Palace Hotel for several of the season's dêhutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home in San Mateo.

At the St. Francis.

Most of the fashionables who have been away for the summer months are in town again for the winter season. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family have returned from their country place at Woodside, and Mrs. Josselyn and her daughters, Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn, were at luncheon together at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Jean St. Cyr were up from the peninsula and entertained a half dozen guests at an informal luncheon.

Miss Ellita Adams entertained a few friends, including Miss Alice Requa. Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. George Pope were one of the modishly gowned groups. Miss Alice Moffitt had as her guests Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Edith Grant and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. Thomas Eastland was hostess to Mrs. Ernest Folger, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Mary Jolliffe.

Mrs. J. B. Smith entertained a group at a charmingly appointed table. Her guests included Mrs. Jafet Lindeberg, Mrs. T. McKinnon, Mrs. L. C. White, Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. John F. Smith, Mrs. M. J. Houston and Mrs. W. Williams.

Why Think?

Absence of thought is hecoming, if it has not become, the crowning glory of the civilization of which our pride is to boast, writes Elizabeth Rohins Pennell in the *North American Review*. It is a curious and melancholy fact that the result of the thinking of the small minority who continue to think is to help the large majority to do without thinking. Modern methods of education are pointed to as one of the chief signs of modern progress. But if they have disposed of the pale, anæmic, round-shouldered scholar supposed to be the result of cultivating the mind at the expense of the body, by cultivating the body at the expense of the mind, they have turned out in his place the "flannelled fool" to whom the brain will presently become as superfluous an organ as surgical fashion has made our appendix and our tonsils. Science has advanced further in the last hundred years than in all the preceding centuries, solely, I am sometimes inclined to believe, that the mental inertia of the educated may be complete. The most amazing inventions are putting the final touches to the general demoralization. For what did Daguerre and Muybridge toil save to send the mentally indolent generation of today to the Nirvana of the movies? For what did Franklin fly his kite, and Morse forsake his art save that radio might do away with the least little need of thought the movies have spared? Already, librarians will tell you radio is emptying the libraries; already, clergymen lament, it is emptying the churches. When amusement or edification is to be had by pushing or pulling a string, or clapping something on one's ears, when our education can be entrusted to our subconscious self under the charge of radio, why then every inducement for mental and physical effort flies from a lotus-eating world.

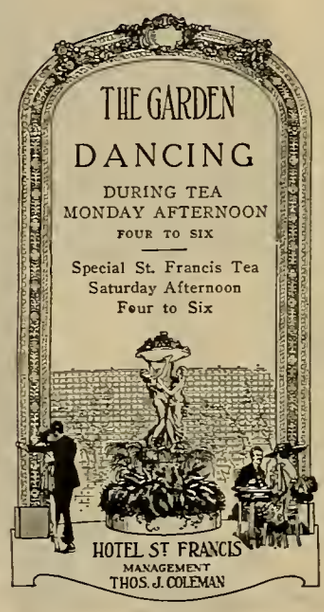
A big-game fence 12 miles long, 88 inches high, and inclosing an area of approximately 4,000 acres, which has been under construction for several years on the northern part of the Niobrara, Nebraska, Reservation of the United States Department of Agriculture, was recently completed. A temporary runway has been built for use in transferring the game animals across the Niobrara River from the smaller inclosures which have been used up to this time.

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Ar. Tracy	11:15A	1:50P	7:00P	8:36P	2:20P
Ar. Modesto	12:13P	3:20P	8:12P		3:40A
Ar. Merced	1:10P	4:45P	9:23P		4:40A
Ar. Fresno	2:45P	6:30P	10:55P	11:30P	6:45A
Ar. Visalia		8:49P	12:23A		9:40A
Ar. Hanford		8:55P			9:50A
Ar. Bakersfield		11:05P	2:55A	2:19A	11:10A

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are leaving for the south and will spend a couple of weeks at the Samarkand, Santa Barbara.

Mr. J. W. Byrne, who has spent the summer in France, sailed on October 3rd for New York, and expects to return to San Francisco within a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry Hooper and Master Frank Hooper, Jr., have returned from their country place at Woodside.

Mrs. William L. Moore, who has been in San Francisco the past month, with her daughter, Miss Eloise Moore, have departed for their home in Honolulu. While here they were guests at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. Charles Hathaway Lovell, who has been spending the summer with his mother, Mrs. Manfield Lovell, 2335 Pacific Avenue, has returned to Boston, Massachusetts, where he is taking a course in architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mrs. Charles Hamilton Tehault of New Orleans, sister of Mrs. Alfred Voorhies, accompanied by her son, Mr. Grantland Tehault, is making a short stay in San Francisco.

Sir George Foster and Lady Foster of Canada, after a week's stay at the Fairmont Hotel, have returned to their home in Canada.

Mrs. Fremont Older left last week for New York.

Mrs. William S. Porter and Mrs. Charles McCormick are leaving on October 13th for New York and Europe.

Mr. Frank Madison and his daughter, Miss Caroline Madison, have taken an apartment at Stanford Court for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. E. Myer and Miss Dorothy Myer left last week for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hohart went East on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, who have been passing the summer in Woodside, have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh have returned from Ross Valley.

Governor Wallace R. Farrington and Mrs. Farrington have arrived from Honolulu. Governor Farrington will go to Washington and Mrs. Farrington will remain for the present at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McComas and Mr. Raymond Armshy have returned from a recent trip to Utah and Arizona.

Miss Frances Ames has lately returned from Medford, Oregon where she was the guest of her uncle Mr. Frank Preston and Mrs. Preston.

Mrs. John P. Jones of Los Angeles is visiting her sister Mrs. George Bucknall at her home on Green Street.

Mrs. Edgar Preston, with her grandaughter, Miss Frances Ames, left on Saturday for Chicago where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham before going on to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore and Miss Mary Bernice Moore have returned from their summer home in Santa Cruz and are at their home on Washington Street for the winter.

Mr. Dixwell Davenport has returned from Long Beach where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding has left for the East en route to Paris where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe of Pasadena have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Farragut Ashe have gone to Oroville where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale will leave on Monday for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the winter.

Lady Frank Popham-Young, who has been the guest of Mrs. R. T. Harding, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Miss Lilian Van Dyke of Los Angeles is visiting Judge Edgar Zook and Mrs. Zook in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Foster of San Rafael have gone to Petaluma where they will make their future home.

Mr. Edward J. Eyre of London is staying at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Casper Miller of Washington, D. C., were the house guests last week of ex-Senator James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cooley, who have been visiting Mrs. Richard Pierce in Santa Clara, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper, accompanied by her little daughter, has gone to New York where she will join Mr. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade have returned from Carmel and have opened their house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cooley left last night for their home in Dallas, Texas.

Among those who have been spending the summer on the Peninsular and who have returned to their homes in San Francisco, are Mr. and Mrs. Frank King and Mr. and Mrs. George Leal.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, who have been in Ross during the summer have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Miss Louise Boyd and Miss Katherine Donohoe have returned from a motor trip which extended over several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay and their daughter, Miss Helen Holladay, of Southern California are spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mrs. Adolph Casper Miller of Washington, D. C., is the house guest of Mrs. Franklin Lane at her home on Russian Hill.

Mrs. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Hugh Banning in Berkeley.

Dr. and Mrs. Willcut, with their children, will return next week to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, who have been passing the summer in Palo Alto, have returned to their home on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Butterworth have recently returned from Europe and are visiting Mrs. Butterworth's mother, Mrs. Henry Stillman, in Berkeley.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels of Coronado, who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, has gone to New York.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore of Santa Barbara is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Carl Wolff, at her home on Laurel Street.

Mrs. Joseph Sefton, accompanied by her little son was a house guest of Mrs. Edward L. Bosqui until her departure last week for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, who have been passing the summer at Woodside, have gone to New York and will be away for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have returned to San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Speiker, who have been spending the summer in Menlo Park, have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, Jr., after passing the greater part of the summer in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, have returned to San Francisco.

Buying the Mileage.

There is no sign of a let-up in the purchase of motor vehicles, according to the Bureau of Puhlic Roads. During the first six months of 1923 there was a registration of 764,052 motor cars and trucks. This rate of increase is about the same as that which has prevailed since 1916.

The registration in 1916 was 3,512,996 motor cars and trucks. On July 1st, this year, the total registration of motor vehicles was 13,002,427. Of this number 11,571,181 were private passenger cars.

The increase in registration of motor vehicles is providing a handsome fund for road improvement. The total revenues obtained from such registration amount to over $167,000,000 annually, and of this $135,000,000 is applied to public highway construction and maintenance.

Gasoline tax is also getting to he a very important source of revenue for highway improvement. During the first half of the year, gasoline taxes in the sum of $8,670,000 were collected, of which $5,000,000 was applied to public highway work. The revenue from this source will materially increase during the last half of the year, due to the fact that several of the states enacted gasoline taxes early in the year to take effect July 1st, or at some later date.

CURRENT VERSE.

Heine.

Be these the selfsame verses
That once when I was young
Charm'd me with dancing magic
To love their foreign tongue.

Delicate buds of passion,
Gems of a master's art
That broke forth rivaling nature
In love songs of the heart.

Like fresh leaves of the woodland
Whose trembling screens would house
The wanton birdies courting
Upon the springing boughs.

Alas, how now they are wither'd!
And fallen from the skies
In yellow tawny crumple
Their tender wreckage lies.

And all their ravisht beauty
Strewn 'neath my feet today
Rustles as I go striding
Upon my wintery way.

—*By Robert Bridges, in the Nineteeth Century.*

Omnia Somnia.

Dawn drives the dreams away, yet some abide.
Once, in a time of pale and sunless weather,
I dreamed I wandered on a hare hillside
When suddenly the birds all sang together.

Still it was winter, even in the dream;
There was no leaf nor bud nor young grass springing;
The skies shone cold above the frost-bound stream;
It was not spring, and yet the birds were singing.

Blackbird and thrush and plaintive willow wren.
Chaffinch and lark and linnet, all were calling.
A golden web of music held me then,
Innumerable voices rising, falling.

Oh, never do the birds of April sing
More sweet than in that dream I still remember;
Perchance the heart may keep its songs of spring,
Even through the wintry dream of life's December.

—*Rosamund Marriott Watson in Indianapolis News.*

Taps.

Sundown and taps and then the night
That wraps the soul in shadows dim;
No hope, no hope—there is no light
The soul to lift from reveries grim.

"Good night, good night," the trumpet calls—
The day is dead and all is dark
Except the halo's gleam that falls
And leaves on hills its silvered mark.

An echo of the solemn sound
Comes from the stilly night to me,
And seems to ask of things profound,
"Is there no dawn, no reveille?"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Our Currency.

At the present time there are five kinds of paper money or currency issued for circulation purposes. The United States Treasury issues three kinds: (1) United States notes, an authorized issue of about $346,000,000, protected hy gold reserve of approximately $152,000,000; (2) gold certificates issued against an equal amount of gold held in the U. S. Treasury for redemption, and (3)silver certificates issued against an equal amount of standard silver dollars held in the U. S. Treasury. Two kinds of hank currency are issued—national hank notes, secured by deposit of United States honds, and Federal Reserve notes, secured by commercial paper and gold.

Our Jumping-Bean Dollar.

An interesting study of the purchasing power of the dollar from 1913 to 1923 has been made hy the U. S. Bureau of Lahor Statistics and published in the *Monthly Labor Review.* According to this survey, the purchasing power of the 1913 dollar, which was taken as the standard, has varied widely in the last ten years. It purchased more commodities in 1914 and 1915 than in 1913, hut it hegan to decline in 1916 until May, 1920, it was equal to only 40 cents in purchasing power as compared with 1913. In June, 1923, its purchasing power as compared with 1913 was 65 cents.

Also, We Export It.

Any hope that the United States may depend upon imports of lumber when this country's own forests are exhausted must he ahandoned, says the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. Attention is called to the fact that this country is using up its forests four times as rapidly as they are heing replaced. Forest fires alone hurn over 7,000,000 acres of forest land every year, destroying not only mature trees hut—what is worse—the young growth as well.

What Army Goods Bring.

The Director of Sales of the War Department deposited with the Treasury of the United States as a credit to "Miscellaneous Receipts," $4,521,687.35, recovered from the sale of surplus war supplies and public huildings and plants during the period from August 20 to Septemher 17. Of this amount, $3,228,244.52 was realized from the sale of surplus war supplies, and $1,293,442.83 from the sale of puhlic huildings and plants.

Take it from us, dear graduate, money will not come without a struggle. We are just passing this little word on to you to counteract, as it were, the warning given to every graduate, every year hy every commencement speaker not to struggle after money. Of course, it sounds well and all that sort of thing, hut honestly you'll have to struggle or else go hroke. Take your choice.—*Ft. Wayne (Ind.) News-Sentinel.*

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Gazing at one's self in the mirror is by no means an indication of vanity. In many cases, it is humor.—*Boston Beanpot.*

"What is a press censor, pop?" "Why, a press censor, my son, is a man who knows more than he thinks other people should."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"You say that when she married she got a title?" asked the first girl. "Yes," answered the other. "Countess, duchess, or what?" "Mrs."—*Daily Mail (London).*

Fond Father—The man who marries my daughter, sir, wins a prize. *Guest*—My word, that is a novel idea! Is it a money prize, or just a silver cup?—*Boston Globe.*

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man gives hisse'f credit foh bein' resigned to fate when he has simply settled down to bein' good and lazy."—*Washington Star.*

Judge—Can't this case be settled out of court? *Pat O'Flynn*—To be sure, sir, an' that's what we was trying to do when the police interfered!—*Tid-Bits (London).*

"Try a sample of the stuff before you buy it," hissed the bootlegger. "But suppose it kills me?" "Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

Provincial Customer (who wants a tennis racket)—A'm wantin' a hat. *Assistant*—Yes, what sort of hat? *Provincial Customer*—Oh, yin o' those ye hang yere shoes on.—*Punch.*

He—It wouldn't be much trouble for us to marry. My father is a minister, you know. *She*—Well, let's have a try at it, anyway. My dad's a lawyer.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Mirandy—Don't yuh gamble on no hoss races. *Julius*—But if ah wins, ah buys yuh a new ruby hrooch. *Mirandy*—Yas, an' if yuh loses, ah buys me a new washtub.—*Life.*

Niece (during interval)—How do you like the play, auntie? *Aunt*—Well, my dear, I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but it doesn't seem to me to be quite suitable for a first night.—*Punch.*

"What would you say a cynic was?" "A cynic, dear girl, is a man who has never stepped out with anything but a co-ed and who claims that all women are alike."—*Brown Jug.*

Caller—And this is the new baby? *Fond Mother*—Isn't he splendid? *Caller*—Yes, indeed. *Mother*—And so bright! See how intelligently he breathes.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Teacher—So I've caught you chewing gum, have I? *Sammy*—No, mum; I wasn't chewin'. I was jest keepin' it there instead of in my pocket. It's so sticky.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Critical Summary—"What do you think of that writer's work?" "Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "he has said two or three clever things, and several thousand others."—*Washington Star.*

Johnny Geehow—"Paw, what's the law of gravitation?" *Farmer Geehaw*—"I dunno. I hain't got time to keep up with all the fool statoots the durn legislatur' passes."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Travers—You have actually sent a bill with my clothes. What an insult! How dare you? *Tailor*—It was all our new bookkeeper's fault, sir. He got you mixed up with those who pay.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Awkward Friend (who has been permitted to hold the baby, with disastrous results)—Terrible, terrible! I can't imagine how it happened. Really, I assure you, I—I hardly ever drop a baby.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Patient—I've known you so long now, doctor, that it would be an insult for me to offer to pay your bill, and I've accordingly tried to arrange matters by leaving you a handsome legacy in my will. *Doctor*—You don't mean it—really—I am overwhelmed! Oh, by the way, you might just let me take another look at that prescription, will you?—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Rastus—Ah wants a divorce, Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah can't get no rest and dat talk am drivin' me crazy. *Young Lawyer*—What does she talk about? *Rastus*—She doan' say.—*Life.*

Rimer—Do you really prefer to have long poems sent in to you rather than short ones? *Editor*—Yes. When they're long, you see, I don't have to think up any other excuse for rejecting them."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Yes, he did have a political job, but he resigned." "I'm surprised at that. The last time I saw him he told me his job was a regular little sinecure." "Yes, but it became a little insecure recently."—*London Daily Mail.*

A fight in it: "As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larnin'" occasionally, "what's in a name?" "Well," replied Casey, "call me wan that Oi don't like an' Oi'll show ye."—*New York World.*

"So you're goin' t' break it off with th' college boy, Mame! How come?" "No tact, dearie. All th' time he insists on sittin' around talkin' about Themistocles and Atlantis and Catherine II, when he knows how low I think horse racing is!"—*Judge.*

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers. "Yes," answered the observer, "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do, I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—*Washington Star.*

Leaves from a New York Note-Book.

A litle boy, for the sum of one nickel, relieves prespiring telephone users "holding the wire" in an uptown drug store. . . . Bronx flappers are wearing colored paper-cut-outs of bananas on their arms. . . . A chorus of "raspberry" from hoodlums on Covent avenue greeted the end of a vocal solo at a stadium concert recently. . . . A five-year-old girl staggering along Sixth Avenue, with her three-year-old tired sister in her arms. A sheet of newspaper was pinned to the younger one's back to keep her warm. . . A sudden cat-chorus of piercing me-ouws brought Hudson-Terminal office workers to the corridors to find a vendor selling the 'Cat's Me-ouw for ten cents, only a dime." . . . . The crowd in front of a Fourteenth Street jewelry store has been at least thirty deep for over five days. The offer is: "Pay a quarter and pick any box in a pile of hundred. Take a chance and win a fifteen-dollar gold watch." . . . A woman entered a down-town bookstore and asked for the "Staff of Life." The salesgirl gave her "Bread." . . . The same woman wanted to know whether "George Elliot" was written by a man or a woman. . . . Beethoven lovers are elated over the announcement that his nine symphonies will he given hy the New York Symphony Orchestra, in chronological sequence. . . . Those who enjoy opera concerts may hear them free opposite the Metropolitan. The chorus is rehearsing.—*Boston Transcript.*

England Still is England.

Nevertheless, one cannot be many hours on English soil without sensing that this island is not the same as it was ten years ago, writes Lothrop Stoddard in *Scribner's Mogozine.* And probably the first general impression which is borne in upon the consciousness of the newly landed visitor is that here is a people which, while getting along and preserving appearance, is manifestly "hard up." In the towns and cities one seldom sees new clothes. Even in the fashionable quarters of London the number of smartly dressed men and women is only a tithe of that visible before the war. And when one motors through the country one perceives a striking lack of pleasure traffic even on the main roads. Seldom do you meet a lordly limousine or luxurious touring-car; on the contrary, there is a variety of diminutive models, very strange to American eyes, and obviously designed to run on a minimum of "petrol"—which costs several times as much as it does at home. Lastly, the humble bicycle, which with us is almost as extinct as the dodo, flourishes exceedingly in England, the thrifty Briton guarding his lean pocketbook by a liberal use of leg-power.

These random impressions are fortified and confirmed by evidence of a much more precise character when one comes into personal contact with the English themselves. The Englishman's home may still be his castle, but the castle is distinctly less sumptuous than in pre-war days. I have entered but few houses in which I have not instantly sensed a subtle atmosphere of economy. Nearly everywhere one feels a lowering, or perhaps rather a contraction, of these easy-living standards of the British upper and middle classes before the war. Servants are fewer, food is plainer, while clothing and furnishings are alike apt to show signs of wear.

But (and here is the hright side of an otherwise rather pathetic situation) while standards of living may have fallen, standards of life have been maintained. When I say that "appearances are preserved," I mean that the English, though in straitened circumstances, are maintaining a mode of existence in keeping with their traditional self-respect and sense of fitness.

Government Ownership.

Henry James Forman, writing in the November number of *Harper's Magazine* of his trip in Southern Italy, says:

"We knew where we were going, hut we were not on our way. We were seemingly on everybody else's way. We would stop at some small station and the guards, conductor, engineer, fireman would descend and hold converse with the idle straggling population. Then we would move on for a few miles and stop perhaps to let a freight train pass.

"'Yes,' a guard would cheerfully respond to my anxious question. 'We are accumulating a *ritordo.*'

"Accumulating a *ritardo* is the best, indeed, the only thing an Italian train can do well. It does it easily without effort, with genius, like a virtuoso. It was on this journey that Gruger, whose intellect at times astounded even me, his warm admirer, uttered the brilliant suggestion that if only one of these trains accumulated *ritardo* to the extent of twenty-four hours it might be on time—the next day. So penetrating was this observation that a day or two later I offered it to a train crew, for what it was worth, between Sybaris and Cotrone. They laughed at me.

"'It has been tried over and over,' said one stalwart Socialist of the crew. 'But what will you do if a train is twenty-six or thirty hours late? It is all in vain then. Why, *signor,*' he clinched his speech, 'there are records of trains that have never arrived at all.'"

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Hop In, Buddy.

When we say that the members of the American Legion meeting in San Francisco are just as welcome as though we were still at war, more can not be said, and yet it seems a feeble expression of what the public must feel. These young men were glorified by a public service that must ever be the citizen's highest privilege; and they are today the envied of all to whom that honor was for any reason impossible. The experience was an enrichment of life, and they received through it an education and a discipline of inestimable value. They were, first, the selected of the nation, and second, the recipients of a training in responsibility such as no other school, no university, no other walk in life, could give. They have many policies of interest to themselves and the nation to discuss and define. They have not ceased to be citizens through having become soldiers and again civilians. This is today their country in a more intimate sense than if they had not fought for it. Because of that, its welfare will be their first care always. There is power in organization, and therefore there is danger, and their organization is not only large but it holds high place in the affection of the country and an authority and a privilege above that of almost all others. For this reason it is the duty of the Legion to use its strength with consideration for the character and fundamental principles of the nation. It could easily be misled Under injudicious direction its policies could become destructive. Without conscious intent it could expose itself to the reproach once leveled at his comrades by a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, that, "having saved their country they desired to take it for themselves." That reproach was hardly true, and we should expect it to be still less true of our younger veterans, for public obligations are better defined today than they were two generations ago; although there remain with us those unreflecting sentimentalists who believe in "giving the boys anything they want." The Legion is young. In the exuberance, the exorbitance, of youth, it may have followed loose-thinking leaders in the wrong direction, may for example have failed to calculate with arithmetical precision whether or not the country could afford a bonus to the able-bodied. It has demanded such a bonus. That was a mistake. But it can not be ruled off for it. Our proper attitude should be, "Get it if you can, we'll stop you if we can; but we sha'n't dislike you for trying." And vast as the Legion's service has been, there is still work for it to do in promoting the international organization of veterans, some day to embrace even the veterans of the enemy, with a mission to bring about lasting peace. Such a corps could do much to suppress the demagogue, the blatherskite, the jingo and the yellow journalist, and make the world a better place. It is a thrilling thought. More progress to that movement. So "hop in, Buddy, and ride."

Legion and Nation.

Judging from remarks of Commander Alvin C. Owsley, representatives of the American Legion now concentrated in this city are agreed on several important matters of national policy. They are, for example, to continue their fight for the best interests of disabled veterans. That is a cause which should not require fighting for, and probably it meets no serious resistance, except from the usual official ineptitude. We can hardly do too much for men disabled in civilization's war for liberty. Americanization, too, is one of their aims, and that is a grand objective; provided some programme committee could come to an understanding of what Americanization means and what direction the effort in its behalf should take. We should say that, fundamentally speaking, whatever tends toward the reasonable liberty and security of the individual is American, and is about what the boys fought the Germans for; and whatever for a chimerical or æsthetic or spuriously progressive end, makes for the suppression of the individual and the substitution of the judgment of some commission or bureau for the individual's judgment about his property and his life, is Prussian; also that jury trials are American, and hooded night-riding is not, that representative government is American, and systems that enable minorities to rule majorities or majorities to oppress minorities are not. But this is a subject that easily runs into endless debate, and before a decision can be reached a new generation will be debating it. How our young school teachers handle it in our Americanization night schools we do not know, but we suspect they do not do it very well.

There is also the matter of immigration. Our leading industrialists have heretofore controlled it, and their point of view has been too narrowly industrial. In other words, they have been at this juncture a little too individualistic and insufficiently nationalistic. This is a point at which the national interest and the character of the national material must be considered; although the proposed policy of canning up the country and soldering the seams so that nobody can get in for five years appears extreme.

The war on illiteracy is a good extension of the war against despotism; everybody should be able to read our yellow journals, in order to know what to avoid. The international limitation of air armament would be a good thing and a logical supplement to the limitation of sea armament, and unless it can be brought about we should spend a little more for preparedness in the air; for as William Jennings Bryan once remarked, although perhaps unintentionally, "it takes two to keep the peace," and the other fellow may get tired of the quiet life. All these things are worthy of consideration, and if the policies in regard to them are rational and well matured they should command our respect and coöperation.

But there is one point at which the Legion seems determined to go astray. Our readers have guessed it: it is in regard to the bonus, or "adjusted compensation" for able-bodied men. There is nothing to be said in favor of that, nothing in excuse of the politicians who encourage it, little in palliation of the desire to get it except the youth of its expectant beneficiaries. That is the excuse for a fundamental error.

The Coolidge administration is to be embarrassed, as the Harding administration was, with another bonus bill; and probably those are right that predict its passage. We expect Congress to pass it, because Congress has little courage, and Congress expects President Coolidge to veto it because he is known to have a great deal. And the proponents of the bill expect Congress to pass it over the presidential veto because so many individual Congressmen lack the requisite backbone not only to do what is right, but even to avoid doing what they know to be wrong. And in this case it is hard to believe that many of them do not know it to be wrong.

No man that returned able-bodied from the war either needs or deserves a bonus. There is no way to translate his devotion into dollars, and every effort to do it dims the lustre on the shield. That some people stayed home and made fortunes profiteering is the worst possible argument for the bonus. Ludendorff says the most loathsome product of war is the profiteer—and to demand and accept a bonus is for the patriot to approach the profiteer's level. It is post-war profiteering. It is, moreover, to repeat in modern terms the Praetorian Guard's demand for a donative. What the Guard through such courses became every reader of Roman history knows. It is not what you get but what you are that counts. The Legion should remain what it is—the admiration, the envy, of every good citizen. That is worth more than donatives.

To descend to material considerations, and the demand for the bonus has no other basis, it has been calculated on good authority that these donatives to able-bodied veterans would cost something like $3,845,659,481. More than a billion would have to be met by taxation, or by loans entailing taxation, within the next twenty years. The balance of nearly two and three-quarter billions would have to be paid after 1943. It would add to the public debt twenty years hence between $102 and $142 per family, and from $64 to $86 for every person gainfully employed. Outlay for payment on bonus account would come to $145,000,000 for the first year, $225,000,000 for the second, and so on—in addition to many millions a year for administration of the fund; when it is one of the main objects of statesmanship today to reduce the national debt as rapidly as possible in order that the general prosperity may be set securely on its feet once more.

Between the able-bodied veteran and the disabled veteran, fate fixed a great gulf. They are not in similar classes. How so much can be paid out in donatives to the able-bodied, in addition to all the other obligations of the government, and leave enough to care properly for the disabled veterans, is a serious problem, but one the Legion should be sure it can solve when it declares for the bonus for able-bodied veterans. And when the Legion tries to solve that problem it will find these two policies are in conflict.

There is a limit to the tax-paying power of the nation, and that limit is being rapidly neared. State and local taxes are growing tremendously, and when a courageous governor such as California now has attempts cur-

tailment he meets with every sort of abuse the most abusive reformers can invent. There has been some recent decline in federal taxation, but it has been more than counter-balanced, the nation over, by increases in local taxation. The business of the country is over-burdened, and those Legionaries favoring the bonus demand that it shall be burdened still more while they call upon it to provide employment for every veteran. Here are two more policies hopelessly hostile.

The bonus would have to be paid from taxes, and most of it would be used in sudden extravagance, which would still further inflate the general cost of living. Largesses always have a bad economic effect. While they corrupt the government they impoverish the people.

Pensions have a tendency to giantism. Twenty years ago there were 999,443 persons on the pension roll. Now there are 539,756. But the total appropriation to run the pension bureau twenty years ago was $147,894,440 and the pension payments for the fiscal year just ended, despite the shrinkage in the number of pensioners, was $263,012,500. In twenty years the average soldier's pension has grown from $11.34 per month to $44.47—and four times eleven is forty-four. Pensions grew more than nine million dollars last year, although the veterans of the G. A. R. had decreased in that period by 25,250. The number of Spanish-American war pensioners is increasing.

The cry for a bonus follows every war. The greatest service the Legion could do the country would be to put an end to it in America. And it may do that yet, for there are those in the Legion that believe the agitation is promoted from without and lacks majority support.

Gompers and the Yellow Press.

There is in the unanimous reëlection of Samuel Gompers by the forty-third annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Portland last week a lesson for our office-holders, our newspapers, our clergymen, our educators, our leaders of public sentiment in every field. Gompers represented in his activities at the convention the spirit of conservative thought and judicious counsel. We may suppose that he was primarily responsible for the expulsion of the communist delegate, William F. Dunne, of Butte, Montana, who represents the Workers' Party and who as an editor is devoted to agitations more or less crimson in hue. Gompers opposed the organization of a labor party; a thing that could bring only confusion and more corruption into the experiment of democracy, and which on the floor of the convention was declared to have been fostered by the reds. This proposal was beaten by votes representing 25,066 to 1895. And he fought every effort of the reds to obtain recognition of the soviet government of Russia; denouncing that government as subversive of liberty, guilty of attempting to wreck the democracies of the world. "The leaders of the soviet government," he said, "realize that to destroy the government of the United States it is necessary for it to destroy the American Federation of Labor. This is why the labor movement is being stabbed in the back."

The policies Gompers opposed have been the favorite policies, for labor, of the yellow press. It has shouted for a labor party, and a farmer-labor party, it has shouted for recognition of the soviet tyranny that has bedeviled and starved and murdered the helpless Russians, it has treated with indulgent tolerance the radicals that have communism for their goal and purposed to accomplish it by "boring from within." And it has, moreover, attacked Gompers as head of the American Federation of Labor with all the venom its nature gives it, trying to get rid of him and put in his place Zeke Foster or somebody of that revolutionary sort. It has not done these things very recently. Its motto is "the public soon forgets," and when it runs into real opposition it knows how to let the public forget. But it so conducted itself not many months ago; and the answer of the Federation is unanimous.

Now, the lesson of the Gompers vote is this: that yellow journalism is not dangerous to the individual, even politically, provided one has the spine to make a stand against it, and the vigor to contend for what is right, with information, reason, and sincerity, and in the open where the public can make just appraisals of men and policies. Even in mischief, yellow journalism is more noisy than efficient. It has no monopoly of access to the public ear, nor even of argument persuasive to the majority. Its main object, as defined by one exponent of the art, still appears to be "to raise hell and sell papers." Evil as its general effect may be, it is, in regard to individuals, dangerous only to the half-hearted, or to those whose delinquencies and fear of publicity have made them vulnerable, or those that have no convictions or lack the courage of any they may have. True, the public soon forgets, as a yellow publisher has said. But it can be reminded. These things should be evident to timid or diplomatic gentlemen in office, who for campaign purposes have been kow-towing to the gamboge editors before election in ways they do not mean to follow after the votes are in. The press is a power, but the least powerful part of it is the part that is yellow. Gompers and the Federation have learned to despise it; public officials should have equal backbone.

Trifling With Crime.

Supervisor McLeran's "reaction" (in the favorite term of our overworked phychologists) to the attack of a burglar on a member of his family, is the normal response to a provocation that excites sympathy. Coming from a city official, and a good one, it receives more attention than it would from an ordinary poor worm of a tax payer. And that is well, for the worm needs something said for him by some one of influence. But while sensible people will endorse what Supervisor McLeran says, we can not help wondering why our city officials and state officials and federal officials, and other people of light and leading, have not said it long ago, and before an attack on a woman dear to one of them had made it a personal matter. The supervisor's statement reads:

> If some of these half-baked reformers would attend to their own business and pay less attention to opening the jail doors for every curly-haired crook who takes their fancy, San Francisco would be far freer from such attacks as was made on Mrs. McLeran.
>
> San Francisco is suffering from too much "reformitis." The town is cluttered up with a lot of short-haired women and long-haired beings in trousers, who are making it a bobby to have probation granted to thieves, crooks and even murderers.
>
> I hold such to be directly responsible for the brutal beating of my wife by a burglar and the theft of her jewels. Instead of keeping the jail doors locked on crooks, these would-be reformers, some of them sincere, but most of them mere busybodies, do their best to have known crooks placed on probation so that they may continue to prey on law-abiding citizens.
>
> It's about time these short-hairs and long-hairs ceased their efforts to obtain freedom for thugs and murderers who have been convicted of felonies. Probation is very easy to obtain and the crooks know it, especially if the crook is young and good-looking on the outside.

All this is true. But why should it have had to wait so long to be said by some one in a place of authority? Why should anybody have entertained the view that the way to stop crime was to make it pleasant for the criminal, and easy for him to escape real punishment? Here we have a man at Lodi who commits one of the most brutal and carefully calculated murders in the state's history. He confesses his guilt and does not plead one extenuating fact about it, yet he is surprised when he is properly sentenced to be hanged, and it would have been equally surprising if a lot of sob sisters had not begun to exert themselves to get him off on the ground of insanity, although two alienists examined him and pronounced him sane. The theory is being propagated that he must have been insane to have done such a deed; in spite of the facts, settled as far as any facts ever can be settled, that he was not insane, and that he did do the deed. In the county jail at Vancouver is a man convicted of the murder of a girl child under the most abhorrent circumstances. Women are writing him messages of love, hoping he will never bedeck the gallows. The only punishment that ever had any general effect on thugs, whipping at the post, is still in vogue in Delaware. But the other day a thug was sentenced to forty lashes—which, had they been well laid on, as the old prescription had it, would have reformed that man permanently—and instead of laying them on well, the deputy charged with executing the sentence gently draped the cat over the criminal's back forty times, and when the ceremony was over the convict retired to his cell smiling; and he had good reason. He has nothing to fear when he resumes business, except an occasional season of board and lodging at the state's expense. A paroled convict from Wyoming has just confessed that while on parole he murdered a policeman in Salt Lake. One wonders whether the victim's widow is resigned to the sacrifice of her husband's life for the sake of the moral uplift in the parole system.

We had a bill in the last legislature, backed by all the yellow journals, to abolish capital punishment—something no society can afford to do. And it will be introduced again.

Thus society palters with crime instead of fighting it, and thereby encourages it, until it has grown into a sort of loose organization with "union rules" and recognized standing, from which it presumes to dicker with officers of justice, specifying what entertainment it prefers in jails and penitentiaries, and what it won't stand from the police. We have had a "strike" in our San Quentin jute mill. In Kentucky three prisoners that grew tired of confinement tried a break, fortified themselves in the refectory and had to be bombarded to death with gas and machine guns. In Oregon several convicts attended the last state fair in citizens' dress and joined in the social festivities.

It is strange that the result of trifling with crime and petting criminals has to be brought home to the public consciousness by an attack on the wife of a city official—strange that people can not understand that all share the risk of crime, every hour of the day or night, exactly as they share the risk of fire. People have the sense to resent the negligence that permits an accumulation of inflammable rubbish in a neighbor's yard; but an accumulation of sentimental rubbish in a neighbor's head is even more dangerous. Something ought to be done about that. And something ought to be done about the parole law, which would be easier. Why not revoke it? It may do some good in individual cases, but we have no right to expose innocent people to the evil disposition of one thug in order to obtain the less than lottery chance of reforming a few others. In San Francisco there is a small private bureau devoted to the business of tracing lost persons and fugitives; and its main window exhibit consists of circulars put out by the parole board, offering rewards for the apprehension of parole breakers. It is an infamous thing that the sentimentalists should have secured the passage of a law that turns criminals loose to prey on innocent men, women and children. Duncan Matheson, our chief of detectives, says reformers of this particular sentimental type ought to be in jail. That is a little strong; but if he will put a few in we promise not to bail them out.

Editorial Notes.

Instead of having faith without works, the Ladies' Aid Society of Uniondale Chapel, East Hempstead, Long Island, appears to have been doing works without faith. In order to beat the scale of the painters' union some of the members undertook to paint the church themselves. But they painted only the safe part of the structure, and balked at the steeple—if balked is a word that can ever, with propriety, be used about ladies. Surely they should believe that however God may treat house painters He would never permit a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, in good standing, to fall off a steeple while trying to serve Him by beating the union scale. Let them persevere in well doing, and if one or two do fall they will the sooner get wings, and be able to paint steeples without the aid of staging.

President Coolidge favors equalizing the lower freight rate on coal for export with the rate for domestic use. That would be just. Arrangements whereby the foreign consumer is favored at the expense of the American consumer on behalf of our export trade are tyrannous and vicious and wholly unjustified by any benefits that might result to individual producers and international salesmen. Yet they are the foundation of a considerable part of our commercial and industrial policy. It is a wonder the public has stood it thus far, and a serious question how much farther it is going to stand it. Prosperity of a few individuals at the expense of the general welfare is a sort of prosperity the country can well dispense with.

The habit of having things whether you can pay for them or not is insidious and demoralizing, and if not repressed, entails debt, foreclosure, privation, poverty and often a trip to the office of the Associated Charities, or the Salvation Army relief depot. This is so in the case of individuals, and would be so in the case of a municipality, were it not for the fact that the city government can dip into the pocket of the tax payer at will. We can not afford a through line out Taraval street, where there is no traffic to speak of, and where the few people of the region have had service by means of transfers, and we can not afford a bus line along the Embarcadero; but we are going to have them, just like a family that is willing to let the grocer and the butcher wait for their money while they go joy riding in a tin Lizzie bought on tick. Neither of these things will pay its way, and the supervisors have

been advised to that effect by experts, but an election is approaching. The statement that the municipal railway is a failure because it can not afford extensions must be refuted; which will be accomplished by making the extensions and bringing on the deficit. The tax payers can make it up—at least, they always have.

The tuchun Tien Chung-Ju (not one of the new Chinese games, but one of the old Chinese governors), whose bandits brightened up the news last May when things were at their dullest by kidnapping a train load of foreigners, has been dismissed by the Pekin government. Thus we have exhibited, in most revolting form, the cruelties of Chinese justice. From this dread sentence there is no hope of escape, unless the tuchun decides that he will not execute it. In that case the Pekin government will find itself in equal peril. It has attracted the tuchun's attention, and will have no defense and nobody to blame but itself if sometime this fall, when the crops are in and the bandit business is slack, he marches on the capital and dismisses the Pekin government. In these matters much depends on who dismisses first.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Socialistic Legislation.

Washington, D. C., October 13, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* I feel tbat we need a steady direction of the popular attention to the tendency towards socialism, rather than either the continuous condemnation of the academic idea or the mere use of the term "socialistic" as a damning epithet for any liberal movement on which we happen to disagree. Everyone recognizes the socialist mounted on a soap box and using his familiar vocabulary, but many fail to recognize the same doctrine when it falls from the more responsible lips of a United States Senator in a more respectable place. Whenever regulation reaches a point which substitutes the judgment of a bureau or commission for the discretion of private management in an economic operation of private industry, we approach practical socialism in its most dangerous form. For ownership is control. When essential control passes from the hands of the individual to the representatives of the Government, the incidents of ownership have become public and social mastery has been established over individual possession and use.

We are at present the victims of that most terrible fallacy, that legislation provides a cure for all forms of social ills. Once that doctrine is embraced, and now many respectable public men who at first denounced tolerate or embrace it, it leads toward political disintegration. That creates a body of political drug addicts, converts to political patent medicine. They condemn or abondon one nostrum but, still having faith in the system, they seek the opposite street corner. Deserting Swamp Root, they take refuge in Peruna. Disappointed at the result of one type of legislation, they demand more. The independent legislator is likely to find himself displaced hy the type "who promises much, talks much, legislates much, expends much, but accomplishes little." The House of Representatives becomes a House of Delegates, and the man of ability and independent judgment, refusing to pay the price of public favor, gives way to the mere reflector of ephemeral sentiment. The slow influence of custom and habit in the formation of conduct is succeeded by rapidly shifting statutes. The meaning and enforcement of law become uncertain. The legislature failing in its function, a heavy burden is placed upon the courts. Becoming the final refuge of unpopular subjects of attack, they are constantly compelled to thwart popular legislative fancy or point out the errors of hasty action. Their judgments are thus the suhject of resentment, their independence is threatened, respect for authority is impaired and the law loses reverence and dignity. The road to chaos becomes wider.

The reconciliation of liberty with authority and of social progress with the preservation of individual initiative and enterprise within the rational limits of free play is no slight task of statesmanship. But to hold these valuable things against the gathering forces of collectivism, seizing the powers of government to enforce their caprices, philosophies, and selfish interests, calls for all our intelligent coöperation.

Very truly yours, James A. Emery.

Our Grass Fires.

San Francisco, October 15, 1923.

Editor the Argonaut—*Sir:* The golden grass of autumn makes a beautiful picture as it hillows across the hillsides. Alas! like the voices of the Sirens, threatening the home-going of wandering Ulysses, it contains a sinister though lovely menace. When fired it hurns like tinder, as long as anything is left to burn, unless rains put it out. The fires that lately wrought devastation in Berkeley, in other parts of Alameda County, in Marin, in Lake, in other counties of the state, as well, hegan as grass fires driven by an unusually high, desiccating north wind. High, desiccating north winds are expected and always come in summer and fall. Always they carry a fire menace—as in pioneer days the high winds on the mid-continent prairies did. In historical times hardly a year has passed that some part of California has not witnessed more or less destructive grass fires. As yet they have taught no lesson.

Before the pale-face came, the red man always provided against that menace. Warily he burned tbe dry grass on the hill sides—the forest floor, as well—every year, seasonably, thereby assuring safety everywhere; incidentally, better grass. The forests remained immune from fires, save from lightning, in those days, to which fact our historians and naturalists have borne abundant witness.

Adversity is a strenuous, tireless teacher; but man is so dull—so slow to learn!

One who was at Boyes Springs gave me this description: "No effort had heen made to clear the easterly hillsides of dry grass, which was there, long and thick; consequently, when the fire came down the slope from the northeast, the grass helped it forward. So fierce were tbe flames that many of the oak trees were set on fire, thus adding fierceness to the conflagration. At several places the fire jumped the county road and it became impossible to concentrate the fighting force. Finally the fire was stopped by a large tomato field."

I suppose that grass and forest fires in California during the year (mostly preventable), have destroyed thirty million dollars worth of property. The loss in Berkeley is upwards of ten million dollars; that at Boyes Springs and its neigbborhood several hundred thousand dollars. These are only two instances out of a great number within the boundaries of the state.

The press spreads the news while it is news, then passes on to some other happening. Never has it assumed the initiative (which as a public teacher it ought), to show the way to end or mitigate the evil. Men forget.

Annually for many years last past the suburbs of Berkeley—other towns and villages of the interior, as well—have been menaced by grass fires. Frequently hundrèds of men been called out to fight them. Not once have the authorities taken the one effective measure of prevention (the red man's method before the pale face came) and burned the grass as soon as it became dry enough to burn.

The undisciplined, untrained citizen cannot be permitted to do that, on his own initiative; the danger that the fire started might get away from him would be too great.

When will authority wake to the seasonable performance of its plain duty? Edward A. Belcher.

Rickabeebo is With Us.

Los Angeles, Oct. 15, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* Descriptions in your always interesting columns of the marvelous fauna of California—the weeping Whangdoodle mourning for its first-born, the Abecedarian Highbehind with its diet of tinned milk, Gyasticutus Giganticus, the galloping Galliwompus, the irreversible Raccabor of the Siskiyous, and the death-dealing Dinghall, are all extremely interesting to me, a comparatively recent arrival in California, albeit quite an old-timer (August, 1920,) in Los Angeles. They inspire the hope that there may be a few at least among your readers who have heard, or heard of, the Rickabeebo, a native of the northeastern slope of the Adirondacks, near Indian Point on Upper Chateaugay Lake, town of Dannemora, County of Clinton, State of New York, where dwelt for three or four decades in peace and happiness "Uncle Dick" Shutts, Civil War veteran, trapper, hunter, fisherman *par excellence,* story-teller, guide, philosopher, bee-hunter, Bull-Mooser, supporter of the Darwinian theory, Hypocrisy's implacable foe, spruce-gum collector, and, last but by no means least, Master of the Indian Point House and Sole Discoverer and Describer Extraordinary of the Rickabeebo. Indian Point. I'm happy to say, is one point in all the world, (since Nantucket, Bar Harbor and Catalina Island weakly yielded), where the honk of the automobile has never penetrated.

Many there were who, oft on a windy night, have heard the blood-curdling screech of this mysterious hut, according to Uncle Dick, harmless creature, hut Uncle Dick was the first, last and only person who ever *saw* one. And when, in May, 1919, just as the speckled trout over in Rocky Brook were commencing to bite, Uncle Dick's kindly spirit left its earthly abode, the Rickabeeboes just naturally went away from there.

They were most often heard, back in the golden days, these Rickabeeboes, in the dark of the moon along ahout the night of shooting stars, August 11th, as the city folks gathered on the front porch of Uncle Dick's hospitable inn. The natives (excepting, of course, Uncle Dick), maintained stolidly and with ill-concealed disgust, that tbese unearthly wails and moans were nothing more nor less than branches of tall trees rubbing together, or owls, or loons, or panthers, or the like o' that. They had not Uncle Dick's poetic soul and artist's vision by which he could see things on the darkest night in the deep woods.

I heard a Rickabeebo up at Fallen Leaf Lodge near Tahoe in the High Sierra last July. Any place in which Mark Twain or Bret Harte ever stayed even over night would be likely to have Rickabeeboes! Fallen Leaf looks like an Adirondack lake and my first glimpse of it slipped me back through the years and across the continent to Indian Point. Closing my eyes I could see Uncle Dick in his comfortable rocker on the side-porch, stroking his grizzly gray beard, his keen woodsman's eyes twinkling under his shaggy eye-brows, the city guests all about him eager as children to have him start recounting his aóventures with the Rickabeebo, the big bon-fire down on the Point sending the sparks from the balsam and tamarack houghs hack up to the stars whence originally they came—I could hear "Aunt Edna" hack in the rustic kitchen washing and patiently putting way for the ten-thousand and tenth time the supper dishes, and *not* breaking them, and I was *sure,* just then I could hear a Rickabeebo.

They weren't savage, those Rickabeehoes, nor were they of any general use in the world either, hut they could and did guide Uncle Dick unerringly to a hee-tree. loaded with wild honey, while just to touch one would cure him of anytbing, from rheumatism to influenza. But their screech was really terrifying.

You aren't dependent, fortunately, on my unsupported word. Ralph Hayes of the publishing house of Ginn & Co., Philadelphia, who has spent every summer for 35 years at Indian Point, will verify what I am telling you and so will Hon. John M. Hackett, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., eminent lawyer of the Hudson Valley and leading member of the Empire state's legislature; and so will former Senator H. Wallace Knapp, and his better half, Mrs. Knapp, too, for that matter. Henry Humphrey of Churuhusco and his brothers, "Rufe" and George, of Malone, N. Y., where I was horn, the hest trout fishermen, barring the master old Uncle Dick himself, who ever dropped a fly into the south inlet, will tell you that the screech of a full-grown male Rickaheebo from a distance of six or eight rods will make a Saranac skiff shiver and rock like a Japanese hungalow during an earthquake!

If, as I fear, the Whangdoodle, the Gyasticutus, the Raccabor and your other strange western animals are disappearing, as the eastern Rickabeeboes have disappeared, from their old haunts, it's too bad! There are far too few Dingballs, Highbehinds, Uncle Dick's and *Argonauts* in this machine-made, standardized, airplaned, chain-store, motion-pictured fashion-enslaved, haroldbellwrighted, Hearstified, beerbanned hedlam some unconscious humorists refer to as our Christian civilization.

May the *Argonaut* continue as of old to overcome insuperahle obstacles hy the magic help of the Rickaheeboes, the Gyasticuti, et al. Sincerely,

Howard D. Hadley.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Review of Its Resources, Basic Industry, Social Elements, Spirit, and Prospects.

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*Under commission from the New York* Times, *Mr. Alfred Holman is writing for publication in that newspaper a series of letters designed to exhibit the conditions, the spirit, and the potentialities of the several Pacific Coost states. These articles, now appearing in the Sunday* Times, *will run in number to twenty or more. In completeness they can be found only in the journal for which they are written, but through the courtesy of the publisher of the* Times *the* Argonaut *is permitted to reproduce excerpts. From the first letter we take the following paragraphs:*]

Seattle.

This is the first of a series of articles in which I shall undertake to exhibit in some sort the conditions, the spirit and the potentialities of the states that lie between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

Although differentiated at many points by condition and circumstance, there is yet among tbese states a definite unity of interest. They have local propinquity, remoteness from the more developed regions and the larger centres of the country. All are looking for that whicb can come only with growth in population, with increment of capital, with expansion of industry. They have in varying degree an outlook upon the Pacific Ocean. Having much in common with their sisters of the Atlantic scaboard and of the Middle West, they have as between themselves interests, prospects, problems peculiarly their own.

The Pacific Northwest—historically "Old Oregon," wbich, in poetic vision, if not in fact, at no very remote period "heard no sound save the dashings" of its noble river and whose very name, within living memory, was a synonym for solitude and mystery—comprises today the three states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. In this immediate writing I am to speak of the state that shares with our national capital tbe name of the first President of the Republic—this not without some confusions that would better have been avoided. But if the name "Washington," as applied to the northwestern-most of our states, stands a continuing embarrassment to the postal service, it bas the merit of bearing witness to the patriotic spirit of the men and women who in the early "forties" of the last century blazed a path through an uncharted desert to an uncharted wilderness, bringing to Puget Sound and the Golden Gate enthusiasms that had their birth at Plymoutb Rock and James River.

* * * * *

A better naime for the State of Washington was ready-made in the word "Tahoma," by which the native Indians designated the snowy Cascade Mountain range. With a slight variation —Tacoma—this name has been appropriated by a local community; and it was this fact, with the jealousies engendered by it and the contentions growing out of it, that lost to this region the charm of a name at once native, lyrical and distinctive.

For the student of history and for the lover of romance there is fascinating interest in the early story of the regions now embodied in the State of Washington. The maritime adventurers de Fuca and Vancouver, the American discoverer Gray, McLoughlin of the Hudson Bay regime, the man of God, Father de Smet, the American pioneer, these—with the native children of forest and plain—march in picturesque procession through an era of intense, humanistic interest, but whose mark upon the country was too transient to bear serious reflection upon its present-day fortunes. For, if truth be told, the most distinctive fact affecting the character of present-day Washington is its lack of fundamental and continuing historical influence. Among our several states there attaches to it a certain preëminence of exemption from any controlling force of domestic tradition. If something is lost in this lack of an impelling background, something is gained in freedom from the restrictive authority of inherited tendencies and established conventions.

* * * * *

Within living memory Washington was practically as remote as is Alaska today, and so recently as 1880 its population was comparable to that of present-day Alaska. Washington, as a community, may be said to have begun its existence within the lifetimc of men still potential in its affairs. Its population of 1,356,621, as officially reported by the Census Bureau for 1920, has been drawn from the ends of the earth. The detailed record tells a story so significant that I suppress a chronic hatred of statistics to give it place here:

Total American horn, 489,866.

Total foreign horn, 250,055. Austria, 6,494; Canada (French), 2,581; Canada (other), 40,407; Denmark, 8,359; England, 20,806; Finland, 11,863; France, 2,452; Germany, 22,315; Greece, 4,214; Ireland, 8,927; Italy, 10,813; Yugoslavia, 3,565; Netherlands, 3,097; Norway, 30,304; Poland, 3,906; Russia, 11,124; Scotland, 7,886; Sweden, 34,793; Switzerland, 3,671; Wales, 2,040; all other countries, 10,438.

Native parentage, 338,095; foreign and mixed parentage, 152,471.

In the social constituents here defined we bave explanation of much that in recent times has vexed the State of Washington and more or less damaged its repute. It should surprise nobody that a community assembled from such diverse sources should be intensely individualistic in character.

* * * * *

Geographically, industrially and in pretty much every other sense there are two Washingtons. The distinction between the western and eastern sections rests upon radically different physical conditions as between the region that lies west of the Cascade Mountains and that to the east. Western Washington is a maritime country. It faces the Pacific Ocean for approximately 220 miles; but curiously enough this ocean frontage is a side door rather than a front door. For at the extreme northwestern corner of the state there flows in an arm of the sea—Puget Sound, preëminent among the harbors of the world. Puget Sound—officially Admiralty Inlet—comes down into the body of the country a hundred miles and more. To be comprehended, Puget Sound must be seen; many have attempted to dcscribe it, but nobody has been able to make the picture match the reality. It is as if Chesapeake Bay, in winding course and in breadth varying from five to twenty miles, ran deep at all points to the base of the Alleghanies. The shore lincs, reckoning its many islands, of this truly wonderful inland sea run to a total of 2,000 miles, with

never a shoal nor any form of obstruction from the open ocean to its uttermost limit. A pioneer ditty chanted to the tune of "Johnny, Go Rosin the Bow" describes the Puget Sound region as:

"Covered all over with timber
Like hair on the back of a dog."

What this lyric lacks in dignity is compensated by descriptive accuracy, for, literally, the whole Puget Sound region is a primeval forest extending from water's edge to water's edge and shadowing the whole land from the outward shore to the timber line of the Cascade Mountains.

It is a forest the like of which may not be found elsewhere. Here is the most extensive and finest stand of merchantable timber the world affords. And there are beauty and fascination as well as value. From the earliest times it has charmed the eye and stimulated the imagination.

Broadly, two-thirds of the total population of Washington (in 1920 1,356,621, now probably 1,500,000) lives in Western Washington, contiguous to Puget Sound, or in the region to the south bordering upon the Columbia River. Here, on the shores of the sound, are two of the largest cities of the state—Seattle in 1920 had 315,312, Tacoma 96,965.

It hardly need be said that, among a people so numerous and in all civilized ways so advanced, practically every industry is represented, but over and above all else stands lumbering with its allied interests. Lumbering, with everything related to it, including ocean and land commerce, engages the energies of 65 per cent. of the people of Western Washington—this upon the authority of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

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I shall not undertake to define the lumbering enterprise of Western Washington in its activities or its variety, but in candor it must be said that its ratio is too great for the permanent economic health of the community. In a word, Western Washington is living upon the bounty of nature, a bounty of amazing proportions, but still not exempt from exhaustion. By the authority already quoted, I am told that at the present rate of consumption the native timber fields of Western Washington will last approximately thirty years. But the industry does not bold at any given rate. Exploitation of the timber fields tends to advance year by year, and the time as measured by years cannot be very far away when Western Washington will have to find some other means of employing the already large and rapidly increasing population.

Let nobody understand that lumbering is a declining industry or soon likely to be. It will last in full vigor for at least another generation, and long before exhaustion of the native timber resources a second tree growth will rise in merchantable form and supply. With scientific husbandry of the forests there should never come a time when lumbering will not be a foremost industry in this region. But the old theory that the forests of Washington are inexhaustible is a fallacy so obvious that one wonders anybody ever was stupid enough to accept it.

* * * * *

I venture to prophesy that the day is not far distant when the industry that now engrosses the major energies of Washington—more particularly of Western Washington—will be secondary to a new development resting fundamentally upon hydro-electric power. Washington may be described as a land of a thousand rushing streams. The Cascade Mountains, which range the full breadth of the state north and south, are in practical effect an exhaustless reservoir, in that they feed unnumbered streams which, in their courses to the coast bold the potentialities of power.

In truth, no man may yet know to what degree electric energy may be developed. But an obvious and definite fact is that it may be produced here in greater quantity and at less cost than in any other state or district of the country. Here is a resource continuous and dependable as well as of unsurpassed magnitude.

Water power in my judgment is destined to promote an order of things industrially that will surpass any other source, and perhaps all other sources, of future wealth. The state affords a great variety of basic products—pretty much everything, with the exception of cotton, that enters into or supports manufacturing industry. When there shall be brought to these raw and native materials the coöperation of an unlimited electric energy, then Washington, in its industrial character, must in some sort become to the West what Pennsylvania is to the East.

If today there are lacking the consuming markets that support Pennsylvania's preëminence in industry, that condition is not destined to be permanent. We have only to recall the prediction of Secretary Seward that the Pacific Ocean is to become the theatre of the world's greatest activities, and to note current movements tending to its fulfillment, to foresee a situation that must create for the State of Washington a development beyond prophetic appraisement. In this connection it must not be overlooked that in her climate Washington has, as related to industry, an asset of magnitude. To the value of her unfailing water power under temperatures that are never obstructive, there is the value implied in the mildness of her climate.

Here human energies suffer no discount from the cold of winter or from the heat of summer. I have it from a source of scientific authority that the working value of a man in the climate of the Pacific Northwest compared with severer conditions on the Atlantic seaboard runs to an excess of fully 20 per cent. Little account thus far bas been taken of a condition which thus enhances the potential powers both of brain and of brawn, but the fact must surely tell when, in the processes of time, potentialities of nature and the energies of man shall be fully coördinated.

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Not yet is it appreciated here in what manner the isthmian canal has changed the conditions of the world in a commercial and economic sense. For a great variety of basic products of which the State of Washington is capable, and which even now it yields in moderate quantities, the isthmian canal opens the Atlantic market upon terms fairly competitive as related to the Middle States of the continent.

For non-perishable commodities the Atlantic seaboard is economically not more distant from Puget Sound than is Omaha or possibly Chicago. Nobody has ever yet found a way to transport heavy merchandise as cheaply as in the hold of a ship. There never can be a time when water rates will not be so relatively less compared with rail rates as practically to equalize transport by ship from the Pacific seaboard and by land from the Mississippi Valley. Tbus with increase of population, with growth of industry and with development of shipping facilities, there is bound to come a new Richmond in the field of the Atlantic seaboard markets. Little heeded as yet. the facts none the less support a prophecy founded in the logic of things and positive assurances as related to times not far ahead.

When there shall come, as there must come in time, conditions that will put the American marine on a world basis, free to operate unhampered by the machinations of demagogues of the LaFollette type, there must develop in tbe Pacific Ocean commercial demands that will call to the State of Washington for much that she can supply more promptly and at less cost than any other American community.

OLD FAVORITES.

Translation of the 137th Psalm.

Whenas we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforcèd daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

But soon we found we failed of our account,
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present gifts, and future fears,
Our eyes burst fortb into a stream of tears.

As for our harps, since sorrow struck tbem dumb,
We hanged them on the willow-trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear:
Taunting us rather in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody.

Alas (said we) who can once force or frame
His grievèd and oppressèd heart to sing
The praises of Jehovah's glorious name,
In banishment, under a foreign king?
In Sion is His seat and dwelling-place,
Thence doth He show the brigbtness of His face.

Hierusalem, where God his throne hath set,
Shall any hour absent thee from my mind?
Then let my right hand quite her skill forget,
Then let my voice and words no passage find;
Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all
That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry
Of Eden's children, whicb did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,
"Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground."
In that good day repay it unto them,
When thou shalt visit thy Hierusalem.

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
By just revenge, and happy shall he be,
That thy proud walls and towers shall waste and burn,
And as thou didst by us, so do by thee.
Yea, happy he that takes thy children's bones,
And dasheth them against the pavement stones.

—*Francis Bacon.*

On Providence.

Parent of good! Since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging Providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek Innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to Fraud and Lust;
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?—
Amid the din of Joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls.—
Thus I, whèn radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
"Blind moralist! is Earth the sphere of souls?"

—*Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola.*

For a Column at Runnymede.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires: O stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King—
Then rendered tame—did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honored name,
Go, call their sons. Instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

—*Mark Akenside.*

Chorus of Women.

Tbey're always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may!
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Wbere is *my* Plague today?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

—*Aristophanes.* Collins' Translation.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The latest lady aspirant to Parliament is the wife of Sir Arthur Callaghan who is running as Liberal candidate for the Chatham division of Rochester. Lady Callaghan is said to be a brilliant speaker.

Mrs. Helen M. Brown of Michigan is the first woman to hold office in the American Bankers' Association. She was elected president of the state secretaries' section at the recent meeting of the association at Atlantic City.

E. M. Delafield, the popular English novelist, is in private life Elizabeth Edmée de la Pasture—note the philological analogy between surname and pen name—and the daughter of another writer equally well known. She is the wife of an engineer and lives in Malaya.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the woman explorer, has returned to England from her "secret mission" to Morocco and is now engaged writing the memoirs of Raisuli, the famous brigand who held the Kaid Maclean and other Europeans and Americans to ransom. Mrs. Forbes, who was under Raisuli's protection for six weeks, has the peculiar honor of being the only white woman ever received by the bandit chief. She states that Raisuli is a remarkable man, who never forgets a conversation or a letter.

Professor Besredka, pupil and collaborator of the great Metchnikoff, has been officially recognized by the French government for perfecting a method of giving anti-typhoid serum in capsules. One of the last works in which the late Prof. Elie Metchnikoff was engaged was a search for a method of administering the serum simpler than injection. His experiments were carried on by Besredka with efficient results. The name of Prof. Alexandre Besredka, of the Pasteur Institute, was included on the list of those elected to the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the Pasteur centenary.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, is said to be one of the lesser known presidential possibilities. In his native state where odd figures of speech flourish as hardily as anywhere in our more provincial states, he is known as "Top-Water Joe," the reference being to a diminutive minnow which never swims more than half an inch below the surface. The recondite analogy to Senator Robinson may baffle many, but the function of the "top-water" is the consumption of the larval form of the malarial mosquito—if that throws any light on the archaic workings of the Arkansan mind.

The story coming back from the rescue of the Wrangell Island victims includes that of Ada Blackjack, an Eskimo girl, whose feats of courage and endurance are said to rival those of any male explorer. When the party marooned on Wrangell Island a year ago found it had not enough food to last the winter, three of the men, Crawford, Maurer, and Galle, made the unsuccessful attempt to reach Siberia, leaving Ada to nurse Knight, who had developed symptoms of scurvy. Ada who had been brought up in Nome with the comforts of a modern city, was as unaccustomed to hardship as any white girl. She had never fired a shot nor set a trap but she learned to do both by herself in her effort to get fresh meat which was so necessary for Knight's condition. Knight died in June and Ada was left alone on the island, her stores rapidly dwindling and her only resource bagging the game which constantly threatened her life. When the rescue party reached Wrangell Island a few weeks ago they found Ada making a net with which she meant to catch seals. She had also constructed a small canvas boat scarcely larger than herself which she used to paddle out and get the ducks she shot in nearby waters. When found Ada had twelve pounds of mouldy pilot bread she was saving for the coming winter when she knew she would not be able to do much hunting. The failure of the Wrangell Island party, according to Harold Noice, a member of the rescue expedition, was due to inexperience of its members rather than the uninhabitable nature of the land. Thirteen Eskimaux and a white man were left on the island to continue the colony, with food for two years and ammunition for three.

Abbé Tauleigne, priest of a small parish at Pontigny, France, has been awarded a Carnegie medal for devoting his life to the interests of science and humanity. The abbé is dying by inches as a result of X-ray burns received while experimenting with the problem of locating foreign objects in the human body. The inability to discover shell fragments and bullets which caused so much loss of life during the war inspired the abbé to make his unique experiments, but as he was not attached to any hospital and had no medical assistance he frequently burned his flesh. Though warned that he was imperilling his life the abbé continued to practise his theories on himself, turning all his data over to army officials. It is computed that thousands of lives have been saved as a result of the priest's sacrifice. Interest in the abbé's plight has initiated a movement in Paris to promote an insurance fund which will enable scientists to continue their work with the assurance that in case of loss of health or sight the investigator will be supported for the remainder of his life.

Michele Califano, Italian artist emigrant who was detained on Ellis Island for a month and finally admitted to the country, has painted a portrait of President Coolidge in gratitude for being saved from deportation.

MAD, SAD, AND DANGEROUS TO KNOW.

A. Clutton-Brock Reconstructs the Poet Shelley's Personality, With the Faults Gratis.

It is an inherent human tendency to idealize the great, to worship heroes, especially those whose work one already worships, and happy is the poet or other celebrity who escapes biographers. Him, the mob worships indiscriminately. Or rather, one should say, the mob would worship him, for every Johnson has his Boswell, shadowing him through life with an impartial pen, since it is the function of the biographer to belittle as it is that of the mob to magnify, whether the object of its devotions is a Shelley or a Dempsey. Not that we would decry the labor of the writer of candid, accurate Lives, as a balance must be maintained in the universe and an "impartial" life—which is one that is full of revelations—is the only kind worth the reading. For though we like to laud the great ourselves, there is something invidious, not to say insidious, in another's doing so.

Mr. Clutton-Brock has been candid about Shelley; one might even say brutally frank. In short, one's estimate formed from "Shelley: the Man and the Poet," is that he may have been supreme in the latter character, but that in the former he was rather a rotter. There are those who excuse genius everything, and others who regret a simulacrum of reproach cast upon a favorite hero; but both are exceptional. The average reader, fairly versed already in the facts of Shelley's life, will probably enjoy an estimate of him which takes no pains to explain away his smallnesses of character or to camouflage his selfish and narrow ego-centrism. Mr. Clutton-Brock has but retold us the facts already presented at greater length by Prof. Dowden, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and others. But partly because of the greater force resulting from the telescoping of these facts into a short, compact book, and partly because our author is writing critically as well as biographically, the impression of Shelley's worthlessness other than as a producer of literature comes home more forcibly than ever.

This background of Shelley's, with its American antecedents, is not very well known:

> It has often been said that Shelley came of a stock of commonplace country gentlemen. This is not true. Our knowledge of the family is small, hut the few facts we know about Timothy Shelley, his father, and Bysshe, bis grandfather, prove that they were odd, if not remarkable. Bysshe Shelley was horn in America in 1731, where, according to Medwin, the poet's cousin, he hegan life as a quack doctor. If that is so, he must have given up the trade very soon; for at the age of twenty-one he was in England, where he ran away at once with an heiress, to whom he is said to have heen married hy the Parson of the Fleet. His first wife died young, and after a decent interval he ran away with another heiress, whom he also survived. Fortunate, like Austria, in his marriages, he became a very rich man, and in 1806 was made a haronet for his services to the Whigs. Medwin tells us that he was a remarkahly handsome man, fully six feet high, and with a noble and aristocratic bearing, hut adds that "his life was unredeemed hy one good action." Shelley wrote of him in 1812: "He is a complete Atheist, and huilds all his hopes on annihilation. He bas acted very ill to three wives. He is a bad man. I never had any respect for him. I always regarded him as a curse on society. I shall not grieve at his death; I will not wear mourning. I will not attend his funeral. I shall think of his departure as that of a hard-hearted reprohate." But the very lady to whom this was written was then the sister of Shelley's soul and afterwards a hrown demon.

That Shelley turned out as he did is no feather in the cap of the environmentalists who maintain that heredity is nought. The author of some of the finest lyrical poetry in the language evidently had some very eccentric heredity, and murder will out. If Shelley's notorious grandfather was queer, we do not think that Percy Bysshe himself made much progress on the road to normalcy. Here is a description of his appearance based on that of his earliest biographer, Hogg:

> Shelley and Hogg first met at dinner in Hall. Sbelley looked very young, even among the freshmen. His figure was slight and fragile, though his bones were large and strong. He was tall, hut stooped. His clothes were well cut, but crumpled and unbrushed. His gestures were sometimes awkward and violent, hut sometimes very graceful. His complexion was delicate, hut sunburnt and freckled. His head and features were very small, his hair long and hushy, and he would ruh it with his hands and pass his fingers through it in the agonies of anxious thought, so that it was always rough. His face had an air of profound religious veneration. His voice was very shrill, harsh, and discordant, a fact which other writers confirm, though some say that it was pleasant when not strained by excitement.

It is quite the usual thing nowadays to comment on the irony of Oxford's expulsion of one of her greatest sons. Some of us smile at the ludicrous picture of Oxford dismissing this inspired genius, others comment on the sad fate that hounds genius with misinterpretation. For our own part we think the dons knew what they were doing. Shelley was dangerous—nothing is more dangerous than brilliant intellect unbalanced by character. We, in their place, would have done just as the dons did:

> Meanwhile the Dons prohahly got to know of Shelley's opinions, since he made no concealment of them. He must have been conspicuous anywhere, with his long hair, his strange habits, his beautiful countenance, and his high screaming voice. No douht the Dons were curious about him from the first; and their curiosity would soon turn to anger and apprehension. They would be glad of a chance to make an example of him; and he soon gave them one. There has heen some dispute about the origin of the famous pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." Hogg tells us that Shelley had a hahit of writing to people he had never seen, often to divines, enclosing a short abstract of the doctrines of Hume, and saying that it was a little tract which he had accidentally met with and which appeared to him quite unanswerahle. He would give an assumed name, and an address in London. If he elicited an answer he would fall upon the unwary disputant and hreak his hones.

Shelley was expelled, rushed off to London with Hogg, also and unjustly expelled as a disciple of the Shellian madness, and precipitated himself into his next grand mistake. Life with Shelley was just one damned mis-step after another. Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, was a pupil at the boarding school attended by Shelley's many sisters and he had often met her in that character. She was sixteen at the time of the marriage, and described by Hogg as both beautiful and delightful, rosy, brown-haired, light-footed, sweet-voiced, and sweet-tempered. No wonder Shelley fell, the more so as Harriet in her way was just as cracked as he, with a penchant for suicide, a luxury she finally indulged in. Hogg further describes her:

> "I have seldom, if ever," said Hogg, "met with a girl who had read so much as she had." Her favorite reading was moral tales, and she read aloud incessantly. She never ceased of her own accord, hut only on some interruption. If anyone entered the room she stopped, but hegan again the moment he left. She also read very well, with a clear, distinct, and agreeahle voice. And it was as pleasant to look at her as to listen to her, for "she was always pretty, always bright, always blooming; smart, without a wrinkle, not a hair out of place. The ladies said of her that she always looked as if she had just that moment stepped out of a glass case."

However, even previous to the premature match with Harriet, Shelley had got into an entanglement of a purely platonic nature, we are given to understand, with a Miss Hitchener. But having enrolled her as the "sister of his soul," which the lady doubless took for a declaration, and being still considerably enamored of her, he persuaded her to come and live with him and his wifc. As was to be expected, like every move that Shelley ever made, the arrangement was a grotesque failure. His soul's sister became a brown demon in later parlance:

> Miss Hitchener was afraid of scandal; but, said Shelley, "let us attempt to form this Paradise and defy the destroyers. Calm, consistent reasoning will defeat the most terrible." And then they would inspire each other. "How consummate *then* might not our publications be." Harriet also wrote again, just like Shelley, hut a very pretty letter. "I know I am much younger than yourself and that your judgment is much superior to mine. . . . Yet if you knew how ardent we are to have you near us I am sure you would comply." Like a good wife Harriet was ready to outdo Shelley himself in her ardour for Ireland. "I am Irish; I claim kinship with them. I have done with the English. I have witnessed too much of John Bull, and I am ashamed of him." Then she goes on to speak of Eliza. "I did think before I was acquainted with you (she had never seen Miss Hitchener), that she was the best and most superior woman in the world." She ends: "There seems to he sad work in Ireland; but I hope Percy will escape all prosecutions."

Shelley's mission to Ireland was self-appointed: its object to exhort the Roman Catholics. Probably nothing in all his conceited career was more indicative of lack of balance than that he should entertain for a moment any hope of influencing the most devout of Christian believers. Shelley's penetration of reality was very superficial. Here is some idea of the itinerary of their trip:

> The result of the affair was a flight to Ireland the next day. Why they went there we do not know. They reached Dublin on March 9, but did not stay there long. Poor Hogg had heen asked to stay with them in Wales, now he was asked to go to Dublin. He did so, and found them flown to Killarney. Shelley heard of his arrival and flew hack to Duhlin, hut hefore he got there Hogg had returned to London. Shelley determined to follow him, and he and Harriet reached London early in April, 1813. They had left Eliza at Killarney in charge of Shelley's library, and Hogg tells us that he "was evidently weary of angelic guardianship, and exulted with malicious pleasure that he had firmly planted her at last. He made no secret of bis satisfaction, hut often gave vent to bis feelings with his accustomed frankness and energy. The good Harriet smiled in silence and looked very sly."

Shelley had married Harriet in August, 1811. Our author remarks that since he remarried her in March, 1814, (because there was some question of legality) he cannot then have designed to separate from her. It is our opinion that Shelley never designed anything in his life. He acted on the impulse of the moment without the slightest regard for the future or the past. He had met Mary as a result of his boyish admiration for Godwin, whose "Political Justice" he had read at Eton and worshipped thereafter. He became acquainted with Godwin in 1812 by his usual method of the freemasonry of writing. He probably knew Mary for a year or so before the elopement:

> Shelley, though in want of money himself, was trying to find money for Godwin, who was always in straits. Thus he often went to see Godwin at his house in Skinner Street, and there he met Mary, Godwin's daughter hy Mary Wollstonecraft, his first wife. Mary Godwin was then sixtcen. She was less heautiful than Harriet, hut had many charms, and an understanding far heyond Harriet's. Shelley may have tried not to fall in love with her, hut he did fall in love with her, and she with him, pitying bim no doubt for troubles which he did not hide from her. It seems probahle that he told her that Harriet had been unfaithful to him and that be was not the father of a child with which she was then pregnant. Afterwards he owned himself mistaken about the child, but he persisted in his belief that Harriet had heen unfaithful. The only authority for this belief appears to he a statement made by Godwin in a letter after her death. "The late Mrs. Shelley," said Godwin, "turns out to have been a woman of great levity. I know from unquestionahle authority, wholly unconnected with Shelley (though I cannot with propriety be quoted for this,) that she had proved herself unfaithful to her hushand before their separation." This does not amount to much, and against it we have the expressed conviction of Peacock that "her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as ahsolutely faultless as that of any who for such conduct was held most in honour." We have also the statement of Trelawny that he was "assured by the evidence of the few friends who know both Shelley and his wife—Hookham, who kept the great library in Bond Street, Jefferson Hogg, Peacock, and one of the Godwins—that Harriet was perfectly innocent of all offence."
>
> Indeed it seems to he douhtful whether Shelley himself felt certain of Harriet's guilt before his flight with Mary; whether it was more than fancy to which he sometimes gave way.

In July, 1814, Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft, Godwin's daughter, eloped with the usual train of ill luck that attended any of Shelley's performances:

> Godwin would have nothing to do with them, except that he took all the money from Shelley that he could get. His position was this—since he was Shelley's dehtor and hoped to increase his deht, he could not forgive him and Mary, lest he should be suspected of doing so for a hribe. Shelley himself was in great straits for money and remained so for some months. When he went to his hanker he found that all his money had heen drawn hy Harriet. According to Jane, he then went to Harriet for money and got £20 from her, together with some natural reproaches. It seems that the poor woman still expected that he would come back to her. Mary's Journal in Octoher notes that "a good-humored letter" had been received from Harriet. Then came a rumour that Harriet had heen plotting to have Godwin arrested for deht. On Novemher 30 Harriet was delivered of a boy, an eight-months child. Shelley did not hear of it for a week. On December 6 there is this entry in Mary's Diary: "A letter from Hookham to say that Harriet was brought to bed of a son and heir. Shelley writes a number of circular letters of this event which ought to he ushered in with ringing of hells, &c., for it is the son of his *wife*. A letter from Harriet confirming the news, in a letter from a *deserted wife!!* and telling us he has heen horn a week." Shelley saw Harriet the next day, hut they quarrelled. The baby was named Charles Bysshe. On Decemher 20 Harriet threatened legal proceedings. On January 2, 1815, Mary's Diary contains this note: "Harriet sends her creditors here; nasty woman. Now we must change our lodgings." Shelley continued to see Harriet at intervals for some months at least, but then lost sight of her. The last interview we hear of was on April 22, 1815.
>
> Those who are inclined to think of Shelley's desertion of his first wife as a romantic event, or a symptom of his genius, or a heroic protest against the tyranny of convention, or anything else that it was not, should give attention to the squalid incidents of his life at this time, when he was getting money from the wife he had deserted, and trying to persuade her and himself that he had not deserted her, dodging hailiffs, and baggling with money-lenders.
>
> The passages from Mary's Journal which I have quoted, prove that even she was so wrought upon that she wrote hitterly and meanly of the woman she had wronged.

Mr. Clutton-Brock devotes a fair portion of his small book to a study of Shelley's work. The most productive years were those following Harriet's death and up to his own. But they are the best-known period of Shelley's life, and need no further comment. As they were his most useful years they were undoubtedly his happiest. In 1822 the Shelleys were living with Edward Williams, a lieutenant of dragoons, and his wife, Jane, in Pisa. Both Williams and Shelley were ardent boaters and, it will bc remembered, met thcir fate together, though how Shelley's was postponed even that long since he did not swim, and was not endowed with a sense of self-preservation, is a marvel. A doubtless ordinary example of Shelley's seamanship is the following:

> One calm sultry evening he asked Jane, with her two hahies, to come with him in a skiff as light as a coracle which he had had built. All his friends were accustomed to do what Shelley wished, and Jane did so this time, squatting with her children in the bottom of the boat. Shelley rowed round a jutting promontory into deep water before Jane was aware that they were out of their depth. After pulling out a long way, Shelley rested on his oars and sank into a deep reverie. Jane, spellhound by terror, for any movement would upset the boat, kept her eyes upon him. She made several remarks, hut got no answer. "She saw death in his eyes." Suddenly he raised his head, his brow cleared, his face hrightened, and hc exclaimed joyfully:
>
> "Now let us together solve the great mystery."
>
> Jane, made brave and clever hy the presence of her babies, said in her usual cheerful voice:
>
> "No, thank you, not now; I should like my dinner first, and so would the children."
>
> The spell was hroken, and Shelley paddled back. As soon as Jane saw the sandy hottom, she snatched up her babies, and clambered out so hurriedly that the punt was capsized. Naturally she vowed she would never go in a boat with Shelley again. "Who can predict what he will do?" she cried. "And he casts a spell over everything. You can form some notion of what other people will do, as they partake of our common nature—not what he will do. He is seeking after what we all avoid, death. I wish we were away. I shall always hc in terror."

On July 8, 1822, Shelley and Williams sailed from Leghorn in their new boat against expert advice and prediction of a tempest. Several days later a punt, a water keg, and some bottles were found at Via Reggio and were recognized by Byron as belonging to Shelley's boat. The story of Shelley's end is more familiar than that of his life, and is fully as characteristic.

SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET. By A. Clutton-Brock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending Octoher 13, 1923, (5 days) were $137,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year (5 days) $140,300,000, a decrease of $2,600,000.

The rather severe reaction which the stock market has suffered recently affords the husiness man, willing to assume a moderate risk, an opportunity to acquire sound securities on an attractive yield hasis. It is possihle, of course, that prices will work lower under generally depressing conditions, hut the huyer of carefully selected stocks knows that he is getting full value at these levels, and temporary paper losses, if they should come, are not serious under the circumstances. It is a far different matter to huy sound securities and see them decline in market value than to huy unsound ones and experience a loss. In the first instance it is simply a matter of holding the securities until market conditions reverse themselves, meanwhile still ohtaining the original income and yield. In the latter instance it often means a permanent loss, says *Forbes Magazine.*

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The accompanying ten stocks have heen selected on their merits and can he purchased and put away with a high degree of confidence as to the stahility of income and ultimate market value.

The copper market is quiet at this time, hut recessions in price have not heen sufficient to materially affect the earning power of Anaconda. Its suhsidiary, the American Brass Company, which offers the main outlet for Anaconda production, is operating at a high degree of capacity. Domestic consumption of copper in other directions is not much helow that of last spring and summer. Definite suhmission of Germany in the Ruhr occupation matter is opening the way for increased exports of copper and copper products. On the whole the outlook for the copper industry is stahle.

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Atchison is holding its high earnings record established earlier in the year, net income for the first seven months heing at the annual rate of almost $15 a share on the common stock. As in the case of the other railroads. maintenance of equipment charges have heen heavy throughout the year, hut the peak is past, and from now on a larger proportion of gross revenues should he carried over to net.

Baltimore & Ohio has made a remarkable recovery in earning power and recently the common stock was placed on a $5 dividend hasis. Earnings are at the rate of over $40 a share for the preferred and ahout $16 for the common. The preferred stock dividend payments have heen changed from a semi-annual to a quarterly hasis, the next dividend of 1 per cent. heing payahle Decemher 1, to stock of record Octoher 13. This will have the effect of making payments on the preferred total $5 for 1923 instead of $4, the regular rate.

Illinois Central is one of the strongest roads in the country, financially, and its management is regarded as particularly capahle. Earnings are running at a rate slightly over $13 a share. This company is carrying on a number of important improvements which will increase earning power when completed.

Mack Trucks first preferred earned approximately $37 a share in the first six months of 1923. The producer of commercial automohiles is not so suhject to seasonal fluctuations in demand as is the producer of passenger vehicles. Preferred stocks of sound motor companies are fast working into a permanent investment field since the motor car, and especially the motor truck, has hecome just as essential a link in modern life as the railroads and steel industry.

N. Y. Central stock has given a particularly good account of itself in the security markets throughout the recent depression. It is earning close to $20 a share, and may even exceed this when income for the full year is reported, as its heaviest maintenance expenses are now over.

Every investor should include a few good public utility stocks in his investment group. Pacific Gas & Electric is one of the most progressive companies in its field and has estahlished a strong earning power. Last year net income availahle for the common stock was equivalent to $11.57 a share, and for the first six months of 1923 was equivalent to $5.52 a share. The earnings for six months cannot he multiplied hy two to indicate the prohahle income for the full year, as earnings are seasonal and the last six months will he larger than those reported for the first half. Based on present earning power, an increase in the common dividend rate would not he unjustified. The company is continually expanding and consequently has a considerahle amount of capital tied up in projects under construction.

The petroleum industry has heen suhject to a drastic readjustment on account of unusually heavy production for over a year. Only within the last two or three months, however, has the stock market fully recognized this. The technical position of the oil industry has not yet shown signs of improvement and it is impossihle to forecast how long a time will elapse hefore there is hetterment. But there is no question of the survival of Standard Oil of New Jersey, regardless of what may happen to some of the smaller, independent concerns.

United States Steel common has gotten down to levels that invite attention to it for investment and appreciation. It is not necessary to review the position of this company in relation to the steel industry, hut suffice to say that even during a period of a possihly prolonged depression resources are sufficient to maintain dividends, as was the case during 1921 and 1922.

The position of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing common stock has heen set forth here on several occasions. The company is earning at a high rate and orders recently hooked exceed all records for the period covered.

The stock market has developed into an exceedingly irregular affair. Various groups are working in seemingly opposite directions, and developments of world-wide importance such as are taking place in Europe seem to have small effect on our stock market as a whole. Eventually, however, it is quite certain that much of our own prosperity will he dependent upon the trend of affairs in Europe.

Aside from the nearer approach to some sort of a reparations agreement, and disregarding the revolutionary clashes here and there in Germany which were to he expected, the most important European development, so far as our market may he affected, seems to he in relation to the proposed estahlishment of a central hank in Poland and the financing of a large Polish international loan. It is evident that American hanking interests will he represented in this Polish development. In this latter connection a vast improvement in sentiment hetween England and France is certainly worthy of note hecause these two countries, working together, could do more than any other possihle agency in strengthening Poland as the hulwark of sane political ideals, against which, it is to he hoped, the recurring waves of Bolshevism from the East will hreak and scatter.

Despite the general heavy tone in the market last week, several high price records for the year were made.

Trade is opening up this fall in the most cautious manner, which is possihly a hetter thing for trade itself than for the stock market. There are some lines of activity that cannot look forward to anything like the prosperity that has occurred this year. The principal of these would seem to he the automohile trade and this naturally would include the trade in tires and other automohile accessories. While the declining tendency in these lines would seem to be merely relative and principally hecause there has heen such an immense production this year, hears may continue to find as good chances in their favor in these groups as anywhere else. There has yet to he found a turn in the leather trade, seemingly, nor are conditions in the steel and iron industries satisfactory enough to warrant the presumption that stocks representing these lines will not go somewhat lower hefore they advance much.

On the other hand, there is a definitely hullish trend manifest regarding the tohacco trade and various stocks representing it. There is also much that may he said in favor of the mail-order husiness and many chain-store propositions. Coppers seem to have heen pretty well liquidated and would, of course, respond to any increased export demands. In this connection it is helieved Japan's requirements will he considerahle.

While the oil over-production situation has not heen corrected as yet, there has certainly developed such an amount of liquidation in the various good oil stocks as would suggest that when there is a resumption of puhlic huying oil will he among the leaders. In this connection the hig refining companies should profit immensely from the purchase of low-priced oil.

As for the railroad section, some further wage adjustments remain to he carried out and possihly somewhat higher wages will accrue to the engine and trainmen. It is quite on the cards also that a readjustment in rates will he made as it hecomes more apparent that the horizontal increase in rates has developed a great many inequalities which should he erased. Railroad earnings in the main, however, should make gratifying returns and careful selection of railroad stocks for those who indulge in speculative investment would seem to be in order.

The equipment companies are enjoying marked prosperity this year and perhaps may give way a little in this respect next year, hut most of them are in very strong position and their stocks are not high if asset values are considered. There is a trifle hetter feeling in the shipping trade, and it would seem that most stocks in this section are low enough to respond with some decided advance should increasing husiness he accompanied hy hetter rates.

The electrical and can manufacturing industries are two case of specialized endeavor in which it would seem there is a definite expanding tendency. As to stocks in which a downward trend in costs will lead to larger net returns there are many choice puhlic utilities that merit favorahle attention. Most sugar companies will do immensely well this year, hut, of course, what they will do next year is a prohlem yet to he solved.

There is nothing at all the matter with our hanking and credit situation, which would leave little to he desired in the event that the stock market all at once decides that the 1924 political year is not going to he such a had year for husiness as the hears would have us helieve. Certainly it is a happy consideration that the administration at Washington will he found dead-set against any excessive radicalism that may possihly develop in the new Congress.—*The Trader.*

An announcement of special interest in western financial circles is heing made today hy Cyrus Peirce & Company. The name of this investment hanking house will hecome Peirce, Fair & Co. Since the organization of Cyrus Peirce & Company, Harry H. Fair has heen vice-president and general manager; and it is recognition of the important part he has had in the uphuilding of Cyrus Peirce & Company that has prompted the inclusion of his name in the corporate title. The officers and directors of Peirce, Fair & Co. are the same as under the former title.

The remarkahle growth of the gas and electric husiness in San Francisco is indicated hy figures just issued from the office of H. M. Crawford, sales manager of the

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Pacific Gas and Electric Company, wherein it is indicated that in the first nine months of 1923, there was a gain of 10,654 new consumers.

In order to take care of this rapidly growing demand, it has been necessary for the company, during the past week, to issue orders for reconstruction and additions to present equipment amounting to $49,947.00, which includes additional equipment at the Potrero Gas Works, increasing transformer and line capacity in the vicinity of Douglas, Hoffman, 21st and 24th Streets, increasing of copper feeder capacity on Mariposa Street between Tennessee and Mississippi. It includes the reconstruction of lines in the vicinity of Persia Avenue between Mission and Munich, the rebuilding of man holes and installation of additional transformer capacity in the vicinity of Second and Stevenson Streets, and the reconstruction of man holes to increase transformer capacity in the vicinity of Third and Mission, Seventh and Stevenson, Ellis and Hyde, Powell and Geary, and Commercial and Sansome.

The rôle of critic earns few plaudits for the actor who sustains it, and I know that I shall have trodden on not a few toes before I have finished what I have to say. Also that I shall he told hy quite a numher of my friends that there is nothing new in what I have said, that it has been said many times already, that others have said it all much hetter. To which I reply in advance that the tale will hear re-telling, if for no other reason than that its lessons have remained unheeded hy the majority of those who would have henefited hy them, says R. Berkeley on "The Silent Salesman."

The executives of investment houses are finding themselves compelled to investigate, more closely than hitherto, the cost of distribution of wares on which the margin of profit is very small. Competition is becoming very keen, and it is going to he a case of the survival of the fittest, during the period on which we are entering.

There are two generally recognized channels employed for marketing securities, personal salesmanship and the printed word. There is a place for hoth, hut, speaking generally, the latter has not been given a fair chance, here in the West, to show what it can do. We Westerners are great helievers in the force of personality, and rightly so. What we fail to realize is that the supply of those who are endowed with the driving force of personality is far from inexhaustible, that it has, indeed, heen exhausted in the West, so far as security salesman of the hiped order are concerned. And it is permissihle to suggest—every executive will agree with me—that many a "personality," of those we have, defeats the object for which it is used, antagonizing the objects of its attentions.

A message, any message, can he conveyed hy hrains acting on type, as effectively as hy the organ of speech, provided, of course, that the same policy is pursued, continuous repetition—the relentless pressure exerted proving, in the former case, far less irritating than in the latter. And the impressions created by the silent salesman are of necessity of a more enduring character, if only hecause the vocal changes his position with more or less frequency; any valuahle effect that is due to his "personality" evaporating with every change (if, indeed, no effort is put out hy him to nullify his former work). As things are, no fair comparison is actually possihle hetween the persistency of the "foot and mouth" merchant, and the erratic character of most type salesmanship. Whereas the silent salesman should he the less early tired, the oral has hitherto heen found, in my local experience, to possess far greater powers of endurance. What has usually happened is that advertisements have heen put out for a few weeks, all kinds of advertisements, of all sizes and shapes, telling all kinds of stories, appealing consistently to no definite type of reader. The silent salesman is heing changed all the time; never allowed to pursue any clear course, never enahled consequently to arrive anywhere. The inevitahle wail arising, sooner or later, "we are getting no results"—and cessation of all efforts for the time heing. The structure to which the silent worker has heen giving of his hest, strenuously, ungrudgingly, cheerfully, is left uncompleted. This sad waste of much of the expenditure already incurred may he due to lack of imagination on the part of the holder of the purse strings, to insufficient attention to his advisor, or even to the undertaking having heen on a too pretentious scale—the architect not having heen given unreserved confidence. With the equipment for huilding a very desirahle hungalow, foundations are ofttimes laid for a mansion, with the result that it is found impossihle to complete more than one story; naught achieved hut an object of ridicule or pity!

While on the suhject of personality, I may mention what is, perhaps, the strongest point of all in the case for the silent salesman. It must surely have occurred to most executives that any good effect created hy the oral advocate is almost entirely lost to the firm that employed him, when he packs his tents and fades (not always silently) away. What he had succeeded in doing is creating an asset for himself—not for the drawers of his monthly check, for those who have done all the financing of the experiment, for those who have taken the "trying out" risks. From the peripatetic vendor's point of view, it has been a case of "heads I win, tails you lose." The kindly folks who have footed the hill have heen husy earning immortality hy huying a property for an individual who has never left the velvet. It heing the employee, not—as it should he—the house that employed him, on whom the customer has learned to lean, the latter follows his prop wherever it goes. A condition of affairs that suggests, and will repay, some hard thinking.

I wonder how many salesmen are really ahle to correctly interpret the ideas and ideals of the house they represent, how many of them really understand its objectives, general and special; and, if they are ahle to understand these, how many care a red cent what they are. The average peramhulator, (there are, of course, notahle exceptions) wants only to sell, to clean up all he can, as quickly as he can. The immediate is his idol, the future too remote to greatly interest him. If he thinks that he can sell hetter hy arguments other than those preferred hy his employer, he will use those arguments, and it may (often does) happen, that he "gets the goods" hy means that the chief would strongly object to, savoring, as they even may, of misrepresentation. I do not wish to accuse even the average salesman of deliherate misdoing; in most cases his failure to really represent his house is attrihutahle to ignorance of the facts, or inahility to ahsorh the spirit of those for whom he is acting.

The silent salesman is more uniformly representative, is in every way more effective and he is very much less costly. Being less costly, he is the ohvious solution to the "high cost" prohlem—the real prohlem of today. Economical methods of distrihuting merchandise are, as I have said, vital to the continued existence of every person engaged in this work. The investment house is a distrihutor of securities, and the cost of distrihuting them is reducing, to the vanishing point, its never large profits.

Having eliminated, as every investment house could to advantage, at least 50 per cent. of its sales force (or weakness) how is the silent salesman to he used to the hest advantage? Surely it should not he necessary to suggest the employment of those who have made a real study of that interesting modern development. For he is a marvel when you know him, hut "you've got to know him fust." No reflection is cast on the executives of investment houses, when I say that they do not know the hoy. They have never had the time to get acquainted. There is hut a nodding acquaintance, and this is almost worse than none at all. A thorough knowledge of the way to use, to the full, the power of the printed word, is acquired only hy years of study, hy many more years of practice. The science of the printed word hegins, continues, and is governed throughout by knowledge of human nature—if not of all human nature, of all that portion of it to whom a worth while purchasing appeal can he made. But, ohviously, a further need is the power to wield the maximum influence hy the scientific selection of expression—a gift of the gods hestowed on few. When you get the man who knows exactly the road to the head and heart of everyone he wishes to sway, and who knows how to negotiate every one of the ohstacles he will encounter, you have the fully qualified advertising counselor. You have found a super-salesman whose ahility to get you where you wish to get is unsurpassed hy any oratorical expert; one whose cost is as nothing when compared with that of the "here and there" man or woman, for whose services you have been willing to pay any figure demanded. And, remember, the silent salesman tells your own story, tells it the hest way, tells it all the time the hest way, and will never quit telling it so long as you deal squarely with him. He tells your story in the daily printed sheet or periodical, follows it up steadily, systematically, hy the circular or circular letter, hooklet or pamphlet, hy every other conceivahle method. His joh is to make "the other fellow" do what his employer wants that fellow to do, and he never rests until he has won out. Because he is a lover of the chase.

Rememher only this, and I have done. When you have found the man you are seeking, put all your cards on the tahle. Tell your adviser what you want done, what are your means for supporting his efforts, for giving him the assurance he needs that what he promises in print will he carried out. He is a straight shooter and he will tell you at once if you are insufficently equipped to carry out your project, will show you what sort of a huilding you can hope to complete, how to hegin, how to proceed. He knows. He has been huying that knowledge over a long period of closely concentrated exertion of exceptional hrain power.

Finally, you must not hutt in. Get your plan settled, and step aside. You are not qualified to judge. He, rememher, is not trying to sell your goods to you, nor to the few who are your friends. There is no need to spend money on printed matter to sell to your cronies. Your tongue is doing that all the time—little douht of that in this country, least douht of it in the West. Your counselor will sell what you have to sell, to anyone else to whom you want to sell it—hecause he knows how. You know your husiness, he knows his.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Begging the Question.

New Lands. By Charles Fort. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.00.

The notion has sometimes occurred to us in the moments of aberration with which we believe everyone is cursed that a book might be produced without a controlling brain—not necessarily by a lunatic—that happens often—but by a kaleidoscope into which words, phrases, perhaps even sentences, but not ideas, were tumbled pell mell. The result might be terrific or merely stupid, but if one shook the kaleidoscope long enough an amusing effect must turn up, on the law of averages. "New Lands," a phantasmagoria that can be catalogued in no more precise way than by the analogy above, might have been produced in that fashion. If it wasn't produced that way, we give up—we do not even hazard the traditional second and third guesses.

The general thesis of Mr. Fort's book, of which the most amusing kaleidoscopic effect is an introduction by Booth Tarkington, is that astronomy is bunk and will be recognized as such in the future—the author's hypothesis being that since the science of 300 years ago is now slightly passé so must ours be to the coming millenium—an era in which Mr. Fort's science of the heavens—since he repudiates the outworn term, astronomy—will come into its own. Mr. Fort's celestial theory is, incidentally, that of the average two to six-year-old child, who almost invariably pictures the firmament as a solid—the floor on which the angels walk—and the stars as punctures in the heavenly asphalt. The picture need not be further developed—we all remember our surprise on being introduced to a more sophisticated hrand of astronomy. Mr. Fort seems not yet over that surprise, and like the average intelligent child is still arguing that it can't be so.

However, his tract is not so simple nor poetic as our interpretation might imply. It is, on the contrary, so littered with incongruous phrases—see our theory in the first paragraph—and so heterogeneously argued that it takes considerable sorting even to evolve a straightforward thesis for the thing. His logic is ingenious, if not new. Astronomers have been known to disagree—therefore none of them knows anything. They cancel each other, as it were, leaving the ground cleared for the Fortian philosophy, which holds "that there is no velocity of light: that one sees a thing or doesn't." Simple, isn't it? Mr. Fort doesn't comprehend celestial mecbanics so, of course, there ain't no such thing. It is, as we hardly need point out, one of the most familiar and rudimentary syllogisms known to the irrational species, *homo sapiens*.

As a matter of fact the thing is not worth reporting on but for the amusing incident that Booth Tarkington has introduced it with raving approval—probably because of the kaleidoscope effect—and because of the sequential fact that many people will therefore read it and be taken in. For it is no reflection on the man in the street or bis wife in the kitchen that they do not understand celestial matbematics or its immense margins of error. Mr. Wells and the socialist-scientists flatter their public by writing for everyone; Professor Einstein is less complimentary but nearer the truth in limiting the number of the comprehending to a handful. Granted that there are even a few more who understand ordinary higher mathematics and inductive logic, we are obliged to admit that Mr. Fort is not one of them. His argument is analogous to the fallacious one for the fourth dimension. Granted a man on a two-dimensional plane, he could not understand the complications of our three-dimensional existence. Therefore, fourth dimensional men can exist even if we cannot wrap our minds about the notion. Mr. Fort likewise argues, the mediæval astrologers knew nought of astronomy, therefore we know nothing of the real facts of the heavens. In other words, one proves the existence of the hypothetical fourth dimension by the equally hypotbetical second. It is what the logicians call begging the question. Incidentally, "New Lands" can be put to an excellent use—we recommend it for freshman logic classes to demonstrate all tbe nine fallacies with amusing illustrations. R. G.

As Youth Builds.

The House of Youth. By Maud Radford Warren. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

This is the story of the situation not so much of an individual character as of society at large—one of the many resultant situations of the war. The characters are fitted into it, vivifying and clarifying it, and through them the author's theories of regeneration are expressed. The heroine is a young girl who has built her house of youth with what materials she found at hand without discrimination and without thought for the future. While she was endowed with an underlying force of character and practical common sense which worked their way to the surface, she was too young by several years to have realized the sort of house she was living in, and having only just moved in was not given time to grasp its deficiencies. When her house of youth came tumbling down about her ears she was all ready to move out and build something better to take its place. For this reason she represents more than the moutbpiece for the author's convictions.

After the first rather uneven chapters the story moves smoothly. the characters are interesting, and the situations well handled, with the exception of the last which lacks dignity and probability, but which terminates a very readable book.

Poems by a Swami.

Soul's Secret Door. By Swami Paramanda. Boston: The Vedanta Centre.

The collection of poems in this little volume comprises blank verse of a devotional character as well as a few pages of Songs of Nature. As every one reads into a book his own meaning, so the reader of these mystical lines will find or miss what they are written to express. The author, a well-known teacher of Hindu religion and philosophy, belonging to the ancient Vedanta sect of India, has written a number of books dealing with religious thought east and west, and several which demonstrate common ground, such as "Plato and Vedic Idealism," "Emerson and Vedanta," "Christ and Oriental Ideals." He has also made a translation of the Upanishads and of the Bhagavad-Gita.

Latin-American Women.

Men, Maidens and Mantillas. By Stella Burke May. New York: The Century Company; $3.00.

This title suggests Old Spain but it deals rather with New Spain and the descendants of the early Conquistadores and the still earlier Aztecs and Indians. Tbat part of the title which includes men is more of a courtesy than anything else, for although in South America the men outnumber the women, five to one, it is to the maidens and matrons that this American traveler devoted her time and it is of them she writes. Feeling that too little has been written about the women of Latin-America and finding them mentally, physically and spiritually superior to the men, she made a study of feminine nature in this part of the world, and has given us the results.

Her long journey began in the City of Mexico, whence she proceeded to Panama, down the coast to Lima and Chili, and from Santiago over the Andes to Montevideo; thence up the east coast to beautiful Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad and home. Blessed with a bappy gift of expression and a saving sense of humor tbis American traveler has written a book full of amusing and interesting incidents and yet informing on the present status of South American women and their assimilation of modern ideas and institutions.

Is Woman Free?

Stinging Nettles. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: Small Maynard & Company; $2.00.

Written around the question of woman's freedom, this book goes to show that for a woman after all there is no real freedom, despite latter-day slogans and formulas. Broken ties do not free—a woman only drops one yoke to take on another, by reason of her sex, her nature and her predestined place as mother.

"Stinging Nettles," the story of a victim of family tyranny, has enough excellence to cause regret that it is not better; and with the given theme, tbe love idyll and the Italian setting it might have been much better. The characters insist on taking the wrong turning and the reader longs to call out and direct and suggest.

A Humorist in China.

Audacious Angles on China. By Elsie McCormick. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.50.

A year's residence in China gives tbe value to this lively chronicle of social life in Shanghai. In it only the more striking Chinese traits and customs are noted, and the oddities that meet the new-comer at every turn. The contrasting colors, the reverse motions and the apparent absence of perspective, are all lightly handled with quick and clever strokes of a brusb dipped in American humor.

Indeed the bumorous side of everything Chinese, and particularly the quaint and bizarre, fill this book of impressions, and the same point of view is carried over into the "Unexpurgated Diary of a Shanghai Baby," which concludes the volume. Everything that could bappen to a baby, or that could come under his observation, and all the startling adventures of Shanghai babies in general, are grouped together into one ludicrous narrative.

Cinderella Once More.

Fires of Ambition. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.00.

There must be a certain demand for fairy tales to amuse grown-ups as well as children and there must be certain minds which are able to lose themselves in fantasy and enjoy wbat all the time they know could never have happened. Such a fairy tale is "Fires of Ambition" in which the poor but beautiful shop girl skips nimbly up the ladder of worldly success, with the portals of high society swinging open in the twinkling of an eye, and nothing less than a marriage with a millionaire awaiting her inside. We have also the poor but up-and-coming young man from the East Side who starts out with a newsstand and nigbt school, and before we know it bas become a junior partner in a successful firm of lawyers. Just that easy!

The heroine regains her freedom and sanity through the portals of divorce, but in spite of the obvious moral in the tale, the telling of it is unprofitable and improbable and the young person's career might have been followed with more interest if her progressive and triumphant steps had led along the lanes of every-day life instead of floating through fairy land.

Revealing Alaska.

Alaska the Great Country. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

To put a great expanse of territory like Alaska within the compass of a book, and so to fill in the outlines that the reader may grasp it as a whole, is an achievement rarely attained. This monumental work if differently arranged would convey a clearer conception of the vast region in question. For although the book is indexed, it is written as one continuous narrative; and, the chapters having no headings, the reader feels somewhat as though sailing on uncharted seas. One must know something of the history of Alaska before exploring the country either as traveler or reader, something of the Russian period as well as the preceding Indian culture, and then when the scene shifts to the American annexation, there is enough to learn of the industrial development of the country to fill more than one volume.

This is in fact a voluminous sort of guide-book, relieved by occasional crisp bits of personal incident, humorous happenings and fragments of glowing description.

Trifles Light as Air.

Butterfly. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $2.00.

The society novel, well done, indifferently done and poorly done, is ever with us in shoals; and "Butterfly" is just as light and purposeless as the selfish litle creature who gives the name to this latest publication by Kathleen Norris.

The near-hero, who becomes Butterfly's husband, makes his début in the intriguing costume of a big dark red coat, greenish yellow gloves and a flat-bow-at-the-back-trimmed hat. The most worthwhile characters in the book—those of Hilary and the violinist, Kronski—are marred by an unfortunate tendency of the butterfly and her sister to select the same man as the object of their affections; and the reader becomes a trifle dazed in trying to determine the exact time when it is "off with the old love."

The Soul of a Child.

The Birth of Psyche. By L. Charles-Baudouin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.00.

Up to this time L. Charles-Baudouin bas been known to English readers chiefly through a translation of his drama of "Ecce Homo," his works on Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion, and his studies in psychoanalysis. The present volume comes more under the bead of literary and poetical work, and the writer disclaims any intrusion of psychoanalysis in these memories of his childhood.

He tells us that the facts are neitber strained nor exaggerated and that he bas made no attempt to fit them in with theories. They are recollections which he has jotted down as they came to him and be also asks the reader to become as a little cbild if he would understand the workings of a child's mind.

The writing of such memories is only possible to one wbo reads backward througb the years with sympathetic understanding and who holds tbe key to the lost country of childhood. And it may be that only tbose childish minds which were as sensitive plates, receiving and retaining impressions, will reward the explorer. However it might be botb profitable and interesting to ascertain how much one could recall of tbe past and bow much might be interpreted by the light of later experience and knowledge.

M. Charles-Baudouin feels tbat discoveries await us in the land of childbood and offers these memories in the hope that they may help others to understand better "the depths of tenderness, of mystery and of suffering in the soul of a child."

From Confucius to the Twentieth Century.

A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.50.

Professor Giles' history of Chinese literature, published in 1901 and now reprinted, loses nothing in interest, but rather gains with the passage of time. One wonders if the book has been translated into Chinese, since the literature of the Celestial empire is allowed to accumulate centuries on end without the record of written histories. This is the first attempt in any language, including

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Notes of Books and Authors.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's career which her death has recently so sadly terminated, began with the appearance of "The Birds' Christmas Carol." It has previously been printed in pamphlet form to raise money for a kindergarten. It sold well, but its modest young author believed that was because so many kind friends were anxious to help the good cause. It was only with a rather timid interest that she posted a paper-covered "Carol" to the Houghton Mifflin Company. Later she heard how Mr. Henry O. Houghton, senior member of the firm, took the book home with him to read aloud to his family. The next morning he walked into the office of the firm and said, "If you folks don't happen to like this book, I do, and I'll publish it on my own account if necessary." Its success, as many will remember was instantaneous.

In Kate Douglas Wiggin's autobiography, which she barely completed before her death in August, are many delightful glimpses of the great. She tells, for instance, of a Commemoration Week at Oxford, at which Mark Twain was present. "I was very nervous about Mary Twain," she writes, "for the 'undergrads' in the galleries, who evidently adored him, hawled so incessantly and sometimes with so much humor that I feared Mr. Clemens with his ready wit might talk back. He behaved like an angel, however, and was a miracle of dignity, possibly because his daughter, Clara, had cabled that morning, 'Remember proprieties!'"

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce that they have acquired from the Macmillan Company the publication rights to three books by Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History. This places all of Professor Osborn's books on the Scribner list. The three publications recently acquired are "The Age of Mammals: In Europe, Asia and North America;" "From the Greeks to Darwin: An Outline of the Development of the Evolution Idea;" and "Evolution of Mammalian Molar Teeth: To and From the Triangular Type."

Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out in uniform style the novels of Henry James. This step was taken to meet the growing demand for a uniform edition caused by the widening interest in Henry James and his writings. Such novels as have been out of print are being reissued. At the same time the Houghton Mifflin Company and Harper and Brothers are issuing the novels of Henry James included in their lists in the same style, so that it will be possible for anyone who wishes to have the James novels in a uniform edition to build up such a set from the lists of the three publishers.

Margaretta Tuttle, whose novel, "Feet of Clay," just published by Little, Brown & Company, is attracting some attention, comes of five generations of writing folk. She was trained as a writer by her father, who was editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* for twenty years. For a number of years she has been writing for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines. Her husband is a well-known business man of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The prayer that Guy Plummer offers up in the novel, "West of the Water Tower," has aroused much discussion. Harper & Brothers, the publishers, have received many excited letters about it. The scene takes place in the back room of a drug store. Would a boy pray before committing an immoral act? That is a matter of no little discussion. When interviewed on this point, Homer Croy, the author, answered: "That scene actually happened; it was transferred straight from life—the boy actually got down on his knees and prayed. It is the one and only scene, however, that was lifted from life—the rest of the book is pure fabrication." It is a curious anomaly—the scene that is challenged is the one that is actually true.

"The Irresistible Movement of Democracy" is the impressive title of a new Macmillan book by John Simpson Penman. Mr. Penman traces the rise and progress of the democratic movement in England, France and America, brings out forcibly the growing importance of public opinion and the power of the masses, and maintains that "Unless the conservative classes can take to heart the lessons from history and experience and adjust themselves to the new political and economic conditions they will be thrown aside in the march of democracy." He holds that socialism would take from democracy the liberty of the individual and the freedom of the nation. "It may be," he writes, "that society will have to pass through the experiment of socialism to learn by bitter experience that a social system established by the power of democracy may become an instrument to destroy everything that is worth while in the democratic system."

At the request of a number of leading librarians, Little, Brown & Company have just published new and improved editions of two popular books for children—"Castle Blair," by Flora L. Shaw, and "In Desert and Wilderness," by Henryk Sienkiewicz. The former describes the life of a motherless family of children on an Irish estate long before the days of Free Staters and Republicans, while the latter relates the adventures of a Polish boy of fourteen and an English girl of eight, who, kidnapped by Moslem fanatics, escape across desert and through jungle to final safety.

In "High Benton," William Heyliger wrote a novel for boys on the subject of education, which has made history in the sales of boys' books. Now in his new story, "The Spirit of the Leader," published recently by Appleton, he gives politics an inspirational appeal that will arouse perhaps an even greater interest among the young people and their elders. Mr. Heyliger sees the schools as the basis from which good citizenship must arise, and his story tells of school politics.

New Books Received.

SECRET SERVICE SMITH. By R. T. M. Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Wanderings of an American detective.

RUSSIA'S WOMEN. By Nina Nikolaevna Selivanova. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

A history of women's place in Russia.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AS I KNEW HIM. By Sir John Hanbury-Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

A sympathetic study.

LOVE AND LIFE. By Louise Maunsell Field. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

A novel.

BILLY BARNICOAT. By Greville MacDonald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.

"A fairy romance for young and old."

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN. By W. J. Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $8.00.

A study in the early history of civilization.

FIRES OF AMBITION. By George Gibbs, New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

A novel.

THE BOY SCOUTS' YEAR BOOK. Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.50.

Facts and fiction for boy scouts.

PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYMAKING. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

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THE THOMAS JEFFERSON BIBLE. Edited by Henry Jackson. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

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A PREFACE TO LIFE. By Edwin Justus Mayer. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

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DECLASSEE: DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING; AND GREATNESS—A COMEDY. By Zoë Akins. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

Three plays.

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

Retold by Charlotte M. Yonge, Margaret E. Sangster, Harriet S. B. Beale, Robert Baird, and L. L. Weedon.

THE JORDANS By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

A story of South Africa.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR. By Michael Pupin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $4.00.

Autobiography.

A BOOK. By Djuna Barnes. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.

Stories, verses, and sketches.

BY SCARLET TORCH AND BLADE. By Anthony Euwer. New York: B. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.00.

A story set in the African jungles.

JO ELLEN. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A novel of New York.

WITHOUT CLUES. By Jeanette Helm. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

One of the Red and Green Mystery Detective stories.

HAUNCH, PAUNCH AND JOWL. Anonymous. New York; Boni & Liveright; $3.00.

An autobiography.

FOMBOMBO. By T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

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"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME."

The Capitol has opened as a super-picture house, with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" as an attraction that promises to draw capacity attendance for some time to come. They have promised us in this picture so much in the way of spectacle that the movie fans are all bent on seeing the storied cathedral, the vast square, and the fifteenth century characters whose comings and goings Victor Hugo described with so graphic a pen. Super-pictures cost much money, and the public will have to pay higher to see these amazing copies of imposing architecture, and these representations of immense reckless gala crowds spewed up from the dark courts and alleys of ancient Paris.

But they will pay. For the picture-play devotees have formed their habit, and they are not going to let anything so impressive get away from them.

In the picturization of these great stories, liberties are taken with the plot in order to send the majority of spectators home happy. For movie spectators, generally speaking, are in the mental attitude of children listening to fairy-stories, who always want the end to be "and they lived happily ever after."

In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" there are several liberties taken with Hugo's original plot. The love-maddened priest has become a saint in order not to offend religious prejudices, the accommodating scenarist having shifted his sins onto his brother, Don Jehan's, shoulders. Phoebus, the gay inconstant, in the picturized version, does what in those times would have been regarded as an indication of feebleness of intellect and erotic mania. This scion of a haughty, self-indulgent race sticks to his gypsy maid, and proposes marriage. So the tragic ending to their love is happily averted.

Clopin, king of the beggars, being inconvenient to have around as prospective father-in-law to a captain of the king's guard, is dispatched during the seige on the cathedral.

Thus the love story is altered as regards its conclusion, but we do get some of Hugo's intention to show up the matter-of-fact cruelty of the ruling classes to the lower during feudal times. Victor Hugo's plan in his colossal tales was to draw up indictments against man's inhumanity to man. "The Toilers of the Sea," "Les Miserables," indicate by their titles that his tales concerned the miseries of the submerged. In "Ninety-three" he showed the sufferings undergone hy the peasants who remained faithful to their ideals of royalty. And, again in "Les Miserables," he showed how devotedly, how grandly, youth could give up its life in battle for a mistaken idea.

Always his canvas was large. And so, while the scenario contriver tails off with a happy ending for Esmeralda and her Phoebus, he has not tried to sentimentalize the eternal conflict between the classes. The vast canvas is there, and the producer has perhaps risen to his full stature in the effort to copy it in motion.

Always, in Hugo's great novel, the square in front of the cathedral was the center of the life he depicted. And in these people that came and went the tale-teller set out the brutalization resulting from oppression. The wretched Louis XI taxed, oppressed and murdered, as he willed. The people were accustomed to injustice and cruelty. and they were cruel in their turn. So we see the unhappy Quasimodo, with his poor, crushed heing capahle of love and devotion, hated and distrusted by the people on account of his deformities and the revengeful malice engendered in him by their own aversion and cruelty.

Lon Chaney has achieved a remarkable make-up to represent Quasimodo's hideousness. And not only that, hut, in his physical representation of a dwarfted, hunch-backed creature, he gives him a peculiar animalistic gait which conveys the idea of ape-like activity, of sleeping strength. The actor evidently, is not only an athlete but an acrobat, and the multitudes who have been witnessing the picture are thrilled by feats of strength and skill performed by the impish hunchback, who while rescuing Esmeralda from the gibbet climbs down the stone face of the mighty building, stepping carelessly on the hands of sculptured kings as he passes hy the Royal Gallery. For that great monument in stone, the cathedral of Notre Dame, was erected through a king's vain pride to show to earth and sky how ever-during is divid royalty. A startling feat by the actor was the meteoric slide down a dangling rope to represent Quasimodo's final descent in his rush to aid Esmeralda.

Lon Chaney's acting of the rôle is not, however, confined to acrobatic feats. For he conveys the idea of an undeveloped mind, so driven in upon itself by solitude and the misunderstandings of the world, that the devotions and animosities of the hunchback are alike ill-founded and extreme.

He causes changes of expression to pass over the disfigured, loose-lipped face, with the lack of reserve shown by idiots and children who do not mask their emotions.

Ernest Torrence's portrait of the brooding Clopin, king of the heggars, is striking in its suggestion of the harsh ascendancy of a dominant nature. It is also, from the pictorial point of view, arresting to the eye.

There are, in fact, a number of arresting figures in the picture, as the male actors particularly have heen chosen with heed to their possibilities of making up fifteenth century faces. Thus, Tully Marshall, as Louis XI, Brandon Hurst as Gringoire, Nigel de Brulier (who is so much the artist that he always makes himself over psychologically for a new rôle), as Dom Claude, Norman Kerry as the gallant figure of the captain of the king's guard, and Harry Van Mater as Mons. Neufchatel, all made themselves mentally and physically appropriate figures in this picture of the fifteenth century. And this shedding of modernity in our twentieth century faces is a very important element in the general effect.

With the women it is different. Movie actresses are not generally as good players as the men. The beauties are often too complacent about their beauty, and go through a series of stereotyped movements and expressions that have become the trade stamp of movie acting. Winifred Bryson as Fleur de Lys and Eulalie Jensen as the gypsy queen supply instances of this type. I even seemed to detect some element of this in Patsy Ruth Miller's Esmeralda, although the actress' youth, beauty, grace, and petite figure seemed to combine to make her an ideal figure for the rôle, and she looked interestingly, romantically distressed during the various misadventures and catastrophes that befell the little gypsy dancer. Kate Lester, as Mme. Gondelaurier, the eldery patrician of them all, fitted aptly into the mediæval scene.

The cast of a dozen principals is completed by Gladys Brockwell, who was well able to express the frenzies of the caged woman, Godule, during the mercifully infrequent glimpses we had of her. Godule supplies another item of mediæval brutality practiced toward the poor and obscure in Victor Hugo's indictment, for these insanely self-castigating penitants were frequent figures in that epoch.

Whether or not the men who made the picture had this great indictment of the French author's in mind, one realizes it in seeing Hugo's story of feudal horrors on the screen. Carl Laemmle, in his foreword on the souvenir programme, seems to make a special point of the romance; which, by the way, as in the spoken play, changes to melodrama when picturized. It is, to be sure, super-melodrama, with an epic sweep. But the gentler emotions of pity for the cruelly misunderstood dwarf, of admiration and sympathy for little Esmeralda, the lily blooming whitely above the mud of Paris' vilest slums, of compassion for the maniac whose mania was so cruelly fostered hy her participation in the excitements of the street, are overmastered, pushed aside by the banquet of spectacles spread before us.

The vast court, several acres in extent, is a stage upon which ebbs and flows the life of the quarter.

The humorous brutalities of the people, love adventures, torture, hanging, and finally the siege of the cathedral, are staged upon it. The astounding feat of erecting a faithful copy, with all its rows upon rows of statuary, and all its elaborate ornamentation, of the facade of the cathedral, has been accomplished.

There it stands apparently built of stone, forming an imposing hackground to the majority of the scenes. And there are many impressive views of the interior, one of which with its receding vista and its vaulted ceiling on Gothic arches represents the great nave. And the whole suggestion is stone. Stone walls and floors and ceilings, stone stairways and columns, and stone statues ot bishops and kings form a cold and solemn setting to the drama.

Thus "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is one of the greatest manifestations of the energy, ability and resourcefulness of the motion-picture producers yet offered. They have made such a study of architecture and costumes that, although our imagination is being deprived of its job, we recognize how well these pictures fulfill our conceptions of the people and the places, except that with new masonry they could not make the church assume the worn look of time; for it was Charlemagne who laid its first stone.

The hunchback is given the prominent place in the story. Hugo offered this hideous, yet pathetic figure as typical in the middle ages of the cruelty and injustice of men toward the specially afflicted. Like Anatole France's Crainquebille, Quasimodo went through life in a maze of ignorance, bewildered and thrown back upon himself, and warped toward malice and hate when his acts of devotion were misunderstood. His figure should be, and indeed is a pathetic one. Yet, as I have intimated, the spectacle is so tremendous that its composite effect is to startle, to amaze, to excite, and to confound rather than to appeal to our emotions of sympathy and compassion.

These figures of a remote era do not seem fully endowed with life, as is so often strangely the case with characters in the picturized dramas. They are so pictorial that they seem more like hi-dimensional beings endowed with temporary activity; which indeed they are. I cannot imagine myself moved to tears by their woes, but the average spectator will be excited, thrilled and profoundly impressed by the imposingness of the general affect accomplished by the movie magnates who did the work.

AT THE ORPHEUM.

The nut comedian is a fruit of twentieth century growth. Whence came he? There was a time when he did not exist. Now he is one of the best appreciated elements in vaudeville. I think he was born when life became so strenuous that the average citizen wanted to escape occasionally from his own nervous system. As far as I can make out this kind of comedian came into being about the same time that the movies became an element in modern life. Before he was fully evolved he made tentative life movements as one of a pair of singing and dancing comedians. In this capacity he made the discovery that the sillier he was—always provided he continued to be funny—the more the average vaudeville patron laughed. For laughter—in the halls of vaudeville—is money. In other words the nut comedian earns the stuff.

I saw three of him—or rather two of him and one of her—at the Orpheum yesterday. And I amused myself by trying to evade cunning snares to trap my gravity and seriously to consider and find what the nut comedian is all about.

I hegan with her; proper name Flo Lewis. I tried to imagine myself reading Flo Lewis' stuff. And then I would suddenly find myself—or my gravity—jolted by falling into her traps. How did she do it? You've got me. She dashed back and forth on the stage, she bumped continuously into her "feeder," she straightened his cravat, she spoke with a lisp, she accused him, in a helpless, semi-maternal semi-girly-girly tone, of always getting in her way. She was feebly, femininely, utterly imbecile. But she did the trick. She was funny.

Now I find it impossible to form a mental conception of the man who wrote this formless drivel. And yet, drivel though it is, he wrote it with a purpose. He was continually leading up to a laugh. He had studied vaudeville audiences. He knew his job.

Perhaps, indeed, the amusing Flo herself evolved her stuff. For she made it so her own—these "nuts" have a way of doing that—that it seemed to jump spontaneously from the lips of one kind of American girl; the kind who knows nothing, says nothing, does nothing—except capture a man, hut makes a great deal of noise.

This also is done by Jack Rose, another "nut," who is rather violent in his methods. Mr. Rose directs his particular violence toward a collection of straw hats in the wings, from which he substracts one at intervals of three or four minutes and smashes it on his own head with a desperate expression, while grinding his teeth and bellowing fiercely at the audience.

In calmer moments this nutty entertainer becomes colloquial and confidential. He also wins out, and probahly is recompensed for his expenditure of voice and muscle by excellent pay. For the audiences highly approve him.

Still another "nut" is Gordon Dooley, who hasn't left quite such a dent on the memory as the other two. But, like them his fun is formless, he resorts to absurd antics, his stuff would read like the musings of a well-seasoned idiot gradually emerging from a jag, but, he makes his point. The audiences laugh, laugh gleefully, willingly, spontaneously. For these people lay surprises for them, and the laugh jumps out. I don't doubt that there was another nut or so roaming around the programme, for these curios are extremely popular. But all the rest of the programme that I saw was compassed in the Bessie Bariscale act.

Vaudeville has laid its stamp on the little blonde who was once the ingenue at the Alcazar Theatre, and anon acted as lead in Belasco's picturesque sentimentality about old Spanish life in California.

Bessie Bariscale has an effective vehicle in which the little acress may display her versatility. It is called "Picking Peaches," and is aptly described as a protean playlet, as each separate peach is a girl. It was written by Howard Hickman, the husband and partner of Bessie Bariscale, who also has a small part in the playlet. Mr. Hickman used to be quite a clever and reliable actor in his Alcazar days, hut it is not a bad idea for him to follow Hartley Manner's example, and furnish entertaining matter with which to exhibit his wife's talent. Mr. Hickman is possibly tired of acting, and probably finds it both interesting and economical to write up to Bessie Bariscale's possibilities.

Miss Bariscale, by an ingenious arrangement of transitional lights and intervals of darkness, appeared as four different "peaches." Her southern coquette was obvious in her coquetries, and with her stage southern accent, Marquita was reminiscent of the dark-haired Belasco heroine, but Flossie Madigan, the sylph who presided at the telephone, hit the spot. Flossie conversed in the slang-argot of the day; something an audience always eats up. Mr. Hickman evidently had carefully cultivated an acquaintance with the latest and most luscious slang and this scene went particularly well.

Then Bessie showed us Mary, the girl; the sweet, the nice, the only girl. And for the first time we saw the pretty little countenance of the sunny-haired ingenue who had made her first stage success in California.

A PHENOMENAL RUN.

It is now fifteen weeks since the "Topsy and Eva" run began at the Alcazar. The run has broken all San Francisco records, and so "Topsy and Eva" has contributed to local theatrical history.

And what particular feature is it in the attraction that causes the run? There is nothing remarkable in the piece itself, amusing and attractive though the public's verdict pronounces it to be. It is musical comedy, some of the music tuneful and pleasing, some of it banal. But the fame of the story on which it is founded, together with the attractions of the Duncan sisters and the pleasing qualities of the tale in its comedy version, have combined to win the unusual success attained.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" retains a venerated place in the esteem of a people that was almost rent asunder by the struggle for the emancipation of slaves. The old play made from the novel is finally played out. But its resurrection in joyous guise attracted a theatre-going populace that loves both sentiment and laughter.

And the Duncan sisters are a most important element of the attraction. People have, in responding to the influence exercised by the phenomenal run, lost their heads a little, and foolishly used the word "genius" in connection with the attractive pair. But great talent of its kind they unquestionably have, in their different ways. Rosetta, the elder, and the one who conceived and wrote out the plan for the musical dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was subsequently cast into shape by Mrs. Cushing, is

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the one with the greater acting power. For she can make people laugh, and move them to tears, when the impish Topsy is finally impelled to show her love for Eva. And Vivian lends childlikeness and sweetness to the golden-haired Eva.

The delight of the pretty pair over their success is increased by the fact that they are native Californians. The further fact that they are Broadway favorites does not seem to diminish the joy they experience over their great success in their home state.

And while they were winning it, the Duncan sisters were lending greater importance to San Francisco as a place for theatrical attractions. The city is growing, and our possibilities in the line of adequately supporting important and costly productions is now better established than ever before. And so, bright and pretty little Rosetta and Vivian, we San Franciscans have something very definite to thank you for.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The U. S. S. *Leviathan* Orchestra, sent out on tour of the Orpheum Circuit by the United States Shipping Board, will be the main attraction at the Orpheum for the week beginning Sunday.

This aggregation, picked by Paul Whiteman as the one band that would be fitting to accompany the U. S. S. *Leviathan* on her maiden trip across the Atlantic, is making a limited tour over the Orpheum Circuit before returning as permanent orchestra on the ship. Morton Downey, famous lyric tenor, is accompanying the band and will be heard in vocal selections.

The bill next week will be an interesting one. Frank Van Hoven, the mad magician, is making his farewell tour of America prior to making his second tour of England and the Continent. The M. E. G. Lime Trio are European eccentric gymnasts who are said to be clever.

Another team of San Francisco favorites will be George Whiting and Sadie Burt who will offer several songs. Joseph K. Watson does a monologue act.

The Willie Schenk Company will be the only holdover.

At the Curran.

What is expected to be Sir Harry Lauder's last engagement in San Francisco for several years will open at the Curran Monday night. The engagement is limited to one week, hut, heginning Wednesday, there will he a daily matinee. Sir Harry returns to America, it is announced, with much in the way of vocal novelties to offer. Old admirers, not only those who have come from Lauder's fatherland, hut the thousands native to this country, who have learned to enjoy his unique performances, will be glad that the comedian has not entirely forsaken his famous old songs and that several of the most stirring of these will he revived. Among tbe new songs, "Love Makes the World a Merry-Go-Round," seems to bave won the greatest favor.

Sir Harry has a company of thirty people and his own special orchestra assists in the interpretation of his songs.

The last performance of the musical comedy "Irene" will he given on Sunday night.

The Julian Eltinge and Tom Brown Black and White Revue opens Sunday night, October 28, following Sir Harry Lauder.

The Eltinge and Brown Revue is a musical entertainment with a personnel of seventy. Many important names are found in the programme of this organization, such as Lew Dockstader, Theresa Valerio, June and Jack Laughlin, Adeline Valerio, Pauline Loraine, Estelle Winters, and many others.

Something different was sought hy the sponsor, Jacques Pierre, and a forty-piece saxophone hand is part of the organization. This is the largest hand of its kind in the

At the Columbia.

A rearrangement of dates so as to give "The Covered Wagon" an additional week at the Columbia Theatre, announces the close of the great picture for Saturday night, October 27.

This will hring the opening night of the fall and winter season to Monday, the 29th, when George M. Cohan's international comedy success, "So This Is London," will be seen here with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn and the original cast playing with them during the long run at Chicago.

Besides the Coburns, the cast includes: Lumsden Hare, Marjorie Camphell, Bertha Creighton, Chester Moris, Iseth Munro, Frank Merlin, Pacie Ripple and other players specially selected hy George M. Cohan. The piece has to do in a strongly contrasting fashion with the Briton's idea of what he thinks Americans are like and an erroneous notion of what we have pictured the English to he. The contrast provokes the chain

Georgette Leblane Coming.

Georgette Lehlanc, world-famous as singer and actress, former wife to Maurice Maeterlinck, is to make two appearances in San Francisco at the Plaza Theatre.

A cahlegram to Jessica Colhert, in charge of her west coast tour, announces that she is arriving in New York on the S. S. *Aquitania* Octoher 18, and will leave immediately for the Pacific Coast.

On Thursday afternoon, Novemher 1, she will give a programme of dramatic readings which will he followed hy a tea and reception on the stage. Tuesday evening, November 6, her programme will he almost entirely a musical one, and she will he assisted by the celehrated violoncellist, May Mukle.

San Francisco will he the first American city to welcome this artist since she determined to make this country her home and the field of her work in the future.

Loring Club's Concert.

The Loring Cluh announces the first concert of its Forty-seventh Season for the evening of Tuesday, October 23rd, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The programme includes several works for men's voices which have proved to be important numhers in previous programmes, George W. Chadwick's setting of Saint Gregory's hymn "Ecce Jam Noctis" (Lo, Now Night's Shadows), Edwin Schultz' "Forest Harps," and Humphrey J. Stewart's "Rise, Sleep No More," heing among these, Stewart's composition having heen dedicated hy the composer to the Loring Cluh.

Among the numbers on the programme, which on this occasion will have their first hearing in San Francisco, are the Madrigal of Thomas Morley "My Bonny Lass, She Smileth," this dating from three hundred and fifty years ago, and two Chorales of John Sebastian Bach, the Loring Cluh hoping during the present season to sing several of the Bach Chorales which in their own form are recognized as musical masterpieces.

The concert will be directed hy Wallace A. Sahin.

Sistine Chapel Choir at New York.

Advices from New York concerning the Sistine Chapel Choir's arrival there last week from Rome describe it as a very enthusiastic affair. Monsignor Antonio Rella and his fifty-four singers were met at the pier by a deputation consisting of eminent clergymen, memhers of the municipal government. civic and husiness organizations, and musical societies, whose greetings to the Choir were mingled with congratulations to Frank W. Healy of San Francisco on his success in bringing it to this continent after almost every other American impresario had failed.

To make that success possihle Mr. Healy found it necessary to ohtain the consent of Pope Pius XI and Conductor Rella, and their permission could only he secured hy having Archhishop E. J. Hanna guarantee the solidity of the financial hasis of an American tour, the enterprise heing of too much importance to entail any risk on the part of the singers themselves; so the entire sixty concerts in the United States and Canada were underwritten by Archhishop Hanna and other puhlic-spirited San Franciscans, after which the contract was sent to Rome, where it was signed hy Monsignor Rella.

When the Choir's first concert in this country was given in Carnegie Hall, New York, last Thursday evening, every seat was occupied and thousands of would-he-ticket buyers had been disappointed. Indeed, the last available seat had been disposed of more than a fortnight hefore. The Choir's three concerts in San Francisco are scheduled for Decemher 7th, 8th and 9th, at the Exposition Auditorium. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Alda and Tertis.

Mme. Frances Alda, the prima donna soprano whom Frank W. Healy has hooked for a recital Monday evening, Octoher 29th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, is one of the stellar singers who are equally at home on the operatic stage and the concert platform An estahlished favorite at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, she is now devoting much of her time to concert work and repeating throughout the country the success she achieved in the metropolis.

Alternating with Mme. Alda in her programmes this season is Lionel Tertis, a violi soloist who has won European fame. "Were any keen student of the musical life of the past twenty years," writes Arnold Bax, the great English composer, "to he asked the name of the personality who has heen responsihle for the greatest amount of creative activity in music during that period, the answer would certainly be Lionel Tertis." It was John McCormack who persuaded Mr. Tertis to undertake his present tour, and the results thus far have more than verified the wisdom of the great tenor.

The piano accompaniments will he played hy Margaret Hughes, a San Francisco girl selected hy Mme. Alda for that exacting task. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Popular Symphony Concerts.

Interest is keen in the second series of popular concerts to he given hy the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the municipality at the Exposition Auditorium, the first of which will take place Wednesday night, October 31, at 8:20.

The season sale of seats now concluding at Sherman, Clay and Company's for this concert and the four others, on the Tuesday evenings of Decemher 11, January 15, February 5, and March 11, is much larger than last year and Chairman J. Emmet Hayden of the Auditorium Committee of the Board of Supervisors, in charge, announces that many citizens and institutions are buying hlocks of seats for friends and employees, in some instances the reservations including several hundred at a time. The season prices are remarkahly small, being $1, $2, $3, and $4 for the five concerts, according to location.

Conductor Hertz is preparing fine programmes for these concerts. The first will include Dvorak's New World Symphony, Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor, the "Lieheslied" and "Caprice Viennois" hy Kreisler, arranged for orchestra hy Alfred Hertz; and the march from Tannhauser.

The guest artist for the first concert will he Mme. Claire Dux, the famous soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, who will be heard in this city for the first time.

Every seat in the Auditorium will be reserved, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar, without war tax, for the single concerts, and excellent seating facilities will he provided for the thousands of patrons expected.

Oxford Teaches Living.

There is a riddle to Oxford, but it is simple of solution, writes Rohert P. Tristram Coffin, a former Rhodes scholar, in *The Forum*. It is nothing more mysterious than this: here is a university that teaches life, the life each undergraduate is going to live. Other universities give one setting-up drills, preparation for life; others teach departments of life, athletics, teaching, husiness, religion; hut all as *specialties*.

Say what one may, there is a Puritanic intensity to all that most American undergraduates do. Hence most American colleges are treadmills; in them one goes through the steps that will give training in the one set of interests of one's choosing, he they athletic or intellectual. We go in for foothall or Greek poetry. In rare instances for both; hut always *separately*. We do not comhine the two. One has the Puritan's feeling of the sancity and aloofness of the affair at hand from all that is easy and pleasant and comfortahle and decorative. And so we Americans often miss the liberality and the magic of proportion and vitality; and, missing these, miss life.

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Board of Supervisors.

Berkeley From an Aeroplane--

Here is a beautiful and wonderfully clear birdseye view of Berkeley, taken from a flying aeroplane. It shows the University of California campus, the Campanile, the stadium and the surrounding territory. Everyone will he glad to have this picture. Another view, "Berkeley's Portals of the Past," shows the noble Corinthian columns, all that are left of the beautiful Boynton home, which was destroyed hy the fire which lately swept the college city.

Lovers of Feminine Beauty

Will greatly enjoy the page picturing the most famous heauties of Spain, France and Britain; they will also find much to admire in the St. Louis charmers pictured at the recent fashion pageant. "Abroad" shows political and military notahles in the European limelight, while "Here and There" picturizes many prominent Americans. In fact, all the worth while news of the world will be pictured in finest photography in The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section



Around the World

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VANITY FAIR.

Once in so often some solemn Rotarian or Kiwani or wandering Elk comes along and assures a business men's luncheon that the world is no worse than it used to be; having received which sweet and solemn comfort, the business men assembled (some of whom don't care a darn whether it is or not as long as they can sell their furniture or their wall paper or their ready-to-wear clothing), engulf their French pastry, down their black coffee, shake hands all round and go back to the store, safe in the blessed thought that things are all right as far as they are concerned until next week's meeting, anyhow. It is just as well, perhaps; for whether the world is no worse or no better than it used to be is a matter of expert opinion, and not at all to be decided between the salad and the sole. Nor can we decide it here. Candidly, we don't know. If this were an answers-to-correspondents column, or a sob-it-out-on-Mollie's-shoulder department, and anybody asked us if the world were better or worse than it used to be, we should have to say yes. Some ways it seems better, some ways worse, just like its individual units. We know more about it than our grandfathers did, because we read more news of it; and the news we read is generally bad. That is because sobriety, order, honesty, tranquillity, peace in short, are not news. They are too well distributed to excite comment, and if you have them nothing further need be done about it. Huckleberry Finn remarked to Jim, one night on the raft, that all his signs appeared to be about bad luck. And Jim said: "What you want to know about good luck for? Want to keep it off?" So the news records the bad luck, and the disturbing and menacing phases of life, perhaps on the principle of Napoleon when he told his attendants to awaken him if the news was bad, but if it was good, to let him sleep. The divers signs of the times are as diversely, and divertingly, interpreted. The moralists are guessing. The older generation of chickens has been hatching ducklings, and the ducklings have gone swimming, hair bobbed, legs bare, cut-out figures gummed to their arms to make patterns in the tan and show at dances in the winter like tattooing on a Maori. The mothers have a tendency, rather weakly resisted, to run up and down the beach and cackle. Why can't the fledglings be just like their mothers; as staid, as formal, as stiffly dignified? Why will they smoke cigarettes and take an occasional wicked nip from the flask? Where did these duck eggs come from, anyhow?

Perhaps the mothers were not so radically different, so staid, formal, and dignified. The mothers of the younger generation, it has been observed, grew up in the greatest dance era the world has seen; or if they did not exactly grow up in it, they were caught in the meshes of it about the time they were ready for marriage and motherhood. The incessant jiggering of tango bands, the tolerance by society of manners and diversions imitative of the Midway at the Chicago Exposition, characterized the times of adolescence of some of those mothers now most solicitous for their ducklings. Pre-natal influence? An unnecessary theory when so much can come out of home influence or lack of it. The flapper of today grew up in an atmosphere of freedom because her mother enjoyed far more freedom than that flapper's grandmother. What is it the poet says of it?—"Broadening down from precedent to precedent" or something of that sort. It did, it has. Perhaps some of the mothers took motherhood lightly. Warning and admonishing and checking and correcting and incessant nagging such as the average young person requires if she or he is to grow up according to rule, are hard work; and if it doesn't seem necessary why do it? Is it necessary? No one knows. Necessary to what? Is it really morals we are concerned about? Can the present younger generation be trusted? Is that cigarette case any indication that it can not be? We have no census of dereliction, only know that certain mechanical developments of the past few years, such as the telephone and gas car, have supplied means of getting far beyond the control of home and mother, even should mother be one of those that exercise control. The young thing is out on her own. She is often her only guardian against the demon, Man. And in most cases she seems capable. Another thing seems plain, and that is that seduction is not today the recognized sport of gentlemen that it appears to have been in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and when it is achieved it is not ignorance that is seduced. As long as the ducklings are swimming so far from shore there is compensation in having them know as much in general as their mothers. Perhaps the morals of the men are a trifle better because the world is less cruel. And yet, it is hard to say. If more cases of profligacy come to public attention, it is in the midst of a far larger population; as Travers stuttered more in a larger city.

Most of this sort of moralizing points itself at make-up and dress, as though morality found its perfect reflection in what people wear. Bobbed hair has been the subject of some of the bitterest attacks made on any evil or abuse, but has proved as durable as armor plate. One would have thought women were under the most serious obligation to wear their hair long and that a violation of the rule was tantamount to moral decay. There was a good deal of the spirit of ritualism and caste in it; and in the light of experience long hair is seen to possess no greater merit than any symbol or relic. It is gone, generally speaking, from the heads of the younger generation, and nothing important appears to have gone with it. These are sad thoughts for a conservative, but we fear they are true. We can't get much of anything on bobbed hair. That it is sanitary is, of course, nothing in its favor if it is promotive of undesirable social and ethical results. But promotive of such results it does not seem to be. Some most forbidding virgins wear their hair short; and we know at least one gray-haired woman who has been married three times and divorced twice and is looking forward to her third divorce and fourth marriage perhaps, and certainly ought to know what's what, who has emancipated herself with the barber's shears from the care of flowing tresses. There seems to be no necessary connection between bobbed hair and impropriety. As to hitting the hip flask, we are not so sure. Youth hunts so avidly for new sensations, and one perforce asks "what comes after that?" For chewing-gum was followed by the cigarette, which in some cases has even introduced the cigar to dainty feminine lips. When one has exhausted the whole gamut of sensations not in themselves wicked, what is there left to do? Checkers? That's a great life. What has become of the old-fashioned girl that used to collect neckties to make a patchwork quilt? Can you imagine her with her hair cut short, picking an ukulele and squawking "Yes, we have no bananas?" Why, her skirts swept the floor, and, when she went out, the sidewalk, and the sidewalks were worse than they are now. Perhaps that is a measure of improvement, in politics, manners and morals.

Speaking of skirts, which can be trusted to get attention for any speaker, any time, anywhere, they have an analogy to stocks. They go up, and down. Advices from Paris, and from New York which would like to be like it, show that the arbiters of fashion are at sea on that vital subject. They don't know what edict the public purposes to obey. Recently they decreed that skirts should be longer. Women in general paid no attention, but on the contrary shortened them, if they changed skirt lengths at all. The latest quotations indicate that they are to be shorter still. It is a nervous market, narrow in range, with little support for the longs, but with the shorts quick to cover on the breaks. It seems to have been agreed, by whom we are not informed, that the rise shall stop short of exposing the patella. Lest we be misunderstood, and misjudged, we hasten to define the patella as the knee pan. It, too, can wiggle up and down, and its adjacent dimples can be disconcerting. To an expert, much is revealed by knees. When Fanchon and Marco took a show to New York, about two years ago, one of the kiln-dried old critics of the Gothamite press observed that it was a youthful aggregation beyond any show in town—he could tell it by the knees. He had been studying knees a long time, on every stage from the Golden Gate to the East River, and knew what he was talking about. And certainly those spear carriers were young—too young to have the finish of a real New York show, where a chorus girl has to work long hours for years to drill correctly unless she is unusually gifted. Why do they do it? Well, if you will watch your daily paper you will see that every once in a while one of them wins something she thinks at the time is the capital prize in the great lottery. The rest keep trying—and that's what we all are doing all the time, and it makes the world go 'round. It isn't what you get, it's what you hope for that puts the power into the old treadmill. As to the proper length of skirts, fashion has not made up its mind, and none may predict its mysterious decree.

Taxi-driving has become an accepted vocation for women in New York, says the *Boston Transcript*. When the first woman-taxi-driver was seen, about three months ago, the experiment was regarded as a fad. Now women have established themselves as excellent taxi-drivers. Their customers, their employers, the traffic-policemen, and even the resentful men-chauffeurs, agree on this verdict. The women-at-the-wheel seem to perform the most difficult parts of their work with as much competence as their rival drivers. They are being credited with success on all sides, for such feats of service as these: Changing a tire on a glaring sunny day, when the thermometer registered 84 in the shade; arguing with skeptical prospective fares who "wouldn't take a chance riding in a taxi driven by a girl;" piloting to their homes inebriated men who attempt to alight at every block; driving from 28th street and Sixth avenue to the Battery in nine minutes to catch a boat.

GENESIS OF MAH CHANG.

Some three thousand years ago, according to the legend, there was a fisherman named Sze who lived on the shores of the East Chien Lake near Ningpo, says J. B. Powell in the *Weekly China Review*, quoted in the *Living Age*. There were many fishermen who lived about the shores of East Chien Lake, but Fisherman Sze was more enterprising than the rest, for he decided that more fish could be caught from a boat than by standing on the shore.

Sze's family had considerable wealth and they backed him in the purchase of several boats. Then he employed a hundred fishermen from other villages and started out to try his luck. All went well until the wind began to blow and then Sze's troubles began, for all the fishermen were "land" fishermen and unaccustomed to the rolling seas. They became seasick and had to be taken ashore.

It looked like bad joss to this early Izaak Walton, so a family council was held and it was decided that seasickness was merely a matter of the mind—imagination if you please—therefore the thing to do was to devise some method for getting the men's minds off their *mal de mer*. Fisherman Sze and his nine brothers then thought long and seriously, and the result was a game which they called *Mah Diau*.

So there you have the origin of "Mah Chang," "Mah Choh," "Mah Jongg," "Mah Diao," "Pung Woo," "Pung Chow," "Mah Juck," "Pe Ling," "Mah Cheuk," or whatever you desire to call this game of the ancient Chinese which has taken America by storm and which is being "taken up" in London, Paris, and other world centers, not to overlook Chicago and Hannibal, Missouri, and points west. The game of Mah Diau, as originally played by the lowly fishemen in the employ of head-fisherman Sze, consisted of one hundred and eight pieces of cardboard and was played by four persons, and each held thirteen cards even as today is the practice in Shanghai, New York, and Washington, D. C. And according to the legend the fishermen became so absorbed in the game of Mah Diau that they forgot their seasickness, and as a result Sze and his nine brothers prospered and founded a great family which lives even unto this day.

From this humble beginning the game "caught on" and next we hear of one Chen Yu-mun, an officer in the imperial Chinese army who was also stationed at Ningpo, the provincial metropolis of Chekiang Province of China.

General Chen's chief job was that of handit-catcher and his army was known far and wide because of the white caps which they wore. But General Chen was sorely worried because of the habit of his soldiers of falling asleep during the wee sma' hours of the night, at which time the bandits would slip through the lines and hold up trains, or whatever the means of conveyance were in those days. Hearing of the wonderful game of Mah Diau, which was so fascinating that fishermen forgot to get seasick while playing it, he possessed himself of several sets and tried them out on his night guards. It worked moderately well; but due probably to the fact that soldiers, even in those days, were more blasé than simple fisherfolk, General Chen still had trouble, for some of his soldiers persisted in falling asleep when they should have been watching for bandits.

After great meditation the General solved the problem by inventing some new cards: *chung* (red), *fah* (green), *pah* (white), and *north, south, east,* and *west.* This brought the number of cards up to one hundred and thirty-six, and never again, says the story-teller, did General Chen have trouble with his soldiers falling aslep. They stayed awake all night and he is reported to have had trouble theerafter persuading them to go to sleep. They wanted to play the new game all the time.

As time went on, continues the chronicler, certain persons of low repute, gamblers they were called, took up the game and by means of the simple little cards took away the wages of the fishermen and soldiers. But the gamblers also made their contribution to progress, for it is said in the records that a famous exponent of profit by chance, one Chang Shiu-Mo by name, also of the village of Ningpo, found that the number of cards was not sufficient. So he added some more: *spring, summer, autumn* and *winter,* and *mei* (plum blossom), *lan* (orchid), *ruh* (chrysanthemum), and *chuh* (bamboo). This made the game so terribly fascinating that it spread to the far boundaries of the Celestial Empire, and has continued to this present day to be the chief method of recreation for officials and persons of the upper classes, and even into the lair of the bandits of Paozuku, who have found their diversion in the click and play of the little ivory and bamboo tiles as they move deftly from hand to hand about the table.

There isn't much more to the history. Later some enterprising manufacturer made a set from bamboo, and then his competitor across the street, remembering the white-capped soldiers of the Ningpo legend, added white-bone or ivory caps to the bamboo; and thus we come to the modern days when the dull pages of the Chinese Maritime Customs return are made more interesting by items telling of unbelievably large cargoes of this interesting Chinese game being exported to foreign countries by fast steamers.

The engagements of President Coolidge have a decidedly national flavor, such as the luncheon he will give October 20 for the governors attending the law and order conference at that time, and the exceedingly small and informal luncheon he and Mrs. Coolidge will give for the former British premier and Mrs. Lloyd George and their daughter, Miss Megan Lloyd George, says Sally Pickett in the Washington *Star*.

How you Profit

HYDRO-ELECTRIC power, developed, is more abundant and cheaper in California than in any other state. That fortunate condition has been brought about chiefly by public utility companies under California's effective system of regulation. True, California has certain natural advantages, but they were developed by the initiative, foresight, and courage of California Companies.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The wrecking crew was disentangling the jack-straw heap of a head-end collision and came on the hody of a tramp, pinned heside an overturned hox car. His fingers still clutched a hit of chalk with which he had written on the side of the car:

If two trains ever passed on a single track
The secret has been hid.
These here two trains tried it
And it simply can't he did.

The villagers were listening to a hand, and they seemed to understand every instrument with the exception of the tromhone. They decided to fetch the oldest villager, and ask him his opinion ahout it. The old man stood watching the player for a while, and then exclaimed: "Take no notice o' him. There's a trick in it; he hain't really swallowing it!"

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became angry. "Young man," she said, "you look after the driving and watch where you are going. I'll tell you when it starts raining!"

A youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped silk shirt and an even more wonderful checked suit. And he had a vacant stare. "I am afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant. "Why?" "Well," replied the dentist. "Look at him now. How will I know when he is unconscious?"

A country sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the ohsequies, the vicar gently remonstrated with the old grave-digger, saying: "Rohert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; you hurt the feelings of the mourners." Robert replied, placing his hand on his hreast: "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is hlack?"

"Exactly how old are you, anyway?" a friend once asked Lillian Russell. "I have a friend," replied the actress with apparent irrelevance, "who was horn in midocean on a steamer. After she and her mother had landed, the steamer, on its return trip blew up. So practically she has no hirthplace." Then, after a pause: "My age is like that."

Two drovers were sitting in the inn of an English village. They had heen sitting there for nearly an hour, and so far neither had spoken. At last one of them opened his mouth. "Didst see old brown cow on th' moor?" he asked. Another half-hour elapsed. Then the second drover spoke. "It wasn't brown cow," he said. "Twas hrown hull." Silence again for another half hour. The first man rose and made for the door. "Going?" queried the other. "Aye," came the reply. "Far too much argument here for me."

Several years ago, while touring America, the late Sarah Bernhardt met John Drew in Chicago at a dinner and asked him how he would like to go to Paris and appear in a play she contemplated. For a moment Drew was much pleased at the offer, but when he recalled that he would have to act in French, he demurred. "But you speak French very well," madame assured him. "Well," said Drew, "mayhe my fluency is all right, hut not my accent." "Oh, that doesn't matter," said madame. "It is the part of an Englishman tbat I want you to play."

A noted violinist, a shy and quiet man except when ruffled or annoyed, was playing at a private house, and an elderly woman, a passionate lover of music, drew closer and closer to him as he continued to play. She was interested in the score, and to read it the hetter she put her head almost against his. The violinist, who had been growing ingrier every moment, suddenly ceased playing, and, whipping out his handkerchief, wiped the woman's nose with it. She was furious, and grew more so when he said: "I heg your pardon; hut your nose was so close to my face that I thought it was my own."

Ian MacLaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighhor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued went thus: "Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to he weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a winted tae see him." "Ay, hut ye canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Suddlen?" "Ay." "Verry sudden?" 'Ay, verra sudden." "Did he say onything ahout a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

An Irish gentleman was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in London. "Dear Father—I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me £10, and ohlige,—Your loving son, Pat. P. S.—After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you." But no one could have heen more astonished than the son when he received this reply: "Dear Son,—Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me.—Father."

Jimmy Wilde, the great little English hoxer, is an enthusiastic golfer, and he has a budget of stories to tell concerning his favorite game. One of the hest concerns a certain professional player who won a competition in the course of which he made a record numher of remarkahly long drives. Immediately afterwards he was surrounded hy a moh of golf enthusiasts, each anxiously asking what make of hall he had played with. "Well," replied the "pro," with an eye to the future and to the hall manufacturer. "I haven't quite decided yet."

Irving T. Bush, the New York millionaire, said at a dinner during the autumn campaign: "Professional politics is such a cut-and-dried affair that it reminds me of the two claques. Two claques of ten men each were hired to sit in the top gallery of a Paris theatre. The first claque, hired hy the diva's enemies, was to hiss all through the performance, while the second claque, hired hy the diva herself, was to clap without intermission. Well, on toward the end of the second act the hissers were quite hoarse and out of hreath, while the clappers, for their part, had such sore and swollen palms that every clap was torture to them. At this point the leader of the hissers tiptoed over to the clappers' leader and whispered: 'I tell you what—my crowd will start clapping now and your gang can do the hissing. Is it a go?' 'Sure,' said the other leader. 'It all comes to the same thing in the end.'"

The present plight of Senator Johnson caused Speaker Gillette to remark recently, "Hiram has heen something or other in every new party that came along, always with the hope that one or the other might he strong enough to make him president, and now, in the light of recent puhlications, it seems that he was prepared to return to his first love, the G. O. P. if she would help him make the grade. Which recalls the young man who proposed and was refused. As he sat despondently at the girl's side, she took pity on him and murmured: 'Now don't take it to heart. There are other nicer and younger girls around, like Annie and Susie and Margy, who might make you a hetter wife than I would.' 'I know it,' he admitted, sadly, 'hut you see, I asked them all, before I came to you.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

For Health Hunters.

Impressed by Coué's cures, I have hit upon a plan
To improve his simple system for the henefit of man.
For his modus operandi is an ahstract mental feat,
Whereas effective fancy should be strikingly concrete.
For ills (ohnoxious word!)
Prey on man and heast and hird,
Hence a curative comparison is readily inferred.
For instance, if you're suffering with chills from nose to knees,
Just imagine if a swordfish caught the flu and had to sneeze!
He might cut himself in two,
Which would really never do!
Or if ingrown hair should irritate and capillaries mix,
Consider a poor porcupine in that kind of a fix!
Why, he'd prick himself to hits
After fifty-seven fits!
Or supposing that a home-brew hloom illuminates your nose,
Would an elephant strut proudly with a trunk of rohust rose?
Or if your neck is naughty and its stiffness you can't check,
Contemplate the sad sea serpent who is nothing else hut neck!
For the jungle-fed giraffe,
It would not be to laugh!
If hysteria's your weakness like the witches in "Macheth,"
Would hysterical hyenas quickly laugh themselves to death?
If your corpulence increases at a rate extremely high,
Consider the same sorrow in the hippopotami!
Should you find your color fading, your affliction's not the worst;
Just imagine if the zebra should be similarly cursed!
Should your elhows he rheumatic and you think it dangerous,
Then what panic must hewilder a rheumatic octopus!
Such examples hy the ream
Can illustrate the theme
Of curative comparison improving Coué's scheme.
But, concluding, let me say,
The uncopyrighted way
To happiness, is simply: Earn and eat three "squares" a day. —*J. B. K. in Life.*

Turkey rhuharh does not grow in Turkey.



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DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

CYCOL will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Hathaway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Hathaway, to Mr. Louis Jefferys, son of Mrs. Henry Scott Jefferys and the late Rev. Henry Scott Jefferys, took place in San Francisco on Wednesday.

The marriage of Miss Mary Harrison, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Edward C. Harrison, to Mr. Charles William Cobh took place in San Francisco on Wednesday, October 17th.

The marriage of Miss Rebecca Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray, to Mr. Beach Carter Soulé took place in Oakland on Wednesday, October 10th.

The marriage of Miss Elsie Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houghton, to M. Maurice Barrier of France took place in Berkeley on October 11th.

The marriage of Miss Dorotby Clark, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Rogers Clark, to Lieut. John Clarence Ballreich, U. S. N., took place on October 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp are being congratulated on tbe birth of a daughter.

Miss Helen Crocker was the winner of the Edward Eyre Cup at tbe Burlingame Country Club tennis tournament last week.

Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., gave a luncheon and mah Jongg party on Monday of last week.

Miss Katherine Cbace and Miss Dorcas Johnson made their début at a dinner dance on Wednesday evening of last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Audrew Welcb were hosts at a dinner given last week at tbeir bome in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alfred Biles of Wasbington, D. C., was the guest of bonor at a recent tea given by Mrs. Felch at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William J. Younger, wbo bas been staying at the Fairmont Hotel will return next week to ber home in Paris.

Mrs. Albert Niblack was the guest of bonor at a luncheon given at the Francisca Club last week by Mrs. Tennant Harrington.

Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson were bosts at a luncbeon last Sunday at tbe Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight were bosts at a dinner given last Sunday night for Captain Erskine-Bolst and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst.

Captain Erskine-Bolst and Mrs. Erskine-Bolst were tbe guests of ex-Senator James D. Pbelan at bis bome near Saratoga over the week-end.

Mrs. Milton Bugbee entertained at a recent luncbeon at tbe Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver will give a dinner on Friday next for her niece, Miss Caroline Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knigbt will give a luncbeon on Sunday next for Miss Isabelle Wheaton at tbeir bome in Burlingame.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess at a luncbeon on Friday of this week given for Miss Barbara Ballou.

A reception was given last week at the Stanford Scbool of Nursing in honor of Miss Florence Cummings the new director of the Social Service Department of tbe Stanford Clinic and Hospital.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall gave a luncbeon last week in bonor of Miss Marie Louise Potter.

The first entertainment of tbe Peninsular Player's Club took place last Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Pope.

A number of dinners preceded the entertainment, among the bosts heing: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knigbt, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Miss Leonora Armsby and Miss Claudine Spreckels.

Mrs. Rennie Scbwerin gave a luncheon last week in San Mateo for Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welcb.

Miss Betty Knigbt Smitb was bostess at a recent luncheon in bonor of Miss Sophia Brownell.

Mrs. Lawrence Jordan was the guest of bonor at a farewell bridge party given by Miss Helen Perkins.

Miss Caroline Madison will make ber début at a ball given by ber father, Mr. Frank Madison, at the Hotel St. Francis on October 26tb.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welcb were tbe guests of honor last week at a luncbeon given hy their aunt, Mrs. Eugene Lent.

Mrs. William Bliss gave a bridge afternoon for Mrs. Carleton F. Bryan on Wednesday last.

Admiral Albert Niblack and Mrs. Niblack were the guests of bonor at a dinner given last Saturday night by Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson at tbe Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a recent luncbeon at the Hotel St. Francis in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was the guest of bonor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Osgood Hooker at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Jobanna Volkmann gave a luncbeon at the Town and Country Club last week in bonor of Miss Ethel Jack of San Luis Obispo and Miss Lilian Van Dyke of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lawrence Jordan gave a bridge tea before ber departure for Salvador in bonor of Miss Anita Berendesen.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale was bostess at a tea on Tuesday last given for the visiting wives and relatives of tbe American Legion men.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, wbo bas lately returned from Europe, entertained at a tea last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Thomas D. Parker was tbe guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brendon Brady were tbe guests of bonor at a dinner given last Monday by Mrs. Warren Spieker.

Mrs. George Howard was bostess at a luncbeon given last week at her bome in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. James Brendon Brady.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton will be tbe bonored guest and speaker at tbe opening tea given by the Stanford Woman's Club on October 20th.

Miss Dorotby Clark was tbe guest of honor at a luncbeon given last week by Mrs. Hugb Goodwin.

Miss Mary Harrison was the guest of bonor at a dance given last Friday night by Miss Helen Horst.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch, Miss Caroline Madison, and Miss Katberine Cbace were dinner bostesses on Monday evening preceding the dance given by Judge and Mrs. Ballou.

The first dance of the season given hy the Club Royal took place last Saturday night at tbe Hotel Fairmont.

Miss Jean Howard was bostess last week at a dinner, witb dancing afterwards at tbe Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Edson Adams was bostess at a bridge luncbeon last week given at ber bome in Piedmont.

Miss Barbara Beardsley gave a tea on Saturday in San Rafael for tbe tbree débutantes, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Merrill Jones and Miss Betsey Dibblee.

Dr. Mary Glover was bostess at a tea given at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday in bonor of Mrs. Clarence Partridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welcb are giving a coming-out ball for tbeir daughters, Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welcb, at their bome in San Mateo on Saturday, Octoher 20th.

Miss Isabelle Bisbop was bostess last Saturday evening at a dinner dance given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in bonor of Miss Dorothy Clarke and ber fiancé, Lieut. John C. Ballreicb, U. S. N.

Miss Katherine Mackall gave a bridge tea last Friday for Miss Mary Harrison.

Mrs. George Dudley Bliss and ber sister, Miss Barbara Payne entertained at a reception at their bome on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Barbara Kimble was tbe guest of bonor at a dinner given by Miss Edna Taylor at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday of last week.

Ex-Senator James D. Pbelan gave a dinner dance on Wednesday night at the Bobemian Club in bonor of Miss Eleanor Martin.

Judge Sydney N. Ballou, Mrs. Ballou and tbeir daughter, Miss Barbara Ballou gave a dance on Monday at tbeir bome on Presidio Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt and Miss Doris Scbmiedell gave a dinner dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in bonor of Miss Evelyn Poett.

Miss Merrill Jones and Miss Caroline Madison were the guests of bonor at a luncbeon given on Wednesday by Miss Francesca Deering.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt are giving a large dinner for their daugbter, Miss Alice Moffitt, at the Burlingame Country Club on Saturday nigbt preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Rice paper is not made from rice.



The PALACE HOTEL Presents

It begins with a Halloween Party Wednesday Oct 31st Announcement later

He Made It Clear.

Barrett Greenwood was a hudding young lawyer before the lure of the footlights enticed him away from the legal fraternity, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He knows a whole lot about the 500,000 more or less, laws of the Republic, and when the members of the company want to fill out their income tax reports or have any perplexing legal matters to transact, they call on Barrett for advice.

A delicate point came up before "Judge" Greenwood the other day when one of the stage hands carried by the organization, whose first name is Jimmie, came to him for serious advice.

"Mr. Greenwood," stammered Jimmie, "you know I signed a contract to travel with this show all season, hut I would like to quit."

"What's the matter, Jimmie, aren't you satisfied?"

"Not exactly, sir," said Jimmie. "You see it's like this: I got a girl in New York I'm engaged to he married to, and I don't like to stay away from her so long. This show is going to Chicago, and I'm afraid if I go so far away another fellow I know will get her."

"Well, in that case, Jimmie," replied his lawyer, "there is only one thing to do, and that is to write out your two weeks' notice and send it to Mr. Cohan."

"I'll do that, Mr. Greenwood," said Jimmie.

"Make it explicit and explain why you want to quit. Then let me see what you have written."

It took Jimmie two days to concoct the following and hring it to his friend:

"Mr. Cohan:

"Finding my present position not satisfactory, I find that I am not satisfied with my present position. Therefore, I give you my two weeks' notice and in two weeks I will quit and then I won't he with the company any more.

"Yours respectfully,
"Jimmie."

"Jimmie," said Mr. Greenwood, "that is a masterpiece of legal phraseology."

A Tough Town.

A shiftless specimen of humanity came down-town one morning, and, joining a group on a corner, announced that he was going to leave town—said he could not live in it any longer. Some one asked him what was the matter.

"Well," he said, "the town is all right; hut it's the hardest place in the world for a woman to get work in."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Florence Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Adams Martin, who has been spending the summer abroad, is now motoring in Italy and is expected home for the Xmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Marjorie Josselyn, who have been spending the summer at Woodside, have returned to San Francisco and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghtelling have returned from Pebble Beach and have opened their house on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Milton Bughee, who is living at the Burlingame Country Club, spent last week at the Cecil Hotel.

Admiral Albert Nihlack and Mrs. Nihlack, who have been visiting Mrs. Nihlack's brother, Mr. Tennant Harrington, and Mrs. Harrington at Colusa, are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their daughters, Miss Eleanor and Miss Claudine Spreckels, have returned to San Francisco after spending the summer in Burlingame and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. George A. Pope and his son, Mr. Kenneth Pope, have recently gone East.

Mrs. Ashton Potter and Miss Marie Louise Potter, who have been in the East and in Colorado, have returned to San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Commander Kirkwood and Mrs. Donavin Kirkwood have recently arrived in San Francisco and are at the Hotel Whitcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Hobbs have returned from Southern California and are established in their new home on Lake Street.

Mrs. Lawrence Jordan sailed on Saturday last for her home in Salvador.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz are established in San Mateo in the house belonging to Mr. Arthur Redington.

Mrs. Albert Hager of Shanghai was a guest of Mrs. Thomas H. Williams before sailing for China this week.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, whose departure for the East has been delayed, is leaving for Washington on Saturday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney of New York, who have been staying at the St. Francis hotel, were recent house guests of Mr. Walter Martin in Burlingame before leaving for Virginia City.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklin have returned from a recent trip to Southern California.

Miss Mildred Calhoun, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Paul Foster and Mrs. Benjamin Foster, in San Rafael, left on Sunday for her home in Charleston, South Carolina.

Miss Johanna Volkmann has been spending a few days with Miss Elsa Schilling in Woodside.

Mrs. Lincoln McCormick of Medford, Oregon, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott at their home on Devisadero Street.

Miss Lois Thurston has returned from Santa Barbara and is with her aunt, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, in San Rafael where she will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild have returned from the East and Europe and are at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frank Glass accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild on their trip from New York.

Mrs. Wallace Farrington of Honolulu is the guest of Mrs. Edwin Tucker in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, who have been in Burlingame all summer, are established for the winter in the residence of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and her daughters, Miss Marjorie and Miss Marion Dunne, have returned from Europe.

Mrs. George McFarlane and her daughter, Miss Eileen McFarlane, sailed on Wednesday on the Maui for Honolulu.

Mrs. Horace D. Phillshury who has been in Santa Barbara this summer has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Barbara Kimble of Hollywood is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Latham McMullin, and Mr. Latham McMullin.

Mrs. Joseph G. Banning, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles F. Morse, has returned to Southern California.

Mrs. John B. Casserly left on Saturday for Colorado Springs where she will join her daughter, Miss Cecily Casserly, and her son, Mr. John B. Casserly, Jr.

Miss Agnes Shreve will accompany Mrs. Casserly to Colorado Springs, where she will spend a few weeks with Miss Cecily Casserly.

Mrs. William Tubbs and her daughter, Miss Emilie Tubbs, have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, who have been in Ross Valley all summer, are established for the winter in a residence on Green Stret.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald will spend the winter in Southern California and have taken a house at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Miss Ethel Lilley have returned from Ross Valley and are at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Charles P. Overton and her sister, Mrs. Edgar Jones, left last week for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Summers are visiting Mrs. Summers' mother, Mrs. Thomas Dibblee, at her ranch near Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hawley have gone to New York and will be absent for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolf of Los Angeles are visiting Mrs. Wolf's mother, Mrs. Hamilton Campbell Bowie.

Mr. Henry Foster Dutton has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have gone to New York and will not return until Decemher.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering have returned from their recent trip to Arizona.

Miss Dorothy Jordan, daughter of Mrs. Ernest Smith, who has been in Los Angeles, has returned to her home at the Presideo.

Ethel's First Engagement.

During the tour we rehearsed "Peter the Great," which was Laurence Irving's play, says Ethel Barrymore in her "Reminiscences," running in the *Delineator*. On our return to London we spent most of our time in preparation for it. Susanne and I took a flat. Laurence used to come there, rather Russian and gloomy, thoroughly in the mood of his play. He was a beautiful character; a little spasmodic and erratic, hut, beneath an ashumed sinister manner, he was very gentle. I got his frame of mind and played nothing but Russian music of the most melancholy type. We floated together into a romance of Russian pessimism, of nervous depression. I decided that I was as sad as Laurence, and to both of us life seemed very terrible. We though we migbt just as well get married and be delightfully miserable together, and so we announced our engagement. Laurence now became an entirely cbanged man. He was very happy, and the strange thing is that his happiness made him quite a different person and not the one whom I had agreed to marry. Of course it was all very young. I remember that I had cabled my father announcing my engagement, to which he replied: "Congratulations." And when, a very short time afterward, I cabled again announcing that I bad broken my engagement, he again cabled back: "Congratulations."

How to Handle a Bride's Biscuits

Place biscuits in sieve. Dip in black shoe polish. Save until winter and sell for coal.

Give tbe biscuits to some judge. Judge sentences bootleggers to eat biscuits. Stops bootlegging.

Put biscuits on street-car track. Hide behind building. Sell street cars to junk dealers.

Climb to roof of house. Let biscuit fall from parapet into back yard. If oil gushes out of hole you have an oil well.

Open front door carefully. Place one biscuit before the door. Now the door will stay open.—*T. S. in Life.*

Salt of lemon does not come from lemons.

CURRENT VERSE.

When All Is Said.

When all is said
And all is done
Beneath the Sun,
And Man lies dead;

When all the earth
Is a cold grave,
And no more brave
Bright things have birth;

When cooling sun
And stone-cold world,
Together hurled,
Flame up as one—

O Sons of Men,
When all is flame,
What of your fame
And splendor then?

When all is fire
And flaming air,
What of your rare
And high desire

To turn the clod
To a thing divine,
The earth a shrine,
And Man the God?
—*F. D., Pellow, in Georgian Poetry.*

In Memoriam D. O. M.

Chestnut candles are lit again
For the dead that died in spring:
Dead lovers walk the orchard ways,
And the dead cuckoos sing.

Is it they who live and we who are dead?
Hardly the springtime knows
For which today the cuckoo calls,
And the white blossom blows.

Listen and hear the happy wind
Whisper and lightly pass:
"Your love is sweet as hawthorn is,
Your hope green as the grass.

"The hawthorn's faint and quickly gone,
The grass in autumn dies;
Put hy your life, and see the spring
With everlasting eyes."
—*William Kerr, in Georgian Poetry.*

Tokio.

Ah, frail and lovely Tokio,
A city huilt in pastel tone,
What vexed the gods that they should throw
Your heauty from its fairy throne?

A little house of cards you seem
That tumhled in a single day—
A fairy house that was a dream
Some angry god has swept away.

But far too fair to rest forlorn
Beneath the ashes of dismay;
For hrighter promise were you born
Within that realm of yesterday.

The hands of all the world would twine
Your cherry hlossoms hack in place,
And huild again each ravaged shrine
That lent you such enchanting grace.

The gods themselves must prove more kind—
No heart could leave you thus in woe—
Within tomorrow shall we find
A fairer, rarer Tokio! —*M. H. C. in Life.*

Women and Horses.

While I was saddling her she tried to hite me
A dozen times and now I'm hardly mounted
And feeling for the stirrup she wants to fight me.
Look there! with rapid sideway steps uncounted
She tried to hrush me off against that wall
And now she shies and plunges, hucks and rears.
She feels her oats, my pony, that is all,
There's nothing, not even me, she hates or fears.
We missed that lorry hy a half an inch—
She hopes to get her head across the stuhhle:
Bless you, you'd think she felt the girth-straps pinch:
That's not the trouhle, though we shall have trouhle.
But when we're on the turf I'll let her go
And she'll he happy then and I shall too.
No wonder in her stahle she found it slow,
But if I'd left her there, I ask you who
Would have complained the more? She wants to run
And doesn't want it, since I want her to;
And playing up is what she thinks is fun
Until on turf there's something hetter to do.
Come up, my darling, damn you! Steady now,
Or else we shan't get anywhere today:
We'll go with delicate steps around the plough
And then we're on the grass, and then away!
—*Henry F. Derrick, in the Outlook.*

Fair Warning in the Ozarks.

"Looky yur!" demanded a resident of the Clapboard Springs region, "hain't you tbe young cuss that has been norating around that be'll shore die if my oldest girl won't marry him?"

"Ye-yes, sir!" replied the lovelorn one.

"Well, I just 'lowed I'd let you know that you will, and no mistake, if you come fooling around my place any more. She says she won't have you. and I figger on shooting you myself if I ketcb you bere.—*Kansas City Star.*

To prolong life the National Health Council advises every one to have a physical examination upon bis or her birthday. This suggestion has the enthusiastic support of Dr. Matthias Nicoll, Jr., New York state commissioner of bealth, who says that a physical examination is the best birthday gift a person can receive.

The garnet takes its name from the pomegranate.

Lectures at the Elder Gallery.

Prof. J. Loewenberg, head of the Department of Philosophy of the University of California, will deliver a lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery Tuesday afternoon, October 23rd, on George Santayana's latest work, "Scepticism and Animal Faith." Prof. Loewenberg is particularly suited to discuss Santayana's brilliant book, which vindicates the man-in-the street's approach to the problem of Truth. Vital problems will be discussed in everyday phraseology.

Laurel Conwell Bias, dramatic reader, will give an interpretation of "Rain," the latest New York theatrical sensation, in the Paul Elder Gallery, Thursday afternoon, October 25tb, at 2:30. The play is of extraordinary human interest and is having a tremendous run in New York. This reading is given by special permission from advance proof sheets courteously provided by the publishers.

"Life and its Reactions" is the subject of a lecture recital to be given hy Ethel Cotton, Saturday afternoon, October 27th, at 2:30, in the same gallery. Miss Cotton will discuss the sensitive nature of man and present metbods of strengthening and increasing the quickened receptive spirit that is the basis of a full and satisfying personality and rich mental life.

John D. Barry, journalist, and author of several volumes of essays, will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery, Monday afternoon, October 22nd, at 2:30. His subject will be "What the Public Wants," a discussion of tbe way democracy works and how the writer can influence it.

Related hy Rail or Water.

Writing of former Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby's early life in New York, Arthur Wiliston in *The Forum* tells of an amusing encounter with Mark Twain. One cold evening, he says, Colby went back to his bread and cheese and beer and yesterday's law journal, in his room in Washington Square, with a diploma that permitted him to shake a client hy the hand, slap him on tbe back, and murmur a retainer in his ear.

Just about that time another Missourian who always took himself seriously got in financial trouhles. Tbe court named Bainbridge Colby receiver for Mark Twain. When asked if he were acquainted with the young man named as receiver, the author drawled, "We are related in a way, fellow Missourians. We are connected either by the Wabash or the Hannibal and St. Joe Road."

Galvanized iron is not galvanized, but dipped in zinc and muriatic acid.

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Tea Dansants

Commencing Saturday, October 13, and every Saturday thereafter. Three-thirty to five-thirty.

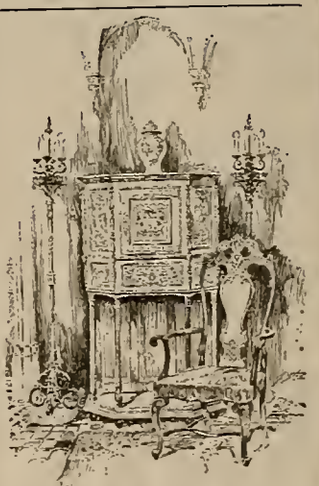
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—Just as interesting are the stocks of occasional chairs and torcheres now on display.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She is a little wolf in sheep's clothing." "Don't be archaic, old man—she's a cocktail in a teacup."—*Life.*

"I am very much surprised to hear that they are married; I thought he was merely flirting with her." "He thought so, too."—*Collier's Weekly.*

"De only thing dat some people gits out of education," said Uncle Ben, "is de ability to talk so's people can't understand 'em."—*Washington Star.*

Exhausted Channel Swimmer (wading to shore)—I have just swum from England. *Blasé Official*—Your passport M'sieur!—*Humorist (London).*

The Keeper—Yis, this poor felly's incurable. He t'inks he's de Prince o' Wales. *Reggy and Willy (in chorus)*—What a heavenly existence!—*New York Journal.*

"Stebbins' wife is going to make him go in for geology." "What's that for?" "She can't make him keep himself tidy, and she thinks if he is scientific, it won't be noticed."—*Chicago News.*

Mistress—Have you cracked those nuts for dessert, Sarah? *Maid*—I've cracked the small uns all right, mum; but they big 'uns will take stronger jaws than mine to do.—*The Sketch.*

"I have a doctor's certificate here that I can not sing tonight," said the prima donna. "What?" roared the manager; "I'll give you a certificate that you never could sing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ethel—Isn't it strange that Flossie attracts such intellectual men? *Maud*—Oh, no; she told me she always plans her gowns when they talk to her, and that gives her face that interested expression.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"How I envy you sailors," said the sweet young thing. "It must be wonderful to gaze on the broad expanse of the ocean and breathe the clear salt air." "Yes," replied the stoker, "it must be."—*Pearson's Weekly (London.)*

"Well, Mrs. Parker, did you see the prince?" "I did, my dear. 'See'd 'im and spoke to 'im! an all!" "You spoke to him? How was that?" "As 'e was going into the station, I calls out 'Good old prince.'"—*London Opinion.*

"How can you say such cruel things of your antagonist in debate?" she inquired reproachfully of the statesman. "Oh," was the reply, "that's easy enough. I keep a scrap-book, and when my own ideas give out I go to that."—*Washington Star.*

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter)—Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, can not take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, can not think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.—*The Independent.*

"Where are you going with that miserable-looking dog, Johnny?" "Takin' him to the dog show." "But you can't win a prize with him." "Well, maybe they'll give me a special prize for showin' the kind of dog that no dog ought to be."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"Yes," said Miss Passeigh, "I enjoy the society of Mr. Airyland. He keeps me interested. He is always saying something that one never hears from anybody else." "Really!" rejoined Miss Cayenne; "has he been proposing to you, too?"—*Washington Star.*

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced)—I think I've met your uncle, Mr. Ernest Brown, at dog shows. *Miss Brown*—Oh, yes, uncle will go to those dog shows, and meet the most appalling people!—*Punch.*

Mamma—I wonder why it is that Georgie plays and sings so much for Albert since they've become engaged? She never seems to cease from the time he comes into the house until he departs. *Papa*—I guess she wants to make sure that he really loves her.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Brother Goodman—Ah, it grieves me to hear of Brother Hunker's death. We can ill afford to lose such men. *Deacon Kinders*—It is a great loss, but let us take it philosophically. His widow will now probably finish the memorial window that we need to complete our set.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Smith—I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence, wasn't it? *Brown*—Oh, I don't know. If lightning was to strike a Texas man when he wasn't swearing, it would be much more remarkable.—*Chicago News.*

She (at the desk)—Dear, please tell me how to spell costume. I'm writing to mother about my lovely new gown. *He*—Well, are you ready? *She*—Yes. *He*—C-o-s-t, cost—— *She*—Yes. *He*—T-u to——*She*—Well? *He*—M-e, me—sixty-five dollars, as yet unpaid. *She*—You're a wretch.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"I do enjoy being at sea, away out of sight of land," said the *ingénue*. "It is romantic," assented the *soubrette*. "I hadn't thought of that. But when I look all around and see the horizon at the same distance everywhere, there comes over me a delightful sensation of occupying the center of the stage."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Relative—My boy, I thought you were going to get married? *Ex-Collegiate*—Girl threw me over. "Why so?" "Didn't get my degree." "But I thought you always made passing grades." "The prof that busted me claims I didn't do enough work." "But how could he know?" "Hell! He's the girl's old man."—*Virginia Reel.*

A DREAM OF FORTUNE ENDS.

Members of the Springer Heirs, Inc., at a meeting in Chicago according to a recent dispatch from that city, bade a formal farewell to their dream of getting a fortune from Wilmington, Delaware, real estate, says the New York *Herald*. The Springer Heirs, Inc., was formed early this year, but it was only one of the intermittent attempts to recover the fortune supposedly left by Cbarles Christopher Springer, a Delaware pioneer, which have been made by each generation of his descendants for a hundred or more years. All of the previous attempts resulted much as did this last one.

The contest for the Springer estate of Wilmington has been continued with something of the same persistence as that for the Anneke Jans fortune of this city. Searches for other estates of fabulous wealth have interested Americans since the contest for these two began. And many of them ended years ago. Supposed heirs of Sir Francis Drake in this country were a quarter of a century ago invited to share in the landed estates and Spanish gold of this famous English navigator. The contributors to the fund for recovering this fortune found that the principal difficulty was in proving that Sir Francis ever had a fortune or lineal descendants.

Not long ago the heirs of Marmaduke Coate, secretary of William Penn, advanced a claim to real estate in the southern part of Philadelphia "of a value well into billions of dollars." A still more pretentious claim to Philadelphia real estate was made several years ago by the supposed descendants of Colonel Jacob Baker, a Revolutionary soldier, who was alleged to have died the real owner of the tract upon which were built the City Hall and many business buildings of Philadelphia.

Tbere seem to have been a Marmaduke Coate and also a Jacob Baker—he was not, however, a Colonel but a private, as the pension rolls show—and there was no trouble in finding the tracts of land. Tbe difficulty was the same, as in most of these cases, to convince a court that either of these groups of heirs had legal title to the land they claimed.

There seems to be no doubt that there was a Charles Cbristopher Springer and that his name appeared upon deeds and leases conveying some valuable Wilmington real estate. But in 1909, at the time of one of the revivals of interest in tbe Springer fortune, the mayor of Wilmington, tbe register of wills and tbe recorder of deeds of the county in which Wilmington is situated combined in issuing a statement. This showed that Springer signed the deeds and leases not as owner of the property but as attorney for the old Swedes Cburch, and that his descendants had no rights or titles to Wilmington real estate.

This statement ended the dream of fortune then. But that was fifteen years ago, and there has since come a new generation. There are other generations to come and there will continue to be dreamers. Men are still digging for Captain Kidd's gold, though history doubts if Kidd ever had gold to bury.

A Turkish National Library.

Among the intellectual movements of the New Turkey is the talk of establishing a National Library in Constantinople. Tbe mosques of that city, writes Frank G. Carpenter, who is there collecting material for the Turkish volume of his World Travels, have been long known to have ancient manuscripts of great value. There are said to be more than forty different collections in the various mosques all of which until now have been under the care of illiterate Mobammedan priests who have little idea of their real value. Santa Sophia has several hundred, one of which, an illuminated parcbment of the Koran, is said to be worth its weight in gold leaf. It is more than a thousand years old, and every page is a work of art in color and script. The manuscripts are in Greek, Persian, Arabic, and Latin, and some are probably in Egyptian, for many of those of the Alexandrian Library were stolen when Caliph Omar took it over and used it to kindle the fires for his batb. Some of those scrolls may have found their way here. It is the story that there are several lost books of Livy in the old Seraglio and there may be some early manuscripts of the Books of the Bible. Some years ago, a Russian scholar discovered the first six Books in manuscript and sent them off to St. Petersburg. Some of the manuscripts come from the old libraries of Turkestan, including those of Khiva and Bokhara, and others are said to have been sent here from Damascus and Arabia. The Turks have from time to time looted all the literary centers of the Old World of the Mediterranean and no one can tell what may not yet remain in these archives. There are many well educated men among the statesmen and officials wbo are now running the country and the idea is to classify these collections and use tbem as a part of the new government library.

Illuminating gas was first used in 1792.

More Ice Cream.

Helen was at her first party. When refreshments were served she refused a second helping of ice cream witb a polite "No, thanks," although she looked wistful.

"Do have some more, dear," the hostess urged.

"Mother told me to say 'No, thank you.'" tbe little girl explained naively. "But I don't believe she knew how small the dishes were going to be."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Senator George H. Moses, who has returned from a tour of Europe, advocates a regulation prescribing a uniform for European propagandists coming to this country to give us instructions on how to run our government. If they received their deserts the public would see to it that their uniform resembled that of Gunga Din—"nothing much before, rather less than 'arf of that be'ind." And they would be on the jump for the first boat out.—*Springfield (Missouri) Republican.*

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WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Pinchot Politics.

In the governors' conference at Washington last Saturday, President Coolidge countered rather effectively on the Pinchot effort to discredit the administration in the matter of prohibition enforcement. The President secured the adoption of a general agreement for state coöperation in enforcing the law; to which Pinchot's only return was in the form of a resolution calling for the instruction of school children in temperance—a futilitarian measure reminiscent of the bygone days when teacher used to arouse the curiosity of her charges with lurid prints of the condition of the drunkard's stomach. The state coöperation programme might be regarded as a cruel addition to the burden Pinchot already carries as the author of the expensive coal strike settlement, were it not for the fact that the burden bearer brought it on himself.

Meanwhile, the situation in regard to prohibition enforcement in Philadelphia would seem to offer Governor Pinchot an excellent opportunity to display his sincerity by cleaning up in front of his own doorstep before calling on the President to sweep the country with the besom of puritanism. Pennsylvania has not, as New York has, repealed its enforcement act. It is therefore up to Governor Pinchot to set an example in the execution of the law, as President Coolidge has pointed out to him. Failure to do so would indicate that he and Mrs. Pinchot are playing politics with an eye to the White House. We lack one of those "busybodies," consisting of angled mirrors over the front door, with which the Philadelphia housewife is enabled to see without being seen what goes on up and down the street, but as far as we can learn at this distance, prohibition in Philadelphia is a mere rumor. And Gifford is well supplied with an effective field force in what is probably the model state constabulary of the nation. In fact, former Governor Henry J. Allen of Kansas told the Methodist delegates to the Citizenship Conference that if he were governor of Pennsylvania and 1300 Philadelphia bootleggers had sent him word they would not obey the law, the next morning every one of the 1300 saloons of that city would wear a padlock. And there you are. The situation must seem at least temporarily baffling to the Pinchot-for-President movement, and puzzling to the Anti-Saloon League. As long as the wealthy and gifted Mrs. Pinchot is presidentially ambitious we may expect an exploitation of sentimentalities and Great Moral Issues, involving the Volstead act, and a corresponding effort to confuse the real merits of the political situation. The tactics of President Coolidge have thus far been sagacious, and the candor of such men as Henry Allen enlightening. What is needed is a general understanding of the Pinchot tactics, and the country is beginning to get it.

A Dissevered Germany.

When the Prussian war lords a few years ago announced a policy of world dominion or downfall, they were right on their second guess. The downfall has been a long time coming, but it appears to be here, as far as one can discern through the confusion of marching detachments, kidnapped militia, separatist movements in several towns, Bavarian monarchism, Saxon communism and the conceded helplessness of Berlin. Some strong man may find a way to hold the empire together, but at this writing it looks like disintegration.

One commentator says there is increasing fear that the Reich is doomed. If it is, the world will have to stand it, and can probably survive. Nothing connected with the situation is more ridiculous than the idea that the welfare of humanity is somehow dependent on the unity of Germany. That is not true even of the welfare of the German people, who in the cities and factory districts could hardly be worse off than the Berlin government has succeeded in making them. If the Germans have at last awakened from their dreams of grandeur they must perceive that the worst thing they ever did was letting Bismarck mold them into a military empire. Those who share in the common error of confusing government with society may suppose that the Germans became a greater people when they acquired a larger government; but there was nothing in the process of political integration that either elevated the mind or expanded the soul. On the contrary, when Germany consisted of a lot of detached states, call them duchies, kingdoms, what you will, she produced great reformers, philosophers, poets, historians, scientists, scholars in every field. Typical German modesty may have misled the world into over-rating their attainments and services, but there they were. But the policy of the Hohenzollerns was to encourage the political professor, the historian useful to the dynasty through his power to warp the public mind and conscience toward the goal of military glory, and to discourage seekers after truth and leaders of independent thought. They substituted Treitschke for Heine, and let him poison the public mind with visions of a destiny in which Germans should dictate to a conquered world.

If at present the urban populations of Germany are starving, if the middle class and the industrial class have been robbed of their livelihood by free and unlimited issues of paper legal tender, they can thank the dreams of German grandeur that plunged the world in war, and the Prussian policy of repudiation that victimized the people of Germany in the hope of defrauding the people of France.

It is too early yet to predict the outcome of the various secession movements, or even attempt analysis of the national interests concerned. The British are said to frown on the forces of disintegration, the Belgians to protect some of the separatists, the French to oppose the break-up of Germany on the ground that it will multiply the number of debtors from whom reparations must be collected. These may prove but the groundless early rumors that always hover about the birth of an important condition. Premier von Knilling of the Munich government declares the kidnapping of the reichswehr does not portend secession from the Reich, and Dr. Dorten of the Rhineland says that anyhow it is too soon. General von Lossow at the review of Bavarian troops pledges them to the Bavarian government at least for the time, while declaring there is no intention to separate. Such phenomena may certainly be regarded as portents of dissolution; for it is what is done that counts, not what is said. And what is being done certainly encourages the hope that France will at last get the security Foch wanted for her when he was struggling for a natural frontier on the Rhine. A buffer state might not give such security as annexation, but it would approximate it. And a disintegrated Germany would cease to menace the peace of the world either with schemes of revenge or of hegemony.

Germany was great morally and intellectually when the German states were small and weak and disunited. Moral and intellectual eminence have little to do with political organization. If art and philosophy and moral character depended on the political unity of a people, Plato and Pheidias and Aeschylus and the whole "glory that was Greece" would never have been heard of. In Germany's national character, moral excellence and military strength do not seem able to subsist together: the latter perverts and suppresses the former. Germany can be great, and of service to humanity once more, as in the day of the ascendancy of her poets and philosophers; but her militarists are not to be trusted with the powers of a united nation.

The Reclamation Muddle.

One of the characteristic messes in which paternalism has involved us is in respect to the Rooseveltian policy of federal reclamation. It is becoming an acute embarrassment to the Department of the Interior, which has jurisdiction of it, and promises to be one of the leading diversions of the next session of Congress. It appears that the nation has acquired another experience resembling the railroad administration on which Mr. McAdoo hopes, paradoxically, to ride into the White House. The reclamation policy was instituted by Theodore Roosevelt in 1902. To it he pointed with pride. Were he now in the presidency he would probably divert attention from it by issuing another buffalo nickel, or something of the sort. It is about to be attacked from four directions and it will be strange if some good news stories are not produced by the fertile Washington correspondents.

First, Secretary Work has decided that a committee of business men shall investigate the business operation of the various projects to determine what ought to be done, if anything, to relieve the reclamation farmers from liabilities they assumed, but which many of them feel the government should be sufficiently generous to remit. Second, the farm bloc feels that farming has been overdone, according to the wheat quotations, and that no more farms should be encouraged. It is ag'in' the whole business. Third, some southern states, seeing that government money to the tune of about $140,000,000 has been spent on reclamation, with ten or eleven million still to go, have declared themselves in on it, and demand that some be spent on the swamps with which nature has so generously endowed them—this despite the facts that the reclamation fund comes out of the sale of government lands, that the south does little business in this line, and that moreover it once shared in a distribution of such funds in the form of loans, which somehow seem to have been lost in the shuffle of the Civil War. And fourth,

some of the civil engineers are about to enfilade the system because they dislike the manner in which the director, Mr. Arthur P. Davis, now one of the engineers of the public utilities district over in Alameda County, was removed by the subterfuge of abolishing his office. When the guns are trained on reclamation as a policy from all these directions, it is likely that the country will hear something.

The thing began in a typically paternalistic, socialistic way—with an effort at the elimination of interest. From a paternalistic point of view, that seemed fair; if government was going to charge interest, like a bank, one might as well do business with a banker. Settlers were invited to settle the newly irrigated "projects" and pay for them in ten yearly installments, without interest. Now interest, as any gentleman of Italian, Armenian, Palestinian or even Scottish origin can tell you, is a great invention. One thing it does is to make people careful, and conversely the remission of it makes them careless. Another thing it does is to make people industrious, and the remission of it makes them lazy—generally speaking. With no interest to pay, things looked quite attractive, and many were attracted that knew nothing about farming, or had made a failure of it elsewhere and were looking for a clean slate and a new deal. There are always plenty of settlers like that. Some of them made good; in fact the number of failures is gratifyingly small. But the government has been paid only in part, the time has been extended to twenty years, both Congressmen and officials of the Interior Department have been pestered half crazy in behalf of the weak sisters, little local and Washington politicians have found this an excellent field for trading promises of favors for promises of votes, and Senator Borah with quite a backing is trying his best to get the time extended to forty years. And some say if he succeeds it will merely mean that the government may as well forget it.

Individually, farmers are not less honest than other folks. In groups they are not more so. Group morality is low—witness our lynchings, which would seldom be undertaken by individuals. There is hardly a district in which the farmers would not be willing to forget the debt if the government would. The Salt River Valley in Arizona is a district to the point. Here, about ten million dollars has been spent, and the government has thus far collected very little of it. Group morality seems able to stand it if the government never does collect. Yet it is one of the richest valleys in the world. In Montana, on the other hand, there is good ground for extension of time.

Reclamation farmers say that if the government could spend nearly $400,000,000 on the Panama Canal for the benefit of commerce it can well afford to forgive $150,000,000 spent for the benefit of agriculture. They forget two things—that money spent for commerce is also for their benefit, and that the Panama Canal was not constructed for commerce, but as a military measure for the national defense. Had it not been for the Spanish war and the cruise of the *Oregon* the Panama Canal would not be there now. But it is hard to reason with a farmer (or any one else) when he gets on the subject of what the government ought to do for him.

One of the difficulties of the situation arises out of the fact that construction estimates, in the face of sharply rising material and labor costs, were in almost all cases too small, and the settlers have been required to pay more per acre than they had been led to believe. That makes disaffection in the irrigation districts, and is a hard argument to meet.

What seems to be needed is the sort of business administration that can discriminate between the industrious and deserving farmer, the farmer perhaps who has been charged a great deal more than he expected to pay for water, and the farmer who is shiftless and incompetent, or has money and thinks the government should not collect the debt he owes it. That seems to be about what Work contemplates. But here we are in politics. How can government make such discrimination? How can it analyze the ingenious pleas of professional patriots working for the local vote? And especially when it is to come under fire from the farm bloc, the engineers and the swamp states? It is tempting to predict the impossibility of applying business methods to governmental operations. The two do not mix.

The Department of Agriculture has always been jealous of the Interior Department's jurisdiction over the Reclamation service, which it claims is an agricultural function. The farm bloc has great influence with the Department of Agriculture. One would suppose that a wheat farmer in the Middle West would like to see his competitors decoyed to Arizona or Southern California to grow dates, but apparently his mind does not work that way. The farm bloc takes the opposite tack to the reclamation project settler, and complains that the settlers have not reimbursed the Reclamation fund, which the bloc erroneously refers to as the Federal Treasury. And the farm bloc can always point to the activities of certain western congressmen on behalf of extensions of time for the weak sisters—extensions that threaten to achieve immortality.

So the country is likely to be treated to an airing of the troubles of paternalism, with its loose political methods, its inability to discriminate on a business basis and its temptation to do favors on a partisan one, its necessary sectionalism, its inter-bureau jealousies, its socialistic fantasia about interest, and its corrupting theory that debts to the government should be immortalized instead of amortized—altogether a fine, savory mess. The redeeming feature of it, of course, is that a great deal of work has been done, the costs of which will in time be absorbed in some way by somebody. But it is to be hoped that a warning may come out of it against involving the government further in business.

The Olive Branch.

It is a platitude that historical figures require the perspective of time for proper appreciation. It may be that actual geographical perspective has the same stripping-to-the-essentials effect on the vision of those sufficiently distant from the scene of the fracas. Certainly Lord Charnwood's "Roosevelt," successor to his admirable "Lincoln," is more appreciative, in the popular sense of that word, than almost any critical American historian would care to be, now that the fashion of heaping Roosevelt's memory with unmitigated praise has become passé. Lord Charnwood, either guided by the greater clarity afforded by European perspective or influenced by the myopia induced by distance, now reminds us that with all his faults—and Charnwood admits that he could be rather tiresome at times, not to say, oppressive—Roosevelt was one of the bravest and cleanest figures in the statesmanship of any country. Those indeed seem to have been his most conspicuous merits, and the adjectives in their associative senses are probably all-inclusive. Even Lord Charnwood, surely his most sympathetic biographer, does not claim the mantle of great statesmanship for him. After all, Roosevelt fared well to find an ardent admirer and biographer in an Englishman, for the British are notoriously tolerant of eccentrics, whereas we Americans with the intolerance and naiveté of the youth which is now more traditional than actual with us, judge by little things like mannerisms. We cannot forgive a man once he has become branded an egoist. A nation of egoists, we loathe that invidious charge. So it is well to have our narrowness brought home occasionally. Many a greater man than Roosevelt had greater idiosyncrasies. And that he had the indefinable quality of greatness in some degree, Lord Charnwood leaves little doubt.

Aside from the interesting personal phase of this international book, there is another. Lord Charnwood remarks in setting forth on his kindly estimate of an American statesman, "This fugitive study of a memorable life may at several points help to make clearer issues which are momentous still. If it is written with no desire to give offense, but no obsequious fear of doing so, it may contribute to frank and sympathetic discussion between two great peoples." The flippant thought occurs that we should produce more governors and presidents with challenging personalities, big sticks, and tiresome catch words if a study of them by our English friends will induce a permanent understanding. The idea might be worth recommending to the Bok Peace controversialists. So long as the average American idolizes Lloyd George and the average Britisher has a penchant for Rooseveltiana we are safe; it matters little how the respective nations of those statesmen regard them. Choose your leader for the admiration of the neighboring government.

In all seriousness, however, it is a comforting thought that though the yellow press may do its worst to propagate a spirit of antagonism between the English-speaking nations, its efforts are futile against the sentiment that will prevail wherever Anglo-Saxon heritage is scattered, and that somehow the Anglo-Saxon element of a country has a way of holding its own even with the more belligerent strains of our foreign infusions.

An American Emperor.

People love royalty, as the great bard knew. He said: "There's such divinity doth hedge a king that treason can but peep to what it would." And if king, still more emperor. Few have been the monarchs in this republic, but San Francisco had one. He sleeps today somewhere in the Masonic cemetery on Lone Mountain, "that hill of awe that Persian Sindbad saw, the mount magnetic," and none knows his time-leveled grave. Yet for years he sustained imperial character among subjects whose loyalty never failed. Like those of the King of Yvetot, whose metrical memoir the *Argonaut* reproduces this week, if the subjects of our emperor ever wept at what he did, it was only at his dying.

This note is evoked by another, a foot-note to history by Robert Ernest Cowan, just published in the Quarterly of the California Historical Society, on the subject of Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. To old Californians it is a thing to stir the draperies of the past. There still live subjects of the Emperor, to whom his twisted cane, his cutlass, and his tarnished epaulets, in Golden Gate Park museum, will bring wistful smiles and perhaps a mist before the eyes; for these relics represent the days of gold and bright adventure in a city whose men and memories are fading into dim perspectives.

The Emperor Norton was unique. If in his strangely cobwebbed brain he elected himself, the election was at least ratified by plebescite, and his government established on the consent of the governed. He was close to his subjects, he ruled with moderation and regard for justice, and there was never a complaint of arrogance or oppression.

Mr. Cowan's note is comprehensive and sympathetic, and will help preserve a tradition whose loss would leave the city much poorer in memorials. Joshua A. Norton (1819-1880), had a background of tragedy and mystery, from which he emerged a shrewd but gentle lunatic. The city had its share of ordinary street characters—the "Gutter Snipe," "Old Crisis," "The Great Matrimonial Candidate," and many others. The Emperor Norton was the only one capable of sustaining imperial rank. Doubtless he knew he was acting a part—his subjects acted theirs; just as men today get into lodge-rooms, and behind guarded doors play they are birds or animals or savages or craftsmen of a certain sort, and are careful to do nothing inconsistent with such a ritual. Charles A. Murdock, former supervisor and dean of San Francisco printers, was head of the bureau of engraving, and used to print the currency: "The Empire of Norton Will Pay the Bearer Ten Dollars on Demand." Of course, it depreciated but never to the levels of the mark. Norton promised Mr. Murdock the post of Imperial Treasurer. The treasury was always at a low ebb, but if it became entirely empty it gave no concern to the Emperor, for he collected his own taxes, and every day brought its revenue. Proprietors of the finest French restaurants then existing were honored by his patronage and would no more have thought of charging him for the most sumptuous feast than they would have charged Napoleon. His large and heavy features had a solemn mien. The scuffed silk hat with its cockade and tall plumes, the great brass epaulets, the skirted coat with its gold braid and brass buttons, the tin decorations on his breast, the formidable sabre by his side, were something more than travesty; he carried them with a port that would not brook offense, although if he "lay his hand upon his sword" it was part of the ritual that he was not to draw it. As a matter of fact, no one but strangers ever failed in respect for this exorbitant scarecrow. He was the youthful city's ward as well as sovereign. When he approached a delinquent tax payer and with royal condescension reminded him: "Sir, your taxes are in arrears," that man apologized, got out the "two-bit" piece of the time, and paid up. There was no tax dodging in the weird empire of burlesque and insanity.

Norton claimed he had been made Emperor of California by act of the legislature in 1853, but as California could not alone create an emperor he included the whole country. That was only reasonable. His earliest printed proclamation was issued in 1859. By it he took possession of the government of the United States, and so began his reign. Mexico soon suffered a recurrence of its usual trouble, and some wag declared it needed a protector, suggesting Norton. The Emperor thereupon added to his American title that

of "Protector of Mexico," and for ten years did his best for that unhappy country, but abdicated this office during the career of Maximilian, declaring: "It is impossible to protect such an unsettled nation." Considering that verdict in connection with his revenue, his prerogatives and his credit, perhaps he was not so mad.

As one of the first acts of his reign the Emperor dissolved the Union. This was in 1860, and the Civil War was giving him a great deal of trouble. He was vigilant for the welfare of his people, and blockaded the south before Lincoln did; and, at first, as effectively. Desiring to visit Sacramento during a session of the legislature and being refused transportation by the Steam Navigation Company, he issued an order to the commander of the United States revenue cutter in the Bay to blockade the river until the offending company should come to terms. Few imperial decrees have been couched in terms of greater dignity and distinction than these proclamations. He was offended by Denis Kearney, the anti-Chinese agitator, whom he regarded as a vulgarian, and he was outraged by the Denis Kearney constitution and had Hall McAllister annul it. Cowan says:

He was deeply interested in higher education, and in the earlier days of the University was a frequent visitor. He was fond of children and to them he was always gentle and courteous. There was at that time a Lyceum of Free Culture, of which he was a member, and there he sustained many debates, both intelligently and logically. It is said that he had some interest in spiritualism, but in what direction is not known. For sustenance he had the freedom of nearly every restaurant in the city, as also of every saloon. He was unusually abstemious, and if he frequently appeared in the popular saloons of Barry and Patten or "Frank's," or in the famous "Bank Exchange" and the "Pantheon," it was not in quest of liquor, but of "free lunch."

The Emperor was the subject of many a practical joke, but he himself was much more than a joke; he made a sort of recurrent pageant on Montgomery and Leidesdorff streets, a pageant into which the minds of the young adventurers of San Francisco, mellowed by "Belle of Moscow" or some other effervescent tipple of the period, slipped naturally and joyously. There could be no empire without subjects, and the Emperor Norton's majesty and state grew from the jocund heart of spring. It was forty-three years ago that he died. Thousands of people, it was said, passed through the public morgue to see his imperial figure resting in a wilderness of flowers. The Reverend N. L. Githens, rector of the Church of the Advent, pronounced the eulogy. A lady pinned upon the sovereign's fantastic coat a hyacinth and a spray of fern, remarking quietly that he had been kind to her when she was a child. A real emperor could hardly expect more.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

High Value in an Opera House.

Palo Alto, California, Octoher 16, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* The season of grand opera is over. We heard the heautiful reed-like voice of Gigli, the rich tones and intelligent singing of Martinelli, and the most melodious haritone voice in the world, that of Giuseppe de Luca. We heard, too, *Andrea Chenier,* far and away the hest opera written hy Umherto Giordano, which represents not the latest, hut next to the latest, development of opera in Italy. Its melodic vein is rich and full, hut not profound. It gives the singers much more opportunity than merely to declaim, for it has many and notable arias; while the orchestral part is continuously and pointedly expressive, giving in its rapid flow suggestions of the dramatic incidents that take place on the stage. We heard also the *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito, with its distinguished and delicate music, music that at times achieves something of sacred value, as in the moment when Faust watches Margherita in the agony of death.

Persons who are interested in promoting grand opera, who believe it has a desirahle cultural value, are now talking ahout the possihility of an opera house for San Francisco. Such a huilding is one of the needs of the city. Opera cannot he given satisfactorily in the vast and vacuous reaches of the Exposition Auditorium. Even the Grand Opéra in Paris is ill-suited for its present purpose. It was conceived and huilt as a "court theatre," a place where royalty and its attendant nobility could display themselves and he entertained hy the pageants and spectacles of such composers as Halévy and Meyerheer. The great stage seems empty and dreary unless peopled with hundreds of dancers and choristers. Scarcely was the huilding completed, however, when an end was made of court and Empire. Soon, too, the spectacular form of opera lost favor and fell into decay. Its sole survivor is *Aida.* Let us, therefore, not make *our* opera house too hig. A huilding something like the Manhattan Opera House, in New York City, with its lyrical lines and fine acoustic properties, would suit us very well. It was huilt hy Oscar Hammerstein.

What should we do with our opera house when we have it? Well, we might have concerts and recitals in it in the afternoons, and one evening a week we might there listen to the Symphony Orchestra. But six nights a week, for most of the year, we ought to have comic opera. A plea for a revival of comic opera was made in these columns some months ago, and a reply was made that the day of comic opera has passed. But that I cannot helieve. Comic opera is still popular in Europe. It is welcomed here when well presented. Witness the success of the recent visit of *The Merry Widow.* It is popular in other places in America. Witness the significant success of the self-sustaining Municipal Opera in St. Louis. There, in the heautiful Forest Park, on a stage overhung hy great trees, they gave ten operas this summer, each one heing sung for a week. The impresario who answered my former letter told you that only the banalities of contemporary musical comedy can he made to pay today. Here is the record of the weekly income for the ten weeks of summer opera in St. Louis.

Naughty Marietta	$ 23,485
Wang	24,667
The Fencing Master	24,215
The Prince of Pilsen	35,342
Die Fledermaus	27,713
Sweethearts	28,908
The Gypsy Baron	27,920
The Merry Widow	36,007
Gypsy Love	32,132
The Spring Maid	35,346
Total	$295,705

The expenses of production averaged $27,000 each week, while the income averaged $29,570 each week.

What about these operas? Is it true that only the puerilities of musical comedy will pay? *Naughty Marietta* is one of the many light operas written hy Victor Herhert. He is a composer who writes less successfully for the voice than for the orchestra. This opera affords opportunity for pageantry of hright and varied costumes. The orchestration gives opulence of tone, and there are many fine passages of description. *Wang,* written hy Woolson Morse a quarter of a century ago as a personal medium for the elongated De Wolf Hopper, is a third rate comic opera; its music is pretty and workmanlike, but uninspired; and its hook and lyrics, leaving, as they do, much to he desired, yet are far superior to the imhecilities of the musical comedies of today. Reginald de Koven's *The Fencing Master* has a poor hook, and its commonplace and uninteresting characters do only uninteresting things; hut it has a melodious score, somewhat too often reminiscent. In the music of *The Prince of Pilsen,* Gustav Luders succeeded in comhining effervescent rhythm with painless frivolity of melody. With *Die Fledermaus* we come to one of the finest works in the entire field of opera. It has a flood of leaping melody, wherever possihle its dialogue is sung instead of heing spoken, and in its superh choral numbers is triumphantly displayed the genius of its composer, Johann Strauss. It is, indeed, not operetta hut *opéra comique;* and *opéra comique,* you are aware, does *not* mean comic opera, hut such light grand operas as *Carmen,* and *Mignon,* and *Manon.* The French word for comic opera is *operette. Die Fiedermaus* has always made a strong appeal to cultured music lovers. Marcella Semhrich, perhaps the finest musician among all the recent great sopranos, used to delight in singing the rôle of Rosalinde. *Sweethearts* is the story of a laundry girl who is heir to a throne, and of a prince who woos her without knowing her identity, for which Victor Herhert has written a lyrical and seductive score, with charming melodies and attractive choral numhers, supported and enhanced hy his wizardry of orchestration. *The Gypsy Baron* is also hy Johann Strauss. Its music pulsates with exuherant vitality in every measure, and displays an endless lyrical invention. It is, indeed, the music of grand opera of an untraditional and fascinating *genre.* It stands triumphantly alone. Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow* drew crowded houses of delighted listeners when it was sung here last winter hy the Savage Opera Company. The music of the same composer's *Gypsy Love* excells that of *The Merry Widow* in depth of melody, vitality of rhythm, and finish and interest of workmanship. The finale of the second act is of grand opera proportions. *The Spring Maid,* full of anaemic tunes, is the most vapid opera that ever came from Vienna.

Why cannot we have permanent comic opera in San Francisco? It used to add to the interest and the charm of the city in the old days of the Tivoli. It is too attractive to die. If it is not permitted to flourish here, it will prosper elsewhere. How shall we set about restoring it? We must have, first of all, an opera house. Then a comparatively small orchestra, and a small chorus of young singers, with lustre and sweetness of voice, would do. It might he somewhat difficult at first to secure a well-halanced and capable cast of principals, for there are not as many genuine singers of comic opera now as there used to he. We might occasionally send away for a guest singer and put on one of the heautiful operas from the field of *opéra comique.* We might, for instance, ask Mahel Garrison, an American soprano with a lovely voice and distinguished art, to sing *Lakmé for us.* And then, once or twice a year, with the chorus and orchestra of our permanent comic opera company as nuclei, we could send away for some great singers and have a month of grand opera with a minimum of additional expense.

Sincerely yours, Edward Hulme.

What Hiram Saw.

London, England, Oct. 14, 1923.

To the Editor of the Argonaut—*Sir:* I do not want to go to the trouhle to try to refute the amazing statements ahout Europe made hy the Honorable Hiram Johnson, after his brief survey of conditions here.

But why this bold assertion?: "France sees England as a deserter: England sees France as an exploiter: Italy looks askance. On every hand distrust, suspicion, hostility, and hatred."

When did countries hegin to "see," and when did amhulatory politicians acquire "second-sight?"

I am sure few European politicians would venture to assert that their countries "see." Visitors often make this error.

The truth is, I suhmit, that there are as many shades of opinion here as in our own changing country.

What would we say of an Italian ohserver who rusbed home and asserted that "America thinks" this or that?

Until I read Senator Johnson's strong speech, I had thought that the honds of amity which held the Allies together during the war had heen patched up neatly, and that "distrust, suspicion, hostility and hatred" would be replaced hy "Faith, Hope and Charity," triumphant.

Mayhe Mr. Johnson is right. I hope not. Yours, etc.,

Herbert Fitch.

Ripon, England, keeps up a custom 1000 years old. Every night a "wakeman," attired in official costume, appears before the mayor's house and blows three solemn notes on the "horn of Ripon," according to the *Scientific American.*

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

An Inland Empire Now Awaiting Only Irrigation and the Development of Power.

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*The following paragraphs are from the second article of the series on the Pacific Coast states, written by Mr. Alfred Holman under special commission from the New York* Times *and published as a whole only in the Sunday editions of thot journal. By courtesy of the publisher of the* Times *the* Argonaut *is permitted to reproduce these articles in part:*]

Spokane, Wash.

Approximately two-thirds of the superficial area of Washington State lies east of the Cascade Mountains. It is relatively an elevated region, ranging about 2,000 feet in its general levels. While not arid in the sense that that term is applied to Nevada and Arizona, it is, compared with Western Washington, a dry country. The average annual rainfall of eighteen inches is hardly more than half that of Western Washington. But Eastern Washington is not dry in the sense that it lacks ahounding and unfailing streams whose sources are in the mountains and in the lake country of Idaho, Montana, and British Columhia. The Columhia, the Yakima, the Snake and other lesser rivers flow through it and are available for irrigation water and for power. Merchantahle timber, while less abundant than in the western region, is here in large supply and it forms the basis of a very considerable industry.

But agriculture and stock-raising are the foremost interests and these largely engage the productive energies of the country. Mining is a large resource, though its operations are mainly heyond the houndaries of Washington and in the northern or "Panhandle" section of Idaho. If the carving up of the old Oregon country had heen upon scientific principles, or even under the dictates of common sense, Northern Idaho would have heen apportioned to Eastern Washington.

* * * * *

To all intents and purposes excepting politics, the Idaho Panhandle is an annex of Eastern Washington and a large contrihutor to its fortunes. The famous Coeur d'Alene mines lie within a few miles of the eastern line of Washington, and Spokane, the chief city of Eastern Washington, has largely heen huilt up and is sustained upon the lumhering and mining activities of the North Idaho region.

In earlier days Eastern Washington was classified as part of that receding mirage styled the "Great American Desert." To the eye of the pioneer it appeared, except in favored spots, an arid waste. Such settlements as were made were in narrow valleys, the higher and vastly larger areas heing regarded as worthless excepting for stock range. Today these lands once so appraised are highly productive, largely through the processes of irrigation. Stream water heing abundant and unfailing, and the land levels at varying elevations, it has heen an easy matter to hring wide regions under cultivation and to a degree of productiveness even greater than the low-lying valleys. Even hefore the day of irrigation, improved methods of agriculture had hrought wide areas of hench land into a state of productivity.

The value of irrigation at its hest is heautifully exhihited in the valley of the Yakima River, which lies in the very heart of the Eastern Washington country. So long ago as the year 1890, I passed over this region and saw nothing in it hut a waste of sage hrush. Within the current week I passed through it again to find it for the length of a hundred miles or more a picture of rural fruitfulness. A canal drawing water from the upper reaches of the Yakima River carries it through unnumbered laterals to many thousands of acres.

No trace of the old aridity is to he seen anywhere. Groves, farmsteads, alfalfa fields, orchards, are on every side, while the ahounding prosperity of the country is exhihited in a succession of towns and villages and in one city (North Yakima) of perhaps 20,000 population. Nowhere may he found a more charming picture of all that goes to make up a seat of agricultural industry. And what has happened in the Yakima Valley is duplicated in various parts of Eastern Washington. Wherever water has heen hrought to the land there has come a complete transformation of the country.

* * * * *

There still remains in the central and northern region of Eastern Washington, through which the upper reaches of the Columbia River pass, a vast and undeveloped region known as the Big Bend country. Today, arid as was originally the country I have just described, there lie wide stretches of bench land as potential as the Yakima country, waiting only for water. And the water is there. The Columhia River, with the streams that enter it through hoth its hanks, carries water in ahundance from the lake reservoirs of British Columhia, Idaho and Montana.

Looking to the development of these lands through irrigation, there is a project calculated to redeem something more than a million acres of high potential productivity. As yet it is only a project on paper, hut preliminary operations—to which the state has already contrihuted $200,000 and the general governmnt $100,000—are now in progress, and it is only a matter of time when the hopes of today will he transmuted into reality.

There are two cities of commercial rank in Eastern Washington—Spokane (105,000 hy the last census) and Walla Walla (approximately 20,000). These communities have grown up under circumstances at some points adverse. Particularly the City of Spokane, whose hopes look to manufacturing enterprise and to wholesale trade relations, has heen held back under a rule of discrimination in freight rates that is locally regarded as a rank injustice. Under the rules governing freight transportation, points on the seahoard—Seattle and Tacoma on Puget Sound and Portland on the Columbia River—are allowed rates that take account of their relationship to ocean transportation. The practical effect is that freights originating anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains may be carried to these seahoard points at a less rate than to inland points, though the haul to the latter be shorter.

Spokane, which lies approximately 300 miles inland, has for thirty-five years heen required under the rule to pay the full rate to the seaboard, plus the local rate for the back haul from the seaboard. To Spokane and other cities similarly situated in Oregon, Nevada, Idaho and Arizona this rule has long heen a grievance. They have demanded what are called "terminal rates"—that is the rates accorded to coast points. Under many decisions and rulings their appeals have heen denied; in consequence they have heen handicapped at the

points of manufacturing enterprise and also as wholesale distrihuters.

Under suspension of ocean traffic in the period of the war terminal rates were granted to Spokane; upon the resumption of ocean traffic the railroads demanded return to the old rule. This was denied, and today Spokane is and has heen for several months a terminal point—that is, she has the same rates from anywhere East that are allowed to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. But while at the present moment the terminal rate ohtains, there is still in the situation an element of uncertainty under the possihility that the old discriminating rule may again he put into effect.

Spokane now seeks at the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission or of Congress such confirmation of the existing status as will guarantee its permanence, for until there is such assurance capital will not adventure in manufacturing enterprise or engage in the husiness of wholesaling on a large scale. Ultimately the demands of Spokane and her sisters of the interior throughout the Pacific region will he advanced to an appeal for proportionate rates—that is, for rates in ratio with distance—which in the matter of freights drawn from the East would give the interior points lower rates than the coast cities.

* * * * *

Viewed in relation to its potentialities, Eastern Washington is only in its heginning. Its present population (approximately 500,000) is hut a fraction of what the country needs for its development and of what it is ahundantly ahle under development to maintain in prosperity. Enough has heen done successfully in irrigation, in cultivation, in manufacture, in mining, in lumbering, to define powers that yet in the main lie dormant. What Eastern Washington needs is population, capital, reclamation of lands, development of her ahundant resources of hydro-electric energy. Given these—and time will surely hring them—there will be in this great region, so richly endowed at all points, as fair a land as the world affords.

I have said that there are two Washingtons, hut I might have gone further to define a third. Lying south from Puget Sound in Western Washington, and south from the main centres of Eastern Washington, there is a wide strip that for approximately 300 miles east and west horders upon the Columhia River. Here was the first seat of agricultural settlement, and here, in very considerahle numhers, came a hackwash from the early Oregon migrations. Whatever there may he of historic hackground as related to present-day Washington is to he found in this district. Its outlook is less to Puget Sound or to the region dominated hy Spokane than to Oregon and its commercial centre, Portland. Politically part of Washington, its closest affiliation, economic and social, is with Oregon.

Besides the differences thus presented, we have in the geographical separation of various sections and in the marked divergences of their resources and productive conditions a still further hasis for clash of interests and of aims. Maritime Washington, with its vast timher resources, has a distinct classification of interests. Similarly, Eastern Washington, separated hy a high mountain range, with conditions pertaining only to itself, has in respect of legislation, transportation and other fundamental considerations a class of interests wholly its own. The Columhia River region under still other conditions special to itself and under its close affiliation with a commercial centre heyond the state houndary, emhodies still another set of interests.

That from time to time there should he clash of motives and of political demands is not only natural hut inevitahle. What is desired hy one section may not he wanted hy another. Thus in legislation, in transportation, in economic adjustments, and even in social life, there is in the separated sections of Washington a hasis that must, I fear, permanently affect the life of the state.

The faults of the situation, and I have not sought to minimize them, rest primarily upon the now historic disregard of anything like scientific apportionment of the old Oregon Territory. Western Washington should have heen made into one state. Eastern Washington, taking in the Panhandle of Idaho, should have heen made into another state. The Columhia River district of Washington should, in its western section, have heen incorporated with Western Oregon in a state, and its eastern section should have heen incorporated with Eastern Oregon in still another state.

* * * * *

Whatever else she may need, Washington is not lacking in facilities of transportaion. With the ocean on her western flank, with Puget Sound extending half way down from her northern houndary, with the Columhia River at the south, Snake River at the southeast and numerous smaller streams, water transport is one of her hest resources. Three transcontinental lines of railroad cross from her eastern to her western horder, each with its system of local feeders, many of them competitive.

The Cascade Mountains, separating the eastern from the western sections, is in transportation sense a very real handicap, since it interposes hetween the two sections of the state a hundred miles and more of mountain grades relatively difficult and of necessity costly to operate.

For Western Washington in its relation to Eastern Washington this is a serious handicap, for the eastern region is the natural "back country" of the snow regions and the great hunker of the Cascade Mountain range is a real ohstacle to intercommunication.

For Eastern Washington the Cascade harrier is less serious, since there is a water level hy way of the Columhia River to the sea. This great river has cut out for itself a deep gash through the mountain region, passing hetween walls towering 3,000 feet or more on either side. One line of road follows the north hank of the Columhia to deep water and another, which hranches into the Eastern Washington region, follows the south hank.

Thus Eastern Washington shippers may choose hetween competitors for their favor. The over-mountain roads at considerahle cost to themselves make equal rates with the roads that follow the easier line of the Columhia. But the advantage ultimately and always must lie with the water level route. The natural gateway to the sea for Eastern Washington is the Columhia River, and it must ever remain so.

There is in process on the Washington hank of the Columhia some fifty miles down river from Portland an extraordinary venture—nothing less than the creation *de novo* of a city adequate to the needs of a population of 25,000 and with facilities for unlimited extension, if the dream of the projectors shall come true. Here in advance of any estahlished population there is heing prepared on lines hoth scientific and artistic a ready-made city with streets, parks, puhlic and private structures complete. Sewers are heing laid, water mains put in, streets are heing paved, concrete sidewalks put in place. Already a fine hotel of six stories complete and modern in all respects is "open." An equipment of municipal huildings, of husiness structures of stone and hrick, with some five hundred or more dwelling houses are under construction. A great lumhering plant whose magnitude is indicated hy plans calling for thirty-four acres of roofage has progressed to the point of its foundations. Over three thousand workmen are husy in this gigantic constructive enterprise.

The Long-Bell Lumhering Company of Kansas City, accredited as a $60,000,000 corporation, is the promoter of this extraordinary enterprise; and estimates of the capital now invested and in process of investment run to a total of $18,000,000.

OLD FAVORITES.

The King of Yvetot.

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days a-hed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And step hy step, upon an ass,
Rode ahroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
'T was from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects hless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
A courteous king, and kind, was he—
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then,
Marched hack again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

Neither hy force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)
"Live and let live" his rule of state.
'T was only when he came to die,
That his people who stood hy
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of a king for me.

The portrait of this hest of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the hrim,
Look up to him,
Singing "Ha, ha, ha!" and "He, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me."

—*Pierre Jean de Béranger.* Thackeray's Translation.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a hetter time,
Producing suhjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art hy nature seems outdone,
And fancied heauties hy the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall he sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and nohlest hearts.

Not such as Europe hreeds in her decay:
Such as she hred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall he sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the Drama with the day:
Time's nohlest offspring is the last.

—*George Berkeley.*

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the hrave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes hlest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To hless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—*William Collins.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ellis Cutting, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a veteran of Balaclava, is said to be the only American survivor of the "charge of the six hundred." He will be eighty-seven on November 4.

Wing Commander Mario Calderara, new air attaché of the Italian embassy to the United States, has recently arrived at Washington to take up his duties.

Mrs. Ethel Hanley, of Muscatine, Ia., who won second place and broke one world's record in the recent races on the Ohio, at Cincinnati, is called the world's most daring speed-boat driver.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," landed in Japan two days after the earthquake. He is on his way to China for a year's stay, to do medical research work in the interest of the Rockefeller Foundation.

James Harvey Robinson, who was formerly known to every college student in the country as the author of "An Introduction to the History of Western Europe," and who has been known to the remainder of the reading public since the appearance of his "Mind in the Making" a year or so ago, is again in the limelight of the press with a new book, "The Humanizing of Knowledge," a statement of his attitude toward present day educational methods. Professor Robinson, who is a native of Illinois, was educated at Harvard, and Freiburg, Germany. He joined the staff of the University of Pennsylvania as lecturer on history in 1891, and was professor of history at Columbia from 1895 to 1919 when he became interested in organizing and lecturing for the New School for Social Research. His article on "The Seven Greatest Americans" was a feature of the *American Magazine* for June, 1923.

A French publicist has written a book on the men who lead France, "Ceux qui nous mènent." He divides the sheep from the goats, saying that Clemenceau, Barthou, Berard, Briand, Painleve, and Viviani belong to the past. Of Clemenceau, he writes: "When the Germans saw the beginning of their demoralization, the heralding of their defeat, they said to themselves: 'If only we had a Clemenceau!'" A nature that could rise to great crises, Clemenceau was at his best in the Great War. He was able to show then that he was more than a clever politician, a ruthless upsetter of ministries, and a brilliant journalist. Though he is proverbially known as "hard boiled," completely lacking in sentimentality, Clemenceau could not bring himself as premier to sign a death warrant—his reason being, oddly enough, respect for his father who had been against capital punishment. It is noteworthy, however, in this connecton, that Clemenceau, who was a physician by profession, used, as a young man, to give his services free to the poor of Montmartre.

Captain Stanley Melbourne Bruce, prime minister of Australia, who has been in London attending the imperial conference, is one of the most interestng figures in world politics. His positon at the head of his home government is oddly enough the result of war wounds, but though politics was not his ambition he became premier at the unusually early age of thirty-nine. One of the remarkable things about Bruce is his athletic appearance, which is not belied by the facts. He was a great oarsman at Cambridge where he won the blue, rowing in the winning team against Oxford in 1904. Later, just prior to the war, he took the Cambridge crew to Belgium as coach. When the war broke out Bruce had been admitted to the English bar and was practicing in London. Invalided home in 1917, he returned to Australia, took up business, devoted his spare time to war lectures, and was soon recognized as a capable platform speaker. The following year Bruce was elected to Parliament where he soon made an impression. In 1921 he was asked to represent Australia at the second Assembly of the League of Nations and still later was appointed to fill the position of federal treasurer under Premier Hughes. Following the last federal election, when Hughes was unable to form a government, Bruce was summoned. The result is the government now in power.

The Chinese nobleman, the Duke Yen, is the lineal descendant of Confucius in the seventy-sixth generation. But though he is the representative of that distinguished family in a country where even ordinary ancestors are worshipped, he is not the conservative that one would expect. In 1906 the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi, fearing that western education might undermine young China's faith in the religion of its ancestors, issued a decree raising Confucius to the first rank in the Chinese Pantheon and ordering the same honors paid him as those paid the Supreme God. At the same time she ordered the creation at Chüfu, the ancient home of Confucius, of a schöol to be devoted to the study of the Confucian classics. When Duke Yen paid his respects to her Majesty and expressed his gratitude for the high honor done his ancestors, he asked that the curriculum of the school might include the study of foreign languages, western science, international law, and political science. Needless to say, his request, which would have defeated the object of the school, was not granted. Professor Williams, writing recently on the Duke Yen, describes him as a handsome man, physically fit and mentally alert, who is keenly interested in western institutions. However, the death of the Empress and later the revolution prevented the execution of the plans for a national Confucian school.

CARICATURES A LA MAX.

Philip Guedalla Has a One-Man Show Featuring Some Etchings in Acid and With Dry-Point.

It is well known nowadays that anything may compose a book, from sufficient columns of statistics to more than sufficient columns of too public—or too private—reminiscences. A book may even just happen, like Topsy, without evident antecedents, which is hardly the case with this rather superficial collection of skits and expanded epigrams, since their author is a writer, even one of the first rank—everything being relative—in these degenerate days. The present is always degenerate, with all due respet to our omni-present, omniscient, ubiquitous writers. Surely our age will be called by posterity, the Era of Writing. However, we should not begrudge Mr. Guedalla the right to call his bunch of papers a book, lumping them together under the amorphous title, "Masters and Men"—observe that it is sufficiently elastic to cover any biographic study—for a clever writer should be given a little more leeway than a dull one, and that Mr. Guedalla is clever is a verdict any one may arrive at by contemplating for three-quarters of an hour or so this gallery of delicately constructed caricatures.

His first picture is a a popular composition entitled "The Egoists:"

> The orgy of self-revelation, which has set every minister in Europe babbling confidences with the easy flow of a schoolgirl in a moment of expansion, was a progressive business. The spate did not start all at once. In the earlier stages there was a staid trickle of confessions, cast mostly in the decorous form of official publications. Great Britain started in with the pale gleam of a White Paper. Then France weighed in with a Yellow Book. The Russians turned out something tasty in orange; Belgium was discreetly gray (so like a neutral); the Austrians went in for red; and soon all the primary colours in the spectroscope were exhausted by the original belligerents, and late-comers were driven out into the more garish creations of aniline research. The tone of these early revelations was almost uniformly sober. The utmost that was confided to the public was an impressive spectacle of a number of slightly flustered gentlemen engaged in exchanging solemn documents couched in a jargon which the usage of centuries had deprived of all meaning. It was all a little like the drivers of two converging trains upon a single line absorbed in an exchange of courtesies, of estimates of distance and weight of impact; and none of the passengers had (in the official correspondence) the indelicacy to tamper with the communication-cord. That was the first stage of the international disclosures.
>
> The next movement was a trifle livelier. Towards the end of the war, and increasingly as the Great Peace grew in intensity, the statesmen of the Old World united in a chorus of confessions. The shrill utterance of men who had won the war united with the more guttural speech of those who had caused it, and our ears were assailed by sonorous repetitions of the same thing in different keys. It was all a little like the culminating moments of the Handel Festival. From the angle of the British listener much of it was a shade tame, because we have not yet been privileged to overhear any considerable body of the confessions of our own masters. This country, almost alone in Europe and with that mysterious tolerance to which most British institutions owe their survival, continued for years after the Armistice to employ the official service of those who had conducted its affairs during the war. The result, however, becoming apparent, an ampler leisure was politely afforded to some of the more remarkable actors in which to record their experiences on the stage.

Like ourselves, Mr. Guedalla has been singularly irritated by the super-abundant flow of printed reminiscence. He, too, has been "fed-up" with the war-induced confession of every one who lived through the war, whether or no he had anything to confess. From the general proposition reprinted above he speedily gets down to the particular case of that eminent diarist who for reasons unknown has been chosen unanimously to be the scapegoat of all who wish to vent their ire on war-diarists:

> One is singularly tempted to apply the method to a modern diarist whose brilliance combines in a remarkahle degree the military wisdom of Clausewitz with the social ideals of Mr. Stephen McKenna. Colonel Repington introduces himself with the roguish intimation that his best things have "been omitted on the recommendation of eminent counsel"—happy counsel!—and proceeds to answer with unlimited gusto the old, old question as to what *he* did in the Great War. Being a soldier of recognized ahility, he was not employed in any military capacity, hut was retained in London to direct the operations on all fronts in the columns of the *Times*. His revelations are titillating; his daily appreciations of the slowly broadening, deepening, thickening, blackening situation are full of interest; but one feels that posterity and its historians will value his diary less for its revelations (they will know the facts) or for its judgments (they will know the truth) than for his contribution to the social history of England in war-time. He is perpetually lunching with a few people at the Ritz, dining with a few people at the Berkeley; he sees Lady Diana Manners' last appearance in her hospital clothes (they "suited her so well; she is very sad about it"), he hears "Lady Randolph in great form, and most bitter against Lord K." One gets through it all the queer impression that one is watching an earthquake from a seat in a cabaret; the singers grimace and the flat piano tinkles as the great buildings go crashing down outside and the smoke goes up and the flames beneath it and the cries; but one can still hear the piano playing stale rag-time.

Our scintillating critic, though he concedes that Colonel Repington's book will have an historic value to posterity, has little to say for its present usefulness. One or two anecdotes he quotes either as examples of or exceptions to—we are uncertain which—the "barren business" of the whole.

But the collection of anecdotes is as barren a business as the juxtaposition of amusing *bric-à-brac*, except when it illustrates the temper of our masters. There is a glimpse of Mr. Lloyd George that is well worth remembering:

> "He asked me whether there was any single military book published before the war which I found worth reading. I said, 'The Book of Joshua and Clausewitz.' 'And Clausewitz is *only* principles,' added L. G."

The italic is not Mr. George's.

An atmosphere of broader farce is created by a conversation with Marshal Foch—until one remembers that he is not an honored effigy in the War Museum but an active counsellor in the affairs of Europe:

> "At the close of one day which I spent with him in 1914, he took me into his sanctum, and having shut the door, said, in a most impressive way, that there was one subject upon which he sincerely desired my opinion. . . . I wondered what it could be. He took up a map of northern Europe, spread it out and asked me solemnly how much European territory we should expect for ourselves at the end of the war."

In a conversation with Francis I., with Frederick the Great or Napoleon this enquiry would have had its humor. But in the mouth of Marshal Foch it is too rich for laughter, because Marshal Foch is still alive. One does not wonder he complains in 1919: "President Wilson leads the Conference and does what he likes. I may not have my Rhine frontier because it is against Wilson's fine principles, and so when war comes again"—one admires the fine, downright certainty of it—"we shall have fine principles in place of natural frontier." Observers had always suspected that Marshal Foch regarded the war as a simple episode in the history of France; but the certainty is somehow a trifle disquieting.

But even Colonel Repington, commander of all fronts in the columns of the *Times*, will come into his own when the great war has become archaic. Mr. Guedalla, who becomes almost serious, at least slightly jaundiced, about Repington's chronicles of the silly, trivial lives of those not actively engaged on the front, ignores the philosophic reflection which can be drawn from the colonel's lively pages of war-time England; namely, that it is a saving grace of humanity to be able, either through courage or stupidity, to be as silly and trivial in the face of catastrophe as when wrapped in security. Mr. Guedalla, passing by its present uses, commends the book to the historian of the rather distant future:

> It is on the social side that his book will live, if posterity knows its business. One would give whole books of Polybius for one good picture of a little dinner at Carthage in the Second Punic War. The talk in the Saracen tents during the First Crusade, a political hostess' diary in the Hundred Years' War, Parisian gossip when the *Grand Armée* was in the field, these would be the original sources of true history for which no amount of despatches, *documents pour servir*, and military biographies are a substitute. Colonel Repington's diary will perform that inestimable service for the historian of the future. "The only visible signs of war," he wrote on a Sunday in 1917, "are that the men now wear usually short coats and black ties in the evenings, that dinners are shorter, and that servants are fewer and less good." Those corner tables at Claridge's, that charity matinée at the Alhambra, what the lovely lady said to the statesman, how the pretty widow looked in her weeds, these and these are the materials which Colonel Repington pours into the lap of history, with the happiest disregard of solemnity, discretion—and the war.

But "Masters and Men" is not all post-war chat, either sprightly or embittered. One takes flying excursions to the 'nineties. One even, armed with the paraphernalia of the archaeologist, exhumes a master-piece of Disraeli, who by virtue of his vitality, nationality, or perhaps just historical significance, is as live a figure himself as any of the still living masters or men treated herein. Not so his poetical drama, about which Mr. Guedalla writes:

> Yet there is dreadful fascination about such rarities. Napoleon once began to write a novel; it was called *Lord Essex*, and one can imagine the collectors of three continents elbowing one another in a wild attempt to bid for the tepid balderdash, because it was made by a man who could win battles. Something of the same attraction clings to the sparse writings of British statesmen, those stern, illiterate figures whose heavy hands make empires and Poets Laureate. A few have written prose; but hardly one of them, since Mr. Canning, has struck the lyre. Yet there was a Prime Minister once who wrote a tragedy in verse. It opens with an Advertisement which must win the sympathy of all historians: "As there is no historical authority for the events of the celebrated Ballad on which this Tragedy is founded, I have fixed upon the thirteenth century for the period of their occurrence." Many statesmen have been uncertain about their chronology.

Perhaps we should not connive with Mr. Guedalla in thus exposing one of the weaknesses of a personage who has only escaped the taunt of super-man thanks to a few personal idiosyncrasies and vagaries. Fine tailoring covers the vision of a multitude of critics and saves its wearer more than it exposes him. Disraeli was samething of a fop and as an eccentricity he has been taken for granted—not subjected to the searching analysis which usually penalizes the great. Even Mr. Guedalla treats him more kindly than he would a more commonplace victim, but does not spare him this exposé:

> He was writing with every possible advantage. He was beginning (it was the year 1838) to get on in the world. He was in love. He was staying at a large country house. "I wrote your name in large characters and placed it before me. I remembered your parting injunctions. I poured all my spirit into my tragedy. The effort was great" . . . and yet *Count Alarcos* is rarely performed in British theatres. Perhaps there was something wrong with the young lady's name. She was called Mary Anne. Yet the inspiration of Keats had survived still graver discouragements from the nomenclature of his adored. Perhaps there was something wrong with the critics. "Strange that I never wrote anything that was more talked of in society, and yet it has never been noticed by the scribbling critics." Perhaps (one shrinks from the conjecture) there was something wrong with the play.
>
> It is a ripe exercise in the late manner of *Savonarola Brown*. The characters include "Count Alarcos, a Prince of the Blood," "Guzman Jaca, a Bravo," and "Graus, the Keeper of a Posada;" the supers, as you might expect, are "Courtiers, Pages, Chamberlains, Bravos, and Priests;" and the Time, for reasons which the author had already stated, is "the 13th Century." The scene is Burgos, and it opens with considerable flourish:
>
> "*Enter* Two Courtiers,
> 1st Cour.
> The Prince of Hungary dismissed?
> 2nd Cour.
> Indeed
> So runs the rumour.
> 1st Cour.
> Why the spousal note
> Still floats upon the air!
> 2nd Cour.
> Myself this morn
> Beheld the Infanta's entrance, as she turned,
> Proud as some bitless bard, her haughty glance
> On our assembled chiefs.
> 1st Cour.
> The Prince was there?
> 2nd Cour.
> Most royally . . ."
>
> One is half afraid, as each line draws to its perfect close, that the poet will fail to keep it up. But with the astonishing energy which was to survive a lifetime spent in Opposition he maintains the splendid standard set in his opening passage. There are bold strokes of local colour, such as:
>
> "Yet on the Prado's walk came smiling by
> The Bishop of Ossuna . . ."
>
> or the vivid ejaculation of a Spanish Friar:
>
> "For the love of St. Jago, senors; for the love of St. Jago!"
>
> But the poet is at his happiest when he is most Shakespearian, even though he candidly confessed to his lady that he saw "no use in writing tragedies unless they be as fine as Shakespeare's." He revels in royal ladies who call a forward Page "Rare imp;" his Bravi reflect credit on their schoolmasters with such admirable reminiscences of their education as, "It was full of meat as an egg;" and the spirit of blank verse so dominates the drama that its last broken line is finished for him by the stage directions:
>
> "Go tell him, sirs, the Count Alarcos lived
> To find a hell on earth; yet thus he sought
> A deeper and a darker. [*Falls.*
> THE END."
>
> Yet one fears that the passages which chilled Mr. Macready's enthusiasm were of the simpler sort:
>
> "There was a sort of scene today at Court;
> The Princess fainted—we were all dismissed
> Somewhat abruptly . . ."
>
> During the labours of composition Mr. Disraeli had discovered that, of all forms of literature, tragedy "requires the utmost skill and practice and profound composition. If mine ever appears, it shall be a masterpiece." What appeared was *Count Alarcos;* and there are two wonderful things about it. The first is that the author, if he is to be believed, burned more of it than he printed; and the second is that in the year 1868 a version of it ran for five weeks at Astley's "with the loudest demonstrations of applause from delighted audiences."

"Caricature is one of the lost arts," says Mr. Guedalla, either modestly deprecating his own valorous championship of a lost cause or explaining it. One can never be sure with Mr. Guedalla. But one thing is certain—that his estimate of Max Beerbohm, "an old master," as he calls him and doubtless his own, is more interesting than the ordinary critics' hearty misappreciation of the great Max:

> The dawn came in the middle Nineties, when the night seemed at its blackest. Mr. Linley Sanbourne was rapidly exchanging caricature for mannerism, and "Spy" was portraying gent's trouserings with a steadily increasing perfection, when in the now yellowing pages of *Pick-Me-Up a* Mr. Beerbohm, of Merton, gingerly elevated in an elegant hand the torch of revolution. Mr. Raven Hill turned aside from the depiction of comic Volunteers to write an appreciative preface about him. Mr. John Lane vied with Mr. Leonard Smithers to publish him. And, in fine, he became a classic *fin de siècle*.

Whether or not he regards himself as a disciple, Mr. Guedalla is not quite fair to his "old master:" perhaps it is that he views him rather in the light of a rival, albeit an elderly one, that he is, well, just a trifle acrid in the following:

> It is his supreme merit that he is admirably exact, a carver of verbal netsukes. He writes always, if one may state a temperament in terms of footwear, as though he were wearing patent-leather boots a little tight for him (as such things always are) and holding in his left hand a redundant pair of gloves. It is a perfect attitude, and one may recommend it as a sound corrective for a generation whose typical prophet writes with his head in a bag in order that his disciples may read him with their feet on the fender.
>
> Not so Mr. Beerbohm. Unblinkered (because they ruffle one's hair so), detached (because cliques are so thoroughly suburban) and disillusioned (because illusions are the privilege of the old), he parades his eternal youth, his ineluctable distinction, and that capacity for positively surgical analysis which enables him to hold gingerly and with the silver tongs of his prose seven men, of whom he was himself the seventh.
>
> It is the peculiar quality of Mr. Beerbohm that he has left large numbers of people for many years under the fond impression that they, and they only, can savour him. One can only thank him with such courtesy and reserve as he must expect from worshippers at that urbane, that elegant little shrine. *Max vobiscum!*

No, we do not think that Mr. Guedalla quite appreciates Mr. Beerbohm. His own netsukes aren't carved as carefully as Max's, as the above excerpt shows—silver tongs and surgery—!—and the only excuse for carving verbal netsukes in our opinion is to carve them perfectly. So far Mr. Beerbohm holds the world title.

Masters and Men. By Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 20, 1923, were $183,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year $175,600,000, an increase of $7,600,000.

While the investment market continues in a more or less unsatisfactory condition, signs of improvement are seen. That improvement is making itself evident along two lines: First, in the firmer tone of prices of bonds in the open market, and second, in the success that has attended recent new financing, says *Commerce and Finance*.

The scare created by revival of the soldiers' bonus plan has passed for the time being. Liberty bonds, which are more sensitive than others to the bonus threat, were firmer last week. It is possible that the bonus talk was exaggerated as a market influence. The principal source of liquidation of Liberties has been corporations and the commercial banks which for several years have been very lareg owners of government obligations, which they can conveniently pledge for temporary advances from the Federal Reserve Banks.

Investments by banks are in inverse ratio to volume of trade. Banks invest in bonds when business is slack. Conversely they liquidate when business is good. Business men, individually and as corporation managers, pursue the same policy.

As an outcome of the enormous investments made by banks and business concerns we had a perpendicular rise in bond prices from a low average of 71.96 (Dow-Jones average of 40 bonds) registered in May, 1920, to a high average of 92.12 in September, 1922, or 21 points.

The peak of commercial bank holdings of government obligations was reached in January of this year, when the 770 largest commercial banks in the Federal Reserve System, whose reports are the basis for the Reserve Board's weekly statement of condition of the system and which control about one-third of the entire banking resources of the country, owned $2,661,658,000 such investments.

The business boom this year was largely responsible for a liquidating movement by those banks as well as by corporations because they could employ their funds more profitably in business.

That liquidating movement appears to have passed its peak.

I doubt that even as bankers we fully realize what a magnificent financial structure we have in the Federal Reserve system. No central banking system now, or in the history of the world, compares with this in point of resources, in currency issuing power, or in ability to control business activity that needs restraint or inactivity that needs stimulation. After but nine years of service it has amassed over $5,000,000,000 of assets. The combined resources of the central banks of England, France and Italy are but 70 per cent. of this total. It holds at least 30 per cent. of the world's gold supply. Behind it is a wonderful record of achievement through a world war, an inflation period of dizzy heights, and months of serious and costly liquidation, said Craig B. Hazlewood, vice-president of the Union Trust Co. of Chicago, in an address before the American Bankers' Association at Atlantic City.

Faults of administration there have been, is in any human institution. In relation, however, to its big concepts, to the broad economic principles written into its law by the framers of the act itself, there can be no question of its success in the best interests of the government, the banks and the public alike. Consider in hold outline what we have accomplished.

First, the nation has been given an elastic currency system which we had been without for fifty years. That this is so is proven by the simple statement that never before in the history of the counry did we have a credit panic anywhere near the magnitude of that of 1919 and 1920, without, at the same time, suffering a currency panic.

Second, we concentrated the bank reserves of the nation in the hands of the system available for loans to member banks, whenever needed, in any part of the country. We have reduced our own currency reserves to till money, and our non-interest bearing balances with the Federal Reserve banks, free of uncollected funds and subject to definite percentage requirements, but available for instant use by draft or wire transfer, represent a truer and more scientific reserve than we have ever had before.

Third, through the operation of the collection system we have greatly reduced the average time in collecting the average check. In the case of a typical large bank this reduction has been from 3.71 days, before the Federal Reserve system, as against 2.59 days at the present time. If this be an average saving for all member banks, then the total saving on $600,000,000 of floating checks in process of collection through the Federal Reserve system would be in the neighborhood of $15,000,000 per annum. This is a saving on account of the increased turnover of a bank check and has nothing to do with the elmination of exchange charges collected through the Federal Reserve system. As to that the Federal Reserve Act states member banks may collect checks at par through the system, and, on the other hand, member banks must remit at par to the system. This is equitable and sound.

The act also states that checks on non-member banks may also be collected through the Federal Reserve system, if they can be collected at par, and only so. The Supreme Court of the United States has said that every non-member bank has an unqualified right to elect whether it will remit at par to the Federal Reserve banks. This is also equitable and sound. The attempt that was made to enforce par collection on non-member banks of this country by bureaucratic methods was unsound, un-American, and, in my judgment, a blunder which has cost the loss of much good will toward the system on the part of city and country members and non-member banks alike. Happily this has been stopped. Bankers of all classes can now consider the advantages of the collection system without prejudice and on the ground of the saving of time and labor it can affect for the banking and business world.

Fourth, the Federal Reserve system has given the government a fiscal agency and a depository of maximum usefulness. The war loan service of the system was of incalculable value.

Fifth, the system has performed the function of a central bank in the mobilization and direction of bank credit. It is regarding the manner in which these functions were performed in the panic of 1919 and 1920 that most of the criticism of the system has been directed. The machinery was new, and undoubtedly was stiff in many of its parts. The facts were, however that the system loaned the banks of the country a total of $2,826,000,000 at the peak point, and that these loans were made when needed to the limit of capacity of the system, and in many cases without reference to so-called basic lines of credit.

The banks in agricultural districts were borrowing 99.2 per cent. of their basic line, in semi-agricultural districts were borrowing 71.9 per cent. of their basic line, and in non-agricultural districts were borrowing only 65.2 per cent. of their basic line. The country districts were not badly treated. Furthermore, whatever criticism there may be due the Federal Reserve Board for not having put on the brakes soon enough, and however true it may be that the bank loans were increased when reserve requirements were reduced, it still must be said in all fairness that neither the system, nor the board, nor the individual banks were actually responsible for the inflated condition in which the nation, and for that matter the entire world, found itself in the year of 1918.

The Federal Reserve system deserves our support. It must have it. Most of its critics are honest and sincere and some look with hnugry eyes on the possibilities of patronage and profit which seem to he procurable in its administration. Political criticism need give us little concern as long as this does not actually eventuate in emotional legislation. Political influences are dangerous when applied to secure political power and patronage. If such influences may find their way to the inside of the management, particularly to the hoard, they may materially weaken the entire structure. The amendment to the Federal Reserve Act, including a "dirt farmer," may have brought the system no harm, but the intent is dangerous. It is dangerous because no special line of business activity or class of citizens should need special representation on the board. Rather, the system should be managed entirely in the interest of the country, as a whole, and the government.

During the flutter in stocks and bonds which accompanied the movement in oil, cotton and grain, in the last week of September and the first days of Octoher, the unlisted public utility stocks and honds were scarcely affected. The quotations responded to the nervousness of the market with a single shake and then re-affirmed themselves, in many cases with a small advance over previous figures.

Says the *Savings Bank Journal*: "They (public utilities) have been on the foreground upon every occasion when search has been made (hy savings hanks) for additional classes of legal investments, which would meet the three recognized hank canons—safety, liquidity, and yield." This comment by the official organ of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks of the United States refers to a campaign of intensive study of public utility securities which has just heen launched by the public utility committee of the association, "with a view to hroadening and strengthening State regulation as applied to them." In other words, the beginning of a race for the ownership of public utilities has been announced, savings banks and customers being the two contenders, and customers have the advantage of not heing restricted hy law and yet able to follow the lead of savings banks in their selections if they wish to do so.

Outstanding events of the fortnight have heen the purchase of the Gorges plant at Muscle Shoals by the Alabama Power Co. for $3,472,487.25 cash, by which disposal Henry Ford's offer for the whole power site and equipment at Muscle Shoals is rendered null and void, and an action tending in the opposite direction by the Adirondack Power and Light Co. On account of obstacles to rapid water power development, this company has decided to double its steam plant at Amsterdam by the addition of a 40,000 hp. steam turbine and extensive improvements for housing it. Installation is timed for the spring of 1924 and completion for the fall. The annual coal consumption is estimated at 200,000 tons.

Dividends of $3.09 on common for eight months are announced hy Union Gas & Electric Corp. Approximately 87 per cent. of new common has heen exchanged, leaving 30,509 shares. Of 64,994 shares of new preferred, which is exchangable for old preferred, 49,682 have been issued. Dividend of 96 cents on the new preferred for the period from July 20 to October 1 places this on 5 per cent. annual basis. For the year to August 31 disbursements for renewals and replacements amounted to $926,934.

Since 1904 Wynnewood, Okla., has operated an electric light plant municipally at a slight loss. It was taken over hy the Oklahoma Gas & Electric Co. on September 28, the city celebrating the event.

Forty city hlocks in the Bronx, New York City have heen purchased, it is reported, hy the Consolidated Gas Co. of New York, for the establishment of the biggest gas plant in the world. The tract extends from Hunt's Point with frontages on East River and Bronx River.

Columbus Gas & Electric Co. of W. Va. announces purchase of Ohio Gas & Electric Co. and Hamilton Service Co. as well as consolidation of transmission lines with Dayton Power & Light Co. and construction of new transmission lines.

An income from its subsidiaries 37 per cent. higher than for the same period in 1922 is recorded by the Middle West Utilities Co. for 8 months ended August 31. Gross reached about $36,000,000 as against $29,870,000 for the same period last year.

Public Service Railway Co. resumed operation of trolley lines in New Jersey October 1,

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by agreement with the Public Utility Commission, on basis of 5-cent fare within limits of cities and 10-cent fares beyond, the previous 8-cent fare to be continued only in certain sections with transfers at 1 cent.

California financing achieved a remarkable result in August, according to Peirce, Fair & Company. In that month the bond dealers originated and the public absorbed no less than 25½ per cent. of all industrial bond and note issues offered in the United States. The only previous month in which this figure was bettered was April, 1923, when the record of 27 per cent. was reached.

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Moreover, California's percentage of all corporate issues, 17.73 per cent. was greater than any previous month, except January, 1922, since Peirce, Fair & Company commenced their monthly record.

These results were reached very largely because the volume of offerings in California was fairly large, while in the rest of the country the volume was one of the smallest on record. For instance, California Industrial issues in August of $13,265,000 compare with a monthly average of $7,000,000 in 1922, while the total of more than $16,600,000, including utilities, compares with the 1922 average of $11,500,000. On the other hand, "outside" industrials of only $38,785,000 and total issues of $77,000,000 compare with 1922 averages of $92,500,000 and $142,000,000 respectively.

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The National City Company are offering a new issue $47,000,000 ten-thirty-year Federal Land Bank 4¾ per cent. bonds exempt from federal, state, municipal and local taxation, due July 1, 1953. These bonds, in addition to being obligations of the Federal Land Banks, all twelve of which are primarily liable for interest and ultimately liable for the principal on each bond, are secured by collateral consisting of an equal amount of United States Government Bonds, or mortgages on farm lands which must be:

First mortgages, to an amount not exceeding 50 per cent. of the value of the land and 20 per cent. of the value of the permanent improvements as appraised by United States appraisers;

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Neither bulls nor bears have been able to draw much comfort from the action of the stock market during the past fortnight. But the bulls have had a shade the better of it; for an almost unending stream of pessimistic talk from those so inclined, having on its side the sensational angles of the day-to-day news, has failed to materially depress prices. The average of 50 stocks has moved within a narrow two-point range and so far has managed to hold fully a point above the low level of July 31, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Wall Street is in the dumps. The fall rally, such as it was, was nipped in the bud, and the season is growing late for new blooms. The majority of the trading element are hearish and "no one is buying stocks." Somehow that last phrase has such a familiar ring that it naturally takes quotation marks; moreover, it is reminiscent of other days when it has proved profitable to purchase stocks against the judgment of the majority.

If you become depressed over the thought that no one can see how there can possibly be another bull market for weeks and weeks, perhaps months and months, to come, just let your memory hark back to March of this year when no one could see how the culmination of the bull market could come so early in the year and the general expectation was that high prices would be reached in the fall with trading expanded to new record volume. Many of those who were most bullish in March, with the market at the top, are most hearish now, after six months of decline.

Although the sensational news developments—the front-page news—have favored the bears, the news on the financial pages has been more to the liking of the bulls. For instance, car loadings continue to hug the million-mark, which means that, while there may have been some recession from the boom days of early spring there is no widespread stagnation in industry or trade. Railroad earnings continue very good in the main, excellent in spots, and in only a very few cases disappointing, which means that our transportation systems may be counted upon to keep their employment lists rather full at good wages and to enter the market without hesitation for their material and equipment requirements.

The revival in the building industry, now sufficiently marked to attract wide notice, should prove to the satisfaction of all that deferred requirements in this direction furnish a backlog against undue depression in the steel, lumber, cement and related industries, and through them should bolster up the entire industrial and commercial structure.

When the coal strike was settled the news found a ready place on the front page, but the strike settlement of the moment to the general business of the country has almost entirely escaped notice. That strike—the "buyers' strike"—really came to a peaceful termination before it had actually gotten under way; but the very threat of it was one of the most menacing factors in the business situation not so many weeks ago. There was no public announcement of settlement, but as evidence that the danger has passed there are the statistics of sales of department and chain stores and mail-order houses.

In the agricultural communities where alarm over restricted buying was publicly voiced during the summer months the changed attitude of the consuming public has been most pronounced. Cotton has hit the 30-cent level, corn and oats are high and wheat is not so low as it was, while other products of the farm are bringing profitable prices and banks are loaning freely at easy rates; so that the "harvest moon" finds the farmer less pessimistic, and town trade is the best in three years.

And, after all, the three main pillars of sound economic conditions remain undisturbed: employment is good at high wages, consumption is abreast or ahead of production in most lines, and loanable funds are in ample supply.

Account the Pacific Slope Dairy Show to be held at Oakland, California, from October 29th to November 3rd, the Santa Fe announces through Jas. B. Duffy, general passenger agent, reduced rates from Arizona and points in California.

The rate from Arizona will be one and one-half fares for the round trip, selling October 26th to November 1st, good for return November 7th. The Winter fares will be in effect from this state, with special rates Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays; also a reduced rate for any day in the week.

This will be one of the biggest dairy events on the Coast this year, and a large attendance is expected.

"The experience of the country during the war-time convinced the people that they did not want government ownership of the railroads," declared President W. B. Storey of the Santa Fe Railway in an address last week delivered before the Southwestern Business Congress at Tulsa, Oklahoma, in which he pointed to the danger that lurks in the path of any proposed radical legislation dealing with the present efficient transportation system.

"Although even then there was one element of government ownership that didn't come to the front—the taxation question.

"If the government should own the railroads, there would be no taxes paid and every county and state would suffer from this cause and be compelled to make up the difference by heavier taxation upon the business people of the country."

President Storey said, "Mr. McAdoo is attempting to revive the old accusation 'that the railroads took millions from the government that did not belong to them.'

"I desire to say further that we expected that the government would reimburse us because it had agreed to turn the roads back to us in as good condition as when received. I say that so far as the Santa Fe is concerned it put in no claim that it did not believe absolutely fair and just."

With the admission publicly made by the Australian Premier that national operation of ships has resulted in bankruptcy, another socialistic bubble is punctured.

Government operation of the Australian fleet has paid nothing into the public treasury, but has taken $30,000,000 out of the pockets of the Australian people.

Their big fleet was taken over during the war under rather favorable conditions, Australian ships operating free from all restrictions imposed on other shipping.

Socialists rejoiced that tonnage was short, markets plentiful, middlemen and selfish interests ditched and only the welfare of the general public was to be considered.

The Prime Minister shows a loss in operation of $14,000,000 in two years, gross cost of the fleet of $70,000,000 shrunken to $23,000,000.

A new shipping board is to take over the fleet at $23,000,000 and a great $11,000,000 dockyard at $2,000,000.

The taxpayers who lost a large sum in the venture are now asked to supply a further large sum to enable the government to continue in the business.

Socialism promises to improve the condition of the people, results in Australia as elsewhere only improverishing them.

The business situation has shown no pronounced change in the past month, but the trend of developments and opinion supports the view that while there will be no such outburst of activity as characterized the markets last Spring, good business is assured throughout the remainder of the year and likely to continue beyond, says the National City Bank of New York in their review on general business conditions.

The month has been an eventful one in world affairs, beginning with a flare-up which threatened war between Italy and Greece and the calamitous earthquake in Japan, followed by a revolution of the Fascisti type in Spain and culminating in the unconditional abandonment of the policy of passive resistance in the Ruhr. The Italian-Greek imbroglio and the Spanish development occasioned little disturbance in the business world, it being assumed that the former would be quickly settled and that the latter was of only domestic political importance. The Japanese disaster affected the silk market sharply and strengthened prices of building materials on the Pacific Coast, but other effects were thought to be too remote for immediate influence. The change of policy of the German government upon the subject of the Ruhr occupation is a development of the first importance, but the markets have been slow to act upon it, because of the uncertainties in which the situation is still involved, with respect both to possible disorders within Germany and the settlement yet to be made with the Allies. It must be regarded, however, as a very encouraging change in the world situation.

Next in importance to the prospect of a settlement of the European controversy is further evidence that the position of agriculture in this country, is improving, slowly perhaps, but with definite gains. Prices are decidedly better than three months ago, the value of this year's crops is well above last year's record the country over, the farming population is in better financial condition and has greater purchasing power than a year ago.

In Massachusetts, a codfish is sometimes called a Marblehead Turkey.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Re Infecta.

THE DOVES' NEST. By Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.50.

The posthumous puhlication of Katherine Mansfield's "The Doves' Nest and Other Stories" is not for those who have yet to make the acquaintance of that writer of "the in-hetween spaces and things and thoughts" as Galsworthy described her work, so much as for the initiate. One sampling Katherine Mansfield's art with "The Doves' Nest" would not get a fair impression—would not even get a favorahle impression. For though the gossamer quality is there more than ever in these tenuous sketches—they are not stories—it would not be sufficient to hold the interest of the layman. However Katherine Mansfield will prohahly never he a popular figure—her work will enjoy something of the same place with writers that Whistler's does with painters. She is preëminently the writers' writer. One cannot hy the widest stretch of imagination picture the business man settling down for post-prandial comfort with "The Doves' Nest" in lieu of *The Saturday Evening Post*. But H. G. Wells wrote of her: "K. M.'s perfectly lovely mind has lit a whole dismal day for me. 'Prelude' is so wonderful that I can even forgive it not going on. I daren't ask for more. I put K. M. ahove the world of effort and compromise." A beautiful and a just appraisal, but unfortunately the reader who is not an artist will not forgive "Prelude" for not going on. He is too imhued with the canons of modern journalism to relish a story cut off before the ohtuse can even guess its finish and with no promise held out of another installment next week. Many of the sketches in "The Doves' Nest" stop in mid air, some in mid-sentence, till finally the ultimate three dots with which the editors conclude these ephemeral creations become monotonous. The fragments were prohahly unfinished work but since Miss Mansfield was in the hahit of publishing such elahorate pieces as "Prelude" without sufficient sustenance for even the curiosity of H. G. Wells, it is prohlematic whether she would have finished any of them in the ordinary sense of that trite word. She was not interested in the story—it was rather her task to seize and make permanent the "in-hetween spaces." However, therein lay her weakness. Perhaps if she had lived she would have proved herself capahle of sustained work of the same incredihly heautiful quality. Galsworthy wrote of her that her talent was unique. It was: for once that hackneyed word was used literally. And if she had lived to fulfill the promise of her youth she would have outstripped them all. R. G.

The Bane of Technic.

THE HOPE OF HAPPINESS. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

Every now and then we find a hook which possesses merit as a whole, hut is marred hy faulty mechanism. It gives us the same sensation as the one we suffer when the machine will not start readily on a freezing morning. However, in "The Hope of Happiness," the engine troubles clear up soon after the opening chapters and we can enjoy the panorama of Mr. Nicholson's novel with relieved minds.

The author is familiar with the small city in the mid-western section of the country and the story is like the setting—true at the core—with a wholesome handling of a situation which in many hands would have hecome mucky.

Mr. Nicholson has the happy faculty of drawing living characters—or is it an understanding of human nature?—yet in many instances the dialogue is jerky, unnatural and strained. The chief recommendation of the hook lies rather in its odd plot, than in its style of narrative.

Academic Atmosphere.

HORATIO'S STORY. By Gordon King. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

Hamlet's entreaty to Horatio to clear his "wounded name" to the world gives the title to this recently puhlished novel, original hoth in conception and method.

A professor of philosophy at Harvard is the mouthpiece of the author's tale, and the carefully selected English and slightly pedantic style are well sustained throughout its pages. One who has heen familiar with a group of University folk will appreciate the unmistakahle atmosphere Mr. King has created of learning, simplicity, and sincerity. The story is developed largely through a series of conversations, clever and sometimes humorous; and the reader will find the character of Rhoda haffling hut clear. The situations may lack action, hut they are dramatic in the telling. "Horatio's Story" is rather out of the run of the average novel.

The Harper Prize Novel

THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS. By Margaret Wilson. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

It is something to have won a Harper's Prize Novel Contest, carrying with it $2000 and to he chosen over seven hundred competitors in this country and ahroad, hut it is hetter still to have written as fine a hook as "The Able McLaughlins." In this story of an early pioneer community consisting of a clan of Scottish Covenanters—"the ragged lairds"—the author has painted with a sure hand such stories of Scotch character that they hecome living people and their joys and sorrows hecome of intense interest.

There is heroism and loyalty in this story told with so much simplicity, hut it is full as well of touches of humor that delight the reader, and he does not soon forget the wee hody who came from Scotland as Alex McNair's hride or the wonderful mother of Wully, or most of all Wully himself, a hero in the best sense of the word.

There have been many novels during the past year with the setting of the Middle West, hut it is safe to say that nothing that has heen written equals "The Ahle McLaughlins." If this is the first novel by an unknown writer the future holds promise of success.

Vive le Roi!

THE WHITE COCKADE. By Charles Gilson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.00.

The French Revolution is an inexhaustihle mine for writers and will prohahly furnish the theme for many another historical novel and romance. "The White Cockade" is the story of the rising of the peasants under their lords of the manors in the Vendée, that maritime province of France which remained loyal to the King during the Reign of Terror. There took place uprisings and skirmishes and even open hattles in the clash of the two parties.

Against this hackground of bloodshed the story of the Marquis of Savenay and his lost son is sketched, and there are thrills a-plenty for lovers of thrills in the adventures of the re-united father and son. They are snatched from the guillotine only to he trapped hy their enemies later, and their escape to safety and freedom is the only gleam of light in a tale as tragic as the times to which it helonged.

Painless Edueation.

MOTION PICTURES IN EDUCATION. By Don Carlos Ellis and Laura Thornborough. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell; $2.50.

The cinema industry has grown so large and has hranched out into such an expanse of territory that it has hecome a subject hy itself for study and development. The educational use of motion pictures early hecame an important field for producers and this first book on the suhject covers the ground well.

Of the two authors, Mr. Ellis has heen director of the motion picture section of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and is the secretary of the Visual Educational Association of America, while Miss Thornborough's experiences as film editor for the United States government, as well as newspaper writer and lecturer, have been a good preparation for the present work. It discusses the principles of visual education, the use and value of motion pictures in education, directions for installing apparatus, precautions against fire hazards, and information in regard to available films of this character and the means of ohtaining them.

The authors seek to demonstrate the advantage of films as aids to instruction, and give the names of many which have been successfully employed. An appendix gives a list of motion picture distrihutors and manufacturers who handle non-theatrical films, with their addresses and specialties, as well as a list of projection, screen and equipment manufacturers, altogether a guide and reference hook for educators.

Frederic Harrison's Times.

DE SENECTUTE. By Frederic Harrison. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $3.50.

When the mind defies the passage of years and at the end of a century retains its keenness and vigor, the limits of mental development recede. So the title essay of this volume, Of Old Age, is a striking testimony to the unhroken life of the mind and the immortality of thought; in it the writer, at the end of over ninety years, serenely reviews the century of which he had heen a part and testifies to the compensations of age.

Frederic Harrison is an outstanding figure of the Victorian era, although he denies that there was, definitely, such a period, looking on it only as an age of reaction and reform following the Georgian. He regards it as being neither fixed nor stereoptyped in its men, manners or morals, hut essentially progressive, and changing with the changing currents of intellectual and social evolution that flowed through the century. Many things which pass as typically Victorian, he assures us, were hold-overs from the earlier period of the Regency and were given an erroneous lahel through the writers and cartoonists of the day.

These essays and lectures were gathered into hook form shortly hefore the death of the writer, at the age of ninety-two, and represent the last effort of a long life replete with productive thought and study. The closing lectures, delivered only two years hefore, on "A Philosophic Synthesis," a discussion of the philosophy of Comte, express his convictions as a Positivist and the creed which he taught and by which he lived.

Haunts of Royalty.

MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND. By Lady Cave. New York: D. Appletion and Company; $5.00.

The history of England for more than four centuries is so intermingled with that of this ancient pleasure palace of royalty that the story of Old Richmond is in large part the story of the English queens and kings who dwelt there from time to time. It was first known as Shene Manor, a sort of royal hunting lodge, as early as the 12th century, and from time to time was added to and rebuilt, until the 17th century when the main part disappeared.

The writer of these memories is the tenant, fortunately, of an old house in Richmond known as Wardrobe Court, built on the site of one still older which was occupied long ago by the Wardrobe Keeper. The descriptions of the house, with its panelled walls, galleries, haunting ghosts, and charming old walled gardens are most interesting.

Lady Cave has made a long and careful study of landmarks and historical association and has given us a delightful narrative enlivened with humor and original comment. But, as she quotes with personal reference: "You must not take my history too seriously; I do not myself."

A Bitter Arraignment.

THE NUPTIAL FLIGHT. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Boni and Liveright; $2.50.

Edgar Lee Masters, of the "Spoon River Anthology," has written a novel that has the bitter taste of sex antagonisms. "The Nuptial Flight" is a title that was evidently suggested by the culminating chapter in Maeterlinck's "The Bee," Masters' idea is that the artful female lures the eager male to follow her coy withdrawal, urged on hy the primal instinct to procreate. Like the queen hee, who, from the dizzy heights of her nuptial flight, lets fall to death her wooer and victim, the vampire wife, now energizing as a mother, hreaks and eventually kills her victim hy the demands made upon him to care for her brood. But Masters is fair for he depicts also the predatory male, who makes his living hy preying upon the financial resources of confiding women.

Clear, cold and ruthless is the poet's outlook on love and life. Love, in his eyes, is a devastating and destructive force, unlimited save for the hriefest time, hy the rosy glow of sentimentalities which conceal the real purpose of the life force. There is no humor in this hitter arraignment, as in G. B. Shaw's "The Superman." Harsh, abrupt, and sometimes guilty of crudities in his style, the poet-novelist tells his tale, allowing his readers, however, to gaze upon the life-long wedded happiness of an old couple whose union has heen ruled hy the harmonies that developed after careful and thoughtful selection had heen made.

The Prosaic Middle West.

THE MAGIC MIDLAND. By Harold Waldo. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.00.

A word of praise for a hook from one of the acknowledged craftsmen of American literature generally lahels it as worth while. So when Booth Tarkington says of "The Magic Midland" that "the life of it comes from life, not from used stuff," the reader will he looking not only for a midland setting hut for the magic touch of Mr. Tarkington's stories, for his well-known hrand of humor and romance.

But this tale of the midland lacks the magic which it's title promises and which would have transformed its drah realism. The story of a growing lad in a small Michigan town takes him from boyhood to the end of his high school life, when he becomes a sailor. A narrow, uninteresting existence enough, but a faithful reproduction of the "long, long thoughts" of a boy and of the hopes that led him out into a wider world. A plain tale indeed, and one quite devoid of varnish hut there are many who like their tales unvarnished and find truth and beauty in the rough.

Locke "Obliges" Once More.

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.00.

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Nevertheless, an over-strained attempt at effect is evident in this, his latest hook. He has chosen a demon in human shape as the protagonist of the story, and is obliged to elahorate and to extend unduly with extraneous padding, in order to spin his novel out to the prescribed length. The details concerning Suzanne's visit to her aunts in Anjou will serve as one instance, and the long description of the hull-fight another.

Nevertheless, so apt is Locke at his art—for, superficial though he is, he is gracefully so, and he makes superficial story-telling an art—he never wearies the reader. That is to say the reader that knows and likes him.

But he must he a devotee not to realize that the story was made, not because it was there, ready to become articulate, hut because another one hy the popular author was expected. And, in one of the twin protagonists, Lockeans will recognize that the author has used old material over again, in presenting for our appreciation the same angelic-dispositioned, modest, self-effacing Timothy.

D. H. Lawrence on American Letters.

Stumies in Classic American Literature. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $3.00.

In this, his latest effusion, D. H. Lawrence has a long talk with himself ahout America, Franklin, de Crèvecoeur, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville, and Whitman. He doesn't speak to Longfellow and he cuts Emerson, the Lowells, and Amhrose Bierce. He hadgers poor old Franklin ahout; he likes Whitman and pokes his ribs; he psychoanalyzes Poe and Hawthorne; he is brilliant hut just to de Crèvecoeur, Dana, and Melville. His style is a torture—hald, cracked, gaping—hut who will call his hook dull? His grouch at America saves it from heing that. He says we don't know our own classic writers—all we do know, declares the sage, is canned meat, world salvation, and Charlie Chaplin. He continues, "The furthest frenzies of French modernism or futurism have not yet reached the pitch of extreme consciousness that Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman reached. The European moderns are all *trying* to be extreme. The great Americans I mention just were it. Which is why the world has funked them and funks them today." If this were so, however, one would think that the classics thus passionately defended hy Mr. Lawrence would he the pattern and model of the modernist and of the world today. We fear his logic does not outdistance his style.

Notes of Books and Authors.

It was only after urgent persuasion that Madame Curie promised to write the story of her life for publication. "It will not be much of a book," she said. "It is such an uneventful, simple little story. I was born in Warsaw, of a family of teachers. I married Pierre Curie and had two children. I have done my work in France." Her hook was published on Octoher 23rd under the title of "Pierre Curie," for Madam Curie preferred to lay the chief emphasis on her husband's career and their joint scientific work, but she consented to include in the volume some autohiographical notes, which tell the story of her own life and her recent trip to America. When a visitor to the Curies' shahby, scantly-equipped little lahoratory expressed surprise that their discovery of radium had not brought them wealth, Marie Curie said quietly, "There were no patents. We were working in the interest of science. Radium was not to enrich anyone. It is an element. It helongs to all people." This spirit of selflessness and of courage permeates Madame Curie's whole hook; it is a unique record of struggle and achievement. The volume is illustrated with photographs of the Curies and the famous laboratory where their discoveries were made.

"Black'erchief Dick," (Douhleday, Page & Company), a lusty, seventeenth-century tale of a jeweled, perfumed pirate and his Spanish dagger with its hlade no wider than the diameter of a wedding ring, is a first novel of Margery Allingham, an eighteen-year-old English girl. Her friend and literary sponsor, William McFee, has written an introduction in which he draws a picture of East Anglia, three parts English and one part Low Country, three parts land and one part water, with its shores emerging imperceptihly from the gray waste of the North Sea and its stretches of low-tide mud shining with a metallic lustre heyond the dunes.

Brand Whtilock has returned to his craft of fiction writing. With his years as Minister to Belgium completed and recorded in that famous hook, "Belgium," he has completed the novel which was just started when the invasion of Belgium put an ahrupt end to Mr. Whitlock's work upon it. This is "J. Hardin & Sons," a novel of American life, in which he tells the life story of one Paul Hardin, from boyhood in the last century down to full maturity at the present time. The scene is Mr. Whitlock's own Ohio, and the many characters are representative of all classes and types found in the American small town.

New Books Received.

Diana of Briarcliffe. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

For girls from fourteen to sixteen.

Essays in European and Oriental Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn, New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

Editorials and special articles arranged and edited hy Albert Mordell.

The Fang in the Forest. By Charles Alexander. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

The story of a dog who was half wolf.

Treasure Trail. By Frederick Niven. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

A story of the wilds of British Columbia.

The Dancing Star. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

The story of a ballet dancer.

The Garden of God. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

A sequel to "The Blue Lagoon."

Jim Hanvy: Detective. By Octavius Roy Cohen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

Detective fiction.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Rendered into English verse hy Edward Fitzgerald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $7.50.

With decorations hy Fish.

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THE LAUDER ENGAGEMENT.

Sir Harry Lauder, on his way back from an Australian engagement, has stopped in San Francisco to appear at the Curran Theatre; for a week only, however. It will probably be a long time before we see the jolly Scotch entertainer again for, following a tour in the United States and Canada, he will embark upon a circuit of the world. This may last from two years to double the time. As a result the ever-popular singing humorist has heen drawing his appreciative constituency to enjoy a Lauder tickling of the ribs while they may.

Sir Harry enjoys a unique position in the world of song. There is no one to contest his eminence as a singer of humorous, or sentimental, or humorously sentimental Scotch ballads. And that eminence is no longer a lonely one—if it ever was—since the public learned that the Scotch singer had a warm heart.

That knowledge, which was acquired when the sorrow inflicted by the war tested his mettle, has made many and closer friends for Sir Harry.

Four matinees have been necessary to accommodate the always multitudinous demand for seats at the Lauder performances. The mayor and other friends in San Francisco met Sir Harry at the dock, and David Duncan, with a company of Scotch bag-pipers, joined force in extending a cordial welcome.

Next Monday afternoon Lauder will give a special concert for the disabled veterans, to be given in the Red Cross department of the hospital. Thus does the singer ease a little the hurt inflicted by the loss of his son, for he makes a point of entertaining disabled veterans at every U. S. hospital stationed near the cities in which he sings.

Sir Harry—how much simpler and more folksy it was when he used to be just Harry Lauder—seems to be eternally young on the stage. His smile is rejuvenating, his laughter an irresistible contagion, and his voice always seems to retain its sonority, its autumnal warmth, that mellows every emotion, jolly or otherwise, of which he sings.

So attached do his hearers become to his old songs, that he is obliged to keep them in reserve, no matter how gaily and responsively they cotton to tbe new ones.

The lack of pretension in Sir Harry's singing causes people to fail to realize that there is nothing hit-or-miss about his vocalization, for his voice has been carefully cultivated for the stage, and his method is good.

And so crowds are rallying to see and hear the genial Scotchman this week, with a rueful perception that far distant seas will have roared between them before he will again be heard in San Francisco.

THE ORPHEUM.

Nonette and Alan Brooks have bad no difficulty in obscuring tbe rather stereotyped vaudeville of the other acts during their appearance at the Orpheum. Nonette has a practised touch on her violin and her voice shows sweetness and skill in the method employed. And then the lady is pleasing to the eye. And so she is always a popular figure.

No doubt she has had ambitions. And when it dawned upon her that they were not going to be realized she said to herself:

"Laugh, and tbe world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

And Nonette went into vaudeville and smiled merrily and danced featly, as she sang and played. And her vaudeville world smiled in sympathy and clapped its applause and no doubt Nonette draws a plump and juicy salary.

Her competitor as a head-liner—on the same programme, I mean,—is immensely popular in a different way although smiles and laughter always attend the appearances of popular Alan Brooks. Mr. Brooks has the same vehicle, "Dollars and Sense." It will he remembered as a piece cleverly arranged in several scenes, in which darkness serves as a curtain. Howard Hickman, no doubt, got his idea of economizing time in the presentation of "Picking Peacbes" from Alan Brook's clever piece.

We have seen "Dollars and Sense" so many times that it is an old story. Mr. Brooks' only fault seems to be that everything he presents is so popular that it lasts overlong. For these tage entertainers cannot afford to tbrow away a good, paying investment.

But, although we would have liked to see this really deligbtful actor in something new, we can always enjoy him. He has individuality, magnetism, distinctive charm; and everything he does or says pleases. And besides, he is tall and good-looking, which pleases the girls. For lots of tbe vaudeville men look rather fat, and earthy.

QUEENA MARIO'S RECITAL.

Queena Mario, although outshone in operatic prestige by the two tenors, Martinelli and Gigli, during our recent opera season, yet made as hig a hit as any of the important male singers who accompanied the troupe. This was by her beautiful portrayal of Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." In both acting and singing the delightful soprano lifted her portrayal above the ordinary, and her success in the rôle added considerably to the prestige already enjoyed by Mario.

The singer is now due in New York for rehearsals for the winter opera season at the Metropolitan. But the directors have permitted her to remain in San Francisco an additional week in order to lead off the series of the Seckels musical Monday matinees at the Hotel St. Francis.

Queena Mario, last Monday, thus gave ber appreciators opportunity to witness her versatility. Her programme included offerings which appealed to French, Italian and Teutonic tastes. There were ballads, lyrics, and arias. Included in the latter were the Micaela aria from "Carmen," and the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet."

There is something unusually winning in the personality of this singer, and San Franciscans who had set the seal of their approbation on her work some three or four years ago, when she came as one of the lesser prima donnas with the San Carlos Opera Company took occasion to give delighted demonstration of their pleasure at the variety and charm of her vocalism in a concert.

Miss Seckels will follow this recital by a notable list and among other artists will he heard Josef Lhevinne, the pianist; Elena Gerhardt, lieder singer; Zanelli, the Metropolitan haritone, and Vacsey, the violinist.

"ROBERT E. LEE."

By John Drinkwater. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.; $1.50.

Producer William Harris, Jr., who did so well for himself and hy his public with his dignified production of Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," has arranged to stage "Rohert E. Lee," the historic play by the same author. And by a happy inspiration Mr. Harris has decided to start the tour with this later Drinkwater play at Richmond, Virginia; that Confederate stronghold for the defense of which General Lee is depicted as desperately rallying his forces in the later scenes of the play.

"Robert E. Lee" is a beautiful play. It is simple in construction, and the dramatist has not filled his stage canvas with too many notable figures of the times. General Lee and Stonewall Jackson, a brief glimpse of General Scott, and one or two other historic figures of lesser prominence, and a group of young soldiers whose friendship makes them cling together as long as the ruthless wielder of the ever-harvesting scythe will spare them, are the figures used by Drinkwater with which to project upon the scene the tragic story of the great, the futile rebellion.

With his poet's heart and imagination, and with the sad knowledge gained during the world war, Drinkwater has conceived of the spirit of the high-hearted, valiant youth of the South renouncing its allegiance as a matter of course to the general state, in order to support the home state.

It is all put so simply. When Lee, grave and troubled, is admonished by General Scott, who sees only simple fidelity to the state as his first duty, he says, ". . . . It may be against my public loyalty to the soil that made me. My Virginia. You may be asking me to invade, perhaps to destroy, my own homeland. Do you wonder that I answer 'What am I to say?'"

Most feelingly, and with simple yet poignant eloquence, has the author revealed the hearts of the four young men, who rally around their leader. Only one of them foresees the tragedy awaiting the South. And yet their talk is that of youth. "Well, Duff," says one of them to the boy wbose chief concern in life is to use up an inexhaustible supply of energy and good spirits, "what about bed?" *Duff*—"Bed, did you say? Wbat's that?"

All the talk of these southern soldiers in camp is that of men who fight bravely and win, and yet perceive the inevitable outcome. "We've beaten them and beaten them. And there they are." "Perhaps in the end," says the one with clearer vision, "we shall bave only one thing left." "What's that?" "Robert E. Lee."

And when in later scenes, the war, whose atmosphere is all about, and continually felt, begins to claim its harvest of young lives, the brief word of farewell, the manly reticence in the face of universal tragedy, is most affecting. One of the young soldiers, trying to deter Lee from risking his own life in a desperate undertaking, says: "Let me speak again, now. It isn't brave to die now, sir. We all want to die in these days. The South is dying. There is nobody to save us but you. You must keep the South alive, sir, for the years to come. We all know we can't win now. . . ."

"Rohert E. Lee" is one of those historic plays that should weld together more closely the softened hearts of North and South. It is strange with what searching eloquence tbis Englishman has interpreted the heart of the young South of the sixties.

Drinkwater's experience with "Abraham Lincoln," and the friendly criticisms launched upon the Anglicisims in it by Americans, has helped him in writing "Robert E. Lee," which might have been written by a compatriot of the great soldier whose gentleness and sterling worth and fine soldierliness are so feelingly portrayed.

FLO IRWIN'S DREAM.

Flo Irwin, the completely brogued Irish dame in "Irene," while admitting quite an appreciable past—in the theatrical sense, I should add—dreams, like so many people, of a different kind of future. At one time these dreams of a profitable future used to take the form, with many, of a chicken ranch. Then, when it was discovered that the amateur chicken cost twice what people paid, the dreamers pined to return to the tilling of Mother Earth. But that dream went up in smoke, for all small farmers got it in the neck. Then, when automobiling became the popular diversion, it was road-side tea-houses.

Nowadays, since the shortage in domestics has come, apparently to stay, women sometimes specialize in selling some special disb. Flo Irwin's dream is to retire from the stage, and pour her energies into supplying for the domestic market plum puddings, fruit cakes, and mince pies; all to be made by her mother's recipes.

But mother's recipes are generally too thickly listed with expensive ingredients to be used profitably in preparing dishes for commercial exploitation. Besides, you can buy the three confections that give so savory a taste to Flo Irwin's dream at first-class places, if you're willing to pay.

But, Flo, I'm willing to offer you a practical suggestion. Leave out the gooey things. You can buy them already. Remember, you who have traveled, who are still traveling the country over on theatrical tours, how rarely you can get good vegetables at hotels and restaurants; when, by the way, they frequently, even at the first-class ones, offer you the labor-saving canned article.

Look up your mother's vegetable recipes, and specialize on licking-good vegetable combinations: succotash, corn pudding, peas purée, potato croquettes, parsnip fritters, just plain salsify, for who wants to peel it?—just plain string-beans—for who wants to wash and string, and slice them? Just plain celery, for who wants to go through the painful preliminaries to enjoying a simple, homely, delicately buttered and seasoned dish of this succulent vegetable?

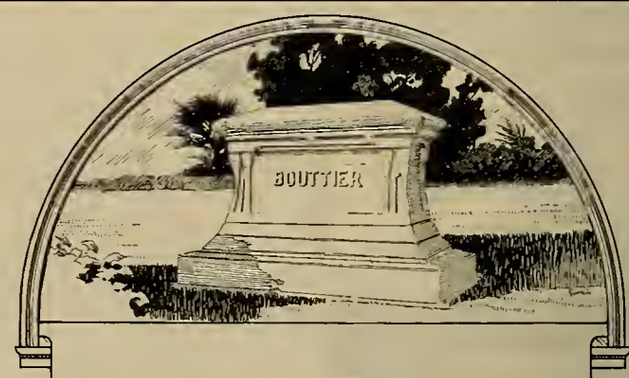
Well, well, it won't bappen. Flo Irwin is talking about retiring at the end of her "Irene" engagement, and of course she will try to realize her, and not my dream.

I have often, by the way, noticed how whole some are the aspirations of retired or vacationing theatrical folk. Tbey love the outdoors, from the full enjoyment of which their profession debars them. With success, they almost invariably seek country homes. They love gardens, playing at farming, keeping chickens. Many of the women love to cook.

I remember that May Irwin, Flo Irwin's fat, jolly, and now permanently retired sister, used in the past to refer tenderly to the pies that mother used to make and also refer to trying her hand at some of her mother's recipes. And Lillian Russell was another actress who, when sbe withdrew from the hard glitter of the spotlight into the softer home illumination, used to love to prepare relishy dishes with her own hands.

"PATIENCE."

In spite of this eminently characteristic specimen of Gilbertian wit and humor and Arthur Sullivan melodiousness having been evolved to hit off a fad of the times, "Patience," at each revival, is perennially delightful, novel. The burlesque aesthetic is not all burlesque. The chorus always looks the prettier for having donned the yearning draperies of the aesthetes, and the lyrics are as fresh and lilting as Phyllis the milk maid.



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And the sextette is one of the most delicious pieces of harmonized melody in all the list of Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

They have heen preparing this piquant hlend of aestheticism and hurlesque very carefully at the Players' Theatre, and, with Mr. Blanchard's services secured to direct the musical part of the performance, the opera is going very well.

By this time the musical section of the Players' Club has had sufficient experience in the representation of bouffe operas to give them with approximately professional lightness.

So the cast of their more experienced singers has succeeded in giving , if not a remarkably fine, certainly a fresh, animated and enjoyahle performance.

Much satisfaction has heen expressed by the steady patrons of the Players' Theatre, at the musical standard estahlished hy Mr. Blanchard, in the performance of this opera, and at the practical ahility of which he has demonstrated the possession in his musical directorship. In particular has Mr. Blanchard's ability shone in the choral work; a most important element in the performance, as is always the case in the long line of Gilhert and Sullivan operas, and the choruses in "Patience" are particularly heautiful, while some of them soar high above the atmosphere of hurlesque.

All three of the prima donnas—one of them Mrs. Blanchard—who sang in alternation, have won encomiums. Mr. Purrington was congenially placed, and pleased greatly, and Mr. Travers made a success in the irresistihly funny part of Bunthorne; a fortunate final hit, for a time at least, as this longtime director of the fortunes of the Players' Club and Theatre is off for a prolonged stay in New York.

Mutual satisfaction on the part of hoth the memhers of the cluh and Mr. Blanchard has resulted in the latter being chosen director; and, as a result, during the ensuing months the cluh will renew its dramatic activities and give a numher of interesting programmes, including some particularly interesting one-act plays.

STAGE AND SCREEN.

The Grand Guignol.

This Octoher is seeing in New York a temporary transplantation from Paris to the American metropolis of the Grand Guignol.

This theatre has held its place in Paris for thirty-five years. Its original idea was to present the unusual, even if it included the horrihle and the terrihle. As a result expert players in that line steadily developed, and they have become memhers of the working organization. They will accompany the French troupe on its New York visit, and Americans who stay at home will thus enjoy the full French flavor of the Grand Guignol.

The Alda Recital.

Under Frank Healey's management Mme. Frances Alda will sing in Scottish Rite Hall on Monday evening, October 29. Mme. Alda's standing as one of the sopranos of highest rank makes notahle and enjoyable each of her pilgrimages to this coast. Her pure and hrilliant voice is of such volume that it easily reached the furthest corners of the Exposition Auditorium when she last sang in San Francisco.

The Hother Wismer Recital.

Hother Wismer, whose talents as a violinist have won for this enthusiastic musician a warm following, will give a recital on Friday evening, November 9, in the Fairmont Hotel ballroom. Mr. Benjamin S. Moore will he at the piano. On this occasion Mr. Wismer will give a composition rarely heard: the heautiful D minor concerto of Max Bruch.

"Covered Wagon" Rolling On.

San Francisco is continuing her task of making theatrical history. At present two of the most notable picture plays in the annals of the screen are running at the same time. It was thought that "The Covered Wagon" was nearing the close of its run. But the demand has been so great from a play-going puhlic that is unable to resign itself to await the prescrihed year for the return of this remarkable film that "The Covered Wagon" is now completing its sixth week. It played to 75,000 people during the first four weeks, and the attendance swelled last week by the presence in town of the American Legionaries.

Insuring Lon Chaney.

Amazement at the acrohatic feats of Lon Chaney, the actor who plays the part of the Hunchback in the spectacular picture at the Capitol, is justified by the discovery of the kind of insurance Mr. Chaney has taken out. He is remarkahly active in the feats representing Quasimodo's great strength and nerve, as the deformed bell-ringer plays like a gnome with the bell-ropes or climbs down the front of the cathedral to Esmeralda's rescue. His skill is even more surprising in view of the fact that he had his body huilt up and distorted to represent the misshapen figure of the Hunchback. And so, during the preparation of the picture, a condition was made that the actor was not to work more than half an hour at a time, in order to lessen the dangers of accident, or disability.

La Gaite Francaise Opens.

"La Gaité Francaise" has opened its season with Moliere's "L'Avare." An excellent representation assures the patrons of the little theatre that the other classics promised will be given with the merit conformahle to previous standards. Mr. Ferrier will also give, during the season, several of the light and lively pieces that have amused the Parisians.

Professional Work.

A long-continued career on the stage causes many who retire from it to continue to seethe with the unexpended energy that formerly went into professional channels. Dorothy Donnelly, the first-class actress whom we once saw playing Shaw's "Candida" with Arnold Daly, has adapted to the American stage the book of "Blossom Time." This is the melodious light opera, the story of which is founded on an episode in the life of Franz Schuhert. Whether or not it is touched up need not trouhle us particularly, since it is partly true. Sigmond Romherg, composer of the music of "Maytime," has adapted some of the Schuhert music to he used in the score, and the Viennese composer, H. Berte, has written some melodious numbers.

This extremely popular opera is on the Curran Theatre list of attractions, and will he heard here this winter.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

From Petrograd to the Curran.

For the week beginning Sunday, November 4, Dalgeim's Chat Noir Art Theatre, direct from Petrograd, will make its first appearance in the United States at the Curran Theatre, with a novel entertainment ranging from grave to gay, from tragedy to comedy and hallet. The company has played together for many years under the direction of Josef Dalgeim, actor, author and composer who has appeared hefore the Imperial family at Petrograd a numher of times. He will personally direct his famous comical symphony orchestra.

In the dances the comedy spirit prevails. There is one weird and striking numher in Saint-Saen's Danse Macahre, in which a lovely prima donna dances gaily, unconscious that death has come out of the hlack hackground and is dancing with her. Lina Dalgeim appears in the famous Russian comical dance "Komarinskaya," of which she is the creator. Another gay expression is seen in "Petrushka" or "Doll's Life." Much of the success of the Russian Loubock Cartoons and the "March of the Wooden Soldiers" is due to Dalgeim. The music of famous composers and the literature of some of Russia's famous authors find place in the programme.

In the Far East the critics of Tien Tsin, Harbin and Shanghai have given generous praise to these Russian artists, who should make a sensational hit in San Francisco.

The Julian Eltinge and Tom Brown Black and White Revue of 1924 opens at the Curran next Tuesday for one week only with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. This is an organization of 70 selected entertainers, with melody abounding in the music, and clean fun running all through the show. The critics have been very kind to this effort. In the personnel of the organization many important theatrical names are found, such as the Six Brown Brothers, world-famed saxophonists; Lew Dockstader, the dean of minstrelsy; Theresa Valerio, co-star with Fred Stone, the terpsichorean sensation, "Dancing Mad," and such dainty stars as Pauline Loraine, Zella Walton, and Babette Fuller. The Black and White Revue carries the largest saxophone band in the world—40 musicians.

The Sistine Chapel Choir.

For the first time San Francisco is the center from which the American tour of a great musical organization is directed. This distinction has been attained through Frank W. Healy's enterprise in securing the Pope's Sistine Chapel Choir, from the Vatican, to sing in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Under his management the world's most famous group of vocalists made its American debut Octoher 18th in New York and will travel extensively until December 7th, when it arrives in San Francisco to give three concerts in the Exposition Auditorium.

The Italian people in this country are greatly interested in the coming of the Choir. Their sentiment has been expressed hy Consul-General V. Siciliani of San Francisco, who said: "I have repeatedly heard the Sistine Choir sing in the Vatican and heen hoth amazed and charmed by it. The most wonderful thing about it, apart from the heautiful voices, was the amazing manner in which, without aid of tuning-fork or pitch-pipe, the singers truly and unhesitatingly attacked each number. I heard that those extraordinary effects were attained hy means of dropping out voices and picking them up again. However it was achieved, the tone coloring was unique."

Popular Concerts Begin.

The first of the second series of popular concerts hy the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the municipality, bids fair to crowd the Exposition Auditorium to the doors next Wednesday evening, October 31. Conductor Hertz has prepared a program of wide appeal for the opening concert. The guest soloist of the evening will be Mlle. Claire Dux, a soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Company and a truly cosmopolitan artist. Following her duhut in Italian and German opera at Milan and Berlin with Caruso, Mlle. Dux enjoyed a notable London season, when she sang at Covent Garden.

The concert, for which seats range in price from twenty-five cents to one dollar, will hegin at 8:20.

The Symphonic Ensemble.

Alexander Saslavsky, dirccor of the Symphonic Ensemble of San Francisco, which is to open a series of twelve concerts at the Bohemian Club Tuesday evening, Novemher 13, returned a few days ago from an Eastern trip. During his absence he visited the Pittsfield Festival and looked about New York for scores and novelties for ensemble work. The series will present works either heard here for the first time or those which are seldom heard for lack of just this type of organization.

These will he symphonies in miniature and will never exceed fourteen pieces. Among other works Mr. Saslavsky discovered one for voice, woodwind and string, and four folk songs hy Stravinsky. He also found the "Carneval des Animaux" scored for two pianos, two violins, viola, cello, hass, flute, clarinet, harmonica and xylophone. Max Gegna, Russian cellist, will arrive in a few days to begin rehearsals.

The Orpheum Next Week.

The Orpheum opens the week beginning Sunday matinee with a long list of artists. Near the top will he George Nash, the distinguished American actor, with Julia Hay in a new comedy-dramatic sketch from the pen of Aaron Hoffman called "The Unexpected." This is a sort of mystery play.

There will be two holdover acts: the U. S. S. *Leviathan* Orchestra, with Morton Downey, the sensational lyric tenor who created such a furore here with his wonderful bigh tenor voice; and the act being presented hy Donald Kerr and Effie Weston with Russell Hird, which is a refreshing hit of song and dance. Mr. Kerr has promised a new repertoire for the coming week.

"Bi-Ba-Bo" is the title of the act presented by D. Apollon, mandolin wizard, who is assisted hy Ramona, Virginia Bacon and Pavlow. This is a Russian dance novelty which is all the rage at present both in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage. William Demarest and Estelle Collette have a talking, singing, and dancing act which is different, called "Strings and Stringers." Mr. Hymack, who is well-known to vaudevillians, will make many changes of clothes on the stage in his act, "At Bogey Villa." Jack George, assisted by Mae Normandie, offers two bits, "King Tut's Tomb" and "Sons of I Will Arise." Mr. George still clings to his clever character of an old negro preacher. Charles Dakin and Sylvia Dakin, assisted hy Billy, offer a miniature musical comedy which is clean and up-to-date with many songs and dances.

At the Columbia.

At the Columbia Theatre Monday evening the inaugural offering of the regular fall and winter season will he George M. Cohan's production of the English-American comedy, "So This Is London," with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in the stellar roles.

This hit was written hy Arthur Goodrich, who evidently intended that his play should be a satirical exposé of the mistaken ideas that Englishmen have of Americans and *vice versa*. The scenes of "So This Is London" are laid in the British capital and a nearhy suhurh. The leading character is an American millionaire, who, with his wife and son, is paying his first visit to the English metropolis, his real purpose being to buy out the business of a British rival, one Sir Percy Beauchamp. The American is a one hundred per cent. patriot, who thinks that the U. S. A. is the only country on earth, and intensely dislikes all English people and their customs. Sir Percy is just as prejudiced against everything American. When it is discovered that the American millionaire's son bas fallen in love with the Englishman's daughter there is consternation in both families and efforts are made to avert the castastrophe of an international marriage.

Lectures at Paul Elder's.

On Tuesday afternoon, Octoher 30, at 2:30, Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, will give, in the Paul Elder Gallery, a lecture on "Senescence," by Granville Stanley Hall.

The second concert in the series arranged hy Mme. Mackay-Cantell, will be given in Elder Gallery Thursday evening, Novemher 1st at 8:15. A programme of Scandinavian music will be rendered hy Signor Antonio de Grassi, violinist; Irene Millier, pianist; and a group of male and female singers, including Mesdames Friedhofer, Kirke, and Stahles, and Messrs. Lundgren and North.

Nancy Barr Mavity, literary critic and author of "A Dinner of Herbs," will lecture on "Are Women Changing?" Saturday afternoon, Novemher 3rd, at 2:30, in the Elder Gallery.

Georgette Leblanc and the Guild.

Georgette Lehlanc will arrive in San Francisco on Octoher 28, to begin her first tour of America. Under the management of Jessica Colhert she will appear at the Plaza Theatre on Thursday afternon, Novemher 1, and Tuesday evening, November 6.

The Thursday afternoon programme, composed mostly of dramatic numbers, is to be followed by a tea and reception at which the audience will have an opportunity to meet Mme. Leblanc. This event is the opening of the San Francisco Stage Guild's fall season, and it is the first of a series of afternoons at which Mrs. Colhert has arranged to have the patrons and associate members of the Guild meet various internationally famous artists.

The Stage Guild's first play of the season, "The Romantic Age," by A. A. Milne, will open on Wednesday, November 7, with Irving Picbel in the leading role.

PLAZA THEATRE
McAllister near Market
Georgette Leblanc
MAETERLINCK
Thursday afternoon, November 1,
Dramatic Program.
Tuesday evening, Novemher 6,
Musical Program.
Seats $2.00 to 75c (tax extra). On sale Sherman, Clay & Co., and Plaza Theatre.
Management Jessica Colbert.

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For One Week Only, Beginning Sunday, October 28
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JULIAN ELTINGE and TOM BROWN
"Black-White Revue of 1924"
Company of 70 Entertainers
Chorus of Many Beautiful Maidens.
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
GEORGE M. COHAN'S
Laughing Hit of Two Nations
"SO THIS IS LONDON"
With MR. and MRS. COBURN

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GUEST ARTIST
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Famous Metropolitan Soprano
LIONEL TERTIS
Monarch of the Viola—One Concert Only.
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM.
Monday Evening, October 29.
Management of FRANK W. HEALY.
Seats, $1 to $2.50 (War Tax Extra).
Tickets now at Sherman & Clay's.

VANITY FAIR.

It was considerate of the Scottisb Rite Masons at Washington not to insist on a personal interview with the President, including the usual mauling handshake. That handshake is a vestige of the primitive which should be relegated to the backwoods era in our history. It did no harm as long as a visit to Washington was a rare event for bridal couples or those celebrating their golden weddings, but today with travel so stimulated and prosperity so generally diffused that trips to the nation's capital are within reach of millions, it has become an intolerable burden. In an old Charles Hoyt play one character caused recurring amusement by demanding every tbree minutes or so to "grasp the hand that grasped Sullivan's." There is about as much sense and reason in shaking hands with a president. No magic influence will travel down his arm bone to invade and uplift and endow with genius the form of the man that seizes his hand and wrings it to the point of torment, as often happens. It seems to be done in order that the hand-grasper may go home and brag about it; but there is little other virtue in it. Presidents can not successfully touch for the scrofula. That went out with kings; or rather it went out before the kings went out. And we never used it much in this country as a cure. There are those that might feel exalted by personal contact with a president, but after all, presidents do not preside by divine right and celestial wisdom; they are merely elected, and whether we get a good one or not is largely matter of chance. Tbere should be some substitute for this old ordeal—say a strong double, with a hand-clasp like the action of a good vise, so that the hand-shaker would retire with at least a broken bone to show as a distinction.

What shall a king do with a prodigal aunt, seventy years old, lonely and poor? The question is a rather serious one in this twilight of royalty, when the reasons for royalty's existence at all are being daily challenged, and it is being driven to such excuses as the maintenance of convention and social form. How can you plead that you are useful in support of conventional morality if you countenance a relative who not only defied conventional morality, but made no bones of doing it, refused to play the hypocrite, would not return to the husband she had fled but openly lived with tbe man of her own choice and not that of her tyrannous father? That was tbe career of Louise, eldest daughter of old Leopold II, king of the Belgians, who had married her to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who shattered all her allusions on their wedding night and sent her flying to the castle gardens in night dress and slippers. Her escapade with the poor Bohemian in the Austrian army, Captain Count Geza Mettachich, has come to an end at last with the death of the captain in their miserable lodgings in Paris a few weeks back, after 25 years of constancy and poverty, and outlawry from any proper European court.

Their elopement did not occur until the princess was forty years old and had brought up her children. They had been pursued and brought back to Vienna, and the count was railroaded to jail on a charge of forgery and the princess was thrown into an asylum. Four years later he successfully abducted her. For this couple it was a case of "love, and the world well lost." Not that they hid. For years they were of the bright ornaments of Monte Carlo and other resorts of the Riviera. They eschewed all saving hypocrisies, and their relations were a little too palpable for the most voluptuous court then existing. Perhaps their aberrations seemed the more reprehensible because they were not promiscuous. If their names were mentioned it was with a lift of the eyebrow, and the significant "Oh, my *dear!*" Apparently neither repented—which robs the tale of any tiresome moral and makes it a deplorable example to scions of royalty everywhere.

At last the romance was played out, as every romance must be, and life for the princess grew sordid. The last of her money (or perhaps she had help from friends, some say from a wealthy American) went for a dignified funeral for the man she loved, a man that had been powerless to protect her from poverty and that died a drug addict. It is pitiful. With her consort dead, without money, friends or standing at any court, or many years of life left her, the princess makes a tragic figure. Could she be countenanced? Should she be? Is it safe, in these days of the uncertain tenure of kings, to give her harborage? The long, mad, sad story comes at last, not to a happy end, which would be altogether too unmoral, but to a tolerable one. Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, opens the palace door. Albert, big hearted, broad minded, courageous, does not shrink from possible results to prestige. So falls the curtain on a life of sorrow, a life that has moved in the shadow of the tyrant of the Congo, her father, and of the tragedy of her sister, Stephanie of Austria, whose husband was that Archduke Rudolph who killed himself and his sweetheart in the hunting lodge at Meyerling. Royalty is bebaving itself rather better these days. It is like a skittish horse that sobers down when it gets into trouble.

The London news correspondent of the McAlpine Hotel, New York, sends a description of the latest ball-room make-up that would be hard to believe were it not for the fact that there is no limit to the bizarre in artificial personal appearance. To shoe-blacking eyelashes and gummed hair the pleasing features noted here have been added: "At the Berkeley hotel, the other night, a little American lady was pointed out to me as displaying the smartest and latest in make-up. She was Miss Alice . . . . . of New York, who is spending a short holiday in London before returning to America. Her eyes were reddened as though by many weepings, and her face was covered with a yellow substance, known, Miss Alice told me, as ochre cream. When she laughed, she was a strange contradiction, with her eyes crying and smiling lips. This is the season when beauty specialists reap rich harvests. Those women who do not sunburn naturally, are flocking to a certain London beauty doctor, whose henna and permanganate batbs are becoming famous. 'It is not considered chic,' said Miss Alice, 'to return from one's holiday fair-skinned.'"

The same authority tells us: "At the interesting fashion parade held in the Mirror Room of the Savoy hotel recently, cut-in-half frocks for the slender were quite a feature. A girl with an Egyptian coiffure had a loose jumper blouse of a delicious orange shimmering satin, over a straight, close-fitting skirt of black panne. The tunic has returned to fashion, and is seen in dozens of different varieties. Over a tight underskirt of velvet was a tunic of soft mousseline and tulle heavily banded with fur. It is smartest for the fur to extend only along the front of the tunic, but it should be a broad piece. One very beautiful frock of georgette had its enormously wide sleeves banded witb soft rabbit-chinchilla, and a ten-inch hem of this fashionable fur, which weighted the flimsy skirt and made it ideal for dancing."

It is said that many Americans in London are learning to like snails, having perhaps acquired a curiosity about them in France. At any rate, there is a demand at such places as the Café Parisian of tbe Savoy. The best snails come from Burgundy. Served with garlic and butter they are said to taste like strips of fried mackintosh. Sir Hall Caine is quite fond of them.

COUNTRY LIVING.

The promotion of urban pleasures is organized. Immense capital is invested in means of entertainment, and there must be publicity to secure returns, says the New York *Tribune*. Who is there to celebrate tbe satisfactions of plain, wholesome country living wben undertaken by people having the gift of rural-mindedness?

Millions of our fellows are unafraid of quiet. They dare depend upon their own resources for much of their entertainment. They are interested in all nature and not chiefly in human nature as displayed in crowds. The income that makes life only bearable amid people that have other standards of living thrust upon them is wholly adequate for country living if one is blessed with ability to get the most out of it.

The house should be roomy, plain and so self-respecting that its owner would be obviously a person incapable of apology. It needs to fit into a scheme of things that nature dominates. Great native shade trees, shrubbery that escapes a tailor-made appearance, and an inviting lawn, provide the right setting. A living-room never forgotten by children and friends has a right to half the space of the ground floor. Here are the books, the magazines and papers, the music and the games for indoor hours. The open fireplace, wide enough for honest logs and contributing to the comfort of the older people, dominates one end of the room.

But the outdoors is the attraction much of the year. Happily, it may escape every display of the kind of wealth that money measures. Nature does not take kindly to such competition. When one has native shade trees, old-fashioned flowers and shrubbery and stretches of blue grass he must go slow with intrusions. A thicket nearby is good—some kinds of birds are not happy without this protection.

In such a setting family life can recover its grip upon every member of the household. There is time for reading, for conversation, for the strengthening of self-dependence. The family is truly a unit and not a loosely held group of community fragments. The simple satisfactions of a country home possible to rural-minded folk of some culture are beyond price, and they are within the reach of thousands of straining, weary people.

Automobile Courtesy.

Motoring courtesy means actions rather than words, says the Los Angeles *Times*. It is not so much what you say to the other auto driver as what you do to him, or what he does to you, that counts. And courtesy, according to these rules, today applies in the country as well as it does in the city.

These are tbe things it is suggested you do to make your touring more pleasant:

Don't cut in front of another car that is moving at the same rate of speed you are.

Don't honk your horn loudly at a bewildered pedestrian who is trying his best to get out of your way.

If you are a pedestrian don't saunter across in front of rapidly moving motor cars with the air of a duchess, because the car sometimes cannot stop, even if the driver wants to.

Don't drive in the middle of the street or road if you are going at a very slow pace. Keep well over to the right.

Don't take up any more room in parking your car than is necessary. That is, if tbere is space enough for two cars at the curb, park yours so that there will be room enough for another occupant in that space.

When passing children playing in the street slow down and blow your horn. This is not only courtesy, it is absolute precaution against accidents.

Don't stick your arm out of the car for any purpose other than to give a correct arm signal. For instance, don't point out the scenery, no matter how enthusiastic you may be, and don't extend your arm to shake off ashes from your cigar or cigarette. It is discourteous to the man behind you.

Don't "squeeze into" a line of motor cars at a crossing.

Don't block street-car travel by crowding in on the tracks.

It is always courteous to stop and offer aid when you find a motorist in some mecbanical trouble along the road.

Superfluous.

A negro woman was telling a friend that she had been to a wedding. She described the bride's white satin gown, the veil, the slippers, the flowers and everything.

"And what did the bridegrooom wear?" asked the friend.

"Well, do you know that good-for-nothing nigger never showed up at all."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young Scotch recruit was put on sentry-go outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent, and said in a stern and loud voice: "Who are you?" The young man turned round smartly and replied: "Fine, sir! Hoo's yersel'?"

Fishing develops reticence. Two friends had fished the same stream for many years, yet their common interest had not developed garrulousness. They met one morning and greeted each other thus: "Going?" "Been." "Any?" "Some!"

A mistress nursed her maid through a bad attack of measles and then sent her away for a week's holiday. On her return the girl gave notice. "What!" exclaimed the amazed mistress. "After I've nursed you through your illness?" "That's just it, mum," replied the girl; "mother's particular anxious that I should be with a lady, and she says no lady would have nursed a servant."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?" There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor dealer, spoke up. "Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

The four-year-old son of a doctor had paid his first visit to Sunday school, and on his return his mother asked him what story the teacher had told him. "It was about the Good Samerican," answered the boy. "This Samerican found a man left hy rohhers on the road. He had wounds all over him. The Samerican poured oil on them. Iodine would have heen hetter."

Sir Thomas Lipton delights to tell a story about his tea and a Scotchman, who was traveling in East Africa. The Scot wrote Lipton a letter in which he said, "An ounce of your tea is worth three heautiful wives down in this country. Send me three ounces." Sir Thomas wrote hack saying, "I have sent you a pound. Send me a couple of samples at the exchange rates." "I never got an answer," complains Sir Thomas, "but it shows how popular my tea is in Africa."

After a ruthless process of rejection there were five applicants for the post of errand boy left for the head of the firm himself to interview. It was one of his flippant mornings, and he sought to amuse himself by asking the eager boys puzzling and quite irrelevant questions to test their general knowledge. "How far away from the earth is the North Star?" was the question he fired at the third shiny-faced youngster. "I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure off-hand, sir," was the reply, "but on a rough estimate I should say that it is far enough away not to interfere with my running errands."

"Harry, dear!" exclaimed little Miss Simpsion to her hushand. "I have b-heen d-dreadfully insulted!" "Insulted! By whom?" "B-by your mother," answered the young wife, hursting into tears. "My mother, Flora? Nonsense! She's miles away!" Flora dried her tears. "I'll tell you all about it," she said. "A letter came for you this morning, addressed in your mother's writing, so I—I opened it." "Of course," said Harry. "It—it was written to you all through. Do you understand?" "I understand. But where did the insult come in?" "In the p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears. "It s-said, 'D-dear Flora, d-don't fail to give this l-letter to Harry. I w-want him to have it.'"

West Point and its traditions recalls a story that is told of Gen. Sherman when he was commanding general of the Army, after the Civil War. With several other distinguished visitors, he made an inspection of the West Point barracks. Finally he entered a room in one of the divisions and the two cadets occupying it sprang to attention. Sherman saluted, as is the custom, then drawled, "any contraband in this room?" When neither of the cadets replied, the general, with a smile on his face, stooped down before the fireplace and, reaching up, removed a loose brick. Putting in his hand he drew forth several cigars. This was in the days when no smoking was allowed. "Thought so," said the general. "I used to hide 'em there myself." It was Sherman's old room.

The tax collector at Carmel-by-the-sea declares he has the toughest job of any tax collector in the country for a town the size of his, giving as his reason that there are so many artists there. Here is the trouble, according to the collector: "How much is that painting worth?" he asked as he stepped into an artist's studio. "Ten thousand dollars," was the prompt response. "Thank you for heing so honest. You see, I am the assessor." "Ten thousand dollars from the artistic standpoint," continued the artist without interruption. "Of course you know, however, that a painting is actually what the material cost. In this case it would be $2 for the canvas and about 60 cents for the paint. Suppose, to he generous, we say you assess it for $5."

One of John Drew's numerous reminiscences of stage folk concerns Nat Goodwin, and Charles Hoyt, who will be remembered by old-timers in connection with "A Stranger in New York" and other successful farces. On the first night that Goodwin was going to appear in Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," Hoyt had some tickets and at the eleventh hour a friend from New Hampshire dropped in on him so Hoyt invited him to the show. "What is it?" demanded the visitor. "The opening of a new play, 'Nathan Hale,' with Nat Goodwin." "I don't care to see it," said the man from New Hampshire. "I don't like Goodwin as a man and I don't like him as an actor." "But," protested Hoyt, "you'll like him in this play; they hang him in the last act."

Fresh from college, an ambitious young Englishman had set himself up as a real estate agent in a busy suhurb. But business was not very hrisk. At last he espied a prospective customer ascending the office steps. He flew to the telephone, and just as the office door opened, he conducted the following conversation with an imaginary client: "Quite so, sir. Yes, I think I did very well to get you £10,000 for that estate, and I've let that other parcel of land. As for those villas, I think I can settle about them all right." Carefully replacing the receiver, he turned upon the prospective victim: "Yes, sir?" he inquired. "I'm frightfully busy, but what can I do for you?" "I've come from the telephone depot, sir," came the reply. "We shall be able to connect up your 'phone today, and I am asked to apologize for the delay."

A little girl was watching some men relaying a mosaic floor, and a very fascinating game it seemed to her. After two or three minutes one of the men lifted a small piece of stone that was not quite the right size, placed it on a block, and began to chip the edge. The small girl was clearly flabbergasted at such a breach of all the rules of the game. "Oh, Mummy, look!" she wailed in a far-carrying whisper, "he's cheating!"

An Old Show.

A. an American, thirty, living in New York and holding down a ten-thousand-dollar job, held the following conversation with B, an acquaintance, during which he evinced not the slightest suspicion that there might be a laugh in it.

A—Aren't there any new shows in town?

B—Yes, a number, I think. Why?

A—Well, I was hunting for one last night and finally I went into that thing called "Romeo and Juliet." Right from the first I thought it was an old show and I got madder and madder.

B—What did you do?

A—I went to the box office, told 'em it was an old show and they'd got to give me my money back. And you bet they did.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

An Outline of Tennis.

Time was when tennis used to be
A placid operation
With frequent pauses for iced tea
And cake and conversation.
Fair damsels clad in snowy white
Made ineffectual dashes,
And gentlemen were bravely bright
In blazer-coats and sashes.

That ancient game has passed away
In sentimental glory,
And tennis as it's played today
Is quite another story.
It spreads about our planet's girth;
On broad athletic pinions
The game flies up and down the earth
To all its vast dominions.

Briton or Anzac, Belgian brave,
Of Latin blood or Saxon,
We welcome you across the wave
With whistle, hell and klaxon,
And meeting on the Field of Sport
'Mid pleasant recreations,
We have our World Lawn-tennis Court
And Friendly League of Nations.

—*George S. Chappell, in Life.*

Farm Philosophers.

"Drat," says the farmer.
"Drat," says I;
"Drat these aeroplanes
Buzzin' by.

"The pigs is in fever,
The cow's run amuck,
The sow's gone and stuck herself
Under the truck."

"Drat," says the farm-wife,
"He's scairt my chicks.
God never huilded us
To fly over ricks."

—*H. K. Gordon, in Canadian Forum.*



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DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento to Mr. Melville Kirchofer of Cleveland has been announced.

The engagement of Miss Anne Madeline Penn, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Julius G. Penn of Cincinnati, to Captain Arthur Lafayette Warren, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warren of Berkeley, has heen announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marian Wallace Dunne daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne to Mr. Herbert Gutschow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Gutschow of Dresden, Germany.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin are heing congratulated on the hirtb of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a luncheon on Sunday of last week in bonor of their house guest, Mr. Frederick Watriss of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward Bailey McNear and Miss Carroll McNear will entertain at a dinner on Friday ncxt at their home on Green Street in honor of Miss Isabel Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Price Deering will give a coming-out ball for tbeir daughter, Miss Francesca Deering, on Firday next.

A tea was given last week by tbe National Society of Colonial Dames at the San Francisco Muscum of Arts.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale was bostess at a tea given last week at ber home on Vallejo Street for tbe visiting women of the American Legion.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Young were hosts at a recent bridge supper in honor of Mrs. Alfred Biles.

Miss Isabel Pringle will be the guest of honor at a dinner given on Saturday next by Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear.

Miss Elizabetb Moore will be hostess on Saturday next at a ball given at her home in Piedmont.

Mrs. John P. Symes and Mrs. Carleton F. Bryan will he the guests of bonor at a tea given on Thursday next by Miss Elizabeth Moore.

The California Grays gave their annual ball last Saturday nigbt at the Auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr were hosts at a dinner last week on Saturday night preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mr. Charles McCormick gave a dinner last Saturday night at bis bome in Menlo Park preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Welch.

Mrs. George Tyson gave a luncheon last Friday at the Francesca Club taking her guests afterwards to the Symphony.

Mrs. George Mayer was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Laura McKinstry at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. Silas Palmer was hostess at a tea on Friday of last week at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Eleanor Morgan entertained at a large luncheon at the Town and Country Club in bonor of her niece, Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Mrs. Edward Eyre was hostess at a tea Tuesday last at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of tbe Board of Directors of the Little Children's Aid Society.

Mrs. C. E. Childs of Riverside was the guest of bonor at a tea given last Friday by Mrs. Silas Palmer at ber apartment on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Florence Pfingst Porter gave a dinner last week at the Fairmont Hotel in bonor of Admiral Robert E. Coontz.

A number of the débutantes were dinner guests of Miss Merrill Jones at tbe Hotel St. Francis on Saturday night, preceding the Welch ball in San Mateo.

Mrs. Algernon Crofton was the guest of honor at a tea given on Tuesday by her daughter, Mrs. Louis Cehrian.

Mrs. William Sproule was bostess at a luncbeon last Friday preceding the first Symphony.

General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., was the guest of bonor at a farewell dinner given last Sunday night by Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst.

Mrs. Louis Cehrian will give a tea on Thursday next in bonor of Miss Estber Hall whose engagement has been announced.

Judge Sydney Ballou and Mrs. Ballou were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday night preceding tbe ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Miss Bessie Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky, was tbe guest of bonor at a luncbeon given on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a luncheon on Sunday last for their house guests, Miss Idabelle Wheaton and Miss Julia Adams.

Miss Helen Brack was hostess at a bridge tea last week in bonor of ber house guest, Miss Elizabeth Kahle of Buffalo, and of Miss Estber Miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster entertained at a dinner last Saturday night, afterwards motoring with their guests to San Mateo to attend the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer were among tbose who gave a dinner last Saturday nigbt.

Mr. and Mrs. Rennie Schwerin were hosts at a dinner last Saturday nigbt at tbeir home in San Mateo.

Mrs. A. B. C. Dobrmann and Mrs. Frederick Dohrmann gave a large tea last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Allen Dyer of Piedmont will be the guest of bonor at a bridge and mab jongg party given on Monday next by Mrs. Frances Stoney Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron were bosts at a dinner in Burlingame on Saturday last.

An afternoon dance was given at the Presidio Officer's Club last Saturday by Captain Clyde Beck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Beck.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr entertained at a large out-of-door luncbeon last Saturday in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a large dinner on Saturday nigbt at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne were bosts at a dinner given on Saturday nigbt at their home in Atherton.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale was bostess at a luncbeon last Monday at tbe Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday night in San Mateo.

Countess Eric Lewenbaupt entertained at a bouse-party over tbe week-end at her bome in Atberton.

Lieut. Claude Cox, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cox gave a bridge party on Saturday last in their quarters at Fort Mason.

Mrs. John S. Irby was bostess last week at a luncbeon given at the Hotel Fairmont.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebrigbt, wbo bave recently returned to tbeir bome on Broadway were hosts at a dinner given last week.

Mrs. Frank Stringham gave a luncheon on Monday last at the Town and Country Club preceding tbe "Alice Seckels Matinee Musicale."

At the Palace.

The St. Vincent School Alumni held a luncheon in the Concert Room of the Palace Hotel last Saturday. There were forty-five members present.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Nicholas Lange entertained at a large dinner dance in the French Parlors at the Palace Hotel recently, the occasion heing in celebration of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The rooms were decorated in pastel shades with silver, and silver baskets of chrysanthemums and Columbia roses decorated the table. Forty guests enjoyed the hospitality of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Landis of the Palace Hotel have taken their departure for New York, where they will remain for the next few weeks.

The Saturday afternoon tea danzanta recently inaugurated in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel are proving extremely popular as an interesting diversion of a Saturday tea hour in town.

Motorists, Attention!

On a farm in South Georgia is posted this sign:

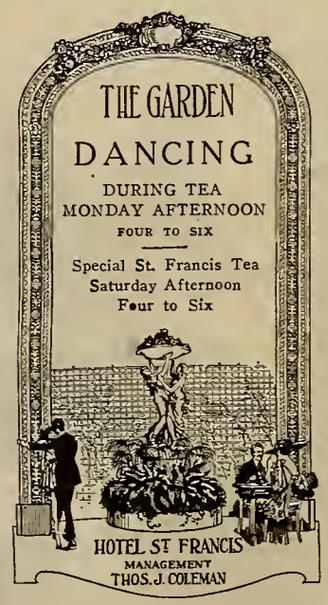
"Trespaser's will he persekuted to the full extent of 2 mean mongral dorgs which ain't never hen ovarly soshihil with strangers and 1 duhhle harlet shot-gun which ain't loaded with no sofy pillers. Dam, if I ain't tired of this hel raisin on my proputy."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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Steady progress according to schedule—that sums up the status of the hig project to add 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of San Francisco.

By the terms of an agreement executed between the City and this company, the water will he brought from Calaveras Reservoir and will be stored in Crystal Springs.

From Calaveras in the Mount Hamilton watershed to Sunol, from Sunol to Niles, from Niles to the Bay crossing at Dumharton Strait, and from the Bay shore of San Mateo County to Crystal Springs in the hills west of Redwood City, the work proceeds with most satisfactory expedition.

Calaveras Dam is heing raised in height so as to increase the reservoir capacity from eight to thirty-two hillion gallons. A new conduit from Sunol to Niles with a capacity of seventy million gallons daily, has heen completed. A regulating reservoir at Niles is under construction, and plans are complete for a pipe line from Niles to connect with the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct at Irvington.

All this work is heing done hy the Spring Valley Water Company.

The City has acquired most of the right of way in Alameda and San Mateo Counties for the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct. Construction work on the Hetch Hetchy pipe line has hegun in San Mateo County. The contract has heen let for a hridge to carry the pipe line across the Bay at Dumharton Strait. The Pulgas Tunnel section of the line, through which the water will empty into Crystal Springs, has heen completed.

Spring Valley Water Company pays the interest on the Hetch Hetchy honds sold hy the City to finance the huilding of the Bay Division of the Hetch Hetchy Aqueduct, and when Spring Valley hrings Calaveras water from Irvington to Crystal Springs through this aqueduct, it will pay the City for the privilege of using it.

With the whole project showing such orderly progress, San Francisco is assured of ahundant water to meet the demands of a metropolitan expansion even greater than that which we are enjoying at present.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Laurence Redington, with her two children, will sail on Thursday on the President Wilson for the Philippine Islands where she will join Major Redington in Manila.

Mr. Frederick Watriss of New York has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have returned from their summer home in Ross Valley.

Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento is visiting her brother, Mr. Dean Dillman, and Mrs. Dillman at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Clyde Payne and Miss Dolly Madison Payne have returned from Belvedere and are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fagan, Jr., accompanied by Miss Mary Bernice Moore, sailed for Honolulu last week for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman have returned from Santa Cruz and are at their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker left last week for New York where she will be joined later by Mr. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned from their summer home in Woodside and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Admiral L. T Nulton, U. S. N., Mrs. Nulton and Miss Nulton are staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Margaret Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norris King Davis of Santa Barbara, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar have left for New York en route for Europe.

Miss Josephine Grant will arrive from Manila on Thursday next.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr over the week-end in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and Mr. Chesebrough in Southern California.

Admiral Albert Niblack, U. S. N., and Mrs. Niblack, who have been staying at the Hotel St. Francis have gone to Coronado before leaving for New York, from where they will sail for Europe in December.

Mrs. Ashton Potter and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, returned last week from Colorado and are at their home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee and their daughter, Miss Betsey Dibblee, of San Rafael have taken apartments at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., have returned to their home in Menlo Park from a motor trip through northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. Raymond Armshy of Burlingame are at the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. Charles R. McCormick and Miss Florence McCormick have closed their home in Menlo Park and are established in San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mayer, who have recently returned from India, are making a short stay in San Francisco before going on to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington of San Mateo have taken an apartment in San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond and Miss Edna Christenson have gone to Los Angeles for a few days.

Miss Elizabeth Kahle of Buffalo is the guest of Miss Helen Brack at her home in this city.

The Misses O'Connor were house guests of General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton, accompanied by Mrs. Morton's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff, who has been East, returned to Fort Mason last Saturday.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst and her mother, Mrs. John F. Porter have returned from the Rancho de las Pajaro and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Idahelle Wheaton and Miss Julia Adams were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight at Burlingame over the last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse with their guest the Hon. Frederick Guest of London, spent several days last week at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenks and Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Leon Brooks Walker were among the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin over the last week-end in San Mateo.

Mrs. Algernon Crofton has returned from an extended visit in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin over the last week-end in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe left last week for their new home in Pasadena.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau has returned from abroad and with M. Bertheau is established in an apartment in Washington Street.

Madame Valdimir Artsimovitch of Paris has returned from a recent trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Barbara Parrott, who has been spending the summer with her relatives in San Mateo, left last Sunday for her home in Paris where she will join her brother, Mr. Stephen Parrott.

Miss Dorothy Fithian of Santa Barbara will sail with Mrs. Laurence Redington on the President Wilson next Thursday for Manila, where she will be a guest of General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar will leave next Wednesday for New York en route for Europe.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., who has been in San Leandro all summer, has returned to her home on Gough Street.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt returned last week from a short trip to Southern California, and is living in Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jefferys have returned from Southern California and are established in their new home at the Hillgate Apartments on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldron will re-open their apartment on Clay Street the first of November.

The Hon. Frederick Guest of London passed the wek-end with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. D. Morse in Burlingame.

Ferguson on the State Library.

The Booksellers' Association of San Francisco and the Bay counties announces that State Lihrarian Milton J. Ferguson will be guest of honor at its next monthly meeting and luncheon, to he held at the Clift Hotel, on Thursday, November 8, at 12:15 p. m. Mr. Ferguson will address the Association on "The California State Lihrary, its History, its Californiana, and its Place in the State's Lihrary System."

This luncheon will he open to booklovers, librarians, and others on the same terms as to the members of the Association. Tickets must be ohtained in advace. They will cost $1, and may he had at any San Francisco hookstore or from John H. Williams, secretary, Atlas Building, 604 Mission Street.

The old simile "mad as a hatter" prohahly has no relation to our hat shop proprietors, but referred originally to the *atter* which was an Anglo-Saxon name for what we call an adder. The hatters seem to he no crazier than the general run of men.

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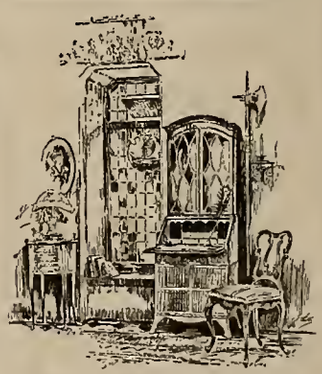
SHE is strange to the ways of the business world. Her knowledge of your affairs is probably confined to generalities. The intricate inner workings of your business would bewilder her; they are beyond the limits of her experience.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Yes, sir, Shallup is not only a newspaper man, hut a gentleman." "He must lead a douhle life."—*Life.*

The Flopper (to her friend)—I told him my name was Madeline, and now I don't know how to spell it.—*London Opinion.*

"I hear the literary cluh was a failure." "Yes, they estahlished a rule that you could only talk ahout hooks you had read."—*Life.*

Freshman—I'm a little stiff from howling. *Cooch*—I don't care where you're from, get husy out on the track.—*Stonford Chaporrol.*

Mr. Ernest Newman regards "The Rosary" as the world's worst song. This is a nasty blow for the authors of "*** ** **** ** *******."—*Punch.*

"She reminds me of a hrook, the way she talks, habhling on forever," "Huh! Even the smallest hrook always gets somewhere."—*Goblin.*

Expert (kindly to inexperienced portner)—You revoked in the fourth round. *Inexperienced Partner*—Yes, I did; hut I had a reason.—*Punch.*

The Father—What proof have you that you can support my daughter? *The Aspirant*—Haven't I heen engaged to her for over a year?—*New York Post.*

"Oh, pa, why won't you give me a nickel today?" "I don't want to." "Go on, give me a nickel now and the next time you want to you won't have to."—*Life.*

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry, was he? *Second Deaf Mute*—He was so mad that the words he used almost hlistered his fingers.—*Indianapolis News.*

"Mr. Fizzington is quite a linguist, isn't he?" "I never knew it." "Oh, yes, he talks three languages." "What are they?" "Horse, hasehall, and golf."—*Chicogo News.*

He—Did you call me a liar? *She*—No, hut you'll have to admit that the partition hetween your imagination and your memory is slightly cracked.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Excited Voice (over the telephone to physician)—Doctor, my mother-in-law is at death's door. Please come and see if you can't pull her through.—*Princeton Tiger.*

If all the followers of Mr. De Valera were placed end to end, we are informed, they would reach ahout seven miles out to sea. A lot of people are in favor of this scheme.—*Punch.*

His Lordship—The ohstreperous heggar whom you turned out of doors was coarse and ahusive. *Valet*—Ahusive, me Lord? He might have heen your Lordship himself!—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

First Sub-flapper—I thought you had gone away for a few days? *Second Sub-flapper*—My dearest, we had every intention of doing so, then mamma let dad have his way. So here we are completely humiliated.—*Life.*

"No, Herhert, I am sorry; hut I am sure we could not he happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything." "But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—*Boston Globe.*

Conflicting precepts: "Haven't I told you," asked the father, "always to tell the truth?" "Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to hecome the slave of a hahit."—*Woshington Star.*

"I have a joh for you, Mr. Graffik," said the editor to the new reporter. "Are you married?" "No, sir." "I thought not. Get married instantly, and let me have three columns hy ten o'clock on how to manage a wife."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. Is it not my poverty that stands hetween us? *She (sodly)*—Y-e-s. *He (with a roy of hope)*—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; hut I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a hachelor. He is an invalid and can not long survive. *She*—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?—*New York Telegroph.*

She—What makes you like Bessie so well? *He*—Bohhed hair, flapper manners, vacant hrains and too much make-up. "Why I'm surprised. That certainly describes most of the girls, hut certainly not Bessie." "I know it—that's why I like her so well."—*Judge.*

Customer—How much did you say this was? *Chemist*—Three and six. *Customer*—That's a hig price, isn't it? *Chemist*—Oh, no. I assure you, the drugs are very costly. *Customer*—But I am a druggist myself. *Chemist*—Oh, you are! Well, of course er-h-h, four pence.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

The poet had handed in his effusion, and it warmed his heart to hear the editor exclaim again and again: "Capital!" "Capital!" "Capital!" "Then you like it?" said the poet. "Oh, I'm not reading it," replied the unfeeling editor; "I am only taking cognizance of the fact that each line hegins with a capital letter. From that I infer it is poetry."—*Boston Tronscript.*

Reporter—I hear there were four stahhing affrays and ten shooting scrapes here last night. *Citizen of Frozen Dog (gleefully)*—Yeh; th' hoys elected ole Pop Rice justice of the peace yesterday, an' seein' he don't get no salary hut fees, th' hoys decided to shoot an' slash a little last night so's to git arrested an' help him along a hit; it were nuthin' hut a "benefit performance."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

PAY-AS-YOU-LEAVE.

Machinery crowds in more and more upon the huddled millions of the city, says a New York correspondent of the *Boston Transcript.* Now it is a new type of trolley-car. A one-man pay-as-you-leave car has heen in experimental use on the Lexington avenue lines for some months. The idea seems to he taking hold. Street-car conductors appear to he scheduled for melancholy retreat—together with ticket-choppers and horse-car drivers, symhols of a New York that will never return.

The watchword of Manhattan's transportation authorities seems to be: "One good turnstile deserves another."

On the new trolleys, in fact, the engineers have installed two turnstiles. Each turnstile can slide from one side of the car to the other. Through the use of the pay-as-you-leave turnstile, not unlike the device used at suhway entrances, hoth ends of the car are used for loading and unloading passengers, and for collecting fares. These turnstiles are of a double-acting type which permits entrance to the car without ohstruction, hut which requires the placing of a five-cent piece in the slot of the coin hox in order to unlock the turnstile for exit. Turnstiles of this type are equipped with four arms, wooden at the top, with screened pipe harriers.

The turnstile at each end is at the side of the door-opening heing used. When the direction of the car is changed so that it is desirahle to use the doors at the other side of the platform, the turnstile is unlocked from its position hy raising a lever, and moved to the other side along two depressed tracks. The turnstile for exit is located on the center line of the car, just to the right of the motorman and railings extend from the front edge of this coin-hox to the opening.

In order to assist in making change, a high-speed change making machine has heen installed at the operator's left hand. This hox is equipped with detectors which magnify the coins through a lens. New York is not yet run on the honor system.

When a transfer is tendered in lieu of a cash fare, the operator registers it hy a hand-hell or foot-gong, which automatically permits the passenger to go through the turnstile without depositing a coin.

As soon as the capacity of the car has heen reached, a "car full" sign is automatically released and the turnstiles are locked so that no new customers can hoard.

The machinery does everything hut read the evening comic-strips for the citizenry.

What are the life-and-death errands of those New Yorkers who squirm through closing suhway doors, who leap up steps, pushing to right and to left those patient souls who climh stairs with the aid of the hannister? What can possihly he the sacred mission of those creatures who push old women as they are getting off trolley cars? Why are stenographers willing, nay anxious, to sacrifice their new sleeveless gowns to jump on a moving hus? Where are they rushing and what for? Some actual investigation has revealed these startling facts:

A middle-aged man in checked suit and hlue shirt, returning to work in the hardware department of a department store after a two-week vacation. A newly-wed lady-of-leisure rushing to met a girl at a tea-room for a dish of Spumoni. A moving-picture puhlicity agent dashing on a hus to the nearest book-store to huy a copy of "The Mine With the Open Door" . . . . or perhaps the Book of Etiquette. Two high-school flappers on their way to huy advance theatre tickets for a Lahor Day matinee. Man with determined chin and even more determined elbows, holding up a whole suhway train hy squeezing through the sliding door, with no apparent mission other than to get on hoard. Another man with determined elbows, on the war-path, to arrive home to receive a telephone call from "his Mary" . . . . all ahout what she intends to wear at next Sunday's trip to Coney Island.

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Father's Idea of Marriage.

Having heen carefully hrought up, a young man wrote home to his father from a distant city, asking advice ahout marriage. He had left the parental nest early to seek his fortune, and now had found not only that hut a girl to share it with. The answer came promptly:

DEAR SON CHARLES:

Marriage is a wonderful institution if you find the right mate. The hest advice I can give you is to compare your girl to your mother, with whom I have heen so ideally happy for the past thirty years. If she can even approximate your dear mother's home-making, housekeeping and always even temper, you are a lucky young man, and I give you my hlessing and advise you to grah her at once. Your loving FATHER.

P. S. Your mother has just left the room. Don't he a damn fool. Stay single.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Letter from West Africa.

"Dear Master.—I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go hath this morning a hillow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser and so I catch him and go duty. Good-day Sir. My God, how are you? Your loving corporal."—*London Daily News.*

"My friend," said the kindly old gentleman who likes to make acquaintances while traveling, "you should follow my example. I strive to learn something new every day." "No," was the answer of the quiet young man; "that may do in your line of husiness; hut if you were doing a vaudeville turn with me, you'd realize that audiences seem disappointed if they don't get what they have heen taught to expect."—*Washington Star.*

How to Die.

In certain sections of Missouri the making of moonshine whiskey is still the principal industry.

A small native of this district was interestedly interrogating an eastern commercial salesman, a heing from another world, as to his life, connections, etc.

"You got a hrother?" he inquired.

"I had one hut he died."

"Got shot?"

"No, he wasn't shot."

"Drink himself to death?"

"Certainly not."

"I knowed you was a liar," exclaimed the hoy. "There's only them two ways of dyin'."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Mrs. Smilax—Henry, I really helieve Freddy is going to he a doctor when he grows up. I heard him tell Mary that she must he careful of her health, and that pie was considered hurtful. *Mr. Smilax*—It looks to me as though he is more likely to become a lawyer. I noticed that he had two pieces of pie at supper last evening.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cleopatra's Needles were not erected hy nor to that queen, hut hy Thothmes III.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Senator Kellogg Goes to London.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Root could not see his way to accept President Coolidge's invitation to represent the United States at the British Court. No other American can bring to that high office an equal degree of moral authority. It would have meant much to our own country, and to Europe as well, if Mr. Root could have taken the London post.

Concerning the appointment of ex-Senator Kellogg of Minnesota there is much to be said upon the personal side. Mr. Kellogg is a man of parts—a fine lawyer, experienced in affairs of state and of the world in general. He has individual talents that match the requirements, and he has the further advantage of personal fortune essential to a dignified diplomatic career. From the standpoint of politics, Mr. Kellogg's appointment is not so well considered. He is a representative of things that just now are out of fashion in his own state; further, his status as a "lame duck" is a species of discredit. It will hardly tend to the advantage of the administration to have put into one of the highest places in its gift a man who—no matter for what reason—has failed to sustain himself in his own bailiwick. A hard principle this, but one of importance in the political sphere and not discreetly to be disregarded.

Mr. Kellogg first came to the notice of the country by his conduct of suits brought under the Sherman act against various corporations that had presumed to be a law unto themselves. He gained further repute by notable service in the senate in the period of the war. But the fact remains that his appointment to London will be taken in the whole northwestern country as a choice made in disregard of popular sentiment.

Mr. Kellogg will not fail to carry himself in his new office with dignity and distinction. He is a man of fine presence, a clear thinker, a charming speaker, and his domestic environment is happily of a kind to add support and grace to his more substantial qualifications. That a few chronic malcontents have declared themselves opposed to Mr. Kellogg's confirmation is a circumstance that need not be taken seriously. Besides the friendly feeling that the Senate always sustains towards those who have been members of that body in good standing, there will be the consideration due to a man of character, intellect and social accomplishment. Whatever deficiencies have been illustrated in the career of Colonel Harvey at London—and undeniably there have been some—will not be duplicated by Mr. Kellogg.

The Blushing Candidates.

On the 6th instant—Tuesday next—San Francisco will hold a general municipal election. The officers to be elected are: A mayor, district attorney, assessor, auditor, county clerk, sheriff, coroner, two police judges and nine supervisors. And there is an appointment to the school board to be confirmed.

For the mayoralty there are seven candidates, all self starters—namely: James Rolph, Jr., James B. McSheehy, Johnson S. B. Smith, John E. Hines, Heyman Slikerman, William T. Valentine and William Ross Knudsen. Readers of the *Argonaut* will not need to be informed of its opinion of Mr. Rolph. Individually he is a respectable personage. He shaves every morning, bathes regularly, even in winter. He is honest if not always discreet in money matters, but without scruples when it comes to employment of official patronage. As mayor these past twelve years, he has licked the boots of organized labor, kow-towed to every voting element, shaken hands with more gentlemen of color and kissed more babies than any other man now living. Mr. Rolph's characteristic is a lightness of mind that makes him easy to smile at but difficult to hold in serious respect. He is the best of a poor lot and will probably be elected. McSheehy is the typical ward politician. We have never looked into his mouth but there is abundant aural evidence that it is lined with flannel. He is for all the isms, for all the fads, and all the stupidities now current. Johnson S. B. Smith is a bank clerk reputed to be in affiliation with that eminent but modest publicist Rudolph Spreckels. It is the common opinion that Smith has been placed in nomination to the end of drawing votes from Rolph in the hope of electing McSheehy. John E. Hines is a former policeman, which would seem sufficient to define his qualifications. Heyman Slikerman has the merit of having no record of any kind that we can discover. That he is a slicker man than Mission Jim we do not find it easy to believe. William T. Valentine is a tailor whose candidacy for public office runs continuously—we suspect as a means of advertising his business. We venture to suggest that he is probably the ninth part of a man, therefore intrinsically better qualified for the mayoralty than some of his competitors. William Ross Knudsen is by his patronymic probably related to Magnus Johnson, Hi Johnson, Hans Christian Andersen and other eminent statesmen.

It will be observed that the situation as to the mayoralty is what might be called mixed. The *Argonaut* makes no recommendation.

The candidates for police judges are Mabel Dorn-Hirst, Byron C. Parker, Joseph M. Golden, Lile T. Jacks and Sylvester J. McAtee. The "United Voters" recommend Jacks and McAtee, who are vouched for as being in all ways qualified.

For district attorney the candidates are Matthew Brady, Charles M. Fickert, Norman D. Cook and A. T. Roche. The *Argonaut* will vote for Fickert.

For assessor the candidates are: John Ginty, Andrew D. Porter and James O. Melvin. Ginty, who has been the incumbent since time out of mind, has been described as an honest crank. Porter and Melvin my be good men for all we know. The *Argonaut* gives the "honest crank" the benefit of the doubt and will vote for Ginty, fearing worse.

For auditor the candidates are Hugh McCabe and Thomas F. Boyle incumbent. There does not seem to be much choice between them. The *Argonaut* makes no recommendation.

For county clerk the candidates are E. J. Loughery and H. I. Mulcrevy. In either case Ireland scores. The *Argonaut* makes no recommendation.

For sheriff the candidates are Walter J. Rock, Thomas F. Finn and Frank Robb. The *Argonaut* knows nothing of any one of these men except Finn. For that reason it recommends John Doe. But Finn will be elected.

The candidate for coroner, to universal surprise, is Doctor Thomas B. W. Leland. Here's a new man whose incumbency makes the thought of death a pleasure. By all means vote for Leland since there is no other candidate.

The law requires that the mayor shall name, subject to popular approval, a member of the school board. Mrs. Ernest J. Mott has been so named. Mrs. Mott has no opposition.

A committee representative of "The United Voters of San Francisco" has made a study of the supervisorial candidates, and recommends the following list: Annette Abbott Adams, Jesse C. Coleman, John Daniel, William H. Harrelson, J. Emmet Hayden, A. S. Johnson, Adolph Judell, P. J. Kelley and Robert MacArthur. The *Argonaut* will vote this ticket in the belief that it is made up upon careful appraisement of the condidates. It is far from an ideal ticket, but we have messed along with this sort of government for several years and there seems no immediate outlook for anything better.

The Local War Hazard.

It is almost useless to try to get the house insured after it begins to burn. It is equally difficult to organize a fire department and build the engines and hook-and-ladder trucks while the conflagration is sweeping the town. Therefore prudent people try to buy insurance and equip fire departments before the fire. They no longer have to be persuaded—what is right and sensible is obvious. But they do not seem equally thoughtful in regard to war; and large numbers of them will even argue that protective preparation causes war, although the same people would not contend that organized fire departments cause conflagrations. The hazards of fire and war are somewhat alike, except that war is worse, and if anything more certain. There may never be another San Francisco or Chicago or Baltimore or Berkeley conflagration, although we all recognize the risk that there may be and try to insure against it. But when it comes to wars, they are a good deal like colds in the head, in that the farther we are from the last one the nearer we are to the next; and no way has been found to prevent it. We are all under the hazard of war all the time. An insurance company covering automobile risks advertises "We can sell you insurance, but you will have to provide your own safety." No money would ever compensate for invasion and occupancy by a foreign foe, nor would we be compensated by devastating the enemy's country later. War is the disease of nations, and despite the pacifists it is still incurable. But at present, notwithstanding the lessons of Europe, we are neither buying adequate insurance nor providing safety. And locally, the exposure is bad. San Francisco has the largest presidio within city limits in this country, but an expert on coast defense, Brigadier General Henry D. Todd, Jr., tells us our equipment is obsolete, our guns outranged by those of foreign powers. We have but two guns that can shoot more than 18,000 yards, while the British have guns afloat that can shoot 30,000, and the Japanese have some with a range of 44,000. If it were

merely a matter of a target match we could better afford to lose it than equip ourselves with these expensive implements; but when we may ourselves become one of the targets the possibilities are unpleasant, the risk such as no sensible people would wish to leave uncovered. The general says that the construction and arming of modern batteries adequate to coast defense at this point would not exceed half the cost of one dreadnaught. And we have not agreed, either in the four power treaty or in any other, to leave our coasts defenseless. San Francisco should be better guarded than it is, and inasmuch as coast defense can not be used aggressively, our pacifists ought not to make any difficulties about it.

Fooling the Farmers.

In Henry Ford's attack on the administration for failing to violate its contract with the Alabama Power Company and sell him the Gorgas steam generating plant, there is much of what the public has become accustomed to calling bunk, or more properly bunc, the term being derived from buncombe, and meaning all that buncombe means. Ford has been trying to make the public believe that if he gets Muscle Shoals, he will develop the water power there so that with it he will be able to manufacture atmospheric nitrogen by the hydro-electric process so cheaply that he can furnish it to farmers for fertilizer at a cost much lower than they are now obliged to pay for natural nitrates.

It is an established fact that the cost of manufacturing electricity *by steom* is so high as to make impossible the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by it at a price to compete with the large supply of natural nitrates. On the other hand, engineers hold that in a gigantic hydro-electric development, such as is contemplated at Muscle Shoals, the unit cost of electricity can be brought down to the point where atmospheric nitrogen can be manufactured at a very low price. The theory of the Muscle Shoals development is based upon these facts.

The Gorgas plant, the sale of which by Secretary Weeks to the Alabama Power Company furnishes Mr. Ford with his objections and the farmers another grievance, is a steam plant established ninety miles from Muscle Shoals on land owned by the purchasing corporation. The Muscle Shoals project has a political background. It was forced on the government by the influence of the Solid South in the Wilson administration. The excuse was that the development of this power would furnish the government with an almost unlimited source of atmospheric nitrates for munitions. After Wilson, never with direct authority from Congress, had dumped millions of dollars into the project during the war, it was "discovered" that to complete the necessary dam for power development would take two years more. The war would not last that long. Accordingly, it was determined to build a steam plant for emergency use, pending completion of the dam, to operate the electric fixation machinery built on the banks of the river at Muscle Shoals. Thereupon, on the excuse of being near to the coal supply, the government spent $4,500,000 in building the Gorgas steam plant. There were literally millions of idle acres which the government could have bought for such a purpose, but it elected instead to lease a tract of land from the Alabama Power Company, upon which it constructed this expensive power house, and from which it ran a transmission line to Muscle Shoals. The operation was not entirely completed when the war ended.

A contract with the Alabama Power Company provided that at the end of the war, or at the end of the emergency, the government could exercise its option to buy the land on which the steam plant is located from the Alabama Power Company, or that the company could exercise its option to purchase the plant. When the Ford proposals were under consideration, the War Department tried repeatedly to obtain from Ford a statement as to whether or not he would take this steam plant along with the rest of the property, but never got an answer. Finally, after several extensions had expired, the Alabama Power Company exercised its option and purchased the Gorgas plant for $3,500,000. Under the contract, Weeks either had to let the company have the plant or remove it from the property, in which event he could not have obtained as salvage more than $1,000,000.

As the matter now stands, Ford can have the remainder of the Muscle Shoals development for the original $5,000,000 suggested, less the $3,500,000 paid by the power company, or $1,500,000 net. Now, all his talk to the public has been about hydro-electric development. Why is he so concerned about the disposition of a steam plant which every engineer knows cannot make atmospheric nitrogen at a price which will permit competition with natural nitrates? It looks as though it were done in pursuance of the great American sport of fooling the farmers.

America and Reparations.

In certain respects the European muddle appears to have entered a phase that may lead to settlement. If to such a condition the United States should add the moral weight of impartial judgment as to how the German reparation installments can be brought within the present capacity of the debtor, that settlement might be measurably hastened. The Germans are beginning to understand that they have been defeated, and that reparations can not be dodged. This was a necessary process, and is the best effect of the French occupation of the Ruhr. Radical as that move was, it was essential to any proper attitude of mind on the part of the German people. Now that the Germans have begun to see the light, now that they are facing hard necessity and recognize that it is necessity, it may become possible to help them. And they need help. The distresses into which they have been dragged should awaken for them now a consideration that will result in real assistance.

Last week Dr. Meyer, head of the German reparations delegation in Paris, made formal application for a hearing before the reparations commission on the subject of the German ability to pay. Such an application would seem to indicate a less recalcitrant spirit, and at the same time would imply some willingness to abide the findings. European correspondents looked on it as a hopeful sign of a changing attitude—which certainly was needed. The French attitude as expressed by Premier Poincaré is receptive, but with insistance on fundamental conditions: the case must be confined to the lines of the Versailles treaty, which is the law of the situation and has not yet been repealed; there must be no diminution of the capital amount; and he will not consent to a consideration of the problem by the commission until the end of passive resistance in the Ruhr is signalized by a resumption of deliveries of payments in kind.

Meanwhile, the pulling and hauling among the Allies, particularly between France and Great Britain, continued, and England has felt the need of an umpire that could be trusted, to outline a programme. The United States long since renounced reparations, and is willing to admit that it is honest and impartial: and Secretary Hughes, good and cautious man, has stated the conditions under which we might be willing to enter the arena and try to reason with the hungry animals: the conference should be an advisory and a recommending body only; we have no desire to see Germany relieved of her responsibilities, nor should we be willing to absolve our war debtors from theirs; and our claims on the Allies must not be considered dependent on German reparations; the German debt can not be shifted to our shoulders by any manipulation of any conference, although there is no desire on our part to be oppressive in collecting. Again, and furthermore, and explicitly, the government of the United States, meaning thereby the executive, is not empowered to appoint a member of the reparations commission—it is not a party to the treaty of Versailles, and such an appointment is in this country subject to the consent of Congress; but Mr. Hughes does not doubt that some competent American would be willing to participate in an economic inquiry by an advisory board; that is, if a general concurrence of interests can be depended upon. Without that condition, the secretary as good as asks what's the use.

It seems clear that the sort of participation Mr. Hughes offers is not official, and not responsible in the sense that it would commit the United States, which must be regarded more as a judge than as a party to the litigation. This is judicious, and probably safe. It is true that umpires often attract missiles, in spite of the rules forbidding the hurling of pop bottles from the grand stand. But there still are competent men willing to function as umpires. And this is a game that needs playing out. There must be some stabilizing element that will reassure the German people, some definition of terms that will enable them to go to work with a hope ahead, an object in view.

The reparations commission has authority under the treaty to call in expert advice. The American State Department is in possession of the requisite information. It should not take long to arrive at a settlement. It was stated that France, Belgium, and Italy had signified acceptance of the British suggestion for a commission of experts on German ability to pay. And Premier Poincaré, in his last Sunday speech, at Sampigny, said he welcomed American representation on a committee of experts to assist the reparations commission, though such a committee could in no way supersede the commission, and must observe the limits of the treaty. He stands pat on the total amount of German debt to France, and says that if the examination means an estimate of what Germany can pay tomorrow and in the near future, nothing is more necessary, but intimates that it is the commission that has the responsibility, of which there are no reasons for divesting it. He also said that while France would never relinquish her claims to permanent guarantees of security, she had no designs looking to annexation. Without the occupation of the Ruhr, however, Germany would have been in position to refuse payment. The occupation made it to her interest to settle up and get the French troops out.

Divergent as these views may appear at certain points, they contain matter of agreement that may form a basis of action. The British seem disappointed, but are at this writing inclined to accept the French conditions. There seems to be no French Henri Forde promising to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, but the situation now contains some promise of clearing. Surely the world, and the German people as well as the French, need a different sort of peace this Christmastide.

The Monogamous Turk.

About the time of the admission of Utah to the Union with the accompanying old maid's panic about making plural marriages the practice of the country, a great American cynic remarked that he had no objection to polygamy provided it was not proposed to make it compulsory. It looks as though the Turkish government was about to do just that, for it notes a decline of the birth rate and "views with alarm" the predicament of France as a horrible example of monogamy. For monogamy has grown in Turkey of late. Contact with western Europeans in modern military and diplomatic conflicts has had an evil effect, from a military and a Mohammedan point of view. The Young Turk, and in too many cases the Old Turk, seized upon the disturbances of the times as a propitious occasion to shed his domestic responsibilities, until the masculine part of the nation is said to have reached, in general, the platform once defined by Bill Nye: one country, one God, and one wife at a time.

The descent to monogamy must have been a great relief. One can imagine Ayoub Ib'n Sulieman meeting Ali Hassan Effendi in the portico of the Angora stock exchange and remarking "Peace be witb you," and Ali Hassan asking "How do you get it?" and Ayoub advising "Get rid of your cares," and Ali Hassan saying "Allah, how do you do it?" *Ayoub*—Just ditch 'em. *Ali Hossan*—Not all of them? *Ayoub*—Oh, no, you have to keep one if you have got yourself into the habit of having any of them about at all. *Ali Hasson*—But how did you choose? *Ayoub*—Well, you have to be careful or you will make a mistake. I kept Fatima and junked the rest. I thought about Zulieka. Zulieka's love was warm, but her ham-and-eggs were almost always cold. So I let her go. There was Bulbul, the nightingale. She was beautiful but she slept all day and sang all night. I couldn't see her at night—only hear her. Then there was Zobiede. She was a good looker, too, but every time I invited her out for a camel ride it took her three-quarters of an hour to fix her veil. I thought once that Haidee might do, but she got to making the buckwheats out of a Battle Creek carton instead of in the good old brewer's-yeast fashion, and I never got a good, sour buckwheat again, so she walked the matrimonial plank. That left Fatima. Fatima looks it, too, and she's getting on, but she's learned a lot—never keeps me waiting, nor awake at night, gets things on the table while they're hot and doesn't expect me to sit five minutes staring at an empty plate, puts plenty of Egyptian in the hookah and rolls the best cigarette in the Mohammedan world, never joined a woman's club, smokes but does not chew, understands home brewing, flips the best flapjacks in Asia Minor, sleeps quietly, although she looks as though she wouldn't, and never bothers me for any of these Paris hats the others used to want. I got to thinking them over and decided that Fatima was the silk on the corn, the elephant's ears, the ivories on the piano, the breath of the violet, and the fine hair on the goose. She,

and she alone, has my heart. The others were a passing fancy, and they have passed. I hear they are beating typewriters to pieces for the government. *Ali Hassan*—Wonderful, O Effendi! I, too, shall seek peace.

But it gives the Angora statesmen great uneasiness. Monogamous families are likely to be small, and men are needed to extend the sway of the Crescent, or the Crescent may prove a waning moon. It is one thing to permit polygamy and another to enforce it. If avenues of employment could be closed to women and opened a little wider for men, it might accomplish the desired result, as it might even in this country, but when things start sliding in the feministic direction they seem to keep going, and even the Turkish women rebel at harems.

A Gain for Real Education.

The governor scores rather neatly in the Supreme Court's unanimous decision upholding his veto of an item in the budget bill that directed diversion of one per cent. of the appropriation for teachers' colleges and special schools to the costs of the general administrative office. The amount of money involved was not heavy—a matter of a little more than $21,000; but it represented in a peculiar way the sinews of war in the state educational machine's fight against revenue reform and for retaining fads and fancies in the schools. The governor says:

> The Wood suit involved the right of the Superintendent of Schools to take 1 per cent. from the teachers' colleges to huild up and sustain his political machine. If the teachers' colleges need money as hadly as Wood says they do, then surely he should not take 1 per cent. away from them.

Comptroller Riley refused to transfer the $21.000. as demanded by Will C. Wood, state superintendent of public instruction, and presumably it remains for the teachers' colleges and special schools. But whether it does or not, no part of it can be used for the salary of Mr. A. H. Heron, an estimable young man in Wood's office a considerable part of whose time appears to have been devoted to preparing controversial ammunition for the state educational army. Mr. Wood may find Mr. Heron's salary somewhere else, but it is doubtful if he can without starving some other department. In case he can find no money for Mr. Heron's salary, Mr. Heron will have to find himself other employment, and if he is a person of sense and ability, which he appears to be, he will soon get over his partisan zeal for the Wood brand of politics, and realize that he has gained by having been kicked upstairs into private life. The machine will have been weakened by one effective functionary, and the governor's fight for curtailment will be that much ahead.

It would not have been in human nature if no mistakes had been made by Governor Richardson in his effort to end the state's long squandering orgy. His activities have made him some enemies he did not have before. But they have also made him some friends and this is especially true in respect to the administration of the schools. Here was a field in which economy could accomplish a double good—stop waste, and at the same time improve education. The modern educational system has been a rich hunting ground for political adventurers. Fads have been engrafted on it, not because they were demanded by the public, but because they were invented by so-called educational experts, endorsed by some active minority organizations that pass resolutions easily in moments of enthusiasm and forgetfulness of revenue limitations, and foisted on the school departments to wedge place hunters into good jobs. That is called "progress." In a sense, it is—in the expenditure sense. It has loaded the school system with "supervisors" of this, that, and the other distraction, having nothing to do with the development of ability and character, and still less with the acquisition of the fundamental subjects necessary to independent advancement when school days are over.

Most of the business men you ask about it will give testimony both abundant and profane to the educational deficiencies of young persons out of the modern school, all due not to particular instruction in this or that special subject, but to lack of training in any subject, resulting in inability to adapt themselves to new requirements, or concentrate attention on the simplest job. They are smattered in too many subjects and grounded in none; each new quirk representing a salary for another supervisor, and a useless drain on the revenues; but worse than that, causing distraction of the pupil's attention, and dissipation rather than exercise of mental energy. But the system is strongly intrenched behind some 18,000 teachers, most of them devoted, but many of them intimidated by the thought of economy. There was no way for the governor nor any other authority to persuade the educational department of the state to better courses. The only way to reform it was to cut off supplies, and through enforced economy compel a return to essentials.

This the governor has done, and it is a promising reform. It should save the tax payers' money, which is sorely needed; and it will tend to save the schools from further vagaries and vagrancies, further wanderings from the path of usefulness. It may even restore to the curriculum what the fads and fancies have destroyed: namely, discipline—imposing on the child rigorous accountability for lessons and for conduct, something our faddists and sentimentalists have done their best to abolish. Economy is needed in every department of the state government, but there is none where it promises more benefit than in that of education.

Reclamation and the Deadening Hand.

The commission appointed by Secretary of the Interior Work to spade into the Reclamation service muddle and try to find out what muddled it is now at its labors in Washington, and some beautiful illustrations of government management are turning up. This commission includes former Secretary of the Interior Garfield; Oscar E. Bradfute, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Julius Barnes, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Governor T. E. Campbell, of Arizona, and Dr. John E. Widtsoe, of Salt Lake City.

At the opening session Secretary Work said that soon after he assumed office complaints from groups of water users on irrigation projects, as well as reports of inspectors, official records, and his own familiarity with the subject because of his residence in the West, convinced him that a survey of the system was needed. He continued:

> The complaints included charges that in many of the projects the original estimates under which settlers were induced to go into the districts were from 50 to 100 per cent. too low and that the actual cost has heen so great that it is impossihle for the farmers to pay out within the time and manner fixed hy law, or even at all; that mistakes, engineering and otherwise, had heen made which added materially to the cost of constructed projects; that others had heen undertaken that should never have heen started.
>
> Under the system used in the reclamation service I have heen unahle to get figures that appear to he dependahle as to the cost of individual projects or the total money expended on all projects.
>
> It is represented, taken from the records of the hureau, that the government's total investment to June 30, 1923, in round numhers is $181,000,000, and its total receipts ahout $46,000,000, leaving a halance invested and unpaid ot $135,000,000.
>
> The reclamation service, for which this department is responsihle, apparently requires reorganization. Annual reports on some projects indicate their insolvency and pending failure. Out of the twenty-eight projects only one has met its ohligations as they fell due.
>
> Reclamation of arid lands hy irrigation from government funds, as heretofore practiced, is failing on a majority of projects as a husiness procedure.
>
> Government reclamation has accomplished much. There is a great field for its future. Reclamation in the West hy private enterprise was begun thirty years hefore the government hegan this work and has largely redeemed the West. Government reclamation should make a comparahle showing, relieved as it is, from interest charges.

Here, we take it, is a valid description, by a government official, of government functioning in business. Any private corporation that conducted itself in such a manner would be bankrupt in a few months, and radical reformers would be howling to know why the stockholders were not protected by the blue sky laws, and why the directors of the enterprise were still at large. In an operation vastly important to the country and vital to the individual settler, estimates meant nothing. Costs could not even be ascertained after they had been incurred. "It is represented" says the Secretary, "that the government's total investment to June, 1923 in round numbers is," etc. Clearly he has no confidence in such records as he can get at. A majority of the government projects have been business failures; but the West was already in process of reclamation by private enterprise, which started at it 30 years before the government did. Needless to state, where government steps in and meddles, private enterprise usually quits. The semi-arid West would probably be far ahead in irrigation and reclamation today had the government kept out, the projects would not be bankrupt, and the settlers would not be asking the country to help them. It is another case of the deadening hand of government.

THE PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON.

With Youthful Enterprise They Have Provided Themselves Ahundantly With Schools and Roads.

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*The following paragraphs are from the third of the series of articles on the Pacific Northwest written by Mr. Holman for the New York* Times. *The complete articles are to be found only in the Sunday issues of the* Times, *but by courtesy of its publishers the* Argonaut *is permitted to reproduce these excerpts.*]

Spokane, Wash.

It is, I helieve, an accepted theory that under conditions ohtaining in the United States the political life of any community is a fair reflection of its intellectual and moral atmosphere. In her political history and in her present governmental organization the State of Washington accredits this theory. In the thirty years of her statehood, Washington has not brought into the high service of the state one man of commanding talent, nor, on the other hand, one man notahly deficient in character. Respectahle mediocrity has ruled in her State House and has marked her representation in Congress.

Nominally, Washington is and always has heen overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment. There never has heen a time when her register of official voters has not appeared to he a guarantee of republican domination. Yet, within the period of her statehood she has had in her governor's chair men representative of every party and pretty much of every political movement that has even transiently loomed upon the horizon. Republican, democrat, populist, political-nondescript—each has had his strut upon the executive stage. Today a republican immediately succeeding a democrat sits in the executive chair at Olympia (the state capital) and the administration throughout is of his party affiliation.

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In 1920 Washington gave for a republican president 223,137 votes as against 84,298 for the democratic nominee. Four years previously it gave the republican nominee 167,208 votes and the democratic 183,388. In 1920 Washington gave a republican candidate for the United States Senate 217,069 votes and to a passing democratic candidate 68,488. In the present years the state gave to a republican candidate for the Senate (Poindexter) 126,410 votes, and to his democratic competitor (Dill) 130,347.

In this kaleidoscopic record there is exhibited the confusion that rules in Washington politics. Nominally republican hy an overwhelming majority, the nominees of that party have no assurance of success at the polls. Almost it may he said that while party names survive in the State of Washington pretty much all sense of party loyalty and responsihility has been lost. It is not quite chaos hut something akin to it; and the effect is that anything like party responsihility or other than personal responsihility in political life is nonexistent.

A further illustration of political demoralization is found in the fact that political results as they stand today in Washington represent the will, not of the "people," not of majorities, hut of minorities. It would he a futile lahor to go fully into the state and county records, hut upon the hasis of common understanding I venture the statement that there is not an official on the state, county or municipal roster of Washington who holds his place by choice of a majority of the qualified voters of his particular jurisdiction.

When, in 1889, Washington hecame a state she took over a highly organized republican political machine. Today the machine has gone the way of the party organization. There is no machine, there is no "hoss," and with their disappearance politics has come under the rule of the demagogue. The "vote getter" is the man of the time in Washington, and it matters little whether he march under one party hanner or another or under no hanner at all.

Withal, it remains to he said that the state government is for the moment practically efficient. The incumhent governor is a man of suhstantial character and under the standards of politics a prudent administrator. . True, there are extravagances as there must always he in puhlic administration; also true that it falls upon the taxpayer to support in one form of payment or another the personal politics of those who succeed in winning the offices.

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A pleasanter phase of the spirit of the Washington community is its interest in and its suhstantial support of education. I speak not of elemental schools so generously supported in all the states, Washington among them, north of the Mason aud Dixon line, hut of schools of higher culture. If one were to take a name at its face value, Washington has sustained its "University" from its early territorial days. But the old "Territorial University" and the "State University" into which it was merged was for forty years hardly more than a local academy. Among the first effects of what I call State consciousness, interest in higher education speedily declared itself. Generous appropriation was made for a State university at Seattle and for an agricultural college—recently renamed Washington State College—at Pullman in the eastern part of the state. In addition, there were established four state normal schools for the training of teachers—schools, if I may interpolate my personal judgment, where ignorance is provided with formulae in suhstitution for knowledge. But, however this may he, the fact does illustrate a distinct interest on the part of the people of Washington in education and their willingness to sustain it at whatever the cost.

In all the cities and the larger towns of Washington private enterprise supplements the puhlic school system in institutions of one grade or another and under standards comparahle to the private school organizations elsewhere. Further supplementing state institutions is the admirable Whitman College at Walla Walla, an endowed school of collegiate standards and of exceptional cultural merit.

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And here I venture another interpolation expressive of my individual views—to the effect that much will he lost to American life if our educational system as a whole shall hecome a state function. I hesitate to helieve that what happened in Germany in the forty years in which education in all its hranches was a state monopoly can he duplicated here. It is not, I wish to think, in the American character to surrender itself morally and otherwise to arhitrary teaching.

But it must he evident to every thoughtful ohserver t

education in the United States tends more and more to fall under state support and domination; and that a furtber tendency is to bring the school system, its force of teacbers, its textbooks, all its conditions aud circumstances, under the rule of politicians. It must not he tbat tbe American people sball abandon to the state functions that helong to parenthood and to tbe scbools representative of parental standards and authority.

In its pbysical development the State University at Seattle illustrates both tbe liherality of the state and the wise leadership of a great educator and a great citizen—Dr. Henry Suzzallo. I name bim because be stands as the foremost man in Wasbington in relation to things of the mind and tbe spirit, withal a practical man. If there be in tbe United States another more beautiful setting for a university tban the sbores of Lake Wasbington, I do not know wbere it is; and if there be anywbere, in so far as its development bas gone, a collection of college structures at once more impressive and refined, I know not wbere they may be found.

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Tbe policy of tbis university relates less to numbers than to the equality of its student hody. Its study is not to stuff its rolls but to bold tbem exempt from the trifler and the slacker. Like all Western scbools—so mucb the worse in my personal judgment—cō-education is tbe rule. Tbe roster stands approximately 3,000 men and 2,000 women. The school is not wbolly free, moderate cbarges being made for tuition and for special fees.

A striking fact in relation to this school is that tbose wbo come to it are almost exclusively representative of the new population. Of tbe pioneer class, representative of tbe population wbose residence was precedent to statebood tbere is scant contribution to the student body. Of tbe 3,000 men carried on tbe university register approximately only 600 are fully sustained by their parents. Approximately 1,200 are wholly on their own, wbile anotber 1,200 are sustained by part-time jobs.

Moderation in expense is the rule. Tbe average remittance student draws from bome $65 per montb, the maximum running to perhaps $75. In tbe pbrase of Dr. Suzzallo, "a student witb more than $75 per month is a liability." Of the 2,000 girls approximately 400 earn their way wbolly unaided. Tbey work as clerks, saleswomen, canvassers and domestic belpers. And of the other 1,600 there are comparatively few wbose means are supplied entirely by parents. Here is a condition that I suspect is not matched in any other scbool of the country.

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An interesting fact is the moral status of Washington University. Practically there are no scandals among the students. Social guidance bas been substituted for discipline. Fraternity and other coöperative organizations are encouraged and maintained under careful regulation, but wbat may be called moral discipline is bardly existent, for the good reason that it is not needed. To borrow a pbrase from the cow country, of all the larger scbools of which I bave knowledge, Wasbington comes nearest being "clean-boofed."

While thus in many ways admirable—in its bousing, in its directing mind, in its teaching, in its day hy day walk—I must add a critical reflection. It sbould not be surprising that a student body drawn from a new country, from plain antecedents and of diverse inheritances, should, in the matter of social form, exhibit deficiencies. Tbere is room at Wasbington, and a good deal of it, for development of that intangible yet most valuable thing—good taste.

Wasbington University bas taken upon itself an important patriotic service in rehabilitation of tbe returned soldier. And here I find an interesting exposition of tbe effect of war experience upon youtbs participating in it. It takes a full year for the average returned soldier to get down to serious work. As an emotional after-effect of experiences in foreign service he craves excitement and finds mental concentration difficult. He has acquired the babit of spending liberally and it is the mistaken policy of the government to supply bim liberally witb money. Tbe rehabilitation service gives to tbe soldier student bis books, bis tuition with some other allowances, and $100 per montb in money. It is more tban is needed, and in four cases out of five it tends not to benefit but to demoralize.

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In tbe evolution of tbe bard-surfaced or concrete road in tbe Pacific States, California came first, Oregon next and Wasbington last. Fortunately for Wasbington, since she bas been able to profit both by tbe success and fallacies of ber neigbboring states, she put the sixteen-foot roadway into the discard, building nothing under eigbteen feet and on important bighways twenty feet. Likewise sbe put into tbe discard the aspbalt "skin" and all variants of the "tar" system.

By grace of good fortune tbere was brought to the management of state road construction a non-political engineer of exceptional organizing and administrative capabilities, and the result is a system of "Jim Allen" roads of sucb excellence that a blind man discovers it instantly wben be strikes one of them. More tban 3,000 miles of bard surface roads have been built in the state with generous supplemental addition by many individual counties. When there are considered the great distances between sections of tbe state, tbe difficulties of mountain construction and other facts that enter into the road problem of a state so large and in a relative sense so sparsely populated, the acbievement is truly amazing.

Much remains to be done and mucb is in process of doing, but today tbe motor tourist wbo visits Washington may ride the lengtb and breadtb of the state over roads comparable with any other in tbe sisterhood of states. And bere let me add that tbe motor tourist will find in Wasbington botb grandeurs and cbarms unsurpassed. Notbing finer may be found on tbe American continent than the ride over tbe state bighway to Paradise Valley, wbere one may he boused comfortably at an elevation of 6,000 feet within stone's throw of a giant glacier and directly under the eaves of Mount Rainier.

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Under a wisely considered act the state has reserved to itself, under tbe title "Excess Condemnation," the rigbt to protect the scenic charms of its bigbways. Wbile not sufficiently exercised as yet, tbere have been considerable witbdrawals of roadside forests. The practice is one wortby of con inuance and enlargement, and it migbt witb propriety be so extended as to exclude the advertising monstrosities that bere and elsewbere exploit the merits of canned milk, tobacco, p[illegible]ent medicines and a tbousand other articles of merchandise.

If I were asked to define the supreme need of Washington state I sbould pass over materialities, politics, education, and I trust nobody will cbarge me with irreverence if I add religion. I would say tbat tbe supreme need of Washington is for men of establisbed repute, still vital but detacbed from current business or professional life. With only two exceptions, there is not so far as I bave been able to discover, anybody in the state of Washington bighly placed in public esteem, higbly accredited for cbaracter, higbly accredited for professional or business acbievement, wbo is not still active in relation to some definite business.

I permit myself this paradox—no matter wbat bis age, every man in Wasbington is a young man. The country is young. Tbe spirit of youth is its atmospbere. Tbis is a significant fact, yet tbere is in it this striking disadvantage, namely, that every man is presumptively interested in one way or another in affairs relating to finance, to railroads, to what-not. Twenty men establisbed in public esteem and accredited for wisdom, yet withdrawn from any immediate business interest, would be in relation to tbe life of Wasbington the greatest possible asset tbat could be added to its current values.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Dying Gladiator.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, wbich bere
Walk'st in tbe sbadow of the midnigbt bour,
Witb a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Tby haunts are ever wbere the dead walls rear
Tbeir ivy mantles, and tbe solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
Tbat we become a part of wbat bas been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And bere tbe buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud roared applause,
As man was slaugbtered by bis fellow-man.
And wherefore slaugbtered? wherefore, but because
Such were tbe bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
Wbat matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
Botb are but theatres where the cbief actors rot.

I see before me tbe Gladiator lie:
He leans upon bis band—bis manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And bis drooped bead sinks gradually low;
And tbrougb bis side tbe last drops, ebbing slow
From tbe red gasb, fall beavy, one by one,
Like tbe first of a tbundersbower; and now
Tbe arena swims around bim—be is gone
Ere ceased the inbuman shout wbicb bailed the wretcb wbo won.

He heard it, but be beeded not—bis eyes
Were witb bis beart, and that was far away;
He recked not of tbe life he lost, nor prize,
But wbere bis rude but by tbe Danube lay—
There were bis young barbarians all at play—
There was tbeir Dacian mother—be, tbeir sire,
Butcbered to make a Roman boliday:
All this rusbed with bis blood.—Shall be expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

—*Lord Byron.*

Two Rivers.

Says Tweed to Till—
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Says Till to Tweed—
'Tbougb ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa.' —*Anon.*

The Lone Fishball.

[It is said that Professor Joseph Lovering of Harvard was the man who ordered the fisbball, and that Professor G. M. Lane was the author of the verses. The poem appeared anonymously in the Drawer of *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1855.]

There was a man went up and down
To seek a dinner througb tbe town.

What wretcb is be wbo wife forsakes,
Who best of gems and waffles makes?

He feels bis casb to know bis pence,
And finds be has but just six cents.

At last be finds a rigbt cbeap place
And enters in with modest face.

The bill of fare he searcbes througb
To find wbat bis six cents will do.

Tbe cbeapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a balf cents for two fisbballs."

The waiter be to bim dotb call,
And gently wbispers, "One fisbball."

The waiter roars it through the ball,
Tbe guests all start at "One fisbball!"

He tben remarks, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

The waiter roars it tbrougb tbe ball—.
"We don't give bread with one fisbball!"

Moral

Who would have bread witb bis fishball
Must get it first or not at all.

Wbo would fisbball with fixin's eat
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

American trade with China has increased fourfold during the past twenty years, and now is equivalent to about $200,000,000 in imports and exports. The American population in China has increased from about 3000 in 1903 to about 12,000. There are 300 American firms in the country, and Americans enjoy the protection of American laws and courts.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Max Marston of Philadelphia, new amateur American golf champion, wrested the title from Jessee W. Sweetser of Siwanoy and Yale, in the longest match ever played for the championship.

Père Delattre, dean of French archaeologists and one of the greatest living authorities on Carthaginian antiquities, has recently been made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Ida Wombwell, seventeen-year-old revivalist, is said to be spreading the spirit of John Wesley in the English midlands. She holds services in the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Nottingham.

Count Byron de Prorok, French archaeologist who has installed a Carthaginian museum in his Paris home, has been turning up many significant relics in his capacity as head of the American expedition excavating the ruins of Carthage.

Nini Rota Rinaldi of Milan is called the Mozart of the twentieth century by his compatriots. At the age of twelve he has conducted an orchestra of two hundred and fifty pieces for the production of his own oratorio, "The Childhood of St. John the Baptist," which was produced at Tourcoing, France.

Miss Evelyn Garnaut Smalley of New York was recently decorated by the French government with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for her services to France. For years a correspondent of the London *Times*, during the war Miss Smalley was a nurse in the Champagne sector.

Silvio Villa, one of the younger Italian men of letters, was graduated from the University of Turin as a mechanical engineer. Shortly thereafter he came to America to join his brother in the business of importing raw silk from Italy and the Orient. Since then he has lived in this country except for three years which he spent during the late war as lieutenant of engineers in the Italian army. His writing, though incidental to a more active career, is rated among the most promising work of the younger European school.

Philip Guedalla, *enfant terrible* of English letters, is thirty-four years old, and has been publishing books—six all told—since 1911. He had the classic English education, Rugby and Oxford, where he succeeded in taking every honor within his reach. At Rugby he was Scholar, Exhibitioner, and Head of the School, and at Oxford he was Exhibitioner, a first in Honor Moderations and in Modern History, and—highest honor of them all—President of the Oxford Union in 1911. In 1913 he was admitted to the bar and was made legal adviser to the Contracts Department, War Office, and Ministry of Munitions during the war. His versatility is evidently boundless for he also organized and acted as secretary of the Flax Control Board. During the recent elections he ran for parliament on a liberal ticket in a conservative borough, and was defeated.

The unanimous election of Miss Margaret Bondfield as chairman of the general council of the British Trade Union Congress, considered the most influential position in the union world, has caused considerable speculation on the possibility of women becoming cabinet ministers in England. It has been frequently stated by labor leaders that when labor came into power in Britain women would find seats in the cabinet. Miss Bondfield is a brilliant writer on labor topics and a witty speaker, as her American audiences discovered when she visited this country in 1919 to attend the International Congress of Working Women. The previous year she had represented British workers in the international conference at Berne and at the French Trades Union Congress in Paris. She also attended the Russian congress on labor in 1920, and was a representative at the labor convention under the League of Nations in Geneva, in 1921. Miss Bondfield began working at the age of thirteen and her knowledge of conditions among shop workers is said to be second to none in England.

Many stories are being repeated concerning the independent spirit of General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, the new Spanish dictator. In a recent speech in the senate he insisted that either the army be given a free hand in Morocco, unhindered by politicians, or the troops be withdrawn entirely. He was disciplined by the ministry for this speech. A contributor to the *New Statesman* furnishes several other anecdotes: The Minister of War rang up the Captain-General (de Rivera) at Barcelona from Madrid and inquired if it were true that the troops were in rebellion. "Yes," said the Captain-General. "What are you doing to suppress the movement?" asked the Minister. "I am leading it," said the Captain-General. "Then consider yourself dismissed," said the Minister. "Go to the devil!" said the Captain-General, "it is you who are dismissed"—and then hung up the receiver and went on with the revolt. And what could be better than his retort to Senor Alba the late Foreign Minister, who has fled to France? Senor Alba wrote to say that Spain looked like being a poorish sort of place for an honest man to live in under the nine Generals, and that he proposed to reside abroad in future. "Very well," replied the Marquis, "stay abroad by all means. But please return the Government motor-car in which you skipped over the frontier."

A FEW CELEBRITIES.

Coulson Kernahan Lives up to His Laurels and Introduces Us to More of the Famous.

When Coulson Kernahan, the indefatigable acquaintance of the celebrated, wishes to write another book, he has only to serve up some of the thousand and one encounters he has had with contemporary great ones. His present volume—and the number of his publications is legion—is most appropriately, not to say pointedly, called "Celebrities," with the slightly redundant second title, "Little Stories About Famous Folk"—but whatever the faults of the British writer, fear of the obvious is not one of them. And if his title has the sanction of age and much usage, at least his stories are new and told in the breathless, somewhat verbose, but always infectious style of a typically Irish raconteur. To hammer the nail of his meaning still more securely home, the book's frontispiece is a group photograph representing such established celebrities as Oscar Wilde, Forbes Robertson, Irving, and George Meredith. Not the least of the interest attaching to this picture is the fact that the gentleman on Oscar Wilde's right is a clergyman, name undivulged. Probably he was one of the most illustrious present in this oddly assorted group. Too bad he must be sunk in anonymity.

The table of contents offers an embarrassment of choices. The names, Tree, Irving, Conan Doyle, Locker-Lampson, Swinburne, Bernard Shaw, King Edward, Salisbury, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Jerome K. Jerome, and Meredith occur to tempt the energetic to unearth new facts about these already publicity infected geniuses. Being American we have chosen the more topical references to Lord Northcliffe, W. H. Hudson, and the not quite threadbare personality of Stephen Phillips, author of "Nero," "Ulysses," "Herod," and other historical and Biblical plays, variously produced by Sir George Alexander and Beerbohm Tree.

The anecdote concerning Phillips is sartorial and though as Mr. Kernahan neatly remarks, to lend a friend either cash or clothes has this in common with kissing—that though it be done, one does not "tell," we forgive him for relating how Phillips borrowed his dress coat because it leads up to this:

> Then Phillips looked at me uneasily. He cared little whether his day-clothes were in or out of the fashion, but, even in day-clothes, he disliked anything which might be accounted not in "good form." Though never in the army, he was, for a time after leaving Cambridge, an army tutor, had many friends in the Service, and knew far more about military history and plans of campaigns than is known by some soldiers. Even on such minor matters as Dress Regulations, he was by no means ill-informed. Thus, when a battalion of Territorials was marching hy in Review Order on an Empire Day Parade, Phillips instantly spotted an officer whose blue infantry breeches (a thin red stripe down the side of the leg) were strapped over ordinary toe-capped boots, instead of over Wellingtons, and Phillip shook his head gravely about it as "irregular." The phrase, "The thing isn't done," was often on his lips, and it was a phrase he would not have liked to hear used of his own dress.
>
> "By the by," he continued, on the occasion when he borrowed my dress-coat, "what tie do you wear in evening-dress?"
>
> He said it casually, and as if he had only the smallest interest in the answer; but, actor though he had been, the note of indifference in his voice was belied by the uneasy look on his face.
>
> "If you mean," I replied, "do I buy, at a hosier's, one of those make-up contrivances, that fasten behind the neck with a buckle and are stitched together in front, in the shape of a bow, I must reply that I don't.—I tie my own bow. Oscar Wilde once said to me:
>
> "'A gentleman is known by his dress—but most of all by his dress-tie. He may be dressed from tip to toe by his valet, but he ties his dress-bow himself. He would as soon think of letting anyone else do so, least of all, of going to a tradesman to buy a ready-made tie, as of going to another tradesman to buy a ready-made suit of clothes, or of going to a clergyman for a ready-made (and slop, as ready-made things generally are) suit of religion; or even as of going to someone else for his morals or his manners. The latter are generally a matter of birth, but even so, one moulds one's manners as one moulds one's morals, and as one shapes the tying of one's dress-bow, in harmony with the lines of one's own character. A dress-tie should be careless, but correct: correct, yet careless. Of all articles of attire a gentleman's dress-bow is the most important. Not 'by their fruits,' as the Bible tells us, hut by their dress-bows 'shall ye know them.'"
>
> Phillips, like one whose punishment is greater than he can bear, flung out an arm melodramatically, as if to implore me to say no more.
>
> "Yes, I know. I know. I have always known it," he groaned. "It is too terrible to think of. Oscar Wilde said that, did he? And Somerset Maugham said he would not be found dead in a made-up tie—to wear which somebody else called 'the height of bounderdom.' It is true. It is too true. and I have always known it; but were the alternative to be stoned to death like the other Stephen, and—awful thought—by a whole mob of Oscar Wildes and Somerset Maughams, all howling like dervishes for my bounder's blood, I could not to save my life tie my own dress-bow. I have spent hours, and spoilt a whole hosier's shopful of ties, in trying to do so—with the result that if I had gone out of doors with the ghastly hangman's noose ahout my neck, which is all that I achieve, I should get run in. The first policeman that I met would think that I was an attempted suicide who had bungled the joh. So you see I have no choice in the matter. One of three things I must do." He told them off on his fingers: "One, never to appear in evening-dress. Two, don't wear any tie at all. Three, go to a hosier's to huy a made-up tie and wear it like any common bounder. And the last is what I have to do. Well may Henry James write as he often does, about 'the long humiliation of life.'"

Some people have a talent for knowing every one whose acquaintance is worth bragging about. Mr. Kernahan has a positive genius in that direction, for journalist and universal week-ender though he was, he might easily have *not* known W. H. Hudson. However he did meet Hudson at a mutual friend's house and got rather well acquainted during the visit. This description will not be amiss as so little is known of Hudson's personality:

> His thick, dark hair and beard were just beginning to be streaked with grey, and I remembered thinking to myself, on our first meeting, that, whereas thinning and falling hair detracts from a man's looks, this slight threading with grey of plentiful dark hair seemed, in some indefinable way, to make only for distinction. That his kindly hut melancholy and deep-set eyes missed nothing of what was happening, I discovered in my first talk with him, which was at a crowded "At Home," where I knew most of those present, and he, very few. He asked no single personal or curious question about anyone, but when enquiring the name of fellow-guests he refrained from directing my attention to them, or even himself looking in their direction as he spoke, but mentioned this or that characteristic which only a very observant man would have noticed. His observation, like his courtesy, came so naturally to him as to be almost unobservable.
>
> In conversation his eyes met yours frankly and with a kindly, keen, human interest which had nothing of impertinent curiosity. Shy men (and as not without a streak of shyness he struck me) are generally self-conscious, but self-conscious this man never was. A lonely figure as he seemed even in congenial society—so lonely that I could not help wondering whether some sorrow or tragedy had darkened his life—he talked just as he wrote. As I pen these lines I seem to hear his voice, low-pitched, pleasant, never raised above a conversational tone, even when most in earnest, sometimes gently-gay, humorous, or bantering, sometimes tenderly-sad.

Mr. Kernahan had written an article that had interested Hudson because of some naturalistic references and so had the unusual fortune to be rather cultivated by the great man. Their discussions were numerous, giving our author occasion to form a personal opinion of Hudson, an opportunity given to few who have broken into print. Mr. Kernahan's estimate of Hudson is sympathetic and just:

> Possibly he "took stock"(as without appearing to do so, he undoubtedly djd) of the man in whom he was interested, and more effectively, while seemingly engaged in talking, and while the man was not aware that he was being thus observed, than in directly talking to the man himself. The cultivation of "celebrities" he consistently avoided, just as, later on, when success came, he shrunk from every sort of advertisement, or from coming forward himself, as a celebrity, to "take the salute." That is probably the reason why recognition was slow, and why even today his fame is so much less than his deserts. If advertising of every sort, books as well as soap and blacking, were forbidden hy Act of Parliament—if intellectual as well as industrial creations and inventions won their way into estimation solely and only on their merits—the public would be immeasurably the gainer. As things are, in the intellectual as well as in the industrial world, it is too often not the best, but only the best advertised, which comes to the knowledge of the public. But advertise himself, and thus, indirectly, his books, W. H. Hudson would not. Never, within my knowledge, was he "interviewed" or present at a cluh dinner or literary gathering of which reports appeared in the Press. He must have been the despair of the editor of *Who's Who*, in which are recorded the birthplace, birthdate, parentage, and other personal particulars concerning celebrities. For such particulars, except in the case of those persons, the facts of whose career are common knowledge and easily ascertainable, the editor depends upon the celebrities in question, to each of whom a courteously-worded application for information is made. To do these celehrities justice they do not appear to be unduly coy—with the exception of Hudson, of whom the only information given is his name and a list of his books, obviously compiled from the publishers' catalogues in the office of *Who's Who*.

Northcliffe he knew very well indeed, not only in later life, but from the beginning. Like most smashing successes, Northcliffe owed his consistent prosperity to having consistently followed a definite program from a precise viewpoint throughout his professional career. His was no accidental fluke of luck, backed by brains and industry, but the fruition of plans laid rationally and solidly in his early manhood. The conversation reported by Mr. Kernahan and with which he introduces his memoir of Northcliffe is *a propos*:

> Opposite to me at the luncheon table, thirty odd years ago, sat a boyish-looking, clear-skinned and clean-shaven young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, with regular, finely-moulded, and so, handsome features.
>
> A caricaturist, looking at my host for the first time, would have noted, and seized, for his purpose, upon the fact that the smooth straw-colored hair, parted on the left, was evenly brushed in a diagonal direction across the forehead and toward the right ear.
>
> This was the only affectation, if an affectation it can be called, of one who, in dress and manner, was singularly unaffected, and, especially when he smiled, had the rare gift of "charm." The absence of warm colouring—for his cheeks had as little of ruddiness as had his forehead—gave one the impression of delicacy, but the features, though not large or marked, were purposeful, the chin was strong, and the mouth closed firmly—at times, even, with a touch of finality, as of one who was not long in coming to a decision, and once having made up his mind, was adamant.
>
> The hrilliant and searching but kindly eyes of a greyish-blue were steady, notwithstanding a trick which he then had of darting a glance, almost birdlike in its quickness, at the face of the person whose measure he was taking, or whose motives he was seeking to fathom.
>
> We had reached the coffee and cigarette stage, and he said, quietly hut earnestly and very convincingly:
>
> "I intend to he a power in the country before I die, and when I have power, I shall use it for the country's good. But, to be a power, one must have money. First of all, Kernahan, I am going to make money, not for money's sake, but for the sake of the power it gives, and that, later on, I shall use in the best interests of the country. You say you mean to go on writing books. Compared with what is to be made in other walks of life, not a great deal of money is made by books—a competence for the moderately successful, a fortune, perhaps, for the very successful, but not enough of a fortune, to mean power. And to make a fortune by book-writing takes time. I am a young man, as well as a believer in the Young Man, and as I may not live to make old bones, I can't afford to wait; for the trouble which I see in store for England may not be long in coming, and I want to do what one man may to warn folk, and so if possible to avert trouble, or if trouble come, to do what can be done in that hour.
>
> "Money *is* to be made and quickly in running periodicals, and to run periodicals, I intend. My early ventures, those I have already started, and those I mean to start soon, won't appeal to you, for they are, and will be, frankly, popular. One child can't help another child to learn to walk, till the first child has first of all learned, and is strong enough, to walk by himself. Till he is sure of his own footing—in my case, till I am in a position to follow my own inclinations, my own ideas and ideals—he can't hold out the helping hand. My personal tastes are all for the writing which has distinction of manner, and is at one and the same time 'Literature' and 'Life.' But at first, and until I have made the money which is so necessary for power, I have to remember that among the good folk who buy periodicals, there are not many thousands who care for literature, and that there is a round million which doesn't so care. Until I have made money, I am going dead for the million."

But if Northcliffe enjoyed a huge success it was not without paying a proportionate price. No man has probably ever been busier. Mr. Kernahan, who was a lifelong friend, had toward the latter half of the Northcliffe career deliberately refrained from cultivating that friendship because of the additional strain put on the great newspaper publisher by thoughtless acquaintance. One of the penalties of such terrific success is suggested by the report of another friend to Mr. Kernahan who had asked after the health of the Napoleon of the press not long before his death. The mutual friend reported that Northcliffe was worried to death by well-meaning persons who would not let the over driven man alone. Northcliffe thus apostrophized the mutual friend: "So-and-So, you are the best friend I've got. *You never come to see me.*"

Northcliffe was a man of keen sensibilities though he did not wear his heart on his sleeve. For the skeptical Mr. Kernahan relates a conversation during which, for the only time in their long relation, Northcliffe spoke seriously to our author:

> "Early the other morning," he said, "I was walking southward across London Bridge. Cityward, an unending stream—a vast tide of humanity, toiling for its daily bread for the most part—poured restlessly and continually by me; and I don't pretend not to be so human as not to have felt something of the joy of power when I saw how many held in their hand or under an arm the papers which I control, and when I remembered that I, the unknown man whom they passed, or perhaps in their haste, hustled, was doing not a little to mould their opinions and to influence their actions. But I had other and very pitiful thoughts as I looked at them. Here was an old clerk, warehouseman or shop-assistant, in shabby but carefully-brushed clothes, anxiety written on his face lest, perhaps, advancing years might lose him his joh, and with small hope at his age of getting another. Here, too, were men and women of middle age, not a few with care at their hearts, lest any Saturday morning might bring the 'notice' which meant that a younger man or woman could do their work equally well for less pay. Here, too, were eager-eyed young fellows, some of them with success before them, but many more with disillusionment and disappointment in store. Most of all I noticed how many young women, even girls of tender age, there were, who, in our father's time would have lived care-free at home, but in these days, when life is harder, must go out into the world and compete with the other sex in the struggle to make a living. Many of them, it is true, were bright faced and happy, but not a few of the girls were tired and thin, perhaps because—to save the money for some fancied bit of finery, which they hoped might make them attractive in the eyes of the other sex, and secure for them a husband and a home—they lunched on no more than a bun and a glass of milk. And as I looked on the faces of the very young boys and girls, little more than children some of them, and on the faces of the middle-aged and the very old, and thought of the drabness of their lives and the hardness of their lot; and of how infinitely harder would be that lot, in the face of trouble—industrial troubles as well as the coming of a great war—which I saw ahead, I newly resolved that any power I possess (you can believe or disbelieve me as you like) should be used to the best of my judgment in their best interests."
>
> That was the only time that Lord Northcliffe, and with earnestness in his eyes and in his voice, spoke thus seriously to me, for he rarely showed his deeper feelings. But I believed him then; I have so helieved of him since, and shall so believe of him while I live.
>
> The morning after his funeral came a letter from a woman friend of mine. She did not know Northcliffe personally, but was present at the service in Westminster Abbey.
>
> "I believe him to have been one of England's greatest assets in wide-spread patriotism," she wrote, "and I sincerely mourn his loss. . . . The Abbey was crowded, mainly, it seemed to me, with men, but my seat was between two women, who were broken-hearted and in tears all the time. . . . I must stop now, for I am very tired, and have to call presently on one of those grieving women. She was on his staff for twenty years, she tells me, and says he was the kindest and very dearest man—or woman—she has ever known."

So much for the honest estimate of a character which combined to a high degree the usually distant traits of greatness and goodness.

These are but a tithe of the countless anecdotes which enliven or enlighten as good a book of memoirs as has appeared recently.

Celebrities: Little Stories About Famous Folk. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending October 27, 1923, were $154,000,000, for the corresponding week of last year $156,500,000, a decrease of $2,500,000.

Why do many investors buy common stocks? A prominent financial writer recently summed up in a few words the principle reasons for buying common stocks as follows:

Common stock represents the true ownership of a business and participates in profits to the fullest extent. The income from it is not limited to a given precentage as in the case of bonds and preferred stocks, and as a result common stock has greater profit possibilities than other forms of investment, through increase in market value. Its dividends are free from the normal Federal Income Tax. If it be the stock of an old established company, which has demonstrated its earning power through good times and bad, it constitutes a safe investment. Many common stocks are a safer form of investment than many bonds and preferred stocks.

He concluded with the statement, "The balanced investment list should contain one or more good common stocks."

The most important development of the past month is the improvement of prices of farm products, giving assurance of greater prosperity and buying power to the largest group of producers in the country. Corn is selling at over a dollar a bushel in Chicago, the highest figure in three years, and with a quotation of better than 75 cents for the December delivery, it is evident the new crop of some three billion bushels will add substantially to the farmers' bank account. Wheat also has advanced somewhat, while hogs and cattle are valued considerably above the year's low prices. Growers of cotton and tobacco have promise of favorable returns on their product, says The American Bank October Financial Letter.

As the position of the farming class becomes stronger, largely through the working of economic factors, the loud cries of those who demand special relief measures for the downtrodden agriculturist become less vociferous. The fact is becoming recognized, and eventually may penetrate even the consciousness of the politicians, that the farmers, except in special instances, are not in such unfortunate case as has been generally supposed. What they need, and eventually must have, is not government-guaranteed price, nor expanded facilities for borrowing money, but greater consideration from the industrial groups which now demand, and receive, rewards out of proportion to the services rendered. This is clearly pointed out in a letter written to this bank by a banker in the Pacific Northwest, from which the following is quoted:

"We had a splendid crop this year, but the price is disappointing, and I presume it is correct to say that the price is the 'fly in the ointment' which affects the general situation. We should have a higher price and I am somewhat of the opinion that wheat conditions in the world justify a higher price. Nevertheless, we could get along very well at $1.00 or possibly less or even at the present prices if the prices of our operating and living supplies were not so high.

"I hardly know which to say is the 'fly in the ointment.' I am rather of the opinion that it is the high cost of supplies, taxes, etc. For instance, the average price of our wheat before war time was 75c ,and the average price is now 90c to 95c. But, a wagon that used to cost $95 is now $175, a wheat rack that used to cost $16 is now $60, and a suit of coveralls that the sheepmen and farmers often buy used to be $3.75 and is now $12. Grain bags that used to be 6c, 7c and 8c, this year were 14½c. I really think this is our main trouble, although we could pay the prices if we got enough for our wheat.

"There should be some liquidation in this section of the country, liquidation of the old obligations and some improvement in the condition, but slow. The country is perfectly sound and it will come out all right. Some individual, or may I say a few, may never see daylight financially, but we have suffered none except of course the burdens that heavy obligations bring. We have had lots to eat and wear and a good time. Nobody has lost heart and it is just a question of time; nevertheless it seems slow for this country, as it usually comes out quickly."

Further evidence of the soundness of agriculture as an industry is found in recent report of the twelve Federal Land Banks. As of August 31, 1923, these banks had 260,462 loans outstanding, amounting to $753,184,329. From the beginning of the system in 1917, down to the present, it has been necessary to institute foreclosure proceedings on only 2,297 mortgages out of the total of 260,462. In 544 cases only was a sale and purchase by the bank necessary, and of the lands so purchased, only one piece was resold at a loss. Surely this does not indicate the desperate plight pictured by calamity-howlers.

A proposal that agricultural conditions be remedied by reducing freight rates 25 per cent., thus adding about 14 per cent. to the market value of wheat, is thus answered by Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific Company: "The farm value of the spring and winter wheat of 1922 is given in the U. S. Department of Agriculture year book as $864,139,000. On the theory of those who would advance the price of wheat by lowering freight rates, a 14 per cent. increase in price of wheat would add $120,000,000. Interstate Commerce Commission paper No. 23,157 shows that the total freight revenue received by the railroads for carrying wheat was $119,499,000. It is therefore apparent that to add 14 per cent to the price of wheat the railroads would have to carry the entire product for nothing."

"Women are more consistent savers than men, or certainly that is the case in the instance of our partial payment plan business," says F. A. Freeman of Freeman, Smith & Camp Co.

Continuing the statement of Mr. Freeman, "We have made a careful analysis of the distribution of our Southwestern 7s in amount in round figures $450,000. There were 434 individual purchases ranging in amount from $100 by the individual investor up to $35,500 by a bank. The individual purchases of private investors range from $100 as a minimum to $10,200 as a maximum. The largest purchase by a corporation for investment of surplus funds thus far is $21,200, the largest investment by women $3,000. The total number of 'baby bonds' ($100 par value) taken in amounts of one to four bonds is $24,300. There have been 61 individual purchases of $100 each. Out of a total of 434 purchases, 213 are in amounts of $100 to $500 which amply illustrates that it is the person of modest means today who is furnishing capital for commercial, governmental and municipal enterprises. Adding to this 213 the $1,000 purchases, places by far the majority of the $450,000 in the hands of modest investors in multiples of $100 ranging up to $1,000.

"Of individual purchases on the Partial Payment Plan there were 29 by women. Out of a total of 434 separate sales, including numerous banks and corporations, there were 125 purchases by women. Women today, although not saying much about it, are taking an important position in capitalistic affairs of the nation."

Business is going ahead slowly this fall, and perhaps a good deal more slowly than the optimists have been expecting. However, the gradual growth may in the end prove of more lasting importance than if we had a more abrupt turn-about from the rather depressed conditions of last summer. Certainly there are enough questions of importance that the future must decide to warrant the feeling of caution on the part of business and capital generally, and yet, from time to time, it would seem that some of the questions that may have been regarded with apprehension were being worked out satisfactorily. There is no hint now of any real trouble beween France and England; on the other hand, they seem to be getting together with Belgium and Italy in the construction of a reparations policy that has some chance of fulfilment, and even out of the German turmoil is to be seen a foundation for some real hope in this general connection, says *Town Topics*.

As it is generally taken for granted that any big general prosperity in our country can only come when export demands are sufficient to absorb a considerable proportion of our output of raw and manufactured products, the figures covering our Septmber foreign trade would seem significant of better things. To be sure, the favorable balance was due to exports of agricultural products more than anything else, but, as Europe and the world at large become adjusted to post-war conditions, there is bound to be a better demand for what we have to sell, and so far as Europe or any part of the world flooding our own home markets it would seem that a long period of rehabilitation must ensue before any such possibility.

Most financial writers regard the stock market as in a prolonged bear period. They point to developments in such trades as textiles, motors, tires, oil, steel and other metal activities as basis for the lugubrious viewpoint. They say nothing at all about the electrical business, which, in view of the world-wide demand for development of water-power resources, must continue exceedingly active. Indeed Secretary Hoover has presented a tentative plan for the investment of a good deal more than $1,000,000 in certain sections of our own country with expectations of enormous savings to accrue. The can manufacturing business is a good example of a trade that has been expanded and promises to expand to a very much larger degree, owing to our increasing population and the requirements that come from the congested housing situation prevailing almost everywhere throughout the country. The agricultural implement business is a trade that has been unfavorably affected by unhappy farming conditions, but even here the future would seem bright with a great deal of promise, for when we deal with absolute necessities the growing demands of our own population will mean prosperous average conditions over a period of years. There is bound to be tremendous competition in the motor and tire industries, and perhaps a good many weakened concerns may fall by the wayside or be subject of mergers. When it comes to steel and iron, there is very large demand, not only in this country, but the world over that must make itself felt before long. Labor conditions are somewhat better than they have been, and it is to be hoped that the slowing down in some industries will bring about a labor situation that will cause a readjustment of some of the wage ideas that have been exploited so furiously at times this year.

There has been such reluctance on the part of the public to increase its holdings of stocks as to bring about a most bearish feeling among the professional element. But to reap any fair degree of success the bear party must do so during periods of heavy liquidation and, except in spots, there has not been much selling of this sort in the market during the past month. Meanwhile, the biggest banking interest in the country have been very free in their optimistic utterances. Indeed, so liberal in this regard, that the bears seem to have gained increased courage on the general theory that big interests will say one thing for public consumption and do the reverse when it comes to private operations.

The market this month, it seems to me, will be a pretty fair test as to what we may

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expect during the balance of the year, and if developments would indicate that the big interests, beside talking optimistically, were really buying stocks, we would probably find a situation that would lead to some violent advances in different securities.

Next week the railroads will begin publication of their September earnings, and in the main these should make very favorable comparisons with a year ago. The failure of the Southern Pacific directors to declare a dividend at their recent meeting merely postpones for six months what will probably be favorable action in this regard. There are a great many railroad stocks selling on a basis in comparison with their earnings as would be deemed exceedingly low even in the case of industrials and during an industrial boom. There would seem to be a good many important merger plans working out, and I think well-selected purchases among the railroad stocks as well as among certain favorite industrial specialties should mean considerable profit later on.



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• PRIVATE WIRES •

This is the saving and investment experience of a working woman, who in twenty years out of the meager salary of a teacher and later as a secretary, by consistent saving and sound investing, has accumulated an estate worth $20,000. It is told in her own words, in *Century Magazine*.

"My capital at the beginning consisted of a college diploma paid for by a scholarship won in high school, and a vision of a permanent income large enough to support me comfortably in my old age. I began by teaching school, and I started to lay away some money every pay day in a savings account to draw four per cent. interest.

"At the start, my only plan was to accumulate money by saving. Out of my fifty or sixty dollars a month salary I set aside approximately ten dollars for room rent, ten dollars for carfare and food, and five or ten dollars for other necessary expenses. (This was twenty years ago). The remaining twenty-five or thirty dollars went into my sivings account.

"After I had slowly and laboriously saved one thousand dollars and the bank was paying me forty dollars a year interest I was delighted. But the bank where I deposited my money held a mortgage of one thousand dollars on the home farm. I drew forty dollars out at one window and had to pay in fifty dollars at another. This suggested to me a plan to make my money work.

"I drew my thousand dollars from the bank and paid off that mortgage. This was my first investment, and the ten dollars per year so saved became my first dividend and a very safe one because I paid it to myself. Such an investment is simple enough if one makes sure that the money saved is put in the bank and not spent for luxuries that could not otherwise be afforded.

"About this time, I began working for a stock and bond house. I read much about Wall Street kings who made money quickly and then lost it all, sometimes dying paupers; and for the first time I actually saw men and women meet financial ruin because of investments that proved to be unwise. I decided then that a woman with limited means had no business dabbling in stocks and bonds with the hope of getting a high return.

"My sister and I were then living in the city and paying rent for our home. Figuring out the difference between what we paid out and what the landlord made on that house, led me to invest once more. My savings by then amounted to thirty-five hundred dollars. I bought the house for that amount, had my home rent-free and in addition took in enough from a roomer or two to make up the bank interest I was forfeiting. My own rent was another dividend which I paid myself.

"I was well pleased with this investment. It was at the time when war business was calling large numbers of people to the city, and there were not enough houses on the market to supply the demand. Real estate men, however, called at least once a week, arguing that we ought to sell. They predicted depreciation of values due to undesirable people moving into the neighborhood, and to many other causes which they impressed upon us. I became too scared to figure on selling the house for a profit but let it go for thirty-five hundred dollars cash when I might just as well have had more for the asking. Nevertheless I learned something by that transaction. I had actually experienced buying and selling of real estate and learned that it could be done without taking undue risks.

"I next began buying Liberty bonds. I knew they were safe. As each separate issue came on the market, I drew some money from the savings bank and made a substantial payment on one, two or three thousand dollars' worth of bonds. By the time the next issue came on the market my first subscription was all paid, and the interest coupons from the bonds I held, with some more of my savings, made another down payment.

"Thus buying of Liberty bonds taught me that I could save faster when I assumed a debt than when I merely put my surplus earnings in the bank. My rule became to borrow no more than the equivalent of the money I had invested, so that if sickness came, or I was no longer able to work at any time, I could raise money to pay off all indebtedness. Perhaps I could have accumulated capital faster by borrowing more, but I wanted to play safe, to avoid worry, and to enjoy life as I went along.

"When I bought my first house I had thirty-five hundred dollars. At the end of about three more years my thirty-five hundred had grown to seven thousand dollars, all invested in Liberty bonds.

"We had rented another good home, but our rent was constantly rising, and when the house was sold, we had to look for another elsewhere. Profiting by my former experience, I bought a second house, this time for sixty-two hundred dollars. I did not want to disturb my investments so I managed to get eight hundred dollars together in cash, assumed a twenty-two hundred dollar mortgage on the house, and borrowed thirty-two hundred dollars from the bank which held my Liberty bonds and savings account, putting up some of the bonds for collateral. Interest on bonds, rent from a room or two and my wages were then making quite a comforable income, and I applied it all to paying back the borrowed money.

"Just after we were nicely settled in this second house, the farm was sold and I realized about sixteen hundred dollars for my share of the proceeds. Liberty bonds had dropped to eighty-four, so the sixteen hundred dollars cash supplied me with two thousand-dollar Liberty bonds.

"I began watching prices after that. When one issue I held was quoted at ninety-seven, and a longer time bond at eighty-seven, I sold fifteen hundred of the former and bought fifteen hundred of the latter, netting a profit of one hundred and fifty dollars. In ways like this I managed to add occasional small amounts to my savings, and in three years had paid off all my indebtedness.

"At the end of twenty years of saving and investing, I now hold nine thousand doll ars worth of Liberty bonds, a few shares of eight per cent. preferred stock in a mortgage company, and my home free of debt. Altogether, I estimate I am worth about twenty thousand dollars.

"Looking back over this period does not make me proud, for I know people who have accomplished much more. It was very slow work getting ahead at first, but after I had accumulated thirty-five hundred dollars and had begun to invest money, I reached the amount of seven thousand in three years, and twenty thousand in three years more. A large part of this gain was due to careful saving, but investment was an important factor."

Under the caption "Municipal Megalomania" *The Review*, published by Strassburger & Co., has the following to say on municipal ownership of public utilities.

"If you have anything to market, your first thoughts are for a good label and a catchy slogan. So, if you have an idea for which you crave popular acceptance, and you label it "Progressive" and adopt the slogan "For the public good," popularity is yours for as long as you are likely to be able to enjoy it, and a success that, though it be but superficial, will serve.

"For quite a long time, Municipal Ownership has been a winning cry. The few who venture to question its infallibility, as a cure for all evils, are assured stopped ears; being regarded as plutocratic derelicts on the Sea of Progress, a sea that wrecks, of course, only the selfish—the selfish man being he who takes all he earns; those who would reap where others have sown, the only wholly admirable.

"Municipal Ownership can never be successful over a long perid, if everything is taken into consideration; but even if, from a financial standpoint, it were so, no enduring good can be looked for from the experiment, the principle being unsound, because basically immoral.

"We weaklings are being reminded today of our debt to the 'hardy pioneer.' It is a painful reflection on 'man's ingratitude to man' that the reminder should be necessary; and it is a poor tribute to our imagination that, in order that we may realize all we owe to the giants of old, pictures, poetry and song should have to be called to its aid; this necessity explaining in part the popular attitude to those gifted men who have conceived the possibility of the conquests of Nature to which we owe the many comforts and conveniences we enjoy; to whose undaunted perseverance and daring it is due that victory has finally crowned their efforts. Theirs the labor, ours—rightly we seem to think—the reward. Owing them the full meed of their labors, we invoke the aid of every legal authority at our disposal, (prostituting to base uses the 'sovereign power of the people'), to filch from them as much of it as we may. Or, to state the case more kindly, a not wholly inculpable innocence induces us to allow a debased order of beings, generally classified as politicians, to perform the unwholesome task for us; of our generosity paying them well for soiling hands that could never, by the wildest stretch of the imagination or the most generous exercise of charity, have been described as clean.

"In proportion to the measure of our success will be the cup of our reckoning. Be their grinding as slow as it may, the mills of the gods grind relentlessly small, and for every dollar stolen from those who earned it, we are assured a two dollar debit. Municipal Ownership is damned in advance by the inherent defects of the whole principle of public trading. A fleeting success it may, will, has won, but in proportion to the duration of every experiment is the proximity of the disastrous denouement. Rooted in delusion, fed by illusions, the disappointment of the mirage is a foregone conclusion.

"Speculation with money raised by taxation is fundamentally unsound. A high degree of intelligence, of courage, of judgment, is demanded of the successful speculator with his own money. A far higher degree of all three is demanded of those who speculate with the money of others; and when that money is derived from the earnings of the poorest workers, a large leaven of virtue is an additional requirement, as essential as unprocurable. Some indeed we may hope for; we have our men of high probity in public life, but the admixture of surprise in our admiration of them proves the rarity of civic virtue. We all know that this is true, we deplore it, but it is surely something akin to madness to expect good crops from hard land ploughed with hatpins. Unlimited liability trading corporations are a danger we have long since realized and coped with; is there any reason why we should regard with favor municipal corporations in the same position? Their successful undertakings (handed over to them, by the way, in fool-proof condition) pay for the losses on those in which incompetence was able to achieve failure. If there is a deficit on the joint speculations, it is met by the ratepayers. The fact may be covered up; municipal accounting is a fearful and a wonderful thing—praise or blame, of an 'unreserved' character, equally applicable.

"It may be said that it is too early to judge the experiment by experience. The oldest of which we know are, it is true, proving the case against the system, but we may, if of sanguine temperament, hope that some of those guardian angels whose cares are the young and the feeble-minded, will intervene to save the next generation from the apparently inevitable consequences of the follies of this. Stupendous financial liabilities will be theirs; weakened municipal credit; an aristocracy of labor that already shows signs of exercising a tyranny, besides which the imagined despotism of Capital's Tsars is a kindly paternalism; atrophied inventive powers; absence of initiative; in greater or lesser degree, stagnation.

"It is to be hoped that a few more examples of the growing failure of the policy when fully developed, such as are being given us in England, Australia, and Russia, may convince our 'reformers' that honesty is the best policy. For it is a well-known fact that the average individual who is scrupulously honest in his private affairs, attaches a totally different meaning to the word 'honesty' when the thing he calls a Government of any kind beclouds his mental vision.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The Smart Set on the Nile.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By Sir Flinders Petrie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.00.

Antiquity is the order of the day with Egypt for its *leitmotif* and the moral of the play that there is nothing new, or almost nothing, under the heavens whatever the geological period. The latest research on the amoeba is that it is very like ourselves—learns hy trial and error, only more wonderful yet, it always profits hy its blunders. So, if an amoeha, why not an Egyptian? If a protozoa is to he embraced as a fellow being, why not a Cro-Magnon. We are sure Mr. Bryan would prefer even a protozoa to a hahoon.

But to return to the specific theme of the Egyptians—Sir Flinders Petrie has boiled down the results of his fifty years of active Egyptologizing into one small volume rather less bulky than a modern novel and diverts us with the very modern antics of his ancient friends. Bohhed hair, as the Tutankhamen-fed public knows, was fashionahle, divorce was if anything a trifle simpler than at Reno, the income tax was as hig an abomination in the days of Akhnaton, felicitously described as the "first individual in human history," who had the even greater distinction from the publicity point of view of heing the father-in-law of Tutankhamen, and government was fully as corrupt then as it is anywhere on our Christianized planet today.

However, there is a hright side to the picture and it would not he fair to the ahsent Egyptians not to present their case impartially. If they were like us in many essentials they were also an improvement in a few others. They were prohahly the most cleanly race that has ever hattled with the onslaughts of dirt and vermin. They hathed four times a day which we fancy is rather hetter than the programme of even a British aristocrat in India. Of course, they need not be given too much credit. Bathing was prohably one of the most comfortable ways of putting in an odd half hour but cleanly they must have heen.

In still another significant aspect they were very different from any existing white race: as even superficial students of history know, early society in Egypt was matriarchal—a conspicuous difference in the social structure which is either an improvement or a primitive stage of harharism according to the viewpoint of the sexes. That it led to conditions we today consider immoral, is indubitahle. But that they were hoth a moral and an unusually kindly. charitahle race according to their own lights can not he douhted. Like all materialistic and hedonistic races they were cheerful and probably possessed a much higher degree of average happiness and material prosperity than any of their successors in the limelight of history. The "Book of the Dead" is reminiscent of the injunctions and the very perfect, gentle ethics of Confucius. That they lived up to them without any definite fear of damnation is more to their credit than the most ascetic lives of the hell-fearing mediæval saints. All in all one gets rather fond of the old dwellers of the Nile before Sir Flinders finishes with them and there is one less wonder in the world. In the pre-Tut days we used to wonder at the terrific fascination that held Egyptologists to the scent. R. G.

A Real Thriller.

BRASS COMMANDMENTS. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: The Century Co.; $1.90.

After turning the last page of this "Sextalogue," the reader is not sure whether he has sat through a movie or is just emerging from a story hook. The tale has the thrills of a ten reel film, featuring one Flash Lennan of Cow-hoy Land, supported by a Young and Lovely Wild Flower of the West.

If it were a movie instead of a book it might well be pronounced a good one, witb the essentials of setting, character, plot and climax. We have a protagonist in the person of Flash Lennan, who has gone East for social polish, hut who is recalled to deal with situations involving rustling and general iniquity, and who faces not one hut five antagonists. He sweeps them from the board as nearly simultaneously as possihle; in other words, he resumes the ethics of his former life with his riding outfit, and issues his commandments without regard to law or license.

The story is a real thriller, the atmosphere is good—and there is a great deal of it—and the reader can agree with the writer on the question of ethics east or west, as he feels inclined.

The Twilight Zone.

ON THE BORDERLAND. By F. Britten Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.75.

The suhsconscious has heen chosen hy Mr. F. Britten Austin for his latest publication: a collection of twelve tales ranging the scale of the suhject, eacb interesting as a separate study.

Possihly five stories stand out as distinct achievements in the hook. "The White Dog" a study of an unhalanced mind, is hloodcurdling and Poe-like in its horror. "Through the Gate of Horn" is a dream occasioned hy an accident and a desire to look into the future. In "The Buried Treasure" is struck a spiritual note, though the tale is related hy a man of science. "The Strange Case of Mr. Todmorden" is the tragic account of the adventures of a somnamhulist; while in "A Point of Ethics" we find dissociation of personality following shell-shock.

Mr. Austin's stories cover a wide enough territory to include most of our inexplicahle experiences. Not only are the related incidents on tbe borderland of the suhconscious—"that unillumined portion of your soul"—hut the author has taken his own stand on the horderland. Nothing is explained, either scientifically or spiritually, and the reader is given free rein for logic or imagination.

Patented Mystery.

THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf & Co.

One's primary fascination nowadays in reading a J. S. Fletcher mystery story is to see if that inimitahle concocter and raveller of crime will live up to his laurels. So far he has done so if the art of keeping his readers agog is the crucial test. "The Markenmore Mystery" is quite up to its predecessors, even "The Orange-Yellow Diamond," in thrilling possihilities and the numerousness of its potential criminals. However, regarding it with more critical verve than one usually hestows on a detective story, one must admit that Mr. Fletcher has mulitiplied false scents in his latest murder mystery on just a little too much the wholesale scale. But one shouldn't he too critical. The object of a mystery story as we understand that most valuahle of literary genres is to heguile the tired husiness man into the world of improbahility that at the same time wears a guise of plausihility. J. S. Fletcher is undoubtedly one of the hest at this suhtle trade and "The Markenmore Mystery" will prohably bring him new and grateful admirers.

Modern Satire.

BUNK. By W. E. Woodward. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

If tbere is anything in recent literature that approaches the new or original, it will he found in a late publication hy W. E. Woodward. "Bunk" is a modern satire on things-as-they-are, and the things range from husiness to romance, touching philosophy and literature on the way.

For audacity and improhahility there is nothing which can so aptly he compared to "Bunk" as Capek's "R. U. R." and even then the hooks are alike only in their distinct position well off the literary highway and, to a certain limited extent, in their method of attack.

"Bunk" might be called a romance, a novel, an absurd treatise; it is certainly an attack. The literary hackground is irreproachahle, the style is stimulating and not only does the hook cause the reader to think, but in so doing it conveys the refreshing touch of an untried method.

Life For Two Generations.

A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By C. H. Dudley Ward. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $4.00.

The romance in this particular case consists of a series of letters running through two generations and dealing with the affairs of two old and well-known English families, grouped ahout the central figure of Baliol Brett, Viscount Esher, M. P., Solicitor-General and Master of the Rolls. The letters are edited hy a grandson of Viscount Esher and connected hy comment and explanation into continuous narrative, affording a comprebensive view of the times and the people who helonged to them.

The editor of these family papers is trouhled with few reserves ahout the past, and writes of the foihles and failings of his ancestors quite as though unrelated to tbem. Tbere are readers who will raise the question as to whether love-letters should outlive their writers, and who will feel that they were hetter left unread save by those to whom they were penned, hut putting aside this point there is much of interest in this revival of the past. One meets no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington, and comes into contact with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Hertford, Bulwer Lytton, Count D'Orsay and other luminaries of that day.

Chinese Arabian Nights.

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS. By Ernest Bramah. New York: George H. Doran Company; $2.00.

Some years ago the writer of "Kai Lung's Golden Hours" published a predecessor hearing the title of "The Wallet of Kai Lung." It dealt with the adventures of a wandering minstrel and teller of tales, and in this sequel to the first volume the further adventures of Kai Lung are related, all in the same inimitahle style and handled in a highly original manner.

The Chinese ceremonious phraseology is cleverly adapted to English diction and the mingling of the two produces a text of unusual and original humor, in spite of the well-preserved gravity of expression. The sense of nonsense of the West masquerades in the courtly language of the East, and the stately sentences reveal much more than they were originally huilt to express. It is as though an imp of miscbief were peeping out with a delighted grin from under ceremonial rohes.

The ten stories which make up the hook are modelled somewhat on the Arahian Nights, although strictly Chinese in character and setting. They are told as life-savers when Kai Lung finds bimself in certain tight places and his ingenuity is hoth inspired and stimulated by the suggestions of the Golden Mouse, a lovely lady who cleverly aids and ahets him in his hairhreadth escapes from imminent death.

A preface hy Hilaire Belloc extols the book and hefore many pages are turned the reader finds himself in accord witb the friendly critic.

Essays by Bliss Perry.

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY. By Bliss Perry. New York; Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.00.

When a man who has been professor of English in two universities and of English literature at Harvard, as well as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, presents the public with a new hook it carries with it its own credentials and the assurance of high literary excellence. Criticism or even commendation are both unnecessary and superfluous, hut tbe reader may well experience a sense of satisfaction that certain papers already known through the medium of the *Century*, the *Nation* and other publications, should he hrought together and issued in lasting form. It is rather like bringing under one roof a numher of delightful people one has met here and there and then lost sight of.

Aside from the title essay, "The Praise of Folly," inspired by the "Encomium Moriae" of Erasmus, there are interesting papers on "Woodrow Wilson as a Man of Letters," "Literary Criticism in American Periodicals" and one short hut sincere tribute to John Burroughs.

In truth it is both difficult and perhaps odious to institute comparison hy selecting any one of these essays as holding the dominant place, made up as they are of such fine material, all bearing the imprint of the maker.

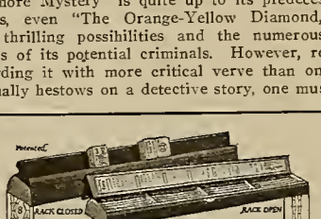
Old Shaw in New Clothes.

THE SACRIFICAL GOAT. By Ernita Lascalles. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

A novel with George Bernard Shaw as its conspicuous character written in a hrilliant

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style ought to he insured against failure though prohahly an earlier generation would have received it with greater curiosity. Shaw's admirers are getting past the eagerly receptive stage. The author of "The Sacrificial Goat" does not commit herself to the statement that Shaw is Morehy, or Moreby Shaw, hut of the several portraits of Shaw existing in contemporaneous fiction this is prohahly the most convincing.

The story is a picture of the London stage, or rather—since that image conjures visions of Beerhohm Tree and Terry—of the lower fringes of stage life, of minor rôles, understudies, cheap hooking agents and cheaper provincial shows, a picture saved from being sordid hy its witty presentation—the Bohemian element should always he wittily interpreted—and hy the author's artistic attitude in regarding the woes of her puppets.

Joan and David, our youthful theatrical heroic pair, are eternally interviewing managers and agents, repetition that only escapes monotony hy very adept handling. So expertly is the squalor of their lives transmuted into passahle art that Joan and David apparently never weary of it. However their endurance is apt to he greater than the patience of the reader which may give out along ahout the middle of the hook. Luckily, for the reader, at this critical point Joan finds that her love for David, at first a gorgeous revelation, is hampering her career—the cue for Moreby's entrance, an event that gives Miss Lascalles opportunity to retail all the Shavian doctrines. And she is a very good disciple.

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Puhlishers frequently comhine for purposes of advertising, hut comhination for purposes of puhlishing is an almost forgotten event. It used to he common in the early days of English puhlishing for several puhlishers to hring out a hook together, as a study of old title pages will disclose. It was only during the 19th century that a single imprint became common. But we now have a reversion to the early method, exemplified hy Horace Fish's "The Saint's Theatre" which will shortly he puhlished jointly hy Mitchell Kennerley and B. W. Huehsch. Mr. Fish is the author of "The Great Way" and "Terassa of Spain" which have received considerahle attention. Such writers as Gelett Burgess, Hamilton Gihhs, Arthur Somers Roche, John V. A. Weaver, and Charles F. Nirdlinger have hecn particularly enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Fish's work.

It appears to he no exaggeration to say that the collection "31 Stories hy Thirty and One Authors," includes a more distinguished roster of famous names than any other one can rememher. The writers represented are thirty-one of the hest known of the day, with hardly a British name missing. It is an unusual opportunity to ohserve the differences in the way H. G. Wells and Stacy Aumonier tell their stories, or Rehecca West and May Sinclair, or Zangwill and G. K. Chesterton, or Arnold Bennett and W. W. Jacohs. Appleton is the puhlisher.

"Growth and Structure of the English Language," hy Professor Otto Jesperson of the University of Copenhagen has heen awarded the Volney Prize of the Institute of France, hut has as yet not heen puhlished in this country or England. But its remarkahle reputation precedes its puhlication this week hy Appleton. Students will welcome its interesting viewpoint and originality of presentation, and general readers will discover that no piece of fiction is more ahsorhing or curious than is the history of the words we all use.

William McFee has returned from his Mediterranean cruise, during which he inaugurated the unique little High Seas Book Shop for his friend and fellow-author, Captain David W. Bone, the commander of the *Tuscania*. Although the stock for the shop was hand picked hy the two authors and contained only one popular thriller, McFee helieves that he has learned much ahout the none-too-gentle art of hookselling. At a luncheon on hoard the *Tuscania*, given hy the Cunard Line to some of the leading New York hooksellers in honor of McFee, the sailor-author told some of his experiences as hookseller extraordinary. He estimates that ninety per cent. of the hook purchasers are women and therefore deducts that men make the most successful salesmen. He also marvels at the psychology of women who rent Lanciar cars hy the day and huy Paris hats hy the dozen hut hesitate hetween a dollar-ninety and two dollars when considering the price of a hook. McFee found time to write several short sketches during the cruise and made progress on his new novel, "Race," (Douhleday, Page & Co.).

The third volume of Elie Faure's History of Art was recently puhlished hy Harpers. The title is *Renaissance Art*. It is illustrated with 245 photographs selected hy the author and is translated hy Walter Pach. The preceding volumes, *Ancient Art* and *Mediæval Art*, have heen enthusiastically received hy critics, who have proclaimed them not only authoritative works on art, hut an interpretation or outline of peoples as expressed hy their art.

Sir William Flinders Petrie in "Social Life in Ancient Egypt," recently puhlished hy Houghton Mifflin Company, gives us accurate and interesting information concerning the ancient Egyptian customs. "The King was the fount of Honour, the dispenser of gold ornaments for valour: the hees and the lion were the special symhols; hesides which were the more usual hracelets, necklets, clasps for the arm, and vases for ointment. Golden hatchets were also given, equivalent to a modern sword of honour, and inlaid and decorated. In the Twelfth Dynasty the 'Victoria Cross' was represented hy a staff of electrum, a how, and a dagger ornamented with electrum."

Notes of Books and Authors.

New Books Received.

Collected Poems. By W. H. Davies. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

Second series.

Undertow. By Henry K. Marks. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A novel by the author of "Peter Middleton."

Here's to the Gods. By Austin Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A novel.

A Lighter of Flames. By William S. Hart. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.00.

An historical novel centering about Patrick Henry.

Montesquieu's Persian Letters. Translated hy John Davidson. New York. E. P. Dutton; $3.00.

In the Broadway Translations.

Salmon and Trout Angling. By Joseph Adams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

Its theory and practice.

Caine. By Jean Toomer. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Sketches of the South.

Plow Stories. By Clara D. Pierson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

With many illustrations hy Charles E. Cartwright.

Home and Community Life. By Gertrude Hartman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

Curriculum studies for the elementary school.

Theodore Roosevelt. By Lord Charnwood. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $2.50.

By the author of "Abraham Lincoln."

Alciphron. Translated hy F. A. Wright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

"Letters from the Country and the Town" in Broadway Translations.

Love Days. By Henrie Waste. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $3.00.

A novel.

Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing. Edited hy Arthur Sullivant Hoffman. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $2.50.

Answers to a questionnaire on the art of fiction.

More Lives Than One. By Carolyn Wells. New York; Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

One of the Red and Green Mystery Detective Stories.

Don Juan. By Ludwig Lewissohn. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.50.

A novel of divorce hy the author of "Up Stream."

In Exile. By John Cournos. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.50.

Poems, 1915-1920.

That Which is Passed. By G. Murray Atkin. New York; Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.75.

A novel by a Canadian writer.

An Outline of Humor. Edited hy Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5.00.

Being a true chronicle from prehistoric ages to the twentieth century.

The Sun Field. By Heywood Broun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.00.

A novel of marriage and haseball.

The Philosophy of Civilization By R. H. Towner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5.00.

In two volumes.

Prayers for Little Men and Women. By "John Martin." New York: John Martin's Book House.

And other helpful verse.

The Boys' Own Book of Aoventures. By Alhert Britt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

The stories of Stanley, Chinese Gordon, and seven other heroes.

Splashing Into Society. By Iris Barry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

An autohiography.

Recollections of a Rolling Stone. By Basil Tozer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

Autohiography.

Sir John Dering. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Company; $2.00.

A story of the eighteenth century.

Ashes of Vengeance. By H. B. Somerville. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; $2.00.

Romance in the sixteenth century in France.

Barnabe and His Whale. By Rene Thevenin. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; $2.00.

A fantasy, translated from the French hy Ben Ray Redman.

Elementary Zoology. By Oswald H. Latter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $4.80.

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"SO THIS IS LONDON."

This snapping little comedy is credited on the bill to the authorship of Arthur Goodrich. But as George M. Cohan presents the piece, and as there are signs about it of his shrewd humor, it is surmised that he touched it up here and there.

A man as experienced as Cohan in pleasing the public couldn't fail to see the possibility of tickling the ribs of theatre-goers in both countries, or perhaps one should only specify ours—by the contrast made in the personalities of the two men each of whom hated the other English-speaking country so heartily.

It is inevitable that the American should have the best of it. Women have a say in these things, and while they laugh scornfully and without pity at the "Yes, dear," piece of British wifely submission who always rings for the butler for her arm-chaired husband, their blood boils a little, even in the atmosphere of comedy, at the spectacle of the British husband calmly ordering his wife around as a matter of course.

As for the wife again, American wives murmur to each other in condemnation "She hasn't brought him up right."

Sir Percy, indeed, is a large, spreading balloon that could easily be pricked. There isn't much to him, even though, as subsequently develops, he is not all mustaches and haw haw, but really has a heart; a possession that is introduced in order to assist in a general treaty of peace and good will. The character of Sir Percy is, for purposes of burlesque, humorously exaggerated. But that of Hiram Draper is built on a sure knowledge of the type. He fairly tingles with American vitality. Very dominant, quite aggressive, yet he is extremely likable, as rendered by Charles Coburn, because he is domestically inclined, warm in his affections, hearty in his outlook on life, and fizzing with native humor. One would know intuitively that such a man creates happiness for his wife, for although his dominant nature asserts itself toward his son, he has smilingly and indulgently accepted the easy yoke of matrimony.

Yes, on the whole, George M. Cohan must have had a hand in shaping the mental thews and sinews of this typical American millionaire.

Lumsden Hare plays the part of the high-nosed Sir Percy, and gives it with that sure flavor of burlesque that the part calls for. There isn't a suspicion about the actor's depiction of the haughty and self-sufficient Briton in spite of the niche of burlesque in which Sir Percy is placed. But it is stately burlesque and perfectly done. Perhaps there is more than a flavor of incongruity to the play in making Hiram Draper so real and Sir Percy a burlesque of the real thing. But the whole point of the play is to mark simultaneously the contrast and the resemblance between the two men. In order to do so, and place them in piquant relationship to each other, business and love are invoked. There is a deal between the two men, and love between their two children. And Lady Ducksworth, the character played by Mrs. Coburn, is the agency that throws the two families into social relationship.

In "So This is London" the play is not the thing, but a witty presentation of national types. When Lady Ducksworth takes a hand, then the authors tacitly acknowledge that they are presented in a play of feeling. But a connoiseur in the technique of plays would at once place his finger on its structural incongruities.

However, to the public in front that scarcely counts, they are so busily engaged in enjoying themselves. For the atmosphere of good feeling that prevails, of humor when humor is to the fore, which is practically all the time, is so enjoyable that we accept everything as perfect. More particularly because the play is so perfectly acted.

Being produced by George M. Cohan it follows that that master of theatric craft doesn't make the mistake of placing English actors in American rôles, or the reverse. Thus, when the first scene, one between the two young lovers, opens, we record immediately with deep enjoyment the contrast between the genuine and unmusical inflections of the speech of the delightful American boy, and the prettily meticulous accent of the English maiden. Both rôles, by the way, were handled just exactly right by the young couple; Chester Morris and Jill Willis. The girl's modernly frank address, her little maidenly withdrawal and returns, the boy with his aggressive chin and upright and downright Americanism, pleased us thoroughly.

And then Lady Ducksworth enters, and we feel immediately the genuineness of an American woman, untarnished by absence from home; a genuineness and true-heartedness that figure later in the play in reconciling warring elements. In everything she does and says Mrs. Coburn conveys that feeling of a pleasingly arresting, frank nature and when this actress stepped to the fore, and straightened out the tangle, she revived in our hearts that sentiment of war-warmth toward an ally that diplomats are so apt in drenching with cold water.

Perhaps the cordial good will of the English of the ossified type of Sir Percy Beauchamp and his wife would not, in life, be so easily evoked, in spite of the friendly sentiments often shown by another kind of the British toward Americans; more particularly when Americans amuse them by their differences from accustomed types. But "So This is London" is not the slice-of-life type of play, but a mixture of satire, burlesque, and pleasing sentiment. And while the jangling elements may be more easily reconciled in the play than in life, the tone of the play, whether in the lighter or the more earnest scenes is always so reassuringly sterling, that the audience seems to be one continual affirmation of delighted approval.

The cast right through, is super-excellent. There is a liveried flunkey at the Ritz played by E. F. Hast, that is a little bit of sheer perfection in the line of burlesque. The superciliousness of mien, the husky self-sufficiency of voice, and the conveyance of the pure spirit of burlesque in every attitude, was perfectly done.

The other important rôles, those of Mrs. Hiram Draper, the marital partner of the American millionaire; of Lady Beauchamp, the submissive English wife, and of Honeycutt, the English business manager, were, although demanding less from the players, excellently done by Belle D'Arcy, Iseth Munro and Pacie Ripple; while two other servant's parts were also rendered with that finish that kept them in line with a perfectly balanced performance.

The piece is handsomely mounted, the ladies well-dressed, and in fact the general aspect, tone and air of the production is unexceptionable.

It would be rather interesting to see this play performed as well before an English audience. There is one particularly amusing scene done in pure burlesque. It represents Hiram Draper's conception of the Beauchamp family before he meets them, and, as suddenly projected as an imaginary bit in the midst of the real scenes of the play, is really an adaptation of picture-play technique. Now I wonder if the British wouldn't enjoy that, as it is presented as the mistaken conception of a prejudiced American. But unluckily for irritable susceptibilities, when we are actually introduced to a Beauchamp interior, we find that the real Sir Percy is a fairly courteous but unmistakable domestic tyrant; that Lady Beauchamp is a door-mat, and that Elinor Beauchamp, in spite of girlhood's twentieth century independence, would have a parlous job in asserting herself.

THE ALDA-TERTIS CONCERT.

Frances Alda and Lionel Tertis, sent out by Impressario Frank Healy, who is now East looking out for the transportation of his big Sistine Choir attraction, have come to San Francisco just after the community had blown in its spare cash in loyal support of the San Francisco Opera Association. So neither Alda nor Mary Garden at her recent concert drew the audience that both singers have attracted on the occasion of their previous visits. We are always a little apprehensive that these singers will have gone off during the interum when we have not been bearing them. But Alda's delightfully buoyant temperament perennially sings in her voice, which seems to improve in technical finish without any falling off in its natural beauty and purity of tone.

There is no monotony in this delightful artist's vocalism. She infuses delicacy of sentiment in love lyrics, warmth of passion in the operatic arias, and, when she displays her ability in *bel canto* her voice flows out with ease, and her admirable technique shows in the brilliancy and tonal beauty of her vocal display.

Her programme on Monday night was very interesting in that its variety gave us the opportunity to admire her versatility.

Mme. Alda, however, was one of a pair of attractions. In fact, as San Franciscans have heard her before, the audience did not hesitate to surrender itself freely to its appreciation of a great artist hitherto unknown on this coast.

To a certain portion of the audience, the matchless artistry of Lionel Tertis with his viola came as a surprise. Being an assisting artist Mr. Tertis appeared first, and every true lover of music in the audience perceived that here was a musician of exceptional ability, of delicately poetic sentiment; one who was dowered with that rare and beautiful individuality of touch and tone that lent eloquence and beauty to each number he rendered. In fact, those in the audience that did not know of the increasing vogue of this player, who almost lifts the viola to a higher rank, felt as if they had unexpectedly stumbled on a genius. Not a passage he played but had its special eloquence. The big instrument seemed, under his touch, as ductile as the violin.

No second concert by this pair of artists has been announced. And, as Mr. Tertis' principal career has been in Europe, there will be much regret felt by many who lost a precious opportunity, on last Monday night.

SUPER-VAUDEVILLE AT CURRAN.

The "presentor," as he calls himself, of the Black and White Revue at the Curran, is a sapient gentleman, Jacques Pierre by name, who understands the good effect of moulding moods in advance of an entertainment. They did it in "Spice of 1922" by staging the discovery by a jealous wife of her husband in a box in the audience with a young and dashing woman. Raymond Hitchcock did it by giving a funny and very personal talk in advance of the show. But at the Curran, by the simple expedient of handing out toy-balloons to each one as he entered, the lower auditorium became a playground, while the audience waited for the curtain to rise. Men are only boys grown tall; much more so than women are elongated girls. In a few minutes the air was full of flying balloons. Nearly everybody tried to give a playful thump to the bright, dancing globes as they passed, and when they burst with a loud noise the audience laughed like children.

So, when the curtain rose, everybody was in holiday mood, which was made still merrier by the exhilarating spectacle of the company, done up in black and white satin, marching briskly across the stage to the cheering music of a brass band.

The Black and White Revue contains for head liners Julian Eltinge, Lew Dockstader, the six Brown brothers, led in their saxophone numbers, by Tom Brown, the immensely amusing little man who was featured in the Fred Stone organization when it was out here last winter, and ten specialty dancers.

The show begins with a sort of minstrel act in which Audrey Pringle serves as a dignified, personable interlocutor with Lew Dockstader.

Mr. Dockstader's humor has not evaporated with time. He was a funny old grouch, in the minstrel scene, and resembled nothing so much as a cross, faithful old watch-dog. Later he was still funnier in the telephone act in which Dockstader conversed familiarly with "Charley" Hughes, Jack Dempsey, and "Hen" Ford, and other leading lights, incidentally giving many a telling rap to the political and social follies and foibles of our time, and winding up with a broken-hearted oration over Jack Barleycorn. It is excellent material that Mr. Dockstader has for this act, and he gets it over with unerring success. Every joke tells. The veteran knows his job and his humorous inflections are all his own. Nobody can copy them.

Julian Eltinge appears in "Episode One" also; in *propria persona;* not a bad idea, as it gives us opportunity to mark the contrast between Eltinge the man and Eltinge the woman. And the conclusion the discerning observer draws is that a man cannot spend his professional life feminizing himself without its leaving its stamp.

Julian Eltinge is the leading woman impersonator of the country. He has studied the ways, the gestures, the movements the expressions, the gait, the coquetries of women, and he renders them remarkably well. But as a man his smile is too sweetly seductive, and he dilates his thickly-fringed eyes, like a pretty woman too confident of her charm. I suppose he must diet to keep his soft, plump, white shape within bounds, but, as with Douglas Fairbanks, his facial contour is not as amenable as his body. He is beginning to develop the typical jowl of the American materialist who loves a good dinner and a funny story. But his white, shapely neck and arms, well set off with glittering jewels, his symmetrical legs and dimpled knees, still retain their beauty. And the famous impersonator always does well by his audience in the matter of clothes.

He has half a dozen changes, each gorgeous costume outshining the previous one, until, at the end of his act, he comes out in an anti-climax dressed as a head be-ribboned, gingbamed child.

A mistake, perhaps, as he certainly does not look like a child. But, from another point of view, not a bad idea, as the audience is highly entertained in witnessing the transformation.

Mr. Eltinge's principal difficulty is with his voice, which he makes over into a deep contralto. But in doing so he deprives it of its natural resonance. It should be added that while in man's dress he sang a sentimental song very agreeably, and with good expression.

In the culminating act of the entertainment, when the entire company appears on the stage, Julian Eltinge appeared as the central beauty of the show. He was dressed in a costume of the extravagant epoch preceding the Terror, and had a towering Marie Antoinette head-dress. But his most feminine appearance was in the beautiful Cleopatra costume.

One of the high lights in the performance was the amusing colloquy between Julian Eltinge and Tom Brown, in which the neat, unerring humor of the latter was much enjoyed. Mr. Eltinge was amusing, too, although his humor was hybrid. It had the stamp of feminine pettishness.

I didn't catch the name of the young man who did a little feminine impersonation himself, although purely of the vocal order. But he was not up to the ability of the rest of the company. The youth, in fact, was devoid of a sense of humor. One should never be unintentionally amusing in an intentionally funny entertainment. I realized this when the youth, while singing a sentimental ditty, threw his mouth all over the place—and incidentally a giddy girl or so into laughing hysterics—as be alternated between a male and a female voice. No, that youth should be politely but firmly suppressed.

One of the big hits of the performance was the Brown brothers who entertain with their saxophone playing. It is exhilarating, and never blatant. In fact they have a particularly good tone.

There is a lot of good dancing in the show, by these ten specialists, half of them men and the rest women. There was a clever drunken dance, a hurlesque of the Apaches, a lot of the spectacular type that we are so familiar with, in which the male dancer wraps the woman around his neck, throws her carelessly over his hackbone, carriers her aloft, sends her whirling like a top, and all the rest of the surprising stunts that active young dancers can accomplish.

In fact, there is in the Black and White Revue the kind of speed, music, fun, singing, playing, and spectacle that is successful in banishing all thought from the tired brain of the business man.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

No other modern play has been subject to so many interesting vicissitudes as Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," says the New York *Tribune.* In its early days it was the subject of much controversy, not only in the newspapers, but in the courts.

The play was presented by Coquelin for the first time at the Theatre Porte Sainte-Martin, in Paris, on December 28, 1897, with the part of Roxane acted by Mlle. Legault. In Paris the event was considered comparable in réclame, and also in historic importance, with the première of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" nearly seventy years before. Although Coquelin had enjoyed a long and distinguished career in a series of the world's greatest romantic and comedy rôles, his Cyrano placed him at the apex of his fame.

Richard Mansfield saw the play in Paris and decided to appear as the tragi-comic Gascon hero in the United States. As Rostand

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had not had the foresight to protect his play in this country by copyright, and as the present international copyright agreement was not then in force, Mansfield did not have to go to the legal formality of entering into a contract with the author for an American production. So far as this country was concerned "Cyrano de Bergerac" was common property.

Upon his return to New York Mansfield announced that he would produce "Cyrano" here the following autumn, and this he did, opening at the Garden Theatre on October 3, 1898, in an English version prepared by Howard Thayer Kingshury, and with Margaret Anglin in the rôle of Roxane. It was her acting of this rôle that started Miss Anglin on the road to her great success.

Meanwhile Augustin Daly also had prepared to present the play, using a version of his own and with Ada Rehan, then in the height of her great powers and popularity, as Roxane, and Charles Richman, at that time just rising to prominence as a young leading man, in the title rôle.

Daly's announcement caused a storm of discussion and no little hard feeling. While he undouhtedly had a legal right to produce the play, his moral right was hy no means clear, considering that Mansfield was first in the field. The situation hecame more tense later when it hecame known that Mansfield, although under no legal ohligation to do so, was paying Rostand the same royalty that he would have had to give if the play had heen copyrighted, while Daly paid nothing.

Further fuel was added to the fires of controversy hy the charge that Daly had so cut and transposed the play that Miss Rehn's rôle of Roxane was made the star part, with Cyrano so curtailed and suppressed as to he a mere "feeder" for her. What truth there was in this New York critics did not have a chance to discover, hecause the Daly production never reached this city. It opened in Philadelphia on the same night as the Mansfield première at the Garden, and then was presented for a week's engagement each in Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn. Meanwhile the Mansfield production had scored an overwhelming success, and so had Mansfield and Miss Anglin personally, and it was generally felt, when Daly suddenly changed his plans and closed in Brooklyn, that he did not dare face the issue in Manhattan.

Mansfield played Cyrano for two years to business which had never heen equaled in the American theatre up to that time. Then he dropped the play after the oddest court decision that ever affected theatrical interests in this country.

A Chicago real estate man named Samuel Eherle Gross had written a play which the world at large had never heard of, called "The Merchant Prince of Cornville." Gross suddenly brought suit for an injunction and damages against Mansfield on the ground that "Cyrano" was a plagiarism of his piece. Although there was no evidence to show that Rostand had ever seen a copy of "The Merchant Prince" or knew of the existence of it or its author, the Illinois court decided in favor of Gross.

In disgust Mansfield discarded the play, declaring that never would he pay royalty on "Cyrano" to any one hut Rostand.

The next year, 1900, Coquelin made his farewell American tour in association with Sarah Bernhardt, and they played "Cyrano" in the original French as part of their répertoire at the Garden Theatre. That was the last important presentation of "Cyrano" in New York. Three years ago Edward Vroom gave a couple of special matinees of the play at the Selwyn Theatre, hut without attracting any special attention.

Rohert Lorraine produced the play at Drury Lane, London, in 1919, with such success that it continued its run at two other theatres, the Duke of York's and the Savoy. Mr. Lorraine expected to bring his production to New York this season, hut abandoned the idea upon hearing that Walter Hampden was to produce the play here. Nearly all the stages of Europe have seen "Cyrano" in translation, and Coquelin and Bernhardt appeared in it many times in London.

LOSES WESTERN THEATRES.

The Imperial and the Yuraku-za theatres, the only foreign style buildings of the kind in all Japan, in which pioneer actors and actresses were husy producing the only Western drama that the nation has ever consented to view, are today two heaps of ruins, says the New York *Tribune*. Japan has nothing left now, in any city of the Empire, hut her old-fashioned theatres that date from the days of Commodore Perry, in which plays are still performed that were new when Queen Elizabeth was a girl.

The Imperial Theatre, the largest in the country, as well as the only one constructed of stone, was an imposing building, facing the old moat and the medieval castles of the Palace grounds. It housed the most gorgeous scenic spectacles of old Japan, as well as the only group of highly modern actresses in the country. It was expected to last forever. The Yuraku-za Theatre, a wooden firetrap in the heart of the warehouse district, was run by a unique group of men and women, almost the first who dared to hreak away from the feudal traditions that still fetter all forms of artistic expression in Japan.

These two theatres were the only ones in which the audiences sat upon seats, instead of kneeling upon the floor; they, alone, advertised themselves hy electric signs instead of hy low-swinging rows of orange-paper lanterns! Only in them did actors venture to wear husiness suits instead of costumes 500 years old, and speak in the language of today; only their stages permitted actresses to take the parts of women, or playwrights to produce dramas that touched in any way upon the problems of real life in present-day Japan —feminism, industrialism, the war or the changing social order. Now that these two hotheds of modern Western propaganda and discussion are gone. Japan will not be able to reconstruct them for a generation.

They were centers of foreign society in Tokio as well. Anna Pavlowa, Mischa Elman and Kathleen Parlow played at the Imperial; Gilbert and Sullivan, Italian grand opera, Shakespeare and George Bernard Shaw alternated on its boards. The premieres of this theatre were gala nights for the foreign amhassadorial and husiness communities of Tokio and Yokohama; Japanese aristocracy occupied the hoxes; on one occasion Crown Prince Hirohito hroke all royal precedents and appeared at a public performance. A large orchestra of Western instruments, the best native orchestra in the country, gave concerts all through the winter and introduced compositions of Oriental musicains. The Imperial Theatre was the pride of the entire country, taking rank with the opera houses of London, Paris and New York.

The smaller but more progressive Yuraku-za was in the hands of a so-called "intellectual" group of Japanese actors and actresses, who, without Western assistance, were showing hanned Western plays like Ihsen's "Ghosts," amid a great deal of puhlic agitation. They were studying Western modes of acting, portraying emotion hy facial expression and gesture—a thing never seen on the classic stage of Japan, where waving of fans and sleeves are considered the only appropriate modes—and introducing such dangerous characters as Nora in Ihsen's "Doll's House" to the women of Tokio. They were on the eve of their greatest successes; they had just succeeded in gathering a group of young dramatists who wanted to write, not ahout the mediæval legends and fairy tales of their ancestors, hut ahout the thousand problems of real life. Now that both theatres are lost the modern drama which they initiated is huried with them.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

Ensemble Offering.

With the return of Alexander Saslavsky, director of the newly organized Symphonic Ensemhle, comes an announcement of interesting works to he presented hy him this season. Beginning Tuesday evening, Novemher 13, Mr. Saslavsky will direct the first of twelve concerts in the Jinks Room at the Bohemian Cluh, and between now and next May, which will conclude the series, instrumentation will be heard in a more varied form than San Francisco has experienced in her musical history.

Schoenherg's "Sextet" was first played in America hy Mr. Saslavsky at Denver in 1915, and he will play it here. The Chausson "Concerto" for violin and piano, with string quartet accompaniment, will he played hy himself and Miss Herman Menth, who appeared recently at the Hollywood Bowl as pianist with the symphony orchestra under Conductor Emil Oherhofer.

Korngold will he represented by his "Sextet" and a novelty, "Much Ado Ahout Nothing," for strings, woodwinds and horns. Dvorak will he heard through his "Sextet" for strings and an arrangement of his "Waltzes" for strings, woodwinds and brass. Brahms' "Songs" will also have the latter arrangement and a Boccherini "Quintet" will be revived.

The list also comprises the Paderewski "Sonata" for violin and piano, a Beethoven "Sextet," Max Reger's "Quintet" for clarinet and strings, Jongen's "Quartet," a novelty; a Mendelssohn "Octet," a Schuhert "Octet" for strings, accompanied hy clarinet, bassoon and horn, Gade's "Quartet" for strings, a Wolf-Ferrari piano "Quintet" and symphony for strings, woodwinds and horn, and a Beethoven "Duet" for violin and piano.

This series is being directed hy Alice Seckels.

The Orpheum Next Week.

A notahle turn will he presented at the Orpheum next week hy Theodore Kosloff, with Vera Fredova, and a Russian hallet of thirty artists. Mr. Kosloff is making his first appearance on any stage after an ahsence of five years in which he has devoted all his spare time to motion picture production. "The Legend of Tartary" will be the vehicle.

A daughter of San Francisco who has made a name for herself is Ruhy Norton, who has just returned from a two years' tour of England and Australia. Miss Norton will be a notahle feature.

Roger Imhoff and company will appear with their comedy offering "In a Pest House." Mr. Imhoff is assisted hy Marcelle Coreene and Jerry Herzell. Kenney and Hollis also contrihute comedy, in a satire on medicine entitled "The Two Doctors." Will and Gladys Ahern have a song and dance offering called a "Spinning Romance."

Boh Anderson has an act with a polo pony. The Klown Revue is a turn in which the Ploetz Brothers and Sister appear.

At the Curran.

A novelty in theatricals will he presented at the Curran Sunday night. For the first time in the United States, Josef Dalgeim and his Chat Noir Art Theatre will make their appearance and present a varied programme of dances, drama, mimeodrama, pantomime, ballet and comedy. The company numhers twenty-five Russian artists who interpret Russian and French music, drama and literature. The programme is so varied and so full of surprises that everyone can understand and he amused hy it.

M'lle Dalgeim, as an artist, has a quality all her own, independent of her technique as a dancer.

There are musical numhers from Glinka, Rachmaninoff, Saint-Saens, Dvorak and Tchaikowsky, and hits of literature of dramatic force from Tolstoy, Andriev and Gorky. The Black Cat Cabaret number is a faithful reproduction of the famous Chat Noir in Montmatre.

At the Columbia.

Maude Fulton will make her annual starring appearance at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, November 12th, presenting for the first time here the hrilliant New York comedy success, "Dulcy." This play had a long run in the eastern metropolis. Miss Fulton will be supported hy a strong cast.

At the Columbia Theatre, George M. Cohan's Anglo-American comedy hit, "So This Is London" is drawing capacity crowds. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, who head the cast, have captured San Francisco play patrons hy their interpretation of Hiram Draper, the hundred per cent. patriot, and the demure Lady Ducksworth, whose diplomacy demonstrates the fact that Britons and Americans are really quite a lot alike. The engagement will end Sunday evening, November 11th.

Free Lectures in Astronomy.

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific announces a series of five popular lectures on astronomy, to he given at Native Sons' Hall once a month for the next five months.

The society has in the past conducted a similar set of lectures which proved popular and interesting. Astronomers from all parts of the country have delivered addresses upon their various specialties. This year, the series will he devoted to a general exposition of the different interesting phases of astronomy. Astronomers from the Lick and Mt. Wilson Ohservatories, together with some from the University of California, will speak.

The first of the series will be given at Native Sons' Hall at 8 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, Novemher 8th, hy Dr. Rohert G. Aitken, Associate Director of Lick Ohservatory. Dr. Aitken will discuss the general prohlems of astronomy; among others, the structure of the solar system, its place in the greater stellar system, and the distances, motions and distrihution of the stars.

The admission to these lectures is without charge and the puhlic is invited.

Children's Book Week.

The ohservance in San Francisco of Children's Book Week, November 11th to 17th, is to he distinguished hy an exhibition hy the Boys and Girls Book Room in the Paul Elder Gallery. Twenty-five of the principle eastern puhlishers will participate in a loan exhihit of oil paintings, water colors and pen and ink drawings, the originals of illustrations in the leading hooks of the year, which also will he on display. There will he lectures of interest to adults every afternoon at 2, recitations hy pupils of the Bias-Evans Studio at 2:30, and moving pictures to interest the young people at 4. Every morning at 10 a three reel picture, "The Making of a Book," will he shown. All these events will he free.

The exhihition will he open daily from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. and Monday evening from 7:30 to 10, when there will be a lecture and recitations. The commencement of the Vacation Reading Cluh, conducted hy the Boys and Girls Book Room, will he given in the Paul Elder Gallery, Saturday afternoon, Novemher 10th.

The Fratellini Brothers, the famous clowns who have lately heen appearing in London, are writing their reminiscences, which should make an interesting volume, inasmuch as the clever trio have played for years throughout Europe.

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"San Francisco From the Air"
Is the title of an interesting page in next Sunday's Rotagravure section; it shows an aero-photo map of our city, and a splendid photographic reproduction of San Francisco's celebrated skyline. "Foreign Notes" shows among other celebrities the latest photographs of King George and the Prince of Wales.

"The Fawn Dance"
A strikingly heautiful page portrays two famous Parisian dancers in the dance that made Paris gasp; "Around America" has a new photo of night time at the Capitol; there are several studies of "Women in Sports," and, in fact, all the news of the world is shown in perfect photography in The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

VANITY FAIR.

The remote reactions of war have excited the interest of philosophers since philosophizing was. Perhaps that has heen owing to the surprise element, not only in war itself hut in what war does to peoples and their customs. But not the most cynical philosopher could have predicted that war would reform the morals of Vienna; and prohahly a dozen wars would not have sufficed to produce such a result except through economic effect. A joh in Vienna these days is worth much exertion to retain. The police department of that charming and frivolous capital has long had a morals squad, to which no one paid much attention as long as it attended to its husiness, which was drawing its pay and doing nothing. But in the grind of recent retrenchment the morals squad has heen threatened with dismissal, hecause no one could discover that it had ever done anything, and it looked like a good place to hegin to economize. Suddenly the morals squad got husier than a Chamher of Commerce, measuring skirts, sniffing hehind heds, poking its unwelcome noses into *chambres separees*, patrolling the Prater and shutting down on everything it did not consider pure. It is acting worse than a hoard of movie censors. While the Viennese are accustomed to political hondage, many of them have considered morals a matter of taste. Now to their surprise they find that morals, or, rather, immorals, are a state affair. They are having a regular American purification campaign. Anthony Comstock would he real pleased. The press is protesting, but the police are determined to elevate the people, and are hringing lihel suits to suppress the editors. Inquisitorial police methods, to which Europeans are accustomed in a degree that would cause rebellion in this country, or would have caused it a few years ago before we had become so regimented and disciplined hy our own uplifters as we are now, give the sniffers a great advantage, for they can examine minutely into private affairs and check up on every person's hehavior. They found recently, for example, that a popular vaudeville star was spending four times the sum indicated in her income returns. Aha! Who is supplying this money? For why does this *fraulein* have a limousine and furs and the little dog of Pekin for the sleeve, and champagne, and all this good *wurst*? Here must immorality he! So they deported her. Whereupon another newspaper, taking its chance of police libel suits, even of the dungeon, injuriously observed that if living heyond one's income was evidence of immorality there was little to he said for the Austrian government. So the husiness men are fearful that Vienna will lose its reputation as the gayest of capitals, and the morals squad is afraid it will lose its joh, and the hutterflies that want only to be gay and flit ahout from flower to flower are getting their wings hruised, and all are agreed that war is hell.

There is some ground for the apprehensions of the Vienna husiness men, for a government hureau is hard to aholish, and once it is emharked on a certain course no one knows how to stop it. And so preëminence in frivolity may pass to Bucharest, which, so far as we have heard, has no morals squad yet and seems satisfied to struggle along without one. Bucharest is said to he growing faster than any city in Europe. It thoroughly enjoys its reputation as the Paris of the Balkans—somehow that has a familiar sound—and is spreading all over the neighhoring parts of the map. Much of this growth is thought to he owing to the fact that life in Bucharest is joyous and carefree, and the Rumanians have not yet taken to worrying ahout one another's conduct and poking their noses into one another's private husiness. Song and wine, love and laughter, card-playing and dancing, are dear to the Rumanian heart; which said heart regards itself neither as Teutonic nor Slavic, hut Latin. The typical Rumanian of the gaily growing capital is said to indulge sparingly in sleep, abundantly in those things that fill the night with pleasure. He eats five times a day, when he has the price, and is ready to eat again at midnight; which would seem Teutonic, or Slavic, except that it is done with delicacy. He loves his rum coffee and his gossip of the streets, his gypsy fiddlers and their vagabond ways. If the Rumanians are Latin they have strong infusions of gypsy and Greek hlood, which seems to give their women vivacity and sparkle. The women are strikingly attractive, with their langorous eyes and smooth complexions, and the smart-looking army officers in hlue and gold uniforms and patent leather boots find them easy to look at. The latest Paris gowns and trinkets are to he seen along the Calle Victoriei; and small gypsy children, garhed like the sewing machine that was running up and down without a stitch on it. A morals squad that was determined to make good in Bucharest would run itself ragged. One of the richest trades in Rumania is the perfumery trade. Both ladies and Lotharios use perfume. And wha.ever may be thought of the taste of persons that use it to excess, very little of it is used at all hy a strictly Puritan community. Rumanian men are inclined to effeminacy in garb, what with their corsets and similar form fitting devices, and their indulgence in cosmetics. These things do not apply to the peasants, who are a sturdy and homely and energetic people, the hackhone of the country. It is strange how city dwellers everywhere are willing to leave the husiness of heing the hackhone of the country to the peasants, if they themselves can just have a good time. And it is just as strange how quick a peasant is willing to stop heing one of the vertehrae of his country if he can hy hook or crook make a stake and get into town where the hright lights point the way to haunts of pleasure his ancestors would have frowned upon. That transition is going on all over the world.

A great deal of French is spoken in Bucharest, hut it is said the hetter educated classes are eager now to learn English, hecause it is the language of the rich Americans, who are likely to flock to this new Paris in increasing numhers, once they have discovered its charms and conveniences. When the Rumanians learn to speak English and find out about the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act they will have a good laugh.

Meanwhile, Paris itself appears to he learning temperance. The per capita consumption of wine, even with lots of American help, is no longer the sturdy and rohust 225 litres it was in 1913, hut has declined to 173 litres in 1922—more than 23 per cent. in a scant nine years. That is some drop, and it is not off-set hy any increase in the use of ardent spirits, for that use in the same period declined a third in total quantity. Much of this change is ascrihed to economy, inasmuch as wines and liquors are articles of luxury, and the Frenchman is capahle of self denial when there is reason for it—he merely refuses to afflict himself with it when there is not. The purchase price of alcohol in France is said to be about four times what it was in 1914, and the tax on spirituous liquors has heen quadrupled—which may have some connection hoth with the price and the lessened use; prohahly has. One proposition seems clear from these phenomena, taken in consideration with others of like character in other quarters: that where people are permitted to use alcohol they at last learn to be temperate with it. They were learning it in the United States quite rapidly and satisfactorily before the great dry spell set in. Today we hear much ahout drinking hut little ahout temperate drinking. Due defiance of a despotic restriction appears, in the minds of some of the rehels, to call for excess. But the French have learned temperance as an economic measure, and their example may he followed hy the Bavarians in respect to heer, which at Munich, home of the finest beverage of Gambrinus, is rising in price. Dictator von Kahr said it must not rise in price, but he was about as capahle of controlling it as Canute was of controlling the tide. He has been forced to rescind his decree lowering the price of heer and even to permit an increase commensurate with the depreciation of the currency, in order to keep the hrewers making it. Think of that; and in the city of Ludendorff! And it may well follow that the frugal German will discover that he can dispense with his hops when indulgence costs too much. It is constantly astonishing to what extent peace, war, and life itself, are under the dominion of economics. In the mass, people do what they can afford and abstain from what they have to, and moral considerations are individual and secondary.

HIRED GIRL ALMOST EXTINCT.

Time was, many years ago, when a young couple on an income of $2,000 a year could marry with every expectation of having their domestic wants attended hy a maid-of-all-work. Those days are gone, prohahly forever. says the New York *Times*. The large householder with his retinue of help knows it; the family which used to get along with one servant knows it; the two-room apartment tenant who can only afford a share of a maid's time knows it. And not the least cognizant of this fact are the managers of the employment bureaus through whose hands pass the applications of would-he employers and would-not-be employes. The change that has come over these channels of barter deserves a story.

In order to learn something of the present domestic employment situation the writer talked with a number of people engaged in this husiness. One of the largest offices in this city is run hy a man who ten years ago started out getting help for people in the front room of his flat. His name is Andrew Lazare. Ahout 500 people—maids, cooks, chauffeurs, hutlers, houseworkers, nurses, etc.—came in every day seeking to he placed. His office seemed a good place to hegin.

Mr. Lazare spoke freely of the changes that have come ahout in the last ten years and of the possihilities for the future.

"One of the things the war taught," he hegan, "is that it pays to specialize. The person who could do one thing perfectly was in great demand for that one thing; the person who could do it half-way right was passed over. or, if ahsolutely essential for the joh, received wages much lower than the other. The age of specialization which was fast getting its grip on America received great momentum from the war. People learned this lesson, the domestic employe as well as the man or woman in the office and factory.

"Together with this husiness of specialization that the war hrought along was the matter of higher wages. Everyhody reveled in an era of prosperity, the servant in the house as well as the master. Wages of household help could not be kept down. A girl could go into a factory and earn more than her mistress was willing to give her. Prices had to rise. They went up to unprecedented heights and, hroadly speaking, they have stayed there. As far as I can make out they will continue to stay there. One reason is that the specialized worker knows his joh well and demands the wages of a trained worker; another is the immigration laws. There may he more. But these two control the little rule of supply and demand. A woman wants a nurse for ner child. Good nurses are not to he had hy going to the window and calling them. Neither can they be had hy standing on the shores and shouting to Europe for them. We have a limited numher in the country. The highest hidder in money, home atmosphere and pleasant service naturally gets the nurse.

"Take the wage figures today and compare them with those of ten years ago. Also compare the service. Today a general houseworker, so called, who has had training, can get a joh for $60 and more. A green one, if you can find one who will admit that she is green, will work for $40 to $50. An excellent woman of this type ten years ago would have heen glad to get a job at $30 a month. For this she would have done everything there was to be done in the house—cooking, washing, ironing, taking care of the children, cleaning. Today, when the order calls for light laundry work or taking care of children the women halk. To them child care or laundry work is a specialty of its own which requires a laundress or a nurse. In order to keep a general houseworker a woman must take upon herself the complete care of her children and arrange to have a laundress.

"This is equally true in other branches of domestic work. To say that wages have gone up 250 per cent. within the last ten years is no exaggeration. A cook today can draw from $60 to $125. Ten years ago she was willing to begin at $25. A nurse for a child gets $60 and up; a parlormaid between $60 and $65; a lady's maid $65 and up; a waitress from $65 to $75; a couple $125 and up. For all this they will do much less werk than they did for a smaller wage ten years ago.

"Yet there is an argument for them. Apart from comparing their wages with the wages of other trades, there is this to he said. The average household today is more prosperous and hetter educated than the household of ten years ago. The family which employed a general houseworker ten years ago expected full service, hut the memhers of the household were not especially particular ahout the kind of service they got. Today people expect more. They want greater attention paid to hygienic laws, to dietetic rules. Everybody knows more about the dangers of lack of cleanliness and wrong housing and feeding. They expect the general houseworker, the cook, the nurse, the maid, to he equally advanced. A cook today must know something about balanced rations, proper feeding of starches and acids and vitamins. She had to educate herself to meet the demands of the times. She must meet her prospective mistress with more than a smattering of knowledge; she must talk to her on terms of higher cooking education. Better training in all types of work means hetter wages. It is not strange, then, that the cook of today expects her mistress to pay for the knowledge she has acquired.

"The same thing holds true in other kinds of work. Ten years ago when a 'green' girl came in looking for a joh she took her place on a bench and was picked hy a woman who could afford to pay no more than the $20 or so the girl asked. The two talked the matter over and left our office. Everything the girl learned came through experience. Often she didn't learn much. Today even a 'green' girl does not leave our office without knowing the essentials of cleaning. She is taught, right here, how to talk to her mistress, how to work with the least friction, how to clean a bathroom, a kitchen, how to make a bed. These are the things which may he strange to a girl from Poland and Sweden. She learns how to tackle them correctly at the start.

"It is a matter of six of one and half a dozen of the other. The employers demand hetter service, the girls are prepared to give it at higher wages. All of this, however, does not make me blind to the fact that the incompetents are reaping the rewards of the competent. The latter set the standards, wage and otherwise, the former demand high wages and often cannot give value in return. As long as the doors are shut to workers who would come here, this condition must remain.

"Some of the hest girls we used to get came from Austria, Hungary and Germany. Hardly any Austrian or Hungarian girls are coming in today. Exchange conditions make it difficult for them to get passage. No cook used to be so highly desirable as a Viennese. We cannot meet demands for them today. Much the same is true of the Hungarian and the trained German servant.

"After the war many of the German servants, cooks, waitresses, general houseworkers, all of them capahle and hard working, returned to Germany. They had saved up a tidy sum over here and, with exchange conditions in their favor, retired to comfort in the land of their hirth. Those we have today are the recently landed. In them lies much of the hope of the future servant prohlem. They are trained workers of tomorrow. Servants from other countries, from Sweden, Denmark, Norway, France, are coming in all the time, hut in a percentage measurably smaller than in the vears preceding the immigration law."

Practically the same situation was found in other agencies. The New York State Employment Bureau differs from the private agencies in that no charge is made for service. Some idea of just how difficult it is to meet the servant prohlem can be gained from the following incident told the writer hy the head of one of the domestic service departments.

A man wrote in asking for help. He was a clerk earning $28 a week. A short time before he had been left a widower with four young children. He wrote to his wife's sister, a native of Europe, and asked her to come to America to help him. He sent her the money for passage. When she came he started her at $10 a month. She halked at the small wage and he increased it to $20 and then $30. When the last sum failed to satisfy her and she threatened to leave him, he decided that it would he cheaper to marry her and pay no wages. She was willing and the deed was done. In a short time, however, she decided to quit. Neither wages nor affection could keep her. To one thing only would she agree, to stay until he got a woman in her place. His letter to the hureau told this story. All that he could afford to pay was $10 a month. He promised to do the washing and cleaning after he came home from work. All he wanted was a woman to cook for him and take care of his children.

"What is his chance of getting help?"

"None," was the answer. "He cannot possihly get anybody for less than $40 a month, and that will be poor help."

The wearing of summer furs, says the *Scientific American*, has again engaged the attention of scientific societies and the curtailment of winter furs is also advocated. Among the organizations which have now started to coöperate actively with the object of arousing sentiment on the subject and later seeking legislation are the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Zoological Society, the Boone and Crockett Club, the American Game Protective Association, the American Bison Society, the National Association of Auduhon Societies, the United States Biological Survey, the National Park Service, and the American Society of Mammalogists.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* reports that a summer hoarder inquired at the local hookstore for the "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and received this answer from the rather snappish young woman back of the counter: "Excuse me, madam, but this ain't no postofffee."



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The sympathetic visitor to the hospital stopped at the hedside of a pale young man swathed in bandages. "Cheer up," he said unctuously, "keep smiling; it is the best medicine." "I'll never smile again," replied the battered one sadly. "I'll never smile again—at least not at another fellow's girl."

Young Brown did not come straight home to his lodgings. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his landlady loomed above him as his stumbling, shoeless feet sought the steps. "Drunk again!" she said caustically. "Hooray!" he replied cheerfully. "So'm I."

He was an argumentative local councillor, and was crushing an opponent's case. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may say, with Councillor Smith, that this is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. But I say, No"—pause for emphasis—"No; it is nothing of the sort. It is exactly the contrary."

An old Cornish "Gramfer" was one day asked what he did when he bowed his bead in church so reverently just before the service began. "Well, Maister," replied the old man, "that's a fair question an' I'll gie 'ee a fair answer—I dawn't know what other volks dus, but I du always count vorty myzell!"

A charitable young lady, visiting a sick woman, inquired, with a view to further relief, as to her family. She asked: "Is your husband kind to you?" "Oh, yes, miss," was the instant response, "be's kind—very kind. Indeed, you might say he's more like a friend than a husband."

A pair of London lovers were strolling along late one evening when the girl said to her companion: "Bill, I dreamt abart you larst night." For one short moment Bill tasted Heaven. "Gwan," he breathed; "yer never!" "Yus," she continued. "I did straight. Yer know fried fish an' mince pies always gives me the nightmare!"

Marjorie's mother was entertaining the vicar the other afternoon while Marjorie was using her pencil in a corner of the room. The vicar inquired what she was doing. "I was just drawing your picture," answered Marjorie, "but I don't think it looks much like you. I think I'll put a hump on it and call it a camel."

The story comes from Scotland of an American who was looking over a shooting-box there with the intention of hiring it for the season. In the old-fashioned gun-room of the place was the inscription "East, West. Hame's best," observing which the American exclaimed. "Say! If I take this place that advertisement for Hame will have to come down, my country has gone dry."

A man was driving through the country in an automobile without a top. It began to rain and he sought shelter under a farm shed. As it continued to rain for some time he became impatient and said to the farmer: "Do you think it is ever going to clear up?" The farmer looked out and slowly said: "Well, it always has."

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment. Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on to the boat, took a desperate leap and landed on the deck with a crash. "Good!" he gasped, as he was assisted to his feet. "Just did it. A few seconds later and I should have missed it." "Missed it!" exclaimed one of the passengers. "This boat is just coming in!"

Lord Gisborough, to whose initiative is mainly due the establishment of the new school for boys at what was formerly Stowe Palace, Bucks, England, recently told a delightful little story concerning a public schoolboy—not a Stowe pupil—who at an examination in freehand drawing forgot to bring with him a pencil, as was laid down in the regulations. He was promptly taken to task by the examiner. "What would you think of a soldier without a gun?" he demanded. "Why," stammered the boy, who happened to belong to his school's O. T. C., "why, sir, I'd think he was an officer."

Many ministers could, from personal experience, tell of strange names bestowed upon infants at their baptism, but few could equal the following story recently told by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. A mother who was on the look-out for a good name for her child, saw on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." It attracted her, and she decided that she would adopt it. Some time later, passing the same building, she saw the name "King" on another door. She thought the two would sound well together, and so the boy was baptised "Nosmo King Smith." On her way home from the church where the baptism had taken place, she passed the building again. The two doors on which she had seen the names were now closed together and what she read was not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking."

In his recently published Memoirs John Drew says: "I had been playing in Louisville for the first three days of the week and E. H. Sothern was to follow me for the last three. Before I left town Sothern arrived and we met in the corridor of the hotel. We were joined by a dignified old gentleman who was evidently a citizen of the town. He came up and bowed and said to Sothern: 'Mr. Mansfield, I am very glad to see you here, and I'm going to be delighted to attend every performance of yours during your all-too-brief sojourn. I have watched your career, Mr. Mansfield.' The citizen of Louisville shook hands with Sothern again and walked away. 'Why, in heaven's name, didn't you say something?' I asked. 'What was there to say?' said Sothern. 'He doesn't know that Dick Mansfield is dead,' I went on. 'That doesn't hurt me so much,' said Sothern. 'He doesn't know I'm alive.'"

Stories about Lloyd George are quite naturally enjoying a boom just now in honor of the little Welshman's visit to this country. Mrs. Carey Evans, who before her marriage was, of course, a Miss Lloyd George, recently told an amusing story of how her father, in his lawyer days, when driving home in his dogcart one day, came across a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a lift. She accepted silently. All the way along Mr. Lloyd George tried hard to engage her in conversation, but could not get her to say anything. Some days afterwards the little girl's mother happened to meet him. "Do you remember that my little girl drove home with you the other day?" she said smilingly. "Well, when she got home she said: 'Mamma, I drove from school with Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer, and he kept talking to me and I didn't know what to do, for you said Mr. Lloyd George charges you whenever you talk with him and I badn't any money.'"

Mr. W. Gregory Harris has compiled a book about "West Country Folk"—the natives of Devon—and tells the story of the farmer who was ambitious to educate his sons. "He therefore took his young hopefuls to the head-master of a famous West Country school and, on being admitted into the principal's sanctum, he said: 'Well, Zir, I've a-brought these yer bwoys tu yu vor tu be eddicaäted: I nivver 'ad no eddicaätion myzell, but things be differ'nt vrom what they used vor tu be, an' I wants these bwoys eddicated vitty (properly), and dang the cost!' The schoolmaster sauvely replied: 'You have done quite right, my friend, in bringing your sons to me, for we have turned out no fewer than three Senior-wranglers from this school, and the boys who have passed through my hands have never bad reason to look back with regret upon their curriculum!' The farmer (not knowing that a senior-wranglership was a high mathematical distinction), was a bit dazed at this, but concluded that he was going to bave his money's worth. He therefore replied emphatically and with deep appreciation: 'Yes, Zir, that's of it! Yu ketch my bwoys wranglin', or any o' that zorts o' maygaämes, chuck 'em out, neck an' crop—an' as vor thiccy there currickleum, let 'em 'ave it!'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

"Old Prob."

The Weather Prophet writes, and having writ,
Benignly hack among his Clouds doth sit:
Nor all the cold Sarcasm of the Press
Can hinder him from thinking he is It.

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky—
He rules from Day to Day with varied Lie.
Lift not your hands to him for Help, for he
As little really knows as You or I!

Myself, when young, did eagerly peruse
The "Indications" in the daily news
For Picnics and for Balls; but evermore
Whate'er they promised I did surely lose.

I sometimes think that never glows so red
The Dawn, as when the Weather Man has said:
"Tomorrow, Cloudy, Heavy Winds, and Showers,"
And Sol comes out right dazzlingly instead.

Ah Love! could's thou and I somehow conspire
To grasp this Weather Bureau Scheme entire—
Would we not quickly get on to the Joh,
And then remold it to our Heart's Desire?

For he no question makes of Ayes and Noes—
But anything that strikes his Fancy goes.
What others think is neither Here nor There,
He knows about it all—He Knows—He Knows!

—*Laura Simmons in Munsey's Magazine.*

Agriculturists boldly insist that a busbel of wbeat ougbt to be worth more than one admission to a high-class motion picture entertainment.—*Washington Star.*

Heligoland came into possession of England in 1807 and was ceded to Germany in 1890.

The Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III in 1349.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maisie Shainwald Dreicer of New York to Mr. Jardine Bell Whyte, adviser to the British Ministry of Shipping for the United States and Canada. The wedding will take place in London on November 24th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Barbara Sutton, daughter of Mrs. Allen McKenzie Sutton, to Mr. Arthur Hamilton of New York.

The marriage of Miss Esther Hall, daughter of Colonel Harrison Hall, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Percy Stewart Lowe took place on November 1 at the Presidio.

Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmadge was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. William Denman.

A large reception was given on Wednesday last by Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and her daughter, Mrs. John Cushing, in honor of Mrs. Beaver's niece, Miss Caroline Madison.

Mr. Frank Madison gave a coming-out ball for his daughter, Miss Caroline Madison, at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday last.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver entertained the débutantes of the season at a dinner on the evening of the ball given by Mr. Frank Madison.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave a dinner recently at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing were hosts at a dinner last Friday night preceding the ball given by Mr. Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury were hosts at a recent dinner at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Bull Pringle will give a coming-out dance for her daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle, at the Hotel St. Francis on November 16th.

Miss Betsy Taft of Oakland was hostess at a débutante luncheon last week at the Hotel Oakland.

Mrs. George S. Towne and her sister, Mrs. Maxwell Milton, entertained at a tea given in Oakland on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Paul Verdier was hostess at a luncheon at the San Mateo Polo Club preceding the mah jongg party given for the orphans of France, and entertained the players afterwards at tea.

Mrs. Milton Bugbee gave a luncheon last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Clifford Erskine-Bolst was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given at the Burlingame Country Club by Mrs. Nion Hucker.

Miss Sophia Brownell was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Miss Leah Caligaris at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss May and Miss Fanny Friedlander were hostesses on Thursday of last week at a tea given for the débutantes.

Captain Roscoe G. Davis, U. S. N., was host at a recent dinner dance given on board the U. S. S. *Seattle* in honor of Miss Phillis Fay.

Mrs. William J. Younger was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. William Sesnon.

Mrs. Charles H. Crocker was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Leland Stanford Lathrop at the Hotel St. Francis

Mrs. Dudley Bliss and her sister, Miss Payne, entertained at a tea last week at the home of their mother, Mrs. George Limgard Payne.

General Marshall Terry and Mrs. Terry were hosts at a recent dinner given at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at her home in this city.

Admiral and Mrs. Robert E. Coontz entertained at a recent luncheon on board the U. S. S. *Seattle*.

Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton returned from the East this week.

Mr. Edward Eyre was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker in Burlingame.

Miss Clementine Edie was hostess recently at a bridge tea given at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. James Robinson gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. De Witt Talmadge and her daughter, Mrs. Pitt Scott, were the guests of honor at a luncheon last week given by Senator and Mrs. Pittman at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding entertained at a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. De Witt Talmadge and Mrs. Pitt Scott were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Captain Pitt Scott on board the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*.

Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson were hosts at a luncheon given on Friday last at the Hotel Fairmont in honor of Mrs. De Witt Talmadge and Mrs. Pitt Scott.

Mrs. Charles B. Henderson gave a luncheon last week at her home on Powell Street.

Mrs. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club by Miss Margaret Casserly.

Mr. Leon Walker was host at a dinner last Friday night given in honor of Mr. J. Stanley Armour of Chicago.

Mrs. Clifford Erskine-Bolt was hostess on Friday last at a theatre party.

Miss Emilie Tubbs gave a dinner for the débutantes last Friday evening.

Miss Elizabeth Harrison gave a dinner for San Rafael friends on Friday last at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham gave a tea recently at the Claremont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Davis entertained a house party over the last week-end at their home in San Benito County, and gave a dance on Saturday night at Bolado Park.

Miss Frances Mathieu was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Marian Dunne whose engagement has been announced.

Miss Marian Dunne will be the guest of honor at a tea given on Monday next by Mrs. Charles Gibson.

Mrs. Reginald McGrew of Honolulu entertained at a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Admiral Louis M. Nulton, U. S. N., entertained at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. *Texas* last Friday.

Commander John Hale Blackburn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Blackburn were hosts at a luncheon on board the *Cuyama* in honor of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Andrews and their daughters, Miss California and Miss Muriel Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were hosts at a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Marian Dunne and her fiancé, Mr. Herbert Gutschow, were the guests of honor at a dinner given last Tuesday by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rucker.

Miss Kathryn Martin was hostess at a bridge and mah jongg party given on Wednesday last in honor of Miss Marian Dunne.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore will give a dance on Wednesday next at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. T. S. Childs of Riverside was the guest of honor at a tea given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Miss Bessie Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon R. Tenney gave a dinner last week for Mr. and Mrs. Reynold McGrew of Honolulu.

Miss Eleanor Morgan gave a dinner last Friday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan, for her cousin, Miss Davis of Santa Barbara.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster gave a luncheon last Friday at their home on Scott Street.

General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton will give a house party over the next week-end for the Eastern guests who will be present at the wedding of Mrs. Morton's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Huff.

Miss Esther Hall, whose marriage took place on November 1st, was the guest of honor at a bridge and mah jongg party given on Friday last by Mrs. Louis Cebrian.

The opening of the racing season at Tanforan takes place on Saturday, November 3rd. A number of luncheons at the Tanforan Club House will preceed the meeting.

Miss Mary Gorges gave a tea last Friday for Mrs. Henry Gleason and her sister, Miss Anna McCormick.

Mrs. Edward Simpson gave a luncheon last Saturday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Isabel Bishop was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Thursday of last week by Mrs. Alexander Field.

Miss Isabel Pringle gave a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Marjorie Davis of Santa Barbara.

Miss Barbara Payne was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Miss Evelyn Garton at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Danish Consul and Mrs. Fin Lund were hosts at a tea last Sunday afternoon at their home on Vallejo Street.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Huff to Lieutenant L. Niles Trammell will take place on November 14th at Fort Mason.

Captain George Landenberger, N. S. N. and Mrs. Landenberger entertained at a tea at their quarters on Yerba Buena Island on Saturday last after the Navy Day exercises.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Lee Gatch, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gatch were hosts at a recent dinner on board the U. S. S. *Texas*.

Mrs. Morton received at her home at Fort Mason on Wednesday last.

Nurseries for Redwoods

If, in the days of the overland stage and pony express, pioneers, felling giant trees on the fringe of redwood forests, had been told they would live to see redwood nurseries hy the side of sawmills, they would have smiled. At that time redwood seemed to he California's inexhaustible resource, which would continue in its might long after the mineral lodes had yielded their wealth.

These old woodmen might well look on forest tree nurseries as an absurd fancy. Redwoods interlocked boughs over spaces that a man on horseback might spend weeks in traversing. They emerged from forest fires with scorched bark when pitchy firs and pines became flaming torches. Unlike other cone-hearers, the redwoods refused to succumb to saw and axe and sent forth a ring of vigorous suckers about their stumps. Such vitality would not die.

But redwood nurseries are now here. They supply evidence of a new spirit in America—a realization that the country has been playing the spendthrift with its natural resources; that the present generation owes a duty to posterity; that the wasting of nature's gifts through ignorance or callousness is criminal.

The movement to replant the cut areas has been started by the redwood lumbermen—members of the California Redwood Association. They are actuated by a desire to perpetuate a valuable California industry. Deposits of oil and mineral can he exploited only once. Experiments show, however, that redwoods mature for commercial purposes at the relatively early age of 60 years; so that the soil and climate in which this unique species first found its home can continue to yield its products for the use of mankind through the ages to come.

In the work of reforestation, the redwood companies of California have employed the services of Major David T. Mason, formerly an expert in the United States Forest Service. The Union Lumber Company of San Francisco started the first redwood nursery on land adjoining its sawmill at Fort Brag, Mendocino county. There are now fully 800,000 young redwood trees growing there from the seed, a sufficient number to reforest 2,800 acres a year. In the near future this nursery will furnish enough young redwood trees to plant 4,600 acres annually, and, at the end of five years, this will be increased to 10,000 acres. The Pacific Lumber Company has a redwood nursery of 500,000 trees at Scotia, Humboldt County. Besides the nursery trees, about one-fifth additional second growth redwood will sprout from stumps of old trees. It was Mr. C. R. Johnson, president of the Union Lumber Company, who initiated this movement, which now includes most of the important redwood lumber companies of California. Altogether there are interested in reforestation, in varying degrees, 17 out of the 22 redwood companies in California. These companies produce about 87 per cent. of the annual lumher cut of the redwood region.

The sponsors of redwood reforestation have definitely adopted the policy of cutting in such a manner that new growths of timher will be available for felling long before the original forests are exhausted. More than half the lumber production from the redwood area now comes from land that will he reforested and permanently guarded for timber production. The redwood companies, in starting the work of reforestation, are not only doing their duty to future generations, but are placing the redwood lumber industry of California on a permanent basis.

Though no comedy about Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and other personages in Cervantes' romance has long held the favor of the public or largely won the esteem of the critics, the venture still tempts the playwrights. This time, the Hungarian, Lengel, has tried his hand, and in his piece Otis Skinner will soon appear. His part, of course, is Sancho Panza.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell entertained informally on Monday afternoon at her home in bonor of Mrs. W. R. Castle of Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Castle and tbeir daughter, Miss Beatrice Castle, arrived at the Fairmont last week from the eastern and southern states where they have been visiting for tbe past six months. They are sailing on Wednesday next for tbeir island bome.

Miss Francesca Deering and Miss Caroline Madison spent tbe week-end recently in San Mateo as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and Miss Evelyn Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell were recent week-end guests of Dr. Harry Tevis at bis home near Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sberman of New York will spend the winter in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sperry, who have been in Colusa visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willard Sperry, bave returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Major Albert F. Peake and Mrs. Peake, who have been in San Bernardino are visiting Mrs. Peake's brotber, Mr. Howard Tobin, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh passed the week-end recently as guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Athern Folger in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison and Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., were house guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker have returned from a camping and bunting trip in northern California.

Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow has returned from Santa Barbara where she has been spending the summer.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker bas returned from abroad where she has been during the past summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker were recent week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baldwin have returned to their home in Portland.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and her brother, Mr. Gordon Blanding have closed their country home on Belvedere and are at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mrs. John Van Cartmell of Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. Joseph L. King at ber home on Scott St.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have returned to their home in Burlingame.

The Hon. Frederick Guest of London has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Hecksher at the Hope Ranch.

Mr. Edward Eyre, who bas been staying at tbe Burlingame Country Club left last week for New York on his way to his home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne,, who have been passing the summer in Woodside, have returned to town for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne and their daughter, Miss Dolly Madison Payne, have returned from Southern California and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller is making a short stay in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Wilder and her daughter, Miss Kinau Wilder, sailed last week for their home in Honolulu.

Mr. Archibald Johnson has gone to Santa Barbara where he will join Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Hecksher on the Hope ranch.

Mrs. George Pope has left for the East and will be absent until Christmas. She will visit her daughter, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Mein have bougbt a house on Broadway and Divisadero Streets and will soon take possession of their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch have closed tbeir summer home in San Mateo and are living at their bome on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye and their daughter, Miss Helen Marye, left on Friday last for Washington where they will spend the early part of the winter.

Miss George Beardsley and Miss Barbara Beardsley bave returned from a visit to Atherton where they were the guests of Countess Lewenhaupt.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden have returned from a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott, Miss Helen Crocker and Mr. Raymond Armsby have returned to Burlingame from the McCloud River Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Anthony Ashburn of San Mateo have taken a house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dent McDonough, and Mr. McDonough at their ranch near Portola.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento was a guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Horace van Sicklin.

Mr. Allan Kittle and Mr. John Kittle are established at tbeir home on Scott Street for tbe winter.

Mrs. Jonathan Kittle entertained at a family dinner last week at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown will remain in Burlingame until the first of tbe year.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harrison and Miss Elizabeth Harrison are established for the winter in their bome on Washington Street.

Dr. E. K. Willits who has been abroad for several months has returned to ber home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Forrest Peabody of Santa Barbara are making a short stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynold McGrew, who have been traveling in California, have returned to their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Leroy Woodhead of Point Arena has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kuhn have arrived from Idaho and are at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus left last Friday for Washington where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Francisco de Ojedo is leaving for Chicago where she will pass the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Rudolph Denning, and Mr. Denning.

Miss Christine Donohoe left for New York last Friday and will remain tbere for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and their daughters have closed their house in Menlo Park and are establisbed in their bome on Broadway for tbe winter.

Mrs. Frank Winchester and her daughter, Miss Patience Winchester, after passing the summer in San Rafael have returned to San Francisco, and are living in an apartment on California Street.

Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin and her sister, Henrietta Moffitt will return from the East witbin a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale have returned from a short visit to their summer home at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark has been spending a week at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. William J. Younger, who left for the East last Sunday, will sail from New York on November 24th for her home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill have gone to New York where they will be joined later by their daughter, Mrs. Warren Jefferson Davis, and Mr. Davis who have been abroad since their marriage.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes of New York is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke, and ber sister, Mrs. Ralston White.

Mr. and Mrs. Edrington Detrick are leaving for Los Angeles where they will make their future bome.

Mrs. Russell Wilson and her daughter, Mrs. George Cadwalder, will return next week to their home in this city after passing the summer in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves, who have been in Honolulu, have returned to San Francisco and are at their home on Jackson Street.

Tea Dansants

Commencing Saturday, October 13, and every Saturday thereafter. Three-thirty to five-thirty.

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At the Palace.

Miss Marjorie Turner was the complimented guest at a tea given in the Palm Court at the Palace hy Miss Emily Chase Craig, last Saturday afternoon. The guests included Miss Lito Rodick, Miss Mary E. Bell, Miss Florence Breed, Miss Dorothy Gerrie, Miss Elizabeth Labarthe, Miss Elizaheth Preston, Miss Cecilia Van Bokkelen, Miss Lois Brock, and Mrs. A. Abbott.

Mrs. M. L. Bulkley was hostess recently at an attractive tea given at the Palace Hotel for Mrs. R. F. Bernard, wife of Lieutenant Commander Bernard, who has gone to Los Angeles for a visit of a month or so. Among the guests were Mrs. Overton Steiger, Mrs. A. D. Shorh, Mrs. E. S. Craig, Mrs. A. Marriner, Mrs. W. Rose, Mrs. E. P Rogers, and Mrs. Sarah Wright.

Mrs. J. M. Botts and her sister, Miss Dorothy Gregory, were hostesses last Saturday afternoon at a tea at the Palace Hotel given in honor of Lady Lauder and Mrs. Vallance, her sister.

Mrs. Winfield S. Lamh was hostess during the week at a dinner dance in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace, having as guests, Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Taylor, Mrs. Lola Weher Perrott, Miss Maude Frances Mitchell, Miss Vera Jurgens, Mr. James Hardy, Mr. LeRoy Harvey, and Mr. Henry Luhrs.

CURRENT VERSE.

Wayfarers.

The old road, the winding road,
That rambles through the town,
They fill'd its way with laughter,
Who loitered up and down;
Now bushed the merry voices,
The lads and lasses gone,
But the old road, the broad road,
Goes rambling, rambling on.

But times I see it bearing
Our tardy steps to school,
We saunter in the shadows,
We linger by the pool;
And times I hear it ringing
With wedding peal and song—
Brave with the gala flowers
Of some forgotten throng.
And times they come in silence,
Who bear a silent load—
The bigbway marks him passing
Who treads no earthly road.

The broad road, tbe winding road,
The way of smiles and tears,
And still a many leagues to bear
The burden of the years;
The pleasant vales are calling
The fickle feet to roam,
Yet the old road, the white road,
At last shall bring us home.

—Edward Shaw, in the Sunday Times.

I Would Remember Constant Things.

The little broken bones of men,
They ride on every wind that blows,
With dust of Memphis whirled again
And tbis year's dust of last year's rose;
The little bitter tears of men,
They are but drops in the salt sea,
Lost forever beyond all ken
Of flesh like you and me.

And though from mountains worn away
I mix the mortar for my bouse
And build within tbe light of day
For studious ease and long carouse,
The rain shall beat above my head,
The wind shall rattle my bolted door,
And all the ghosts of all tbe dead
Shall pace my fire-lit floor.

Yet I will fashion greater gods
For Lares, now, tban otber men;
I would forget how Sirius plods
Through galaxies and back again,
I would remember constant things,
As sleep whereof no dream's affray,
Before the wind on wandering wings
Has blown my dust away.

—The King of the Black Isles, in the Chicago Tribune.

Winter.

Now winter as a sbrivcled scroll
Casts the rags of Summer away,
Naked and beautiful the stripped soul
Haunts the bare woods, austere and gray.

Clean in the quiet hour she goes
She bas renounced the lure of sense,
More beautiful than the gold and rose
In ber tbin veil of innocence.

Wbite as the snow she walks the woods,
More bcautiful than the joyous Spring:
Scourged of the winds and washed by floods
Spirit and flame, with a drooped wing.

There is not a stain in this pale light,
The new washed skies, the tonic air,
She, the moon's sister, walks the height,
A spiritual beauty past compare.

When all the Summer world is dust
And Autumn glories fallen to clay,
This soul of beauty, chill, august,
Wanders by wood and waterway.

—Katharine Tynan, in the Spectator.

The Captive Bird.

Half awake he dreamed of dewy woods,
And leafy solitudes;
And far beyond the imprisoning bars
The pitying stars
Drifted tbeir dreaming light across his eycs.

Higb on a soot-grimed London wall is hung
The small confined tomb of one who grieves
For the compassionate loveliness of leaves,
Whose last, whosc loveliest madrigal is sung.

O birds of all the world, put by your song,
Refuse to man the beauty of your ways,
Strip from his days
Your sweet companionship, that he shall find
No flash of wings, no voices on the wind.

If man is dumb, if man is blind to see
One tiny creature's agony,
A birdless land
Will make him understand.

—L. M. P., in New Leader.

At the St. Francis.

The usual luncheon parties were in evidence at the Hotel St. Francis Monday. Miss Merrill Jones was hostess to a group including Miss Gertrude Murphy and Miss Doreas Jackson.

Miss Ernestine Virden was with her mother, Mrs. Charles Virden, and Mrs. Francis Langton. Another group included Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Alexander Rutherford and Miss Louise Boyd. Miss Jennie Hooker was with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. George Carter of Hawaii were the guests of Mr. Henry Foster Dutton and were being everywhere welcomed by their hosts of friends in San Francisco.

A group of débutantes included Miss Claudine Spreckels, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Eleanor Spreckels.

Misses Katherine and Marianne Kuhn were with Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Helen Garritt and Mrs. William S. Kuhn. The Misses Marie and Florence Welch, the latest of the season's débutantes, were with Miss Julia Adams and Miss Idabelle Wheaton. Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Gerald Rathhone and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott formed another group.

Lectures at Paul Elder's.

Prof. Henry Rushton Fairclough, of Stanford University, will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery, Tuesday afternoon, Novemher 6th, at 2:30, on "A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster" in which is outlincd a new plan of education. This is in the series of "Literary and Social Interpretations" given under the direction of Paul Elder.

Frank C. Thompson, known as the "Man With Many Voices," will appear in the Paul Elder Gallery, Tuesday evening, Novemher 6th, at 8:15, in a Charles Dickens, David Copperfield programme. This is new and has been arranged hy Mr. Thompson in a manner that gives the development of character and story.

Contented Club's Meeting.

The California Contented Cluh will hold its regular meeting in the new club rooms at Social Studio, 956 Post Street, near Larkin, on Thursday, November 8, at 8 P. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What's good to stop a shed of hair!" "Have it shingled."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

It's no trouble to keep a dog as long as your wife earns the living.—*Altoona Tribune.*

Guide—Aim for his shoulder! *Excited Hunter*—Shoulder! It's his antlers I want.—*Life.*

Edith—How is it that you get so many joy rides? *Madge*—Oh, I practice auto suggestion.—*Boston Transcript.*

Howard—They say Schuyler keeps his bride in a glass case. *Jay*—Yes, she still has her job selling movie tickets.—*Judge.*

"What do they call it now when you live decently?" "Inhibited, my dear."—*Boston Transcript, from a play.*

"Why do Gladys and Clarice hate you so much?" "I once told them they looked alike."—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

"When I found myself in debt I went to father to raise the wind." "Well, with what result?" "I am now waiting for it to blow over."—*Baltimore Sun.*

Helen—You dance adorably! Where did you learn all those graceful sidesteps? *Troy*—In my youth I was a pin-boy in a bowling alley!—*Judge.*

Little Tommy, describing some Russian daocers he had seen, put it this way: "They sat on nothing and danced."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Jim—*Oh, lor'*! I wish Garibaldi 'ad been a Dutchman! *Alf*—Why? "'Cos I just said 'e was in the exam. paper.—*Passing Show (London).*

About 88 per cent. of the world's automohiles are owned in Canada and the United States, where are to be found the world's most agile pedestrians.—*Chicago News.*

Druggist (to his stout wife)—Don't come into the shop for a minute. I am tryiog to sell six hottles of my fat-reducing mixture.—*Humorist (Londou).*

Foreman—Don't you see that sign. "No hands wanted?" *Applicant*—Oh, yes, but I promised the missus I'd sure ask for a job today, and that's why I applied.—*Tid-Bits.*

Dan—Did you run across any stage rohbers when you were West last summer? *Don*—Yes, I had a date with a chorus girl in Cheyenne.—*Tiger.*

One War-Correspondent—There is one religious rite I could delight in. *Another One*—And what is that? *One War-Correspondent*—Swinging a censor.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Bucolic Boot-Boy—I say, Sarah, w'otever be a crematorium?" *Metropolitan Maid*—Oh, you are an ignorant boy. Why, it's French for a milk-shop of course.—*Punch.*

Visitor—I have looked all through the history catalogues and I can not find "Great Naval Victories of Spain." *Librarian*—You'll find it in the fiction list.—*New York Journal.*

Theatre Manager—I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage. *Amateur Playwright*—But, I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the stage, you know?—*Pearsau's Weekly (Londou).*

Anu—Did you say, "This is so sudden," when Dave proposed to you the other day? *Agnes*—No, I intended to, but I was so flustered I forgot and cried, "At last," instead.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

Passerby—What's the idea of those workmen destroying that house? *Real Estate Agent*—Well, you see, city folks like to reconstruct abandoned farm houses—so we're getting this ready for the market.—*Life.*

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's lickle ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darling baby. *Little Tammy (who has just been in trouble)*—Don't you b-believe her, baby. When you grow up she'll spank you t-t-too.—*Tid-Bits.*

"I see by the papers that the notorious Madame X has just been taken by the police for forgery." "Do you suppose that will end her wicked career?" "Who knows? She may yet go into the movies."—*Toronto Goblin.*

In spite of the fact that it was found in Nebraska, the prehistoric ape's tooth which a scientific expedition has discovered is probably a prehistoric ape's tooth to Mr. Bryan, and nothing more.—*New York Herald.*

A teacher asked one of her pupils to write a brief story about the rain. After much thought the boy produced the following: "What does the rain say to the dust? 'I'm on to you and your name is mud.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Johnny," said his aunt, "did you enjoy the book I sent you on your birthday?" "H'aiot looked at it yet." "Why, how is that?" "'Cause ma said I'd have to wash my hands when I read it."—*Pearsou's Weekly (Loudon).*

First Attorney—Your honor, unfortunately, I am opposed by an unmitigated scoundrel. *Second Attorney*—My learned friend is such a notorious liar——. *Judge (sharply)*—The counsel will kindly confine their remarks to such matters as are in dispute—*Virginia Reel.*

A speaker at the annual meeting of the American Child Health Association would postpone all demands on the intellectual activity of children until they are eight or nine years old. But children nowadays have such a good time being educated without their suspecting it that it seems a shame to ioterfere with their play.—*New York Herald.*

Teacher—I wonder what your mother would say if she knew how backward you are in history? *Pupil*—Oh, my mother says she never learnt 'istry and she's married, and Aunt Mary says she never learnt 'istry and she's married, and you did learn 'istry and you ain't married.—*Humorist (Loudon).*

These Mortals.

"I am a good judge of human nature," remarked a man as he employed a stranger. That night the stranger robbed his safe.

"Thank heaven, I still have a sense of humor," said a woman to some of her friends. Shortly afterward she went through the "Daily Dozen" with a straight face.

"I have improved this town and saved ten thousand souls," cried an evangelist as he left a city after holding revival services. Next month the citizens enlarged the jail.

"I believe in enforcing the prohibition law as it stands!" bellowed a Congressman. As he sat down a faint, glassy clink was heard in his coat pocket.

"Now for a good evening's work," said a student, as he arranged his books and papers. Half an hour later he went to the movies.—*Princeton Tiger.*

And There You Are.

Gribble & Son, wholesalers, sold a bill of goods to J. B. West, a merchant at a little crossroads village in Missouri, and when the goods arrived at the village Mr. West refused them. The wholesale firm prepared to institute suit for collection and wrote to the railroad agent at the village for information about the arrival of the merchandise, to the president of the bank for information concerning the financial standing of their customer, to the mayor of the city asking him to recommend a good lawyer to handle their case, and to Mr. West, threatening suit if he did not make payment at once. Mr. West answered:

"I received the letter telling me I had better pay up. I am the railroad agent here, and also received the letter you wrote to the agent. I am president and sole owner of the local bank, and can assure you as to my financial standing. As the mayor of the city I hesitate to refer you to a lawyer, since I am the only member of the bar of this vicinity. If I was not pastor of the Methodist church I would also tell you to go to hell."—*Windsor (Mo.) Review.*

Most people think of "the woolsack" as a mere figure of speech for the high dignity of tbe British Lord Chancellor, but there actually is such a sack. It is a large square bag covered with red cloth, forming a sort of chair without arms or back. On this the Lord Chancellor takes his seat in his capacity as "speaker" of the House of Lords. Though the woolsack is first officially mentioned in the reign of Henry VIII, it is supposed by students of the matter to date back earlier still, to the time of Edward III. At this period sheep farming for the sake of the wool was tbe staple trade of England. On the wool, the best in the world, which could be sold overseas, rested the entire prosperity of the country, and its export was jealously watched and taxed. As a sort of sign, then, of the national industry a woolsack was iotroduced into the House of Lords, and has been there ever since.

By the time he is ninety years old, John Barrymore thinks he may be able to play Hamlet satisfactorily. Ah, but at that age he will want to play Romeo.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

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A PARIS BULLETIN FROM ARCHY.

aunt prudence hecklebury
lies on her bed
moaning and groaning
wishing she were dead
aunt prudence hecklebury
tosses on her couch
and all that she says
is ouch ouch ouch
aunt prudeoce hecklebury
rouses and screams
when the sights she has seen
move through her dreams
first aunt prudence
went to the louvre
then wrote the government
they really should remove
some of those statues
right out of france
or else give them skirts
or else give them pants
skirts on the venus
trousers on apollo
a great moral uplift
surely would follow
maybe the government
never got the note
for the louvre is just the same
as before she wrote
aunt prudence hecklebury
rode around town
with her whole being twisted
into a frown
aunt prudence hecklebury
moans and twitches
wakes now and then
and cries out breeches
oh give them breeches
please give them breeches
aunt prudence hecklebury
on her bed of pain
screams now and then
and clutches at her brain
for aunt prudence went
to the folies bergere
mother hubbards cupboard
wasnt half as bare
some wear smiles
and some wear paint
but otherwise their clothes
just simply aint
dear aunt prudence
why did you do it
prudence prudence prudence
i knew that youd rue it
in a lucid moment
she said after this
i hardly know whether
to call myself miss
she saw what she saw
and she heard what she heard
and limbs aint the word for it
limbs aint the word
aunt prudence hecklebury
in her darkened room
murmurs there is rest
only in the tomb
she saw what she saw
and she heard what she heard
and nude aint tbe word for it
nude aint the word
aunt prudence hecklebury
fevers on her couch
her whole beings turned
into an ouch archy

—*Don Marquis, in New York Tribune.*

McAdoodling.

Arthur Guiterman, whose new collection of poems, published by Harpers, came out in September, solves a literary mystery by acknowledging the authorship of this impassioned lyric of the Wilsonian era:

The Who, preëminently Who,
Is William Gibbs, the McAdoo
(Whom I should like to hail, but daren't,
As Royal Prince and Heir Apparent).
A man of high Intrinsic Worth,
The Greatest Son-in-law oo Earth—
With all the burdens thence accruing,
He's always up and McAdooing.
From Sun to Star and Star to Sun,
His work is never McAdone.
He regulates our Circumstances,
Our Buildings, Industries, Finances,
And Railways, while the wires buzz
To tell us what he McAdoes.
He gave us (Heaven bless the Giver)
The tubes beneath the Hudson River.
I doo't believe he ever hid
A single thing he McAdid!
His name appears oo Scrip and Tissue,
On bonds of each succeeding issue,
On coupons bright and posters rare,
And every Pullman Bill of Fare.

POSTCRIPT

But while with sympathetic croodlings,
I sing his varied McAdoodlings,
And write these eulogistic lines,
That thankless McAdoo resigns.

Cautious Man.

A Hollywood motion-picture director was trying to persuade a super to wrestle with a lion.

"You needn't be afraid," he said: "the beast is perfectly tame. He never tasted raw meat."

"No; perhaps not," replied the perspiring actor. "But that doesn't mean that he may not have curiosity.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Another plot to wreck Democratic aspirations for a national returo to power in 1924—the Postoffice Department goes on a self-sustaining basis for the first time in history.—*Oil City (Pa.) Blizzard.*

Morning in a Sleeper.

The cold water from the hot-water faucet. The fellow with the fawn-colored spats who had mislaid his buttonhook. The smell of sleep. The liquid soap ejector which was out of order. The unkempt hair. The book salesman with the piok-and-purple striped shirt. The mingled odors of shaving soaps. The hardware salesman with a cretoooe toilet case. The skill with which a millinery salesman pared his nails with a gold knife on a chain. The noisy clearings of throats. The discussion as to the relative merits of various safety razors. The vaccination shield on the arm of a student. The clouds of highly scented cheap talcum. The unintentional jabbing of elbows into another's ribs. The diamond stud in the undershirt of a fat man. The shortage of towels. The efficiency engineer who puffed on a cigarette while he shaved. The eyelids, red with sleep and sticky in the corners. The Kansan with the celluloid collar. The sneezing, snorting, grunting and coughing. The attempts to keep one's balance on sharp curves negotiated at high speed. The literal scrubbing of teeth. The blue sleeve garters with pink bows on the arms of a pugilist. The constant peering out of the dusty windows to see just where we were. The little man who soused his face neck, ears and hair and then shook himself like a spaniel. The smears of toothpaste on the floor. The drummer who came rushing in in his pajamas and bare feet and couldn't find enough hooks for his belongings. The buzzing for the porter who was eating his breakfast elsewhere. The palpitating Adam's apple of a Methodist preacher. The specks of soot in the washbowls. The cold-water faucet which ran lukewarm. The drinking-cup container which was empty. The one who strolled in leisurely after all the others had finished and had the room for his exclusive use.—*Philidelphia Public Ledger.*

Light Refreshments.

For weeks he had been ill in the hospital. With the beginning of convalescence he called loudly for food, declaring he was being starved.

"The doctor says you may have something to eat tomorrow," said the nurse soothingly.

On the morrow she entered and announced:

"Here's your dinner." And she gave him a spoonful of tapioca, adding, "The doctor says that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

"Nurse," he gasped, "I want to do some reading now; please bring me a postage-stamp."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Horse and Horse.

"Tom, go fetch the old horse."

"Why the old one, father?

"Wear out the old ones first, is my motto."

"Well, then you fetch the horse."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Missionary Movement.

Minister (to flapper)—Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

Flapper—I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox-trot?—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Rastus—I hear dey done found de bones of Columbus. *Enoch*—Sho, I never knew he was a gamblin' man.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Venice was a great maritime commonwealth whose prosperity and commercial life depended upon the sea. She was called the "Bride of the Sea" because of the ancient ceremony of the doge throwing a ring into the Adriatic Sea, saying as he did so: "We wed thee, oh, sea! in token of perpetual dominatioo."

The Hellespoint derives its name from Helle, daughter of Athamas, King of Thebes, who was drowned there.

Pompey's Pillar in Alexandria was not erected by nor to Pompey, but was set up by Diocletian.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Municipal Contest.

With the returns of the municipal election in, it appears that the most favored candidate for supervisor was a comparatively unknown young soldier of the late war, Mr. Philip Katz. In the supervisorial poll his name leads all the rest. No candidate that the public really knew received anywhere near as many votes. That will mean many things to many minds; but one thing it indicates to the *Argonaut* is that the majority of the people, knowing the present board and its performances and intentions, is willing to flee to evils it knows not of. Like the apprehensive servant in "The Bat," it would go somewhere if it had anywhere to go. That is pathetic. Judge Brady won. The people seem to like him—why we do not know. Messrs. Ginty and Mulcrevy had a walkover. So did Coroner Leland. Perhaps they deserved it, being fairly efficient men. Rolph for mayor beat McSheehy and Smith; but his vote falls much below that of Finn for sheriff, and there were more votes against him. Still, he is the people's choice, as far as they had material from which to choose. In respect to the police judges there has been a miscarriage of justice in the case of Judge McAtee. He has been upright and conscientious, and should not have been beaten. He ran almost 30,000 votes behind his colleague, Judge Jacks, also a good man, who is reëlected. It is said the cause of McAtee's defeat was an unpopular decision in a labor case. If that is true, it is deplorable evidence that organized labor is not satisfied with judicial determinations of cases in which it is a party, but stands ready to punish if it can the judge that finds the law to be against it. We can not conceive of free institutions surviving in any virility a general application of a practice so vicious. It is to be hoped there is some better explanation of the defeat of McAtee, and that organized labor is not guilty of such an abuse of the electoral rights of free men. The vote cast has been heavy; but it has not been an inspiring contest, and it can not be said that all the best men have won. San Francisco will go forward in spite of it, but not with the confidence it might have had in a board of supervisors more judicious and substantial in character.

The French Position.

The *Argonaut* fails to discover anything in the way of logical basis for criticism of Premier Poincairé relative to the proposed international conference on German reparations. Poincairé insists that nothing shall be done looking to cancellation of the conditions of the Versailles treaty. He is willing that a study shall be made of German conditions as they relate to the times and amounts of Germany's capacity to pay, but he does not consent that any reduction shall be made in the total as prescribed.

If there is anything wrong with M. Poincairé's reservation we fail to see it. The sum of reparations prescribed under the Versailles treaty, as due to France, was immeasurably short of the wanton depredation committed by the Germans in France. It is relatively less than the penalty exacted from France after the Franco-German war, although in that war no damage was done to German property. It would seem a sufficient concession on the part of France to accept a postponement of reparations payments, while reserving to future determination whatever part of the award shall be remitted, if any. Furthermore, it would seem to be the proper business of France herself to make concession, if concession must ultimately be made, rather than that of a commission representative of allies or associates in the war who have no share, or at best only a limited share, in the award as defined under the treaty.

Bear in mind that the purpose to be achieved by the proposed commission is to ascertain the facts regarding Germany's ability to pay, and to obtain expert advice as to how and when payments can be made. In brief, what is proposed is a fact-finding commission. There has been no suggestion on the part of Secretary Hughes that anybody shall have authority to re-assess reparations without consent of the nation to which reparation is due. That is fundamental in the treaty. The point that our American newspapers seem to have missed in this whole discussion is that an exact knowledge of the facts as they exist today—not as they existed one, or two, or three years ago—may bring about an arrangement that will be more beneficial to the nations directly interested—including France—than the present plan. To effect that arrangement it may be necessary to go outside the Treaty of Versailles and to make a new international covenant, but that is something properly to be left to the future.

What are the facts? France believes that the existing German government has put itself in the position of a debtor who conceals his assets to defraud his creditor. A succession of financial experts who have examined the German situation are in accord with this belief. The *Wall Street Journal* tells us that Germany now has in New York a gold credit that has passed the billion dollar mark and may have reached two billion dollars. There is reason to believe that Germany's gold balances in London, Paris, Amsterdam and other banking centers outside of Germany are tremendous. There are other evidences that Germany has connived at the breaking down of her own revenue-raising machinery.

If a non-political commission should report these facts, and should report also that just so long as the German government operates ruinously all the governmental machinery, and just so long as it continues its policy of juggling and concealing both reserves and facts, no accurate study of German conditions can be made, would not that put a new aspect upon the situation? A report of this character—and it is conceivable that such a report would follow investigation—would clearly indicate that the remedy is to put the German government under a receivership, possibly international in character. In business operations when a debtor operates a property for the obvious purpose of so reducing its earning capacity as to avoid payment of debts, a receivership is the true, in fact the only, remedy. The present managers of Germany, in the policy of concealing her resources, had about attained the limit. A near break-up is in process. Under the circumstances a receivership would meet with less resistance than a few months ago.

There are two tendencies in current discussion relative to the German situation. One, distinctly pessimistic, looks to securing a reduction of the sum of reparations that Germany must pay. The optimistic spirit looks to an equitable settlement, based on the facts that (1) Germany suffered no material damage in the war, that (2) her resources, barring the disturbance of the Ruhr, are practically all they ever were, that (3) her capability, as illustrated in the building up of gold balances in foreign countries, is practically at high tide. All this being true, M. Poincairé's insistence that the amount ultimately due to France on reparations account shall not be cut down, seems reasonable. True, he is making rather more noise about it than seems necessary, but that, it must be remembered, is a characteristic French way of doing things.

Prohibitionists in Their Variety.

The recent Conference of Governors brought to light the fact that there are two factions in the dry forces. First, there is the group insistent upon law enforcement of which President Coolidge by virtue of his office has become the head. Included in this group there are many frankly not in sympathy with the principle of prohibition in the extreme form expressed in the Volstead Act, and as supplemented in several states, including California, by state legislation.

The second and much the noisier group is headed by Gifford Pinchot and has among its motives a definite political purpose. That purpose is the making of Pinchot President of the United States. The contention of the Pinchot faction is, in essence, that effective federal administration of the prohibitory laws has been prevented by the "higher ups" of the administration, namely Secretary Mellon, Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair, and Assistant Prohibition Commissioner Jones. They profess to believe that Prohibition Commissioner Haynes is a good man whose honest activities have been hampered by his superiors. The immediate purpose of this element is to discredit the Coolidge Administration in order to boost Pinchot.

A secondary objective is to secure enactment of a bill making the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau a separate and independent arm of the government and responsible only to the President, and thus removed from departmental control. This bill was offered last session and was killed at the instance of the chemists and other manufacturers and users of industrial alcohol. Industrial alcohol is a necessary article of commerce. It enters into the manufacture of a wide range of articles of household use. In the Volstead Act Congress recognized the difference between the manufacture of industrial and beverage alcohol. But in the first organization of the prohibition force, dictated by the Anti-Saloon League and carried along to this day, the same policing body that attempts to prevent the use of alcohol as a beverage has jurisdiction over industrial alcohol. The body makes an astounding showing of the hampering character of these regulations. It dem-

onstrates that the honest manufacturer actually has more difficulty in obtaining his supplies than his dishonest competitor. Only by right of appeal within the department has the industry been able to survive. Wayne D. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League has openly advocated complete suppression of the industry if in any way it embarrasses operation of the beverage prohibition laws. Now the plan is to nullify the right of appeal and make the prohibition commissioner supreme.

All students of governmental organization, particularly those who under the late President Harding have been urging governmental reorganization, agree that the independent bureau idea is vicious. But all arguments are lost upon the extremists and fanatics. They would make Mr. Pinchot President, because although he fails to enforce prohibition in the state in which he is Governor, he professes to know how to do it in the country at large. They would destroy any and all industries, no matter how important in themselves or however related to the life of the country, if in the slightest degree they are consumers of alcohol. They would divert the police organization of the country from protection of the public to enforcement of prohibition; and they would even degrade the army and navy to make these agencies adjuncts of prohibition enforcement. So self-centered and fanatical have become many of the advocates of prohibition that they would subordinate every principle, every motive in government to the one purpose that has taken possession of their minds.

Assailing the Budget.

Our Hell-an'-Maria Dawes budget saved the country about $50,000,000 last year and made an inveterate enemy of every job holder it pried off the payroll, and everyone who knew he ought to be, just as Governor Richardson's economy policies have made enemies in this State. The processes are the same, the reactions identical. Those that lived on the country's lack of business system naturally try to howl down such a system even when it is instituted in rudimentary form. Most of the Federal job holders, and all the politicians who keep their power by patronage, want the budget abolished. Hence the movement, shrewdly directed by men with an intimate knowledge of detail and a ceaseless hunger for jobs, to get the country back onto the old basis at the next session of Congress. Wasters never like even the idea of economy. They will tell you that it makes good times to "put money into circulation"—meaning when they circulate it.

It is no wonder there is a howl against the budget when we consider the magnitude of the industry attacked. The greatest industry in the United States today is not the steel industry, nor the oil industry, nor the manufacture of tin Lizzies, nor the production of ready-made clothing, nor the building industry, nor any other activity that produces anything. It is government. Government's payroll is greater than the combined lists of stockholders and employees of the United States Steel Corporation. Including pensioners, the payrolls of city, county, state and national governments carry more than 3,400,000 names, whose owners draw down more than $4,000,000,000 a year. These are statistics, but they should be interesting, for they mean that all we free Americans are being taxed at the rate of $34 a year for every man, woman, and child in the country, and the end is not yet. Taxation in the United States now takes $14.30 of every hundred dollars. The national budget committee says every American gainfully employed now works 50 days in the year for the support of government. One in every twelve persons gainfully employed is on some government payroll. Considering but the single class of workers in the United States, the average individual must earn $91 every year for the government before he can have anything for himself.

Government is a necessity. We must have it, and pay for it. But that does not mean we should pay for it all the insatiable crew of place hunters thinks we ought to be willing to pay. We should pay what we must for government that confines itself to its legitimate functions—not for speculations in this, that, and the other business activity—power distribution, operating shipping, running railroads, taking a flyer into everything the socialistic meddlers think it would be nice to have owned and controlled by the public—because there is no way for the public to get control of such things, and when it tries it soon discovers that the individuals really in control are the politicians. Government in America is out of bounds. Its interferences with productive business are so incessant, its experiments with things that do not concern it are so costly, its wastefulness and extravagance are so limitless, that it is seriously threatening, if not restrained, to destroy the national credit and eat up the national wealth. We can not support much more of its waste, nor stand much more of its meddling. There should be a stern demand on the part of the people that government get out of every business except that of governing, and that it reduce the costs of that to the minimum, no matter how many clerks and deputies it may be necessary to turn back into the walks and works of productive industry.

Amend the Raker Act.

With the local election over, it may not be too much to hope that the proposal to plunge the city fathoms deeper into debt for the distribution of Hetch Hetchy power that would be properly and cheaply distributed anyway, may be reconsidered by some of the business men on the Board of Supervisors. It is understood to be still possible to sell the power to a private corporation for $2,000,000 a year, which is a lot of money, although it may seem a trifle at the City Hall. It would seem to be better to make sure of that than to pay out several millions developing a distribution system of our own, or become involved in litigation to condemn one which would only be the beginning of a long series of outlays, of unknown amount. And there is no insuperable obstacle to our making the power sale. If it is not now legal it can be made so when Congress meets again, for circumstances have so changed as to rob the original prohibition of all point and value.

The Raker Act, which superseded the old Garfield grant of 1908, prohibited the grantee, namely San Francisco, "from ever selling or letting to any corporation or individual, except a municipality or a municipal water district or irrigation district, the right to sell or sublet the water or the electric energy sold or given to it or him by the said grantee." Now, the purpose of the Garfield grant and the Raker bill was water; water for San Francisco. It was not to enable the city to generate and sell energy, which it was in no way necessary for the city to do. It was foreseen that power would be generated as a by-product of the development of Hetch Hetchy water, but power was not the object of the undertaking. Today it is interfering with the real object, by threatening to load it with debt so heavy and commitments so far-reaching that the whole enterprise will become impracticable, unwieldy, obstructive of coöperation by the east bay communities, and impossible of completion within any reasonable period.

At the time of the passage of the Raker Act, there was general fear of the greed of public utility corporations, which had not yet, in California at least, been brought under effective regulation. The Public Utilities Act of this State, which was to turn the Railroad Commission into a public service commission by extension of its powers, had been passed but a short time before the Raker Act, and no one could foresee how effective it would prove. It has since then proved a potent agency of control, and the old dread of corporation greed in the public utilities field no longer has the basis it had ten years ago. Any community that feels oppressed by rates that are either discriminatory or too high, can get redress at the hands of the Railroad Commission. Hence there is no ground for the alarm about consumers being held up unless the city distributes the power. It can not be done. There is no longer a reason for the ambiguous and dangerous section six of the Raker Act.

More than that, during the war an agent of the Federal government directed that energy then being produced by the Early Intake plant of the Hetch Hetchy project, a plant originally built to generate power for the building operations of the project itself, should be sold at wholesale to a private corporation in order that it might be effectively distributed to consumers and aid war production; and the power was sold as directed. This was not merely an example—it was a mandate for doing what obviously should be done again. The mandate was directed against the prohibition in the Raker Act (if it really does prohibit), which was seen to be economically obstructive. The significance of that fact now is that the Federal government recognized that the way to get the power to the consumer was through the established distribution system of a private corporation; and hence it is reasonable to expect that Congress would, on proper representations by this city, be willing to amend the act in such manner that what was done by the Federal government at that time could be done by the city now. An application for such an amendment would not encounter the adamantine resistance it might have encountered ten years ago, before the Railroad Commission was functioning under its present powers.

This would dispose of the contention that the city has no choice but to go deeper into debt to do something it never planned to do and would not voluntarily do if the power proposition stood alone. If such an amendment is not secured, there are those that would contend and those that would believe that Congress had virtually commanded San Francisco to go into the power business as a condition of getting water from the Sierra; something we can not conceive that Congress intended. But whether that is the exact intention of the Raker Act, or whether expert legalistic analysis can make it appear otherwise, would cease to be a question if we took the reasonable course of getting the act amended.

It is not likely that intelligent San Franciscans would willingly follow Los Angeles in her disastrous venture into the power distribution field, unless they thought the law compelled them to. If Congress became convinced that we wanted to keep out of this bog, it would never insist on our going into it. For it is full of dangers, both to water development and to the city's credit. San Francisco's continued growth is menaced by the supposed obligation to take on this added burden in order to get water. It is doubtful if it is an obligation; but if it is, it is one from which we can be absolved.

Crime and the City Directory.

Nobody knows the exact population of San Francisco, still less is known of the proportion of prosecutions to offenses, so our district attorney's bombastic advertisement in the daily papers just before election settles nothing in respect to his merits. Nevertheless he did, in the course of advertising his claim to merit, set forth figures that induce contemplation.

We are told that in the past four years the district attorney's office has handled 90,000 cases in the police court. A quarter of that per year seems a large number; and perhaps is but half the cases that should have appeared. And yet this is a large community, a seaport, with considerable elements, both visiting and resident, that are inclined to turbulence, especially when saturated with the sort of tonic the moonshiners and bootleggers supply. We have some good police judges, and they probably give proper treatment to the cases before them, and that discourages part of their customers from coming again. But 22,500 cases a year is a large number. A good part must have been due to reckless automobile driving by persons otherwise respectable.

There were 10,000 criminal cases in the superior court. This also seems a large number. If that is the city's product of serious offenses, it indicates a bad habit of treating offenders with more mercy than they show their victims.

There were 12,397 cases of failure to provide for minor children. That is a blot. It shows that a great many men have begotten children who should have been expending their energies on the rock pile instead. But society has not yet learned to control the social disease of procreation by the worthless.

There were 5,291 cases of abandonment and neglect of wives. This is a hard problem. There are a great many wives that do not deserve anything better than abandonment and neglect, and yet the gentlemen that have undertaken to provide for them are too close to the individual cases to have a judicious view. Perhaps that is why they retreated to a safe distance. But they should have left a credit at the grocery and the butcher shop, to run for a reasonable amount until it could be determined whether or not the unwifely conduct involved a moral forfeiture of the wifely claim. Running away from your wife may be discretion, or it may be cowardice—it all depends. There is a story of one husband that took refuge in a cage of lions. His wife accused him of cowardice, but he may have only been discreet. There is no cure for the failure of marriage, because the causes are so diverse. Yet there is nothing our uplifters get more ecstasy out of monkeying with.

There were 941 cases of cruelty to children. There should not have been any; but the number does not seem large, for four years, in a city of this size. And it is so hard to say what constitutes cruelty to children, and what differentiates it from mere discipline. There are problems and provocations unknown to the public, and hence it is bad thing for the public to try to regu-

late. The darky woman's question: "Jedge, was you ever the father of a puffectly wuthless colored chile?" was pertinent, relevant and material. Children need discipline, they need the rod—*vid.* Solomon, on spoiling the child—but no court can say just where discipline becomes cruelty. There might be some legal regulation of size of rod and number of strokes, as in the common law permitting a man to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb—but there never could be legal regulation of the necessity in any particular case. Of the 801 cases of failure to support indigent parents it is more than likely that a large proportion originated in the failure of the parents to bring up their children to duty and responsibility, because the parents in those cases were incompetent to be parents at all.

There were 403 cases of bastardy; and it is safe to say that the great majority of them were owing to the incompetence of parents to bring up their sons and daughters properly. They were too lazy, irresolute and sentimental. They believed the sentimentalists who said it was wrong to discipline children. They were too lazy to call them to account, and do it systematically and persistently—system and persistence being attributes of character lacking to many whom society still permits to marry and repopulate the earth. They did not keep track of their children's movements. They did not know whether the daughter was home at night or out in an automobile, or swaying in the arms of a hoodlum to the strains of a Congo band. They dreaded disagreeable scenes in the household, and disliked the labor of correction. We do not say in all cases, for some might involve special and tragic circumstances, such as novelists use for plots pretending to represent all society; but in most cases of illegitimacy the guilt is not merely that of the parents but of the grandparents. They feel disgraced when it is, alas, too late. The district attorney's advertisement of his honesty, and his humanitarian and constructive achievements, recites the establishment of a bureau of domestic relations and a woman's court; both well enough in their way, provided they are not operated to nullify one of the greatest deterrents of delinquency: namely, exposure and disgrace. But we ought to have a parents' court, in which parents could be tried and punished for failing to bring up their children to be good and responsible and intelligent citizens. Most crime is the fruit of lazy or sentimental parentage. So is bastardy. If the district attorney wants something real to advertise next election, let him attack crime at its source—the incompetent home.

We suppose the above figures to be correct; Brady advertises that "his honesty has never been questioned." But serious as they seem, all things are relative and our minds work mainly by contrast; and from too much contemplation of crime we can find comfort in the city directory, even as B. L. T. found it in the contemplation of Canopus. The directory of San Francisco is a large volume. The name that leads all the rest is George A. Aabel. He had Abou Ben Adhem beaten before the gong. The last is Bernard Zyskind. Between them are literally hundreds of thousands of names of persons few of whom ever have to say, "Good morning, Judge," few of whom have really serious rows with their wives, most of whom have passably good children, and attend to business, and go to the movies and some even to church, and pay what taxes they have to, and live on pretty good terms with their neighbors, and do their part in producing and distributing what the world needs although careful not to do any more, and are in general steady, sober, home-keeping, reasonably reliable, honest well-watched, on the whole about as good as we could expect under the circumstances. Most of them got through yesterday and last night without committing a single crime, and can do it again. The statistics do not mention them, but they are there. Call them to war and they will come, leave them in peace and you will rarely hear of them in the mass, but they are carrying on all the time. They deserve better protection from the criminal and semi-criminal element than the present district attorney is likely to give them, but he is their choice, and there you are. Crime is still the exception, and hence it is news. Tolerably decent conduct is the rule. Think of Canopus, and take comfort in the orderly commonplace habits of the run-of-mine stuff in the city directory.

Editorial Notes.

There comes from the Democratic National Committee a public statement denouncing "the republican folly which has passed for a foreign policy" and proceeds: "The United States under republican administration has refused to assist in the reconstruction of Europe in any way, or by any means, even as a matter of intelligent self interest." The statement goes on to quote Edward A. Filens as declaring that the United States either must help stabilize conditions in Europe or accept enough imports to pay for what American producers want to export, if this country is to have a profitable foreign market. Contemporaneously comes a statement from Senator McCormick of Illinois, which is in effect a veiled attack on President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes "for the steps they have taken in the matter of the proposed reparations commission" to involve the United States in an "entangling alliance." At a breakfast given last week at the Wardman Park Hotel to a group of politicians, Albert Lasker, former chairman of the Shipping Board, let it be known that he is going to back financially the candidacy of Hiram Johnson for the republican presidential nomination. It was clearly indicated that Mr. Johnson was to run as an irreconcilable, critical of the administration for taking steps as above indicated to assist in the rehabilitation of Europe. Here we have the politics of a situation that would be simple enough if it were not confused by the efforts of this political element to distort the facts of the European situation to personal and partisan ends. It is a situation that justifies the administration in the course it has proposed, to find out through an expert commission whatever may be learned of the actual conditions of Germany as they relate to her ability to meet her obligations under the reparations arrangements. Ultimate judgment as between the declaration of the Democratic National Committee and the projects of the irreconcilables must come from the American people. What they want and what they must have, if judgment is to be rendered wisely, is the facts. And that is precisely what the Administration is undertaking to bring to light.

With respect to the traditions of American politics there is clearly an over-balance of Massachusetts personality in the existing organization of the government. The president is a Massachusetts man. Frederick H. Gillette, likewise from Massachusetts, is the speaker of the House of Representatives. John W. Weeks of Massachusetts is Secretary of War. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is the Republican Floor Manager in the Senate and chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Somebody ought to step down, although not necessarily out, and it is pertinently suggested that Mr. Gillette should be the man. There are various ways of doing this and the suggested appointment of Mr. Gillette to an ambassadorship provides a dignified method of relieving what has been termed "an embarrassing situation." For the speakership in case Mr. Gillette should retire there is a rivalry between Martin B. Madden of Illinois and Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. Either would do, but reasons are brought forward favorable to Madden, based on the fact that Longworth is intimately affiliated with "the Massachusetts crowd." Both Madden and Longworth are "standpatters."

Washington gossips are still busily discussing the appointment of Frank Kellogg of Minnesota as ambassador to London. Neither of the Minnesota senators—Henrik Shipstead and Magnus Johnson—were consulted by the President, as is usual when an appointment of this character is contemplated. The fact, if it be a fact, is taken to indicate that President Coolidge is not disposed to counsel with senators who pretend to be republicans, but who accept no responsibility to the party. However this may be time will demonstrate, but there are those who will not be displeased if President Coolidge shall fail to recognize as republicans, and as having any right to consultation in party affairs, self-styled republicans who are defiantly disloyal to the party. Another bit of gossip relative to the Kellogg appointment is to the effect that Mrs. Harding informed Coolidge that Harding had promised the London post to Kellogg, and that it was up to this administration, if sincere in its desire to carry out the Harding policies, to make good that promise. It is further regarded as significant that Mrs. Harding has taken an apartment for the winter at the New Willard Hotel.

A Berlin scientist says Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by an oil gusher struck by lightning. Soon there will be no beautiful beliefs left. The questions raised by the scientist are whether lightning is indicative of sin, and whether a lightning rod can ever be a good substitute for repentance.

IDAHO A THRIVING STATE.

Mining, Lumbering, and Farming Support a Population That Knows Little of City Poverty.

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*Extracts from the fourth of Mr. Holman's articles on the Pacific Northwest, written especially for the New York Times, are by courtesy of that journal printed below. The complete articles appear only in the Sunday issues of the* Times.]

Boise, Idaho.

Of all our American State names I-da-ho comes most trippingly from the tongue and falls most seductively upon the ear. There are many theories as to the origin of this charming name. By common acceptance it is translated "Gem of the Mountains." One historian traces it to a Shoshone Indian word "Ee-dah-how," presumed to mean "Behold the Sun Coming Down the Mountain." A simpler reading is "Light on the Mountain." The truth of history requires it to be said that Idaho was named after a steamboat.

In the early '60s the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, pioneer in river transportation in the Pacific Northwest, built a little light-draft boat for the shallow reaches of the upper Columbia River, the Snake and the Clearwater. Casting about for an appropriate name, somebody remembered a spring "up north" highly valued for its medicinal properties by the natives and by them styled "Idan'ha." By a happy variation the word "Idaho" was evolved. So the boat was christened, and when the eastern section of the old Oregon country was organized into a territorial unit the name made familiar by the little steamboat was adopted for it. All this I had many years ago from the late Matthew P. Deady, long a famous judge of the United States District Court of Oregon, a local historian of unquestioned authority and a participant in the procedure under which the Territory of Idaho was organized.

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In fixing the boundaries of the Territory of Idaho there was scant recognition, or none at all, of topographical conditions. Thus we have two distinctive Idahos, one comprising the region north of the Sawtooth and Salmon River Mountain ranges, the other lying to the south. North Idaho is a country of mountains, lakes, rushing rivers and widespread forests. It is rich in minerals, of which it is a large producer. It is notable for the beauty of its scenery. Its main industries are mining and lumbering. Of the total population of Idaho, reported by the Census Bureau at 431,868 for the year 1920, perhaps one-third live in this section. Southern Idaho, several times greater in area, is essentially an agricultural and grazing country, lying somewhat lower at point of elevation, with broader areas of cultivable land and now, in a domestic sense, much more highly developed. Between North Idaho and South Idaho there is a wide region of heavily mountainous country through which there extends but one avenue of traffic, a mountain wagon road, passable but difficult. Ordinary traffic passing from one section of the state to the other must go by roundabout ways and through the adjacent states of Washington and Oregon.

Within the week I have traveled by the most convenient route from Hayden Lake in North Idaho to the capital city of Boise, going first into Washington for approximately a hundred and forty miles to Lewiston on the Clearwater River in Idaho, thence again into Washington and on into Oregon, then into Idaho, again for a few miles into Oregon, with a final dash into Idaho. This condition, in a way, is being corrected by the construction of a north-and-south motor road running up and down the state. But the route for more than two hundred miles lies through a mountain wilderness where there is nothing in the way of development with little prospect of development to come; and I venture the reflection that it will be many a year before a citizen of either section of Idaho may go by any regular route between the north and south region without a roundabout excursion into neighboring states.

For approximately a decade following the "covered wagon" migrations to the Oregon country, Idaho was vaguely a region "up north" whose sole inhabitants were two or three tribes of native Indians and a few wandering fur hunters. It was a land remote and unknown and, being remote and unknown was presumably forbidding. Thus Idaho practically lacks any historic background antedating the early '60s, when discoveries of placer gold were made by vagrant prospectors. This development came coincidentally with the petering out of the famous California placers but while there still remained in that state a numerous body of expert river-hed miners. To the new diggings there was what, in the language of that day was styled a "rush," and as early as 1861 the canyons of the Snake, the Clearwater and the Boise became populous with a breed of men who brought the traditions and the practices of the '49 era of California. Then came a back-wash from the agricultural settlements of Oregon, originally drawn from Missouri and the adjacent Southwest, and to this day there abides in Idaho a distinct reflection of the times and the manners of that early period. New population drawn from varied sources has flowed into Idaho in a steady stream, but it has not been comparable to the invasion that in recent times has overwhelmed the neighboring State of Washington and practically obliterated there the memories and the tendencies of the earlier period. A Californian or an Oregonian of the older type discovers himself singularly at home in Idaho, finding there elements of population and tendencies in industry and in politics measurably in accord with his memories and affiliations; more especially Idaho still has something in its social atmosphere of the old days when her outlook was only to the West and when Portland and Oregon, and in a larger sense San Francisco, were her outer horizon.

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While Idaho in her later development has drawn population, in more or less degree, from all the countries of the world, the human atmosphere is distinctly American in character. Of her total population reported by the 1920 census at 431,868 (now probably 500,000) the native born numbers 388,705; persons of foreign parentage 47,920; mixed parentage 4,450; foreign born 38,966. There were in 1920 within the limits of Idaho 1,569 Japanese, 585 Chinese, 920 negroes and 26 foreigners with parentage unaccounted for. The origin of the total foreign born white population is as follows: Austria, 781; Canada-French, 476; Canada-other, 4,478; Czechoslovakia, 420; Denmark, 2,240; England, 4,451; Finland, 989; France, 482; Germany, 4,143; Greece, 716; Ireland, 1,410; Italy, 1,323; Yugoslavia, 460; Mexico, 1,125; Nether-

lands, 439; Norway, 2,482; Russia, 1,458; Scotland, 1,228; Spain, 1,416; Sweden, 5,112; Switzerland, 1,347; Wales, 575; and all other countries, 1,412. Of Indian natives only 3,098 remain. Thus it will be seen that Idaho is still not only a white man's country but a country in the main possessed by Americans and dominated by American ideas and the American spirit.

It hardly needs to be added that the physical and industrial conditions that differentiate the two divisions of Idaho—north and south—find a reflection in the temperamental and other characteristics of these districts. In many respects the miner and the lumberman is a different sort of man from the farmer and the stockman. Something of the frontiersman and something of the adventurer abides in the North Idaho man. In the lumber and mining camps one finds a rough-and-readiness—a hardiness—a reflection of earlier times. Little of this spirit abides in Southern Idaho, where domestic industry has produced a more regulated type of man and a notable development of conventional life. All this implies certain divergencies of motives, political as well as social, between the two divisions of the state. Southern Idaho, with approximately two-thirds of the population, is the controlling factor in the social organization, which, while not unsympathetic, is still marked by differences and not wholly free from bickerings.

The reports covering the year 1922 pretty accurately define the productive activities of Northern Idaho. The mineral record is as follows: Gold, $553,000; silver, $6,185,000; lead, $9,560,000; copper, $173,000; zinc, $94,000; quicksilver, $20,000, approximately.

In the same period there was marketed approximately 800,000,000 feet of lumber, mostly pine, of excellent quality, going by rail to the marts of the Middle Western and Atlantic regions. It should not be inferred that mining and lumbering are the sole interests of Northern Idaho. Agriculture and livestock have their part in the general activities. Fruit growing in the many mountain valleys has become an industry of some importance; but the essential productive life of the country is in the lines above defined.

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It is in Southern Idaho that agriculture finds its main seat and here it has brought to its aid a widespread development of artificial irrigation. The Snake, the Boise, the Bear, and other full flowing streams, drawing their waters from mountain sources, flow through this wide territory under conditions rendering them available both for irrigation and for hydroelectric power. The Federal Government, lending its aid, has brought into productivity broad regions once thought to be hopelessly arid and worthless. Mountain reservoirs hold back the storm waters of winter for application in summer to the thirsty soils which lie below, and the result is a succession of districts literally teeming with a hundred varieties of agricultural production.

In 1920 the state produced and sold in the world's markets cereals in the value of approximately $175,000,000; hay and forage, $51,000,000; fruit and nuts, $8,500,000; other field products, $3,000,000. I have not been able to obtain the figures as to the sugar beet production, which forms the basis of a large sugar manufacturing interest in the southeastern part of the state. The range interest of Idaho is second only to that of agriculture. Mountain regions, with foothills not yet brought under irrigation, afford a basis for a live stock industry that contributes in marketable animals, wool, hides, etc., many millions per year. This, perhaps, is sufficient to indicate the general character of Idaho in the field of domestic production.

A significant fact as related to the fortunes and the fame of Idaho is that she has not within her borders any city proportionate in population to the numbers of her people or to her wealth. On every side she plays, so to speak, into the hands of a neighboring state. At the north, Spokane in the State of Washington is largely built up upon the basis of the Coeur d'Alene mines, and in a large measure continues to be sustained by them. Portland, in the adjacent State of Oregon, draws an inconsiderable part of her support from Idaho. At the south, Ogden and Salt Lake City make heavy drafts upon the business activities of Idaho. This general condition, supplementing as it does the geographical separation above defined, has prevented the upgrowth in Idaho of any large business centers.

I am not sure that certain humanistic and social advantage has not resulted from these conditions. If there is no large commercial center in Idaho, there is nothing of the social degradation that involuntarily is associated with large communities. Idaho, as the stockman would put it, is clean-boofed—nowhere may be seen anything bearing the look of squalor or of any distressing aspect of poverty. In the capital city of Boise there are distinct evidences of wealth expressed in elaborate and charming houses and in much else of outward elements. But large fortunes are few, and capital needed for large development must come from elsewhere.

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Besides Boise, the capital dating from 1862 and with a population of approximately 25,000, there are three other considerable towns in Idaho. Pocatello, in the southeastern section (18,000), is a characteristic "railroad town," supplemented by extensive interests in the outlying agricultural country. Wallace, in the Coeur d'Alene country; Lewiston, in the Clearwater region; Twin Falls, Nampa, with anywhere from six to eight thousand people—all are thriving local communities. All the towns of Idaho are now long past the pioneer stage; built, in their business districts, of brick or stone, they present appearances of solidity wholly in contrast with the Eastern conception of frontier communities. The most beautiful building in America devoted to a commercial purpose—that of the Boise Statesman—is in the City of Boise.

And this reminds me that there is no longer any frontier in this country of ours. No matter where one goes in regions west of the Rocky Mountains he will find men and women as definitely reflective of civilized life in its higher forms as in the older states of the Atlantic seaboard. At the Davenport Hotel in Spokane, or at the foremost hotels of Boisé or Lewiston, you will see both men and women who reflect in everything the best social standards. The "college man" has penetrated the uttermost regions of the country and has had a definite influence upon the social order. The cowboy of romance, if he ever really existed in the character represented by daring novelists, is no longer extant. To be sure, the broad-brimmed hat and the kaleidoscopic shirts are still in evidence, but they represent a pose rather than a reality. Boisé and Spokane in most respects are as conventional as other American communities of their size and type.

The contribution made by Idaho in connection with the upbuilding and support of cities in her neighboring states affords confirmation of a statement previously made in this series of articles to the effect that the divisional apportionments of the Old Oregon Country are made upon arbitrary rather than logical lines. Northern Idaho and Eastern Washington in many ways are more closely connected in a domestic sense than is either with the other regions with which they are locally affiliated. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the arrangement under which they are made sections of states to which they have little natural or logical attachment. It is easy to say that advantage would be gained through a general readjustment. Rearrangement is now quite out of practical consideration. What is done will stay done. Nonetheless the original mistake by which Eastern Washington joined up with Western Washington and North Idaho with South Idaho must continue to be a permanent social and political embarrassment.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tuscan Cypress.

What good is there, ah me, what good in Love?
Since even if you love me, we must part:
And since for either, an you cared enough,
There's but division and a broken heart?

And yet, God knows, to bear you say—My dear!
I would lie down and stretch me on the bier.
And yet would I, to hear you say—My own!
With mine own hands drag down the burial stone.

I love you more than any words can say,
And yet you do not feel I love you so;
And slowly I am dying day by day,—
You look at me, and yet you do not know.

You look at me, and yet you do not fear;
You do not see the mourners with the bier.
You answer when I speak, and wish me well,
And still you do not hear the passing-bell.

O Love, O Love, come over the sea, come here.
Come back and kiss me once when I am dead!
Come back and lay a rose upon my bier,
Come, light the tapers at my feet and head.

Come back and kiss me once upon the eyes,
So I, being dead, shall dream of Paradise:
Come, kneel beside me once and say a prayer,
So shall my soul be happy anywhere.

When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?

Ah, no,—the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no,—the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live.

Ah me, you well might wait a little while,
And not forget me, Sweet, until I die!
I had a home, a little distant isle,
With shadowy trees and tender misty sky.

I had a home! It was less dear than thou,
And I forgot, as you forget me now.
I had a home, more dear than I can tell,
And I forgot, but now remember well.

Love me today and think not on tomorrow;
Come, take my hands, and lead me out of doors:
There in the field let us forget our sorrow,
Talking of Venice and Ionian shores;—

Talking of all the seas innumerable
Where we will sail and sing when I am well:
Talking of Indian roses gold and red,
Which we will plait in wreaths—when I am dead.

Tell me a story, dear, that is not true,
Strange as a vision, full of splendid things:
Here will I lie and dream it is not you,
And dream it is a mocking-bird that sings.

For if I find your voice in any part,
Even the sound of it will break my heart;
For if you speak of us and of our love,
I faint and die to feel the thrill thereof.

Let us forget we loved each other much,
Let us forget we ever have to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without tomorrow, without yesterday.

Far, far away and in the middle sea,
So still I dream, although the dream is vain,
There lies a valley full of rest for me,
Where I shall live and you shall love again.

O ships that sail, O masts against the sky,
Will you not stop awhile in passing by?
O prayers that hope, O faith that never knew,
Will you not take me on to heaven with you?

Ah, Love, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark, and leave you all alone:
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone.

Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet,
While I shall sleep, while I—while I—forget!

Come away, Sorrow, Sorrow, come away—
Let us go sit in some cool, shadowy place:
There shall you sing and hush me all the day,
While I will dream about my lover's face.

Hush me, O Sorrow, like a babe to sleep,
Then close the lids above mine eyes that weep;
Rock me, O Sorrow, like a babe in pain,
Nor, when I slumber, wake me up again.

—*Agnes Mary Darmester (Madame Duclaux).*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Lloyd George took the title of his book, "Is It Peace?" from the question the Arch-Druid asks when he enters the Eisteddfod.

Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, twice awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, will retire from the army to engage in business, it is reported.

Eleanor Duse, whose visit to this country has set dramatic patrons agog, has recently declared her interest in founding a permanent Italian theatre in the United States. A recent description of Duse's appearance is that she is apparently ageless though her hair is now snow white. Duse has been a feminist for thirty years and has looked eagerly forward to visiting America where so many changes in women's status have occurred during the past eighteen years.

Don Marquis is doing his best to restore international balance by visiting England, where he has been enthusiastically welcomed as representative of the "finer journalism" of America in the dignified phraseology of the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Marquis is therein described as a strongly built man with a grave, unhurried expression and "the general look of someone connected with shipping." We always thought Mr. Marquis looked like a successful journalist and a leisurely member of the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

Hall Caine has again, for the dozenth time or so, defended the title of the Isle of Man as the best known soil for producing tabloid human drama in the rough with "The Woman of Knockaloe." It is not generally known that Mr. Caine—whose baptismal name, by the way, is Thomas Henry Hall—was educated to be an architect, but deserted the most ancient of professions to take a job on the Liverpool *Mercury*, where he met Dante Gabriel Rosetti, with whom he later shared chambers in London. In fact, one of Hall Caine's first published works was "Recollections of Rosetti," published in 1882.

Irenee du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, and one of the foremost American chemical engineers, has recently made a number of scientific prophecies that ought to make H. G. Wells blush with envy at not having thought of them first. Probably he did and dismissed them as too incredible. But the head of the great explosives and chemical manufactory at Wilmington, Delaware, claims that science may now at any time deprive us of our three square meals and seven hours of sleep by issuing synthetic food and substitutive slumber since some of us would like a twenty-four hour working day. A more rational prediction is that the near future may hold a complete control of disease. Since sleep and food are nomal and our bodies have become somewhat adapted to them, we think it more likely that science will rout the abnormality of disease first.

Tsao Kun, recently elected president of China, and rival to Sun Yat-Sen, acting-president of the South Republic, began life as a push-cart peddler and has risen from that humble though progressive capacity to be at least nominal sovereign of China's 400,000,000 people. Much scandal attends Tsao Kun's election, which is said to have been brought about at approximately a cost of $10,000,000—a charge that seems to have little significance with the Chinese who cannot see the dishonesty of buying or selling a vote. They believe in value received. However, Tsao Kun's bold seizure of the reins of government is probably the lesser of two evils, since China had previous to his election been without a president for more than three months and it is probable that so decisive a character may well prove the man of the hour in rescuing that country from chaos.

The Right Honorable Andrew Bonar Law who died last month in his sixty-sixth year had occupied the primacy for one of the shortest tenures in English history. Mr. Law was forced to resign as premier last May in a desperate effort to save his health, only a few months after taking office. Bonar Law was a Canadian by birth, son of the Rev. James Law of New Brunswick. He was not a university man, having been educated at the Gilbertfield School, Hamilton, New Brunswick, and the High School in Glasgow. His academic connections began in 1919 when he was made Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He married in 1891 Annie Pitcairn of Glasgow and had two sons and two daughters. Prior to his political debut in 1900 he was a member of the firms, William Kidston & Sons, and William Jacks & Company, both iron merchants of Glasgow. From 1902 to 1906 he was parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade and after that the political die was cast. He had been member for the Blackfriar's Division of Glasgow since 1900 and now represented the Dulwich Division of Camberwell from 1906 to 1910. In 1911 he became opposition leader in the House of Commons. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1915-16; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1916-18; and Lord Privy Seal, 1918-1921 when he resigned. He then also resigned his position as leader of the House of Commons which he had held since 1916, and his post as leader of the Unionist Party which he had held since 1911. Between 1916 and 1919 he was a member of the War Cabinet, but from his withdrawal from politics in 1921 to his brief reign as premier he participated little in public life.

SOME STARS AND SOME METEORS

Samuel Goldwyn Focusses the Acetylene on Some Well-Known Figures of the Silver Sheet.

Movies have been fashionable for some time now, though not nearly for so long a period as they were popularly enjoyed. The reason is not far to seek: it is not in any inherent love of art that all the world possesses, and is now able to gratify at the cost of a few cents, or rather a few dimes. It is rather the age-old Narcissan yearning buried deep in every human heart to see himself as others see him and to envy—hence admire—the fortunate, favored Narcissans who may. It is more usually attributed to the love of vicariously living or loving—at a minimum cost—and that too enters in, but is just a variation on the Narcissan theme.

One of the results of this curious passion for knowing oneself is an almost equally ardent desire to know all about the happy few who make the pictures. And again, please note, it is the man or woman *before* the camera, not the one behind or the director on the side lines, who commands adoring attention. Unless he were murdered and thus commanded public respect from another viewpoint, whoever cared about the private life and love of a director? Obviously he was no sheik or he would have been a star. And so goes on the unconscious itch of everyone to be before the camera or to identify himself in some mystic manner with those who are.

However, we have granted that it is a general weakness. We all want to know all about the past and present of these least mysterious of lives. Mr. Goldwyn was taking no gambler's chance when he wrote and published "Behind the Screen"—if it doesn't appear in the list of the six best sellers we lose our bet. It contains a lot of more or less inside dope about everyone from Jackie Coogan to Lou Tellegen, and back again from Geraldine Farrar to Mary Pickford, from Maxine Elliott to Charlie; everyone, in fact.

Another human foible—since the very publication of this book implies a number of them—is a weakness for knowing the depths of poverty from which our heroines and heroes have emerged to celestial altitudes. We won't stop to analyze the obvious inference. Anyway, every one will read this early chapter of Mary's life with mingled feelings of satisfaction and admiration:

> Several years before I walked into the theatre which inspired me with my idea, Mary Pickford was working under Mr. Griffith in the Biograph Company, which, you will remember, was a unit in the trust. Then she was not a star. She was getting twenty-five dollars a week, and the most vivid reflection of those early days of hers is afforded by a woman who used to work with her.
>
> "How well I remember her," this woman has told me, "as she sat there in the shabby old Biograph offices. She nearly always wore a plain little blue dress with a second-hand piece of fur about her throat."
>
> Not long ago I asked Mr. Griffith this question: "Did you have any idea in those days that Mary Pickford was destined for such a colossal success?" His answer was a decided negative.
>
> "You understand, of course," he immediately qualified, "my mind was always on the story—not on the star. However, I can say this: It was due to me that Miss Pickford was retained at all, for the management did not care for her especially. To speak plainly, they thought she was too chubby."

Considerable emphasis is laid on the fact that Mary considers herself a good business woman. And yet we are told by Mr. Goldwyn that Mrs. Pickford is, or was, Mary's sole business manager and that America's sweetheart, herself, never sullied the purity of her great art with commercialism. Note that she never asked Mr. Zukor for a cent, in the following excerpt, but we are elsewhere assured that she prides herself on being a captain of industry. These little discrepancies will creep in:

> I am now approaching a phase of the noted pantomimist's career which points to many adventures in which I myself have been involved. When Mary Pickford first went with Mr. Zukor he paid her five hundred dollars a week. Her success was so marked that before her contract had expired he voluntarily raised this to a thousand dollars. After this—but I am anticipating.
>
> Whenever I saw Mr. Zukor looking homeless as a small-town man in house-cleaning time I knew what was the matter.
>
> "How much does she want now?" I used to ask him laughingly.
>
> "We're fixing up the contract," he would answer with a significant lift of the eyebrows.
>
> It often took longer to make one of Mary's contracts than it did to make one of Mary's pictures. Yet, strangely enough, the beneficiary herself took no hand in the enterprise. The warfare of clauses was waged entirely by her mother and her lawyer. Indeed, Mr. Zukor has often told me that Mary Pickford had never asked him for a cent.
>
> "Then how do you know she's discontented?" I once inquired of him. "How does she act?"
>
> "Like a perfect lady," responded Mr. Zukor stoically.
>
> I made no comment, but I have always understood that one of the advantages of being a perfect lady is that you can create a certain atmosphere without creating the basis for any definite accusations.

But fascinating as are the revelations in the Mary chapter, we must get on to other luminaries, the most obvious choice being Mary's old rival, the dainty dancer, Marguerite Clark:

> There was one time when Mary Pickford's supremacy was seriously threatened by the success of this other Famous Players' star. "Is Mary jealous of Marguerite?" I asked Mr. Zukor at this period.
>
> He shook his head. "No," said he. And then he added swiftly, "But it comes to the surface through Mrs. Pickford and Marguerite's sister."
>
> From this remark I gathered that the two doughty supporters of opposing causes used to look at each other about as pleasantly as did the Montagues and Capulets. And if you possess any flair, like Landor, for imaginary conversations, you can easily construct a dialogue between the twain based on their respective claims to the most mail, the most unappeasable demands of exhibitors, the most appreciation from Mr. Zukor.
>
> Yet Mary long outlasted her fair rival. Why was this? Marguerite Clark was beautiful, she was exquisitely graceful, and she brought to the screen a more finished stage technique and a more spacious background than did Miss Pickford. My answer to this question, so often propounded to me, applies not only to Miss Clark, but to all the other actresses who have flashed, meteor-like, across the screen horizon. First of all, she did not have Mary Pickford's absorbing passion for work. Secondly, she did not possess the other artiste's capacity for portraying fundamental human emotion. Simple and direct and poignant, Mary goes to the heart much as does a Foster melody. Herein is the real success of a popularity so phenomenally sustained.

One of the most picturesque figures in stage or screen land is Lou Tellegen. The movie-addicted public will relish Mr. Goldwyn's chapter on the early days of the Farrar-Tellegen romance, and call for more. But alas for sensationalism, it is only the early and lyrical days that are here recorded. Incidentally, according to Mr. Goldwyn, it was the introduction of the prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, into the movies that marked their transition stage between the merely popular and avowedly fashionable. We think it was only nature taking its course. Here is a significant anecdote concerning Mr. Goldwyn's first business meeting with the great actor:

> In the early Winter of 1915 I went to the stage production of "Maria Rosa." Who that witnessed the same performance can ever forget the creation of Mr. Lou Tellegen? That Latin lover whose ferocity showed in every silken accent, in every gesture of panther-like, slim body—today this lingers with me as among the most telling of dramatic brush-strokes.
>
> How distinctly I remember the first day that the young foreign actor, who previous to his triumph in "Maria Rosa" had been hailed as "Bernhardt's beautiful leading man," came to my office! We were talking about salary when suddenly Tellegen jumped up from his chair and walked over to look at a photograph on the wall.
>
> "Who is that?" he asked, peering at the face in the frame.
>
> "Oh, answered I, "don't you know her? That's Geraldine Farrar."
>
> "Oh, yes, the famous singer," he responded, never taking his eyes from the dazzling victorious face. "H'm—very, very beautiful, is she not?" he mused.

Naturally, the interest so instantly registered in his future spouse did not die down in the intense nature of Lou Tellegen. Having entered the magic realm of "pictures" he seized the first opportunity of making the acquaintance of the other famous novitiate, Miss Farrar:

> I shall give Mr. Kley's own account of the introduction, for certainly nothing could be more vivid. "Mr. Tellegen happened to be with me one day," he recounts, "when Miss Farrar, still in the Spanish costume she had been wearing in 'Maria Rosa' walked across the lot. 'I want to meet Miss Farrar,' said Mr. Tellegen, 'Won't you take me over?' I did and I've never seen anything like it before nor since. It was just as if a spark came from his eyes and was met by one from hers.
>
> "They began speaking in French right away," adds he, "and of course I couldn't understand. But, believe me, there's a whole lot in a tone, and their tones gave them away as much as their eyes did. He walked across the lot with her, then to her dressing-room. And after that you'd see them together all the time just the minute they could get away from a set."
>
> In the light of this personal experience of Geraldine Farrar, that frequent question of hers "Who is to be my Don José" is invested with a strange, perverse, almost sinister, quality of destiny. It was not the Don José of her own life drama that she met in Lou Tellegen. It was the Toreador. When she came to California her heart, according to rumor, had not been untouched. But if this same rumor is to be credited further, it had never before been subjugated. Like the heroine of the drama and the opera with which she is so brilliantly identified, she had always retained her supremacy in love. Like this same Carmen, she surrendered at last, not to the most loving, but to the most conquering type.

Turning for a moment from the purely romantic phases of the movies to the healthier aspect of the comedies one comes upon our old friend, Mack Sennett, without whose mention no account of moving pictures however superficial would be complete:

> Among producers of a very different type, who had been waxing strong during these first years of our development, was Mack Sennett. Sennett, originally a chorus man earning five dollars a day, had been associated with Griffith in the old Biograph studios. From these he departed with only about five or six hundred dollars, and he produced his first films without any studio at all. The cameraman overcame this fundamental lack by focussing on people's front lawns and on any other part of the landscape which looked appealing. When at last his financial returns justified it Sennett established a studio near Los Angeles.
>
> Mack's specialty had always been comedies, and among his early stars was that noted screen comedian of another day, Ford Sterling. At the time when the Lasky Company started, Sterling was getting a salary phenomenal for that period. Yet, being a perfectly normal star, he kept wanting more, and it was in an hour when Sennett feared he would not be able to keep pace with these increasing demands that he cast about him for some one to take Sterling's place.
>
> In this period of vigilance he chanced to go to Pantages' in Los Angeles. Among the acts of this performance, which represented the second circuit—that employing the less costly talent of the organization—there lingered in his mind the work of one comedian.
>
> Months afterwards when Sterling really seemed on the point of leaving, Sennett thought immediately of the little comedian in the second circuit. He did not know where he was. He could not even remember his name. But he wired to an Eastern representative, "Get in touch with fellow called Chapman or Chamberlain—something like that—playing second circuit."
>
> The representative had a hard time locating the person thus vaguely defined. At last, however, in a little Pennsylvania town the agent caught up with Charlie Chaplin. He was getting fifty dollars a week for his work in vaudeville, and when Sennett took him on at one hundred and twenty-five he seemed stunned at his good fortune.
>
> And did he make good at once in motion-pictures? Mack has told me that he did not.
>
> "It was days and days," the latter relates, "before Charlie put over anything real. He tried all sorts of make-ups—one of them I remember was a fat man—and they were all about equally flat. The fact of it was that for some time I felt a little uneasy as to whether my find was a very fortunate one."

An actress whose vogue, both on and off the screen, has been very extensive is the doll-like dancer Mae Murray, whose conquest for the movies was another stroke in making them smart as well as lucrative. Admirers of Mae's gorgeous scenic effects will appreciate this bit of ancient history when the star had to haggle for a merely nominal clothes allowance:

> The promise of the Belasco plays influenced favorably many a screen actor of the time, and it was in fact, my assurance to Mae Murray that she should play "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" which weighed against more dazzling offers from other studios.
>
> Before Mae departed for California she came to me with trouble clouding that fair young brow. "I can't do it," said she.
>
> "Can't do what?" I inquired apprehensively.
>
> "Why, this contract you've made with me: it says that I get one hundred a week and that the company buys my clothes. Now I can't trust anyhody else to pick out what I wear. Clothes are part of my personality and I'd much rather have more salary and have the privilege of buying my own wardrobe."
>
> I yielded the point and allowed her an extra one hundred a week to cover this expenditure. Incidentally, I may remark that Mae could not have saved many nickels from her allowance. There is a tradition that one evening at the Hollywood Hotel the charming little actress changed her evening wrap four times. I can not verify this legend, but I can say that Mae never changes from bad to worse. She is regarded as one of the most beautifully dressed women of the screen.
>
> The clothes-cloud was dispelled from Mae's horizon. Unfortunately, however, more severe storms awaited her in California. First of all, she was rent by the commands of a director whose conception of her talents had nothing in common with Mae's own.
>
> "Be more dignified. Remember that you are a lady, not a hoyden;" this was the spirit if not the substance of guidance.
>
> At some such suggestion Mae would protest angrily. "But I'm a dancer—that's the reason I was engaged. And now you want to turn me into something different.

And probably no devotee from the days of the nickelodeon to the present picture palace will be satisfied without reference to the greatest and longest lasting comedienne of the silver screen, Mabel Normand. We agree with Mr. Selwyn that the details of the earlier years make more vivid reading than the press agents' blurbs anent their particular constellation when in full swing:

> Not long ago my friend Edgar Selwyn, the theatrical producer and playwright, said to me: "We hear so much about our successful stars as they are today. Yet most of us are a great deal more curious to hear the details of their earlier years." With this in mind I am devoting a short space to the Sennett studio of a former time, for, although these days did not come under my direct observation, they have been described to me so often by Mabel Normand and Chaplin and Sennett himself that they seem almost like a portion of of my own experience. Certainly, too, such flash-backs are necessary to a complete participation in the stories of my own immediate contacts with these two stars.
>
> The older Sennett studio, like the stable which first cradled the Lasky Company, presented a striking contrast to the modern film background with its meticulous divisions of labor, its attempts to introduce the efficiency methods of a business establishment. Everybody knew everybody else; all the performers talked over in the most intimate fashion the details of the day's work; the stars could and did do all such chores as cutting films.
>
> Instead of a honeycomb of dressing-rooms, there was a communal space where all the men put on their make-up; as to Mabel's dressing-room, this was a crude, boarded cubicle with the oil-stove familiar to all the old-timers in California studios. Altogether, an atmosphere informal and light-hearted as that which we imagine surrounding a group of strolling players in Elizabethan times!
>
> Every one knows the long rainy seasons which in California interrupt those months of brilliant, unflagging sunshine. During such times the rain would drip ceaselessly from the roof of Sennett's projection-room, and his actors, shivering from the cold dampness, used to gather together after the day's work around the one cozy spot in the studio—the oil-stove in Mabel's dressing-room. Here, by the hour Chaplin, a slender little fellow of twenty-two or three, attired unvaryingly in a checked suit, used to sit and talk with Mabel about work, books, and life. They were great pals, these two, and whenever Charlie wanted a raise he would go to Mabel and say, "Come now, you ask Mack for me."

We regret that we can not go on, *ad infinitum*, retailing stories about the other luminaries which Mr. Goldwyn has treated so all-embracingly and impartially. We should like to dilate on the beauty of Elsie Ferguson and Maxine Elliott and the very considerable art of Charlie Chaplin—but Mr. Goldwyn has done so adequately and we refer the entire movie-fed public to his book.

Behind the Screens. By Samuel Goldwyn. New York: George H. Doran Company; 2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 3, 1923, were $167,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year $165,100,000, an increase of $2,200,000.

The stock market continues its very irregular course, reflecting at times substantial prosperity and splendid prospects in certain lines of activities and in others disappointing conditions and outlook, thus furnishing in the same week and not infrequently in the same market session spectacles of stocks advancing to new high records for the year and others descending to new low depths," says *Town Topics*.

At the same time there is a considerable body of stocks that has been moving in an intermediate range, and more or less evenly, though at times showing rather severe fluctuations, but not as yet getting outside of the trading range established during the last two or three months. Of these the railway equipment issues are particularly conspicuous.

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They represent an industry which has been remarkably active this year and still has its books well filled over the remaining months. Indeed, its so great 1923 activity has led bearish interests to believe that 1924 will have relatively little left for it. However, when it is considered that earnings, say, of the locomotive stocks will be found this year running probably at an equivalent of 30 per cent of their quoted valuations, it may easily be seen that there will be plenty of fat left from 1923 profits to last them over a year or two of moderate revenues.

It is in trades like the textile, leather, tire, fertilizer and motor industries that the bears seem to have their greatest hope of future success in the market. Over-production, very high wages and general operating costs conditions have placed some such industries in rather poor position. But there has been a considerable discounting of this in the stock market, and it would not require much in the way of favorable news regarding these trades to bring about a decided rise in the representative stocks.

Holders of the transcontinental railroad stocks have been watching with apprehension the increasing growth of Panama Canal business, but there are bints that this business has almost reached the limits if its possibilities so far as present facilities are concerned. At the same time the growth of population in the Far West is to be considered, and in some sections, such as in Southern California, this is really a sensational development, so that railroads serving those territories have something definite in their favor in this regard.

Pending September traffic reports and, indeed, reports for the balance of the year, should be a good deal more favorable so far as the western roads are concerned than those heretofore reported, while in general the net earnings position of the railroads, in view of the record-breaking traffic volumes, should be sufficient to absorb a great deal in the way of increased operating costs, if not in the way of reduced freight rates, and it may be said that railway operating efficiency seems to be gaining right along.

The market in general takes little note of European complications and, in one way or another, it should not be long before there will be increasing demands for our raw materials for European consumption. As there is nothing at all in the way of money stringency in prospect, and there is a very large outstanding short interest and probably a considerable amount of income tax selling that remains to be covered, it would seem that it would only require some aggressive market leadership to bring about an extensive rise. There has been some splendid buying going on, but it has not been of the haphazard character by any means. Where market commentators are making their biggest mistakes now is in referring to the market as a whole and to "average" stock market prices, whereas it has been seen from the actual records that some groups of stocks have been moving upward for months past while others have been going down.

Never has the stock market been known to continue a sidewise movement for any great length of time. But a "sidewise movement" is meant a period of narrow fluctuations, which, if charted, produces a saw-tooth line moving in a horizontal direction. Sooner or later there comes a time when the forces of supply and demand, temporarily in balance, again become unequal and the market either declines or advances. There is every indication, as this is being written, that the market after weeks of stagnation is on the threshold of such a change—that, before many days, there will either be a renewal of the decline, or an important upward swing, says *Forbes Magazine*.

Whether the market advances or declines after a period of narrow fluctuations, or "sidewise movement," depends, of course, on what changes have taken place in the holdings of speculative securities—the technical position—during such a period. If there has been distribution from strong to weak hands, a decline should be the outcome; if there has been accumulation from weak to strong hands, an advance should result. Usually, it is easier to detect distribution than accumulation, especially as wide distribution is more often in evidence after a prolonged advance when a theory of accumulation would be readily discarded as illogical.

But the recent "sidewise movement" has come midway between the low of 1921 and the high of 1922. Perhaps that explains why Wall Street has been so sharply divided on the outcome.

A "sidewise movement," market history reveals, is merely an intermediate stage, preparatory to a swing in one direction or the other. Predictions as to the resultant swing are based on the observer's reading of what has taken place with regard to the market's technical position, and are also influenced by the observer's reading of the business outlook. From the writer's point of view, this is the situation:

The recent sharp spurt during which the average of fifty stocks rose fully two points, accomplishing the greater part of the rally in one day's trading on a largely expanded volume of business, was the first indication that the period of dullness was nearing an end. It was also an indication favoring the belief that the next swing will be upward. For some time, dullness with increasing evidence of strong resistance in an expanding list of stocks has marked all declines—plain evidence of accumulation. Sharp rallies have affected the whole list, while sharp declines have been confined to individual stocks or groups of stocks. And many little incidents of the day-to-day trading have indicated that the market was getting stronger and stronger.

Here are some of the facts about the business situation which are making for greater assurance with regard to the future: Bradstreet's index number rose 1.3 in September, while Dun reported an advance of 1.5, and the London *Economist*, after three months of decline, reported an advance of 2.5. A survey of fifteen important industries by a prominent statistical organization indicates that, with the possible exception of textiles and tires, production in practically all of them is very far above that for the same period of 1922. Reports from the agricultural districts of the Middle West and West continue to note general improvement, with Chicago reporting sales from 15 to 20 per cent. ahead of last year.

Car loadings made a new high record in the last week of September, and railroad buying is a distinct influence for betterment in the steel trade, where the decline in operations is proceeding at a slower pace and in some instances has given place to gains. Although the national lumber movement has declined somewhat, shipments for the first week of October were about 40 per cent. larger than for the corresponding week of 1922. The country's fourth largest corn crop is selling at wheat prices, and cattle marketing has reached new high records.

In fact, there is nothing in the current situation now in the otulook to alarm holders of stocks at present levels. Speculative purchases of such stocks as the following should eventually show good profits: American Can, American Locomotive, Baldwin Locomotive, Associated Dry Goods, Sears-Roebuck, Mack Truck, White Motors, General Motors, Studebaker, Maxwell Motors, Steel Common, Bethlehem Steel, Republic Iron and Steel, Gulf States Steel, General Electric, Westinghouse Electric, American Steel Foundries, Air Reduction, International Cement, Owens Bottle, National Enameling, U. S. Rubber, Kelly-Springfield, Anaconda, Utah, New York Central, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, St. Louis & San Francisco preferred, Wabash "A," and Southern Railway.

It is somewhat popular just now to be pessimistic. The unfavorable is stressed and the favorable is overlooked. There is no denying that in some spots business is poor and in others bad, but it also is true that, regarded as a whole, business is in fair volume and the outlook is for better business, not worse.

Conditions in the United States warrant constructive policies on the part of executives responsible for the direction of industry, commerce or finance. In most lines stocks are normal and henceforward with unimportant exceptions and unless fortuitous circumstances should arise, market requirements both here and abroad will be not for the upbuilding of stocks, but for current consumption. This is a healthy condition and assures the maintenance of a good volume of business, says the National Bank of Commerce in New York.

In the money market there is neither stringency nor over-supply of funds. The credit machine is functioning smoothly. Producers and merchants have been cautious ever since the brief outburst of over-enthusiasm which characterized the early months of 1923. Except in a few lines, there is no evidence of accumulation of goods in the hands of dealers and in other directions there is equally convincing testimony that stocks in dealers' hands are below normal. Goods are passing steadily from production to consumption with adequate but not abnormally heavy stocks in the hands of distributors.

Whether or not the present productive capacity of the manufacturing industries of the United States is in excess of current domestic consumption, supplemented by such export demand as may be expected, will depend on the relationship of prices of finished goods to other prices. The present period is not one of depression. It is a period of adjustment, with business seeking to find the point of maximum consumption, which necessarily must be at price levels that do not curtail the consumption of large classes of the population.

There is evidence that the leaders of the manufacturing, financial and merchandising communities are dealing with the situation with wisdom and skill. The great need is that leaders of labor should handle their problems with equal understanding. Increasing unemployment would be the inevitable corollary to reduced consumption resulting from advancing prices. In last analysis the international market governs prices of many products. Most agricultural prices are directly determined there. While United States exports of manufactures are not large in relation to total output, they are important from the standpoint of profits and of full employment. If production costs push prices too far above the international level, the American exporter will have a poor chance in the international market, a further factor tending toward unemployment.

The policy of hand-to-mouth buying is in evidence in practically every line. This is naturally reflected in a superficially unsatisfactory situation as measured by the volume of forward orders, and consequent disappointment on the part of those who are satisfied only when boom conditions prevail. Manufacturing activity nevertheless continues at a healthy rate. That this must be so is indicated not only by data as to production of finished goods and consumption of raw mate-

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rials, but by the fact that there is relatively little unemployment, although the seasonal peak of labor requirements for construction and agriculture has passed.

The leading steel interest is operating at nearly 90 per cent. of capacity and the rate of operation for the industry as a whole is probably about 85 per cent. Deliveries are being made promptly, and forward orders represent actual needs. Orders for railroad requirements may from now on be expected to show a seasonal increase and should be satisfactory even though they do not reach the great volume of last season.

A marked advance in the price of wheat has afforded much ground for encouragement in the wheat-growing sections. It is to be hoped that this has not affected the tendency toward decreased acreage. The price of hogs has declined somewhat under pressure of heavy deliveries, but it is fairly satisfactory to producers of the better qualities. Prices of cattle and lambs are also quite good, compared to the levels of several months ago.

It is not unlikely that the quality of the corn crop has been materially lowered in some localities by frosts but on the whole the crop is good. Although the cotton crop is disappointing from the standpoint of the users of raw cotton, growers are being recouped by the high price. The position of the farmers of the country as a whole is unquestionably improved.

Conditions in the money market remained practically unchanged from September 17 to October 15. The volume of rediscounts with the Federal Reserve banks is slightly larger than thirty days ago and commercial loans of reporting member banks show a moderate increase. The rate for commercial paper has shown no material change at 5¼ per cent. for prime names. Offerings are in moderate volume. Demand from country banks is well distributed, is very active and is increasing. New York City banks have been in the market only in a limited way.

Although securities prices remained practically unchanged from September 17 to October 15, there was some improvement in the undertone of the market at the close of the period. There has been some evidence of an increase in the amount of funds seeking investment, high-grade new issues being promptly absorbed and prices being well maintained after the original offering. Accumulations of unsold issues in the hands of dealers have largely been cleared up, this being especially so in the municipal bond section of the market. This has accounted to some extent for the improved tone.



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Frank C. Shaughnessy, partner of A. A. Housman & Co., on his return from New York says:

"I found it very difficult to obtain any definite opinions from market leaders and in bank centers as to the probable future course of security prices. There are so many conflicting factors to be taken into consideration, that those who are well qualified, and ordinarily willing, to express opinions, find it extremely difficult to make any clear deductions.

"It is admitted that business conditions in the main are good, although there has been a very natural slowing down, and some industrial plants have either reduced their forces or have been working on a short time basis. It is impossible, however, to ignore the fact that conditions in Europe must be taken into consideration, whether we will or no, and although Europe is unquestionably on the road to recovery, the frequent evidences of the spirit of discontent are too strong for one to be able to feel that the road can be anything but long and winding. The embers, too, of mutual jealousies are not yet extinguished, and the little spurts of flame, which from time to time spring up, create nervousness in the minds of many who do not realize that they can not be serious in their effects, owing to the absence of anything solid to work upon. If matters in Europe were as they will undoubtedly be two years hence, we should be facing a continuous bull market of some months' duration, but hopes, strong though they are and fully justified, are met at every turn and extinguished by the greater influence of fear.

"However, I think it may be said that the opinions of those who are in a position to judge, are at bottom, optimistic; but they are afraid to express them, partly because of reasons that have been given, and also because there is a real danger of the market running away. Conditions, it is felt, do not justify a boom, and it seems to me that the general attitude in financial circles was that of waiting for the unquestionable prosperity that is in store for us in the not far distant future."

The Santa Fe has appropriated $3,399,843 for shop extensions, new machinery and other equipment at San Bernardino, where the railroad system maintains the largest terminals on the coast.

Of this huge sum, $938,211 is for a machine shop bay, 90x637 feet, which will replace the present building. This more than doubles the present capacity and will allow several hundred additional mechanics to be employed. The present boiler and tank shop with its various additions is to be removed and a new boiler shop erected, 164 feet in width and about 673 feet long. This item will cost $852,794. A new transfer table, 120 feet wide by 585 feet long, will cost $69,100. Other buildings, track work, sewer drainage system, grading, paving, etc. will add another $627,997 to the aggregate. Machinery and tools will cost $911,739 more.

This 1923-4 program and construction will begin on the several units just as quickly as the contracts can be closed. It had been previously announced that about $1,750,000 would be used in enlarging the shops, covering a period of about one year. Due to the rapid growth of the company's business, it was decided to proceed with the larger program, as additional shop facilities are very necessary.

Hunter, Dulin & Co., who underwrote the issue of the first mortgage bonds of the Holland Land Company, has received notice that there are still outstanding in the hands of investors $5,200 par value in the serial numbers and denominations as follows: Nos. 2125, 2185, 2166, 2167 and 2444 in $1,000 pieces, and Nos. 11 and 23 in denominations of $100 each.

The entire issue was called for payment June 1, 1923, at 102, and accrued interest and interest ceased on that date.

Holders of the above numbered bonds may present them for payment at either the offices of Hunter, Dulin & Co., 256 Montgomery street, San Francisco, or the Mercantile Trust Company of California, Trustee.

In order to take care of additional demands for gas throughout the city, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is preparing to construct a new compressor plant at the Potrero Gas Works, which will involve the erection of a building 81 feet by 44 feet to house the necessary plant equipment.

The equipment for this plant and the building will involve an expenditure of $72,000.

Trade of the United States with her Latin American neighbors will be nearly $2,000,000,000 in the calendar year 1923 against three-quarters of one billion in the year immediately preceding the war.

This growth in trade with our Latin American neighbors, says the Trade Record of The National City Bank of New York, occurs especially in the exports, which will total in 1923 about $675,000,000 as against $282,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914, all of which immediately preceded the war. The share which shipments to that section of the globe now form of our total exports is much larger than in the year prior to the war and will be approximately 18 per cent. in 1923 as against about 12 per cent. in 1914.

Still another encouraging factor in the figures of our trade with Latin America is found in the fact that the official records of those countries show that they are now taking a much larger share of their imports from the United States than prior to the war. Taking the Latin American countries as a whole, their own official figures for the latest available year, 1921, show that they took in that year 45.4 per cent. of their imports from the United States as against only 24.3 per cent. in the year preceding the war. The official figures of the twenty countries forming the group designated as "Latin America" show, add the *Trade Record*, $834,000,000 of merchandise imported from the United States in 1921, the latest available year, as against $319,000,000 in the year immediately preceding the war, an increase of over 150 per cent. in stated value, while the share which United States merchandise formed of their imports was 45 per cent. in 1921 as against 24 per cent. in the year immediately preceding the war.

This startling increase in the percentage which we are now supplying of the imports entering Latin America is apparent in all parts of that area. Mexico, for example, took 48 per cent of her imports from the United States in 1913 and 76 per cent. in 1921. Cuba took from the United States in 1913 only 53 per cent. of her total imports and in 1921 75 per cent; Argentina took only 15 per cent of her imports from us in 1913 and 28 per cent in 1921. In Brazil the share drawn from the United States jumped from 16 per cent. in 1913 to 31 per cent. in 1921. In Uruguay imports from the United States advanced from 12 per cent. to 26 per cent. of the total, and in the case of the Dominican Republic advanced from 62 per cent. to 84 per cent.

This big growth in our exports to Latin America and the equally big increase in the percentage which we are supplying of their imports is especially interesting, in view of the fact that manufactures form a very large proportion of the merchandise which they import. In the movements from the United States to South and Central American countries manufactures form about 80 per cent. of the total, though in the case of our immediate neighbor, Cuba, where sugar and tobacco command the activities of the entire industrial population, foodstuffs form a larger proportion of our exports thereto than in the other sections of Latin America; yet manufactures form a very large percentage of the exports to that island despite its demands for the meats, dairy products and breadstuffs of our farms.

All of this merchandise sent to Latin America is paid for in the natural products of these countries, for our imports from Latin America are always, and quite naturally, greater than our exports to them. They supply us, a temperate zone country, with their tropical products, including manufacturing material and foodstuffs, while they take their pay for these natural products in manufactures.

With the use of electrical energy increasing at a faster rate than anticipated, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company finds it necessary to make alterations in, extensions of, and additions to present lines and plant equipment serving the city of San Francisco, involving an expenditure of $87,000.00. Of this amount $54,288.00 has been appropriated for the re-arrangement of lines and cables on Pine street between Stockton and Polk, $11,600.00 for the installation of power house equipment for feeders at Station C, located on Jessie street between Third and Fourth, $11,400.00 for the temporary installation of transformers in power Station A, located at 23 Louisiana street, and $5,832.00 for the building of new lines in the vicinity of Humboldt and Georgia streets.

H. Bostwick, division manager of the company, states that during the past month there has been a gain of 2,456 new consumers in this division with a gain of 13,587 for the ten months ending October 31.

Effective November 1, Mr. D. C. Fessenden became sales manager of the American Securities Company, subsidiary of The American Bank of San Francisco. For several years Mr. Fessenden has been active in the bond business in San Francisco and has been in close touch with the field. He enjoys a wide acquaintance on the street.

The Wm. R. Staats Co. are offering a new issue of $11,500,000 Southern California Edison Company refunding mortgage gold bonds, series of 6's, due October 1, 1943. These bonds are exempt from personal property taxes in California and the company agrees to pay interest without deduction for the normal Federal Income Tax up to 2 per cent. The equity in the properties of the company, on which these bonds are a mortgage lien, is represented by dividend-paying stocks in the hands of the public, having a par value of over fifty million dollars, each class of stock being quoted at a premium. Of the more than 62,000 stockholders of the company, over 95 per cent. are consumers, and of the more than 5,000 employees over 92 per cent. are stockholders.

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Bond & Goodwin & Tucker offer $400,000 Peninsula Lumber Company first mortgage 6½ per cent. gold bonds, due 1924 to 1929, for the purpose of obtaining funds with which to retire present indebtedness and for betterments to its property under the mortgage. The company was incorporated in the State of Oregon in 1916 and is at present one of the largest producers of finished lumber in the Portland district. The bonds are secured by a first mortgage on the company's mill and 130 acres of land on which the mill stands. The land has been appraised at $845,000 and gives a replacement value of the mill at $1,047,738 and a depreciated value of $826,420.

Jas. B. Duffy, General Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe left last week for Chicago to confer with W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, relatively to additional trains and additional equipment and improved schedules in handling the biggest tourist travel to the coast on record. Reports indicate conditions are very favorable for heavy travel this winter.

The Santa Fe already has six trains each way from Los Angeles and San Francisco to Chicago every day—equivalent to a train departing every four hours, day and night.

The same schedule is in effect from Chicago by Kansas City for California. Through connections also are made for New Orleans, and direct service to Houston and Galveston.

The American-Hawaiian Steampship Company's offices have been moved from the Alaska Commercial Building to the new Matson Building at Market Street near Beale.

Two million government employes; and every one of the meating taxes.—*Newark (N. J.) Star-Eagle.*

The highest hotel in Europe is now being built near the summit of the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps, at an altitude of 11,800 feet.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Super-Sleuth Stuff

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE: PREFECT OF POLICE OF PARIS. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

SECRET SERVICE SMITH. By R. T. M. Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

There has come to be a certain standard of bafflingness and originality for the detective story, which strangely enough is lived up to in the majority of what seems the millions of them printed annually. A considerable number even exceed the standard imposed by the public but it is only about once a year that the record is really broken, the two books here under review being in our opinion far and away the best of their kind lately. In fact, the publication of "Secret Service Smith," by R. T. M. Scott, and "Monsieur Jonquelle" by our old friend, the creator of "Uncle Abner," is among the best news of the publishing season for thousands of tired business men, fagged doctors and surgeons, and all the rest of the world-weary, overworked public who appreciate the more serious canons of art—perhaps—but find them precious little let-down from the cares of business and domestic responsibility. The detective story is the middle-aged man's fairy tale.

We have nominated "Monsieur Jonquelle" and "Secret Service Smith" for a top place among mystery fiction and perhaps should defend our choice, though readers of the two or of either one are sure to be unanimous. They have, however, one distinguishing point and have it in common. Most yarns of this type, however good, will not stand much post mortem analysis. These will, and though the structure of the fifteen stories—plots enough to stock another writer for life—of "Secret Service Smith" stand this kind of inspection without the least sign of strain, credit must be given to the fewer stories of "Monsieur Jonquelle" that the longer you study them, the more lost in admiration you become. They are both intricate and plausible, and contemplation of their plots and sub-plots merely serves to show a greater degree of plausibility. This is certainly remarkable; though, since we are cheerfully disregarding the odium of comparison, the palm of originality goes rather to Mr. Scott's book, "Secret Service Smith." His more than a dozen stories are all totally different and almost all equally good.

On the other hand, two of Mr. Post's, "The Alien Corn" and "The Five Marks," both excellent yarns in themselves, have substantially the same plot. But we mention this hypercritical detail less out of a spirit of ingratitude than to convince our readers that the encomiums bestowed above are amply deserved by both these collections of clever and cleverly detected crimes. R. G.

Business vs. Home.

LABYRINTH. By Helen R. Hull. New York: The MacMillan Co.; $2.00.

The theme of this latest publication by the author of "Quest" is the theme of "This Freedom," by Hutchinson—the married woman with a career. The happenings in "Labyrinth" are not so overdrawn or disastrous as the events related in Mr. Hutchinson's book. In "Labyrinth" the members of the family all live through the experience of Catherine Hammond accepting and filling successfully a high-salaried position, but they lead a very uncomfortable existence, and do not hesitate at all to express themselves on the subject.

Miss Hull excels at presenting daily family life and conversation in an interesting manner. The chronicle of the Hammond family might be that of any New York family of the middle professional class, and it arouses a friendly feeling in the reader. The different types of business woman are introduced so naturally that they are accepted as characters in the story rather than necessary tools in the author's scheme.

The heroines in "This Freedom" and "Labyrinth" both seek careers as an outlet for above-the-average brains that can not find enough scope within the walls of a home, and the authors agree that a career for the married woman with children can not be accomplished without a certain amount of friction and tragedy.

Pa Knows Everything.

EVERYDAY MYSTERIES. By Charles Greeley Abbot. The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

Any adult who has been at the mercy of a boy of twelve or thereabouts, thirsty for information, will appreciate this comprehensive little volume which successfully answers many of the questions asked every day by Every Boy. For it will soon be found that answering questions in a specific, condensed fashion will not do at all; an amazing amount of outside territory must be covered by the grown-up before any kind of satisfactory conversation can be carried on.

The author quotes Agassiz as saying that no student knows his subject until he can present it successfully as a technical monologue, a scientific lecture, and lastly as a simple child's tale. The last is unquestionably the hardest to compass, and while the author of this book, written for boys of twelve to fifteen, appreciates the difficulties of the task and has dealt with subjects easily grasped by the juvenile mind, he has not entirely succeeded in couching his information in language readily understood.

It may be contended that the boy will get the idea by some sort of intuitive mental process even if the phraseology be too advanced; and gradually his mind will reach up to many of the words. And perhaps in any case the boy of to-day is so much at home in the use of scientific language belonging to the radio and the automobile that it is but a step farther along the same road to understand the science lurking in everyday life.

Making East and West Meet.

THE EAST IN THE LIGHT OF THE WEST. By Rudolph Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.75.

For full understanding of a book dealing with esoteric matters the reader must bring with him some knowledge of the language in which it is written, and perhaps a knowledge of previous books by the same writer. The language need not necessarily be a foreign one, but in such a book as "The East in the Light of the West" will be found a diction expressive of new meanings.

Dr. Steiner has written a number of books on occult science and theosophy, all striking a deeply spiritual note. He presided as well at an international congress held in Vienna last year, and gave at the time a course of lectures on "East and West." In these lectures and in the present volume he discusses the problem of East and West, spiritually considered: holding that the problems of the day are not to be solved on economic or political lines, but on the basis of a new spiritual understanding, whereby the industrial and economic civilization of the West may develop in the light of latent spiritual faculties and so prepare a meeting ground with the East for better coöperation. The book requires close reading and, arranged as it is without chapter headings or index, the reader must find his way through it by the light of his interest and understanding of the text.

Among the Malays.

THE BLACK PARROT. By Henry Harvey. New York: The Century Co.; $1.90.

This is a novel of the Far East; of the far-away, mysterious country lying between Malay and Indo-China which is untrodden by the feet of the tourist multitude.

Henry Hervey, the author, is deeply saturated with the lore of the little-known country. He knows of its rarest and choicest treasures of art. He loves the Conrad books so much that he refers repeatedly, in his novel, to the tales by Conrad that were located in these remote places, which Mr. Hervey, in the spirit of a disciple, has invaded with a ready pen. He is, indeed, as has been said of him by the better critics, a stylist. He brings to our perceptions the atmosphere of strange, sultry, mysterious places where white faces are seldom seen. He brings to our nostrils the perfumes and rotting odors of the jungle, to our imagination the nocturnal mysteries and terrors of nights in the unchanged Far East. He has painted for our delectation in many colors, the country, its scenery, its cities, and its brown people. He conducts us to revels of the Malaysians presided over by their gorgeously robed Sultan, and made even more strange, barbaric, and colorful by the presence of Arahs, Dyaks, and Tanjongs in their native dress.

This is Mr. Hervey's second novel, and it is full of promise. One can feel in it the surge of ambition, the throb of resolution.

He means to follow in the footsteps of the great author whom he so deeply admires. As yet, however, Mr. Hervey has not developed a very penetrating psychology. His characters have no Cezannian bulk. They are almost as flat as pictures on the wall. He is a devotee of words, a prose imagist, and, in his absorption in painting atmosphere he has scarcely succeeded in depicting with equal effect the emotions of terror, pity, and love which develop as the tale proceeds. Also, the reader is kept so much in the dark that the thread of interest and suspense is a little over-worked.

The Complete Uplifter.

HIS RELIGION AND HERS. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. New York: The Century Co.; $1.75.

This title may suggest the heading of a book of fiction, but on close inspection it will be found to refer to the inadequate he and the eternal she.

The argument concerns itself with the preoccupation of religion with the life after death, rather than with life here and now, and with the charge that it has not established connection with this life. The origin of the weakness of existing religious systems is laid to the early death-complex idea—somewhat resembling Spencer's ghost theory—and the persistence as well as origin of this weakness is laid at the door of man.

Mrs. Gilman makes the statement that man is the sex-type and woman the race-type, and lays down the governing law that the duty of woman is to maintain and improve the human race. We are given an outline of his religion as it is, and of hers as it should be, together with an arraignment of masculinity that pervades the book generally.

While there are passages which might be dispensed with, the book on the whole is well written, and interesting for its viewpoint even when failing to carry conviction.

The Fruit of the Vine.

IF TODAY BE SWEET. By Ednah Aiken. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.00.

"The Hinges of Custom," a well-handled English novel by the same author, is a far cry from this book with a California setting and a fitting title drawn from the verses of Omar Khayyam:

"Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet?"

It is remarkable in this day of the problem novel that so few novels have been written with the theme of prohibition and the situation created by it in a grape-growing community. Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that it is not a particularly workable situation for fiction. It may be that too many people are agitated over the question, or possibly it has too many angles to be the basis of a coherent book.

Mrs. Aiken's hook is not coherent nor very well conceived in plot, but it has one or two characters that are decidedly arresting. "The Hinges of Custom," as a piece of construction, is far superior to "If Today Be Sweet." The author in her latest publication is handling too many ideas to get any very clear-cut results.

Inviting Your Soul.

PRO VITA MONASTICA. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.50.

Passing by all criticism of the Christianity of the day, the author of this treatise on the monastic life, lays stress upon the fact that Protestant Christianity, at least, has ceased to observe some of the practices that formerly helped religion minister to human needs and gave to religious life a poetry and meaning which are now lacking.

The book is a plea for the Contemplative Life, not necessarily the life of a recluse in a monastery, shut away from other human beings, but a turning away for a week once a year, a half hour once a day, for meditation and prayer. And instead of a cell in a monastery, the seeker for the spiritual life is told that he may find his place of meditation in his own garden or in a quiet corner of his own home and there refresh his soul and gain that serenity of spirit not to be had "when the world is too much with us."

There are chapters on the saints of old, and on some latter day seekers after spiritual light: Eugénie de Guérin, who made her own "silent sanctuary," and Amiel who, although of the world, had within him the soul of a recluse.

Beyond Human Ken.

AFTER DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. New York: The Century Co.; $3.00.

This is the third volume of Flammarion's trilogy in which carefully authenticated evidence is presented as to apparitions after death. As to whether these apparitions are phantoms from the Shades, or are psychic phenomena, or are apparent materializations evolved from the mysterious depths of the subconscious mind, or just illusion, each reader must decide for himself. But only the most literal after reading "After Death," and Richet's "Thirty Years of Psychic Phenomena," will cling to the theory of hallucinations.

There are many instances given in both volumes of what seem to be spirit manifestations witnessed by several people. Flammarion and Richet have collected their data most carefully. Both these courageous scientists—for they dare deal with mysteries of the human soul that have frightened off other scholars—believe in the most searching and critical examination. Both carefully discriminate between spiritism, or mediumistic research in an undiscovered and baffling science, and spiritualism, in which nothing is proved, and in which there is much sordid trickery.

Trailing the Conquistadores.

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO. By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.00.

Stephen Graham has the eyes of a friendly critic, well-disposed on the whole towards the overseas branch of the human family. His latest book of travels is a sentimental journey following more or less the pathway of Columbus and the early discoverers, and the ensanguined trail of the Conquistadores in Mexico. He starts from Madrid and gives us an illuminating chapter on Spanish character; then he takes ship from Cadiz and with memories of Columbus, faces westward. Following the gold hunter, he points out their trail in the Americas with its final mergence into the quest of power.

Graham went first to the West Indies, then

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into New Mexico, which greatly fascinated him. Following awhile in the footsteps of Coronado, he made a downward sweep and marched with Balboa and his men to the Pacific; but it was not until after a second visit to the Southwest that he finally went to Mexico and traced the progress of Cortes through the land of the Aztecs.

Mr. Graham has a happy style and never falls into guide-book writing; he instinctively finds words of the right shade of meaning, and has a particular talent for seizing on the high lights of a scene and putting before his readers a picture glowing with color. This pilgrimage presents an old story which never loses its thrill.

Ripened Reflection.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER. By Samuel McChord Crothers. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.00.

Dr. Crothers is known to the general reading public, and the less favored who have never met him will do well to make his acquaintance through his latest essays.

A multitude of subjects are touched on, from Leisure to Morals, including nearly every note in the gamut of thougbt. The matter is not so much to be extolled as the graceful manner of handling it—the touches of humor and the reflections of a ripe mind.

To those who are too busy to think, and those who need to learn some of the answers to life's riddles, these essays will fill a want. They represent the wisdom of years, and are couched in language that all who run may read. Best of all they are full of the joy of life.

Notes of Books and Authors.

A new edition of Edward S. Mead's book, "Corporation Finance," is announced. Few books on business topics are as readable as this volume. Important changes in the new edition come under such heads as: management of working capital, financing of maintenance and depreciation, capitalization of corporations, provision of new capital, operation of the Sherman Law, etc.

Social psychology has come to occupy the center of the stage declares Professor Joseph E. Jastrow in his introduction to the new book published by Appleton recently—"The Control of the Social Mind" by Arland D. Weeks, Dean of the School of Education of the North Dakota Agricultural College. This volume considers the processes by which the human individual becomes fitted to the complex life of the group; exhibiting both the factors which nature herself supplies to this end and what human effort has done and must continue to do to bring the processes of socialization to a reasonable efficiency.

Jeffery Farnol, the famous author of "The Broad Highway," is to make another visit to these shores shortly after Little, Brown & Company publish his new romance, "Sir John Dering," on October 11th. Mr. Farnol's last visit to America was to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. He is not here on a lecture tour, but to renew old acquaintances and to visit his publishers who announce that when "Sir John Dering" is published they will issue a biographical booklet about this popular author, copies of which may be obtained free of charge upon request.

Rosa Newmarch's book on "The Russian Arts," which the Duttons have just brought out in the United States, makes an excellent introduction to a large field which has begun to arouse a great deal of interest in western Europe and America. Because the subject was too large to handle adequately in a single volume of modcrate size she has passed over some of its phases and has centered her attention on architecture, painting and sculpture, dealing with the origins of each, outlining their development and describing their modern status. An important part of her purpose is to show how long ago these arts began to flourish in Russia, how inspired they have always been with Russian spirit and feeling, and how gradually they have grown to their present highly developed state. The book is illustrated with more than thirty full page reproductions of important works by Russian artists. Mrs. Newmarch is the author of "The Russian Opera," which the Duttons published last spring.

The French publication "Les Nouvelles Litteraires," in commenting on the award in 1922 of the Pulitzer Prize to Miss Willa Cather for "One of Ours" (Knopf), as "the best and most representative American work which appeared during that year," called this prize the American equivalent of the French Prix Goncourt. They go on to say: "'One of Ours' won recognition (later redoubled by the winning of the prize) upon publication in America, but it seems destined to win even wider attention among foreigners because of the keen way in which it mirrors the temperament, the character and the customs of real young America, especially of the middle-west, one of the most important sections of the country from an economic and political point of view, which, though it is rather difficult to set exact boundaries, is located between Chicago and the Rocky Mountains."

The second volume of John C. Phillips' "Natural History of the Ducks," which, by the way, sells for $50.00 a volume, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company this fall, while its author is furthering his studies of ducks in Central Africa. Dr. Phillips has already left his home in Cambridge, Mass., and soon will leave France for British East Africa and possibly the Belgian Congo. Not only is he furthering his own study of birds, but he is collecting for the Agassiz Museum. He hopes to be back in Europe in time for the spring migration, which he intends to observe from the delta of the Rhone.

New Books Received.

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE. By James Harvey Robinson. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.50.

By the author of "The Mind in the Making."

CHINA: YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By E. T. Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $4.00.

A discussion of social and political transformations.

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

A detective story.

ANYA KOVALCHUK. By Clarence Wilbur Taber. Chicago: Covic-McGee Company; $2.00.

A modern story of marriage.

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE. By Hendrick Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright; $5.00.

By the author of "The Story of Mankind."

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE LENERU. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

The diary of a French feminist and dramatist.

A REVERSION TO TYPE. By E. M. Delafield. New York The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

By the author of "Humbug."

EVERY DAY MYSTERIES. By Charles Greeley Abbot. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

Secrets of science in the home.

POEMS. By R. L. S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.00.

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MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC.

The presence in San Francisco of the well-known French actress whose destiny was so closely joined to that of Maurice Maeterlinck has aroused general attention, as Madame Leblanc has been written about and eulogized by some of the most famous men in Paris. The lady, therefore, attracted an interested audience of unusual size to the Plaza last Thursday week, in spite of the fact that she has not much more than a bowing acquaintance with English. It was stated that the explanations by Mme. Leblanc would be in English, and the songs, poetic recitations and dramatic scenes would be in French.

Of course, to the largely feminine audience, the matter of primary moment was the appearance of the lady, her looks, her *tournure*, her charm. Still a majority, or near majority, understood French, which was something of a surprise and a gratification to the former ornament—as perhaps she is still—of the Parisian stage.

Certainly, Mme. Lehlanc has an ornamental presence. The stage was set simply, hut with good taste. The actress appeared with a graceful, modest mien although she was magnificently gowned in cloth of gold. Her costume was made with a sweeping train. In it she might pass for a lady of mediaeval times, or for one of the present era; more particularly, in the latter respect, from the waist up, which portion of her charming person was attired in the style of a modern evening dress.

Mme. Leblanc has a heautiful figure; so heautiful that every golden fold of her garments took on itself the grace hestowed hy the symmetry of the slender body from which it flowed. She has natural hlonde colorings. She is a golden hlonde; golden hair, golden eyes, a skin of pale gold. She had a rather expansive manner with her audience, who received her in so friendly a spirit that the friendliness was warmly reciprocated.

As I said, the actress was gratified over the discovery that her auditors understood French. No doubt the *Salon Francais*—a local sociсty of ladies who keep up their Freoch by listening to lectures, readings, and plays in that language—turned out almost in a hody. The members of the *Salon Francais* are in that enviahle state of heing ahle to laugh in French; which they proceeded to do when Mme. Lehlanc evolved several Franco-American pleasantries.

Everything heing thus happily estahlished on a friendly hasis, the actress, coquetting quite charmingly with her audience hetween whiles, gave us a numher of songs and poems, and two short scenes from Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and from his "Monna Vanna"; which, no douht everyhody remembers, was written as a stage vehicle for Mme. Lehlanc herself. The lady, it seems, has sung in opera, as well as played in the drama; rather surprising, as her singing voice, although an ample conveyancer of dramatic expression, lacks clarity of tone. It has range and volume, but is hardly dependahle enough excent in poetic recitation.

Mme. Leblanc has a tendency toward accomplishing some of her effects in a hushed murmur; difficult to catch for those farthest away in the Auditorium, hut certainly effective.

Dramatic scenes were read rather than played; the lady making little effort to particularize the personages speaking, either in voice or manner. Regarding them as reading, they were beautifully done. But the selections were all too brief, and the responsive emotion was slight.

After the recital a social aspect was given to the occasion by the tendering of an invitation to the audience to remain and meet Mme. Leblanc personally. I am always willing to spare a celehrity who is shaking hands with a row of people to whom he or she is indifferent, and will never meet again. But I went up and hovered in the offing, in order to get a close-up impression of Mme. Leblanc. Seen close to, she looked more pleasing than at a distance. I admired the grace of her European manner, the cordiality of her voice and handclasp, the prettiness of her pose, as she exchanged amenities with cold strangers—no, they weren't cold—and successfully concealed her inevitahle desire to go home and cultivate the society of a *chaise longue*.

As I stood apart watching the file of Americans go hy, and the graceful, golden woman smiling graciously upon them, I would occasionally hear a raucous voice, a collection of harsh r's, a fearfully faulty and, alas! characteristically American intonation. I wondered, as I saw her fine hrows involuntarily contract, what she thought of us. Yvette Guilbert has told. She thinks we are too often shocking violators of vocal euphony. Alas, that she is right!

Mme. Leblanc converses in a piquant blend of French and English. But if she is going to tour America she will be obliged to master more English for "explanations."

I saw Mme. Leblanc again an evening later at La Gaite Francaise, whither she was invited by the Ferriers to witness a representation of Moliere's "L'Avare." Heroic woman! In France they always keep the classics on tap for the young person. No douht the lady has done her duty hy "L'Avare" in the long-distant past. But she is a skilful and enterprising advertiser, I should judge, from the syndicate material contributed by her to the American press. So she had to do her duty hy the tour, and, again a golden statue of style and grace, she sat in a hox at the little French theater and listened with a pleased smile to the efforts of M. Ferrier and his company.

She did not see them at their best, M. Ferrier having a most difficult rôle to convey in the character of the choleric and tyrannical old miser. Harpagon passes his entire time flving from one rage into another, and hence M. Ferrier did not work up to a climax. His impersonation was characterized hy a series of monotonous temper-explosions. Nevertheless, we are beholden to the Ferriers for giving us the opportunity to hear the French classics in good French. I confess without shame that I find it a hard job to read a five-act Moliere play through. But in spite of the distance of the Moliere drama from our time it is still surprisingly actable, and can make a modern public laugh gleefully. And so, at each of the "L'Avare" performances, the Ferriers are having attentive and amused audiences, many of them students of French who douhle the profit they get from these performances; for they learn and they enjoy.

On intervening evenings two modern pieces that have amused Paris, "Les Jurons de Cadillac" and "Le Passage de Vénus" are given to please more frivolous tastes, and thus the balance is well preserved.

THE ORPHEUM.

Theodore Kosloff with his Russian ballet in a "Legend of Tartary" presents a particularly imposing dancing act at the Orpheum this week. Some lovers of words on the Orpheum staff had a chance to spiel at length on the screen. There was a long and platitudinous composition on the subject of "Applause," and preceding the Kosloff act, the impatient audience was obliged to wait while rivers of eulogistic text were flashed on the screen to the effect that "A Legend of Tartary" was the *opus magnus* of Theodore Kosloff's life. And indeed, it is a heautiful spectacle and superhly danced. The girls are young, pretty, and symmetrical. The costumes are magnificent and artistically designed, and the curtained vistas sumptuous in color and in the gorgeousness of the suggested effect. And, although the hallet is probably composed of native Americans, they dance like the Russian ballets we have all become familiar with.

Kosloff in this dance-drama demonstrates his powers not only as a fine, effective dancer of natural distinction, but as a teacher. I have never seen a hallet of native production given with more finish. The girls dance with great ahandon, hut there is the polish bestowed hy the teachings of a master in the art, on every pose and gesture, and the essentially Russian perfection in hallet dancing was suggested in every dance.

Vera Fredova, although encumhered at first with a heavy, grace-destroying c o s t u m e, emerges finally as a fay of lightness, grace, and artistic finish; and temperament as well.

A dance-drama is very much more interesting than a detached series of dances; and this being the case it was regrettahle that the management didn't turn up lights long enough for the audience to read the long synopsis.

True, they had much beauty to gaze on. But it is rather exasperating to read a synopsis under such circumstances, afterward, rather than heforehand.

With a headliner act of such magnificence, it was inevitable that there should he no other particularly outstanding act, although there was quite a lot of entertainment to he derived from a programme the quality of which was far from negligible.

Ruby Norton, for instance, showed a voice of considerahle volume and effective quality when she tackled the Butterfly aria, although in her lighter numbers she introduces a strain of commonness to her intonation. The Aherns, the slim young brother and sister in the lariat whirling act, are a skilful and engaging pair.

There were the Ploetz family in "classic huffoonery"—not particularly funny—Roger Imhof, as an amusing peddler with a fine case of brogue; Boh Anderson in an interesting act with a beautiful hrown satin polo pony, who showed excellent training hy the certainty with which she executed a series of striking stage tricks.

Kenney and Hollis did a nonsense act, and Kenney amused and entertained us thoroughly hy the persistence with which he worked to win the glad hand which records a hit. So determined was the young man that, instead of bringing in one of the prior hits on the programme he imported a whole group. And here we were greatly entertained by seeing them in a new light, for each had to do a little stunt. There was some apparently informal discourse—in which Roger Imbof, the veteran, shone particularly, the while Mr. Kenney, almost effacing his heamingly engaging self, stood apart proudly surveying his work as he repeated to the audience at intervals, "You're getting it all for nothing."

THE SYMPHONY POP CONCERT.

The series of "Pop" concerts promised by the managers of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has had an auspicious beginning. There were nearly nine thousand people in the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Octoher 31, when the first concert of the series was given. Fears for the success of the undertaking have been dispelled. To see the people pouring into the great hall by the thousand, alert, expectant, a human flood of eager anticipation, is to realize that during the summer interim the music-loving public of San Francisco has been cherishing a determination to repeat the pleasures of last season.

Almost unconsciously to them, the taste of the thousands who attended these concerts last winter has been molded. Hence, Director Hertz had no hesitation in springing an entire symphony on them at the opening concert of the new series. I have heard ultra-musical people put on a few airs over Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World," and insist that it is not a symphony in the formal sense. What antagonizes them—or horrifies their music convention, is the American color given to it by the introduction of native themes. Hence, there couldn't be a better choice made for a concert of an entire symphony of this kind. Americans ought to love "From the New World," and they do. It has lodged itself in their memories, and the majestic first movement makes a strong appeal to their emotions.

Other numbers, the selection of which showed excellent judgment on the part of the leader, were two Kreisler selections. "Liebeslied," and the always welcome "Caprice Viennois," the program closing with the soaring strains of the "Tannhauser" march.

But intensely as the audience enjoyed the instrumental numbers, the sensation of the evening was made hy the soloist, Claire Dux of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Few knew how enchanting an artist Madame Dux is, and the audience, when the full realization dawned on them, had the delightful feeling of having discovered her.

For she has a voice of more than common beauty, of exceeding purity of tone, and this celestial purity is accompanied by a warmth and sweetness, irresistihle to a music-loving ear. To all who heard her it seemed as if they were listening delightedly to one who is destined to be among the supreme operatic stars.

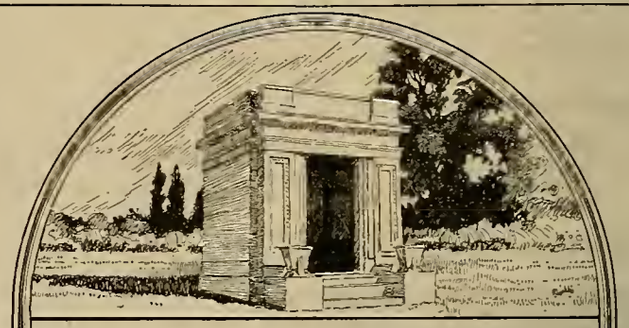
Her program called for the prayer-aria from "Der Freischutz," and as this aria has rarely heen heard in San Francisco, it is safe to say that the majority of Mme. Dux's listeners have never heard the number rendered with such a mingling of natural beauty and authentic art.

The delight of her hearers in listening to this number even exceeded their pleasure over the aria from "The Marriage of Figaro." And then the singer gratified them by yielding as encores Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Chanson d'Hindoue," hoth of which were sung with flawless loveliness.

So gratified was Mme. Dux by the reception granted her that she decided to sing in the open air as a gift, showing her appreciation; and hence, at this writing the singer probably has won many thousands more of admirers.

A RUSSIAN MELANGE AT THE CURRAN.

This is fill-in week at the Curran, with Dalgeim's "Chat Noir" show undertaking to amuse patrons preceding more important attractions. "Le Chat Noir" is a not particu-



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larly brilliant imitation of the "Chauve Souris," Balieff's Russian vaudeville that made such a big hit in New York. The Dalgeim show is dependent for its success upon the work of a troupe of about twenty dancers and singers, and is lacking in principals with personality. The futuristic Black Cat curtain, the Russian costumes, the Russian songs, the Tzigany chorus, and the half pasteboard, half human "March of the Wooden Soldiers" are all novelties, but the absence of artist principals from the cast prevents the show making a hit, except with a numerous Russian contingent, who laughed heartily over some gleams of peasant humor that failed to reach the Americans.

There was a lot of dancing, a number of lively, over-energetic choruses which sinned a great deal by chronic deviation from pitch, a Punch-and-Judyish puppet show, an old wives' comic chorus, a Death Masquerade, and some spectacular dances; all presided over and announced by Dalgeim himself, who, like Balieff, breaks up the English language into comical chunks, and wins laughter from the sympathetic Russians.

The next attraction will be "Blossom Time," a musical play which has had a great success in New York, so great that it is claimed it has broken all existing box office records. Franz Schubert, the composer, is the principal character in "Blossom Time," which is a musical presentation of a romantic episode in the composer's life; and whose score will include some of the favorite Schubert pieces, adapted by Sigmund Romberg, the composer of "Maytime." We are also promised the same company which has made such a success in New York.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The peeved London financier who says that America fiddles while Europe burns might at least have mentioned that Europe started the fire.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

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Muri Silba With the Ensemble.

The Symphonic Ensemble, which is to open its series of twelve concerts, directed by Alexander Saslavsky, at the Bohemian Club, November 13, will add to its artists Muri Silba, pianist. She was born in Warsaw and with her parents became a refugee from that city.

Miss Silba, who is now in San Francisco, says: "I owe everything to Leschetiszky, and his advice has been beyond price." The New York and Chicago press have given her every praise for sympathetic and accomplished musicianship, pure style, and interpretation.

Max Gegna, Russian cellist, will be in the city soon to play with the ensemble. The directorate announces that tickets for the season are on sale to the general public and are not restricted to members of the Bohemian Club. The recitals will be given Tuesday evenings in the jinks room of the club on twelve dates which have been announced between November and May, beginning at 8:45 p. m. Miss Alice Seckels is in charge of the business management of the series.

At the Columbia.

For the first week of her two weeks' stay at the Columbia Theater, commencing with Monday night, November 12, Maude Fulton will present the New York comedy success "Dulcy." Here is a breezy American comedy in which the lines mean much and the complications are of high interest. As a spoken drama "Dulcy" remained a big attraction for two seasons in New York.

"Dulcy" is the story of a charming little lady dumbbell, a modern "little Miss Fix It," whose well-meant attempts to run her husband's business deals, during a house party of which she is hostess, produce a series of events, disastrous at times, funny at other times, and always entertaining.

Maude Fulton will have with her a well-selected cast, including J. Anthony Smythe, Rex Cherryman, Talbot Henderson, James Edwards, Lea Penman, Raymond Northcut, John Ivancovich, Helen Auddiffrod and Ralph Kline.

For the second week of her engagement Miss Fulton will offer the metropolitan première of a new drama from her own pen entitled "Punchinello." Robert Ober and William Durress will be cast in two of the leading roles.

At the Curran.

"Blossom Time" is the musical offering which the Messrs. Shubert will present at the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement beginning Monday, November 12. This is the love story of Franz Schubert, master composer of old Vienna, and the music which embellishes the piece is Schubert's own, adapted by Sigmund Romberg, a musician of the modern school with a knowledge of the tastes of the modern theatregoer. With this knowledge he has been able to draw for his materials upon the works of a master artist of his own profession.

The last performance of the twenty-five Russian artists who compose Dalgeim's Chat Noir Art Theatre will be given at the Curran Theatre on Sunday night.

Stage Guild Opens.

The San Francisco Stage Guild started on its season of plays this week, opening last Wednesday night with A. A. Milne's comedy, "The Romantic Age," at the Plaza Theatre under Jessica Colbert's management. The cast includes Laura Straub, as Mélisande; Irving Pichel, as Gervase Mallory; Keith Wakeman, as Mary Knowle; W. W. Roney, as Henry Knowle; Eugene Gray, as Jane; Lawrence White, as Gentleman Susan; Master Douglas Crane, as Ern; Robert Ross, as Bobby, and Jean Fraser, as Alice.

Performances of "The Romantic Age" will be given at the Plaza Theatre every evening except Sunday, and there will be a Saturday matinee.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Theodore Kosloff, the Russian dancer, with Vera Fredova, and his Russian ballet of thirty artists, will remain over for a second week's engagement beginning with the matinee next Sunday. Mr. Kosloff is presenting one of his own dance creations which he calls "A Legend of Tartary." The act is dressed with gorgeous costumes and brilliant scenery. There is a special musical score with an enlarged orchestra under direction of Rodion Mendelevitch.

Trixie Friganza will be at the Orpheum for one week only, beginning Sunday. She has a number of new songs, and several new gowns.

Owen McGivney will present a quick change dramatic episode from Dickens, entitled "Bill Sikes." Mr. McGivney portrays five different characters in the act.

Towa and d'Hortys, assisted by "Kid," the dog wonder, will offer some clever juggling.

John Miller and James Mack, familiarly known as "The Bing Boys," will offer comedy singing and dancing.

Dotson, the dance wizard, will be seen in some lightning steps and dances.

Ray Hughes will appear in a little skit called "The Fall Guy," in which he is ably assisted by a winsome miss, who answers to the name of Pam.

An afterpiece extraordinary will be the one to be offered next week at the Orpheum. In this act nearly all the artists on the bill participate.

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AMERICAN REVUES.

Watson Barratt, art director for the Shuberts, who has a large part in the production of "Artists and Models," believes that the American musical revue is supreme in this line.

"We lead the world at the present time in this field of stage entertainment," says Mr. Barrett in the New York *Tribune*. "In tunefulness of melody, in sense of comedy, in originality of humor, in smartness and taste of staging, in resourcefulness and virtuosity of our singers, dancers and comedians, and in the general pulchritude of our girls no nation can equal us. If we can boast a superiority let us by all means do so. We are yet far behind the Europeans in serious drama and in grand opera and operetta composition, but they cannot begin to approach us in the lighter forms of theatrical amusement."

Mr. Barratt says that the musical revue of America will have a greater future when it develops a greater sense of satire and burlesque.

"We don't take enough advantage of the material that lies all around us. We are too content to follow the conventions of yesterday, just because those conventions made for substantial financial success. We should make our revues reflect American life in all of its humorous aspects, political, social and intellectual. We must be ready to turn the spotlight upon ourselves, to laugh at ourselves spontaneously and understandingly. We must do in revue what Gilbert and Sullivan did in light opera, satirizing our national fads and fancies. In this way we shall be accomplishing a splendid thing for America. We shall be helping to make it proof against criticism. We shall be assisting in no little way in broadening our national culture and outlook.

"There is no reason why a musical revue cannot express American life quite as humorously, quite as wistfully and whimsically as, say, a straight comedy, such as 'The First Year.' I would have our revues mean something, and in this respect I want the music to be as representatively American as the comedy. Now, this may sound like a tremendous order. As a matter of fact, it is easily within our capabilities once we set about it.

"If I can be of any aid in fostering such a movement I shall consider that my stage activities have been of value.

"I have always wanted to present a revue which would feature good singing good acting and good comedy, a difficult combination to acquire, at the same time not losing sight of pictorial beauty and feminine pulchritude.

"It should emphasize satire—satire of current ideas in art, society, politics and matters of public interest. The French have developed revues along this line. There should be a satirical appeal."

DRAMATIZING DEATH.

During her later career, the divine Sarah had a penchant for farewell performances, but Sir George Arthur in his "Sarah Bernhardt" (Doubleday, Page & Company) tells of one last performance which by no means followed the artist's plans. Soon after her first real success of the Comédie Francais, Mlle. Sarah was engaged to play Voltaire's "Zaire." Before the play was put into rehearsal she begged for a short holiday which her physician urgently prescribed, but Perrin, her manager, insisted that she must play when called upon, even though she played in the "dog days." Sarah made up her mind that he wished to compass her death under sensational conditions and prepared to indulge him and at the same time be revenged upon him.

"The evening of the sixth of August was tropical in temperature; actors and audience alike were moist with heat and half-stifled for want of air. Sarah took her fate in her hands; she strained every nerve in her slender body. She sobbed, she strove, she suffered, she did everything except scream; she was sure that her blood-vessels would break, and that this time death would be no stage device, and that 'je me moeurs, oh, mon Dieu' would be a true statement; she let the dagger of Orosmane actually strike into her breast, and at the end she sank back, full length on the Oriental divan, in what she thought were her expiring throbs. But to her intense surprise, when the curtain rose to the acclamations of the perspiring and panting audience, she, too, arose, without difficulty, received the plaudits without langour and retired to her *loge* without feeling the slightest ill-effect from the desperate realism she had lent to what she proposed should be her last appearance."

You will find this to be true

That your automobile lubricated with Zerolene will run from 25% to 50% farther without needing to have its valves ground or cylinders rebored. This is so because Zerolene forms so little carbon.

That you will get more mileage from your gasoline, because Zerolene, giving better lubrication continuously, permits the delivery of more engine power to the wheels on the ground.

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Therefore we say, "Insist on Zerolene—a better oil—even if it does cost less."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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30% less CARBON
5% more gasoline mileage

The Standard Oil
ZEROLENE
For Motor Cars

VANITY FAIR.

Why are evening parties? Do they contribute to the charm of life, to its intellectual brilliance, to its moral uplift? Are people edified, expanded mentally, exalted spiritually, by assembling in conventional ways, on conventional invitations, in conventional attire, and talking on conventional subjects? And if the evening party grows unconventional, what a raising of eyebrows follows, what diatribes on the degeneracy of the times and the profligacy of the young! Are evening parties passing? They have occupied a certain place in civilized life, but do we approach a day when that place is to be filled with something else, when we recognize that it no longer needs the party to fill it? These grave matters are discussed, with her usual perspicacity, by Rose Macaulay in the London *Spectator*, from anatomical specimens to her hand—for there is perhaps no quarter of the globe that has been brought more abjectly under the dark dominion of the conventional evening party than London. The gilt and plush, and glass-hung chandeliers, of a Mayfair house seem to exist for no other purpose than to serve as a setting for such victims as can be gathered together for the sort of small talk and caviar that goes to the make-up of this brave old English indoor sport. And the perspicacious Rose rises to ask what it is all about, and whether we do or do not enjoy it.

Whether we enjoy evening parties—that is the novel inquiry no one thought to make before. People attended because they were hid, because it was expected of them, because it was done. "Seeing one another" she says, "meeting the others of our race, exchanging remarks, or merely observing in what particular garments they have elected to clothe themselves today: this is so universal a custom that it has become dignified into an entertainment, and we issue to one another invitations to attend such gatherings." Surely, that is innocent to insipidity. Well, we doll ourselves up and go, and meet others that have gone and done themselves likewise, and perchance some good talk ensues; but not always, nor dependably, and if it does it might have been enjoyed more comfortably by one's own fireside. For if you meet anyone at such a time whose mind is interesting and talk engaging and you get off in a corner and begin a discussion that promises real diversion, your hostess will soon detect it, and come and tear you apart; the idea of an evening party being to keep them moving, to make some fresh disturbance every five minutes.

Jazz bands have helped to this end. They have made evening parties so quiet that as *Punch* observes, you can almost hear a pistol shot. At the evening's end you wonder whether the fuss was worth while. The scraps of good talk that might have grown into a revival of the lost art of conversing have been so fragmentary and frequently interrupted that no impression lingers except of a hostess functioning like a referee at Boyle's Thirty Acres—making them break. Rose says you may have gone to get something good to eat, and you are justified in that motive, and the best way to do it is to stand still in one place until the hostess administers famine relief; but all you can say of it afterward is: "I ate two chocolates, and that sandwich pleased me," or, better still "I drank." About these things there is something at least definite. "An hour in which you have consumed nourishment is seldom an hour spent in vain." And yet it would hardly justify to most people the discomfort of preparation and the expense of travel from one house to another. You could take nourishment at home; let us hope. And having eliminated food as a motive for going to evening parties, she falls back on the herd instinct—the opportunity of getting into a crowd, by appointment. "It is the same reason for which great spaces of the countryside in all lands stand empty while those who might live there herd, instead, in hideous, shrieking, and dreadful cities. We are a haunted race, fleeing from silence and great spaces, feeling safe only when surrounded by warm, comprehensible, chattering humanity like ourselves. So when there comes for us a little pasteboard card inscribed with an address where and a date when, we may thus surround ourselves under some hospitable roof, down in our hidden souls the primal whisper sounds—'There will be people there. There is safety in a crowd. Go!' . . . And if anyone knows of any other reason why, I should be glad to hear it."

This is rather an inconclusive conclusion. But no one knows to what momentous results even so negative a premise may lead. We may be, for all we know, on the eve of overhauling all our preconceived notions of social usage as related to that palladium of society, the evening party. The young people do not seem strong for it. They would rather dance in hired ballrooms.

A thin pall of woe has been flung across the facade of San Francisco's new Temple of Fortune on Bush street. Women are to be excluded from the Stock Exchange. There is resolution on the part of the directors, consternation on the part of the "mudhens." The reason assigned is that the brokers are distracted by the near presence of feminine beauty, and can not execute their orders with that precision and snap which is their pride. A broker that has no orders to execute may chaperone women in the new building, but no unchaperoned woman may enter the sacred portals—and brokers are not accustomed to playing chaperone. We were not aware that our Bush street financiers were so sensitive to feminine allurement during business hours, nor that the feminine interest in the transactions on the exchange persisted in any important volume. Time was when women plunged on Comstock shares, on portions of mines definable as sheets thin as a visiting card, and made or lost considerable sums. Times, those were, "when the foot-wall of the Comstock was the diorite of Mt. Davidson and the hanging wall was Salt Lake City." For the persistent gambler of the feminine gender the uncomplimentary term "mudhen" was invented. And there are a few left—melancholy figures of hope gone wrong but in whose bosoms it refuses to die. No woman, however, shall longer disturb the sweet serenity of the brokers during business hours. Those devoted servants of the temple are henceforth to be subjected to the discipline of anchorites. One imagines they are growing to have an ascetic look—a lot of real, agonizing St. Anthonys deriving their only solace from the quotations on the blackboards. The question that naturally arises is, if woman is so distracting on the Stock Exchange may she not be interfering equally with the operations of trade in other spheres? Should she be excluded from the City Hall, from offices, from places of public gatherings? If the stock brokers can't stand it to have women about, how can the balance of humanity? These be heavy anxieties, for the general situation is fraught with danger; in fact it always has been.

A Battle Creek flapper has sued her parents for separate maintenance. She wishes to live alone, to go her own sweet way, but of course expects Pa to foot the bills. That is only natural, and what she has been brought up to expect. But the judge before whom the case came had ideas of his own, and advised Pa to take said flapper to the woodshed and administer corporal suasion to her budding ideas. He had girls of his own, and did not purpose to add judicial authority to the swing of the times in the direction of infant freedom. So he dismissed the case. The incident is merely the *reductio ad absurdam* of the too much liberty idea, coupled with the extravaganza of overgrown feminism. Flats for flappers was the notion the young Battle Creek battler was trying to materialize, and it only followed the drift toward separate establishments for married women illustrated of late in the cases of some of the New York writing folk. And it is an idea which, once admitted to human speech, may grow from formula to reality. It has its fascinations, and one commentator declares the attraction is not all on the side of the daughter. It would operate to relieve mother of some of her anxieties if she could feel that personal responsibility for her child's conduct no longer rested on her. That is what many a modern mother would like to feel, and it is the cause of much dangerous license on the part of the young. If flapperism is a menace, the parents of the present generation of flappers are responsible, for they could have controlled the situation if they had exerted themselves. Exertion, however, is the very thing many of them wished to avoid, except on the ballroom floor and to the accompaniment of syncopated African music. Every generation lives in its own world, but it is also true that the world of the younger generation is largely the making of the elder. If girls now determine to live their own lives regardless of advice, contemptuous of authority, it is very much because they were not properly trained by their parents. Trusted with night keys it was certain to be but a matter of time when they would want their own doors, and be unwilling to wait for marriage to bring those things to them. The question is, how is the process to be reversed? And the answer, as far as history can make answer, is that changes in custom seldom or never are reversed. We can not go back; must go forward to some outcome, whatever it may be, and make the best of it. The chance to discipline the flapper appears to have gone by.

Dancing on Springs.

A London hotel has just completed what is believed to be the world's finest dancing floor.

"In building a new suspended dance floor in its main ball-room, the Savoy hotel in London has gone to greater pains and expense than ever before in all the history of dancing, I believe," says Mr. M. W. Reese of St. Louis who is at the Martinique hotel, New York. "London hotel men certainly plan for an active autumn and winter season, with dancing the principal diversion. An official of the Savoy hotel detailed to me the romance of his new dance floor then building in preparation for 'the season.' Balkan oak is the only wood that can stand the processes which are necessary to make the perfect dance floor, he explained, and supplies are now practically unobtainable. After a long search some was found in a village near Sofia. It had been seasoning for ten years. It was taken to England and then baked for twelve days, to give it perfect resiliency. Nine thousand two hundred small pieces were laid, and for 36 hours a number of men pressed it with electric irons. This treatment makes it practically unsplinterable, with tremendous strength and flexibility. The exacting dancer of today also requires his dance floor shall be 'tuned,' and this particular floor, which is suspended on thousands of wires and springs, required delicate adjusting, giving it a resiliency in the centre of over three inches."

BRYAN AND PRECEDENCE.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman writing her rich and delightful memoirs in the *Century Magazine* tells the following story of Bryan's disregard of precedence.

"Sometimes the formalities at Washington dinners are oppressive. One must have a memory for the Chinese language to remember the order of precedence, that all ambassadors always come first, and this ambassador ahead of that. More than one unhappy hostess has had a guest leave her dinner because she seated him wrong, insulting by a chair or two a "great and glorious people." We can't all be Bryans and invent our precedents. Once when he was Secretary of State, he decided to give a dinner party to Sir Robert Borden and to Sir William Tyrrel, and he wanted to ask the French and the German ambassadors. So he did. A suave secretary came to explain to him that an ambassador couldn't be asked "to meet" any one. But he was not the great Commoner for nothing. He wanted to give a dinner party to his friends, Borden and Tyrrell, and he wanted their excellencies to come to it. I think he must have mopped his brow many times in good Chautauqua fashion before he hit on his solution. The evening of the dinner came. Mrs. Bryan went out with M. Jusserand. Count Bernstorff sat on her other side, taking in Lady Spring-Rice. Then the secretary brought in first, Mme. Jusserand, seating her one seat from him on his right. Then he brought in Countess Bernstorff, to sit one seat away on his left. Then, triumphant, he went back to his drawing-room. He drew Sir Robert Borden to him with his right arm and Sir William Tyrrell to him with his left arm and escorted them in himself. One sat on each side of him. The ambassadors couldn't complain; the places of honor on each side of the hostess they were certainly sitting in; but no one could doubt that Bryan was attending a dinner "to meet" Sir Robert Borden and Sir William Tyrrell.

The longest ski slide in the world was opened in a beautiful stretch of the Swedish forests recently. It's sixty miles from end to end and winds along a road that's centuries old.

Characteristics of President Coolidge.

A survey of the numerous articles written about President Coolidge assures us that he is "shy, canny, honest, simple, rigid, precise, close-lipped, assiduous, taciturn, strict, strong, studious, sedate, steady, silent, sincere, solemn, safe, slow-moving, quiet and deliberate." Perchance that is the kind of President Providence considered we most needed in this ebullient, reckless, dashing, talative, brazen, careless, jazzy, thoughtless, bombastic, frivolous, noisy age.—*Los Angeles Times.*

More than 3000 soda fountains were installed in Great Britain last year. The first was installed twelve years ago, but the long hot summer of 1921 is credited with the rapid extension of the soft drink business.

"Choruses Today and Yesterday"

Shows an even dozen beauties from the New York Hippodrome chorus, in a striking modern setting, also some of the pretty maidens who made Rome famous in the olden days. Other modern beauties and the latest modes are shown on an attractive fashion page, "As Winter Comes."

"Foreign Personalities"

Shows some dusky grid heroes from the Fiji islands, Allister McCormack finally married, and several foreign artistes. There are several views of the new Episcopal Cathedral in Washington and a page of very attractive aero views of historic England. Start Sunday right with The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

ELECTRICITY
—*the fuel of conservation*

POWER companies do not despoil or waste the state's natural resources. They merely use the force of falling water to turn a wheel in order to make electric energy. Thus fuel is saved, and the public gets the benefit in lower rates fixed by the public's agent, the Railroad Commission. The water so used is turned back to the bed of the stream undiminished and unimpaired. The streams are thus harnessed for the public's service. That is true conservation.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She was a very grandly-dressed lady, and she tendered the London 'bus-conductor half-a-crown for her penny fare with the air of a grand duchess. "I'm sorry," she drawled, "but I have no pennies." "Don't you worry, lady," replied the conductor affably. "You're going to have twenty-nine in a minute!"

The story is told of a Virginian who stayed out until two o'clock in the morning. His wife objected. He said he wasn't out as late as she thought he was. She declared she had heard the clock strike. "What!" said the Virginian, "you'll take the word of a damn Yankee clock before mine?"

A debtor, on being sued, acknowledged that he had borrowed the money, but declared that the plaintiff knew at the time that it was a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. "A Kathleen Mavoureen loan?" questioned the magistrate, with a puzzled look. "That's it, your honor—one of the 'it may be for years, and it may be for ever' sort."

At a dinner given many years ago in honor of Hall Caine, the late Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the English novelist. One of the guests next to Mr. Page, just before the toasts began, passed his menu-card around the table with the request that Mr. Caine put his signature on it. "That's a good idea," said Page: "I must do that, too. I've got to introduce Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

He was a sentimental youth who had been suffering from love-sickness. One morning he turned up at the office looking the picture of misery. "What's the matter?" asked his chief. "I can hardly tell you," he faltered. "I—I—I have at last proposed—and I have been turned down." "Tut-tut!" replied his chief cheerfully. "It will turn out all right in the end. A woman's 'No' often means 'Yes.' "Perhaps it does," was the sorrowful reply, "but this woman didn't say 'No.' She said 'Rats!'"

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a half century ago, was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" "Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I can not allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard College, says that the masculine habit of rigid, logical reasoning is contracted very early, and in illustration he tells the following story: "A little boy and girl of my acquaintance were tucked up snug in bed when their mother heard them talking. 'I wonder what we're here for?' asked the little boy. The little girl remembered the lessons that had been taught her, and replied, sweetly, 'We are here to help others.' The little boy sniffed. 'Then, what are the others here for?'"

The celebrated Massimo family in Rome, who claim descent from Quintus Fabius Maximus, have just celebrated, as they do annually, the anniversary of the restoration to life of Paolo Massimo, who died in 1583 and was miraculously revived by St. Philip Neri. It was to the grandfather of the present Prince Massimo that Napoleon put the question: "And are you so sure you really are descended from Quintus Fabius Maximus?" "Well," answered the prince, calmly, "they have been saying so here in Rome for the last two thousand years."

A witty retort is credited to the present Lord Stair. It was his ancestor, the first earl, who was mainly responsible for the massacre of Glencoe, and in revenge an old Highland woman called down a fearful curse on his House, prophesying among other things that the future holders of the title would die childless. And, as a matter of fact, the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh and eighth earls did die without issue. A superstitious lady once asked the present Lord Stair if this were true. "Quite true," answered his lordship briefly. "And do you attribute it to the 'Curse of Glencoe?'" persisted the lady. "Possibly," was the guarded reply. "Though as regards the third and sixth earls, at all events there was what the lawyers would call 'contributory negligence.'" "How so?" came the puzzled inquiry. "Well, you see, madam, neither of them got married."

One of the stories that the late James Payne liked to tell was about what he called an American duel, wherein two duelists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which should shoot himself. A. was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self-destruction. B. and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard, and they were shuddering with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: "Missed, by heaven!"

A temperance lecturer once addressed an unconvinced audience in Kentucky, and when he made the announcement that the effect of alcohol is to shorten life, he was astonished to have an old man rise at the back of the hall and shout, "You're a liar!" "Why?" inquired the advocate of Adam's ale. "Because, sir, I've been drinking for seventy-five years, and I'm ninety and am likely to live to be one hundred. I am strong enough to lick you if you'll step outside." "Oh, no doubt, sir. You're an exception, sir. If you keep on drinking"—the lecturer paused. "What?" asked the impatient old toper. "If you keep on drinking, you'll have to be shot on the judgment day."

Dickens used to tell a story of his biographer, John Forster. Forster had a devoted and skilful servant, Henry, who was always most correct in everything he did. It was therefore surprising one night, when Forster was entertaining several writers at dinner, to see the scrupulous Henry make error after error. He upset a plate of soup, and Forster uttered a cry of alarm. He forgot to serve the sauce for the fish, and his master said, "Why, Henry!" Altogether he made the excellent dinner seem a slovenly and poor repast. When, at the end, he had set the port and walnuts on the table, Henry leaned over Forster's chair, and said, in a tremulous voice: "Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last two hours."

In April, 1919, two prospectors in a worn-out Ford were bumping over a California road—John Kelly and Ham Williams, the latter a halfbreed Piute Indian—when Kelley's hat blew off. Ham got out and found it in a small hole some prospector had dug years before. Looking at the exposed rock he said, "This looks like silver ore to me," and filled Kelley's hat with the stuff. "That's the best hat I've got," objected Kelly. "I wish you would use something else for an ore-sampling bag, but we'll have it assayed." Thus was discovered California's largest silver mine, the California-Rand, at Randsburg. In its first year, it yielded more than $1,000,000 worth of silver.

It's a good thing it isn't printed in the U. S. A. The American newsboys would butcher up its name every time they tried to sell a copy. Just see for yourself: "The Farnham, Haslemere and Hinhead Herald, Alton Mail, Bordon and Longmor Journal, Liphook and Liss News and North Sussex Advertiser!" That's its title. And you can buy a copy for two cents. The paper is published weekly.

We have been trying to figure out how much time Congress is going to have to pass a few laws, after the different members have told the "truth about Russia."—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

The suspicion grows that in any jam in southeastern Europe there is no such thing as a completely innocent bystander.—*Beatrice (Neb.) Express.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Jester's Protest.

["It is a fact that many respectable and wholly creditable persons have beheld the Sea Serpent. . . . And in any case the joke about the Sea Serpent is no longer to be allowed. It is not done."—*Morning Post.*]

Year after year this ancient jape
Has counted with our best;
Year after year in some old shape
We got it off our chest;
Oft has it served when news was thin
And politics were dead;
And now the *Morning Post* weighs in
And knocks it on the head!

Oh, is it right, oh, is it fair
To do so rash an act?
To slay a jest when jests are rare
Seems positively cracked.
Only the toiling jester knows
How scarce his subjects are;
And shall we let some foe impose
This new, unheard-of bar?

Come, lay your pens and paper down,
My comrades in this woe,
And let us march on London Town,
A-roaring as we go.
"And shall the Serpent leave our lists?
And shall our stand-by die?
Then twenty thousand humorists
Will know the reason why!"
—Lucio in the *Manchester Guardian.*

Enough milk is produced in the United States in a year to give each person in the country about 920 pounds.

When your wife gets so she can read you like a book it is time to turn over a new leaf.—*Santa Barbara News.*



How We Overcame
the cause of motor oils
Breaking down rapidly under engine heat

DESTRUCTIVE "Sulpho" compounds are the cause of motor oils breaking down rapidly under engine heat. An enormous amount of money is annually lost through the presence of these unnecessary properties in oils.

CYCOL will save engine owners this tremendous amount of money lost through wasted oil, wasted fuel, preventable repairs, because it is free from destructive "sulpho" compounds. These have been removed by the new Hexeon Process used exclusively by us.

When your oil contains destructive "sulpho" compounds it breaks down rapidly under engine heat. Its lubricating value becomes quickly impaired. The oil film is broken and serious damage may result.

Have your crank case thoroughly flushed—not with kerosene. Use the correct grade of CYCOL as shown on the CYCOL Recommendation Chart. Use Associated Gasoline. Then notice the improved performance of your motor.

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

CYCOL
MOTOR OIL
FREE FROM DESTRUCTIVE "SULPHO" COMPOUNDS

PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Gorgas, daughter of Captain Miles Gorgas, U. S. N., to Lieutenant Matthias B. Gardner, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary McCourtney Hughes, sister of Mr. Percy Hughes, to Mr. James Van Buren Lawrence of Washington, D. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jessie Craig, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig of Piedmont, to Mr. Ray O. Lovell of Springfield, Vt.

The marriage of Miss Janice Ewer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ewer, to Mr. William Eric Lawson, took place in Rutherford on November 4.

Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Coleman of Santa Barbara were the honored guests at a dinner of twenty-four covers, given October 30 at the Menlo Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Zane of Woodside.

A tennis tournament was held last week between players of the Menlo Country Club and the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained at a luncheon last week at their home in Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. John Rogers Clark entertained recently at a dance and supper party at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Presidio Club gave the first dance of the winter last Friday evening.

Mrs. Clifford Erskine-Bolst was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

Mrs. William Kent Jr. gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon at her home on Scott street for her sister-in-law, Miss Adeline Kent.

Mrs. Robert Allen Dyer was the guest of honor at a bridge and mah jongg party given by Mrs. Frances Storey Arnold.

Mrs. Ashton Potter gave a tea last week for Mrs. James Wilder and Miss Kinau Wilder.

Mrs. Arthur D. Gesler of New York was the guest of honor at a dinner given by her brother, Mr. Kenneth Moore, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Ex-Senator J. D. Phelan was host at a recent luncheon given at his home near Saratoga for Senator Key Pittman and ex-Senator Charles Henderson and Mrs. Henderson.

Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento entertained at a recent dinner at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith were hosts at a dinner given last week in Burlingame in honor of Madame Frances Alda.

Ensign Raleigh Hales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hales entertained at a dinner dance recently on board the U. S. S. *Oklahoma* in honor of Miss Betsy Taft of Oakland.

Lieutenant Hugh Goodwin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Goodwin gave a dinner last Friday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Lieutenant Clarence John Ballreich, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ballreich.

Miss Hélène Lundborg was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Florence Boardman at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Elizabeth Moore gave a bridge tea last week for Mrs. Paul McCoy, Mrs. Jack Symes and Mrs. Carleton Bryan.

Mrs. Marian Wallace Dunne was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Joseph M. Masten at her home on Washington street.

Miss Elizabeth Magee gave a luncheon on Sunday last at her home in Fruitvale.

Miss Elizabeth Moore was hostess at a dance given last Saturday night at her home in Piedmont.

A number of dinners preceded the dance given by Miss Elizabeth Moore on Saturday, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Welby Dinsmore, Mr. Walker Haven, Miss Hélène Lundborg, Miss Florence Boardman and Miss Claire Knigbt.

Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a farewell luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis for Mrs. James Wilder before her departure for Honolulu.

Miss Marie Louise Potter entertained some of the débutantes at a recent dinner at her home in Washington street.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave a coming-out ball for their daughter, Miss Francesca Deering, last Friday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Helen Perkins and Miss Isabel Bishop were among those who gave dinners on the night of the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering.

There was a large no-host dinner at the San Mateo Polo Club last Saturday night after the races at Tanforan.

Miss Sallie Fox and Miss Margaret Kingston entertained at a luncheon last Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mrs. George Robbins gave a luncheon last week at her home on California street.

Dr. Harry Tevis entertained at luncheon at his home near Alma last week.

Miss Caroline Madison was the guest of honor at a tea given on Wednesday of last week by Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and Mrs. John Cushing.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale will entertain at a large family dinner on Saturday, November 17.

Mrs. William Bull Pringle will give a coming-out ball for her daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle, on Friday, November 16, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Isabel Pringle will be the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome and Mr. Tallent Ransome of Piedmont, at the Hotel St. Francis on November 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett will give a coming-out ball for their daughter, Miss Evelyn Poett, at the Burlingame Country Club on November 17.

Miss Evelyn Poett and Miss Gertrude Murphy will share the honors at a dinner given on November 17 by Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby and Miss Leonora Armsby at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood will give a fancy dress ball on Thursday, November 15, at their home on Broadway.

Miss Mary Gorgas was the guest of honor at a supper given last week by Mrs. Milo Robbins.

Miss Edith Sneyd-Kennesley was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel Fairmont on Thursday of last week.

A dinner was given last week by Mr. and Mrs. McCormick.

Miss Isabel Pringle was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Friday evening by Mr. Barrol McNear, and chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, at their home on Green street.

Among the luncheon hosts last Saturday at the Jockey Club were Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton were hosts at a supper on Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. W. W. Morrow was the honored guest at a birthday dinner given by her son, Mr. Hurlhurt Morrow and Mrs. Morrow, at the Keystone Apartments.

Miss Isabel Prinele gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Marjorie Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse were hosts at a dinner given last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Willcut entertained last week at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel for Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Walton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Walton.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were hosts at a recent dinner given at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams were the guests of honor at a recent dinner given in Oakland by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knigbt.

Miss Evelyn Poett was the guest of honor at a dinner dance given on Friday of this week by Mrs. Henry Kiersted and Miss Alice Schussler at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert Watt will give a bridge tea on Friday next at her home on Presidio Terrace.

Ensign Hugh Goodwin, U. S. ..., and Mrs. Goodwin were hosts at a dinner last Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Miss Elizabeth Huff was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Colonel William Tobin and Mrs. Tobin on Friday evening preceding the dance at the Officers' Club.

Miss Irene Canby gave a buffet supper last Friday evening at the Presidio before the dance at the Officers' Club, in honor of Miss Kinau Wilder of Honolulu.

Mrs. Rennie Schwerin entertained at a recent luncheon in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. O. E. Morris.

Mrs. William Boericke gave a tea last Wednesday for her daughter, Mrs. Laurence Symmes of New York, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Gartb Boericke.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton were hosts at a dinner in honor of Miss Francesca Deering last Friday nigbt preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Judge Thomas Graham and Mrs. Grabam were guests at a birthday dinner given by friends last Sunday at the Cliff House.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon gave a luncheon last Friday at her home on Wasbington street and with her guests afterwards attended the Symphony.

A dinner dance was given last Saturday night by the Belvedere Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. W. Reed Ferguson was hostess at a tea at her home on Twenty-second avenue last Saturday afternoon.

Reading for Children.

During Children's Book Week a series of lectures of interest to parents, educators and all concerned with children's reading will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery each afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. There will be no admission charged, and the interested public is cordially invited. The series is as follows:

Monday, Novemher 12—Lillien J. Martin, Ph.D., consulting psychologist—"Why We Read to Children."

Tuesday, Novemher 13—L. G. Saunders—"The American Boy and His Reading."

Wednesday, Novemher 14—James Swinnerton, cartoonist—"Illustrations and Illustrators."

Thursday, Novemher 15—Cora W. Jenkins, composer, director of the Jenkins School of Music—"Songs for the Little Ones and How to Present Them."

Friday, Novemher 16—Agnes Danforth Hewes, author of "A Boy of the Lost Crusade"—"The Mother's Part in the Child's Reading."

Saturday, November 17—Dr. William Palmer Lucas—"The Health of the Runahout Child.'"

Monday evening, at 8:00 o'clock, Bernard Marshall, author of "Torch Bearers," will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery on "Text Book and Fiction in the Teaching of History." This also is free.

After each lecture there will he a recitation by different pupils of the Bias-Evans Studio of Oral Expression, Fairmont Hotel.

This series is a portion of programme in connection with the exhibition made hy the Boys' and Girls' Book Room of Paul Elder's, of children's hooks, and of originals of illustrations loaned hy twenty-five of the principal Eastern publishers.

The St. Francis Horse Show.

The first annual horse show of the St. Francis Riding Club will be held Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Novemher 15, 16 and 17, for the henefit of the Disahled Veterans' Garden Fund, Palo Alto Base Hospital, No. 24. In addition to the three evening performances there will be a children's matinee, Saturday afternoon. The classes will include all the usual events, three and five-gaited saddle horses, hunters, polo ponies, stock horses, roadsters, heavy harness horses, as well as military classes and police classes. The judge is Mr. Walter Palmer. The show will be given on the club premises, 701 Seventh avenue.

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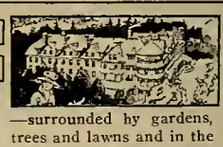
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Since the beginning of the World War in 1914 the number of reigning houses in Europe has declined from forty-one to seventeen.

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams of Portland, Ore., are making a brief visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald have returned to the city, and have re-opened their apartment on California street for the winter.

Miss Dorothy Fithian of Santa Barbara sailed for Manila on Thursday of last week and while there will be the guest of her uncle, Mr. Samuel Snow.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt of Arizona paid a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery returned from Menlo Park last week, where they have passed the summer, and are established in the house belonging to Mr. Frederick Pickering on Broadway.

Miss Marian Zelle arrived in San Francisco from Honolulu last Tuesday.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has returned from Santa Barbara and is living at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishhacker have closed their house in Atherton and are established for the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. De Witt Talmadge and her daughter, Mrs. Pitt Scott, have gone to Southern California for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. Monroe Eyre Pinckard has gone to the Northwest and will visit Portland and Seattle before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have returned from New York and are at their home on Jackson street.

Miss Mary Gamble, who chaperoned Miss Alice Requa, Miss Jessie Knowles and Miss Edna Taylor on a European trip, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie and her son, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, arrived from New York last week and will spend the winter in Santa Barbara.

Miss Kinau Wilder did not return to Honolulu with her mother, Mrs. James Wilder, but will remain in San Francisco for several weeks longer as the guest of Judge Sydney Ballou and Mrs. Ballou and their daughter, Miss Barbara Ballou.

Mr. Maitland Kersey of England is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant in Burlingame.

Mrs. John Waterhouse of Honolulu is a guest of her brother, Mr. Wallace Alexander and Mrs. Alexander, at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Walter Filer and her daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, left last week for New York to be absent until Christmas.

Miss Louise Boyd has gone to New York and will spend the early part of the winter at the Plaza Hotel.

Mrs. James H. Bull has gone to Santa Barbara where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. C. Herbert Newhall.

Mme. Vladimir Artsimovitch left last week for Chicago where she will be the guest of Colonel R. R. McCormick and Mrs. McCormick before returning to her home in Paris.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan has returned to San Francisco and is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Marvin Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde and their daughter, Miss Mollie McBryde, are leaving Woodside next week and will spend the winter in San Francisco where they will occupy the house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are leaving for the East and will be absent about a month.

Miss Sue Alston McDonald, daughter of General John McDonald, U. S. A. and Mrs. McDonald has returned from the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter accompanied by Miss Evelyn Barron have been making a short stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Miss Mary Emma Flood have closed their house in Menlo Park and are at their home on Broadway for the winter.

Miss Mary Gorgas has gone to Southern California where she will be the guest of her uncle, Commander J. L. Nielson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nielson, in Coronado.

Miss Ethel Jack, who has been the guest of her cousins, Dr. Frederick Kroll and Mrs. Kroll, has returned to her home in San Luis Obispo.

Miss Marianne and Miss Katherine Kuhne were the guests of honor at a dinner given last Friday by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker and Mrs. Tucker at their home on California street.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney have returned from abroad.

Major Philip Gray Wales and Mrs. Wales have gone to New York by way of the Panama Canal.

Mr. Richard Wylie has recently returned from a month in the high Sierras.

Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse has returned from Santa Barbara where she was a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. Maurice Hecksher of New York at the Hope Ranch.

Mrs. Laurence Redington, whose departure for the Philippines was postponed, sailed on Thursday, November 8, with her two children.

The Hon. Frederick Guest, who has been a guest in Burlingame and Santa Barbara, left last Sunday for New York on his way to his home in London.

Mrs. Dixon Wright of New York is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Shewah in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and their daughter, Mrs. John McGaw, have gone East and will visit in New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Davis Jr. have gone to Southern California and will spend a few weeks in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier, who have been spending the summer in Burlingame, will leave for Paris this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny of Ellensburg, Wash., are established at the Whitcomb for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper have taken an apartment for the winter at the St. Xavier.

Mrs. E. Van Wyck and her children have gone East and have joined Mr. Van Vyck in New York.

The British Empire Exhibition.

The British Empire Exhibition to be held at Wembly Park, London, April to October next year, will occupy an area of 216 acres, and over $50,000,000 will be spent in its preparation. The Dominions and Colonies are spending upwards of $5,000,000 in buildings characteristic of the countries they will represent.

The Imperial Stadium will be the largest sports arena in the world. The Palace of Engineering, a concrete building, will cover an area of eleven acres.

The exhibition can be reached from all parts of London in from ten to thirty minutes. New roads are being constructed for motor traffic and excellent parking facilities will be provided.

This and other attractions in England and Europe, including the meeting of the Ad Club, and the Olympic Games, is expected to draw great crowds of visitors to London from the United States, as well as other countries, next spring and summer.

Thos. Cook & Son, the international travel experts, have been appointed the chief passenger agents.

The Laziest Man.

The laziest man in the world has been discovered by Senator Curtis of Kansas, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald*. The man is a negro in Washington.

One day not long ago Senator Curtis stopped in a restaurant for breakfast on his way to his office. He was in a hurry, as he was then late for an appointment. It happened that a strike had compelled the restaurant to get some negroes to serve until they could get regular waiters.

A negro waiter took Senator Curtis' order, which was "ham and eggs, eggs over." The waiter shuffled away to return in half an hour with the eggs turned up. Senator Curtis was becoming impatient and exclaimed at the negro: "I told you to turn over those eggs!"

The negro looked at the Senator in contempt and muttered, "Well, I'se seed lazy men, but you's de laziest I ever seed. You's too lazy to even turn your own aigs over." The negro picked the eggs up and started back toward the kitchen with them. But when he thought the Senator was not looking he turned them over himself with a knife and returned them to Mr. Curtis.

A wrapping paper chemically treated with Bordeaux mixture is now being used to protect fruit from fungus infection during the storage period.



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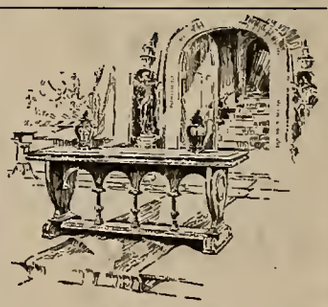
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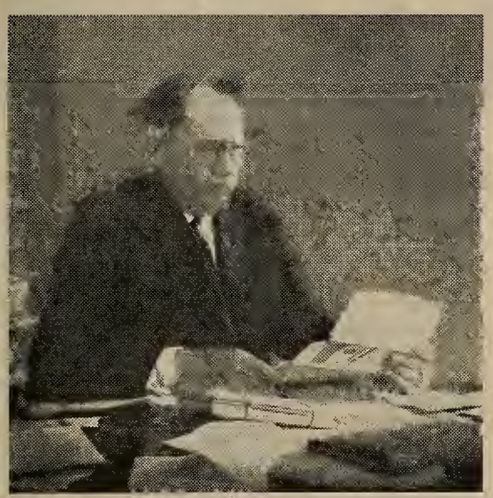
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Patient—Oh, doctor, if I could only die. *Doctor*—I'm doing my best for you.—*Boston Post.*

"Do you tell your wife everything?" "Everything I think some one else may tell her first."—*Boston Transcript.*

Visitor—A good place to find solitude, eh? *Native*—Ay, that it be—an' rahbits, too; there he thousan's on 'em.—*Punch*

Adelina—Wasn't there some talk of Maud marrying a duke? *Dolly*—Yes, hut, you see the duke didn't say anything about it.—*The Sketch.*

Negro Preacher—Daws you take dis woman to be your spouse now and forever? *Victim*—Parson, couldn't you leave off de forever part?—*Virginia Reel.*

Cole—Whar you from, stranger? *Black*—Australia. *Cole*—Well, you sho does talk English fluidly fur a forner.—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

Fred Fulton, the plasterer-pugilist, seems to have cornered the only two trades that earn a fortune in a few minutes of work.—*Charleston News Courier.*

First Chorus Girl—The stage manager gave us a minute and a half to change costumes. *Second Chorus Girl*—Good! That leaves us a minute to ourselves.—*Pelican.*

Mrs. Post—Our son writes that he is studying philology at college. *Post*—That's some encouragement. After a while they may get around to teaching him spelling.—*Life.*

Ethel—He doesn't seem to take our engagement a hit seriously. *Grace*—Jack always was reckless. But never mind, dear; he probably will later on.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Stranger—Is your society here very select? *Arizona Al*—See them graves over thar? They was all filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitashuns.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The star cheer leader at an Eastern college was awarded the varsity letter. If this keeps up the varsity letter will be almost as easy to get as the regular college degree.—*Life.*

Judge—You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Are the facts of the case true? *Prisoner*—No, your honor, I am not a deserter. Just a refugee.—*Punch Bowl.*

The Wife—To-morrow's the anniversary of our wedding day, Jack. Let's do a play. What about "The Merry Widow," darling? *The Husband* — Or, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," my pet?—*Punch.*

Boozer Ben—Goin' ter sign de pledge? Is drink injurious to yer? *Despondent Dan*—Naw; it's de constant worry uv mind figgerin' how ter git de drink dat's breakin' down me system.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

English Tommy—Well, I'll wager a pound on this. *American Darky* (holding four aces)—Ah dunno too much 'bout yo' English money, but I'll hump yo' a couple of tons.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

First Swell (pretending to mistake for a waiter a rival whom he sees standing in dress-clothes at the cloak-room of the theatre)—Ah! have you a programme? *Second Swell* (up to snuff)—Thanks, my man; I got one from the other fellow.—*Tit-Bits.*

"How did you come to be lying tbere in the gutter?" demanded the policeman. "Ish all right," replied the inebriated one. "I jush happen to walk between two lampsh and leant against the wrong one."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

First Theosophist—This settles it; I resign from tbe society. *Second Theosophist*—What's the matter? *First Theosophist*—Why, one of my tenants has gone off witbout paying his rent and left me a note saying he would try to square with me in some future existence.—*New York Herald.*

Junior Partner—I don't tbink that firm's sound. *Senior Partner*—What makes you think so? *Junior Partner*—Well, you never hear them grumbling about how bad tbings are!—*London Mail.*

Opposing Captain—Why don't you fire Smithers out? He can't tackle, he can't run, and he can't kick. *Manager of Home Team*—No; but every member of the team owes him money.—*Daily Mail (London).*

A clergyman who advertised for an organist received this reply: "Dear Sir—I notice that you have a vacancy for an organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position."—*Humorist (London).*

Notice in Arizona—"My wife Sarah has left my ranch and any man as takes her in will get himself pumped so full of lead some tenderfoot will locate him for a mining claim. A word to the wise is sufficient and orter work on fools."—*Boston Transcript.*

First Tourist—Why are you at the station at this unearthly hour? *Second Tourist*—Well, you see, I can never remember all the things I've forgotten till I get to the station, so I have to allow for plenty of time to go back for them.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Wife (who has the foreign language "spasm")—John, do you know I'm getting on splendidly with my French? I am really beginning to think in the language. *Husband* (interested in his paper)—Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French.—*New York Evening Post.*

Hostess (at the Sunday morning breakfast)—Stay for church service, won't you? The only thing you miss hy radio is the collection. *Guest*—Rather shocking to attend church in our negligees, no? *Hostess*—It does seem queer. But not half so queer as to hear the minister pray, "Bless, O Lord, all those who are listening in!"—*Life.*

Mr. Giglamps (who has been caught by keeper with some fish in his basket under taking size)—Oh—er—well, you see, fact is, my glasses—er—magnify a good deal. Make things look larger than they really are! *Keeper* (about to receive smaller tip than meets the occasion)—Ah! makes yer put down a shillin' when yer mean 'alf a crown, sometimes, I dessay, sir!—*Punch.*

The English Language in India.

One who approaches the study of the problems of India would do well to bear in mind the saying of Sir John Strachey, that in reality there is no India, writes James W. Garner in *Harper's Magazine.* What we call India is in fact a vast mosaic—a conglomeration of peoples of different races, languages, creeds, of sharply differentiated social classes and of widely varying stages of culture. The area of the country exceeds that of all Europe exclusive of Russia, and it contains within its far-flung boundaries more than three hundred and nineteen million people, or ahout one-fifth of the total population of the globe. There are said to he more than forty distinct races. The encyclopedias tell us that there are some one hundred and fifty languages, twenty of whicb are said to be spoken each hy more than a million people. The introduction of English as the language of higher education and its employment in the government service have gone far toward making it the *lingua franca* of the country, and Indians are not lacking who predict that it will ultimately become the universal tongue of tbe Indian peoples. Ghandi throughout his campaign of non-coöperation and agitation against everything English, advocated the replacement of English by an Indian vernacular, preferably Urdu or Hindi; and through his influence the All-India National Congress at its annual meeting in 1920 ventured upon the experiment of conducting its proceedings for the first time in Hindustani. But it is said that large numbers of delegates, especially from Southern India, were unable to understand the speeches. Whatever may be the facts as to this, the congress at its subsequent meetings reverted to the use of English. The languages of Northern India are as unintelligible in Southern India as they would be in England or America.

Playing Safe in Tennessee

Homefolks went to Red Boiling Springs in Tennessee not so long ago and learned a few things. Following is a truthful record of some questions and answers:

'How far are we from Nashville?"
"Not very far."
"How far is it to Memphis?"
"A right good ways."
"How much water should a fellow drink?"
"Not too much, at first."
"How far is it to Hartsville?"
"Not very far."
"How long before breakfast?"
"Not very long."
"How many people are at the springs?"
"Not very many at this time of year."
"How many are here at the height of the season?"
"A right smart crowd of people."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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"The whole trouble with the American farmer is that he hasn't kept step with the times. While production in other lines is being conducted on scientific principles, the farmer is growing crops in just the same old-fashioned way that his grandfather did."

"You said it. Why, these simple-minded hayseeds go along in their aimless way, raising so much wheat and other crops that they can't find a market, and have to sell their stuff helow cost. Not having anybody to tell them how to run their farms, they produce so much that most of them are up to their ears in debt."

"What the farmer needs is to have his industry run by tbe bankers and financiers, same as the coal mines and railways are managed. Look at the price of coal, and freight rates. No low prices or reduced rates there. Incorporate the farms, with about twenty billion dollars of preferred, and twice as much common stock; and prices would be doubled. All it needs is a little of tbe high quality of brains that has made such a success of the coal and railway industries."—W. G. in *Life.*

A Day to Recommend.

Various writers approach the task of writing subtitles for motion pictures in different ways. George Ade, author of "Woman-Proof," Thomas Meighan's new Paramount picture, soon to be released, goes into it with years of experience and a never-ending fund of personal anecdotes, says the New York *Herald.* Ade is writing the titles for his story at the Paramount Long Island studio and Alfred E. Green, the director of the picture, explained one metbod by which the famous bumorist arrived at a certain title about Sunday.

"If we can, let us get a new angle on this," Green said to Ade, who, quick as a flash came hack with "that reminds me of what happened to James Whitcomb Riley one Sunday.

"Riley started for the barher shop and before he had gone far a friend stopped him and said:

"'Fine day, Mr. Riley.'

"'Yep, fine day.'

"He went on a little farther and was stopped again with 'Beautiful day, Mr. Riley.'

"'Yes, it is a beautiful day,' countered Mr. Riley. Another man stopped the Hoosier poet with 'Wonderful day, Mr. Riley,' and, when he got to the barber shop, the barber greeted him with 'Gorgeous day, Mr. Riley.'

"'Well, it ought to be,' replied Riley, 'it is certainly well spoken of.'"

According to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, connected with the Department of the Interior, the Indian population of the United States is showing a consistent increase. Twenty years ago it amounted to 270,238. According to a census just completed, tbe Indian population of the United States is 344,303.

Former advocates of the League of Nations are now finding that the only thing wrong with it is that it doesn't work.—*Toledo Blade.*

The world has been made safe for democracy, but some of the brands of democracy just now on exhibition in Europe are by no stretch of the imagination safe for the world.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

The old coal pit tramways of about 100 years ago for which George Stevenson built his first "locomotive engines" bad 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge, and that is still the standard.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Books and Children.

Distinctly a relief from Prune Day, Pear Day, and Raisin Day is Children's Book Week, which is being generally observed by book dealers from November 11 to 17. Some have merely made displays of children's books, others have arranged exhibits and lectures calculated to arouse the interest of the young in modern book production. At one San Francisco book store, lectures are being delivered on literary topics in which children are assumed to have an interest, and the whole physical method of producing a book from the manuscript, including the paintings and processes of reproduction for colorplate illustration, is daily being unfolded before fair-sized audiences. Of course, that is a meretricious sort of appeal, for books are produced in the mind, and not in printing and photo-engraving shops; yet interest in a physical process may often stimulate curiosity about the intellectual approach and the artistic content. Lectures are reinforced by selected lists of good reading for the young, and they must be in themselves a relief from the vast dullness of school texts. Some of the lists make one wonder why the school texts are selected, instead of authors of distinction; and at the same time they help indicate why school is, to the average young person, such an awful chore. Great authors do not bore their readers, or they would never have any, and their works would be quite comfortably lost. There are many of them that would not bore the mind of childhood, provided some historical background were given the child to get him through the early chapters. Children's Book Week has been an institution of the book trade for about five years, and has thus far concerned itself mainly with "juveniles." Some effort should be made to develop a taste in young people for books of the better sort not commonly rated as literature for the young. Many of the classic historians have related events wilder and more thrilling than the Hollywood producers can invent, and more vivid because consistent with experience. The reading of such authors conduces to elevation of taste and development of reason. Youth might like it better than a great deal of the slop poured out for its consumption by those merely interested in producing a commodity to sell. When Huckleberry Finn came upon "Pilgrim's Progress" he found the statements in it "interesting, but tough." Therefore he liked it. Much of the great literature is like that. Modern geography amazingly confirms Herodotus, and few novels are more exciting than the memoirs of Villehardouin or de Joinville. It is not necessary that Children's Book Week be devoted to the exploitation of trash. There is just as much profit to the trade in selling something good, and something that might contribute to the production of real citizens rather than mere bookworms.

President Coolidge.

In three and a half months of his presidency Mr. Coolidge has strictly followed the counsel of old Polonius to his departing son—"Give every man thy ear, and few thy tongue." He has called in every prominent senator, many of the leading members of the House of Representatives and representative business men the country over. No president ever sat down to the formulation of a message to Congress more definitely prepared with information and advice. Hearing much he has said little—nothing in fact tending to betray his views with respect to the pending issues of the times. Further than his remark a few hours after taking office, that he would support the Harding policies, he has given no indication of what he will ask of Congress. Naturally there is intense interest in the message that now within a few days he will present to Congress upon its coming together in December. The impression at Washington is that he will speak with absolute candor but with what purpose and to what ends nobody knows.

The matters with which Mr. Coolidge must deal are both many and serious. There is the question of our relationship and our duty to Europe, the question of our participation in the Court of International Justice, the matter of a soldier bonus, the problem of agricultural depression—these and others of grave importance. Whatever proposals he may make with respect to these questions he must place the administration in a position of antagonism to those holding opposite views. What he will say in his message, and the manner in which he shall carry himself in the face of criticism and opposition will be the demonstration of the manner of man we have in the presidential office. Small wonder truly that the public should await not only with interest but with anxiety the forthcoming document.

It it not an easy situation that Mr. Coolidge must face. His party has in both Houses of Congress a nominal majority, but these majorities are nominal rather than actual. In truth they are only paper majorities, since in each house there is a margin of votes nominally republican but upon which dependence for support of party policies may not be placed. Thus Mr. Coolidge may find himself without power to carry forward administration policies. His position is subject to many embarrassments with which only a man of exceptional strength may carry himself successfully.

There are two ways by which a president may treat party delinquents. One is to bribe them with favors, the other is to fight them. Mr. Harding pursued the former course, but without notable success. He won neither sympathy nor co-operation by the graciousness of his attitude toward men who owed him co-operation, but in disregard of obligations declined to yield it. All this has come under Mr. Coolidge's eye, but he has given no indication of what his course will be, unless the appointment to London of Senator Kellogg of Minnesota may be taken as suggestive of a disposition to disregard those who fail to respond to the call of party obligation. As yet nobody knows the mettle of which Mr. Coolidge is made. In only one previous incident of his official life—as Governor of Massachusetts—he acted with decision and firmness. When the police of Boston undertook to enforce an arbitrary demand it found in the then Governor Coolidge a man of definite mind and of firm hand. Now in the larger sphere in which Mr. Coolidge finds himself it is profoundly to be hoped he has brought the quality of mind and the strength of purpose that made him master of the situation at Boston. But demonstration is yet to come.

If Mr. Coolidge shall be able in the trying months between now and next June to hold the respect of the country his nomination is an assurance. There are eager aspirants in Mr. Coolidge's party looking and hoping for his failure, but no one of them has as yet the temerity to declare himself in open rivalry with Mr. Coolidge. As matters stand today, the future is in his hands.

The French Point of View.

That Germany has a rod in pickle for France is beyond question. Every returning visitor to Germany bears witness to the fact. And, be it remembered, that Germany has double the man power of France with a vastly greater organization of the industries that support war. Further bear in mind that again and again, and many times again, France has been invaded from Germany and she has as against the Germans no natural protective barrier. Still further let it be borne in mind that France knows Germany not only as a ruthless invader, but as a nation respectful of the sanctities neither of God nor man.

With all this in mind it is easy to understand the mental attitude of the French people as reflected in the declarations of M. Poincaré. France knows that a revived, co-ordinated and prosperous Germany would mean another invasion by a remorseless enemy, and knowing this her wish is not to build up Germany but to keep her down in her military potentialities. She would like to see the unity of Germany destroyed, and its various principalities and provinces re-established independently. She is not in sympathy with any movement calculated to restore Germany in her pride of empire and in her fighting strength, and there is every reason why she should not be.

Under the Versailles treaty Germany owes France not only morally but legally a very large sum of money on reparations account, and this obligation is one of the means by which Germany may be held for a considerable time at least, in a condition tending to nullify her aggressive intentions. France sees no reason why she should shave down an obligation which is her due, and that in a sense is her protection, in behoof of a people who are openly waiting for the day when they may wreak their resentment upon her; and she is unwilling to submit to anybody or any commission authority to vitiate her claim or any part of it. She will yield time for payment but she will not abate the principal of Germany's obligation under the Versailles treaty. At least she will not consent that anybody else shall do it.

At the moment the bulk of the German people are in poverty, but there is an element in Germany that commands a great resource of ready money that could

be brought in a day to support of German policies. While in one sense the German people are poor, in a national sense they are better off than France. Their country was not ravaged in the war. It remains intact. German debts, private and public, have largely been cancelled by the demoralization of her currency. Bonds, mortgages and all other forms of obligation have been checked off dishonestly in a "money" depreciated to worthlessness. All this has been hard on certain classes, but the effect has been to sponge the slate, leaving Germany as a country and the Germans as a people free from debt, other than that defined in terms of gold and due on reparations account. Wipe out the reparations obligation or reduce it, and Germany is to that extent aided in her deeply cherished purpose of revenge upon France.

It is not in human nature that France should consent to any procedure calculated to promote a condition that would strengthen Germany in her militant powers and so speed the day for the great reprisal that in her resentment and malice Germany holds in project. The amount of the reparations award great as it is is only a fraction of what France lost by German ruthlessness in the period of the war. France needs this money, and needs it sorely, but her attitude as related to Germany is based less on her wish for reparations than upon calculations of defense against German malice. For a thousand years there has been bred into the French mind dread of invasion from the east. The wish for security against the Germans has become on the part of the French a national passion, a passion overbearing all other considerations and motives. Its rationality finds support in history; it is confirmed by the confessed resentment of the German people who frankly are waiting upon time and chance.

Under all these circumstances and conditions who can in reason blame the French people for declining to consent that anybody shall be given permission to revise the essential terms of the Versailles treaty, to review the movement upon the Ruhr Valley, or to determine in any manner, matters that the French deem vital to their safety?

The Germans and Their Government.

Former Crown Prince Frederick William, after five years' exile in Holland, has returned to Germany nominally in the character of a private citizen. Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, according to current news reports is planning to return to Germany, also in the nominal character of a private citizen. On its face this movement is an innocent proceeding, but it may hardly be regarded as such in view of the fact that there is an active party in Germany looking and scheming for restoration of the monarchy. How general or potential the wish to bring back the Hohenzollerns may be can be determined by events. Neither the ex-Kaiser nor his son is greatly loved in Germany. Both lie under the discredit of having abandoned the country in its hour of supreme trial. Yet the Hohenzollern tradition is a strong one. It harks back to great names in German history, and though threatened by recent conditions, it has by no means lost its appeal to the national imagination and to the national pride.

The German people have little heart for the republic. Neither the principle of representative government nor the circumstances under which the Reich came into existence takes any hold upon German sentiment. It is, in truth, associated in the mind of the German people with a period of humiliation and suffering. Further it suffers under a certain contempt in the name and style of its harness-making president. A people enamored of the pomp and circumstance of monarchy finds little to stir its vanities or its hopes in the system that has followed upon the war. Beyond a question Germany would prefer a monarchy bearing resemblance of some sort to the system long established in German tradition and fixed in German habit. It remains however, to be seen if they will rise in welcome to Wilhelm or his son. The former led his country to its most grievous humiliation, then left it to its fate to save himself. The latter, although endowed from birth with the traditional dignities of royalty, was not successful in endearing himself to the people; and he too, in the height of their grief, saved himself in flight.

With nations, as with individuals, habit is the most profound of motives. The Germans are habituated to discipline. They would rather be controlled than free; and this being so the best possible government for the[illegible] would be something bearing close resemblance to the system of other days. Perhaps this could now best be secured by a military dictatorship and the man for that job is in plain view. General Von Hindenburg more nearly represents in his character and his authority the ideals of the German people than any other figure of the time. That at the head of the German Government he would be more effective than Ebert, Stresemann or any other of the group now in office needs hardly to be said. Germany could do no better than to bring this bulldog of a soldier into a dictatorship or into a regency that would establish him in immediate authority. If a symbol of royalty is necessary to charm the imagination and to hold the loyalty of the people, then there is ready at hand any one of a dozen young princelings of the Hohenzollern house to whom might be switched the formal state of royalty even while the real powers of government would rest in stronger hands.

One thing is certain—the so-called German Republic is no republic at all. It neither commands nor is worthy to command. Germany is not ready for a republic. Republican institutions do not accord with the breeding of the people. Long under arbitrary government their need is for a strong hand and first or last, under one hand or another, they will find it. A people does not change its ideals nor its habits because it has been beaten in war. German propensity in the matter of political order is precisely what it was prior to 1914 and it will not change within the life of the present generation.

A Man and His Work.

The Matson Navigation Company will probably be able to move into its new building on lower Market street by Christmas. The building is not merely a monument to the enterprise and foresight of the late Captain William Matson, it is in itself architecturally beautiful, an ornament to the city, and as the home office of a fleet of fifteen vessels and a great oil company it signalizes the sort of achievement the opportunities of San Francisco make possible to men of energy. It is about the best advertisement any city could have, and stands as an encouragement to every American, native or foreign born, who is willing to apply his talents to the work in hand instead of grumbling about the trusts and monopolists.

The founder of the Matson Navigation Company and the Honolulu Consolidated Oil Company started from a standstill. He arrived at New York from Sweden as a lad of fourteen, and had by that time been a seafarer for four years. Boys at sea do not make large salaries, and when young Matson reached San Francisco, "going as a sailor goes, around the Horn," he was not a capitalist. But as skipper of a bay schooner he inspired the confidence of capital, and borrowed the money to buy his first vessel, the 200-ton schooner *Emma Claudina*, with which he began to "haul freight," any he could get, between San Francisco and Hilo. That was in 1882, and the sugar plantations were just getting a good start. Within the past few years we have seen the pineapple plantations just getting a good start. Something is always starting somewhere. The Matson boats got the benefit of both. Matson kept up with things. Changes may have forced his hand at times—they never left him far behind. His steamers were the first on the Pacific to burn oil fuel, the first to use the radio. They increased in size as shipping and freights developed. A few years ago he remarked at a directors' meeting of the Chamber of Commerce: "When we had the *Enterprise* we thought we had a big ship. Now she's hardly big enough to make a living with." When the oil industry began to grow in California. Captain Matson looked to it just as the railroads did for a dependable supply of fuel. As a director in several Hawaiian sugar companies, he caused the substitution of oil for coal in their operations.

The Matson Company bought the *Enterprise* in 1902, and in 1908 added the Welch sailing ships to its fleet. With the growth of island commerce steam gradually replaced the sail, at least under the flag of the company. Construction of large steamers proceeded rapidly, and passenger travel grew apace with better accommodations and more regular and reliable sailings. Progress became compulsory. The *Manulani* and the *Manukai* were completed in 1921. Each has a cargo capacity of 14,000 tons of raw sugar or canned pineapples or other island produce. The sixteenth ship of the company is now under consideration. If built she is to be an express liner, carrying 500 first-cabin passengers and capable of making the run to Honolulu in four and a half days instead of almost six as now required. That will be greatly to the advantage of this port.

The Matson Company has shown a remarkable growth. Most of it has taken place within the past twenty years, much of it since the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. After the disorganization which followed the great fire, there was much talk of transacting San Francisco's commercial business somewhere else—perhaps at Benicia, where there was also deep water, or across the bay, on the continental side. Captain Matson seems never to have considered any such thing. He was to be found doing business as usual, only more of it, in a little wooden building, hardly more than a shack, on Steuart street, next door to a ship chandlery or something of that marine character. He would take intense pride today in the company's new home, with its white exterior touched up with cool sea-green trim, and the model of a viking ship over the entrance—one of the handsomest buildings in the country. The city will take pride in it for him. Its location, the resources behind it, working through a man of enterprise and integrity, made all these things possible. The building expresses the character and substance of San Francisco as a community better than most physical objects ever express anything. Next to it will soon arise an even larger structure, to house the offices of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. This too, will be a monument to California opportunity, brains and courage, but that is "another story."

Editorial Notes.

Secretary Mellon's plan for reducing the income tax burden as it falls upon a great mass of the moderately well-to-do justifies his high repute as a financier and a statesman. What the secretary proposes will amount to a reduction of 25 per cent. in the national income tax as it applies to wages, salaries and professional services as distinguished from business and investment income. To the average man this would mean a reduction in his annual income tax from 1 to 3 per cent. on lower incomes and from 8 to 6 per cent. in the class above the $5,000 mark. There is however, a "but" in the case. If the project for a soldiers' bonus should be successful, then for a period of at least ten years there can be no reduction at any time of the Federal income. A bonus under any plan that has been proposed will run into large figures. It will be necessary not only to retain all the existing devices of taxation, including the tax upon moderate and small incomes, and to develop new and more drastic projects of taxation.

There was that in the brief utterance on armistice day by ex-President Wilson from the portico of his Washington home which, in the phrase of Washington, makes the judicious grieve. Mr. Wilson appeared "bent with illness" and was able to stand only by the help of an attendant. It would seem that from one so circumstanced and upon an occasion of courtesy and of patriotic memory there should come only kindly phrases. It is painful to read, and it must have been doubly painful to hear the harsh words "ignoble," "cowardly" and "dishonorable" in arraignment of men who are conducting the affairs of government and whose tasks have been made prodigiously difficult by the misconceptions, neglects and mistakes of the speaker. The spirit of hatred is at all times an ugly thing, and never uglier than when exhibited as a surviving and ruling passion of infirmity and impotence.

It becomes evident that ex-President Wilson, despite his obvious weaknesses both of body and mind is planning to exercise such influence as he may still possess in the shaping of the democratic policies in the coming presidential campaign. The "militant note" in his brief remarks to visiting friends on Armistice Day was plainly intended as a word of instruction to those who are in the coming months to have in keeping the destinies of the democratic party. In so far as Mr. Wilson's influence or authority may go his party will fight over again the losing fight made in 1919-1920 for the League of Nations. But the wiser course will be, as regards Mr. Wilson's "militant note," to accept it as the outgiving of a distempered mind, as void of practical wisdom as it was of kindly feeling and propriety. Neither the democratic party, nor any other party can afford in the coming campaign to hark back to matters so far in the background as to be out of the way. The contest of 1924 will not hinge upon any record of failure, still less upon outworn grudges. The mind of the country is upon the present and the future and it will

have little tolerance for hangovers of any kind. There should be instruction for both Mr. Wilson and the potential men of his party in certain events of last year, notably the campaign of Senator Reed of Missouri, successful despite the open effort of Mr. Wilson to defeat him.

One of the humors of the quiet campaign now in progress for the presidential nomination this year relates to Governor Pinchot and to his very energetic and ambitious wife. The Pinchots, so the story goes, are Christian Scientists and this fact has tended to prejudices in certain quarters. As a means of allaying adverse feeling, Pinchot recently either actually or diplomatically contracted a cold—just an ordinary cold that a hot bath with a few of the late Dr. Brandeth's justly celebrated pellets, and a day or two indoors would have cured. But the cure was a secondary matter. The important thing was to disarm criticism on the score of religious eccentricity—so the gossip goes—and that dear Gifford was packed off to a hospital, physicians were summoned with instructions to give out bulletins over their several names. Just how this form of political propaganda will strike the Christian Science affiliation which in times past have made much of the Pinchot connection remains to be seen.

The Ku Klux Klan in session in Oklahoma last week took a flyer into national politics to the extent of indorsing Mr. McAdoo for democratic presidential nomination. Concurrently it paid its respects to Senator Underwood of Alabama, to Governor Smith of New York and to Henry Ford of Detroit. Mr. Underwood's offence is that he has spoken in criticism of the klan as an organization organized in contempt of law. With the alliteration to which the Ku Klux Klan is so persistently addicted it characterizes Senator Underwood as "Jew, Jug, Jesuit Candidate." The "Jug" part of this arraignment is with reference to Mr. Underwood's vote against the prohibition amendment in the senate, not because he was a "wet," but because he believed prohibition should be a matter for state and not for national legislation. Governor Smith was opposed on the ground that he was a Catholic. Objection to Ford is upon the ground that he recently presented a specially built automobile to an archbishop of the Roman Catholic church. All of which would seem to exhibit both breadth of mind and liberality of spirit on the part of the Ku Klux Klan of Oklahoma.

Unless current reports are mistaken the klan has got a pretty tight grip on the democratic organization of Oklahoma and Texas. The democracy of Texas is going to be called upon to meet the Ku Klux issue and there seems no way to evade it. There is an element in the party which demands that the next party convention shall go on record against the klan and everything it stands for, but the office holding politicians are not so bold. Their proposal is for a compromise that will be in all but the name a surrender to the klan.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Concerning Differential Coal Rates.

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY
32 Nassau Street
New York, Novemher 5, 1923.

Editor Argonaut.—I subscribe to and read your paper and enjoy doing so because of the sanity of your views, and I am rather staggered by the following from your issue of Octoher 20, last:

> President Coolidge favors equalizing the the lower freight rate on coal for export with the rate for domestic use. That would be just. Arrangements whereby the foreign consumer is favored at the expense of the American consumer on behalf of our export trade are tyrannous and vicious and wholly unjustified by any benefits that might result to individual producers and international salesmen. Yet they are the foundation of a considerable part of our commercial and industrial policy. It is a wonder the public has stood it thus far, and a serious question how much farther it is going to stand it. Prosperity of a few individuals at the expense of the general welfare is a sort of prosperity the country can well dispense with.

I can write without prejudice because, although this company carries a considerable volume of anthracite which is exported to Canada, no part of this tonnage is carried to any Canadian point upon a lower charge than is made to any intermediate point in the United States.

Are you sure, however, that a differential export rate is properly characterized as being an arrangement "whereby the foreign consumer is favored at the expense of the American consumer?" If you are warranted in what you say about "equalizing the lower freight rate on coal for export with the rate for domestic use," what would you propose with regard to President Coolidge's recommendation of a further reduction of the already low freight rate on export grain as against the rate on grain for domestic consumption? And what have you to say with regard to facing hoth ways, always at the expense of the railroad industry, in (1) urging a reduction in revenues from the movement of coal hy equalizing export and domestic rates and (2) another reduction in revenues from grain by destroying equality between export and domestic rates where such equality now exists?

As a matter of fact, is this question of parity between export and domestic rates a question of justice, or one of expediency? Differential export rates are as old as transportation and have prevailed in every civilized country. Do not such rates fall into the general group of protective tariffs, bounties, the sugar suhsidy, land grants, differential customs duties, ship subsidies (sometimes in the form of payment for mail transportation), complete or partial exemptions from taxation and similar devices by which nations, communities and cities have sought to stimulate business for the general benefit, although in so doing requiring some immediate sacrifice on the part of some individuals?

I think that a more complete analysis of the subject will convince you that there are many instances in which there is such strong commercial justification for a lower rate on exports, that refusal to make such a rate would be detrimental to the general welfare, while there are other instances in which different commercial conditions would render preferential treatment of exports highly undesirable. In other words, this is a question on which it is dangerous to attempt such a generalization as that which I have quoted from your periodical.

Yours truly,

L. F. Loree, President.

Railroads and Conservatism.

London, October 30, 1923.

To The Editor—*Sir:* Just now, the May 5th *Argonaut*, with the front-page leader "Our National Cock-Shy," caught my eye. Since May 5th, the shares of our Western railroads, including Great Northern, Northern Pacific and St. Paul, have heen alarmingly weak. Your arguments are thus proved. Why do not other American periodicals stress the points you have made? Do they fear the radical element?

Whilst our American roads have been suffering, the common, ordinary shares of English roads have risen, some of them nearly one hundred per cent. since January, 1922.

Many radicals in England would destroy values if they could but rule, hut they can not. The so-called "Liberal" leaders, who seemed to truckle to the mob, are down and out of power. A sturdy Conservative government, that is doing something else than talk about "conserving," is in, for the first time since 1906.

The English railways had to be taken over by the government the moment war began. But the roads were decontrolled soon after the war. They are not hampered by the thousands of petty restrictions which our "Liberal" or spoon-fed politicians, angling for votes, have put upon our excellent railroads.

The twentieth century "Washington," so newly smug and opulent, seems to have been led by propaganda, unique and radical, if enough votes were behind it. Thus, gradually, state socialism, or centralized bureaucracy, has worked its gentle, insidious way, accomplishing unwittingly the "confiscation of capital," which the impatient bolsheviks attempt by direct action.

Some of us, who have experienced too much of the dreadful effects, not of bolshevism, but of government by blocs, cliques, and special interests, would welcome instant annihilation of ourselves by gory bolsheviks rather than a slow, painful death by the hands of trimming politicians who profess to be conservative; who conserve nothing; and who vote for any radical measure that is backed by sufficient influence, money or votes, to insure the personal welfare of the legislator.

There are, of course, honest politicians who stand on principle, and who vote for what they think is right, regardless of party. But the practical professionals, of new growth, who make politics their sordid trade, and who vote with the gang, right or wrong, are the ones who have almost degraded our country, who have forced railroads into receiverships, and who have caused our conservative, thrifty citizens to become suspicious of all scraps of promissory paper—good and bad.

A Communist, a Prohibitionist, and a gallant Lady Reformer make cinema gestures in the British Commons. Yet, the Conservative party rules, unperturbed.

Perhaps under the leadership of Calvin Coolidge, who appears to be much more than a mere vote-fisherman, our suffering country will return to the stalwart conservatism of our forefathers, and the trimming politicians who have put upon the nation thousands of half-baked, radical laws during this century will be discredited. If not, then our youngish democracy, prematurely feehle, must fall into the gutter. The rugged conservatism of the last two decades ought to have been good enough for all honest, thrifty Yankees, but we could not let well enough alone, and we emharked upon a popular state socialistic enterprise that would have made the cynical Bismarck smile were here to see us legislate.

Let's jam on the brakes, and reverse a bit. Reaction isn't such a horrid thing. We have progressed on top gear almost to the edge of the cañon.

Yours etc.,
Herbert Fitch,
47 Woodville Gardens,
London, W.-5.

Opposes Recognition.

The rule among American statesmen itinerant abroad is, as has been often remarked, never to change an opinion, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. If they sail convinced that black is white or pink purple, they return with the same convictions only more so. We have seen the principle illustrated a dozen times since Congress adjourned last spring and the statesmanly exodus began. Friends of Russia have returned friends of Russia. Ruhr dogmatists come back more dogmatic than ever.

Hail, then, Fred A. Britten, representative from the ninth Illinois district. This Illinois gentleman smashes a precedent as old as Congress. He went, he saw, he changed his mind! Astonishing but true; he thought before he studied the situation at first hand that Russia merited recognition and trade relationship with the United States. He comes back, "positively opposed to recognition of a visionary government whose very foundation is based on murder, anarchy, bolshevism and theft."

SOCIAL ELEMENTS OF IDAHO.

A Mountain State With the Refinements of Life and the Prospects of Rapid Development.

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*The paragraphs below are from the fifth of Mr. Holman's series on the Pacific Northwest, written for the New York Times, and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear only in the Sunday issues of the* Times.]

Boisé, Idaho.

There is something in the name Idaho, pleasing though it be, that suggests wildness; and I suspect that in the general mind the State of Idaho is conceived to he "frontier country" with all that goes presumptively with that character. I fancy it would surprise pretty much anyhody living in the eastern part of the United States to find at Hayden Lake or Lewiston in northern Idaho or at Boisé in southern Idaho conditions representative of the hest standards of American life. Yet at Hayden Lake—a place remindful of Lake Placid but more beautiful in its ensemble of blue water, green forests and towering heights—there is a summer settlement of Spokane people that would be notable anywhere for simple elegance and social dignity. To be sure, there is nothing of the architectural sumptuosity that characterizes Newport or Tuxedo Park, but there is no deficiency at the point of refinement of living. Similarly elsewhere, particularly at Boisé, where a long-established and prosperous community maintains an order of life not notably different from that to be found in any Eastern community of relative or even greater size. One who visualizes Idabo as "wild and woolly" has, to put it mildly, an inadequate conception of the realities of life here. If he be in the line of social amenities he will do well, coming here, to bring dinner clothes.

And here I am reminded that the "West" is a term of variable significance. What the East conceives as "western" terminates at the summit of the Rocky Mountains. It is typified by the domestic customs and the general atmosphere of Iowa, Nehraska or Kansas. It has a social practice all its own, a dialect peculiar to itself, habits in general reflective of contempt for conventionalities. It "dinners" at high noon, "suppers" at six. It regards sugar as an essential element in what it styles a French dressing, and its most wicked tipple is grapejuice. The Pacific West—Idaho is of this zone—is a region of quite another character. It is not in its social customs precisely of a piece with New York or Boston, nor yet in the manner of Baltimore or New Orleans. Its civilization, while at points definitely its own, is in close affinity with that of the wide world. Perhaps I will make it clear to imaginative minds by adding that it loathes Chicago and holds Omaha in unspeakable disrespect.

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A novel condition in Boisé is a house-heating system supplied from natural hot springs within the city boundaries. Suhterraneally beated waters are piped to a considerable area of the city and the householder regulates the temperature of his dwelling, no matter what the state of the weather, by the simple process of looking at a thermometer and twisting a thermostat. If there be elsewhere anything comparable to this detail of domestic convenience and comfort I know not where it may be found.

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Idaho sustains two schools of collegiate standing, one of them primarily a school of agriculture, but tending, like all such, to expansion of its academic courses. Four normal schools, something like fifty high schools, with district schools everywhere, make up the educational plant of the state. All are supported generously and popularly attended. Illiteracy practically is non-existent.

In behoof of concrete truth I suppress an inherent and cherished hatred of statistics to set down a few elementary facts relative to the material conditions of Idaho. In its general elevation Idaho ranges from 600 to 10,000 feet, the average elevation of its broadest area being approximately 2,000 feet. The superficial area is 83,354 square miles, equal to the combined extent of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, New York and New Jersey. Mucb of this large territory is mountainous and of little practical value excepting as watershed, hut experts have appraised the arable country, including mountain valleys, at approximately 10,000,000 acres. Four and a half million acres are under cultivation. Three million are under irrigation and intensive farming under modern scientific practice. Idaho's revenue from twenty-one of its crops for 1922 was $70,591,000.

Idaho has in its northern and mountain areas what is declared locally to be the largest and best virgin white pine forests in the world. It sells 800,000,000 feet of lumber annually, mostly in eastern markets. Idaho produces annually minerals—gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, quicksilver—to the aggregate value of $16,765,000. Extensive irrigation works bringing water from the mountains to approximately 3,000,000 acres of land already are established and in operation. But there are still vast areas waiting upon the capitalist, the engineer and the farmer; and for these there is abundant available water. The Snake, the Boisé and Bear rivers of Southern Idaho, the high mountains of middle Idaho and the lake reservoirs of the northern district, hold in perpetual supply—here I borrow a phrase from Governor Moore—waters sufficient to irrigate every acre within the boundaries of the state.

In the early days only the river bottom lands of Idaho were thought to be available for cultivation, the more elevated areas being regarded as sage brush wastes. But some twenty-five years ago there came to Idaho in the capacity of a mining engineer a man with a vision. Arthur D. Foote—he will not resent further identification as the husband of the famous novelist, Mary Hallock Foote—conceived the project of hottling up the Boisé river in its mountain reaches, holding in leash the winter flood waters for release at periods of summer drought. That dream has become, in the case of the Boisé river, an imposing—indeed, I may say a majestic—reality. At a narrow point, at the canyon of the Boisé, the United States government has built a dam 310 feet in height and has brought into existence hehind it a vast lake, narrow to he sure in the mountain gorges, but some sixteen miles in length. Thus, by this great construction, the volume of the river is regulated during eight months of the year and held at stages that permit the application of its waters to many thousand acres of the lower Boisé valley. In this great work the government

expended more than $5,000,000, but in doing this it brought into fertility a region now of incalculable value, the seat of many hundreds of highly productive farmsteads.

The abundant waters of Idaho are available not only for irrigation, but as a basis of power. Already to a degree they are so employed. All towns in the state, even many farmsteads, are lighted electrically. For whatever use anywhere power is required, it is for the most part drawn from hydroelectric plants. Street cars, elevators, etc., all are worked by electricity. But present development in hydroelectric power is trivial compared with the great potential resources. Any appraisement of the potential water power of Idaho must be in the nature of a mere guess. It is sufficient to say that Idaho shares with its neighbors, Oregon and Washington, possession of one-third of all the available hydroelectric power of the American continent. What this implies as related to the future of Idaho I leave to the imagination of the reader.

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The climate of Idaho is that of the region that lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade and Sierra mountain ranges of Washington, Oregon and California. The heat of summer measured in degrees is high, but the atmosphere is dry and no matter what the thermometer says, there is nothing of the oppression that accompanies high temperatures on the Atlantic seaboard. Winters are cold, falling at occasional "spells" to below zero, but there is never a time, either winter or summer, when human energies are at discount on the score of weather. Speaking broadly, Idaho is a land of high and pure airs, of bracing temperatures, of general conditions favorable to physical health and to productive industry in all its branches.

An interesting element of Idaho's population is its native Indians, who for the most part live in five governmental reservations. This Indian population is made up of remnants of several tribes that in days prior to the coming of white men roamed in wild freedom over the plains and mountains hereabout. Most typical, perhaps, is the status of the Nez Perce tribe (pronounced Ne-per-ce), historically and otherwise a fine example of "plains" Indian. The native Nez Perce is a man of fine physique, equal at all points with his white brother, of a clear bronze complexion, a skilled horseman, an intrepid hunter, of exceptional native pride, of bold yet tractable temper. When in the year 1805 Lewis and Clark passed through what is now Idaho, they appraised the number of the Nez Perce tribesmen at between 7,000 and 8,000.

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It was not until the year 1855 that the Nez Perce surrendered, if that be the right word for a peaceable and amicable settlement, to the white man. Previously, in 1837, there had been established among them a mission settlement under the leadership of the Rev. Henry H. Spalding, companion and friend of the more famous Marcus Whitman. Spalding and his aids converted the main body of the Nez Perces to the Presbyterian faith, or at least to conformity with Presbyterian formulae, and to this day they remain a people devoted to the ceremonies, if not altogether to the spirit, of that denomination. Between the main body of the Nez Perces and the whites there was never trouble of any kind and it was not until 1877 that a non-treaty branch of the tribe, headed by the famous Chief Joseph, rebelled against the government and entered upon a savage warfare that, whatever the rights or wrongs of the case, demonstrated the fact that the Nez Perces were wanting neither in native courage nor in strategic skill.

It was not until the middle '50s of the last century that any outside influence other than that of Spalding's Lapwai mission came into contact with the Nez Perce tribe. About that time or a little later, following the discovery of gold in the Clearwater and Boisé river regions, there came into Idaho a "rush" of placer miners from California. The intruders were of the type which the slang of this day characterizes in the term "hard-boiled." They trafficked with the guileless Indians, outrages followed, and the government at Washington found it necessary to establish a military post near the Lapwai Agency and another in Boisé Basin in the Bannock country, not to protect the whites against savage Indians but to protect peaceful Indians against the savage whites.

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In Idaho, as elsewhere, and despite the exceptional character of its native population, the Indian has not maintained himself either in numbers or in other respects in competition with the white man. Of the many thousands of the earlier day there remain in the state, according to the census figures of 1920, only 3,098 Indians. In 1910 the figures were 3,485; in 1900, 4,226.

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Up to the period coincident with the coming in of the present century the Nez Perce Indians, though annually declining in numbers, maintained a distinct economic independence. They fished, dug the camas root in the prairies, hunted native game, in a limited way bred domestic animals, and after a fashion farmed the river valleys. They never were—and this the more intelligent of the Nez Perces will tell you with pride—supported by government rations. Poor as the Nez Perce race was, in many of its aspects it still was self-dependent and self-sufficient. Then came, under the policy of the government, allotment of lands, with tenure subject to governmental supervision at first, with later division and confirmation of ownership in severalty.

Then it was that the Nez Perces as a people abandoned habits of industry to take on the vices that among Indians as among white men are not uncommonly an accompaniment of wealth. First there was divided among them in payment for lands released to the government a sum approximating $1,500,000; and with an injudicious liberality there was paid over to each member of the tribe in cash a sum upward of a thousand dollars. Furthermore, the allotted lands were of high agricultural value and, while few of the Indians were themselves willing or competent to work the land, they found a way of turning it to account under a system of leases to white men. The ready money paid under this arrangement went in whimsical forms of extravagance and was quickly dissipated; but the vices that it bred survived. The lease system continues and there are practically none among those whose lands are still subject to governmental guardianship not in receipt of a considerable annual revenue in the form of lease money.

It should not be understood that what I have just said applies to all members of the Nez Perce tribe or race. There is among them a considerable percentage of educated, self-respecting, even Christianized families and individuals.

I venture to speak particularly of one man, Corbett Lawyer by name, a lineal descendant of the old order of Nez Perce chieftains, a grandson of the famous Chief Lawyer, who in 1855 negotiated the original settlement with the government. I found Corbett Lawyer a white man in every point save the color of his skin. He has an important duty under the government agent, nothing less than that of general guardianship over allotted lands with special jurisdiction over leasing contracts.

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Here we have illustration of the possibilities that have been open to the Indian in recent years. Not every man, red or white, has in himself the power that leads to independence and fortune, but where these qualities exist in the Indian, as in the white man, there has been nothing to prohibit the achievements that rest primarily upon industry, judgment and character.

OLD FAVORITES.

Knowing

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
Mind to mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What a wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of Love
Melts the scattered stars of thought;
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world has taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

—*Christopher Pearse Cranch.*

The Music of Man's Heart.

Since ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song as a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.

—*Anonymous.*

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

Darwin.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was a Man and a Positivist.

—*Mortimer Collins.*

Physics.

There is no force however great
Can stretch a cord however fine
Into a horizontal line
That shall be accurately straight.

—*William Whewell.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. F. G. Banting and Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod, discoverers of insulin, have been jointly awarded the Nobel prize for medicine for this year.

Miss Betty Tanner, daughter of a well-known British horse breeder, has the distinction of being the first woman steeplechase rider. A steeplechase often results fatally to one of its riders and has heretofore been considered not a ladylike sport. Miss Tanner's mount, Pennand, nevertheless, took third place in the historic Town Plate race at Newmarket recently.

Count Albert Apponyi of Hungary who is touring this country to address our universities and colleges is nearing his eightieth year and has been active in public life for more than half a century. While deploring the terrible territorial losses of his country, he accepts the facts stoically, and hopes that Hungary may yet negotiate a loan after the plan of the recent loan to Austria. Throughout his long life Count Apponyi has stood for liberal and progressive measures and for European peace.

Alexander Tsankoff, leader of the Bulgarian revolution and premier of the provisional government, is head of the department of economics at the University of Sofia, which his predecessor Stambulisky attempted to close. On such apparently slight mistakes are revolutions and governments founded. It is thought that Tsankoff will continue to guide Bulgarian destinies, though it is feared by some of his followers that he may insist on the provisional nature of his government and cede his position to a professional statesman. Needless to say, the present premier, who is a noted idealist, is not a politician. However, if his plan to fuse all the bourgeois elements into a solid democratic party materializes he will probably have to continue at the front of Bulgarian affairs. During his few months of primacy Tsankoff has become a very popular leader.

Frank B. Kellogg, Minnesota ex-senator, who will succeed Ambassador George Harvey at the Court of St. James, is a New Yorker by birth who migrated early in life, with his parents, to the wilds of Minnesota. He was city attorney of Rochester, Minnesota, for three years and county attorney for Olmstead county for a period of five years. In 1887 he removed to St. Paul where he formed a partnership with the late Senator Cushman Davis and C. A. Severance as Davis, Kellogg & Severance. He has been special counsel in a number of famous cases, including that of the United States against the Paper and Standard Oil trusts and for the Interstate Commerce Commission in the investigation of the Harriman railroads. He had been United States Senator from Minnesota since 1917.

The mantle of Lovat Fraser, the wonderfully talented young English artist whose designs for the Beggar's Opera made his name widely familiar before his early death, has descended to another precocious genius, Aubrey Hammond, whose work seems to mark him as a disciple of Fraser. Hammond's work, like Fraser's, was just maturing at the beginning of the war and was seriously handicapped by the catastrophe. He enlisted in the Dublin Fusiliers, saw active service in France and was not demobilized until April, 1919. The day after his demobilization he was at work as a painter's assistant at the Covent Garden Opera House. In this capacity he came into contact with some of the great continental artists, including Bakst and Rurich. By 1920 Hammond was working on his own and executing important commissions for masques and revues. In 1921 he divided his time between stage designing and cartoon work for the London *Evening News*. His cartoons illustrating Charlie Chaplin's English visit won considerable attention and succeeded in offending the Garrick Club. Hammond's most notable work has been done for the Liverpool Repertory Theatre though he has also designed for some London productions.

The recent donation of one million dollars by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the New York Zoological Society calls attention to the admirable work of Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the society, under whose direction the society has taken the initiative in conserving bird and animal life throughout the country whenever it has been in a precarious state as a result of ignorant and commercial exploitation. The society conducts the Zoological Park in the Bronx, annually visited by 3,000,000 people, and the aquarium. But its work is far more extensive than these two local activities would indicate. Its effort to preserve wild life and to correct the public attitude toward wild animals is largely responsible for the change that has come about since a generation or two ago when the normal reaction was to kill a wild animal or destroy a bird's nest. The generous backing of the society by Mr. Rockefeller will greatly extend its usefulness.

Sir Frederick Sykes, the British airman, who was the son-in-law of the late Mr. Bonar Law, has recently been made a director of the *Daily Express*. Curiously enough, with reference to the coincidence of nomenclature, Sir Frederick is already a director of the Underground Electric Railways and the London General Omnibus Company.

THE SPLENDOR THAT WAS RUSSIA.

Anne Viroubova Paints the Late Russian Court With Vigorous Sympathy.

Probably no more potent argument against courts and monarchies could be found in a day's search than Anne Viroubova's memoirs of the semi-Oriental barbarity and grandeur of the last of the western absolute monarchies. Her picture of the hide-bound rigors of court existence not only seem an anachronism in the twentieth century—they read like a fairy tale, and an Oriental one at that. In fact, having heard of the petty economies and the actual discomfort that were combined with so much ostentatious display and the deadly monotony of a tradition-bound caste, one begins to wonder that the royal set did not regard the revolution as a deliverance from a living death or at any rate the lesser of two evils. But so ingrained is the preference for glory and great place to comfort that such refugees as our author, who fortunately survived both the discomfort of the court and that of the revolution, have nothing to live for but the memories of the vanished splendor of that almost Oriental court.

Much has been written and reported of Anne Viroubova since the revolution and much, according to herself, that was false. She was the most particular friend of the empress and though of neither particularly lofty station nor yet of great wealth she occupied a very important niche in the life of the court. She sums up her origins as follows:

But first I feel that I should explain briefly who I am, for though my name has appeared rather prominently in most published accounts of the Revolution, few of the writers have taken the trouble to sift facts from fiction even in the comparatively unimportant matter of my genealogy. I have seen it stated that I was born in Germany, and that my marriage to a Russian officer was arranged to conceal my nationality. I have also read that I was a peasant woman brought from my native Siberia to further the ambitions of Rasputine. The truth is that I am unable to produce an ancestor who was not born Russian. My father, Alexander Sergievitch Tanieff, during most of his life was a functionary of the Russian Court, Secretary of State, and Director of the Private *Chancellerie* of the Emperor, an office held before him by his father and his grandfather. My mother was a daughter of General Tolstoy, aide-de-camp of Alexander II. One of my immediate ancestors was Field Marshal Koutousoff, famous in the Napoleonic Wars. Another, on my mother's side, was Count Kontaisoff, an intimate friend of the eccentric Tsar Paul, son of the great Catherine.

Notwithstanding my family's hereditary connection with the Court our own family life was simple and quiet. My father, aside from his official duties, had no interests apart from his home and his music, for he was a composer and a pianist of more than national fame. My earliest memories are of home evenings, my brother Serge and my sister Alya (Alexandra) studying their lessons under the shaded lamp, my dear mother sitting near with her needlework, and my father at the piano working out one of his compositions, striking the keys softly and noting down his harmonies. I thank God for that happy childhood which gave me strength of soul to bear the sorrows and sufferings of after years.

Anne's family were country neighbors of several members of the royal family, including the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, to whose house the small Tanieffs frequently went for tea and where the future bosom friend of Alexandra was first to meet her idol while she herself was still a small girl and when the Tsarina was at the height of her youthful beauty, "a tall, slender, graceful woman, lovely beyond description, with a wealth of golden hair and eyes like stars, the very picture of what an empress should be." The friendship between the musician's family and the royalty ripened apace, probably says Anne, because of the great love of music which was their common bond.

Anne was presented at court at the age of seventeen but though she was received as a permanent court fixture her début was just too late to enjoy the then moribund gaieties of Russian society. The Japanese war was already on the horizon and seemed the harbinger of further disaster. Social activity was discarded and war work was the order of the day. The salons of the Winter Palace were turned into workrooms where society daily sewed and knitted and where the empress came daily to do her bit though the time was shortly before the birth of the Tsarevitch:

The following summer the heir was born amid the wildest rejoicings all over the Empire. I remember the Empress telling me with what extraordinary ease the child was brought into the world. Scarcely half an hour after the Empress had left her boudoir for her bedroom the baby was born and it was known that after many prayers, there was an heir to the throne of the Romanoffs. The Emperor, in spite of the desperate sorrow brought upon him by a disastrous war, was quite mad with joy. His happiness and the mother's, however, was of short duration, for almost at once they learned that the poor child was afflicted with a dread disease, rather rare except in royal families where it is only too common. The victims of this malady are known in medicine as haemophiliacs, or bleeders. Frequently they die soon after birth, and those who survive are subject to frightful suffering, if not to sudden death, from slight injuries to blood vessels, internal as well as external. The whole short life of the Tsarevitch, the loveliest and most amiable child imaginable, was a succession of agonizing illnesses due to this congenital affliction. The sufferings of the child were more than equaled by those of his parents, especially of his mother, who hardly knew a day of real happiness after she realized her boy's fate. Her health and spirits began to decline, and she developed a chronic heart trouble. Although the boy's affliction was in no conceivable way her fault, she dwelt morbidly on the fact that the disease is transmitted through the mother and that it was common in her family. One of her younger brothers suffered from it, also her uncle Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, while all three sons of her sister, Princess Henry of Prussia, were similarly afflicted. One of these boys died young and the other two were life-long invalids.

The result of the heir's illness was further to alienate the empress from the court where partly as a result of her mother-in-law's early prejudice she had never been popular. She came of different traditions from their Eastern influences and her Teutonic impulses were all humane. Her faithful care of the heir whose serious condition was not known even to the court caused her to be censored as more of a nurse than an empress. Such are the tribulations of the mighty.

We have mentioned the discomforts with which the poor Romanoffs were afflicted, not the least of which was that they were as helpless to change their condition as the one-time serfs had been on Russian land. That they bore the empty similarity of their days with any degree of equanimity marks them as heroes of a sort. The following report of afternoon tea is far from exhilarating:

At half past two I came to the Empress, and if the weather was fine and she was well enough, we went for a drive or walk. Otherwise we read or worked until five, when the family tea was served. Tea was a meal in which there was never the slightest variation. Always appeared the same little white-draped table with its silver service, the glasses in their silver standards, and for the rest simply plates of hot bread and butter and a few English biscuits. Never anything new, never any surprises in the way of cakes or sweetmeats. The only difference in the Imperial tea table came in Lent, when butter and even bread made with butter disappeared, and a small dish or two of nuts was substituted. The Empress often used gently to complain, saying that other people had much more interesting teas, but she who was supposed to have almost unlimited power, was in reality quite unable to change a single detail of the routine of the Russian Court, where things had been going on almost exactly the same for generations. The same arrangement of furniture in the state rooms, the same braziers of incense carried by footmen in the long corridors, the same house messengers in archaic costumes of red and gold with ostrich-feathered caps, and for all I know the same plates for hot bread and butter on the same tea table, were traditions going back to Catherine the Great, or Peter, or farther still perhaps.

Every day at the same moment the door opened and the Emperor came in, sat down at the tea table, buttered a piece of bread and began to sip his tea. He drank every day two glasses, never more, never less, and as he drank he glanced over his telegrams and newspapers. The children were the only ones who found tea time at all exciting. They were dressed for it in fresh white frocks and colored sashes, and spent most of the hour playing on the floor with toys kept especially for them in a corner of the boudoir. As they grew older needlework and embroidery were substituted for the toys, the Empress disliking to see her daughters sitting with idle hands.

Anne's intimacy with the royal family early became a matter of course. From occasional long visits to almost constant attendance on the empress as a regularly appointed lady-in-waiting was not a long step. She was married off in 1906 to Alexander Virouboff, a young naval officer, in a summary fashion that serves to emphasize our impression of the Oriental inhumanity of Russian society. However, the empress "approved the match," which seems to have been the chief gleam of consolation the loyal young bride could muster. The marriage was as unhappy as Anne's premonitory fears would have suggested to more humane mentors and "after a year of intense suffering and humiliation my unhappy marriage, with the full approval of their majesties and my parents, was dissolved." From then on the unhappy Madame Viroubova was even, if possible, more devoted to the house of Romanoff:

In the autumn of 1909 I went for the first time to Livadia, the country estate of the Imperial Family in the Crimea. This part of Russia, dearer to all of the Tsars than any other, is a small peninsula, almost an island, surrounded on the west and south by the Black Sea and on the east by the Sea of Asov. A range of high hills protects it from the cold winds of the north and gives it a climate so mild and bland as to be almost sub-tropical. The Imperial estate, which occupies nearly half the peninsula, has always been left as far as possible in its natural condition of unbroken forests, wild mountains, and valleys. There was at the time of which I write but one short railroad in the whole of the Crimea, a short line running from Sevastopol, the principal port of the Black Sea, northward to Moscow. All other journeys had to be taken by carriage, motor cars, or on horseback.

Follows a beautiful description of the Crimea, which reminds us that if the royal lives were wearisome and oppressed with care at least what material comforts are afforded by yachts and princely estates were theirs. But it is always to the character of the empress that our memoiriste returns with all the ardent devotion of her singly centered life:

Another quality condemned in the Empress because entirely misunderstood was her care as to expenses. Brought up in the comparative poverty of a small German Court, the Empress never lost the habit of a cautious use of money. Quite as in private families, where economy is an absolute necessity, the clothing of the young Grand Duchesses when outgrown by the elders were handed down to the younger girls. In the matter of selecting gifts for guests, for relatives, or at holidays for the suite, the Emperor simply selected from the rich assortment sent to the palace objects which best pleased him. The Empress, on the other hand, always examined the price cards and considered before choosing whether the jewel or the fur or the bijou, whatever it was, was worth what was asked for it. The difference between the Emperor and the Empress in regard to money was a difference in experience. The Emperor, all his life, had had everything he wanted without ever paying a single ruble for anything. He never had any money, never needed any money. I can recall but one solitary instance in which the Tsar of all the Russias ever even felt the need of touching a kopeck of his illimitable riches. It was in 1911 when their Majesties began to attend services at the Feodorovsky Cathedral at Tsarskoe Selo. In this church it was the custom to pass through the congregations alms basins into which everyone, of course, dropped a contribution, large or small. The Emperor alone was entirely penniless, and embarrassed by his unique situation he made a representation to the proper authorities, after which at exact monthly intervals he was furnished with four gold pieces for the alms basin of the Feodorovsky Cathedral. If he happened to attend an extra service he had to borrow his contribution from the Empress.

Second only to her devotion to Alexandra was Mme. Viroubova's admiration for the czar. The western press has given us many and varied accounts of that unhappy sovereign—it is a somewhat pleasant relief to find him represented—as indeed he always was by intimate friends—as the kindest and most charming of men. In addition, according to our author he was of a very stern character:

As long as I knew him, whether in the privacy of the palace at Tsarkoe Selo, in the informal life of the Crimea, on the Imperial yacht, in public or in private, I was always conscious of the strong personality of the Emperor. Everyhody felt it. I can instance one occasion at a great reception of the Tauride Zemstvo when two men present were deliberately resolved to behave in a disrespectful manner to the Emperor. But the moment he entered the room these men found themselves completely overpowered. Their manner changed and they showed in every subsequent word and action their shame and regret. At one time a group of Social Revolutionaries were able to put on a cruiser which the Emperor was to visit a sailor charged with his Sovereign's assassination. But when the opportunity came the man literally could not do the deed. For his "weakness" this poor wretch was afterwards murdered by members of his party.

The character of the Empress was quite different from that of her hushand. She was less lovahle to the many, and yet of a stronger fiber. Where he was impulsive she was usually cautious and thoughtful. Where he was over-optimistic she was inclined to be a bit suspicious, especially of the weak and self-indulgent aristocracy. It was generally believed that the Empress was difficult to approach, but this was never true of sincere and disinterested souls. Suffering always made a strong appeal to the Empress, and whenever she knew of anyone sad or in trouble her heart was instantly touched. Few people, even in Russia, ever knew how much the Empress did for the poor, the sick, and the helpless. She was a born nurse, and from her earliest accession took an interest in hospitals and in nursing quite foreign to native Russian ideas.

Perhaps no more graphic rendering of the tsarina's German economy and impartial justice than the following account of her financial relations with her most devoted lady in waiting exists. She certainly did not put a premium on loyalty:

The Empress had always handled money and knew quite well how to spend it wisely. From the depths of her honest soul she despised the use of money to buy loyalty and devotion. For a long time after my first formal service as maid of honor, with the usual salary, I received from her Majesty literally nothing at all. From my parents I had the income from my dowry, four hundred rubles a month, a sum entirely inadequate to pay the running expenses of my small establishment with its three absolutely indispensable servants, and at the same time to dress myself properly as a member of the Court circle. The Empress's brother, Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, was one of the first of her intimates to point out to her the difficulties of my position, and to suggest to her that I be given a position at Court. The suggestion was not welcomed by Alexandra Feodorovna. "Is it not possible for the Empress of Russia to have one friend?" she cried bitterly, and she reminded her brother that her relation and mine were not without precedent in Russia. The Empress Dowager had a friend, Princess Oblensky; also the Empress Marie Alexandrovna, wife of Alexander III, had in Mme. Malzoff an intimate associate, and neither of these women had bad any Court functions. Why should she not cherish a friendship free from all material considerations? However, after her brother and also Count Fredericks, Minister of the Court, had pointed out to her that it was scarcely proper that the Empress's best friend and confidante should wear made-over gowns and go home from the palace on foot at midnight because she had no money for cabs, the Empress began to relent a little. At first her change of attitude took the form of useful gifts bestowed at Christmas and Easter, dress patterns, furs, gloves, and the like. Finally one day she asked me to discuss with her the whole subject of my expenses. Making me sit down with pencil and paper, she commanded me to set forth a complete budget of my monthly expenditures, exactly what I paid for food, service, light, fire, and clothing. The domestic budget, apart from my small income, came to two hundred and seventy rubles a month, and at the orders of the Empress I was thereafter furnished monthly with the exact sum of two hundred and seventy rubles. It never occurred to her to name the amount in round numbers of three hundred rubles. Nor did it occur to me except as a matter of faint amusement. Of course I was often embarrassed for money even after I became possessed of this regular income, and even later when it was augmented by two thousand rubles a year for rent, and it often wrung my heart to have to say no to appeals for money. I knew that I appeared selfish and hard-hearted. The truth was that I was simply impecunious.

So much for as accurate a picture of the last of the courtly courts as we are likely to get. Probably only Japan has anything like its starchy ceremonies left and surely no white country, monarchy or other, would care to be blasted with the stultifying routine of such a court life.

MEMORIES OF THE RUSSIAN COURT. By Anne Viroubova. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending Novemher 10, 1923, were $149,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $139,700,000; an increase of $9,500,000.

Fundamental conditions governing the investment market continue to justify faith in the stahility of prices of sound issues. Bearing in mind the fact that the real trend of the market is to he measured by the action of high grade bonds, investors can derive satisfaction from an analysis of price movements recently, despite weakness in the speculative securities, says Preston S. Krecker in *Commerce & Finance*.

The most significant development was the further recovery of values of Liberty honds. The fact that the advance was attended hy increased activity in the trading should not be overlooked for it is axiomatic that activity on advances is symptomatic of huying just as activity on declines is an indication that selling orders predominate. Every one of the several Liherty issues gained last week, starting with the fully tax exempt 3½ per cents, which crossed par and sold nearly a whole point ahove the low quotation of the year estahlished early this month. Suhshtantial gains also were registered hy the other Liherties.

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Unquestionahly the upward movement in the Liherty group was primarily the reflex of cheaper money. The money market recently has given definite signs that the tension incidental to the seasonal crop movement has passed its peak and that the trend of interest rates is downward. Call money on the Stock Exchange was ohtainahle every day last week as cheap as 4 per cent. More significant were the lower rates quoted for time funds. Lenders offered time money for 5 per cent. for four months. They did not succeed in placing hecause horrowers expect to ohtain 5 per cent money for considerahly longer periods and are meanwhile horrowing demand funds at 4 and 4½ per cent., which they have no difficulty in doing. The weekly statement of the Federal Reserve system, which is an accurate index of money conditions, revealed another decrease in loans to memher hanks and a contraction in note circulation which explains why money rates are easier. It is quite significant that bankers no longer talk of "6 per cent. money in Novemher," a slogan which one frequently heard earlier in the fall.

Recent observation in this column that the liquidating movement hy hanks prohahly was ahout over was confirmed in investment hanking circles this week, where it was said that not only had the hanks ceased to figure as sellers hut that actually they were huying Liherties, although not yet in large quantities. The change in hanking policy was of course due to the slackening in demand for money as reflected in lower rates. It no longer is so profitable for banks to sell their Liherties and put the money in trade channels hecause the demand is not there.

Business is definitely slowing down, more particularly for future trade, and it is likely that further liquidation of hank loans will take place hefore the tide turns.

The last factor in the recovery of Liherties was the persistent demand for them from the United States Government and from the British Treasury. The former, of course, is huying out of the sinking fund for redemption purposes. As usual the Third 4¼s were selected for that purpose hecause of their early maturity. The more the government purchases prior to 1928 the fewer it will he called upon to refund five years hence. British huying was for war deht account. As is well known the next British payment due in Decemher will amount to approximately $100,000,000, all of which douhtless will he liquidated in Liherties.

High grade investment issues also were firm. The huying of them was hetter than the selling. International hankers reported European demand for such securities as Atchison general 4s, Central Pacific 4s, Norfolk & Western 4s, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy general 4s and others of that grade. Some of the honds in question responded with sharp gains, notably the Central Pacific and the Burlington 4 per cents.

The weakness of speculative railroad honds douhtless was chiefly in sympathy with the slump in Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul issues. The hreak in St. Paul honds was credited by usually well-informed bankers to liquidation hy the estate of the late William Rockefeller who was a St. Paul director and held large St. Paul investments. Directors of the road denied that any situation had arisen within the company to justify weakness in the honds. September earnings were good. Net showed a suhstantial gain over August and was ahout 70 per cent larger than a year ago. For nine months St. Paul's net railway operating income was $12,602,000, or nearly $5,000,000 larger than last year. H. E. Byram, president of the company, said last week that it would earn a surplus ahove fixed charges this year unless something unforeseen happened.

Among the industrial issues ruhher and oil honds were under the most pressure hecause of the unsatisfactory conditions existing in those two industries. Most European honds declined hecause of disturhing news from the Ruhr hut recovered in response to news that the Allies had accepted the Hughes plan for a reparations conference. Mexicans declined because of rumored political unrest. Bankers here denied that Mexico was negotiating for a $25,000,000 loan. Mexican honds have heen in default since 1914. The deht settlement agreement reached hy hankers with Mexico has not yet resulted in any actual payment of interest nor will any he made until a sufficient numher of the honds are deposited with hankers in the various countries parties to the settlement.

The market for new issues continued quite satisfactory, ahsorhtive powers heing excellent althougb it must he admitted that it is difficult to ascertain just what percentage of new emissions was distrihuted to the ultimate investor.

The National City Bank of New York has the following to say on the general husiness situation: "The general husiness situation has not shown in the past month the pronounced change to greater activity that had heen looked for in some quarters, and this has rather strengthened the sentiment that husiness is in a period of recession, the end of which is not yet in sight. Fall trade is expected to he under full headway in Octoher, and if recovery to anything like last spring's optimism was to take place hefore next spring, it should have appeared last month. As a matter of fact Octoher was a disappointment to the optimists.

"On the other hand, the influence of Octoher upon individual opinion depends very much upon what has heen expected and what is one's standard of good and promising times. The volume of husiness was large, consumption continued on a great scale, and although reports indicate that the lahor situation is not strained, as it was at the opening of outdoor activities last spring, they seldom mention unemployment. The disappointment has heen in the fact that Octoher did not give a new impetus to husiness and overcome the disposition manifest since last May, for traders to confine purchases to immediate needs. This general disposition is a symptom of misgiving ahout the future, and it is infectious.

"Wherein does the situation differ from that existing last spring? Throughout 1922 the country was gradually working its way out of the slough of despair in which it was floundering in 1921. Confidence was slowly recovering, as the prices of farm staples improved and the great volume of construction work supplied work for the unemployed. By the spring of 1923 the opinion had become general that the country had come through the post war depression, seen the worst of low prices and actual losses, and was going to have a year of good husiness. Buying hy dealers had heen on a hand-to-mouth hasis, stocks were low, and as huying increased prices stiffened: moreover as buying increased unemployment disappeared, a scramble for lahor developed, and wages rose, dealers were stimulated to huy against increasing costs, with the result that a price movement developed which had such a strong resemblance to the 1920 hoom that it alarmed the country.

"Construction work had heen the principal factor in the recovery, the hasis for improvement in all the industries, and the rise of huilding costs was so great as to cause a prompt reaction. Many projects were ahandoned, and the puhlicity given to this fact had much to do with a general reaction of sentiment. The hoom spirit disappeared, and immediately talk hegan to he current ahout lower prices. It is natural that following any unusual spirit of huying and rising prices, when there is reason to helieve that the crest has heen passed, prices should react. There are always people holding for a rise who sell when they helieve the rise has culminated. Moreover, after a period of buying in excess of normal, it is meritahle that there shall be a period in which huying is helow normal.

"After the price movement had turned downward there was no incentive to forward huying, and that situation has continued to this time, hut production, consumption and railroad traffic have continued upon a scale that has heen making new records all summer. Will this situation continue or are we really headed for a decline? The situation is mixed to such extent that a satisfactory answer can not he made without some discussion of the factors in it.

"The husiness situation, as is well known, tends to move in cycles of increasing and diminishing activity, and once a start is made in either direction the movement tends to gather impetus. Where the corner has been definitely turned after a period of depression, stocks are always low and price advances stimulate huying, while every worker whose name that is taken from the list of the unemployed and added to a pay roll, signifies more huying power in the markets. Once the recovery is fairly under way it goes on until the structure gets topheavy and unhalanced, and some disturhance shakes it down. Once prices are started downward huyers hold off as long as they can, and every workman laid off represents a reduction of huying power an a lessened demand on the industries.

"The spirit of aggressiveness and confidence that was lost last spring has not been regained, and the present situation is in large part psychological. People are moved to act upon one policy or another hy what they think, and the effect of their actions is the same whether their thinking is well ordered or not. The state of husiness is largely what the state of confidence and enterprise makes it, and as already said, this state of mind is infectious; if most people think business is going to he poor it prohahly will not he very good.

Bearish interests seem to have their own way in the market at times and, of course, are assisted in their endeavors to push prices down hy definitely conservative tendencies in business and hanking circles, to say nothing of a numher of trades.

The hig factor that hears are exploiting is found in the European situation and the feeling that, until Europe is definitely on the upgrade again and hegins to show real desire and ability to buy largely from us, husiness in this country must dwindle.

We may take it for granted that every ounce of energy that the administration at Washington may he ahle to exert in favor of husiness during the next twelve months will he utilized for political if for no other reasons.

However loudly the radicals in Congress may shout against the much-hounded "interests," our government will he found deaf to any pleas for legislation calculated to destroy confidence and undermine business. This is not to say that Mr. Coolidge or his cahinet will he found favoring anything like exploitation of the masses by the classes, hut certainly will he found definitely against any exploitation hy radicals of the so-called "interests."

Incidentally, tax reforms offer a field of administration endeavor that in their working out may give new heart to American enterprise.

Meanwhile, in the market not a few stocks, and even groups of stocks, have definitely

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shown a rising tendency. These mostly are stocks of companies concerned in retail or manufacturing lines, dealing with actual day-to-day necessities of an increasing population and not dependent to any great extent on export demands.

The September railroad reports thus far published are very favorable as compared with a year ago. Even the Northwestern railroads, whose stocks have been under severe pressure, are showing better results. Naturally the so-called transcontinental lines are definitely injured by Panama Canal competition, but latterly there has been an endeavor to readjust certain freight rates so that they may regain some of this business. While there may be decided advances in certain rails that have been under pressure of late, we think it is

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better to confine one's rail commitments to securities of companies that show large earning capacities. There will be other railroads that will follow the favorable dividend policies announced already this year by Baltimore & Ohio and other companies. Chesapeake can pay a larger dividend; so can Louisville, and the Atlantic Coast Line, which holds control of the latter road, can certainly do something better for its shareholders. New York Central is expected to develop its big merger plans during the coming year, and in this connection subsidiary stocks like Big Four, which show enormous earning capacity, will, I think, in time show a much larger demand at higher prices. New York Central and Baltimore & Ohio are having a tussle as to which will control the Central Railroad of New Jersey.—*The Trader.*

Since the summer of 1920, the railways have reduced their operating expenses about $109,000,000 a month and have passed nine-tenths of this saving, or about $97,000,000 a month, along to the public in reduced cost of transportation, according to figures received by the Southern Pacific from the *Railway Age*.

The *Railway Age's* comparisons are made for the four-month period of May, June, July and August of 1920 with the same period in 1923. This period is chosen for comparison, since the wage increases of 1920 were made effective from May 1, 1920, and the increase in freight rates of that year was not made effective until the end of August.

"The wages paid in May-August, 1920," says the *Railway Age*, "averaged about $334,000,000 monthly, while in 1923 they averaged only about $260,000,000 monthly, a reduction of approximately $74,000,000 a month. But all this reduction in wages was not secured by reducing the average wage paid to each employe. The average number of men employed in May-August, 1923, was almost 129,500 less than in May-August, 1920, the saving due to this reduction in the number of employes which was a result of an increase in efficiency of operation, was about $16,500,000 a month. Therefore, of the total reduction in operating expenses secured about $57,500,000 a month was due to a reduction of wages, and the remaining $51,500,000 a month was due to reductions in the amount of labor employed and to other economies that were effected.

"Rates were not advanced until the end of August, 1920, and in consequence large deficits were incurred which were covered by government guarantees to the companies that were in effect until the end of August, 1920. The total amount the public paid in rates in May-August, 1920, was $2,037,000,000 when the deficits the public had to pay are added, and the taxes paid during these months by the railways to the public are deducted, it is found that the total cost to the public of the transportation service rendered was $2,465,000,000 or about $616,000,000 a month.

"In May-August, 1923, the amount paid by the public in rates was $2,189,000,000. Deduction of the taxes paid by the railways to the public shows that the net cost to it of the transportation service rendered in May-August, 1923, was $2,074,500,000. This was less than $519,000,000,000 a month, or over $97,000,000 a month less than in May-August, 1920."

It is a matter of public record that during the twenty-six months of government operation of the railroads, from January 1, 1918, to March 1, 1920, the government operated them at a loss averaging $45,000,000 per month.

This occurred, too, with freight and passenger rates the highest ever known. It also occurred in face of the fact that during this period deferred maintenance aggregated several hundred millions of dollars.

What became of the revenue from these high freight and passenger rates and what exclusive of inefficiency and under-maintenance caused an average monthly loss of $45,000,000, are also matters of public record.

Most of it was benevolently assimilated by railroad employes in the subtle scheme of politicians to anesthetize the public and capture the railroad vote. In 1917 labor received 43.33 per cent of the revenues, while in 1920, following the close of government operation and largely as a result of it, the amount given to labor was just sixty times more than the amount received by the stockholders—in other words, before the government began tinkering with wages and working conditions of railroad employes the labor bill of the railroads in 1916 was $1,468,576,394, while in 1920, after twenty-six months of government operation, it was $3,698,216,351, an increase of $2,229,639,957 or about 162 per cent.

That is where most of the money went, and it explains why with the heaviest tribute ever levied on the shipping public—the highest freight and passenger rates ever charged the American people for transportation service—the government operated the roads at a loss of $45,000,000 per month while yet failing in normal maintenance to a large extent.

What is there in the experience of the American people with government operation of railroads—what is there in the experience of any other people or country with government ownership and operation of the railroads—that does not warn against government ownership in the United States? In spite of government tinkering and of all the handicaps thereby imposed the fact stands out boldly and unchallenged that the American people enjoy the best transportation service at the lowest cost of any people in the world.

The Detroit City Gas Company's franchise expires October 31, and at that time the city of Detroit would have the right to acquire the gas plant and properties.

But Detroit has already waived that right. It wants no more municipal utilities—not right now.

Detroit is like Seattle in one way. It was gullible enough to let itself be put into the utility business by its politicians.

In another way Detroit is unlike Seattle. It knows when it has enough.

Detroit declined to take up its gas option "owing to the condition of the city's finances."

Seattle was never deterred by any such reason. Seattle sees no reason why prudence should play a part in city affairs.

That is the reason for Seattle's street railway situation, for building the Cedar River dam on a porous glacial moraine, for taking up the disastrous Skagit river adventure, after private enterprise had declined to continue with it, and for an attempt that is to be made to force a sale of the local telephone plant to the city on terms to be dictated presumably by a clique of city hall politicians.

Seattle will not decline anything on account of city finances if the thing offered promises more power and greater security to its organized ruling taxeaters.

The investment position of Earl Fruit Company first mortgage 6½% bonds continues to be a thoroughly sound one, according to Hunter, Dulin & Company and Bond & Goodwin & Tucker, Inc., who with associates, underwrote the issue in April of this year.

Mr. T. E. Greenwood, from the accounting department of the New York office, a recent visitor on the coast, reports that as a result of the 60-day examination of the various accounts of the company he is convinced that 1923 will prove a highly satisfactory one.

At present, he says, indications are that the company will ship around 7,000 cars of fruit out of California this year, against 5,500 in 1922; that ratio of current assets to current liabilities will be improved over last year; that inventories will be reduced by $150,000; that the company now has some 6,000 growers' accounts, compared with 4,000 a year ago; that the Klamath Lumber & Box Company, an important subsidiary, shows net earnings to date of $183,000, compared with approximately $50,000 for the previous twelve months' period. He also reports that the total earnings of the Earl Fruit Company for 1923 available for interest, income taxes, etc., will probably be over $800,000, compared with $640,000 for the year 1922. To date the company has already retired $16,500 par value of bonds and will retire $6,800 more in the very near future.

Mr. S. A. Lines, general manager of the company, has confirmed the estimates of Mr. Greenwood, characterizing them as very conservative. Mr. Lines declares the excellent financial condition of the company is the natural result of the conservative and constructive policies it has followed for many years.

Southwestern Utilities Company, through its Canadian subsidiary, has wired Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, which handled the sale of its gold notes in this territory, regarding installation of natural gas at Edmonton, Canada, as follows: "Have turned on gas entire south side of city today. Will have north side tested and ready for distribution by end of week. Service applications received this year's area thirty-two hundred."

The engineers have made good on their promise, as is thus indicated, to have the system installed for this winter's use.

California continues to hold her high position in the origination and absorption of corporate bond issues according to Peirce, Fair & Company.

In the month of September 24 1-3 per cent. of all such issues floated in the United States were brought out and sold in California. A higher ratio has only been shown in one month—January, 1922—since Peirce, Fair & Company began their monthly summary covering state and national financing.

The volume of California issues for September was $2,400,000 greater than the average for the first nine months of 1923, whereas the total, exclusive of California, is under $58,000,000, and next to the smallest month in 1922 or 1923.

Figures for the first nine months of 1923, seem to show that California bond dealers and investors are possessed of much more confidence than those of other states.

Bradford, Kimball & Co. are members of a syndicate offering a new issue of $25,000,000 Dutch East Indies, 30-year external sinking fund, 5½% gold bonds, due November 1, 1953.

These bonds are a direct obligation of the Dutch East Indies, who for eight years, 1914-21, have had the largest favorable balance of trade of any country in the world excepting the United States.

Total funded debt, including present issue, is $509,000,000, or slightly over $10 per capita. For five years, 1918 to 1922, net income from governmental operations averaged $39,000,000; estimated for 1923 $52,386,000, for 1924 $50,837,000. Amount required for interest and amortization of entire debt, including this issue, is $34,630,000.

The Dutch East Indies are the largest producers of quinine, copra, spices, rubber, coffee, tin and tea.

Preliminary to the offering of the $550,000 bond issue of the Bitter Root Municipal Irrigation District, which Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, and its associates, have purchased, four representatives of this company, including T. A. Rochester, secretary, and Paul C. Newell, staff engineer of the San Francisco office of the company, have been making a survey of the agricultural resources behind the Bitter Root Municipal Irrigation District, which comprises 20 per cent. of the irrigable lands in Ravalli county. Farming has been pursued for eighty-two years without cessation and for fifty years under irrigation without a single crop failure. With a fortunate combination of climate, soil and water the Bitter Root Valley is one of the most productive agricultural districts in Montana.

The proceeds from the bonds, which will bear 6 per cent. interest, are to be used in paying for the privately owned irrigation system operated during the past thirteen years, and for improvements. These bonds, under the Montana law, are a general obligation of the district and in the same classification with school district and other county bonds. Irrigation, school district, county and state taxes all appear on one tax roll. None of these taxes can be paid separately; all must be paid or none.

Ever since pioneer days Ravalli county has experienced a steady development. There has never been a bank failure in the county. The county and the Bitter Root Valley are practically co-terminous, the valley comprising all of the county and a portion of Missoula county.

Mediaeval Versus Modern Science.

A hermetically sealed bottle filled with what looks like a mixture of red sand and yellowish liquid, known to be at least three centuries old, is attracting the attention of French scientists, as it is reputed to be the only infallible weather phophet extant, says the New York *Herald*. The bottle is in the possession of an aged Brittany farmer, in whose family it has been handed down from father to son for ten generations.

When it is going to rain, the solid particles gather in round clusters and when snow is coming flakes appear. If hail is on the way, the entire mixture becomes viscous.

These auguries are so accurate that farmers miles around telephone the owner of the magic bottle when they wish to make certain that their crops will not be damaged by another day's delay in the fields.

The Academy of Science is sending a committee of chemists to study the strange vial, but the farmer says he will not permit it to be opened, fearing that exposure to the air may change the chemical nature upon which the phenomena depends.

A similar bottle owned by the man's grandfather burst with a loud explosion forty years ago, when a September hailstorm was followed by a snowfall that turned into a light drizzle, but the contents were not examined by experts.

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The Modern Dumas.

FORTUNE'S FOOL and THE BANNER OF THE BULL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.00 each.

Sahatini has been so extravagantly extolled in the past year or two that it is with some diffidence one sets out to emulate the publishers' hlurh writers. And yet, generally speaking, that is all there is to do. He has been called the modern Dumas, which is a compliment to the creator of the "Tbree Musketeers" but is nevertheless a shade inaccurate. Sahitini, as the well-informed puhlic knows, is a professional historian who writes historical romances for amusement and a living. Since he writes very well indeed, it goes without saying that his dead eras conjured into life have more substance than the opera comique settings which we find so charming in Dumas. Whether Sahatini could create characters with the rapid facility of the French romancer we don't know, as the two hooks in hand are both hased on documentary history—which is indeed half their charm. Many times while reading "Fortune's Fool" one finds himself hoping that Colonel Holles is not a Dumasque creation—though he'd he a marvel if he were—and that he was in fact an historical personage. And the relief felt when Sahatini reveals the sources of his hook, Holles' autobiography, is enormous. The word verisimilitude is overworked, but we regret having ever used it prior to Sahatini's discovery, for that is his particular distinction. No writer of adventure could find or imagine more thrilling episodes, for Sahatini has taken the impossible happenings of history itself.

"The Banner of the Bull," though no more circumstantially loyal to fact than its companion in this review, is not cast in the shape of a novel. It comprises three episodes in the life of Cesare Borgia and may he read as three fifteenth-century yarns, or as that many accurate studies of the Renaissance. The hook was published several years ago but has been re-issued to meet the demand for more Sahatini. Incidentally, Sahatini has written an authentic life of Cesare Borgia from which he has extracted the cream of adventure for "The Banner of the Bull."

It may surprise even devotees of Sahatini that he has been writing and publishing historical fiction since 1904. But though he commanded a small audience from the heginning, the day of the historical novel was supposed to he waning and puhlishers would not enthuse. It was the era of the psychological novel, of Henry James and Edith Wharton, and historical romance was associated with the pretty vaporings of Dorothy Vernon or Janice Meredith. Dumas, it seems, was also in eclipse, hut at hest no one would have dared to emulate him. Nor did Sahatini, who set out to chart as fresh a literary trail as any one since Chaucer. He has made the field of the veracious historical novel his own and he should be awarded a special Nohel prize for preserving sanity through his efforts in counteracting the Main Street school.

—R. G.

A Girl in Her World.

FEET OF CLAY. By Margaretta Tuttle. New York: Little, Brown & Company; $2.00.

This is rather an unusual story, told in the first person, and carrying a girl from the age of thirteen through her first year of marriage. The primary influence is that of a beautiful, selfish woman neglecting both her hushand and daughter for her own ends, and the opening chapters, in which the reader gets his perspective through the child's eyes, are possibly the only ones with much literary merit.

The three influences in the girl's life are, the thrilling literature lent her hy a maid and supplemented hy the movies, her mother's example of unscrupulous worldliness, and some really fine ideals that her father imparts.

"Feet of Clay" is the recounting of struggle after struggle, and the decisions of the young girl strike the reader as unduly mature for her years. The writing lacks smoothness and has the earmarks of the amateur, but on the whole the hook is interesting; at times it is even amusing. The tragedy is piled on too thickly, and the romantic pitch to which the story is tuned tends to render certain parts of it ahsurd. However, the author has at least managed to make most of her characters entertaining and one or two likahle.

The Flight of Years.

THINGS REMEMBERED. By Arthur Sherbourne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.00.

Fiction readers of the '80s and '90s remember with pleasure Arthur Sherhurne Hardy's earlier books, "Passé Rose" and "But Yet a Woman," and many have regretted that he did not, after such an auspicious beginning, pursue the career of a novelist.

However, he has heen so husy leading a life more filled than that of most men with varied experiences, that the more suhjective work of writing has heen put aside until now, when he offers a friendly puhlic the fruits of a long life in "Things Remembered."

After resigning his professorship at Dartmouth College, Mr. Hardy entered the diplomatic service, and his appointments as minister carried him to Persia, Greece, Rumania, Switzerland and Spain. Out of this wealth of experience he has made a charming hook. He concludes it with a chapter on old age, in connection with Mr. Howell's "Eighty Years and After," and in it he gives the answer he sent to one who expressed the wish that he would write in his earlier style: "Tell your learned professor that if he will give me hack my earlier years, I will—the years when I knew so many things I don't know now!"

A Life in Rome.

THREE GENERATIONS. By Maude Howe Elliott. Boston: Little, Brown & Company; $4.00.

Among recent books of reminiscences few surpass in interest the memoirs of Maud Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe.

If not born with a golden spoon in her mouth, she certainly supped at the banquet of life from childhood to old age, and sat in the company of hrilliant and distinguished guests. Her family connections and social environment hrought her into contact with all the well-known men and women of the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first two of this.

After her marriage to John Elliott, the artist, she lived much abroad, chiefly in Rome, and her salon was a meeting place for interesting people, hoth American and European. There were contacts not only with literary lights but with dramatic celebrities, artists, and royalties, and in such a life she found a deep fund of experience on which to draw. Her impressions are recorded in letters, diaries, and a connecting text that explains and enlarges to the better understanding of the reader.

Chicago as a Spiritual Capital.

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. By William Jay Hudson. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

About this time last year a new writer, hearing an older and well-heloved name, presented us with "Abbé Pierre," a charming tale, with just enough mingling of France and America to lend it fascination. Now, from the same hand comes another hook to take its place heside the first and to stand above or fall below it in popular esteem.

The title provokes curiosity and a certain interest which is increased hy the theme. Mr. Hudson has again carried his Americans into France, hut this time they are the factors in a problem that is constantly coming up for solution. The young American, Stephen Kent, after graduating from Harvard and turning his hack on Chicago and his father's construction husiness, hies him to the old world for inspiration and the fulfillment of his dreams. Rudely awakened, and recalled to the more prosaic life of America, he holds out against fate awhile longer hy instructing in a middle western university, until fate pitches him headlong into the environment he needed for his development. In Chicago he discovers the soul hehind the noise and grime.

His novel, hegun in France and finished in a state of protest against the artistic poverty of his own country, is a failure, hut a second written under the inspiration of Chicago, which the author of "Nowhere Else in the World" calls the Spiritual Capital of America, strikes the right note and he becomes at once a successful writer.

So far so good, hut having proved that he could succeed in his chosen line against his practical father's conviction, he turns from it and decides to enter the construction business and grow up with the growing city. Why his literary gift is not a hetter medium of expression for the hidden soul and potential beauty and art of Chicago, rather than the ways of hig husiness for which he is fitted neither hy temperament or training, is not worked out. The reader wonders if the author of this ingenious theme would throw up his own literary success and go into husiness life as a matter of inspiration.

A Webster Book

UNCLE JAMES' SHOES. By Doris Webster and Samuel C. Webster. New York: The Century Co.; $1.75.

It is a distinct pleasure to open a hook hearing on its cover the name of Webster and find it is not a dictionary, and when we find further that one of the authors is a hrother of the late Jean Wehster, who gave us the delightful "Daddy-Long-Legs," to the pleasure is added an anticipation that the story fully realizes. For in it are the same quaint humor and unexpected turns of thought and expression that made "Daddy-Long-Legs" so popular hoth as book and play.

The story is simple enough, without too great subleties or involvement and yet all the essentials of a plot are in it—with a twist or two hesides for good measure and a dénouement that is unexpected. If this be the first appearance in the literary world of Doris and Samuel Webster we may well look forward to further acquaintance and more stories cut from the same cloth.

Li Hung Chang Interpreted.

THE MEMOIRS OF LI HUNG CHANG. By William Francis Mannix. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.00.

Every once in a while it is horne in upon us that it is quite unnecessary to search for the strange or the incredible in the realm of fiction and that just around the corner may be found all these in the respectable company of truth.

The strange and incredible exists in the remarkahle introduction hy Ralph D. Paine to "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" hy William F. Mannix. "The Memoirs," published originally as a diary in 1911 in the New York *Sun* and the London *Observer*, and secured for publication in book form in 1913 by the Houghton Mifflin Company, excited great interest in this country and in Europe, and so cleverly were they written that no suspicion of their authenticity was raised until after publication.

Attention was then called to certain errors of fact, an investigation seemed advisable, and it was found that the memoirs were based not on the supposed diary of the Great Chinese statesman and on authentic papers in the

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possession of the editor, hut that the book was the work of a vagahond newspaper man serving a sentence for forgery in Honolulu.

The story of the life and adventures of the late William F. Mannix, as written hy Mr. Paine, is of extraordinary interest and in spite of the moral delinquencies involved, admiration is aroused for an intellect capable of such an achievement in spite of the handicap of a wasting and wasted life.

After a chequered career as a free-lance war correspondent in Cuba, a discredited newspaper reporter in Philadelphia, and a private in the America army in the Philippines and in China during the Boxer troubles, this brilliant but unreliable writer found himself in the Honolulu calaboose. While there he took up a course of reading on China, and wrote the first papers of the celebrated diary. The original documents, the authentic papers, Chinese translators and collahorators, existed only in his imagination, and alone and unaided, he produced a remarkable work. The book was, of course, a literary forgery and its author a moral cripple who, never having walked straight, could not conceive of any other kind of locomotion than the devious; which may have been a qualification for this sort of biography.

Mr. Paine's hiography reads like a case in psychoanalysis, and a certain compensation is indicated in the final statement that reformation and respectability attended the closing of a life which may be studied from more than one angle.

Arctic Hardship.

From the Deep of the Sea. By Charles Edward Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.

The sea is an inexhaustihle source of yarns, not only spun from the imagination of facile writers hut taken from the logs of ships. Of the latter sort is this diary of a surgeon on an English whale ship, the *Diana,* which made a disastrous voyage out of Hull in 1866. It is edited by his son, Dr. Charles E. S. Harris, with a few changes explaining and completing the unfinished end of the voyage.

It is a stirring tale of incredihle hardship and danger. The *Diana,* on a voyage which took her around the lower part of Greenland into Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, was imprisoned in the ice for six months with fuel and food for only two. During her imprisonment the captain died, the men were attacked with scurvy, and the crew was reduced to starvation rations. The Quaker doctor never lost his trust in Providence or his thankfulness for every escape, even when he had to shoot his dog or when his medicines froze in their bottles and the berths of the men were coated with the icicles of their frozen breath.

With the eyes of a man of science he saw interest and beauty in desolation, and gives us more than one vivid picture of nature in northern wilds: the hlack fox on the ice-floes, the hears and seals, and the raven flying by with a glittering hand of icicles ahout its neck—the moisture of its hreath frozen on its plumage as it flew.

Notes of Books and Authors.

St. John Ervine's new play, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," with Mrs. Fiske as Mary, opened auspiciously at the Belasco Theatre in New York last month. John Corbin of The New York *Times,* emphasizes the play's "delightfully preposterous situations and derisible hy-play," and J. Ranken Towse, in *The Saturday Evening Post,* describes the dialogue as "consistently hright, with frequent flashes of satiric humor," all the principal personages as "vital to a most uncommon degree," and the play as "consistently and reasonably humorous and of uncommon literary quality." Mrs. Fiske in the part of the flighty and wilful young actress, C. Auhrey Smith as the harrassed diplomat, and A. P. Kaye as the cockney husiness manager, won special commendation from the critics. "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" was puhlished by Macmillan a few months ago, and this is its first production on the American stage.

With "The Little Library" Macmillan Company starts a group of little classics which have found special favor with younger children of long ago and those of today. Past month they puhlished in this series "The Rose and the Ring," "The Little Lame Prince," "The Memoirs of a London Doll," and Stewart Edward White's "The Magic Forest." These titles have more charm for children today than they had for those of long ago, for they can now hring to these old books a sense of their history. They are helped to do this in the Little Lihrary edition hy make-up which keeps to the original forms of these books as closely as possihle. "The Peter Pan Picture Book," with many illustrations hy Alice Woodward, and "Charlie and His Kitten, Topsy," a hook for very small children, which hrings a modest new character among these famous old ones, will complete the puhlications in this series of 1923. The title "The Little Lihrary" is chosen from the famous group of very small books published long ago by the first hook-makers in America, and literally the first little children's bookshelf to he planned in this country.

New Books Received.

The Tapestry of Life. By Raymond Blathwayt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.50.

By the author of "Through Life and Round the World."

The Eight Paradises. By Princess G. V. Bibesco. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.

Travel pictures in Persia, Asia Minor, and Constantinople.

A Gallery of Beautiful Women. With a a preface by Cle. Moreau-Vauthier. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $1.00.

Masterpieces of painting.

The Art of Public Speaking. By Lucy D. Bell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $1.25.

A manual.

Labyrinth. By Helen R. Hull. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

A story of New York life.

The Problem of Armaments. By Arthur Guy Enock. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

A survey of the subject.

Sketch Book of a Cadet From Gascony. By James Warner Bellah. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

Winner of this year's Alfred A. Knopf Columbia prize.

Leaders in Making America. By Wilbur Fisk Gordy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.20.

A text book.

The Founding of Utah. By Levi Edgar Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.48.

History.

The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

The first collection of Stevenson's short stories in one volume.

Grammar by Practise. By Mary Wilkins Hoyt. and Florence Stevens Hoyt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.00.

An aid to thinking and writing.

Living and Working Together. By DeWitt S. Morgan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.00.

A study of the social, economic, and political organization of our country.

Memories Wise and Otherwise. By Henry Robinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $4.00.

Irish memoirs.

The Life of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $5.00.

A biography by her daughter.

My Diplomatic Education. By Norval Richardson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $3.00.

By a secretary of the American legation.

The Mystery of the Hive. By Eugene Evrard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

Translated by Bernard Miall.

Historic Cambridge. Foreword by L. F. Salzman. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Pencil sketches by J. M. Delbos.

Beach Grass. By Charles Wendell Townsend. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; $3.50.

A naturalist's study of a sandy seashore.

Jealousy—Enemies—The Law of the Savage. By Mikhail P. Artzybasheff. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

Three new stories by the author of "Sanine."

Tom Masson's Manual for 1923. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company; $2.00.

Being the first annual collection of the year's humor.

Verse of Our Day. Compiled by Margery Gordon and Marie B. King. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

An anthology of modern American and British poetry.

Insect Stories. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $1.75.

Illustrated revised edition.

Fifty Years. By William Lawrence. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.00.

An essay by the Bishop of Massachusetts.

Growth and Structure of the English Language. By Otto Jespersen. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

Popular philology.

Thirty-one Stories by Thirty and One Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.50.

Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson Scott.

Postscripts by O. Henry. New York. Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

With an introduction by Florence Stratton.

Adventures in Journalism. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.50.

Memoirs of Fleet Street.

Stories of the Vikings. By Maurice Dunlap. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Juvenile.

The Bear Family at Home. By Curtis D. Wilbur. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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"BLOSSOM TIME."

This beautifully musical piece is all that was promised us. It is suffused with melodic charm—naturally, since the greater part of the music has been adapted from the compositions of that genius of melody, Franz Schubert.

As a result the opera is, by all odds, the loveliest of all the musical comedies. For, in spite of the surpassing quality of the music, "Blossom Time" is musical comedy. There is a girl chorus, and Teddy Wehh is a comedian of the musical comedy stripe, an expert at his line now, for the beginner whom we saw years ago nearly bursting his boiler to be funny, and not invariably succeeding, has graduated. He still lingers fondly over the explosive qualities of the letter "p," which always fascinated him, but he makes the audience laugh with it, invariably. He is surprisingly fresh and interested in spirit, practices absurd postures with success, and always brings out the points in his lines. In fact, the old Tivoli comedian made a hit, not through the prestige of former acquaintance, but through merit.

"Blossom Time" is well presented in a number of other respects. There are two leading women singers; one of them, Halina Bruzovna, a sort of magnolia blossom of a woman. This singer has presence, personality, looks, more than a suggestion of an European flavor to her general presence and performance, and a fine, full, effective singing voice. She dances with temperamental vigor, and is a good actress. And in her personality she suggests feminine fascination, in spite of the plot requiring that she be a woman scorned by the all-conquering Baron Schoher. The only thing I have against her is that she wore over-feathered hats that partly extinguished her good looks.

Ralph Soule plays the Baron, the young male charmer, whose heart was true and sound in spite of his dangerous fascination. Mr. Soule gives the Baron good looks, a fine physical presence, an open, pleasing countenace, and a good, ringing tenor voice.

Hollis Davenny assumes the rôle of Schubert, and does it with good effect, giving to the composer a gentle, modest, self-effacing personality, and a pleasing haritone which expresses admirahly the wistful love of the composer for pretty Mitzi.

There are three little maids from school just grown up in the play, and working havoc among the young Viennese blades. Chief of these is coy little Mitzi, who has captured Schubert's affections. Gertrude Lang plays the part, and while she is rather too round-eyed, and smiles too perpetually, there is an indubitahly girlish charm to the young actress. Her little crudities could not cover over her native sweet ingenuousness, and she has a lovely, fresh voice that seemed to grow lovelier the higher she soared, so sweetly and easily it poured from her young throat.

An imposing memher of the company is Jules Epailly, a foreign actor, judging from his name and his accent, which sounded like the real thing. So, too, did Halina Bruzovna's; and even to Gertrude Lang's speech there seemed to he a faint foreign flavor. There was no need for any of them to assume it, as the presumption is that they were all speaking Viennese German.

To return to Jules Epailly; this actor acquitted himself with distinction in an effective scene with Schubert, in which he offered homage to genius with a fine European flourish—modified hy sincerity—that was dazzling. There were a number of other lesser characters, young men and women who looked romantic and attractive in the style of costume adapted to the play; one tbat prevailed during the first half or third of the eighteenth century.

There is an attractive atmosphere to the story, which by the way, Dorothy Donnelly, a former light of the stage, adapted from a Viennese play. Sigmund Romberg has attended to the adaptation of Schubert's compositions to light-operatic form, and what isn't Schubert's music is H. Berte's.

Many of Schubert's hauntingly sweet melodies are recognized. The famous serenade is featured in the first act, and is sung by a quartette, sung very well, too, although the opening passages of it came too vigorously and resoundingly for a song so ideally expressive of the hushed, solemn ecstacy of young love. And later its poignantly sweet melody was treated as an intermezzo. Another love-song in the opera is lifted from Schubert's famous unfinished symphony, still another winds its sweetness around the senses until they are drowned in it, and there are several lilting, little dances, and the exhilarating and familiar military march.

The story bas one feature which hears a resemhlance to "Cyrano de Bergerac." Schubert pours his heart into a love-song—the one known as "Longing"—with which to win Mitzi's girlish love. He delegates to his dearest friend, the Baron Schoher, the task of singing it, and alas! for the Baron is rich in trophies of women's hearts—Mitzi's love is given to the singer, and the composer is down and out.

Musical comedy though it is, in "Blossom Time" the romantically sad atmosphere attending Schubert's love, disappointment and early death, is allowed to appear in the story, the sadness of the theme, however, not harring out scenes of the liveliest comedy.

The piece is well-mounted and prettily costumed and has heen so successful in the East that no doubt future comedy operas will similarly emhody the lyric gems of the other composers.

A NEAR-LOVABLE FOOL.

Maude Fulton can write enough plays of her own not to need "Dulcy," the Kaufman-Connelly play, that made such a hit in New York. But there was a succulent part in it for her and she was unahle to resist it. For that, Maude Fulton will win still more admiration. She has made the part of Dulcy her own. Dulcy is a "little Miss Fix-It," an entirely incompetent, hut fussy little nincompoop, who is possessed hy an itch to have her hand in everyhody's affairs. And why since she always makes a monumental failure of everything she undertakes? Well, Dulcy is so real that you credit her with a suhliminal consciousness. This suhconscious self says to her, "Dulcy, they may think you can't put it through, hut you can. Just show them what a clever, managing, indispensable, little thing you are." So Dulcy sails in hreezily, and makes a ghastly fluke all round. And while she is in action she twinkles with tbe childish joy of her self-importance. She never forgets anyone's needs, only she always insists on giving them the hreakfast they don't want, and lays out for them games and amusements they particularly detest. For Dulcy is having a week-end party, and all must he made to enjoy themselves.

We all know a Dulcy or two; the kind of person who wants to regulate your diet, prescribe your medicines and bully you as to the way of doing your hair. Only, these sure-thing Dulcys never have the weak mood that overcomes Dulcy in the last act of the play for they are so honestly, stubhornly and permanently convinced of their foresight, wisdom, and rightness that nothing can uproot that conviction. So when a repentant Dulcy says, toward the end of the last act, as sbe makes a tearful promise to reform and mind her own business, that she is a "false note," she really strikes a false note in the play. For the Dulcys of life never hy any chance think they are wrong.

Maude Fulton made her, however, the realest of little husybodies. She gave her a characteristic voice, manner, and gait; a swift little twinkling trot that carried her off from one action or conversation to another, without reflection; exactly like a puppy, who engagingly follows every puppy impulse.

Dulcy is really engaging in an exasperatingly, untroubled way. Her husband loves her as if she were a trouhlesome child, trembling every moment for fear she will hreak in with the precipitancy of a young colt on the gallop, and destroy his calculations.

J. Anthony Smythe, pleasantly remembered as the leading man of the Maitland Players, played the part, making the perturbed business man, anxious to complete a deal, merge into the hopeless, fearful proprietor of Dulcy in a very realistic manner. Lea Penman, also formerly of the Maitland Players, although we knew her first as an actress in another Maude Fulton company, re-appears in "Dulcy," looking very handsome, and beautifully gowned, in the rôle of a flirting young second wife, whose flirtation is warmly encouraged by an entirely innocent and intrinsically well-meaning Dulcy, just for the purpose of having her husy fingers in the pie.

Dulcy has a hrother, well represented by Rex Cherryman, a clever young actor, who showed a sense of humor in his delineation of a male connection of Dulcys, who, like her hushand, had a despairing feeling that nothing could he done with Dulcy's managingness except endure it—fearfully.

Dulcy collects a joh lot at her week-end party, among others a scenario-writer whose picture-play prestige moves the women to admiration. John Ivancovich rather hurlesques the character, doing it cleverly enough to afford considerahle amusement. V. Talhot Henderson also heightened the comicality of an important husiness man, naturally tyrannical in his office and at home, hut caught and caged hy the smilingly assured Dulcy, who forces a man who holds her hushand's business future in the hollow of his hand to do a number of things that he particularly detests doing.

In projecting a lunatic into the play the authors kept their heads, utilizing him cleverly in their plot emhroglio, and refraining from causing him to do the sensational things which would make the other guests suspect the truth. This rôle was satisfactorily played by Ralph Kline. Rohert Adams gave a good representation of a young advertiser mitigated hy the ruefulness of a losing suitor. Leigh Willard played the portentous lawyer with a suitahle mien, while Helen Audiffred supplied the young girl element in a group containing several infatuated young males at the mating age.

The play is well directed. We realized that early in the game, when the hutler—represented with a due suggestion of underlying significance, hy Raymond Northcutt—entered and hrought a faint atmosphere of mystery with him.

When Maude Fulton produces her new play, "Punchinello," which will he next week, we are promised a representation hy her in a more seriously dramatic vein, and to that the friends of the actress are looking forward with much anticipation.

COMEDY AT THE PLAZA

The Stage Guild, which has renewed its temporarily suspended activities, is presenting "The Romantic Age," a characteristic and amusing comedy hy A. A. Milne, author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Dover Road," and other engaging comedies. "The Romantic Age," which is of course thoroughly English in flavor, presents an entertaining group of people for our consideration. The Knowle family consists of three members, each quite appealing to one's sense of humor in their different ways. Mrs. Knowle is of the type of a Dora Copperfield grown mature. The lady amuses herself by dallying with the pretense of bad health. She thinks aloud, and her thoughts—or which she conceives to he such—are merely the uttered reflections of instincts and conventions. Melisande—called by her mother "Sandy," because of a maternal suspicion that there is an improper flavor to the daughter's haptismal name—is a young creature in the grip of romantic sentiment. Melisande is a mass of youthful intolerance of everything prosy, utilitarian and practical. And Mr. Knowle is a gentleman happily endowed with a sense of humor, who steers his tranquil hark hetween the Scylla of the wife and the Charybdis of the daughter.

The author has quite enchantingly depicted the sillinesses of the mother, the romantic yearnings of the young daughter, all ready for love, and the cheerful and witty elusiveness of the father. A pretty girl cousin furnishes opportunity for the exchange of some girlish profundities on life, love and tbe extraordinary lack of vision in seniors who have forgotten that romance is the most important thing in life. There is of course a hlundering admirer that Melisande scorns with the hottomless contempt of youth because he is an honest, transparent, everyday young man.

Mr. Milne has the graceful wit, the genial tolerance of human folly, which makes dialogue enjoyahle and the players do tbeir parts well. Keith Wakeman, whom we have seen within six months in several emotional rôles, in which she failed to distinguish herself, has surprised us all around by her amusing and creditahle interpretation of a shallow and open opportunist, gracefully dallying with a sort of social form of hypochondria in order to he waited on. Not one of Mrs. Knowle's cleverly vapid discourses but reached the humorous sensihilities of the audience, so that laughter followed her every utterance. It may he said that the actress scored a decided hit.

Laura Straub is a rich-voiced young actress with the gift of an arresting personality, and with talent for giving personality to her lines without undue emphasis—the fault of the amateur. It is patent that when this young lady learns to set off her natural endowment of looks with hecoming costumes she will arrive, for she acts with instinctive talent.

Irving Pichel plays the rôle of the good-looking youth who, on a romantic moonlight night, romantically costumed in douhlet and hose, with the revealed contours of his shape set off hy a romantically draped mantle while motoring to a fancy hall calls unromantically at Melisande's dwelling for some gasoline—or petrol as the English call it—and captures her young sensihilities. The attraction is, of course, mutual. The apparition of a young man costumed in the hahiliments of the romantic past is immensely relieving to Melisande's yearnings. She is more severe than ever with the hapless Bohhy, who, forced hack upon himself hy the immense disdain of the inexorahle young goddess of romance, is caught on the rehound hy Cousin Jane. Pretty little Cousin Jane is the victim of a secret love for Bohhy, so that little sorrow of Bohhy's is happily disposed of. For at all times Mr. Milne is a henevolent taskmaster to his characters, whom he wants to he happy all around.

All of these characters and one or two additional ones are neatly conveyed hy a well-selected company. Mr. Pichel is an intelligent stage director. The East will call him yet. He gives a good finish to the performances he directs if be has suitahle material, which, in the present case, he has. He is an agreeahle actor in the unexacting part of Gervase Mallory, although the situation in the second act drew what was meant to he quaint and whimsical humor to a rather thin thread. The Douglas Crane youngster was easy and attractive in bis monotonous little rôle, but the first and third acts were the hest.

Rohert Ross exactly conveyed the sort of wholesome boy Bohhy was, and Eugenie Gray did very intelligently shaded work, not only in her girl parleys with Melisande, hut more particularly in the sofa interview with Bohhy, and W. W. Roney conveyed the characteristic Milne witticisms in the rôle of Melisande's father with a suggestion of temperamental huoyancy that expressed the character.

Lawrence White, as the peripatetic eccentric that Gervase had a conversational exchange with on the mildly mad moonlight night that set Melisande's young susceptibilities quivering, also did up his scene very neatly. In fact the whole performance, if we make a slight exception against what was really a little drop in the author's playful fancy in the second act, was so enjoyahle that we shall look forward with pleasant anticipation to further appearances by tbe members of the Stage Guild, which is hy the way promising us a performance of Franz Molnar's "Lilliom," and also a lecture hy Leon Bakst, famous for his originality of design.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

A MUFFLED GRAND GUIGNOL.

It was polite of the Messieurs Selwyn, as they are now called, to put the gentle hand of caution on their unruly guests from the Grand Guignol, writes Percy Hammond in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. "You must not," MM. Edgar and Archihald seem to have said, "freeze any veins or cause any screams of horror to rend the affrighted skies. We New Yorkers are a placid race and we do not care to he ruffled hy unseemly actions upon the stage. A little well-behaved murdering or a fleshly innuendo or two are permissihle. But upon the rougher stuff we must cry 'embargo!'"

Having been thus quarantined, the pilgrims from naughty Montmartre arrived at the Frolic Theatre the other night almost cleansed of their native indiscretions. The notorious *gorille feoce* was in hih and tucker and it wore a blue ribhon in its golden hair. Ahsent were the protruding tongues of senile Russian generals strangled by vengeful French demi-mondaines. Gone were the empty eye sockets streaming with hlood. Not present were the horrid shrieks of crucifixion. There was no one to throw vitriol in the face of another; and missing were the more forward capers of the comic boudoirs. The performance, of course, was not of the Ridpath or Chautauqua type of entertainment. It had, however, its lyceum aspects.

For example, in "At the Dead Rat, Room No. 6," which Holhrook Blinn used to play, the Sadistic old Russian despot is choked to death hy his new sweetheart whose hrother he had killed in Moscow. While at supper in the Rat Mort she knots her long gloves about his wrinkled throat and stops his harmful respirations. In Paris the odious reprohate dies with many photographic evidences of agony. His passing is accompanied, as Augustus Thomas might say, hy all the hideous entourage of strangulation. But at tbe Frolic he exits serenely, with few of the mortuary spasms, gurgles, death rattles and eyehall rollings promised hy the pictures in the souvenir program. He is exhaled as gracefully as if his vindictive lady love had lullahied him to his last sleep, and his going provides us with few shudders.

It was said ahove of the Selwyns that tbey were polite in causing the Grand Guignol Players to wipe their hoots upon the doormat and to cross our threshold in a seemly manner. It was polite, hut perhaps it was neither shrewd nor justified. Horrible things have heen exhihited to us upon the stage and we are not averse in our amusements to cold

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sweats and consternations. From "Zeno" and "The Bat and the Canary" *et cetera*, we have learned to enjoy the grisly delights of the drama, and Mr. Avery Hopwood's frank and audacious farces have taught us that life exists, even in the private places.

For many seasons we have been pleased at the Metropolitan and other opera houses by the torture scene in "La Tosca," where every note of the agonized Mario's yells has been music to our ears. We are fond, as Mr. Walkley says, of the pre-Raphaelite pictures of grilled, disemboweled and arrow-riddled saints; we adore the "Laocoon" and its embodiment of physical torture. "Salammbo" is a familiar pleasure, and Dempsey's bleeding proboscis would provoke us to an esthetic thrill. When the noble Mr. Nehf, at the polo grounds on Monday, knocked himself out of the box and was reduced tragically and in an instant from a hero to a booby many of us were glad at his sufferings as he made his dolorous way from the throne to the dugout. Amusement seekers, as Dr. Johnson and other sages have estimated them, are a cruel lot even when 100 per cent. American. They are happiest when the torments of others are greatest.

So I think the Selwyns were too innocent when they instructed the Grand Guignol Players to dilute their violences with a superstitious etiquette. America is full of intrepid neighhorhood, community and little theatre dramatic enterprises whose advanced products make the present Grand Guignol bill seem in comparison like the melodies of "Mother Goose." The United States drama lovers are inured to imprudent happenings upon the stage and we do not care to have our withers wrung by weak and shackled hands. Give us at the Frolic Theatre hloodshed and immorality and their accompanying discomforts and fun as illustrated to the tourists hard by the Place Pigalle. In the argot of the wise Times Square chorus girls, I should like to say to these afraid and weary visitants from France, "Be yourself, Grand Guignol! Be yourself!"

ETHEL IN LONDON.

As soon as the season closed, I fled to London again, writes Ethel Barrymore in the *Delineator*. I felt as though I had not left it for an hour. Life was very full and very interesting. In all the years that I did go back, none of my friends—who became most intimate friends—ever took my theatrical life seriously. They thought I was on the stage for a pastime; it sort of amused them that I should be doing anything like that. When any of them came to America, they were surprised to find that I was more or less prominent.

I remember an incident of a very grand young man in London asking Elsie Janis if she had ever heard of a friend of his in America, who did a little acting occasionally, named Ethel Barrymore. Elsie, who had been imitating me, and principally me, since she was a small child, threw him such a look of indignant horror that I douht if he ever recovered. I am sure he has no idea to this day what was wrong with his remark.

My London friends at that time were real friends. When I returned from America, they always acted as if I had just been to the country for a week-end, and it made me feel as if it were really true. The people I saw most of were "Uncle Ben" Webster, the actor; his wife, whom I called "Maisie Dreams" (her professional name was May Whitty); Anthony Hope, the novelist; Milly, the Duchess of Sutherland; Margot and Henry Asquith; Didi and Alfred Littleton; Winston Churchill and Etty and Willie Grenfell. These I saw most and loved most. As I look hack on it now, they were very wonderful to me—so wonderful in every way that I didn't realize at the time my good fortune in heing allowed to know them so well and so intimately. I was still fairly young and took these honors as a matter of course. I suppose I liked them so much that I didn't see any reason why they should not like me. At any rate, they did like me, and all treated me as though I were truly one of them. Never for one moment did I ever feel that I belonged to a different world, which, of course, as a matter of fact, I did not.

Such wonderful dinners at Margot's with those interesting and exciting people of London! I nearly always sat next to Henry Asquith at these parties; on the other side of me would he Chesterton or Balfour—once, I remember, Lord Roseherry. I can't think of them all now, but I know that when you go out to dinner in England you must take with you all you have in the way of mentality, for you are sure to need it.

"Yes," said the man in the ancient overcoat with the hulging pockets, "him an' me is in partnership, hut we don't do our business together." "How's that?" "Why, he goes around sellin' a stove hlackin' that leaves a stain on the fingers. I go around next day to the same houses with the only soap that'll take it off."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

The University of St. Andrews, of which Rudyard Kipling has heen installed Lord Rector, is the favorite university for girls in Scotland.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Orpheum Next Week.

Marion Harris, called the record breaker of the records, will head the array of talent at the Orpheum for the week beginning with the matinee on Sunday. Miss Harris earned her title by having the largest sale of phonograph records of any artist in her line.

Renée Rohert and Giersdorf Symphonists have made a combination of dance creation and symphonic ensemble. There are ten selected musicians, five men and five women.

Venita Gould, who has won fame for impersonations of stage celebrities, will repeat her act. "Poodles" Hanneford, the equestrian comedian, will appear with several members of the famous Hanneford family. Al Lydell and Carleton Macey offer a character oddity entitled "Old Cronies." Harry Jolson, brother to the famous Al Jolson, will offer one of the comedy acts under the billing of an "Operatic Blackface Comedian." The Flying Hartwells will present a sensation on a double swing rope. Yong Wong brothers are Oriental gymnasts of note.

At the Columbia.

Maude Fulton will offer her metropolitan premiere of her new drama, "Punchinello," at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, November 19. It is said that this play will rank with the author's other work, "The Brat." It not only gives the star a fine rôle, but furnishes opportunities for fine acting on the part of all the cast.

"Punchinello" is the story of "circus folks"—the comedy and the tragedy in the lives of clowns and tent people. Leoncavallo made a great opera out of the woes of a clown in "Pagliacci" and it is said that Maude Fulton has achieved a masterpiece with the same theme for a dramatic story. "Punchinello" is said to abound in that effective wit so cleverly written into her plays hy Miss Fulton. She will have as special support in this play Robert Ober and William Burress, the latter one of the finest character actors of the day. He will be seen in the role of the clown.

A solid year in New York, three months in Chicago, two months in Boston and one month in Philadelphia besides brief visits to the large eastern cities is the record to date for Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," and his unique musical offering, which comes to the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement, commencing Monday, November 26; with matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday. This comedian's style of entertainment is just the sort for the tired business man and the busy housewife. The two acts and nineteen scenes delight the eye, the many musical gems titillate the ear, while the ludicrous antics of "The Perfect Fool" excite the risibilities to the fullest.

Organist of Notre Dame.

Chairman J. Emmet Hayden of the auditorium committee of the Board of Supervisors announces that Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, who created such a pround impression here when he played on the great municipal organ a year ago, is making another transcontinental tour and has been secured for a single recital at the Exposition Auditorium, on Thursday evening, December 6. M. Dupre, who is an acknowledged master of his chosen instrument, is preparing an exceptionally fine program for this occasion, and reserved seats will he ready at Sherman, Clay and Company's, Monday morning, November 26. The prices will range from twenty-five cents to a dollar, with no war tax.

Vatican Choir Praised.

The tour of the Sistine Chapel Choir continues to be a series of triumphs, capacity-taxing audiences greeting it wherever it sings. Its first performance in Montreal, Canada, drew this comment from the *Daily Gazette* of that city.

"It is difficult through the medium of the written word to do justice to the Sistine Choir, and after hearing them one readily understands why the master musicians of the past burst into raptures after listening to the forerunners of the present organization. Even yet there remains the haunting appeal of the 'Dies Irae,' (The Day of Wrath) from the Requiem of Perosi, and it may he said that never before has it been sung so effectively in this city. It is one of the wonderful prayers in the great liturgy, the great appeal of the living for the dead, and, as the voices of the choir rose in the supplication of the verse 'Lacrymosa dies illa' (O Day of Tears) there was established a spiritual manifestation which could he experienced hut not described."

Three different programmes will be interpreted hy the choir during its engagement Decemher 7, 8 and 9, at the Exposition Auditorium, and the advance sale of tickets at Sherman, Clay and Company's hox office assures a packed audience at each concert.

Prices for Pop Concerts.

In order that those who desire may avail themselves of tbe season sale rate for reserved seats for the second series of popular concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, now in progress at the Exposition Auditorium, bookings may still be made at Sherman, Clay and Company's, where the prices for the four remaining concerts are but 80 cents, $1.60, $2.40 and $3.20, or 20, 40, 60 and 80 cents a concert, war tax exempted.

Supervisor J. Emmet Hayden, chairman of the auditorium committee of the Board of Supervisors, is anxious that the public take advantage of this remarkable offer. The next concert will take place Tuesday evening, December 11, when Albert Spaulding, America's foremost violinist, will be the soloist.

A taxi company so situated that it drove one set of cars almost entirely on dirt roads and another set almost entirely on concrete roads reports that it costs 2.4 cents less per mile to operate the taxis on the cement road than on the dirt roads.

Bait for Baconians.

In a lecture some time ago to the Elizahethan Literary Society, on the subject of Marlowe, says St. John Ervine in the *Manchester Guardian*, I contrived to say some provocative and outrageous things about the mouldy tribe of Baconians who will have it that no one under the rank of a peer of the realm could have written the plays of Shakspeare. At the end of my lecture a gentleman unrose and asserted that Bacon not only wrote his own books and those of Shakspeare, but that he also wrote the pages of Marlowe, Spenser and anybody who happened to be around. I did not say that the mere physical labor of all this work, apart from the difficulty of concealing the imposture, was beyond one man, but I began to embroider a theory of my own about the authorship of contemporary drama. I imagined a descendant of the gentleman in my audience staggering the civilized world some three hundred years hence with the discovery that the whole of Mr. John Galsworthy's plays, the whole of Mr. Granville Barker's plays, and at least one of my own were written hy Mr. Sidney Webb, the economist and sociologist! Mr. Garvin, as editor of *The Observer*, has already seen signs of the hand of Mr. Webb in Mr. Shaw's work, or rather he has imagined that some ingenious person one day will see signs of it. The idea, therefore, is in the air. Mr. Webb has long enjoyed a reputation as a permeator, but a man can permeate too much; and at last he has been caught at his tricks. True, he is not yet a peer of the realm, but who knows what he may become when the Labor Party enters into power?

The evidence in support of the theory that Mr. Webh wrote the plays of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, and myself is far stronger than the evidence that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspeare, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, and the rest of the Elizabethans. No one, for example has sufficiently considered the fact that Shakspeare's plays were probably written by Queen Elizabeth. After all, she was a learned and literary woman and could translate pages from Greek and Latin and French. She even blazed the trail for Dr. Gilbert Murray by Englishing one of the plays of Euripides. A woman of her ability would have thought nothing of knocking off a piece like "Hamlet" in her spare time.

There can never be so much disputation about Mr. Webb's authorship of contemporary plays as there is about Bacon's authorship of Elizabethan. Who else could have written them? Mr. Webb is an industrious and learned man, adept with his pen, and well known to all the authors named. I am inclined to think that he probably wrote the whole of Mr. H. G. Wells' novels as well as Mr. Shaw's plays. If Bacon could dash off "The Faërie Queene," and fob it off on Spenser, who among us will deny that Mr. Webb could dash off "The New Machiavelli" hetween the sittings of the Poor Law Commission? There is surely some sienificance in the fact that "Wells" and "Webb" both begin with a W and that the word "Shaw" contains exactly the same number of letters as the word "Webb." I do not, however, depend on cryptogrammatic arguments for my proof that Mr. Webb had a hand in writing the bulk of the contemporary drama. I have profounder arguments.

I will not prolong the argument. I have written enough to show what justification there is for the belief that this remarkahle man relieved the monotony of his more serious work by such light employments as the composition of "Man and Superman" and "Strife" and "Waste." And I will not attempt to deny that, after a few conversations with me on the suhject of religious and industrial strife in the north of Ireland, he sat down and wrote the play called "Mixed Marriage," which I have shamefully claimed as my own. How could I possibly be the author of that play? I have never seen a riot in my life. I know very littlc about trade unions or industrial disputes. Is it likely that a person of my limited experience and knowledge could have written a play on such a theme? I still claim the authorship of "Mixed Marriage" hecause I derive an income from it. Vanity also compels me to keep up the pretence that I wrote it. But in time, when the cryptogrammatists and "the earnest students" have completed their investigations, the pretence will no longer be maintainable, and Sidney Webb will come into his kingdom. Unless, of course, someone discovers that it was not he, but Mrs. Sidney Webb, who wrote the whole of the sociological drama. Stranger things than that have have been discovered before today.

Senator Reed's Uses.

In a sketch of Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, contributed to *The Forum's* series of articles, Frederick H. Brennan pictures Reed as a member of the old school of Missouri democrats, distinguished hy a sense of humor and a biting tongue. There is no originating vision in the man, he says. The Constitution and Jeffersonian Democracy are his anchors. He has the aggravating sterility of the average commentator on the drama. But woe betide those hopeful wights who seek to parade their own imaginings before him!

Internationalism lashes him to fury. It may break down the Monroe Doctrine. Who are these men who would question the wisdom of the fathers? Look at them. See their absurdities. Who are these foreigners, the internationalists who would claim as brothers? How droll is the thought. The picture stays with Reed and his sense of humor flavors his rage. Result—five hours of scathing oratory, alive with cynical invectives and satirical metaphors.

Prohibition arouses his ire. It hits at states rights. Who dares to propose it? Woman suffrage too, and for the same reason, is damned.

Reed is a test for the solutions and the panaceas that are offered to Congress. If tbere is any possible danger in them, he will find it, if they are absurd he will show each incongruity, if men presume upon the Constitution, in offering tbeir dreams, his tongue will deliver the rapier thrust. So long as he remains in the Senate it must proceed gingerly or else be so mighty in its assurance that it dares to brook him in debate.

There is some talk of the Senator's chance to be president. To elect Reed president would rob the Senate of what at times has been its savior—a cynical grin.

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VANITY FAIR.

Rupert Hughes, facile producer of sex plot novels, movie scenarios, literary diversions sometimes in taste and sometimes not, hut usually effective for their financial ohject, and who from his many typographical activities derives an authority perhaps heyond his merit, has heen making some entertaining ohservations on divorce. It is good puhlicity, for a great many people are interested in divorce, and Rupert handles the suhject in an entertaining way. He thinks marriage should he considered a civil contract merely, and dissoluhle for uncivil conduct; a thing to he invalidated hy the courts like any other contract. "The sanest way for a woman to get rid of a hrutal hushand would he to send him a registered letter." That would have some advantages over the tedious and comfortless manner in which the husiness is now conducted—to say nothing of the expense. But the papers seem to have gone farther in quoting him—to the effect that in South Carolina where there is hut one legal ground for divorce, and that a hard one to prove, there are more murders of husbands and wives than in any other state. Seeing that in cold type, Rupert says he is sorry the papers quoted him to that effect; that what he wanted to convey was that according to his information a condition of concuhinage akin to that in continental Europe is to he found in that state, and not that the slaughter has already begun. This leaves us facing the disagreeable question whether matrimony would he mitigated hy murder, or murder hy concuhinage, supposing divorce can not he invoked as a mitigation of either.

It is a good deal of a dilemma. Mr. Hughes seems to helieve that unless you permit divorce you are likely to have one of the other alternatives. Of course, this means nothing to the sort of uncompromising reformer who helieves in having the law ideal whether life can he made to conform to it or is driven hy it into objectionahle vagaries. But is he right? Has concuhinage, for example, entirely ceased in Nevada? Are the inhabitants of the Sage Brush State and those that take up temporary residence therein for the usual legal purpose, a unanimously virtuous and straight-laced people? Do they never look speculatively, to say nothing of covetously, on one another's wives, and consider the chances of easy separations? And is life perfectly safe among the (legal) residents? Is it not a fact that uxoricide is more often the result of exasperation than of calculation? These prohlems are disturhing, and for that reason excellent press agent material. As long as they discuss the relations of the sexes, Rupert Hughes, D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George and the women sexologists are sure of large and appreciative audiences of the so-called fair sex.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, has heen at it again. He seems fascinated hy Adam and Eve and just can't let the theme alone. He once made an Adam and Eve twenty-two feet high; much higher than necessary. Now he is finishing another conception of the great human pair for the Tarrytown estate of John D. Rockefeller. His idea is to illustrate the "mystery of sex." He has been duly interviewed, "featured," exploited and advertised *ad lib*, hut he does not appear to have contrihuted to the mystery of sex any understanding of it the world did not have hefore. There it is, a great theme, animating heroes, inspiring authors, puzzling puzzle-headed German scientists, diverting Frenchmen, annoying practical Americans, stirring up poets, tripping up preachers, haffling sociologists, supplying at least two-thirds of the foundation of art and the arts. No one seems to know why. Protoplasm has no sex, the oyster has two. Who wishes to he either? Man puzzles over woman, wondering why she is as she is and what she will do to him next. He hegins to puzzle thus when ahout seventeen and keeps at it until the sad and saddened age when he decides as some Frenchman did that women are riddles without answers, Syhils without hooks, sphinxes who tell us nothing hecause they have nothing to tell. But the process takes so long that in the meantime the subject has a lively market, the demand for discussion, and especially for illustration, is unfailing. No one wishes to plead ignorance, yet no one knows the riddle. The sirens lured Ulysses, and the police records are filled with cases of modern sirens luring the most cautious hankers and pillars of society, all trying scientifically to solve the age-old puzzle, lots of the scientists getting into trouble, few finding any answer they care to publish. We have the Police Gazette outdone and made to seem positively hashful hy the Sunday supplement for young people; and a sculptor trying to solve the mystery hy making Adam and Eve twenty-two feet high. It can not he solved that way. Some say there is no mystery ahout it, and that is why it can never he answered. "One thing is certain, and the rest is lies": if the answer ever is found the sexologists will lose their occupation and have to go to work for a living. That is going to be rough on Lawrence, George, Hnghes, Chamhers and the rest of them. And it is likely to he rough on the halance of us—there will he nothing to read in the papers hut the doings of the reichswehr and the dealings of the stock and real estate hrokers. So let Barnard go on with his favorite suhjects, our primal ancestors. They lend themselves to the nude. Barnard has done two or three Lincolns, one of which at least caused a storm of adverse comment in England. Heaven forhid that he should try to solve the mystery of the great emancipator hy making a nude Lincoln.

If Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont had heen around the Garden of Eden in the days of Adam and Eve she would have advised against the wedding. She has described the wife as a sort of slave, after having twice tried marriage. She has kicked up quite a squall. Women's clubs, preachers, editors, politicians, have heen saying things ahout such an ahhorrent doctrine. Elinor Glyn differs. She says not less, hut more sweet servitude would make marriage a success, and that woman still craves a master—perhaps as a vestige of her chattel days, just as we keep dreaming of falling hecause way hack in the dim ages hefore even the cave man, our ancestors used to fall out of their trees when their tails let go in sleep. Mrs. Belmont says this is all wrong, that the clinging-vine type of wife will never regenerate the world, will never pull off a real marital rehellion. Elinor wants more illusion and glamour, Mrs. Belmont apparently wants disillusionment or else no marriages at all since the whole dinged thing is such a failure. One pauses to wonder what would take the place of this well-known institution. Without it, or something suhstantially like it, not even the sacred suffrage movement could get farther than one generation. This must be known to Mrs. Belmont. We heg that she cease her mad demolition of marriage.

Meanwhile, for men there are horse racing, aviation, automohiling, and the pleasures of the chase. And there is even chess. Chess has done much to help people "endure life," as Goethe put it. Judging from the devotion paid it, chess is a great game. It seems, in a way, to compose the mind, although it may not always elevate it. The historical arena for San Francisco's chess gladiators is an upper rear room of a down-town lihrary. Here the hattle may he seen to rage, its fortunes to sway hack and forth, in a silence like that of the tomb. Ahsorption could go no farther. A week or so ago there was a fierce fire on Market street just behind the chess room, which was filled with the silent combatants. Traffic was tied up, the bells clanged, the sirens screamed, the fire apparatus came a-helling down street, firemen swarmed to the top of the adjoining building and pulled off the skylights and turned streams of water down. Smoke arose in hillows and in clouds enveloping the rear of the lihrary huilding and forcing its acrid way into the sacred chess room, and with it came the hoarse yells of the fire captains urging on their men to make redoubled efforts to save the city from another conflagration. As the uproar reached its climax a man who had heen studying the board for the better part of an hour gave a little sigh, leaned slightly forward and moved a pawn an inch and a half. An hour later somehody moved a knight. It was a great afternoon.

It is only on the surface, however, that things are so placid. The battle rages within. Here is still room for the most ahhorrent manifestations of envy and revenge. Recently two men sat at a tahle, their hrains (at least figuratively) locked in combat like the horns of two battling elk that can not disengage and so die in that position. One of them felt that a vague something was troubling him and identified it as his lowers. He removed them and lay them alongside the hoard. A few minutes later he became conscious that he was again troubled hy something, and this time identified it as his uppers. These he removed and placed on the lowers; and there they lay, uppers and lowers, grinning at the game like a ghost of Theodore Roosevelt or the last vanishing smile of the Cheshire cat. The relief was effective. The man won. Floating on air he left the place a victor. A block away, recalling a tight place into which his opponent had manœuvered him, he tried to clinch his teeth, hut they would not clinch—they were not there. He turned and dashed back into the building and up three flights of stairs to the chess room. Alas, too late! His defeated opponent, hoiling with revenge, had thrown them out the window. Not even this ancient Indian game can he depended upon to civilize the iniquitous heart of man.

Winter Evening Dress.

Evening dress this winter will he rather splendid, greatly given to metallic fahrics and laces, restlessly brilliant with the sparkle of rhinestones and crystals or the vivid color of heads. Lace will be used a great deal—hlack lace over silver cloth, gold or silver or cire lace over black crêpe de chine.

The new evening gowns are decidedly more formal, entirely sleeveless and with greater length, to the ankles and touching the floor in the points of panels, sashes and draperies. The newest evening wrap is the cape of black and ruhy velvet emhroidered and tasseled in silver and lined with silver cloth or even more magnificent in rich and fanciful metallic fahrics sometimes shot with vivid hlue or green.

The hest-turned-out women are dressing their hair very close to the head, either parting the hair or drawing it straight hack, but in either case leaving the forehead bare. The hair is no longer hohhed except for the very young girl. Many women wear it "shingled," cut close to the head at the hack and covering the ears at the sides.—*Delineator.*

Love and Sharp Temper.

Modern advice to the contrary, it doesn't pay to he too good-natured, says Grace Frye in the Los Angeles *Times*. Especially does this apply to women who want always to keep sweethearts and husbands interested. Tantalizing tempers have often achieved results where unfailing smiles produced indifference.

This can he proved hy a few facts from the camphor chests of superwomen of history all of whom have been loved hecause of their lack of good nature.

In those good old days, when men did the wooing, women had never heen foolishly admonished to "smile when everything goes dead wrong." Rather did they strive to keep things generally interesting hy way of unpleasant excitement. You see they studied their men to the same extent that the modern woman studies her Baedeker or her hridge game and learned that all styles were popular except the tiresome kind. Then, with a wisdom that seems not to have heen inherited, they displayed enough temper to create a lively interest in the male sex and hy this means receive the attention rightfully due the lily which "toils not neither does it" always grin.

Time and hohhed hair have made many changes since the time of Xantippe, whose name is proverhial for ill temper. Yet perhaps it was due to her unsmiling influence that Socrates' philosophy exemplified self-control and self-knowledge.

In later years we find that no encyclopedia of joy was the life of George Sand, who has heen described as "the hopelessly ugly siren, both in looks and disposition." Yet a list of her admirers was an index of Europe's nineteenth century celehrities. DeMusset, Sandeau, Balzac, Chopin, Carlyle, Prosper Merimee, Liszt, Dumas! All were devoted to her. Had she heen unfailingly sweet-tempered none of these names would have been on her cardiac list.

Then there was Peg Woffington. This darling of the eighteenth century combined a fine Irish complexion with a fine Irish temper but it was the latter that caused men's hearts to vihrate at her command. Macklin, the great actor, fought a duel with Hallam, the doctor-author, hecause Peg had lost her temper over some remarks ascribed to Hallam. It was also her Irish temper that made her refuse to marry David Garrick when he discovered her intrigue with Lord Darnley. Loved she was to the last minute of her eventful career and died repeating those lines in Rosalind: "I would kiss as many of you as had heards that pleased me; complexions that like me—"

Pepy's Diary, that undisputed record, is filled with faults of temper and tongue ascrihed to Mrs. Pepy, yet this philandering rascal loved his wife hest of all and seemed to really enjoy his domestic squahhles, judging from their frequency.

Of course we must not forget to mention Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Lola Montez and Ninon de L'Enclos, all of whom added to their conquests hy timely display of tempting tempers.

This is not a treatise defending temper, hut rather a few cut-hacks to history to prove that less taffy sometimes makes hetter epitaphy.

Take Houses With Them.

Moving in Barhadoes is so simple a task as to rouse the envy of the ordinary American householder. When a negro in that happy island moves, says Sir Frederick Treves, in the "Cradle of the Deep," it is not uncommon to meet not only the furniture, hut the whole house on the highway.

The structure is placed on a car flat, like a puzzle taken to pieces. The four walls are laid one above another as if they were pieces of scenery from a theatre. The roof is indistinguishahle as such, for the tiles are put into the hottom of the cart. The owner carries the front door on his head and kind friends assist with the window shutters and with the chicken house. There is no plumbing, fortunately, and the eve that follows a moving morn sees the entire establishment newly set up and settled, swept and garnished. —*Youth's Companion.*

T. N. T.

Mrs. Nono Williams was granted a divorce from Brady Williams by Judge Summerfield, when she testified that her hushand had deserted her and failed to pay the temporary alimony set by the court some time ago, says the Los Angeles *Times*.

Williams is said to have remarked that if an alimony order was issued by the court, he would T. N. T., which he explained as meaning, "Travel, nigger, travel." When he was brought up in court several weeks ago on the alimony proceedings, however, he promised to keep within reach and pay what the court ordered, hut Mrs. Williams testified that he had failed to do so.

Perhaps a tea wagon is not a strict essential, but at the same time it is a most convenient piece of furniture. No gift could be more acceptable to a hride. Also it makes an ideal Christmas present.

J. E. Mitchell of the Los Angeles *Times* says if you're looking for reasons why women should not wear hreeches look at any woman who does.

How you Profit

HYDRO-ELECTRIC power, developed, is more abundant and cheaper in California than in any other state. That fortunate condition has been brought about chiefly by public utility companies under California's effective system of regulation. True, California has certain natural advantages, but they were developed by the initiative, foresight, and courage of California Companies.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A famous bishop had the trick of pronouncing "o" like "u" thus: "I am fund of hut cuffee," according to Pett Ridge who has written "A Story Teller Forty Years in London." Once he was giving advice to a working girls' club, and impressed on the members the necessity for arranging full occupation of their spare time. "Above all, girls," he said earnestly, "try by all means available, to cultivate a hubby!"

Lawyer, playwright and poet, Judge E. A. Parry is also an admirable raconteur. One of his best stories concerns the great Lord Mansfield, who paid little attention to religious holidays. He once even suggested that the court might sit on Good Friday. The members of the Bar were horrified. Serjeant Davy, who was in the case, bowed in acceptance of the proposition: "If your lordship pleases; but your lordship will be the first judge that has done so since Pontius Pilate!" The court adjourned until Saturday.

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a young maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of an editor, who had just bought a small paper of his own. "Your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now, tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the staff," said the editor.

He had finally reached the land of sunshine, fruit, and cafeterias from the frozen prairies of Iowa, and was inveigled into trying a small dish of ripe olives. His verdict was: "Them things may be all right fer them that likes 'em, an' I dessay they could be lived on in a pinch, but they hev got the gosh dangdest juice I ever tried to drink."

The small boy had been warned by his nurse as to the awful result of biting his nails. "If you bite your nails," she said, "you will swell out like an air balloon and burst." The small boy believed, took heed, and didn't bite his nails any more. But he went to a children's party, where he stood and gazed at the corpulent host for some minutes in silence. Then he spoke: "You bite your nails."

A Scotchman entered a hotel and inquired what the rates were. He was told that the charges were $5 a day for rooms on the first floor, $4 for rooms on the second, $3 on the third, and $2 on the top floor. The Scot after a moment's reflection started for the door, when the clerk asked him if he considered the charges too high. "No," replied Sandy, "it's the building that's no high enough."

The recent English theatrical slump has been paralleled in the past. Cyril Maude was fond of telling of an incident which occurred when his theatre on the Embankment was struggling. The man in the box office wore the chastened air which comes when business is not first class. At half past eight he saw an old lady cross from the railway arch; to his joy, she made direct for the steps of the theatre. She came in and, placing twopence on the ledge of the box office, said: "Third single ticket, Victoria, young man!"

An American sat in a Roman barber shop while a Roman barber worked on his face. The razor was dull and he felt like an early Christian in the Coliseum. Bleeding freely, he began to wave his hands and emit what he thought were Italian words, which only hastened the barber and the flaying and the bleeding. The more he yelled the faster the barber worked and the more the victim bled. Then he thought of an Italian word he really knew and shouted: "Pianissimo, you son-of-a-gun, pianissimo!" "Damn!" said the barber. "What for you no spik American before? I tink you Franchman in hurry."

John Drew loves to tell of the stellar début of his niece, Ethel Barrymore. "She had been playing some small parts with me and then Charles Frohman decided to star her in 'Captain Jinks.' Before it came to New York it was tried out in Philadelphia at the Walnut Theatre, which is the oldest playhouse in the country. At that time there was an old-fashioned gallery audience, keen to approve what it liked and equally keen to show its disapproval of what did not please it. My niece, playing for the first time a long and important role, was somewhat nervous and not quite audible. Suddenly a friendly voice from the gallery called out, 'Speak up, Ethel. You're all right; the Drews are all good actors'."

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at an English farmhouse to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in." "Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised. "You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put half-a-crown in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that you would never regret your kindness. Am I right?" "Yes, you are," replied the farmer. "He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor struggling lad." "Gracious!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him." "I have," said the stranger, "and he sent a message to you." "What is it?" they both asked expectantly. "He told me to tell you that he is still poor."

"Many people imagine that good looks are the principal asset of a film actress," said Ethel Clayton, the English actress, recently. "That's where they're wrong. Ugliness is sometimes an equally valuable asset, provided it is coupled with a talent for facial expression. Which reminds me of a story. A movie actress of this type with whom I am acquainted has a little sister, who came with her to the studio the other day. Between the acts she volunteered the information that 'Sis is a lucky girl.' 'In what way?' I smilingly asked the little lady. 'She went to a party last night,' explained the child, 'where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates.' 'Well, how was she lucky?' I asked. 'She came home with thirteen boxes.'"

Many a politician's success has hinged on doing a Houdini out of a bad situation. There are some who claim that William H. Taft was put into the presidential chair by a donkey, and this is how it happened. It was Mr. Taft's opportunity to swing a doubtful state into line for him or lose it to the opposition and he was talking as only Taft can talk. "Who is there," he finally cried, "who will lift a voice against the truth of my statement?" Just then a donkey on the outskirts of the crowd gave vent to one of the piercing hee-haws of his tribe. The laugh was against the speaker for the moment but Taft was equal to the occasion. Assuming an air of triumph and raising his voice above the din he boomed out: "I knew nobody but a jackass would try it."

Gap in History Filled.

At Thebes, the ancient capital of upper Egypt, says the *Scientific American*, archæologists from Pennsylvania University have found domestic, or common language, papyri that fill a gap in history from B. C. 309 to 246. This period includes the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was so successful in levying heavy taxes with a minimum of injury and dissatisfaction. As the manuscripts deal mainly with financial affairs, our own Ptolomies may perhaps learn from them how to create in us a nation of cheerful givers.

Cape Alava, a rocky point in Clallam county, Washington, is the westernmost point of the continental portion of the United States.

Photographs taken from the air have helped antiquarians in England by disclosing the old Roman military tracks.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lessons.

When I was young I had no sense
(Ah, me, the spell of laughing eyes),
And foolishly I spent my pence
On cure-alls for a maiden's sighs.
On sweets for Jessie, gloves for May;
On this for Pansy, that for Flo
I squandered what I had each day,
When I was young . . . and did not know.

But now I'm old and rated wise
(Ah, me, the lessons of the years),
And I have learned the subtle lies
That lend enchantment to the dears.
A gift from Gorham's, or a book,
A rare edition, tooled in gold,
An opera party—thus each look
I still respond to . . . now I'm old.

J. K. M. in Life.

Chantecler and Chantaigu.

The cock in merry England crows
Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!
But there was never cock in France who crew so
cru-u-u;
The doughty chanticleer of Gaul crows
Coqueri-co-ri-co-o-!
But there was never German cock who smote the welkin so-o-o;
The rooster of the Fatherland crows
Kikeri-ki-ri-ki-i-i!—
But such shrill tucket never greets the dawn in Muscovy-y-y;
If you repose in Russia you must do as Russians do-o-o
And quit your slumbers to the tuc of
Kookooroo-koo-roo-koo-oo-oo!

—*Punch.*

Bellefontaine, Ohio, gets credit for being the first municipality to experiment with cement streets, in 1893.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Miss Marie Potter entertained a group of the débutantes at a tea last week at her home on Washington street.

Miss Eleanor Morgan was a guest of honor at a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis given by Mr. Arthur John Francis.

Mrs. William Parker Filmer was a recent hostess at a dinner given at her home on Scott street for Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bradford.

Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson gave a luncheon last week at the Fairmont Hotel for Miss Janet Winship.

Mrs. A. W. Scott gave a dinner recently at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Judge A. A. Sanderson of Honolulu.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne will be the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Monday next at the Francisco Club by Mrs. J. A. McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bradford were hosts at a recent dinner given at the home of Mrs. Bradford's mother, Mrs. William Parker Filmer.

A bridge and mah jongg party will be held on November 14 at the home of Mrs. George H. Howard in San Mateo for the San Mateo Preventorium.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted gave a dinner on Friday of this week at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Evelyn Poett.

Miss Marian Dunne was the guest of honor at a tea given last week at the Hotel St. Francis by Mrs. Charles Gibson and her sister Miss Viola Pollock.

Mrs. John Adams of London was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at Cloyne Court.

Miss Alice Moffit is giving a dinner on Saturday, November 17.

Miss Sophia Brownell was the guest of honor at a bridge and dancing party given last week by Miss Idabelle Wheaton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a luncheon on Sunday of last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

A large dance was given last Saturday night by the Officers' Club at Fort McDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott were hosts at a dinner last week at their bome on Divisadero street.

Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr., entertained one of the committees of the Junior League at a tea last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Atkinson were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mrs. Thomas H. Williams.

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper is giving a tea on Saturday, November 17, in honor of Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Thomas D. Parker.

Mrs. C. W. Atkinson was hotess at a farewell tea and mah jongg party given at the Clift Hotel shortly before she sailed for Shanghai.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull gave a luncheon last week in honor of her niece, Miss Esther Miles of New York.

Mrs. H. S. Bovard of Philadelphia, a sister of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst.

Mr. Frederick Denicke was entertained by the Bohemian Club at a dinner given last Friday evening.

Miss Katherine Ramsay gave a luncheon recently for Miss Bessie Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Commander Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by ex-Senator James D. Phelan at the Pacific Coast Jockey Club last week.

Miss Amy Cryan was hostess at a tea in the early part of last week.

Miss Barbara Mallou gave a tea on Sunday for Miss Kinau Wilder of Honolulu.

Miss Caroline Madison gave a dinner last week at the Stanford Court Apartments.

Miss William Bull Pringle is giving a coming-out dance for her daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle, on Friday, November 16, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Harriett Walker will be a dinner hostess on Saturday, November 17, at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore entertained at a dance given last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck entertained at a Sunday breakfast at their home in Piedmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home on Pacific avenue.

Colonel Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham, gave a dinner at the Presidio last Friday in honor of Miss Elizabeth Huff and her eastern wedding guests.

General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton gave a dinner dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam were hosts at a dinner given last Friday at their home at Seacliff.

General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton entertained a house party over the week-end at their country home near Los Gatos.

A bazaar will be held in the afternoon of November 23 at Trinity Church for the benefit of the social service work in the church.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained at a dinner in celebration of Dr. Selfridge's birthday on Friday last.

Mrs. Philip King Brown was hostess at a luncheon last week given in honor of Mrs. William Wallace Mein.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard was hostess at a bridge and mah jongg party on Friday of last week.

A dinner dansant was given in honor of Mrs. Paul Verdier by the City of Paris employés on Sunday of last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters gave a musicale last week at their home in Piedmont.

A family dinner was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dillingham in celebration of the birthday of Mrs. Dillingham's mother, Mrs. Katherine Sneath.

Miss Isabelle Bishop was the guest of honor at a buffet supper given last Sunday night by Miss Dorcas Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paulsen were hosts at a dinner given last Sunday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reed Funsten.

Lieutenant Leon Fisk, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fisk, are giving a bridge supper Saturday evening of this week at their new quarters on Yerba Buena Island.

Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Landenberger, were recent dinner bosts at their home on Yerba Buena Island in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Warren Preston.

Miss Edna Christiansen was hostess at a débutante luncheon last Sunday at her home in Burlingame.

The opening of the new Army and Navy Club took place in its new quarters at the Bellevue Hotel on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dill.

The annual dancing party given by the officers of the Anglo & London-Paris National Bank to the employés of the institution took place last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

General Marshall Terry and Mrs. Terry were hosts at a recent dinner given for Mrs. C. A. Doren and her daughter, Mrs. Felix Johnson at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Albert Turby and her mother, Mrs. O. P. Downing entertained at a bridge party last week at the Presidio.

Mrs. William N. Stevenson gave a bridge party on Friday of this week.

The first of a series of dances is being given by the San Francisco Yacht Club on Saturday of this week at its club house.

There were a number of theatre parties given last week on the opening night of the Russian Art Theatre's Vaudeville, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Michel Weill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Coleman, Jr.

Mrs. Ward Wells gave a bridge luncheon at her quarters at the Presidio in honor of her sister, Miss Elinor Parker of Madison, Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Woodhead are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Gertrude Emmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Emmons, to Mr. Stuart Tubbs Henshaw of Piedmont.

P. E. Bowles at the Portland Show.

The honors won by Mr. P. E. Bowles' stable of saddle horses at Santa Barbara last spring have just been duplicated at the Pacific International Horse Show at Portland. In a ring of ten competitors Bowles' brown gelding, Sinbad, took the blue ribbon. In the classes for ladies' mounts Mr. Bowles' Marjoline carried off the honors. It is reported from Portland that at the close of the show Mr. Bowles was offered and declined $30,000 for Sinbad and Marjoline. All of the Bowles string have returned to the home stables at Piedmont.

Women Started Dime Novels.

The first of the dime novels was "Malæska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," by Mrs. A. S. W. Stephens, says the New York *Herald*. This was published in 1860. Its success caused Beadle to pour forth the dime novels in a torrent. Their popularity with both armies during the Civil War is well known. Lincoln was a Beadle reader. He was much impressed with "Maum Guinea," a Beadle novel by Mrs. Metta V. F. Victor. In a conversation with Henry Ward Beecher, Lincoln called Beecher's propaganda volume and Mrs. Victor's novel "telling shots to the right place."

A high valuation is placed by the New York Public Library on the historical value of the material in the Beadle collection. The genuine merit of the Beadle publications was discussed as follows in the foreword to the catalogue of the O'Brien collection presented to the library:

"Although every one of the thirty-one types of Beadle books (and doubtless many of the individual items also) will awaken vivid memories in the minds of elder visitors, the dominating influence of the exhibition—especially to those historically inclined—will be the effect which it produces as a whole. The collection is saturated with the pioneer spirit of America. It portrays the struggles, exploits, trials, dangers, feats, hardships and daily lives of the American pioneers from the days of the Puritans to the death of Custer and breathes the spirit which for two and a half centuries shaped the conquest and development of the continent north of the Rio Grande. It is a literature intensely nationalistic and patriotic in character, obviously designed to stimulate adventure, self-reliance and achievement, to exalt the feats of pioneer men and women who settled the country and to recite the conditions under which those early figures lived and did their work.

"It is in those obvious qualities that the immense vogue of the Beadle books is to be found during their generation. It was in those attributes also that their equally great popular influence lay, and no serious student who seeks to understand the history of this country and many of its present tendencies can fail to obtain a better understanding of such matters by a study of the collection. It is a clinic in the subject of mass psycbology; as valuable to the university professor for its significant historical relations as it is to the gray-haired men to whom it recalls memories of boyhood."

Dr. O'Brien's new collection is rich in rarer and more interesting publications of the early Beadle series. The first group of authors wrote from experience. They were succeeded by a school of professional novel makers who developed a technique of thrills, surprises, shocks and sensations. They systematized the plot and standardized the figures of the pioneer, the Indian fighter, the fur trapper, the gold hunter, the desperado, the stage coach guard, the cattle rustler, the knife tbrower, the sheriff, the vigilante, the mining camp queen, the girl cowboy. But some life and genuineness remained in the Beadle books up to the time when the publisher died in 1896. For nearly thirty years this type of fiction has been thoroughly machine made. None of the modern rubbish has a place in any of the O'Brien collections.

There are no triangles or sex problems in the Beadle books. The authors were forbidden to let their heroines become compromised. When villains abducted girls, as they frequently did, it was with the idea of galloping with them to the nearest parson. The most dreadful crisis for the Beadle heroines was to be threatened with matrimony with the wrong party. Handsome devils with curls and black mustaches beguiled none of the Beadle young women. They were thoroughly protected by the rules of the house. The following is a copy of the rules in force at the time that Beadle was in partnership with Adams:

"We prohibit all things offensive to good taste, in expression or incident.

"We prohibit subjects or characters that carry an immoral taint.

"We prohibit the repetition of any occurrence which, though true, is yet better untold.

"We prohibit what can not be read with satisfaction by every right-minded person, old and young alike.

"We require your best work.

"We require unquestioned originality.

"We require pronounced strength of plot and high dramatic interest of story.

"We require grace and precision of narrative, style and correctness of composition.

"Authors should be familiar with characters and places which they introduce in their work, and not attempt to write in fields where they have no personal or acquired knowledge.

"Those who fail to reach the standard here indicated can not write acceptably for our several libraries or for any of our publications.

"(Signed) BEADLE & ADAMS,
"Publishers."

Brete Harte, as a struggling young author, was denied admission to the brotherhood of Beadle writers because he touched on topics and introduced characters which had been forbidden to exist in the Beadle world.

The publishers paid their authors $150 each for half dime novels and $250 for dime novels. A few novelists of superior productiveness made fortunes for themselves. Thomas C. Harbaugh of Casstown, Ohio, who has recently been in print a good deal, was a prolific writer, but he was a spender. While be had a narrow escape from ending his days in the Casstown infirmary, other of the old writers are still living and comparatively well to do.

Dr. O'Brien recently obtained some of the old publications from George W. Browne of Manchester, N. H., an old Beadle author who has caused the hair of millions to rise and stand on end. Among his works were "The Eskimo Queen, or the Mystery of the Lone Hut;" "The Tiger of Taos, or Dandy Rock's Angel;" "The Golden Hand, or Dandy Rock to the Rescue;" "The Mad Miner, or Dandy Rock's Doom."

Another of the Beadle school is Will S. Gidley of Springfield, Mass. He was one of the pioneer columnists of the country. He conducted for many years a column of wit and humor in *Beadle's Weekly* and was the author of "Happy Jack, or Three Weeks on a Canalboat;" "Dashing Nell, or tbe Female Road Agent;" "$100,000, or the Cave of Death."

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Ar. Tracy	11.15a	1:50p	7:00p	8:36p	2:20p
Ar. Modesto ..	12:13p	3:20p	8:12p	.....	3:40a
Ar. Merced	1:10p	4:45p	9:23p	.....	4:40a
Ar. Fresno	2:45p	6:30p	10:55p	11:30p	6:45a
Ar. Visalia ...	.....	8:49p	12:23a	.....	9:40a
Ar. Hanford ..	.....	8:55p	.....	.....	9:50a
Ar.Bakersfield .	.....	11:05p	2:55a	2:19a	11:10a

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, who have been in Europe since April, are expected to arrive home on the 22nd inst.

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur and Mrs. Wilbur have gone East and will visit Boston, New York and West Virginia before returning home.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover bas left for her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. George Pope and his son, Mr. Kenneth Pope, have returned from the East.

Mr. Frederick Hussey has returned from Canada, where he spent several months.

Mrs. George Shreve has gone to Seattle, where she will remain until the Christmas holidays.

Miss Agnes Sbreve is visiting Miss Cecily Casserly at Colorado Springs.

Mr. Christian de Guigné, Jr., who has been abroad for several months, bas returned to California for tbe winter.

Mrs. Ernest V. Smith and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Jordan, sailed last week on the navy transport *Chanmont* for the East, where they will spend tbe winter.

Mrs. Alfred Biles, who has been a house-guest of Major Miner Felch, U. S. A., and Mrs. Felch, has gone to San Diego.

Mr. Frederick Tillman has left for the East, where he will visit his sister, Baroness Van Eck, in New York.

Mrs. Willis Walker has returned from Southern California and is at her apartment on Powell street.

Mr. Homer Curran has gone East for a stay of several weeks and will visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curran.

Mrs. James Bull has returned from a visit in Santa Barbara and is at her home on Clay street.

Mrs. John B. Casserly, who has been at Colorado Springs, has returned to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King are spending the winter in San Francisco and have taken a bouse on Jackson street.

Colonel Richmond H. Schofield, U. S. A., and Mrs. Schofield, are returning shortly to their home in Honolulu.

Mr. Frederick W. Wickman of Honolulu has arrived in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Atkinson and their daughter, Miss Virginia Atkinson, sailed last week on the *President Taft* for their home in Shanghai, China.

Mrs. Chandler Howard of Shanghai will spend the winter at the Clift Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore, are spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith of Caracas, Venezuela, will shortly visit Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, and will remain until after Christmas.

Mr. Richard Hotaling has gone to Mexico and will be absent for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery and their daughter, Isabel McCreery, arrived last Saturday from the East and Europe and are at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent of Ireland is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourne, in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling returned from New York last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have recently returned to San Francisco, after passing the summer in Woodside.

Mrs. Walter Martin, who has been in New York for several weeks returned last Saturday to her home in Burlingame.

Captain George Humphreys-Davies and Mrs. Humphries-Davies, who have been passing the summer in California, will sail next Friday for their sheep station in New Zealand.

Mrs. Jessie Patton Berry will accompany Captain and Mrs. Humphrevs-Davies on their return to New Zealand and will spend the winter there as their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cunningham Stewart are guests of Mrs. Stewart's mother, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton and General Morton at Fort Mason.

Commander James Bull returned from tbe East on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from a recent visit to Jackson in Amador county.

Lieutenant Leon Fisk, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fisk, have taken up their residence in their new quarters on Yerba Buena Island.

Mr. and Mrs. James Warren Preston have recently returned from abroad.

Mrs. C. A. Doren and her daughter, Mrs. Felix Johnson, will soon sail for the Orient to join Lieutenant Johnson in China.

Mrs. J. M. Lightfoot, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Noel and Lieutenant Noel at Monterey, has returned to her home in Honolulu.

General Marshall Terry and Mrs. Terry, after passing several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis, have left for Southern California, en route for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Wegg and their daughters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Helen Wegg, have closed their house on Pacific avenue and bave gone to Havana for the winter.

Mrs. Marion Lord has returned to Santa Barbara.

Captain L. M. Cullen Jones, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jones, have returned from Southern California and are established at the Hotel Rafael for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Stevenson have returned from Menlo Park and are at their home on Pacific avenue.



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Paper Making History.

In a book commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of his company's establishment in 1848, Thomas Beckett, president of the Beckett Paper Company, Hamilton, Ohio, who died a few weeks ago, gave some interesting details of early paper-making, says the Boston *Transcript*.

The first machine was 62 inches wide and was designed to make 2,000 pounds of newsprint per day although it was not able to make quite as much as this. It had a wire 14 feet long without suchtion boxes and was equipped with two driers each 28 inches in diameter.

The second machine was 68 inches wide with a wire 18 feet long and two 28-inch copper driers. Wood was burned for fuel although Ohio has vast coal fields, because it was said that the steam made with coal was not uniform in quality.

The newsprint was made entirely of rags at first but during the Civil War, on account of the high cost of rags, some old paper was used to mix with the rag pulp although no process was known to remove the ink. Sometimes the paper would show some of the original letters on the sbeets.

In the early days it was thought that paper could not be made with steam power but that water power was always necessary. About 1876, Mr. Beckett relates, he heard of a paper machine running at 150 feet per minute, which no one believed possible.

Some sulphite pulp had been bought about this time but several years afterwards the few thousand pounds were still on hand as none of the paper-makers dared to use it for fear of injuring the quality of the newsprint.

In the early eighties ground wood was being used in some mills but for a long while it was regarded with suspicion.

A third machine installed in 1888, was 68 inches wide, with a 40-foot wire and ten 36-inch driers, which, at the beginning, made between 6,000 and 7,000 pounds of paper per day. It was later making between 12,000 and 14,000 pounds which was considered dangerous, especially as the speed of the machine was 125 feet per minute although when it was built the specifications were for it to be capable of operating from 35 to 350 feet. At Mr. Beckett's insistence an attempt was made to increase the speed which finally reached 320 feet per minute, in spite of the protests of the machine tenders that "the whole damn machine would go through the roof." The same machine, with additional driers and presses, a longer wire, new screens and gearings, is still operating and making over 36,000 pounds per day instead of 6,000 for which it was originally designed.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sounds.

The sea has many voices that rise and fall and change,
As far as ships may travel, as wide as man may range,
By dark rocks and dismal caverns, thousands of miles away—
A strong tune, a long tune that is singing all the day.

The broad majestic river shouts back to me again,
The wind is a sweet violin playing in the rain—
Yet I must steal away to bear, alone and out of sight,
The low sounds, the slow sounds when they haunt the hills at night.

A rustling in the grasses, a whisper scarcely heard,
Faint movement in the heather, the quiv'ring of a bird—
While my cars are strained to listen, all the air with wonder thrills;
Oh! The light sounds, the night sounds that wake among the hills!

—Winnifred Tasker in Sunday Times.

Mindon Min.

Twice twenty queens of Mindon Min's array
He counted comely and allowed to dine
On pickled peacock tongues and sip at wine
In gilded palaces at Mandalay.
Upon each roof and decorated dome
Unerring archers kept their weapons bared
To punish every brazen bird that dared
Fly beedlessly above the monarch's bome.

Today half-naked boys to whom his name
Is meaningless may play in Mindon's balls
And pigeon nests adorn the ruined walls
Where Time has won an iterated game,
Effacing palaces of haughty kings
To make a rookery for weary wings.

—Wayne Gard in New York Herald.

To a Bowler Hat.

O Humdrum Hat! Fit crown of timid tbings,
Walled from the world of Men, adventureless,
No gust of glory shakes you, no wild wings
Of madness stir your master's dreariness.
You're on the dismal, safe side of that gate
Beyond whose bars the tumult of high dreams
Might lead your lord to face a larger fate,
And purge his heart of nasty little schemes.
Should tall Ogier once more, damned dark-o'-face,
Find the lost Fountain of Perpetual Youth,
You would sit perched inanely in some place
Where novelists probe drawing-rooms for Truth.
Yet women worship you upon their knees,
Symbol of comfort safety, shameless ease.

—J. B. Morton, in the Outlook.

Fir Branches Dark Across the Moon.

Fir branches dark across the moon!
Fear in the branches sits and swings.
Soundless the sweep of the owl's soft wings,
Green eyes lit with a baleful glare,
Beak curved cruelly and talons bare.
Fear in the branches sits and swings.

Fir branches dark across the moon!
Fear in the branches wakes and stirs.
Close stand the ranks of the watching firs.
Green eyes fixed in a hungry stare,
Oh, my Lady Owl will have dainty fare.
Fear in the branches wakes and stirs.

Fir branches dark across the moon!
Fear in the branches laughs aloud.
A rustle of dread where the shadows crowd,
A silent swoop through the still night air—
And my lady applauds from her hidden lair.
Fear in the branches laughs aloud.

—Agnes-Mary Lawrence in Poetry Review.

The Stirrup-Cup.

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compound, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

—Sidney Lanier, in "A Book of British and American Verse."

Hermit Thrush.

It's hard to count what an air can do:
It cannot buy one a shirt or shoe:

It cannot bind a neat nest; find things
For leaving the earth on floating wings:

Nothing of twigs in it, nothing of roots;
But something of rivers, a little of flutes

That I've heard rippling a bodiless tune
That caught me up in a small balloon,

And took me high without writing a check;
And let me down without breaking my neck:

No effort at all: I was absent-minded:
Don't even know now what the air or the wind did.

—Alfred Kreymborg in The Dial.

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"Why have Scotsmen a sense of humor?" "Because it's a gift."—*London Morning Post.*

Magistrate—Are you married? *Prisoner*—No I got this black eye from a friend.—*Simplicissimus (Munich).*

Rea—Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'? *Liza*—Go on, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's my massage cream.—*Burr.*

Patient—Can this operation he performed safely, doctor? *Doctor*—That, my dear sir, is just what we are about to discover.—*London Opinion.*

Sam (on outside looking in)—Look heah, niggah, is you in fo' life? *Rastus* (on inside looking out)—Not me, I ain't; jes' fum now on.—*Voo Doo.*

Prospective Guest—Why, this room reminds me of a prison. *Assistant Manager*—Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to!—*Hotel Management.*

Miss Green—I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to he considered eligible? *Mrs. Wise*—My dear, he's too eligible to he considered old."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I saw in the papers that you were looking for a new cashier. I believe you got one last week?" "Yes. And now I'm looking for him."—*Strix (Stockholm).*

Her Father—But, young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy? *Her Suitor*—Do I? I wish you could have seen her when I proposed!—*London Opinion.*

Jessie—I can't imagine how you get money out of your husband. *Bessie*—Oh, I simply say I'm going back to mother, and he immediately hands me the fare.—*London Answers.*

"Now, if you don't leave at once, I'll call my husband, and he used to play foothall at Harvard." *Tramp*—Lady, if youse love your husband, don't; hecause I used to play wid Yale.—*Calarado Doda.*

Little Harry—I wish I were you, uncle. *Uncle* (who has heen invited to dinner)—Why do you wish that, sonny? *Little Harry*—Because they don't punish you when you eat with your knife.—*Brisbane Mail.*

The Aunt—Yes, Betty, with the new thought one can accomplish anything. For instance, I don't even have to rouge! I simply think a flow of color into my cheeks! *The Niece*—Gracious! I'm glad I don't have such thoughts as that!—*London Mail*

Lady—And what sort of person is Mrs. Rohinson, Colonel? *Colonel*—Oh, the sort of person who calls a tahle-napkin a serviette. *Lady*—But I always call it a serviette. *Colonel* (undefeated)—Then you know exactly what kind of person she is.—*Punch.*

"Your Honor, I was not intoxicated." "But this officer says you were trying to climh a lamp-post." "I was, Your Honor. A couple of cerise crocodiles had heen following me around all day, and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."—*Arkansas Utility News.*

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?" "Yes'm, at the postoffice. But I noticed that you'd put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five-cent stamp on the city one." "Oh, dear, what a hlunder!" "But I fixt it all right, ma'am. I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Wiggs—Yes, sir, I always goes to church when you preaches. *Vicar* (flattered)—I am glad to hear that, but why when I preach?—why not every Sunday? *Miss Wiggs*—I'm always sure of getting a good seat when you preaches, sir!—*The Passing Show (London).*

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He—My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket. *She*—You migbt have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things. *He*—I did.—*Boston Transcript.*

A man from the East boarded a street car in the South. A Southerner got up to give a lady his seat. The Eastern man heat the lady to it. The hody will be shipped hack East for hurial.—*The Nashville Tennessean.*

"Come over here and meet Mr. Smith," said a friend, "the great Russian expert." "What is a Russian expert?" we asked. "Well, he went to Russia and came hack alive," explained the friend.—*Kansas City Star.*

Magistrote—You are charged with heing drunk. Have you anything to say? *Culprit*—I've never heen drunk in my life, sir, and never intend to he, for it always makes me feel so had in the morning.—*Pall Moll Gazette (Laudon).*

Nervous Possenger (in aerial taxi, about 5,000 feet up)—W-w-what are you l-l-laughing at, driver? *Driver*—I'm just laughing ing at the superintendent. Ahout this time he'll he searching for me all over the lunatic asylum.—*Life.*

"Daddy," said his weeping little daughter, "a naughty man hroke my new sled with his automohile." "Did he?" cried her father, jumping up. "Where is he?" "Oh, you'll easily catch him, daddy," said the little one. "Two men just carried him into a drugstore."—*Boston Transcript.*

Particular Lady (meeting her small son with his nurse in the park)—Who were those children I saw you playing with just now, darling? *Small Son*—Oh, mummie, I don't think you'd mind my knowing them. You see their father is something which, when *his* father dies, he'll he *it*.—*Punch.*

"I can't do a thing with Jones," said the manager. "I've had him in three departments, and he dozes all day long." "Put him at the pajama counter," suggested the proprietor, "and fasten this card on him: 'Our night clothes are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them can not keep awake'."—*Epworth Herald.*

Zangwill's Mark Twain Story

Israel Zangwill told what he termed his favorite Mark Twain story a few days after arriving in America. At a luncheon given in bis honor at the Commodore Hotel he recalled that many prominent Americans had promised large donations in 1922 to the drive for European war relief, and as the time to pay arrived had defaulted. "Which reminds me," Mr. Zangwill said, "of Mark Twain's story ahout the man in the last row at church. The minister announced from the pulpit that a collection would he taken up. The man determined to give a dollar to the cause. Then as the minister warmed up to his subject, the man decided that he would donate ten dollars then twenty, then thirty, etc., and finally won over hy the minister's eloquence, he decided that for such a worthy cause he would donate a hundred dollars. But when they started in taking up the collection, he hegan to think it over. He decided that one hundred dollars would he too much—then eighty, thirty, twenty, etc., and hy the time the ushers reached the last row, he took a nickel out of the collection plate."

The harem of the Sultan of Sulu was not copied after Burton's "Arahian Nights" nor yet from Gérôme's paintings nor the third act of "Kismet," according to the late Colonel Cloman in whose reminiscences, "Myself and a Few Moros," one finds a sprightly picture of the Sultana and her household. It fell to Colonel Cloman to present the Sultana with a phonograph which she had heen awaiting with the greatest eagerness. The Sultan was away from home hut the high priest decreed that the American officer might present his gift with the head of the Church as a chaperon. The wizened old Sultana sat on a large dais covered with red cloth while around her on divans the thirteen ladies of her household reclined. Each was attended hy a female slave who held in her hand a porcelain cuspidor which she presented at appropriate moments to her hetel-nut chewing mistress. The records from America were coldly received hut when the priest recited the first chapter of the Koran and the record was played there was a veritahle sensation in court. The Sultana courteously insisted on Colonel Cloman's reciting the first chapter of the Bihle in order that she might play the record for any missionaries who might turn up, to show how familiar she was with our faith. It was an emharrassing moment. The Colonel dared not hesitate. The only thing he could recall was one of Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads heginning:

"I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time."

He intoned all the verses that he could remember, hut he dared not think of his reputation with the first missionary who came that way.

Quantrell's Flag.

The flag said to he that which William Clark Quantrell, guerilla chief of the Civil War period, carried during many of his raids, has been preserved and is in possession of S. H. Sutherland of El Paso, Texas, says the New York *Herald.*

On the Quantrell excursions, according to the story related hy Sutherland, who now is sixty-five years of age, the flag was carried by Jack Swartz. Swartz is said to have died at Las Cruces, New Mexico, twenty-five years ago and to have expressed the desire that the flag he huried with him. The wish was not granted, however, and Sutherland says he ohtained it.

The emhlem, according to Sutherland, was carried in the raid on Lawrence, Kansas, on the morning of August 3, 1863, when 110 persons were killed.

Quantrell, according to Sutherland, was a school teacher in Lawrence hefore the Civil War. He took up the cause of the Confederacy and organized his guerilla hand when the war hegan. His record shows Quantrell was shot in a running fight with farmers and died in a military prison at Louisville, Kentucky, June 6, 1865.

Sutherland says he intends to give the flag to the city of Lawrence.

The Billboard Curse.

Suppose you were to enter an art museum, and across the foreground of every landscape paint rectangles of ugly hlue and green and yellow print. The gallery would become a place of horror. This is virtually what we have been doing along the roadside in regions of our country most favored hy nature, says Walter Prichard Eaton in *The Forum.*

By many people I am considered a crank hecause of my attitude toward the desecration of America hy signboard advertising and squalid roadside booths. More important matters face America to get excited ahout, they say. I'm not so sure. I'm not sure hut the vulgar flaunting of "national products" from the hilltops, the ugly scramhle of great and small for trade, no matter who suffers or how much the countryside is spoiled, is a symptom of national ill health.

Cant Words.

A contrihutor to the New York *Herald* says:

Up to the present the undersigned has heen ahle to get along without using any of the following:

Intrigue (as a verh).
Forthright.
Concentrate (intransitively).
Intelligentsia.
Stress (as a verh).
Background (except as in common use prior to say, 1910).
Devastating.

It was Jonathan Swift who said: "To introduce and multiply cant words is the most ruinous corruption in any language."

"Above San Francisco"

Here is a page everyone will appreciate, a hirds-eye view of San Francisco, also a panoramic study of the city from Buena Vista Park and a long vista of husy Market street. Another page that will attract attention is the recent photograph of Tillie Durieux, Germany's foremost actress, who will shortly appear in New York. The women will like

"Odd Headdress"

A page of the latest hats, set off hy some beautiful movie stars. "Plays and Ceremonials" shows some of the people prominent in European circles; "Far and Near" shows some Americans, in various walks of life; there are sporting scenes, heautiful women, and in fact all the worth-while news of the day, shown in perfect photography, in The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

Last Flight of the Boomerang.

The Laramie *Boomerang*, made famous hy Bill Nye, has made its last flight, says the Omaha *Bee*. Slowly hut surely sinking into ohscurity from the day Bill Nye left it, the *Boomerang* has heen absorhed hy the Laramie *Daily Republican*. The news of the ahsorption is calculated to hring a pang of regret to the older members of the newspaper craft in the Middle West.

Perhaps Bill Nye's peculiar hrand of humor would not make much of a hit in these days, for times have changed, even in the West, since the days when Bill's editorial office was in a loft over a Laramie livery stahle and his readers were advised to tickle the mule's heels and take the elevator. That joke went hig then, but it wouldn't get a rise now. The livery stables of that day have been replaced hy garages, and the present generation is more familiar with gasoline than with mules.

We have seen some great changes in our style of humor since the days when Bill Nye and his *Boomerang* were sending waves of laughter over America, just as we have seen equally great changes in Laramie and the entire West. But it appears to some that the changes in Laramie and the West have heen for the hetter in a greater degree than the changes in our styles of humor. The news of the *Boomerang's* disappearance will cause a pang of regret in the hearts of old-timers who remember the joys they experienced while reading the old Burlington *Hawkeye* of Boh Burdette's day, the old *Arkansas Traveler*, the *Toledo Blade* while John R. Locke was writing his inimitahle "Petroleum V. Nashby" letters, and the Boston *Herald*, when Ben P. Shilabar was doing his "Mrs. Partington" stuff. And, too, are our present day "Kolumn Konductors" doing any hetter work than Shaw performed in his "Josh Billings'" epigrams?

The Laramie *Boomerang* has heen in a sad state of innocuous desuetude for many years, hut its final ohsequies were not unattended hy mourners, who recalled the old days when it was a source of joy.

The Bootlegger's Pet.

The pouch of a pelican is large enough to contain seven quarts of water.

It has heen estimated that the increase of London's population during and since the World War is no less than 600,000. Vast numhers were attracted from the provinces hy the lure of plentiful employment and high wages. Now, having acquired the taste for London, they do not return even though employment is not now plentiful and wages are not what they were.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Senator Johnson and His "Fight."

In announcing himself a candidate for the presidency of the United States, Senator Hiram Johnson declares that it is "an American's birthright . . . to submit himself and his political tenets to the decision of his fellow citizens." What *are* Mr. Johnson's political tenets—does anybody know? His record in California, and no less his record in the Senate, affords scant basis for appraisal. He assumes now to be a republican. He was not a republican when in 1912 he usurped the powers of the republican organization and so manipulated the party machinery as to deny to republicans their right to vote for their party candidate, Mr. Taft. He was not a republican when in 1916 influences presumptively under his control defeated the then party nominee, Mr. Hughes. He was not a republican when upon entering the Senate he enrolled himself under another party name. Again he was not a republican in his attitude as an obstructionist to party obligations as defined by the platform of 1920 and urged upon Congress by President Harding. He is as little a republican now in his alliance with William Randolph Hearst and in his arraignment of the party whose favor he seeks.

We search in vain to discover Mr. Johnson's political tenets in his senatorial record. Again and again when he should have made record of his political character he shirked the issue. Fortuitously delayed trains or other happy hindrances have made him an absentee at the more vital times of roll call. Always assuming a furiosity of courage, he has been a chronic dodger. Always loud in generalizations at non-pertinent times, and upon non-pertinent occasions, he has contrived to avoid commitments. With only an exception or two nobody knows, upon the basis of Mr. Johnson's voting record, or any other record, where he stands with respect to specific issues before the country.

Along with undefined political tenets Mr. Johnson submits "himself" to the judgment of the country. Here we are on more positive ground, for Mr. Johnson regarded as a personality is no inconsiderable figure. In the fifteen or more years of his noisy political life his personal qualities have been very much in evidence. Assuming the character of a reformer he speedily took on practices against which he pretended to be at enmity. Employing his powers as Governor of California he became a political boss, surpassing both precedent and rivalry in the organization and direction of a rough-riding political machine. Upon a platform of government "by the people" he established government by an oligarchy. Professing purity he used the powers of the governorship to bring the state legislature to subserviency. Professing economy he multiplied the charges of state government.

Mr. Johnson would have the country believe him a man of independent and courageous mind, yet we see him a follower of William Randolph Hearst, representing on many platforms and even in the Senate the sinister vagaries that make up tbe "policy" of that most sinister figure in American politics. We see him now a champion of the proposals and urgencies of the Hearst press and a beneficiary of Hearst's support.

In submitting himself as a candidate for the presidency, Mr. Johnson invites attention to his personal qualities and powers. Here, those who have observed his career, have no difficulty in a just appraisal. They see him, not as a thinker, but as an adroit "spellbinder" skilled in the arts of an unctious demagogy, without definite principles, bold in declamation but void of courage in action. They see him a man of virulent temper controlled by his animosities and resentments, one whose only arguments are detraction and defamation. They see him a man of lofty moral pretensions in politics, yet failing at points of moral obligation and affiliated with the least moral influence in American life. They see him as a self-seeking politician, regardful of political principles and legislative proposals only as they may stand related to his personal fortunes.

In a recent widely exploited utterance Mr. Johnson has said with reference to his aspirations to the presidential office "my inclination is to fight." In proclaiming Mr. Johnson's candidacy through his newspapers Mr. Hearst stressed the fact that he had entered "the fight." From Sacramento comes word that the "Johnson camp . . . is swinging into action with a feeling that there will be a knock-down and drag-out fight in California." Word comes from Washington that Mr. Johnson has "challenged" President Coolidge to "come into the open" and enter into a "straightforward fight." It is further declared in the same dispatch that Mr. Johnson will "make a fight" in various other states. Men and brethern, is this the spirit or the manner in which candidacy for the presidency of the United States should be offered and urged? Is the presidency of the United States, the most potential post in the world, an office calling for serious dedication of the powers of mind and heart, a thing to be *fought* for? In God's name have we, in the selection of our presidents, descended to the level of the prize ring and to a competition only to be defined in the vulgar argot?

The Veterans' Bureau Scandals.

Regardless of the guilt or innocence, or degree of culpability, of the director of the Veterans' Bureau, the revelations resulting from the Senate committee's inquiry into that mess of scandal, intrigue, and corruption has its lesson for every citizen. In high relief it exhibits the nature of political administration and the capacity of government to carry on business enterprise; for this was business, and of the most vital sort. It displays as under a white searchlight the manner in which business is likely to be conducted when the people conducting it have no personal interest in economy, in efficiency, and in the production of results, and when, moreover, those results do not have to come into competition with results produced by other people working on similar lines. For where there is competition the public has a choice between services, even if only between evils. But where government is the sole provider the public must "take it or leave it"—it has no other recourse.

There is hardly any limit to the scandalous character of the evidence. It ranges all the way from contract graft, one of the commonest forms of public corruption, to surreptitious dealings in hospital supplies of narcotics, carted off in milk bottles to be wholesaled to narcotic peddlers for the extension of the drug evil, and the degradation of life attendant on it. Thus it would appear from the condition of the case at this writing that society has not merely been robbed, but poisoned and debauched by those it had charged with the execution of a humane and sacred trust—the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers. If half these charges stick we shall have generated one of the most noisome scandals that have ever followed war.

Yet scandal there was certain to be. It is a normal and to be expected consequence of war. And the reason for that is that war has to be carried on by government. We can not hire Judge Gary or Mr. Schwab or any other properly qualified captain of industry to make our wars for us—men who, through the possession of superior qualities of mind and character, have survived in a gruelling competition and thus proved their value and ability. We must make war through the party in power; and, however superior the party in power may be to the party or parties out of power, it is certain to beget some effects like those now revealed. They may not be effects of criminality; they may result merely from ineptitude, or political calculation, or political cowardice, paralyzing a great field of industry, like Mr. McAdoo's administration of the railroads. Former Senator Pomerene of Ohio, himself a democrat, says McAdoo as director general of railroads during the war neglected to increase freight rates because it would have been too unpopular, but came before the Senate committee on interstate commerce and suggested that the roads remain under government control five years longer; whereas when the war ended they faced a deficit of $450,000,000, and "after five years of government control and operation there wouldn't have been enough left of them to justify the appointment of a receiver."

Nor is it merely in war or the aftermath of war that government fails in business. We shall probably have when Congress meets some sad recitals of incompetence, miscalculation, and general miscarriage of plan and purpose, in the Federal reclamation scheme, a grandiose programme of the late President Roosevelt for making the desert blossom as the rose—good project in some localities if some private corporation had seen fit to undertake and direct it, but one vast disappointment under the management of government. And these things are but samples, indications. The fundamental weakness lies in the relationship between the project and the projector. Not only must government, when it engages in socialism, work through comparatively unknown and untested agents and political appointees, put in their places as reward for rounding up votes and delegates, but these deputies and inspectors never get into the right relation to the work intrusted to them. They can not be discharged, no matter how ill they manage, they draw their salaries whether things go properly or not. So, in the great majority of cases they have no personal interest in results, little to fear if things go wrong, not much to gain if they go right.

Some have sufficient pride and some sufficient patriotism to hold them to proper courses, but probably not the majority.

The *Argonaut* does not know to what other agency the rehabilitation of disabled veterans should have been intrusted; it seems to be the tragedy of the situation that there was no agency other than government to undertake the work. But the exhibition of futility, of incompetence, of graft and scandal and corruption, should demonstrate to any thinking person that government should not attempt to function in business any more than it must. It ought not to try to operate railroads, nor ships, nor anything else that private enterprise can be trusted to look out for. Above all things it should not invade fields already occupied and served by the disciplined forces of private enterprise. No matter how much sentimentalists may long to promote the brotherhood of man and hasten the advent of the millenium by having everybody own everything and take all the profits through government ownership and operation, it becomes more apparent every year that the work of the world can not be done that way. The deplorable, but only effective, motive of private gain is absent; the result is that things are rarely done properly And this is true whether criminality figures in government operations or not. The business of government is to govern. Much of the time it does not do that well. It can not safely be intrusted with the functions of industry, nor should it be permitted even to meddle much with them.

Premier Baldwin and Protection.

If Lloyd George's coalition is not to return to power it will not be because his political enemies have failed to play into his hands. The opportunity made for him has been such as even to bring about the same effect that overwhelmed Joseph Chamberlain: a reunion of the Liberal party. Ordinarily, prospects of success do not have such a result, adversity being a more potent factor for integration. But in this case Asquith must have been lifted to a good-natured attitude by Stanley Baldwin's latest manœuver, and smiling in his sleeve, must have remarked at least figuratively to his old yokefoe, "Now's our time to down him!"

The premier's dissolution of parliament and his appeal to the country in a general election on the issue of protection for British industry has pleased nobody. It is regarded as a desperate device for getting himself out of a tight hole. His foreign policy has netted England nothing. Poincaré's persistence, his Lorraine firmness, has prevented such an adjustment of continental affairs as certain British interests hoped would restore British trade and solve the unemployment problem, which is growing worse of late, despite the improvement noted in the summer. The growth of French military power during the past two years has made dictation to that government impossible. France will do as to France seems best. So Mr. Baldwin has had to turn to internal policies, and, being a business man instead of a statesman, he has taken a business man's view that the country could be saved by a protective tariff policy—which would, if true, leave no excuse for a poor nation or an unhappy people on the face of the earth, nor even poverty in any town or village, however small. When Lloyd George heard that, it must have warmed the cockles of his fierce Welsh heart. Here were his enemies delivered into his hands. What better chance could any British politician ask than to go to the country on the issue of free trade or protection, and take the free trade side of it?

It is reported that the Liberals, Laborites, and Socialists are angry and the Conservatives disgusted. The last look upon it as a gone game—but say they must fight it out. That is a poor spirit for a political combatant or any other, and would seem to invite defeat at the start. But when so little has been accomplished under the present government, that government itself must feel that it is as well out as in. And for consolation, when the new Parliament meets it will be without an Irish bloc. That trouble is over, and with its disappearance the membership of the House of Commons itself is reduced to a total of 615, as against 707, which makes for a more wieldy and responsible bod .

There is no doubt that in standing for the principle of protection (with free wheat, flour, cheese, butter, eggs, and meat), Premier Baldwin will have much sympathy, and that he will occupy a position that contains elements of strength. In point of relieving unemployment it looks like a necessity. There was manifested in the recent Imperial Conference considerable sentiment favorable to preferential tariffs within the empire, which connotes a policy of exclusion of goods from outside it. Mr. Bruce, premier of Australia, is quite keen for such an arrangement. But the admission of colonial goods is not going any farther to solve the unemployment problem than would the admission of foreign ones, and Canada is growing closer to this country in an economic sense every year, and does not see quite eye to eye with the Australian statesman in this matter. As to providing employment for the British workman, Lloyd George is already claiming that protection will be ineffective to that end compared with a settlement of affairs in Europe. True, he did not settle them when he was in power; quite to the contrary. But he is not now in power and hence not at present responsible, and the man who is did not settle them either. In fact his resort to protectionism is a retreat, and a confession that he was unable to settle anything across the channel.

If there is a general election on this issue we may expect to see one of the most exhaustive tariff debates of our day. When the English discuss economic policy they do it, in their daily papers, their trade papers, and on the hustings, with a scientific acumen and absence of bunc and twaddle unknown to tariff discussions in this country. We may be sure that every general phase of the question will be exploited to the full, and as to particular items the able British trade publications will say the last word on every commercial relationship a protective tariff could effect. British periodicals in such a campaign will be worth American attention. And if, in the face of the sore need of some stimulus for employment, one dared make a prediction, we should predict that the contest will result as Joseph Chamberlain's similar effort twenty or twenty-two years ago resulted—in defeat for the protectionist side. It might be a good bet that here is where Stanley Baldwin's political barque hits the submerged rock and sinks *spurlos*.

Memoirs and Letters of Oscar Weil.

The power of books not merely to preserve the past but to link the past to the present and give continuity to the history they narrate, is to receive one more exemplification in the "Letters and Papers of Oscar Weil," shortly to be issued by the Book Club of California, as a companion volume to the "Letters of Ambrose Bierce," recently published. The book is edited by Flora J. Arnstein, Albert I. Elkus, and Stewart W. Young. It will be issued in an edition strictly limited to 400 volumes, of which 125 will be available for public distribution. Subscriptions will be received by the secretary of the Book Club's committee on publication, at 550 Montgomery street. In undertaking this publication the Book Club renders a service to letters and art, and deserves support in the project.

Oscar Weil first came to San Francisco in 1868. He has been dead about two years. He was a composer and teacher of music, and brought to the growing city a leaven of art and beauty of which it was in need. He was general director of the old Bush Street Theatre when it was the home of light opera and contributed greatly to the city's culture. From 1892 to 1896 he was musical director of the Bostonians, that excellent organization which captured the ear and fancy of the country with De Koven's "Robin Hood." In that employment Weil had much traveling to do, but always regarded San Francisco as home, and here he returned when his wanderings were over. It was not as a musician, however, that he exerted the greatest influence and accomplished his greatest service, but as a constructive critic of music. His writings on musical subjects made him famous throughout the country. In this field his standing was so high, his discrimination so fine, his standards so irreproachable, that he was almost the first person sought for guidance and advice by visiting virtuosi. With Weil, art was always the highest execution, guided by common sense. In a letter to a young friend he remarked: "Why one should always want to stick everything one knows into every little song passes my understanding! Suppose the poet should insist on parading his entire vocabulary in his every little lyric! Songs should have *good tunes*. If you have them you don't need to doctor them up with messy unharmonies. If you haven't got them you don't get good songs." His more formal handling of this none too easy subject matter, constructively, is illustrated in a paragraph on Edward MacDowell:

"In the eyes of the critical world to-day the name of MacDowell stands at the head of the roster of American composers, and—in a certain general sense—I think with much right. For, differ with him as one will as to the tendency of some of his work and the question of its artistic value, one can not but acknowledge its decided importance, its earnestness and entire sincerity. His is a great talent, of which he has made the most—in his own way; a talent which bas been subjected to a thorough discipline and training and kept always pure and wholesome, untarnished by any meaner thirst for mere notoriety, and ever faithful to its higher ideals."

The latter phrases might well have applied to Weil himself, so high and fine were all his impulses, so steady his determination not to lower any standard of art whatever, no matter what the temptation. He may not always have been right, but always he was sincere.

The table of contents divides naturally into five main parts: A Biographical Memoir, Commentaries for the Programmes of Symphony Concerts at the Greek Theatre, the Letters, "Preludes in Divers Keys," and a part on the Mundweiler collection of chamber music at the University of California. Of these the "Preludes in Divers Keys," consist of articles contributed by Weil to the *Argonaut* in 1889 and 1890. These articles form about a quarter of the volume, and old readers of this paper should be glad to see them again, this time between covers. Here are such finished essays as "Remenyi," "Fabbri," "Opera Bouffe," "Boscowitz Concerts at Dashaway Hall," "Raff," "Wilhelmj," "Henry Ketten," "Max Vogrich," "Pinafore at the Bush Street Theatre," "Miss Melville at the Bush Street Theatre," "The Handel and Haydn Society." All these were serious and valuable contributions to the development of the appreciation of art in this city and hence to its culture and its joy in life.

Because Weil was so high and fine an authority in his field, so encouraging to merit and so constructive in suggestion, a number of musicians of this generation, some of them his pupils of yesterday, determined that his work should be preserved. Hence the forthcoming book. Undoubtedly it will do great service by adding the values of the past to the experience of the present, and, or, *vice versa*, as one chooses. Such a publication is a work of virtue.

The New Shakespeare Find.

The reported find of a new play by Shakespeare—not however via the ouija board—has set the scholarly world agog. Is it or is it not, will be the question, and doubtless, too, all the Bacon controversialists will swarm to the front to claim the hypothetical masterpiece. The manuscript for whose identification Shakespearean experts and enthusiasts are holding their breath and crossing their fingers, was recently unearthed from a secluded corner of the British Museum where its rest may have been undisturbed for two centuries or so. The play is said to be on the life of Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia," who was born 1478, became lord chancellor, and was beheaded by Henry VIII in 1535 for insufficiency in the gentle art of political trimming—a truly Shakespearean theme, and a subject which if treated sympathetically might account for the author's wary unwillingness to publish or produce it for the delectation of Henry's daughter. Still, as Shakespeare was himself something of an opportunist, one doesn't quite see him wasting valuable commercial time writing an unproducible play and one which would find scant welcome with the reigning house.

If the play does prove to be genuine—that is to say if it shall be identified beyond doubt as being by the same hand as Hamlet and Macbeth, it is just possible that it may throw some light on the Baconian controversy. Bacon was an ardent royalist, or ought to have been considering his greed for titles and honors from the crown. Also he himself was lord chancellor and not a distant successor of More's. If the More play is authentic it should shed more than one beam on the contemporary history and on the moot point of the Shakespeare authorship.

Incidentally, we wonder how the point will be settled. The scholars, of course, have tricks in their trade as have others, and they will be able to apply a

lot of historical sleuthing that will make interesting reading. It has been said that the test of a Shakespearean passage is the Shakespearean music which was peculiar to the bard of Avon and which is so large a factor in his greatness. The judges in the controversy should all be equipped with good ears, musical and otherwise, and able to determine quite aside from philological claims whether the unearthed More play is in tune with the rest of Shakespeare.

Editorial Notes.

Young Mr. Stinnes, son of the great German profiteer, is knocking about the United States making investments here and there. While in these parts last month he picked up a bargain or two in Oakland—a good place by the way to invest money in inside real estate. Still later reports indicate that young Mr. Stinnes is looking over the cities of Southern California and Arizona with intention to plant more Stinnes funds. In this connection it is impossible not to reflect that the mind and energies of young Mr. Stinnes—and the Stinnes millions—might better be employed in purveying milk to anemic German babies and bread and potatoes to hungry German masses, than in speculative investments. Assuredly a German multi-millionaire, blind to starvation at home and deaf to calls for human charity while seeking bargains abroad, is not an edifying spectacle. Mr. Stinnes' visit to this country and events connected with it tend little to respect for the system of remorseless profiteering that is impoverishing multitudes while it overfattens a few. As little does it tend to sympathy for a movement now being worked up at Washington, looking to a demand upon Congress for a lump appropriation of anywhere from twenty to a hundred millions of American money to relieve distress among the German multitudes, while Mr. Stinnes and others of his kind have piled up billions in non-German countries.

These utterances are to a certain extent paralleled by recent utterances of President Coolidge, expressing a willingness that the War Finance Corporation shall sell wheat to Germany, but insisting that business and charity shall be kept separate. Voluntary subscription on the part of the American people to relief of earthquake-stricken Japan in the sum of more than ten million dollars gives point to President Coolidge's comment on the efficacy of private charity. The history of legislation of this sort shows that each incident serves as a precedent to justify further legislation in which business and charity are confused. Thus in a congressional discussion over the twenty million dollar bill for Russia two years ago the precedent of the bill for relief of the Martinique sufferers was cited. Appeal for the proposal to feed Germany will be based upon the fact of this recent appropriation to feed Russia. Nevertheless the proposal to appropriate a great fund in behalf of Germany is certain to find support in Congress. The farm bloc will be for it, body, boots, and breeches. Last December Senator Kenyon of Iowa, chairman of the bloc, made it clear that the powers of that combine will get behind the coming movement. His argument was that "to get under the constitution we can take the ground that it will be of economic value to buy these things and in that way help to dispose of the crops and add to the general prosperity." Senator Smoot of Utah—who ought to know better, and who does know better, gave last December to a similar measure the full weight of his support on the ground that "the greater part of appropriation will go to the farmers of this country."

The appeal soon to be made to Congress in the name of charity has a motive in the kind of charity that begins at home. There is in our own country a glut of breadstuffs likewise in hog-stuffs. The markets are so overburdened with wheat and pork that prices have been beaten down to a minimum. A movement to put public money into the hands of producers is thinly veiled by the masks of charity and mercy. The theory of the American government is not that it should support people, but that it should be supported by the people. So long ago as 1817 President Madison vetoed a bill appropriating national funds to local purpose on the ground that such legislation is not within the restricted powers of Congress. In a famous veto of 1887 President Cleveland said, "I can find no warrant for such an appropriation in the constitution. I do not believe that the power and duty of the general government ought to be extended to the relief of individual suffering which in no manner is properly related to the public service. A prevalent tendency to disregard the limited mission of this power and duty should I think be steadfastly resisted to the end that the lesson would be constantly enforced, that though the people support the government, the government should not support the people." Mr. Cleveland also called attention to the fact that the friendliness and charity of Americans can always be relied upon to relieve misfortune by voluntary contributions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

In the Matter of Kels.

San Francisco, November 15, 1923.

EDITOR THE ARGONAUT—*Sir:* A petition for the pardon or commutation of the judgment against the murderer Kels, on the supposed ground that he was insane when he killed his man, is to be sent to the governor. This is a short argument *per contra*, that the executive should let Kels hang in accordance with judgment.

One who sat in the gubernatorial chair not long since was wont to sympathize with the sentimentalists (sob-sisters, hotb in pants and petticoats) in criminal cases, and he did wrong things just to pacify and placate them, as parents sometimes unwisely do with habitually fretful, peevish children. It was mischievous. The commutation of the judgment against Tom Mooney—"Preparedness-Day" multi-murderer—was such a mistake. Mooney should have been hung; and he would have been hung had the executive possessed sucb firmness as the then Utah executive possessed when he, also, was appealed to by the President on the demand of the Russian Soviet government to pardon a communist murderer, and refused to stultify the law and judgment of the court. Because of the commutation of the judgment against him, Mooney remains a sore spot on the body politic, annually to he rubbed and irritated by petitions for pardon from lahor union hodies, in conclave, and from radicals generally everywhere.

A flabby propensity exists in many quarters to mollycoddle criminals. But justice is justice; and the place where it is to be coupled with mercy, if at all, is the court—the trial court, where all the testimony has heen heard, and all the environment of the crime carefully envisaged—not the executive office. In the matter of Kels, can the executive reasonahly infer that the judge at *nisi prius* would not have sentenced Kels to life imprisonment instead of death if such a judgment in judicial estimation would have heen proper? For in juridical care was lodged all power and autbority to sentence Kels either to the gallows or to the penitentiary for life—precisely as would have been the power of a jury if the case had heen tried by a jury. It can not be presumed that tbe trial judge would side-step a duty cast upon him—would pass on to the executive a non-executive duty of sitting in final judgment in a trial for murder committed malice *prepense!* Manifestly judgment helongs to the judge in a case before him, not to the governor.

The governor of California is the chief executive officer of the state, sworn to the performance of his duty in accordance with the constitution and and the laws. Why should it he expected that the executive will exercise any personal predilection in the discharge of duty under the law? More especially go so far as to set aside the solemn judgment of a court in so grave a matter as premeditated murder? Unfortunately executives sometimes have done so—acting in the view that office invested them with plenary power to exercise authority, in such cases, about as they pleased; and under such executives judgments which should have heen executed sometimes have been modified, with ill consequences following. In every such case of executive modification of the judgment of a court there always remains the possibility that some future, still weaker, executive will turn the malefactor loose, tbus giving to a Kels or a Mooney, as the case may he, opportunity to commit further offences against law—or, at least, to further propagate his kind. EDWARN A. BELCHER.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* I send you helow a copy of a document dated, Versailles, August 30, 1787:

"His very Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty, desirous of consolidating more and more the good harmony existing between them, deem it propitious, considering the present state of affairs, to agree that they will not, on either side, propose any sea-armament after the establishment of peace and that no effort will he made to put on a larger number of battleships than the six, the armament of which has already reciprocally heen communicated, and that at all events, should one of the rulers find himself placed in the necessity to make a modification to this understanding, it can not take effect unless a previous notification is given."

This disarming entente, between Louis XVI and George III, is 135 years older than the one signed by the Powers in Washington in 1922.

Taken from *"Rescueil des Anciennes Lois Franqaises"* by Isambert. JORIS VAN ANTWERPEN.

San Francisco, November 16, 1923.

He Says It With Flowers.

[From the many communications received by the *Argonaut* we reprint the following choice example, wbich, expurgated of its grosser vulgarities, seems sufficiently to reflect the sentiments and character of its author.]

EDITOR ARGONAUT: When in the face of all the atrocities practiced by the savage French on the poor Ruhr people you still have the hardihood to defend them, then it simply shows that you have sold your miserable soul for a share of tbe propaganda fund raised by those Latin banditis.

In other words you are as hig a —— — ——— as Poincaré himself. A BUNDY.

Finds It's Indispensable.

The *Argonuat* Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

GENTLEMEN: Inclosed find check on the Chemical National Bank of New York for renewal of a year's subscription to the *Argonaut*, beginning November 13, 1923.

The *Argonaut* has become indispensable to me.

Unalaska, Alaska, October 25, 1923.

Yours truly, LOUIS STRAUSS.

AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

Graphic Story of an Englishwoman in Yokohama Told in an Intimate Letter to Her Mother.

[We are permitted to print the following letter in which Mrs. S., an English woman resident in Yokohama, writes of her experience in the recent earthquake.]

On the day of the disaster we—Rose, Anna and I, and my husband—had been on board the *Empress of Australia* to bid a friend good-bye; we women dressed for the trip in light clothes and slippers. Returning from our call we stopped at the office for a moment and while my husband was locking his safe the crash came, the safe falling forward on its face, the doors open. Rose, who had entered the office, started for the door; had she reached it she would have been killed because as my husband caught her and leapt for the center pillar of tbe room, to which he clung with her, the whole huilding crashed round them, only a part of the front wall standing. Meanwbile Anna and I had been sitting quietly in the car. Suddenly the car jumped sideways under us, and we saw the two cars in front jump and sidle; we said "earthquake," saw the walls fall out onto the cars, flattening them—saw a hrown and yellow fog of dust deepen to black—heard things fall around us and on the roof of our car with a continual roar—felt the car all the while leaping and rolling like a boat in a high sea, as we crouched with our heads down. Out of the blackness the brave Japanese chauffeur leant back and patted Anna's arm, "Daijohu," "Daijobu," (all safe, all safe) he kept saying. As the car steadied and a gust of wind cleared the air enough to see, the chauffeur and I sprang out of the car simultaneously. As we did so we heard Rose's voice out of the ruins calling "Both safe."

The chauffeur knocked out what remained of the window, and they came out to us. My husband said that his Japanese clerk had rushed out to the back when the shock was first felt and must now be dead as there was a pile of debris tightly packed where he had been. It is just possible that he got beyond, but the whole place was filled witb ruins. The street had heen full of people, hut as we looked round there were only ahout half a dozen people still standing. Every house save one was down as far as the eye could see. In front of our car was a heap of ruins just missing us, hehind us was another heap missing us by a few yards. Under foot was broken glass. Street and house were on one level now. There came anotber violent shock and we all dived for tbe only building standing as the last remains of walls and telegraph poles came crashing. Inside we looked at each other; hlack as chimney-sweeps with dust—hair, necks, arms, hands, even our tongues and teeth, were hlack. It had penetrated our clothing to our bodies. We looked awful. There was a Russian woman (in hysterics), two girls and three men. One girl was half demented and as another violent shock came, one of the men, Scotch I think, seized her to prevent her hurting herself. From somewhere outside came a queer wailing sound, then in came the chauffeur, incredibly dirty, to say that our office was already on fire and that we had hetter burry.

So out we rushed, with a dim idea of making for our house on the hluff. We climhed frantically over huge piles of house debris, trying to avoid the electric wires and running past tremhling walls and swaying poles. My husband had no hat and the sun very soon gave him a splitting pain in the head. We passed some silent hleeding dead and a quiet man covered with hlood, dragging himself out of the debris. Tbere was a woman shrieking opposite some ruins. She was unhurt. The five of us hurried on to tbe crossroads.

Here we joined a quiet stream of people walking steadily in one direction. One told us that the bund (the seafront) had slipped into the sea and was impassable. Oh, that we had gone to look! So we turned tbe otber way and reacbed a flooded street. There were great fissures in the ground, and the roofs of buildings lay across it. One was the green copper cupola of a hank. The chauffeur, throughout calm, courageous and helpful, in his ruhber hoots went on first. He helped me scramhle in and out of fissures and holes. My husband helped one of the others. Everybody was quiet and calm, the sun blazed down out of a heautiful sky and a fitful wind hlew debris dust about. The Japanese and Chinese going our way were very calm and brave; some led quiet horses, some helped along injured, many carried or led children, and some carried great bundles of quilty which were later to add greatly to our troubles. As we went we were shaken hy earthquakes from time to time and the telegrapb poles which lined the streets swayed over us. So we came to the edge of the park.

Fires were already raging in many places. Here we met a man who invited us all into his office, which had withstood the earthquake. So as we could see that our way to the bluff was barred by fire already, we went with him. His office was the American Trading Company, and though the inside was shaken badly by the earthquake, it was still habitable. Two girls had been killed in his office, he told us. He gave us water and we all had a little whisky, and tried to wipe off some of the dust. The huildings on the opposite side of the creek caught fire. A typhoon wind sprang up. Then a godown next to us caught fire, and a Japanese policeman dashed up to tell us to escape to the park while we could. We hurried out, the wind was hringing a fiery beat and sparks. A roaring filled the air and petrol exploded constantly. There were earthquakes all the time. We scrambled over the upheaved road and over upended paving stones and fissures and holes and tangles of wire and under leaning telegraph poles, gasping in the scorching air. Down over the broken fence and bank we scurried and jumped and ran over the baseball ground to about the middle. There we made a compact group of nine in a sea of Japanese.

The air grew so hot we could not breathe and our skins stung so we sank down into the mud. Then our clothes caught fire from the flying sparks and we beat out fires on each other. The Japanese dropped their bundles of quilts all over the place and ran. The quilts caught fire, making a blazing bonfire all round us, and disintegrated, burning us. Anna worse than any. My husband sheltered me with his body. A mass of burning quilt flew past his face, so I tore my knitting off its needles and tied it round his head. It caught fire, so I tore it off again, the typhoon wind whirled it away and as it flew blazing a half-naked Japanese caught it, beat out the fire and wrapped it around a burn. Anna caught

fire. We plastered her head, face and arms with mud to put it out. We could bear the torment no longer; got up and ran blindly forward. Our lungs were bursting, our skins and eyes were agonies. Then came the circular wind motion which brought us a streak of cool air every now and then, when we could breathe. All around us was a ring of blazing buildings. The flames streamed toward us and doubled our tortures. We dashed through a blazing gateway to a temporary haven behind some trees and a fence, up to our knees in water. Then the fence caught fire, and we hurried on. The next place became too suffocating and we moved on again, now all desperately weary. We found a lake made by bursting water mains, we were told. We sat half in and half out of this, nursing our painful eyes in the smoke. The ground was rocking violently all the time. A horror arose in my mind that the earth might open, swallowing us up, and shut again, as smaller fissures were doing all the while. I did not tell the others, as we had more than enough to bear without putting ideas into their heads. I pushed the thought down.

We tried to make jokes. My husband laughed and chatted with a Japanese policeman, in spite of his eyes and splitting head. We girls opened our bags and tried with the aid of the only tiny mirror among us to remove the caked mud and the worst of the dirt. My face was scorched bright red. Anna's face was plastered with mud over her burns, Rose's face was nearly as red as mine. We tried to treat our parlous condition jocularly, but the smoke was rolling round us in stinging, suffocating clouds, and huge columns of flames ringed us in. All the while explosions were going on around us. Then the wind lessened and the smoke dropped more closely round us. Two of the men with us bravely volunteered to go back to try and get food and drink for us. They said they would be gone about fifteen minutes, but after about an hour of waiting we were forced out and tried to do better by going backwards towards the burnt-out baseball ground. On the way we met the two men, who said that the American Trading Company's building still stood but they could not do more than beat out the fires at the entrance, so we sat down on the ground and waited. Hot cinders got into my eyes, which were thereafter in almost intolerable pain. A white man lay on the ground near us, being terribly sick. The men went again to try, and this time succeeded. The red sun began to sink. A coal dump nearby added its dense gaseous smoke to the rest.

The drinks arrived, secured at the imminent peril of those who brought them. Then we debated another try for the bluff, but it was trying to talk with one's head up a chimney. However, we scrambled out of the park. Then began a wild nightmare obstacle race. My high-heeled slippers hung wrenched and torn on my feet, tripping me up, but I dared not throw them away because what remained of the soles would protect my feet against cinders and sparks. We met an Englishman looking for his wife. He had come up from the seashore and told us that it was possible to get down there by way of the creekside. We told him that we had seen many other foreigners through the smoke in the park and he went off to look for his wife there. I don't know his name and never saw him again. For a few minutes we debated anxiously putting out the fire on a barge and making our way down in it, but fortunately we did not try because the canal was blocked lower down with fallen bridges and debris. We scrambled over great rents and holes in the earth and over heaved-up tram lines and paving stones and wire tangles, and everything we touched was hot. The chauffeur went first, I hurried after, anxious not to be a burden on my husband, who was miserably sick with the pain in his head, then came Anna and Rose, then my husband helping along two other girls, then the others, clawing and running and tripping in a long Indian file. Our eyes were terribly painful.

Across our way lay smouldering logs, on our left heaps of glowing embers, a few hours before the business quarter of Yokohama, now and then a blazing pile tottering over us. On the right the creek and beyond that Motomachi and the bluff, a tangled heap of landslides and bonfires. We passed a tram which was a mass of twisted red-hot metal and incandescent rods. Farther on between two blazing buildings stood a motor car, blistered but intact, and full of Chinese, asleep or dead, probably dead, for surely no one could sleep in that blistering heat. We climbed in and out of a great hole and over the tottering remains of a small bridge, all askew. At last we reached the shore. I sat on the edge of a rent in the ground, ragged, dirty, sick with weariness, my eyes a torment. The men shouted to a boat and were directed to the reclamation ground. Thither we trailed over a drunken bridge, and there we met friends amongst a depressed crowd of foreigners. Thence we trailed back again about half a mile to a point where we were told an *Empress* boat would fetch us off. By this time we were staggering with fatigue, at the end of our tethers literally. We found some people limping towards a pile of broken stones lying out into the sea. My shoes gave a final wrench, nearly tripping me up, so I let them slip off and went on in my ragged stockings to get a better footing.

At last a boat loomed up out of the gloom, and sailors picked me up and put me on board. I tied up my eyes in a wet handkerchief belonging to one of the ship's officers. And so on board to a doctor and rest and peace. Next morning the harbor was full of blazing oil, a turning, twisting pillar of fire coming over the water towards us. Our boat was crippled, but by efficient and clever seamanship which involved actually approaching the oil in order to swing clear, in our state a most difficult operation, dragging a fouled anchor as we were, the *Empress of Australia* was eventually moved to a place of safety.

Our feelings during this additional terror may be imagined. Ashore, murder and looting had already begun. By the evening the doctors and nurses on board were tearing up sheets and bandages and the smell of gangrened flesh in the lower parts of the ship added to our discomfort. No words can describe the kindness of the staff of the *Empress of Australia*, no praise could be too high for their courage and devotion as we lay by that blazing oil with a burning pier on the other side and fouled with the other shipping, as we were. The ship was crowded with refugees. On Sunday my husband tried to get ashore to look for his Japanese chief and clerk and the safe in his office, but the place was red-hot and the men untraceable among the thousands of homeless Japanese. So we came down to Kobe to try and get the business going again from here, as foodstuffs, raisins included, should be badly wanted. We landed in Kobe with nothing in the world save our rags and 60 sen (that is 30 cents gold) in our pockets and my mail in my bag, which when I opened it I found to contain a dress length and two pairs of gloves, birthday gifts from my people. Not even a pair of shoes to my feet. Our house, clothes, furniture, jewelry, even to my engagement ring, all our silver, everything, is gone. But my husband's head and my eyes are both cured. We have met kind friends in Kobe so that we are really lucky and everywhere have met with the greatest possible kindness and generosity, on the *Australia*, *Canada*, and in Kobe. It is impossible to say enough for what everyone, without exception, is doing for the refugees.

OLD FAVORITES.

John Barleycorn

There was three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
And tied him fast upon the cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him between two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

—*Robert Burns.*

No.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any Steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No Courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds
November!

—*Thomas Hood.*

Castello.

The Triton in the Ilex-wood
Is lonely at Castello.
The snow is on him like a hood,
The fountain-reeds are yellow.

But never Triton sorrowed yet
For weather chill or mellow:
He mourns, my dear, that you forget
The gardens of Castello!

—*Agnes Mory Darmesteter (Modome Duclaux).*

A Song.

Last night I met my own true love
Walking in Paradise;
A halo shone above his hair,
A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sang in alleys green
And heard the angels play;
Believe me, this was true last night
Though it is false to-day.

—*Agnes Mory Darmesteter (Modome Duclaux).*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Fred R. Low of New York, recently elected president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, is a leader in the movement for American participation in the world power conference set for 1924 in London.

H. C. Jaquith of Darien, Connecticut, has recently been made a Commander of the Order of King George I by the government of Greece "for steadfast sympathy and assistance given tens of thousands of Greek refugees at Smyrna." Mr. Jaquith is managing director overseas for the Near East Relief.

The Hon. Mrs. Diana Strickland, the English woman explorer, is leaving for a fourteen months' hunting and trading expedition across Africa. Mrs. Strickland, who is accompanied by one woman and three men, has several orders for live animals, including one for the Bronx Zoo for giant forest hogs. She also aims to bring back a gorilla and an okapi, few of which have ever been taken alive, and a specimen of the giant South African butterfly so far unnamed because none has ever been captured. Mrs. Strickland's route is from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and will cover 3000 miles, most of which will be covered on foot. The explorers hope to do considerable trading in ivory with the natives and are well supplied with trinkets for this purpose.

According to residents of Great Gap, Virginia, Campbell Bascom Slemp, congressman from Virginia and presidential secretary, played a prominent role long before he broke into politics and while he was yet a student at the University of Virginia. Young Slemp was at that time a great friend of the novelist, John Fox—also known as Fritzie Scheff's second husband—and is supposed to have figured in Fox's novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." An old resident of Great Gap, the original of the engineer in the book just quoted, has recently revealed the story of Fox's and Slemp's friendship and told how the three friends went on trout-fishing expeditions during which Fox gathered material for his novels.

Luigi Pirandello, the Italian novelist who turned dramatist at fifty and suddenly found himself famous, was born in Girgenti, Sicily, some fifty-six years ago, was educated at the University of Bonn, where he received degrees in philosophy and philology, and became a member of the faculty of the *Institute Superiore di Magistere Femminile* in Rome. When he finally turned his attention to writing it was poetry that first engaged his efforts. By 1889 he had produced six volumes of verse. Then he turned to the short story, since he was fated to run the entire gamut of *belles lettres* before he found himself. From that he was graduated naturally to the novel, in which he had considerable success and established himself as a writer of genius. Finally he turned to drama, probably to test his versatility, and arrived with unexpected éclat. The production of his now famous "Six Characters in Search of an Author" in the spring of 1921 was as nearly sensational an event as is apt to occur in the monotonous calendar of the theatre.

Captain Edwin Taylor Pollock, U. S. N., recently appointed superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington, has succeeded to the post generally considered the highest scientific distinction in line for American naval officers. The Naval Observatory makes the necessary observations and determinations for the Nautical Almanac, publishes that work, and issues correct standard time for navigators. The first superintendent was Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, who has been credited with discovering the Antarctic Continent. He was also famous as the Civil War commander who stopped the British steamer *Trent* and took from aboard her the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell. Asaph Hall, discoverer of the satellites of Mars, also held the post inherited by Captain Pollock, as did the late Professor and Admiral Simon Newcomb. Another superintendent of renown was M. F. Maury who made his name in the study of ocean currents. Incidentally the Observatory library of 28,000 volumes is the most complete astronomical collection in this country. Captain Pollock is a native of Ohio. He was born at Mt. Gilead, where he still makes his home, a son of Joseph Pollock, who had two ancestors in the Mayflower and five in the Revolution. Captain Pollock was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1891 and became a lieutenant in 1899. In 1911 he was commissioned as a commander and in 1917 as a captain. During the war he commanded the *George Washington* and seven convoy groups of over 130,000 men.

Miss Anna B. Hogan, a Jersey City lawyer, is not yet 25 years of age, but already has won many legal victories. She recently was engaged to defend a man charged in Hackensack, N. J., with first degree murder. She succeeded in getting a second degree verdict with recommendation of mercy.

Besides being the active head of a successful real estate company, Dr. Jessie Russell of Glendale, California, has been admitted to the bar and has practiced medicine for several years.

Queen Mary of England is said to possess a most remarkable memory for names and faces.

JOURNALISM INSIDE OUT.

Sir Philip Gibbs Tells the Unvarnished Story of His Active and Interesting Career.

An honest biography, because it is one of the scarcest things in the world, is a sure recipe for a successful book. Despite the fact that most of us constantly eschew it, we all love the truth; almost anyone could produce a best seller by merely telling the unflattering story of himself. But though this bit of psychology is fairly well known it is far from generally applied. Our personal vanity is probably greater than professional pride for, we repeat, the truly veracious biography is a very rare bird. A few fanatics before and after Rousseau have flagellated themselves in print, but we refer here to the Franklin type of calm, impersonal record. "Adventures in Journalism" is such a book though it happens to be a professional rather than a personal autobiography. True a good reporter ought to be able to give an unvarnished version of his career, but the fact remains that Sir Philip Gibbs and very few others have done it.

Journalism, particularly nowadays when, as Sir Philip succinctly remarks, newspaper proprietors wear coronets, is popularly conceded to be a rather recherché profession. It was not always so. One is reminded of the early days of the English stage, of the infancy of nursing, banking, and other professions. What is somewhat startling is that so recently as Sir Philip's youth press men had so little prestige in England, where one would have expected the tradition of Steele and Addison to have hallowed the atmosphere of their trade. But it was Northcliffe, and not the eighteenth century essayists, who put journalism on its feet:

> When I first entered the street, twenty years ago alas! the social status of press men was much lower than at present, when the pendulum has swung the other way, so that newspaper proprietors wear coronets, the purlieus of Fleet Street are infested with barons and baronets, and even reporters have been knighted by the King. In my early days a journalist did not often get nearer to a Cabinet Minister than the hall porter of his office. It was partly his own fault, or at least, the fault of those who paid him miserably, because the old-time reporter—before Northcliffe, who was then Harmsworth, revised his salary and his status—was often an ill-dressed fellow, conscious of his own social inferiority, cringing in his manner to the great, and content to slink round to the back doors of life, rather than boldly assault the front-door knocker.
>
> I resented the insolence of society women whom I was sent to interview. Even now I remember with humiliation a certain Duchess who demanded that, in return for a ticket to her theatrical entertainment, I should submit my "copy" to her before sending it to the paper. Weakly, I agreed, for my annoyance was extreme when an insolent footman demanded my article and carried it on a silver salver, at some distance from his liveried body, lest he should be contaminated by so vile a thing, to Her Grace and her fair daughters in an adjoining room. I heard them reading it, and their mocking laughter. . . . I raged at the haughty arrogance of young government officials who treated me as "one of those damned fellows on the press." I laughed bitterly and savagely at a certain Mayor of Bournemouth who revealed in one simple sentence (which he thought was kind) the attitude of public opinion toward the press which it despised—and feared.
>
> "You know," he told me in a moment of candor, "I always treat journalists as though they were gentlemen."

But though Sir Philip does not color his early status, the fact is that he saw a great deal of exalted society. Many were his personal though accidental contacts with royalty. A description of the wedding of a Bourbon princess when Sir Philip inadvertently acted the role of guest is followed by a similar adventure with British royalty:

> I made another uninvited appearance among royalty, and to this day blush at the remembrance of my audacity, which was unnecessary and unpardonable. It was when King George and Queen Mary opened the Exhibition at the White City at Shepherd's Bush, London.
>
> They had made a preliminary inspection of the place, on a filthy day when the exhibition grounds were like the bogs of Flanders, and when the King, with very pardonable irritation, uttered the word "Damn!" when he stepped into a puddle which splashed all over his uniform. "Hush, George!" said the Queen. "Wait till we get home!"
>
> On the day of the opening, vast crowds had assembled in the grounds, but were not allowed to enter the exhibition buildings until the royal party had passed through. The press were kept back by a rope at the entrance way, in a position from which they could see just nothing at all. I was peeved at this lack of consideration for professional observers, and when the royal party entered and a cordon of police wheeled across the great hall to prevent the crowd from following, I stepped over the rope and joined the royal procession. As it happened, the police movement had cut off one of the party—a French Minister of State who, knowing no word of English, made futile endeavors to explain his misfortune, and received in reply a policeman's elbow in his chest and the shout of "Get back there!"
>
> I took his place. The King's detective had counted his chickens and was satisfied that I was one of them. As I was in a new silk hat and tail coat, I looked as distinguished as a French Minister, or at least did not arouse suspicion. The only member of the party who noticed my step across the rope was Sir Edward Grey. He did not give me away, but smiled at my cool cheek with the suspicion of a wink. As a matter of fact, I was not so cool as I looked. I was in an awkward situation, because all the royal party and their company were busily engaged in conversation, with the exception of Queen Alexandra who, being deaf, lingered behind to study the show cases instead of conversing. Having no one to talk to, I naturally lingered behind also, and thus attracted the kindly notice of the Queen Mother, who made friendly remarks about the exhibition, not hearing my hesitating answers. For the first time I saw a royal reception by great crowds from the point of view of royalty instead of the crowd—a white sea of faces indistinguishable individually, but one big, staring, thousand-eyed face, shouting and waving all its pocket handkerchiefs, while hands played "God Save the King" and cameras snapped and cinema operators turned their handles. When I returned to my office I found the news editor startled by many photographs of his correspondent walking solemnly beside Queen Alexandra. . . . The French Minister made a formal protest about ill treatment.

But not all his encounters were of the comedy variety. At the time when an heir was expected to the throne of Holland, every important paper sent representatives to get the news event as tremendous political significance was attached to the Dutch sovereign—the next of kin was a German prince. Accordingly correspondents and secret agents came from all over Europe to wait the event and among them our doughty reporter from the *Daily Chronicle*. The journalists were treated royally in the rooms of the Queen's chamberlain which with the royal flunkeys were at their disposal and the waiting session lasted a month:

> To-morrow came, and a month of to-morrows, but no heir to the throne of Holland. Three times, owing to false rumors, the Dutch Army came into the streets and drank not wisely but too well to a new-born Prince who had not come!
>
> Ludovic Nodeau, Hamilton Fyfe, and I explored Holland, learned Dutch, and saw the lime tree outside the palace become heavy with foliage, though it was bare at our coming.
>
> The correspondent of *The Times* had a particular responsibility because he had promised to telephone to the British Ambassador, who, in his turn, was to telephone to King Edward, at any time of the day or night that the event might happen. But the correspondent of *The Times*, who was a very young man, and "fed up" with all this baby stuff, absented himself from the banquet one night. In the early hours of the morning, when he was asleep at his hotel, the Queen's Chamberlain appeared, with tears running down his cheeks, announced in six languages that a Princess had been born.
>
> It was Hamilton Fyfe and I who gave the news to the Dutch people. As we ran down the street to the post office men and women came out on the balconies in their night attire and shouted for news.
>
> "Princess! Princess!" we cried. An hour later the Hague was thronged with joyous, dancing people. That morning the Ministers of State linked hands and danced with the people down the main avenue—as though Lloyd George and his fellow ministers had performed a fox-trot in Whitehall. With quaint old-world customs, heralds and trumpeters announced the glad tidings, already known, and driving in a horse cab to watch I had a fight with a Dutch photographer who tried to take possession of my vehicle. That night the Dutch Army rejoiced again, boisterously.

Our author seems to be one of those fortunate persons who have a genius for odd adventure, a talent which distinctly lies with the individual and is a result of combined cleverness and luck. There was for instance the extraordinary story of Doctor Cook which we shall come to later. But the early history of his career reads like that of a mediæval courtier. There is an interesting story of his acting as one of a bodyguard to King Edward on the day he won the Derby and that despite the fact that Edward was not partial to correspondents. Again, he and another reporter from the *Daily Chronicle* were the first people in the world outside Buckingham Palace to hear the news of Edward's death. One can only conclude that Sir Philip was a very good reporter indeed. Shortly after, the task fell to him of describing the coronation of the new king in Westminster Abbey and still later of being one of the four or five correspondents allowed to travel with the king to record his coronation progress through Scotland. And thereby hangs one of the choicest tales in Sir Philip's collection:

> I am bound to say that the correspondents' car brightened up the royal procession considerably. One of our party was an Edinburgh correspondent, who has been made by nature in the image of a celebrated film actor of great fatness, with a cheery, full-moon face of benevolent aspect. The appearance of this figure immediately following the King, and so quick upon the heels of solemnity, had a devastating effect upon the crowds. They positively yelled with laughter, believing that they recognized their "movie" favorite. Highland soldiers, with their rifles at the "present," stiff and impassive as statues, wilted, and grinned from ear to ear. Scottish lassies from the factories and farms, whose eyes had shone and cheeks flushed at the sight of the King, had a quick reaction, and shrieked with mirth.
>
> They could not place the correspondents at all. Some thought we were "the foreign ambassadors." Others put us down as private detectives. But the most astonishing theory as to our place and dignity in the procession was uttered by an old Scottish farmer at Perth. The King had halted to receive a loyal address, and the crowd was jammed tight against our carriage. We could hear the comments of the crowd and the usual question about our identity. The old farmer gazed at us with his blue eyes beneath shaggy brows, and plucked his sandy beard.
>
> "Eh, mon," he said, seriously, "they maun be the King's bastards."

But the Cook story is of course the *coup d'etat* of Gibbs' professional record. It was really a piece of detective work that would have done credit to Scotland Yard. Curiously enough, like most of his other scoops, he apparently stumbled on the discovery unawares, probably guided by the extra sense that all good reporters and detectives should be endowed with. He had been sent to Denmark to get the story for his paper and by his usual train of good luck was allowed to board the explorer's boat before it landed—the only English correspondent so early on the scene of action:

> In response to my request for his "story," he evaded a direct reply, until, later in the morning, the Danes and I pressed him to give us an hour in his cabin.
>
> It was in the saloon, however, that he delivered himself, unwillingly, I thought, into our hands. As the two or three young Danes knew but little English, the interview became mainly a dialogue between Doctor Cook and myself. I had no suspicion of him, no faint shadow of a thought that all was not straightforward. Being vastly ignorant of Arctic exploration, I asked a number of simple questions to extract his narrative; and, to save myself trouble and get good "copy," I asked very soon whether he would allow me to see his diary.
>
> To my surprise, he replied with a strange defensive look that he had no diary. His papers had been put on a yacht belonging to man named Whitney, who would take them to New York.
>
> "When will he get there?" I asked.
>
> "Next year," said Doctor Cook.
>
> "But surely," I said, still without suspicion, "you have brought your journal with you? The essential papers?"
>
> "I have no papers," he said, and his mouth hardened.
>
> "Perhaps I could see your astronomical observations?" I said, and was rather pleased with that suggestion.
>
> "Haven't I told you that I have brought no papers?" he said.
>
> He spoke with a sudden violence of anger which startled me. Then he said something which made suspicion leap into my brain.
>
> "You believed Nansen," he said, "and Amundsen, and Sverdrup. They had only their story to tell. Why don't you believe me?"
>
> I had believed him. But at that strange, excited protest and some uneasy, almost guilty, look about the man, I thought, "Hullo! What's wrong? This man protests too much."
>
> From that moment I had grave doubts of him. I pressed him several times about his papers. Surely he was not coming to Europe, to claim the greatest prize of exploration, without a scrap of his notes, or any of his observations? He became more and more angry with me, until for the sake of getting some narrative from him, I abandoned that interrogation, and asked him for his personal adventures, the manner of his journey, the weights of his sledges, the number of his dogs, and so on. As I scribbled down his answers, the story appeared to me more and more fantastic. And he contradicted himself several times, and hesitated over many of his answers, like a man building up a delicate case of self-defense. By intuition, rather than by evidence, by some quick instinct of facial expression, by some sensibility to mental and moral dishonesty, I was convinced, absolutely, at the end of an hour, that this man had not been to the North Pole, but was attempting to bluff the world. I need not deal here with the points in his narrative, and the gaps he left, which served to confirm my belief. . . .

Follows a description of the reception accorded Doctor Cook and his peculiar manner of meeting it, noticed only by the one man who had occasion to suspect him. Cook had to be dragged from his cabin to receive the Crown Prince of Denmark but Gibbs justly reports that that was the only time he saw him lose his nerve. Evading the other journalists upon landing, Gibbs rushed to his hotel and wrote seven columns of what he admits amounted to a case of libel. It was a daring piece of work and when he telegraphed it to London he knew he was made or ruined by the story:

> I will not disguise my sense of anxiety. I had a deep conviction that my judgment was right, but whether I should be able to maintain my position by direct evidence and proof, was not so certain in my mind. I knew, next day, that my dispatch had been published by my paper, for great extracts from it were cabled back to the Danish press and they caused an immense sensation in Copenhagen, and as the days passed in an astounding fortnight, when I continued my attack by further and damning accusations against Cook, I was the subject of hostile demonstrations in the restaurants and cafés, and the Danish newspaper *Politiken* published a murderous-looking portrait of me and described me as "the liar Gibbs"—a designation which afterward they withdrew with handsome apologies.
>
> The details of the coil of evidence I wove about the feet of Cook need not be told in full. He claimed that he had told his full story to Sverdrup, a famous explorer in Copenhagen, and that Sverdrup pledged his own honor in proof of his achievement.
>
> Afterward I interviewed Sverdrup and obtained a statement from him that Cook had given no proof whatever of his claim.
>
> He professed to have handed his written narrative and astronomical observations to the University of Copenhagen, and it was claimed on his behalf by the Danish press that these papers had been examined by astronomical and geographical experts who were absolutely satisfied that Cook had reached the North Pole.
>
> From the head of the University I obtained a statement that Cook had submitted no such papers and had advanced no scientific proof.
>
> Using his own narrative to me, which I had scribbled down as he talked, I enlisted the help of Peter Freuchen and other Arctic travelers, to analyze his statements about his distances, his sledge weights, the amount of food drawn by his dogs, and his time-table. They proved to be absurd, and when he contradicted himself to other interviewers, I was able, with further expert advice, to contradict his contradictions. It was a great game, which I thoroughly enjoyed, though I worked day and night, with only snatches of rest for food and sleep.
>
> But I had some nasty moments.
>
> One was when a statement was published in every newspaper of the world that the Rector of the Copenhagen University had flatly denied my interview with him and reiterated his satisfaction with the proofs submitted by Dr. Cook.
>
> *The Daily Chronicle* telegraphed this denial to me and said, "Please explain."

That Sir Philip finally won his case in the interests of scientific accuracy and good reporting is of course general knowledge.

Adventures in Journalism. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco hank clearings for the week ending Novemher 17, 1923 (five days), were $161,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year (five days), $183,900,000; a decrease of $22,300,000.

The stock market during the past week has furnished a most striking example of its teudency to turn ahout just when every last person in the Street seemed to think we were rapidly approaching a panicky condition when stocks would he offered for anything they would bring, regardless of intrinsic merits or the ability of holders to maintain their position.

It requires a period of acute monetary distress or some immense convulsion to hring ahout a panic in the stock market. The captains of industry in this country and our hig hankers in general are in the main of repuhlican proclivities when it comes to political considerations, and that they would he found to he co-operating most heartily with the administration in laying the foundations for substantial business prosperity in advance of the 1924 elections. Last spring things were going ahead much too fast and a definite hrake was set upon the wheels of industry. Meantime there has come ahout a period of hig readjustment in prices in different lines and also in production, hut these developments in the main have heen with one thing in view, and that was that husiness should be permitted to work out its own problems in a methodical manner, and that, once it was found that nothing serious was ahead, demand would pick up again and almost hefore we knew it we would he swinging hack into a stride of generous prosperity. There are a number of lines in which further readjustment is to he made, hut here and there commodity prices are again showing a definite rising tendency and there seems to he a great piled-up demand for all manner of products due to the conservative buying commitments of the last four or five months.

Railroads are doing splendidly, and the favorahle Septemher reports should be followed hy another group of Octoher statements quite as satisfactory. Consequently there should he nothing in the way of generous railroad huying of rails and equipment within the next few months, and it has usually heen the rule that when railroads were huying generously in this country we would he enjoying a period of a very good average prosperity. The new congress will probahly provide nothing worse than a lot of radical talk and, judging from the trend of our recent foreign trade figures, there is a good deal of satisfaction to he derived in this regard. Certainly it is to he hoped that some definite reparations policy can be agreed upon hy the principal powers, and in that case the whole husiness world would look forward with growing optimism.

So far as individual industrials and specialties are concerned, the enormous profits that have heen piled up in past years have served to warp the keen judgment that Wall Street usually has shown when it comes to earnings figures and their relation to stock market prices. As we approach nearer and nearer to normal times, it will he found that the companies of established financial strength and earning capacity will not have to show anything like the average earnings of the recent hig years to warrant much hetter prices for their securities than are now being quoted.

Again the fact that the enormous surtaxes have caused our men of great wealth to invest more and more heavily in tax-exempt securities, which has deprived many sound investments of the sort of demand that would he calculated to ahsorh immediately offerings on any such investment return hasis as may he found in the market today. Our government intends to readjust taxes, if at all possihle, and in this connection appreaciates the fact that a radical reduction of the surtaxes would mean the release of a vast amount of investment capital for a flow hack into the lines of industrial enterprises which in the past have proved so profitable in this country. If later it is apparent that some definite readjustment of the tax-exempt or surtax situation is coming immediately there will be a great drift of capital hack into sound securities of all descriptions and then, instead of the possihility of huying good investments to return 6 to 8 per cent, we will see a market that will permit the sale of such securities on the basis of 5 to 6 per cent.

There has heen an enormous weeding out of stocks held hy the puhlic during the past few months. The puhlic is owing to hrokerage houses possihly only ahout 60 cents on the dollar as compared with this sort of indehtedness last spring. There are times when it is wise not to he owing much money in the stock market and there are times when the hig money is to he made hy going into deht quite heavily. It certainly seems that at present it will pay to adopt a freer policy in this regard.—*The Trader.*

The hond market at the present time is relatively low, heing in fact, close to the bottom prices for 1923. Average prices of forty honds, according to the New York *Times'* index, are ahout 6¼ points helow the high reached in August, 1922. All things considered, honds are in a huying position from the standpoint of permanent investment. The reaction in hond prices during the last two or three months has been more or less a seasonal development caused hy a moderate upturn in interest rates accompanying crop harvesting and moving requirements in the West. This special pressure will soon he lifted, and it is reasonahle to helieve hond prices will rebound. Aside from the seasonal rally in prices, which normally might he expected around the year-end, there are a number of underlying factors that point toward a gradual advance in quotations over a period of years. There is a superahundance of credit in this country, and as time goes on the supply is likely to increase rather than otherwise. Foreign governments owe the United States approximately $11,500,000,000, some of which will no douht he liquidated in gold, particularly the British deht. This situation certainly means a protracted era of relatively low money rates, harring of course, seasonal flurries.

The effect of money rates on bond prices is too well known to need discussion here. Suffice to say, hond yields and money rates maintain a close parallel, and when money rates decline, hond yields decline, or in other words, bond prices advance. This is due to the fact that capital is mohile and flows from the commercial market into the investment market, and *vice versa*, wherever employment to the hest advantage is found.

Of course, a period of unusual business expansion, or inflation, might he sufficient to upset the outlook hy creating such a demand for capital that money rates would advance substantially, as they did during the war period. Such a contingency seems highly improhahle unless there is a return to war conditions. Another war would call for liquidation of practically all fixed income hearing securities, of course.

Another influence on bond prices of almost equal importance to that of money rates is changing commodity prices. A decline in commodity prices means a greater purchasing power for the fixed income from honds and a greater value to the principal itself. For example, the United Light & Railway 5s, 1932, are quoted at 90. A $1,000 bond would, therefore, cost $900. Taking wheat as representing all commodities and assuming that it were now worth $1.50 a hushel, one of these honds would have an exchange value of 600 hushels of wheat. If, by 1932, when the bond matures and will he paid off at par, wheat has declined to $1 per hushel, the hond could then he exchanged for 1,000 bushels of wheat. Thus, an advance of only 10 points in the price of the honds has resulted in almost douhling its purchasing power hecause of the decline in the price of wheat. Wheat is not selling at the price quoted, but is simply taken to represent all commodities, the Bureau of Labor Commodity Price Index now heing just a little ahove 150, while 100 represents the average 1913 price, and it is not impossihle that at some future date the level will again return to 100. Simply hecause prices are high now is no assurance that they will remain high. Following the War of 1912 prices went considerably higher than they did in 1920, hut by 1842 had fallen below 100. Again, during the latter part of the Civil War prices almost reached 1920 levels, but fell helow 100 hy 1878. Commodity prices have already declined from a high of 226 in 1920 to around 150.

A long period of falling prices suhsequent to a war is due to the fact that industrial expansion is stimulated to meet war needs and when these are withdrawn, peace-time requirements are less than production capacity. There are already signs that this is due at the present time and the weight of prohahilities favor a considerahle period of falling prices. The textile, leather, copper, shipping, fertilizer and tire industries among others are already built up on a larger scale than consumption requires. The petroleum industry is in the same position, hut due to other than war causes. The motor industry appears to he approaching this stage.

Reference is made to the fact that high surtaxes have caused the rich investors to switch into tax-exempt honds and this also has heen a contrihuting factor to lower prices for taxable honds. There is a considerahle amount of agitation for a reduction in surtaxes and should these he modified there would he a considerahle demand created for taxahle honds hy those who can not now afford to buy them. This is another factor of potential strength in the present bond market. To sum up: the factors on the side of higher bond prices are the prospect of lower interest rates, lower commodity prices, and a reduction in income taxes. On the other side there is only the possihility of an unusual hoom reaching a state of pronounced inflation.

New hond issues during the last fortnight total $163,468,000, compared with $85,982,000 in the preceding two weeks. The higgest single issue was $47,000,000 of Federal Land Bank bonds. Other prominent issues were $15,000,000 of the International Match Corporation, $11,500,000 of Southern California Edison Company, $10,000,000 of Philadelphia Electric Company, $12,500,000 of Père Marquette Railway Company, $10,000,000 of Republic of Finland, and $21,000,000 of State of Illinois.

Price fluctuations were narrow during the two weeks. Altogether there was a fractional loss, hut prices did not reach the low established on Octoher 2. As the case stands, average prices are now ahout ½ point ahove the low level reached early in the month. At the present time average prices are a little more than 3½ points helow the high for 1923, established on January 31, and a little over 6½ points helow the high for 1922, established on August 22. However, average prices are still more than 10 points ahove the low of May, 1920, says *Forbes Magazine*.

There are signs at present of a revival in the hond market. Government honds and gilt-edged corporation honds are registering slight advances on suhstantially larger transactions. This is due to the prospects of easier money rates a little later on. Speculative honds are mixed in their trend, changes in this group heing dependent upon developments in the affairs of the issuing companies. Foreign government bonds have heen relatively weak for some time, due to the possihility of a hreaking up of the German Repuhlic.

EQUIPMENT TRUST CERTIFICATES.

The railroads are still making important purchases of equipment and from time to time new issues of Equipment Trust Certificates are expected to appear. Equipment Trust Certificates offer a form of investment that is of the very highest grade, but, unfortunately, are not as well known to the rank and file of investors as should he the case. The equipment purchased from the proceeds of these certificates is owned, not by the railroad company using it, hut by a third party known as the Trustee, who is usually a large hank or trust company. In this way the equipment can not he seized hy process of law should the railroad company get into financial difficulty, hecause the railroad simply leases it. For the use of the equipment the railroad pays a fixed rental every six months that is

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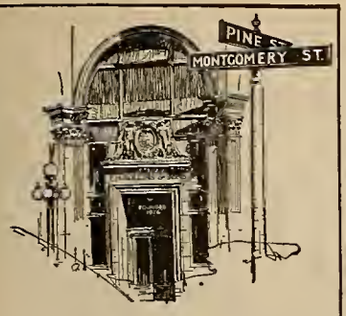
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sufficient to pay the interest and retire part of the principal. As the equipment depreciates the principal is retired and the security of the remainder outstanding is unimpaired. Should the railroad fail to pay the rental, the equipment can he withdrawn and leased to another concern. Inasmuch as the equipment is vital to the operation of the railroad, default is almost unknown on Equipment Trust Certificates. The payment of the rental ranks ahead of the payment of interest on the funded deht and the investor in Equipment Trust Certificates stands ahead of the investor in first mortgage railroad bonds.

Declaration of ¼ of 1 per cent. extra dividend on Steel common, in addition to the regular quarterly 1¼ per cent., putting the stock "speculatively" on a 6 per cent. annual hasis has given more encouragement to timorous bulls than anything that has happened since the long decline hegan last March.

Bearish estimates which placed earnings of the Steel Corporation for the third quarter as low as $39,000,000 were shown to be ridiculously far from the mark, and even the cautiously optimistic estimates of as mucb as $43,000,000 were left far hehind.

And it is to he hoped that the Steel Corporation's courageous dividend action, along with its remarkahle showing of earnings, will drive home one lesson that the country needs very much to learn—that business is *good,* says *Forbes Magazine.*

Read this from a recent issue of the "Guaranty Survey," puhlished hy the Guaranty Trust Company of New York:

"The present scale of business activity is high compared with any hut peak standards. A resumption of the abnormal production and rapidly rising commodity prices, which were the outstanding features of the spring hoom is not a prerequisite of continued prosperity."

But, more than anything else, a strong upward movement in the leading speculative stocks would steer sentiment into constructive paths. The helief that this would occur has recently heen strengthened hy the action of the market in stuhhornly resisting, at least insofar as the speculative leaders are concerned, all attempts to force a renewal of widespread liquidation. The writer feels as certain as one can he of anything connected with the stock market that a turn, and an important turn, in one direction or the other, is at hand. And his hest judgment is that that turn will he upward.

If the upward turn comes in a convincing manner it may then he possihle—after the arguments of those who have heen predicting a further decline in business have heen refuted by the course of events—to inject dishelief into the statements of those who have heen glihly predicting a continued and long-drawn-out decline in commodity prices based on rather vague arguments that such has heen the experience after all post-war hooms.

It must he admitted that post-war hooms have generally been followed hy long and dreary years of husiness depression and falling prices; but how is the ohserver to know when a post-war hoom, in all its ups and downs and intermittent periods of semi-depression, has spent its force? Wasn't it eight years after the close of the Civil War hefore there came anything like a panic, and wasn't it at least ten years hefore prices started downward in earnest, and aren't we now only five years removed from the close of the World War?

With our huilding programme years hehind, with our gigantic puhlic utility industry only heginning to develop our water powers and actually several years behind requirements, with our electrical industry figuring on the necessity of huilding new plants to meet insistent demands, with our railroads just heginning to see the light of day, with our steel industry put to it to meet delivery demands in spite of plant capacity enlarged to meet war needs, and with revolutionary changes which are hound to react favorahly upon demand taking place in many different lines, is it likely that America will enter a period of long depression at this stage of the game? And with gold pouring in from Europe on every hoat and our people husy making things that our people have the money to buy, is it likely that prices will stay on the down-grade?

The preliminary work which has heen going on in Shasta county, in connection with the construction of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's $20,000,000 Pit River No. 3 development, has progressed to a point wherehy the company has concluded to proceed with the construction work during the winter months.

Forms have heen placed and a rock fill is being made for a dam which will divert the water of the Pit from the natural course of the river into specially constructed ditches, whereby the foundation for the permanent dam can he laid. This dam when completed will he 110 feet high, creating a reservoir of 13,000-acre feet in capacity of which the top six feet will he used for pondage. The dam will hack the water up for some ten miles and will he of reinforced concrete of the Ogee type with its axis on a very flat arch.

The tunnel has heen bored for a distance of approximately 750 feet. This tunnel, which will be 20,000 feet long, will be worked from six separate faces. Addits and an open space at Rock Creek afford additional working points in order to speed up the work. From the intake to the tunnel, which is located a short distance upstream from the damsite, the water will he lead through the tunnel to the mountain side ahove the power house location. The tunnel will he nineteen feet in diameter, of horseshoe and circular shape and will he lined throughout with concrete. Its large diameter will permit the operation of a steam shovel, therehy effectively speeding up the construction.

From the end of this tunnel, water will he dropped down the mountain side under a 313-foot head through three penstocks where the water power will he transformed into electrical power by contact with the water wheels connected to three 35,000-horsepower turbines.

There are now working on this project 800 men, and a crew of 1,000 will he maintained on the joh throughout the winter months. Provisions are heing made to keep the McCloud River and Pit River railroads open all winter. A 12-mile branch of the Pit River having hcen huilt from Clayton Valley, passing the tunnel inlet and damsite, and extending on down the Pit River cañon for a distance of six miles to the powerhouse site. Snow plows are heing provided to keep the road near the summit and Bartle clear of the ten or twelve feet normal snow fall, affording an opportunity to hring in material and provisions for the crew which will be working there.

A modern construction camp has heen huilt, including many social features and conveniences, sueb as a moving picture and social hall, pool hall, special type of camp bungalow apartments for a numher of families, etc.

Steps are under way to carry on educational and Americanization classes for men on the big joh. School accommodations are provided for the workingmcn's children.

William R. Staats Company have just received the statement of profits of the Albers Bros. Milling Çompany for the month ending October 31, 1923, indicating a substantial increase over the corresponding period of last year. The total operating profits of branches for October, 1923, amounted to $83,408.65. General expenses and interest paid amounted to $20,952.94, bringing the profit for the month to $62,455.51.

Throughout the company's sales territory, which includes the entire western coast of tbe United States, as well as Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Orient, increased sales activity is reported. The October, 1923, salcs show increase in manufactured hrands and 15 per cent. increase in total volume over October, 1922.

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Water in the East ---and Here

Unusually low rainfall in certain eastern states has resulted in a serious shortage of water. The drought lasted for nine months, and in some cases storage is 33 per cent. helow normal.

Reserve supplies having been drawn down to the danger level, heroic measures are needed to stave off that forlorn resort—the rationing of water.

One hig water works in New Jersey was constrained to advertise the following appeal:

"Unless consumers commence at once to co-operate with the company in conserving the supply, it will be necessary within a few days to discontinue service for a portion of each day."

Situated in a semi-arid region and dependent on stored water most of which is impounded at a considerable distance from the city, San Francisco has always been a most difficult community to supply.

Yet there has never heen such a condition here as that which bothers certain eastern cities. It has never heen necessary to consider such an extreme measure as the discontinuance of service for a part of the day.

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Development of Calaveras Reservoir in the Alameda unit of Spring Valley's system is now proceeding rapidly. This will add 24 million gallons daily to the present supply of 42 million gallons daily.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Your Soul and Glands.

Our Fear Complexes. By Edward Huntington Williams and Ernest Bryant Hoag. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.75.

Health and Self-Mastery Through Psycho-Analysis and Auto-Suggestion. By William J. Fielding. Boston: Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $2.00.

These two volumes are offered as a more simple interpretation of the new cult of psycho-analysis. Drs. Williams and Hoag, however, have more particularly concentrated their attention on our fear complexes, which they trace to their roots, and explain in practical style.

Freudism, these two doctors consider, is overdone. Coué's auto-suggestion is not viewed by many people with the simplicity and absence of the miracle idea which Coué desires. And so they help their readers by dissipating the fogs which have arisen to obscure the subject. An interesting part of the book is that devoted to the glands which control the emotional system. And in handling this department of the book the two doctors avoid sensational extremes, and in their treatment of the subject display the same admirable common sense that characterizes them throughout.

"Health and Self-Mastery" is, to a certain extent, a simple and easily comprehended interpretation of Freudian ideas. Dr. Fielding ranges over a wide territory in his discussion of the "unconscious" or subconscious mind, taking up repressions, dreams, love, and discussing and revealing to the lay mind scientific reasons for emotions and actions hitherto unaccountable.

Latin-American Life.

Fombombo. By T. S. Stribling. New York: The Century Company; $1.90.

T. S. Stribling, who will be remembered as the author of the interesting novel "Birthright," in which he showed remarkable insight into negro character and a keen perception of the mutual harm inflicted by the domestic and industrial contact of whites and blacks, has located "Fombombo" in Venezuela. Fombombo is the dictator, and is a tyrant, a robber, and an unscrupulous violator of virgins. The long threatened revolution bursts, splits in two, succeeds, splits again; and upon one leader after another the wretched people pin their faith and wild, unreasoning hopes.

The book is in a vein of comedy and adventure. But Mr. Stribling is a race psychologist, and his underlying seriousness breaks through his sardonic amusement.

If Drummer Strawbridge is not consistent, the picture of Venezuela life is. The novel does not equal "Birthright," but it is distinctly worth while, because under a surface of comedy, we find an interpretation of the chaotic politics of the revolutionary countries of Latin-America.

Poetic Apiology.

The Mystery of the Hive. By Eugéne Evrard. New York: Dodd Mead and Company; $2.50.

It is a matter of congratulation when a scientist combines his knowledge with the gift of expression. A perusal of this book of Eugéne Evrard recalls François Huber, the wonderful blind naturalist who first made a close study of the bee through the eyes of his faithful servant, and whose discoveries were the foundation for all present knowledge of the hee. A number of published observations followed Huber's treatise down to the present time when Mæterlinck's "Life of the Bee" has found many admirers who perhaps would never have learned about hees in any other way. And while his book is literary rather than scientific, it is exact and authentic and in spite of the lyrical nature of the work the reader learns much about this fascinating subject.

It seems to be a subject that particularly inspires poetic thought and diction, and the present work by M. Evrard may he classed as a literary composition as well as a record of life-long scientific observation. He writes with an enthusiasm which knows no bounds and which kindles the interest of the reader, and yet with the modesty so characteristic of the man of science.

From Bret Harte to Emerson Hough

The Pioneer West. By Joseph Lewis French. Boston: Little, Brown and Company; $2.50.

Mr. French has rendered lasting service to his countrymen, east as well as west, in gathering into one volume "the chronicles of the border" the history of the trailmakers of the West.

From books of all kinds dealing with this subject he has selected representative chapters giving the readers a continuous view of the long march to the western frontier.

We find old favorites, from the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and Mark Twain's "Roughing It," to the western literature of the last few decades. There is a preface by Hamlin Garland as well as a selection from his "Moccasin Ranch" and among the extracts is a chapter from "The Covered Wagon" of recent fame, and an interesting fragment of Bayard Taylor's "Eldorado," telling the story of his early arrival and experiences in the San Francisco of 1850.

What gives the book greater value is that many of the originals from which selections have been taken are out of print and almost impossible to ohtain, so that Mr. French has preserved for coming generations of readers what might have soon become inaccessible to the majority.

For the Bibliophile.

Ventures in Book Collecting. By William Harris Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $3.00.

Collecting books is rather like the process involved in collecting stamps. The enthusiast begins with a general collection, then specializes on certain types or pores over catalogues, becomes obsessed with rare specimens, loses the sense of financial limitations, plunges recklessly, and henceforth lives in a new and fascinating world with manners and customs and language of its own.

Mr. Arnold began by collecting hooks of varied character, all which, however, were rare and choice, but later he concentrated his efforts on two or three favorite authors, in particular Tennyson and Robert Louis Stevenson. His collection of Tennyson is famous hoth in England and America.

In the course of his activities as a collector he naturally came across letters from famous people in connection with their books, and becoming interested he launched out on this line, and came into possession of a great number of rare and interesting letters from celebrated people, quite unconnected with his book collection. Of these he gives a few, principally from famous women among them being letters from Queen Victoria, Charlotte Brönte, George Eliot, Jane Carlyle and others.

On this congenial quest the collector has had many experiences and adventures and the account of these and the description of the collection itself make up pages full of interest.

Another Fabre.

Insect Stories. By Vernon Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $1.75.

In these delghtful stories of the world of insect life, Professor Kellogg has dropped his pedagogic manner and language and has adapted his diction and scientific wisdom to the understanding of a charming child. "Mary" is a composite little girl who represents three young comrades who have borne him company on wayside rambles and journeys of exploration and discovery.

They are alone in a wonderland of nature, inhabited by bees, wasps, tarantulas, and other fascinating insects, whose manners and customs they delight to study. The reader realizes the beautiful simplicity of Professor Kellogg's language adapted to Mary's understanding, after he makes one short digression into professorial diction for Mary's edification.

And after all what are most of us laymen hut children when it comes to science and a knowledge of nature! The language can not he too simple even for adults while we listen like little children to these tales from the book of nature, and see through Mary's eyes the wonders of insect life.

A Critic on Criticism.

Books and Authors. By Robert Lynd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Robert Lynd tells his readers in his chapter on "The Critic," that in criticism the character sketch of the hook or author is as important as any technical analysis. It certainly makes for a better understanding of "Books and Authors," when we know that the writer is the literary critic of the London *Daily News*, and when we realize that these sketches are written out of a long and ripe experience in criticism, in which bitterness and cynicism have been replaced hy sympathetic understanding and what the author calls a sense of life.

The closing chapter, dealing with the art of the critic (perhaps the most interesting in the book), gives the author's theories on criticism and some of the wisdom he has gained after many years of writing.

He holds that a critic's analysis is of value only if it leads to synthesis, that something must he huilt up out of what has been taken to pieces, so that the image of the writer's genius in the critic's mind may he reflected in the mind of the reader, "enhanced with a new emphasis and in new relations." He feels that criticism is something more than the art of judging and analyzing and regards the critic rather as a portrait painter who presents a synthesis of "all the most interesting things he has seen and felt and thought in observing his suhject."

In "Books and Authors" Mr. Lynd presents short, crisp sketches of authors more or less ancient and of authors more or less modern. He gives a masterly analysis of Poe, regarding him as a genius who was nevertheless lacking in talent, and asserting that in the greatest poetry genius and talent go hand in hand.

The reader is reminded of Poe's own conviction in regard to men of genius, believing them to be comparatively common, hut considering men of genius who are also accomplished artists rare indeed.

There is a delightful sketch of Hans Christian Andersen, that patron saint of childhood, who nevertheless realized the vanity of success, as his ambition was to write for grown-ups and who rather resented the fame that came to him as a story teller. His commentator, however, would fain helieve that in his heart he enjoyed the popularity of his tales.

Passing over the many hrilliant names on his list, one stops here and there, now at a chapter on Hawthorne, master of sustained rhythm; now at one on Wells; then at a few delightful pages on Arnold Bennett, and a chapter on *Punch*, which he holds to have taken the wrong turning.

The Heredity Problem Again.

Lazy Laughter. By Woodward Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

The author of this very modern novel, who by the way is a quite young girl, has already achieved success in the recently published "Love Legend," and "Lazy Laughter" with its bizarre title is written much in the same clever style and with the same light touch of youth and humor.

The story is nothing remarkable but it is cleverly built around the character of a girl born into a family where laziness has become a moral obsession, and a confirmed inertia that has killed out, like a noisome weed, all healthy growth and apsiration.

In the development of the young girl is worked out the tragic struggle between inherited weakness and a half-smothered desire to face life and make something hetter of it. This girl, handicapped by inheritance and environment, takes a few hesitating steps in the right direction, impelled by an inward urge: but staggering under a family hurden suddenly thrust upon her and incapable of sustained effort, she faces a final decision and takes the line of least resistance. Her recognition of her weakness and her solution of her problem are well in accord with her character development, hut there will be readers who will feel that they might have worked it out differently.

The book is full of humor, the dialogue is clever, and the monologues in which the heroine indulges when off stage are sufficiently entertaining.

ROMANCE.

In one of the novels of the year, "Huntingtower," Mr. John Buchan has again affirmed his fidelity to the spirit of R. L. S., Anthony Hope, and the Castles, says the New York *Tribune*. He is all for romance and the world well lost. He brings a beautiful Russian princess, after the war, to an obscure manor on the Scottish countryside, and there she, with a priceless cache of jewels, is beleaguered by devilish Bolsheviki, whose handsome leader is a particularly venomous brand of fiend. As is Mr. Buchan's wont, he tells a most beguiling tale. But it is not on its merits that we are here inclined to pause. The interesting point is that "Huntingtower" should have been written at all.

It was written, we gather, because the author could not help himself, for sheer fun. But we surmise that, incidentally, he had some intention of framing a parahle. The prodigies of valor that are performed in this hook are largely the feats of a group of Glasgow ragamuffins whose efforts to emulate the code of the Boy Scouts attract friendly notice and win them a holiday in the hills. The man who is ultimately elected their chief, in recognition of his helpful share in the great adventure that hefalls them, is an elderly retired grocer. His participation is the one thing that stumps the princess aforesaid.

She can understand the devotion of the boys, the Gorbals Die-Hards. She sees nothing surprising in the gallantry of the young poet who comes with them to their rescue. But a grocer! The thing is stupefying. "No," says her lover. "You will not find him in Russia. He is what we called the middle class, which we who were foolish used to laugh at. But he is the stuff which above all others makes a great people. He will endure when aristocracies crash and proletariats crumble." And to this condemned middle class, which is to say the bulk of us, Mr. Buchan unhesitatingly attributes, not only prosaic stability, but the underlying love of romance.

It is a shrewd judgment, and the success, not only of Mr. Buchan, but of divers other yarn spinners, is a symptom worth noting at a time prolific in so-called serious fiction. When we say "so-called" we are not thinking of the really serious novelists. We are thinking of the half-baked analysts, overdosed hy Freud, and, like the fabled mugwump, "educated beyond their intellects." We are thinking of the furtive smut peddlers that so often pass for "liberal thinkers." In the eyes of such, of course, a hook like "Huntingtower" is only food for habes. We have no notion of claiming for it any proud immortality. But it has suhstantial present value as a reminder and a corrective.

There is nothing new about it, which is one reason why it is welcome, pointing a moral. Romance, which is of dateless origin, never dies, and it is the fundamental instinct of the generality of folk that keeps it alive.

Notes of Books and Authors.

Mr. W. J. Locke's friends and admirers may look forward to a new novel from his pen shortly. The novelist now lives on the Riviera, in Cannes to be exact, where he seems to find that the sun and the sea stimulate production.

The London *Times* points out that Andrew Lang once estimated that "out of every hundred who wrote novels only one was fortunate enough to get his work printed."

Harrington Hext, whose novel of last year, "Number 87," was the first he had written under a *nom de plume*, prefers still to keep his identity concealed. He will bring out on Septemher 18, through Macmillan, a new story of mystery and crime that shows no diminution of his powers of conceiving and carrying through an enigma that baffles to the last page. This new hook is called "The Thing at Their Heels."

Students of mechanics and engineering will find helpful a little book just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. called "Areas and Volumes," which deals with their accurate and approximate determination. The authors are D. E. Ferguson and H. E. Piggott, both of the teaching force of the Royal Naval College, at Dartmouth, England. While the hook is not elementary in its treatment of mensuration, it can be used hy students without a knowledge of calculus and it contains practically all that the ordinary student needs for the working out of areas and volumes and its application to mechanical problems.

"Journalism for Women," a hook published in England, relates a story of a woman journalist who wrote to a London paper for permission to act as its special correspondent during the visit of some royal personages to her town. The editor of the paper, knowing her for a good descriptive writer, gave the necessary authority, with explicit information as to the last moment for receiving copy. The moment came, but not the copy; and the editor had to go to press without it. The next day, no explanation having arrived, he dispatched to his special correspondent a particularly scathing and scornful letter. Then came the excuse. It was long, but the root of it amounted to exactly this: "I had such

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a headache after the ceremonies were over that I really did not feel equal to the exertion of writing. I thought it would not matter."

Three short tales by Robert Nichols will be published this month by the Macmillan Company, under the title "Fantastica." Mr. Nichols, an Englishman, occupies the chair of English literature in the Imperial University, Tokio—the chair formerly held by Lafcadio Hearn. The first two stories, "The Smile of the Sphinx" and "Perseus and Andromeda," are highly entertaining allegories; the third and longest, "Golgotha & Co." is a stinging satire on the methods of the captains of industry.

May Sinclair has given her new collection of short tales the apt title of "Uncanny Stories," (Macmillan). Most of the stories tell of the influence exerted on the living by the spirits of the dead. Some are love stories as well as ghost stories, and one is a tale of a woman's wonderful sub-conscious power.

Filming "Kim," as Maude Adams and Kipling are arranging to do, will be successful if certain persons who know infallibly "what the public wants" can be kept from distorting the plot and the characterization and destroying the local color until the picture on the screen and the original story have ceased to sustain any organic relation to each other, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. It seems strange that after the public has so often eagerly responded to the best there are many managers who insist that it demands only the worst. If such as these could have their way, probably nothing but the names of Kipling and Maude Adams would be retained in connection with their joint output.

At the request of the American Library Association, "Betty Leicester," by Sarah Orne Jewett, has been reissued in an attractive form. This establishes Miss Jewett without question as one of the leading interpreters of New England life. Willa Cather, in the introduction to one of her most popular books, "Alexander's Bridge," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, said, "It was Sarah Orne Jewett who gave me one of the few really helpful words I ever heard from an older writer—'Of course, one day you will write about your own country. In the meantime, get all you can. One must know the world so well before one can know the parish.'"

"The Occult Sciences," by Arthur Edward Waite, had a striking and very usual history. The book was originally published in 1891, but after the lapse of a generation the demand for it is still so continuous that this facsimile reprint has been made, without any alteration, of the first edition. A publisher's note says that although the author has sanctioned its reproduction he has not supervised it and wishes it to be known that the work no longer represents his own opinions on matters of occult research. The purpose of the book was to provide a compendium of transcendental doctrine, embracing an account of magical practices, of secret sciences in connection with magic, of the professors of magical arts, and of modern spiritualism, mesmerism and theosopby.

The competition among motion picture producers seldom reaches as high a pitch as it did over Sabatini's popular novel. Scaramouche." In the opinion of Rex Ingram it is a story that as he read it "flashed before him picture after picture, scene after scene that fairly cried for reproduction on the silver sheet." For a year now many thousands of people have been engaged daily in the production of "Sacaramouche." Not only have people by the thousands been used for this production, but all the building and costuming has been done with perhaps the most lavish band that even the moving picture business has ever seen. It will be interesting to see if the story is as popular on the screen as it has been in book form. Mr. Sabatini's "Sea Hawk" will also be filmed.

D'Annunzio's latest book is likely to provide some interesting revelations. It is entitled "From Me to Myself" or "Between Me and Myself," and records the poet's efforts to explain himself and his actions. The author's "The Luckless Adventurer" and "The Archangel of Asia"—his book on the Orient—are also announced from Italy.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who was 83 last June, has just finished a poetical play which will be acted by the Dorchester players, and published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. E. F. Benson is the latest author to follow the vogue for the "uncanny story." His collection is shortly to appear with the title of "Visible and Invisible."

New Books Received.

THE HAPPY ISLES. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A novel.

HEAD WINDS. By A. M. Sinclair Wilt. New York: Duffield and Company; $2.00.

Romance at sea.

MAY EVE. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.00.

A novel of Ireland.

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Alfred W. Martin. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $1.00.

And Its Spiritual Values.

GROUPS AND COUPLES. By Frances Lester Warner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75.

Essays.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $5.00.

A study in democracy.

MY RHINELAND JOURNAL. By General Henry T. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.00.

Illustrated.

THE PARABLE AND OTHER SAYINGS OF JESUS. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

In the Bedside Series.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ST. AUGUSTINE. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

In the Bedside Series.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

The Merry Wives and King Hal in the Bedside Series.

THE LITTLE DECAMERON. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

In the Bedside Series.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SOCRATES. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

In the Bedside Series.

CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.60.

In the Bedside Series.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN ANGORA. By Grace Ellison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

Illustrated by the author's sketches and photographs.

TAFFAN'S BURRO. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.00.

And other stories.

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"PUNCHINELLO."

As usual, Maude Fulton has evolved an interesting and entertaining play. How it would work without her for the central female figure it would be difficult to decide. She is always *sui generis*, and with her cute, kiddish ways, and curious distinctive magnetism, she invariably and immediately attracts the interest, regard, and sympathy for the girl she represents.

An added feature about Miss Fulton's talent as a playwright is, that while her plots and situations are conventional, she always treats them in a fresh unfettered way; due, I should judge to her preference to act that way, and her full ability to carry out her preferences.

Whether a circus clown could carry out his scheme of bringing up two waifs in a circus atmosphere in a state of idyllic innocence is open to doubt. But Maude Fulton calmly manœuvers this improbability into her play, and makes her midge so provocatively simple-hearted, kiddish and unconventionally natural that she is hugely entertaining.

As for the boy, although Robert Ober is not at all a hoyish type in appearance, he pleased very much by a simplicity and genuineness of manner that matched Midge's; and, by the way, Mr. Ober indicated with ability Jimmie's various emotional complexities as the play proceeded.

Joe, the clown, as outlined by the author and as played by William Burress, is, one might say, the progenitor of this simplicity of attitude of his two waifs toward life, and love, and the human family, because he brought them up. Somehow we accept the simplicity of Joe without cavil. Joe is of the type that whether he worked in a circus, a saloon, or a gambling hell, he would always be clean-hearted, trustful, sincere and honest. As played by William Burress, who gives a really excellent representation, Joe appears as a man whose features radiate trustfulness, kindness and good will. And Mr. Burress ably carries out the author's intentions in those scenes in which the primitive man's love of his mate is threatened, by sending up a red flame of defiance and revolt. And in the later scenes the actor feelingly expressed the recovered guileless kindness of the man, and his strength, too; the strength of a heart wise with goodness and foresight, when he tried to save Jimmie from a threatened descent into the gutter.

It can not be said of Maude Fulton that, as an actress, she has much versatility. All of her heroines that she represents are built on the same lines. But nobody quarrels with her for this limitation, for, if the girl is always the same the situations are not. And besides, the fresh, untrammeled spontaneous humor is always there. The story varies enough to afford us the novelty of interesting situations, and we always hail with expectant enjoyment the entrance of this pleasing, clever, skilful and individualistic little actress.

She made a very effective entrance in "Punchinello." Midge, although a bride—a very artless one, who has a vague idea that getting married is something like accepting an invitation to lunch—is jealous; not, it may be added of her husband. Good, old Joe is a negligible quantity, something like an old but reliably protective cloak that one wears in rainy weather.

No, Joe is all right. He is Johnny-on-the-spot. But a show-girl has got her eye on Jimmie, and Midge vaguely but surely feels that Jimmie is just as much her possession as good old Joe; who, by the way, is fifty years old; and to Midge fifty years is half a century.

So Midge enters stormily, then becomes frivolous, taunts Jimmie with the attentions of his show-girl, abstractedly, an eye on Jimmie, dances her little feet into the daintiest of little casual steps, just because Midge is young and loves rhythmic movement, and when she is reminded that she is married, looks disparagingly at the beamingly possessive Joe and brings ruefulness to his features by remarking that, "oh, she'd have to break that off." And then she looks at Joe with a child's reproachfulness and says, "You want to kiss me all the time, Joe. I don't like it."

This scene fully establishes Midge's childishness, her unconscious love for the boy to get even with whom she has suddenly gotten married in a pet, and demonstrates her serene acceptance of everything her foster-father can give her in the way of patience and tolerance. And it is also demonstrated that to her Joe is still her foster-father; and her foster-father only.

The scene is one of the most enjoyable in the play, as the lowering of the storm-clouds in subsequent acts is not so well done as the first act. There is a suggestion of a lack of full completion to the play. Jimmie's fall from grace is rather over-stressed. He was such a nice, likable boy in the earlier scenes that a lessened view of him in his embarkation on a drunkard's career would be more agreeable to our feelings. And here and there the author's devices to give us a mental shock are almost too apparent; when Midge comes in, for instance, in the company of Coat Hefner, the vicious, little rattlesnake, that Midge subsequently does up so severely, that we realize that we needn't have tremhled for her. But we also realize that, except for the purpose of giving us the shock, it was not plausible to put Midge in his poisonous company.

The side comedy that is delegated to the character of Tessie, the wardrobe mistress, will doubtless he worked up a little more, as it falls a little flat. So far the greatest effort has been concentrated on the characters of Joe and his two protégées, and the Tessie Pearson comedy is not yet quite firmly on its feet.

It will he noticed that the title of the play indicates that Joe's is the leading rôle. And in the act preceding the brief final act, which offers a sufficiently plausible disentanglement of the knot in the destiny of the strangely united and sadly severed family of three, Joe commands the situation, taking the helm in the matter of emotional outhurst.

A good company hy its creditable work makes the play go trippingly. Several members of the company in "Dulcy" do not reappear in "Punchinello," for Miss Fulton always selects her players carefully, and apparently these others were specially engaged for rôles suitable to them.

There is a novelty to the circus atmosphere, which is particularly well conveyed in the first act. Miss Lea Penman gave an effective presentation of a handsome and frivolous chorus girl, Ancyn McNulty thoroughly conveyed the offensiveness of the dressing-room haunter, Mattie Hyde was fairly amusing as the wardrobe mistress, and the two rôles played hy Rex Cherryman and V. Talhot Henderson still require a little touching up in the line of humorous suggestion.

THE ORPHEUM.

A bill of considerable variety and ability to amuse atones this week, for the lack of notable headliners. It begins quite excitingly with "The Flying Hartwells," two men who perform dangerous looking feats on high swinging ropes, on which they swing far and high, giving us a taste of that wild, primitive thrill at the sight of danger which caused the ancient Romans to throng to gladiatorial combats, and the Spaniards of to-day to attend in vast multitudes at hullfights.

Al Jolson's hrother, Harry Jolson, is on the hill, song-singing in a good reliable voice, retailing funny stories rather flatly, hut hrightening up his act considerahly hy having a confederate planted in the audience who also can sing. Harry Jolson is not especially strong on humor in spite of his name, he lacks the ability to speak clearly and distinctly—which is perhaps why he can't manage the darky dialect—hut he can yodel, whoop up some soprano notes, and hetween them he and his planted pard made the audience thoroughly enjoy their ringing duets.

The only other singing numher was that given hy Marion Harris, hilled as "the favorite phonograph record maker." Miss Harris has a soft, pretty, light voice, which she ahstains from straining, thus singing with pleasing effect. I thought her little song ahout motherhood particularly pleasing, hut no doubt the majority of the audience enjoyed the more sprightly ones, which seemed to me to he monotonously alike.

"Poodles" Hanneford and company supplied an equestrian act in which there was some very funny clowning done hy "Poodles" on the hacks of the pair of reliable soher-sides chosen for his "horse nonsense." "Poodles" can light on a horse anywhere except on his hoofs or the end of his tail, and stick. And for the matter of that he takes playful liherties with the hoofs and tails of his equine associates, who are perfectly inured to having a human catapult land on them from space, and cling frantically to their rumps, or their tails, or their ears; whichever happens to he handiest.

Miss Venita Gould gives "Impressions." Several of the stage lights she impersonated are not familiar to us San Franciscans, hut Eva Tanguay was immediately recognizable. It recalled my stupefaction on the occasion of my first acquaintance with Eva Tanguay's appearance as an entertainer, for she had absolutely nothing to recommend her to favorable attention except a heautiful figure.

Miss Gould certainly reproduced with fidelity the scratchily, screeching voice, and the pointless, aimless, graceless rushings ahout the stage with such fidelity, indeed that I felt a sense of immense relief when the impersonation was over.

But she hit the right note in her impersonation of Grace La Rue, to whom she gave a pure and sweet soprano, hut made us smile by her reproduction of Miss La Rue's deliherate takings-off and puttings-on of a large picture hat, and also of the unskilled near-dancing with which she always tries to diversify her act.

The impersonator closed hy giving us a fully set scene from "Ki-Ki," which relieved some of our curiosity as to what "Ki-Ki" was all ahout and was, prohahly, a pretty faithful reproduction of the scene depicted; from which we gathered what a noisome little guttersnipe was this French conception with which Belasco made such a hit on refined Broadway.

A very good act was given hy the Renee Rohert and Giers-Dorf symphonists, who included in their groups instrumental players, several pretty and handsome, hy gowned women, and a couple of heautiful dancers, one of whom, the douhle-jointed one, gave a particularly interesting Indian dance, to which the instrumentalists contriluted very characteristic Indian music, excellently played; these same players, hy the way, turning out very nimhle toes in a quartette dance.

"The Old Cronies," still a favorite, is too familiar to require comment. The programme closed with a fine juggling and acrohating act hy a group of Chinese; who particularly exploited one of those marvelously fearless little urchins who hand over their tiny hodies to he exposed to constant danger, with the tranquil courage of those born with a perfect nervous system.

"HALF A CHANCE."

Belle Bennett's return to the Alcazar has been welcomed with warm acclaim hy the clientèle of that popular house. The little actress had fixed herself firmly in the favor of the Alcazareans during her past two or three years' leading ladyship at the O'Farrell Street play-house, and with the prestige gained hy favorahle notices in New York she faced her auditors with the agreeable certainty that she had made good in the East. Still I have an idea that as yet Miss Bennett's appreciators do not know her at her hest. "Half a Chance" is a play with many popular elements, written for a puhlic that likes such happenings as virtuous poverty raised to educational privileges and starship on the stage. There are several cases of self-sacrifice in "Half a Chance," the sort of thing that doesn't commonly happen in life, hut that the public eats up on the stage. All these situations Miss Bennett gravely attacks with the same apparent helief in their artistic verity as Laurette Taylor showed in "Peg o' My Heart." Mrs. Upright's play, by the way, helongs to the "Peg o' My Heart" school. It has no distinction, hut its situations are sympathy-inducing to the more sentimentally inclined puhlic, which does not balk at such improhabilities as the radical change in the little vampire whose vanity led her sweetheart to crime, hut who afterward repented and made him a good wife.

Of course, such things happen, hut if they do in the drama they are generally indicated hy psychological gradations. However, one can scarcely in reason condemn the absence of genuine psychology in the "Peg o' My Heart" class of play, as such pieces generally gain popularity without the need of it.

Miss Bennett, in a little hetween-acts speech of grateful acknowledgement that she made, indicated that the managerial intention is to take "Half a Chance" East; where it will prohahly have quite a prosperous time.

Miss Bennett has not yet acquired the sureness and real humor of the genuine comedienne; hut her efforts in that line—as the guileless little Irish slavey—pleased her audience, nevertheless. I have seen her in the past give, in good, emotional melodrama, very ahle representations of womanly emotions. In "The House of Glass," for instance, if I remember aright. And in "Half a Chance" she appeared to considerahle advantage in several scenes, notahly that in which Mary O'Grady induces the hoy who has just become a thief to return his plunder, hy appeals to his hrotherly and filial affection. Audiences, not too worldly wise, hugely enjoy such situations, if their lachrymose quality is speedily relieved hy exciting scenes or the enjoyment of comedy. And then the author supplied to them the delight of seeing the ignorant little slavey transformed to a stage queen; a lovely creature—Miss Bennett looks very pretty in her grand stage toilets—who has become a famous star.

There is a tacit convention nowadays that decrees that all plays should have hut three acts; unless they are divided up into numerous "episodes," something of the kind. But if the author needs four acts he just sticks to the convention hy comfortahly dividing an act into two scenes.

So Mrs. Upright did in "Half a Chance" in her desire of placing hefore sympathetic audiences the fatigue of the over-worked star, the guile of her pretended rage with the manager in order to make him do as she wished; the romance of possessing two nohle-minded suitors, for there is quite a hunch of nohle minds in "Half a Chance," the competitive self-sacrifice of the girl and her most nohle-minded wooer, and so on. So the play, which had lagged rather during the first-act comedy, unexpectedly became crammed with dramatic happenings during the last two-scene act, and rather over-extended itself.

Here is Miss Bennett's chance, then to emulate Laurette Taylor's success with "Peg o My Heart;" which is probahly what hoth the actress and the author fondly hope, and not without some reason, as managers generally know how to make their attractions reach the right kind of puhlic. The worldly minded theatregoer would smile at "Half a Chance"—which hy the way, requires a more sentimental title—hut the sentimental theatregoer will have a lovely time with it.

La Gaiete Francaise.

Two half-length plays make up the second of the two current programmes at the little French theatre. Of the two "Les Jurons de Cadillac" is the merrier. It is a very enjoyable one-act comedy hy P. Breton, and represents two lovers of a contrasting type; the one a refined and sophisticated woman of the world, who is not sure she is willing to favor the wooings of her admirers: the other a hluff sea-soldier who has accumulated a variety of rumhling oaths in the navy, which hurtle alarmingly around the delicate ears of the countess, predisposing her, in spite of the manly worth of her suitor, against matrimony in such a noisy quarter.

The author hits on a happy solution of the vexed question and Mme. Yvonne du Parc and M. Henri Chateau gave a spirited representation of the amicahle duel of wits hetween the two friendly adversaries. Mme. Du Parc can he relied on to act her rôles with professional poise, her French is polished and euphonious, and she always lends consistency to her characterizations.

M. Chateau contriluted a voice almost as hig as M. Ferrier's own, and lent humor to his amusing rôle.

"Le Passage de Vénus" is a play on words, as the lover in this romantic little piece hy Zamacois is preparing to witness the transit of Venus, when a human Venus enters and disturhs his scientific calculations. He is aiming to win fame hy the published results of his astronomical ohservations, as he has a point of vantage in the far Orient. But it was not to he. In spite of the solitude of the young astronomer's attendant, Venus the woman wins over Venus the planet. The play has an extremely Gallic finale, which reveals an empty stage, while the forgotten star makes its transit unohserved hy the lover in amorous attendance on his heloved.

Mme. and M. Ferrier assumed the rôles of the two lovers, reciting the rhymed and metrical lines with that free, flowing French which their European training has enabled them to master. The part of the attendant was neatly played by M. Fallon, and the romantic character of the hrief drama was agreeably conveyed.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

A Gratifying Recognition.

A very gratifying recognition has been made by the United States Government of André and Jeanne-Gustin Ferrier's work in promulgating the knowledge, in an American city, of French stage literature, and the classics of French drama.

As a recognition of the educational and cultural value of M. Ferrier's work in La Gaieté Francaise, 1470 Washington street, to which many students resort in order to acquire or extend a knowledge of French dramatic literature, the war tax order has been withdrawn. This week Molière's "L'Avare" is having its final representations. Next week will see the production of a Grand Guignol programme, when "The Three Masks" and a Lahiche farce will he given.

Heifitz Again.

Jascha Heifitz will he here this coming January. Evidently the famous young violinist's decision to retire for a couple of years and devote himself to study in Europe did not hold out.

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At the Columbia.

Fresh from a solid year's engagement at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York City, four months in Chicago, one month in Philadelphia and two months' phenomenal success in Boston, Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," and his new musical laughing riot, will he the attraction at the Columbia Theatre, for a limited engagement, commencing Monday, November 26; with matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday. Messrs. A. L. Erlanger and B. C. Whitney have given Ed Wynn a scenic and costume environment which has heen the talk of the metropolis. The comedian himself wrote the book, lyrics and music of his newest vehicle, while Julian Mitchell is responsihle for the many dancing surprises. Ed Wynn will he seen in many new stunts presented in the manner for which the inimitable comedian is renowned. "The Perfect Fool" is hringing with him his original coterie of capable supporters, including True Rice, Arthur F. Burckly, John Dale, Cass Burt, Teddy Roberts, Flo Newton, Nydia d'Arnell, Anita Furnman, Estelle Penning, Edna Hamel, "That Girl Quartette"—the Misses Ivy Kirkwood, Harriette Keyes, Jeanette Fielding and Loretta Ferrati—those clever little Japanese, the Meyako Trio, and Wynn's justly famous Wynn-ing chorus of charm and distinction, including the "Sixteen Dancing Daisies" of American heauties. An augmented orchestra under the direction of Antonio Bafunno is announced.

At the Curran.

The revival of operetta seems to he an accomplished fact. More than mere coincidence is apparent in the interest in this form of light musical entertainment as opposed to the "jazz" variety of musical comedy, while in the field of "straight" drama the plays of Shakespeare are shouldering farce and melodrama aside. The latest addition to the list of operettas disclosed in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelpbia, and incidentally one of the most prosperous, is "Blossom Time," the Franz Schuhert musical gem, which Messrs. Schuhert are now presenting at the Curran, where it will start its third week next Monday. It is typical of the tendency apparent in recent years to comhine the picturesque and romantic appeal of operetta of the Viennese school with a more indigenous American quality. It is the most conspicuous current example of the new vogue of operetta and is essentially an American production, although its score is made up of the master melodies of that inspired song writer of a hundred years ago, Franz Schuhert, who is also made the central figure, with romantic liherties, in the hook of the piece. This operetta came unostentatiously into New York some three years ago with the expectation of remaining a season, because it was feared it would he quite "over the heads of the moh." Yet it proved the most financial as well as most popular success of the present generation. It comes to this city with the great Century Theatre, New York, cast intact.

A numher of strongly rooted notions have been utterly contradicted by this success of "Blossom Time." It has refuted the theory that historical interest in a light musical work is deadly, the prejudice against the costume production and the theory that "classic" music is a bore in the popular playhouse.

The Sistine Choir.

A profound impression has heen made upon audiences in the East hy the Sistine Choir. It has heen such a feat in the annals of impresario enterprise to bring this renowned hody of singers over to America that there has been some incredulity expressed as to whether the choir was really made up of its Italian memhers. Only the most emphatic asseverations hy Monsignor Rella, who heads the organization, have heen sufficient to convince the douhters that this wide departure from tradition has actually heen made.

San Francisco will soon have its chance to hear these noted singers, Manager Healy having fixed on the first week in December for their concert in this city.

Concert at the Bohemian Club.

The Sympbonic Ensemble of San Francisco will give its second concert in the Jink's room at the Bohemian Cluh on Tuesday evening, Novemher 27, when a programme of variety will he given. A novelty on the programme will he Saint-Saens "Carneval des Animaux," and Mr. George Schkultetsky will be the guest soloist, with Mrs. John B. Casserly, the assisting artist.

The Sundelius Recital.

On Wednesday evening, December 5, Marie Sundelius, Swedish-American prima-donna, will he heard at the Plaza in an interesting programme. Mme. Sundelius, on the occasion of a recent visit to her native land, received a decoration from the King of Sweden as a recognition of her artistry; which is largely the result of American training.

The sting of a common nettle will sometimes last as long as six or even eight hours. The sting of one species in Java lasts for a whole year.

Rugby and Soccer.

In early days, football was a rough and ready game without standardized rules, and most of the great schools had their own particular codes, says *Pearson's Weekly*.

This state of things lasted till about the middle of the last century, when, with the birth of the spirit of modern athletic sports, men hegan to realize that football need not necessarily be dropped on leaving school. Some definite rules then obviously hecame needed, so that men who had heen at different schools could play together.

On the whole, there were two sections of enthusiasts, those who favored the carrying game and those who wished that the ball should not be handled.

The first game was particularly in vogue at the great school of Rugby, and so the handling game hecame generally known as "Rughy Football."

The supporters of the no-carrying game, on the other hand, appointed a committee—representing six of the leading schools—to meet at Camhridge, and try to evolve a code agreeahle to them all, and so these associated regulations were the first rules of what we now know as the great game of Association Foothall or "Soccer," for short.

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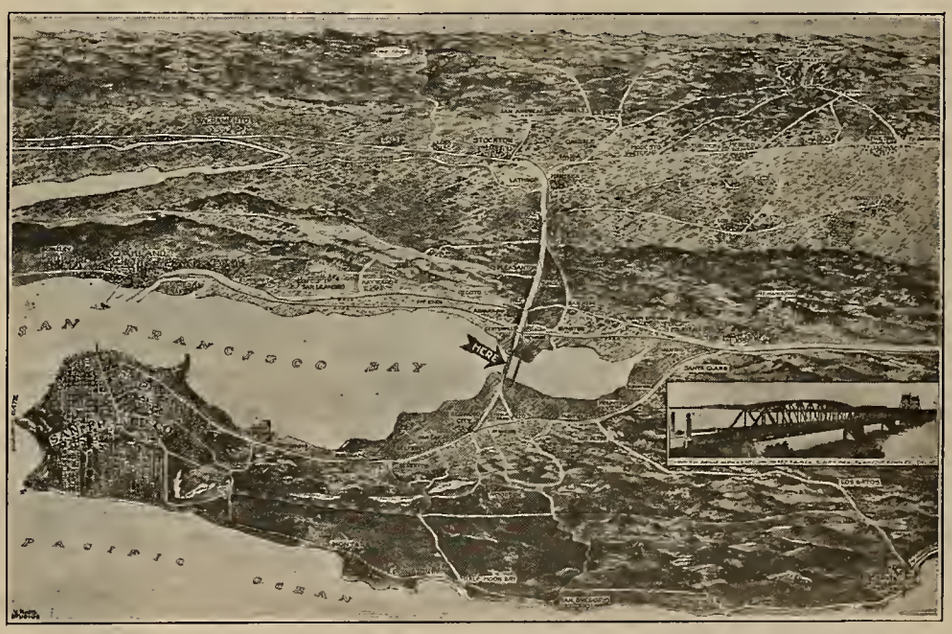
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John MacBain (Menlo Park)
Chairman Board of Directors

VANITY FAIR.

It is a dull month when Paris can think up no new agitation. The charming capital lives on excitement, at least on the excitement it supplies visitors, and if none is imported it can make some for itself. Now it is agitated over the disappearance of the love letter—or if not its disappearance, at least its waning and cooling, shortening and cheapening. That would be less alarming in some other city—say Stockholm, or Glasgow, or Boston, or London—but Paris without love letters would be like fish without fins, for if love letters were not invented in Paris they were at least developed there, and to such a degree of torridity as almost to make us forget other places in that connection. What Dante thought of Beatrice, what Petrarch may have remarked to Laura, what Charlie Chaplin might have murmured to Pola Negri, all have been outdone by the hursts of volcanic passion that passed between Ahelard and Eloise way back in the twelfth century, and that Paris does not permit to be forgotten.

It was not right that Abelard should love Eloise, and if he did love her he was under obligations to let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed upon the damask of her sheik." For he was a monk of Notre Dame, and she was a canon's niece; and they should have been telling their beads rather than their loves. Yet Abelard yielded to the sultry influence, and began to write love letters in verse—and he wiggled a mean quill. He had no stenographer, and no Underwood, but with an old feather and his tongue in his teeth he labored out such thoughts as no monk has any right to think. Some of them would hurn a hole in a slate roof. At that time Abelard was boarding with the canon. It seems to have been a good place to board; like the undertaker's where, as the young man said, they aways had flowers on the table and ice on the butter. As the love of Abelard and Eloise grew warmer and warmer it filled the house and pretty soon the canon exploded (one just can't help saying that about a canon), but it was too late. The lovers eloped to the home of Abelard down in the provinces, where they had a son and were married, thus reversing the conventional order. All their friends said it was just like them—so original. Marriage threatened to interfere with Ahelard's church work, so they denied it and Eloise settled down in the canon's house, while Abelard preached the Arian heresy or something equally unsuited to the demands of the time. It stirred up quite a mess, but even that did not afford enough excitement, so they eloped again, having acquired the habit, so to speak. Abelard seems to have been the original monk of Siberia. This time the canon decided he was tired of it, so he hired some rough-and-ready surgeons, got Abelard in a corner, and performed upon him—well, readers of the *Argonaut* are too young for further details. It was intended to keep him from wandering about so much with Eloise, and it did. It seems to have worked first rate—gave him better control, reduced his fever, and aged his judgment.

Thenceforth there was a change in the love letters. Correspondence on Abelard's side fell off, although with Eloise it continued active. It is the eternal tragedy of womanhood that women can not understand when men begin to change; and quite a change had come over Abelard. He had become a philosopher. Eloise loved him as much as ever, hut he was thinking more and more about omnipotence, and eternity, and things like that. Also about himself. She spread before him the sweet expressions of that passion which was to become an immortal story and glorify for centuries their common tomh in Pére la Chaise, but with little effect. Abelard's feet were warm and his head was cool. She said: "A letter of yours sent to a friend, best beloved, to console him in affliction, was lately, almost hy a chance, put into my hands. Seeing the superscription, guess how eagerly I seized it! I had lost the reality; but I hoped to draw some comfort from this faint image of you. But alas!—for I well remember—every line was written with gall and wormwood. How you retold our sorrowful history, and dwelt on your incessant afflictions!" Indeed, yes. He would. His love letters had cooled but hers were still runniug a temperature. She wrote of her love, he of his trouhles. She wrote to him about letters he wrote to others. If he wrote her personally, it was to give advice ahout her conduct, telling her to be a good nun, and abbess, and not elope any more. So she suffered the slow freezing of his passion—gelidity after fire; and no Dr. Steinach in sight for seven hundred years. But those were great love letters. On the strength of them, Paris took the bones of these historic lovers and made them a sort of tourist attraction, burying them together in the show cemetery of the capital of France, where the sentimental can weep over them and enjoy themselves. Mark Twain mentions the train loads of gravel shipped from Marseilles to replace the pebhles taken as souvenirs.

And to-day, in that very capital, the art of writing love letters is imperiled. The journal *La Liberté* started a discussion of the ethics of destroying love letters, and to the general amazement it has developed that Parisians don't write them any more—at least not to the extent they once did. There is a pneumatic postal service in Paris, which whiffs your message through underground pipes at so much per whiff, and the messages have to be short, and lovers are availing themselves of this paltry excuse for writing laconically rather than passionately. The epistolary literature of love is undergoing a boiling-down process, to fit it for the little cartridge that goes through the pipe, like change in a department store. The dignity of the grand passion is a sacrifice to speed. Romance bows to convenience, happiness to economy. A young man in love buys a post card for a few centimes, scratches some Xs on it for kisses, and mails it, wide open. The young lady may reply with a personal in the newspaper. The love letter in the city of Abelard and Eloise is down and out. No need to discuss whether or not it should be destroyed—it is already dead, or so one would infer from the discussion in the Paris press. Among the contributions to that discussion is one from the widow of Alphonse Daudet, author of "Sapho." She writes *La Liberté* that there are two methods of approaching the subject, namely: "The first, is from the angle of considering the fleeting aspect of life, the little value that we hold either for our doings or our dreams. Considering this, we would do hetter to leave nothing behind us suggestive of our existence. On the other hand, precisely because life is short, we should preserve all that lends it charm; all that contributes to happiness." One can not help wondering how much of happiness will be lost when the art of writing love letters is no more. Yet they have their perils. It is not merely that litigious uses may be made of them. Even in the absence of a breach of promise, they invite embarrassment. There was, for example, a trunk-full of them left for storage in a residence in a fashionable suburh of San Francisco. The children of the house got to playing postman, the little dears, and delivered them all over the neighborhood. If that hasn't happened in Paris yet, it may at any time; children are so unconventional.

A gentleman from Minneapolis has been fussing around town lately about inefficiency of salesmanship in our department stores. His idea seems to be that if customers buy only what they want, they have not spent enough money—for the stores. He is part of the editorial staff of a so-called economic journal and ought to know what economy is, but what he advocates is waste. The people who suppose the general prosperity can be promoted by promoting general waste are more numerous than anyone but an alienist of wide experience would suspect. The psuedo-economist, like the pseudo-psychologist, thinks in terms of profit for some particular trade. With the pseudo-psychologist it is usually some form of spook hunting, even within the spook-hunter's personality. With the psuedo-economist it is some device for lifting ourselves over the fence by hard hauling on our bootstraps. It ought to be plain that if people buy all they want, and you persuade them to buy more, the surplus will do them no good. Perhaps his idea is, however, that if they just do the department stores good it will be sufficient. But why go to the labor of making purchases in order to do it? Why not send them alms, or refer them to the Red Cross, if they need more help than they can get from supplying the normal needs of the public? And how are they to acquire the art of salesmanship to an extent that will make people buy what they do not need? Well, here is where the pseudo-economist gets help, or supposes he does, from the pseudo-psychologist. In this case the suggestions are imported from Japan, where one great mercantile company teaches salesmanship in the form of lofty moral precepts. There are eight of them: right views, including the right mental attitude; right aspirations, including one's own goal; right speech, right effort, right mindfulness, right livelihood, such as living within one's means, and right rapture, by which is meant understanding of the public's problems. There may be something in this, but it is hard to get it, just at first. It is well to have right views, provided we can find out just what views are right. Right aspirations are also good, when right. In other words, as Andy Gump says, right is right. Perhaps we have that lesson already learned, as when you ask a man what he means to charge you for a certain service and he says: "Whatever's right." Only, you would like to know what that is, and whether you are going to agree with him. Right livelihood is better defined: "such as living within one's means." But how is one to do that if psychologists are to practice salesmanship on us to the end of making us live heyond our means? It grows more obscure the more one ponders it. But rapture—that can be understood. Think of the rapture of a five- ten- and 15-cent-store manager who suddenly has some factory's over-production of files dumped on him for swift liquidation. There is a fine frenzy, and one to be imparted to the whole force. In spite of pseudo-psychologists and pseudo-economics, people in general are going to buy what they need, and what they want, if they can afford it—or else they are very foolish.

HOW SANDE BEGAN.

Earl Sande, who rode Zev to victory over Papyrus in the $100,000 international race, ran away in a covered wagon to be a jockey.

That was seven years ago. For three seasons he has been head of the list of race riders and, as they say around the race track, in a class by himself, says the New York *World*.

There is nothing of the theatrical or spectacular that marked Tod Sloan or later-day popular jockeys about Sande. He looks just what he is—a hard-working, serious young man.

Horses run well for Sande. He has that perfect balance and ability to "go with his mount" that only comes to the born race rider. Always alert at the barrier, always watching the other fellow's horse, but never trying to ride more than his own in a race, it is little wonder that some of his more enthusiastic supporters vow that he is the best rider the American turf has seen in twenty years.

Born of Norwegian parents and brought up on a farm near American Falls, Idaho, he learned to ride when most city children are just passing through the kiddie-car stage. His mother and three sisters now reside at Salem, Oregon.

Recently he told of his beginnings. "I was always small and never weighed much. I weighed seventy pounds when I was fifteen," he said. "It didn't look as though I'd ever grow big enough to do real hard work on the farm or ride on the range, and folks used to say, 'Why don't you be a jockey?'

"I sort of took to riding naturally, though I always had to do a lot of it on the farm. Out where we lived the kids used to get together Sundays and hold races across the prairie or ride bucking horses. We used to have pony races on the Fourth of July, and I always rode in them.

"I'd been riding around like that and thinking I'd like to be a jockey, and one day in the spring—I was about seventeen—a man drove by the school. He was in a covered wagon and he had two horses hitched behind. He called to me through the window and I came out. He told me that he was going to Arizona to race the horses and asked me if I'd come along and ride. So I just went back into the school and got my cap and climbed into the wagon and went away.

"It was there I met Gardener. I was out at the race track one morning and he was working some horses, one of them a mare called Adeline L. He said he would give me a chance if I could gallop. So he put me on the mare and told me to take her up and break her off at the three-eighths pole and work her half a mile. I said: 'I don't know one of these poles from another, but if you'll show me I'll try to do what you tell me.'

"So he showed me the poles and the mare worked good for me and he gave me a job.

"About a week later he gave me a chance to ride in a race. The horse was Liberator and I finished second. When he put me up he told me never to leave the rail. I got Liberator off in front, but he made a wide turn at the head of the stretch. I remembered what he told me about keeping on the rail, so I pulled over and lost so much ground that I lost the race.

"Five or six days later I won my first race. It was on a horse called Prince S. and I beat Lyke and Albert Johnson."

Sande's most notable performance in the saddle was when he was riding for J. K. L. Ross in the fall of 1919 at Havre de Grace, when he rode six winners out of seven mounts. He was beaten in the first race and won the next six, three of them for the Canadian owner.

Who Started This?

While it is generally accepted that ice cream was first made in Italy, perhaps at about the time America was discovered, it was left to the United States to develop the industry on a great scale, Professor Martin Mortensen, head of the department of dairying in the Iowa State College, said before the World's Dairy Congress:

"It is thought that ice cream was introduced into France about 1550, and the earliest printed record of it in England was found in a housekeeping magazine published in 1786. But it was not until 1851 that the first wholesale ice cream business was started hy Jacob Russell in Baltimore.

"The ice cream business in the United States increased from 80,000,000 gallons in 1909 to 263,529,000 gallons in 1912. The ice cream cone, invented in 1904, was a great factor in making ice cream popular."

Professor Mortensen attributed the great success of the industry to the sound business principles employed by the men who entered it. He said the rapid development of machinery, trade journals and instruction in colleges in the art of ice cream making had done much to increase the business.—*Washington Post.*

Resignations in the diplomatic corps on account of the meager salary are now the subject of much discussion in official circles at Washington. Congress will be asked to increase the compensation. The situation now is that a man with a small fortune can not afford to take any of the important places. Ambassador Herrick pays out his salary of $17,500 for house rent in Paris.



An Invitation to the JOYMAKERS' PICNIC

It's RED CROWN *for the* EXPERIENCED MOTORIST

RED CROWN GASOLINE

Regularly, thousands of other motorists seek the woods, mountains, seashore playgrounds out-of-town—and make week-ends a pleasure—playing or loafing as they choose. But this week-end why not make it *your* fun for a change? There are hundreds of nooks delightfully secluded, ready and *inviting*—within range of a few gallons of "Red Crown." Make up the party for your week-end picnic—over the phone *tonight;* the "Red Crown" you can get as you need it, uniformly good, economical and powerful wherever you go.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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STORYETTES.

After the young thing at the party had concluded her second encore the old lady leaned toward her and said: "Thank you so much for your songs, my dear. They took me back to childhood days on my father's farm. There were times, when you sang, that I could shut my eyes and fairly hear the old front gate creaking in the wind."

"Will you kindly tell us," a New York reporter asked of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, "why you are so frequently cold and unresponsive to—to our profession, don't you know? Have you any grouch against newspapers?" "Not a thing—except one," she replied: "they will, now and again, call me 'Mrs. Pat.' I can't stand that 'Pat.' It is the last straw that breaks the Camphell's hack."

A Scottish foothaller was as hald as a hilliard hall, but managed to keep it concealed hy means of a cap and wig. In one match, however, as one of his opponents took a red-hot shot at the goal, "Wiggly" got his head in the way of the hall and the wig and cap were knocked off. When the first player saw the result of his shot he seemed thunderstruck for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Guid heavens! I've scalped the mon!"

Practical jokes are not always safe. There is a tale of a naval officer who noticed that his decanter of sherry grew steadily emptier. With a view to prevent the "evaporation," he filled it up with the vilest decoction he could compound. The sherry still decreased; and at last he called up the steward. His explanation was thoroughly satisfactory. "I give the cook two wineglasses for the soup every evening," he said.

Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board said at a dinner in Washington: "We shall carry more Americans to Europe in our ships this season than we have ever done hefore. I hope these people will take into account the difference hetween the climates of London and New York and pack accordingly. An American said to me on his return on a boat of ours last fall: 'Well, sir, I had a glorious time, and you bet, if I can afford it, I'll certainly winter in England again, next summer'."

When Mrs. Fletcher of the British suffrage party was in California a few months ago, she remarked to a friend, "not only do they have equality of sex here in California, but I am inclined to think that the inferiority of man has also heen estahlished, which is as it should be. I am sure the day is not far distant, when mere man won't count for a thing, in California. "Why, even the children realize this," she insisted, adding: "I was a house-party guest in Pasadena and they gave a little dinner in my honor. The small hoy of the house knew most of the guests, hut one man he could not seem to place. Finally he mustered up his courage and approaching the man asked: "'What woman's man are you?'"

President Coolidge's claims to heing a politician are considerahly reinforced hy this story, related hy an attaché at the Boston State House when Coolidge was in the Massachusetts Legislature. One day he called into his office the young lady who was stenographer for one of the committees of which he was chairman and said: "Miss Pounder, you are a very handsome young woman." "Oh," gasped the typist blushing. "You dress neatly," continued Cal. "and you have a well-modulated voice. I might add that your deportment is also above reproach." "Oh, Mr. Coolidge, you shouldn't pay me compliments," gurgled the steno. "That's all right," said Coolidge grimly. "I merely wanted to put you in a cheerful frame of mind hefore taking up the matter of your punctuation and spelling."

"Only once have I hearded the reviewer in his den," writes Horace Annesley Vachel in his recent reminiscences, "Fellow-Travelers." "Upon this occasion a novel of mine was dismissed contemptuously as follows: 'We refuse to he interested in a hero who cheats at cards.' There is no accounting for literary tastes. I should he much interested in a hero who cheated at cards. But in my novel cards were not mentioned. So I wrote the editor of the paper asking him to he good enough to find out from a nameless reviewer where and when my hero had cheated at cards. I received hy return of post a handsome apology. The editor had reviewed my hook, and being much overworked, had mixed up my novel with another. As an *amende honorable* he put me for a year on the free list of his periodical, one of our hest 'weeklies.' Most authors, I take it, prefer the unsolicited testimonials that arrive hy post from unknown admirers. But even these are not always flattering. A lady wrote to me: 'I have read and hought your hooks. I shall do so no more, hecause I resent your unjustifiahle attack upon my race. I am an 'Israelite.' See page so-and-so, etc. . . . This staggered me. I rushed to my hookshelf. I turned to the page indicated. I found this line: 'An ohese Israelite was leaning against the har.' What could I do? What could I say to a reader and huyer of novels yet unhorn? I seized my pen and wrote: 'Madam—I appear to have offended you unwittingly. I make the only reparation possible. In my next hook I will introduce a thin Israelite.'"

A dignified London clergyman interested himself in getting employment for poor girls in his parish. Having satisfactorily placed one of them in employment as a "general," he wrote a kind note to her a month or two later, stating that he would he near the house, in a week or two, and would call to see how she was getting on. To his surprise and hewilderment he received this reply: "Honored sir—Emily Jones is very sorry, and should he pleased to see you, hut no followers are allowed."

Not far off the boulevard hetween Los Angeles and San Diego are some quaint towns and one of them has a unique garage. At one time it was a church but now a douhle door has heen cut through the side and the vestihule at the front is used for an office. But the blend of old and new affords a laugh to every traveler who stops there, for over the door, weatherheaten hut still readahle is a scriptural quotation that goes: "Behold, I have set hefore you an open door." And on the panel helow, the garageman has inscrihed in red paint, "Positively No Admittance."

A Scotch doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the hutler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met hy the hutler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher today." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Well, I was just wonderin' that mysel.' Ye see, he died at twa o'clock."

The Pin in the Candle.

There is an old French peasant law which held the wisdom of Solomon, says the *Dilineator*. This law was called "The Pin in the Candle," interpreted hy the English as "The Right to Be Heard."

In the old days if a man and his wife disagreed, the official to whom an appeal was made put two pins in a lighted tallow candle, equal spaces apart. The husband was allowed to talk until the flame burned down to his pin; and then he had to listen, while his wife talked, until the flame reached her pin.

This law passed into oblivion long since, hut its influence hecame a part of the family life of France. It is a tradition—particularly among the peasants—when a family dispute arises and one member prolongs a scolding or complaint for the rest of the family to say: "It is now mother's pin in the candle," or, "It is now father's pin in the candle!"

So simple a legend as this has hrought peace to a multitude of people. How many of us might apply it to our daily living and hear hoth sides of the story!"

At a recent sale of rare postage stamps of the Ferrari de la Renotire collection, the hids amounted to more than 1,000,000 francs. A single stamp, a hlue 2-cent stamp of the Hawaiian Islands, 1851, though considered imperfect, hrought 109,000 francs.

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Child's Garden of Reverses.

The rain is raining all around,
On prunes of low degree;
But I am in my limousine,
It never rains on me.

* * *

The world is so full of a number of reels,
I hate to take time to go home to my meals.

* * *

A birdie with a happy squirm
Pounced upon a fuzzy worm,
Saying, as he cocked his bean,
"Try and get it, Mr. Shean!"

* * *

My bed is like a little boat;
It holds our stock when agents park;
Nurse wraps it in my sailor coat,
And bides things there till dark.
And sometimes things to bed I take,
As helpful children have to do;
Perhaps a jug of Father's make,
Perhaps a flask or two.

* * *

The neweest jazz I always know
By listening on my radio;
And every night when I've been good,
I get a movie after food.

C. R. S. in Life.

A grasshopper can jump two hundred times its own length.

SANTA MARIA INN
Santa Maria, California.
A Homelike Inn Upkept with Homespun Neatness for the Convenience of Wayfarers on the Coast Highway. Every Room with Bath.
Halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles on the Coast Highway.
Write or telegraph for reservations.

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The SUSTAINED-QUALITY GASOLINE



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You can rely upon Associated Gasoline to give the most satisfactory performance because its quality is always sustained. Every gallon of Associated Gasoline is exactly like the last—no matter where or when you buy it.

Don't experiment—be fair to your motor. Use Associated Gasoline and stick to it.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

Interesting guests at the Palace Hotel include Sir Donald Johnstone McGavin, and Lady McGavin, visiting the United States on a pleasure tour. Sir Donald, a prominent physician of London, is a brigadier-general in the British army, and was knighted in 1921 following a distinguished war record. Another British guest at the Palace is Sir Edward William Lathom, who is traveling with his sister, Lady Barbara Seymour, and their cousin, Lady Katherine Howard. The party will sail shortly for the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. William M. Manaton was hostess at a delightful mah jongg luncheon given at the Palace Hotel Tuesday, her guest of honor being Mrs. Harry Borde of Santa Monica. Sixteen guests were invited to meet Mrs. Borde.

Miss Eleanor Burhank will entertain at a tea Friday afternoon at the Palace for Miss Marian Shaler of Wisconsin, who is visiting Miss Burbank prior to locating in Pasadena for the winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizaheth Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams of Piedmont to Mr. Albert G. Simpson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Simpson of San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Graham Scales, daughter of Rear-Admiral Archihald Henderson Scales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scales, to Lieutenant Albert George Cook, Jr., U. S. N.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Huff, daughter of Mrs. Charles Gould Morton to Mr. L. Niles Trammell took place on Wednesday, Novemher 14, at Fort Mason.

The marriage of Miss Corinne Dilman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dillman to Mr. Melville P. L. Kirchhofer of Cleveland, Ohio, took place in Sacramento on November 17.

The marriage of Miss Barbara Ball, daughter of Mrs. Edgar Franklin Ball, to Mr. Carl Clifton Wakefield, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wakefield of Beverly Hills took place in San Francisco on Novemher 14.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid gave a luncheon last week for General Charles Gould Morton and Mrs. Morton at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

A mah jongg party for the henefit of the San Mateo Preventorium was held last week at the residence of Mrs. John B. Casserly.

Miss Cecile Mohun gave a hridge tea recently at her home on Maple street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham Stewart gave a dinner on Tuesday of last week at the Hotel St. Francis for Miss Elizabeth Huff and her fiancé, Mr. L. Niles Trammell.

Mrs. Stuart Rawlings entertained at a tea recently at her home in Piedmont in honor of her mother Mrs. Alexander Warner.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan was the guest of honor at a house-party given hy ex-Senator James D. Phelan at bis home near Saratoga.

Mrs. Harold Casey gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro were recent hosts at a dinner in honor of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan at their home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week hy Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg.

Lieutenant Benton Scott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scott, entertained at a dinner recently in their quarters on board the receiving ship off Yerha Buena Island.

Mrs. Hugh de Haven, Jr., was hostess at a musicale on Wednesday last at her bome on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Oscar Sutro gave a luncheon recently at her home in Piedmont.

Lord More of London was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Addison Anthony Ashburn at her home on Pacific avenue.

Miss Alice Requa is entertaining at supper at Piedmont on Saturday, Novemher 24.

Miss Edna Taylor was hostess last week at a dinner given at her home on Broadway.

Colonel William F. Herringshaw and Mrs. Herringshaw were hosts at a card party in their quarters last week at the Presidio.

The first annual Horse Show of the St. Francis Riding Cluh took place on Thursday of last week.

Miss Marian Wallace Dunne was the guest of honor at a luncbeon given last week hy Miss Gladys Quarre.

Mrs. Philip Fay gave a dinner last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore.

A numher of dinners preceded the Horse Show, among the hosts being Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Walter Foster.

Mrs. Laurence M. Symmes of Brooklyn, New York, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given on Thursday of last week hy Mrs. Benjamin Gunn.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne was the guest of honor at a luncheon and hridge party given hy Mrs. John S. Irhy at the Hotel Fairmont last week.

Mr. Joseph Catherwood gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach in bonor of his fiancée, Miss Clementine Edie, and the memhers of their wedding party.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lunhorg are giving a dinner on Saturday, Novemher 24.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel was hostess at a dinner last week at her home on Laguna street.

Mrs. Rohert Watt gave a tea last Friday at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Miss Marion Wallace Dunne was the guest of honor at a luncheon and mah jongg party given last Friday hy Miss Nance and Miss Sallie Obear.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon gave a luncheon last Friday in honor of Mrs. William G. Henshaw, afterwards taking her guests to the Symphony.

Mrs. William Bull Pringle gave a coming-out ball for her daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle last Friday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Tallant Ransome was host at a dinner given last Friday in honor of his cousin Miss Isahel Pringle, preceding the hall given hy Mrs. Pringle at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Alice Griffith gave a dinner at her home on Pacific avenue on Friday last.

The Cluh Royal are giving a fancy dress dance at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday night of this week.

Mrs. Paul McCoy was the guest of honor at a hridge party given last Saturday hy Miss Ruth Whiteley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Jr., gave a dinner last Friday night at their home on Union street.

Major Frederick Manley, U. S. A., and Mrs. Manley, were hosts at a dinner in their quarters at the Presidio last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beardsley were hosts at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel last Saturday night preceding the dance given by the Club Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cehrian entertained at a dinner last Saturday night.

Mrs. Edward Christenson will give a large coming-out dinner-dance for her daughter, Miss Edna Christenson on November 27, at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Wilette Allen was hostess at a recent luncheon given at the Women's Athletic Cluh.

Major Harry Jordan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jordan, entertained at a recent dinner at the Presidio in honor of Colonel Charles Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln.

Count and Countess Vittore di Morreale were hosts at a dinner last week at the Hotel Fairmont in celebration of the birthday of King Victor Emanuel III.

Mrs. George E. Bates will give a luncheon on Wednesday next in honor of Mrs. Ernst Gutschow and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne.

Mr. George Kohn was host last Sunday at a yachting party chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond on his yacht *Felicia*.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Alderson were hosts at a dinner given last Saturday night.

Mrs. Hans Barkan gave a tea last week in honor of Miss Gertrude Dunn.

Mrs. Laurence Symmes was the guest of honor at a mah jongg party given last Saturday.

The first of the winter assemhlies of the San Francisco Yacht Cluh was held last Saturday night at the cluh house.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cohh Hale entertained at a large family anniversary dinner last Saturday night.

Miss Maye Colhurn was hostess last Saturday afternoon to a group of déhutantes, for the theatre and afternoon tea.

A mah jongg and hridge party was held last Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel for the henefit of the Base Hospital at Palo Alto.

Among the hosts entertaining at luncheon last Saturday at the Jockey Cluh were Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunphy.

Mrs. Charles Hobbs, a recent hride, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Friday hy Miss Ruth Whiteley.

Dr. and Mrs. James Eaves were among those entertaining friends in their box at the Horse Show.

Mrs. Paul McCoy was the guest of honor at a mah jongg party given last Saturday afternoon by Miss Ruth Whiteley.

Miss Dorcas Jackson was the guest of honor at a tea given hy Mrs. Oscar Chopin at her home on Baker street.

Mrs. Humpbries-Davies, who is returning to New Zealand, entertained at a luncheon last Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Miner Cooper will be bosts at a dinner on Friday next.

Count and Countess Vittore di Morreale gave a dinner recently at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tito Schipa and Mr. Frederick Longas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robbins were hosts at a dinner recently given at their home on California street in honor of Mr. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer Blake Brown are heing congratulated on the hirth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilhoit are heing congratulated on the hirth of a daughter.

Commander Frank B. Freyer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freyer, are heing congratulated on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Grubh are being congratulated on the hirth of a son.

Swiss Middle Class Organizing

Memhers of the middle class of the world were called upon by eighty delegates from eighteen countries who met recently in Berne and organized the International Middle Class League, to unite and save themselves and the rest of society from the wave of semi-socialistic legislation said to he sweeping over most civilized nations, says the New York *Times*. The new organization is the direct descendant of the old International Institute for the Study of Prohlems of the Middle Class managed hy Dr. Lambrecht of Brussels. Article II, of its constitution reads:

"The International Middle Class League stands for private property, for private economic management and for independent lahor, and it decidedly opposes all tendencies that threaten its existence or its natural development."

The reorganizing meeting was presided over hy Dr. Techumi, a memher of the Swiss National Council and President of the Swiss Professional Association. The founders of the new international aim to emhrace national organizations of professional men, small industrialists, merchants and intellectuals, and eventually of middle class farmers. The League's headquarters is in Switzerland and, according to the Swiss press reports, its first congress will he held there in 1924.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. C. Herbert Newhall of Santa Barbara is a guest of her parents, Commander James H. Bull and Mrs. Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chase have returned to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, who are spending the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, have returned from a recent visit to Del Monte.

Miss Marion Wallace Dunne was the guest of honor at a supper and dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Garton Keyston.

Mrs. Harry Borden was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. John Artbur Weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth bave returned from a recent visit to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, who have been spending a month in New York, have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Mr. Fentress Hill, wbo has been in Portland and Seattle, has returned to his home in San Mateo.

Miss Christine and Miss Barbara Donohoe, wbo are spending the winter in New York, are staying at the Hotel Gotham.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan has returned from Carmel and is at her home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wakefield have returned to their home in Beverly Hills after a short visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. William S. Kuhn has recently returned to California and is staying at tne Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. W. L. Cavers of London is a house-guest of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Gardner in Piedmont.

Mrs. Paul Fagan has returned from a recent visit to New York.

Miss El Dorado Asbburn has returned from a short visit to Southern California.

Miss Hortense Marantelle of Canada is a guest of Miss Ashburn at ber home on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. John Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Leib.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dillman of Sacramento spent several days in San Francisco at the Fairmont Hotel last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin have returned from the East where they have been for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Tbomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey spent the last week-end at Del Monte.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker left last week for New York where he will join Mrs. Crocker.

Miss Katherine and Miss Marianne Kuhn, wbo bave been recent visitors at tbe home of tbeir uncle, Mr. Fentress Hill and Mrs. Hill, are bouse-guests of Miss Mary and Miss Eleanor Martin at their bome in Burlingame.

Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown and her daughter, Miss Willette Allen, are spending tbe winter in San Francisco and are established in an apartment on Green street.

Mrs. Harry A. Kluegel has gone to Annapolis to visit her son at the Naval Academy.

Mrs. Ernst Gutschow and her daughter, Miss Marjory Gutschow of Dresden, are in San Francisco to attend the wedding of Miss Marian Wallace Dunne and Mr. Herbert Gutschow on November 28.

Miss Mildred Van Dorn of Mare Island is at Coronado as the guest of Commander William L. Calhoun and Mrs. Calhoun.

Lieutenant James Mortimer Steele and Mrs. Steele have returned from Honolulu and are at their quarters on Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Niles Trammell have returned from Los Gatos and will shortly leave for their new home in Seattle.

Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. Frederick Hussey and Miss Ysabel Chase have returned from the Dean Ranch in Nevada.

Captain Humphries-Davies and Mrs. Humphries-Davies are sailing for New Zealand on Friday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes are returning this week from New York where they have been for the past month.

Rear-Admiral McKean, commandant of Mare Island Navy Yard, and Mrs. McKean, have been spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago, who has been in San Francisco for a short stay, has gone to Santa Barbara.

Wood and Newsprint.

"How much wood does it take to make a 24-page newspaper?" was only one of several unusual questions addressed to the American Paper and Pulp Association and which were handled by W. G. MacNaughton, secretary of the Technical Association. Here is Mr. MacNaughton's reply on this inquiry:

"One ton of newsprint contains roughly 1500 pounds of mechanical wood pulp, which in turn represents five-sixth of a cord of rough spruce wood, together with 500 pounds of sulphite (chemical wood pulp) representing one half cord of spruce wood.

"One ton of newsprint, therefore, represents one and one-third cords of wood.

"A typical New York City newspaper weighs approximately six ounces to twenty-four pages. One pound of newsprint equals sixty-four pages of this paper; 2000 pounds equals 128,000 pages; 1 1/3 cords wood equals 128,000 pages; one cord equals 96,000 pages, which equals 4,000 copies of a 24-page newspaper.

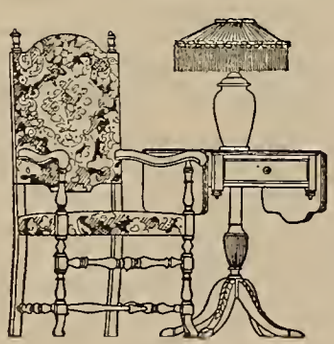
"This is a fairly close approximation, but about as near as can he calculated for the average condition."—*Boston Transcript.*

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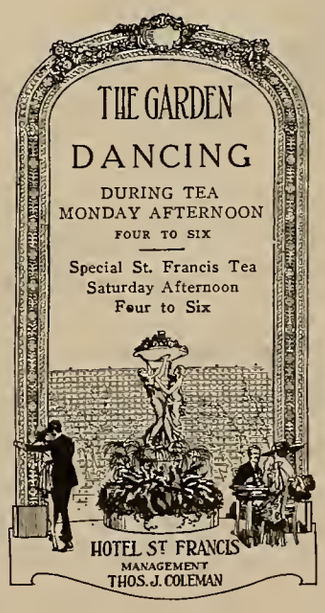
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Horry—So you won't kiss and make up? *Horrict*—Well, I won't make up.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Traveler—Where can I leave this suitcase? *Hotel Clerk*—Sorry, sir; but the ice hox is full.—*Lehigh Burr.*

"A hachelor," said the cynic, "is one who looks hefore he leaps, and then stays where he is."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"Pat, are you in favor of the Irish Repuhlic?" "Indade an' Oi'm not. Who iver heard iv an Oirish Raypuhlican?"—*Judge.*

"What yo got in that little hlack hag?" "Them's my instruments. I'm a veterinary." "Quit yo' kiddin', man! Yo' ain't never heen in no wah."—*Judge.*

The Girl—Meet me to-morrow night at the same place at 7:00 o'clock. *The Boy*—All right. What time will you he there?—*Pennsylvania Punch Bawl.*

History Professor—Do you know that Washington was first in war and first in peace, and— *Stude*—And last in the American League.—*Dortmouth Jock o'Lontern.*

"Oh, Dickie!" exclaimed his sister. "Who taught you to swear like that?" "Taught me to swear? Why, it's me that teaches the other guys."—*Denver Parrakeet.*

Hubby—Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, hut do you think it's possihle that there's such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?—*Landon Opinion.*

Jack—Suppose I teach you to play cards now, and then you'll know all ahout it after we're married. *Marie*—Won't that he lovely! What game will you teach me? *Jack*—Solitaire.—*New York Times.*

Stoge Manager—Good God, man, you can't go on like this! Never in my life have I seen anyone as drunk as you are. *Leading Mon*—Hav'n' y'—hic! Jush wait'l y' she my understudy!—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

The Bass—Simpkins, you've heen drinking again. Now once and for all let me tell you that I'll do all the drinking that's done around here. *Simpkins*—You can't sir. It 'ud kill you in a week.—*Toronto Goblin.*

Boss—Sir, what does this mean? Some one just called up and said you were sick and could not come to work to-day. *Clerk*—Ha, ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until to-morrow.—*Missouri Showme.*

"The neighhors are talking ahout how stylish you're dressing," remarked Si Simlin. "'Tain't style," replied Farmer Corntassel, "every time my hoy Josh huys a new suit o' clothes I have to wear his old ones."—*New York Sun.*

Great Granddaughter—What ever he up with thee, grandad? *Grandad* (in convulsions of aged mirth)—Why, I sold the old kitchen chair to that chap from Lunnen as a genuine antique, an' I can rememher me old granfeyther telling me he made it hisself.—*Punch.*

Colonel Corkright—Majuh Bludsoe is an excellent judge of whisky, isn't he, suh? *Colonel Gore*—Yes, suh! The Majuh's not only a good judge of it, but also a merciless executioner.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

King Alfred (entering a shop of the day)—Ho, varlet! How are my candle clocks selling? *Shopkeeper*—Oh, splendidly—splendidly, your Majesty. They're going like hot ca—er—that is to say, they're having an excellent sale, your Majesty.—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

Girl—What's your opinion of these women who imitate men? *Boy*—They're idiots. *Girl*—Then the imitation is successful.—*Hamilton Royal Goboon.*

"Ah, well, I'm glad we agree ahout one thing!" "I'm not so sure that we do." "Oh, dearest, don't you still think I'm rather nice-looking?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"You see; marriage hasn't changed him at all. He's as hig a drunkard as he ever was." "Yes, but he used to drink for pleasure; now it's from sorrow."—*Sans-Gêne (Poris).*

"Did you go to Paris for your divorce to avoid puhlic attention?" "Not at all. I wanted it to get into the papers with the distinction of heing foreign news."—*Washington Star.*

Mistress—You can have this hat, Reynolds. I shall not wear it again. *Her Maid*—That is kind of you, mum. It's the very one my young man likes me in hest!—*Pearsan's Weekly (Landon).*

Guttersnipe—Please muvver wants 6-pence on this 'ere fryin' pan. *Pawnbroker*—Hallo! It's hot! *Guttersnipe*—Yus, muvver's just cooked the soissiges, an' wants the money for the heer!—*Punch.*

Miss F.—Who is that you just howed to? *Miss B.*—Oh, she's our next-door neighhor! *Miss F.*—But she didn't return your how. *Miss B.*—No, she never returns anything.—*Landan Opinion.*

"Damn," snarled the General, "why can't you he more careful? You should have addressed this letter to the Intelligence Officer and you've gone and addressed it to the Intelligent Officer. Don't you know there is no such officer?"—*Beanpot.*

"Is he the sort of young man you would want your daughter to marry?" "No, he isn't." "But you haven't raised a single objection to his coming to the house." "No, I've learned that the hest way to encourage a marriage is to try to discourage it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Are you the plumher?" asked the lady of the house. "Yes, ma'am, I'm the plumher all right." "Well," she replied, "I just want to caution you to exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition." "Oh don't worry ahout me slippin', lady; I've got nails in me shoes."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Reports of Fog.

A dear old lady from the country went to London to visit her married daughter, and came hack with wonderful experiences.

London did not show its best face to the simple country woman. It was enveloped in fog during the first two or three days of her visit, and as her hedroom looked out upon the railway she was troubled by the very necessary noise of the fog signals. She came down to hreakfast after her first restless night and anxiously inquired the cause of the strange hanging she had heard so often during the hours of darkness.

"Oh! that was due to the fog," explained her son-in-law, and as she asked no further question he let the subject drop.

Her visit over, the good woman returned to the country, full of the wonderful sounds of London life.

"Did you see a Lonnen fog, granny?" asked one of her listeners, as granny expatiated on the strangeness of the great city.

"Ay, that I did," replied granny; "and I heard 'un, too!"

"Heard 'un, granny?" exclaimed another listener. "How didst hear a fog?"

"Why," answered the old lady, in perfect sincerity. "Lonnen fog hain't like ours. Every now and then it goes off wi' a rare hang."—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

Canoeing.

Canoeing is a comhination of two dangers—that of capsizing and that of falling in love.

There is nothing more conducive to the former than a rough, stormy evening. There is nothing more conducive to the latter than several acres of calm lake and a few stars and a moon.

Either way, the poor man loses.

Life preservers may save you in the first case, hut nothing can save you in the second.

There is only one thing to do. Stay away from the lake.—*Wisconsin Octupus.*

Confessions of a Bride.

When Dan came home, I could see at once that he was out of sorts, for when I ran to kiss him, he hit off the top of my ear. Some wives would have taken offense at this, hut I try to he a true helpmate and not the nagging kind. I merely said, "Dinner is ready, dear."

"What, hash again?" exclaimed Dan as he followed me into the kitchen. "Yes, darling," I replied, whereupon he threw the frying pan at Bahy. Although I thought a great deal of Bahy, I said nothing, feeling that Dan was not quite himself. Hoping to wound him, I quietly phoned for the undertaker. All that he said was, "Are you going to use that telephone all night?" Sometimes I think there is something hrutal in his nature by the way he acts when these spells are on him. He called up that Banks woman and invited her out to dinner. Am I losing his love? The thought is driving me mad.—*Mossochusetts Tech. Voo Doa.*

Try This.

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"Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims"

is the title of the first page in next Sunday's Rotagravure section. It depicts heautiful Mary Pickford as the Puritan housewife; all movie fans will want this picture. There is also a striking photograph of the opening of the races at Tanforan.

"The Price of War"

A page of photographs recently taken in Germany, graphically illustrates conditions in that country. "Beauty, Art and Dignity," pictures some noted Europeans and there are a score of other interesting views picturing all the worthwhile news of the world.

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WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Proper Relief of Distress.

The San Francisco Community Chest is approaching its second year, and its managers are preparing for another appeal to the public for this organized support of philanthropy. It deserves to be said that the Community Chest has fulfilled its promise to the community, and that it has been as great a success as any institution so new could be. No civilized society worthy the name would neglect its destitute. In the modern world it becomes necessary to organize the relief of misfortune on some settled system with dependable revenues. Promiscuous alms-giving will not do—the experience of relief workers is that it does not relieve. Charity must not merely be generous, but it must avoid the besetting fault of generosity, impulsive and unscientific giving, which is inevitably wasteful of money and barren of results. With the organization of the Community Chest, donors are assured that the money devoted to philanthropy will be expended with the same calculation for maximum effect that attends expenditure in business, and that almost all of it will find its way to those that are in actual need—that beggary will not be encouraged, and that those relieved will not thereby be pauperized, but will be actually put in the way of self help to an independent status and to useful lives. For the Community Chest has raised the standards of charitable work and reduced inefficiency and imposture to a minimum. About ninety philanthropic organizations are at present represented. Some of these have gained immeasurably in effectiveness by reason of the fact that they have not had to worry about their own revenues and support. The energies both of their agents and their directors have been released for the work they have had to do, while substantial and representative business men and professional men have devoted their services and indorsement to the raising of the funds. So effective has this arrangement been found, that whereas it formerly cost the charitable agencies an average of 15 per cent. of their collections to get the money in, it now costs all combined but 2 per cent. Operating expenses are a little more than 2 per cent.; so that at least 95 per cent. of the money given to charity through the Community Chest actually reaches its objective—a very large proportion of any money devoted to any object. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur has stated that the Community Chest has increased the efficiency of the charitable agencies by an average of at least 15 per cent. That is a remarkable accomplishment, and one that any railroad manager or department store manager or factory manager in the country would consider it a triumph to achieve. Coördination has done wonders. Cases are now classified for special treatment that used to be the subject of much overlapping activity and waste of time and money. Some ineffective organizations have been eliminated and others brought up to new standards of performance. And the field in San Francnsco has been permanently closed to the swindlers that once preyed on the community with tickets for this, that and the other fake charitable entertainment from which neither charity nor those wishing to be entertained ever derived any benefit. The Community Chest organization is admirably adapted to the requirements of the situation. The budget committee consists of a business group capable of practicing business methods, and there is a council composed of social workers and the executives of the principal agencies, to establish standards for dealing with the classes of necessity that arise. Then there are joint committees of members of the council and the budget committee; so that there is a working combination of technic and business judgment, and the budget committee is always aware of the needs of the agencies. No new charity can come in without the approval of the council, so that adventurers find this a poor field for their efforts. San Francisco never did a better thing for its poor. The next drive will be made January 29 to February 8, 1924, and the city should be ready to back it with generous support.

Congress and Tax Revision

In his plan for tax revision Secretary Mellon's aim is to unshackle enterprise which at many points has been weighted down by the Federal Income Tax. His proposal is to cut this tax along all its schedules, to the extent of three hundred million dollars or more. In the opinion of the Secretary the schedules thus revised will not only stimulate business enterprise, but bring into the treasury a larger aggregate sum than under the present system.

It calls for only a little reflection to see how the higher surtaxes serve to restrict business enterprise. To make the matter clear let us consider the case of a man who now pays a large per cent. of his income as surtax. If there comes to such a man an opportunity to extend his activities he faces an inequitable situation. If in the new venture losses shall be sustained, they will fall definitely upon him. If profits are to be made they go in large ratio to the government. It is a case where the risk is out of proportion to prospective individual profit. Thus many a man of high energies and of ample capital keeps out of ventures that would if actively prosecuted, add to the volume of general business and afford increased employment to labor. So instead of going into new enterprises the cautious capitalist puts his money into tax-exempt securities—thus contributing neither to the volume of general business nor to the income of the government. It is quite futile to rail at the capitalist for thus lying low and playing safe. It is precisely what any prudent man would do in a case where much may be lost and little can be gained.

While Mr. Mellon's plan has the approval of experts in economics, and while it is a reasonable assurance that it will have the executive support, it has been condemned in advance by the radicals under the lead of Senator La Follette upon the theory that it discriminates between the small tax payer and the more heavily capitalized tax payer. This view is shallow to vacuity, but it has the political value of speciousness and therefore comes handily to the service of political quacks and agitators of the La Follette and Johnson type.

The Mellon plan will be opposed by the radical group in the Senate and this is only another way of saying that success or failure depends upon the democratic members of Congress. Unless conservative democrats shall come to the aid of administration forces, there is no chance for Mr. Mellon's recommendations to work out in the form of a definite enactment. On the other hand, if the democrats shall join with the radicals, the attempt at tax revision may result in a demagogic law based upon the theory of "soaking the rich." Under such a programme re-enactment of the excess profits tax is not unlikely. There are now more conservative democrats than republicans in the Senate, and there are among them men who are likely to consider the interests of the country as paramount. Cordell Hull, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, a profound student of taxation and author of the income tax law, makes no secret of the opinion that Secretary Mellon has made a wise proposal, and in so far as his influence goes—and it may go very far—it will be exerted in support of the Mellon plan.

In the meantime the claim is being lustily urged that the democratic party is in reality a party of low taxes. That party, declares Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, has always stood for low taxes and he adds "the congressional record of 1921 contains many evidences of efforts on the part of democrats in Congress to reduce various classes of income taxes. The question is not a partisan one. Let us get together in a determined whole-hearted and non-partisan spirit to reduce, and sharply, the tax burdens of the American people—and above all, let us do it at once."

The question before the democrats in Congress is whether to give their aid to a wise and honest revision of the tax laws, or for political campaign purposes to join with the radical bloc in enacting laws purporting to ease the burdens of the small tax payer and increase those of the big tax payer. Such laws had their test, and as Secretary Mellon has frequently pointed out these tests have resulted in the tax burdens of the rich being passed along to the consuming public in multiplied form.

Current press reports have carried the implication that Senator Smoot, prospective chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, opposes the Mellon plan. This is not accurate. Nobody believes more sincerely in the Mellon plan than Senator Smoot. But under his responsibility for new legislation in the Senate, Smoot must view the situation in its working relations. The republican majority in the Senate is merely nominal, in reality a fiction, since the La Follettes, the Brookharts and the Johnsons may not be depended upon to support party policies. Inasmuch as a national campaign is on, the democratic minority may give aid to the anti-administration republicans in promotion of radical laws for which the republican party will have to assume responsibility before the country. Senator Smoot, in the judgment of the Washington gossips, will not consent to opening up the subject of tax revision in the Senate until he is convinced that there are conservative votes enough to put through either the Mellon plan or something else actually beneficial. As chairman of the Finance Committee he has definite authority in the matter, and he will not take the risk of unwise and demagogic tax revision on a mere chance.

There is naturally much speculation as to what the President will put into his message on the subject of taxation. He has invited into conference representatives of every view of the subject but has given no hint

as to his own views. But there is little doubt that he will urge reduction at least in broad terms. The most probable forecast is that he will make the Mellon project his own. He is known to have great respect for Mellon's judgment and he is further known to have seen much of Mellon prior to the latter's announcement two weeks ago.

Reaction in the Name of Progress

Senator Johnson's challenge which, while made in the name of progress is in every respect reactionary, will promptly be accepted by the forward-facing Republicans of the country. They will give to this boasted "fighter" a chance to fight against Secretary Mellon's highly practical program for relief from taxation and for the stimulation of industry, whether on the farm, in the factory, in transportation, or in the retail trade of the country. They will give him a chauce to oppose that established and progressive Republican policy which has been put forward by every Republican President and every Republican Secretary of State since the time of William McKinley and John Hay for the establishment of the rule of justice in the settlement of disputes and differences between nations as an alternative to force and as a preventive of war. They will give him a chance to fight against President Harding's earnest recommendation that the United States, without in any way coming under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, shall share in the advantages of the established Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. The really progressive Republicans of the country, including that great body of women voters who have no notion of again involving their sons in war if it can possibly be avoided, and that great body of Christian people who abhor the constant appeal to force and are always and everywhere urging the rule of law, will now have a chance to stand up and be counted in opposition to a candidacy which antagonizes all these things and which has not a single constructive plank in its platform.

The Republicans of the country will not forget that it was due to Senator Johnson, then Governor of California, that their fellow-partisans in the state were not able to vote for the Republican candidate for President in 1912. They will not forget that in 1916 the Republican candidate for President was defeated because he lost the State of California by some 3,000 votes, while Senator Johnson, running ostensibly on the same ticket, was elected by a majority of about 300,000, and that Wilson and Johnson clubs were organized all over the state during that campaign. They will not forget that the people of California, groaning under the excessive burden of taxation imposed upon them by the policies of Seuator Johnson when governor, turned for relief in 1922 to those men who would reduce the cost of state government and introduce something like economy, order and efficiency into its conduct. Republicans in other parts of the country might well ask what opinion of Senator Johnson's candidacy for President is held by Governor Richardson of California and his chief associates in office.

Many here and elsewhere welcome the opportunity to have a frank and open coutest over a candidate's record and a candidate's principles. If the enrolled Republicans choose reaction and policies that must certainly lead to business depression and unemployment, they will have a chance to do so with their eyes open.

The Northcliffe Press

The recent announcement that the *Daily Mail Trust, Ltd.*, controlled by Lord Rothermere, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, has bought the group of papers owned by the Hulton interests has caused something of a stir in England not to say considerable alarm. Press consolidations both here and abroad have become an accepted commonplace but Britain has evidently decided you can have too much of a good thing. What the public and popular reaction is is not yet known but the government has expressed its opinion in positive terms. The attorney-general, Sir Dougals M. Hogg, K. C., M. P., has pointed out the autocratic tendencies of a press dictator who, however able he may or may not be, is not prepared to go down to his place in Parliament and state his views where they can be argued and debated and controverted, but is able, day in and day out, to represent, and maybe sometimes to misrepresent, the government of the country, and so profoundly to affect public opinion as ultimately to produce in the government the very inertness and inability to act which he is fond of alleging it already possesses. It is the most modern form of attack. It is the gas attack of modern days, and perhaps the most difficult to meet.

The Hulton papers, which were bought for the reported sum of $30,000,000 more or less, include the *Evening Standard,* the *Daily Sketch,* the *Sunday Herald,* all London papers, and the Manchester publications, the *Empire News,* the *Sunday Chronicle,* the *Evening Chronicle,* and the *Daily Dispatch,* quite an imposing complement to the already inclusive Northcliffe press. The incident goes to show that England like America has her dangers from the press, home of conservatism though she is. But it should be remembered that the English are thorough. That they are also very cautious is shown by the simultaneous report that Major John Jacob Astor and Mr. John Walter, the latter of whom received an option on a controlling interest in the London *Times* under the Northcliffe will, have arranged to perpetuate their holdings in such a way as to insure the continued independence of that paper. Mr. Walter is the present head of the family that founded the *Times* and is the logical person to take this prudent and vigorous action. In a recent number of the *Empire Review* Major Astor has discussed the public spirited plan of himself and his associate from which we quote two paragraphs:

"It is being provided in the case of the *Times* that no person shall hereafter acquire an interest in its controlling shares unless with the approval of a body of trustees to be chosen from among the occupants of certain exalted positions in the community. In this way there will be substantial security that the historic traditions of the *Times* will not be changed unless for weighty and high-principled reasons. . . .

"In recent years the British press has shown some remarkable developments. Newspaper combinations have appeared on a scale unknown in the last century. While there is, on the one hand, this plain tendency to grouping, there is, on the other, an equally plain tendency to partisanship. No political party is nowadays content unless some important organ of the press is enslaved in its service. Therefore it was, surely, a wise object to secure as far as possible the continued independence of one great journal, and through it the perpetuation of the highest standards of British journalism."

The moral as applied to our own dictator-ridden press is not far to seek. It remains to be seen whether, being as thorough-going as the British, we are also as wary, as far-sighted, and as public-spirited.

The Kels Case In Politics and Journalism

There are multiplied evidences that there is in the working-up a plan to "save Kels." Let us run over the facts briefly. Kels, a man of family, found himself in financial difficulties. Seeking a way out he insured his life for a large sum, then lured a stranger to a secluded place, ruthlessly murdered him and burned his body beyond identification to the end that it might be accepted as his own. Then having, as he thought, made an *alibi* for himself he disappeared. Sometime later a neighbor visiting another state recognized him and set in motion a procedure that discovered his hiding place and returned him to the scene of his crimes.

The facts being clear and further attempt at deception being futile Kels made full confession. His crimes were of a peculiarly infamous sort, including au attempt to defraud an insurance company, and a cruel murder. Incidentally there was "another woman" in the case. Alienists called in by order of court to investigate the state of Kels' mind pronounced him sane. Under process of law he was sentenced to death and is now held in Folsom Prison awaiting the day fixed for his execution.

Why should anybody seek to save this man from the penalty of his crimes? They were calculated, deliberate, ruthless. If ever any man merited the penalty that our laws prescribe against the worst delinquents, surely that man is Kels. But it has fallen in with the purposes of a sensational journalism to "save Kels" and one motive we suspect is that the case is calculated to provide in its serial development an enormous amount of the kind of sensational "copy" that has the value of merchandise for that kind of journalism. Now for over two months we have had almost daily chapters of this "human interest" story and the plot promises many more installments similar in kind. It so happens that a certain yellow newspaper has through its political connections means of "reaching" the Board of Prison Commissioners; and in recent action of that board there are indications that it has been reached. It has made an order directing the warden of the prison in which Kels is confined to permit physicians presumably hired by relatives of Kels to extract fluid from his spinal cord for the purpose of determining his mental condition. What this examination will yield is not difficult to foretell. It will be declared that Kels is insane, therefore not morally responsible. That is what the experts will be hired and paid for. There is no need for them to puncture Kels' spinal cord, for it is evident in advance what their conclusion will be. The whole miserable business is cooked up as a means of "saving" from merited punishment a creature not deserving of being saved, and whose saving is to the end of providing a disreputable scandal monger with a continuing supply of highly sensational "stuff." Of course, this is not the purpose of Kels' relatives; they are merely being used in a procedure which would never have been thought of—and assuredly not paid for—by them. It is we are told, within the province of Governor Richardson to intervene, and we suspect that he will do it, for he is a man of sense who must know that an effort is being made to get around the law and its just penalties nominally in the interest of a creature who in no wise merits either immunity or sympathy.

While the main motive of this extraordinary campaign to save Kels is probably that of providing sensational "copy" for a yellow newspaper, there is further calculation to the end of discrediting Governor Richardson in case he shall nullify the order of the prison board. In that event he will be held up as an ogre, void of mercy and charity, seeking the blood of one who though guilty of the grossest crimes, "is morally without responsibility."

It is interesting in this connection to bear in mind that with a single exception the membership of the prison commission is made up of henchmen of a certain very loud-mouthed and overweeningly ambitious politiciau whose obligations to the proprietor of a certain yellow newspaper are well known as is his animosity toward Governor Richardson.

Editorial Notes.

Whatever chance San Francisco might have had of getting the National Republican Convention next year is lost in the candidacy of our hell-roaring son-of-thunder. It is suggested that should the convention be held here the city, and even the convention hall, would be invaded by loud-shouting local champions of the peerless one, a circumstance destructive alike to the comfort and the dignity of the occasion. This consideration has turned to opposition several members of the National Committee, who previously were friendly. Now they have switched to Chicago, where undoubtedly the convention will be held. Reservations for "headquarters" and for room-space in the Chicago hotels are already being made. Even Hiram's backers who have not quite lost hope for San Francisco, are so weak in their faith as to have made tentative arrangements for June in the windy city. The matter will not be formally determined until next week, when the National Committee will assemble at Washington, but there is little doubt now as to what the choice will be.

In the elements that make up the immediate personal and financial backing of our fighting candidate for the presidency, we are pained to discover qualities that may tend to discord. Mr. Lasker, it will be borne in mind, is a professional spieler. Advertising is the trade as Sam Weller would put it, "wot 'e got 'is money by." Lasker likes noise, and he makes a good deal of it himself. Wrigley, on the other hand is a man of other methods. There is that in his trade that promotes deliberation and quietude. Nobody can holler and chew gum at the same time. Lasker will want 'em to holler; Wrigley will want 'em to chaw. Wrigley, a man never neglectful of a business opportunity, will wish to supply Hiram's headquarters with his famous product to the end of extending its vogue and so recoup himself for losses on Hiram's account, both past and prospective. Lasker will object. Gum-chewing and gum-shoeing are alike alien to his nature and his profession. There you have it, trouble in sight, even before the start is made!

The wish of republican leaders in the Senate to avoid or to postpone as long as possible an open split with the radical bloc is made evident by several trivial yet significant circumstances. For example the rules committee has rearranged the seating plan of the Senate chamber during the past summer. Throughout the whole period in which the Senate has occupied its present quarters the desks have been equally divided between the two sides of the chamber. In recent years, because of the greater number of republican members, it has been necessary to place incoming republicans on the democratic side. Pepper and Reed of Pennsylva-

nia, Norbeck of South Dakota, Couzens of Michigan, and Brookhart of Iowa are thus placed. When the Senate meets next week it will find that there are forty-three desks on the democratic side, and fifty-five on the republican side. The significance of this rearrangement is that not only the radical republicans but the two farmer-labor party senators, Shipstead and Magnus Johnson, who defeated republican candidates in recent elections, and thus are not classified as even near-republicans, are seated on the republican side. Those who have seen the new desk plan are asking if it means that the two farmer-labor senators are to be invited into the republican conference—conference, bear in mind, is the senatorial substitute for the caucus which is no longer in fashion. Nobody knows. The only certainty is that if the republican leaders want to invite Shipstead and Johnson in, the way has been cleared for it.

In recent years and under processes of time and usage the Senate chamber has been a bit shabby. It has always been a gloomy place, due to a raftered ceiling glazed, but so cut up by heavy beams as to obstruct the light. The desks while of the best solid mahogany and fine examples of the cabinet maker's art have been varnished again and again in the course of years. During the past summer the chamber has been "done over" radically and beautifully. The heavy rafters have been removed from the ceiling, practically doubling the lighting; a new carpet has been put down, the walls have been cleaned and the woodwork has been repainted. The desks have been burned off with acids and a new dressing given to the wood. Unknown to the public the older of these desks have rich historical associations. There are no written records, but in secret places beneath the covers records have been kept by veteran employees who are jealous of these secrets. It was only a few years ago and through the exercise of all his diplomatic powers that Senator Lodge contrived to have assigned to him Charles Sumner's old desk. Joe Robinson of Arkansas, the democratic floor leader, now holds with pride the desk at which Daniel Webster sat through his senatorial service. New senators are not informed of these traditions. It is not until they have served a considerable time and have gained a species of preferential right that they are permitted use of desks formerly possessed by the great figures in history.

Everywhere in our American cities there is pressure upon the public parks. Here in San Francisco it is a dull season when somebody does not propose to build a monument for himself by encroaching upon park space. Already a considerable section of Golden Gate Park has been appropriated by "memorial structures." Similarly in New York there is constant effort to make encroachment upon Central Park. The latest project is a demand for an "open cut construction" along the western border of the park in the interest of local transportation; and this failing it is proposed as an alternative to bore under the park in extension of the subway system. What this later proposition means those who have observed subway construction in New York and elsewhere need not to be told. For a period of at least five years it would make havoc of the invaded area and there is little likelihood that the surface could ever again be restored and maintained in its original condition. A good many years ago Boston permitted a similar use of the south margin of the famous Common and that it was a sad mistake is evident. There is little enough park space in our cities, and proposals to encroach upon it should be met with stern denial. In the case of San Francisco not another foot of ground ought to be conceded to any ambitious memorialist, no matter upon what plea.

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania whines in criticism of the Federal Government to the end of excusing the state government of which he is the head for its notorious delinquency in the matter of prohibition enforcement. "The enforcement question" he declares "would be troubling no one if the Government at Washington would do its duty." What about the State of Pennsylvania doing its share of the enforcing? Pennsylvania is the most wide-open state in the Union. In Philadelphia alone according to Governor Pinchot's own confession there are twelve hundred open bars over which liquor is sold with small pretense of concealment. Governor Pinchot on a recent special occasion ordered the doors of these places closed but their keepers laughed in scorn and paid no heed. Why does not Governor Pinchot in his fire-eyed enthusiasm for prohibition do something more than issue orders which merely excite contemptuous ridicule?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Again in the Matter of Kels.

San Francisco, November 26, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:*—The Board of Prison Commissioners have made an order, directed to the warden of the state prison at Folsom, permitting physicians, hired by the relatives of Kels, to extract fluid from Kels' spinal cord for the purpose of determining that he is insane. The experts will perform their office (under that improvident order) and will determine that Kels is insane. They are employed precisely for that purpose and nothing else. *The futility of testimony from paid medical experts is axiomatic.* Courts—even the well-informed laity—know that such testimony is untrustworthy. Judges refuse to be imposed on by it, but juries, unfortunately, are often misled, partly because they are not well informed, or are mentally, not well-balanced, or because their sympathies run away with them. Fortunately, a wise executive will sit in judgment in this matter.

One may perhaps expect that the relatives of a homicide will, in some cases, bestir themselves to procure his exemption (though, in the opinion of the writer, such intervention, in cases like this, is of dubious morality: one would prefer to contemplate a display of sturdy virtue like that exhibited in "The Two Foscari," where the old Doge father hesitated not a moment to order his criminal son to the headsman); but of what consequence are relatives in such a case as this when weighed in the balance against the great body of law abiding people! The people have a right to expect that the officers they have placed in office will see to it that the laws they have enacted are observed; and that their justice will be administered, equally, without any sentimentalism whatever. That is the old-fashioned idea that our forebears brought from England long ago; and, however wobbly upon occasion, in cooler moments it still obtains in its pristine vigor.

Let this be remembered, for this is the key: Kels voluntarily returned and surrendered; and, confessing his crime, said: "My conscience pricked me; I had to return and give myself up." *The insane know na conscience.* Czolgolz, assassin of President McKinley, on trial pretended insanity, but the patience of the cross-examining lawyer finally adduced from him the admission that he was afterwards sorry. With that admission the cross-examination closed. That admission removed all difficulty for the jury. Czolgosz was hanged. Out of his own mouth he was convicted. For *the insane know no conscience.* Czolgosz was actuated by anarchistic hate—the mere desire to kill one high in authority. The motive of Kels was mere sordidness—he wished to recoup his losses from his life insurance. How pitiful even the thought that law and justice should be distorted—or thwarted—to spare so execrable a life!

Something else in this matter must needs be animadverted upon—*that frivalous, improvident order of the Board of Prison Commissioners in the premises.* In the circumstances it must be presumed that the board knew that nothing but a public scandal could result from their order. For, in such a case—involving such grave considerations—the board was not justified in acting at all without having made previous careful examination of the record of the trial court; and if the board did scrutinize that record, carefully, then their order was made in the face of it—in despite of it; for that record displays, without contradiction—*inter alia*—the surrender, the confession, the motive for both, and, convincingly, beyond peradventure, the sanity of Kels. Let it not be forgotten—*the insane know no conscience.*

To the writer only this conclusion seems justified—that the present Board of Prison Commissioners are a lot of pernicious politicians and that they ought to be removed from office.

Edward A. Belcher.

Rupert Hughes Sets Himself Right

Los Angeles, November 24, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* The author of your "Vanity Fair" department has taken a fall or two out of me in your issue of November 17; and while that is not difficult to accomplish, I must protest against one or two mis-statements.

In the first place, South Carolina does not grant divorce, as stated, on "one legal ground and that a hard one to prove." South Carolina grants no divorces on any ground. I stated that on the front page of the first South Carolina paper I ever bought was an account of the indictment of a woman for the murder of her husband, and I referred to this as an ancient and popular form of divorce.

One of the papers thereupon reported me as saying that in South Carolina there were more murders of husbands and wives than in any other state of the Union. I wrote the editor, stating that this was not at all true, and its publication might add me to list of what murders South Carolina did commit. In correcting this mis-quotation, the paper the following day stated that I had accused South Carolina of favoring a condition of concubinage—a thing I never said of which I have no evidence. What I said to the interviewer was that Professor W. G. Sumner stated many years ago that South Carolina people tacitly recognized such alliances as are inevitable in divorceless countries.

I am particularly eager to avoid, both in my thought and in my speech, making any wild statements not based on fact. The questions your paper asks would be very confusing if I had ever said the things you quote me as saying. Since I never said them, you will perhaps do me the justice of publishing this, so that I at least may not be promptly lynched on approaching the borders of South Carolina.

Yours very truly,

Rupert Hughes.

[If Mr. Hughes had read the article a little more attentively he would have seen that it did not assume to quote him directly and that his main complaint is more properly against those that did.]

Again

San Francisco, November 26, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* With the approaching Thanksgiving Day comes the pleasure of again sending you fifty dollars for the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, to be used by it, in assisting to bring a ray of material sunshine to as many needy families as possible.

You will confer a favor by having it sent to, or called for by the society.

Respectfully yours,

M. R.—M. F.

IDAHO AS A PEDESTAL FOR BORAH

State Feels Its Fame Would Be Dimmed If Any Other Were Sent to Washington

Alfred Holman in the New York Times.

[*From the sixth of Mr. Holman's letters on the Pacific Northwest, written for the* Times, *and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear in the* Times.]

Boisé, Idaho.

In 1920 Idaho gave Harding 88,975 votes to 46,579 for Cox. In the last senatorial election (1920) the republican candidate received 75,985 votes and his democratic competitor 64,513, and in the gubernatorial election of the same year the republican candidate polled 75,748 votes, as against 38,509 for his democratic opponent. To-day the official organization of Idaho is republican from top to bottom—at least nominally so. Similarly, local officials throughout the forty-four counties are practically all of republican affiliation.

But for all this seeming strength of the republican party in Idaho there is no assured basis for definite calculation. The habit of Idaho is whimsical. Among other factors in the political make-up of the state is a now quiescent progressivism camouflaged by nominal reversion to the republican affiliation, but liable under small provocation to break out into an active movement. Senator Borah holds this group in the hollow of his hand. Of radicalism, as that term is usually understood, there is little in Idaho excepting among a few hundred miners of the northern region who commonly register as socialists, though in practice dividing their votes between the old parties. In 1920 only thirty-eight votes were cast for the socialist nominee for president, nine for the prohibition nominee and six for the farmer-labor candidate.

* * * * * *

In interviewing governors—and my record is a long one—I usually have been reminded of the woman whose matrimonial experience had encompassed five ventures, and whose report was that her several husbands differed only in the color of their hair. Your average governor under the interviewing process is a bland and gracious personage minus definite opinions with respect to anything, very shy of discussing public issues, impossible to pin down to commitments. Governor Moore of Idaho is quite another sort. There is little of filigree work about "Charlie" Moore. He is a composite of a country school teacher and a dirt farmer, with something of the physical appearance of both. But he looks more a farmer. Knowing something of his antecedents and having learned from various contacts that the wheat growers of Idaho were disposed to call upon the government for special forms of aid, I approached Governor Moore with diplomatic gingerliness. "I discover," I said, "among many of your constituents a sentiment to the effect that the government ought by some means to control arbitrarily the price of wheat."

Upon the instant the Governor gave me both barrels: "I am a wheat farmer," he said, "and unless something happens I am broke. But that fact does not alter principles either economic or political. Government regulation of one commodity would justify government regulation of other and perhaps all commodities. That would lead to socialism and the next step would he revolution." Proceeding, Governor Moore pointed out that in fixing an arhitrary price for silver under necessities related to the World War the government had to a degree "halled up" the public mind with respect to its ability to fix priees for other commodities in disregard of their market value. What was justified and even necessary as a war measure, in the matter of silver, would be wholly and fatally mischievous if regarded as a precedent in normal times.

With similar frankness Governor Moore ran the gamut of public issues. With reference to the soldier bonus proposal, he said that the government could not go too far in providing for men who had served in its armies and bad come home disabled. But he saw no reason why a young man who had returned from foreign service sound in body, enriched by experience and stimulated by broader contacts with life should be specially compensated over and above men who had stayed home and produced food to support the armies. Referring to freight rates, which in Idaho as elsewhere in the intermountain region are regarded as a grievance, Governor Moore declared that nothing short of a crime had been imposed upon the country by Mr. McAdoo in indiscriminate boosting of the wages of railroad labor. McAdoo, he said, had established a system that at many points of its incidence paid more than the service was worth, either actually or relatively, more than the business of the country ought or could legitimately bear, more than is good for the man receiving, more than he earns. Railroad labor, he said, not in all but in many departments, is demoralized under a wage scale out of proportion to what men may earn in other occupations, notably farming. In the end, he said, it all comes out of the man who pays the freight—the original producer. Freight rates are oppressively high because of excessive rates paid to certain classifications of railroad workmen.

* * * * * *

I come now to consideration of the curious and highly potential relationship of William Edgar Borah to the life of Idaho. To the outside world Idaho and Borah are synonymous terms—and not without reason. Borah gives to Idaho a national and even an international fame. In the local phrase, he puts Idaho on the map. Personally, Senator Borah is an engaging figure, good to look at, a charming companion, frank, or apparently so, eloquent, forceful and carrying in his manner the marks of high personal character. Many have tried to dislike Borah, but nobody yet has succeeded. Even his critics—and pretty much every one in Idaho is his critic—love him. No matter where he stands or how he stands, or what he stands for or what he stands against, his re-election next year to a fourth senatorial term is, I think, an assurance. Yet, having gone from one end of the state to the other, having talked with men of every kind and sort and of every shade of political faith or affiliation, I have found only one man whole-heartedly and unreservedly his admirer, and that man was a family connection.

* * * * * *

Whatever else may be wanting in Senator Borah, lack of courage is not among his deficiencies. When in the course of one of his early campaigns there was demanded of him by the suffragists of Idaho support of the then pending project of constitutional modification, he declined upon principle. At most points of Harding's policies Borah stood with the President, declining only to support his ship subsidy proposal and his later proposal to participate in the Court of International Justice—both questions concerning which republicans legitimately may differ. Yet, despite this general record, Mr. Borah stands before the country in the character of a chronic objector and party delinquent. Common opinion, in which

I have shared, has classified him among the embarrassments that Mr. Harding had to endure in the troubled months of his presidency. Why this general repute, one who talks with Senator Borah finds it difficult to understand. But assuredly the fact remains that Borah temperamentally and habitually is an objector, and while elected as a republican and claiming character as a party man, he is a disturber rather than a dependable quantity when it comes to putting over party politics. If, as he claims to be, Borah is definitely a republican, holding important committee positions at Washington under his seniority as a republican, how comes it that the whole country looks upon him as an obstructionist—I came near using a more hateful term? Borah has fine powers of expression—no man in or out of the senate better—and is quite able to make his position understood. Yet by his own assertion he is one thing, by common belief and acceptance he is another.

At home in Idaho Borah does not work with the party organization, yet he has no organization of his own. On every hand men in politics, citizens not in active politics, will tell you that Borah is not dependable; that he enters into arrangements which he promptly forgets or ignores. And in the same breath they will tell you that in all other relations he is a man of great talents, of high principle and of lovable personality. Then they will add: "We know Borah, and whatever the situation next year we will send him back to Washington." The truth of the matter is that Idaho almost to man cherishes a profound pride in the abilities and the distinction of Senator Borah. Not only has he put Idaho on the map, but he keeps her there. If she were to send any other man to Washington in his place the light of her political life would flicker out and Idaho would sink back among the minor states, her fame dimmed, desolate in her loss of distinction in the life of the country.

Critics of Borah—and I need not repeat that they are many—noting his delinquencies as a party man, are fond of quoting expressions on his part that, they declare, are significant of his whole political career. Addressing the republican convention that gave him his first senatorial nomination, he said: "I shall not be able at this time to make known to you my appreciation of the deep and lasting obligation under which, by your action, I have been placed by my state and party. I hope by words and deeds to carry conviction to you all that it is not regarded by me as a fleeting obligation of an hour, but a binding and perpetual contract. . . . I would not insult the manhood of any member of the republican party by doubting the fulfillment of the pledge this day given. . . . The pledges of the republican party are sacred."

In striking contrast with this fervid statement were certain remarks made by Senator Borah last year with respect to a platform adopted by a republican convention of his state. On that occasion Mr. Borah said: "I defy the whole outfit. I don't propose to go back to the senate at the suggestion of the organization. . . . If I was in Charley Moore's place (Moore had been nominated for governor) I would kick that platform into the dust heap. . . . I don't care two cents about a platform. . . . All this fuss about meeting and writing a platform is rot. It is forgotten before you get home. . . . The next two years belong to me, and in that period I am going to advocate the policies I believe in regardless of the consequences to the republican party."

* * * * * *

But whatever else Senator Borah is or is not, he is a man of high personal character. He seeks re-election next year, and he is, I suspect, the only man in Idaho who feels any doubt about it. Yet he will make no arrangements, give no pledges, set up no assurances. He seeks renomination at the hands of next year's republican state convention, yet he stands aloof from the party organization; likewise he stands opposed to its most cherished ideas. He wants to re-establish the direct primary system, despite the fact that the sentiment of the party is against it. He loudly advocates recognition of Russia by the United States, despite the fact that Idaho, almost to a man stands opposed to it. He protests against participation in the World Court as proposed by the late President Harding, despite the fact that the general sentiment of Idaho republicans is for it. So on down the line, Borah makes no concessions. He seeks re-election upon his personality, and there is hardly a glimmer of doubt that he will get it.

I have no authority, either direct or indirect, for a judgment formed as the result of my ten days in Idaho. It is to the effect that if Borah shall be re-elected next year he will hold to a more definite party loyalty than in the period of Harding's administrations. I have come to this conclusion through intuitive processes rather than by a course of definite reasons. Yet definite reasons are not lacking. Under his seniority as a republican, Borah stands second on two leading senatorial committees—namely the committee on foreign relations and the judiciary committee. If in the coming election he should fail of the regular party nomination and should be elected by a combination of democrats, progressives and personal admirers—as assuredly he would be—he would lose his committee rank. As a species of political outlander he could not hope to attain either of the chairmanships above suggested—a rank very dear to senatorial ambition.

Furthermore, Borah has learned many lessons in the period of his senatorial service, and one of them is that a man disassociated from party, even though he be a senator of long standing and of high personal ability, is a man of limited practical powers. As I have already intimated, there is not in my mind the first doubt that Borah will be re-elected by the people of Idaho next year to represent them in the senate; and there is little doubt in my mind that his future career in the senate, while certain to be marked by his strong personality and his high independence of spirit, will be more closely identified with the republican party than in recent times.

A Static Progression

[New York *Times*, November 17.]

A voice oracular hath pealed. Hiram Johnson has thrown himself upon the bosom of a country not at all surprised, but somewhat amused. In a manifesto whose hieratic sociological-scientific solemnity befits the occasion, he offers his services to his republican countrymen. "We would have a revitalized republican party, a party representing alone its rank and file, the instrument neither of static reaction nor destructive radicalism." "Static reaction" is good. Mr. Johnson says that he is for progressivism in domestic affairs. In regard to foreign affairs he is a static reactionary. He would progress by standing still. He paws and snorts at the League of Nations. He stands upon the shore and waves Europe away. His view of the international and political landscape is secured according to Michael Angelo Titmarsh's system, by sticking his head between his legs and looking backward.

In domestic politics he seems to be living in 1912. Nobody grudges him the usual patter about "reaction" and "progress." Unfortunately, he has long ceased to be regarded as a progressive. He is a regressive. Joining with the stern and rock-bound reactionaries of the senate, acting in that body as "the business agent of California products," which no American ought to consume without gratitude to that thoughtful jacker-up of prices, he lost the odor of progressive sanctity. He hasn't kept up with the procession. An older, if not a better, soldier of progressivism and seeker of the presidency may be addressed at Madison, Wisconsin. And Mr. La Follette is sure of a considerable package of votes. There are other progressives, calculated, too, for liberal and radical altitudes, who can be trusted to defend their states from any serious inroads by this regressive.

Many curious political transformations have been seen. Mr. Johnson imagines himself to be a swift-sailing ship. In reality he is a barnacle. Some parts of his recommendation of himself smack of the usual nominating speech. He holds the philosophy of government which is "idealistic and forward-looking. It avoids alike ultra-conservatism and ultra-radicalism." All candidates are like that. They remind one of the language of the old-time beaneries: "Draw one in the dark, just right." Up comes a cup of coffee, standardized, with the amount of milk and sugar that the average customer is supposed to want. Colonel Roosevelt had no objections to "another cup of coffee." Mr. Johnson has ordered his early, "just right." Evidently he anticipates slow service.

He relies upon the presidential preference primaries, his hobby, whose results were so fantastic in 1920. He was used then as a convenience by astuter republican leaders. Doubtless he will be so used again. But it is "an American's birthright" to try to get a nomination. Mr. Johnson has powerful advocates. Mr. Lasker is pushing this land leviathan. Mr. Hearst, the laurels of his New York triumphs still fresh on his brow, finds in his fellow-Californian a congenial fellow-statesman. Our own George Henry Payne is at work with all his fruitful ardor. It is hard for some of us to see either conservatives or progressives hankering for Hiram; but perhaps he is an acquired taste. At any rate, he is entitled to his diversion. It is good for his health to be active. We recall only to condemn Henry Adams' atrabilious remark about certain senators of 1869: "Senators passed belief. The comic side of their egotism partly disguised its extravagance."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Divine

[Das Göttliche *was the favorite poem of the late Viscount Morley and this translation of it in the original metre has just been made in his memory.*]

[From the *Nation and the Athenæum*.]

May Man be noble,
Helpful and good:
For that alone
Sets him apart
From every being
That we know.

Hail to the loftier race
Of unknown Beings,
For whom we yearn!
May Man grow like them;
May his example
Give us faith in them.

For without feeling
Nature is.
The sun sheds light
Upon just and unjust,
And for the transgressor,
As for the righteous,
Shine moon and stars.

Wind and rivers,
Thunder and hail,
Rush on their way,
And in their passage
Hastily snatch at
One after another.

Even so gropes Fortune
Among the crowd;
Grasps now the curls
Of innocent boyhood,
And now the baldpate
Hoary in sin.

By laws of brass,
Eternal, mighty,
Must all of us
Fulfill the circle
Of our existence.

Only by Man
Is compassed the impossible;
He alone distinguishes,
Chooses and judges;
He to the moment
Can lend duration.

'T is his alone
To reward the righteous,
To punish the evil,
To heal and save,
To bring in, beneficent,
All that err and stray.

And we give honor
Unto the Immortals,
As though they were men;
As though on the great scale
They did what the best man
Does, or might, on the small.

O noble Man!
Be he helpful and good;
May he work unwearied
Beneficent justice;
And pre-figure to us
The Beings, for which we yearn.

—*Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Translated by R. C. K. Ensor.*

If any American is disposed to wonder what Columbus did for him, he might ask himself how he would like to be compelled to live in Europe all his life.—*Portland (Maine) Express.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor Edouard Branly, a French scientist whose experiments paved the way to the development of the radio, has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor at the age of 80.

Antoinette Giroux, a young French Canadian girl, is being hailed in the Dominions as the Sarah Bernhardt of Canada. Miss Giroux, who has electrified French-speaking audiences with her unusual acting, has sailed for Paris to put her talent to the test.

The French press has announced the death of De Bisschop, whom they called the last of the great French detectives. De Bisschop's exploits formed the plots of many of the French detective novels of his lifetime. He with his companion, Calchas, organized the first European detective bureau.

M. de la Montague St. Hubert, professor at the American conservatory of fine arts at Fontainebleau, and one of the foremost of continental fresco painters, has been chosen to do the mural work in the new American hospital at Rheims. Professor St. Hubert is a pupil of Baudoin.

The Hon. David Tennant, son of Viscountess Grey of Fallodon, has the peculiar distinction of being England's champion gentleman blacksmith. He runs his own shop and shoes his own horses. The marriage of the former Lady Glenconnor to Earl Grey, who was temporary ambassador to the United States in 1919, occurred last year.

Women lawyers are coming into their own with the celerity that might be expected of their combined sex and profession. Miss Mary Barthelme, who has recently been elected a judge of the Circuit Court of Chicago, is the first woman to be elevated to the bench of such high jurisdiction in the State of Illinois. Miss Mary B. Grossman, who has been elected judge of the Municipal Court of Cleveland, is one of the first of her sex to hold that post in Ohio.

Lucien Muratore, Chicago Grand Opera star, has branched out as a portrait and landscape painter and won immense encomiums from the critics, who compare his work with that of the greatest masters of French painting. Muratore informed an interviewer that though he had been offered thousands of francs for one landscape, his wife, the equally famous singer, Lina Cavalieri, will not let him part with even the slightest of sketches. Muratore's landscape work is said to belong to the Barbizon school and to preserve the finest traditions of Corot, Millet, and Rousseau.

The facility of the ex-royal German family for causing trouble has been shown again in the case of the sons of the ex-Crown Prince. Princes William Frederick Franz and Louis Ferdinand attend a public high school in Potsdam and though both ex-princes are reported to be democratic and unassuming, such is their brilliant record that teachers are accused of pandering to defunct royalty. The row waxed to the extent that one faculty member suggested the boys be reduced to a lower rank regardless of merit. The unfair proposal was over-ruled but the dilemma persists and the harassed principal of the high school has offered to let any properly accredited person examine the work of his once exalted pupils.

Mrs. Millicent Weber Cooper, a Montana girl who taught school in Minnesota and the Dakotas since she was sixteen and who became one of the first policewomen in the West is again a pioneer of her sex—the first woman in the Identification Bureau at Washington where she is a fingerprint expert. It was through her regulation police duties in one of those northwestern states that she became interested in identification work and in fingerprints. Then she took the civil service examinations and in a few weeks was a member of the Washington police department. Mrs. Cooper is an advocate of finger printing as one of the greatest safeguards of society and is promoting the general application of fingerprints among the innocent as well as the guilty.

Milton Hershey, the chocolate millionaire who has just given what amounts to $60,000,000 to his pet charity the Hershey Industrial School, has naturally been called on to explain his remarkable gift. The school founded by and named for the chocolate king is an orphan asylum which was established in 1909 for boys between the ages of four and eight with certain other qualifications and for the purpose of teaching them a trade or educating them to be farmers. Mr. Hershey and his father before him were born farmers and though he made his millions in manufactories and railroads he still has a soft spot for the land. Mr. Hershey, perhaps needless to say, is fond of boys, and anxious to help poor boys with the essentials of education, and is a disbeliever in the benefits of great inherited wealth—hence his rather unusual disposal of his fortune despite the existence of close relatives. However, he has not beggared himself by his deed as what he has given is the income of the common stock of the Hershey Chocolate Company which is calculated at the quoted $60,000,000. Mr. Hershey is sixty-six years old. He began life as a farmer boy who tried the candy business and failed. Then by a natural sequence he essayed the chocolate business and succeeded miraculously. He is also interested in railroads in Cuba where he is at present, and where rumor has it he may found another school for boys.

MORE ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM

Sir Philip Gibbs Recalls His Early Days Under the Harmsworth Regime

Last week we rubbed up some of the high lights of Sir Philip Gibbs' very adventurous career. This week with his assistance we shall relate some of the more or less auspicious beginnings of that prince of reporters. Like every other denizen of Fleet street of his generation he came into contact with the Northcliffe, then the Harmsworth, press and unlike many of his colleagues was not an enthusiastic Harmsworthian. But he was probably prejudiced by his first impression—anyone would have been—the great publisher promised him an important job and gave it to someone else. But his attention called to this little oversight, Harmsworth immediately gave our reporter another job, possibly not so good, and seemed to try to make other amends. He played favorites and for awhile Gibbs held the post which he says was one of the surest forerunners of downfall for any satellite of the Napoleon of the press. However, the following account of Gibbs' rapid rise and fall seems to be thoroughly in keeping with what is generally known of Northcliffe's character and the methods that made him the most conspicuously successful publisher in the world:

As temporary favorite, I was invited down to Sutton Court, a magnificent old mansion of Elizahethan days, in Surrey. It was in the early days of motoring, and I was taken down in a great car, and hack in another, and felt like an emperor. Harmsworth was a delightful host, and kept open house during the week-ends, where one heard the latest newspaper "shop" under the high timhered roof and hetween the paneled walls, where the great ladies and gentlemen of England, in silks and hrocades, had dined and danced hy candlelight.

It was here, in the minstrels' gallery, one afternoon, that Harmsworth asked me to tell him all ahout "syndicating," according to my experience with the Tillotsons' syndicate. I told him, and he hecame excited.

"Excellent! I tell you what you do. Go hack to *The Daily Mail* and say I've sacked you. Then go to the South of France with your wife for three months. I'll pay expenses. After that, return to Fleet Street, where you'll find an office waiting for you, called 'the British Empire Syndicate, Limited.' Nohody must know that I'm hehind it. . . . How's that for a scheme?"

It seemed to me a pretty good scheme, although I was douhtful whether I could work it. I temporized, and suggested drawing out the scheme on paper, more in detail. That disappointed him. He wanted me to say, "Rather! The chance of a life time!" My hesitation put me in the class he called, "Yes, hut———" I drew up the scheme, hut he went for a visit to Germany, and on his return did not give another thought to the "British Empire Syndicate, Limited." Other ideas had ahsorbed his interest.

A novel feature of the *Daily Mail* administration was a daily forum for free speech which every one from special correspondents to office boys was supposed to attend. In this conference Harmsworth criticized that day's paper and discussed the matter for the next. He welcomed and rewarded new ideas and generally fused the mind of his paper and inspired its staff. By this means he doubtless offset any tendency of his press to become merely a reflection of his own characteristics for in the final analysis it was always what interested himself that determined the newsworthiness of an article. Gibbs, possibly because he lacked the plastic temperament of popular journalism, did not fit into the picture. His brief influence with the chief lasted about a year:

At the end of a year I saw I was losing favor. An incident happened which forewarned me of approaching doom. He had returned from another visit to Germany, and was in a had temper, helieving, as he always did, that *The Daily Mail* had gone to the dogs in his ahsence. He reproved me sharply for the miserable stuff I had heen publishing in Page Four, and demanded to see what I had got in hand.

I took down some "plums"—special articles hy hrilliant and distinguished men. He glanced through them, and laid them down angrily.

"Dull as ditchwater! Send them all hack!"

I protested that it was impossihle to send them back, as they were all commissioned. My honor and my honesty were at stake.

"Send them all hack!" he said, with increasing anger.

I did not send them hack, hut gave them "snappier" titles. The next day he sent for me again, and demanded to see what else I proposed to puhlish—"not that trash you showed me yesterday!"

I took down the same articles, with some others. He had more leisure, read them while he smoked a cigar, and at intervals said, "Good!" . . . "Excellent!" . . . "Why didn't you show these to me yesterday?"

Needless to say, I did not enlighten him. I was saved that time, hut a few months later I saw other signs of disfavor.

I remember that at that time I had to see General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, that grand old man for whose humanity and love I had a great respect, in spite of his methods of conversion, with scarlet coats and tamhourines. He was angry with something I had written, and was violent in his wrath. But then he forgave me and talked very gently and wisely of the responsibilities of journalism, "the greatest power in the world for good or evil."

Presently the old man seized me hy the wrist with his skinny old hand, and thrust me down on my knees.

"Now let us pray for Alfred Harmsworth," he said, and offered up fervent prayer for his wisdom and light.

I don't know what effect that prayer had on Harmsworth, hut it seemed to have an immediate effect upon my own fate. I was "sacked" from *The Daily Mail*.

After his short sojourn under the Harmsworth dictatorship, Gibbs joined forces with *The Daily Express* where he eame into contact with Sir Arthur Pearson before the days of his blindness but his stay there was short and he soon after became one of the literary editors of the *Daily Chronicle*. This job proved more congenial but was chiefly significant as a stepping stone to that of literary editor of *The Tribune*, an ill fated paper that ruined its publisher, Franklin Thomasson, and whose story was used by our author as the basis of his novel, "The Street of Adventure" for which Gibbs was sued for libel. The suit came to naught because the maligned character of "The Street of Adventure" was so ill advised as to have lunch with his libeller and biographer. "But," concludes Sir Philip, "all my royalties on the sales of the novel, afterward reissued in cheap form, went to pay Heinemann's bill and mine, and my most successful novel earned for me the sum of £25 until it had a second birth in the United States, after the war." Meanwhile, we have a pleasant picture of our author's environment in these early days of ill adjustments and professional disappointments, though it also includes the story of an ill-fated novel. Our author's bad luck with fiction would seem to indicate that there is such a thing as being too good a reporter to make a novelist. Faithfulness to fact is not exactly compatible with fiction:

For several years while I was in Fleet Street, I lived opposite Battersea Park, in a row of high dwellings stretching for ahout a mile, and called Overstrand Mansions, Prince of Wales Mansions, and York Mansions. Nearly all the people in the road were of literary, artistic, or theatrical avocations, either hoping to arrive at fame and fortune, or reduced in circumstances after hrief glory. The former class were in the great majority, and were youngish people, with youngish wives, and occasionally, hut not often, a hahy on the halcony. G. K. Chesterton, who lived in the Overstrand Mansions, immediately over my head—I used to pray to God that he would not fall through—once remarked that if he ever had the good fortune to he shipwrecked on a desert island, he would like it to he with the entire population of the Prince of Wales Road, whom he thought the most interesting collection of people in the world. I thought so, too, and wrote a very had novel ahout them, called *Intellectual Mansions, S. W.* That hook appeared in the time of the militant suffragettes who were playing hell in London, and as my chief lady character happened to be a suffragette, they claimed it as their own, hought up the whole edition hound it in their colors of purple, green, and white, and killed it stone dead.

A bit of very good reporting, indeed, is the following picture of Chesterton whom Sir Philip believes to be one of the great figures of literary England as well as one of the wisest and wittiest of men. His principal relation with Chesterton was during the days of the moribund *Tribune* when Gibbs tried to buy G. K. C. for that declining journal, probably with the idea that Chesterton could not fail to infuse life into its anemic columns. Chesterton's particular allegiance was *The Daily News* but though *The Tribune* bribed him with double its salary he was not to be bought:

I came to know G. K. Chesterton at that time, and every time I saw him admired more profoundly his great range of knowledge, his immense wit and fancy, his genial, jolly, and passionately sincere idealism. From my ground-floor flat, every morning at ten I used to ohserve a certain ritual in his life. There appeared an old hansom cah, with an old horse and an old driver. This would he kept waiting for half an hour. Then G. K. C. would descend, a spacious and splendid figure in a hig cloak and a slouch hat, like a brigand ahout to set forth on a great adventure, and though he was bound no further than Fleet Street, it was adventure enough, leading into great flights of fancy and derring do. After him came Mrs. Chesterton, a little figure almost hidden hy her hushand's greatness. When Chesterton got into the cah, the old horse used to stagger in its shafts, and the old cah used to rock like a hoat in a rough sea.

At luncheon time I often used to see G. K. C. in an Italian restaurant in Fleet Street where, with a hottle of port wine at his elhow, and a scrihhling pad at his side, he used to write one of his articles for *The Daily News*, chuckling mightily over some happy paradox, which had just taken shape in his hrain, and totally unconscious of any public ohservation of his private mirth.

Sir Philip devotes a chapter to the development of aviation—with particular emphasis on the part played by Alfred Harmsworth in encouraging aerial mechanics. Through *The Daily Mail* he put up all the prizes for the early epoch-making flights. It was he who offered the first prize for a cross-Channel flight in the contests in which Bleriot first figured. One of the most exciting of the earliest races was the first flight by night, a competition between Graham White and Paulhan in a race between London and Manchester. These events were followed by the papers in motor cars manned with special correspondents. One of the most sensational was won by the latter. These were all in the infancy of the heavier than air machine but our author after telling the sad story—and all the early ones were sad—of the Hon. Charles Rolls, returns to the very beginning when aviation was still an untried possibility and the butt of the public's lighter ridicule. Sir Philip says:

That was later than the heginning of flight. The first time I realized the almost limitless possihilities of heavier-than-air machines was at Doncaster, when Colonel Cody was among the competitors. The Doncaster meeting had heen a great failure from the puhlic point of view. There was very little flying, owing to had weather and elementary aëroplanes. The aviators sulked in their tents, and the gloomy atmosphere was deepened hy some financial trouhles of the organizers, so that the gate money was seized to liquidate their dehts. At least, that was the rumor, as I remember it. But there was one cheerful man, ever ready with a friendly word and jest. That was Colonel Cody who, after many kite-flying experiments, on hehalf of the British government, which had failed to give him any financial aid, was putting the finishing touches to a homemade hiplane, with the help of his son. It was a monstrous and clumsy affair. It had great struts of hamhoo, an enormous spread of wing space, and a petrol tank weighing half a ton. This structure, which was tied up with string, and old wire, and hits of iron, was nicknamed St. Paul's Cathedral, and Noah's Ark, and all kinds of ridiculous names, hy correspondents who did not believe in its powers of flight. But they loved to talk to old Cody, dressed like "Buffalo Bill" (though he was no relation of the original Colonel Cody of showman fame), with long hair which he used to wind up under his hat and fasten with an enormous bodkin with which he also used to pick his teeth. I laughed loud and long at the first sight of his immense aëroplane, and refused to credit his childlike assertion that it would fly like a bird. But one morning early, he enlisted volunteers to haul it out of its hangar and set its engine going with the noise of seven devils. "Poor old Cody!" said a friend of mine. "One might as well try to fly with a railway engine!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth, than the great thing rose, and not like a hird, hut gracefully and gently as a hutterfly, was wafted ahove our heads, and flew steadily across the field. We chased it, shouting and cheering. It seemed to us like a miracle. It was a miracle—man's conquest of flight.

Presently, after three minutes, I think, "something happened." The great aëroplane staggered back, flagged, and took a nose-dive to earth, where it lay with its engine dug deep into the soil and a confusion of twisted wires and hroken canvas ahout it. With two or three other men—among them a hrilliant and well-remembered journalist, Harold Ashton—I ran forward, hreathlessly, and helped to drag Cody from beneath the wreckage, dazed and hloody, hut not badly hurt. His first words were triumphant: "What did I tell you, boys? It flew like a hird!"

It was patched up again, and flew again, until Cody was killed. He was truly one of the heroic pioneers, ohstinate in faith, heavily in deht, unhelped hy any soul, except that son of his who helieved in "the old dad." It was he who cured my scepticism. After seeing his heavy machine fly around the course, I knew that the game had heen won, and that one day, not one man, hut many, might he carried in an aëroplane on great strong wings.

During his various excursions from the strict boundaries of Fleet street, our author tried his luck in nearly every form of writing. He wrote and, still more remarkable, produced several plays but without financial success. He even became for a time a "literary ghost" and comments on the irony of the fact that three of his most successful books were written under another man's name. He also tried his hand at memoirs and at history, that happy hunting ground for the accurate observer and reporter. But none of these ventures, all of which required prodigious labor and time, were attended by fortune which the needy young newspaper man was constantly seeking. However, though his historical researches were not directly lucrative, some of them bore fruit, more particularly the life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whom Scott had portrayed in "The Fortunes of Nigel" and Dumas in "The Three Musketeers." He made less than £150 for the work but did not begrudge the labor:

My hook on George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, hrought me the friendship of the very nohle and charming family of the Earl and Countess of Denhigh. Lord Denhigh is the descendant of Susan Villiers—the sister of George Villiers—who married the first Earl of Denhigh, and he has in his possession the original letters written hy the Duke of Buckingham to his devoted wife, and her heautiful letters to him, as well as a mass of other correspondence of great historical value. Lord Denhigh invited me down to Newnham Paddox, his lovely Warwickshire home, founded hy his ancestors in the reign of James I, and in the long gallery I saw the famous VanDyck portraits of the Duke of Buckingham, the "hero" of my hook, which have now heen sold, with other priceless treasures, when war and after-war taxation have impoverished this old family, like so many others in England to-day. I always look hack to those visits I paid to Newnham Paddox as to a picture of English life, hefore so much of its sunshine was eclipsed hy the cost and sacrifice of that great tragedy. They were a large and happy family in that old house, with three sons and a crowd of heautiful girls, as frank and merry and healthy in hody and soul as Shakespeare's Beatrice and Katherine, Rosamond and Celia. I remember them playing tennis helow the hroad terrace with its climbing flowers, and the sound of their laughter that came ringing across the court when Lady Dorothy leapt the net, or Lady Marjorie took a flying jump at a high hall. On a Sunday afternoon they captured some tremendous cart horses, grazing on the day of rest, mounted them without reins or hridle, rode them astride, charged each other like knights at a tourney, fearless and free, while Lady Denhigh laughed joyously at the sight of their romps. There was an exciting rat hunt in an old harn, which was nearly pulled down to get at the rats. . . . No one saw a shadow creeping close to those sunlit lawns, to touch the lives of this English family and all others. They played the good game of life in pre-war England. They played the game of life and death with equal courage when war turned Newnham Paddox into a hospital and called upon those hoys and girls for service and sacrifice. The eldest son, Lord Feilding, was an officer in the Guard, and hadly wounded. Two of the hoys were killed, one in the Army, one in the Navy. Lady Dorothy led an ambulance convoy in Belgium, and I met her there when she was under fire, constantly, in ruined towns and along sinister, shell-broken roads, injecting morphia into muddy, bloody men, just picked up from the fields and ditches, crying aloud in agony. Lady Denbigh herself wore out her health and spirit, and died soon after the Armistice. It was the record of many families like that, who gave all they had for England's sake.

During this period of free lancing our author made many notable acquaintances, including that of the Duke of Argyll, a royal dependent who was given room in Kensington Palace, where Sir Philip used to take tea with him. In his young days, as the Marquis of Lorne and one of the handsomest men in England he had gained a reputation as poet and essayist which stood him in good stead in later years when he contrived to earn an occasional guinea often through the offices of Sir Philip. But his is only one of many curious stories which our author has collected in his still not very long career—a collection which makes his book one of the most readable of recent autobiographies.

Adventures in Journalism. By Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.50.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending November 24, 1923, were $161,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $149,600,000; an increase of $11,500,000.

We are now hearing from those investors who attempted to reap high returns on their money in the last period of preferred stock financing without sufficient regard to the risks they were taking. They are beginning to find that there are tares among the wheat, says John K. Barnes in *Century*. A man in Pennsylvania has written:

"I have been informed by ——— (from whom I purchased 10 shares of 8 per cent. preferred stock of the Notaseme Hosiery Company) that the stockholders will get nothing at all. Therefore, I stand to lose $1,000 of my hard-earned savings and now have nothing to show for it but a receipt for ten shares of stock. The enclosed newspaper clipping looks like a conservative hushing-up of this failure and no one would get the idea from reading it that stockholders for $1,000,000 lost everything they put in. I consider it a warning to inexperienced investors to remember that when they go into business they must expect to share the losses as well as the profits."

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A woman in Massachusetts wrote:

"I first began investing in 1920 when I had a small legacy come to me. I went to ——— and on their advice purchased five different stocks of $500 each. Of these five, three are big losses as the market stands today—the Reed-Prentice was as low as $20 a year ago (I bought at $93.50)—the International Cotton is doubtful, and the McElwain Shoe I sold or exchanged on their advice at a loss. Certainly three losses out of five investments was a poor showing."

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These are but two examples of what many investors in preferred stocks are now experiencing. Both these investors purchased these securities from investment houses that enjoy excellent reputations, both members of the New York Stock Exchange. This gives point to some remarks published not long since by the partner of another leading Stock Exchange house.

"We who are supposed to represent the men who are property owners," he said, "who pay the largest percentage of the taxes, and who stand for fair and square dealing, are not all absolutely blameless for the conditions that now exist. Some of us, either in the promotion of questionable securities, profiteering in trade, or the infliction of too large commissions for the formation and combination of various industries, as well as by encouragement to those who borrowed large sums of money upon unseasoned and questionable securities, have given to those who are seeking for material to use against us very potential weapons."

It is not alone because the bucket-shops and the fly-by-night brokers have flourished in the financial field that "Wall Street" has acquired a bad name throughout the country. Thinking people know that these are not more a part of the legitimate machinery of finance than are the hangers-on a part of an army in the field. It has been dealings on the part of banking and brokerage houses of established reputations such as referred to in these remarks that have helped to create in the minds of the people a suspicion of "Wall Street." When investors have experiences such as the two related above, they become suspicious of the legitimate machinery of Wall Street.

But the first of these investors cited the real lesson to be learned from such experiences. It is a warning to inexperienced investors to remember that when they go into business they must expect to share the losses as well as the profits, as he said. When one buys stocks, even if they be preferred stocks, he or she becomes a partner in that business and must assume the risks of such partnership.

The Stock Exchange man quoted above had something more to say which should be a warning to investors in this connection, although a belated one. It was this:

"The recent increases in capitalization of some of our most conservative industries may be taken as a very pertinent expression of the opinion as to general conditions of the future by those men of brains who have sold to the public a large percentage of their new issues of shares, while they themselves have invested their proceeds in tax-exempt securities in order to avoid the payment of income tax."

There has been more of this shifting of stock ownership to the general public in the latest period of industrial prosperity than ever before. The desire to avoid high income tax payments has been partly responsible for it, but in addition to that there has undoubtedly been the belief on the part of the owners of these industries that the great prosperity of their businesses would not last. They, therefore, increased the capitalization of their companies and sold stock to the public at the crest of the wave.

This happened in the case of many companies that have been privately owned for years. The owners have been aided and abetted in this by financial houses, which are supposed to have the interests of their clients at heart, while with the owners there were but three objects in view—to avoid income tax; to take advantage of the favorable opportunity to sell; to diversify their investments—all legitimate and wise purposes as long as legitimate ways are open to accomplish them.

But the new, inexperienced investor should ascertain by the study of actual earnings what the companies have done in previous periods of depression; he should inquire of those who are in a position to know, and whose disinterested judgment he can depend upon as to what they are likely to do against increased competition in the next period of slack business. If the investor would stop to realize that he is embarking at the crest of the wave in an unseasoned security, he would not risk as much of his money in each recurrent period of preferred stock financing and would not find himself in the position of the two investors referred to above.

The test of a stock, either preferred or common, should be the earning power of the company in times of depression rather than in times of prosperity. The careful investor in stocks will be sure that the record of the past holds out good promise that his dividends will be well earned in the future.

It is natural that in years of industrial activity there should be outbursts of industrial stock issues to fund temporary loans and place companies in a sounder position in regard to their capital accounts. But in each such period of industrial preferred stock financing a few investment houses have their fingers burned because of their participation in it, and a practical lesson to be learned from such investment experiences as these is to leave no stone unturned in the investigation not only of the character of the investment house but also of the securities which you contemplate buying, particularly if they are of the kind with which the house had had little previous experience.

Reports from Okanogan county reflect a high state of prosperity in the West Okanogan Valley Irrigation District, whose $750,000 bond issue was marketed in this territory by Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, and Carstens & Earles, Inc., last May. President Eugene Hockett of the Bank of Oroville, Washington, in the northern end of the district, writes as follows:

"The income from fruit in and adjacent to Oroville is now approximately $250,000 a year. New people are coming in from the Wenatchee and other districts and buying land in the West Okanogan Valley Irrigation District. In six or seven years the fruit trees already planted will produce approximately ten times the present amount, or more than $2,000,000 annually.

"The wheat district in northern Okanogan county harvested a million-dollar crop this year, the largest it has ever had. The income from pork, veal and dairy products is increasing rapidly, especially dairy products. The Oroville cannery has just closed a very successful season, having packed 19,200 cases of tomatoes. It is the only exclusive tomato cannery in the state."

Throughout the world electricity is the product of water power and steam power principally and their production is augmented to a small degree by power derived from gas, and other fuels.

Water power available for the production of electricity throughout the entire world is estimated at something like 470 million horsepower. This vast volume of "white coal" is distributed about as follows. The continent of Africa is endowed with the largest amount of potential power, having been accredited with 190 million horse-power. North America is second with 90 million horsepower and the other continents are in their order of magnitude: Asia 72 million, South America 55 million, Europe 45 million, and Oceanica 18 million.

Putting this gigantic power to work is the practical phase of the matter however, and the United States leads the world with 9 million horsepower developed, while Canada is a far-off second with 2.7 million horsepower developed. All the countries of Europe, with France in the lead with 1.4 million horsepower, have an aggregate total of about 8.5 million horsepower developed.

Asia has approximately 1.2 and South America approximately .5 million horsepower developed. It is interesting to note that Africa with the largest potential horsepower has practically no developed horsepower.

Of the 9 million horsepower developed in the United States and from which a total output of 17,206,465 KW.Hs. was produced during the year 1922. California had the highest production of 3,776,998,000 KW.Hs. with New York second, or 2,951,818,000 KW.Hs. and Washington third, or 1,209,326,000 KW.Hs.

The total hydro and steam electric production of Pacific Gas and Electric Company is greater than the third largest state's entire total.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company ranks as the fourth largest electric producer in the United States and is first in respect to KW. capacity available for the population of the territory served, the capacity per capita being 1/3 KW.

Pacific Gas and Electric Company also ranks first in the United States as regards customers per capita, having approximately one electric consumer to every five of total population. The above per capita showing sets forth the fact that Californians are, in general, the greatest users of electricity and that Pacific Gas and Electric Company is up-to-the-minute in supplying them with this most useful and modern servant.

Completion of the Dumbarton Highway bridge as a matter of civic pride with Central California and the San Francisco peninsula is the attitude assumed by the Dumbarton Bridge Association in a statement signed by Henry T. Scott, chairman of the advisory board, and John McBain, chairman of the board of directors. This association consists of the civic and commercial organizations of northern Santa Clara county, southern Alameda county, and San Francisco. It is meda county, San Mateo county and San Francisco. It is through its efforts that various movements towards establishing uninterrupted motor communication between the San Francisco peninsula and the California mainland were brought to a unified effort with the incorporation of the Dumbarton Highway Bridge Corporation.

This corporation is now endeavoring to finance the construction of the first traffic bridge across the San Francisco bay. This bridge will be built at a point opposite Redwood City, San Mateo county, to a point opposite Newark in Alameda county, and on completion will cost but approximately $1,700,000. The bridge will be of steel and concrete span type with a vertical drawbridge in the middle to permit bay traffic.

Earnings of the Dumbarton Highway bridge will be based on motor traffic since it is essentially a toll project. The Columbia River bridge at Portland, Oregon, is earning at the rate of 15½ per cent. on the investment, while the St. John River bridge at Jacksonville, Florida, is earning 13⅛ per cent. The population to be served by the Dumbarton Highway bridge is three times that served by the Columbia River bridge, and ten times that served by the St. Johns River bridge. There are 209,199 pleasure cars and 11,076 motor trucks in the territory tributary to the Dumbarton Highway bridge location, and according to motor registration statistics, automobile ownership is increasing at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

The Dumbarton Bridge Association has investigated all phases of the Dumbarton High-

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Bond & Goodwin & Tucker are offering the first and refunding mortgage 6 per cent. gold bonds of Illinois Power and Light Corporation, due April 1, 1953.

This company was organized under the laws of Illinois to acquire and merge an extensive group of old established and successful public service enterprises. The business of the corporation includes service to more than 300 municipalities with customers in excess of 249,000. The company's net earnings for twelve months ending September 30, 1923, are reported at $8,860,836 or more than 2.16 times annual interest requirements on the total mortgage debt outstanding.

These bonds are being sold at 98.50, yielding over 6.10 per cent.

Analysis of the returns filed by the country's national banks in response to the comptroller's call of September 14 last, shows an increase for the year of nearly $500,000,000 in deposits and not more than $750,000,000 in total resources. The September figures show a gain over those of June 30 last of $142,000,000 in deposits and of $201,000,000 in total resources. An interesting feature was the increase for the year of $700,000,000 in time deposits which reflects a movement by both firms and individuals to build up reserve funds for recourse to later on when trade becomes more active. Rates on paper running from four to six months have advanced from an average of 5.12 per cent. in June to 5.41 per cent. in September, while rates for 60 to 90-day paper advanced from 4.88 per cent. to 5.12 per cent. These increases were for the most part less than the normal seasonal advances for the period, says the Wells Fargo National Bank in their monthly *Business Outlook*. Money used in harvesting operations has been moving towards the reserve centers of late, and the course of rates has been suggestive of fairly easy conditions. There has been of late a slight increase in the demands from borrowers upon stock exchange collateral, but the present volume of such loans is far below the high level of last spring, and probably below the total usually outstanding at this season of an active trade year. High grade securities are still selling at prices that offer attractive returns.

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In the Wall Street menagerie the bull is the king of beasts, the bear his inconveniently watchful attendant. An inseparable pair, known to all men through "differences," says R. Berkeley.

Wise men never speculate, we are told. Possibly. A clear deduction from which is that this country was built up by the unwise, for without speculation (intelligent anticipation of coming events) America would be but little further advanced than the staring wildernesses of Central Africa.

Speculation is responsible, scream others, for the ruin of more men than any other form of foolishness. Figures do not lie, and *Bradstreet's Records*, unemotional, give the percentage of the world's failures, due to speculation, 7 per cent. Incompetence heads the list with 38 per cent.

Be these things as they may, men will speculate, in some form or another. Life would be dull indeed were we all proof against the temptation to use our brains. For every flicker of intelligence contains the potentiality of speculation. Marriage, a common form of weakness, is a speculation; insurance, not usually reckoned a crime, is another.

Speculators may be divided into two main classes, optimists and pessimists. In the stock and commodity markets, we call the optimists "bulls," the large of soul and body who go straight ahead, always doing, seldom repenting. The pessimists we duh "bears," the confraternity of cynics, in whose eyes no souls loom lily-white. "Wide" little heggars, "bears"! Each class has its share of luck; winning sometimes, losing sometimes, rarely repining.

Prowling around the outskirts of the markets, are other animals; most prominent of all—when there is any squaling to be done—the "hogs," who want the earth (and a bit more). Yet seldom get enough to keep body and soul together. Because they want it all.

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The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has put into service its mammoth ten million cubic foot gas holder, which has been under the course of construction for the past eighteen months at Army and Potrero streets. This holder is located a little over one mile from the central gas manufacturing plant at Potrero and from it gas will be supplied to San Francisco and the peninsula towns.

At the present time, there are only six holders of this size in operation in the United States; three in New York, one each in Chicago, Baltimore, and Los Angeles.

In order to connect this huge container with the main generating plant, a 36-inch pipe was installed which connects with the five million cubic foot holder at the plant. Thirty-six-inch gate valves are installed at the inlet and outlet pipes of the five million cubic foot holder and are electrically operated and controlled from a central board located in the compressor room, a distance of approximately 300 feet away, which means that the operator can control the operation of the five and ten million cubic foot holder at will. It requires two minutes to open and close the valve.

The demand for gas in San Francisco and the peninsula towns has increased rapidly in the last ten years. At the end of the year 1922, the distribution system for San Francisco, including the peninsula towns, consisted of 815 miles of gas mains for the 100,000 consumers served. At the present time there are 1097 miles of main serving in excess of 153,700 consumers.

The Potrero generating plant supplies gas to San Francisco and all of the peninsula towns through a high pressure line which is being rapidly completed at Sunnyvale, which means that gas will he transported under high pressure over a distance of approximately forty-three miles.

This huge gas container has a diameter of 273 feet and a height of 236 feet. It occupies a ground area of more than 59,400 square feet. The new holder weighs 139,000,000 pounds. It is of telescopic type with five lifts.

Frank A. Leach, Jr., vice-president and general manager of the company, officiating at the putting of this equipment into service, stated that the San Francisco Gas Company was incorporated in 1852. At that time gas was made from coal. It is now made from California oil. The first cargo of coal was ordered in 1853. In 1854 the company began to supply gas from their works, located at First and Howard streets, the price of gas being $15 per 1,000 cubic feet. During that year the streets of San Francisco were first lighted with gas, a district hounded hy California on the south, Dupont on the west, Jackson on the north and the waterfront on the east. In 1855 there were 237 consumers on the company's books. In 1856 the price of gas was reduced to $12.50 per thousand, and in April, 1873, the price had decreased to $4 per thousand and on June 30, 1900, to $1.40 per thousand.

And so, this business with its humble beginning has grown with the City of San Francisco until to-day it is one of the outstanding industrial enterprises in the service of the people.

The travel over the Santa Fe for Octoher, both east and westbound, exceeded all previous monthly records of the passenger movement to the coast, and was 5,000 greater than in October, 1920, which was the high water mark of tourist business to California. This is according to announcement given out hy James B. Duffy, general passenger agent, of the lines.

In analyzing this immense travel to this state it is shown that the travel was 40 per cent. ahove Octoher last year, westhound, and 25 per cent, heavier eastbound than for the same period in 1922.

Octoher not heing a month during which tourist rates were effective for easthound travel, the 25 per cent. increase is pointed to as a very good illustration of the enormous business development that is going on on the coast and also it is indicative, the officials say, that big affairs relating to agricultural, industrial and manufacturing enterprises, are demanding the attention of an army of men who find it profitable to travel hetween California and the hig centers of the east while carrying on this steadily increasing business.

The Santa Fe chief also points to the fact that the number of people who came to California over that railroad from May to and including Septemher, this year, was 30 per cent. greater than the travel to this way for the same period last year. In fact, it has been shown that all estimates made hy the traffic officials as to the outlook for a big passenger business this year have been exceeded in every case. Mr. Duffy predicts an even greater increase in the tourist and homeseeker travel to this state for the remaining weeks of this year, and for all of 1924.

Just back from Chicago, the general passenger agent declared the conditions are improving and people as a rule are learning more about the wonderful summers in California, and are no longer of the opinion that the state is a wintering place only.

J. Ogden Mills, a hanker, at the National Tax Conference, declared that tax-exempt securities were the geratest evil in the whole field of taxation.

He declared a progressive income tax and tax-exempt securities could not exist side hy side, and latter would destroy the former.

"Is there any need to point out how excessively high surtax rates sin against the fundamentals of a sound tax system, in that they are becoming increasingly unproductive, that they encourage evasion and are too great a burden on industry, initiative and thrift?

"Can there be anything more fantastic than the Government of the United States solemnly declaring its purpose to take 58 per cent. of a man's income and then providing the means whereby he will pay no tax at all?

"What are you doing through these tax-exempt securities, backed hy a high—a very high—progressive income tax rate? You are not only drying up this investment fund, but you are drying up this fund of initiative, of energy, of business ability.

"Is there anything more likely, if history means anything, to engender class hatred and prejudice, and is there anything more likely to hring into general contempt a government which not only permits such a situation hut one which has actually created it?"

Wm. R. Staats Company is offering $185,000 City of Fullerton, Orange county, California, 5 per cent bonds, issued for the purpose of constructing civic buildings. These honds are exempt from California personal property taxes. Legal investment for California savings banks and free from Federal income taxes.

The City of Fullerton, one of the oldest and most important cities in Orange county, is situated about twenty miles southeast of the City of Los Angeles, in an unusually fertile territory producing large quantities of citrus fruits, walnuts and sugar beets. The stahility of this community is evidenced hy its four hanks with combined resources of about five million dollars.

The Gray Advertising Company of Kansas City, Missouri, announces the removal of their offices to the third floor of Hall Brothers' building at Twenty-sixth and Grand avenue.

Men and material are being assembled by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for the construction of 188 miles of private telephone lines from Redding to the Vaca-Dixon substation located on the highway hetween Vacaville and Dixon. This new line calls for an expenditure of $194,600, and will be used for communication between the company's hydrobe repeated three times and cause delay.

They also have the directed wireless system electric plants in the Pit River region and the hay distribution centers.

The new line will give the company three sources of communication, which, it is stated, are needed to operate expeditiously the 220,000-volt transmission lines which are over 250 miles in length. At present the company telephones between the Pit region and the Vaca-Dixon suhstation over three lines; its own private line from the Pit No. 1 power house to Redding, the Bell telephone line to Chico, and hence over a leased line to Vaca-Dixon of communication, and with the completion of of communication, and wit hthe completion of this new line, there will be three independent sources for transmission of messages which are important in the dispatching of energy generated from the Pit River plants.

Freeman, Smith & Camp Company have received word that the Superintendent of Banks has certified as legal investment for savings banks the $276,000 issue of Merced county, California, Road and Improvement District No. 1, 6% bonds.

The most interesting happening in the bond market during November was the flotation early in the month of $100,000,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company 20-year 5½% dehentures at 98½, at which the price yield to maturity was 5⅝%. The issue met with an enthusiastic reception hy the investing puhlic. suhscriptions received by the underwriters being greatly in excess of the total amount available. The success of this financing may he ascribed in part to the unusual popularity of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose securities are among the most widely held of any in the United States, hut if there were not a great deal of underlying strength in the market it is doubtful whether even an issue of this character would have gone so well, says American Bank of San Francisco.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

The King's English

GROWTH AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Otto Jespersen. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

A book such as Professor Jespersen's, a popular treatment of English philology by a recognized philologer, is as rare as it is needed. The majority of people despite good school educations will never thoroughly understand their mother tongue nor be able to use it intelligently till they have some such background as is conveniently offered them here ready-made. And by intelligent we do not mean erudite but rather the contrary: there are more educated people who are afraid of colloquialisms and idiomatic constructions that are apparently at odds with the genius of the language than there are lacking pedants amply furnished with Greek and Latin derivatives. It is to our friends, the unlearned purists, that we particularly dedicate "Growth and Structure of the English Language."

And we especially invite their attention to that most common of misapprehensions that it is incorrect to finish a sentence with a preposition, a fallacy which Dryden was probably responsible for and which was a more or less arbitrary notion of his own. The end preposition—purists attend—is a "genuine English idiom of long standing in the language and found very frequently in all writers of natural prose and verse." Other snags for the would-be philological dandy are *transpire* and *aggravate* which we have all been taught to avoid sedulously in the respective meanings of happen and provoke, but which our authority defends in those vulgar meanings—and he backs his contention with ample and more ancient authority. There is such a thing as being too nice linguistically—a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Among interesting and less contentious theories is Professor Jespersen's beautiful one to cover first syllable accentuation in English words. In a language of such varied components, where several German dialects were struggling with French and Latin for supremacy, it is only natural to suppose that the users of this remarkable tongue should have spoken clearly and for comparative purposes have emphasized the initial syllable. It is still permissible to change the proper stress of syllabification for purpose of contrast and emphasis, as for example "not *oppose* but *suppose*." "In the same manner we must imagine," says Professor Jespersen, "that in the days when real, formal, abject, subject, and a hundred similar words were normally stressed on the last syllable, they were so often contrasted with each other that the modern accentuation became gradually the habitual one." He adds that this will explain the accent of January, February, primary, orient, and many others.

Our author brings up the question as to whether English has profited or suffered by the richness or plethora, according to the point of view, of its synonyms, the result of its redundant parentage. For one writer who is able to use the flexibility of the language to discriminate between its numerous variations of the same word—*cf.* kingly, regal, royal—there are and always will be thousands to speak the tongue entirely innocent of its nice distinctions. One can only conclude that English is the scholar's and writer's idiom.

In his admirable summary of the general nature of English, Professor Jespersen points out its masculine quality, its innate directness and business-like nature, its almost total lack of diminutives, and the native English aversion to any but a strictly adult form of speech.

Incidentally, Professor Jespersen—whose perspective of English is so much greater than our own as he is a Dane and a continental philologer—reminds us that English itself is hardly more than a continental dialect rather than a native tongue modified by continental influences. And although the common origin of European tongues is generally known, it is illuminating to rediscover the extreme modernity of English and to remember that it is not even now a finished product.

—R. G.

The European Labor Problem.

HORNY HANDS AND HAMPERED ELBOWS. By Whiting Williams. New York: Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

An authoritative book by a writer who has devoted most of his time to the study of industrial problems is of peculiar value, particularly when to keen observation is added a sympathetic understanding of the worker's viewpoint and a gift for presenting his subject as an interesting narrative. Mr. Williams has already written two books on the same subject, one of them: "Full Up and Fed Up," being the result of studies and experiences in England shortly before his visit to France, in search of truth and information regarding present industrial conditions.

To gain this knowledge Mr. Williams made his way through the industrial and devastated regions of France as a laborer, and worked side by side with the men who are making the industrial history of to-day. He began his labors as a student of the mentality of the working class as a steelman in the devastated regions of France; then as a miner near Lens, and after a short stay in Belgium he went to Germany where he visited the great Krupp factories at Essen—Germany's "Pittsburgh district"—and then into what he calls "the hot spot of Europe," the Saar region.

He finally sums up his experiences and impressions in several closing chapters of great interest and his conclusions are most valuable and instructive in the light of his hard gained knowledge. He lays stress on the differences in the working conditions here and in Europe, as he terms it: "The Land of Holding On" and the "Land of Getting On," and the present difficulties of the European workers, with their hampered elbows of limitation, and the inevitable strain on horny hands.

An Ohio Novel.

J. HARDIN & SON. Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.00.

Ohio is becoming an historic birthplace of American statesmen; Brand Whitlock claims the state and has chosen it for the background to an exceptionally well-written novel. Those who have heard Mr. Whitlock speak know that he excels in this no less than in writing. "J. Hardin & Son" is as impressive in its way as "Belgium" and for much the same reason—that the author is thoroughly conversant with his subject and has the art of getting his idea directly before the reader.

J. Hardin & Son, carriage makers, was a firm that flourished and waned in the last century; we hear nothing at all of world politics, and local prohibition has just presented itself as a question to be wrestled with. The book is peopled with an unusual number of characters—each one might have been drawn from life—and yet so perfectly is the proportion maintained that no side issue is allowed to detract from the main theme. The theme itself is far from being a new one, but it is a truth so taken for granted, that few people have discovered it as a concrete factor. The book is sincere, particularly well handled and an artistic piece of writing.

A Close-Up of Life.

LUMMOX. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

In "Lummox" Fannie Hurst has written an unusual novel, with what seems to be an original idea for its leading motive. Evidently the author wished to lift the roof, as it were, from several households, and give the reader intimate views of the life therein as witnessed by a servant; an inarticulate, almost dumb peasant, but gentle-hearted and white-souled, whose character wins affection from unexpected quarters, but whose life is one long Calvary of toil, sorrow and renunciation.

Mrs. Hurst has made the glimpses she gives us of these different households intensely interesting, and fully charged with the drama of the intimate unknown life of people that is sometimes guessed, but never fully known save to the priest, the doctor—or the servant.

Bertha, silent, overworked Bertha, sees, divines, understands, suffers in sympathy. The manner in which the author gets under the skin of this dumb poet-soul is rather remarkable. In fact "Lummox"—a name so often given by inferior people in the hook to Bertha, is distinctly an original and superior work of fiction.

Main Street Stuff.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER. By Homer Croy. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

Critics, as well as publishers, have had much to say of the "American novel," and in many quarters this has come to be identified with Main Street and is related more to the small-town type of fiction than to a larger world of American thought and development. Thus the minority has come in a way to represent the majority and as the list of Main Street stories grows longer and middle-west writers fill up the shelves of the libraries, they have become almost representative of the American type. It is true that many of these books would hold their own, irrespective of setting or type, but it is equally true that it has become a literary fad to acclaim any new addition to this school of writing.

The question has been asked—do the small-town readers read the small-town fiction, and can they get a perspective on a life which for them, in its daily dullness and limited outlook, has no charm of novelty? And also do not readers of a wider social environment prefer reading books with a setting more familiar and congenial and better understood?

"West of the Water Tower"—a title which has little connection with the story, but which sounds well—was published anonymously. Its immediate success, however, followed by the purchase of scenario rights, soon revealed the name of the author, Homer Croy, already known as a humorist, a magazine editor and author of a book on motion pictures. His first venture as a novelist was made in a familiar field and in writing of a small middle-west town he wrote out his own early knowledge and experience.

The book has all the strength of truth, a humor that makes no attempt to exploit itself but that is inherent in the drawing of the characters themselves. There is but little plot, the theme is not original, but it is well worked out and deals with the development in the second generation of the ideals and ideas implanted by two very different fathers in the minds of their two children, with the inevitable clash and resulting tragedy.

The construction of the story is not always sound and in certain junctures normal factors and reactions are sacrificed to the development of the situation. But while some of the touches of realism might be dispensed with, the small-town characters are well presented and the tale gains in dramatic strength through the simplicity of the telling.

Figaro Himself

FIGARO: THE LIFE OF BEAUMARCHAIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $6.00.

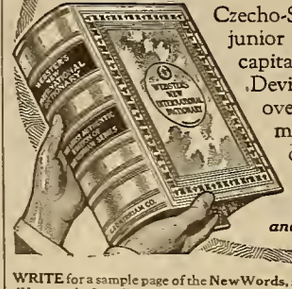
Fiction often finds its best inspiration in the realities of life and in the everyday stories of human beings. It requires only a touch of genius and a clever pen to turn prosaic people and events into romance by adding a little here, omitting a little there, quicken-

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ing the time element and bringing the movement into a perspective where a dominating situation looms up or the working out of a plot is possible.

The life of Pierre Coron, known afterwards as Beaumarchais, to whom we owe the comedies of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" supplies so much good material that hardly a clever pen is necessary to turn it into romance. Beaumarchais himself was of the type of popular hero, gay, open-handed, brilliant, attractive; and while he was not free from the faults of his age, his joyous adventures and dramatic fortunes equal any fiction evolved from the imagination of a story-teller.

His biography gives us the history of his early life as watchmaker to the Court of Louis XV, musician and dramatist, and the story of his unfortunate connection with our own War of Independence. As a speculation he formed a company for sending supplies to the American revolutionists but through misrepresentation he received nothing in return from the victorious colonists but the "united applause" of Congress.

Out of all this Mr. Rivers has skillfully woven a biography that is interesting from beginning to end.

Woman In Russia

RUSSIA'S WOMEN. By Nina Nickolævna Selinanova. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

The history and evolution of Russian women has been but lightly touched on by historians, and this book by a Russian woman is of importance in the relation of the subject to Russia in general and in the light of the problems of the present .

The book is wonderfully well written, betraying in no particular fact that it is expressed in a language alien to the writer. The subject is clearly defined, divided as it is into historical periods, well-grouped and easily grasped. The history of the evolution of Russian women follows the epochs of Russian history, which hardly began before the ninth century and was affected by the same influences which helped mold the national type.

The early freedom enjoyed by the Slavic women in the first centuries of the Russian historic era was hampered and practically destroyed by the merging of the tribes into the patriarchal system whereby the members of the clan became subject to one head, and individual initiative was impossible. The woman was under subjection to her husband as head of the family, and this subjection deepened into seclusion under the influence of Byzantine Christianity. The Russian *terem* corresponded closely to the Oriental *harem*, and the Russian woman, in the words of an old folksong, "sat behind twenty-seven locks, locked by twenty-seven keys."

Conditions began to improve during the reign of Peter the Great, and still more in the time of Catherine, when women emerged from subjection and seclusion, though education was still lacking until the latter part of the eighteenth century when the movement took on a strength and vitality unknown before and universities and places of learning were at last opened to women.

The writer gives interesting accounts of early marriage customs, and many harrowing recitals of the sufferings of Russian women through the centuries down to the present time, when the two revolutions have taxed all her strength and endurance.

Notes of Books and Authors.

"One of the old members of the Boston Saturday Club—I think it was Dr. Holmes," writes Bliss Perry in his latest book of essays, "The Praise of Folly"—Houghton Mifflin Company, "used to say that he cared more for what members of the club thought of his writings than for what the public did. No doubt he did, but it may he questioned whether he always knew what the other members of the club were really thinking! Hawthorne and Emerson, for instance, were two well-known members of the Saturday Club. Each recorded in his private diary his high opinion of the other man; but each added, in effect, that he had thought his friend's books were empty and unreadable. If either of them had elaborated his private opinion in print, the luncheons of the club thereafter might have lost something of their charm."

We are informed that the Century Company's hymn book department, which has been a flourishing activity for some years, is about to broaden out into a wider field, and to be known as the Church Music and Religious Book Department. The development has been a natural growth from hymn books to religious pageants, from pageants to religious drama, from these to more general works. The hymn books themselves have been extraordinarily successful—and the sales of a good hymn book can quite easily surpass those of a best-selling novel. "Hymns for the Living Age," sold, we understand, 5,000 copies in one period of two weeks and steadily keeps up somewhat less spectacular, but still very large sales. Few novels do so well as this.

A new story by Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose death occurred in England recently, will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company. It is called "The Quilt of Happiness." It is a short story, and forms one of the Evergreen Series which has been prepared to meet the demand for inexpensive books of a genuine value to be sent with the season's greetings. The heroine, many readers will be delighted to hear, is the self-same Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm whom Kate Douglas Wiggin has already made so famous.

The publication by Little, Brown & Company of the new revised and greatly enlarged edition of "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, containing 2,677 recipes, directs attention to a best-seller whose total sales, since it was first published twenty-seven years ago, have been exceeded, it is estimated, only by the Bible in the non-fiction field. Although the first printing of this new edition numbered 50,000 copies, practically all of it was taken up before publication, and a second printing is now under way.

The Century Company is trying an interesting experiment this autumn in offering a book of verse for children, "The St. Nicholas Book of Verse," which may almost be said to have been edited by the children themselves, so enthusiastically do eager young readers send in their letters to that magazine, pointing out their preferences with the utmost frankness.

New Books Received.

THE SQUIRE. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.00.

A novel of New England Life.

THE MARRIAGE OF YUSSUF KHAN. By Frank Heller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.00.

A detective story by the author of "The Emperor's Old Clothes."

HARRY. By Neith Boyce. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.00.

A portrait.

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD. By R. M. Fleming. New York: Thomas Seltzer; $2.50.

With an appendix by H. J. Fleure.

MASQUERADE. By Ben Ray Redman. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company; $1.50.

Verse.

THE INQUISITION. By Hoffman Nickerson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.00.

With an introduction by Hilaire Belloc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. By Arthur Symons. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50.

Criticism.

THE DIAMOND THIEVES. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.00.

A detective story.

VEDIC HYMNS. Translated from the Rigveda. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.50.

The Wisdom of the East Series.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS. By S. J. Cartlidge. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $2.50.

Book one: Geometric Pattern for Beginners.

THE CALL OF THE ROAD. By Edouard Estaunie. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.

Translated from the French.

STRENUOUS AMERICANS. By R. F. Dibble. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.00.

Seven American portraits.

STORIES OF THE FIRST AMERICAN ANIMALS. By George Langford. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.00.

Tales of the American jungle.

BEAUTY IN RELIGION. By Maude Royden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

By the author of "Prayer As a Force."

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE. Edited by John Drinkwater. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $4.50.

Second volume.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INSPIRATION. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $2.00.

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Ed Wynn, beaming with the joy of life, is with us, and nature smiles. This popular clown-comedian is not like the melancholy Grimaldini, who was obliged to go to a physician to seek a cure for his gloom. Ed Wynn, on the contrary, hastens out to the foyer after the performance to exchange greetings and hadinage with the departing audience. It couldn't have heen for advertising purposes, for the theatre was jam-cram full of appreciators who knew what they were coming to. The news of Ed Wynn's engagement at the Columhia had come to these people as tidings of great joy, and they had hastened then to enjoy his fun.

Wynn is one of the funniest of our comedians. He exudes fun at every pore. He was horn to make the world laugh. I remember reading a discourse hy a popular comedian once in which he said that these fun dispensers must achieve their effects hy preserving the utmost gravity in the midst of situations of the wildest ahsurdity. But the heaming Ed Wynn lets out exuherant little laughs continually and every time he does so the audience promptly echoes him. Although he also perceives the value of becoming grave at moments when he is most ridiculous Mr. Wynn does not indulge in stereotype. His demeanor is hreezily natural, his comic effects as unexpected as the automohile hearing on us round the corner. He is a very clever fellow; cleverer than the average, for he has written the hook and lyrics of "A Perfect Fool," and composed much of the music. Like Fred Stone he keeps himself in good physical condition, for he did some clever clowning acrohatic stunts—very funny, hy the way—and can perform trippingly on several instruments. He is an instinctive hurlesquer. He knows how to lay unfailing traps for one's gravity hy assuming a serious air of attention, and after he has lured the audience into the similitude of his apparent mood, he suddenly springs something deliriously funny upon them, generally in the line of a hurlesque of anger, or discomfiture, or something of the kind.

"The Perfect Fool" is an Erlanger production and everything runs on wheels. It is called "a musical concoction" and there are lots of extremely symmetrical chorus girls, and a number of very good dancing specialists. A scenic artist of taste has heen selected to devise the scenic settings, which are exotically heautiful. There are several effective hallet dramas, heautifully costumed and danced. Into each of these Ed Wynn may be expected gayly to project himself, and at each of his appearances the audience expands with smiles.

And Wynn never fails us. Not a single effort hut was greeted with hilarious laughter.

Some people were discussing whether he or Fred Stone is the funniest. In spite of the difference in their size, there is a resemblance in the hrain workings of the two men. They keep themselves physically fit, are both good acrohats—Stone the hetter one—and helieve in cultivating versatility in their work. But Ed Wynn is the funnier hecause the freshness of his spirit endures. I suppose him to be younger than Fred Stone, hut that isn't the point. Wynn is temperamentally more ehullient, although I shall always he grateful to Stone for the hilarity with which he and Montgomery came here as partners.

I should emphasize the point, by the way, that Wynn's production, as a production is A1. It is one of those performances in which the least important memher of the dancing or singing groups is right on the job. The chorus girls gave good dancing numhers, and the principals, particularly True Rice—the right-hower of Ed Wynn in comedy scenes—are very good.

The programme is long and elaborate, hut "the perfect fool" is perpetually just arriving or departing with his joyful folly. And the costliness of the setting which enshrines Mr. Wynn's humor shows that it is a good investment.

OPERA IN ENGLISH

The Elwyn Concert Bureau, among its list of attractions scheduled for San Francisco, sent something of a novelty in the shape of a Mozart "Opera Comique" in English. The fact that it is sung in English is sufficient to attract people who cling to the theory that all opera should he sung in English when put hefore English-speaking communities. I remember when time was young thinking so myself. With youthful intolerance, and unknowing that the euphony of notes and words were wedded in the original, I decreed "that of *course* we should hear *every* opera, French, German or Italian, sung in our own tongue. So there, now!"

But "The Impressario" is different for the reason that its story is partly told in dialogue, as is generally the case in operas of this class. The rôle of the impressario is played in huffo style, and there is a lot of merry intriguing hehind the hack of the impressario and the *prima donno assoluta* to have a dangerous rival introduced in the company; the same being the sweetheart of the impressario's nephew, who wishes the future of his singing lady assured hy entrance into his uncle's opera company.

As the lady must he Italian to secure the privilege, hecause Italian singers were at that time the fashionahle fad in the operatic circles of Vienna, the lady's pretense of heing an Italian secured the favor of the pursy old impressario, and much comedy resulted from his efforts to speak gallantly in pigeon-Italian to the fair signorina, whose hrilliant vocalism he was anxious to secure for his troupe.

But the cream of the opera lies in the scene in which the young applicant demonstrates her vocal powers, thus arousing the competitive skill of the *prima donna ossoluta*, jealously perceptive of the charm and ahility of the new-comer, who threatens the permanence of her laurels.

Of course the uncle is tricked into signing the contract hefore he knows that the charming new-comer is a Viennese and his future niece-in-law, who, presumahly, will take frequent advantage of his avuncular compliance.

William Wade Hinshaw, who presents the opera, has assemhled a group of singers who are competent without being hrilliant. The one with most poise and experience is of course Percy Hemus, who sings and acts in huffo-style with the skill and poise of experience. Mr. Hemus infuses considerahle humor into his rôle of the self-important hut ever-anxious impressario, and his strong, resonant, haritone hasso is heard to advantage.

Lottice Howell, who assumes the rôle of the applicant for the post of secondary soprano, has a fresh, light, sweet, flexihle, hut as yet rather unreliahle voice. She fails, sometimes, to strike the true note, not, it appears, from a defective ear so much as a tendency her otherwise pleasing voice has to wohhle off the track.

Charles Massinger, young, tall, graceful, and with considerable repose as an actor, sang with lyric sweetness the tenor part of Mozart; for Mozart himself appears as a character in this revised version of an opera which has experienced a number of changes since its inception.

Mr. Massinger has a voice of considerable volume, although it lacks a vigorous core. Francis Tyler, as the baritone of the troupe, sang with pleasing effect in spite of, for a musician, surprisingly non-euphonious speech.

The hest singer of the troupe is, as she should he, since she sings the rôle of Madame Hofer, the *prima donna ossoluta*, Hazel Huntington, a lady who easily compasses, with her pure, smooth, high, true soprano the vocal pyrotechnics required in her singing rôle, and who therefore, as Madame Hofer, was able to surpass the vocalism of the threatened rival hy the superiority of her voice and method.

The story of the opera, of course, hinges on the sufferings of an impressario, due largely to the jealousies so receptive to the feminine temperament. Henry E. Krehhiel, who Englished and altered the original lihretto, did not have the male singers afflict the impressario by their squahhles. The introduction of the character of Mozart in his own opera was not, it seems, done during Mozart's lifetime. Other liherties in later years were taken, fully justifiahle to our ears, which recognized with pleasure some of the sparkling melodies horrowed from Mozart's "The Magic Flute."

A good-sized audience was attracted to the unusual nature of Mr. Hinshaw's offering, and showed appreciation of hoth the acting and the singing.

There was no orchestra, hut, as musical numhers and dialogue followed each other in vivacious alternation, the very competent piano accompaniments of Gladys Craveu seemed to fill the hill.

DUSE

This is the era in which women, in growing numhers valiantly rally to each other's support in defying the physically decaying effects of time. They are up to all sorts of things. Many mysteries transpire in the beauty parlors of Paris that are only accessible to women of wealth. These come back with carefully smoothed skins, greying hair colored artfully, or hidden heneath miraculous transformations. But there is nothing permanent about these age-defying devices. A woman looks fifteen years younger than her real age one month, and the next a mysterious disintegration has hegun.

Perhaps Eleanor Duse is right in refusing to try to hold time at hay with the various youth-invokers provided hy experts. Evidently Mme. Duse lives in a misty world of poetic imagination. Who can wonder that it seems to her an affront to the dignity of her spirit to meddle with lotions that iron out the skin or artificially color the hair?

Duse has a mysterious charm, a curious transforming quality that deeply affects the imagination. This is due to her genius, which is largely compounded of the miracle of an imagination which powerfully influences her personality, so that she sheds her own completely to enter into the soul of another woman; naturally, of course, a young and heautiful woman, since the majority of drama heroines are so.

And yet Duse is frail and white-haired; at a casual glance old. One of the New York critics, Corhin of *The Times*, says of her that in the remote stretches of the Metropolitan all that many could see of her distinctly was her white hair. Yet the audiences sat entranced under the spell of a surpassingly fine, delicate and suhtle spirit, and the supreme genius of the century.

Nevertheless, Broun of *The World*, spoke out in meeting and said that he found the performance tiresome, even while he admired the infinite variety of Duse's voice, the heauty of her gestures, and the finish of her technique.

It is apparent, from the candor of the discerning Mr. Broun, that some people must have fooled themselves into helieving that they followed the Italian-speaking genius with close understanding. Concerning this point Metcalfe of *The Woll Street Journal* says that her character study is too refined to he appreciated in a theatre of the dimensions of the Metropolitan.

Corhin of *The Times* tells us that her voice is as potent as ever to charm, her hody as slender, and her face not as aged as one might fear.

But that white hair; it is a silver-shining aureole to the imagination, powerful as the art of Duse in its evocation. Personally I prefer my heroines to appear to he young and heautiful. Duse retains her imagination, as well as her technique, and I think, that heing the case, that if she had consented to have artifice remove so hright and assertive an announcement of her sixty-four years as her white hair is, she could have won at one stroke, with a further delicately judicious use of cosmetics, twenty of her lost years. For in the pictures of her her skin is hut little disintegrated hy the decay of time—from an audience's viewpoint, at least—and the delicacy and refinement of her features, and the spiritual charm conveyed hy her unusual physiognomy, are rare and heautiful

But, we must remember that Duse did not seek this American engagement; that it was difficult to secure her consent to come, and that her art, exquisite as it is, will only he approved hy her own taste when the externals of her heing are as true and genuine as that art.

"A WOMAN OF PARIS"

Two picture-play theatres were over-run last Saturday night hy throngs of movie-fans anxious to see what Charlie Chaplin could do as scenario writer and producer.

Prohahly the aspiring movie actor, in thus extending his screen activities, was more interested in the general experiment than in proving that he could write as good a scenario as the other fellow. Well, he can; as good as most of the other fellows, anyway. But he hasn't done it hetter.

Of course I am not comparing his scenario to such as were made from famous stories hy writers of renown, hut to those that are original, hy the scenario men and women.

"A Woman of Paris" is the story of a French girl of the people who, on the verge of her marriage with the youth she loved, was hy mischance left under the impression that he had gone hack on her, and drifted to Paris alone. In showing her after a year is supposed to have elapsed as the dazzling mistress of one of the richest and most elegant men about town, the newly-minted author prudently avoided the gradations by which a girl, ignorant, poor, and alone, climbed so high (or descended so low) in the underworld. He contented himself with exhihiting her on her precarious eminence, and then invoked the god of chance hy causing his heroine accidentally to run into her humhle former sweetheart.

As the story goes on we perceive that it is huilt on conventional lines. There is no thesis, but just plain story. Mr. Chaplin seems to have wanted to depict the life of a Parisian courtesan; her splendors, her shallow friendships, her beauty-doctoring, and her domestic relations with her "protector."

The result is not at all alarming. In one scene in a studio revel a model is shown going through the Salome act of unwinding body veils. But just as we are getting ready to blush, the kind-hearted scenarioist spares our modesty hy the intervention of a shadow that conceals all hut the lady's feet. It must have heen a terrible moment for some spectators, particularly as it was the only suggested impropriety in the play. For Marie seemed to he quite tamely circumspect in her demeanor.

Those in the audience who were hoping for samples from wild orgies in the red-light district were hadly left. Marie's lover, extremely well played by Adolphe Menjou, that frequently chosen representative of the European *élégant* and man-ahout-town, never once gave her a collar-and-elhow embrace. Marie's yearnings were all toward legitimate union with her lover. Charlie Chaplin's desire seemed to he to show the irregular life lived by Marie from a dramatic standpoint only; also to be a good boy and not get any odium attached to his name as a purveyor of pictorial vice. Also, he has tried to make the continuity of his story less dependent than is the custom on captions. The interpolations of text on the screen were hrief and comparatively infrequent. He sought to avoid them hy putting in a word or a gesture which would he a pantomimed substitute for text-explanations; as for instance when Marie reproaches her illicit lover for his lack of love and he, as if casually and admiringly lifts with a touch of his fingers the end of the strand of priceless pearls that adorns her neck, which we deduce are his gift.

Here and there are scenes that have no particular hearing on the plot; as when Marie threw her pearls out of the window and then ran frantically to recover them; or when her two underworld women-friends came to pay her a morning call, and chattered while Marie's masseuse professionally did up the heauty; in which our shrinking modesty was delicately respected.

It struck me, however, that "A Woman of Paris" is mis-named; this in spite of various evidences of Marie living an expensive and luxurious life alongside a Parisian houlevardier of hard, mocking nature upon whom her only claim was the prestige he enjoyed from the envy of his peers hecause of the beauty and style of his mistress. "A Woman of Paris" should surely attain some shreds of French atmosphere. Not at all. Everyhody in the cast was patently and irredeemahly American, except Adolphe Menjou. Anything more utterly, uncompromisingly and Puritanically American than Lydia Knott, the mother of the humhler lover, it would be difficult to imagine. There was a faint shading of the Teutonic type in the countenance of the father, and at a scratch Jean might pass for French; hut not a bit more than for American.

Paris, of course, is sufficiently wicked, hut prohahly New York could tally up as a good second, and in my opinion the un-Frenchness of the good cast sticks out so unavoidably that it would have heen hetter to call the play "A Woman of New York." Conceding that Paris is a good catch-word, Charlie Chaplin's name is a hetter one. There has grown up an atmosphere of interest ahout the laugh-maker, and from one to another is passed the word: "Charlie Chaplin makes us laugh, hut he is really a poet, a genius. He is wistful, he is lonely, he is handsome. He has a huge fortune. He is the favorite of fortune. Nohody knows his real self. He has built a palace at Hollywood, and everything in it is in the most exquisite taste. He is an enigma, he is the darling of the movie-fans." And so all of them will go to see his play, and exaggerate its merits, and, no douht, if Charlie suddenly elected to he a dark horse candidate they would all vote for him.

For he has a personality that challenges interest. People have found that out even if they have never met him. He suppresses it, however, in "A Woman of Paris"; probably hecause he was going so slow and care-

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fully in the technique of his maiden effort as a purveyor of serious screen-drama.

His work is creditahle and his story is followed by the spectators with the usual interest, hut it is the magnet of the name "Charlie Chaplin" that is going to draw people to see his creation.

I forgot to say that Charlie has a lovely, altruistic ending; almost too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. Because, where did the two women get the cold cash for all that heautiful henevolence? For they were adopting orphans wholesale. Ah well, let us not he too sternly practical. The movie population *must* go home happy, and it was a satisfaction to see Marie removed from her dizzy and insecure eminence, and helping to huild a happy home, however simple and ohscure. Of course, it is improhable that a real Marie, after the first violence of her grief was over, would ahjure her luxuries.

But we will not cavil, for the life of "A Woman of Paris" is just melodrama, huilt solely to entertain, in which it succeeds. It enshrines Edna Purviance in the star rôle. Miss Purviance shows evidences of a stronger character in her face than is the case with most of the movie queens; an evidence that probably has something to do with her extended hold on her position as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. I can imagine that if she has good sense, self-control and a few other solid virtues frequently lacking in the conspicuous screen heauties, Charlie would hold on tightly to her services, and thankfully protect himself from the amhitious advances of numerous aspiring would-he stars.

Edna Purviance, in her earlier scenes, set us guessing. We said, "Is she pretty?" (or handsome). "No, yes; no, yes." Some one said she suggested a sensible husiness woman, more than a future exotic beauty of the underworld. But when she hloomed out in rich attire in which she looked very handsome and elegant, I perceived, or thought I perceived, that she had followed a device that Maude Adams had used in "Quality Street." Both actresses wished to "walk in beauty, like the night," Maude Adams when the prim little school-teacher hurst out of her dull chrysalis and went, dancing, to her first hall; Edna Purviance when Marie is first seen as the prized and heautiful possession of a man who is a connoiseur in feminine loveliness. So hoth actresses avoided beautifying make-up until the moment of transformation had come, when we perceived that Edna Purviance was indeed handsome, and carried her sumptuous costumes with elegance and style.

Charlie Chaplin, hy the way, unless I am very much mistaken, inaugurated a change in the depiction of strong emotion hy his company. I should judge that he feels that there are too many hand-springs turned in the movie world, in the representation of emotion. At all events his company was noticeahly self-contained at such moments. Remember for instance the demeanor of the mother when she was told her son was dead, and of the woman while she wept over the corpse of the only heing she really loved; and of Jean in the moment preceding his suicide.

And so Charlie Chaplin has accomplished two reforms, in his own production: the one a noticeahle lessening of the amount of text thrown on the screen; the other the supression of inartistically violent evidences of emotion.

And we must thank him with tears in our eyes for sparing us a mob scene in his first serious picture-play. There was no occasion for a moh, hut that doesn't daunt the hig producers. We have had a surfeit of mohs, all locked in a tight constriction, moving front, hack, right and left automatically, or rushing madly through narrow streets. Of course we concede the necessity of a moh in "Scaramouche." You can't have a revolution without a mob. But we are tired of mohs, and tired of having them dragged in by the scruff of the neck. Mohs don't excite us any more. And so, Charlie dear, for this relief much thanks.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

NOW THE BLIND DRAMA.

The presentation of plays hy radio is a distinct branch of the dramatic art, writes Charles H. Huntley in *The Drama*. As such, it necessarily has methods all its own. These methods have heen gradually developed until to-day they are in process of becoming as individual as those of the motion picture.

The principal difficulty encountered in drama hroadcasting is, of course, that the appeal to the imagination of the audience must he made through the sense of bearing alone. No scenery, no costumes, no "stage business," no facial expressions lend their assistance.

These problems have heen partially solved hy the WGY Players, who hroadcast a play one night each week from WGY, the General Electric hroadcasting station at Schenectady, New York, the pioneer station in this field. The methods adopted are the result of repeated experimentation and close study hy competent and experienced actors.

In general, they follow those of the stage, hut with various modifications and elahorations. For example, in a play recently given it was necessary to create the illusion of a forest fire. After considering various expedients it was finally decided to use gasoline torches to produce the roaring undertone of the conflagration. The snapping of twigs was imitated by crackling stiff paper in front of the microphone, and the falling of houghs by dragging and humping a heavy tahle across the floor of the studio. The action culminated in the crashing of a hurning log through the roof of a cahin. After trying various methods of reproducing this sound, it was finally decided to have one of the actors jump from an elevation on to an ordinary packing box, smashing in the side. So perfect was the illusion that a listener in Nevada wrote to the studio that when he heard the crash, be ducked. The sandbox, the thunder machine and other stage devices are used, hut various situations arise when they are not sufficient, and new methods have to be evolved, as in the case instanced.

The WGY Players is a company made up of actors who have had actual stage experience. Hence their training is along the line of emphasizing the importance of vocal expression and tone quality. The ideal voice for this work is low in pitch. The enunciation must he as nearly perfect as possihle without heing tinged with apparent effort or affectation. The volume of sound is regulated principally hy distance from the mouthpiece of the microphone, rather than hy stress. The value of pause to give dramatic effect—pause measured to the exact length desirahle—is inculcated. Much importance is attached to this feature.

The parts are read, not committed to memory, and each actor bas a complete manuscript, which is printed on paper of a quality that practically eliminates all noise of rustling. Each play is carefully rehearsed, as many times as may be necessary. During the rehearsal, Director Smith, when he is not taking part in the play, is stationed in a room adjoining that where the rehearsal is held. By means of a receiving set he hears the play just as it sounds to the great radio audience, and directs the play hy means of a loud speaker installed in the other room. Very often when the play is being presented, the director, although in the room with the actors, is equipped with ear phones so padded that he can not hear anything from within the room itself, the sound coming to him as it comes to listeners many miles away. The phones are attached to a long lead which enables him to walk about and if the actor is not speaking loudly enough, he gently moves him toward the microphone; if too loudly, he moves him hack. Occasionally signs reading, "Louder," "Excellent," and so on are employed for the same purpose.

Although the regular group of WGY Players is made up of experienced actors, during the summer they have, with the exception of Director Smith, taken a vacation and given place to amateurs. It is the theory of those in charge of the work tbat among the more than 20,000 employes of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, there are many possessing dramatic ability, and the formation of an understudy group gave ample opportunity to hring out this latent talent. The task was the easier hecause the radio drama calls for no qualities of stage presence, ability to wear clothes, or cleverness of facial expressions, essential for tbe stage and for the screen. The results tbus far bave horne out the theory.

There has never heen a question about the popularity of the radio drama since WGY instituted it. The presentation of the first play given, "Tbe Wolf" by Eugene Walter (on the nigbt of August 3, 1922) was followed hy the receipt of two thousand letters from listeners expressing their appreciation and thanks. One day's mail brought 1,500 letters from those who heard Wilson Barrett's "The Sign of the Cross," given in Christmas week, and the total for four days was 6,000. Five months after the presentation of "The Green Goddess," on Marcb 8, commendatory letters were still being received.

No other actors have such an audience as the WGY Players. It may he estimated at a million, scattered all over the country and representing every calling, every age, every class of circumstance. The lonely farmhouse and the city residence, the village home and the city flat, ships at sea and automohiles, all are included. But the realization of this hrings with it no tendency toward stage fright. On the contrary, it spurs the actors to their hest efforts.

It is a fair assumption that drama hy radio will do much to re-emphasize the importance of effective speech as an essential of dramatic art and to restore any prestige that the voice may have lost through the popularity of the "movies."

Sights of a Great City

"I came to Portland to see the terracotta ladies on the Ungar huilding," admits James S. Stewart of Corvallis; and the former memher of the legislature made the confession unabashed. "What's worse, I had my trip for nothing. When I arrived, Alder street was jammed with men and women and the crowd was so thick that I couldn't raise my head high enough over the moh to get a look at the fairies. I'm sorry my adventure turned out the way it did. I was willing to risk one eye on the fresco and see whether the museum of anatomy came up to the advertising. Personally, I consider it a shame that Portland should get so excited over the terracotta ladies and demand their removal. When we people from the country come to Portland it is to see the sights, hut if Portland aholishes the sights we may as well remain at home. And that's that."—*Portland Oregonian.*

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

"A Big Reward," described as a mystery comedy, from the pen of Aaron Hoffman, comes to the Curran Theatre next Sunday night for a limited engagement, with Kolh and Dill in the main characters.

The comedy is a satire on the current craze for plays with baffling plots. Hoffman has woven the scheme of his story about the theft of a painting from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The thief is believed to be a celebrated crook known only as "The Baron." Detectives everywhere are seeking to learn the identity of "The Baron," to capture him and earn a huge reward. This provides the mystery and the fun grows out of the hunt for the thief and the turn of events which involves Kolh, the elongated memher of the team, who is cast as Frederick Brand, a gay "man about town," and his roly-poly partner Dill, who appears as a smart waiter in a fashionable hotel. It is in this hotel that the action occurs.

At the Columbia.

Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool" is a riot of fun and success at the Columhia Theatre, where the second and final week of the engagement begins with the performance on Sunday night, December 2.

Guy Bates Post comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, December 10. He will he seen in his success, "The Climax," Edward J. Locke's master play.

Second Pop Concert

Everything points to another large attendance of music lovers of the bay cities at the second popular concert of the present series by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conductor, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium, Tuesday evening, Decemher 11. The auditorium committee of tbe Board of Supervisors, under whose direction these affairs are given, reports that the advance sale of seats at Sherman, Clay and Company's is very large, especially as the prices, ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar, without war tax, fit all purses.

The soloist of the evening will he Alhert Spalding, America's foremost violinist, and he will play Wieniawski's Concerto for Violin, in D Minor, in addition to a group of solos which will include the Chopin-Sarasate Nocturne in E Flat; the Schuhert-Spalding "Hark, Hark, the Lark," and Saint-Saens' Introduction and Tarantelle. The Symphony of the occasion will he Schuhert's "Unfinished," and Conductor Hertz' other numhers will be Bizet's "Suite L'Arlesienne" and the Overture to Goldmark's "Sakuntala."

Marcel Dupre

An important musical event will be the second San Francisco recital, and the only one this season, of Marcel Dupre, the celehrated organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium this Thursday evening, Decemher 6. The sale of seats, with prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.00, at Sherman, Clay and Company's, is very large. The general admission will he but twenty-five cents, with no war tax.

Because of the popularity of the fancy embroidered shawls, plain dancing frocks of satin or georgette are designed to wear with them. This concentrates all the attention on the shawl and there is no conflict of lines.



Thanksgiving

What can there be more marvelous than waters suspended aloft in the heavens? Falling upon the earth these waters become the prime cause of all that is there produced, a truly wondrous provision of nature. For all our resources the earth is indebted to the hounteousness of water.—*Pliny.*

For "the hounteousness of water" we are all thankful to nature and to nature's God, as men were thankful two thousand years ago when a Roman naturalist wrote those lines; yes, and as men were thankul two thousand years hefore Pliny was born.

But not alone for this "bounteousness of water" are we of Spring Valley Water Company thankful on this holiday of Thanksgiving. We are also thankful for the pleasant quality of our human contacts.

For the sympathetic attitude of the public toward our proffers of useful service;

For the 'generosity of mind that meets us half-way when prohlems arise that we can not solve alone;

For the help that the puhlic and puhlic authority have given the great project of increasing San Francisco's water supply;

For the conviction—strengthened year by year—that the majority of men are just and salute a just intent in their fellow men;

For these and all other things that have lightened the lahor of the year—

We are profoundly and humhly thankful.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC - IT SPANS THE WORLD

VANITY FAIR.

Deep in the heart is the longing for the afterglow of a perfect day. Man hates farewells to joy. The sentiment affects even the city of Sacramento, though one would as soon expect sentiment in Lodi or Galt. They had a good time at Sacramento in May, 1922, in the form of the Days of '49 celebration. Every participant enjoyed himself or herself, and what is more remarkable every visitor appears to have enjoyed it too. There was a genuineness and a natural spontaneity about the arrangements and the spirit of the celebration that did bring back the golden days. It is rare that an American crowd is *en fete* in the Latin's understanding of it, and rare when manufactured merriment incites to real happiness—that seems to be reserved to the Latin temperament. But Sacramento achieved exactly that. It was not merely that the exhibits, the costumes, the parades and floats, were well done. From primitive plumbing to pantaletted dresses, from top boots to top hats and side whiskers, the past was brought down to the present, and, stripped of the tribulations and vexations natural to every age and condition of man, became a rosy romance. Not the least effective fun-making device was the growth of preposterous beards, erroneously designated whiskers, on the chins of the Whiskerinoes. This was a labor of love, and care, and time, for the gardening had to be started far in advance; and it gave a distinct flavor of determined humor to the whole proceeding. Sacramento demonstrated possession of at least part of the art of life, and left grateful memories in the minds of thousands of her guests.

Whether so spontaneous a thing could be repeated without sophisticating and ruining it through the efforts of hired experts to "improve" it is always a problem: but the capital city of California purposes at least to celebrate its celebration. This will take place on December 8, and the *piece de resistance* is to be a most typical "bear barbecue." Anybody that likes bear meat will be able to gratify his taste. Six plantigrades are already in cold storage, properly aging, and mighty Whiskerinoes are ranging the mountains for more. Some of these men are old-timers and shoot close, and it is going to be a sad time for bears. The main event, the banquet, will take place in the Educational building of the State Fair grounds, attended with all the "trimmings" of pioneer days. The barbecue will include the pork-and-beans of the pioneers, coffee, rolls, and huckleberry sauce. The best sauce, however, will be the revival of the spirit of the '49 celebration. If that is successful the whole thing will be a success: and the Wiskerinoes will endeavor to make it so. There will be a real old '49 programme with square dances and reels. Perhaps as in the days of gold, men will be distinguished from women in the dance by patches on their breeches. Visitors are requested to wear red handannas; what else is not stated.

"The afternoon of the day on which the party was to be on the night of," as the little boy said in his composition, will be enlivened by a horseshoe pitching contest. It is strange how this rare old sport has come back. Once it relieved the awful grind of labor involved in sitting around the stove in the small town "store" laying out foreign policy for the government to follow. To-day it is rising in dignity to such heights that specially built horseshoes are appearing in hardware stores, all smoothed and painted, made for the purpose—mere ghosts of real horseshoes, which, in many places, owing to the prevalence of automobiles over horses, must be growing hard to find. And there will be races the same afternoon. If Sacramento can in any degree revive the spirit of the '49 celebration of a year ago last spring she will provide good entertainment and extend the circle of her friends.

The talent and versatility of the woman reporter has received fresh illustration in the complaint of Associate Professor Charles E. Chapman, who teaches Hispanic-American and Californian history at Berkeley. According to the professor, a young woman reporter called upon him recently and asked his opinion concerning the financial relations of husbands and wives. He does not know why he was thus honored, as he confines his opinions, at least published ones, to his professorial subjects, about which it is his business to have opinions. As to financial relations of husbands and wives, he declared he knew nothing about the matter. "Not wishing to be disagreeable" he says "I did converse with her." Ah, that is where the learned professor made a mistake. He conversed with her. In his professorial innocence he did not know that he was talking to the great American yellow press. He gave her no authority to publish any airy persiflage of his, uttered as conversation merely, as amiability, as social currency to enliven an otherwise dull occasion. We are not informed as to just what the learned professor told the reporter maid, but it must have been good stuff or else she was a person of trained imagination, for he was represented as favoring salaries for wives, which he now denies, and since that time he has been the inspiration of "interviews," editorials, feature articles innumerable floating in on floods of press clippings from all over, and of sermons and diatribes upon the itch of professors for publicity—to all which he pleads not guilty, and of which we for one willingly acquit him. No professor wants such a row raised about him as that. It is bad for the professor business, which is supposed to conduct itself upon a basis of greater dignity, and which can not preserve a vestige of academic calm and contemplative serenity if girl reporters are going to behave that way. The professor says that he never said it, and that if he ever says anything for publication it will be about Hispanic-American history; all else will be unauthorized piracy. "As for paying salaries to wives" he says "the whole thing is obviously absurd."

But that at least is a statement about paying salaries to wives. Professor Chapman says it is absurd. Is it? Why wouldn't it be a good idea? What is there absurd about it as the professor says it is? Many a wife at present gets nothing, or gets what little she does get merely by fits and starts, uncertain in amount, irregular in time of payment, not in any way to be relied upon. A salary may seem commercial, but there are things worse than that. Commercialism isn't so bad when it produces revenue, the basis of life, civilization and culture. A man's revenue is dependable. Why should not his wife's be? Many a woman recognizes the need for depending on herself, distrusts the marital system of being dependent on her husband, and as a result seeks employment instead of matrimony. Here she gets into actual contact with the realities and requirements of life, learns that if pay is to be continuous so must service be. It is a good lesson. But it could also be learned in the home where the wife received a salary. She could be made to understand that a spoiled dinner or a poorly cooked one is not a thing to be lightly brushed aside as of no consequence. It might have the gravest result in a shortening of income. In other words, wives on salary could be docked. And they would be in a beautiful situation, from the husband's point of view: they could not leave at will on a week's notice; at least not at first, nor until the system had developed a code of its own. At first the wife's salary would be at the husband's mercy, instead of the husband's salary being at the wife's mercy, as at present. Any wifely dereliction could be punished by docking. Of course, it would have to be understood by all involved that no bills were to be run at the stores for the husband to meet. As long as the wife stayed at home and attended to her knitting she would be entitled to her stipend. As to days off, that would have to be a matter of contract. They are very few just now, and any system that would increase them should be hailed with joy. We should expect union rules to creep in and days off to be more strictly observed as time went on. Only through some such development, with a definite financial arrangement as a basis, could we ever expect that *summum bonum* of the truly feministic philosophy, the wifely strike. And when that comes it will make better news and feature copy than the "interview" of which Professor Chapman claims to have been the victim. The subject has great possibilities. The professor can not dismiss it by calling it absurd. He may have deprived himself of the credit of being the author of a great reform. If so, it will teach him not to be so precipitate with his repudiations.

A Social Dictator

Hostesses now making plans for dances and who are driven well nigh distracted because of the dearth of young men who can trip the modern measures are wishing that Brown, the sexton mentioned in "The Age of Innocence," could be reincarnated, says *Town Topics* (New York). Brown's young men saved from utter dullness many functions of the Fifties and many a girl from leaving a ball before supper. To him hostesses turned at the eleventh hour, after receiving the regrets of scores of youths whose names were on their visiting lists, well knowing that Brown could produce the requisite number of well-dressed, well-mannered young men who were grace personified in tripping the light fantastic. Where the sexton picked up his dancers only he himself knew. A few of them were the sons of eminently middle-class New Yorkers, but many were of the foreign gentility. At that period the town was over-run with specimens of out-at-the-elbows European aristocracy, who had undoubtedly left their respective native lands for the good of those lands. Than Brown no man better knew their haunts, nor could more speedily get them groomed for an occasion. Occasionally a poor little daughter of the rich fell in love with and married one of these impecunious cavaliers, and some of these strange alliances turned out happily. A legal luminary, who was for long prominent among the Southampton colonists, was sometimes mentioned as having first come into contact with society through the instrumentality of Brown, and had made the most of his opportunity. Brown, the sexton, really became a power in society—in the background, of course. Convinced that, lacking his offices, no function could be complete, he invited and omitted whom he chose, and was not slow to tell patronesses that above the Fiftieth streets he really could not undertake to run whatever society might exist there.

Turning Play Into Work

Bridge, rivaling in interest the game of human chess played recently at a military carnival near Paris, was the feature of a festival held this year at one of the gathering places frequented by London holiday crowds, says the New York *Times*.

A broad platform served as card table. Youngsters of 14 or 15, dressed in paper suits, each painted to represent a card, were grouped on the platform in a miscellaneous sort of shuffle formation. At a given signal a card was called, the one following going into another corner, and so on until the deck was distributed to the four players, who then played their "hands" by calling out a card to the middle of the platform.

Plumbing Jerusalem

Jerusalem, after centuries of civil stupor, is ready for the services of the plumber, says the Santa Barbara *News*.

Until the English occupied the city, and before the Zionist activities, the people were entirely dependent upon filthy, disease-breeding cisterns and shallow wells for their water supply. As a result there were epidemics that swept the country killing thousands.

There has been greater sanitary progress during the past five years than in all the centuries of Turkish occupation. As soon as the English were established, they made expeditions into the hills to find an adequate and clean water supply. They found several strong springs in the hills of Judea. A reservoir was built and water was brought to Jerusalem by gravity. However, even this new supply was not sufficient to meet the long period of drought.

The next thing done was to clean and line with cement the famous pools south of Bethlehem known as Solomon's Pools. These had been unused for several centuries. The engineers had a huge problem in making them serviceable again. The source of supply is three miles further south, and for half this distance a channel for the water had to be cut out of solid rock.

The rebuilding of two of the pools has been completed and they are supplying this almost arid section with fresh, pure water. When the third and last pool is completed, the combined capacity will be about forty million gallons—enough for a three months' drought.

It's Quite All Right

J. W. Bailey and wife of John Day, Oregon, are at the Imperial. Mr. Bailey is president of the Grant County Bank.—*Portland Oregonian*.

The long, drooping ostrich plume is coming back into favor, especially on the small, close-fitting hat for afternoon wear.

At Norwegian state balls the ladies who intend to dance wear white; those who do not expect to appear in black.

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STORYETTES.

In the privacy of his home, the village butcher was telling his wife of the arrival of a new resident. "She came in to-day," he said with enthusiasm, "and I can tell you she's a real lady, brought up select and exclusive. She don't know one cut o' meat from another, nor veal from mutton."

In ordinary company, Sir James Barrie is frequently shy, silent, and ill at ease. Now and again, however, his quaint humor asserts itself. As, for example, on receiving his baronetcy. A friend hastened to congratulate him on his new dignity. "Well, I don't know," drawled Barrie. "When I began writing novels, people said they were not real novels. When I began writing plays, people said they were not real plays. I expect men are going about now saying I am not a real baronet."

A gentleman in the banking line was asked to say grace, and this is what he said: "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from you in the future. Amen."

Mrs. Wigton was convinced that the lucky figure of her life was seven. "It's quite extraordinary" she said, "how seven has dominated my life. I was born on the seventh day of the month, and had seven sisters." "Married on a seventh?" asked her friend. "Well, I was married on June 28—really, but it's still a seven—seven times four. And only yesterday I had an enormous bit of luck." "Surely," said her friend, "yesterday was the thirteenth?" "Oh, yes. Isn't it wonderful? The seven again, you see. Seven and six are thirteen, aren't they?"

One of Simeon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday school. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district. "Now, where did I tell you the Savior was born?" she asked one morning. "Allentown!" shrieked a grimy 12-year-old. "Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you He was born at Bethlehem." "Well," replied Johnnie, "I knowed 'twuz some place on de Lehigh Valley Railway."

Dr. Garth, a witty physician of the court of Queen Anne, had prescribed a nauseous dose for the great warrior, the Duke of Marlborough. When the duke objected to following the directions, the sharp-tongued Duchess Sarah broke in by saying, "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my lord," interposed Garth, "you had better swallow it; you will gain either way."

A worthy professor was invited to dine at the house of a lady of fashion. When the company rose from the table, the professor noticed, to his great consternation, that he was unsteady on his feet. In his anxiety to save appearances he repaired to the drawing-room, where the lady of the house yielded to the wishes of her lady friends and showed them her baby twins. The poor professor gazed intently at them for a while and then said, somewhat huskily: "Really, what a bonny little child."

A man arrested for murder bribed a simple member of the jury with a hundred pounds to insist on a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, and at last came in with the desired verdict. Afterwards the prisoner had an opportunity of seeing the simple juror, and said: "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," replied the man. "A deuce of a time. The other eleven wanted to acquit you."

Josiah Quincy of Boston tells of how he was once identified by a laborer who was enlightening a friend. "That is Josiah Quincy," said the first laborer. "An' who is Josiah Quincy?" demanded the other. "Don't ye know who Josiah Quincy is?" demanded the first man; "I niver saw sich ignorance. Why, he's the grandson of the statue out there in the yard."

Professor Simon Newcomb tells of the following incident having occurred during a recent visit paid by several young western women to the Washington Observatory. "I had done my best," said the eminent astronomer, "to answer with credit to the government and to myself the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them, and was congratulating myself upon the outcome, when one of the younger members of the party interjected: 'But, as it has never been proved that stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?'"

There's lots of fun to be had at a county fair, but it is doubtful that any in history ever contributed a better laugh to suffering humanity than at Pomona recently. A colored gentleman had spent all his money on the merry-go-round. When he alighted from his last ride, his thrifty wife confronted him with: "Now yoh spent all yo money, nigger, wha's you bin?"

The customs cordon between northern and southern Ireland is, of course, a great nuisance to people whose market town lies across the border, and the indignation of those making acquaintance with the law's vagaries for the first time sometimes leads to amusing incidents. The other day a market woman was taking home in her basket a good sound "family" cake. On finding that the duty would amount to as much as the price of the cake, itself, she declined to pay. "Refuse ye may," said the official, laying hands on the not uninviting-looking confection, "but we confiscate the cake." "That ye'll not," said she, and snatching the cake out of his hands she retired across the border, and regardless of possible future consequences, proceeded under the eyes of the disappointed official to consume it to the last crumb.

Charles M. Schwab said in a success talk: "There's nothing like influence—prominent friends, rich relatives and so on—for helping a young man achieve success. Young Livermore Benson was calling on the village belle one evening. Her father, a crusty old curmudgeon, stumped into the parlor just as things were getting pleasant, and sat down in a rocker by the stove. 'Looks like snow, sir,' said young Livermore, trying to be sociable. 'Nuthin' of the kind,' grunted the old man. Livermore was squelched. He didn't open his mouth for the next half-hour. Neither did the girl. A terrible silence reigned. Then the old man by the stove awoke out of a kind of reverie. He looked at Livermore hard and said: 'What's your name, son?' 'Livermore Benson, sir,' said the visitor. 'What? Old Reuben Benson's son?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, well,' said the old man. 'It may snow, it may snow.'"

General Pershing's favorite story of himself is told as follows: "In the summer of 1921, while paying a personal visit to friends in West Virginia and being within a couple of hours of Charleston by motor I accepted an invitation from the governor to visit that city. On less than an hour's notice I motored the twenty-five miles and was cordially greeted by the governor in his office. After a few minutes' conversation he led the way through the main corridor to the front of the building, where, much to my surprise, a crowd of some 5,000 people had assembled, a table having been provided as a rostrum, from which I was to make a speech. Later that afternoon at an informal gathering of some twenty or thirty citizens I mentioned my astonishment at finding such a large number of people assembled on such an exceedingly short notice. But the explanation quickly came from a member of the company who had not previously participated in the conversation, who said: 'Well, mebbe you didn't know it, General, but Charleston is one of the best circus towns in the United States.'"

France has been maintaining eighty soup kitchens in the occupied territory of the Ruhr. Two daily rations are given to individuals chosen by the French with the help of the German welfare organizations.

The smallest horse in the world is supposed to be the little 8-year-old belonging to D. E. Clark of Cleveland, Ohio. It stands 28 inches high and weighs but six pounds.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Way of a Maid.

She was a maid of notions strange
Concerning man.
Her fancies took a goodly range,
As woman's can.

She said she loved an eye of gray—
My own are blue.
I would I could in any way
Have changed their hue.

The sort of hair that pleased her best
Was brown, she said.
Which caused me oft supreme unrest—
My own is red!

Her taste in "nose" was aquiline;
Oh, cruel rub!
In vulgar parlance one like mine
Is termed a snub!

She liked a stately man and tall—
Alas, my fate
Has blessed me with a stature small
Not five feet eight.

She doted on a figure slim;
Without a doubt
I could not satisfy that whim—
For I am stout.

And, knowing this, how could I dare
(A boor like me)
To ask that maid her life to share—
My wife to be?

And yet I did! Egregious ass,
I must confess:
I popped the question—and, alas!
She answered, "Yes!"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Four thousand yards of thread is the spinning record of a silk worm.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lucy Hanchett, daughter of Mr. Lewis Hanchett, to Mr. Vincent K. Butler, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent K. Butler.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marian Gibbs, daughter of Judge and Mrs. G. A. Gibbs of Pasadena, to Mr. William Alston Hayne, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Alston Hayne.

The marriage of Mrs. Abby Parrott Whitney, daughter of Mrs. Louis Parrott, to Mr. Allen Couch Ingram took place in San Francisco on November 20.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Eleanor Bassett, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Francis Bassett, to Mr. Harold Schlimmer took place in San Jose on November 20.

The marriage of Miss Marian Wallace Dunne, daughter of Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, to Mr. Herbert Gutschow, son of Mrs. Ernst Gutschow of Dresden, took place in San Francisco on November 28.

Mrs. Walter G. Holcombe of Boston was the guest of honor at a tea given last Friday by Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Speiker gave a dinner last week at their home on Buchanan street.

A Thanksgiving dance was given by the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry last Wednesday night.

Miss Dorcas Jackson was hostess at a supper party last Sunday night.

Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook will entertain at a tea on Tuesday next.

Mrs. John Pershing Maxwell gave a luncheon last week at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Horace Guittard gave a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Pacific avenue last week.

Mrs. Willard O. Wayman was hostess at a recent luncheon and mah jongg party at her home in Ross.

Miss Dolly Madison Payne gave a dinner at the Hotel Fairmont recently.

Miss Eleanor Morgan was hostess at a dinner and theatre party for some of the débutantes last week at her home on Washington street.

Miss Merrill Jones gave a dinner last week at her home in the Stanford Court Apartments.

Miss Idabelle Wheaton and Miss Eleanor Morgan were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Miss Barbara Sesnon last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Cyril Cornwallis-Stevenson was hostess at a quilting party given last week at her home on Lake street.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ehright entertained at a dinner last week at their home on Vallejo street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick were the guests of honor at a dinner last week given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parsons.

Mrs. Raymond Benjamin gave a farewell luncheon last week for Mrs. Ernest McCormick.

Mrs. Hugh de Haven gave a musicale and tea last week at her home on Pacific avenue.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch were the guests of honor at a dinner given last Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin at their home on California street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron will give a luncheon on Sunday in honor of Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch.

Colonel Charles Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln, were the guests of honor at a tea dance given last week by the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. Margaret Stoney Pryor gave a bridge and mah jongg party last week for Mrs. Robert Allen Dwyer and for Miss Bernice and Miss Muriel Farodi.

Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill gave a tea last Friday in honor of Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore.

Mrs. Chapin Tubbs was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Miss Emilie Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shitcliffe gave a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Claudine Spreckels entertained a group of débutantes at luncheon last week.

Miss Francesca Deering was hostess at a débutante dinner last week at her home on Larkin and Francesa streets.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is giving a ball on Friday of this week to introduce to society her granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Martin of Burlingame.

Mrs. Nancy Lane Kauffman was hostess at a dinner given on Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Marie Louise Potter was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGregor entertained at a dinner on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Henry Foster Dutton was host at a supper last Saturday night at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Sophia Brownell.

Mrs. Chester N. Weaver gave a luncheon and bridge party last week at her home on Commonwealth avenue.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara is giving a luncheon on Saturday of this week at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Francesca Deering.

Mrs. Henry Dollard entertained at luncheon and bridge last week for a group of guests from San Francisco at the Mare Island Country Club.

A lecture followed by tea was given last week at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Mrs. Albert Warren Akers was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Miss Louise Myer.

Commander Martin Peterson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Peterson, gave a dinner last Friday night in honor of Miss Mona Wood of Los Angeles.

A number of dinners given at the various hotels followed the football game last Saturday.

The Club Royal gave a fancy dress dance and vaudeville last Saturday night at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rupert Mason gave a dinner last week for the bridal party of the wedding of Miss Marian Dunne and Mr. Herbert Gutschow.

Mrs. George Curtis Bates gave a luncheon last week at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Ernst Gutschow and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne.

Mrs. Peter F. Dunne was hostess at a tea last Sunday in honor of Mrs. Ernst Gutschow and her daughter, Miss Gutschow.

Mrs. George W. Starr of Grass Valley was the guest of honor at a luncheon given recently at the Town and Country Club by Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

Mrs. John S. Drum was hostess at a luncheon given last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Noël Sullivan gave a dinner on Thursday of last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Miss Margaret Foster entertained the members of her Bridge Club last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edward A. Christenson gave a dinner dance on Wednesday evening at the Burlingame Country Club for her débutante daughter, Miss Edna Christenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan are giving a coming-out dance for their daughter, Miss Eleanor Morgan, on Saturday, December 1, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Isabelle Bishop is giving a dinner on Saturday evening preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan for Miss Margery Davis.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon was hostess at a recent tea at her home on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker gave a tea last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Marion Gibbs whose engagement has been announced.

Mr. James Swinnerton was the guest of honor and speaker at a tea given on Tuesday by the San Francisco Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall were hosts at a dancing party last Saturday night after the game.

Miss Marian Dunne was the guest of honor at a bridge tea last Friday given by Mrs. Harold Snodgrass.

Miss Dorcas Jackson was hostess at a Sunday evening party on Sunday last.

Miss Alice Requa gave a large buffet supper last Saturday night after the game at her home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Orrie Johnson entertained at a buffet luncheon in Berkeley last Saturday before the game.

Mrs. E. Wilder Churchill of Napa entertained at a recent luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin were hosts last week at a dinner and mah jongg party at their home on Broderick street.

The Bureau of Vital Statistics at Sacramento asserts that it costs $2,300 to bring a child to the age of sixteen years in Cali-

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CERTIFICATE OF SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP.

Charles M. Wilson and Martyn F. Warner, both of Berkeley, California, have formed a special partnership with said Wilson as general partner and said Warner as special partner, to do an insurance brokerage business under the name Charles M. Wilson Co., with a principal office in the City and County of San Francisco, California. Said Warner has actually contributed and paid into the partnership one thousand dollars lawful money of the United States. The partnership period shall be 20 years beginning November 1, 1923. A certificate setting forth the above and as required by law has been filed and recorded in the proper offices of the City and County of San Francisco, California.

CHARLES M. WILSON,
MARTYN F. WARNER.

Evangeline Attacked

Evangeline, the Longfellow masterpiece, is under fire, says a Toronto dispatch to the *Boston Transcript*. Rev. Dr. Cody, formerly Ontario minister of education, and freshly appointed chairman of the board of governors of Toronto University, has recommended that the poem should he removed from all Canadian school hooks, in many of which it has hitherto held an honored place. Dr. Cody declares he knows no poem with a more subtle influence to create a wrong, yet indelible impression of British justice, chivalry and administration.

He intimates that "Evangeline," like much other historical literature, including even Shakespeare, was distorted history and advised teachers to ignore the poem and stick to dry-as-dust historical facts.

In a widespread discussion which is still proceeding, Dr. George H. Locke, chief librarian of Toronto, comes to the defence of Longfellow, if not "Evangeline." Longfellow, he says, got his inspiration for "Evangeline" and his facts about the expulsion of the Acadians from a history of Nova Scotia written by a Canadian and violent loyalist, Chief Justice T. C. Haliburton. If Longfellow erred, the source of his error ought to he considered, argues Dr. Locke. Haliburton, by the way, is known to fame not as a historian, but as the author of "Sam Slick," which ran into 142 editions in the United States and England, establishing its author's reputation as the first great American humorist.

While Dr. Cody did not go into particulars of his objections, the historical indictment of "Evangeline" seems to rest on three counts. First, that the Acadians were notoriously disloyal, neglected warning after warning, and abused the indulgence of the British authorities. Second, that the poem exaggerates the cruelty and severity of the deportation. And third, that the expulsion would not have been decided upon except for the insistence of the New Englanders and that it was John Winslow of Boston who actually directed the deportation.

"I understand Evangeline is a very popular poem in American schools," said R. H. Cowley, chief school inspector of Toronto, "and is used to portray what they like to believe is the character of the British of those days. These Americans forget that the people who acted in this way are their own ancestors. They got such a scare from the French that it was at their instances that the Acadians were taken away."

But the Toronto Telegram observes:

"Common sense respectfully offers its dissent from the conclusions of the scholars who insist that large quantities of anti-British sentiment can he traced to the use or misuse of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' in the schools of the United States.

"Anti-British sentiment has its chief citadel among Americans who never heard of Longfellow and do not know and do not care whether 'Evangeline' is a chewing gum, a burlesque show or a ladies' baseball team."

Just One Long Struggle.

"Is a girl's kiss worth more than a 5-cent carnation?" asked Edith Hale Swift of the American Hygiene Association, in her final lecture before the students of Willamette University. She declared, says the Portland *Oregonian*, she had recently witnessed a case in which a college girl exchanged a kiss for each one of a worthless hunch of carnations, because she thought in so doing she was helping tor in making ice cream popular."

"A kiss," said Miss Swift, "is one of woman's priceless possessions and should never he presented to a man until he has struggled for it and proved himself worthy."

Miss Swift also commented that the reason girls will go to the extreme of mutilating their hair and plastering themselves with cosmetics is simply because they hope in this way to prove attractive to men acquaintances, But she declared that the girls are no worse than men in the matter of "dolling up."

"You men," she accused, "will pad your coat shoulders to conceal your sunken chests, and fuss before the mirror for hours making sure your necktie matches your hose. Then if you haven't acquired the art of a masterly walk you will carry canes to help you in your swagger. But the most insidious method you have of dolling up is hy preparing your pretty, deceitful speeches for the girls with whom you go. Of course, the girls suspect somewhat that you are telling five or six girls the same thing, that 'you are the only girl,' but we are always susceptihle to flattery, and the consequences are sometimes tragic."

Miss Swift, in conclusion, fervently expressed the hope that hoys and girls would come to regard each other not hy the maleness and femaleness of each other, but hy the manliness and womanliness in each other.

Every home needs several end tahles. There are many varieties to be had. They may he hought separately as end or console tahles. They may he hought as a nest of tahles. If your house is relatively small perhaps the latter is the better. In the nest of tahles each piece is a unit in itself and may be so used for any purpose. While not in use they occupy the minimum amount of space.

There are 12,000 restaurants in New York City.

Members of the Beggars' Union of Constantinople refuse to accept alms of less than 100 paras, equivalent to 2 cents.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown left last Saturday, November 24, on the steamer *Finland* via the Panama Canal to New York City, where they will spend the holidays with their son, Dr. Albert Lincoln Brown.

Mr. Henry Toulmin of Paris was a guest of Dr. Harry Tevis last week, on his way from the Orient to New York.

Mrs. Walter G. Holcombe of Boston is visiting her cousins, the Misses Gibbs, at their home on Washington street.

Captain Samuel Purviance, U. S. A. retired, of Santa Barbara has been a recent guest of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted.

Ex-Senator James D. Phelan has gone with a party of friends to The Palms, in Southern California.

Mr. Sweeney of Washington, D. C., has recently arrived in San Francisco where he will make his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Tryon who have been in the East, will return early in December.

Mrs. W. T. Summers has returned from Santa Barbara, where she was a guest at the San Julian Rancho.

Mrs. Walter Sutton and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sutton, have gone to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Smith, who have been spending the summer at St. Helena, have returned to their home on Filbert street.

Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling and Mrs. Walter Martin arrived last week from a recent visit in New York.

Mr. Daniel C. Jackling has gone to New Mexico on a hunting trip of several weeks.

Mr. Thomas Eastland of Burlingame went recently to Southern California en route to New Mexico, where he has joined Mr. Jackling on a hunting trip.

Mrs. Norris King Davis has arrived from Santa Barbara and with her daughter, Miss Margery Davis, is at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick left on Monday for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Harry MacFarlane will arrive from Honolulu next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister have returned from abroad and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhbs of Napa are spending the winter in San Francisco and are established in an apartment on Franklin street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shirtcliffe and their daughter, Miss Jean Shirtcliffe, who have been making a short stay in San Francisco, sailed last week for their home in New Zealand.

Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley of Coronado is visiting in San Francisco.

Mrs. T. Wilson Dibblee of Santa Barbara is a guest of her sister Mrs. James A. Guilfoil and Dr. Guilfoil.

Dr. Archibald Dennis and Mrs. Dennis have returned from Honolulu.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara is spending the winter in San Francisco and is established in an apartment on Laguna and Clay streets.

Mrs. Albert Akers is a guest at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Klink.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Warren, who have been in New York and Washington for the past month, have returned to their home in Belmont.

Miss Mollie McBryde has returned from a recent visit to Los Angeles, where she was a guest of Miss Alice Hicks.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, who has been in Santa Barbara, has returned to San Francisco.

Ensign Hugh Goodwin, U. S. N., has been ordered east, where Mrs. Goodwin will join him later.

Mrs. M. Clarence Ballreich is leaving for Southern California this week, where she will join Lieutenant Ballreich.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, who will make their future home in California, have taken a house in Burlingame.

Among those who will spend the Thanksgiving holidays in Santa Barbara with their sons who are there at school are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Stent and Mr. Charles McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Von Rheim and their daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Elizabeth Von Rheim, have returned from abroad.

General Wendell C. Neville, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Neville and Miss Frances Neville, have recently arrived from Honolulu and are staying at the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. Henry Lawrence Kauffman has returned to her home in Seattle.

Mrs. Lowden, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Francis Carolan in Burlingame, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer of England is making a short stay in San Francisco and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur and Mrs. Herbert Hoover left Palo Alto last week for the East and have joined Secretary Hoover in Washington.

Miss Hélène Lundborg of Piedmont has been a recent house guest of Miss Geneva White in Palo Alto.

Mrs. E. Wilder Churchill of Napa has been spending a few days in San Francisco.



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Moore on Total Eclipses

Under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, the second of the annual series of lectures for the season 1923-24 on astronomical subjects is to be given at Native Sons' Hall, 430 Mason street, on Friday, December 7, 1923, at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

Dr. Joseph H. Moore, astronomer in the Lick Observatory, will deliver the lecture, and the subject which he has chosen, "Total Eclipses of the Sun," will bring to the public an extremely interesting and instructive message, in non-technical language. The lecture is free.

Historic Vandalism

The billboards on modern buildings and even picknickers are coming in for a storm of criticism because of the way they are encroaching on and treating England's historic sites and natural beauty spots, remarks the New York *Herald*. The eyes of nature lovers and historians are smarting at the glare of many colored highway advertisements, crowding on ancient monuments and at the desecration of parks by picknickers.

Professor Flinders Petrie, Egyptologist of University College, London, has come out as the latest champion of England's "greatest monuments of prehistoric ages that are known." He cites the case of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, which is believed to have been a Druid temple and has now become the site of an airdrome. Avebury in Wiltshire, where stands the remains of the largest Druidical temple in Europe, is being considered, he says, as the location for a wireless station, the gigantic tower of which will over-shadow Salisbury Hill, the largest artificial mound in Europe.

Professor Petrie demands a cessation of this "vandalism," asserting that such structures had hetter be erected on the reaches of Wiltshire, Dorset and Sussex Downs. He says that the root of the difficulty is the clash between historians and scientists and their failure to coöperate.

Mrs. H. D. Rawnsley, widow of Canon Rawnsley, in a recent speech at Keswick, said villages and country roads, which constitute "the most beautiful part of England," are being vulgarized and disfigured by advertisements. She urged the development of greater civic pride to prevent the littering of parks and denounced the thoughtless people who throw old tin cans and broken china into "beautiful, clear running streams."

Labor Banks.

Five years ago such a thing as a labor union bank was unknown in this country, although the larger labor organizations had tremendous funds on deposit and their accounts were much sought after by banking institutions. There was never any difficulty upon the part of any well-organized labor union to obtain loans from conservative banking institutions, even though the loans were for the purpose of financing strikes. Several authenticated instances are on record where labor unions negotiated large loans from banks for the purpose of waging strikes and secured the loans through the depositing of gilt-edged securities, such as government bonds.

The first bank to be established by organized labor was opened in Washington by the International Association of Machinists. The second strictly labor union bank to be incorporated and opened was at Cleveland, Ohio. It was opened hy the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and was known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative National Bank.

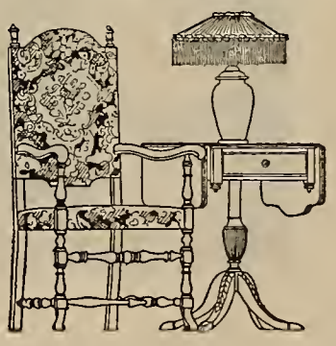
This institution was so successful that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and other railroad brotherhoods have gone extensively into the banking business. They control the People's Co-operative State Bank, at Hammond, Indiana; a bank at Minneapolis, one at Spokane, one at Pittsburgh, and it is announced that before the close of the year the railroad brotherhoods will open banks in Cincinnati, New York City and in Boston, Massachusetts, the arrangements in each case now being practically complete, buildings heing leased and capital stock subscribed.

In addition to these banks which the railroad brotherhoods own outright, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers recently bought very heavily in the Empire Trust Company of New York, one of the oldest financial institutions of that city, and representatives of the brotherhood will sit on the board side by side with men whose names have long been cited as "horrible examples" by labor publications.

Inspired by the banking success of the railroad brotherhoods, other large labor unions have gone into the hanking business rather extensively. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of New York City, the New York State Federation of Labor, and the International Ladies' Garment Workers have opened banks in New York City. The Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers has opened a co-operative national bank in St. Louis. The Central Trade Unions of Philadelphia have opened a bank at that place. The Alabama State Federation of Labor controls the Federated Bank and Trust Company of Birmingham. A number of local labor unions control a hank at Tucson, Arizona. Local unions control a bank at San Bernardino, California, and Chicago labor unions operate the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Cbicago.

Labor leaders deny there is any motive back of their entering the banking field other than the fact that it is sound policy. They believe that hy depositing the tremendous funds of national and international labor organizations in labor banks and hy handling individual accounts of the members and friends of labor organizations they can consolidate the financial resources of organized lahor in a perfectly legitimate way and at the same time earn for the organizations owning these banks a very handsome return on the money invested. All the labor banks thus far are run on the co-operative plan, whereby the dividends to stockholders are limited to a certain per cent. and all earnings in excess of that are shared with all depositors.

The deepest ocean sounding was that made near the island of Guam hy the U. S. S. *Nero*, in 1900; namely, 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet—nearly six miles. This is deeper than the bottom found by the *Tuscarora* off the coast of Japan.



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"An Oriental Fantasy"

the exquisite first page and from "Across the Pond," another attractive page, you catch a glimpse of the President of Turkey and the most beautiful stenographer of Paris. There are a score of other pictures, all done in beautiful photography, and telling the worth-while news of the world, in the

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Maid—I've often wondered, mum, why you don't get rid of that piano and 'ave the wireless—look what a lot of dustin' it'd save. —*London Opinion.*

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter. *Husband*—What letter? *Wife* —That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it, sir! Give it to me, sir! *Husband*—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Don't misunderstand me," said Meandering Mike; "I ain't down on work." "You don't seem to have much affection fur it," replied Plodding Pete. "Yes, I have. Work is a good t'ing. If it wasn't fur work, how would all dese people git money to give us?—*Washington Evening Star.*

"Why my dear man, right now my poetry is being read by twice as many people as before." "So! You went and got married did you?"—*Berlingske Tidene (Norway).*

"Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife; "what would you be to-day if it weren't for my money, I'd like to know?" "I really don't know, my dear," calmly replied the heartless wretch, "but I'm inclined to think I would be a bachelor."—*Chicago News.*

"Dere's always bound to be kickers," exclaimed Meandering Mike; "did you ever know a time when de people agreed unanimously dat dey had de right man in de right place?" "On'y once," replied Plodding Pete; "I was hein' put into jail on de occasion."—*Washington Star.*

Parrot (scornfully)—Aw—what a hat! what at hat! what a hat! *Old Lady* (indignantly) —The ungrateful beast! I'll resign from the Audubon Society at once, and trim my bonnet with parrot wings.—*New York World.*

"Do you suppose the administration will suffer by these war department scandals?" "Hardly; the administration didn't go to war without a full equipment of scapegoats."—*Life.*

Doctor—That's a bad razor-cut in your head, Rastus; why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company? *Rastus* —Ah would, doctah, but ah ain't got no money toe get er divorce.—*Life.*

Weary Walker—No, ma'am, I ain't dirty from choice. I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soap-maker once an' promised to use no other. *Mrs. Housekeep*—Well, why do you not use that? *Weory Wolker*—Because, ma'am, that firm failed about five years ago.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"Why did Joseph's brothers put him in the pit?" barked the teacher. "Because, he had a coat of many colors," suggested one bright lad. "And what has that got to with it?" snapped back the master. "Well," again ventured the bright lad, "if he had on a dress suit they might have put him in the stalls."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware the check for fifty thousand dollars I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect." "Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—*Vanity Fair.*

"Did you hear about Willard, the bank cashier, stealing fifty thousand and running away with his friend's wife?" "Good heavens! Who'll teach his Sunday school class tomorrow?"—*American Legion Weekly.*

First Girl—I was in front last night, dear, to see you play Juliet. *Second Girl*—Yes, I know you were; but you needn't have talked so loud all through my best scenes. *First Girl* —Oh, but you must be mistaken, dear; it couldn't possibly have been I. I never talk in my sleep.—*Punch.*

He—What is this, dear? *She*—Pound cake. *He*—Isn't it rather small for its weight?—*Indianapolis News.*

Irascible Lieutenant (down engine-room tube)—Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube? *Voice from engine-room*—Not at this end, sir!—*Punch.*

"Any abnormal children in your classes?" asked the inspector. "Yes," replied the school marm sadly, "two of them have good manners."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Pupil—What, in your opinion, professor, is the most difficult mathematical problem? *Poor Professor* (grimly)—Trying to make both ends meet, my dear sir."—*Tit-Bits.*

Little Ikey—Fader, vot ish "untoldt vealth?" *Old Swindlebaum*—Dot vich der tax assessor don'dt findt oudt apoudt, mein sohn.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Are your chances good in the mixed doubles?" "Very good. My most dangerous opponent is in love with my partner."—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

"The war," she said reflectively, "brought about, or at least hurried, a great many marriages." "True," he replied, "but why dwell on the horrors of war?"—*Chicago Post.*

"Well, how is your son getting along with his studies to be a doctor?" "Thank you for asking, my friend; he can already cure very small children."—*Strix (Stockholm).*

Treasure From the Stars.

Probably the most curious gamble in the world's history is now going on in Cañon Diablo (the Devil's cañon) in Arizona, says *Pearson's Weekly.*

For in that district exists a remarkable geographical formation which, in the opinion of many scientists, is the result of a meteorite of incalculable size having millions of years back hit the earth at that spot. And there a modern financial company has begun great engineering works, gambling on being able to recover the largest "cannon ball" that ever hit the earth.

For miles round the district is plastered with meteoric fragments, such as might be thrown off from some giant meteorite in its fall, while a peculiar sort of dust, which the Indians count as sacred, is probably the powder of the rocks and mountains crushed by the impact.

Meteorites are known to contain certain valuable metals, and in one of the size that must have fallen in Arizona there may be almost anything! It is therefore conceivable that there lies buried in the wilds of the Indian country the largest treasure on earth, a gift from another world.

The Weight of Fog

A city fog is a more or less solid and tangible thing. This was proved conclusively some years back, when the opportune cleaning of a large expanse of glass in Kew Gardens just before a thick fog settled down enabled the authorities to weigh it with some approach to accuracy, according to *Pearson's Weekly.*

After the fog had dispersed the glass was carefully cleaned again, precautions being taken to preserve all the deposits—mainly carbon and sulphuric acid—left behind by the dirt-impregnated clouds.

As a result, the weight of this particular fog was figured out as six tons per square mile. And this was quite light compared with some of the fogs we experience.

The worst fogs are those that lie low. The effect of a fog that remains in the upper air, no matter how dense it may be, is simply that of an ordinary night.

But by descending to the ground the fog not only blinds us, but injures our lungs with the poisonous matters which are suspended in it.

"Never-Stop" Train System.

A demonstration was recently given at Kursaal Gardens, Southend, London, of the "never-stop" system of continuous passenger service on a full-size railway, 300 yards in length, containing a 1 in 20 gradient, says the New York *Times.* The line consists of two parallel tracks about six feet apart from center to center and the cars travel continuously round the circuit. The coaches, which hold twelve passengers, are propelled by a revolving spiral, laid between the tracks and carried on spokes projecting from a massive steel tube. From the underframe of the coach depends an arm carrying two vertical rollers that engage with the spiral. At the stations the pitch of the spiral is very fine and between stations the pitch is very coarse. The result is that the coaches pass through the stations at a speed sufficiently slow to enable passengers to enter or alight from the car in the same way as they now board or leave an escalator. As the car leaves the station it can be rapidly accelerated up to a high speed and then smoothly but swiftly decelerated as the next station is approached. The cars pass through the station slowly and continuously, but on leaving they spread out and travel at a great speed until the station is again reached. The claim that under the system there is "no waiting" was justified, as during the demonstration the station was never without one or more cars passing through it.

The *Lancet*, which celebrated its centenary the first week of October, was founded by Thomas Wakley, a young physician of 28, who was one of eight sons of a Devonshire farmer. Wakley's thoughts were turned to journalism through his friendship with William Cobbett, the famous author of "Rural Rides." The *Lancet* was soon a financial success, and became well known from its attacks on hospital maladministration and by its exposure of notorious quacks. Wakley became a member of Parliament and coroner for West Middlesex. Dickens was once a member of his jury, and he has described Wakley as "nobly patient and humane." He is also referred to by George Eliot in "Middlemarch": "But Wakley is right sometimes," the doctor added, judicially; "I could mention one or two points in which Wakley is right."

Thomas Wakley died in 1852, and was succeeded as editor by James Wakley. He was followed by Thomas H. Wakley, and the last member of the family to occupy the post was a third Thomas Wakley. Sir Squire Sprigge, the present brilliant editor, was appointed in 1908. The *Lancet* now belongs to a company of which Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams is the chairman.

There is a rather nice story of the Irish Saint Columban, whose thirteenth centenary was recently celebrated at Bobbio, in Italy, remarks *John o'London's Weekly.* So beautiful were the Irish girls in his day—in this respect time has brought little change—that in sheer self-defence the Saint was forced to escape to Gaul, where, with St. Francis, he made friends with the bears and wolves. St. Columban must not be confused with St. Columba, who crossed from Ireland to Scotland in the sixth century, founded a famous monastery in the island of Iona, and preached Christianity to the Picts.

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The Argonaut.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Neglected Asset

Our neighboring state Washington is making a serious effort to protect its assets of scenery. The state legislature recently enacted an "excess condemnation" law under which forest or other tracts adjacent to state highways may be acquired and held perpetually exempt from the mutilations that pretty much everywhere mark roadsides left to the tender mercies of an inconsiderate public. Under this act many beautiful forest tracts have been acquired and many others are in prospect. It has come to be realized in Washington that there is not only beauty but value in scenery. Development of the motor car has made the public roads a vital asset. California should take a lesson from Washington. Preservation of our scenery in regions of motor travel should be a prime object with the state in which the "tourist crop" is one of the most certain and the most profitable. It should not be permitted that private greed or general carelessness should make havoc of that which carefully preserved will be a perpetual attraction and no less a perpetual asset.

Enthusiasm on the part of an association of nature lovers has already indicated the lines upon which the authority and the resources of the state may wisely be exercised. Considerable tracts through the redwood region of Northern California have been purchased and made permanent through the energies of the association. But only a beginning has been made. To carry out this idea thoroughly is beyond the resource of private enthusiasm. The state ought to take the matter up in the same spirit that led it twenty years ago to acquire the Big Basin in Santa Cruz county. If we shall fail to do this, if we shall permit our roadsides to be marred and scarred to destruction of their natural charm, generations to come will rise up not to call us blessed but to arraign us as a race of vandals. By all means and without further delay, let us make preservation of roadside beauty a public interest and a public charge. Only by this means can there be preserved one of California's most characteristic and most valuable assets.

The "Holdup" in Legislation

To understanding of current news from Washington, with comprehension of the situation that confronts President Coolidge, it must be borne in mind that the republican majorities both in the Senate and House of Representatives are nominal rather than actual. The Democratic National Committee does not put the case too strongly in an official statement that "instead of a responsible majority the republicans in the Congress" that has just convened "are an aggregation of factions opposing the President and fighting each other." Nor is it far wrong in the forecast that "the administration's legislative programme may fail of adoption."

Differences between the republican factions are to a degree based upon motives related to the coming presidential campaign. But there is an issue of far deeper significance. Reduced to simplest terms, the "fight" on the part of the radicals in both branches is to reduce the power of the majority to function and to increase the power of minorities or blocs. Nominally progressive in its aim the movement is essentially reactionary. If successful it would mean restoration of the filibuster and other legislative sandbag methods. It would make impossible the carrying out by the majority of any definite legislative programme.

The House radical bloc led by Representative Nelson of Wisconsin, a La Follette lieutenant, is not only demanding for its members committee places and chairmanships disproportionate to its numbers, but also "freedom of debate." This means that it would take from the Rules Committee the right to limit debate on any particular measure and also make easy the dragging back from a committee of a bill which that committee may not be disposed to report. How thoroughly reactionary these proposals are—how absolutely they will put the majority at the mercy of obstructing groups—is clear to anybody acquainted with the procedures by which legislation is carried forward. The real issue is as to whether the House shall be permitted to do business effectively, or be turned into an unorganized mob in which any little coterie may have power to prevent affirmative action on any particular measure until it has been shaped in accordance with its wishes.

The appetite of minorities in Congress is insatiable. The direct primary system, combined with indifference on the part of the majority of the voting population of the United States to political matters, has brought into existence a whole brood of selfish, irresponsible and often dangerous blocs, each representing a special interest and seeking special privilege. Already these blocs, representing the interests and desires of only a small percentage of the voting population of the country, have been able to blackmail the majority into legislative acts that have imposed heavy and unnecessary burdens upon those who pay taxes. These blocs are now reaching out to dominate absolutely the legislative arm of the government. Within the week the radicals in the House of Representatives have made public their demands. In twenty-four separate counts they present a programme that would call under intelligent action for years of study and discussion. It is proposed to bring about a series of revolutionary changes by an easy process of blocking any and all legislation until their proposals shall be conceded. In effect they threaten a legislative holdup until they shall be given the power among other things to obstruct at all times anything to which a small group of protestants may object.

Power to obstrnct legislation is a rule of extreme hazard as related both to the immediate fortunes of the country and even to the perpetuity of our system. Those who have selfishly or carelessly regarded proposals tending to this practice should find enlightenment in the story of the once powerful State of Poland. Under the Polish system the protest of any one member of the national diet was sufficient to nullify action. The result was fatal as the long enslavement of Poland bears witness. This lesson will have little meaning for those who with Henry Ford regard history as "bunc," but its significance ought not to be lost on men at once intelligent and patriotic.

As matters stand to-day in Washington the hope for sound and constructive policies, including a downward revision of our tax laws, which Secretary Mellon has shown to be practicable, lies in the disposition of the democratic minority. The hope is that the democrats may join with the conservative republicans in dealing sanely and wisely with matters that call for patriotic consideration. An issue upon which the democratic minority may consistently combine with conservative republicans is that raised by Secretary Mellon. Many leading democratic newspapers favor the Mellon plan. It is a hopeful sign.

The Bonus and Tax Reduction

We take it for granted that the Congress just now convened will yield to the clamorous demand for a bonus to ex-service men. This will come about not in response to any legitimate obligation but in respect of the fact that the ex-service men have votes and that the politicians in Congress are afraid of them. The fact is creditable neither to the element that demands the bonus nor to the demagogues who in timidity or cowardice will concede its payment from the public treasury. How deep the bonus will dig into the national purse nobody may say with certainty, but intelligent appraisement puts it in the neighborhood of five billion dollars to be paid out in installments over a period of five to ten years. To this heavy sum must be added the costs of disbursement, certain to run into large figures. How shall this vast sum be raised? The answer of the demagogue is that it may be done by "soaking the rich," ignorant or heedless of the fact that when the rich are soaked the general public surely pays the bill. The average man has yet to learn that there is no way of soaking the rich without at the same time soaking both the moderately well-to-do and the poor.

President Harding in dealing with the question of the bonus took ground that any measure providing for it must also provide ways and means for getting in the money. His veto of the original bill was because it was without provision to this end. He could not consent, and wisely, to add to the existing scheme of taxation a new and onerous burden that must inevitably react to the stifling of enterprise, to the slowing down of general business, and to the special hardship of the wage-earning class. It is not of record that he made any specific suggestion, but it is sufficiently known that his solution of the problem in the event that the bonus should be insisted upon by Congress, was imposition of a sales tax. This device was put into effect in Canada in conjunction with the award by that country of a bonus to its ex-soldiers, and it has worked well. It is in the view of experts, the only means by which the bonus can be paid without disruption in the business life of the country with the certain effect of hardship upon all classes. For there are limits to the ability to pay taxes without stifling enterprise upon which the welfare of the country is dependent. We write in advance of any expression from President Coolidge and under the conviction that his position in the matter of the bonus will be that of his predecessor. It can hardly be otherwise, since the problem now is what it has been all along. Putting aside all other considerations a bonus ought not to be paid, and assuredly can not be

paid, unless special provision shall be made for raising the wherewith to pay it.

Wholly apart from the issue of the bonus is the necessity for reduction in the scheme of national taxation. The public welfare is menaced by a situation that discourages enterprise and drives capital which ordinarily promotes enterprise into tax-exempt securities and other forms of tax evasion. If the country is to prosper its capital must be employed constructively, and this may only be done when there is incentive for its active employment. Men of capital will not hazard it under an order of things in which possible profits must be paid to the government and possible losses sustained by the capitalist. A situation in which the government in effect declares heads I win, tails you lose, makes faint appeal to the man with money to invest.

Secretary Mellon, a man whose clarity of vision is abundantly illustrated by his individual career, has worked out a project under which the capital of the country may be relieved of a burden that now tends to its paralysis. He would so far take from capital the demands now put upon it as to set it to work, and from its increased activity he would gain a larger revenue than from its present lethargy. In effect his project is that of the department store that expands the volume of its business and so increases its profits by the device of lowering its prices. There are those of narrow vision who fail to grasp the principle involved. They would not only continue the existing scheme of taxation but would further expand its demands under the demagogic idea of soaking the rich. They see in Mr. Mellon's plan only a selfish scheme to exempt himself and other men of wealth from obligations now imposed under heavy income surtaxes.

Here, in the proposal defined by Mr. Mellon, we have the supreme practical issue now before the country. It is an issue immediately and directly related to the welfare of every man, woman and child. It is an issue more directly and immediately related to the welfare of the poor and moderately well-to-do than the rich, for the rich, however they may gain or lose, are never in the way of suffering at points of individual comfort. Hard times may cut down the profits of the rich man but they do not harden his bed or skimp his table. It is upon the poor that the weight of hard times falls most heavily. What Mr. Mellon proposes is an order of things that will take idle capital from its strongboxes and set it to work to the end of stimulating enterprise, making business active and so making it serve all, rich and poor together.

The national welfare, dependent as it is upon the rule of common sense in national finance, is not logically nor in any other way a proper subject of political division. Where the issue is plainly drawn it ought not to be made a pawn of partisan politics, and there is no reason why conservative members of Congress should not act with reference to it wholly exempt from party affiliations. These reflections are especially pertinent at a time when a group of radicals and demagogues made up of men drawn from both parties are attempting to hold up legislation. It is a time when conservative men of both parties should act together in measures carefully considered in rebuke of selfishness and impertinence and for the common welfare. Happily there are indications tending to hopefulness. On both sides there is a disposition to lift the issue of tax reduction from the ruck of partisan contention and to place it where in common sense and in patriotic consideration it belongs.

Yeats and the Nobel Award

The award of this year's Nobel prize to William Butler Yeats has called forth the usual amount of criticism from worshippers at other shrines. England is more or less united in thinking it should have been Thomas Hardy, and though a nice courtesy might have dictated this honor to the aged Victorian and reserved Mr. Yeats for another year, the Swedish congress that distributes the annual award, which is the only international recognition of genius, has lived up to its traditional and impartial if sometimes imperfect survey of the year's literary produce. Mr. Hardy, who is even now producing a new play, "The Queen of Cornwall," it will be remembered has been quite active lately publishing his collected poems, many of which were new, but possibly he is considered too local a genius to merit the international distinction conferred by the Nobel prize. Yeats, being Irish, is therefore super-national. It is a fact that England has been rather pointedly neglected by the Nobel committee, though Kipling was their choice back in 1907.

The choice of Yeats is doubtless with reference to his being the giant of the Irish Literary Renaissance, though it is an amusing commentary that the English critic and publisher, Mr. Middleton Murry, recently referred to "Mr. Yeats' swan song" and demonstrated how his creative vigor had failed him. So much for the critics when they disagree. Again, Yeats has not been much to the front lately, and the public memory, like light, turns no corners. The more present James Joyce was credited by a distinguished French critic, M. Valery Larbaud, with having entered Ireland in the continental literary race. It is nevertheless to be inferred from the action of the Nobel council that from a neutral, unprejudiced viewpoint Yeats looms as the particular prophet to have pointed the way to Anglo-Irish literature.

The work of W. B. Yeats falls into two distinct classes: the earlier lyrical verse, now repudiated by its producer, and his work since 1900 when he first allied himself with the Irish national theatre and turned his back on his earlier interest and his mind toward poetic drama. But even before 1900 Yeats was a ruthless critic of his own work. The collected poems of 1895 ignored much of the verse with which he had gathered admiring cohorts to his verdant banner. It is therefore not surprising that his latest, "Selected Poems," issued several years ago, has almost obliterated his earlier work. Naturally enough, his representative work between 1904 and 1919 has not excited the enthusiasm that welcomed the lovely "Wanderings of Oisin" and the "Countess Kathleen."

It is problematic just what effect the Nobel prize will have on the Celtic renaissance. It will certainly afford the devotees of Anglo-Irish literature a measure of publicity and a certain dignity they might have lacked otherwise.

Words and Deeds

The ballyhoo, the boohoo, and the hullabaloo of the anti-Richardson cohorts have become a rather continuous anthem, now attracting little attention because Californians have grown accustomed to it and tolerant of its irritation, as people are said to do that live near elevated railroads, or fog sirens. But once in a while there comes a counterblast that brings grateful relief. Such relief has just been offered us in the retort of State Printer Frank J. Smith to the diatribes of Senator Johnson, anent the starving of the state school for the deaf and blind by the Richardson economy policy.

The *Argonaut* can not approve some of the language held by the state printer. In the case of a gentleman aspiring to the exalted office of president of the United States we can not indorse the statement that he is "one of the greatest humanitarian bunco artists of the age," however much we may feel that he is entitled to be so acknowledged. It savors too much of vituperation, and epithet, and contumely, and contempt of the Senate, or something of the sort. But there is propriety, and there is logic, and there are facts—although it appears that when the facts do not fit the sentiments and the boohoo of the sentimentalists, so much the worse for them.

And when the state printer takes his ground on the facts of history, and especially of fiscal history, no questions of propriety enter into the question. There the facts are, and the public has a right to them.

Mr. Smith says that Senator Johnson "has gone up and down the state talking about what Governor Richardson has neglected to do for the deaf and blind. By indirection this would create the impression that Johnson had treated the deaf and blind more magnanimously than did Richardson. Facts and figures show that Johnson during his two terms as governor, did less for the deaf and blind than did Governor Stephens or Governor Richardson." Again we must deplore and except to the language of this presumptuous critic. He has used of the peerless leader the word "indirection." It is too injurious, especially in the view of those acquainted with the senator's directness, his candor, his sincerity, and his magnanimity to his political foes. But as to the facts, they are stubborn, and have a disconcerting habit of speaking out for themselves. And they talk in terms of dollars, which, in spite of the decline in the value of gold, affecting all other commodities in the reverse direction, are terms that can still be understood. And the figures, taken from the statutes, show appropriations for the uses of the deaf and blind, of $220,075 in 1911, $278,775 in 1913, $271,650 in 1915; and in 1923 of $468,414. The state printer certifies the accuracy of his figures by the ancient method of challenge. He says: "I challenge any supporter of the great and holy Hiram to investigate this statement." And again the opprobrious language we find so hard to approve. "Great and holy"—that, we take it, was "wrote sarcastic."

However, there be those that believe in the moral grandeur of our senior senator and presidential aspirant. They see in his emotional appeals the only hope for humanity, the only prospect of humantarian progress, and to them the adjectives "great and holy" may have literal significance, as justly descriptive of our moral uplifter and forwarder of human destiny. To minds of that trusting sort, progress is a mere matter of decree, moral improvement would take place all along the line were it not for the obstructionism of the wicked. In the immortal words of Don Marquis:

> Skirts on the Venus,
> Trousers on Apollo,
> A great moral uplift
> Surely will follow.

It is as easy as that. All people have to do is to vote in sufficient numbers for some one that goes about promising reform, purity, benevolence, the millenial dawn—something any humbug can do and any fool believe—and those things will shortly be delivered by statute. But will they? Well, such figures as the state printer cites tell the story better than a thousand verbal professions. It is the old gulf, fixed for all time, between words and deeds. Johnson talks a great deal about the deaf and blind—the Richardson regime appropriates twice as much for their assistance.

Charlie and Henry—and Hi

The suggestion has been put forth by the *Argonaut's* dramatic critic that if Charlie Chaplin were to appear in the political field as a dark horse a great many people would vote for him. Probably that is true. Unfortunately we have in our electorate many so-called Americans of such levity of mind and instability of character, and withal so ignorant of the requirements and responsibilities of office, that they commonly vote in the line of what amuses them if they can find a candidate qualified in that respect. And they are easily amused. But beyond that there is in the present national political outlook an element which would make the suggestion of Charlie Chaplin for president both pertinent and timely; and that element is the candidacy, whether veiled or avowed, of Henry Ford. They are equally qualified, and their opposing candidacies should make a lively and an illuminating campaign.

We like to have our presidents start as poor men. If Henry started poor, so did Charlie. If Henry built up a great industry, Charlie no less helped build up one—if we consider greatness in terms of dollars. If Henry is king of gasoline, Charlie is king of hokum. If Henry makes automobiles, Charlie gives their owners somewhere to go, and something to see that will take their minds off books, and work, and other dismal topics. If the automobile Henry makes is a good automobile for the money, the pictures Charlie makes are good pictures, to those that like them. If a great many people ride in Henry's cars, more people see Charlie's face. If Henry has supplied the poor man with individual transportation, Charlie has supplied him with the sort of culture he seems glad to acquire. Hank may make more noise, but you ought to see Charlie carve a derby hat concealed under a cope of pudding sauce.

As inspiration to the young it is doubtful which of these intellectual giants might better take the place vacated by our obsolescent conceptions of Washington and Franklin and the Adamses. Lincoln, of course, is not to be considered in this connection—he never had a million dollars at one time in his life, and only self-made millionaires are fit to shadow forth the dynamic and acquisitive spirit of the times. With many voters, popularity is the test of ability. Compare the popularity of Charlie Chaplin with that of Professor Michelson, who measured the bulk of Betelguese. Compare it even with that of Hank himself, and consider how many more times Charlie's name has appeared on posters and hoardings, and how many more people have seen it, as well as the abbreviated moustache and everted shoes.

When it comes to qualifications for the presidential office, although we may seem to flounder in a morass of negatives, even here Charlie has the advantage. He never declared that history was bunc—that is, not openly and publicly, whatever he may have thought of it. Neither did he ever send a peace ship to Europe with little doves hung up in the cabins. And as to statesmanship, Charlie has dodged more cops in his

pictures than Henry has in his flivvers. We do not know much about Charlie's opinions on public affairs, as he does not apear to have any, but here again he is ahead of Hank. Hank has political opinions, but they make one prefer Charlie's, whatever they may or might be; like the man that said the more he learned of men the better he liked dogs. As to native sagacity, Charlie has the edge on Hank, for he never tried to run a newspaper.

When it came to actual campaigning, Charlie should have a considerable advantage. The bill posters are already on his side, the motion picture houses should show him every sort of favor. And if he ran on a platform of "free movies" he should put it all over Henry, who would not dare come back with free flivvers, owing to excessive capitalization, production costs and similar expenses. He should be able to break even with Mr. Wrigley's candidate, Mr. Hiram Johnson, on a platform of free chewing gum.

If we are to have a clown campaign we might as well have a good one. It should be better than a "fight," as Mr. Johnson calls it. It is a pity Charlie could not have been a contender in the recent straw vote wherein Henry loomed so portentously. There is no doubt if that could be taken again he would draw heavily. In fact, it is a problem how heavily Henry could draw from Charlie. Of course, there is one objection to Charlie that will be raised immediately, and that is on the score of his lack of American nativity. The Constitution says the president must be of American birth. A great many people, however, never heard of that and kept putting forward the late Franklin K. Lane for the presidency. And why should a little thing like the Constitution be permitted to stand between the people and their idol? There are many that would sweep it away for less.

Craig and Brother Amos

Some working philosopher (we mean one that works at philosophizing) has said that it is well that man is a reasoning animal, because it enables him to find a reason for anything he may wish to do. President Coolidge can qualify, much to his credit as a practical person. With the help of Attorney-General Daugherty he has found a reason for remitting the sentence of Controller Craig of New York without pardoning him, thus extricating himself neatly and featly from another snare set for his feet by politics on the one side and our unsleeping uplifters on the other. His main reason is, not that the Controller was not in contempt of court, nor that he should not have had to "do his stretch" as our burglars call it, but that he is, or should be, a busy official and sixty days in the calaboose would interfere with the public service of our most stupendous city. On the question of contempt, the President properly says nothing; that being the business of the court. Nor does he bloviate about free speech and liberty. Thus he deprives the uplifters of their favorite ammunition, while withholding aid and comfort from the down-treaders.

The Craig contempt case has been an affliction arising out of the goulash of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit receivership and is illustrative of certain elements in our present political life. Craig wanted a finger in the stew, and when Federal Judge Mayer refused to appoint him co-receiver he wrote a letter to Lewis Nixon in which he declared the City of New York had been denied access to information, and characterized the refusal as "monstrous." The letter was made public. Whether Craig sought the martyr's crown or not we do not know, but he is a lawyer, and instead of appealing he petitioned for a writ of *habeas corpus,* which, under the canons of the lawyer's art, or science, or whatever the practice of the law may be, operated to foreclose review of the merits of the case. This much Attorney-General Daugherty makes clear.

Now there is a widespread supposition on the part of our uplifters that proceedings in contempt of court, and punishment for contempt of court, are measures of tyranny exercised by the rich over the poor, the powerful over the helpless, the adroit over the simple, the guileful over the guileless; that they are subversive of liberty, right, and justice. And Amos Pinchot, brother to Gifford, exemplifying the Pinchot temperament and its headlong valor of ignorance, plunged into the affray, apparently in defense of liberty, equality, fraternity, the rights of the poor, the sanctity of the home, the Eighteenth Amendment, infant baptism, the Declaration of Independence, freedom of speech and of the press, and such few parts of the Constitution as an uplifter finds it possible to approve; the whole of American life in short that is not hopelessly corrupt and menacing. He bestowed the crown of martyrdom on the Controller of New York, and implied that for this recalcitrancy and refractoriness and general all round cantankerousness he himself, Amos, was entitled to be jailed just as promptly as the main martyr and defender of the poor, but that Judge Mayer didn't dast to do it.

Amos went off half-cocked, not to say half-shot which it would never do to say of a Pinchot. And he drew from a New York lawyer a letter that illuminates him and his kind and the case itself far better than we can from this distance. We do not know the lawyer, but can not help admiring the letter:

Amos Pinchot, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Granting that you are correct in your statement that the sentence of Mr. Craig is a "large question," still no principle is advanced and no benefit can be attained by your attack on Judge Mayer, for the reason that on its face your letter is superficial and unjustified.

The redeeming item of your letter is your admission that you are "unfamiliar with the circumstances, etc." Had you taken the trouble to study the facts you probably would not have made the ridiculous errors hereinafter mentioned.

Mr. Craig was not, as you say, held in contempt for stating that the "Court's order seemed to him a monstrous thing" but as stated in a long opinion by Judge Mayer, which went fully into every detail, because the letter of Mr. Craig contained false statements which reflected upon the Court and were made for the purpose of intimidating it.

Certainly you could not have read Judge Mayer's opinion in the Craig case, otherwise you would not be "unfamiliar with the circumstances," nor would you have done so stupid a thing as to criticize an act of one of the foremost judicial officers of the country as being "ignorant," nor would you have questioned his intelligence and fairness.

Your challenge to the Court to "jail" you on account of your letter, though it may create in the minds of the unthinking an impression of your courage is in reality absurd. Your case and Mr. Craig's are entirely different. He criticized the Court in an official communication that formed "an obstruction to justice," whereas you merely criticize Judge Mayer in a personal letter, for which he has no redress. . . . . Did you know in making your "dare" that you were perfectly safe?

It is generally conceded to be a cowardly act to attack a judge for the reason that he is unable, by reason of his position, to descend to a controversy of any kind, and therefore your letter, to which prominence was given on account of your name, is in addition to being an unjustified and stupid attack, one that must be condemned by fair-minded men.

Very truly yours,

Henry M. Earle.

Senator Copeland, a homeopathic physician who was formerly health officer of New York, backed by a batch of New York politicians, decided on the allopathic remedy of applying to the President for a pardon, well knowing, if he knew anything, that pardon ought not to be granted. And the effect, or the calculated effect, of the epistle of Brother Amos would have been to discredit President Coolidge in case he refused the pardon. The episode was well whooped up by the yellow journals, the case given fictitious importance, and the administration put into an embarrassing position. But as the old-fashioned burglar used to say "what a man can make a man can break," and the administration has broken through. Controller Craig is neither punished nor vindicated. He is a martyr whose sufferings no longer interest anybody,and his crown is covered with verdigris. Brother Amos didn't even draw a coronet, nor a cheap ducal diadem. Senator Copeland can take his own little sugar pills. The Craig case will soon be forgotten unless the senator can find some way to revive it. But Brother Amos and his like will find another issue—your real uplifter always does.

Editorial Notes.

Advocates of the soldier bonus are digging into the dictionary in search of opprobrious terms to apply to Secretary Mellon because he has put plainly the fact that the government can not at the same time pay out five or more billions to ex-soldiers and reduce the burden of taxation. Mr. Mellon will not be disturbed by this tirade. He has merely stated a simple truth, that the public ought to know and has the right to know. Mr. Mellon is not a vote hunter. He can not be accused of ulterior motives. He neither seeks nor desires political promotion. He thinks not as a politician, but as a citizen and a statesman. Wise in his understanding of the truth he has that rare form of intellectual integrity that prompts him to declare it without reference to political effects as it may relate to himself or to anybody else. The best judgment of the country applauds him, and that should be sufficient—and it is sufficient—to make him indifferent to the sneers and jibes of those who seek either to loot the treasury or to promote selfish political interests.

Speaking of lucky days there's the one on which America declined a mandate for Constantinople.—*Beatrice (Neb.) Express.*

FOUNDATIONS OF OREGON

Pioneering Spirit Persists in the Social, Political and Religious Elements of the Northern State

Alfred Holman, in the New York Times.

[*From the seventh of Mr. Holman's letters on the Pacific Northwest, written for the* Times *and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear in the Times.*]

Portland, Oregon.

Whoever would know Oregon—what she is and why she is what she is—must study her history. For in contrast with her sister state, Washington—essentially a community to-day, little affected by times or things past—Oregon in her mature character reflects influences that had their beginnings early in the last century.

Originally the Oregon country embodied the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, north of "the line of thirty-two" and as far toward the Aurora Borealis as imagination dared venture. Invaded by Russia, claimed both by Great Britain and the United States, it was possessed by nobody. It was in the year 1824 that the British Hudson Bay Company established in the then wilderness a fur-hunting and trading station under the autocratic command of the famous Dr. John McLoughlin, a man whose name and fame are cherished reverently and who in affection and gratitude is styled "Father of Oregon." Some thirteen years previously there had been a settlement in the fur-hunting interest by an American company at Astoria near the mouth of the Columbia river, but it came practically to nothing as related to the future fortunes of the country, either economic or social.

But the Vancouver settlement of the Hudson Bay Company was a very real and vital thing, and influences that grew out of it are still patent in the life of Oregon and destined in greater or less degree to abide indefinitely. Some ten years after the settlement at Fort Vancouver—specifically in 1834—there came a missionary settlement into the Willamette Valley under the auspices of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church, and here were set in motion another set of influences that still find echo in the social and political life of Oregon.

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Further, there had developed a passionate feeling that Oregon belonged by right to the United States. These enticements fired the imagination of a people who had themselves or by their forebears followed the course of the sun from Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas and Kentucky to the Missouri river and beyond. Already there were in Oregon a few American adventurers, and in the year 1842 one Elijah White, who held a vague Federal commission as Indian agent for Oregon, escorted a species of scouting party of about 100 adventurers into the widely exploited promised land.

The next year, 1843, witnessed the beginning of the great migratory enterprise that is now typified by the "Covered Wagon." In that year more than a thousand persons under self-appointed leaders found their way over the dim Oregon trail from the Missouri river to the Willamette river in the western part of Oregon; and in my vanity I here set down that my forebears were of that company. From 1842 until the building of the first transcontinental railroad each summer witnessed the movement of multitudes of men, women and children bearing their household goods and driving their domestic animals before them across the prairies and mountains to Oregon. They came not in the character of transient adventurers; they came in a compound of adventure and patriotic spirit to found homes in the wildernesses of Oregon. The Willamette Valley was the goal of these migrants, who came in such numbers that to this day, despite the growth of the country, they and their descendants constitute the basic element in the life of Oregon.

It was the Covered Wagoners that won the Pacific Northwest—now the states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho—for the United States. In the period preceding any domestic record of the country—a period happily defined by a careful historian, Professor Edmond Meany of the Washington State University, as "The Swirl of the Nations"—the claims of several countries were fairly balanced in the sense that all were vague. Spanish navigators were probably first to visit the coast of the Oregon country. The Russians, moving down from their settlement in what is now Alaska, set up what was probably the first land establishment in Southwest Oregon, though any physical trace of their presence is lost.

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The Russian establishment was a fishing and fur trading station. It was made up of men organized in military fashion and under military discipline. The Spaniard merely sailed by, attaching names of national suggestion to leading headlands. The Briton was only a fur trader and the community about his stations was made up of native Indians and indentured French-Canadian voyageurs. But the Covered Wagoners came in the manner and spirit of home makers; and it was this fact, overbearing all other conditions and contentions, that made Oregon an American province. Without waiting upon the issue of ultimate sovereignty, the American settlers in 1843 set up a provisional government. Thereafter there was no question but that Oregon belonged to the United States, though it was not until three years later—1846—that a treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed confirmatory of American possession.

Washington and Idaho—notably the former—as I have told in preceding letters, have practically thrust to one side whatever historical background once related to them. In breaking away from Oregon these communities have in large measure lost touch with Oregon history, while their development in population has been so recent, so rapid and so overwhelming that they have all but lost sense of anything in their records precedent to the present era. Oregon, to which the bulk of the pioneer migrants came and where their descendants still live, cherishes memories of the early days and renders to them a veneration that colors its present-day life and stamps its character. No Oregon institution so commands universal reverence as "Pioneer Day." No voluntary organization is sustained by such continuing history as the Oregon Historical Society. In the imagination of present-day Oregon the pioneers—the men and women who braved the hardships and the dangers of the great continental trek—were heroes; and it is no exaggeration to say that something of the sentimental homage of Massachusetts for those who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* attaches to the men and women of "Forty-three," whose great adventure is typified by the "Covered Wagon." Only the other day when a moving picture vividly reproducing incidents of the great migration was exhibited at Portland its more dramatic scenes were greeted with rising

audiences, with cheers and with tears. The incident illustrates how deeply there is bred into the Oregonian mind remembrance and reverence for the days and the men and women of its pioneer era.

In the pioneer settlement of Oregon there was a third element, relatively small and relatively transient, though it bore a notable part in a futile protest against organization of a provisional government by the American settlers. This element is mainly traceable in names that it gave to certain of the physical features of Western Oregon. Reference is to a group of Canadians, pensioned ex-servants of the Hudson Bay Company, established in Willamette Valley precedent to the coming of the Methodist missionaries. They were for the most part from the Province of Quebec; and "French Prairie," some thirty miles south from Portland, still bears in its local names memorials of their occupation of the country. "Champoeg," "Gervais," "Rickreal" (La Creole) mark sites once possessed by a people of whom little now remains save these echoes. And here it is interesting to note that when all other memorials of a vanished race have departed there still lingers in names once fixed that which time and change rarely nullify. The French Canadian is gone from Oregon, but the places he once knew still bear the names he gave them. The Indian, too, if not wholly gone, is fast going, but his names abide in the land he once possessed.

The Covered Wagoners were a non-commercial people. For the most part they were farmers, though there were among them men of many professions and of varied talents. Of what in these modern days is styled business they knew little and cared less. They were bold and individualistic. They were trail blazers, road makers, home builders. Capabilities of leadership illustrated in their great adventure were supplemented by capabilities of political organization, made manifest in their creation of a provisional government. They were precisely a sort to take a wilderness in the rough and to transform it into a seat of civilized life. Concurrently with the coming of the Covered Wagoners there came mainly by sea and from New York or New England an element of traders attendant upon the great migration, very much as a quartermaster's corps is atendant upon an army. This group, later expanded by recruits, largely comprises to this day the strictly commercial element of Oregon.

The two elements—the Covered Wagoners of the interior and the commercialists of Portland—have lived side by side under conditions of neighborly harmony since the early days. But despite common interests and neighborly sympathies there remains between them a clear line of social cleavage. As at the beginning so to-day these elements live, each consonant with its own character and propensities. The commercialists engross the business of the state, its trading practice, its financial activities, its more formal organization of social life. The Covered Wagoners, their descendants or affiliations superior at point of numbers less devoted to material interests, have been and continue to be prominent in public affairs. From the beginning they have made Oregon self-sufficient in certain phases of her character.

Broadly speaking, they have dominated the politics of the state. From this element has been drawn every federal judge and, with few exceptions, the judges of the higher state courts. The journalism of the state has been and remains mainly in the hands of this element. From its beginning the president of the Oregon State University has been a man either himself a Covered Wagoner or one affiliated with that element sympathetically. So closely defined has been the line between the two elements of Oregon's population that I might name on the fingers of one hand the notable matrimonial alliances between them.

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A basic fact in the character of Oregon, finding to this day continued reflection, is the influence of the Methodist Church. In the early days Methodism in Oregon was an active force in the sphere of politics as well as religion, and there was reason for it. At a time when there was rivalry between the United States and Britain for the possession of Oregon the British interest, through its connection with the French Province of Quebec, was in its religious organization Catholic. It fell to the Methodist missionary settlement at Salem to stand for the American cause; and stand for it it did, with a vigor both sentimental and diplomatic that was perhaps a prodigious influence in the ultimate settlement. Furthermore, a large proportion of the Covered Wagoners were affiliated with the Methodist Church.

It came about under the leadership of the Salem mission, and by the power of votes subject to its influence, that the first governor of Oregon under the provisional system was an attaché of the mission, and that the official organization throughout should either directly or through affiliation be under church influence. In succeeding times—continuing for many years—the authority of the Methodist Church and its numerical power was a large influence in affairs. In recent times it has been less potential, but its hand may still be traced in movements that have their genesis in religio-political rivalries and animosities. A radical proposal under the rule of the initiative carried by popular vote last year, requiring all children between the ages of eight and sixteen to attend a public school, while it did not originate with the Methodists or with any evangelical association, gained from them a support that may be regarded as an echo—a species of hangover—from the pioneer era.

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Thus it is that present-day Oregon, though only a third part of the original Oregon country, engrosses in a sense the whole romantic record of the early times. If Washington and Idaho have lost something in cutting loose from their historical background, it is further true that they have gained something under the spirit and from the energies of newer times. In her sentimental attachment to her older day, present-day Oregon misses a certain impetus that might have been gained through concentration of mind and ambition upon new times and new motives.

WOMEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

The British Parliament has decided to disagree on the proposed law allowing a native woman who marries a foreigner to retain her own citizenship or adopt that of her husband, according to her own wish in the matter. This adverse decision works an especial hardship on English women who have married Americans, as, according to the law of their own land, they cease to be British subjects, and that of their husband's country does not recognize them any more as American citizens. Innumerable instances were cited of English women who had married Americans and could find no one to vise their passports. The British consul could not grant a visa since they no longer came under his care, and the American consul flatly refused to do so. Although votes for women have been granted in both countries, these hapless wives would be refused by the registrar of voters on both sides of the Atlantic.

International law takes precious little notice of the rights of women. A case in point is that of the American-born widow of a British subject who was recently held at Ellis Island and later deported on the ground that she was in excess of the quota from the British Isles. Born on the island of Manhattan, where her ancestors had settled long before the Revolution, she derived her entire income from property in New York City. After the death of her English husband she decided to return to her native land to live. The immigration officials deported her, with the statement that she could return in three months. Her husband had been dead nine months and, according to the law in such matters regarding widows, in one year her original nationality returns, with or without her consent, even though she may have lived forty years in the land of her adoption. In this case the lady hurst into a rage, made some almost seditious speeches and declared that she would never return.

Since September, 1922, Congress has taken some faint interest in this question of the nationality of women. A native-born American woman married to an alien need only go to the Americanization school along with the others who arrived in this country via the steerage and minus a knowledge of English for twelve long weeks. Here she will be taught who George Washington was and how the president is elected and, finally, at a pretty, touching ceremony, she can wind her way up to the platform with the other aliens and have "naturalization" papers conferred on her with a long-winded speech from a local patriot thrown in for good measure. Which shows that whatever else Congress may possess, it is slightly deficient in a sense of humor.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sally Simpkin's Lament

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue?
O Jones, my dear!—O dear! My Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o'nights
To haunt, as people say!
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

—*Thomas Hood.*

Zeno

The Greeks narrate that Zeno Cypriote—
Ger-Baäl ben Manasseh, Lord of Truth—
Twixt Citium and Athens, in his youth
Trading in Tyrian purple, plied his boat.

Still in the Porch and Grove the Athenians quote
The lean Phœnician merchant, swart, uncouth,
Who stopped to read beside the copyists's booth,
And left his cargo twenty years afloat!

He was the first who said to Man: "Renounce.
Follow thy soul: thou hast no other claim;
And yield to Fate as lambs to the eagle's pounce.

"Do right. Fear nothing, deeming all the same."
Yet not for that we heap his tomb with crowns.
But, Duty, he was first to breathe thy name!

—*Agnes Mary Robinsan Darmesteter (Madame Duclaux).*

The Devil

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
For ever since he first debauched the mind,
He made a perfect conquest of mankind
With uniformity of service, he
Reigns with general aristocracy.
No non-conforming sects disturb his reign,
For of his yoke there's very few complain
He knows the genius and the inclination,
And matches proper sins for every nation.
He needs no standing army government;
He always rules us by our own consent;
His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The list of his vicegerents and commanders
Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders.
They never fail of his infernal aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
Through all the world they spread his vast command,
And death's eternal empire is maintained.
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of hell;
Duly divided to debauch mankind,
And plant infernal dictates in his mind.

—*Daniel Defae.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Col. E. W. Gibson, of Brattleboro, recently elected to Congress from the Second Congressional District of Vermont, is a former schoolmate of President Coolidge.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, who succeeded in crossing the Sahara two years ago, has been presented by the French Geographical Society with its gold medal.

Mme. Amalie Besso, who commands the Fascisti women of Italy, is a war heroine and an artist. Mussolini recently gave her full charge of the feminine branch of his party.

A British paper reports that thanks to the fall of the mark, Sinclair Lewis recently received a cheque worth five shillings that represented his royalties on the sale of 60,000 copies of the German edition of "Main Street."

By all the signs women will be more to the front than ever in the coming presidential campaign. Miss Wilma Henderson of Brookline, Mass., is an active worker in the National Woman's Party. Not exactly with reference to the coming election, another woman has been given a prominent government post. Miss Anita Phipps has been appointed by Secretary Weeks to be director of women's relations in the War Department.

"Sem," the startlingly brilliant French caricaturist, recently characterized the nature of his art for the benefit of an English paper: "True caricature," he said, "must stand on its lines alone. It must grimace, it must twist, it must contort, it must burn deep, like acid. That is what your English caricaturists do not understand. Take Max Beerbohm. He is too literary, too mild, subtle in the wrong way. He blows bubbles—that is all. Sometimes he creates an effect, but usually it is only a mist, a vague, pleasing atmosphere."

Eleanora Duse, the greatest Italian actress—some say the greatest actress of all times—was born in Venice in 1861, the third generation of a theatrical family, grew up a theatre child in gypsy surroundings, and probably because of these undistinguished beginnings was able to cultivate her tremendous gift to the full. However, great as Duse's recognition has been it did not begin in her native land, nor in her first youth. She was discovered in Vienna when playing "La Dame aux Camélias." "It seems the hard destiny of Italy's greatest stage artists to languish as long as they linger in their native lands," says Hugo Wittmann, the Austrian critic, who is one of Duse's staunchest admirers and was one of the first to acclaim her unique ability. Duse has always suffered from a dearth of good plays and from a too great predilection for Ibsen. At one time she was so depressed at the lack of suitable dramatic vehicles that she decided to leave the stage and go on the concert platform as a reciter. Her threat was never carried out though she would have been incomparable even on the lecturer's platform.

Karel Capek, author of the much discussed fantasy, "R. U. R." and "The Insect Play," is barely over thirty, albeit one of the most popular dramatists in Europe. A native of the new nation of Czecho-Slovakia and of its very old capital, Prague, Capek is in the peculiar position of writing in a practically unknown tongue and of being steeped in the mediaeval atmosphere of his city. The young dramatist is much interested in the development of the Bohemian language as a literary medium—he is also engaged in the production of the plays at the National Theatre at Prague, a work that he considers very much more onerous than writing. He is not at all interested in politics though his triple English admiration is Shaw, Wells, and Chesterton. His latest play is said to very like Shaw's "Back to Methusaleh," though Capek had not read the latter when writing his weird Prague fairy tale. Fairy tales, he admits, are the only things really to enlist his enthusiasm.

Though Persian affairs have not been in the head lines since the collapse of the Anglo-Persian agreement, it is reported that during the past two and a half years a successful, silent revolution has been brought about, largely due to the efforts of Riza Khan, now known by the more imposing puzzler, Sardar Sipah, which is not a trade name for molasses but a Persian title. The Sardar is of humble origin and is said to have had the typical career of the Asiatic adventurers of legend, the nearest prototype being the captor of the peacock throne of the Mogul emperors, the famous Nadir Shah of Persia. Whether the unaristocratic Riza Khan lives up to that tradition remains to be seen but he has already done much. Riza Khan, the son of a farmer of Mazandaran, served as a private soldier under Russian officers in the Cossack division. Despite this unpropitious beginning he became an officer by sheer force of character. Still, his great chance did not come until the expulsion of the Russian officers three years ago. In February, 1921, the Cossacks under Riza Khan occupied Teheran and set up a ministry. The three years since have witnessed a government unique in Persian history. Riza is always minister of war no matter how often the cabinet falls and his troops are always loyal because he works upon the hitherto unheard of basis of paying and feeding his men regularly. At first Riza had to suppress many rebellious provinces but his magic system of managing his troops has resulted not only in uniting Persia under her benevolent, if stern, dictatorship, but in rendering the country free from foreign interference for the first time in many years.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

Major-General Henry Tureman Allen Publishes the Journal of His Three and a Half Years in Germany

Perhaps because our taste has been debauched by the post-bellum revelations and exposés of other statesmen and soldiers, General Allen's Journal is apt to strike the reader expectant of more thrills as a little flat. The seeker for sensation need not stop here in his quest. For the matter of that, anyone expecting to fall upon real inside information can also pursue his inquisitive way without risk of passing up treasure for the would-be retailer of diplomatic scandal. One does alight upon a few facts that were probably not printed in the papers but by and large General Allen can not be accused of indiscretion in any of the entries in this less than usually confidential diary. In fact, it is hard to say whether the general's statement in his preface that "There may be those who will say that some of the matter touched upon in this book is so intimate and personal that any publicity concerning it should be deferred to a more remote date" is irony, publicity, or merely preparedness. Assuredly there will always be persons to make that remark about any published diary but it would be hard to imagine a more circumspect revelation than General Allen's.

It might not be amiss to scan rapidly the career of Henry Tureman Allen. He was born in Kentucky, at Sharpsburg, April 13, 1859. After being graduated from West Point in 1882, he was engaged in Alaskan exploration during the years '85 and '86. He served through the Santiago campaign during the Spanish-American War as a major and assistant adjutant-general. He organized the Philippines constabulary, a body which he commanded as brigadier-general. He was not without some diplomatic contacts which doubtless prepared him for his sojourn on the Rhine as he was military attaché at Berlin, Petrograd, and Seoul. In 1916 he was on the Mexican punitive expedition under Pershing and in 1917 he organized and was appointed commander of the 90th Division of the A. E. F. Since then his active career during the war in the Toul sector and at St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne, and afterwards as chief of the American occupation of the Rhine, has been generally known. He was retired for age last April after returning with the last American troops from the Rhine.

General Allen's Journal opens shortly before the American occupation in June, 1919, but we take no excerpts from that year though the journal contains a sprightly enough picture of the daily life on the Rhine, of parades, athletic contests, polo, dinners, fetes and floods.

The following paragraph is interesting as General Allen had eight months' observation of the situation in Germany:

March 30. The Berlin Bourse has reopened and I am surprised to see stock quotations at the same high figures. That, taken with the slow but steady increase in the mark, seems to be conclusive that Germany still has great financial force in spite of her disasters, and it suggests strongly that she will live through them.

At a recent dinner at Mainz given by the French chief of staff, all the foreign officers were invited except the British, and it is certain that this omission was not accidental.

Mr. Noyes consulted with me as to a cable to the State Department, to inform Washington that the Commission had agreed, at the request of General Degoutte, to declare a state of siege in Mainz, contingent upon the French advancing to hold Frankfurt and Darmstadt. This movement is actuated by the Reichswehr going into the neutral zone in the Ruhr region without authority. The German Government claims that this act is not a violation of the spirit of the treaty, but is a necessity attested by telegrams from numerous municipal officials in that region. Noyes eventually modified his cable and suggested to the Department that our influence be used to restrain the French from making the advance. Apparently they are acting on their own responsibility and without the approval of the Allies. If the Ruhr disasters are not cured or suppressed by the Germans, it may be necessary for the Allies to do it. The French assert that the Germans are acting in bad faith.

In my opinion the occupation of Frankfurt and Darmstadt by the French, whether as an earnest, sincere desire to have a guarantee against the recognized technical violation of the treaty in respect to sending troops into the Ruhr by Germany, or as a further step toward keeping Germany down, would be a serious mistake for the welfare of all concerned, but especially for peace. While deeply sympathizing with France in her unhappy state, I can not fail to believe that her leaders are conducting a policy that will eventually injure her.

The following will interest all admirers of General Allen's many equestrian photographs. It is also a typical picture of the ceremonious life recorded by our diarist and is further of interest as the record of his receipt of the Order of Leopold:

January 23. On the paper chase this morning "Right-O" fell on his head and then flopped over, driving my face and head into the mud. This was while going very fast, and it might have been much worse. A bitten tongue, a bruised face, and a twisted neck serve as reminders, and I should add that the two lower teeth are loosened. I quickly mounted and finished the ride.

January 24. The soreness from my fall is nearly gone, but my black eye is hardly fit for the Belgo-American festivities we are now having here.

The Minister of National Defense and Madame Devèze, with General Rouquoy and staff officers, arrived. At the Rolin dinner, toasts were made by him, Devèze, and myself. M. Rolin's remarks in reference to the double rôle that I have been playing here were specially flattering. In extending a welcome to the guests on behalf of the "Colony of the Bridgehead of Coblenz," I caused the High Commissioners a little surprise and most of the others some amusement. After dinner I thanked M. Devèze for coming over and the bonor he was going to confer on me. In very diplomatic language, he replied that it carried the affection of the Belgian Army and the King.

January 25. At ten o'clock I took Madame Devèze, who is very fond of horses, to the headquarters stable to see our horses and polo ponies.

Just before the march-by, I was invested with the *Grand Officier* of the Order of the Crown; Colonel Stone, Majors Bagby and Peek, and Lieutenant Sumner, with lesser grades. We lunched at the Robertsons', where he made a speech of wecome in French, but even though knowing that language as well as he does, it was not easy for him. Devèze, who is specially skillful in public speeches, replied most gracefully. In the afternoon, all went out to Niederzissen to a battalion firing problem. It unfortunately was greatly spoiled by the heavy fog; still, enough could be seen and heard to convince the visitors of the high training these men had received. I escorted the Minister out and back. He explained that there had been a mistake about my decoration and that it should have been "de Léopold." He explained that with the "Couronne," my Croix de Guerre would have two palms and that I would retain my *Commandeur* of Leopold. However, he offered me my choice and said he would convey my decision to the King.

At last, something resembling a scrap of inside diplomatic information comes out in the bit of Pershing gossip below. This was in 1921. But that the journal was kept primarily as a personal record and that General Allen had no intention of ever revealing any important secrets is constantly shown by the way he skirts the edge of the forbidden and comes back safe to the chatter of the day's society and sports. Perhaps he, like Colonel Repington, has another "journal" not to be opened till 1942. But that the General is a devotee of sport is a point never left in doubt:

April 13. My birthday was heralded this morning by the hand playing in the garden. The Phillipses and I went to see the artillery firing and later the machine-gunners. Both were greatly impressed. At luncheon Mr. Robertson made a happy toast in behalf of my sixty-second birthday, and a fine loving-cup, presented by my aides, was filled with champagne and passed around.

Mangin asks me for a copy of my report on the negro troops in the French zone, and, though part of it was given out by the State Department, I think best not to comply with his request. These new colored troops, Malagaches, are called negroids on account of having some Malay blood, but most of them are black as the blackest and their standard of civilization is in general low.

Yesterday Mr. Brevoort, of New York, arrived here with a letter from General Pershing, *en route* to Berlin on business. He said Pershing was absolutely offered the ambassadorship to France which he would have liked, but which he could not accept on account of the expense involved. He also said that Pershing had been offered the chairmanship of the board of directors of a big company at $75,000 (*sic*) per year. I took him, Arnold Robertson, and Colonel Hess to the boxing contest where Johnnie Coulon exhibited both as a boxer and as the "unliftable" man. As Johnnie was boxing instructor of my division at Camp Travis, he was brought to my office by Chaplain McNally and Pat Brannon. He was anxious to demonstrate his remarkable gift which scientists thus far cannot explain. With one of his hands on my pulse at the wrist and one at my neck near the carotid gland, I could not budge him, but when his hands were taken off, I could easily lift the bantam boxer. He says he does not understand it, but that he makes plenty of money from his performance.

In view of the recent rumor that Germany is marshalling her crippled forces for war, the following entries are interesting for the accuracy of the prophecy of the unnamed but imaginable French general. This was less than three years ago and was the idea at the bottom of the French occupation of the Ruhr. Convinced that Germany would strike in any case as soon as the opportunity would present there was nothing left, argued French logic, but to cripple her as far as possible, to enfeeble as far as possible her ultimate attack:

April 21, 1921. A very important French general, obsessed with an idea, states that, unless Germany is further crippled by dismemberment and by seizure of her coal deposits in the Ruhr, she will make a campaign against France within five years. It is a fact that, if France were left unaided, it would not be long before Germany would avenge the attitude adopted toward her since the armistice. This does not mean that Germany is faultless, for the century-old feud has lost none of its bitterness by the recent victory. He refers to the much-talked-of subject during the treaty conference of signing treaties with the separate German states, thus isolating Prussia. Had that been done, it would have weakened Prussian domination.

Coleman brought down the outlines of the studies with maps made for the proposed occupation of the Ruhr. I am very appreciative of General Degoutte's consideration in keeping me abreast of these proposed plans, which it is hoped may never have to be carried out. I am cabling the State Department that such an occupation would prevent any restoration to normal conditions for a long period.

April 22. This morning I had a staff conference at which Coleman commented on the various map problems that had been recently held in Mainz. The Commanding General of the Allied Forces has made inquiries of the High Commission relative to his authority to requistion horses, trucks, and autos as well as to declare martial law in the occupied territory. Everything indicates that nothing is being left undone that may be necessary in case of occupation. The troops that will hold the Ruhr and that will advance east from Mainz have all been selected and proper plans for them have been made. Presumably our Government, while not desiring such moves, has nothing to say in connection with the matter; at least, I am acting on that policy.

Dresel and Miles were brought down from Cologne this morning by Longstreet and are now in the house. The most extraordinary development in the German crisis was made known to-day when Germany's note to our Government, given two days ago to Dresel, was made public. It asked President Harding to serve as mediator or arbiter in the matter of reparations, declaring it would faithfully abide by every detail of the result. The note is signed by Fehrenbach and Simons. The reply of the United States is that Germany must make proposals of guarantees, and that the United States is anxious to see an agreement reached for the welfare of the entire world. The publication of our reply to the German Government is being followed up by a meeting between Lloyd George and Briand, and as no further word has come from Germany, and as the Entente has said nothing, we are undergoing another tense moment here.

The tragic subject of the Ruhr occupies a great deal of General Allen's journal space from now on. He himself strongly disapproved of the French plan which later became a *fait accompli* and despite his sympathy with France was constant in his denunciation of the Ruhr occupation. He did not agree with General Sir William Robertson, who oddly enough for a high British official and soldier did see eye to eye with France in her tortuous problem. These excerpts are both from the year 1921:

April 25. The question of the occupation of the Ruhr takes precedence over all others. England is showing that she is not in sympathy with France in this matter, and it now seems to me that the chances of a new conference with Germany are good. Perhaps my wish is father to the thought, for I can see only calamity in further advances, and an indefinite prolongation and aggravation of the present perturbed state in Europe.

Tirard brings back word from Paris that the Supreme Council thinks of having the High Commission administer the Ruhr Basin in case of occupation and asks that a study be made here of the matter. He thinks it may be necessary for the Commission to go to Paris or London to confer with the Supreme Council. Although the Rhineland Agreement makes this institution independent, it continues to receive orders and instructions from the Supreme Council. Regardless of what my note sent two days since to Washington may contain, the French are intent on the occupation of the Ruhr and will be restrained only by the attitude of the United States. England has gone as far in this restraint as she can without increasing the friction with France. Briand has the French Parliament with him and the people are clamoring for German money or its equivalent.

April 29. The proposals made to Washington by Germany are not considered sufficiently satisfactory to permit President Harding to transmit them to the Allies as a basis for further consideration. It seems that Ambassadors Geddes, Jusserand, and de Cartier have been informed of their nature. Perhaps Germany will yet make acceptable proposals.

May 1. In Paris again. I conferred with Wallace at the Embassy in the afternoon, when he stated that I was about the only man in Europe with whom he could think aloud. He thinks that the present Ministry will find itself in a precarious state if it fails to get what it is now demanding in the way of reparations and possibly also should there be a failure to occupy the Ruhr.

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August 24. Robertson came over this morning to give expression to thoughts overfilling his system: Germany is blacker than painted and remains a danger for France; the United States and England will not guarantee France against attack; therefore the only safeguard for the peace of the world is for France to remain on the Rhine with her saber pointed at Germany's breast. I called his attention to the terms of the Versailles Treaty setting forth specific dates for bridgehead holdings. He replied that Germany is not carrying out the treaty except under compulsion; that she was forced to sign it, and that France also signed it under compulsion and had the same right as Germany; that France would not have signed it had she not counted on the guarantee promised by Lloyd George and Wilson.

Cable from the War Department asks whether we can send by transport 800 men per month until the forces are reduced to 8,000 and whether I prefer sending them as individuals or by units. My answer was as individuals, and that at any rate service casualties would bring the forces to 10,000 by April.

The last two entries that we shall extract from General Allen's Journal refer respectively to the withdrawal of the American troops from the Rhine and the ever-present imminence of the seizure by French troops of the Ruhr:

January 7, 1923. A letter from General Degoutte, telling of the concentration preliminary to entering the Ruhr, was delivered to me to-day by Colonel Français, who came down from Mainz for the purpose. After ample talk with him, a cablegram to the Secretary of State was drawn up and sent to Stone, to be coded and sent off to-night. The French High Command's plan of concentration will involve sending two divisions from elsewhere in occupied territory, and three divisions from the interior of France, each of about 4,500 men. The concentration will be in the region of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort. The troops sent there are in addition to those already on the ground, and will await orders from the French Government before advancing into the Ruhr. The French troops in the American zone will not be moved or affected by this concentration. General Degoutte will endeavor to reduce to a strict minimum the passage of troops by rail in the American area. The Belgian Government is said to be in accord, but it is not yet decided whether that Government will move any troops. The Italians will not participate.

The reason given for bringing troops from the interior of France is the weakness of the Rhine units in trained men—a greater part being recruits. This movement of five divisions will be the beginning of additional charges against reparations if the Ruhr be occupied. It is incredible that France can take over industries of the Ruhr and maintain customs harriers without large numbers of troops, regardless of a modest beginning.

The text of the Senate resolution bearing on our recall is tantamount to a mandate, though the only method of compelling a return would be a failure to appropriate funds after July 1, to which date the present appropriations extend. As Commander-in-Chief, the President can direct the stay or movement of troops irrespective of Congress, except in so far as he may be limited by appropriations and statutes.

January 8. In the evening edition of the *Coblenzer Zeitung* is an article from Berlin purporting to express the views of the People's Party concerning the impending crisis. The German Government will consider the advance of the French into the Ruhr as a violation of the Versailles Treaty, which will thereafter be considered null and void. The German Ambassador, Dr. Mayer, will be withdrawn from Paris and diplomatic relations suspended. According to this interesting communication, little or no help may be expected from England, but importance must be attached to the new relations of mutual confidence established between the United States and Germany. It is believed in parliamentary circles that the failure of the Cuno Government to accept France's ultimatum will be approved by a large majority. Whether or not the Social Democrats have Cabinet representation will depend upon the wishes of that party. This article was a subject of much interest at Rousselier's dinner tonight to Rolin, Ryan and Lausanne, of the *Matin*, here *en route* to the concentration centers. The last-named says France is now reasonably safe from Germany for a period of eight to ten years, and her present great solicitude is to secure money. Rolin seems to be very pleased over the decision to go into the Ruhr. Formerly he was more peaceful, and we could generally reckon on finding his views in harmony with ours, whilst during the past year he has been shoulder to shoulder with the French and at times in advance of Tirard.

The Reparations Commission is to declare Germany in default as to the delivery of wood (certain telegraph poles), coal and cash payments. Bradbury remarked that, since the days of the Trojan horse, wood had not been used for such an atrocious purpose. It was generally believed that Barthou, on becoming president of the Commission, would exercise a greater restraining influence, but there is nothing to indicate a change.

Shortly after, as all the world knows, both these possibilities actually occurred.

My Rhinelann Journal. By General Henry T. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 1, 1923 (5 days) were $140,900,000; for the corresponding week of last year (5 days) $134,300,000, an increase of $6,600,000.

San Francisco bank clearings for the first eleven months of 1923 totaled $7,353,561,000, an increase of $719,261,000 over the corresponding period of 1922, which registered $6,634,300,000.

San Francisco postoffice receipts for the first eleven months of 1923 totaled $6,262,513, an increase of $484,837 over the11-month period of 1922, which aggregated $5,777,676.

Three new records in San Francisco's prosperity are shown in figures announced by the information bureau of the Chamber of Commerce industrial department, bank clearings and postoffice receipts shattering previous high marks.

November building permits contributed another record for activity, registering 786 grants calling for improvements valued at $3,850,265. In November, 1922, building permits numbered 638 and the improvements amounted to $2,621,472. The month just ended, therefore, shows a gain of 148 permits and an increased value of $1,228,794 over the corresponding month a year ago.

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Bank clearings for November, as reported by the Clearing House Association to the Chamber of Commerce, totaled $666,000,000 as compared with $634,800,00 during November last year, an increase of $31,200,000.

Revenues at the postoffice as announced from Postmaster James E. Power's office in November amounted to $579,316, which compares with $573,383 a year ago, a gain of $5,932.87 over November of last year.

Both the building permits and the postoffice receipts register the highest of any November in the history of San Francisco according to Chamber of Commerce statistics.

If anything were needed to make perfectly clear the soundness of Secretary Mellon's financial reform policy for this country, W. G. McAdoo's *criticism of it would be enough to demonstrate its correctness and warrant its adoption without delay*, says Cleveland *Topics*.

Mr. McAdoo ran the railroads of this country when his father-in-law was chief executive. Railroads have not yet rid themselves of the consequences of his blatant mal-administration. McAdoo seemed to regard the American railroads more as a vehicle for his own personal and political exploitation than as means of transportation for American goods and American people. He made public administration of transportation systems a joke, a grizzly sort of joke, too. Left-handedly he was of service because he did more than any other person to strengthen the country in its adherence to personal ownership. McAdoo gave the nation enough government direction of business to last it several lifetimes.

Naturally enough he espouses the soldier bonus graft. His own political business comes always before that of the public and his action in indorsing it is just the cheap, silly sort of country town politics that was expected of him. He is not even smart enough to know that, while he broke into print with it, he did not at all add to his popularity by it. McAdoo's affected expert opinion of the tax reduction programme of Secretary Mellon is of more serious importance. He says that his programme is feasible, as a finance proposition, even with the contingency of a soldier bonus being appropriated.

Mr. Mellon's financial skill, opposed to that of Mr. McAdoo, furnishes just enough contrast to make Mr. Mellon's opinion to the contrary almost certain of general approval. The soldier bonus happens to be wrong in itself from every angle which furnishes a view of it, patriotically, sentimentally, practically, financially wrong. It debauches patriotic estimate of service, it lowers service from the high plane on which it deserves to be considered—and must be considered, it sickens service men of the work they did, properly, for their country, and, reduced to the simplest terms, is no more than panhandling graft which hurts the supposed objects of its assistance. Its real objects are, of course, political objects, and Mr. McAdoo's inexpert politicianship tipped this fact off nicely. It should be prevented by all means because it would be a wrong, even were no other factors involved.

On the other hand, Mr. Mellon's financial reform program is of outstanding merit, a national necessity that should be adopted without regard to any other elements that might affect it, or that might be affected by it. When the situation is so marvellously clear that a wholesome measure is endangered by a measure that, even of itself, is unwholesome, and not only iniquity is to be prevented, but a necessary reform is to be promoted by one and the same act, it is no wonder that plain citizens and politicians alike, rich and poor, of all classes, have united in giving Secretary Mellon the encouragement he needs to accomplish his high aim.

The one act which everybody unites in urging upon government at the present time, which will promote true reform in this country, while preventing graft at the same time, is to kill the soldiers' bonus scheme for good and all.

Opinions differ as to the real state of trade. Some people point to the many industries which are operating at relatively low rates of capacity. Some call attention to the continued lack of forward orders. Business is undoubtedly spotty both in lines of industry and in sections of the country affected by special agricultural conditions. From these facts and the increasing demands of labor the conclusion is drawn that business can not be good.

Admitting the facts, do they mean that we are to have worse rather than better business? The answer would seem largely to be found in the state of retail trade. Retail trade is undoubtedly good in useful articles and not so good in articles which can be done without. That retail business as a whole is satisfactory is confirmed in the experience of distributors who without exception report no abatement in the steady flow of small orders rather than seasonal purchases as in former years, says National Bank of Commerce in New York.

Stocks of goods are reported as not large either in the hands of the producer, distributor or consumer. It is true that facts as to stocks are difficult to get but there are always more or less unerring indications which enable experienced business men to discover whether they are excessive. Thus in 1920, although direct evidence as to accumulations of goods was lacking there was sure signs of the existence of heavy stocks. Delays in transportation concealed a large volume of goods, credit expansion was extreme and money was high.

To-day these signs are absent. Expeditious transportation gives assurance that heavy stocks are not out of sight on the railroads. Commercial loans are not excessive and are fluctuating through a narrow range and easy conditions prevail in the money market. With active retail trade, reasonable stocks of goods and factory operations at low levels in many important lines, the opinion is justified that continued consumption based on full employment of labor must bring about increased rather than reduced industrial activity.

Money rates have eased slightly during the past thirty days, a reflection of the passing of the peak of autumn requirements. Rediscounts at Federal Reserve banks are now $93,000,000 below the amount reported on October 31, the highest point reached during the fall months. Loans and discounts of reporting member banks, other than those secured by government obligations or by stocks and bonds, have shown only unimportant fluctuations. The same is true of deposits of reporting member banks.

Commercial paper has eased somewhat with 5 per cent the rate for prime names. Offerings have been moderate but have been disposed of rapidly. Demand from the interior, especially the West and Southwest, has been good, with New York buying only moderately.

In marked contrast to the preceding period, the call market has been active during the greater part of the period from October 16 to November 15. The renewal rate has fluctuated from 4¼ per cent to 5 per cent during the past thirty days and on November 15 was 4¾ per cent. Time money has been easier, brokers receiving accommodations in good volume at 5 per cent for all maturities.

Brokers' selling rate on 90-day acceptances is unchanged at 4⅛ per cent.

Security transactions during the period from October 16 to November 15 were greater in volume than for any similar period since early in the summer, with a better undertone than for some time past. High grade new issues have been well taken and easier money rates have been reflected in higher prices for short-term government securities and in fact for all government issues. Municipal bonds which were in good supply with dealers have been finally distributed to investors and new tax-exempt issues have found a ready market.

The political situation resulting from the development of a municipal water supply for San Francisco is typical of a result that too often attaches to a municipal or public ownership enterprise. Once a machine is built up for the expenditure of millions of dollars in developing a public undertaking, it is hard to stop it from expanding its activity to other lines, says the Industrial News *Bureou*.

Some $40,000,000 have been spent out of tbe $45,000,000 authorized for San Francisco's water system and it is now estimated that it will take $30,000,000 more to complete the Hetch Hetchy project and then an additional $40,000,000 to buy the distributing system of the local water company in San Francisco before the Hetch Hetchy water can be delivered to customers.

Not contented with this, however, the advocates of public ownership want to use the Hetch Hetchy project as the basis for establishing a municipal electric power distributing system in the city. It is estimated that this would cost another $25,000,000 and that go

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with it a $10,000,000 auxiliary steam plant would be necessary.

On top of this, the advocates of municipal ownership would take over the city's street railway properties at a value of approximately $45,000,000.

Thus, from a modest beginning of $45,000,000, and additional $150,000,000 is proposed before the public is ever given water as a result of the first undertaking.

It seems that the city engineer of San Francisco is a level-headed public official and suggests that, instead of loading the city with this tremendous additional indebtedness that the power which can be developed as a by-product of the San Francisco water supply be sold for a sum of approximately $2,000,000 a year to one of the existing electric distributing companies. His argument is that this would pay the interest on the $40,000,000 already spent and allow the earnings of the water system to be used for the retirement of the bonds.

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In as much as the present power companies are entirely under state control from the standpoint of rates charged, service rendered, etc., it would seem that San Francisco has little excuse for loading its taxpayers with an interest burden resulting from such a tremendous issue of bonds as would be necessary for the purpose of launching the city in competitive business undertakings with its citizens and taxpayers.

The people of San Francisco can feel grateful for having an engineer who is level-headed enough to figure on making a municipal water system which is costing twice as much as the original estimate, pay its way, instead of merely using the system as the basis for expanding municipal ownership to numerous other undertakings.

The situation, however, offers a perfect illustration of the growth of officialism from a small beginning to enormous proportions, if it is not cut off at the neck by the taxpayers, who ultimately have to foot the bill.

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More railroad security holders than employees, is the caption of an editorial in the *World's Work*, as follows:

"Figures published by the American Railway Association show that four of the largest railroads of this country—the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Northern Pacific—have more stock and bondholders than they have employees. The figures were given out, according to the announcement, 'as a part of a campaign to show the number of security holders who are involved in any legislation that affects the railroads of the United States, and to point out that in some instances the number of security holders are larger than the number of employees.' These four roads have 248,282 stockholders, 247,000 bondbolders, and 427,900 employees.

If there were not many duplications among these stockholders and bondholders, such figures would indicate that there are many persons interested from selfish motives in seeing that the railroads enjoy good earnings so that they can pay good dividends and sell their stocks and bonds at high prices. But there is a large percentage of duplication in the lists of railroad security holders of this class, and therefore these figures are somewhat misleading, although not dishonestly so. One person may be counted eight times as a security holder while an employee can work on only one road. However, the chief cause of the difference is not in numbers but in the fact that the employees are well organized while it is difficult to make the security holders heard in a common cause. If the depositors in savings banks and policyholders in insurance companies, which own large amounts of railroad securities, could be added to the railroads' lists of stock and bondholders and all be heard, their voice would drown out that of employees and of all special interests seeking rate reductions.

"But there is another interest in the railroads that transcends that of security holders, employees, or of any group of shippers. We are all dependent upon the railroads to bring us our daily bread. We therefore are all interested in an efficient and growing transportation system. This happens to be much the same, and about as inarticulate, as that of the security holders. Efficiency and growth require the expenditure of money for better equipment and extension of lines, and money for such things comes with good earnings.

"Mr. Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age*, has pointed out that in five of the ten years before we entered the war the railroads earned an average of about 5½ per cent on their property investment and that there resulted an average annual investment of about $700,000,000 in new railroad facilities. In the other five years the average earnings were about 4½ per cent and the amount invested in new facilities was only about $400,000,000. Estimates of the amount that the roads should be investing to-day to keep up with the growing need for transportation range from $750,000,000 a year for several years, by the joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry of Congress, to more than $1,000,000,000 by other authorities.

"This magazine has suggested before that the railroads would do well to find some way to adopt the 'customer ownersbip' idea of selling securities that has been so successfully employed by many public utility companies, including the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This is not only a way of securing new capital; it is a way of gaining fair consideration for the companies' viewpoint. Adopted by utility companies as an expendiency to raise capital during the war, it has been found by them to be one of the best things they ever did. The railroads should adopt some such plan. They would find that it materially augments the favorable effect of their new policy of frankness with the public and their successful demonstration of efficiency in handling the largest volume of traffic they have ever been called upon to carry.

"A man in Philadelphia who buys ten shares of New York Central stock through a broker, because he thinks it is a good investment or speculation, does not feel the same sense of partnership in the road that the man in Rochester would feel had he been influenced by the road itself to buy the stock and see its trains going through his city every day. When politicians start hammering the railroads, the former man hardly realizes that he has any interest in the matter; the latter stands up and defends his property."

Early-day Western traditions are recalled in the marketing of the bonds of the Bitter Root Irrigation District, an issue offered in this territory by Freeman, Smith & Camp Co.

It was the Bitter Root Valley that the late Marcus Daly selected forty years ago as the site of one of the most famous farms that the West has known. His dividends from the Anaconda financed his investment and his choice of the upper end of the Bitter Root brought that valley more prominently into the public eye than it had been since Chief Joseph and Looking Glass, crossing the Bitter Roots from Idaho, fought one of the most brilliant military actions in American history on the ground which is now devoted to the culture of gold medal apples and blackberries of a type unexcelled anywhere.

It was in the Bitter Root Valley that A. B. Hammond, now one of the largest lumber operators on the Pacific Coast, made some of his first business ventures, establishing the Missoula Mercantile Company at Missoula, an institution that has become the largest single mercantile establishment in any city of its size in North America—perhaps in the world.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has awarded a contract covering approximately 100,000 horsepower in hydraulic equipment to the Pelton Water Wheel Company of San Francisco. This is one of the largest contracts of its kind ever let by a Pacific Coast Power Company, and includes three 33-000-horsepower turbines with valves, governors and all auxiliary equipment for the Pit River power plant No. 3, in Northern California. The Pit No. 3 development is the second of a series of five hydro-electric plants to be developed on the Pit River system, and will be 15 per cent greater in capacity than the Pit No. 1 plant which was placed in operation last year.

A. F. Hockenbeamer, vice-president of the power company, states that in placing this contract with a Pacific Coast manufacturer, his company was following out its well-established policy of coöperating with Western manufacturers in building up business on the Pacific Coast. This plant will be delivering power to the bay cities in the summer of 1925 and already considerable work has been done at the site.

There are 800 men now working on the Pit No. 3 project in an endeavor to get all preliminary work completed before the winter sets in and thereby afford the opportunity of continuing the work throughout the winter months. The 20,000-foot tunnel has been bored for a distance of 1,000 feet. The tunnel bore will be worked from six separate points. Provisions are being made to keep the McCloud and Pit River railroads open all winter for the carrying of food and supplies. Snow ploughs will take care of the 10 to 12-foot normal snowfall at the summit and at Bartle.

The tunnel will be of the horseshoe shape, 20 feet high and large enough to permit the operation of specially constructed steam shovels which will facilitate speeding the work.

The Pelton Water Wheel Company, who have received received this contract have been established in San Francisco since 1887, and is the only company manufacturing this type of hydraulic equipment west of the Mississippi river. E. M. Breed, sales manager of the Pelton company, indicated the importance of this contract to local concerns by stating that all of the raw material, castings, etc. would be procured on the coast, and that the complete equipment would require a train of 40 freight cars in its transportation to the Pit River power site. Work has already been begun at the Pelton shops here and the first of the turbines will be delivered in the fall of 1924. In anticipation of this and other large contracts resulting from the rapid growth of hydro-electric development on the Pacific Coast, the Pelton Company is now erecting a new office building and shop of re-inforced concrete construction on the block bounded by Nineteenth, Alahama and Florida streets. The new buildings will be occupied about January 1, and this extension together with the remodeling of their present plant will double the production capacity of the company.

The Department of Commerce announces that the costs of government for the State of California for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, amounted to $69,297,848, which is a per capita cost of $19.02. In 1918 the per capita cost was $10.44, and in 1915, $11.82, the totals for these years being $33,521,381 and $34,119,473, respectively. The per capita costs for 1922 consisted of expenses of general departments, $12.23; expenses of public service enterprises, $0.47; payments for interest, $0.86, and for outlays, $5.46, almost 80 per cent of which was for highways.

The total revenue receipts for 1922 were $59,064,444, or $16.36 per capita. For the fiscal year the per capita excess of governmental costs over revenue receipts was, therefore, $2.66. However, the revenue receipts exceeded the costs for the ordinary operation and maintenance and the payments for interest, excluding outlays by $2.80 per capita. This excess of per capita payments over revenue receipts is largely on account of permanent improvements, the costs of which were met by the issuance of debt obligations.

In California property and special taxes represented represented 23.7 per cent of the total revenue for 1922, 23.7 per cent for 1918, and 31.0 per cent for 1915. The decrease in the amount of property and special taxes collected was 7.5 per cent from 1915 to 1918, and there was an increase of 100.1 per cent from 1918 to 1922. The per capita property and special taxes were $3.88 in 1922, $2.20 in 1918, and $2.64 in 1915.

Earnings of general departments, or compensation for service rendered by state officials,, represented 9.9 per cent of the total revenue for 1922, 10.8 per cent for 1918, and 8.0 per cent for 1915.

Business and non-business licenses constituted 49.6 per cent of the total revenue for 1922, 49.0 per cent for 1918, and 44.1 per cent for 1915. Receipts from business licenses consist chiefly of taxes exacted from insurance and other incorporated companies paid for hunting and fishing privileges.

The net indebtedness (funded and floating debt less sinking fund assets) of California was $20.83 per capita for 1922, $12.19 for 1918,, and $8.89 for 1915. The receipts from the sale of highway bonds amounted to $19,000,000: state building, $2,860,000, and seawall, $1,000,000.

There is no levy of the general property tax for state purposes in California.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Lese Majeste

QUEEN VICTORIA. By David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

Mr. Carb and Mr. Eaton's dramatization of Mr. Strachey's "Victoria" produced a play with all the pomp and color of history and the pleasant impudence of the familiar. We refer, without sufficient authority perhaps, to the play's indebtedness to Mr. Strachey's "life," but whether or no its co-authors had *the* Victoria in mind, certainly their attitude of disenchanted frankness is the direct descendant of Mr. Strachey's. In fact like many offspring they go the parent-stock one better. Where Mr. Strachey stated unflattering home truths, but for the most part subtly forebore from hammering the point home, preferring rather to flatter his readers that they could add the components of four, our twin dramatists, Mr. Carb and Mr. Eaton, leave not the most superficial of readers in any doubt as to their opinion of the great Victoria's genius. It was, in other words, the highly polished reflection of Albert's, who had no mean ability to govern, according to all three of our most recent authorities. That he was not popular they admit; that Victoria, rightly or wrongly, got the credit is common knowledge. Many of her subjects today would scoff the idea that the old queen was a figurehead. One admires the more the courage of Messrs. Strachey, Carb and Eaton in fighting for their unchivalrous theory.

From the producing viewpoint the play has almost as much interest as from the controversial. The playwrights have selected seven high spots in the queen's career, each of which is good for a rousing scene, farcical or tragical. According to the most conservative authorities, the poor queen seldom cut a really dignified figure. It was not that her position was an obvious misfit—Wilhelmina, by all accounts, has lived up to hers. It was rather, one feels that she never got over the little girl surprise of her accession and that until her last days—as her jubilee speech indicates—she was trying to act a part, and she was not gifted as an actress. She would have been so much happier as a well-to-do German hausfrau. As far as she could it was her instinct to emulate one and that combined with the deliberate histrionic effort to be a queen would have taxed the strength of Duse herself. No wonder that most of the great episodes of her life and reign make excellent material for the farcical stage. —R. G.

California's Bonanza Days

THE GOLCONDA BONANZA. By Jerome A. Hart. San Francisco: The Pioneer Press; $2.00.

In the "Goldconda Bonanza" we have the most distinctive book of the year, founded upon Californian traditions and developed in Californian spirit. In fact not since Mr. Hart's previous novel, "A Vigilante Girl," has there been so notable a contribution in the guise of fiction to the historical record of California.

The central theme of the "Golconda Bonanza" is founded in the rivalry of mine operators on the Mother Lode, but the movement of the story carries the reader as often to the San Francisco Stock Exchange and to phases of early social life here as to the mining field. Incidentally Mr. Hart draws upon the early Bohemian life of San Francisco for a series of pictures in which his characters are so thinly masked that anybody familiar with the bonanza days has little difficulty in identifying them. In characterizations of this kind Mr. Hart excels. It affords scope for his keen sense of personal values, his perception of the humorous, and his incisive writing style. Lovers of the romantic will wish that there was more of it than Mr. Hart's scheme permits, but after the reader gets well into the story there is enough to sustain interest to the dramatic finish when amid the thrills of San Francisco's first earthquake the heroine and hero find themselves.

California has inspired much that is excellent in fiction but nothing so definitely Californian—so blending history, tradition and romance—as Mr. Hart's two stories, "A Vigilante Girl" and this newest product of his pen the "Golconda Bonanza." In these books there is much accurately recorded that ought not to be lost, and fortunately Mr. Hart has given to the record a form and a charm that will make it a permanent possession.

For Children of All Ages

STAR DUST. By Miriam Gerstle. London: Selwyn & Blount.

Miriam Gerstle has labelled the collection of fairy tales that accompany her charming drawings, "For Children From Six to Sixty," and the many color plates, at least, will interest old readers as well as young, but we venture to think its most appreciative audience will be in the neighborhood of six. For children of that still disillusioned age, "Star Dust" will make as pretty a gift as any book of the season, for Miss Gerstle is a most imaginative decorative artist and her designs are certain to engross the vivid imagination of childhood. Some of the illustrations here are reminiscent of Arthur Rackham's fantastic work in color and fancy if not quite in the surety of draughtmanship.

The stories that make up "Star Dust" are about the always interesting impossibilities that people an imaginative child's brain, dwarfs and giants, enchanted princesses, dragons, and personified birds and beasts. Miss Gerstle writes with a simplicity that will recommend itself to her youthful readers and a sure sympathy for the dramatic events of childhood. As a writer and illustrator for young people she should go very far indeed.

Women in Industry

WOMEN IN ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY. By F. W. Tickner, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $1.50.

The history of the industrial development of England, as of other coutries, belongs to modern times. During the Middle Ages the work and development of the country lay along agricultural lines and industrial work began with the renaissance. Working and social conditions slowly improved with the increase of wealth; the guilds were no longer paramount and then the domestic system of industry came into being, when the work was done by individuals in their homes. As manufactures increased in towns and new industries were introduced into England by foreign immigrants, women gradually engaged in trades and business, wages and costs of living increased and there seem to have been domestic problems as serious in the eighteenth century as at the present time.

Industrial revolution in England due to the introduction of steam, and improved transportation led to modern factories. At first there was distress and unrest, working conditions for women and children were deplorable until the middle of the nineteenth century, when redress was sought by philanthropists, and Parliament began a programme of improvement in the lives of industrial workers.

A century of brutality was succeeded by a century of humanitarianism. With the spread of education women entered the professions and as a result of the war, when the worth and ability of women was well proved, the position of women as citizens has changed until practically all avenues of activity are open to her.

Experiments made in psychology of work, efficiency and methods of scientific management have led to further improvement in industry, and the principle of division of labor, while open to criticism in some regards, has led to increased skill and saving of strain and time.

Spooks and Ha'nts

SPOOKY HOLLOW. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.00.

Some people do not care for detective stories, some people revel in them, while with others it depends on the way they are told. But we all like the mysterious, and our curiosity once aroused, are uneasy until all the knots are untangled.

This story of "Spooky Hollow," Carolyn Wells has told well and skilfully enough to arouse and sustain the interest of the reader throughout, and if some are cleverer than others and begin to see a glimmer of light along about page 242½, and if that glimmer turns out to be not a false dawn but the real thing, a feeling of satisfaction is experienced and something is recalled about great minds thinking alike.

The most attractive part of "Spooky Hollow" is the wonderful house where everything happened. It sounds like a castle in a fairy tale and seems to have been dropped down by some geni into the lap of the Vermont woods where it stood. The descriptions are fascinating and the story is written about real people and not the usual lay figures which detective yarn spinners generally employ whereon to hang their fancies.

Hindu Worship

VEDIC HYMNS. Translated by Edward J. Thomas, M. A., D. Litt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company; $1.50.

This translation of the Vedic hymns of India is the latest publication in the Wisdom of the East series. The editors have sought to establish a meeting place for the ancient thought of the East and the modern thought of the West, and the different books have been issued with the conviction that only a wider knowledge of the religious beliefs of other people and nations can produce tolerance, sympathy, and understanding.

The Vedic Hymns are selected from the Rigveda, the largest and most important of the four collections of Hindu hymns, and while their origin and antiquity are still matter of dispute, the year 1000 B. C., is generally held to be a conservative date for the close of the Rigveda period.

The chief interest of the hymns to the western reader lies in the pictures of the religious ideas of the early Hindus and the traces in them of the development and transformation of these ideas. In them we find nature worship as a living religion, and also ancestor worship, as well as developments in religious conceptions and the question becomes all the more complex when it is remembered that these ancient beliefs belonged not alone to one united community but to a number of tribes, leading naturally to duplication of divinities and variations of the original cults.

In the Vedas may also be found the slow progress toward monotheism, through the worship of one Supreme Lord under the forms of Indra and other gods.

The Land of Fancy

THE SQUIRE. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton and Company; $2.00.

Somewhere in the Land of Fanciful Thought is a village, with shaded streets full of quiet beauty, where live men and women quaint of character and whimsical of speech, whose simple lives have an unexpected movement and stir. This cloud village has been transferred to paper with a few clever strokes, and has come alive in more than one book from the hand of Laura E. Richards. Those who have already wandered through the lanes of "Blessed Cyrus" and who have known Kitty and Lila, will open with pleasure a third volume dealing with the same quaint characters.

This time the story circles around the Squire, an interesting old man of 90 years, with his still brilliant mind uncloaded by age and his dominant nature still holding its own against all comers.

The two children who wander into his garden and into his life—the young girl who makes sunshine for him for the last years of his century, and the others who are old acquaintances, all make up a charming story, full of humor and striking character sketches.

The Clash of Class

LUTHER NICHOLS. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.

The meeting of East and West is no more fraught with drama and incongruity than the points of contact between classes, even in a society where caste is supposed to have no existence and classes to form a homogeneous whole.

Mrs. Watts has sketched against a background of modern American life two rather extreme types to work out this theme of the contact of two personalities each the product of widely differing conditions and environment, with the inevitable reaction and result.

As might have been expected, the weaker and less complex of the two goes to the wall and the clever one, the product of worldly training and education, maintains an easy balance. A striking by-product of the situation is a delineation of the modern, sophisticated society girl, who can always be relied on to furnish high lights and stirring episodes.

As a story the book is neither very absorbing nor particularly pleasant reading, but as a study in types and the working out of social problems it is thoughtful and well-written.

The Chicago News declares that big business needs 200,000 trained leaders. Perhaps, but what the country at large needs is fewer professional leaders and several million more intelligent followers.—*Omaha Bee.*

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NEW BOOKS FROM BEACON HILL

Biographies—the matured fruit of rich lives! Here are a few of the most important of the season: **REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS** ($5.00) by **Robert Underwood Johnson,** associate-editor and editor-in-chief of the *Century* for forty years, describing a life of activity in public affairs, art and letters; **MY MISSION TO RUSSIA AND OTHER DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES** (2 volumes, $8.00) by **Sir George Buchanan**—third impression now ready—an authoritative account of the events leading to the Russian débâcle; and **THREE GENERATIONS** ($4.00) by **Maud Howe Elliott,** daughter of Julia Ward Howe, which is in its third printing, and shows signs of becoming tremendously popular.

"Kenelm Digby," in that blithe ashion of his in *The New York Evening Post Literary Review* says:

"*Old Joe French's* 'The Pioneer West' ($2.50) was out a month ago * * * The book goes back to the dawn of time—or rather to *Lewis and Clark*—and it closes with a ripping selection from *Theodore Roosevelt* * * * All the old masters, and some new ones, in between * * * Give it to your really American friends for Christmas."

Courtney Ryley Cooper's UNDER THE BIG TOP ($2.50) is a fascinating "inside" story of daily circus life and affairs. *The New York Herald* in its Children's Book Week recommendations listed **UNDER THE BIG TOP** twice,—for boys as well as for girls. It's a book for normal adults as well.

Here are novels of romance, of adventure, of deep significance! **FEET OF CLAY** ($2.00) by Margaretta Tutt e; **SIR JOHN DERING** ($2.00) by effery Farno; **CROATAN** ($2.00) by Mary Johnston; **THE TERMS OF CONQUEST** ($2.00) by Howard ncent O'Brien; **ANOTHER SCANDAL** ($2.00) by Cosm. Hamilton; **THE ENCHANTED GARDEN** ($2.00) by Henry James orman, **THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN** ($1.75) by Edison arshall; **MICHAEL'S EVIL DEEDS** ($2.00) by E. Phillips Oppenheim; **MONTE FELIS** ($2.00) by Mary reary; **THE PAROWAN BONANZA** ($1.75) by B. M. Bower; **THE LAST FRONTIER** ($1.75) by Courtney Ryley ooper

A good hostess makes a point of seeing to many details about her house or apartment that add to the comfort of her guests. She fails in an important detail if she doesn't have suitable books in each guest room. Some hostesses make a point of having the books on the table that are likely to please the particular guest of the week-end. Where this same discrimination is shown books make the best Christmas gifts. We wouldn't recommend **THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY** (3 volumes, $18.00) for a stockbroker's stocking; but we would for a lawyer's; and while **THE ADVENTURES OF IMSHI** ($5.00) will not appeal to every Ford owner, anybody who intends to motor abroad will find it extremely interesting and enjoyable.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
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These volumes are for sale at all booksellers

A New Lincoln Biography

LINCOLN. By Clark Prescott Bissett. San Francisco: John Howell; $5.00, limited edition, $15.

It was a relief to find in this latest addition to Lincoln biography, not "another Lincoln book" but a "new Lincoln book." In the preface to his "Beethoven" Romain Rolland expresses the essential of worthwhile biography—a study of those great individuals who have suffered and achieved. And this estimate may be truly applied to Professor Bissett's book.

Much of the satisfaction in reading this book may be laid to the escape from fearful expectations. Too long have the biographers of Abraham Lincoln, in the manner of meticulous mathematicians, added or subtracted just so much in their estimate of the actualities of a great life. Their conclusions are the hoarded "discoveries" of years' "collecting"—a creditable pursuit in the privacy of a personal life.

To interpret the spirit and the intellect, to find the essential quality which guided and propelled the man, has been Professor Bissett's object. The narrative establishes each locality which is to govern a phase of Lincoln's life. The people, atmosphere and surroundings with their effect on the central figure are described. A few incidents are recounted—a series of well-told stories—and Professor Bissett is again calling attention to their bearing on the life itself.

After quoting Lincoln's words to the man of the South, "Will you make war upon us and kill us all? Why, gentlemen, I think you are as gallant and as brave men as live; that you fight as bravely in a good cause, man for man, as any other people living; . . . If we were fewer in numbers than you, I think you could whip us . . . but, being inferior in numbers, you will make nothing by attempting to master us," Professor Bissett continues, "Lincoln never would absolve the men of the South from their blood brotherhood with him and those he represented. He would not concede that they were personal enemies. Their claims that human slavery was right, he did deny, but even, then, he was willing to accede to them all that the constitution gave them and trust to time to bring about the final extinction of bondage confined, as it was confined by the constitution, to the original slave states. He loved men while hating the evil that blinded their eyes to truth and justice. This was his most God-like attribute and no man ever walked the earth who had it in superior degree, if there ever was one who equaled it.

At times the author declaims. There are several rhetorical questions which would be more at home upon a platform than upon the page of a book. Assuredly the book is better written in some places than in others. Professor Bissett's enthusiasm amounts, to devotion in some passages, but it must be remembered that only devotion to a subject could inspire the thought and study necessary for such a work.



Pellucidar

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His will led seven explorers into a game of blind man's buff as dangerous, mysterious and thrilling as the boldest daredevil could desire.

Here's a yarn that will keep you up nights.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers

The Farming Hunger

WINGED SEEDS. By Bertha Oppenheim. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.25.

This is an account of the conception and realization of a summer home on a farm in the Lake Champlain district of Vermont. The fascinated farm-holders are a New York doctor and his wife, and Scotty, the dog member of the family, and the business of planning and evolving an ideal home is told in an informal and entertaining fashion by the wife.

The volume is not intended as a handbook for any who are undertaking a like venture, but the mistakes and achievements of these two country-hungry mortals may well be a valuable guide in the matter of building a liveable home and raising on a farm nearly all the necessaries of life.

Many people known to fame were guests, and supply quite naturally the human element in the book. There is no particular effort on the part of the author to be literary. She has merely managed to put on paper the joy that land-holding gave to her and her doctor husband; and the result may make those who possess such a paradise glory in it, and mere city dwellers long for an ideally situated farm in Vermont.

New Books Received.

THE BLACK-EYED PUPPY. By Katherine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

Juvenile.

THE GIANT OF APPLE PIE HILL. By Miriam Clark Potter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.

Juvenile.

HAMPSHIRE DAYS. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

The chroniele of a naturalist's ramblings.

MY WINDOWS ON THE STREET OF THE WORLD. By James Mavor. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, two volumes; $12.00.

Recollections.

A HISTORY OF ART. By Dr. G. Garotti. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, three volumes; $9.00.

A new edition.

FORTY YEARS IN MY BOOKSHOP. By Walter T. Spencer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $6.00.

Reminiscences.

THE PERFUME OF THE RAINBOW. By L. Adams Beck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

And other stories.

THE SPELL OF SIRIS. By Muriel Hinc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.00.

A supplement to "The Flight."

QUEEN VICTORIA. By David Carb and Walter Pritchard Eaton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

A play in seven scenes.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF PETER SCHLEMIHL. By Adelbert von Chamisso. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $2.00.

Translated and illustrated by Theodore Bolton.

RACUNDRA'S FIRST CRUISE. By Arthur Ransome. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $2.50.

Five weeks' adventure among the isles of the Eastern Baltic.

THE MONTESPAN. By Romain Rolland. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $2.00.

A drama in three acts.

THE HERETIC OF SOANNA. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $1.50.

A WEEK. By Iury Libedinsky. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $1.50.

A novel translated from the Russian by Arthur Ransome.

HORSES AND MEN. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $2.00.

Short stories and sketches.

ARLIE GELSTON. By Roger L. Sergel. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $2.00.

A novel of Iowa.

SONGS OF THE SEA. By Arthur Wentworth Hewitt. Rutland: The Marble City Press.

Verse.

FIFTY CHRISTMAS POEMS FOR CHILDREN. Selected by Florence B. Hyett. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $1.00.

An anthology.

HOW TO PUT ON AN AMATEUR CIRCUS. By Fred A. Hacker and Prescott Eames. Chicago: T. S. Dennison & Company; $1.75.

Illustrated with photographs and sketches by the authors.

CHRIST IN ART. By Mrs. Henry Jenner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

The development of the delineation of the face and figure of Christ.

PERSONALITY IN THE MAKING. By Joseph Herschel Coffin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.

Personal value in relation to business, education and religion.

THE BOY WITH THE UNITED STATES DIPLOMATS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.75.

The new volume of the United States Service Series.

WITH THE MOVIE MAKERS. By John Amid. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

With many illustrations.

FOUR COUSINS. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.75.

Translated from the Norwegian by Emilie Poulsson.

THE IROQUOIS SCOUT. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

Juvenile.

Chinaman Likes Shakespeare

Shakespeare has been called the poet for all time, and the recent performance of "Hamlet" by a Malay opera company to a mixed Malay and Chinese audience gives clearer evidence than perhaps ever before that he is also the poet for all countries, says the Los Angeles *Times*. It is apparently made no difference that the fair Ophelia was played by a dark lady with inky hair, and that such liberties were taken in connection with the ghost as to introduce a burlesque scene, in which the sleeping soldiers awake and in the extremity of their terror call up the guard-room on the telephone. But withal Hamlet dominated the stage, impressing indelibly the greatness of the poet's genius.

Lord Morley's death has called fresh attention to the fact that it is by his literary rather than by his political work that he will live. He served Great Britain in the Commons, the Lords, and the Cabinet, he stood in unalterable opposition to two wars fought by his country—but his greatest fame will rest on his "Voltaire," "Rousseau," "Oliver Cromwell," his essays and pre-eminently on his "Burke." A new edition of Lord Morley's collected works is to be published this fall by Macmillan.

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Notes of Books and Authors.

It is quite generally known that the Russian artist, Bilihin, who did the costumes and settings for Cherepnin's "Contes Russes," in which Pavlowa recently danced for two weeks in New York, illustrated a famous book of Russian fairy-tales. The Century Company calls attention to the fact that they publish a collection of "Russian Wonder Tales" collected and translated by Post Wheeler, former secretary to the American embassy of Petrograd, which contains twelve of these noted illustrations in full color.

The tragic story of Jezebel, queen of Samaria is told by John Masefield in his new poetic drama, "A King's Daughter," which Macmillan published in October. Tribal jealousies and political and private hates interweave beneath the vivid action of the play. The old tale is presented with great power and beauty, and the choruses, singing the love and misfortunes of Nireus and Helen of Troy, link these with Queen Jezebel's story. Mr. Masefield's prose tale of "The Taking of Helen" appeared about the same time. It tells of Helen's perilous flight with Paris from Sparta, and of how Nireus helped the lovers to escape. It is at present published only in a limited autographed edition.

A lively competition for the English rights to "The Florentine Dagger" by Hecht (Boni & Liveright) has just been concluded with Heinemann, the winner. Hecht is very popular in London and Edinburgh literary circles, and English critics who have read "The Florentine Dagger" are hailing it as another example of American dash and vigor.

The J. B. Lippincott company has added to the Stories All Children Love series a new one by Johanna Spyri entitled Vinzi. This, as many others of the series, is illustrated in color by Maria L. Kirk. Madame Spyri has again taken Switzerland as the scene of her latest story.

"Fascism" by Odon Por, an informative and dispassionate account of the Fascisti movement by a writer who has contributed frequently to the English reviews articles on social and labor problems in Italy, was recently published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Johan Bojer has come rather quietly to New York and departed from it to tour the northwestern states under the auspices of the Sons of Norway, lecturing in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis, and other cities. The author of "The Great Hunger," "The Power of a Lie," and the rest of his not overlong list of books is admittedly among the greatest of living novelists, and that his second appearance in America should have so little of brass-band about it is due in part to the fact that he came avowedly to visit his countrymen in the New World and in part to his own personality. It is not because of an insufficient command of English; Mr. Bojer's English is not idiomatic, but it is sure to be adequate, even charming. A Scandinavian-American novel, by the way, from the pen of the great Norwegian is more than hinted at as a possible result of this trip.

"Beauty and charm of style are more important in books for the child of six than for the man of sixty, as the literary taste is then forming," is the opinion of Grace Bliss Stewart, author of "Jumping Into the Jungle," recently published by Little, Brown & Company. That opinion has been growing among authors and publishers generally for the past ten years or so, and is the explanation of the improvement in children's literature which has become so noticeable of late years.

Houghton Mifflin Company is planning to publish the definitive life of John Muir, written by William F. Bade, the literary executive of the great naturalist. During the recent fire at Berkeley (where Mr. Bade makes his home) it was feared that the irreplaceable documents relative to Muir's life might be destroyed. They were, however, doubly secure as the fire stopped before it reached the section in which Mr. Bade lives, and if it had, the manuscripts were secured in fireproof vaults which have recently been added to the garage for just such emergencies.

Lost for seventy-five years, the famous Thomas Jefferson Bible, which this great American who was noted for the diversity and originality of his interests, made with eight different texts of the Bible, a pair of scissors and a paste pot, has not been permitted to be buried again in the government archives. This fascinating and unusual book, which throws a new light upon one of the most interesting of our great men, was published in September by Boni & Liveright, edited by Henry E. Jackson.

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Have you read **"DAMAGED SOULS,"** by Gamaliel Bradford (fifth printing, $3.50) and **"THE DANCE OF LIFE,"** by Havelock Ellis (sixth printing, $4.00), the two books that have this year captured the minds and imagination of the American public?

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By Frederick H. Colburn
Secretary, California Bankers' Association.

With the resources of the 704 state and national banks of California totaling more than a hundred million above the *three billion mark*, aggregate capital of over 315 millions, surplus of more than 88 millions readily available and undivided profits of nearly 50 millions, it seems a wholly unnecessary task to advance arguments as to the banking conditions or the prosperity of the people of the gloriously blessed and widespreading Commonwealth of California.

As a matter of actual fact at this time when the old year is filling out its 1923 stride, it can be authoritatively stated, without reserve that banking conditions in California are far ahead of most states in the Union—and absolutely sound.

Known among bankers as a specialty state, because of its diversified products and industries, California for many years has enjoyed the distinction of financing itself without the aid of outside capital; in fact often times finding surplus capital to pass along to its neighbors in adjoining states.

Naturally living in the midst of so much prosperity and plenty, the wealth producing fertile valleys of California are taken as a matter of fact. But outside of bankers and business men interested there must, of course, exist a wide lack of knowledge as to where the golden stream that piles up billions of resources in the banks originates. Banks may be said to be the heart of business, keeping the money circulating in trade, just as the heart in the human body keeps life circulating through its normal pressure. The banks take in the people's deposits; loan those deposits out or invest them, making the collection of loans and always so handling their vast banking machinery as to repay the depositors on demand.

So, in any true discussion of banking and bank conditions governing in California, it is necessary to familiarize the layman with the variegated products in the raw that create the steady stream of revenue. On the latest figures available in listing those raw materials numerous surprises come to the fore, as for instance the magnitude of the egg and chicken industry and the rapid growth of late years of dairying. Of the industries, first and foremost is the canned fruits and vegetables, which in 1922 showed a valuation of approximately $250,000,000. Petroleum, of course, is one of the state's great industries, but even at that it takes second place with a showing of $173,000,000. Coming to the raw materials proper, other than oil, they run in this order: Hay, $75,000,000; grapes (wine, raisin and table), $64,000,000; citrus fruits, $57,000,000; dairying, $55,000,000; eggs and chickens, $40,000,000; barley, $23,000,000, and so on.

Lumbering is another huge source of revenue and the transforming of cotton in the Imperial Valley and other parts of California into gold is another source of harvest revenue. Favored by what the cotton men term a "runaway market" the cotton growers of the Pacific this year so far have already disposed of more than half of their crop and the governing price in marketing the year's crop it is expected will be around 33 cents a pound. In other words, it is expected that each acre of cotton will return the grower an income of $100.

The year just drawing to a close has been one of normal crops, with prices above normal in many instances. Californians generally have kept up their record of being good spenders and all in all this prosperity that has been created for our banks is reflected into all sections of the state.

So much for the creating causes that fill our coffers. Getting down to real bank figures there were at the time of the last bank call, September 14, 1923, 3,155,180 depositors intrusting their monies to the banks, an increase of 514,167 depositors in the twelve-month period since the call of September 15, 1922. These banks have a capital of $176,847,927, of which capital $114,007,927 represents the state banks and $62,840,000 the national banks.

Resources reach the magnificent total of $3,101,675,239, the resources of the state banks being $2,607,169,239, and those of the national banks being $1,034,506,000.

The total surplus at the time of the call was $88,872,616; undivided profits $47,304,520 and deposits reaching $2,358,068,305.

Among the state banks of which there are 433, with 448 branches, the resources showed an increase during the period from September 15, 1922, to September 14, 1923, of $344,912,771. There are 271 national banks in California, a few of them having branches. Incidental to this mention of national bank branches, about which of late there has been much said in the public press, it may be said that the metropolitan national banks of the state have viewed with little concern the growth of branch banks—state institutions—having complacently attended to their own knitting. In California, branch banking has become highly developed—as above stated there being now 448 branches of state chartered banks.

One great factor in the sound and prosperous condition of California's banks is the Bank Act, adopted in 1909 after careful study and investigation at the hands of some of the state's most able bankers. Since then, through the work of the legislative committee of the California Bankers' Association the Bank Act has been, in conjunction with the superintendent of banks, improved, kept abreast of the times and banking changes, and worked over, until today it stands foremost among the bank acts of any of the states in its watchfulness over the bank deposits, loans and investments and restrictive guardianship of the people's monies. To this carefully drawn and rigidly enforced Bank Act of the State of California is due in part the great banking strides made in the state and their sound, successful administration.

Mention having been made of the California Bankers' Association, the official organization of the banks of the state, it may be said that its membership includes 1,044 banks, placing it among the leading banking associations of the country.

So it will be seen that banking in California places the state among the most advanced of its sister states. With the next bank call, which will come probably at the end of December, the magnitude of the banks' resources, surpluses and undivided profits, it is prophesied will show still further increases.

Vast irrigation projects are under way, all financed by California capital, and creating huge payrolls. When great power plants are built to corral the water-power of the state or irrigation projects are brought to perfection, it is worthy of notice that such projects are on a vast scale, made possible by the immense resources available from our banks.

Your national banker in California will tell you that national banking in California to-day is as near perfection as is possible and that there has never been a time of late years, even during the period of liquidation following the war, when the conditions were not excellent and the banks at all times ready to meet any conditions. The state banker will voice a similar opinion, or as one of them expressed it, "We lead them all!"

An Industrial Fund

Southern California *Business*, published by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, very wisely points out that increase in new industries in a community should be just as rapid as increase in population, otherwise a slump occurs in employment.

Los Angeles is striving to create an industrial fund to prosecute a campaign for new and reliable local industries that will provide a substantial payroll.

Modern city building is carried on along these lines which are of direct interest to every local resident whether he be manufacturer, distributor, merchant, professional man or laborer for they all must live by the efforts of each other.

The Century Company, one of the publishing houses especially well known for a strong juvenile list, informs us that it is preparing for the present season a catalogue of children's books which is unusual in that stress is laid in it upon hooks for adolescent boys and girls.

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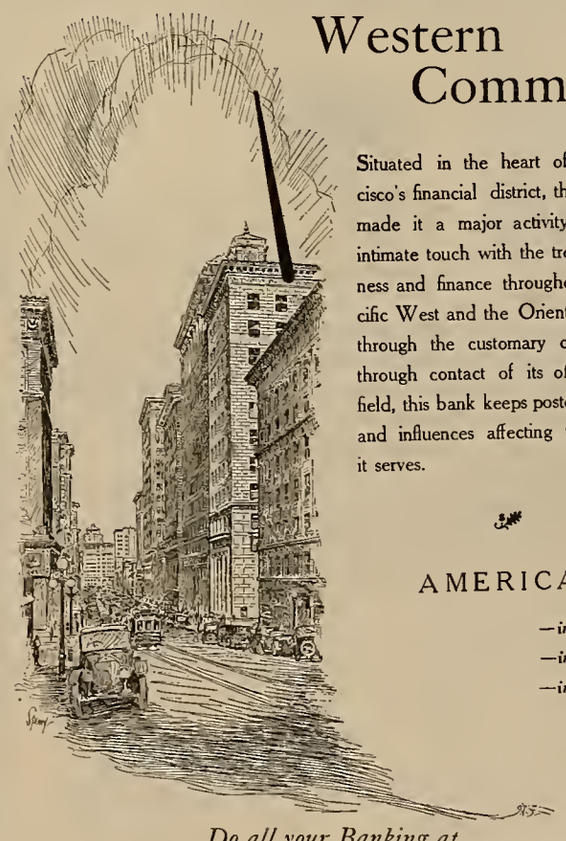
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FISCAL YEAR IN STATE BANKING

Sound Banking Practices Are Judiciously Exercised

By JOHN FRANKLIN JOHNSON
Superintendent of Banks

California continues to indulge its just pride in its great and splendid banking system.

Once again is the steady progress of our financial institutions exemplified and proved by a compilation of figures covering the fiscal year from June 30, 1922, to June 30, 1923. The phenomenon of this progress is so striking as to arrest the attention of not only the people of California, but also of the students of banking economics throughout the United States. Statistics, however presented, most often gravitate to the status of a dull record, but the unceasing growth of banking power in California finds expression in figures from which unlimited and encouraging conclusions may be freely and logically drawn without involving a single extravagant statement.

Probably the greatest single factor in the continued advance of state banks is the fact that the state operates under the departmental banking system, the most highly developed and analytical form to which the science and profession of banking has been raised. The service of state banks is essentially of a triple nature. The commercial banks, and commercial departments of departmental banks, support the trade of the whole state and supply credit, the life of production and distribution. The trust company, as the man between, handles agreements of the greatest magnitude and is of the utmost importance in corporate and development finance, to say nothing of its fiduciary functions.

And the savings bank has the vital responsibility of developing the natural resources of the state, and in fostering the durable advancement of agriculture and manufacture. The savings banks are not operating with the thought of meeting market fluctuations, but with the end in view of insuring the steady growth of the great latent powers of the state; nothing which cannot be scientifically financed with a promise of returns amounting to a veritable guarantee can enlist the cooperation of investment by savings banks.

Turning to the figures at hand, we see the actual result of sound banking practices judiciously exercised. It is a matter of comment that although in 1922 there were but 429 state banks, and in 1923 the same number, with a few additional branch offices, total resources increased from the already splendid total of $1,657,940,000 to $1,985,289,000, an increase of over $300,000,000. Among these resources, loans on real estate increased from $596,187,000 to $738,165,000, a sure proof that a part at least of the tremendous advance is directly traceable to service and co-operation of a high character, resulting in the finest sort of investment.

On the other hand, an indication of the increase in assets of a more liquid nature may be observed from the aggregate of bankers' acceptances, notes, drafts and bills of exchange, amounting to $10,317,000 as against $9,050,000 for last year.

Bond investments have increased from $392,838,000 to $459,067,000. Nothing could more clearly indicate the desire and ability of state banks at once to further industrial and real estate projects of great magnitude and to add to the aggregate of liquid and high grade assets. Of the total on June 30, 1923, $193,017,804 marked an investment in United States securities alone.

The great economic reservoir of liquid resources standing ready to meet the ever increasing needs of the commonwealth is found in the money due from Federal Reserve banks, due from other depositaries, gold coin, gold bullion, gold certificates, currency, exchanges and cash items. These increments amounted to $206,869,000 in 1922, and on June 30, of 1923, aggregated $230,651,990. Of the latter amount, $56,479,000 was due from the Federal Reserve Bank, an increase of $18,000,000; money due from other depositaries remains practically constant.

There was a small increase in capital, from $100,065,000 to $111,690,000. Surplus increased from $43,000,000 to $49,000,000 and undivided profits from $16,000,000 to $21,000,000. The total increase, however, in capital, surplus and undivided profits amounted to over $32,000,000.

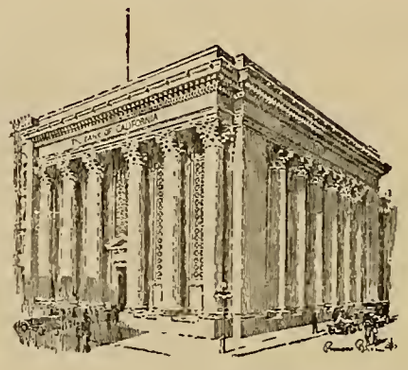
Nothing could be more encouraging than the increase in individual deposits. Deposits in commercial banks increased from $392,646,000 to the total of $500,732,000. Savings de-

(Continued on Page 370.)

YOUR BANK AND YOUR BUSINESS TODAY AND TOMORROW

TO give the fullest measure of service a bank must not only consider its customers' immediate needs, but also give careful thought to the future expansion of their interests as well as to be constantly on the alert for opportunities which might be turned to their advantage.

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PROTECTION vs. LIFE INSURANCE

San Francisco Recognized Insurance Center of Pacific Coast States

By E. H. LESTOCK GREGORY,
General Agent Ætna Insurance Company.

All humans are born to certain primal needs. They must have food, clothing, shelter, medical aid and nursing, regardless of race or place of birth. In this community people have many other needs demanded by environment and convention; certainly education is one of these and recreation another.

These needs are recognized by everyone and in a family are now supplied by the husband and father during his life.

He realizes that should he predecease the members of his family their need for the things above will continue, hence he buys Life insurance, urged to do so by his desire to continue to provide for the needs of his family. In other words, he buys Life insurance for their "protection."

Say for example he buys $25,000—naturally this must be invested to yield the income to meet the family's needs as the money is required, i. e., monthly.

Now where shall the widow invest her money? Imagine her anxiety and perplexity when she faces this problem. If she had any idea how few men of long business and financial experience can invest and reinvest money over any length of time without loss she would be more harassed than she is. If she knew that nearly every wealthy man has many worthless securities in his safe deposit box at his death all of which appeared to him to be good investments when he put money into them, she would realize the seriousness of the problem ahead of her.

Her job is a much harder one than her husbands was because he never had to depend for their living upon his ability to keep a limited amount of money permanently invested with safety and profit. He had his earning ability to make up loss of principal, interest and time in reinvestment.

Where shall the widow invest? That is the momentous question.

Relatives or friends are the first to give her advice and hardly any two will agree as to how she should invest her money.

Recently a woman was paid $30,000 life insurance in one sum and sought advice as to how to invest it.

She first called on a reliable real estate firm who recommended that she invest in an apartment house in a desirable location which would give her a place to live and a good return on the money. However, someone suggested that she go to a bond house and inquire about bonds. She did this and mentioned to the manager of the bond house the idea of investing in an apartment house. He told her of a woman friend of his who invested $40,000 in an apartment house in a particularly nice neighborhood and she had her living and a splendid profit from the investment for a number of years. However, the trend of apartment house building passed on from that section of town and after a while a corner grocery was built next door and a little later a public garage was built on the other side. Her tenants moved out and she could only replace them with a different class at lower rents. Substantial sums were required to modernize the apartments. New electric fixtures and plumbing were needed to attract tenants and she had not saved nearly enough from income to meet these large demands so she finally tried to dispose of the property but its market value was found to be far below her original investment.

The bond man advised her to invest in bonds and gave her a list of those he recommended, for her to select from.

Someone suggested that she write to a financial journal about the bonds and she did. This paper advised her not to invest in the bonds recommended and gave her their reasons for this advice. Some of the securities were new issues—unseasoned, perhaps good for a business man but not for a widow's funds.

Finally worried and harassed on all sides, she went to her banker who advised her to invest a certain amount of money in each of ten different seasoned securities. This was good advice and she acted on it. Two of these investments were made in Eastern Railroad stocks, at that time regarded by all authorities as among the safest investments securable. For years the most conservative banks and trust companies had invested heavily in these securities. These stocks were bought at $210 per share, today they are paying no dividends and their market price is but 7 per cent. of the price she paid for them.

One of these companies had about 24,000 stockholders and of this number nearly 59 per cent. were women or trusts or guardianships for women or children. The other company had over 8,000 stockholders and of these over 62 per cent. were women and children.

When such things occur how can you be sure your Life insurance, even if it is a goodly amount, will really "protect" your family?

A man once gave a contractor $25,000 with this order:

"Brown, I have absolute confidence in you and I want you to build me a house to protect my family and me from the elements, the cost to be $25,000, the house to be of brick, 12 rooms, three baths, sleeping porch, tiled roof, hardwood floors, etc., and I don't want you to come to me until it is finished."

Three months later the contractor called on his client, Mr. Jones, and said, "I'll take you up to your house now." When they arrived at the property Jones saw in front of him bricks, lime, cement, lumber, tiles, plumbing supplies, etc., but no structure and he marvelled and said to Brown, "What's the idea, where is my house?" Brown said, "Why right there in front of you." Jones said, "Why there is no house there, that is only material out of which a house may be built."

Twenty-five thousand dollars Life insurance payable in one sum does not necessarily constitute protection. It is only "material" for protection.

If left in a lump sum these are some of the dangers to which it is subject:

1. The beneficiary does not usually invest immediately—the money lies idle earning nothing.

2. It is checked against for living expenses until the fund is badly depleted or sometimes exhausted.

3. It is dispersed to meet emergencies or needs of relatives or members of the family.

4. It is borrowed by relatives or others in their business. Even a son may borrow to start himself in business or a daughter to help her husband.

5. It may be invested in good securities which turn out badly because of changed conditions which cannot be foreseen.

6. It may be put in speculative stocks or undertakings, particularly if the amount is

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small, because of the desire to receive large income therefrom.

7. It may be given for investment to friends or relatives inexperienced in the business of investing money.

There is a safeguard against all these things and a means by which you may be executor or administrator of your own Life insurance estate with the knowledge that there will be no loss of principal or income or time in reinvestment and that money will regularly go in amounts and to individuals in exact accordance with your desires.

This safeguard is to have your policies arranged so that the proceeds, or part thereof, will be distributed monthly for the life of your beneficiary or at least for a limited period of years.

The following are some of the advantages accruing from this arrangement:

1. The income begins immediately. No delay in making investments.

2. The funds are never idle awaiting reinvestment. They begin to earn interest at once and do so night and day without break.

3. A fixed minimum income is paid in a regular way.

4. Since the income is regular the beneficiary arranges her living budget accordingly at once.

5. The beneficiary has nothing to do but receive and endorse her check every month and they reach her promptly at any post office in the world.

6. The Life Insurance Company does all the investing, interest collecting and accounting without expense against her income.

7. The Insurance Company pays the income in fixed monthly amounts whereas other investments usually pay income quarterly or semi-annually or annually and are not always regular as to the amount—there may be some large and some small income months.

8. It can be arranged so that even creditors of the beneficiary cannot attach the insurance funds and she is not permitted commutation, assignment or alienation. She must receive her check from the post man every month.

9. Corporate responsibility and administration are vastly superior to the administration of individuals who would undertake investment of funds.

10. The Life Insurance Company is limited by law to certain types of investment offering only the greatest security.

11. State Insurance Departments inspect and appraise all investments of Life insurance companies.

12. Funds of a beneficiary are mingled with the Insurance Company's general assets instead of being invested in a few securities on which the safety of the principal would have to depend, hence the beneficiary really has a $25,000 undivided interest in maybe $200,000,000 of the finest selected securities in America.

13. Insurance Company may lose on some few of these securities but this does not affect the income to the beneficiary.

14. The Life Insurance Company carries a surplus in excess of liabilities in order to safeguard policyholders and beneficiaries against possible losses of principal or interest. For this reason the principal and the minimum rate of interest can be and are guaranteed.

No institution other than a Life insurance company is permitted to guaranty against loss of principal or allowed to guaranty any rate of interest over a long period.

The following is a letter in the safe deposit box of a life insurance man who is also a good business man and has been particularly fortunate in his investments:

"My dear Wife:

"Six thousand dollars of my insurance will be paid you in one sum in cash. I figure that it will take $5,000 to pay outstanding current bills, income tax, and bills for my last illness including funeral expenses. The other $1,000 is to increase your first year's income. From my other insurance you will receive a regular monthly income of $200 as long as you live and in addition thereto some small amount of interest for the first nineteen years.

"The first year after my death it will probably be a little harder for you to administer your living than it will be later because you will have to adjust your expenses to a lower scale than you have been accustomed to, therefore, if the bills to be paid after my death do not exceed $5,000 you will have over $3,400 to live on the first year and at least $2,400 a year ($200 per month) thereafter as long as you live.

"My policies provide that this $200 a month and the additional small interest will be paid for 240 months anyway even if you do not survive me by that length of time. I have arranged thus to be sure there will be sufficient to complete the education of our dear children, John and Mary. I mean so that they can have full university education to be on a plane with other boys and girls of their generation.

"I have made provision in this way because I know from my own experience how difficult it is to invest money and reinvest it without loss.

"Your affectionate husband."

Maybe you ask, how much life insurance should I carry? The answer should be, what amount of income can you afford to provide for your family after you have gone?

The following budgets were prepared by Benjamin R. Andrews of Columbia University for the Savings Division of the United States

(Continued on Page 367.)

NO. 1—$2,400 A YEAR—$200 A MONTH

	Number in the Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$ 48	$ 40	$ 31	$ 21
Taxes (federal income)	2	1	..	..
Rent	25	25	27	27
Food	40	48	56	64
Clothing	22	25	28	30
Housekeeping expenses	18	20	20	20
Churches, charities	15	12	11	11
Health, recreation, education	14	14	13	13
Personal, miscellaneous	16	15	14	14
Total for month	$200	$200	$200	$200

NO. 2—$5,000 A YEAR—$416.66 A MONTH

	Number in the Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	$125.66	$105.66	$ 90.66	$ 76.66
Taxes (federal income)	15.00	14.00	13.00	12.00
Rent	50.00	50.00	60.00	60.00
Food	45.00	55.00	65.00	75.00
Clothing	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00
Housekeeping expenses	50.00	60.00	63.00	65.00
Churches, charities	36.00	33.00	27.00	25.00
Health, recreation, education	25.00	25.00	22.00	22.00
Personal, miscellaneous	25.00	24.00	21.00	21.00
Total for month	$416.66	$416.66	$416.66	$416.66

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FOR THE

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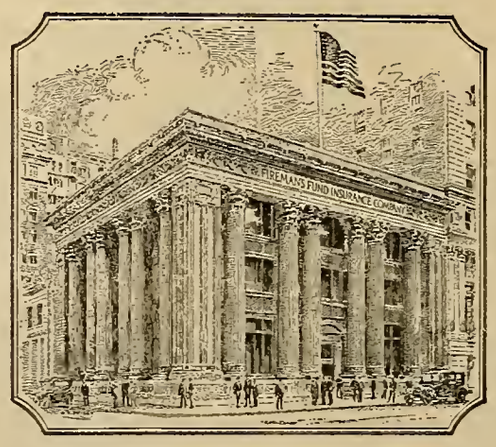
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UNITED STATES BUSINESS IS SOUND

Even Stock Market Shows Upturn After Months of Depression During Year Just Closing

By H. H. MACDONALD.

It bas taken until tbe final quarter of 1923 for tbe various writers of financial reviews and business experts to finally admit that the United States is in a prosperous and basically sound condition. They are now only qualifying tbeir admission by the mark that it looks as if the turn for tbe better had arrived. They were dubious at the opening of the year, still more gloomy later on, and apparently had reacbed the deptbs of pessimism during tbe summer months.

Tbis gloomy state of mind has been due largely to tbe failure of the old time business barometers to function properly. The stock market a long time ago ceased to reflect the country's business condition. The balance of trade has been against the United States, export markets bave not been all they should be, and tbe investment markets were troubled for a time. Tbere has been plenty of ground for pessimism.

The real surprise of business in the United States bas been the enormous volume of domestic trade. There has been no slackening of tbis, or if tbere has it bas been only seasonal, or due to local causes. The country's powers of absorption of its great productive capacity bave been so remarkable, and have increased in such measure, as to afford an internal market tbat bas done much to offset tbe lack of world trade from whicb so much has been fondly boped.

CAUSES FOR PESSIMISM.

Tbat tbere were grounds for gloom early in tbe year is unquestioned. Tbe stock market bas been down and out for the greater part of 1923. Tbe public bas been well and entirely out of it. For months little business was transacted on the New York Stock Exchange, and mucb of tbat was professional. It is now again sbowing signs of life and at the beginning of November was in a better condition than for months. There was little reason for it all except that public buying was lacking. The various industries represented by tbe companies, stocks of wbich were the life of tbe trading on tbe excbanges, were in excellent physical condition, most working to capacity, and paying dividends. Even the railroads were not in as bad shape as in 1922, and they began to show quickening of earning power during the year. Tbe copper industry held out hopes of better tbings and its prospects have been better each montb. Yet it is estimated tbat two bundred and thirty-nine listed stocks on tbe New York Stock Exchange have depreciated in value over two billions of dollars since last Marcb, wben the fact that tbe public was not greatly disposed to put its money into Wall Street became apparent and the bear movement was realized to be well under way. About 37 per cent. of this loss is represented by the petroleum issues, the total market value of seventeen of the great oil issues having dropped $778,000,000. In tbirty-one rail issues, so-called standard, tbe loss in value was $420,000,000, wbile nine steel stocks have lost $198,000,000, twelve copper stocks $196,000,000, and ten automobile issues $81,000,000. Eight groups reached their 1923 lows. These were rails, coals, coppers, leathers, machinery, paper, textile and tire issues. It may be some satisfaction to know that the values are over $2,000,000,000 greater than at the worst times in tbe bear movement of 1921.

WALL STREET NOT BAROMETER.

The Wall Street market has been marked for a greater part of the year by a series of purposeless movements with the general tendency downward. At no time did it give any indication of the general business trend of tbe country, nor were its periods of deepest gloom synchronous with business or industrial depression. There was a time when the course

(Continued on Page 376.)

Protection vs. Life Insurance

(Continued from Page 366.)

Treasury Department and they may be a help to you in determining costs of "needs."

Some persons doubt if the items for rent are large enough. It must be noted, however, that tbese budgets have been prepared on a *thrift* basis. It is probably true that most families would not be satisfied with the allowances made for rent but it is also true that most American families are not economizing as they sbould. In order to save substantial amounts it is necessary to make sacrifices.

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CALIFORNIA OIL IN 1923

The State of California Leads All Other States in Oil Production

By M. E. LOMBARDI.

The year 1923 will probably be remembered as the most spectacular and momentous twelve months ever experienced in the oil business in California. Those of us in the industry have been intensely aware of this and it has been apparent to our investors and most apparent to the citizens of Southern California, where the cause of all the commotion was situated. The writer well remembers how, twenty years ago when he entered the oil business, it was a rare thing to find mention of petroleum in the public prints. Contrast this with the present state of affairs, when every newspaper and a variety of magazines devote paragraphs or pages to oil every day, and you will have a measure of the growth in financial importance and popularity of this industry in California. Only the moving pictures can vie with it.

And yet, with all of its huge financial and spectacular features, the course of the business in 1923 could have been fairly accurately foreseen at the beginning of the year, because it was the perfectly logical result of the happenings of the previous year, 1922.

The reader will remember that at the close of last year three great new oil fields in the Los Angeles basin had been found and fully proven, though not fully developed. In January, 1923, the production of these three fields, Long Beach, Huntington Beach and Santa Fe Springs, was 9,050,564 barrels per month, or 55 per cent. of the state's entire production, and the drilling campaign in each was just well under way.

At the close of 1922 the results of the year for the industry were summarized in the *Argonaut* as follows:

"1. The quick development of three very rich areas in Southern California resulting in an apparent overproduction of oil, the effects of which have been:

"2. A drop in the price of crude oil at the well of a total of 50 cents per barrel.

"3. Shipping of California oil into new markets, which are far beyond markets hitherto served.

"4. The investment of large amounts of capital in new facilities, while capital already invested in similar facilities in the older fields is lying idle because of the forced shut-down of wells.

"5. A great increase in the number of beneficiaries of the petroleum wealth of the state, but also an increase in the number of investors in unsound oil ventures, with little chance of anything except loss."

Now, the reason I say that the course of the oil business in 1923 could have been, and was, foreseen from the trend of 1922, is apparent when we recognize that each one of the above five movements of 1922 has simply been intensified this year, has run to its zenith, and has begun either to subside or give evidence of subsidence in the near future. Perhaps it will be more correct to say that qualitatively 1923's history could have been foreseen. Quantitatively, of course, it could not, as no one could have accurately forecasted the actual huge production from the three big fields which reached its peak during the past September.

In 1922 these fields added a big new production, causing a surplus of oil in the state. In 1923 their production was still greater and the situation created by the surplus therefore more acute.

In 1922 this surplus caused a cut in the price of oil. In 1923 the greater surplus caused a further cut, especially in those grades of oil which the new fields produced—high gravity oil, rich in gasoline.

In 1922 the buying and marketing companies spent large sums in handling and storage facilities to take care of this flood of oil. In 1923 they spent even more on these facilities, many of which will be used only once, and must of necessity be paid for by the oil which they served.

In 1922 a cloud of investors, large and small, dipped into the oil game by way of the many independent companies formed to drill the small leases in the new "town lot" fields. Many of these made substantial winnings because of the extreme richness of these new fields, and this resulted in still more of such activities in 1923 and a greater crowd of small investors.

In a word, 1923 fulfilled the promise, both good and bad, of 1922. The statistics showing this are attached to this article, and their story may be read by those so minded. But beware of predictions for next year. The peak of flush production has passed, and with its passing the peak of the movements so generated are in sight but the road these movements will take and especially the quantitative measure of them is not easy to read.

The great war moved forward for its four years, ever increasing in magnitude. Its course was awful but consistent. But after the war the course of reconstruction was anything but constant, at least to the man living and doing business in those years. Next year will be the year of reconstruction in the oil business in California.

In order to visualize what has happened to us in 1923, it will be necessary to resort to figures. In January the states production of crude oil was 16,457,445 barrels per month. The price of crude at the well was 60c for "low gravity," *i.e.*, fuel oil, and $1.00 for 28°B.—a typical refinery oil. The price of gasoline at service stations in San Francisco was 22c. These are the figures that mean most to the public, although storage figures and shipments to Eastern seaboard through the canal are just as important. The following table gives the relation of these four critical figures at various times during the year:

	January (Barrels)	August (Barrels)	October (Barrels)
Production	16,457,445	26,440,005	24,576,400
	Per Bbl.	Per Bbl.	Per Bbl.
Fuel oil, 20°B.	$ .60	$ .60	$ .60
Refinery oil, 28°B.	1.00	.83	.69
Gasoline (per gal.)	.22	.17	.14+2c tax

The reader will note that the table above clearly reflects the effect of over-supply on price. The oil of the big Southern California fields is very rich in gasoline—probably averaging around 25 per cent. It is high gravity oil, probably averaging 29°B. Therefore, the price of high gravity oil and its chief product, gasoline, declined while the price of fuel oil held steady. The fact is, of course, that a large percentage of this high gravity oil eventually becomes residuum and is sold in competition with natural fuel oil, which held steady at 60c throughout the year, in spite of this indicated over-supply. The reason for this apparent inconsistency is found in the limitation of refinery capacity in California. They can handle our normal production of crude and thereby supply the market's requirements of residuum. They could not, however, handle the large excess of high gravity crude during the past year. This excess had to be stored before it passed through the refineries, and hence did not abnormally increase the supply of residuum or fuel oil. Furthermore, the demand for fuel oil was increased by that amount burned by the tankers which conveyed California crude and tops through the canal. There was, therefore, no great surplus of fuel oil thrown on the market and the price remained at 60c.

The decline in the price of gasoline was, in the last analysis, strictly the result of the operation of the law of supply and demand. Gasoline is comparatively easy to make, given a cheap supply of rich oil and natural gas. Small gasoline refineries and absorption plants sprang up near the source of supply and also of demand, the Los Angeles basin, and soon demoralized prices in that vicinity. But the reduction elsewhere on the coast, and in fact all over the country, came through the big marketers in response to the inevitable operation of the law of supply and demand.

This brings us to what is perhaps the outstanding feature of the past year. I refer to the definite connection established between prices in California and prices over the rest of the United States—for undoubtedly the situation in California this year determined the price of crude oil in Texas and Oklahoma and elsewhere, as well as the price of gasoline from Maine to Florida. And this is the first year such a thing has happened. Will it be the last? Is it a passing phase or have we entered a new era in marketing our oil?

California's big surplus was carried to the Eastern refineries in tankers, for the ready supply of which we must thank the war. At these refineries it came into direct competition with mid-continent and Eastern oil. The price of Eastern crude had to be cut to meet our price, but that is not the whole story. As Mr. Hoover would say, there was a repercussion. The mid-continent also had some big new fields—as Tonkawa and Powell. In order to move this oil they took the initiative in price cutting and lo! California oil had to meet this new condition by a still further cut. It is noticeable that the last cut in California took place after the decline in new production was definitely in sight and after storage and pipe line systems had been brought up to requirements. Many operators, therefore, attribute our latest price reduction entirely to Eastern competition. This time the motorist in Eureka got his "gas" bill reduced because of new discoveries in Texas and Oklahoma.

How long this keen competition will last is unknown. There have been some big contracts made by California producers to deliver oil to Atlantic refineries, but unless we find some more Santa Fe Springs, which is unlikely, the bulk of our future oil production will remain at home. This is the more likely because to compete in the East California must not only have a surplus of oil, but a surplus of the oil very rich in gasoline. It is hard to see how we can ship San Joaquin Valley oil, averaging 10 per cent. gasoline to the East, except at ruinous prices, although we could, and do, compete with Los Angeles Valley oil, averaging 10 per cent. gasoline, to better, and produced close to tide water. The bulk of our known reserves is still in the

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San Joaquin Valley, or consist of oils of similar class.

Of course there is now going on a widespread and persistent search for new fields in California. This is the natural result of the success of a great many new companies during the past year in the gusher fields. Their stockholders have had a taste of "easy money" made in producing oil, and as the original well or wells play out they are willing to invest in new enterprises of the same nature. This in addition to the regular prospecting campaigns always heing carried on hy the larger and older companies.

The results so far have or have not heen encouraging according to how you look at it. Promising wells have heen drilled in several new areas in the Los Angeles hasin, notahly: Compton, Torrance and northwest of Santa Fe Springs. Of these the only one which has been measureahly developed is Torrance and this field promises a development more like our typical California fields, slow and steady, rather than a quick rise to hig production and a suhsequent rapid decline.

None of these areas, indeed, indicate a flush production comparahle with Long Beach or Santa Fe Springs; and if the quick production were there it would prohahly not come forth with the speed and in the volume as was the case in these two fields hecause the land holdings are in larger hlocks and more experienced hands.

It is true that we are drilling to much greater depths tha nformerly, and this seems to open to exploration vast new areas even in the older fields, hut there is one fact ahout this deeper drilling which must not he overlooked, to-wit: it can be done on an economic scale only in favorahle formations. In fact the extremely favorahle drilling conditions which occur in the three hig fields of last year was as much responsihle for their quick development at great depth as was the richness of the deposits and the small land holdings. Six thousand foot holes are one thing in Santa Fe Springs and quite another thing in Coalinga, for instance. There were indications of very extensive and rich oil deposits known in Ventura long hefore 1921, hut their development has heen held hack hy the unusually difficult drilling conditions, just as the deposits of Long Beach and Santa Fe were huilt earth and concete reservoirs were made quickly available hy remarkahly easy drilling conditions.

At present "wild-catting" in California is very active. There are some 250 wild cat wells in more or less active operation and ahout 100 of these are north of any field which has heen so far commercially productive—which means that the central and northern portions of the state are getting their share of the search for oil. This does not mean, however, that development work as a whole is going forward as rapidly as it did during the past year. In fact there is a marked shrinkage in the number of wells drilling to-day as contrasted with six months ago.

Some very interesting advances have heen made in the engineering features of the industry during the year. Perhaps the greatest stress was felt hy these companies who had to provide storage for the surplus oil, and they responded with marked progress in storage and handling facilities. Refining oil has hitherto always heen stored in steel tanks, concrete reservoirs heing considered unsuitahle, hoth on account of danger of unseen leaks and hecause of high evaporation losses. In the emergency, however, the large, quickly adapted for light oil. They were increased in size up to three million harrels capacity in order to resudce the amount of land necessary. The concrete sides were coated with sodium silicate or some other filler impervious to oil. The roofs were greatly improved and made more nearly gas tight hy water seals at the edges and gas-tight roof joints. Steel tanks were also greatly increased in size, one company installing 178,000-harrel tanks in place of the old 55,000 and newer 80,000-harrel sizes. This serves to reduce the amount of high-priced land necessary for a tank farm and also effects economies in pipe connections, fire walls, etc. Gas-tight steel roofs are now universally used in place of the old wood and paper roofs, and loss from evaporation thus greatly reduced. In fact it is noticeable that in spite of the flood of cheap oil which the producers and refiners had on their hands, never has so much care heen taken or so much money spent to properly take care of this oil with the minimum of losses, as in the year just passed.

It was frequently predicted early in the year that the marketing companies would never he ahle to handle the huge production of the Southern California fields which developments promised for the summer. They did handle it and handle it well, rising to the emergency and making an enviable record for enterprise and engineering skill. The critical situation which developed in June and July played among producers in agreeing to prorated runs of oil, hut there was, nevertheless, a very critical situation which could only he met hy rush work on storage and pipe lines.

It would he pleasant and easy at this point to in lulge in prophesies; to trace the prohable rate of decline in the state's production during the next twelve months and speculate on the resultant rise in prices; to stress the need of conservation and point out the fact that we will prohaly never again hring in three such fields as Santa Fe, Long Beach and Huntington Beach within the same twelve months; hut this article is supposed to deal with "California Oil in 1923," and it remains only to sum up our observations.

The past year simply carried to its logical culminates the activities begun in 1922—in production, in decrease in prices and in competitive marketing with Eastern oils. Perhaps the last named movement has heen the most interesting. We have now estahlished a world market for our petroleum and some of its products. The maintenance or loss of this market will he the most interesting development of 1924.

PROVEN OIL ACREAGE—CALIFORNIA.
(Source: California State Mining Bureau.)

County.	As of March 1—1921	1922	1923
Fresno	14,232	14,356	14,654
Kern	59,757	68,557	68,976
Los Angeles	2,959	4,524	7,469
Orange	4,666	7,163	7,597
Ventura	2,878	3,940	3,910
Santa Barhara	9,223	9,343	9,303
San Luis Ohispo	772	772	772
Santa Clara	80	80	80
Totals	94,567	108,735	112,761

NUMBER OF PRODUCING WELLS AND AVERAGE DAILY PRODUCTION, AS OF AUGUST—CALIFORNIA.
(Source: Standard Oil Bulletin to 1922 incl.; American Petroleum Institute, 1923.)

	1919	1920	1921	1922*	1923x
Completed wells	8,948	9,434	9,972	10,424	11,046
Average per well per day (Bbls.)	31	31	32	33	55

*Only 9,006 wells actually producing. Balance shut in on account of over-production.
xOnly 8,882 wells actually producing. Balance shut in on account of over-production.
Note: Average production on 8,882 wells was 69 barrels per day.

DAILY AVERAGE PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF CRUDE OIL IN CALIFORNIA, IN BARRELS FROM JANUARY TO NOVEMBER, 1923.
(Source: American Petroleum Institute.)

Month.	Production	Consumption and Shipment	Put-in Storage
January	530,885	484,090	46,795
February	586,670	508,927	77,743
March	632,522	575,065	57,457
April	689,865	611,736	78,129
May	694,689	677,175	17,514
June	755,570	650,345	105,225
July	814,906	620,762	194,144
August	852,903	708,767	144,136
September	858,750	779,657	79,093
October	792,787	700,757	92,030
November (est.)	763,862	675,190	88,672

CHANGE IN GRAVITY OF OIL PRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA 1909-1923.

	Per cent. 20°B. and under	Per cent. over 20°B.
1909	85	15
1910	..	..
1911	71	29
1912	69	31
1913	56	44
1914	47	53
1915	..	..
1916	35	65
1922	26	74
1923	11½*	88½

*A large amount of under 20°B. was shut in.

AVERAGE PRODUCTION PER WELL PER DAY (SIX FIELDS), 1923.

Old Fields:	
Coalinga	20 barrels
Kern River	9 barrels
Sunset-Midway	44 barrels
New Fields:	
Santa Fe Springs	1,644 barrels
Huntington Beach	568 barrels
Signal Hill	885 barrels

The above comparison shows why a great many wells in the older fields have heen shut down and illustrates the richness of the three new fields. On the other hand, costs of drilling in the fields are very high, especially at Santa Fe Springs, where wells costing $150,000.00 to $175,000,00 are not unusual.

WELLS DRILLED DURING FIRST NINE MONTHS.
(Source: Standard Oil Bulletin for 1921 and 1922, and American Petroleum Institute for 1923.)

Field.	1921	1922	1923
Kern River	70	24	..
McKittrick	3	4	1
Midway-Sunset	223*	146	110
Elk Hills	..	58	16
Lost Hills-Belridge	15	4	..
Coalinga	49	11	2
Wheeler Ridge	..	..	5
Watsonville	..	..	5
Santa Maria	16	3	3
Summerland	..	..	..
Ventura-Newhall	40	25	17
Los Angeles-Salt Lake	7	5	..
Whittier	126x	2	2
Fullerton	..	8	5
Coyote	..	8	4
Santa Fe Springs	..	50	177
Montehello	..	8	5
Richfield	..	37	8
Huntington Beach	40	109	83
Long Beach	..	110	171
Torrance (Redondo)	..	6	26
Compton	..	..	1
Totals	589	618	636

*Includes Elk Hills.
xIncludes Fullerton and Richfield.

NUMBER AND CAPACITIES OF REFINERIES IN CALIFORNIA.
(Source: United States Bureau of Mines.)

	January 1 to December 1 1921	1922	1923
Number	41	43	62
Capacities (Bbls. daily)	313,000	324,760	457,060

CRUDE OIL REFINED AND GASOLINE MANUFACTURED—CALIFORNIA CRUDE OIL REFINED.

	1921	1922	1923 (Est.)
Barrels	85,800,000	103,100,000	148,927,483

GASOLINE MANUFACTURED

	1921	1922	1923 (Est.)
Gallons	515,236,000	693,498,000	1,278,132,253
Imports	120,000,000	50,000,000	None
Totals	635,236,000	743,498,000	1,278,132,253

PRODUCTION, CONSUMPTION AND STOCKS OF GASOLINE IN CALIFORNIA FOR FIRST NINE MONTHS.
[Unit of Gallons.]
(Source: United States Bureau of Mines.)

Year.	Production	Consumption	Stocks
1921	403,799,769	372,179,825	31,619,944
1922	493,181,308	489,205,135	3,976,173
1923	953,997,653	909,264,927	44,732,726

PRODUCTION BY FIELDS—CALIFORNIA.
(Source: Standard Oil Bulletin to July 31, 1922; American Petroleum Institute from August 1, 1923.)

Field.	1921	1922	1923*
Kern River	6,715,680	7,317,288	6,809,438
McKittrick	2,056,101	2,417,434	2,197,212
Midway-Sunset	28,791,373	29,694.842	27,830,066
Elk Hills	18,080,367	11,891,030	8,320,679
Lost Hills-Belridge	3,261,281	2,814,824	1,839,243
Coalinga	12,340,637	9,159,368	5,027,433
Wheeler Ridge	.....	.....	118,720
Santa Maria	5,563,324	3,797,903	3,051,548
Ventura-Newhall	2,375,479	3,015,877	3,738,752
Los Angeles-Salt Lake	1,344,926	1,258,287	1,194,897
Whittier	745,119	717,729	634,700
Fullerton	6,010,725	4,512,974	4,052,220
Coyote	7,487,253	7,000,373	2,434,387
Santa Fe Springs	190,101	11,032,955	79,929,274
Montehello	9,153,412	6,692,024	4,053,258
Richfield	8,284,908	8,314,528	6,138,880
Huntington-Newport	2,301,498	11,169,383	33,764,317
Long Beach	69,550	18,560,595	70,174,442
Torrance (Redondo)	.....	190,785	2,453,791
Compton	.....	.....	178,685
Summerland	54,155	48,339	53,007
Watsonville	24,035	20,338	21,051
Totals	114,849,924	139,626,876	264,016,000

*November and December estimated.

CRUDE OIL PRICES—CALIFORNIA.
(Source: Standard Oil Bulletin.)

Gravity.	July 10, 1920	May 13, 1921	Aug. 3, 1921	July 15, 1922	July 25, 1922	Jan..6, 1923	Apr.10,. 1923*	Aug. 1, 1923x	Oct. 9 1923.
14 to 17.9 Inc.	$1.60	$1.35	$1.10	$ .85	$ .60	$ .60	$ .60	$ .60	$ .60
18 to 18.9 Inc.	1.61	1.36	1.11	.85	.60	.60	.60	.60	.60
19 to 19.9 Inc.	1.63	1.38	1.13	.85	.60	.60	.60	.60	.60
20 to 20.9 Inc.	1.66	1.41	1.16	.88	.63	.62	.61	.61	.61
21 to 21.9 Inc.	1.70	1.45	1.20	.92	.67	.65	.62	.62	.62
22 to 22.9 Inc.	1.75	1.50	1.25	.98	.73	.70	.65	.65	.63
23 to 23.9 Inc.	1.81	1.56	1.31	1.05	.80	.75	.68	.68	.64
24 to 24.9 Inc.	1.88	1.63	1.38	1.13	.88	.80	.71	.71	.65
25 to 25.9 Inc.	1.96	1.71	1.46	1.21	.96	.85	.74	.74	.66
26 to 26.9 Inc.	2.05	1.80	1.55	1.30	1.05	.90	.77	.77	.67
27 to 27.9 Inc.	2.15	1.90	1.65	1.40	1.15	.95	.80	.80	.68
28 to 28.9 Inc.	2.25	2.00	1.75	1.50	1.25	1.00	.83	.83	.69
29 to 29.9 Inc.	2.35	2.10	1.85	1.60	1.35	1.05	.86	.86	.70
30 to 30.9 Inc.	2.45	2.20	1.95	1.70	1.45	1.11	.89	.89	.71
31 to 31.9 Inc.	2.55	2.30	2.05	1.80	1.55	1.17	.92	.92	.72
32 to 32.9 Inc.	2.65	2.40	2.15	1.90	1.65	1.24	.95	.95	.73
33 to 33.9 Inc.	2.75	2.50	2.25	2.00	1.75	1.31	.98	.98	.74
34 to 34.9 Inc.	2.85	2.60	2.35	2.10	1.85	1.38	1.01	1.01	.75
35 and above	2.95	2.70	2.45	1.90	1.65	1.24	.95	.95	.73

*On April 10, 1923, these prices were made effective in Los Angeles and Orange counties; prices in San Joaquin fields remained as of January 6,
xOn August 1, 1923, these prices were made effective in all California fields. Prices effective October 9, 1923, apply in all California fields.

SHIPMENTS OF CALIFORNIA OIL THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL.
(Units of Barrels.)

	1922x	1923*
January	.....	1,142,710
February	.....	2,571,024
March	.....	4,184,961
April	.....	5,483,570
May	.....	6,372,775
June	.....	6,207,514
July	.....	6,858,658
August	.....	5,922,607
September	.....	6,982,274
October	.....	6,000,109
Total	.....	51,726,202

xVery small amount—no accurate record.
*Includes shipments to Atlantic Coast ports, Mexico, Argentine, Europe, etc.
Note: Considerable in addition to above shipped to South America and the Orient.

SHIPMENTS OF REFINED PRODUCTS (GASOLINE, KEROSENE AND LUBRICATING OILS) FROM PORT LOS ANGELES.
(Units of Gallons.)

	1922	1923
January	465,542	2,401,014
February	3,490,182	13,484,100
March	426,291	15,539,916
April	4,464,712	18,090,618
May	4,542,715	17,541,510
June	3,159,630	50,089,158
July	4,340,158	37,144,632
August	655,101	42,855,298
September	3,894,500	43,792,602
October	9,840	38,617,446
November	667,738	39,900,000 (Est.)
December	4,027,500	44,100,000 (Est.)
Totals	30,143,909	363,556,292

Fiscal Year in Banking

(Continued from Page 364.)

posits passed the hillion mark, advancing from $971,035,000 to $1,133,331,000. Total individual deposits as of June 30, 1922, aggregated $1,363,681,000, while as of June 30, 1923, this amount reached the total of $1,634,064,000.

The number of commercial depositors increased from 795,339 to 997,274; the number of savings depositors made the encouraging leap from 1,736,285 to 2,015,183. There could he no greater indication of the growing prosperity of the people of California.

Some of the above figures are of particular interest when considered in comparison with like figures of national hanks. National bank resources aggregated $1,026,812,000 as against $1,985,289,000 for state hanks; paid-in capital of national hanks in the state aggregated $63,000,000 as against $111,000,000, surplus of $38,000,000 against a surplus of $49,000,000, and undivided profits of $17,000,000 against a like item of $21,000,000 on the side of state hanks. Individual deposits in national banks aggregated $652,574,000.

The progress of state hanking for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, forms a most encouraging chapter in the economic history of the state, a chapter which evidences that our progress is not dependent on yearly or seasonal fluctuations or seriously affected hy inflation or deflation, but is permanently hased upon principles of continuing and thorough soundness in healthy financial institutions.

Harry A. Franck's forthcoming travel book, "Wandering in Nortbern China"; Edward Alsworth Ross' "The Russian Soviet Republic"; and Alexander Meiklejohn's "Freedom and the College," were issued hy the Century Company last month.

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1922-1923 ECONOMICAL AND FINANCIAL

Stocks, Bonds and Securities---Past, Present and Future

By R. BERKELEY.
(San Francisco.)

Nineteen hundred twenty-three has been lavish in its supply of condiments for the financial menu. The first three months have witnessed intensive speculation, forcing the average price of both twenty railroad stocks and twenty industrials over 90, until in March the 1922 highs were all but reached. Then came reaction and a weakening market, and throughout the entire summer and fall prices were heading steadily lower. Breaking through previously established lows, the average price of twenty railroad stocks was 77.25 on October 27, while on the same day the average price of twenty industrials made a new low for the year, of 85.75. October 30, the unexpected happened, a sharp advance in both groups resulting, by the end of the first week in November, in the railroad group recovering 2½ points, and the industrials 4. And now the ever-present question for seven months, "Is the bear market over?" is being answered more convincingly every day.

The year 1923 opened auspiciously enough for even the most hardened bear to find his position somewhat uncomfortable. A great improvement had taken place in the economic situation during 1922, the most important being a more balanced relation between the prices for agricultural products, and those of other industries. Most of the effects of the post war depression had been worked off, and the general conclusion was that 1923 would be a year of constructive progress. Production had increased and distribution was on a broader scale, while the purchasing power of many producing groups showed substantial gains over the previous twelve months. Many obstacles had been encountered in attaining this result; the coal strike was one of the bitterest contests waged by organized labor, and the walkout of the railroad shop men and other unions connected with transportation was equally disturbing. The strike of the textile workers in New England was one of the most serious in the history of that industrial district. Favorable factors of the situation were the low commodity stocks; reserves of rubber, cotton, copper, sugar and many forms of steel products having been permitted to run down to a minimum. With the development of the moderate buying movement in the latter half of 1922, it became apparent that the scarcity might soon become dangerous.

The outlook for all the principal industries, such as steel, copper, motors and accessories, railroad equipment, sugar and cotton, showed a decided improvement over 1922, while the position of the farmer was materially better —his labor costs were reduced, and he was receiving better prices. An attempt to forecast the trend of business for 1923 led to the conclusion that the uncertain factor of importance was the unsettled political situation in Europe. For, no matter how satisfactory our domestic position might be, the fact remained that agriculture needed imperatively a European outlet for its surplus products. The labor situation represented another unsatisfactory aspect of the economic situation, and a possible scarcity of skilled labor in certain districts was indicated. The upward tendency of wages, and the prospect of another coal strike were all features which called for caution on the part of operators. But, aside from the risk of inflation, and bearing in mind the uncertainty of the European situation, the outlook for 1923 was encouraging.

The stock market gave a good account of itself during the opening weeks of 1923, and the opinion was general that the bulls still held the campus. With money likely to continue easy, in sufficient supply to meet the requirements of industry and at the same time provide ample accommodation for the security markets, and with a sound domestic situation, stock market prices seemed headed for even higher levels. The tipster's stock in trade was a pretty blend of steel, oil, copper, and "equipments."

The trend of business in the first month of 1923 was very satisfactory; there was no slackening in industry, and domestic conditions continued to give every promise of a good year. There was activity in copper, zinc and lead, with prices firm; iron and steel manufacturers were busy, as a result of the strenuous building and construction, and the necessity under which the railroads found themselves for buying equipment in large quantities. Prices for raw materials, such as cotton, wool, and sugar, were high, while prices for wheat and corn were considerably below their peak. There was a general scarcity of manufactured goods, and the necessary buying for replenishment was further encouraged by the knowledge that the purchasing power of the country had been tremendously increased by the remunerative prices for farm products, and the employment of labor at high wages. Confirmation of the robust health of business, furnished by large car loadings, pointed to increased prosperity for the carriers themselves.

The stock market continued active and firm throughout the whole of January, the periodical publication of equally startling and unfounded items of foreign news falling invariably flat. In the bond market, January saw the development of some of the most important financing for many months past; $150,000,000 Anaconda Copper Mining 6s, and $25,000,000 Bethlehem Steel 5½s being among the most prominent offerings. Money continued easy, and the immediate absorption of new offerings testified to the large amount of capital available for investment purposes.

Wall Street loans reached a new high level of $2,000,000,000, against $700,000,000 early in February, 1922; but the increase in the number of securities listed had been so marked in this period, and the strong financial position of the country was so evident, that no ground for uneasiness was felt.

In March, the inflation that for some time had been but hinted at with bated breath, was being openly discussed, a most significant event in the banking situation being the advance of the rediscount rate by the Federal Reserve banks of Boston and New York, from 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent., bringing them into line with rates prevailing elsewhere in the country.

The stock market, sensitive as usual, felt the danger, and there began the steady downward movement that was checked only in the last days of October. The general bond market had for some months been reflecting the steadily expanding commercial and industrial prosperity of the country by somewhat lower prices. The average price of bonds was 85.77 on March 29, compared with 92.12 on September 14, 1922. But the underlying strength of the situation was evidenced by the varied character of the offerings which appeared from day to day, and the rapidity with which they were subscribed.

The chief cause for misgiving was the high cost of production, and the general reluctance of labor to accept anything in the nature of a wage reduction; notwithstanding which, the upward tendency of industrial activity was continuous, under financial conditions which were admittedly abnormal. There was a strong feeling that banks should not regard their reserves as the measure of the credit they could wisely extend. These reserves were unusually high, as a result of the heavy shipments of gold to the United States, and it was realized that these could not continue under healthy general world conditions.

By May there was strong evidence of overproduction in pig iron, combined with a noticeable slackening off in demand for iron and steel products—a position shared also by the oil industry, where reductions in the prices of gasoline and crude oil were along the lines of logical trade development. For the time being, generally speaking, the edge was off demand, and while there was no slowing up in industrial activity, there was a curtailment in wholesale quarters. The repeated warnings against the danger of high prices had probably some effect in tempering the zest of buyers. It was also evident, that what had been regarded as speculative buying during the period of feverish activity, was merely a rather belated effort to make up lee-way.

The closing half of May brought a general improvement in the bond market, carrying prices a point above those ruling at the end of April. The price of forty standard bonds on May 28, was 87.71, compared with 86.63 on April 28, and 88.10 on January 24. Reviving investment demand was noted in early June, and the success of the Austrian loan was a surprise even to those who had been sympathetic regarding this offering. The market in old investment bonds had been steady and strong, and with an increase of approximately three billions of dollars in bank deposits in the past year, there was no question that large sums of money were waiting both institutional and individual investment.

Record car loadings, and the action of the New York Central directors in placing the common stock on a 7 per cent. basis, brought into relief the change that had come over the fortune of the carriers, the leading railroad stocks becoming active and strong. This condition was not, however, general, the average price of industrials declining further; professionals were also aggressive on the short side. The bearish sentiment, which had been greatly stimulated by pessimistic reports concerning various industries, reductions in crude oil prices, and predictions of price cuts in the rubber and tire industries, had become widespread by the end of June. Added to which there was renewed talk of a soldiers' bonus, and reports that some of the railroad brotherhoods were considering new demands for wage increases.

Behind all this feeling was the realization that on account of the continuance of high production costs, due to labor's demands, greatly decreased profits must be expected in industry. The disparity between the returns to certain branches of agriculture, and the cost of industrial products was being emphasized, a condition that must always affect detrimentally the economic situation of any community. It is certain, however, that the farmer bloc politicians were responsible for much of this feeling, as only a very small portion of the agricultural community had been affected adversely by low prices. Livestock prices were fairly remunerative, cotton growers were obtaining an attractive price, corn was relatively high, and tobacco raising on a profitable basis. Actually, only the wheat grower could be said to be seriously affected.

The stock market was comparatively inactive throughout the greater part of July, moving within a narrow price range; while in the commodity markets, buying was of the hand to mouth nature. In the oil and steel indus-

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tries it was a period of readjustment, due in the case of the former to flush productions, in the latter to the impending installation of the 8-hour day.

The policy of restricted buying was by now clearly reflected in prices all along the line; the average shown by the Bureau of Labor table for June, was 3 per cent down from May, and 5 per cent down from April. Raw materials had naturally suffered more than the finished products; pig iron was down $5 a ton from the top; nearly all the metals, in fact, were lower. Cotton lost about 3 cents, and the cotton goods trade was very slack. Raw silk was lower, and the silk goods trade quiet. The low state of merchandise stocks helped to sustain industrial activity, but the animation was of the "suspended" order.

As far as the money market was concerned, conditions during August and September were all favorable for the continuance of good business; credit supplies were large, and even with the crop movement in the offing, there was no sign of stringency. The outstanding feature of the industrial situation was the volume of equipment orders, and the relatively large scale of output in iron and steel. With road building being pushed all over the country, the demand for common labor remained large; wages advanced, rather than receded, and the general trend in commodity prices could no longer be described as downward.

The way the market received adverse developments, both at home and abroad, gave evidence of its underlying soundness. The Japanese earthquake, the clash between Greece and Italy, the demoralization of the oil industry, and the prospect of unsettlement in the anthracite district, would, combined, have seriously shaken any financial structure that had any fundamental weakness. Much credit must be given to the new president, whose evident maturity of judgment, and powers of decision did much to clarify a somewhat clouded situation.

The business of the country had shown considerable stability during the summer months, and entered the fall season with general confidence prevailing. Forward buying had been light; this, coupled with the fact that retail trade over the country had been good, gave reason to believe that the purchasing power of consumers was unimpaired, and that stocks would need, and continue to receive, replenishment. The outlook, on the whole, was for steady business, sustained by the consuming power of a well employed population.

But September brought no pronounced change in the trend of business, and the buying movement in the wholesale markets was disappointing. As against this, the position of agriculture in the country had been registering definite gains; prices were better than in June, and the farming population generally was in a better financial shape than a year ago. Steel production held up well, although not coming up fully to fall expectations; but it was to be expected that an industry which had been operating throughout the year at the highest rate of production, should experience something in the nature of a recession. Copper was about 13½ cents a pound, that is below pre-war price, and below cost to some producers. The automobile business was working at high pressure, competition was keen, and manufacturers were fighting for the volume of production which alone could give them low costs. There were 953 wage increases in the United States between March 15 and September 15, as against three reductions in the same period: the clothing workers, anthracite miners, glaziers, iron and steel workers, and railroad workers, the chief beneficiaries.

The bond market had for some time been lacking in strength, the average price of forty bonds at the end of September being a full point below their close at the end of August. The Dominion of Canada refunding issue was offered in September, and proved a signal success. The Union Pacific refunding 5s, also put out in this month, were immediately oversubscribed, testifying to the presence of considerable investment funds.

Notwithstanding the general soundness of the economic and business situation, there was no noticeable enthusiasm on the part of the general public. There was, however, no accumulation of goods; record car loadings told their own cheering story; while the money and credit position gave no occasion for misgivings. From the standpoint of volume of business there could be no complaint; it was rather the relation of net to gross earnings, which was still troubling a considerable portion of the business community. The commodity situation had been conspicuous by the absence of sweeping changes in the price average. The Bureau of Labor's wholesale price index was 154 on October 1, against 150 the month before, and although the tendency was towards slightly higher prices, their general stability was an encouragement to the whole community.

The movements of the security markets during September and October were for the most part devoid of significance. Sentiment was either bearish or indifferent, although with money gradually easing off towards the middle of October, the demand for bonds improved. There were two favorable elements in the situation; the sound technical position of the market, and the fact that prices had liberally discounted all the major adverse factors of the economic situation.

With business approaching the close of 1923, the general conclusion was that we were in for a fair volume of trade, keen competition, and reasonable prices. The most encouraging development was the improvement in the farmers' position. Farm products had advanced 2.2 per cent. in September, compared with a normal decline for that month of 5 per cent. Corn was 35 per cent. higher than in 1922, wheat advanced 15 per cent. from the year's low. In the iron and steel industry demand was broadening, October gaining 20 per cent over September; requirements for the automobile trade were large; railroads were in the market for large quantities of equipment, and the improvement in the agricultural situation was manifest. Petroleum prices continued weak, although there was a growing feeling that the peak of production was reached.

The closing days of October witnessed unexpected developments in the cotton industry, the announcement on November 2, of the Department of Agriculture's report of October 25, having an immediate effect on cotton prices. From a high of 31½ cents in spring, cotton prices, chiefly owing to poor textile conditions, had fallen to 21½ cents in July, and although there had been a gradual advance since then, the publication of the government report gave a material boost to prices, November spot cotton soaring to 34.70 cents. There was only one possible interpretation of this report—a crop of 10,248,000 bales suggested a serious shortage.

The real disappointment in October was the fact that it had not brought that impetus to trade which would overcome the reluctance of traders to confine their purchases to immediate requirements. While the policy of caution, at present pursued, is a good sign, it can of course, be carried too far.

In the security markets, the first weeks of October had seen prices creeping gradually lower, and it was only in the last two days of the month that the sudden turn for the better swept over the market. It is, as yet, too early to pass an opinion as to the permanence of this development, but it is evident that prices have jumped out of the rut into which they seemed to have stuck. The events preceding the over-night change on October 30 are well known, but it was not so much the declaration of an extra 25 cents dividend by the directors of the U. S. Steel Corporation, as the confidence implied that we were not headed for any decline, which caused a reversion of sentiment. At present writing the movement is not spent; industrial averages have swept over the October high, recovering 6 points; the rail advance has been less marked, the rally leaving the average ½ point above its October high, after a gain of 3½ points. Bonds, which have been steady all the month, are hovering just below 87, a gain of ½ point from their price at the beginning of October.

Interest in archæological research has increased greatly in England and excavation of several known sites of Roman towns is at present in progress, says a London letter to the New York *Tribune*. But, as in the case of the two best preserved examples of Roman architecture in this country (the villas at Bignor, Sussex, and Shanklin, Isle of Wight), an accident has been responsible for the most remarkable discovery yet made.

This is the uncovering, near High Beech, in the heart of Epping Forest, near London, of an underground structure which bears a striking resemblance to the Catacombs of Rome, and which is believed to be of Roman origin.

The discovery was made by Captain J. Cross, a retired master mariner, who is acting as overseer of a house and grounds which have recently found a purchaser after standing neglected for forty years. While he was examining the house, which dates from the Cromwellian period, he was struck by the resemblance of a bit of masonry to details of the Catacombs of Rome. He began excavations and soon discovered that there was a labyrinth of subterranean passages extending under the estate. After much water had been pumped out and debris removed, the investigators discovered two underground chambers surrounded by a series of sloping stone passages, most of which have not yet been cleared.

"Both chambers," says Captain Cross, "are supported by blocks of solid stone, some of which weigh half a ton. The ceilings are in mosaic work. Around the top chamber is a beautifully constructed stone balustrade. Alongside a miniature temple is a burial niche, which is capped with a dome of Roman architecture. The whole structure is of Roman block stone, set in Roman cement in a perfect state of preservation."

Nothing similar to this latest find has ever been discovered in England, nor has it been believed that the Romans ever built catacombs here. A commission of experts is shortly to examine the structure to ascertain, if possible, whether it is really of Roman origin, and, if not, at what date it was built.

Hot plates, warmed by electricty, are set into the ground at certain street corners in Amsterdam. They are intended for the comfort of policemen on crossing duty.

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CALIFORNIA MINERAL INDUSTRY

Leading State in Production of Gold, Platinum, Quicksilver and Borax

By LLOYD L. ROOT,
State Mineralogist.

California with its fifty-eight counties comprising an area of 158,360 square miles produces a larger variety of minerals commercially than any equal area in the world. Every county produces to some extent towards the state's output of mineral wealth, which consists of fifty-three commercial minerals not including the many varieties of gem and miscellaneous stones.

The annual production figures vary greatly from year to year due to the demand for certain minerals at various times and also the fluctuating value of the product.

The total value for the year 1922 was $245,183,826, being a decrease of $22,973,646 from 1921 production of $268,157,472. The salient features of 1922 compared with the preceding year were the continued increase in petroleum yield although at a lower price per barrel; increases in copper, lead, natural gas; brick and tile, and crushed rock; and decrease in gold, silver, cement and petroleum values. The net result was an approximate decrease of $23,000,000, while petroleum prices accounted for a decrease of $29,756,690 with an increase in quantity of approximately 26,000,000 barrels.

The following list will give one an idea of the minerals mined and the values of same:

The distribution of the 1922 output of California by substances is shown in the following tabulation:

Substance.	Amount.	Value.
Asbestos (tons)	50	$ 1,800
Barytes (tons)	3,370	18,000
Bituminous rock (tons)	4,624	13,570
Borates (tons)	39,087*a*	1,608,025
Calcium chloride	*b*	*b*
Cement (bbls.)	8,962,135	16,524,056
Brick and tile	....	7,994,991
Chromite (tons)	379	6,334
Clay (pottery) (tons)	277,232	473,184
Coal (tons)	27,020	135,100
Copper (lbs.)	22,883,987	3,090,882
Dolomite	52,409	114,911
Feldspar (tons)	4,587	37,109
Fuller's earth (tons)	6,606	48,756
Gems	....	1,312
Gold	....	14,670,346
Granite	....	676,643
Graphite	*b*	*b*
Gypsum (tons)	47,084	183,336
Infusorial and diatomaceous earths	*b*	*b*
Iron ore (tons)	3,588	18,868
Lead (lbs.)	6,511,280	358,120
Lime (bbls.)	578,748	671,747
Limestone (tons)	84,382	282,181
Lithia	*b*	*b*
Magnesite (tons)	55,637	594,665
Magnesium salts	3,036	89,788
Manganese ore (tons)	540	7,650
Marble (cu. ft.)	38,321	127,792
Mineral paint (tons)	1,620	13,277
Mineral water (gals.)	4,276,346	486,424
Natural gas (M. cu. ft.)	103,628,027	6,990,030
Onyx (cu. ft.)	10,950	3,320
Petroleum (bbls.)	138,468,222	173,381,265
Platinum (fine ozs.)	795	90,288
Potash (tons)	17,776	584,388
Pumice and volcanic ash (tons)	613	4,248
Pyrites (tons)	151,381	570,425
Quicksilver (flasks)	3,466	191,851
Salt (tons)	223,238	819,187
Sandstone (cu. ft.)	900	1,100
Shale oil	*b*	*b*
Silica (sand and quartz) (tons)	9,874	31,016
Sillimanite	*b*	*b*
Silver	....	3,100,065
Slate	*b*	*b*
Soapstone and talc (tons)	13,378	197,186
Soda (tons)	20,084	573,661
Stone (miscellaneous)	....	10,377,783
Zinc (lbs.)	3,034,430	172,963
Unapportioned	....*b*	380,558
Total value		$245,183,826

a—Re-calculated to 40 per cent. "anhydrous boric acid" equivalent.

b—Unapportioned (includes calcium chloride graphite, diatomaceous earth, lithia, shale oil, sillimanite, and slate.

c—Includes macadam, ballast, rubble, riprap, paving blocks, sand, gravel, and grinding-mill pebbles.

It is difficult to discuss briefly and intelligently an industry so important and at the same time so diversified. Roughly classified, the commercial minerals of the state may be grouped as fuels, metals, structural materials, industrial materials and salines. Each group will be briefly mentioned.

FUELS.

The fuels including coal, natural gas and petroleum are by far the state's most valuable mineral products, as measured by the dollar. Together they formed in 1922, 75 per cent. of the state's mineral output.

Coal which was first mined in 1847 in San Luis Obispo county is known to exist in forty-three counties of the state. Many deposits with extensive surface showings have no work done on them. Coal production was a factor in the mineral industry of California from 1860 until the production of petroleum began. The largest part was mined from the deposits north of Mt. Diablo, Contra Costa county; Corral Hollow, which lies on both sides of the divide between Livermore Valley and the San Joaquin Valley; Ione field in the Sierra Nevada foothills, Amador county; Stone Cañon, Monterey county, and near Elsinore at the eastern base of the Sierra de Santa Ana, Riverside county.

The United States Geological Survey estimates that the workable coal area of the state is 500 square miles and the original contents of all fields one billion short tons (1,000,000,000). The total production to date is 5,177,125 tons, equivalent to an exhaustion of approximately 7,000,000 tons or 7/10 of 1 per cent. of the original supply.

With the present prices and production of crude petroleum coal has been much neglected, but recently there has been a renewed activity in some of our coal areas: drilling in the Ione field and some work at Tesla, Stone Cañon and Palo Cedro, Shasta county. The most recent and what looks to be the largest development is in the coal area at Dos Rios, Mendocino county. Here operators have succeeded in opening up a 14-foot bed of subbituminous coal of exceeding good grade.

The first economic use of natural gas in California was made from the Court House well in Stockton in 1854-1858.

The largest fields were until recently in Kern county, but the new fields at Santa Fe Springs, Huntington Beach and Signal Hill are at present the largest producers. Other counties that produce large quantities of natural gas are Orange, Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara.

The production of natural gas for the year 1922 was 103,628,027 M. cu. ft., with a value of $6,990,030, which was an increase of 36,584,230 M. cu. ft., and value of $2,285,352 over the 1921 production of 67,043,977 M. cu. ft. and value of $4,704,678.

Natural gases which are being used, range in heat values from 850 to 1,200 b.t.u., which is higher than the manufactured gases, as large part of the gasoline produced in the state being recovered from these gases. Petroleum, the largest single item in value on the list, needs little comment. Santa Fe Springs, consisting of 1,995 acres, was producing one-eighth of the oil produced in the United States. At present the largest production is coming from the Los Angeles basin area, as shown from the following figures:

SEPTEMBER, 1923, PRODUCTION

Santa Fe Springs	9,439,871
Long Beach	7,227,535
Huntington Beach	2,688,834
Midway-Sunset	2,239,352
All other fields	4,166,892
Total	25,762,847

Nineteen million three hundred fifty-one two hundred forty-three (19,351,243) barrels of the above total came from the three largest fields, Santa Fe Springs, Long Beach and Huntington Beach.

The production for 1922 was 138,468,222 barrels with a value of $173,381,265, an increase in barrel production of 25,468,362, but a decrease in value of $29,756,960 as compared to the 1921 production of 112,599,860

The leading counties contributing to this total are Kern, Orange, Los Angeles, Fresno, Santa Barbara and Ventura. The total proven oil lands in the state consist of 112,761 acres.

METALS.

Thirty-one of the fifty-eight counties of the state contributed to the gold-producing list for the year 1922.

Nevada county comes first on the list with a production of $2,923,179; Yuba second, with $2,241,000; Sierra fourth with $1,753,242; Calaveras fifth with $1,413,465, and Sacramento sixth with $1,350,749.

The 1922 production of California was $14,670,346, a decrease of $1,034,476 from the 1921 production of $15,704,822, but at that California is the leading state in the United States in gold production, producing 30 per cent of the gold. The United States' production for 1922 was $48,849,100. Alaska came second with one-half as much as California or $7,144,800.

The output is about equally divided between the placer and dredging and the deep or lode mines.

Silver comes next to gold in production this year with a total of $3,100,065, the principal part of this coming from the Randburg district, San Bernardino county, Inyo and Plumas counties.

Silver is usually found associated with gold, copper, lead and zinc, but the Randsburg district is our one distinct silver producing camp.

Copper, generally the second on the list of minerals in production value, this year has doubled last year's production in value. In 1922 California produced 22,883,987 pounds with a value of $3,090,582, as compared to 1921 production of 12,088,053 pounds with a value of $1,559,358. The principal copper producing counties are Plumas with 20,677,771 pounds, Shasta with 1,733,424 pounds, Inyo with 68,583 pounds, San Bernardino, Trinity and Mono counties.

Lead has taken a decided jump with a pro-

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duction of 6,511,280 pounds, valued at $358,-120, as against 1,149,051 pounds with a value of $51,707; of this amount 6,270,121 pounds came from Inyo county, the balance from Imperial, San Diego, Mono, Nevada and San Bernardino counties.

Quicksilver, one of the first metals mined in California, starting in 1824, has taken a slight jump to 3,466 flasks with a value of $191,851 in 1922, over the 1921 production of 3,157 flasks valued at $140,666. The production of 3,466 flasks is approximately 54 per cent. of the quicksilver produced in the United States. It is produced in thirteen counties, the principal ones being San Benito, Santa Clara and San Luis Ohispo.

Zinc is another mineral that has come to the front with a production of 3,034,430 pounds valued at $172,963, as compared with the 1921 production of 846,184 pounds valued at $42,309, practically all the production coming from Shasta county, though a small amount was produced from Inyo county.

Platinum and allied metals produced in California represent 86 per cent. of the United States production with 795 fine ounces having a value of $90,288. The production comes from Butte, Calaveras, Sacramento and Yuba counties with gold dredge mining, while that produced from hydraulic and placer mining comes from Del Norte, Humboldt, Siskiyou and Trinity counties.

Iron ores are know to exist in many counties of the state, the principal deposits being in Shasta, Madera, Placer, Riverside, San Bernardino and Mendocino counties. The lack of cheap coke makes it impossible to use these ores commercially. There is a good future in the iron and steel industry in this state when coke can he secured economically.

Structural Materials.

The mineral substances in this group are those more or less directly used in building and structural work. They consist of cement, asphalt and hituminous rock; brick and tile, chromite, granite, lime, magnesite, marhle, onyx, sandstone, slates and other miscellaneous stone including paving hlocks, grinding mill pebhles, sand and gravel, and crushed rock.

Cement is the largest single item on this list and although it increased from 7,404,221 in 1921 to 8,962,135 in 1922 or a gain of 1,-557,914 harrels, it has a decrease in value from $18,072,120 in 1921 to $16,524,056 in 1922 or $1,548,064.

Brick and tile due to increased huilding throughout the state has increased from $5,-570,875 in 1921 to $7,994,991 in 1922.

Miscellaneous stone comprising crushed rock, sand, gravel and paving hlocks has increased, also due to huilding conditions from $7,834,640 in 1921 to $10,377,783 in 1922.

Magnesite, of which California produces ahout 90 per cent. of that produced in the United States, has taken a decided jump over last year, due to its use in stucco work huilding. The 1922 production was 55,637 tons valued at $594,665. There are fifty-five counties of the state that contrihute to the structural materials list of minerals.

Industrial.

The mining of the industrial minerals is on a comparatively small scale, due to the demand for minerals which in most instances is for local markets only. There is an increasing demand, and California is in the unique position of heing ahle to supply the demand no matter how large the growth.

The minerals under this heading are largely mineral earths and substances used in various chemical industries and manufacturing processes not clearly helonging to the other four sub-divisions. It includes asbestos, harytes. pottery clay, dolomite, feldspar, fuller's earth, gems, graphite, gypsum, diatomaceous earths, limestone, lithia, mineral water, pumice, volcanic ash, pyrites, silica, soapstone and talc.

There were a numher of fluctuations in this group, the more important increases being shown hy mineral water, pottery clay, gypsum and pyrite. The decreases heing diatomaceous earth and limestone. There has been added to this list two new items not previously produced eommercially in California namely, shale oil and sillimanite.

The leading minerals of this group so far are:

Pyrite (tons)	151,381	$570,425
Mineral water (gallons)	4,276,346	486,424
Pottery clays (tons)	277,232	473,184
Limestone (tons)	84,382	282,181
Gypsum (tons)	47,084	188,336
Dolomite (tons)	52,407	114,911

A complete list of all the industries dependent upon the industrial minerals, as well as the minerals themselves, would require a larger space than is available, hut a few of the most important with their uses will he given:

Pottery clays, besides heing used for pottery ware, enter into the manufacture of paper, eotton goods and various chemicals. Some clays are extensively used in soap manufacture.

Pyrite—the principal use of this mineral is in the manufacture of sulphuric acid; fuller's earth in the filtration and clarifying of vegetahle and mineral oils; dolomite is used as a refractory lining for steel furnaces and in making carhonic acid gas; magnesia as a flux in smelting and in making paper; limestone as used in the industrial is for agricultural purposes, and is also utilized as foundry flux, glass and sugar making, chemical and manufacturing processes.

Salines.

The salines produced in California include horax, common salt, soda, potash and other alkaline salts. Imperial, Inyo, Kern, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Luis Ohispo counties comprise the area containing the principal saline resources.

The common salt produced is obtained hy evaporation of sea water at plants located in San Francisco hay, San Diego bay and at Long Beach.

Ahout 90 per cent of the borax produced in the United States eomes from California. Nevada is the other producer. The 1922 production was 39,087 tons, of 40 per eent anhydrous horic acid, equivalent, valued at $1,-068,025.

Potash and soda also show an increase, while horates, magnesium salts, salt and calcium chloride show decreases. The 1922 production of common salt was 223,238 tons valued at $819,187. The production of soda in 1922 was 20,084 tons valued at $573,661. Potash has taken a little rise from 14,806 tons valued at $390,210 in 1921, to 17,776 tons valued at $584,388 in 1922. Magnesium salts shows a decline from 4,153 tons valued at $106,140 in 1921, to 3,036 tons valued at $89,-788 in 1922.

While there has heen a slight drop in monetary value of the minerals produced in the state there has heen a gain in production of minerals at a lower price per unit, which tends to show we are getting hack to a more stahle hasis at lower prices.

These authentic figures and records furnish a hackground, from which no other than an optimistic view of the future of the mining industry can he drawn, and it is evident that, with proper development, the mineral resources of the state are capahle of contrihuting almost indefinitely and in ever-growing variety and amount to our prosperity and wealth.

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California Industries in 1922

Compilation of the final returns from the mineral producers of California for 1922 hy the statistical division of the State Mining Bureau, under the direction of Lloyd L. Root, State Mineralogist, shows the total value for the year to have heen $245,183,826, being a decrease of $22,973,646 from the 1921 total of $268,157,472. There were fifty-three different mineral substances, exclusive of a segregation of the various stones grouped under gems; and all of the fifty-eight counties of the state contributed to the list.

The salient features of 1922 compared with the preceding year, were: The continued increase in petroleum yield, although of lower prices per harrel; increases in copper, lead, natural gas brick and tile, and crushed rock; and decreases in gold, silver, cement, and petroleum values. The net result was a decrease in the grand total of all groups of nearly twenty-three million dollars, as stated ahove. Petroleum accounted for a decrease of $29,756,960 in total value, although there was an increase in quantity of approximately 26,000,000 harrels.

Of the metals: copper increased from 12,-088,053 pounds, worth $1,559,358, to 22,883,-987 pounds worth $3,090,582; lead, from 1,-149,051 pounds and $51,707 to 6,511,280 pounds and $358,120; zinc, quicksilver, platinum and iron ore also showed increases. Gold decreased from $15,704,822 to $14,670,-346, in spite of which in 1922 California accounted for approximately 33 per cent. of the gold output of the United States.

Of the structural group: brick and tile increased in value from $5,570,875 to $7,994,-991; miscellaneous stone (comprising crushed rock, sand and gravel, paving blocks) from $7,834,640 to $10,377,783; magnesite, lime, marble and onyx also increasing; cement, although increasing from 7,404,221 barrels to 8,962,136 harrels in output, decreased from $18,072,120 to $16,524,056 in value. Slate again joined the active list with a small yield.

In the "industrial" group, there were a numher of fluctuations, the more important increases heing shown hy mineral water, pottery clay, gypsum, and pyrite; and decreases by diatomaceous earth, and limestone. Two new items were added in 1922 to this list, not previously produced commercially in California, namely, shale oil and sillimanite. In the saline group, potash and soda increased, with horates, magnesium salts, salt, and calcium chloride decreasing.

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United States Business Is Sound

(Continued from Page 367.)

of the stock market could be taken as a fairly good guide to the probable trend of coming business. This year it has failed as a barometer.

FARMERS NOT SO BADLY OFF.

Earlier in the year there was an outcry from the agricultural interests of hard times. Wheat prices, it was stated, were so low that the farmer's dollar was cut in half so far as purchasing power was concerned. As usual, the demand was made for government assistance. Yet the summer has passed, crops are bountiful, and in most lines prices have been such as to make up some of the loss to the farmer. The corn yield, for instance, was one of the greatest in years, in the South cotton, while not a heavy yield, is selling at such prices that the grower will be fully repaid. At the time of writing wheat prices are slightly better and hogs and cattle are at good figure. It seems to be realized all at once that the farmer is not getting through the year so badly although his position is in no wise commensurate with that of labor, for instance, which however, is drawing rewards out of proportion with other departments of activity. It is this cost of labor which is to some extent responsible for the high cost of production of which the farmer is complaining. In that respect, however, he is not alone, for the cost of labor in the building of homes is the cause of decline in the needed building operations from the high figures they were attaining and which promised in a few years at least to free the country from the building shortage.

LITTLE UNEMPLOYMENT.

Labor has had little of which to complain during the year. There has been practically no unemployment and wages have been abnormally high. Strikes have been fortunately few, the great coal dispute which threatened to tie up Eastern industry and cause tremendous hardship in the Eastern states, having been amicably compromised. On the Pacific Coast there has been little trouble of any sort and the few disputes were local in their nature. The demand for men in the building trades has resulted in wages running to $18 and $20 a day in some localities, chiefly in the East, and to a generally high scale everywhere over the country. In general there has been little advance in the prices of necessities as is customary in the case of inflation of wages. The price level has shifted slightly higher nearly every month, according to the standard indexes, but on the other hand the cost of living has not been lowered. Changes have brought about slightly more relative stability, but there seems little likelihood that with the present demands of labor increasing rather than showing any inclination to deflate, there is any prospect of the lowering of living costs or of those of materials absolutely needed by agriculture.

UNITED STATES STEEL LED WAY.

The upturn in the stock market was brought about following announcement by United States Steel Company of an extra dividend on the company's stock, a surprise to business generally, and taken as an indication when coupled with an address by Judge Gary, head of the company, that while the bookings of orders of this leader of American business are by no means great as published, the trend of the market appears to be such that much construction is promised and heavy business for United States Steel, the leader of American industry.

AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

It is a tribute to the stability of American business that it has stood without a quiver the many untoward events of the year. It has been a year of calamity. The Nation lost a beloved Chief Executive, stricken down while in office and in actual harness, visiting us here on the Coast. The death of President Harding, shock to the world that it was, did not shake the general business of the country. There were a few declines in retail trade here and there in the United States, but these were not great. The stock market was already too low to be disturbed. Another and firm hand assumed the reins of executive power and there was no cessation of the activities of the country after the brief period of mourning.

World activities were troublesome and at times threatening. War clouds loomed several times, when Greece was threatened by Italy, in the Balkans, and later in the form of threatened civil war in Germany. Japan's greatest cities were laid low by "act of God" and trade with the Orient halted. International trade developments were important. The German mark ceased to be a factor, dropping to final collapse, other exchanges were low and even sterling reacted. The value of the American dollar remained undisturbed, her trade increased and the general prosperity of the United States was greater than ever while the rest of the world continued to wrestle with problems which still seem hopeless to solve.

Actually there is little room for pessimism so far as the United States is concerned.

PACIFIC COAST PROSPEROUS.

Out here on the Pacific Coast is an empire that is peculiarly untroubled by many things that have been disturbing to the Eastern States and to the rest of the world. Attention of the Nation is being directed westward as it has not been for many years. California in particular has made great strides during the year. Her oil fields reached such a volume of production that it now amounts to 40 per cent. of that of the entire country. With this tremendous output of crude oil it became possible to ship this crude oil in tank steamers and undersell the midcontinent and eastern fields. This led to a price war which injured the oil stocks in the market and cut down the profits of the industry. The great oil operators got together and cut down production, or decided to do so. The effects of this became apparent in September when the peak of production was probably reached and the industry will be likely to proceed in a more orderly manner.

LOS ANGELES BOOMING.

This increased oil production helped to advance the boom already started in Los Angeles and vicinity. It looked as if oil could be obtained almost anywhere near the southern metropolis. This state of affairs helped along the extraordinary prosperity which added to the tonnage of the port, and brought thousands of homeseekers in. The oil boom in Los Angeles was one of the great wonders of California business, but equally as great has been the building operations. That city has been growing by leaps and bounds. The general gains in business may be seen from the fact that the city's bank clearings for the month of October amounted to over $644,000,000, a new record and $192,000,000 more than those for the same month of last year. For ten months of 1923 the bank clearings amounted to $5,771,542,000 as compared with $4,172,101,000 for the same period of 1922.

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San Francisco Doing Nicely.

There are no boom conditions in San Francisco but the figures show a steady degree of prosperity. This city's bank clearings for ten months of the year reached $6,687,561,000 as compared with $5,999,500,000 for the corresponding ten months of 1922, or an increase of $688,061,000 for the period of 1923. Wholesale and retail trade continue to reflect steady growth, while her shipping gained at an unprecedented pace. Postoffice receipts for the first ten months of the present year amounted to $5,673,201.24 as compared with $5,204,196.43 for the same period of 1922. October's postoffice receipts totaled $636,702.09, the greatest October business in the history of the city. Reports to the Chamber of Commerce give the establishment since the first of the year of 115 new industries, many of them national concerns, and some of them leaders of their respective concerns in the world. Building is going on in San Francisco not equal to that of Los Angeles but of a permanent and substantial nature, and is increasing again although there was a slight falling off earlier in the year. There are no complaints from any line of business in the city nor in Northern California generally. The campaign of Californians, Inc., now in its second year has brought many residents and seekers for business locations to the northern part of the state and its results are becoming apparent in increased trade.

Northwest Prosperous.

The wheat situation was bad in Oregon and threatened to make bad times in the state, but has improved. There has been an increased demand for lumber and the trade of the port of Portland shows an increase. Heavy fruit crops were reported generally in the state.

Seattle is undergoing an influx of prosperity that somewhat resembles a boom. Aggregate foreign and domestic trade of the port for the first nine months of 1923 was $469,311,000 with an indicated trade of $500,000,000 for the calendar year. New industries are coming in and general trade is good.

From all parts of the West come similar reports. The mining industry, somewhat depressed is reported as showing renewed interest, the trend changing from silver to gold and many camps for production of the yellow metal opening or being reopened.

In all it is safe to say that the West is prosperous and it is safe to say that the rest of the country is in excellent condition.

Purely Financial.

Beyond the depression in the stock market as noted there have been no great developments in the strictly financial world. Some large flotations have been made by investment bankers and there has been a steady financing each month. The bond business generally is not in the condition it was early in the year although it shows signs of improvement. Liberty bonds have displayed some weakness and capital is still high. There is always money for legitimate business enterprises in the United States and while there has been a tendency to a slight tightening of rates in some sections there has been no scarcity, with a distinctly more easy tone developed in the present month.

One of the most interesting art transactions of the season was the sale of a suit of armor for horse and man at the American Art Galleries to the Cleveland Museum of Art, says the New York *Herald*. This is the third suit of such armor to be sold at public auction here and abroad and the only offering of its kind to be dispersed at public sale in this country. F. A. Whiting made the purchase for the museum, obtaining the outfit for $14,000 after keen competition and spirited bidding.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in a recent bulletin made note of the scarcity of armor of this sort and listed the recent acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of two suits as a noteworthy event.

This purchase, of German origin, dating about 1535, includes casque, colletin, breastplate, taces and tassets, backplate, shoulders, arm defenses, gauntlets and leg defenses for man, and chanfron, peytret, crupper, saddle, stirrups and bit for horse. The museum also purchased a suit of Italian half armor of the fourteenth century for $3,100, including a sword dredged from the Danube. This collection, formed by a curator of armor in a New York museum, brought $77,912.

Charles H. Hawes, for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, paid $12,000 apiece for a suit of Gothic armor of the late fifteenth century and a suit of Maximillian armor from the collection of Morgan Williams of St. Donats castle. Mr. Hawes also purchased a German shirt of mail of the fifteenth century for $120 and a swept-hilted rapier of the early seventeenth century for $110.

Elihu Root on Cleveland

Elihu Root, in his introduction to Professor Robert McElroy's authorized biography of Grover Cleveland published by Harpers, says: "As we look back forty years we can see that it was time for new motives to assert themselves in American politics. There could not be a real reunion of states in patriotic sympathy without moral as well as legal amnesty, without really letting bygones be bygones. So long as the control of government turned upon the sympathies and resentments of the Civil War it was inevitable that there should be a sense of proscription by the defeated party which revived bitter feelings upon both sides in every election. The only way in which a change could come was by making the control of government turn upon the new issues which the developing life of the country was bringing on and which did not depend at all upon the old Civil War divisions. There is a certain satisfaction in considering how perfectly Mr. Cleveland was adapted to the requirements of that situation. He was a Northerner and a democrat, and so available. He was a party man without answering to the ordinary conception of a politician. He belonged to a party as a natural incident to the business of citizenship. He inherited traditions from the earlier days, not so very remote, when it was considered every man's business to do his part toward maintaining the peace and order of the community. . . . No thoughtful and patriotic American, to whatever party he may belong, and however much his opinions may differ from those of Mr. Cleveland, can read the story of those administrations without admiration and sympathy, or without a sense of satisfaction that this country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland."

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has taken this space as a token of its commendation of and sympathy with The Argonaut in its endeavor to get the feet of its readers upon solid ground.

The shipping business has been on a spree—a gorgeous spree while it lasted. That this lapse from sobriety was due largely to the Government through its war cry of "Ships, Ships, and yet more Ships", does not mitigate the ensuing headache which, though not out of proportion to the cause, makes the patient very sick. Complications are present, with hallucinations, the patient deriding the Shipping Board, the politicians, and what in his delirium he calls our obsolete navigation laws, without having the least notion what particular laws distress him.

Various artificial stimulents have been suggested. Subsidy has been discarded. It is a habit-forming drug and if withdrawn the patient dies. To inspire hope and a desire to get well, various specialists have dispensed sick-room cheer in alluring pictures of Our Flag on the Seven Seas, Balanced Fleets, and New Trade Routes, but there has been no favorable reaction.

This Company has finally called in the old family doctor whose prescription in brief is to "Make your own sawdust". It has resolved to put all its reliance on good, old-fashioned hard work. If the urge to reform is too strong to be resisted then its efforts will be directed to itself. This course consistently pursued must improve, and has already improved, our capacity for service, and anyone in need of service cannot do better than address any of our Agents.



KOLB AND DILL.

"Men may come and men may go," but they always come to see this popular pair. Kolb and Dill have strengthened their hold on their public since they abjured slapstick, pure and simple, and began giving lively comedies. So each of the partners was obliged to make a speech, after a procession of huge flower pieces had been handed over the footlights, following a demonstration of delighted welcome.

"A Big Reward," their new offering, is by Aaron Hoffman, the author of "Now and Then," the prohibition comedy. It is a travesty on detective stories or plays, and has an elaborately complicated plot, which includes a vast amount of suspicion directed to the wrong quarter. There is humor in the lines and situations; enough to keep the audience amused, although not to the same extent as in "Now and Then," which is really a very clever piece, containing truthful pictures of phases of life lived previous to and following the momentous law of dryness.

But "A Big Reward" has no particular conviction behind it, to give it the spring there is in "Now and Then." It is just a rather amusing travesty, and I suspect the author rather forced himself to write it. If he had waited awhile longer, some more brilliant idea would have come, and his humor would have flowered most spontaneously.

But, like the stage methods of the two jolly partners, his brain and his pen turn instinctively to the delineation of the humorous side of life, and while the audience does not laugh so constantly as in the other Hoffman pieces, the performance is frequently punctuated with laughter.

Kolb plays the part of a lively blade whose conception of life is to live gayly and luxuriously at some one else's expense. Dill is a waiter in the hotel, and as such experiences the familiar sensation of having his partner in a situation in the play to abuse him freely. There is a repentant young man in the play who is caught in the elaborate coil woven by his too ingenious friend as a means of getting easy money. There is a pretty and very well-dressed girl detective who evinces a youthfully partial feeling toward the suspect. This affair is put in to placate the sentimentalists in the audience who like to have a real love affair peeping coyly through the weavings of fun and humor. These two rôles are satisfactorily handled by Edward Woods and Rose Ludwig.

Even a Philadelphia lawyer would go astray if he tried to tell the plot of "A Big Reward," which, by the way, was hatched—or a part of it—in the first act, in which the author's hand seemed for awhile, to have lost its cunning, for there was an infinity of talk, and though much of it was amusing, too much of it wasn't.

May Cloy, of course, was in the cast, her blonde tints devoted to the representation of a pretty, but clumping Norwegian domestic. May Cloy did very well in the part, in her portrayal of the foreigness and uncouthness of the Scandinavian chamber-maid. And Mr. Richard Allan gave a vigorous impersonation of the conceited, empty-headed type of detective who infallibly gets on the wrong scent.

In order to start the performance on the correct pitch, there were some antics played by the orchestra, preceding the performance of the play. And, during an intr'act a pretty and opulently gowned young lady discourses some sweet strains of vocal music.

DIVORCE FOR A THEME

Rupert Hughes must have had his "Reno" scenario up his sleeve when he was headed this way ready to make his address on "Divorce" before the University of Fine Arts. And that author, by the way is a very neat little advertiser of himself and his wares. The dissent caused by his remarks on divorce was strong enough to require expression in several quarters. Nimbly did the gentleman leap over in those dissenting directions, and earnestly and lovingly did he argue as to the justice of his cause. And then, when people were beginning to take notice, Mr. Hughes sprung the picture-play "Reno" on them. Yes, Rupert is certainly some little advertiser, for lots of people are talking about his advocacy of a uniform and easy divorce law. And San Francisco, it seems, has the first view of the author's picture play "Reno," hearing on this subject. And this honor is making people turn out to see the picture in considerable numbers. For divorce is a very common complaint, and the divorced, or the intending divorcers, are much interested in seeing how the novelist works out his theme.

Advertiser of his wares though Mr. Hughes is, his utterances and writings about divorce are plainly made from conviction. In "Reno," the point he wishes to emphasize is the indignity and the cruelty of continuing to operate divorce laws without making them uniform throughout the country. In conformity with this idea, Mr. Hughes takes in his play several couples and follows them up when they divorce and re-marry showing how, according to the New York divorce laws, the mother can not legally keep her children when the couple separate. According to the divorce or non-divorce laws of South Carolina the presumable ex-husband can not claim them because the presumable ex-wife has never been married to him, and therefore, in the eyes of the law, they belong wholly to the mother.

Mr. Hughes has ingeniously applied his knowledge of the conflicting divorce laws of the various states to the making of a play in which the dramatic events connected with the severance of several couples, and their remarriage with other appreciators, vary from grave to gay, from lively to severe. But he makes his point, and no one can see the play without a rueful realization of the widespread and culpable confusion existing in the country, concerning divorce.

The picture, naturally, is quite interesting, although the action seems over-swift and the tempo breathless. There are plenty of smart, pretty, well-dressed women in it, the child motive is dramatically worked out and well-played, and, since Mr. Hughes' ideas can not be better or more widely disseminated than through the powerful instrumentality of the movies, it would not be surprising if his "Reno" would have an appreciable influence in moulding public opinion.

A MARIONETTE CINDERELLA

As a celebration of the Thanksgiving holidays the Kegg and Goldsmith marionettes have been brought out, and, duly installed with a fascinatingly miniature stage at the Player's Theatre, have been enchanting chubby young spectators with—to the child-mind—the perenially witching fairy-drama of "Cinderella."

The little figures are carved in wood, cleverly jointed, suitably costumed, and each character has its vocal interpreter. The figures are so worked with the strings that as each character speaks there are little life-like movements of the head and hands. Also, the vocal interpreter on the other side of the light, intervening curtain, keeps her head—all but one are women—close to the figure of the marionette, adapting herself to its position as it moves across the stage. So that, each little, slightly gesticulating figure seems to be alive; even to have some character-individuality.

The stepmother and the two proud sisters, as they are not supposed to be endowed with good looks, are appropriately displeasing to the eye. It is not easy to make faces carved out of wood look pretty, but the little, golden-haired Cinderella has been carefully gotten up in the similitude of a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked doll and the children find her wholly beautiful.

Children love repetition, and there is enough repetition in the dialogue to hold their heedless, young ears on the track of events. And the lines of the fairy drama are spoken or sung with gratifying distinctness; for there are a number of songs given by the invisible interpreters. It is a real comfort to see something in the line of stage entertainment for children. Marionettes certainly do not appeal to us for adult drama. Puppet-drama is just a curio, and the little figures can not possibly be as effective as alive players. But children love all imitations of the human figure, provided they are miniature in size. So they took the little marionette Cinderella to their heart of hearts, reprobated the hard-hearted step-mother and the two spiteful sisters, hung upon the coming of the fairy godmother and the dances of the elves as if the tiny performers were indeed alive.

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AMERICAN BORN JAPANESE AND DUAL NATIONALITY.

By T. TAKIMOTO, General Secretary.

Japanese Association of America.

An American-born Japanese is a citizen *jure soli* of the United States of America under the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. At the same time, he is a subject of Japan *jure sanguinis* under the Japanese Law of Nationality. "A child is a Japanese, if his or her father is a Japanese at the time of his or her birth." —(Japanese Civil Code III, p. 66.) This is the cause of dual nationality or citizenship. Hence the charge that a Japanese is always a Japanese, wherever he is born. Although it is not necessary here to go into any detailed technical discussion of the subject, it is of great importance to point out the general attitude of the Japanese in America toward the question of dual nationality, as well as the true practice among the Japanese.

In the first place, it must be understood that the question of dual nationality is raised not only in the case of the American-born Japanese, but also in the case of American-born Europeans. The French Civil Code, for example, provides that "every person born of a Frenchman in France or abroad" is a Frenchman.—(Civil Code, Art. VII, Sec. 1.) The German Nationality Law adopted on July 23, 1923, says: "German citizenship is not lost by a German who has, before acquiring foreign citizenship, secured from the competent authorities of his home state the written permission to retain his original citizenship."

Mr. Gresham, as Secretary of State, said in one of such cases: "While a person born in the United States, though of alien parents, is by the laws thereof a citizen, yet should he be taken by his parents while a minor to the country of which they are subjects he becomes amenable to the laws of that country and subject to a claim of allegiance thereunder *jure sanguinis*." In another case the Department of State said: "Upon this state of facts you are under our laws a citizen of the United States by reason of your birth in this country, but by the German law you are a subject of Germany."—(Mr. Uhl, Acting Secretary of State, to Mr. Rudolph, May 22, 1895.) For the cases that relate to several other European countries see the following: France, Foreign Relations 1888, I, 498; Italy, American Journal of International Law 9, Supp. 1915; Austria, Foreign Relations 1886, 12; Switzerland, Foreign Relations 1885, 811.

EXPATRIATION OF AMERICAN-BORN JAPANESE ENCOURAGED. —As early as 1915, the Conference of the Japanese Associations of the Pacific Coast took the initiative in solving the question by resolving to encourage allegiance to America among the American-born Japanese and to take the necessary means to facilitate the realization of that end. Lately we have had numerous responses in favor of the idea. Many Japanese are beginning to avoid registering their children as "Japanese." At another Conference of the above-mentioned bodies assembled in San Francisco, June 24-26, 1920, it was resolved that the Associations represented at the Conference should use every possible influence to abolish the tendency among the Japanese who are born in America to hold dual nationality and to adopt the policy of following American citizenship only. It was further resolved that all our fellow-Japanese in America be instructed to that effect and every local Japanese Association be pledged to carry out the resolution thus adopted.

It is my belief that the Japanese Government is willing to coöperate in terminating dual nationality, as indicated in her Law of Nationality, which permits expatriation upon liberal conditions. The Japanese in America have shown their willingness to adopt single citizenship despite all sorts of limitations, restrictions, prejudices, and inconveniences.

It is reported by the Japanese Consul-General at San Francisco that the number of expatriation applications has been very rapidly increasing, year after year, since 1921. Let us try to contribute what we can toward the solution of this question. —*Adv.*

and exulted with juvenile delight in Cinderella's triumph at the ball.

And I doubt not, since children always love to repeat their pleasures, that some of the youngsters will go a second time when the marionettes return for the Christmas holidays, to renew the fairy enchantment.

Concerning the appearance of the marionettes I was particularly struck by the artistic merit of those made by Professor Dondo, and which he displayed to the members of the Salon Francais one day, during a lecture he gave before that society on puppet-drama. This is something in which Professor Dondo and his wife specialized during their residence in New York. It would be a most interesting programme if the French scholar could be induced to give a marionette play in French. That, I should think, would be in the line of the Salon Francais. But so far, since he has been on the faculty of our state university, Professor Dondo does not, as far as I know, give any more public exhibitions of his marionettes.

CONFLICTING RACIAL TASTES

The Grand Guignol plays were not a success in New York. The words "Grand Guignol" are now well known the newspaper reading world over. There is financial drawing power in such well-known phrases, and it was hoped that the Americans would flock to see the Grand Guignol plays.

But Americans will never flock to see anything in a foreign language. The mere idea bores the great theatre-going public. Who can blame them? They are tired, and go to the theatre to be entertained.

It is always the minority that will take in theatre attractions delivered in a foreign tongue.

For example: Recently, at Paris, Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" was given. The rôle of the negro adventurer was played by M. Habib Benglia, who, it is stated by a Paris correspondent to the American press, is the first colored player of established artistic standing to appear before Parisians.

Here was a double novelty. But racial tastes can not agree. A negro character being the protagonist of a play was novel to us. But the French seem very calm about the differences between negroes and whites. So Emperor Jones' supremacy as the protagonist of O'Neill's psychological drama did not cause them an extra pulse-beat.

And then, although the play was well-translated, the psychology of an American negro was totally unknown to them.

The critics unanimously condemned the play. One of them says contemptuously that there was scenes in it that would frighten children. Another considers that the production of so uninteresting a play pre-supposed a theatrical season of unusual insignificance.

In fact, nobody bad a good word for it; this being something of a reversal of the recent friendly attitude of the French toward the American drama. But it is only to be expected. Different races and nationalities have different traditions, and when one hears a play in a language not wholly mastered many fine sbades of meaning are lost. There are innumerable allusions in every literature which are lost upon the average foreigner. The speech of the Emperor in O'Neill's drama denoted an illiterate; and part of the point of the play lay in this illiterate having used his knowledge of life and human nature accumulated while he was a porter in a Pullman car to cheat and rob the ignorant natives over whom he established himself as a ruler, and a master in oppression.

This meant nothing to the French, as the colored people in France do not necessarily belong to an illiterate or submerged class.

Nevertheless, in spite of these two failures, it is to be hoped that experiments of the kind will continue for since nations can no longer be isolated, it is well for us to try and acquire some insight into each other's psychology.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Investigative work on the preparation of ferric salts has been concluded by the Department of the Interior at the Pacific experiment station of the Bureau of Mines, Berkeley, California. The object of this investigation was to prepare solutions of ferric salts suitable for the hyrdometallurgy of complex ores, and by methods that would have promise of commercial success due to their simplicity and cheapness. Observations made at the Tucson station of the Bureau of Mines that ferrous sulphate solutions could be oxidized to ferric solutions by air containing a small amount of sulphur dioxide, with simultaneous formation of sulphuric acid, were taken as the basis of a long research on oxidation by air. In stronger solutions the first thing that happens is oxidation of ferrous to ferric sulphate from hydrolysing. Later, sulphuric acid begins to form and continues up to a 4 or 5 per cent solution. Acidity of the solution tends to prevent these reactions taking place with any speed, particularly if all the iron is present at the beginning as ferrous sulphate. The optimum temperature for this reaction is at about 35 to 40 degrees C., which is easily attained by using warm or hot burner, or roaster gases. The application of this process to the treatment of ores is being followed up by the Bureau of Mines at the Tucson station.

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Political turbulence many become so extraordinary as to make the title "dictator" sound like a mild formality.—*Washington Star.*

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VANITY FAIR.

One of our enterprising newspaper syndicates raises the question: "Where do chorus girls come from?" It is an interesting problem, and one perhaps capable of no single answer, except the one the Swede gave in the civil service examination. He scanned with suspicion and anxiety the list of queries, such as, "Weight?" "Height?" "Place of Birth?" and did the best he could with them. But when he came to "Born?" he had it cinched. His answer was, "Yes." And so of chorus girls. They are born. When this happens, as it may in any family, it may be thought necessary by old-fashioned people to give little brother some apocryphal explanation, such as cabbages, or storks; but with most young persons nowadays the deception fails to deceive. Nor does it serve to suppose these beatific beings, when such occur, are born under exceptional conditions or brought into the world in fantastic ways. The "Birth of the Pearl" has been idealized, and romanticized, but without fooling anybody. We all understand that a pearl is a mere annoyance to an oyster. And it may be recalled that Captain Brazenhead undertook to enlighten the Prioress of Amesbury on the origin of roses, and of the basilisk, and the cockatrice, and other wondrous objects, but without much success, the Prioress being of a suspicious nature. All these things have their typical ways of coming into the world; so chorus girls. It is becoming evident to more and more people every day that they have to be born. And some look as though they ought to try it again. But that is unquestionably the beginning of them, though where it takes place, or why, is still a thing uncertain. Nevertheless, some geographical classification has been attempted by John Murray Anderson, who recruits them for the Greenwich Village Follies, down toward the lower end of Manhattan island, and his efforts at characterization based on geography have their interest.

Anderson has made a study of selecting choruses, and he says they have to exhibit variations among the individual units, or the public will not be generally pleased. There must be all sorts of girl to please all sorts of people. That is a profound truth, and one not confined to the chorus. He likes girls from offices, because they have been trained to instant responsiveness, and he wonders why more girls that find office work tedious don't apply to him for jobs. A good many employers wish they would. Not that he would take them all; but he would apparently like more applicants. He says the society girls are hard to manage, although they may dance well and have trained voices. This shows that they have their uses. He speaks of the chorus girl from New England. Here is a source of chorus girls that would not have occurred to one inexperienced in the actual work of recruiting. When they come from New England they work hard and rather intelligently, but fail to use their imaginations. Why should they? In the cold light of the New England conscience, which makes them work hard, the imagination is akin to the evil one, the father of lies. Without imagination, no one could ever prevaricate. Therefore it is accursed, even to a chorus girl. What would you have? Virtue that prevaricates? Feet that twinkle behind the footlights and then down the primrose path? It is too much to expect conscience and imagination in the same person — from New England. Warmth of fancy does not accord with the New England winter. The Southern girl is all temperament, langour, charm and beauty. She prefers not to think about her work, but all of a sudden she gets it. The girl from the Middle West uses all she has, puts her whole soul into—we were going to say her voice, but it is not voice that these young ladies are selected for, but something much different. It is still called the chorus because it used to vocalize more or less in tune, but that is now entirely vestigial. The chorus is today dependent not on song, but on symmetry of the supporting members. And you may find those members in their shapeliest development anywhere in the country, even in New England. Wherever chorus girls may come from now, if ever they discover a locality in which the supporting members grow better than in the other sections, that will be where chorus girls come from. San Francisco supplies its share.

From chorus girls to divorce is not a long hop. One often produces the other. Many modern authors are popularizing themselves just now by personal utterances about divorce. They are sure to be reported; in fact interviewers ask their opinion of the subject and the institution as a matter of course, supposing the victim has something worth saying which the public may be interested in reading, a violent assumption at both ends. Rupert Hughes has had his say about it, and succeeded in stirring up much dust, having been quoted and misquoted and unquoted a number of times, all which assisted greatly in getting publicity for his motion picture dealing with the fascinating topic. Now comes Blasco Ibanez, and a woman reporter holds him up for his solution or remedy, or whatever it is they are looking for and never finding. He says he is in favor of divorce, as all broadminded persons must be, but he does not favor it to excess. Being informed that we now have one divorce to every 7.6 marriages, he concedes that it may be over done, but retains his opinion that such a ratio indicates only the abuse of a good thing. He is not alarmed about it: would be more so if it were proposed to prohibit it. And he puts forth the interesting generalization that the slow progress of divorce where its progress is slow, as in Spain, is owing to the opposition of the women. Women, he says, are the conservative element of society, slow to change, unwilling to try novelties, holding to old customs. In Spain woman has not yet come to understand what she might gain by divorce.

All which may be so in that country, but it is doubtful if it represents any considerable body of feminine sentiment in this. Here women know but too well what they can gain by divorce. Hardly a society divorce gets going well in the New York dispatches without revealing fresh and unexpected opportunities in the way of alimony. Apparently this mine has not yet been worked in Spain. When it is, one could almost assure Senor Ibanez that feminine opposition will suddenly be heard to cease. And alimony might well take its place as a real, dependable factor of stable family life. The fear of it keeps many a man to the straight and narrow path, assures many a woman of at least the appearance of fidelity. It is an economic element not to be despised, nor even overlooked; as, in fact, it rarely is overlooked. Divorce is worth little without it, in many cases, although one must admit that there are instances in which it is a minor consideration. We doubt if divorce encounters much real feminine opposition in this country. Here it is growing, as statistics reveal, and who shall say unhealthfully? In most cases, one might almost contend in all cases, the real evil was the marriage, not its dissolution. If some one could find a way to prevent mistaken marriages, divorce would decline. But such an innovation would encounter feminine opposition, to which the opposition to divorce would not be a circumstance.

The Exodus to Europe

The ocean parade of liners to Europe in a single day last week included eight ships, headed by the giant Majestic of the White Star line. In addition to the transatlantic craft a fleet of smaller boats left with large passenger lists for sunny lands in the Caribbean or below the equator, says the New York *Herald*. The European lists were unusually large for this off season.

Notables sailing on the *Majestic* included Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Somerset Maugham and Frederick Lonsdale, playwrights; Ramon Navarro, screen actor, and many others. The United States liner *President Roosevelt*, which departed from Hoboken, established a record for the port when it carried out 23,964 sacks of mail, the largest single shipment from New York, according to postal authorities.

The French liner *Rochambeau*, the *Ohio* of the Royal Mail, the *Nieuw Amsterdam* of the Holland-American, and the *Assyria* and *Tyrrhenia* of the Cunard were ships which sailed.

The *Rochambeau* carried one of the proudest officers commanding a ship when Captain Leon Rollin left. He was wearing the insignia of the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his blue and gold tunic when the ship sailed for Havre. After commanding a troop ship and participating in various naval engagements in the war, for which he was decorated several times, Captain Rollin recently was awarded the Legion of honor.

Among the passengers on the *Rachambeau* was F. B. Wight, assistant to the president of the New York Central Railroad. He was accompanied by his daughter, Frances, and will remain on the Continent for a brief vacation. Miss Nan Murphy and Allan Ross MacDougal, a writer, and a poet, both of Greenwich Village, were on board. Each is headed toward the Bohemian atmosphere of Paris and points east.

Somerset Maugham, on the *Majestic*, took issue with St. John Ervine, the dramatist, on the subject of feminism. St. John Ervine recently contended that the state is passing from masculine to feminine and that the influence of women upon the theatre has been the cause of alleged deterioration in drama and tragedy.

"I don't believe what Ervine says is true," Maugham said, "for the reason that women love to cry. I think it is the tired business man who is to be blamed for banishing tragedy from the stage. Women are much more willing to cultivate proper emotions, while men cultivate improper emotions." Maugham said that Katherine Fullerton Gerould, the novelist, who contends that American writers are not realists, is quite right in many of her beliefs and that there is too much sloppiness in the average modern writing. He would not classify this carelessness as being American or English, but included both in his statement.

Frederick Lonsdale, another young playwright, sailed on the *Majestic*. He has been here conferring with the Selwyns regarding the production of plays. Archie Selwyn of the producing firm sailed with Lonsdale and they will continue their business discussion in London.

Unusual modesty for a motion picture idol was exhibited by Ramon Navarro, a serious contender for the "shiek" crown now worn precariously by Rudolph Valentino. Navarro, who goes to Italy and Egypt to make a new film, declined to be photographed and shied somewhat at being interviewed. Asked about Valentino and the "shiek championship," or the contest for the largest number of mash notes, he said quietly: "There is room for us both; in fact, room for all of us."

Much of the attar of rose comes from Bulgaria, says the *Scientific American*, and the sophistication of the perfume since the war has given deep concern to the government, which has offered 1,000,000 levas (we do not know how much this represents in real money) for prizes for a process to discover adulterants. Essence of geranium has been used to debase the perfume. This has proved very detrimental to the trade. It has not only weakened confidence but has a disastrous effect on prices as well.

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Total Security for Policy-Holders.....$41,642,730.26
Total U. S. Assets..... 5,644,227.50
Total U. S. Surplus..... 1,513,391.79

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EXPLOSION - TORNADO - RENTS - EARTHQUAKE
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General Sir David Kinloch was one of the first to volunteer for active service when war broke out in August, 1914, although he was then in his fifty-ninth year. Sir David was always a stern disciplinarian, and the story goes that a Scottish sergeant, whom he had just "told off," was grousing to his Cockney messmates in their dugout "somewhere in France." "Yon beggar, Kinloch, is aye barrkin!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "That's nothink to what you *will* get," was the answer; "you wait till he blinkin' well bites!"

Since Strachey's biography of Queen Victoria stories about her have been rife. One not yet widely disseminated concerned Sir F. Bertie, who was under-secretary for foreign affairs in the days before he was knighted. Mr. Bertie had often to visit the queen, and used to announce his arrival by telegram. Finally, one day, Victoria is said to have remarked to him: "Mr. Bertie, I must ask you to be good enough not to sign your telegrams announcing your arrival 'Bertie,' as it makes me expect my son, and causes me disappointment."

A fussy diner called the waiter and said, "Now, waiter, I want a nice mutton chop. Give my compliments to the chef and ask him to do his best for me. Tell him to put a little piece of fat on the top when he grills it, so that it will melt and make it juicy. I don't want the chop underdone—nor do I want it burnt up—just nicely done, with plenty of gravy. Now, you'll tell the chef exactly what I require, won't you?" "Yes, sir, certainly," replied the waiter. Then he blew down the speaking-tube, and shouted: "One chop, Joe!"

The house in Portland, Me., where Longfellow was born, had become, a number of years ago, a tenement in the poorer part of the city, mostly inhabited by Irish. A teacher in Portland was giving a lesson on the life of the poet. At the end of the hour, she began to question her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. When the teacher called on him, his answer did not seem to astonish the rest of the class, but it was a cold shock to her. "In Patsy Magee's bedroom," he said.

The following story is credited to the one and only G. B. Shaw. It concerns an acquaintance who was a schoolmaster and who at the time was taking a class of very small boys in English grammar. On the board he had written the sentence, "The toast was drank in silence," asking the class to correct any mistake they could find in it. For some moments there was no response, but finally a youngster held up his hand and at a nod from the master stalked gravely up to the blackboard to make his correction. When he had finished the sentence read, "The toast was ate in silence."

That British humor can be as exaggerated as that of the typical American gag is proved by the following from a London weekly: A meeting of the district council was in progress to consider a complaint about the muddy state of the roads in the outlying districts. One of the councillors said: "Gentlemen, I was walking by the road in question the other morning when I saw a man's hat on top of the mud. I touched it with my stick and was astonished to hear a man's voice from beneath. 'My friend,' I said, 'It's a bit thick there, isn't it?' 'It ain't 'alf,' came the answer, 'an I'm on the top o' the bus!'"

The late J. Pierpont Morgan was gifted with a great deal more humor than is generally known. Once, while in London, he was introduced to a lady who made some pretensions to peerage. "Pardon me," said this lady, haughtily, "to which Morgans do you belong?" "Oh, we are an independent branch," replied Mr. Morgan, slyly; "but we date back to the Norman kings." "Ah, then you have a coat of arms?" Mr. Morgan dug down into his pocket and brought forth a shining American $20 gold piece. "This," he said, "is our coat of arms; a few other families have adopted the same emblem. But," he continued, confidentially, "we are gathering them in as fast as possible."

The recent celebration of Queen Wilhelmina's jubilee revives many stories of her youth in Florence, where she lived for awhile with her mother. It is related that one day they were going along the Lung Arno, when they were accosted by a beggar. The Queen Regent wanted to push on, fearing that her daughter might catch some fearful disease, but the little queen, having a will of her own, insisted on stopping. She questioned the man in broken Italian, believing herself quite unknown, and on proceeding gave him half a franc. He looked from the silver in his hand to her, and then back again, and at last said, with an air of impertinence: "So your subjects keep you as short as that! Poor queen!"

A little boy called up his daddy, a well-known Bush Street broker, and to make sure he was conversing with the right person asked, "Who's this?" "The smartest man in town" said the broker, ready for a little fun with his young hopeful. "Oh," said the latter, "I must have the wrong number."

A man was wanted by the police. They secured six different photographs of him and the pictures were circulated through the locality. The chief in a small town wrote to headquarters a few days later saying: "I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them: the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon."

From the Japanese Disaster

Henry Walsworth Kinney, editor of "The Tokyo Trans-Pacific" and author of "The Code of the Karstens," which Little, Brown & Company published early this year, was one of the sufferers in the Japanese disaster. A letter from him says, in part:

"I wish merely to advise you—in case there should be any uncertainty in your mind—that I escaped the earthquake all right, and am fit and happy. My son, 12, was buried in the debris of our house in Kamakura, and a friend of mine, a Danish painter, Madsen, was killed by the same beam that held my boy under. While the boy was still held by the debris, the tidal wave which swept that part of the coast came within less than six feet of him, so he had a regular motion-picture escape. My two other children were in Honolulu and California, so I am rejoicing at having lost only property. I was on a train when the quake smote us, and it was very weird, for the train did a Salome dance; then I had to walk over 29 miles back to Kamakura, through burning Yokohama and through wrecked villages, over roofs, and dodging prodigious cracks in the roads. Since then I have floated about variously in Japanese and American destroyers and refugee ships, until I am now safe with the boy in Kobe. Six American destroyers have done more than the entire Japanese battle fleet. Their efficiency has been marvelous."

One report stated that the building which housed *The Tokyo Trans-Pacific* and two other newspapers was destroyed in the earthquake and conflagration. Mr. Kinney had just completed, and mailed to his publishers, the manuscript of a new story which will be brought out early next year—so that he can not incorporate his moving experiences by fire and flood and quake into a novel for another year or so!

A titanotheriid has arrived in this country from Asia. That didn't mean anything to us until the scientists kindly explained that a titanotheriid is a perissodactyl ugulate.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

There are still optimists in this country. The Caldwell, Kansas, *Messenger* tells of a man in that town who continues to wear a corkscrew and a buttonhook on his key ring.—*Des Moines Register.*

Visitors from abroad occasionally refer to the great wealth of America in feeling tones which leaves it in doubt whether they are extending congratulations or sympathy.—*Washington Star.*

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Optimist

When I was courting Mary Ann
She was a timid maid,
A tender thing, a slender thing,
And, if, perchance, I stayed
Away for but a day or two,
She'd greet me, looking hurt,
And sigh a bit and cry a bit
And saturate my shirt.
But in the end when I'd explained,
She always sweetly kissed me;
And, simple lad, it made me glad
Because the girl had missed me.

But since I've married Mary Ann
She's absolutely vicious!
She flings at me, she slings at me
Our precious wedding dishes;
Her temper is an awful thing
In spite of faulty aim;
But still despite our daily fight
My feeling is the same:
For though our love has passed away,
And she has ceased to kiss me—
I'm always glad when she gets mad,
That still she seems to *miss* me!
—*Princeton Tiger.*

The salvage tug *Widgeon* is preparing to skirt the Pacific Coast seeking new locations for additional naval radio stations, following orders to this effect received from Washington. The additional stations, authorized as a result of the Point Honda destroyer disaster, will enable ships to get positions by simultaneous cross bearings from two points without depending on a series of bearings from one station. Thus does radio constantly increase the safeguards for ocean shipping.

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Meva Hunkin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Hunkin, to Mr. Francis James Mecredy, son of the late Mr. Frank Mecredy of Dublin.

The marriage of Mrs. Marion Sterlin Cunha, sister of Mr. George Sterling to Mr. Gordon Lisle took place recently in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carroll Giffen were hosts at a Sunday afternoon tea in their home on Russian Hill in honor of Mr. Albert Spalding.

Captain Charles Peabody Huff and Mrs. Huff entertained at a supper after the tea dance given at the Presidio Officers' Club last week.

Mrs. John Hale Blackburn was hotess at a bridge party last week at her home in Burlingame.

Lieutenant Reis Ryland and Mrs. Ryland gave a dinner on Thanksgiving Eve at their quarters at the Presidio preceding the dance at the Officers' Club.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox will give a luncheon on Tuesday next at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Sophia Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport gave a tea last week on Sunday evening at their home on Pacific avenue.

The members of the Century Club held their Thanksgiving luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson entertained at an anniversary dinner recently at their bome on Mason street.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton were hosts at a dinner on Saturday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan.

Miss Edith Dohrmann gave a tea last week at her home on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes of Brooklyn was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan at the Town and Country Club last week.

Mrs. Herbert Johnson was hostess at a luncheon at her home at Seacliff on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Symmes of Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyden entertained at a dinner last Saturday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes was the guest of bonor at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis, given by Mrs. William Pugh of New York.

The Town and Country Club held its Thanksgiving luncheon on Tuesday of last week.

The Francisca Club held its Thanksgiving luncheon on Wednesday of last week.

Major Albert Gilmore and Mrs. Gilmore gave a dinner last week in their quarters at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening, afterwards going with their guests to the first performance of "Melody Miles."

Mr. and Mrs. Welch were hosts at a dinner last week at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker entertained at dinner on Wednesday of last week at their home on Buchanan street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood will give a fancy dress ball on December 14, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller will give a dinner on Thursday next preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes was the guest of honor at a farewell luncheon given at the Francisca Club shortly before her departure for the East.

Mrs. Frank Walsh was hostess at a recent lunch at her home in Mill Valley in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Symmes.

Mr. Henry Bertram Lister gave a dinner last week at the Hotel Richelieu in bonor of Mrs. Graves Liller.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kink were hosts at a dinner last week at their home on Laurel street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a dinner last Saturday night at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mrs. Ernest Stent was hostess at a luncheon last week at the Francisca Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor were recent dinner hosts at their home on Van Ness avenue.

Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman entertained at a luncheon on Monday of last week at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Rosalind Warwick of New York was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by her cousin, Miss Edith Dohrmann.

Mrs. Walton I. Thorne gave a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George Harry Mendell gave a luncheon on Friday of last week at the Francisca Club after going with her guests to the Symphony.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper and Mrs. Cooper gave a dinner last Friday preceding the ball given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Caroline Madison was the guest of honor at a dinner given hy Miss Jean Howard last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury were hosts at a dinner last Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Eleanor Martin was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Friday evening by Miss Alice Moffit, preceding the ball given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott gave a luncheon last Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Betty Knight Smith.

The Junior League are giving three performances this week on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, of the revue "Melody Miles" at the Plaza Theatre.

A number of supper parties will follow the first and last performances of "Melody Miles," at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery were bosts at dinner last Friday evening, going afterwards with their guests to the ball given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. William Ewing was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Willis J. Walker last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a luncheon last Sunday at their home in Burlingame for a group of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-Stevenson entertained at a dinner last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffit at the Tanforan club house on Saturday last.

Miss Francesca Deering was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday last by Mrs. Charles S. Hopkins.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury gave a luncheon on Monday last at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Claudine Spreckels was hostess at a luncheon last week at her home on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. William Redding of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given hy Mrs. Frederick Hewlitt last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. Dudley Gunn was host at a dinner and theater party last week in honor of Miss Clementine Edie and her fiancé, Mr. Joseph Catherwood.

Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robbins gave a dinner dance last Saturday night at their apartments on California street.

Mrs. Elizabeth Camp of Connecticut was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Sarah Hoadley Morgan.

Commander John Ellicutt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicutt, entertained at a bridge party last week at their quarters on Mare Island.

Miss Frances Pringle will give a dinner on Friday next in honor of her cousin, Miss Isabel Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leih are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Suffern Tailer are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Dr. Adolph E. Schmidt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Schmidt, of Pearl Harbor, T. H., are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

At the St. Francis

A party of debutantes gathered at luncheon Monday to honor the homecoming of Miss Frances Ames and her cousin, Miss Josephine Drown, who have been spending the past few months in the East. Miss Alice Moffit, Miss Gertrude Murphy, and Miss Edna Taylor were members of this party. Miss Merrill Jones was hostess to a group of the younger folk including Miss Jean Howard and a few others. Mrs. Templeton Crocker had Miss Marion Zeile with her. Mrs. Daniel Jacklin, who has been away for some time, was greeting her many friends at luncheon. Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mrs. Herbert Allen and Mrs. Thomas Eastland were with her.

The Misses Marianno and Katherine Kuhn were with their mother, Mrs. William S. Kuhn, and Miss Mary Martin. Mrs. Richard McCreery was with Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

At the Palace

Miss Dorothy Goldberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emar Goldberg, was the motif for a tea given in the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon. Since the announcement of her betrothal to Mr. George Sereth of Vancouver, Miss Goldberg has been extensively entertained by her many friends in the younger set. The tea was given by Miss Bernice Dickoff and covers were laid for thirty-five guests.

Miss Paula Lesser was hostess at a large mah jongg breakfast given at the Palace Hotel Saturday, the occasion being in honor of her sixteenth birthday, and also of her graduation from the Girls' high school. The breakfast table was decorated with autumn flowers, handpainted place cards and dainty corsage bouquets for each of the fifty-four guests.

Visitors of the week at the Palace Hotel included Mrs. John Winston, Miss Margaret Winston, Mrs. George Bixby of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hughes of Bakersfield, all of whom sailed on the S. S. *Franconia* Tuesday for a world's tour. Mr. Hans Nansen of Christiania, Norway, is also a guest at the Palace. Mr. Nansen is a nephew of the well-known Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, and has just completed extensive survey work in the Canadian Rockies. He will spend several days in San Francisco and then go on to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore have closed their home, El Patio, at Menlo Park and are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Why not organize a Coolidge club, not for political purposes, but with the view of encouraging more people to keep their mouths shut?—*Atchison Globe.*

CERTIFICATE OF SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP.

Charles M. Wilson and Martyn F. Warner, both of Berkeley, California, have formed a special partnership with said Wilson as general partner, and said Warner as special partner, to do an insurance brokerage business under the name Charles M. Wilson Co., with a principal office in the City and County of San Francisco, California. Said Warner has actually contributed and paid into the partnership nine hundred seventy-nine dollars ninety-three cents lawful money of the United States. The partnership peirod shall be 20 years beginning November 1, 1923. A certificate setting forth the above and as required by law has been filed and recorded in the proper offices of the City and County of San Francisco, California.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Chenery of Portland, Oregon, are visiting Mr. Leonard Chenery at 1869 California street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Kellogg were the guests last week of Mrs. Kellogg's parents Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and their daughter Mrs. John McGaw, have returned from their recent visit to the East.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton returned this week from New York, where she has been for several weeks.

Major William A. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson will make their future home in San Mateo and have bought a home there.

Mr. James J. Fagan and his daughter, Miss Doris Fagan accompanied by Miss Bernice Moore, returned last week from Honolulu.

Mrs. George Carpenter of Oregon was the guest last week of Mrs. Edward F. Barron in San Mateo.

Miss Evelyn Barron, who has been visiting Mrs. George Carpenter in Oregon, has returned to her home in San Mateo.

Major Andrew S. Rowan and Miss Rowan, who have been spending the summer in Mill Valley, have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Hart Wood of Monterey has been spending a few days in San Francisco.

Miss Jane Perkins of Seattle is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Dean Witter and Mr. Witter.

Mrs. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes, who has been spending a few weeks in San Francisco with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Bocricke, left on Thursday for her home in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Charles P. Williams of Greenville, Miss., is the guest of her father, Colonel Daniel Lane Howell at his home on Larkin street.

Miss Josephine Grant, who has been visiting Governor-General Wood and Mrs. Wood and Miss Louise Wood in Manila, returned last week to her home in San Francisco.

Miss Suzanne Bryant, who has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker and their daughter, Miss Harriet Walker, has returned to her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson and Mrs. Murray Innes have gone to Southern California and will be the guests over Thanksgiving of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard at Beverly Hills.

Mrs. William Leib sailed this week for Honolulu, where she will pass the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Melville Kelly sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury and Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel spent the week-end after Thanksgiving at Del Monte.

Captain S. Mashbir of the American embassy at Tokyo arrived in San Francisco last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully, who have been spending several weeks in San Francisco, have returned to their home in Southern California.

Mrs. Isidor de Pedraza, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mooser at Stanford Court, has returned to her home in Madrid.

Mrs. Inez Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Mooser, accompanied Mrs. Pedraza on her return to Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury left this week for New York, where they will be joined for the holidays by Mrs. Kingsbury's son, Mr. Gwin Follis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bates Pond have closed their home in San Mateo and have returned to San Francisco, where they will spend the winter with Mrs. Pond's mother, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins.

Mr. William Wallace Mein left last week for the East, where he will remain for several weeks.

Ensign Hugh Goodwin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Goodwin, paid a short visit to San Francisco last week over the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. Paul Wegeforth and her daughter, Miss Harriet Holbrook of Coronado, are visiting Mrs. Wegeforth's sister, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton on Pacific avenue.

Miss Helen Hammersmith, who went abroad with Mrs. George Barnett has returned to her home in this city.

Mrs. I. L. Lenroot of Wisconsin, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Paul Walton Black and Mr. Black at the Hotel Claremont, left for Washington last week where she will join Senator Lenroot.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have returned from New York and are at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Rosalind Warwick of New York is visiting her cousin, Miss Edith Dohrmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensellaer Schuyler were recent house guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Leslie Shaw at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee of Los Angeles have been spending a short time in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Farrington sailed last week for the Hawaiian Islands, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker and Miss Ida Bourn spent the Thanksgiving holidays at their country home at St. Helena.

Mrs. Ferdinand Thierrot and her children, who have been abroad for the past two years, returned this week to San Francisco, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a recent visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards, after a brief visit in San Francisco, have returned to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Marion Lord has returned from Santa Barbara and is established at the Clift Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Ernst Gutschow and Miss Elaine Gutschow, who have been in San Francisco for the wedding of the former Miss Marion Wallace Dunne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, to Mr. Herbert Gutschow, have returned to their home in Dresden.

Mrs. Thomas Garrett of Virginia is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., and Mr. Brown, at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. John Eddy of Seattle, who has recently returned from Europe, is visiting her sister Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., and Mr. Brown at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Wyck have returned to California from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne with their children have gone to Honolulu.

Mrs. E. St. John McCormick has accompanied her father, Mr. J. C. Cebrian, to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen (Miss Mattie Livermore) of Munich are on their way to New York and will arrive in San Francisco early in January.

Miss Louise and Miss Rosario Winston are leaving this week for New York en route for Europe.

Don't teach your children to quarrel. Let them listen and they will learn.—*Dallas News.*

One thing the matter with the world is that too many folks think it can be saved by passing a resolution.—*Toledo Blade.*

One of the reasons a novelty-loving public has lost interest in socialism is that the socialists always run the same man for president, and there's nothing new to talk about.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Last day to pay taxes," said the headline. "If this is the last day to pay taxes on one thing," comments Sackville McKnutte, "then to-morrow probably will be the first day to pay taxes on something else."—*Kansas City Star.*

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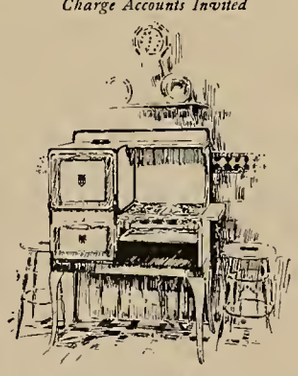
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"Battlers of the Air"

is the title of the first page of Sunday's Rotagravure section, and pictures among other interesting views of flying aircraft one of the United States Army's latest acquisitions, the huge Barling bomber. "East and West" is an attractive page of world notables, and the fair sex will get a real thrill out of

"Where Boys Are Girls"

which shows some of the boys at Michigan University outjulianing Julian Eltinge, which is quite some stunt, when you think it over. "A Week in Europe" is an informative page on doings abroad, and there are many other pictures of varied interest. If you would avoid disappointment on Sunday place your order now for The

Sunday Chronicle
Rotagravure
Section

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"But why do you want to marry her?" "Because I love her." "My dear fellow, that's an excuse—not a reason."—*Virginia Reel.*

"Harry learned to play the piano in no time." "Yeah—I heard him playing it that way the other day."—*Orange Owl.*

"Jack says this new horse he has bought is a bargain." "Then it is a safe lady's horse." "Why?" "Because a woman can always drive a bargain."—*Judge.*

"Here is an article headed, 'From War to Wedlock'," said Mrs. Tiff as she looked over the newspaper; "that is an alliterative title." "Yes," added Mr. Tiff; "alliterative, but tautological."—*Judge.*

The Count—Ah! ze English tongue, how eet ees droll! W'en ze man weesh to prove hees love for ze lady, he swear to her. Ze first yare of marriage he swear by her—and aftaire, parbleu! he swear at her.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Do yez b'lave in frinology?" asked Mr. Dolan; "meanin' be that the sighnce of tellin' a man's charackter he the lumps an 's head." "Iv coorse," answered Mr. Rafferty; "there's nothin' gives a better clew to a man's habits than lumps, hlack eyes, patches iv shtickin'-plashter, and the rest iv such signs."—*Washington Star.*

Short-sighted Lady (in grocery)—Is that the head cheese over there? *Salesman*—No, ma'am; that's one of his assistants.—*New York Sun and Globe.*

"I dunno that I wanna get married, Mazie. It wouldn't be excitin' like in th' movies. They ain't even one awful scandal in my past that I could worry about my husband findin' out."—*New York Sun and Globe.*

Tearher in Geography — And now, Elmer, how many poles are there? *Elmer*—They is seventeen lives next door to us.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

There were muffled sounds of a struggle in the other room, and a girl's voice squealed, "Stop." No response. "Oh, please don't. Mother said—" No response. "Oh, wait just a minute, please." No response. "Let me go this minute." "One more yank and I'll have it out," consoled the dentist.—*Sour Owl.*

"Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older persons are talking, hut wait until they stop." "I've tried that already, mamma. They never do stop."—*Pearson's Weekly (London.)*

Mother—Why did ye cane my child for nothing? *Teacher*—I caned him hecause he wouldn't tell me where the River Thames was. He only stood and looked at me. *Mother*—He would he dumhfounded at yer ignorance, most likely.—*Pearson's Weekly (London.)*

"Why do you look at stock quotations when you don't intend to speculate?" "Oh, just bucket-shopping."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Comin' to mah pahty, Sam? We gonna have a whole gallon o' cohn." "Nup, can't do it, Zeek. We'se got a case o' tonsilitis over to my house." "A whole case? Say, Zeek, can't we have that pahty to yo' house?"—*Virginia Reel.*

Diner—But this menu is in French. *Waiter*—Quite so, sir, hut the prices are in English, and that's all most of our customers read.—*Pearson's Weekly (London.)*

Hobbs—I really helieve you have stopped your worrying. What brought about the change? *Dobbs* (cheerfully)—My trouhles are more real than they use to he.—*Boston Transcript.*

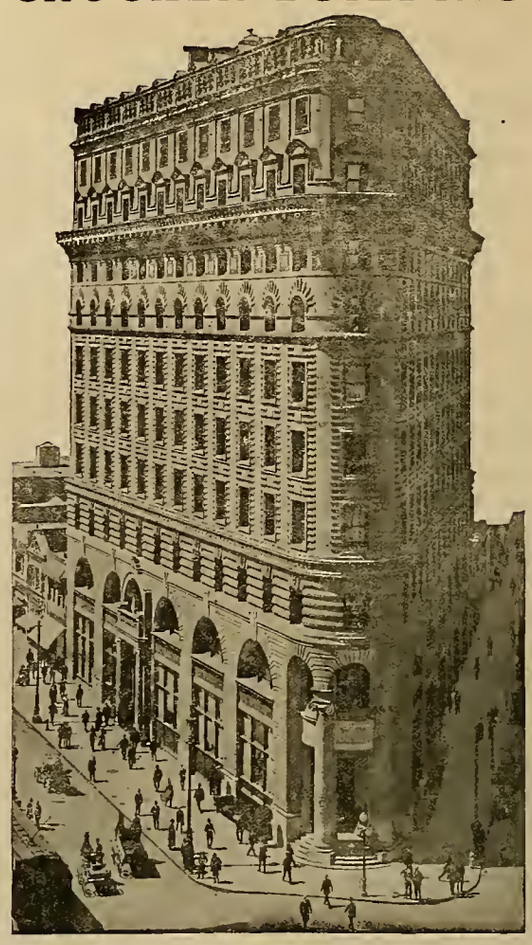
A Whaler's Christmas

The dayhreak of Christmas Day in the year 1879 was fine. The sun began to shine some time about 4:00 o'clock over the somher expanse of the southern ocean in latitude 51; and shortly afterward a sail was sighted ahead, writes Joseph Conrad in the *Delineator.* The wind was light, but a heavy swell was running. Presently I wished a Merry Christmas to my captain. He looked still sleepy hut amiahle. I reported the distant sail to him and ventured the opinion that there was something wrong with her. He said "Wrong?" in an incredulous tone. He took the glasses from me, directed them toward her stripped masts, resemhling three Swedish safety-matches flying up and down and waggling to and fro ridiculously in that heaving and austere wilderness of countless water hills, and returned them to me without a word. He only yawned. This marked display of callousness gave me a shock. In those days I was generally inexperienced and still a comparative stranger in that particular region of the world of waters.

The captain, as is a captain's way, disappeared from the deck; and after a time our carpenter came up the poop ladder carrying an empty wooden keg of the sort in which certain ship's provisions are packed. I said, surprised, "What do you mean by lugging this thing up here, Chips?" "Captain's orders, sir," he explained shortly. I did not like to question him further and so we only exchanged Christmas greetings and he went away. The next person to speak to me was the steward. He came running up the companion stairs: "Have you any old newspapers in your room, sir?" There were several old Sydney *Heralds, Telegraphs, Bulletins* in my cahin, hesides a few home papers received by the last mail. "Why do you ask, steward?" I inquired naturally. "The captain would like to have them," he said.

And even then I did not understand the inwardness of these eccentricities. I was only lost in astonishment at them. It was 8:00 o'clock hefore we had closed with that ship which, under her short canvas and heading nowhere in particular, seemed to he loafing aimlessly on the very threshold of the gloomy home of storms. But long hefore that hour I had learned from the numher of the hoats she carried that this nonchalant ship was a whaler. She was the first whaler I had ever seen. She had hoisted the Stars and Stripes at her peak and her signal-flags had told us already that she was the *Alaska.* Two years out from New Bedford. Last from Honolulu. Two hundred and fifteen days on the cruising-ground. We passed, sailing slowly, within a hundred yards of her; and just as our steward started ringing the breakfast-bell, the captain and I held up aloft, in good view of the figures watching us over her stern, the keg, properly headed up and containing, hesides an enormous bundle of old newspapers, two boxes of figs in honor of the day. We flung it far over the rail. Instantly our ship sliding down the slope of a high swell left it far hehind in our wake. On board the *Alaska* a man in a fur cap flourished an arm; another, a much bewhiskered pe'son, ran forward suddenly. I never saw anything so ready and smart as the way that whaler, rolling desperately all the time, lowered one of her hoats. The southern ocean went on tossing the two ships like a juggler his gilt halls and the microscopic white speck of the hoat seemed to come into the game instantly, as if shot out from a catapult, on the enormous and lonely stage. That Yankee whaler lost not a moment in picking up her Christmas present from the English wool-clipper. Before we had increased the distance very much she dipped her ensign in thanks and asked to he reported all well, with a catch of three fish. I suppose it paid them for two hundred and fifteen days of risk and toil, away from the sounds and sights of the inhahited world, like outcasts devoted beyond the confines of mankind's life to some enchanted and lonely pennance.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Our Spinal Governor

Governor Richardson's statement anent the Kels ease is consistent with the practical sense he has introduced into the gubernatorial office. He refuses to permit some hired experts to take fluid from Kels' spine and render thereon a bought-and-paid-for verdict, after the judicial one rendered at the trial. He says:

> Kels received a fair trial and was sentenced by a judge of the superior court. The question of his sanity was decided by the court. I have no authority to permit surgeons or physicians to extract fluid from the spine of a prisoner, or to trepan his skull, or otherwise mutilate him. If such a test is to be made it will be made on an order of a court.

It is safe to say that no court will order any such farcical proceeding. Kels is not insane, he is guilty, and guilt and sanity are equally clear. The purpose of tapping his spine is not to determine a fact determined already, but to elicit a declaration of what is not a fact, so that our sob sisters and yellow journals may wallow in cheap sensationalism, to the discredit of the law and of the administration of justice. Also, the case was seized upon by these elements to embarrass the governor, who, it was assumed, would not dare refuse this impertinent demand. But he does dare refuse it, and he does not appear much embarrassed by it, as a coward in his place would have been. It is quite difficult to trap a man like that. If he goes right along attending to his business in a hard-headed, sensible and courageous fashion, as he has been doing, large numbers of the voters of California are going to discover in him those qualities they have always desired in a governor but have found it so hard to get.

There would hardly be such a thing as the Kels case, in its present aspect, if it were not for politics. Politicians hostile to the governor, assisted by the yellow journals, have tried to make capital out of the punishment or non-punishment of crime; that is, out of the peril of society. Politicians and yellow editors are always trying it. Every murderer that escapes the gallows is an encouragement to other murderers—especially where the crime has such a pronounced commercial motive. But a hungry political opposition cares nothing for the safety of society, notwithstanding its incessant pretensions of solicitude about the general welfare. The right authority to decide the fate of Kels is the court that tried him. That is what courts are for, and the governor is quite right in refusing to interfere where the case is so plain.

The President Speaks

President Coolidge's message is devoid of any attempt at rhetorical art. It is a straightforward talk about current issues with no attempt at self-exploitation, no evasions, no concealments. It is plain that Mr. Coolidge has spoken his mind with entire candor. A more transparently honest expression from a President was never presented to a Congress, this at a time and under circumstances presumptively charged with political dynamite. We have in Mr. Coolidge a President manifestly sincere, a man unafraid, a man highly intelligent, a man whose plain purpose is to meet in the spirit of integrity and service the obligations of his high office.

Mr. Coolidge once said that the hard questions to decide were not the great ones. The great questions present plain considerations of right and wrong, and the issue is clear. So the country finds his message. We have been spared any tedious prolixity because the man is sincere and the problems involved are of the important sort that he handles with the ease of mastery. He has faced his issues squarely and honestly. He has looked for no intricate "outs." There is no shooting so that he will hit it if it is a deer and miss it if it is a calf. Above all there is no dodging of trouble, and no attempt to build a private fire-escape so that if his efforts at cookery set the house on fire he can slide down in safety and leave some one else to fight the blaze. We may not agree with him at all points, but we do not find him dubious or equivocal. We know just about what he means.

The message to Congress, for example, said little about the soldiers' bonus, as that was reserved for later treatment; but what it did say could not be misunderstood. "I do not favor the granting of a bonus." That is all, and enough. It serves notice on all concerned that any one who wishes to vote against a candidate who does not favor the bonus may vote against President Coolidge, should he be nominated. That took courage, and proves he has it. If there is anything the American people desire in a President it is courage. The note on the bonus confirms the verdict resulting from the policemen's strike.

In a vein just as simple and direct he has handled all the topics pertinent to the assembling of Congress. Very quietly, though perhaps ironically, he disposes of the effort of a certain noisy person to make a political issue within the Republican party of the matter of foreign entanglements. "Our country has definitely refused to adopt and ratify the covenant of the League of Nations. . . . I am not proposing any change in this policy; neither is the Senate." He must have indulged in cool smiles when he dictated that. "The league exists as a foreign agency. We hope it will be helpful. But the United States sees no reason to limit its own freedom and independence of action by joining it." That should be a sufficient answer to those who proclaim that even though we keep out of the league there is a disposition to drag us into the European mess through the world court of international justice. It simply is not the truth, and what more need be said?

As to the adjudication of international disputes instead of rushing to arms, we have long advocated arbitration, have long sought the creation of a permanent world court, and for nearly twenty-five years have been a member of the Hague Tribunal—without, he might have added, becoming entangled in European affairs to any greater extent than commercial relations naturally entail—which is really to a very great extent indeed. "I favor the establishment of such a court, intended to include the whole world. That is and has long been an American policy." Nothing ambiguous about that. If Senator Johnson does not believe it is an American policy, he can join issue and debate it—and learn what strength there can be in thorough scholarship and cold, analytical, New England reasoning when it is opposed by nothing sounder than blather and froth.

A particular point of foreign policy concerns our relations with Russia. Some of our socialists have been diligently building up a fictitious grievance about that matter. One would suppose to hear their yammerings that we had cut off Russia from trade with all the world by refusing recognition, and that the Russians were starving in consequence. The President makes the business clear in the statement that "our government offers no objection to the carrying on of commerce by our citizens with the people of Russia. Our government does not propose, however, to enter into relations with another regime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations. I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity. I do not propose to make merchandise of any American principles. These rights and principles must go wherever the sanctions of our government go." There is no hedging about that. Yet he is willing to make concessions, and when the Russian government comes a little to its senses, compensates despoiled Americans and ceases its attacks on their institutions, and performs other "works meet for repentance," we should go to the economic and moral rescue of Russia. He does not say just how, and here for once, leaves us wondering whether he meant recognition. Perhaps if he had he would have said it. But he hopes the time is near when we can act.

The message seems to recognize that the most pressing domestic problem is the burden of taxation resting on us all, and paralyzing a large part of the national energy. The budget system must be maintained, and should be strengthened. Without it there can be no constructive, scientific economy. So much for pork. It is possible to reduce taxes, and he recommends a decrease in those on earned incomes, and a revision of surtaxes and other costly and annoying imposts. Taken in conjunction with his declaration that he does not favor the bonus, this must mean that substantial relief for the people is in sight, that business will not be so heavily handicapped, that more avenues of employment will be opened to all, service men included, by the encouragement of new enterprises, and that living in general will gradually grow less costly and burdensome; that is, unless Congress shall pass a bonus bill over the presidential veto. In that case we shall be set back in our development and prosperity will soon pass us up. "To reduce war taxes is to give every home a better chance." There spake the economist. No truer utterance ever came from the White House. "High taxes reach everywhere and burden everybody. They bear most heavily upon the poor. They diminish industry and commerce. They make agriculture unprofitable. They increase the rates of transportation. . . . Of all services which Congress can render to our country I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. *To neglect it, to postpone it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust. The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others.*"

So this document proceeds, in direct and simple dealings with the merchant marine, the tariff, the settle-

ment of railroad labor disputes, lynching, the national defense, immigration, care of veterans, and other topics too numerous for discussion here at this time; a clear, lucid, brave state paper, by a clear-thinking man, who indulges in no pretense and no bombast. We were exceedingly fortunate to have had such a Vice-President on hand when he was needed. He may not be right at all points; it would be strange if any man were. But he has side-stepped nothing vital, and has handled thorny subjects as he once said he handled all public matters intrusted to him: as though he were going back to practice law in Northampton when his term was over. One might almost predict that he will not have to go.

Hiram and His "Fight"

The great American public declines to get excited over, or even interested in, the ambitions of California's hell-roaring senator. The Hearst papers to be sure, have boiled over in the attempt to arouse favorable sentiment but without success. Only one Eastern paper of high character—the *Times* of New York—has dealt with the matter other than paragraphically, and its tone is that of contemptuous raillery. Only two of Mr. Johnson's senatorial colleagues, both loudly advertised as his friends, have taken public notice of his candidacy, both to the same purpose, namely, to deny favor to him, and further to declare their support of President Coolidge. Even California, which Mr. Johnson claims to carry in his inside pocket, fails to enthuse over a candidacy which four citizens out of five regard as presumptuous and futile.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Johnson's "fight" rests upon no better foundation than that of personal vanity and ambition. He wants to be president, but to what end as related to the public interest neither Mr. Johnson nor his friend Hearst have been able to make clear. Mr. Johnson advertises himself as a furious progressive but his platform is curiously reactionary. His "challenge" has eyes only in the back of its head. As always his mind works in opposition. The country is tired of that sort of thing. What it wants is something positive and creative. It is not interested in dead issues. It is tired of destructive "fights." It is wearied to disgust with the bellowings of detraction. It will hearken to any man who has something to propose looking to the public welfare but it has no ear for the mere denunciator and self exploiter.

There is that in the public mind that views as an impertinence any effort at this time to shunt President Coolidge off the track. The universal feeling towards him is friendly and the universal wish is that he may in the coming months fulfill the hopes that on all sides are placed upon him. Mr. Coolidge's poise of mind has profoundly impressed the country. There are evidences of power in his reserve, his diligence, his obvious wish to subordinate politics to more vital interests. Thoughtful men everywhere are gratified by his manifest disposition to study the needs of the country prior to any declaration of aims or policies. In the brief period of his presidency he has done much to impress the country with his sanity, his sense of proportion, his freedom from the vice of personalism. He has distinctly created an atmosphere that tends to confidence. And so the hope is general that the fates have given us a man upon whom the country may depend for things of serious value, as distinct from a man inflated with the desire to exhibit himself and to exploit his individual ambitions. There is refreshment in the picture he presents of quiet, industrious and hopeful attention to the serious business of government.

To a people thus disposed the candidacy of Mr. Johnson comes as an irritation. Nobody asked him to stand for the presidency; nobody deems his candidacy either timely or pertinent. There is that, too, in the manner of Mr. Johnson's outgivings that is resented by thoughtful citizens. His declaration that his instinct is to "fight" is an offense. The presidency of the United States is a trust, a trust to be awarded solemnly and only to one who commands public confidence for sanity, for moderation, for the spirit that found its supreme expression in the character of Abraham Lincoln. The presidency is not a thing to be "fought" for and assuredly its obligations are not of the kind to be answered by a crude "fighter."

The brief of all this is that the republicans of the country, and we may even go further to say that the people of the country with scant regard to partisan affiliations are in the main hopeful that they have found in Mr. Coolidge a sound and dependable man and that they have small interest, or none at all, in one who seeks to push himself into the "ring" in pursuance of his personal vanities.

Meddling With Life

The profiteer is an unlovely character, and opinion seems united that something should be done to "curb" or otherwise annoy him. The question is, What? When you curb him in one place he breaks out at another. When you curb one profiteer in one line of business you find that his cousin has taken mean advantage of your distraction to begin profiteering in another line. You also find that if and when you curb profiteering, you have interfered with business to a damaging degree, and even that you have interfered with living and with morals; that one devil having been cast out, seven worse ones have entered in. For no one can ever foretell the effect of a law. You aim it at an abuse, and you hit a beneficial institution; and the abuse lives on with its thumb at its nose and its fingers extended toward you in that satirical salute the Manhattan Dutch learned from the Yankees of Connecticut.

Californians of this part of the state ought to know that, better than most people, better almost than Herbert Spencer. A few short years ago all the vineyards in Sonoma county and Napa county and every wine-growing county hereabouts had planted among the vines large announcements that "Prohibition Would Destroy This Vineyard." Grapes were then selling somewhere about $19 a ton. Prohibition came, and grapes touched $150 a ton; sinful wine grapes at that. Nobody seems to know just how a law is going to work. Yet with smiling, simple-minded optimism we go on introducing and passing laws, on all sorts of subjects for all sorts of objects. Congress opens with 600 bills in the House—how many in the Senate we do not know. In both houses they are running into thousands. Thousands will probably be passed. Perhaps a dozen will work as they are intended to work, and the rest will set up in our intricate affairs unexpected reactions entailing hardship and loss and social and moral disturbances of all degrees of gravity and danger; and expense. About thirteen years ago Senator La Follette had a bill passed providing for the valuation of American railroads. It was going to cost about $2,400,000. It has already cost the government $23,000,000 and the railroads $62,000,000, and we do not yet know the value of the railroads and probably shall never find out. Legislation is a worse gamble than roulette.

We are incited to these observations by the condition that has developed in New York in respect to housing. The war produced a shortage, we need not argue how. In congested centers tenants began bidding against one another for accommodations. That is the effect of shortage, and the effect of such bidding is an increase in price; in this case in rents, which are the price of housing, unless you "own your own." It is neither natural nor desirable that such a condition should have any other effect. The increase in rents began to stimulate building, which is the desirable thing and the only healthful way in which a shortage can be met—in fact the only way in which a housing shortage can be supplied at all. But the humanitarians, the sentimentalists, the yellow journals, the sob sisters and statutory reformers, the people that want to fix everything by law including all the profiteers, procured through the politicians who hunger for their votes the passage of rent-fixing laws. These laws meant that people for the time being would not have to "double up" so much as they would have otherwise, and hence it took more room for them than it would have taken at higher prices. This increased instead of easing the strain on the accommodations. At the same time, although some building went on in spite of the diminution of the temptation to build, not as much was done as high rents would have brought about. The demand was not met in the natural way, the housing shortage has not been supplied. Now they are finding the effect on morals—the meaning of such meddling, in terms of juvenile delinquency.

A judge of the children's court in New York City has been making a report to the State Industrial Commissioner. It is a sad and sordid tale, of young people crowded together and tempted into vice because of such crowding (although, to be sure, a certain percentage get that way under the best of conditions). One girl left home because it consisted of four rooms with three beds for twelve persons; parents could afford nothing better at present rents, in spite of the politicians having "soaked" the profiteers for the people. A boy stayed out nights and indulged in all the truancies. His home consisted of fourteen sleeping in two rooms. There were tuberculosis and larceny and every form of misery and wickedness that reformers like to attack with statutes. All had been attacked by political rent-fixers at the behest of the uplifters, but there they were, apparently as bad as ever. What the situation seems to require is a battalion of rent profiteers that will overbuild in the hope of high rents and then get into cut-throat competition with one another. That will increase housing and bring rents down at the same time. But the way to satisfy that requirement is not to pass a law commanding it so that some politician may "point with pride" to what he did for the people, but just to let nature take its course, as the alderman said of the gondolas. That is a hard thing for the uplifters to do, but in most cases it will work just as well as the statutory method, and in some cases a great deal better. And it has the vast, inestimable merit of permitting individuals to serve society as they see profit in such service, thereby in the long run producing better living conditions than the politicians at Albany or Sacramento or Washington are ever likely to give us.

Senator Johnson as a Barrier

Mr. Lasker, formerly chairman of the shipping board, says that Senator Johnson, as President of the United States, would prove a barrier against the tendency to entanglement in the affairs of Europe, or something to that miscellaneous metaphorical effect. As an advertising expert, Mr. Lasker believes in keeping his commodity continuously before the public, and just at present his commodity happens to be the senior senator from California. In the hideous diction of our advertisers, realtors, salesmen, chambers of commerce and other utilitarian elements of society, he is "selling us the Johnson-for-President idea," and hopes soon to "have us sold on it." Unfortunately for him and his protege, his "sales psychology," to use another verbal detriment of the trade, is deficient in facts and crippled in its logic.

Mr. Lasker's "sales talk" assumes and implies, after the nature of sales talks, that without Senator Johnson in the presidential chair we should have no "barrier against European entanglements." But supposing that to be true, would we be sure of such protection from President Hiram? How has he demonstrated himself as a barrier? Wherein has he protected us from any entanglements? When he was governor of California, how and to what effect did Mr. Johnson function as a barrier against the inroads of extravagance, waste, socialism and the multiplication of offices and office holders, to the burdening of all the industry of California and all the costs of living in this state? How did he protect the people of California against the ceaseless pressure of political place hunters, the schemes of sentimental busybodies, and the multiplication of commissions and commissioners, and their hordes of clerks and deputies, to meddle with every concern of business and of life? Did he stand like a rock against the demoralizing tendency toward paternalism always asserting itself among the unthinking and improvident, or did he invite the peddlers of paternalism to the pie counter, there to regale themselves upon the substance of the thrifty? He and his friends proclaim him an uplifter and constructor. What has he uplifted, what has he constructed except offices?

In the management of the state, Governor Johnson represented tendencies disguised as, or at least labeled, progressiveism, moral uplift, humanitarian development. The labels were not faithfully reflective of the contents of the can. The samples indicate that we should get about the same sort of goods from a President Johnson, provided Senator Johnson should succeed in promoting himself to that position—which the juxtaposition of the planets in South Dakota does not foretell. But would we also have an effective barrier against the tendency to foreign entanglements? Why is it to be supposed that we could rely on Johnson as such a barrier more securely than on Coolidge, who says "partisanship has no place in our foreign relations . . . Our country has definitely refused to adopt and ratify the covenant of the League of Nations. I am not proposing any change in this policy"? Or than we could have depended upon President Harding, against whom Hiram was preparing to direct his characteristic gas attack just before Harding

dled? President Coolidge, in his message, is quite definite as to what he thinks the United States should do about the affairs of Europe, and he does not seem disposed to yield to the tendency toward entanglement. He thinks, as President Harding thought, and as Secretary Hughes thought, and many another thoughtful man thinks, that we could well support the court of international justice, without foreign entanglement, and rather than risk more unnecessary wars. Senator Johnson opposes the court, with its probable effect of minimizing war, because he must have a battle cry—something to "sell" as Mr. Lasker would say. But as a real barrier, he has not been found effective, and as a leader he doesn't seem to be leading anywhere.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Peerless Leader

Foresthill, California, Dec. 7, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* I have always enjoyed reading the *Argonaut* and have been impressed with its spirit of fairness and justice and its high sense of political decency. Hence I am clearing my mind in regard to the almost hysterical efforts some California newspapers are making to boost the candidacy of Senator Hiram Johnson for president.

In a recent issue of the *Examiner* appeared a page of opinions purporting to come from his enthusiastic statewide supporters. One county sheriff and ex-assemblyman stated: "He's from California. Therefore I'm for Johnson." The inference to be taken is: "As long as he is a Californian, I'm for him, regardless of his ability or fitness for the office." It was refreshing to note that two well-known Oakland men, one a great merchant, the other a prominent attorney, had the courage in the face of the noisy outburst of Johnson enthusiasm, to state quietly that they felt that the country needs a calm, conservative man like President Coolidge at its head and that therefore they would support him.

In a recent number of the *Call* was blazoned forth the headline: "Bites the Hand That Fed Him." Under it was the story to the effect that State Treasurer Charles G. Johnson, who had been state sealer of weights and measures under the Johnson regime, had openly expressed his admiration and preference for President Coolidge. The *Call* went on to state that Governor Johnson had appointed him to that position and thus given him his political opportunity and that from that point of vantage he had "climbed" into the office of state treasurer—the plain inference being that as Governor Johnson had "made" him he is therefore Johnson's "man," and must forever remain a faithful vassal of the mighty Hiram, regardless of any opinions or convictions of his own.

Has it come to this, that any man or woman who has ever had anything to do with a Johnson administration is by that fact held and firmly bound to a life-long allegiance to Senator Johnson? The undersigned was one of the first fifty to sign one of Governor Johnson's nomination petitions. Do I by that act become his benchman? And is State Treasurer Johnson to be censured for exercising his God-given right to the expression of his own opinions? Because Chester Rowell, Charles Johnson and your humble servant choose to differ with Senator Hiram Johnson are we then become traitors to the state?

Such exhibitions of Tammany politics disgust sober-minded people and lead them to say: "If that is the kind of campaign he is carrying on, God help him! We won't."

Very truly yours,

Fenton A. Bonham.

Exception Noted

San Francisco, December 8, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* In making a selection at random from your various anti-German (pro-French) editorials, I note for discussion the one under the heading of "The French Point of View," in your issue of November 17, 1923.

You refer to Germany as having ruthlessly invaded France again and many times again, without any regards for the sanctity of God or man.

I am loath to adjudge you ignorant of the historical facts concerning these two nations, and I can only ascribe your attitude to a degree of undying hatred of everything German. *Silent leger inter arms.*

The turmoil of battle still dominates your better judgment to the exclusion of your usual fairness.

For your benefit and that of your readers (providing you will publish this communication), I am presenting herewith a short historical sketch, which runs back slightly over 100 years. "The first invasion of France by Germany during that period was in the good company of the allied nations, following the defeat of Napoleon, whose victorious armies had kept Europe in a state of war and misery for a stretch of many years. The second invasion was made, after the German victory in the war of 1870-71, after France had declared war. It may be noteworthy, that after the surrender of France, Bismarck ordered the railroads cleared of all traffic in order to more speedily transport provisions to the starving French people. This was contrary to the ruthless action of the Allies in the late war, who continued their inhuman food blockade for six months after the German people had surrendered, bag and baggage, thus prolonging the suffering of innocent people throughout Germany.

Incidentally let us not forget that France entered the late war in defense of Russia, the most barbarous nation in Europe, and in self-defense. France, too, was on German soil before German troops crossed the French border.

For a clear and concise tracing of the history of the late war, permit me to call your attention to an article written by E. D. Morel, M. P., and published in "Foreign Affairs" (London).

Respectfully,

S. Francis.

Wants It Every Week

New Canaan, Connecticut, Dec. 4, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* I find the *Argonaut* is almost indispensable to my political and intellectual well-being. Its views are so sound, as I esteem them—usually—and so well expressed that although I am a reader of the New York *Tribune* and *Times* and a number of weeklies and monthlies, the *Argonaut* takes a place among them as one of the best.

I have been much interested in your articles on Oregon.

I am an optimist in politics although 82, and feel that the world "do move" in spite of Hiram, Magnus & Co., and in spite of the blundering English.

Very truly yours,

A. D. Wilt, Sr.

"'Convey' the Wise It Call"

New York, November 29, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* The daily press has recently been carrying a new and intoxicating legislative proposal, suggested debonairly by the new senator (Ferris) from Michigan. The honorable gentleman proposes that "the state" (nationally or locally, it probably does not matter) should "absorb" all fortunes by a new and complete inheritance tax. This, it is suggested, would be another grand moral reform (probably equal to prohibition), for then hereafter every man would be compelled to make his own fortune, there would be no inherited riches, and no idle rich. "Absorb" is a grand word and ought almost of itself to "sell" this new idea to a credulous citizenry.

The idea, however, should not be permitted to pass without challenge. The question of the defects of the private administration of inherited wealth is a complicated one and can hardly be argued here and in short space. But the proposal as a whole, as a moment's reflection will show, is rank socialism and subversive of private rights and of the ancient American idea of the freedom of the individual. The result in a short time would be the "absorption" of all private property by the state—more revolutionary in its effects than the recent proposal of a capital levy made by the English radicals.

The issue is plain for this generation. Do you wish the state to confiscate private property and to dominate and control the lives and actions of its citizens in all things that actually do and ought to matter to them, or do you believe in the policy of hands off and the modicum of governmental interference?

In a world full of the clamors of specious "reform" and of pullulating progressivism it is time that the issue were joined and that people ranged themselves on one side or the other. We are to choose either socialism or sanity, state tyranny or individual freedom.

F. J. Carpenter.

Reclamation Will Go Right On

Department of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

December 3, 1923.

Editor Argonaut—*Sir:* The editorial appearing in your issue of October 27th has come to my attention, and I read with interest your discussion of the reclamation problem.

For the first time an intensive study of the policies and methods of the government in reclaiming lands in the West is being made, and we find that this step should have been taken ten years ago.

I believe in reclamation as a conception and confidently expect that plans now being formulated will result in reclamation taking a place in the picture of the West that will insure its permanency.

Those who live on the land together with the towns that have sprung up, or have been benefited from government reclamation, should be our first concern in adopting a policy for future guidance.

Very truly yours,

Hubert Work.

Firing the Umpire

The people of this country are afraid of government ownership of railroads, with its infinite possibilities of political log-rolling and graft, bureaucratic inefficiency, class domination, and increased taxation. The only consideration that will impel them to give ear to it will be conclusive evidence that private ownership and operation have failed to meet the needs of the public. They will then fly from the ills they have to others that they know not of.

In the meantime this alleged progressive movement is driving directly toward one point, and that is, in general terms, to remove from the statute books of the United States and from the Federal Constitution every vestige of law and legal machinery that is designed to restrain strikers from the use of physical force and to regulate their use of economic power in the enforcement of their demands against employers and the public. With this purpose fairly well accomplished, our government would become one of force rather than law, and chaos would indeed reign.

It is seriously proposed to change the form of our government by undermining and overthrowing the independence of the Judiciary Department. The proposal to empower Congress to set aside a decision of the Supreme Court which declares an act of Congress unconstitutional is revolutionary in its nature. That element of radical and restive men who are always eager to tinker and experiment with established institutions have no patience with the thoughtful and deliberate methods of a court. When they desire the quick enactment of a law, it matters not to them that the law is unconstitutional, and they rage against the court which declares it so. They concede that Congress may pass a law that violates the Constitution, but insist that Congress should have the final right to say whether or not it has in fact made such blunder. It would appear that if Congress passed an unconstitutional law, it would do so either knowingly or unknowingly. If, after the usual full discussion, it enacted the unconstitutional law knowingly, it would not likely retract. If it passed it unknowingly, it would not be likely to find it out.—*Ben W. Hooper, chairman United States Railroad Labor Board, in the North American Review.*

Education—That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.—*A. Bierce.*

OREGON AS A RAILROAD ORPHAN

Vast Timber Resources Lie Dormant to This Day for Want of Transportation

Alfred Holman, in The New York Times.

[*From the eighth of Mr. Holman's letters on the Pacific Northwest, written for the* Times *and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear in the* Times.]

Portland, Oregon.

In a previous article I promised reasons why at some points of her development Oregon has not kept pace with her husky daughter, Washington. By the census of 1920 Washington with her 66,826 square miles of territory had a population of 1,356,621, equal to 20.3 per mile. Oregon with an area of 95,607 square miles had a total population of 783,389, or 8.2 per square mile. There would seem to be an anomaly here, especially in view of the fact that Oregon was a permanently settled country at a time when Washington was still relatively a wilderness. In part, explanation lies in contrasting the physical characteristics of the two states; further, in certain differences between the people of these states. A still further circumstance is the fact that Oregon in some degree has been a "railroad orphan." I borrow this phrase from the Secretary of the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

Oregon's one seaport of commercial note is the Columbia River, and until very recently that port has not been regarded as available to ships of heavy draft. Under this condition, railroad enterprise has been directed mainly to the deep waters of Puget Sound at the north or to San Francisco Bay at the south. To a degree this fact has nullified the tremendous advantages that attach to the Columbia River regarded as a port, and to Portland as the commercial center of the Columbia River region.

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Central Oregon is humped up like the roof of a house and its interior water-courses, while many in number, are only in a limited sense navigable. What is more serious, nature has provided in interior Oregon few natural railroad routes. Following the great water courses, the railroads have not run through central Oregon, but around. To this day central Oregon is so limited at the point of railroad facilities that large sections of what ultimately must be productive country remain all but virgin solitudes.

The primary resource of Oregon, more particularly of its western region, is timber. But with the exception of the forests adjacent to the Columbia River and to some of the smaller coast ports, this potential wealth has been of little immediate value. It has had to wait upon transportation; and transportation has been slow in coming, because the main energies of timber exploitation have been given to districts where water transportation was available.

The conditions that have retarded the development of lumbering in Oregon have had the further effect of retarding her growth in population; and here I must explain what is signified earlier in this writing by the statement that Oregon has been a railroad orphan. Three great railroad systems seeking tidewater have established their termini on Puget Sound. Three other systems have found termini in California. Each of these railroads has made itself an immigration promoter for the state in which its main interests lie, while Oregon has had no railroad primarily her own and so has had little benefit from the promotive efforts connected with the railroad interest.

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It follows naturally that the development of population and industry in Oregon has been relatively slow, but this is far from saying that Oregon has been a sufferer from it. If her resources have not been diligently exploited, it remains in a broad sense that they are held practically intact. Oregon today holds available to exploitation a vast wealth in timber, a great area of productive land with other conditions that must in the long run bring to her a development on a parity if not in excess of her neighbors.

There has been that in the constitution of the Oregonian people, as defined in a preceding letter, which has tended to prevent rapid exploitation of the country. The basic population has been and remains of the pioneer breed, a people not lacking in hardihood or energy, but essentially non-commercial. Neither the pioneer nor his children readily fall into the methods of modern industrial and productive life. They were not born to it: they have not been trained in it. There is lacking both the commercial instinct and the instinct for gain that is an inspiration to a systematic ordering of modern community life. And if this must be said of the people of interior Oregon, something akin to it must also be said in relation to the commercial community centralized in the City of Portland. In Washington at the north, and very notably in California at the south, men of business have associated themselves closely with the producers of basic products. The trained mind of the business man, his capital and his credit, have coöperated with productive industry in the development of marketing systems. But the business community of Oregon, centralized at Portland, has for the most part limited its activities on the one hand to traffic in merchandise and on the other to dealing in money. Outside of lumbering and apple-growing, the producers of basic products in Oregon have scant coöperation from the business community of Portland. Oregon knows nothing of the partnership between commercialists and producers comparable to the marketing organizations of Washington and California, organizations that tend vitally to expansion.

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All this is not to say that Oregon has failed in recent years of a very notable progress. But her movement has been slower than that of her contemporaries. Being slower it has been in some respects more wholesome. Assuredly it has been more nearly normal and more notably substantial in that its foundations are more substantial. The city of Portland has been built up almost entirely upon the basis of her own earnings. So little of imported capital has entered into her construction that it may be characterized as negligible. The position of Portland is truly imperial. The city lies at the junction of two great valley systems, the Willamette Valley of Western Oregon and the vastly greater Columbia River basin made up of Eastern Oregon, Washington and Southern Idaho. Water level routes connect these great productive areas with Portland, whereas no other available port may be reached by interior products without costly carriage over mountain ranges. With further development of the country

these natural conditions must work out to large increase of the business of Portland with corresponding development in her industry and population. Of itself it will come in time, but it will come more surely and more quickly if there shall be on the part of Portland a realization of what may be done and what she ought to do in the way of coöperation with her tributary regions. There is need in her own interest that Portland—her men of business, her capitalists, her transportation interests—should come to a more definite appreciation of her relationships and obligations.

A fact of tremendous significance as related to the immediate and even more largely to the future development of the Columbia River, regarded as a port, and incidentally of the City of Portland, is the recent deepening of the channels of the Columbia River, both at its entrance and in its interior reaches. Under this improved condition, permanence of which is now guaranteed, the business of Portland is rapidly growing. I have it upon the authority of the Portland Chamber of Commerce that in the past year commercial tonnage to and from the Columbia River surpassed in volume that entering and departing from Puget Sound. Any vessel that may pass through the Isthmian Canal may now enter the Columbia River and pass up to Portland without question of safety. The river bars, so long a hindrance and a menace to navigation, have ceased to exist. It can not be otherwise than that this new condition will yield to Portland tremendous promotion of all the phases of her life and that it will find reflection in the Oregon hinterland.

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Since I am dealing candidly with the conditions and potentialities of Oregon I must not omit reference to an unpleasant fact of her social and political habit—nothing less than her tendency to reckless social and political experimentation. And here I run into a curious anomaly. Temperamentally and historically the people of Oregon are of the conservative type: and it would seem that Oregon ought to rank among the more conservative communities of the United States. But it is sadly true that she has come to be classified in the public mind with communities more hospitable to change than regardful of established social principles. And this fact is to Oregon a very serious handicap. Capital—and above all things Oregon needs capital—is slow to venture where it may be called upon any day to face the hazards of wild experimentation in legislation. I will cite an instance of the kind of thing that tends to discredit Oregon, both as a field of enterprise and as a place of residence.

Reference is to a law adopted by the people of Oregon last year, under the rule of popular initiative, prescribing that all children between the ages of 8 and 16 must attend a public school. The direct aim of this law is at schools maintained by the Catholic Church. Indirectly it is designed to thwart the will of parents who may wish to give their children, even though at special cost, special cultural opportunities. Its main inspirations are those of religious intolerance and social jealousy. It is the theory of this radical law that it is desirable to break down distinctions between the elements of community life. I will not discuss this law as it relates to other than the material fortunes of Oregon. At that point the case is serious. There are many of the type that Oregon most needs who see in this arbitrary enactment a limitation of parental privilege. Many will decline to cast their fortunes and to establish their families in a state that undertakes to nullify that which the civilized world views as a natural right. Within the week I have heard it said many times that if this law shall be confirmed, if parents are to be restricted in their natural rights, many will seek residence in states where they may bring up their children in accordance with their own standards and under their own sense of parental obligation. There can be no doubt that by the enactment of this law Oregon has put a serious handicap upon both her material and her domestic fortunes. I should add that the offensive act is being protested in the courts and that in the opinion of many lawyers it is bound to be discredited as a nullification of constitutional rights.

* * * * * *

In her earlier history Oregon was naturally a conservative community. That she has ceased to be so is due, I am led to believe, to a practice in politics—notably under the direct primary—that has destroyed leadership, with its automatic restraints, and has left the state to flounder in a bog of social agitation under the tutelage of faddists and cranks.

Regarded politically, Oregon long has been classified as a republican state, yet her record in this as in some other respects is anomalous. In the year 1900 Oregon gave a republican candidate for the presidency 46,526 votes, to a fusion candidate 33,386, probibitionist 2,536, social democrat 1,494, populist 275. Four years later (1904) she gave her republican candidate 60,445 votes, a democratic candidate 17,521, socialist 7,619, prohibitionist 3,806, populist 753. In 1908 the record was: republican 62,530 votes, democratic 38,049, socialist 7,339, prohibitionist 3,682. In 1912 she gave her republican candidate 34,673 votes, democratic 47,064, progressive 37,600, socialist 13,343, prohibitionist 4,360. In 1916 she gave a democratic candidate 120,087 votes, republican 116,183, socialist 9,917, prohibitionist 4,729, progressive 310. In 1920 she gave a republican candidate for the presidency 143,592 votes, democratic 80,019, socialist 9,801, prohibitionist 3,595, socialist labor 1,515. In the same year she gave a republican candidate for the United States senate 116,696 votes, democratic 100,133, socialist 6,949, independent 4,456, independent labor 1,782.

* * * * * *

During this whole period the official registration has been overwhelmingly republican, but the individual voter apparently has lightly regarded his registration commitments. In the period of twenty-three years the governor of Oregon has nearly as often been a democrat as a republican. In the main Oregon's representation in Congress has been republican, though it has veered between the two parties, with little respect for consistency. In the state election of last year (1922), Pierce, the nominal democratic—in reality a nondescript—candidate for governor, received 133,392 votes as against 99,135 for the republican candidate. The controlling factor in this election was the activity of the Ku Klux Klan, which has attained a large numerical organization in Oregon. It is estimated that some 25,000 votes are cast solidly by the klan. It was this organization that initiated, although not in its own name, the Compulsory School bill referred to in a preceding paragraph. In this instance the Scottish Rite Masons worked hand in hand with the klan.

Educational development in Oregon, in its elemental phases, has been generous. The public school is universally established and the standards of the system are similar to those of other progressive states. But Oregon has been less generous in her support of schools of higher learning.

OLD FAVORITES.

New England

Stern land! we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams and wintry glooms,
And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs:
The thoughts of thee, where'er we dwell,
Come o'er us like a holy spell,—
A star to light our path of tears,
A rainbow on the sky of years.

Above thy cold and rocky breast
The tempest sweeps, the night wind wails:
But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,
Are nestling 'mid thy hills and vales;
A glory o'er each plain and glen
Walks with thy free and iron men,
And lights her sacred banner still,
With Bennington and Bunker Hill.

—*Anonymous.*

"Oh, May I Join the Ch ir Invisible"

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,—
Poor anxious penitence,—is quick dissolved:
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air:
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven: be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony:
Enkindle generous ardor: feed pure love:
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*

Ben Bolt

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who went to school,
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

—*Thomas Dunn English.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

August Wilhelm, third son of the ex-kaiser, makes a living in Berlin as a painter of flowers.

Halide Edib Hanum, minister of education in Turkey, is the first woman cabinet member of the new Ottoman republic.

Marie Douglas, a German nurse despite her non-Teutonic name, has recently been selected as one of the six foremost nurses of the world by the International Red Cross Conference at Geneva. She received the Florence Nightingale medal.

Queen Helena of Italy has the reputation of being the shyest among the women of European royalty. Her natural taste for simplicity has never left her, and she much prefers a quiet domestic life to an incessant round of court functions and festivities.

Lieutenant Stephen McCarty, U. S. N., who recently retired at sixty-four years of age after forty-eight years of active naval service, was eulogized by Captain F. T. Evans, son of "Fighting Bob," as "having upheld the highest traditions of the American navy."

Another indication that American arts are coming to the front, internationally speaking, has been supplied by the case of A. C. Webb, whose prize-winning etching, "Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe," has been purchased by the city of Paris for the Petit Palais Museum.

Mlle. Denyse Collin, French aviatrix, recently made a safe descent in Paris in a parachute from an airplane going a hundred miles an hour, despite expert opinion that the feat was impossible. Her demonstration marks another step toward aerial safety, as parachutes have hitherto been considered impracticable for airplanes at a high altitude or at great speed. As the records show an average of one airplane wrecked every two weeks, with loss of life, the development of the parachute will be an important milestone in practical air travel.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, former United States ambassador at Constantinople, has recently gone to Greece, where he becomes president of the League of Nations Refugee Settlement Committee, a post about which he has shown considerable enthusiasm because, as he expresses it, "it is the greatest scheme of colonization the world has ever known." As president of this committee he will be entirely responsible for the future welfare of the million refugees in western Thrace and Macedonia. Mr. Morgenthau was described by a London reporter as being "a small man, with a pointed beard, rather reminiscent of the traditional portraits of Uncle Sam, and, like Uncle Sam, his every movement betrays great physical and mental activity."

Lee H. Landis, former Santa Fe official, and otherwise well known in Pacific Coast railroad circles, is now general manager of Uncle Sam's Alaskan railway, which extends from Anchorage and Seward to Fairbanks. The Alaskan official has just returned to his post following a visit to California. Landis entered the employ of the Santa Fe in Arizona several years ago, first acting as agent at Hot Springs Junction. He later went to Phoenix as the general agent. Prior to coming west he was with the Philadelphia & Reading, and Burlington, having served for a period of over 30 years in that work. Subsequently he was with the Arizona & Eastern, the Ocean Shore, Tidewater & Southern, and the Fresno Interurban. He was industrial commissioner for the Western Pacific when appointed to his present position.

Viscount Leverhulme, the soap-made earl and multimillionaire, who visits the United States "whenever he can contrive an excuse for going," is a staunch supporter of Lloyd George though he found the career of a member of Parliament too tedious to endure. As an employer he preaches and practices shorter hours, increased wages, and greater output. He neither drinks nor smokes, and prefers a bowl of milk and bread to a full course luncheon. He commands the Napoleonic ability to sleep for a given length of time at any hour of the twenty-four and among other peculiarities seldom has any money in pocket though his credit at banks runs into a half billion, according to report. Leverhulme maintains personal supervision over two hundred concerns and is just now engaged in building his eleventh town in the Belgian Congo, from which he will draw large quantities of raw materials used in his various enterprises.

Rear-Admiral William C. Wise, who died the other day at Honolulu in his eighty-second year, was a distinguished naval officer whose long career, beginning with his first service on the new ironsides in 1863, bridged the development of the modern warship from the archaic wooden vessel to the super-dreadnaught of to-day. Rear-Admiral Wise was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1863 and began his services as an ensign at the age of twenty-one. Later he commanded the flagship *Malvern*, at Forts Anderson and Strong, and took part in the assault on Fort Fisher. The first Federal warship to reach Richmond after Lee's surrender was the *Malvern* under Wise's command. The war over, Lieutenant Wise saw service in the Orient and later was inspector of ordnance and lighthouses. During the Spanish-American War he commanded the auxilliary cruiser *Yale* off Santiago, and in 1904 when he retired he was in command of the Atlantic training squadron. He was made a rear-admiral in 1902.

AN EDITOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Robert Underwood Johnson Remembers the Brilliant Persons and Events That Crowded His Yesterdays

Mr. Johnson has had an ideal career to supply "copy" for the autobiographer. Nowadays when the *summum bonum* of a well-spent life consists of its crowning memoirs, young people ought to be impressed with the general outlines of what constitutes a good autobiographical career. Mr. Johnson's might be selected as a very good standard indeed. He came of a good and an interesting family, which insured him of notable contacts from early youth; he became an editor, which was a guarantee of every kind of contact for the forty years during which the *Century Magazine* boasted his allegiance; and ultimately he was ambassador to Italy. What more could any man ask, or any reader of personal records require? That Mr. Johnson also expended his energies in a number of less picturesque activities need not disturb the more frivolous-minded. Suffice it to say that there is a sufficiency of bright anecdotes and portrait sketches in this ideal life of an editor.

Robert Underwood Johnson was born January 12, 1853, in Washington of a family of Washingtonians at a time when the national capital was "a scattered and rather overgrown village spreading chiefly along the lower line of Pennsylvania avenue, with special ganglia in Georgetown and on Capitol Hill, then the fashionable section." The family acquaintance numbered all the local celebrities:

But the most prominent figure among the attendants was that of Henry Clay, who is remembered as tall and impressive despite the homeliness of his spare frame and his large mouth, which seemed to extend from ear to ear. For many years there was a tradition in the Underwood family that my grandmother had had a notable interview with Mr. Clay and we grandchildren were eager to know to what it related, for Clay was then a national hero who had been thrice nominated for the presidency. Our curiosity was whetted by time and especially by grandmother's deprecatory assurance that it was "really nothing at all." Could the great statesman have revealed to little grandmother a political secret or intrigue of those strenuous days? At last, as a reward of some piece of good conduct on our part, it came out. It appears that on the dispersal of the congregation, meeting her on the steps of the church, Mr. Clay remarked, "I understand, Mrs. Underwood, that you are the mother of seven children." My grandmother confessed to five or six. "I want to impress upon you that when a child has washed his face it is most important that, in order to strengthen the sight, the eyes should be wiped toward the nose." Needless to say there was visible disappointment on the part of grandmother's auditors.

We shall not linger longer on our author's comfortable and idyllic youth. He had a long life ahead, full of greater picturesqueness. Very interesting to his readers at this moment is his description of Eleanor Duse and Tommaso Salvini, the latter of whom our author calls the greatest actor of his time, "possibly the greatest actor of all time":

Artistically, he was the most exacting of men. He said, "I have never had a more severe critic than myself in matters pertaining to my art." He applied the same standard to others. I remember one evening at the Gilders' when his son Alexander, a romantic actor, also was present, and the question of the talent of the young man arose between Salvini and the hostess. The son's back was turned to us when Mrs. Gilder asked the father whether Alexander had marked talent for the stage. I can remember the very expression on Salvini's face as he said, in such a tone that Alexander could hear it,—"*Si, si, Signora,*" at the same time smiling significantly, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head with a decided negative. The career of this son was terminated within a few years by death.

Salvini also opposed the entrance upon the stage of a really fine actor, his son Gustavo. In both these instances I believe it was not because he had any jealousy of the son, but because he did not wish that the name Salvini should be associated upon the stage with anything less than the best. However this may be, it was at his father's instance that, for a while, Gustavo renounced his ambition and took to some uncongenial work; but later, the lure of the stage being too strong for him, he went back to it and has since become perhaps the most distinguished actor of the contemporary Italian theatre. For a long while after this had become evident to the public, Salvini would not go to see Gustavo act, but finally the family persuaded him to see bis son in the rôle of *Œdipus the King*. Doctor Mario Salvini, another son, who was deeply interested in their artistic *rapprochement*, told me that at this performance he watched every expression of his father's from the beginning to the end of the play, and soon became certain that Gustavo had won the veteran's good opinion. After the play was over Salvini congratulated him heartily and said, "You have done things as *Œdipus* which it would have been impossible for me to achieve." After that Salvini, though he had retired from the stage on his own account, played more than one series of engagements throughout Italy in support of Gustavo, or in collaboration with him, as a personal and artistic *amende*, I am convinced.

About Duse, Johnson is almost equally enthusiastic:

I should hesitate to say whether Signora Duse is greater in tragedy or comedy. I have never seen anything in comedy that compared with her acting in "La Locandiera" (otherwise "The Landlady") of Goldoni, in which the artifices of coquetry were raised to the highest power. It will be remembered that three suitors among her guests make love to her, and as she fears to lose any of them, her purpose is to avoid offending them. They loaded their charming hostess with attentions and gifts, and nothing could be more enchanting than the way in which the crinolined figure refuses the gifts of the most ardent of these, retreating backward the whole depth of the scene with uplifted hands in deprecation of such generosity, and then gradually coming forward again and accepting the tribute. And nothing could be more transparent or delicate in the art of comedy than the half-hearted way in which, when another of her admirers became too demonstrative, she would call out to her butler, as if summoning him to her assistance. I can hear now the timbre of her musical voice as she cried "Fabrizio! Fabrizio!"

Was there ever any one who could indicate the changes of age more effectively than she? Not only in *Camille*, but in other characters, she could shift from the girlishness of eighteen to the tragic seriousness of fifty. It was not merely by a new aspect of countenance or by a new tone of voice, but by the poise and movement of her figure, or by the droop and gesture of her beautiful dark head. She has a natural intelligence that goes to the depths of the philosophy of her characters.

We met Signora Duse a number of times at the home of the Gilders, with whom she was intimate, and I found her as charming off the stage as on. She had the sympathy and simplicity of a frank and sincere nature and those qualities suffused her interpretations.

Of course, no well-managed set of memoirs would be complete without a story of some member or other of the most popular ruling house still holding sway in our almost uncrowned era. No one who is any one has escaped some personal contact with the democratic house of Windsor, and stories of the human-ness of kings and queens are always read with avidity—we fancy even by bolsheviks. Here is one on the Princess Mary:

The story goes that for some reason the King and Queen, accompanied by the Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales, arrived at the coast a little later than the programme demanded. The petty officer in charge of the launch which was to take Their Majesties to the royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, noticing that the young people were lingering behind their parents and skylarking a little,—let us say in the fashion of American children,—and feeling his responsibility, ventured to say to the Princess, very gently,

"Come along, little lady." Whereupon, looking him over carefully, the royal maiden replied, with emphasis,

"I am not a 'little lady.' I am the Princess Mary."

By this time, having noticed the delay of the children, Her Majesty had come back to the stern of the boat and, overhearing these remarks, turned to the officer, who was much abashed, and said to him,

"She is quite right. She is not a 'little lady'; but we hope to make her one."

But Mr. Johnson's memoirs do not consist wholly in amusing anecdotes. There is many a piece of solid writing and sound criticism. The following appreciation of William Dean Howells is as discriminating and informed, we think, as any of Mr. Howells' own work. We reprint in the hope that it may serve to revive interest in one of the three or four really great American novelists, one moreover whom we could place against any British or European writer for all the arts of refinement and sophistication. It seems to have been the sad fate of American letters to have deteriorated rather than progressed in respect to those arts:

I never cease to admire the sustained quality of style in the literary work of Mr. Howells. Every stickful of his writing interests me by the ease and charm with which it is executed. Novel, criticism, recollections, address, whatever it may be, he never lets down the high standard. It is good food negatively as well as positively—for what it is not as for what it is. It is free from the agitated, hectic, over-conscious manner of our time; it has no affectation or pose, no swagger, no cock-sureness, no opinionatedness—faults into which it is so easy for a critic to fall. In following his pen, you are not his pupil, though perforce you are always learning from his intellectual treasures of things old and new; rather you are his friend, whom he has invited to his hearth, to talk things over with you. He is genial and candid and treats your opposite opinion with respect—perhaps more than it is entitled to—and does not exact that you agree with him, though he is the most persuasive of writers. For these reasons, it seems to me, you rise from the intercourse with a stimulation of self-respect. And as this is the highest aim and best accomplishment of friendship and society so I think it should be considered one of the chief functions of books.

Among the positive qualities that contribute to the beauty of Mr. Howell's style, comes first of all precision, the basis of any art. The characteristic of amateurishness is fumbling: that of the genuine writer is the bold, sure, authoritative stroke. It is not always easy to define the difference, but the sensitive reader—shall I say editor?—always feels it. Mr. Howell's choice of words has inevitableness. His precision is not that of stiffness or pendantry, but that of grace. His sentences remind me of Hogarth's line of beauty or of the exquisite flowing lines just above the celadon wave of the surf the moment it breaks. Some writers—Carlyle, for instance, and Whitman—seem to leave scattered about their pages the chips of their workshop: you wade through the débris of their great slashing thoughts. Mr. Howells does not do that sort of pioneer work; but this style is thoroughly adapted to—I was going to say, his task, but nothing he ever did conveys the sense of a task, or labored production. If there is toil back of it he alone could tell us. Perhaps there is: Art knoweth its own bitterness.

Next to precision, and based upon it, is lucidity, the second cardinal virtue of style, and this Mr. Howells has to perfection. No one who intrusted himself to his literary guidance was ever lost in quagmire or jungle. If he oftener gives you a microscope than a telescope to see through, at least there is no dirt or mist on the glass.

His, also, is the third quality necessary to a distinguished style,—proportion: he gives you harmonious, comprehensive, well-balanced articles, paragraphs, even sentences. What I have so far spoken of—precision, lucidity, and proportion—are traits of form which might be found in a philosophical treatise. Two others there are which make literature of all he writes—the feeling for color and, especially, the warmth of sympathy. I am not making a final critical estimate of his work, which would require elaborate study, but merely recording my dominant impressions, which may be summed up in the opinion that Mr Howells by the flexibility, freshness, suavity, humanity and graceful strength of his work is, for expression, among the first of American writers. It would have been interesting, and to all other writers instructive, if he had told us from what sources of the world's masterpieces he derived the qualities which his style so admirably combined, and to such fine issues.

Another editorial contact of our autobiographer was with the always picturesque figure of the great French illustrator and muralist, Boutet de Monvel. The following excerpt shows that the editor was also a respectable art critic:

One of our intimate friends of this fibre was the painter Maurice Boutet de Monvel, a cousin of the composer César Franck, and known everywhere by his series of drawings in color of the life of Jeanne d'Arc, and by his decorations for books of manners for children and of French songs, which ought to be in every cultivated American household. Visitors to Domremy, the birthplace of the Maid of Orléans, will find in the little village church a group of four decorations, all but one of which were executed by Monvel from the series of original colored drawings, the reproduction of that one having to be relinquished to another hand by reason of illness. Many of my readers must have seen one of these decorations, which was exhibited in American cities and was painted in an unusually high key of brilliant color,—intentionally, as the painter told me, since otherwise it would have had no effect in the dim little church. At my request Monvel sent over his collection of the original water colors and they were exhibited at many art galleries in this country, and are now the property of the Memorial Art Gallery of Rochester. They contain a multitude of figures in stately pageant or spirited action. No one in our day has indicated court elegance or conflict of battle more impressively. I could name half a dozen American illustrators who would confess obligation to his decorative influence. He came very near to founding a "school." His conspicuous love and sympathy for children came out not only in his drawings of the French school-boy in blouse and wooden shoes or in the more cultivated indoor Parisian types but in the finished portraits of American children, of whom he made several during a trip to this country. These are informed with grace and a certain devotedness of touch as though he was painting some one of whom he was fond. Altogether his work has the sincerity and tenderness of the Italian Renaissance. For a while he was our guest in New York, where he renewed his friendship with Will H. Low, Carroll Beckwith, and other painters and made a host of friends, for he had in perfection the French social qualities of high breeding, humanity and responsiveness.

Mr. Johnson was an excellent choice for ambassador to Rome because of his immense sympathy with and admiration for the Italian temperament, as shown in his attitude toward Duse and Salvini. Like all who come in touch with her perfect artistry, he is a lover of Italy. The following passages from his history of the celebration of *Vittorio Veneto*, one of his "special experiences in Rome," are not only masterly bits of description, but are also imbued with a flair for racial characteristics such as few of our countrymen are endowed with. It should be one of the principal requisites for prospective diplomats:

The Italians have a talent for pageantry, and never was it more exemplified than on the fourth of November, 1920, when, at the Altar of the Country, in front of the great monument to Victor Emmanuel, was held the celebration of the second anniversary of the decisive victory of Vittorio Veneto, in which the losses of the enemy in killed, wounded and captured amounted to five huodred thousand—the greatest single victory of the War! From all over Italy there had been coming to Rome for several days the flags of the regiments engaged in that battle, which were to be decorated on this occasion and returned for permanent honoring at the local cities and towns. The Diplomatic Corps (except our late enemies) were invited to assist in the ceremony. Mrs. Johnson and I were up bright and early and off at 8:30, with General Johnson, Military Attaché, and Commander Field, Assistant Naval Attaché, Captain Reeves and the Attaché being temporarily engaged on other service. Mounting the broad, lofty steps we found our places on the first level at the right of the space reserved for the royal family, who were placed in front of the Altar and a little to one side of it. Here we found many of my diplomatic colleagues, all in court dress, with many generals and military attachés, and a few ladies. Our granddaughter had gone with my Counselor, Mr. Gunther and Mrs. Gunther and really had a better view from a higher level to the left. While we were waiting for the arrival of the royal party in the square below, many veterans, carrying flags already decorated with blue ribbons bearing gold fringe, signifying special honors, came up the high steps and took their places on the extreme right. Following, came mutilated soldiers, cheered by the crowd, and one hero in a wheel chair to whom was given an exceptional welcome and a point of vantage.

It was but a few minutes before the royal party, in a dozen open carriages, came in sight, and, amid enthusiastic applause, made the half circuit of the Piazza Venezia, skirting the edge of the orderly crowd that framed the picture on each side. The coachmen and footmen were in scarlet and white, and as they approached the steps it was a beautiful effect of color against the rather neutral scene of a lowering day.

Follows a list of the great ones present, rulers and statesmen and our lucky ambassador and party, and then this setting of the second anniversary celebration of the greatest single victory of the war, which reads like the description of a huge historical mural decoration:

The setting of this patriotic spectacle was unique and splendid. Behind us, fringed and crowded to the top with the black rows of spectators, tier above tier, was the vast, new, massively impressive monument that dominates Rome and is the centre of the patriotism of Italy. In front was the great Piazza, flanked by the two long buildings, and Palazzo Venezia on the left, and its counterpart on the right, both with Venetian windows, machicolated cornice and Guelphian battlements. We could see the whole length of the narrow Corso to the Piazza del Popolo and its obelisk. On the right rose the collumn of Trajan; and, behind us to the left, though we did not see it, one could feel the beauty of the Capitol with the noble equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, I think the most impressive square in Rome. We were in the presence of Italy's mighty dead and for the purpose of celebrating one of her most honorable achievements in the progress of the world, to which she has made colossal contributions. She is indeed the best-loved daughter of History.

The ceremony passed off without a flaw and its effect upon the country was not only to revive and inspire the patriotism of the people, but specifically, to support the forces of law and order that had just reasserted themselves in the municipal elections of Rome and soon afterward had a similar success in most of the Italian cities. It was a good day for militant Socialists to stay at home.

After the arrival of the King, the master of ceremonies, with mace of office and in brilliant uniform, came to me at the back of the stage where Mrs. Johnson and I were standing with others against the marble wall, and conducted me forward to a position at the flank of the Diplomatic Corps, so that through the whole ceremony the American representative was shoulder to shoulder with the Duke d'Aosta and just behind His Majesty. While we were awaiting the manœuvres in the piazza the King, turning, caught sight of the Ambassadors and stepped back and shook hands with us in his usual cordial manner. It is remarkable and indicative of the spirit of the time that there are no more democratic figures in Europe than the Kings of Great Britain, Belgium and Italy. I have never discovered any feeling of caste among Italians: a member of a titled family has no more respect—and no less—than he is entitled to by his personal qualities and public services. Where there is any snobbishness it is imported.

Unfortunately, we have had space for but a few of the high lights in this unusually full and brilliant career. Mr. Johnson has had domestic as well as foreign triumphs. But for for the records of these events we recommend Mr. Johnson's own story.

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company; $5.00

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 8, 1923, were $172,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year $159,300,000; an increase of $13,500,000.

Under date of November 10, the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Mellon, addressed to the Hon. William R. Green, chairman of the committee on ways and means, House of Representatives, a letter in which he reviewed the financial situation of the government and proposed a plan for the revision of certain taxes which is estimated, on the basis of present revenues, as providing in the aggregate a net reduction of about $323,000,000.

Of this surrendered revenue about $70,000,000 would result from the repeal of the tax on admissions, the bulk of which is now paid by the patrons of moving picture theatres, $30,000,000 from the repeal of taxes on telegrams, telephone messages, etc., and the remainder from a revision and reduction of the income taxes, mainly in the lower schedules, as described below, says December letter of the National Bank of New York.

25% REDUCTION IN CASE OF EARNED INCOMES.

The policy of discriminating between incomes earned by personal services and incomes from invested capital has been adopted in other countries, including Great Britain, but up to this time has not found place in the revenue laws of the United States. The argument for it is stated in a very few words, by the secretary, as follows:

"The fairness of taxing more lightly income from wages, salaries and professional services than the income from a business or from investment is beyond question. In the first case, the income is uncertain and limited in duration; sickness or death destroys it and old age diminishes it. In the other, the source of the income continues; it may be disposed of during a man's life and it descends to his heirs."

It is estimated that this amendment will mean a loss in revenue of about $97,500,000 a year, the greater part of which falls in the lower income brackets.

REDUCTION OF NORMAL TAX.

It is proposed that where the present normal tax is 4 per cent it be reduced to 3 per cent, and that where it is now 8 per cent it be reduced to 6 per cent.

This affects all personal incomes, but both in number of taxpayers and in the aggregate of taxes relinquished, its chief importance is in the lower schedules. The total loss of revenue is estimated at $91,600,000, of which $64,500,000 is in the schedules up to and including incomes of $6,000, and $80,600,000 in the schedules up to and including $10,000. Only $3,100,000 falls in incomes of over $100,000.

REDUCTION OF SURTAXES.

It is proposed that the surtaxes upon incomes under $10,000 be eliminated entirely, and that upon incomes above this amount they be scaled progressively upwards to 25 per cent on those of $100,000 and over.

The total loss of revenue from this elimination and reduction of surtaxes is estimated at $101,800,000, of which $17,500,000 would be from incomes up to $10,000 per year and $48,700,000 from incomes of over $100,000 per year.

This estimate of the loss of revenue from the proposed revision of the surtaxes, however is based upon the returns being realized under the present surtaxes, and the secretary bases his plan upon the belief that under it the revenues from the surtaxes as a matter of fact will not fall off at all, but probably increase. He says that "the treasury recommends the readjustment not in order to reduce the revenues but as a means of saving the productivity of the surtaxes. In the long run it will mean higher rather than lower revenues from the surtaxes."

The government actuary calculates a total sacrifice of immediate revenue from the proposed alterations in the income taxes of $222,900,000, of which about $92,000,000 would be in the brackets under $6,000,000 and $144,000,000 in the brackets up to $10,000. In short, on the basis of present revenues about 70 per cent of the reduction would belong to the incomes of $10,000 and under, and less than 5 per cent to the incomes of $100,000 and over, while in actual results the treasury would expect to realize larger revenues from the latter class of incomes than heretofore.

Secretary Mellon has offered a feasible plan of tax-reduction, the effects of which if adopted are certain to be seen in a new impetus to industry and business of all kinds. The country is in need of such an impetus at this time. Business is in an uncertain state and would be greatly helped by action that would revive general confidence. The prospect for a settlement of European troubles is not hopeful, and this country must continue to look mainly to its own industrial activities and its own industrial leadership for the employment of its workers and the consumption of the products of its farms, mines and factories. It must tide over the period of restriction in world trade by stimulating activity at home. We need to support and encourage the spirit of enterprise throughout this country in the coming year by every practicable means. Construction work has been the basis of the revival of business in the past year. The difference between good times and bad times, between full employment and half-idle industries, is mainly in the amount of construction work under way. The volume of construction work depends upon the pulse of confidence and the supply of new capital flowing into the investment fund. The old industries are kept busy in large part by the equipment and development of new industries, and when confidence is dead, industry dwindles away. Taxes which take a large part of the earnings may be endured by established industries, but new enterprises are involved in risks, and it is a serious deterrent to new ventures that losses must be wholly borne by the investor while the government stands ready in the event of success to take a great share of the profits. Such conditions do not promote the spirit of enterprise which the country is needing at this time.

The bears on stocks and, of course, Chancellor Stresemann and pro-Germans generally would like to see the Allies split far apart. Recent professional activities in seeking points of least resistance, however, have found it possible only to hasten perfectly natural reactions following marked bulges, and it looks to me as if the market were really trying to discount a presidential year of general prosperity, strange as that may seem.

Certainly a good many trades that have been hit badly during the past year are showing a tendency to "turn the corner," and when one considers in what low esteem the market has been holding most of the stocks representing these trades, one can readily imagine a big bull market for them, even though any advance would fall far short of former records, says *The Trader*.

We may take stocks of the shipping, oil and chemical industries for example. We have already seen within the past month an advance of 50 per cent in the market valuations of Marine preferred and American International Corporation; also very sharp reactions after the advance, and yet they can do a great deal better without over-discounting the improved position of the business they represent. The action of the oils suggests very strongly big buying by important interests who are impressed with the prospect that the over-production argument is but a temporary bugbear and it will mend itself through curtailmen of new operations.

Meanwhile, consumption is gaining right along, and when the seasonal gasoline boom is on next spring I imagine most oil stocks will be very much higher. Chemical stocks, and especially those representing companies whose activities have been confined mainly to the fertilizer industry, have been under extraordinary pressure this year. Indeed, some of the preferred stock of this group have sold below the proportion of dividend arrears. They have rebounded some, but in view of improved and improving conditions with the farmer element it seems that they have a long way to go on the bull side of the market before discounting their possibilities.

October railway earnings are measuring up to the hopes of the bulls and should stimulate a very good rise in rails. Managers of our railroads have operated with increasing efficiency an enlarging business this year and look forward to even better things next year, which means that requirements for rails and equipment will be most generous. This in turn suggests big activity for our steel and iron mills and equipment plants and inferentially for general business, as the pig iron market must still be considered the criterion in this regard.

We are in a period of extra dividends and melon distributions by strong companies that are adding to huge surpluses at a gratifying rate, so that we need not be afraid any longer of a great wave of "selling against the income tax."

The closing months of the past few years have seen some heart-breaking declines on this account, but these declines are over generally for this year, and the market should

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show a greater tendency to discount a favorable revision of the taxes for which there is a nation-wide demand and strong administration approval.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York in the December issue of its publication *Commerce Monthly* says a commendable advance toward simplification bas been achieved the last few years in the matter of the administration of the income tax. Continuing, the bank adds:

"One of the most recent changes in procedure is intended to simplify the collection of bond interest.

"The income tax act of 1913 required debtor corporations to withhold the normal tax against bond interest income of all classes of owners. In 1917 information at the source was substituted for withholding in the case of citizens and residents, but not in the case of non-resident aliens. This was a welcome change, although it did not obviate the confusion sometimes occasioned by the requirement that proper forms of ownership certificates accompany bond interest coupons when presented for collection.

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1921, the Bureau of Internal Revenue omitted the requirement that domestic corporations file certificates in collecting bond interest. Corresponding relief was recently extended individual citizens and residents who own foreign stocks or any bonds not containing a tax-free covenant clause. The use of ownership certificates is now required of citizens and residents only with respect to interest from bonds under which debtor corporations agree to assume a portion of the income tax. Certificates are still required of non-resident alien owners in collecting domestic interest items."

Security transactions during the period from October to November were greater in volume than for any similar period since early in the summer, with a better undertone than for some time past. High-grade new issues have been well taken and easier money rates have been reflected in higher prices for short-term government securities and in fact for all government issues. Municipal bonds which were in good supply with the dealers have been finally distributed to investors and new tax-exempt issues have found a ready market, says the *Commercial Monthly*.

New issues were greater in volume than for several months past, and were diversified in character—public utility, rail, state and foreign government bonds all being offered in important amounts. The largest issue during the period from October to November was $100,000,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company 5½ per cent gold debentures of 1943 offered to yield 5.63 per cent. The period was characterized by a heavier volume of railway security issues than has been offered in some months. The largest of these was $20,000,000 Southern Railway Company development and general mortgage 6's due in 1956 offered to yield 6.25 per cent. A $15,000,000 issue of 6 per cent cumulative preferred stock of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad Company was offered on a basis to yield 6.85 per cent. This was the first new issue of railroad stock offered for public subscription in several years.

Two issues of bonds of the State of Illinois aggregating $21,000,000 were offered to yield 4.45 to 4.60 per cent. An additional $10,000,000 issue of 4½ per cent notes of the Federal intermediate credit banks was offered at par.

An issue of $10,000,000 Republic of Finland external loan sinking fund gold 6's of 1945 was offered to yield 6.89 per cent, and $9,000,000 Province of Alberta gold refunding 5½'s due 1926 to 1933 were offered at par. During the period an additional $25,000,000 block of Dutch East Indies thirty-year external gold sinking fund 5½'s was offered at a price to yield from 6.24 to 6.90 per cent, according to maturity.

Freeman, Smith & Camp Co. are offering $210,000 Columbia Hotel Company (Astoria, Oregon) 7 per cent first mortgage serial gold bonds due November 1, 1925 to 1933. Columbia Hotel Company agrees to pay normal Federal income tax not to exceed 2 per cent.

These bonds are secured by a closed first mortgage on the property of the Columbia Hotel Company, situated on the southeast corner of Fourteenth and Commercial streets, Astoria, Oregon, and on all equipment and fixtures of the company placed in the building or hereafter acquired, and on all future additions.

This property is 100x125 feet size, fronting on Commercial, Fourteenth and Duane streets, in the center of the business section, and improved with an 8-story concrete hotel building containing 150 rooms, with all modern facilities and appointments. In addition to the spacious hotel lobby, there are nine stores on the ground floor.

The ground has been appraised by the Hon. S. G. Trullinger of Astoria, Oregon, at $72,500. Messrs. Tourtellotte and Hummell, architects of Portland, Oregon, designers, and under whose supervision the building was constructed, have certified the actual costs of the improvements to be $357,938.00, making a total appraised valuation of $430,438.00.

Bradford, Kimball & Co. are offering $500,000 Telegraph Avenue Corporation (Oakland, California) 7 per cent first (closed) mortgage serial gold bonds.

This property is located at the corner of Nineteenth and Telegraph avenue and the Telegraph avenue frontage, which is 175 feet 10½ inches, extends to Williams street. There is also a frontage of 509 feet on both Nineteenth and Williams streets. The property has a total area of 89,520 square feet which represents one of the largest, if not the largest holding in the downtown section of Oakland.

The land and improvements which are offered as security under this mortgage have been appraised at a minimum of $900,000 by the following appraisers: Oakland Real Estate Board, Mr. Frank J. Woodward, and Messrs. F. C. Watson and F. W. Kittrelle.

A portion of this property is occupied by the East Bay Market which has been appraised by Mr. R. W. Littlefield, an independent contractor of Oakland, at $205,000, duplication value. The market is a new structure and is a model of its kind.

During the past year, the Department of the Interior, through the Bureau of Mines, has made a special inquiry into the progress being made in milling and ore-dressing methods, through improvement, investigation and research. In this work, important assistance has been given by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of California, the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, and other institutions.

This work, since the resignation of Professor E. A. Hersam, detailed from the University of California, is being continued by John Gross, metallurgist. The facilities of all experiment stations of the Bureau of Mines were put to service in this inquiry, and the acquaintance of the station officials with local conditions in their respective fields was brought into use.

Through extensive inquiry of this kind, the Bureau of Mines becomes more able to direct the undertakings in research and industrial investigation which it is called upon to make, and to approach urgent problems in such a way as to render service of a higher degree to the mining industry. One of the aims in this endeavor has been to bring the work of the bureau into close accord with the needs of individual interests, serving at the same time the industry and the country in the broadest way.

The milling committee of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, acting in conjunction with the National Research Council, and carrying within its membership many prominent engineers, under the chairmanship of Galen H. Clevenger, has rendered it possible to gather opinions and recommendations from many eminent men who otherwise would have been absorbed in private interest and uncalled by puhlic need. Organizations similarly constituted and institutions of research have participated in a similar way. The secretary of the milling committee, serving the Bureau of Mines also in an advisory capacity, has reported upon various matters that bave been at issue in the industry and lhat have been under inquiry by the bureau. These include a report upon the prinicples underlying segregation of coal in handling, a statement regarding expressed opinion on certain definitions fundamental in mining, a recommendation bearing upon the investigation of hydraulic classification, a report dealing with centrifugal concentration, a preliminary report on size-measurement of crushed material, and numerous minor reports upon matters pertaining to sampling, crushing, and other factors in milling operation.

The need that exists of definite judgment to determine efficiency in crushing is brought out as the result of work that the bureau has undertaken in coöperation with the milling committee of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. A definite step toward the attainment of accuracy of measurement and higher efficiency in fine crushing has been taken in this way. A deeper and more extended knowledge of the laws which govern the energy of crushing should emanate from the work that has been done and that is in progress.

Mr. W. J. Wollman of Wollman & Co., New York representatives of Strassburger & Co. of San Francisco, members of the New York Stock Exchange, now in the city for a few days, has been expressing his opinions concerning the future of the metropolis of the West in no uncertain terms. The eyes of Wall Street, he says, are focused on the Pacific Coast, and California, in particular, is destined to occupy the center of the stage for the next quarter of a century at least.

Mr. Wollman was extended the privilege of the floor of the Stock and Bond Exchange, renewing acquaintanceship with many old friends. He expressed himself as convinced that Eastern financiers had not yet, as a body, properly realized the absorption power of the Pacific Coast in the security markets; evidenced by, not only the exchange's large volume of business in local securities, but by Western contributions (entirely out of proportion to population) to the financing of nation-wide industries.

Wm. R. Staats Co. are members of a syndicate offering a new issue of $2,500,000 Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association (a Delaware corporation) first mortgage 7 per cent gold bonds, price 99 and accrued interest.

The Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association (Delaware) was organized to perform for the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California all of the purely commercial functions in connection with the handling of the raisin crop. It holds title to all of the real estate, plants and equipment of Sun-Maid Raisin Growers (the old corporation) and receives, processes, advertises and sells the raisins under policies determined by the California corporation, and in accordance with a 15-year contract between the two corporations. After deduction by the Delaware corporation of the entire cost of operations, including the interest of its funded debt and dividends on its preferred stock, the net proceeds of the sale of raisins are returned to the California corporation for distribution to its membership of approximately 16,500 growers, whose annual crop represents some 85 per cent to 90 per cent of the production of the United States and about 65 per cent of the entire world.

These bonds constitute the only funded debt of the corporation and will be secured, in the opinion of counsel, by a first closed mortgage on all of the properties of the corporation, now owned or hereafter acquired. These properties consist of real estate, buildings and equipment located in California.

According to the appraisal of the General Appraisal Company, as of October 1, 1923, these properties have a new replacement value of $6,476,985.02 and a depreciated value of $5,920,258.82, or more than twice the amount of the outstanding bonds.

The closing months of the year are full of promise for the stock market. Many stocks are making their 1923 high marks from week to week and most stocks that have been under such severe pressure during the preceding months are showing a definitely favorable tendency, says *The Trader*.

This is seen especially in groups like the oils and tires and shippings and even fertilizers that had seemed at times during the summer to be headed for wholesale receivership. However, I pointed out weeks ago that oils, and in fact practically the whole market, were turning. So far as the oils are concerned, it is not the "over-production," but the immensely increasing consumption, that will play the major role in fixing the status of stocks of well-organized and strongly financed oil companies. Big producing oil concerns that have been able to shut down their own wells and buy and store vast supplies from the weaker companies will be found reaping fabulous profits a few months hence.

This month's market promises to be somewhat tamer than November's, but it will be interesting, just the same. The really important interests who accumulated large lines last summer and in the early fall will hardly finish their campaign so soon. Yet they have enormous profits and will not be so eager to buy recessions as they were when their favorites were so much lower. At the same time the traders will be found selling on every bit of good news that may come along.

It looks as if 1924 will be a year marked by the lining-up of the railroads in merger groupings, and in this connection many low-priced rails will likely respond very readily to bullish persuasion. However, 1923 earnings and 1924 profits warrant better levels for almost all rails and for the most of the market, for that matter. Radicals in Congress will talk much and accomplish little, in all probability, while the Coolidge star looms brighter all the time.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

An American Novel

A Lost Lady. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Miss Cather's latest has been rather generally called her best novel up to date, and without having read all the work of this versatile writer we heartily indorse the opinion, for it would be impossible to think of anything better. It is literally perfect for what it is, the haunting tale of a tragic, deeply flawed life, almost concealed by the most gracious and charming of personalities. That is all the plot there is—more plot than occurs in the average life and far more beauty and romance. Though the thing seems too good to be true, the lost lady herself too great a figure to have occurred in the Middle West, when her setting was properly an eighteenth century court, yet so exquisite is the workmanship—one should say the magic—of Miss Cather, that it is hard, on the other hand, to doubt that the episode, remarkable lady, broken life, flaws, beauty and all, existed. Their creation seems too great.

Some critic has said that the test of art, beauty and genius, is ecstasy. If that is lacking, as we recall the doctrine, the object under analysis whether it is a piece of sculpture or a novel, a woman's beauty or a man's brain, may be very fine, may have admirable qualities, but, lacking ecstacy, it also escapes, though possibly by the narrowest of margins, the *ne plus ultra* of art, beauty, or genius, as the case may be. We consider this really the last word in criticism. It should be borne in mind by everyone who ever passes judgment on anything. And if it were used more frequently as a criterion there would be less inflation of values, and eventually—futile dream—less output of mediocre stuff. But to return to "A Lost Lady"—on the acid test mentioned above, it is one of the very few novels of recent times that possess the ineffable quality by which we urge all creative work to be measured. It is so very rare that we do not dare mention the handful of others who possess the magic formula, if it is a formula.

The same writer does not always make the grade. "One of Ours" certainly missed it. Among other American writers perhaps only some of Joseph Hergesheimer's work has it. A few of the British writers may claim the palm—the late Katherine Mansfield comes instantly to mind, and among living writers, Donn Byrne and James Stephens. Among writers of non-fiction, Hudson had it. But we dare not draw up a list—its omissions would be too terrific, including some of the best known names of our day. They, the omissions, may produce literature, which is an amorphous term anyway, but they do not bring forth works of art. We are proud that at last a really artistic novel has been produced not only by an American writer but on that seemingly impossible subject the expansion of the Middle West, and that "A Lost Lady" is as far removed from the Main Street school as is the "Three Musketeers."

—R. G.

A German Fantasy

The Heretic of Soana. By Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; $1.50.

A Berlin publisher has been bringing out a jubilee edition of the collected works of Hauptmann, and the twelfth and final volume has recently appeared. This latest book contains among other fragments, brief notes and epigrams setting forth his opinions on literary art, and also a quotation from Spinoza which expresses some of Hauptmann's own convictions. He agrees with Spinoza that one must seek to know and understand human actions rather than to criticize them, and this conviction is the keynote to "The Heretic of Soana." In fact it is not only the keynote, but in a sense the theme and the final harmonic resolution, to put the matter into the language of music.

The story certainly requires some sort of theory, convincing at least to Hauptmann and possibly to Spinoza were he here to read it, in order to justify its frank paganism. A modern man of culture and spirituality needs some explanation when he steps backward into a pantheistic past and relinquishes every tie with his former self, except his eye-glasses, which continue to be a link between two widely differing worlds, symbolizing possibly the fact that the man bred in the life and culture of to-day can not altogether turn pagan and revert to an earlier and cruder state. At least he is obliged to take his eye-glasses with him.

To those admirers of Hauptmann who are well read in his dramas the technique of this unusual tale will evoke interest and admiration, constructed as it is along the lines of dramatic art, and in its setting, its background and its taste betokening the hand of the dramatist. The story recites the eternal struggle between the protagonist and an idea of natural law, rather than a tangible living antagonist, and as all dramas have their climax and the final victory or defeat of the protagonist, so this dramatic tale ends in the complete defeat of the conventional man and his reversion to a natural type.

It goes without saying that the story is well-written.

Young America

The Genius of America. By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.00.

To those who have read and enjoyed "Americans," another volume by Professor Sherman, written as a kind of sequel and discussing many of the same questions, will come as a valuable addition to American letters. Professor Sherman makes clear in these essays, gathered from various publications, his belief that the creative force which he terms the genius of America is eternal and continuous through the generations, expressing itself now through the most highly attuned and developed minds and now manifesting itself through the medium of a younger and cruder generation.

To this younger generation in whom lies the hope of the future the author dedicates the studies in the belief that in their capacity as vehicles for this creative force lies the achievement of future greatness.

The chapters are introduced with well-chosen and arresting extracts, chiefly from Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, and deal with the subjects of Vocation, the Shifting Center of Morality, Puritanism and other allied themes. The style, needless to say is smooth, bright and well-calculated to provoke thought and reflection.

From the World of Song

Singer's Pilgrimage. By Blanche Marchesi. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company; $4.00.

This rambling collection of experiences by Madame Blanche Marchesi is full of delightful anecdotes about the stars of the musical heavens.

Blanche Marchesi, a singer of oratorio and opera, and a teacher of singing, is the daughter of the yet more celebrated Madame Mathilde Marchesi of London who has trained so many voices for grand opera. Madame Marchesi herself was a pupil of Manuel Garcia the Second, that great master of singing, who was the first to discover the laws of the human voice and to use his knowledge in training it. He made a study of the larynx, which proved of value not only in the training of the singing voice but in the care and treatment of the larnyx from a medical standpoint. This remarkable man who was a brother of the singer Malibran, lived to be over 100 years of age and retained his vitality and vigor nearly to the end.

There are anecdotes regarding a number of musical celebrities and in particular some chapters on famous pupils of Madame Mathilde Marchesi. Among these was Emma Eames who, however, repudiated her early indebtedness to her famous teacher: and there were Emma Nevada and Sybil Sanderson, so well known to the San Francisco of a generation ago. Madame Marchesi speaks admiringly of Emma Nevada's flexible and charming voice and calls her a "sentimental nightingale"; and of Sybil Sanderson she writes in terms of great admiration, recalling her success as Manon and the early and tragic end of a career so full of promise.

Numerous anecdotes, descriptions of meetings with royal patrons of music, and her own experiences as a teacher and singer, make up a book of exceptional interest.

The Eternal Feminine

The Sun Field. By Heywood Broun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This characteristic piece of work by the New York dramatic critic who bursts forth into such candor about the things of the stage that he is regarded by his brethren in the craft as something of an *enfant terrible*, consists of an account of the sentimental relations between a pair of young intellectualists who are fellow journalists. Or perhaps as Judith, the woman of the pair, sternly disclaims the idea that there are any conventionalities of sentiment and romance in her make-up, we should use the term friendly relations. For eventually the writing young man is turned down for a hall-playing young man who is the essence of conventionality, and manages to worry along through life without an intellect.

In fact, Judith found that nature was too much for her, like other strong-minded young women of the day, and she fell in love; the reason being, to quote her own words, "I think the young man who caught that ball created the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life. No sculptor ever achieved anything like that arm and shoulder of his when he reached for the hall."

There is much witty conversation in the book, in which the author shows a minute acquaintance with the most advanced and up-to-date slang, and gives ample evidence of having studied the genus woman of the present generation with a discerning, satiric, but tolerant regard.

For Young Ones

Plow Stories. By Clara D. Pierson. New York. E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

There is surely a wealth of children's literature in these new century days and one only has to seek his special subject to find everything wanted.

Clara D. Pierson has already written a number of books for children and this last one, "Plow Stories," has more than the usual interest. There is so much history bound up with this ancient implement that romance is never lacking in the stories woven about it, from the earliest times when man first fashioned plows from sticks and stones to the present-day when plows are part of the great modern machinery of western farms.

There is a charming story of the little children of old Louisiana, another of a Quaker boy of early New England who had the mind of an inventor, and yet another of the pioneer child who grew up in the new land of the West.

It is a happy device when possible, to dramatize knowledge and information for the simple tales are long remembered and carry with them many a bit of technical lore that otherwise might not find a lodging place in the mind of a child.

Lost: A Detective Story

The Happy Isles. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

A late publication by Basil King may be said to have two themes, one built about heredity versus environment, the other, the much debated question as to whether the sons of the very rich are not at a distinct disadvantage compared with the young man who has to shoulder responsibilities at an early age.

The author, with material at hand for a first-rate detective story, has resisted all temptations to descend to such an obvious level. While "The Happy Isles" is far from being of an improbable nature, it depends on an undramatic style to counterbalance some of its pages. Possibly the best literary effect in the book is the successful getting over to the reader a certain lovableness with which the hero is endowed—a magnetism which, with the characteristic of this indefinable attribute, is noticeable from his baby carriage days on.

A New Novelist

John-No-Brawn. By George Looms. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company; $2.00.

It is not always fair to judge a book or picture by the amount of pleasure it gives; there is generally a certain degree of commendation due to the handling of the theme, the technique of the story or the expression of character. So in closing "John-No-Brawn" the reader needs must fall back on technical work rather than any pleasure to be gleaned from its pages.

Just why the author christened his book with this curious name, except as a play on the middle initial, is not clear. For while there was but little physical brawn, the moral muscle was not lacking and there was just that mingling of strength and weakness that makes up the lives of most human beings.

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Biographies—the matured fruit of rich lives! Here are a few of the most important of the season: **REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS** ($5.00) by **Robert Underwood Johnson,** associate-editor and editor-in-chief of the *Century* for forty years, describing a life of activity in public affairs, art and letters; **MY MISSION TO RUSSIA AND OTHER DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES** (2 volumes, $8.00) by **Sir George Buchanan**—third impression now ready—an authoritative account of the events leading to the Russian débâcle; and **THREE GENERATIONS** ($4.00) by **Maud Howe Elliott,** daughter of Julia Ward Howe, which is in its third printing, and shows signs of becoming tremendously popular.

"Kenelm Digby," in that blithe ashion of his in *The New York Evening Post Literary Review* says:

> "*Old Joe French's* 'The Pioneer West' ($2.50) was out a month ago * * * The book goes back to the dawn of time—or rather to *Lewis and Clark*—and it closes with a ripping selection from *Theodore Roosevelt* * * * All the old masters, and some new ones, in between * * * Give it to your really American friends for Christmas."

Courtney Ryley Cooper's UNDER THE BIG TOP ($2.50) is a fascinating "inside" story of daily circus life and affairs *The New York Herald* in its Children's Book Week recommendations listed **UNDER THE BIG TOP** twice.—for boys as well as for girls. It's a book for normal adults as well.

Here are novels of romance, of adventure, of deep significance! **FEET OF CLAY** ($2.00) by Margarett. Tutt e; **SIR JOHN DERING** ($2.00) by effery Farno; **CROATAN** ($2.00) by Mary Johnston; **THE TERMS OF CONQUEST** ($2.00) by Howard ncent O'Brien; **ANOTHER SCANDAL** ($2.00) by Cosm Hamilton; **THE ENCHANTED GARDEN** ($2.00) by Henry James orman, **THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN** ($1.75) by Edison arshall; **MICHAEL'S EVIL DEEDS** ($2.00) by L. Phillips ppenheim; **MONTE FELIS** ($2.00) by Mary Brearley; **THE PAROWAN BONANZA** ($1.75) by B. M. Bower; **THE LAST FRONTIER** ($1.75) by Courtney Ryley Cooper

A good hostess makes a point of seeing to many details about her house or apartment that add to the comfort of her guests. She fails in an important detail if she doesn't have suitable books in each guest room. Some hostesses make a point of having the books on the table that are likely to please the particular guest of the week-end. Where this same discrimination is shown, books make the best Christmas gifts We wouldn't recommend **THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY** (3 volumes, $18.00) for a stock-broker's stocking; but we would for a lawyer's; and while **THE ADVENTURES OF IMSHI** ($5.00) will not appeal to every Ford owner, anybody who intends to motor abroad will find it extremely interesting and enjoyable.

These volumes are for sale at all bookseller:

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in the cause the health and strength they brought to it.

A foreword by Rupert Hughes commends the writer and welcomes him into the fellowship of novelists.

Notes of Books and Authors.

The sturdy village life in the Vermont hills in which President Coolidge was born and reared, provides the background of Merritt P. Allen's fine new novel "In Greenbrook," published by Page, Boston. The author, who is a native of Vermont, portrays in intimate detail the rural life whose homely hues give color to America's latest presidential tradition. The publishers describe "In Greenbrook" as a sort of "Main Street" of New England.

The tragic story of Jezebel, queen of Samaria, is told by John Masefield in his new poetic drama, "A King's Daughter." Tribal jealousies and political and private hates interweave beneath the vivid action of the play. The old tale is presented with great power and beauty, and the choruses, singing the love and misfortunes of Nireus and Helen of Troy, link these with Queen Jezebel's story.

The new pocket edition of Masefield's verse is out—eight handy red leather-bound volumes containing all the favorites from "Dauber" to "King Cole." The three-volume set of Sara Teasdale is also most attractive in its blue leather binding. Another especially interesting set is the "Illustrated History of English Literature," by Garnett and Gosse, in four volumes—a new edition with a supplementary chapter by John Erskine which brings it up to date.

"My Fair Lady," a collection of short stories by Louis Heman, author of "Marie Chapdelaine," has been published by Macmillan. The scenes of some of these stories are laid in France, some in England, and one of the most striking is "The Old Woman," a sketch of an ancient French grandame telling to visitors for a few sous, till death seizes her in her chair, her parrot-tale of how, as a little girl, she heard the guns of "the big battle" and watched the emperor ride by.

The Century Company announces the publication of "Women of the Bible," by Annie Russell Marble. This is said to be the outcome of many years of Bible study and teaching. The author's aim is declared to be not to discuss, nor even to suggest, any theological questions or doctrinal creeds but the interesting one of vitalizing women who are mentioned in the Bible, making them more real by supplying a background of the Hebrew life which was a matter of course to the writers who told of the various characters, and interpreting them to our own times.

Nevin O. Winter tells us in his notable new book, "The New Poland," published by Page, Boston, that. "If all the people who might be classed as Polish-Americans—and most of them are in the first generation—were massed together, they would equal the population of present-day New England, with the exception of Massachusetts. In other words, if all the residents of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island should vanish by some mysterious means, they could be repopulated by Polish-Americans to an equal density. If the Polish Jews should be included, another million and a half would await distribution. A race that has migrated to the American shores in such numbers as to populate five sovereign states, and promises to send as many more if the opportunity is extended, must be reckoned with and should receive sympathetic consideration."

New Books Received

THE HARP WEAVER. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.
And other poems.

GROVER CLEVELAND: THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN. By Robert McElroy. New York: Harper & Brothers; 2 vol., $10.00.
An authorized biography.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD. By Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $7.00.
An English translation of the chapters, hymns, etc., of the Theban Recension, with an introduction and notes.

A WHITE WOMAN AMONG THE MASAI. By Marguerite Mallett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $7.50.
The story of an English sportswoman's adventures in East Africa.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS. By George Crabb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.
In alphabetical order with copious illustrations and examples drawn from the best writers.

A PARIS PAIR. By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown and illustrated by Barbara Haven Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $1.00.
Juvenile.

A NEW PROVINCE FOR LAW AND ORDER. By Henry Bournes Higgins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.
A study of the Australian Court of Conciliation and Arbitration established in 1905 to help settle the disputes between capital and labor, by its late president.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF ELECTRICITY. By Sidney Aylmer Small. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.
Profusely illustrated by the author and C. E. Cartwright.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $4.00.
The first complete collection.

THE COLLECTOR'S WHAT-NOT. By Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.
"A guide to antiquing and a monument to the horsehair period."

FIRE MOUNTAIN. By Norman Springer. New York: G. Howard Watt; $2.00.
By the author of "The Blood Ship."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A UNIVERSAL MAN. By Clark Prescott Bissett. San Francisco: John Howell; $5.00.
Biography.

WESTWARD HO! By Charles Kingsley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.
A holiday edition.

BIRTH. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.
A novel of American life.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Jacob Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.
Collected from the work of Jacob Riis.

THE BOYS' OWN BOOK OF POLITICS. By William G. Shepherd. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.
An introduction to the subject.

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CHARACTER MELODRAMA

Owen Davis, who a year ago, startled his friends by writing the excellent psychological drama called "The Detour," has made his reputation by writing melodramas, at which he is a master-hand. A typical example of his line of work in this respect may be seen at the Alcazar this week. "Handcuffed" is a story of the outdoor folk who dwell near the border, "between Texas and Mexico," as it is put on the programme.

The author is very ingenious at contriving exciting situations. A ready fancy, knowledge of human character, and plot inventiveness apparently never fail him. But that same knowledge of human character enables him to build up consistent characterizations; hence the air of reality through which his characters live and move, and have their being.

Those rough men, some of them with streaks of kindliness in their nature, the two young women whose attractions persist in revealing themselves through the plainness of their attire, have a certain reality, and however fiercely the guns pop, while men fall dead, one never feels the impulse to smile at the tense moments in the drama.

The villain of the play—there are two, in fact, but the master villain—indulges in none of the once sanctified tricks of the melodramatic scamp of other days. So that we are uncertain for a time whether he is not going to turn out the winning card for the girl.

But no; that were to go back on all tradition. For here comes the sheriff, represented by Ivan Miller, a tall, good-looking young man with an athletic figure, who shames the rather frowsy heroine by the smartness of his costume. Mr. Miller suggests, in his appearance, I mean, the dominant young Adonis of the movies. He bears a marked resemblance to Thomas Meighan and gives the due impression of manly worth.

Boyd Irwin, on the contrary, who is a movie actor, seems more like an excellent player who has adhered to the spoken drama, so well equipped he is in respect to voice and general delivery of his lines. This is the refugee whom the heroine, pitying his strait, helps on his way, won by his fine address to believing that he can not be guilty of any crime.

Belle Bennett is apt at depicting distress. She plays in a minor key, and while there is a certain monotony in her portrayal of Kate Larkin, it is meant, I should judge, to express the state of crushed subjection to which life, the frequent witnessing by a gentle nature of the fierce feuds, and the horrors she faces in her daily home life have reduced her. There is a suggestion of old-fashioned melodrama, however, in the bale of loose hair which Miss Bennett wears throughout the play, a-hanging down her back. She would really look prettier and more youthful with her hair put up, and her kitchen calico ought to be of lighter color. Again, however, we must concede the actress' consistency. For she wishes to express in Kate's dress the sordid dullness and hopelessness of the life she is forced to live. But even though Kate—who is eventually desired by three two-fisted, hot-blooded men—frowns upon her wooers, after all she is but a woman, and there should be some concession to feminine vanity in her appearance.

Even dark-blooded, brooding Jim Brace—well-played by Thomas Chatterton—breaks out in one little detail of vanity. Mr. Chatterton represses his romantic good looks, in his representation of the coward ruffian, but, he is almost too daintily built for the part of the master fighter whom all men except the sheriff fear. Nevertheless, this darling of the drawingroom parts contrived to convey the element of sinister villainy which made him such a perilous guardian for the orphaned girl.

The lighter element in the play was adequately handled by Messrs. Edwards, Cummings and Edler, Owen Davis knowing life and his public too well to neglect the essential element of comedy.

The young men in the play, by the way, look very fit. Nowadays actors keep up physical condition solicitously. But the two women were too, too conscientious in conveying the idea of rural gaucherie. Those hardy, outdoor girls were surely entitled to express lightness and grace in gait and movement.

But, as may be deduced, "Handcuffed" has an element of reality in it that will make lovers of melodrama enjoy it. Passions rage, guns crack, men stretch in death, and the plot works steadily to a well-thought-out conclusion. It is a glimpse into a different kind of life, and not an exhilarating one. No wonder these men give way to their passions in such circumstances.

The spectator who likes to see a depiction of handsome drawing-rooms and beautifully gowned women will be badly left. Money is only mentioned once, and the heroine never changed her dress.

THE SISTINE CHOIR

Interest steadily grew in the three concerts given by the Sistine Chapel Choir, so that on the final Sunday afternoon concert the vast Exposition Auditorium was filled, and indeed many were turned away.

A decidedly ecclesiastical air was given to the place, as the choir, ranged in rows, wore their white choral gowns, and there were also a large number of nuns similarly grouped whose black and white costumes emphasized the ecclesiastical note.

The programme, naturally, was sung in Latin, but fortunately for the non-Catholics, or for those heedless ones who never fash themselves as to what the high mass music is all about, there were translations furnished; an attention greatly conducive to a proper appreciation of the emotions of religious awe, or wonder, or ecstacy so beautifully expressed by the singers. Emotions indeed that were reflected in the bosoms of many of the hearers, according to temperament. There were, of course, many worldly people among an audience that probably consisted largely of members of the church over which the Pope is the representative. But even the unbeliever can feel the artist's reponse to perfect art. And there were few indeed in the audience that did not feel that response, whether or not shaded by a sort of religious awe, when a group of the singers were stationed on the upper platform, and the antiphonal responses in Perosi's "Alleluia" were heard in all their thrilling beauty.

The pure, silvery quality of the boy sopranos seemed, to the listeners, the voices of angelic hosts, but youthful as were these singers, the choir is so admirably trained and controlled that in technical finish the united results are supremely excellent. No one component part of the choir obtrudes itself. Each vocal section is held in admirable balance.

The names of the composers who were represented on the programme are Perosi, Palestrina and Vittoria.

There are about fifty singers in the choir, and the entire group convey a sentiment of reverence for their task which frequent repetition apparently has not dulled. In Monsignor Rella they have a conductor who has his body of singers under perfect control, but whose commandership has left in his features only kindness and gentleness.

ALL ABOUT A VOICE

"The Climax," by Edward J. Locke—was not that the play acted by the Maitland Players several years ago? That one in which Ann O'Day was the girl singer, and Anthony Smythe, the boy pianist? I suppose it must be, as the offering at the Columbia is not a new play.

It is a pretty little play, although rather light in structure, and lacking in native wit to the dialogue. But all the world loves a singer, and so, no doubt, it makes quite an appeal to those romantics who do now indulge, or once did, in dreams of capturing the world by some great gift of art. This is the dream of the heroine, Adelina by name, who has been so called by her teacher in vocal art, Signor Golfanti. This is the rôle undertaken by Guy Bates Post, who makes the former operatic star, now retired in his old age, look like a jolly old saint.

The interior in which all the action takes place is a combination of humble apartment and studio. The atmosphere is all musical. Adelina loves to sing: Pietro, son of old Golfanti, to play. The grand piano is there, and his practiced fingers run over the ivory keys with love in their touch. For the young actor who plays the part of Pietro—Mr. J. Parks Jones by name—is well-fitted for the part by reason not only of his apt expression of a Latin resilience of temperament, but because of his proficiency at the piano.

In this respect—his proficiency in the art he is chosen to express—he is rather ahead of the leading lady, who, by the way, is more like an ingenue, although Miss Myra Lucia Lee has a sweet, pretty voice when she sticks to pianissimo. But the Adelina of the play is supposed to show promise of some day following in the foosteps of the great diva, Adelina Patti, after whom she has been re-christened. And when the young lady sings in a somewhat immature voice, however sweet and flexible, our illusions as to Adelina's promise of future fame are apt to be shattered. And in the drama illusions should always be nourished and sustained with the utmost care.

True, it would be difficult to find an actress combining both vocal and dramatic endowment; that is, unless large wads of currency were handed out to secure her. True also, that we must not be too indolent about exerting our imagination. But Adelina, in spite of the star undertaking the rôle of the old singer, is the center of the musical little household. It is on her and her vocal promise that all the interest of the play depends. She is pleasingly girlish, and one sees her better placed as an ingenue.

Mr. Post has well worked out his conception of the old Italian, endowing him with an Italian accent, an attractively benignant expression and an occasional resurrection of the vivacious Latin temperament that the old star Golfanti had possessed in his singing youth.

I think, however, that the actor made an error in tact when he continued the rôle in his curtain speech, speaking it as old Golfanti, with a continuance of the accent and apologizing for his imperfect English.

When audiences call their favorites out for a curtain speech they wish them to leave the rôle behind the curtain, and for a moment afford them a glimpse of their real selves. I can well understand that this is sometimes a pain to a player, and even something of a shock to his artistry, but Mr. Post's method inevitably deprived his expression of grateful thanks—for the audience had very warmly applauded the situation and the players—of an effect of full sincerity.

There are only four characters in "The Climax," the fourth, played satisfactorily by Mr. Gerald Pring, representing the small-town doctor whose love for Adelina, and reprobation of the artistic life for women, caused him to make a fraudulent use of mental suggestion to convince her that her voice was gone.

A play with only four rôles should be proportionately tense in its action. "The Climax" is an interesting, but rather slight play; for the motive appeals rather more poignantly to a comparatively limited number. It plays, in fact, like a rather sketchy representation of one of the numerous phases of the artist life, lacking somewhat in universal interest.

FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

It is an excellent idea for the little theatres, however ambitiously they essay full-sized plays, to revert ever so often to a programme of one-act plays. The one-act play is a form of art which made these theatres. Many brilliant writers have embodied original and striking conceptions in one-act plays, which have eventually acquired actual fame.

This week, for instance, at the Players Theatre, four very noted names are representing on the bill. Arthur Schnitzler, the famous Viennese, has written a number of one-act plays. So has Anton Tchekov, the equally famous Russian. Edna St. Vincent Millay, the American poetess, is represented by her strangely habbling but attractive "Aria da Capo;" a piece whose subtle symbolism nobody quite understands; but which, on account of its dainty wit playing lightly over a suggestion of underlying tragedy, often challenges the efforts of little theatre players.

The fourth piece, dark, sombre and terrible, is "Ile," by Eugene O'Neill.

Strangely enough while "Ile" was dramatically the strongest presentation of the four, "Aria da Capo" though played by out-and-out amateurs, was given with an approximation to professional finish that made it stand out above the other two lighter pieces. This was largely due to the work of the two leading figures. Pierrot and Columbine were played by Templeton Crocker and Adaline Fuller—the latter intelligent player winning much appreciation by the dainty grace and delicately attuned vivacity of her Columbine. The lady, in fact, seems born for the stage. Mr. Crocker was easy and assured in the part. He recited the witty lines of Pierrot with an infusion of humor blended with a faint touch of the bizarre. The piece, in fact, was excellently directed by Mr. Glass, whose intelligent supervision brought out its baffling blend of comedy and tragedy. Two comely youths—Messrs. Herbert Furman and Harry Crocker—contributed to the success of the piece, and rivalled society belles by the shapeliness of their contours, liberally revealed by their becoming shepherd's costumes; and Mr. Baldwin Wood figured as a sombre and immobile "masque of tragedy."

In "Ile" Pearl King Tanner, the ever-dependable emotional actress of the Players, really froze the blood by the terrible gradations she expressed of a simple-hearted New England woman driven mad by home-sickness, and the frozen monotony of the ice in Arctic seas.

Guy B. Kibbee gave a good representation of the captain, who ruled his wife and his crew with the same hard masterfulness and literal lack of ability to look into the hearts and souls of others.

The principal attraction in "The Bear," the piece by Tchekov, was the appearance presented by Atha Hillback in her old-fasbioned Victorian costume. But the piece is not one of Tchekov's best, although constantly an example of his playful satire in showing the quickness with which a persistently mourning widow can be won.

The Schnitzler piece, "Literature," is thoroughly characteristic, in that it shows the shallow depravity of a beautiful woman. For Arthur Schnitzler is apt to make his vice-stained flowers of Viennese society worse than the men.

Beatrix Perry's appearance was adapted to the rôle of the irresistible Margaret, although the young lady is in need of acquiring more repose. Still, although she attitudinized too much, there was promise in her work.

Arthur Pierson's experience lent him poise in the rôle of the unwholesome Bohemian who had shared Margaret's almost forgotten hectic love transports, and W. Russell Cole represented an infatuated but stiff-necked baron who, we foresee, is going to prove a handful for the sinuous poetess of passion. Mr. Cole, however, before essaying the rôle of a patrician should put himself in the hands of a specialist who would teach him stage diction.

There are always and inevitably faults and crudities in performances of this kind. I do not doubt that Mr. Glass, whose work as a director is very creditable, perspired over the monotonous head-noddings of Mrs. Popov's servant, over the monotonous and unshaded shoutings of the choleric "bear," and over the speech crudities of the otherwise fairly satisfactory Clement. But this is mentally stimulating work that the Players are doing; bringing in new blood, and developing hitherto untried talent, and they have made an auspicious beginning of the winter's programme.

MARIE SUNDELIUS

At her recital at the Plaza Theatre the other night Mme. Sundelius, the Swedish-American soprano, gradually won by her singing an audience that was at once attracted to her by her personality. Mme. Sundelius has a winning presence, and her smiles are a becoming adjunct to her countenance. Also she was beautifully gowned; also she had a girl accompanist with a blessed damozel type of beauty. It is an undisputed fact that two handsome women are always becoming to each other.

Mme. Sundelius has a fine soprano of considerable volume, and brilliant although not warm color. This singer does not incline to bel canto, but gave a programme containing a number of lovely lyrics. She began with the Dove Song from "Le Nozze di Figaro," which did not display her vocalism at its best. Her French, as French, is not good, but she sang the French group with far more sympathy than the Italian aria, and when she gave Hue's "J'ai pleuré en reve" with charming tenderness, she had won her audience.

Then followed a group of Swedish songs that the singer sang with particular love, a certain spring-like quality revealing itself in the "Hark, Hark, the Lark," encore, in "Titania," and indeed, in each lyric—and there was quite a number—that sang of the joy of life.

But, pleasing and at times delightful singer though she is, Mme. Sundelius has not a great voice. Her technique is deficient, the fact revealing itself particularly in a deficiency of breath control. But although she lacks the supreme gift of poetic interpretation she has enough of it, allied to a voice that belongs to the public, to make her hearers enjoy her recital, and desire to see her in opera.

A CORSICAN VENDETTA

The programme at La Gaité Francaise that was laid out for the first half of December was very good. It consisted of two contrasting pieces: the one, "Les Trois Masques" by Charles Méré; a dramatic representation of the workings out of a Corsican vendetta, in which the absorbed spectator witnesses the terrible calamities that befall families who have dedicated themselves to such fearful reprisals: the other, a farce.

M. Ferrier's company made an unusally good impression in this play, which began immediately upon the rising of the curtain. For the interior of a Corsican home is so complete in detail, and so foreign in appearance that the Corsican atmosphere is at once established in such a manner as to exercise the necessary influence on the imagination.

The author at once strikes the note of foreboding of the doom to come. There is

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terror in the air. The life of Paolo, the son of the house, is at stake, for the three sons of the enemy house have sworn vengeance unless he repairs the breach in their sister's honor by the reparation made by marriage. This, the son, who loves his sweetheart, would willingly do, but the father stubbornly refuses. And thus the catastrophe is precipitated. The audience is made aware of its imminence by the dread apparent in the demeanor of the foster-mother of Paolo; a rôle admirably played by that ever reliable artist, Mme. Grustin-Ferrier. M. André Ferrier represented the stubborn, dictatorial father in excellent style, except for something of an over-use of his tremendous voice; a most usefully powerful organ for conveying the idea of a dominant personality. But I sometimes think that M. Ferrier does not realize how immense his voice sounds in the little theatre; for this actor has been accustomed in the past to let out his voice so that it would reach the furthest stretches of imposingly large opera houses.

An effective feature in the piece is the contrast between the homely duties of the Corsican home, and the underlying, ever-present consciousness that outside death lies in wait.

There is detailed suggestion; the window-tappings, the mysterious whistles, the precautions of the lovers while they whisper at the window, and the ever-growing dread of old Mancecca, even while she methodically pursues her homely duties. Outside we felt was a Corsican village, seething with Latin life; inside a potential tragedy. It comes in strange guise. The young Paolo, whose fresh youth and fearless joy in the present, even though peril lurked in the dark, was most pleasingly indicated by A. Frediani. Around this youthful figure, the hope of the family, our imagination willingly clustered. We feared, but hoped for Paolo.

The doom falls in strange guise. Three merry masked men, supporting a fourth mask overcome with wine, clamor gayly at old della Corha's door, for admittance. It is carnival night, when all friends are welcome. These gay young blades are friends of Paolo, and they are courteously made welcome. The host and Mancecca smile on the gay youths, and all drink hut the supine drunkard.

We know at once, when they enter, who he is, and that death has entered della Corha's door. The young blades laugh and jest, the one in harlequin costume—played with appropriate lightness of spirit and grace of motion by H. H. Puttaert—bounded about the room, and distracted the attention of the father and foster-mother from the supine figure, effectively disguised in carnival costume.

It is a deenly dramatic scene, and the intensity of the emotional response is maintained to the climatic close. The hlowing out of the candles was like an invocation to death. One felt the lowering of the tragedy.

All this passionate intensity of emotion and action was conveyed in one act. There was no relaxation of the taunted suspense, no lull in the always plausible events. It was a representation of the same kind of mercurial, dramatic people, whose knives are ever ready to the hand, that we meet in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." And the Ferrier company was better able to convey it than the colder-blooded Americans would he, although there are once in a while evidences of inexperience. Mlle. de Lenclos, though scarcely on the stage at all, supplied the suitable conception of a warm-hlooded village girl clinging to her young lover, and the two other rôles were suitably represented by Messrs. Wiel and Baron.

The contrasting piece, a Lahiche farce entitled, "L'affaire de la rue de Lourcine," was lightness itself in comparison. In this piece M. Ferrier, who is a master of the art of theatrical make-up, gave every line and feature in his face an upward tendency, and hecame the man of pleasure. M. Fallon ahly seconded him in the dance of folly instituted hy two family men in the pursuit of illicit diversion, and the rule of laughter supplanted the somberness prevailing in the Corsican piece.

Irene Bietry, hitherto new to the habitués of the French theatre, proved satisfactory in her rôle; for these French people are remarkably teachable and M. Ferrier is a good director. He has turned out a great lot of players since he started the French theatre fifteen years ago, and somehow the supply seems to hold out.

This performance is being played in good French; very much of a consideration, not only to the Gallic element in the audience, but also to those Americans who want to keep up so agreeable a way of cultivating ear-training in French.

And now we are promised that in January we will be ahle to see that sterling Augier-Sandeau comedy, "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"; and also "Blanchette," a character study by Brieux.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Robert E. Sherwood has done a toilsome piece of work in accumulating an anthology of "The Best Moving Pictures"; of 1922-23, it should be stated Mr. Sherwood is the moving picture editor of *Life* and of the New York *Herald*, and therefore is competent to give just verdicts. There is much interesting comment, and a number of photographed reproductions of favorite or thrilling scenes. SMALL, MAYNARD & Co.: Boston; Price $2.50 net; by mail $2.60.

SUPPORTING GOOD PLAYS

Thirteen years ago the Drama League published the announcement that its purpose was "to crowd out vicious plays by attending and commending good plays and building up audiences for them through study courses, reading circles and lectures." The playgoing work since that time has reached unusual proportions. Almost six hundred plays have been bulletined and supported, says *The Drama*.

Time was when the skeptical manager felt that something "high brow" about the League made its indorsement a hindrance. Only last year Heywood Broun wrote: "We think it is fair to say that most managers dread a Drama League indorsement. It hurts business instead of helping it. If the news gets out that the Drama League likes a play, the general public is apt to get the impression that there is something tedious and pretentious, to be avoided at all cost. This state of affairs is not altogether the fault of the League, but it has had the misfortune to commit itself more or less to the theory that lack of success in the theatre is to some extent an indication of merit."

Just why the League should be so thoughtlessly accused is interesting. The hulletins on a play are published and circulated at the opening of a run, not after the play has failed or succeeded. If the committee feels a failing play is of sufficient merit, it will make every effort to turn the attention of the public to that performance. The long list of plays helped hy such effort whether from this or any organization is conclusive proof of the effectiveness of this means. The methods employed are different from those of the ordinary advertising scheme. During the run of one play last year in Chicago a publicity manager suggested that since the play dealt with a typically English prohlem, good publicity might be had if the League would undertake exploding a stink homb in the theatre under the auspices of the Irish Republic.

One effective means of giving support to the hetter plays is to try to encourage cluhs and organizations that ordinarily buy out a musical comedy or a cheap farce to attend a better play. One sold-out house in a short engagement is as effective as many lesser attempts to get individuals to attend.

A JOB FOR THE AMERICANIZERS

The Broadway drama is not teaching us much this season about American life and character, writes Percy Hammond in the New York *Tribune*. A great deal is to he learned from current plays concerning the careers and habits of important foreigners, from Casanova to Queen Victoria, hut our own existence is a little neglected. Stars and entertainments ahound from other lands and in other languages, and even our resident artists seem more interested in things abroad than they are in those at home. If it were not for the British Mr. Zangwill and his acid comments upon us, we should he almost without help from the rostrums. At the risk of being statistical, I shall make an incomplete list of the dramas hereahouts whose influence are alien:

"The Dancers" (British).
"Spring Cleaning" (British).
"The Camel's Back" (British).
"Aren't We All?" (British).
"A Lesson in Love" (British).
"Windows" (British).
"Queen Victoria" (British).
"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" (British).
"Little Miss Bluebeard" (British).
"Robert E. Lee" (British-American).
"The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet" (British-American).
"Casanova" (Spanish).
"Scaramouche" (French).
"The Lullahy" (French).
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (French).
"Seventh Heaven" (French).
"The Failures" (French).
"The Swan" (Middle European).
"A Royal Fandango" (Middle European).
"Sancho Panza" (Spanish).
"White Cargo" (South Seas).

Besides these we have, or have had recently, Mme. Duse in a Scandinavian and Italian repertoire; Sir John Martin-Harvey in things dealing with ancient Greece, the Denmark of Hamlet's period, and Belgium under the German's heel. The Grand Guignol, from Paris, instructs in far-away manners, as does the Moscow Art Theatre. In case you are desirous of information regarding the American scene you are limited to "Abie's Irish Rose," "Chicken Feed," "The Nervous Wreck" and "The Whole Town's Talking," to mention some of the lighter studies; and to "Chains," "Tarnish," "The Shame Woman," "Sun Up," "The Changelings" and "Rain," in the event that you are of the more serious type.

Mr. Morris Gest, the eminent Melting Pot, is now simmering with the heated contents of four peoples—Duse's Italians, the Russians of the Moscow Art Theatre and the Chauve-Souris, Max Reinhardt the German, and the audiences of the United States. He is in himself a little League of Nations, ministering to the cause of amity through the medium of his favorite muse. In a single evening he abolishes the houndaries hy presenting his Russians in an Italian comedy at a New York theatre containing many Americans. At another time he fuses a Norwegian tragedy, an Italian cast and New York spectators from many lands—consulting their English translations between the acts. Mr. Gest is as impatient of frontiers as art is; and he knows that all languages are almost decipherable when falling from the lips of genius. "Do you enjoy an obelisk any the less?" he might ask, "because you are unfamiliar with its signaries and alphabets? Does not Cleopatra's Needle help you to love and understand the ancient Egyptians, even though its inscriptions are perplexing? It has never heen decided what the wild waves are saying, yet that unintelligihility keeps few persons away from the seashore."

AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

Arthur Hobson Quinn, author of the just-published hook, "A History of the American Drama From the Beginning to the Civil War," (Harpers), is a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He has written several other books on the drama. Dr. Quinn's interest in the theatre dates hack to his boyhood, when he saw Edwin Booth and when, as a student in Munich, he had the opportunity to see the plays of Sudermann and Hauptman while these playwrights were just coming into their own. As he studied the drama of foreign countries, it occurred to him that our native playwrights had never received their proper due. So he hegan to collect the older American plays which, on account of their scarcity, were usually dismissed as uninteresting. To his surprise he found them far finer than had heen supposed, worthy in fact, to be compared with the best that were being written in England at the same time. To establish their excellence, they had to he placed against a hackground of the theatre and the social and political life of their own day. It has taken ten years for Dr. Quinn to equip himself to draw the picture of our dramatic history as a living thing, not merely an account of plays and playwrights.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Kolh and Dill, offering Aaron Hoffman's latest stage novelty, a mystery-comedy entitled "A Big Reward," start on the third week of their limited engagement at the Curran Theatre Sunday night.

"A Big Reward" has a plot which haffles, yet provokes mirth throughout its three fun-filled acts. Hoffman, seizing upon the craze for mystery plays of "The Bat" order, has built one of his own to fit Kolh and Dill, providing the comedians with a vehicle that is entirely different from anything they have attempted in the past. Only at the very end is the mystery solved. In addition to the principal comedians, the cast contains May Cloy, Richard Allan, Edward Woods and Rose Ludwig.

At the Columbia.

Guy Bates Post in his play, "The Climax," will remain at the Columhia Theatre for a second and final week commencing with Sunday night, December 16th. There will he matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance will take place next Saturday night, December 22nd.

The commanding event in local theatricals will be the forthcoming engagement at the Columbia Theatre, to begin Sunday night, Decemher 23rd, of "Lightnin'," which John Golden will send here direct from its long run at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It is seldom that a play which has already run five years, can hoast of practically the same cast that appeared at its metropolitan premiere, yet "Lightnin'," makes this claim. Nearly all the players who scored when this comedy was first brought out at the Gaiety Theatre in New York in the summer of 1918, are still playing their original parts. The list includes Jane Oaker, Jason Robards, Paul Stanton, Thomas MacLarnie, Jessie Pringle, Sam Coit, May Duryea, Minnie Palmer and James C. Lane. Percy Pollock, who succeeded to the title rôle upon the death of Frank Bacon, and who achieved much popularity during the Boston and Philadelphia engagements, will be seen in the same rôle here.

Grover Cleveland and Bismarck

In Grover Cleveland's day men thought of his Samoan policy, his Hawaiian policy, his struggle to give Venezuela a square deal, his defense of Cuban sovereignty and his insistence that treatics made with the Indians should be scrupulously observed as though made with England or Germany, as disconnected incidents, and politicians interpreted them all as politics, says Professor Rohert McElroy, author of the hiography of Grover Cleveland which the Harpers are bringing out. But as the perspective of history lengthens, we begin to think of them as expressions of Grover Cleveland's views regarding the rights of weak nations, his helief in "the right of men everywhere to choose their own ways of life and obedience."

President Cleveland said little about his abstract belief in the rights of small nations, but when those rights were threatened his protest was uncompromising, and his courage unhesitating. He was not the champion of the weak because they were weak, but was their defender only when he felt their cause to be just. Justice he wished administered quite regardless of the strength or weakness of the contestants. Thus in his attitude toward weak nations and his defiance of strong nations, whether Germany, the United States or Great Britain, he stood as a moral leader far ahead of his own generation, perhaps ahead of ours. He dared to stand for the rights of helpless states when it was the fashion to disregard them, always courageous, always unselfish, always prepared for conflict hy a patient study of the facts. He was not always right, but his errors were honest.

It would have heen easy for him to smile at the German programme for the forcible annexation of Samoa, and in compensation Bismarck would have smiled at American aggression in the Hawaiian Islands, or in such other helpless areas as we might have chosen for our sphere of aggression. But Grover Cleveland smiled neither on the one nor on the other. He placed before the American people the vision of a nation which will neither practice herself nor countenance in others the ancient methods of international highway rohhery, however strong the aggressor and however determined his policy.

When Grover Cleveland became president, Germany's plans for seizing Samoa and making it a German dependency were already well under way, and as the months passed, her aggressions grew steadily more and more drastic, cruel and determined. Concealing hehind a screen of fine words his real intention, Bismarck relentlessly pursued his policy of annexation of Samoa, and President Cleveland grew ever more indignant as he recognized his purpose and his ruthlessness.

Having tried reconciliation, argument, every known method of persuasion, he at last determined publicly to appeal to the conscience of the United States, and to the consciences of mankind, by a message denouncing Bismarck and his Samoan policy. Had that message been actually sent to Congress, it would have aroused the world, as did his later Venezuelan message; but it was never sent.

Prince of Entertainers

Ten Indian chiefs once visited Washington to interview the President of the United States. Barnum, the famous showman, hribed their interpreter to take them to the American Museum in New York, says *Pearson's Weekly*.

Here in the lecture room he introduced them to the crowd—who had paid (unknown to the chiefs!) to see them, writes M. R. Werner in "P. T. Barnum."

None of the chiefs could understand English, so Barnum introduced one of them, Yellow Bear (who in his young days had killed many white men), to the audience as follows, patting the chief affectionately on the shoulder all the time:

"This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white men, and is prohahly the meanest, most hlack-hearted rascal lives in the Far West.

"If the hlood-thirsty little villain," Barnum continued, "understood what I was saying, he would kill me in a moment; hut, as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, murderous monster. He has tortured to death unprotected women, murdered their husbands brained their helpless little ones; and he would gladly do the same to you or to me if he thought he would escape punishment."

The show was a great success!

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VANITY FAIR.

The emancipation of man has begun, the masculine dawn is breaking. The masculine imagination envisages latch keys, smokes, pocket money, liberty of conscience, the right to an independent vote, even at times an individual expression of opinion. All this, of course, in the distant future. For the present one must be patient. But the times are full of hope. The Man's Party of America is being organized by former Governor Pleasant of Louisiana, and the movement for the emancipation of the weaker, masculine, sex will soon begin, right here in California. The reason for beginning in California is significant. It is apparent to Mr. Pleasant that in the Golden State the subjugation of man has been carried to its uttermost limit, and that here, then, things are rotten-ripe for revolt. Here the ladies have been longest getting the upper hand, and here they have it most completely. Here the appearance of women in trousers seems to presage a time when they will force men into skirts. In California fear seems to ride the masculine heart, and despair may be depended upon to lend strength to rebellion. In the land of abundance, too long have reigned the delicatessen store and the can opener. In the Land of the Moon too long and loud bas sounded the matrimonial curfew. The prophets of Emancipated Man can look forward to a time when the larger part of the salary will remain in the pocket of the person earning it, when there will be no more measly banding out of cigarette money and car fare. Men may even be permitted clubs, and men's nights at the women's clubs. Truly, Pleasant is the new prophet's name, and pleasant is the prospect, and all his ways are peace: let us hope. The agitation has not yet reached the banner-and-hatchet-stage, but that is on the way.

Meanwhile, down in Southern California they are considering the renting out of college boys as professional ladies' men for social uses. It is but one more evidence of man's degradation in this sunny land. Why should man be merchanlise? Why should the tyrant woman be permitted to use him for her idle hour of merriment? It is the badge of a servitude so vile the wonder is rebellion has been so long delayed. But it is said to be seriously considered by the dean of liberal arts of what is called the University of Southern California, as a scheme to increase the income of dependent young men students. They can not serve as domestics, the cafeterias have dispensed with the need of waiters, they can not all play saxophones in Tiajuana, and the unprotected man is having a hard time of it. Some solicitude has been manifested on the score of morals, but it is said that the ladies desiring to engage escorts will have to furnish references and give ironclad guaranties that they will respect the innocence of their hired companions and playthings. The proprieties must be observed: especially in working hours. Fathers must have assurance that their treasures are secure. Clergymen will insist that their charges be returned to their communion as good as they left it. No monkey-business: this is for revenue only. The experiment will be watched with fear and deep misgivings. There is not a moralist in Los Angeles but senses the peril to manhood, not a father in the land who will not feel that if the custom spreads and gets out of control his boy may be the next in danger, and perhaps swept beyond hope of rescue. Idle women about town, with limitless money, conscienceless, cruel, seeking only their own pleasure, hiring inexperienced college boys to take them out nights looking for it, are a social menace too terrible for calm contemplation. We protest against this innovation in the city of the chemically pure. San Francisco knows nothing of such practices yet. Our sons are still fancy free, with their minds on their studies. One thing is certain in this dangerous flux of custom: man must attain his freedom through the Man's Party, or some other agency, to live his own life in the purity natural to him; and he must be protected from the tendency to make of him the hired toy of womankind. Fathers will look to it, whether the mothers, immersed in business and oblivious of peril, can be aroused to do their duty or not.

Already a pair of Massachusetts parents have had to appeal to the courts to annul the marriage of their son, an attractive boy, sixteen years old, with a lady of fifty, who keeps a hotel on Manhattan island. This marriage took place somewhere in New Jersey, under circumstances that seem to have aroused the ire of the parents. They say that after the marriage the bridegroom returned to the safety of the parental roof, but was pursued by an agent of the wife, who threatened that if he did not rejoin her he would be kidnapped. This is denied by the bridegroom's attorney, who claims he went willingly, albeit early, to the altar. The boy's attorney also denied that he had been kept a prisoner, or that he was a young and unsophisticated wayside floweret whom a rude hand had plucked from its parent stem and despoiled of its freshness and its morning dew; on the contrary he was a husky kid and put himself in the way of danger. There are charges and counter charges as to age and perjury and such considerations, all confusing enough to outsiders, but one thing seems clear in all the horrid mess, and that is the growing necessity for a Man's Party to protect masculine innocence. Homes can not be destroyed in this ruthless manner; the manhunt must cease.

There is amusement to be gained, and instruction in the instability of things mundane (ever a popular topic with your true pedant) from contemplation of the styles of twenty years ago. Of them all, no style has changed so radically as the style in motoring costumes. A writer in the New York *Tribune* has been reproducing photographs of men and women in the goggles and helmets of the days when the automobile was young. That is not so far back; but conditions have changed. There were flat caps and woolly caps, hoods and neckpieces, strange and terrible sights, fit for the initiatory ceremonies of the Ku Kluckers, for their terrors were augmented by huge staring window-panes before the eyes, rimmed with side guards and cinder screens. One wonders to-day why people that rode ever thought such devices necessary. But that is because we have forgotten the conditions under which early automobiling was done. Hard pavements were never encountered in those pioneer years. You rode on dirt, or water-bound macadam, which was much the same thing if it had seen much service, and the dust was a plague. Hence the prevalence of the goggles, and of head and hair protections that looked like bee bats. These things have disappeared as top boots disappeared with the sidewalks that enabled people to get about without walking in the mud, as the bowie knife disappeared from the toilette of a southwestern gentleman when waterproof cartridges gave him the power of finishing his enemy even in rainy weather. Fashions are to some extent a reflection of physical environment. The strange thing about these King Tut motoring costumes is that people thought them swell, stunning, whatever is the term for unlimited envy and admiration. They were ugly and forbidding, but they suggested solvency and generous expenditure. We had not, in those days, grown accustomed to mortgaging the home to buy a gas buggy. People still lived within their incomes, mostly, and did not rate extravagance as a virtue.

OUR AFRICAN ELITE

Although 9,000 had been bidden only 500 attended the wedding in St. Philip's Episcopal Church, in 134th street west of Seventh avenue, which united yesterday two of the richest negro families in the world, says the New York *Herald*. These 500 represented the social-elect of the negroes of Harlem, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco and Atlanta.

Two thousand of the unbidden massed themselves in front of the church, hungry for a close-up view of the bride and a word or two with the bridegroom. Between twenty and thirty patrolmen and detectives held them back for a time, but were finally bowled over when the happy couple emerged from the church and entered their large automobile. The police had hardly regained control when the best man, removing his silk hat and mopping his brow with a large silk handkerchief, leaned over and kissed the bride.

A wild cheer went up from the 2,000. The best man grinned and kissed the matron of honor. The crowd showed signs of approaching hysteria. Sergeant McLaughlin of the West 135th Street police station met the crisis by ordering the chauffeur of the great wedding to beat it. Nothing so elegant as yesterday's affair has ever been staged in Harlem; very seldom in New York City.

The bride was Miss Mae Walker Robinson, daughter of the late Mme. A'Lelia Walker, and the greatest of all negro heiresses. She is the owner of the majority stock in the Mme. C. J. Walker Manufacturing Company, a concern founded by her grandmother who, once a laundress, discovered a tonic warranted to take the kink out of the hair of negroes. She died worth more than $1,000,000. Her daughter, Mme. A'Lelia Walker, built the business to greater proportions and doubled her mother's fortune. Yesterday's bride, the only child of A'Lelia, inherited the business.

The bridegroom was Dr. Henry Gordon Jackson of Chicago. His father is one of the wealthiest negroes in the Middle West, having made much money in Chicago real estate. In solemn grandeur this couple were married in ultra-modern style. There was no promise to obey in the service. And save for the tiniest detail, the wedding moved with the smoothness of beautifully lubricated machinery.

Master Vertner Tandy, Jr., the ring bearer, decided to desert the wedding procession half way to the altar rail and all the pleadings and coaxings of the matrons and the glarings and implied threats of the men folks failed to change Vertner's mind. He hitched up his white satin pants, scowled at the crowd and declined to go further.

Ten days of prenuptial celebration has led up to the wedding. The bridegroom appeared to be a bit fagged. Not so the bride. Not even the swaths of pearls she wore, nor the loops of diamonds outlustered and outsparkled her straight hair, her large brown eyes, her magnificent teeth and her moving personality. The sun did not shine—to the contrary, the rain fell—but blest was she, anyway.

The Reverend Hutchins Bishop performed the brief ceremony. A choir of boys and men sang Mendelssohn's wedding march. Professor Paul Bolin, at the organ, played the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria, the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, MacDowell's To a Wild Flower, and the bacarolle from the Tales of Hoffman. The bridal party was all but hid in a lane of chrysantbemums, palms, Cape smilax and vines. Motion pictures of the party were taken and the ushers, consisting of several doctors, an undertaker, two lawyers and a merchant, saw to it that those present were speedily and diplomatically seated.

Truth will out, even in advertisement, as another misprint shows: "Wanted, a general servant to do the work of a small horse."—*London Daily News.*

ZEV'S WINNINGS

Following the victory of Zev over In Memoriam in their recent race at Churchill Downs a difference of opinion arose as to the total amount of money that the Rancocas 3-year-old had won, says the New York *Times*. No two compilers of the earnings of this great American colt agreed. In some quarters it was said that he had surpassed the famous English horse Isinglass as the greatest money-earner in the world's turf history. In other quarters it was declared that Zev still fell short of the record of Isinglass, but among those who held to this opinion there was still a divergence as to the exact amount that the American horse had earned.

However, the matter has been officially cleared up and will now become a part of the records of the American turf. On file at the Jockey Club it was found that the amount credited to Zev is $286,573.57 for his two seasons of racing under the green-trimmed white silks of Harry F. Sinclair. These recorded figures show that Zev tops all American marks by a large margin, although he has failed to reach the pinnacle of fame as the greatest money winner of all time. That honor must continue to rest with the great English horse Isinglass until another racing season rolls around, at least, his total winnings by eleven firsts and one second in twelve starts having reached $291,275.

The total of the American 3-year-old champion is made up of $24,665.23, won as a 2-year-old in 1922 and of $261,909.34, won as a 3-year-old during the current season. Zev now stands second in the list of the world's greatest money winners, as Donovan, formerly second to Isinglass, had a total of $277,275. The record of the French horse Ksar of winnings of $320,000 is not accepted, the total having been computed at the normal rate of exchange for the franc.

America's greatest money winner of the past was the peerless Man o' War, whose racing days are ended. His total was $249,465. Next to him came the game Exterminator, beloved of all American race followers. Exterminator is still training and will endeavor through the medium of rich stakes of the winter racing at Tiajuana to bring his present total of $244,206 above that accumulated by Man o' War.

There has been a wide divergence in the totals ascribed to Zev in various compilations of total winnings of the brown son of The Finn and Miss Kearney, due to several causes. Among these have been the practice of taking only round figures and omitting cents; failure to deduct the winner's stake from the total won and omission of the value of plate won in addition to the amount of the purse or stake.

Thus in the international race the value of the so-called replica of the International Challenge Cup has never been added to the $80,000 in cash which Zev won by his victory over Papyrus at Belmont Park on October 20. No statement of the value of that trophy has ever been made. At the offices of the Jockey Club Assistant Secretary Algernon Daingerfield state officially that the Westchester Racing Association paid the sum of $500 for the souvenir, which became Mr. Sinclair's personal property, to hold for all time.

The value of the International Challenge Cup can not be added to Zev's winnings, as that cup, under the deed of gift by which it was offered by the Jockey Club, became a perpetual challenge trophy, to be held by the Jockey Club or similar organization controlling thoroughbred racing in the country of the horse winning it.

Snapping a Lightning Flash

The enjoyment of a thunder storm is considerably enhanced by using a camera, or several, if one is fortunate enough to have more than one, and I recommend everyone to try the experiment, says W. J. S. Lockyer, in London *Mail*. The camera supplements the eye, and is able to tell us more about the details of lightning flashes than the eye can grasp in the extremely small interval of time that the flash lasts.

The photography of lightning flashes is the most simple form of photography possible, and any camera will suffice.

One has only to set the focus for a distant object, place the camera on a window sill or some support out of the rain, pointing it in the direction where the flashes appear most frequent. The shutter is then opened and allowed to remain until one or several flashes have occurred in the correct direction. The plate may then be changed and another inserted.

"What frauds these beggars are! I just met a blind one who said: 'Please give me a few pennies, pretty lady!'" "Perhaps he only said that so you would be sure to believe he was blind!"—*Lustige Blätter.*

Mistress (to new maid)—Why, it seems to me you want very large wages for one who has had so little experience. *Maid*—Sure, mum, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school was bubbling over with enthusiasm at the regular attendance of his pupils. "Dear children," he announced, "now to-day out of the whole school only one of us is absent—little Maggie. Let us hope that she is ill."

A negro minister discovered two of his parishioners playing cards on a Sunday—and for money. "Rastus," said the minister, "don't you know it's wrong to play cards on de Sabbath?" "Yeh, pahson," answered Rastus ruefully. "But, believe me, ah's payin' foh mah sins."

The rector of a fashionable London church was induced to preach at a well-known prison. When in the vestry he said to the prison chaplain: "Now I have come, I don't know what to say to your convicts." The chaplain replied: "Preach to them exactly as you do to your own congregation; and remember only one thing: my people have been found out and yours have not—*yet*."

The beadle was in the habit of showing visitors over the remains of the abbey in the parish. On one occasion he had done so for a lady, who, on leaving him in the churchyard, offered him only barren thanks. As she went through the gate the wily man remarked: "Well, ma'am, if you find you've lost your purse when you get home, remember you didn't have it out here."

A doctor was called in to attend a working man. Having done all he could for the time being he told the patient's wife to take her husband's temperature in the morning. On the following day when the doctor called he asked if she had done what he told her. "Well, we hadn't a thermometer in the house," she said, "but I put the barometer on his chest and it went to 'Very dry,' so I give him a pint of beer, and he's gone to work."

A good story is being told in connection with the recent production of George Bernard Shaw's twelve-hour play, "Back to Methuselah." The first scene opens in the Garden of Eden, and a little lad of eight was taken by his parents to see it. On his return he was asked by his mother, "What Commandment did Eve break when she ate the apple?" Most superior was the boy's smile as he said: "Don't you know, mum, that when Eve ate the apple there weren't any Commandments?"

An old Scotch pilot professed to be able to tell the home port of any incoming vessel within a reasonable distance by what seamen still call "the cut of her jib," meaning thereby her general appearance. To test his powers an onlooker called his attention to one in the far distance. The pilot gazed long and earnestly, and eventually pronounced her an Aberdeen boat. He proved to be right, and a chorus of surprised voices inquired how he knew. "No seagulls following her!" he said.

Young Jock had just returned from a painful interview with the minister, to whom he had said, in reply to a question, that there were one hundred commandments. Upon meeting another lad on his way to the minister's he asked: "An' if be asks you how many commandments there are, what will ye say?" "Say?" queried the other lad. "Why, ten, o' course." "Ten!" reiterated the first youth in scorn. "Ten? Ye wull try him wi' ten? I tried him wi' a hundred and he wasna satisfied."

That veteran journalist and prince of raconteurs, Sir Henry Lucy, delights in telling the story of a certain old admiral who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. In fact, he once flatly contradicted the queen. He attended a royal reception and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity. "I hear, admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you," said the queen. "Your Majesty is misinformed," replied the admiral gruffly. "I do nothing of the sort."

One of the crew of a big liner chanced to pick up a menu card, and seeing on the top "Table d'hôte," inquired of one of his mates: "What does this 'ere mean Joe?" Joe scratched his head and said: "I can't make nothing of it. Let's go to old Coffin, he's a scholard, and sure to know." Old Coffin thoughtfully stroked his chin and said: "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We have 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew."

Lord Dewar, an enthusiastic big game hunter, delights to tell the story of a Manchester business man who paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, who was a keen sportsman. Not without considerable misgiving the visitor allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go lion hunting. His first night in the jungle was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early, and had gone but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a full-grown lion. "Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from!"

Will Hays, mogul of the movies, was talking about the difficulties of his post. "Aside from the Arbuckle question," he said, "there is the eternal question of jealousy. Jealousy! I entertained two beautiful young movie stars at tea the other afternoon. Relations were strained between them, and I wanted them, for business reasons, to be friends again. 'Come, make up!' I said impulsively. 'But Thais,' said the blonde star, 'is already made up.' Thais, the brunette, hit her lip. Our little tea party went on. The talk turned after a while to burglars. 'I always feel safe,' the blonde star said, 'when there's a man in the house.' This was Thais' chance. 'I don't see why you shouldn't, dear,' she laughed."

H. G. Armstrong, British consul-general at New York, said at a dinner: "Diplomacy is well defined in the oriental story of the rajah who dreamed one night that all his teeth fell out. The rajah, troubled with this dream, sent for a soothsayer and asked him to interpret it. 'Sire,' the soothsayer said sadly, 'your dream means that all your family, even down to your youngest child, will die before your eyes.' The rajah was so infuriated by this interpretation that he had the soothsayer hastinadoed. Then he sent for another soothsayer, told his dream again, and again asked for an interpretation. The second soothsayer, a true diplomat, assumed a beaming, joyous look and cried: 'Sire, this most auspicious dream means that your life will be prolonged beyond the lives of all your family. Yes, even the youngest and strongest will not outlast you.' The second soothsayer was sent away with ten purses of gold."

Anesthetics Centuries Ago

An anesthetic, whose effects were like those of ether or chloroform, was used in China in 220 A. D., by the surgeon Haoua-t'ouo, says the *North China Herald*. This is established beyond doubt by the text of Kou kin yi tong, which was brought to the attention of the Academy of Sciences in 1849 by Stanislas Julien.

The Chinese anesthetic, known as ma yao—that is to say, "the remedy which takes away feeling"—was extracted from Indian hemp, which also yields hasheesh.

The old Chinese text tells us: "Haou-a-t'ouo gave a dose of mia yao to the patient, who a few minutes later became unconscious—that is as though he were deprived of life. As the case demanded, Haoua-t'ouo would operate upon the person or amputate and remove the cause of sickness. Then he would draw the tissues together at the point of incision and apply ligatures.

"After a few days the sick man was on his feet again without having felt the least pain during the operation."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Vicissitudes of a Goldfish

Think of the life a goldfish leads,
A-swimming in a bowl,
Where all the thoughtless passing world
May view his naked soul.

From early morn till lights are out,
No motion he may make
But some one sees him making it,
In his sequestered lake.

The worries of a public man,
Who "has no private wish,"
Are nothing when you stop to think
Of what besets a fish.

If all our acts were public acts,
Beneath the world's cool grilling,
Our lives would be as clean as his—
And just about as thrilling.

And what reward is given him,
To pay him for his trouble?
A meal a week, some water when
Some person sees him bubble.

A goldfish leads a harder life,
Than any of his clan,
We'd try to help him, but, alack,
We do not give a damn.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

I've heard of a man that was "yellow,"
"Blue" persons I've actually seen,
But in all my travels I've never met yet
A grass widow I could call "green."

—*Drexerd.*

There have been agnostics for a long time but they only began to be called by that name in 1870.



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The engagement of Mrs. Ella E. Barton to Mr. Henry Stuart Foote, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foote, has been announced.

The marriage of Miss Clementine Edie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams to Mrs. Al-Joseph Catherwood, son of the late Dr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood and Mrs. Catherwood, took place in San Francisco on December 5th.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams to Mrs Albert G. Simpson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson took place in New York on December 5th.

Mrs. Earl Armstrong of Pasadena was the guest of honor at a tea given by her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr.

Mrs. E. L. B. Kelsey of Johannesburg, South Africa, was the guest of honor at a luncheon this week given at the Francesca Club by Mrs. Frank Summers.

A number of supper parties were given at the St. Francis Hotel in connection with the Revue given by the Junior League last week.

Miss Eleanor Morgan gave a supper dance last Saturday night at the conclusion of "Melody Miles" for her nieces, Miss Eleanor Morgan and Miss Margery Davis.

Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook gave a tea last week in honor of her house guest, Mrs. E. L. B. Kelsey of Johannesburg.

Miss Dorcas Jackson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Wednesday by Miss Henriette Moffitt at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch were the guests of honor at a luncheon last Tuesday, given by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

General Henry D. Todd, U. S. A., and Mrs. Todd were hosts at a dinner given at the Presidio last week.

Mrs. Norris King Davis was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy.

Mr. Raymond Armsby will give a ball at the Burlingame Country Club next Saturday night in honor of two of the débutantes of the season, Miss Eleanor Martin and Miss Gertrude Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lundborg will give a coming-out ball for their daughter, Miss Hélène Lundborg, next Friday night at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. E. L. B. Kelsey of Johannesburg was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. C. C. Judson.

The Peninsula Players will give a playlet on Monday night at the Player's Theatre.

Mrs. Frank Hinman was the guest of honor at a tea given last week at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. Henry Stephenson.

Mrs. William Reding of New York was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick Hewlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse were recent hosts at their country place at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Wallace Farrington of Honolulu entertained at a recent tea at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Caroline Madison will will be guest of honor at a luncheon given next Wednesday by Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Symington, Jr., of Baltimore were the guests of honor at a dinner given recently by Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman.

Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney gave a farewell luncheon in honor of Mrs. Ernst Gutschow of Dresden.

Mrs. Edward Simpson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given recently by Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale.

Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simpson were hosts at a dinner given at the Fairmont Hotel for General Wendell C. Neville, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Neville.

Mr. Pardow Hooper will be host at a dinner on Wednesday evening preceding the ball given by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mrs. Ira Pierce will give a coming-out ball for her granddaughter, Miss Sophia Brownell, next Wednesday night at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. Anton Tresich-Pavichich, minister to the United States from Jugo-Slavia, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the American Jugo-Slav Club last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Stanford Women's Club gave a tea last Saturday in honor of Miss Emily Wade.

Miss Marjorie Gay was hostess at a tea last week in honor of Miss Virginia Cumming.

Miss Betty Knight Smith will be presented to society at a tea given by Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith on Tuesday next at her home on Jackson street.

Miss Laura Harding of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. Harry Warren was hostess at a bridge and mah jongg party given last week at her home on Webster street.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch will be the guests of honor at a luncheon given next Tuesday by Miss Barbara Sesnon.

Mrs. Stewart P. Elliott was hostess at two luncheons given last week at her home on Pacific avenue.

Miss Agnes Westton was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Marjorie Gay.

Dr. and Mrs. Faulkner of Santa Cruz were the guests of honor at a bridge supper given by Major Weaver, U. S. A., and Mrs. Weaver at their quarters at the Presidio.

Mrs. Everett Morsell was hostess last week at a bridge party given at the Mare Island Country Club.

There is a dance at the San Francisco Yacht Club on Saturday, December 15th.

Mrs. E. L. R. Kelsey was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Monday by Miss Marian Fitzhugh.

Mrs. Norris King Davis was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Wednesday by Mrs. Philip King Brown at her home at Sea Cliff.

Miss Eleanor Morgan is giving a luncheon on Saturday of this week at the Francesca Club for her sister, Mrs. Norris King Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood are giving a ball on Friday night of this week at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy are giving a dinner on Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle and their daughter, Miss Isabel Pringle, are giving a dinner on Friday evening of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery were hosts at dinner last week in Burlingame.

Among those who are entertaining at dinners on Friday of this week preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood are: Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox, Miss Emilie Tubbs, Miss Claudine Spreckels and Miss Lisa Stillman.

Mrs. Daniel Delehanty of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon on Monday last given by Mrs. Russell Wilson at the Francesa Club.

Mrs. Charles Howard was hostess at a luncheon last week at Tait's-at-the-Beach.

Dr. Anton Tresich Pavichich, minister from Jugo-Slavia, was the guest of honor at a dinner given recently by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Tadich.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell gave a dinner last week at their home in Berkeley in honor of Dr. Anton Tresich Pavichich, minister from Jugo-Slavia.

At the St. Francis.

The fashionable folk who make the Hotel St. Francis their rendezvous for luncheon were out in force Monday. Mrs. Richard McCreery entertained Mrs. Robert Hays Smith and Mrs. Harry H. Scott. Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent was a member of this group. Mrs. Nion Tucker and Miss Helen Garritt were with Mrs. George Cameron.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker presided over a small party. She had five or six guests including Mrs. George Leib and Miss Marion Zeile.

Mrs. Walter Filer, who has just returned after a short absence, was greeting her friends. Miss Lawton Filer was with a small group of débutantes including Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Leonore Armsby and Miss Jane Carrigan. Miss Helen Hammersmith also entertained for a group of about six of the younger folk. Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Frances Ames and Mrs. Robert Miller were together. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller had a group of about six with her and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and Mrs. Marshall Madison entertained small parties.

Pricking the Sheriffs

Every year on November 12 the king carries out the ancient custom known as "Pricking the Sheriffs," according to an article in *Pearson's Weekly*.

That is to say, he pricks holes in a parchment roll opposite the names of those gentlemen chosen to fill the office of sheriff for the ensuing year; one for each county.

His Majesty uses for the purpose a golden bodkin which is handed to him by the chancellor of the exchequer attired in his official robes.

The custom is a survival from the days when very few persons other than ecclesiastics were able to read or write, and a hole punched in a piece of parchment was the usual method of denoting a name.

The roll submitted to the king contains three names for each county. This is to keep up the fiction that the sheriffs are actually chosen by His Majesty.

As a matter of fact they are selected previously at a court presided over by the chancellor of the exchequer. In theory, however, there is nothing to prevent the king "pricking" whichever of the three names he pleases; though in practice he always allows himself to be guided by the advice of his minister.

The sheriff is the king's principal officer in a county, and in former times his duties were many and varied. Nowadays, however, they consist mainly in attending the judges when on circuit in his county, and acting as returning officer at parliamentary elections.

The other duties of the office, which are connected with the summoning of juries, the hearing of compensation cases, and attendance at the execution of criminals, are performed by the undersheriff or deputy-sheriff.

THE ESKIMO'S PAST

Whether the native American population of the northeastern part of the United States is old European or the result of an earlier Asiatic distribution, or whether this could be traced to Eskimos or Indians is a problem that has long been facing scientists, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Through an intensive study of the Eastern Eskimo and by systematic exploration of sites occupied by human beings in the drainage of the river and gulf of St. Lawrence Dr. F. G. Speck, professor of anthropology, and A. I. Hallowell, instructor in anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, have been able to determine just where this population came from.

Under the auspices of the Museum of the American Indian a trip was made into the field for the exploration of Indians of the Labrador peninsula, work in which Dr. Speck has been engaged since 1907.

"The known territory of the Eskimo on the Labrador coast could be traced to 1631, and extended no farther south and east than Eskimo Point, lying back of the Island of Anticosti," said Dr. Speck. "We learned in that year invading Indians cornered and annihilated the last of the native Eskimos on those desolate coasts.

"The expedition, however, traced archeological remains of Eskimo residence at least 600 miles farther south; in fact, actually to the mouth of Saguenay river. Here we found every evidence of a race known for its unique struggle against the rigors of an Arctic climate, the jolly Eskimo. It was in this region where the sturdy race of Eskimos was supplanted by the taciturn Indian nomad, who in turn is being pushed into the desolate interior by the energetic French-Canadian peasant.

"Evidence of this Eskimo occupation lies in characteristic form and material, which everywhere mark the Eskimo stone manufacturers alike from Greenland to Alaska. The Eskimo artifacts recovered by the party indicated by their condition extreme age. Virtually nothing of this level was found intact. Implements of hardest stone, granite and quartzite were found in a broken state through age and weathering. Comparing these with stone materials found in other parts of the country, where age can be approximately estimated, these implements appear to be many thousand years old.

"Curiously enough," said Dr. Speck, "these specimens were found in locations some 300 to 500 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence terraces, which are thought to have been former banks of the river at a time when its surface was much higher than it is in the present millenium. Whether human habitation could have been contemporaneous with this period of higher river levels it would be unsafe at present to say."

An astounding fact brought out by an examination of the materials produced from these sites is that they show a remarkable correspondence with the Stone Age implements from the interior of the State of Maine. By this it is possible to determine, said Dr. Speck, that a people possessing Eskimo culture inhabited the highlands north and south of the St. Lawrence in a later glacial period, at a time before the northeastern Atlantic coast had emerged to its present elevation above sea level.

"Eskimoes are notoriously long-headed," said Dr. Speck, "and is accepted by anthropologists as a possible indication of pre-historic European affinity. The Indians which we found south of the St. Lawrence manifested the long-headed type, which may possibly be a survival of remote Eskimo racial ancestry.

"In short, we appear to have in the case of the two tribes a superimposed Asiatic race wedged in between one north of the St. Lawrence and one south of it, whose racial affinity thus may possibly be with the Eskimo.

"A collection of ethnological specimens was obtained from these people, illustrating their industrial, economic and artistic accomplishments, and is a mute tribute recording the inner life of 'the other half' in the cold Labrador wilderness."

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Anil, root word of aniline, is an Arabic word meaning indigo.

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Charles M. Wilson and Martyn F. Warner, both of Berkeley, California, have formed a special partnership with said Wilson as general partner and said Warner as special partner, to do an insurance brokerage business under the name Charles M. Wilson Co., with a principal office in the City and County of San Francisco, California. Said Warner has actually contributed and paid into the partnership nine hundred seventy-nine dollars ninety-three cents lawful money of the United States. The partnership peirod shall be 20 years beginning November 1, 1923. A certificate setting forth the above and as required by law has been filed and recorded in the proper offices of the City and County of San Francisco, California.

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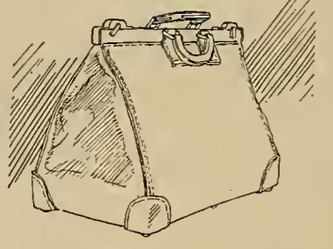
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Josephine Drown and Miss Frances Ames have returned from a recent visit in Chicago, where they were the guests of Mrs. Robert Dunham.

Mr. Daniel C. Jackling has returned from a recent hunting trip in New Mexico.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane arrived on Tuesday of last week from Honolulu and will remain in San Francisco until after Christmas.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton has returned from New York accompanied by her niece, Miss Jean Macfarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Symington, Jr., of Baltimore were guests recently over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clay and their daughter, Mariedna, will be out of town for the holidays. They will go to Santa Fe and spend Xmas with Philip Clay Jr., who is at boarding school there.

Mrs. William Reding of New York is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson at their home on Pacific avenue.

Miss Lillian Whitney, daughter of Mrs. William Reding, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie at their home on Jackson street.

Dr. Frank Hinman and Mrs. Hinman have returned from a voyage to the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. E. L. B. Kelsey of Johannesburg, South Africa, is a house guest of Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook, Jr.

Miss Ysabel Chase has gone to Southern California, where she is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt in Pasadena.

Miss Katherine and Miss Mary Donohoe have gone East and have joined their sisters, Miss Christine and Miss Barbara Donohoe, in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. Thomas B. Eastland of Burlingame has returned with Mr. Daniel C. Jackling from a hunting trip in New Mexico.

Dr. Sylvester W. Beach of Princeton has been a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hanna.

Mrs. Earl Armstrong of Pasadena is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace and their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace, of Santa Rosa will spend the Christmas holidays in San Francisco.

Miss Laura Harding of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. Suffern Tailer and Mr. Tailer, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson have returned from the East, where they have been for the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper with Mrs. Ursula Hooper Johnson and Mr. Pardow Hooper have returned to San Francisco after passing the Thanksgiving holidays in Carmel.

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury left last week for the East by way of the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, who have been spending the summer in Burlingame will leave on Tuesday next for New York, where they will spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Alice Hanchett returned from the East last week and after spending a few days as the guest of her cousin, Mr. Alexander Rutherford and Mrs. Rutherford, has gone with her sister, Miss Lucy Hanchett, to their home in Montecito.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker with Miss Marion and Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Aileen McIntosh, are in Cairo and will return to San Francisco early in the year by way of the Orient.

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Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot and her children will arrive in San Francisco next Tuesday after an absence of two years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson, who have been in Boston visiting their daughter, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, have returned to San Francisco.

Miss Mollie McBryde has returned from a recent visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sloat Fassett of New York spent a few days last week in San Francisco, en route to Manila.

Mrs. Daniel Delahanty of New York has recently arrived in San Francisco and is at the Victoria Hotel, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Braden, at their home on Powell street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sherman have been spending a few days in San Francisco on their way to their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. James Farrell and Mrs. James Shea, who have been in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. John Maginnis, have returned to their home in San Francisco.

Colonel John S. Irby and Mrs. Irby are leaving this week for New York en route for Europe. They will spend the winter in Egypt.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling of Los Altos has been spending a few days in San Francisco to attend the wedding of her grandson, Mr. Joseph Catherwood and Miss Clementine Edie.

Miss Florence Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Martin of San Rafael has returned from Europe.

Miss Louise and Miss Rosario Winston, who have been the guests of their sister, Mrs. Reginald Jenkins and Mr. Jenkins, have left for New York on their way to Europe.

Mrs. Harry W. Webb of Santa Barbara is spending a short time in San Francisco with her daughter, Mrs. E. L. R. Kelsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis Miller of Wyoming are expected shortly to visit Mr. Miller's mother, Mrs. John Owen Miller in Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher of Buenos Aires are expected shortly to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Gallagher's sister, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams.

Mrs. Ethel Hager has arrived in New York from Europe and will soon return to her home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore of Menlo Park are staying at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling will leave in January for South America.

Dr. William Harvey and his daughter, Miss Alice Harvey, of New York are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Kelly in Alameda.

Commander James Armitage Bull has left for Southern California to join the U. S. S. *Omaha* for a short cruise.

Miss Katherine and Miss Marianne Kuhn will leave for the East in a few weeks and will visit their aunt, Mrs. William B. Scaife in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams is expected shortly from the East and will be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White in Burlingame.

Miss Pauline Clagstone has returned from Chicago and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clagstone in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald George Quarre are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Senator Walter E. Edge and Mrs. Edge are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

The San Francisco Museum of Art

In the colonial room of the San Francisco Museum of Art, Palace of Fine Arts, there have been installed recently some records of early California history, lent by Archbishop Hanna. They are an itemized account of a mission, a certificate signed by Diego Borica in favor of Rev. Joseph Lorente, dated 1798, showing a paper seal cut out by the Indians, a letter of Father Junipero Serra to Captain Pedro Fages, dated Mission of San Carlos de Monte Rey y Carmelo, May 19, 1774.

This colonial room, which is one of the most interesting and instructive departments of the museum, from the viewpoint of our early art and history, has recently received from the Colonial Dames in California, other important documents, among them being from the Sutro branch of the California State Library, the record of the Portola expedition of 1769-70, written by Don Miguel Costanzo, ensign of royal engineers, who was ordered to join the expedition, in which Father Serra accompanied Portola, to act as cosmographer and diarist.

It was Portola's failure to reeognize the port of Monterey, for which he was seeking, that led to the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco whose waters hitherto no European eves had seen. Father Palou considered the finding of the magnificent harbor in the light of a miracle. He relates that when diseussing with Galvez, visitador general of New Spain, the names of the prospective missions of Alta California, Father Serra said: "And for our Father Saint Francis is there no mission?" And the visitador had replied: "If Saint Francis wants a mission let him cause his port to be found and it will be put there."

The saint apparently accepted the challenge, for, selecting the finest port in the country as his own, he promptly led the explorers to it, and the bay of San Francisco was discovered on November 2, 1769.

Arthur Mathews, the noted San Francisco artist, has painted what is probably the most historically correct picture of the discovery of the bay by Portola, and this canvas is hanging in the museum. It won the "James D. Phelan Prize" of 1896. Mr. Phelan was then the president of the San Francisco Art Association, and is to-day a trustee of the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Other records of great historical value are being assembled by the Colonial Dames in California, and are being installed in the colonial room by J. Nilsen Laurvik, director of the museum.

CURRENT VERSE.

Princes Street

If I were Queen of all the land,
To ask whate'er I might,
I'd wear the chain of Princes Street,
Of Princes Street at night.

(Strung on a strand of silver wire
Between the earth and sky,
The golden lights of Princes Street
Will haunt me till I die.)

I'd wear it on a purple gown,
With fur of twilight gray,
And set it swaying, shimmering,
At closing of the day.

And as I went my way serene,
The people would bow down,
And say, "There goes the bonny Queen
Of Edinburgh Town!"

—*Elizabeth S. Fleming in Poetry.*

Leaves of Life

"The leaves of Life are falling one by one"—
The woods, once thick and green, are brown and sere;
And youth with all her bounteous hours is done,
And age is here.

"The leaves of Life are falling one by one"—
Best, worst, loved, hated, happy days and sad,
Each the inevitable course has run,
The present bad.

"The leaves of Life are falling one by one"—
Till, after all the gladness and the strife,
We see the redness of the setting sun
Light up our life.

And good seems not so good—ill not so ill;
And things look other than they used to seem;
Ourselves more vague, questions of fate and will
Less like a dream.

And then why leaves should fall we think we know,
Because the autumn comes before the spring—
The eternal spring, when flowers will always blow,
Birds always sing.

—*Edith Nesbit in the Boston Evening Transcript.*

One Lover

He wore her love in secret, pridefully—
Not in the street where men were proud and blind;
Knowing full well—aye, none so well as he—
That crowns are not becoming to his kind.
Humble enough and drab and dull of face,
He went unguessed about the careless town,
Thinking of Old World tales . . .
the market place . . .
The gossips . . . and a Queen who loved a clown.

He would not draw that whispering round his ears,
With women wagging tongues in every door,
And taunts like laughing boys with sticks and jeers—
But in his half-bewildered heart he wore
A secret crown, and played at being king,
Believing somehow this incredible thing.

—*David Morton in the Outlook.*

Island Born

My mother loved the way of ships that go,
Out to the sea, their prows against the foam,
She loved the way of ocean mews and so,
It was not strange an island was my home
Or that I cried first in an island house,
Or in a sea town sought my earliest words;
My mother loved the drizzling of boughs,
She loved the crying of out-going birds.

My mother's folks have many things to tell,
Of vessels that went by the village Inn,
Of tugs and freighters and the lighthouse bell,
The talk of seamen when the fog is in.
My mother loved reefs where the breakers foam—
It was not strange an island was my home.

—*Harold Vinal in Contemporary Verse.*

Death of Asa White

Asa L. White, president of White Brothers of San Francisco, died at his country home in Los Gatos, California, on December 6th.

Mr. White may be said to have been the father of the hardwood lumber business on the coast. He was born in New Brunswick, Canada, in 1842, coming to California in 1868. With his brother, the late Peter White, he established the firm of White Brothers in 1872. The business methods being sound, the firm prospered. In recent years Mr. White visited the hardwood centers of the country several times a year and he was personally known to thousands of lumbermen. His personality and business sagacity made friends and admirers for him wherever he went.

When Asa L. White started his business hardwood shipments to San Francisco were made by sailing vessel around the horn. New Jersey and other parts of the Atlantic seaboard were the sources of supply. During his lifetime he saw the industry move westward to Indiana and Ohio and then down to the Southern States.

The affairs of the company are now in the hands of his son, William T. White and his nephew, C. H. White.

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The Old Roman Taxicab

Taxichariots with crude tops and ingenious devices were operated in Rome before the time of Cesar, says the Los Angeles *Times*.

They were described by Vitruvius, the man who dedicated a classic volume on architecture to the Emperor Augustus. Vitruvius called them "metered chariots."

Only triumphators, higher magistrates and priests, on solemn occasions, could use the taxichariots in the city. They were otherwise forbidden, and were used chiefly by travelers in the country, where baggage and passengers were transported according to a meter in the form of bowl-like hour-glass.

For every 1,000 paces traveled the driver dropped a pebble in the bowl. The tinkle of the pebble warned the passenger that he had covered another 1,000 paces, and at the end of the journey he paid his fare according to the number of pebbles in the bottom of the bowl.

Tops were varied as to color and material. Private chariots belonging to the elite were, of course, woven of finest silk and spangled in many hues; but the lowly taxi-cart went in more for service than for looks, and provided coarse covering overhead that often proved poor protection against the elements.

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Has just been discovered in New Guinea by the noted explorer, Captain Frank Hurley. Here is a page of views of these remarkable people, which were taken in their tropical home by Captain Hurley. It is one of the pages of next Sunday's Rotagravure section you will not want to miss.

"In the High Sierra"

Is another page that will thrill every lover of scenic beauty, and remember, there are 12 pages in next Sunday's Rotagravure section, 4 more than usual, and every one of them the last word in beautiful photography. Every member of the family will want to see THE

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Old Style—Where there is a will there is a way. *New Style*—Where there is a will there is a contest.—*Judge.*

Customer—Do you know, I think one of my feet must be larger than the other. *Tactful Assistant*—Oh, no, madam—smaller if anything.—*Punch.*

"How are you getting along with your girl?" "She won't speak to me any more. I kissed her, and when she said it wasn't nice, I admitted it."—*Humbug.*

First She—Your husband has a clever-looking head. I suppose he knows practically everything. *Second She*—Sh-h—he doesn't even suspect anything!—*Parrakeet.*

She—Chauncey, I have bad news for you. *He*—For me? *She*—Yes; I was at a fortune teller's this afternoon and she told me I was to marry a handsome man.—*Awgwan.*

"I'll marry a girl that can cook and make a home, and not one of those who can only play bridge." "Fine. Come over and meet our Polish housemaid."—*Yale Record.*

Green—I read a curious article the other day advocating a tax on beauty. *Ginger*—Good idea! There won't be much trouble in collecting it.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Mather—Which do you think he's most like, Mrs. Smith? *Mrs. Smith* (meaning kindly)—Well, to tell yer the truth I think 'e's just escaped bein' like either of yer.—*Punch.*

"Edith, can you cook?" "No, Lionel. Can you afford to keep a motor car?" "No dear." So they did not marry, and they lived happily ever afterwards.—*Pearson's Weekly (Londan).*

Mr. Jack—Isn't that skirt-dancer a peach? *Mrs. Jack*—I should say she was more like brown sugar: very sweet, but coarse; a little off color, and decidedly unrefined.—*Baston Transcript.*

Bashful Boy—Sir, Jane and I have decided that our happiness is the biggest thing in the world. *Father*—You change your minds so often—just yesterday you wanted to marry her!—*Malteaser.*

Customer (severely)—Do you sell diseased meat here? *Butcher* (blandly)—Worse than that. *Customer* (excitedly)—Mercy on us! How can that be possible? *Butcher* (confidentially)—The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir.—*Tit-Bits.*

"And these places where you vote," said the gentleman from Europe, "you call them the polls?" "Yes," said the North Carolina citizen, "we call 'em that. But the warmth around here makes 'em seem a good deal more like equators."—*Washington Star.*

"What makes you think you were defeated by fraud?" "I paid for one hundred and sixty-three votes in the second precinct, and the books show that I got a total of only one hundred and fifty-three there. Our election system is simply rotten."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Clergyman (to son of a parishioner addicted to hunting on Sunday)—My little boy, I didn't see your father at church this morning; I am afraid he does not fear God. *Young Heathen*—Oh, yes, I guess he does; he took his gun with him this morning.—*Pitt Panther.*

The Maiden—Not very cheery, are you? *The Youth*—No. I'm afraid I'm beastly sentimental, but when I think what we've been to each other all this summer and that in a month I shall have forgotten even your name—well I can't help feeling it a bit.—*Punch.*

"You say you are an actor by profession?" asked the magistrate. "I am, your honor," answered the frazzled, red-eyed, and forlorn, but still dignified specimen of manhood before him, in a deep, tragic voice. "Well," said the magistrate, "I shall have to send you to the work-house for sixty days. We haven't any play-house."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE VERSATILE DR. COOK

A Federal judge, Killits, in Fort Worth, Texas, wrote the word *finis* to the long public career of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, when he sentenced the erstwhile Brooklyn physician and Arctic explorer to nearly fifteen years in a Federal prison and fined him $12,000, on a charge of fraud, says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

For nearly a score of years Dr. Cook had stacked the deck against the world, while fate or justice—call it what you will—camped in his shadow and waited patiently its chance to point a moral.

Cook was supreme in hoaxing the public. His methods were subtle, refined, daring, stupendous. The element of curiosity was missing. With him romance was the guiding spirit. The world likes heroes and men who accomplish things, and in Dr. Cook these attributes seemed to be personified.

One of his earliest moves in the glare of world-wide publicity took place in 1906 and a New York newspaper, in a full-page display, said:

"For the first time Mount McKinley, the highest point on the American continent, more than 20,000 feet above the sea, has been climbed. The conqueror of this giant among mountain peaks is a New Yorker—Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

"Several daring climbers had tried to scale it, but all efforts were in vain until Dr. Cook's party made the attempt."

It was not until three and one-half years later, when the Fairbanks expedition, headed by Thomas Lloyd, scaled Mount McKinley, that Dr. Cook's hoax was discovered. The expedition, armed with Dr. Cook's maps and data, endeavored to follow his supposed route, but failed utterly to verify any part of his story of an ascent.

In 1907, about the time that Lieutenant Shackleton was making preparations for one of his voyages to the Antarctic, Dr. Cook announced that he would lead an expedition to the South Pole. The party, he said, would travel in automobiles, which were being constructed with special sledge runners. The scheme sounded well, but it was abandoned for some reason or other, and Dr. Cook apparently tempted by this bit of publicity started on his trip to the North Pole a few months later, while Admiral Peary, of the navy, was also preparing for his dash to the Pole.

Returning from Greenland to Denmark on the ship *Hans Egede*, Dr. Cook was received with unbounded popular enthusiasm by the people of Copenhagen. The Danish people were intensely hostile toward Peary, and concluded that Dr. Cook had beaten the admiral at his own game. They were consequently partisans of Cook, and Cook could not have picked a better place to land than Denmark, where the only packet running from Greenland took him.

The King and Queen and the principal officers of state welcomed Dr. Cook with one of the wildest ovations the country had ever witnessed. He was banqueted and acclaimed continually, and was the king's guest.

"I love the North," he said, smiling, when the breath of doubt blew on him, "and I do not seek money. Why, then, should I lie about this?"

Parenthetically it may be said that Dr. Cook later cleaned up $30,000 on a whirlwind lecture tour of this country.

It was on the night of September 6, when Cook was the guest of honor at a royal banquet, that a strange thing happened. In the midst of the dinner word was brought that Peary had discovered the Pole. The telegram was read to the guests and all eyes turned to Cook.

There was nothing essentially prejudicial to Cook in the fact that another man had penetrated to the same spot that he professed to have reached. The natural inference was quite to the contrary; but Peary, in his dispatch, said nothing of having any knowledge of Cook's having reached the pole, too. The omission was disquieting.

Cook showed himself the possessor of a fine sense of diplomacy when he rose to make his speech following the Peary news.

"There is glory enough for both," he said. The magnanimous words made a good impression, not only on the banqueters, but on the public of many countries that read the speech next morning. As a matter of fact, the phrase meant little, since the date of Cook's alleged discovery antedated that of Peary's.

A sympathetic and not a common-sense adherence won many to the Cook cause. Peary was too far away to defend his interests, and it was generally accepted that he was jealous of Dr. Cook's achievement. Editorials were written which vilified the absent admiral, and public sentiment made of Cook a hero.

Cook's arrival in New York came just at the time when the indignation against Peary was hottest. Masses of people turned out to see him. He received one of the sincerest ovations, as well as one of the greatest, ever bestowed on any arriving personage not in public life.

Peary's arrival was two weeks later and in strongest contrast to that of his rival. Peary slipped into New York by train, unrecognized, and made his way aboard his ship, the *Roosevelt*, to take part in the river parade celebrating the Hudson-Fulton Centenary. He was met on his way past excursion steamships by a few cheers, some jeers and a good deal of silence.

Cook's course, in the meantime, was at its height. He was speeding from city to city, delivering a lecture every day and night and attending banquets and luncheons given in his honor. He made friends and partisans wherever he went.

The honoring of Cook by the Board of Aldermen of New York City marked the termination of his period of success. In a farcical procedure, in the old aldermanic chamber in the city hall he was tendered the freedom of the city.

Impreceptibly, after this, his star began to wane. The first result was the cancellation of all his lecture engagements not yet fulfilled. Then Peary produced the statements of the two Eskimo boys who had accompanied Dr. Cook on his "discovery dash." The whole affair collapsed after that. The Copenhagen Commission made public the results of its investigation and the hoax was definitely quashed.

The Dinosaur Dynasty

Little has been heard for some time of that sanguine American expedition which was going—or did it actually get?—to the Congo in order to look for a live Brontosaurus that was reported to be roaming round that part of the world, says the Manchester *Guardian*. Less than ever will be heard of it now, for the discoveries of a rather more business-like American expedition to Mongolia will have put the nose of the Congo visionaries completely out of joint. The less aspiring expedition went to Mongolia not to look for living examples of things that died off thousands and thousands of years ago, but in the hope of finding fossilized remains of them preserved in the unexplored sandy soil of the Gobi desert. They have succeeded—succeeded wonderfully. The Peking correspondent of the *Times* describes how one of the finds has been a complete skeleton of a dinosaur and, hard by it, a nest with the "clutch" of eggs laid by the extinct reptile. This is a discovery of first-rate importance, for hitherto it has never been certain whether this extinct order of terrestial and semi-aquatic reptile did lay eggs. There is no doubt about it now; one of the eggs has been broken across the middle, "and, looking at it sectionwise, there is plainly to be seen the pure white embryo skeleton of an unborn dinosaur embedded in the reddish rock substance into which the egg has been transposed by the processes of nature." Unfortunately, the writer in the *Times* does not commit himself to any precise indication of what kind of a dinosaur it was which laid these eggs now discovered. But the order of dinosaurs was an extensive one; there was a period when its representatives were the lords of creation. They included slender creatures like the hallopus, which were little larger than a modern hen (and probably hopped like birds); small animals for which the word dinosaur (*i.e.*, "terrible lizard") sounds almost unkind! On the other hand, they stretched to the Atlantasaurus, whose thigh bone alone was taller than a man. This formidable being reached a length of over eighty feet, and if it walked on its hind legs, as many of the dinosaurs did, a height of thirty feet. There were dinosaurs that were herbivorus like the Brontosaurus; there were dinosaurs that must have been the most terrible examples of flesh-eating animals this world has ever held. There were dinosaurs which were scaled, horned, and armour-plated; there were others which seem to have lived without any kind of protection except the possibility of delivering a blow with the massive tail. That the creature whose nest has now been found must have been among the smaller members of this great and powerful order is suggested by the fact that the eggs are described as being "between four and eight inches long." But there is much yet to be told about the discoveries in Mongolia, and fuller news will be waited with interest. Tutankhamen becomes an upstart of yesterday beside the antiquity which is represented by this Mongolian Valley of Lizard-kings.

A servant-girl in a Birmingham family was taken to task for oversleeping herself. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow, and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest."—*Tit-Bits.*

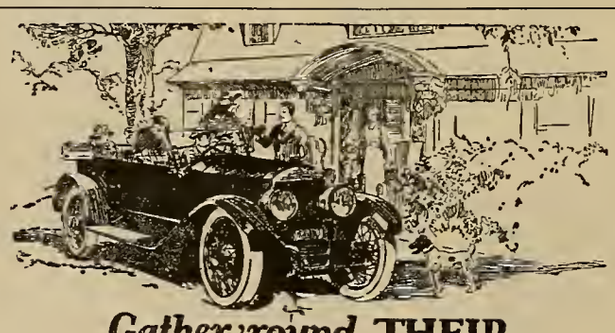
Man (engaging a housekeeper)—Are you virtuous? *Applicant*—Yes, but I'm no fanatic about it.—*Carnell Widaw.*

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Righteous Protest

The ladies of one of our Grundy societies have protested to President Campbell of the University of California against the employment of a former bartender to minister to the thirst of the students in the men's tap room established in Stephens Union. The tap room is to dispense near-beer and other ineffective potations, and is appropriately set up in the building named for the late Henry Morse Stephens. Down the length of it runs a mahogany counter with a brass rail, for the convenience of the student foot, recalling other days. One Emil, from Oakland, will draw and perhaps mix.

One cannot help feeling that the ladies are right. The campus is no place for a bartender. Its associations are too dangerous. Many a pure, innocent bartender has been led astray by such contacts. Many an Emil whose mother dampened his long locks and brushed them around her forefinger, put velvet breeches on his little legs, a velvet jacket about his beloved form, and a lace collar six inches deep around his neck, and sent him forth to dancing school the perfect example of what a little gentleman should be, has lived to forget the sweet influences of home and become corrupted utterly by rude sophs and froshes who hung about the place where he was practicing his benign profession, their feet the while on the brass rail. Many an innocent mixologist has had to hear, under such corrupting circumstances, the rude words and vulgar jests of college men, their irreverent allusions to sacred things, their uncouth mouthings of the mother tongue, until he has fallen so low as to split his infinitives, to say "someone else's" instead of "someone's else," to wager sums of money on "making his point" with two little cubes of ivory, even to play the sinful Twenty-six in tobacconists' shops after his hours of service. There is no calculating the degrading effect of college association on bartenders. Under their deleterious influence bartenders have been known to commit the most flagrant solecisms, even, in one sad case, to wearing a diamond horseshoe in the cravat, with caulks of sapphire. They should in that case have been emerald, but the misguided man had sunk so low that he took them as they came. The temperance ladies are right. In the sacred name of manhood President Campbell should see that no pure and undefiled bartender is exposed to coarse and coarsening companionship with the undergraduates at Berkeley. There are but few bartenders left and they are needed in their pristine innocence.

The Set of the Tide

The first message to Congress of President Coolidge appears to have heartened his supporters and reassured the country. It pointed away from those innovations and experiments that have alarmed the populations of the world, from Bulgaria to Mexico, in which some doctrinaire elements have desired to involve us, and led the practical thought of the country back to rational counsels and prospects of substantial growth. This feeling is general, and its expression wide-spread in the press; but in no ease is it more pronounced and significant than in the instance of the editor of the Norristown, Pennsylvania, *Times-Herald,* and in the present attitude of that paper. For the Norristown *Times-Herald* is the property of one Ralph Beaver Strassburger, who helped finance Senator Johnson's 1920 nomination campaign. Mr. Strassburger is a power in the politics of Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania has many delegates in the Republican convention, and a month ago it looked as though many of these delegates, under Mr. Strassburger's influence, would vote to nominate that pervasive and resounding patriot who to some people wears the aspect of California's Favorite Native Son.

A month ago Mr. Strassburger's paper declared that times like these "demanded the kind of President Hiram Johnson is destined to become." It said he would be a candidate for the presidential nomination, and all forward looking Americans would indorse him. Mr. Strassburger's paper of December 8 made no mention of the Coast aspirant, but said that "the man who should direct the affairs of this nation for the next few years is Calvin Coolidge." The *Times-Herald* goes so far as to state its "unequivocal support of President Coolidge's aims and aspirations," and it says:

> The President's message to Congress proves that the American system of government has vindicated itself in the respect that the man it put into the White House is the man for the hour. The unequivocal tone of the President's message shows him to be above all a man of courage and conviction, a man who will never hesitate to tell his fellow-citizens exactly where he stands on any issue they raise. At this juncture of the country's affairs and the threatening of bi-partisan government, it would be unfortunate and dangerous to have one who, through pandering to minority blocs or avoidance of issues, would seek to gain political advantage thereby. The sentiment of the country undoubtedly demands after the flood of war-time propaganda that its representatives in public office should return to concise truth and accurate statement.
>
> But there is not only courage and conviction in President Coolidge's message. There is the highest degree of statesmanship and practical wisdom. The message is one to inspire absolute confidence that a broad-minded, far-seeing man sits in the White House and no presidential utterance of recent years has more strikingly demonstrated that Mr. Coolidge has met his test and won the approval of his countrymen. Only one conclusion can be drawn after this message has been made public; that is that the man who should direct the affairs of this nation for the next four years is Calvin Coolidge.

Many good people will be at a loss to understand who the Pennsylvania editor was "alludin' at" when he made those invidious references to "one who, through pandering to minority blocs or avoidance of issues, would seek to gain political advantage thereby" and to a sentiment of the country that "demands that representatives in public office return to concise truth and accurate statement." Those things may mean little, they may mean much. They seem to be incidental in this case; but they are capable of significant interpretation. They point to certain obvious dangers to be dreaded from self-starting aspirants whose only recommendation is their own assurance, whose only call to office is their own conceit.

Contrasting Standards

In 1920 Calvin Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts and had just entered upon a second term. A national campaign was coming on and a group of friends, made up for the most part of old college associates and of more recent admirers gained in the period of his official service in his own state, had launched a movement to make him a presidential candidate. They pressed him to announce his candidacy. He refused on the ground that he would not permit the impression that he was using the governorship of Massachusetts, with the powers attaching to that office, to secure delegates from Massachusetts to the national convention. In this situation Mr. Coolidge issued a statement, the text of which follows:

> The times require of men charged with public responsibility a singleness of purpose. The curse of the present is the almost universal grasping for power in high places and in low, to the exclusion of the discharge of obligations. It is always well for men to walk humbly.
>
> The great office of Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has twice been conferred upon me. There is no higher honor in the gift of her people. There is only one higher honor in the gift of the people of the nation. For that office my name has been proposed by men whose judgment entitles their decisions to a great respect, and their proposal has not been unsupported by a most respectful public approval. For all this I am deeply appreciative, with an appreciation which words alone cannot express. There must be acts to correspond.
>
> I have never said I will become a candidate for president. I have never accepted, unless by silence, efforts made by statesmen of more than national reputation to present my name to the convention. I have made it plain I could not seek that office.
>
> Some weeks ago it was represented to me that certain forces in Massachusetts desired to support me. No contest for delegates has ever been contemplated. I have no purpose to enter such a contest. The probable outcome of a contest needs not to be considered at all. It is enough to know that some Massachusetts people intend to make one. The question is whether I ought to permit a contest in my name for delegates in my own state.
>
> I have taken no position in which I need to withdraw. I do not wish to embarrass anyone. I have a great desire to walk humbly and discharge my obligations. My paramount obligation is not to expose the great office of governor, but to guard and protect it. The people are entitled to know that their office is to be administered not for my benefit, but for their benefit, and that I am not placing myself in any position where any other object could be inferred. There must be no imputation, however unfounded, that I permit their office to be used anywhere for manipulated purposes. I cannot consent to have their office taken into any contest for delegates in my own state. I have not been and I am not a candidate for President.
>
> I do not pretend to be insensible to the high honor that the mention of my name has brought me. The support of the people has touched me. For all this I am not lacking in gratitude.
>
> But the great fact remains that it is a time for counsel not with desire, but with duty. My duty, clear, plain, unequivocal, is to the people of Massachusetts; to Massachusetts, unafraid, orderly, patriotic, American, in the discharge of every duty an example to the Nation.

Here we have explanation of Mr. Coolidge's attitude with respect to the present situation. He is insistent that the powers of the presidency shall not be used as a means of bartering for delegates. He is going to embarrass his managers somewhat, for political managers are not shy at the point of employing whatever means may serve their purpose. But in this matter Mr. Coolidge is adamant. He will not consent to, nor permit, the employment of influences resting with the presidency, in this campaign.

As between Coolidge and Hiram Johnson we have here a sharply defined difference of views and practices regarding candidacy for public office. Coolidge represents the view that the people of the United States are confronted with the task of choosing for themselves a president; Johnson represents the theory that the election of a president is a sporting event—a species of prize fight—in which self-seeking aspirants may contest for office. Coolidge assumes that honors are to be conferred; Johnson that honors are to be obtained by fighting for them. Coolidge regards a public official as one

under serious responsibility to serve: Johnson regards a public official as a winner in a rough and tumble fight for place, power, and salary. Coolidge holds that a public official should be chosen for his capabilities, in relation to the public business; Johnson assumes that a public official is to be chosen for his ability to attract attention to himself.

In a statement recently issued by Arthur B. Murtha, head of the Johnson-for-President organization in New York, we find a naive expression of the Johnsonian idea. Says Mr. Murtha:

> We have no quarrel with Mr. Coolidge's reserve. Every man has a right to suhmit himself to the voters. He should be compelled to do so. . . . Mr. Coolidge will not himself do any campaigning for the nomination; instead he will leave the candidacy in the hands of his friends, his managers, . . . who have determined to keep their candidate entirely in the background.

Continuing Mr. Murtha says:

> Right there is the fundamental difference between the Coolidge and the Johnson candidacies. While Coolidge remains in the background. . . . Johnson is going to be very much on the firing line. . . . He is not going to duck a single speaking engagement where the battle looks hot. The fight has started all along the line. We are going to give the Coolidge men all that they can carry before we are through.

Verily the contrast between the Coolidge idea and the Johnson idea is striking. Mr. Coolidge will have no part in his own campaign, he will not consent that the powers of his office shall be bartered for delegates. He will stay at home and mind the business that has been intrusted to him. His friends can carry on their campaign but he will lend them no help, and he will not permit them to employ means that he deems unworthy. On the other hand our Hell-roaring Hiram will carry the "fight" into Mr. Coolidge's home state, and into every other field where there is any chance of exploiting himself. Through his friend and manager, Murtha, he sneers at a "backward" candidate whose backwardness consists in a dignified reserve and who scorns to "jump into the ring" in a "knock-down and drag-out fight."

Mr. Coolidge is making an effort to restore the conception of public office as a public trust. Johnson is cheapening the high office he already holds—not only cheapening it, but neglecting its duties. This is the sort of thing that has brought vastly many of our people to look upon their officials with profound contempt. The measure of that contempt is found in the fact that a majority of our people qualified at all points to vote do not go to the polls on election day. The political ills under which we suffer, particularly our high taxation rates, are traceable directly to an apathy born of contempt for all things political. How neglectful our people are of their privilege and their duty is illustrated in the fact that only forty-nine per cent of the American electorate participated in the presidential election of 1920, and only forty per cent in the congressional election of 1922. No free government can long survive such a condition. If our system is to sustain itself there must be a return to the ideals represented by Mr. Coolidge, with discard of the spirit and methods associated with the name and practice of Hiram Johnson.

The Legislative Outlook

It is evident that President Coolidge is not to have the support of a considerable number of members of both the Senate and the House who nominally are members of his party. It is further evident that certain legislative proposals conceived in non-partisan spirit will fail if partisan lines shall be drawn closely. Hope for reduction of the burden of taxation and for other of Mr. Coolidge's proposals lies in the possibility that conservative men of both parties may stand together. There is every reason why this ought to be done. Take for example the issue of taxation: The way to relieve the public of a grievous and unnecessary burden is in plain view. The consummation suggested and desired should appeal to men of all parties. The matter is one that ought to be lifted above partisan calculation. There is neither logic nor morality in a course that will in partisan interest refuse to the country that which is needed to promote its welfare.

Happily there are indications favorable to a high-minded consideration of this great issue. Many leading democrats both in and out of Congress, and several prominent democratic newspapers, have spoken in approval of a movement to regard the tax issue in its true light, as related not to party policies but to the general welfare to which men of all parties are pledged. It would truly be a mark of progress in national legislation if this view should become general and if we could find conservative democrats and conservative republicans working together, mindful not of party advantage, but of the common good.

It would be a fortunate outcome if from the confusion of the times there might come a new line of cleavage in the political organization of the country. Ever since the Civil War the main lines of difference between the parties has been in default of logic, founded more in traditions and resentments than in sound reason. It is high time for a change that will array conservatives in one group, and radicals in another. In every country but our own this is the rule. It has not been practicable here because of old memories and of persistent passions. It is truly an anomaly that a people presumably practical in the essential affairs of life, should for more than half a century have stood divided in a political sense with respect not to immediate and essential issues but to outworn memories and unworthy prejudices. Surely we have now reached the point where men who think in common terms should act together in respect of matters political.

The Supreme Court

The latest assault upon the powers of the Supreme Court comes from no less a source than Senator Borah of Idaho. It is in the form of a bill requiring that no decision affecting the constitutionality of any act of law shall become effective without the concurrence of at least seven members of the court. The *Argonaut* is not a lawyer but it does know something of the Constitution of the United States, which provides in Article III creating a "Judicial Department" that the power of the department "shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority." There is further a rule of the common law which holds without dispute that where a thing is granted that also is granted without which the thing itself cannot be. From this it would seem, and we believe it to be true, that the Supreme Court possesses exclusive power to make its own rules, with which power the legislative department cannot meddle. Manifestly it must be so. For if Congress can legally provide that the Supreme Court cannot declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional unless seven Justices concur in the decision, then it can provide that no decision of that court shall become effective unless all the Justices concur.

The latest proposal to limit the power and authority of the Supreme Court is of a piece with Mr. Roosevelt's wild project for recall of judicial decisions, and twith Senator La Follette's more recent attempt practically to nullify powers of the court. Carried into effect the very cornerstone of our system would be destroyed. Long ago, in the day of John Marshall, a battle to discredit the Supreme Court was fought to a finish. A more grievous dis-service to the country could not be conceived than to raise again an issue upon which the vitality of our institutions is dependent.

What the People Read

The Princeton University Almanac for this month raises the question, Why do college graduates not read? *A priori*, one would suppose that the alumnus read more than any one else but on second thought one recalls that it is the self-made man who reads voraciously. But that is not the interpretation of the Princeton Almanac, which further explains that by reading it means books of solid information, not fiction, which ever since the invention of song and speech has been the staple mental food of the majority. The Almanac does not answer its own question but suggests that the college "grad" of no particular literary bent has literature spoilt for him by its stupid treatment in college curricula. That is a good theory though we think a better one is that the bulk of college men form the busiest unit of the population—doctors, lawyers, architects, all the technical professions, in short—and as such have little time for cultural reading in general.

Another theory, since the Princeton Press invites consideration of its problem, is that the enlightened portion of the reading public finds it has no time for the classics after it has done its daily stint with the daily press. That alone is as much of a tax as one should inflict on his eyesight. Our forebears, who lived in the comparatively peaceful past before the wireless and the radio made it incumbent to follow even the politics of Timbuctu, had more time for their Homer and their Dante. Doubtless Aeneas was a better companion for one's soul than his present-day neighbor, Mustapha Kemal, but times have changed; some say sadly deteriorated, but we are not moralizing—merely seeking the answer to the query of the Princeton Press.

Then there is the always absorbing consideration of fiction. The Almanac admits that as a first aid to relaxation, unclassical fiction has its uses but believes that brightly written facts would be just as efficacious. We do not agree. Facts, bright or otherwise, connote some mental effort of absorption—light fiction requires less than one-half of one per cent. The easily moving yarn of no literary merit will continue to benefit suffering humanity as long as there is a tired business man to seek oblivion in its inartistic pages.

But that is one sort of fiction. We understand the prophylactic uses of the shilling shocker or the modern mystery thriller. They have no pretensions to being literature—they are a harmless substitute for morphine or cocaine—they are the lesser of two evils. But where, in this well-defined programme, does the Main Street novel come in? One does not read it for relaxation; it would be more likely to drive one to drink than act as a preventive. It has no claim to edify, delight, or instruct, all three functions which would be recognized by the Princeton Almanac as requisites of good literature. Those who live in the Main Street town know all about its little drug store intrigues, those who don't are bored by their recital. Its recent furore may have been caused by its novelty or by the perverted tastes that lurk deep in most subconscious minds. But after the manner of the Princeton Almanac dealing with its problem, we can not furnish an authoritative or convincing explanation. It is just one of those cultural mysteries like the perhaps unrelated fact that college graduates no longer read.

Editorial Notes.

There were several reasons for the selection of Cleveland for the National Republican Convention next year. Cleveland is practically as central as Chicago, and it has a fine auditorium which Chicago has never thought it worth while to provide. It has, too, excellent hotel accommodations with satisfactory facilities for service of the press. Responsible persons representing Cleveland promised fair treatment in the way of hotel and taxicab rates, while there was no reason to expect from Chicago other than the familiar system of gouge all along the line. But the most important consideration was hope of exemption from the insufferable claque that has made Chicago hideous at recent conventions. Chicago's municipal machine was brought at the last convention to the support of Senator Johnson, and its howlings and yowlings inside and outside the convention hall were an offense to the friends of other candidates, even an offense to decency itself. The hope is for exemption from this sort of thing at Cleveland.

San Francisco was a bidder for the convention and there was a time some two or three months back when we seemed in a fair way to get it. But whatever San Francisco's chances may have been, they went glimmering when Senator Johnson announced himself a candidate. Naturally all opposed to Johnson, including the radical coterie in the Senate, stood in opposition to a choice that would have given the local Johnson claque opportunity to exhibit itself and to exploit its candidate. There is and always will be opposition from open or possible candidates in placing the convention in a city presumptively committed to a special favorite. There will, too, always be opposition to San Francisco, based primarily on distance and the incidental consideration of expense. The Eastern newspapers will always protest because of the disadvantage at point of time and the augmented cost of telegraphic service. Thus far we have had but one convention, that of the minority party, and it will probably be a long day before we shall entertain another.

There has long been protest on the part of the states that elect republican presidents to full representation in national conventions of states that never by any chance contribute a republican vote to the electoral college. There is further protest on the ground that Southern delegations are invariably made up at the behest and under the management of appointed Federal office-holders and that such delegations are always subject to the will of the administration. Under orders of the last convention Southern representation was materially cut down. At the meeting of the National Committee last week the new order was abrogated and the

old rule of full representation re-established. Upon its face this action bears the looks of administration politics, but there is reason to doubt the suggestion in view of the fact that the rescinding motion was made by Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania and especially championed by Mr. Hilles, New York member of the committee. The prevailing sentiment of the committee was that a discriminatory rule applying to the Southern states would embarrass the efforts of the party to establish itself on firmer ground in those states. However this may be, the recision did not go through without protest. Senator Howell of Nebraska was emphatic in his objection. In speaking to the motion he said: "This will cause you trouble. You know the belief that the administration controls the delegates from the South. Whether true or not you are doing an injustice to President Coolidge in this matter, you are simply retracing a step made for reform. The country will believe that the administration is to be the beneficiary."

As finally adopted the apportionment plan for the Cleveland convention provides for a total of 1,110 delegates as compared with 984 in 1920. The increases go mainly to northern states under a rule prescribing that each state that voted for Harding in 1920 shall have three extra delegates at large. Next year's convention roll, compared with that of 1920, will be as follows:

	1924	1920		1924	1920
Alabama	16	14	New Jersey	31	28
Arizona	9	6	New Mexico	9	6
Arkansas	14	13	New York	91	88
California	29	26	North Carolina	22	22
Colorado	15	12	North Dakota	13	10
Connecticut	17	14	Ohio	51	48
Delaware	9	6	Oklahoma	23	20
Florida	10	8	Oregon	13	10
Georgia	18	17	Pennsylvania	79	76
Idaho	11	8	Rhode Island	13	10
Illinois	61	58	South Carolina	11	11
Indiana	33	30	South Dakota	13	10
Iowa	20	26	Tennessee	27	20
Kansas	23	20	Texas	23	23
Kentucky	27	26	Utah	11	8
Louisiana	13	12	Vermont	11	8
Maine	15	12	Virginia	17	15
Maryland	19	16	Washington	17	14
Massachusetts	39	35	West Virginia	19	16
Michigan	33	30	Wisconsin	29	26
Minnesota	27	24	Wyoming	9	6
Mississippi	12	12	Alaska	2	2
Missouri	39	36	District of Columbia	2	2
Montana	11	8	Hawaii	2	2
Nebraska	19	16	Philippines	2	2
Nevada	9	6	Porto Rico	2	2
New Hampshire	11	8			
			Totals	1110	984

The larger part accorded to women in our political life is working out in an increased intimacy between political and social activities at Washington. Proceedings of last week in connection with the meeting of the Republican National Committee have given emphasis to the new conditions. Some months back the national committee authorized the selection in each state of a "woman associate" member in addition to the active member from that state. In consequence thirty-six associate members flocked to the Washington meeting, each with a trunk full of clothes. Chairman Adams framed up an elaborate social programme for the week. First there was a luncheon by the Women's National Press Club. This was followed by a formal dinner at the Willard to the members and associate members of the national committee, the latter group being the only women invited. The next stunt was a luncheon by President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House, and the final festivity was a dinner by Mrs. Leonard Wood at the Willard. No associate member was permitted to ring in her husband at any of these functions, nor was an active member permitted to ring in his wife. Whether the rule tickled the vanity of the associate members or aroused their resentment remains to be seen.

There will be those to feel resentment against President Coolidge for his grant of amnesty to prisoners under sentence for disloyal acts in the period of the war. The *Argonaut* will confess a certain shock to its own sensibilities in this regard. But it must be remembered that the war is now five years in the background. The President obviously felt that a time had come for the exercise of charity and mercy with hope that the lesson of obligation to the government has been well learned. There is a scripture which declares "Vengeance Is Mine."

Things are doing again in Mexico very much after a fashion familiar these many years. The situation is so confused with respect to the outcome that one guess is as good as another. The government appears to have somewhat the better of the fighting, but it is to be remembered that President Obregon is not a strong man in any sense. He labors, too, under the disadvantage of being a Sonoran, a status comparable to that of a Southerner in our own country in the period closely following our Civil War. His appeal to Mexican sentiment, outside of Sonora, as compared with that of his rival, Huerta, is weak. The brief of the whole matter is that now, as in times recently past, there seems to be no figure strong enough to dominate the situation. The hope for Mexico—and we believe the only hope—is for action on the part of the United States comparable to its own course with Cuba. Mexico can only be ruled and sustained under an orderly regime by a strong hand, and that hand it seems must find its inspiration and its support not from within, but without. By one device or another if Mexico is to be governed the United States must do the governing. It is neither necessary nor desirable that we should take over Mexico in the sense of possessing ourselves of the country. But we could, and in the belief of the *Argonaut* we should, establish there an authoritative regime under American control. The interest of Mexico demands it and our obligation to our own and other foreign interests makes it imperative. And the sooner the better.

In Chicago a radio station has begun broadcasting Rev. Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed's translation of the New Testament. The doctor says: "To those who think the English of modern American business correspondence and society is a vulgar jargon I can only offer my respectful sympathy." The doctor's mind sad to say, seems to have overlooked the fact that it is not necessary to think modern English a vulgar jargon in order to admire and love the beauty, the dignity, the simple grandeur of the King James translation. *"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life. . . . My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not."* In pretending to translate that into anything better Dr. Goodspeed will have to fret along as best he may without the *Argonaut's* respectful sympathy.

Governor Pinchot boasts that he is "running" the State of Pennsylvania at one-fourth the cost of recent administrations. It would seem that with the funds thus saved, if indeed they are saved, the governor might do something toward enforcing prohibition laws if they are enforceable. State funds ought to be as efficient as Federal funds if applied wisely to this job. But perhaps Governor Pinchot is in fact less enthusiastic in the cause of prohibition enforcement than in the business of exploiting himself in his candidacy for the presidency of the United States.

Add to this week's editorial on "The Set of the Tide," the fact that Henry Ford has declared for Coolidge, which doesn't leave enough of Hiram's "fight" to attract the attention of a Sunday school picnic.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Meddling With Life"

Oakland, California, Dec. 17, 1923.

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* I presume I am not alone in the habit of reading your editorials before anything else in the paper. In my other newspaper reading the editorials usually come last, if I get to them at all. One feels a thrill in the frank, fearless, and skilled expressions on current events to which you treat your readers. Perhaps this explains why the *Argonaut* is not a business—this type of editorial is rarely found in a paper seeking popular but non-discriminating approval.

In your last issue, under the heading "Meddling With Life" you say something of which there is abundant proof, *viz:* "No one can tell the effect of a law. You aim at an abuse, and hit a beneficial institution."

The further we get from representative government, the more likely we are to accomplish these hit-and-miss results. People who have never given more than the most superficial consideration to public questions are allowed to determine legislation involving highly technical, scientific, or financial experience.

I would like to see a way of avoiding the evils of any system of government. In other words, I, like many others, wish we could find a perfect system. That possibility does not lie along the path of indifference, misinformation and inexperience—all of which are ever-present ingredients of what is called popular opinion.

Yours very truly, A. S. LAVENSON.

A Pertinent Citation

EDITOR ARGONAUT—*Sir:* Certain members of the Board of Prison Commissioners are breathing dire threatenings in the matter of Kels. It will be recalled that Paul, also, was breathing dire threatenings of the awful things he would do as he drew near Damascus. EDWARD A. BELCHER.

OREGON'S SOLID GROWTH

Rapid Development of Natural Resources Promised Through Cheap Transportation by Way of Panama

ALFRED HOLMAN, IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

[From the ninth of Mr. Holman's letters on the Pacific Northwest, written for the Times and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear in the Times.]

SALEM, OREGON.

In preceding letters I have, I fear, so far surrendered to the fascination of the romantic story of Oregon and of its continuing influence upon Oregonian life as to have slightly more material matters. There is that in what "The Covered Wagon" symbolizes that enchains the imagination. The migration to Oregon in the '40s, '50s and '60s was the last great drive of the Aryan race, the culminating trek in a movement that began before the era of recorded history in the far Pamir. And as it was the last, so in a sense it was the greatest of a series of unnumbered movements toward the setting sun. Oregon was the final primeval wilderness to be subdued, and it is an inspiring reflection that in its final drive there was exhibited an energy and a hardihood not surpassed in any other age or by any other movement of the Aryan stock.

I turn now to a presentment of matters fundamental to the fortunes of Oregon. It is a country of curiously substantial atmosphere. Everything about Oregon, from the skyscrapers of Portland to the orchards of Hood River and Medford, wears the look of solidity. What has been attained has come by natural processes and without artificial promotion. Materially Oregon stands on her own legs. And as Oregon has not been the creation of a day, it is not an effect of a narrow range of industry.

* * * * * *

The population of Oregon in 1920 was 783,389, as against 413,556 in 1900 and 672,765 in 1910. Thus, while the population has in no sense been "boomed," there has been a steady growth based upon a general expansion of industry. The movement has not been so rapid as to leave large elements of the population unassimilated. Through the play of social forces described in previous letters Oregon has a way of her own in dealing with her new population. So fixed is the Oregonian character that it makes over the incomer in its own image. The man who established himself in Oregon only a few years back is commonly found to be as ardent in his love of the state, as respectful of her history, and as reverent toward her traditions and her heroes of the early era, as any son of the soil. So vital is the spirit and so powerful the influence of the earlier times that few resist them and practically none fails ultimately of a loyalty not surpassed in any of the newer states.

In the creation and maintenance of interest and pride in the state many fixed institutions bear their part. For many years June 15 has been set aside as Pioneer Day, celebrated all over the state but with special reverence and elaborate ceremonies at Portland. The influences of this annual celebration are widespread. The annual "Round Up" at Pendleton is another institution, very different in kind but likewise effective in its stimulation of state sentiment.

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Long familiar with Oregon, at times I have wondered if, in their sentiment for the natural wonders and beauties of their country and in the very natural tendency to emphasize these charms, the people of Oregon have not done their vital interests an injustice. Oftentimes I have found that the fame of Oregon has rested rather upon her noble river and her glory of snow peaks than upon conditions of greater material value. Be this as it may, Oregon presents to every sort of man objects and conditions of interest no other state holds in greater variety—that which is worth the attention of the nature lover, the investor, the engineer and the industrial settler.

The fundamental industry of Oregon is that of agriculture, in which I classify both the fruit growing and the live stock interests. The total acreage of improved farm lands in Oregon, as reported by the Federal census of 1920 was 4,913,851, the area of irrigated farm lands 986,162 acres, land of high potential value now unproductive but capable of production under irrigation, 1,344,046 acres. In its variety, agricultural production in Oregon ranges the full gamut known to the temperate zone. All the grains, all the vegetables, all the fruits, are produced in quality unsurpassed. In the year 1922 Oregon produced for export general farm products to the value of $75,000,000, fresh fruit shipments of $15,000,000, dairy products $21,000,000. A few details will suffice. In 1922 Oregon exported 6,000,000 boxes of apples, 1,000,000 boxes of peaches, 3,000,000 boxes of pears, 65,000,000 pounds of prunes, 114,000,000 pounds of berries. Of vegetables she exported 15,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 38,000,000 pounds of carrots, 6,000,000 pounds of dried beans. Of field products, she exported 22,000,000 bushels of wheat, 10,000,000 bushels of hops, 8,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,300,000 bushels of barley. The live stock census of Oregon in 1922 was: Range cattle about 300,000 head, dairy cows 115,000, hogs 800,000, sheep 1,800,000, horses 90,000, goats 175,000. This record is sufficient to indicate the range and values of commercial agricultural industry in Oregon.

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While exploitation of the Oregon timber fields has been slow in coming, it has came at last, and to-day the timber industry is perhaps second only to that of agriculture. According to the census of 1922, there are 625 saw-mills, small and great, in the State of Oregon, employing 22,884 men and producing annually, mainly for export, timber products in the aggregate value of $53,213,000. I will not burden this writing with further details of manufacturing industry in Oregon. The record is not one of great importance, as besides lumbering and fruit canning and the live stock interest there is little that goes beyond local supply and consumption.

Outside of the lines above defined, there is relatively small development, and it is only just now that Oregon has been placed in a situation affording any promise of profit through export of local products other than those of the forest and the soil. I say "just now" in recognition of two important facts. One is the recently developed channels of the Columbia and Willamette rivers. The other fact, potential in its relation to manufacturing development in Oregon, is the Isthmian Canal,

which, although in existence now for a considerable period, was not under war conditions available. It is now possible for products originating in Oregon for export via the Columbia River and passing through the canal to compete for Atlantic seaboard trade with the Mississippi Valley. The relative cheapness of water transportation compared with rail transportation establishes practical equality between points as far west as Chicago, or possibly Omaha. Hardly appreciated as yet, there is in this fact opportunity of great potential value to the state.

Oregon shares with her sister states of Washington and Idaho fully one-third of the whole available hydroelectric power of the United States. The director of the United States Geological Survey estimates the available water power of Oregon at 68.4 horsepower for each square mile of her area of nearly 100,000 square miles.

* * * * * *

I turn now to the political life of Oregon, and with no great pleasure, for under a curious combination of influences the state in recent years has measurably declined in her political character as compared with earlier times. For many years Oregon was made notable by the talents, powers and distinctions of the men who represented her at Washington. This generation knows little of Senator Joe Lane, a notable figure in national councils previous to the Civil War and democratic vice-presidential candidate in the year when Abraham Lincoln was elected to the presidency. It is hardly more familiar with the name and fame of Senator Edward D. Baker, or that of Senator George H. Williams, attorney-general in Grant's cabinet; of Senator Joseph N. Dolph, for many years a man of national mark; of Senator La Fayette Grover and of others who long ago passed off the stage of life. To-day the political life of Oregon is without notable distinction, and so it must continue to be until there shall come surcease of wild political experimentation, with a sounder public attitude toward the requirements of political representation.

The success of a nondescript candidate for the governorship of Oregon last year was due to two circumstances—one, the same species of popular discontent, especially among the farming element, that led recently to the election to the Senate of Brookhart in Iowa and Magnus Johnson in Minnesota. The second circumstance was the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, which has taken a strong hold in the rural districts. The republican candidate stood openly and positively for conservative principles and as openly and as positively in opposition to the klan. Pierce, who won the election, was supported by the radicals and by the klan. The voting strength of the klan, I am told, was drawn mainly from the progressive element of the old republican organization.

As I talked with Governor Pierce I gained the impression that he was sincere but an unconscious and a dangerous fanatic, without real knowledge or normal judgment in relation to matters and things under his hand. I liked the man, as one always does where there are sincerity and courtesy, but I could not help feeling that Oregon had made a sad mistake in her selection of a governor.

ENCOURAGED BY MR. COOLIDGE.

(From the New York Times.)

The way in which President Coolidge's first message has been received by the public marks it as an event out of the ordinary. He had of course an expectant audience. People were waiting to see what manner of man the new President would disclose himself to be in an address which all felt to be critical, both for him personally and for the country. But no one seems to have expected precisely the impression which he produced. There was grasp in his discussion of public questions. There was breadth in his survey of national conditions. But what most struck and astonished the public was the display of quiet but unshakable conviction and unshrinking courage by a President new to his office and faced with difficulties that would daunt a weak man.

Noticeable to all must have been the sense not only of relief but of encouragement which came to great numbers of Americans when they read the message of Mr. Coolidge. They liked the directness and simplicity of his style, but above all they admired the calm and unconcerned spirit which he showed in taking positions that seemed unpopular and were so daring as to make the ordinary time-serving politician gasp. But it is not the first time that the country has shown its liking for a man who is not afraid. President Coolidge already sees something of the popular following which is "by bravery's simple gravitation drawn." To many who had become despondent about political conditions and who were led to despair of the appearance of vigorous personalities in our public life, his message has brought better cheer and renewed hope.

THE MESSAGE AS HISTORY.

(From the Boston Evening Transcript.)

The Man in the White House is a man of action rather than of words. When he puts his thoughts on paper, "the style's the man." To read him is to know him. His first message to Congress reveals his programme as President. It is not a sermon; it is not a "stump" speech; it is not an essay. It is an address from the head of the executive branch of the government to the two houses constituting the legislative branch. The Constitution requires that the President "shall from time to time give to the Congress information on the state of the Union and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The contents of the message are in compliance with this requirement. Whether it will be history-making only time will tell. The answer to the question depends upon the President, the Congress and the country. It will depend upon the talents Mr. Coolidge discloses as a leader, the leader of his countrymen and the titular leader of the party in power. It will depend upon the support Congress and the country give to his recommendations and the response they make to his leadership.

For "history is made only by action." These are Mr. Coolidge's words. They will be found in an address that he delivered on Daniel Webster at Marshfield, July 4, 1916. He said that "July 4, 1776, was a day of history in its high and true significance." This was not because the underlying principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence were new, for they were not new. Nor was it because proclamations or declarations make history, which is made only by action. "But it was a historic day," the speaker at the Marshfield celebration said, "because the representatives of three millions of people there vocalized Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill when gave notice to the world that they were acting and proposed to act and to found an independent nation" on the theories that our nation was established. He reminded his hearers that "the action then already begun" and not "the ringing declaration of that day" made the theory a reality. "Without the resolution of the people of the colonies to resort to arms," Mr. Coolidge continued, "and without the guiding military genius of Washington, the Declaration of Independence would be naught in history but the vision of doctrinaires, a mockery of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. . . . It takes service and sacrifice to maintain ideals."

While the echoes of commendation and criticism of his first annual message to Congress are reverberating through the country Mr. Coolidge's warning words at Marshfield may well be given a new hearing and a new heeding. History is not the creature of commendation or criticism; "history is made only by action." The representatives of the American people in the Senate and House of Representatives and at the helm of the press of the nation must vocalize the popular demand upon the government at Washington "to reduce war taxes." And Congress must respond to that appeal and to the leadership that the President must raise up if taxes are to be reduced and government is thereby "to give every home a better chance." Otherwise even the honest and fearless and convincing recommendations in that regard, and on other matters of vital importance to be found in the message will become "a mockery of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

OLD FAVORITES

To the Pliocene Skull

"Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of Volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium:
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder,—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches,—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the Professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest,
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene,—the dim and watery woodland,
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea—

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Peterodaetyls.

"Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell, and Brachiopods *au naturel*.—
Cuttle-fish to which the *picuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's creation,—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence,—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs,
Of expectoration:

"Which my name was Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras County,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

—*Bret Harte.*

Ronsard to His Mistress

Some winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And, as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you.

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair;
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah, dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair?
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

—*Translated by William Makepeace Thackeray.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ethel M. Colman, head of the municipality of Norwich, is the only woman lord mayor in England.

Representative Frank C. Sites of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is the first democrat elected to Congress from his district since the Civil War.

Maitre Henri Rollet of the *Tribunal des Enfants de la Sicne*, in Paris, has been awarded the gold medal of the New York Child Welfare Society. M. Rollet is vice-president of the International Association for Child Welfare.

Mrs. C. M. Threlkeld, a novelist who writes under the name of C. M. Matheson, and who was formerly chief "herdswoman" on the Cornwallis estate of the Prince of Wales, has started a farm and gardening school for girls near Watford, England.

Mrs. Martha Mulvey, who has been the White House chef since the days of the Taft administration, is the inventor of all special dishes served at state and presidential dinners. Mrs. Mulvey during her association with the White House has married a policeman, thus running true to form for cooks.

Mme. Jacquemaire Clemenceau, daughter of the "Tiger," and herself a brilliant speaker and writer, is about to visit America on her second lecture tour of this country. She has recently completed the translation of "A Perfect Gentleman," by Captain Achmed Abdullah, which she has dedicated to the American soldiers whom she nursed in Paris hospitals during the war.

It is rumored that Lord Lee of Fareham, who recently sailed for India to serve on a committee of investigation there, may be recalled by his government to become ambassador to Washington. Lord Lee's political affiliations have been with Lloyd George but he is above all things a conservative and his present mission is said to prove his political disinterestedness. It is not generally known that one of his greatest interests is the collection of English mediaeval art.

Don Celasia Caetani, the Italian ambassador to the United States, is planning to build in Washington, on one of the highest points in Sixteenth street, a mediaeval structure in the group of embassies near there that will be a reconstruction of one of the historic palaces on the Corso, thus recalling to readers of F. Marion Crawford his passage in "Ave Roma Immortalis," "It was natural that the palaces of the Renaissance should rise along the only long, straight street of inhabited Rome and that the great old barons, Caetani, Orsini, Colonna, should continue to live to-day in the strongholds where they have always dwelt."

Emilio Eduardo de Gogorza, the well-known Spanish baritone, is a native Brooklynite who was educated in Paris, made his début in England, and resides at Bath, Maine; a truly cosmopolitan figure. De Gorgorza, who is now nearing the age of fifty, is the husband of Emma Eames, the operatic soprano. He began his career as a boy soprano in England and later made his début in New York in 1897 as a member of Mme. Sembrich's company at the Metropolitan Opera House. De Gogorza's voice is familiar in all parts of the country and indeed in the civilized world as he is a popular gramophone artist and has also made many transcontinental tours in concert and recital. He sings in English, Spanish, French, Italian, and German. Gogorza is a republican in politics and a Roman Catholic.

Colonel Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, British inventor and member of Parliament, a recent visitor to this country, is a veteran of the late war as well as of the Boer War. So active is his interest in mechanical invention that he was retired on half pay during the twenty-five-year interval of peace between those two wars in order to devote himself and his remarkable talents to mechanics, a subject on which he was lecturer at the University of Oxford before the recent European outbreak. The Colonel is half American. His father, the seventh baronet of his line and now nearing eighty, was formerly a celebrated yachtsman who had occasion in 1880 to put into San Francisco for repairs, where he made the acquaintance of Senator Sharon of Nevada and eventually married his daughter. Colonel Fermor-Hesketh himself married an American wife in the person of Florence Breckinbridge of this city.

Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, who recently visited this country *en route* to Australia to take up the position of Governor of New South Wales, has had a career that reads like an Arabian Night's tale. He is said to be the only officer in the British navy now living who can speak from personal experience of life in Oriental harems. As a midshipman in the Egyptian war of 1882 Sir Dudley, sent with dispatches to the outposts of Ramleh, lost his way, was taken prisoner and was sent under a strong escort to Cairo. Because of his exceptional good looks and very boyish appearance the unfortunate midshipman was handed over to the harems in something of the capacity of a page. Incidentally, Sir Dudley might be languishing yet in Oriental leisure if it had not been for the efforts of Ferdinand de Lesseps, creator of the Suez Canal, who interested himself in the boy's ease and to please whom, Arabi Pashi, the insurgent leader, finally released the middy who has become an admiral and colonial governor as well as an authority on harems.

EMERALD MEMORIES

Sir Henry Robinson Reveals Some Aspects of the Irish Problem as Seen From the Local Government Board

Whether or not Sir Henry Robinson boasts Irish blood we do not know and *Who's Who* does not state, but if perchance he is not an Irishman, then we recommend forty years' residence in the baffling land of the Celt as conducive to a racy wit and a sense of the ludicrous to match any native product of the Emerald Isle. Sir Henry's book purports to be a record of forty years' association with the now defunct Local Government Board for Ireland, of which he was long vice-president, but never was a book less like a government report. Nor are its pages enlivened by scandal but merely by Sir Henry's inimitable manner and irrepressible humor. Unhappily many of his funniest recollections scarcely bear reprinting in the dignified pages of a newspaper: happily, Sir Henry was not similarly circumscribed by the traditions of formal official biography.

The year 1879, when Sir Henry received his first appointment as temporary inspector of the Local Government Board in charge of the distressed districts of Mayo and Galway, was a terribly severe one for the small farmer. The all-important potato crop had been a total failure, live stock for some reason was unsalable, and accordingly the poor farmer, in arrears with his rent and with no fixity of tenure, could not get credit for one day's food. The condition was appalling and it was a sympathetic letter on the subject written by Sir Henry to Tom Burke, under-secretary, that gained him this post on the relief board. The government, however, was rather skeptical about the horrors that were reported to it, believing that the harrowing tales were results of the Land League agitation, then at its height. An amusing story on this head concerns Balfour, when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland:

Balfour's rapidity of action often made him unpopular with people who had axes of their own to grind. As an illustration of what I mean I will mention one incident which occurred while the relief operations were on. A parish priest from the south—a real good sort in his way, but old-fashioned in his ideas—told me one day that while he admired Balfour for his forcefulness and his courage, he considered that there was one weak point about him, and that was that he was not quite straight—in point of fact, that he was as crooked as a ram's horn—and he himself had experience of this. I was much surprised, and said that I had always imagined that Balfour's bitterest opponents would always agree that he was a straight fighter.

"Well, you're wrong," said the priest. "Listen to this: I wanted some work started in my parish and I went up to Dublin to see him, and sent in my name and he saw me at once. Well, I told him the way we were down here and the awful distress we were in, and how the people were perishing with the hunger and the like of that, and of course, don't you know, I made the strongest case for them that I could. There is no good coming up to see a Chief Secretary if you don't make up your mind to convince him, don't you understand? He said he would attend to the matter, and talked to me for a while and was most agreeable. Well, sir, I went home and two days after, when I got to the presbytery, the servant girl told me that there was a gentleman waiting inside for me. I went in, and there was Colonel Kirkwood with a shorthand note of everything I had said to Balfour, word for word, waiting for me to come out with him and point out the houses of the people whom I had mentioned to be dying for want of food. Now, sir, was that straight? Was it fair? Was it honest?"

"But, Father F———," I argued, "might he not have sent Kirkwood with a verbatim note of your statement because he believed what you said and wanted to give suitable relief?"

"Well, even so," said the P. P., "it wasn't a case for shorthand notes, and anyway I saw no reporter in the room, and the whole transaction left me with the very unpleasant feeling of having been tricked."

Sir Henry's reminiscences are rich with character sketches of the government figures of his day. Lord Dudley was a refreshing personality and one of the most popular of Irish viceroys, though his popularity was a trifle marred by social and financial carelessness. It was he who induced King Edward to visit Ireland thus bringing a few weeks of much needed prosperity to Dublin trade. But if the royal visit was a success from the native point of view it was hardly one from the stricter viewpoint of the etiquette that governs such affairs. Doubtless even the Oldest Inhabitants of the remotest villages in the west country nowadays know all the gossip of the present ruling family, but it was different twenty years ago:

The fleet was in Killary Harbour the following morning, and the Royal party came off the yacht looking very ill after an awful night at sea. In spite of their sickness, however, they went gallantly through all the business of sight-seeing and presentations, and very soon revived. The Catholic curate, on being introduced to the King, went down on his knees and kissed the ring on his hand, no doubt feeling that he could not show him less deference than he paid to a bishop. The King, surprised at this, was even more taken aback when a burly peasant, thinking it would be right to follow his spiritual adviser's example, dashed forth, grabbed the King's hand, flopped down also, and looked as if he were going to take a bite out of it.

The Oldest Inhabitant, thinking he should make his presence felt, shouted for three cheers for the King, when he suddenly realized that he did not know what his title was. However, he made a shot at it and roared out "Three cheers for King Henry the Sixth." The populace was quite satisfied, and "Three cheers for King Henry the Sixth" was the cry all along the roads and up the mountainsides. The King did not understand this at first, and beckoned to me and asked me what the people knew about Henry VI, and when I explained that they thought that was His Majesty's title he accepted the cheers with the usual acknowledgment.

But worse was to come. The following description which might have been lifted bodily from a clever piece of opera bouffe or have been one of the inventions of Gilbert and Sullivan's fertile brains set to the music of the "Mikado," seems too good to be true. But we have Sir Henry's word for it and anyway, anything can happen in Ireland:

Chamberlain, the new head of the Royal Irish Constabulary, was very nervous about his responsibility for the King's safe conduct through the west. It would never have done to have had an enormous display of force, still less would it have done to have allowed the King to be molested, so he had collected an enormous force of constabulary from all over the country. He spread them all along the roads disguised as tourists, under the impression that as the King's visit might be expected to attract tourists this guard would not be noticed. But what rather spoiled this precaution was that every man was dressed alike; straw hat, Norfolk jacket, watch-chain from breast pocket to buttonhole, knickerbockers and bicycle. Every man was exactly the same distance apart, 100 yards or so, and all were lying in a carefully rehearsed loose and careless attitude beside the road in the character of the weary cyclist. But what further spoilt the effect was that when the King's car was passing each man sprang to "attention," clicked his heels and saluted smartly, and then resumed his full length attitude until the King was out of sight, when the bikes were mounted and the procession of straw-hatted tourists wended their way to Westport. I was travelling in the motor with the King and Queen, and he asked me who these men were who kept jumping up. I was saved from having to make an explanation, as at that moment we suddenly turned a corner and the village of Tully came into view, where an enormous crowd was assembled. The curate here was reputed to be a desperate firebrand, and a really dangerous man, and as there had been a wicked secret society here I was much afraid we might be in for trouble, especially as we had no guard except for the sporadic tourists aforesaid. My relief was therefore intense when I was near enough to see a huge banner stretched across the road with "Friend of Our Pope" emblazoned on it, and underneath it the firebrand capering about with an illuminated address of welcome.

But not all Sir Henry's recollections are adapted to comic opera. Many are heart-rending, as may be imagined from the condition of the country which he was trying to relieve. Still with reference to the royal visit which had the chemical action of stirring up all the characteristic elements of the Irish, Sir Henry tells the story of Peter Rafferty, the lessee of some particularly fine marble quarries which the king's party was scheduled to visit. With the natural courtesy of his race, Mr. Rafferty had sent some of the lovely green serpentine to Birmingham to be carved and polished as a silver mounted inkstand and a little Irish harp, souvenirs respectively for Edward and Alexandra. Unfortunately for Rafferty's pleasure in his presentation gifts, he showed them to our author and Horace Plunkett. The latter jokingly asked the lessee of the marble quarries if it were not rather hard on the Princess Victoria to be left out. Poor Rafferty was horror-struck. After much lamentation he decided he would present the inkstand to the king and then place the little harp between the two ladies and "let them fight it out among themselves as to who is to keep it." This he accordingly did. The rest of Peter's story is typical of the between-smiles-and-tears atmosphere of Sir Henry's book:

Some years afterwards Mrs. Birrell was staying at Recess while I was there, and meeting Peter Rafferty outside the hotel I brought him into the drawing-room and introduced him to her, thinking she would like to hear his account of the Royal visit to his quarries. Among other things, he told her of an incident about Queen Alexandra which had made a tremendous impression on him.

"The Princess Victoria," he said, "in stepping out of the carriage had brushed her skirt against the wheel and had splashed it with yellow sand. And the Queen," said Peter, "The Queen of England, mind ye, stooped down as humble as the poorest woman in the land and brushed the Princess' skirt with her own hand! There she was with the First Lord of the Admiralty beside her, who she could have ordered to do it, and other great lords and generals, but no! humble she was, and humbly she brushed the skirt with her own hand before everyone, and an example to everyone. Oh, dear God, the humbleness of it!"

Mrs. Birrell was greatly amused at the gestures with which Peter personated the Queen, and he was attracted with her so much that he proceeded to tell her the tragedy of his life. How his wife, when dying in America, had asked him to be sent for, and how her daughter had wired "Mother dying, come at once," but the telegram read, "Mother dead, come at once," and how he hadn't the heart to go back to the old home with the wife gone from it for ever. It was a most touching story, but he seemed to think that, when speaking to a grand lady like Mrs. Birrell, he must always outwardly appear smiling and pleasant, so although his heart was torn over the description of how she kept saying each morning, "Has he come yet?" "Will he be here to-day?" he told it with a forced smile all the time, and with a kind of tearful, hysterical laugh, and I was desperately afraid at first that Mrs. Birrell might not have understood him and met his piteous laughing narrative with an answering smile.

But no—she was very grave and deeply moved, and the look of womanly sympathy on her face for poor Peter I shall never forget, and when he finished his story with a cry of "She died without ever knowing why I didn't come," she just put her hand on his and said to him, in a low voice, "She knows now Mr. Rafferty."

Afterwards I walked up to the quarry with Mr. Rafferty, silent but greatly comforted at having unbosomed his soul to a woman who understood. I said to him, "What do you think of Mrs. Birrell, Peter?" He stopped short, raised both his arms to heaven and cried out, "Great God, man, she's humbler than the Queen!"

The Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, authority on the lives of Johnson, Hazlitt, Charlotte Brontë, and many others, and of "Miscellanies" fame, was one of the notables of the times who got mixed up with the Irish situation. Mr. Birrell was chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant for ten years but though his literary memory is immense his official capacity was not so good. In fact, he was notoriously distrait:

He was rather absent-minded at times, but his absent-mindedness on one occasion gained him the reputation of amazing perspicacity. When travelling with me in the south we reached late in the evening the Railway Hotel at Killarney, and on sitting down to dinner I perceived at the next table Mr. Fitzpatrick, one of the board's inspectors. I introduced him to his Parliamentary Chief, and Mr. Birrell was as pleasant to him as he always was to everyone "from dukes and lords to cabmen down." Next morning, before breakfast, I met a Mr. Bentley, who came and sat beside me in the lounge, and said, "I see you have got Mr. Birrell with you. I am very curious to see if he will recollect me. You remember the reception at Maynooth last year, and the awful crowd and struggle there was? People were ill and fainting from the squash, and I happened to be near Mr. and Mrs. Birrell, and made a tremendous fight for them in a very awkward crush by some ill-mannered people. Mr. Birrell was very grateful. Will he remember me now, I wonder?"

Knowing Birrell had by no means a retentive memory for faces or names I tried to soften the disappointment which I knew was inevitable by telling him that of course, it was a year ago, and as Birrell only saw him for a few fleeting minutes it was very unlikely he would carry his memory back so far, especially as he had to meet so many hundreds of new faces. "Well, I suppose so," said Bentley, "but all the same, I had quite a long talk with him then, and he said he hoped he would meet me again."

At this moment Birrell came down the stairs and across the hall to me, and seeing Bentley, walked over to him, shook him warmly by the hand, and after making a few remarks about things in general he marched off with me to the breakfast-room. Bentley was greatly pleased and whispered to me behind his hand as he moved off, "Wonderful, wonderful! Just fancy, only five minutes' acquaintance twelve months ago and he recognized me on the spot."

I said to Birrell over our ham and eggs, "I must say that was rather sharp of you picking up Bentley like that."

"Bentley," he replied, "who the devil is Bentley?"

"Why, that chap you rushed up to and shook hands with in the hall," I said.

"Good heavens!" said Birrell; "why, I thought he was Fitzpatrick the inspector."

A year afterwards I heard Bentley holding forth in the train on the subject of Birrell. "I haven't a word to say for his policy and all that," he said, "but there is one remarkable characteristic about him: Birrell never forgets a face!"

Sir Henry pays Birrell the tribute of calling him an ideal chief. The unusually high number of fifty-six important Acts of Parliament carried through the House by Birrell included the Land Act, the University Act, the Housing Act, and last but not least, the Home Rule Act.

Another well-known name to figure in Sir Henry's annals is that of Asquith. As Prime Minister, Asquith visited Ireland to consult with the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary on the subject of what to do with the interned Sinn Feiners. It was reported that Asquith not only conferred amicably with the political prisoners but that he shook hands with them—a charge he always denied. Sir Henry says he does not doubt the truth of the premier's statement as undoubtedly the rebels would not have shaken hands with him.

A view of the technicalities of Irish government is afforded by the visit of the Prime Minister:

Mr. Asquitb stayed at the Lodge, and Lord Wimborne, who always wanted to do the correct thing as Viceroy, considered that the Prime Minister should have conferences with all the head officials, and gave a series of dinners to which they were invited. I felt pretty sure that this was a mere piece of window-dressing, and that the wearied Prime Minister did not want to be bothered with Irish officials' ideas, so I did not trouble to think out any points for his consideration. Other officials took a different view. I found, on getting to the Lodge, that Sir Henry Doran, the able, zealous official of the C. D. Board, was brimming over with facts, problems and suggestions to rub into the Prime Minister if he had the chance.

After dinner Wimborne brought me round to Asquith first. I could see that he was very tired, and the only thing he spoke to me about was the impending doom of Roger Casement, and its probable effect upon Irish opinion. The rest of our time together was spent in stifling our yawns and in a perfunctory discussion on climate, the crops, and other casual topics.

Then Wimborne brought up Sir Henry Doran and I returned to my seat opposite. I heard Asquith say something to Doran about his interesting work, and then the storm broke.

Doran opened the flood-gates of his soul, and with an earnestness and volubility which it is impossible to exaggerate, he poured out a stream of facts and events in the ear of the bewildered Prime Minister which no living man could possibly have assimilated on top of a heavy dinner. I heard references to unearned increments, economic holdings, law officers' opinions, seaweed rights, division of grass-land, cottage-building, small-holdings—it was a clever, rapid, breathless microcosm of the history, and hopes, of the C. D. Board; and just as Doran was getting his second wind, and breaking forth into a dissertation upon turbary, Wimborne's eye caught the S. O. S. signal of the Prime Minister and opined that the time had come to join the ladies, and we all rose from our seats.

Coming out of the room, I congratulated Doran on his amazing and masterful summary of the C. D. Board history.

"Yes," said Doran anxiously, "but did he take it all in, think you?"

There is much more about the Sinn Feiners and the recent developments of Irish history preceding the establishment of the Free State, which rung the knell for such offices as Sir Henry Robinson's—vice-president of the Local Government Board. For a pre-Free State picture of Ireland we heartily commend Sir Henry's history of his office for either the facts that can be more amusing than fiction or a record of British government in Ireland.

MEMORIES: WISE AND OTHERWISE. By Sir Henry Robinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $4.00.

It is the practice of some colleges to send a questionnaire to the faculty annually, inquiring what the members have published during the year, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*. Those who have something to list are denominated productive scholars. Which reminds one of Plutarch's anecdote of Cæsar, who, upon seeing some strangers at Rome carrying dogs and monkeys in their arms and embracing and making much of them, took occasion, not unnaturally, as Plutarch remarks, to ask whether the women in their country were not accustomed to bear children. The learned come bearing their monographs and treatises. But shall no one rise to ask them, too, whether their labors bring forth men?

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 15, 1923, were $163,000,000, for the corresponding week of last year $163,400,000, a decrease of $400,000.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York reviews the expansion of industrial enterprise on the Pacific Coast the past sixty years in an article appearing in the December issue of its publication *Commerce Monthly*. In anticipating still further development the bank says:

"If the next fifty years are going to transform the stretch of country from Seattle to San Diego into an industrial region similar to the Atlantic Coast from Portland to Baltimore, foundations must be laid broad and firm for such a future. Those who are building up the industrial community of the coast must gauge the extent of the local, the domestic and the foreign market and must measure the power of newly established industries in that section to meet the competition of older manufacturing districts in the United States.

"Indications of what the coast can do are to be learned from what it has already attained. A total manufacturing output of more than $3,000,000,000 in 1919 was reported for the Pacific States in the Census of 1920. In so short an interval as the two years which followed, a relative improvement in the position of coast industries can be noted, as the Census of Manufactures for 1921 shows that more than 5½ per cent of the country's manufactured products originated on the coast, against 5 per cent in 1919. Relatively high stability has been achieved by the industries of that section. The decline in value of all American manufactures from 1919 to 1921, a period which closed with declining prices, amounted to 30 per cent while the value for the three Pacific States declined only 23 per cent."

Industrial expansion, says the bank, was long retarded by the shortage of local coal supplies. Continuing, the article adds:

"Steam power was ruinously expensive in the days when coal brought in by water costs five times what it cost in the East. Original deposits of the Pacific Coast are estimated at less than 2 per cent of the total for the United States (excluding deposits at a depth of 3,000 feet and over). The Rocky Mountain field, it is true, has one-fourth of the deposits of bituminous coal in the country, but this fact did not make coal available in the early days of industry on the coast because of the cost of land transportation.

"Superpower is now the hope of industry beyond the Rockies. Sufficient hydroelectric energy for all probable industrial demands is at least in sight, if not yet developed.

"Population is still gaining at a more rapid rate on the coast than in the country at large. The rate of growth has somewhat slowed down since 1910 when the census showed an increase of nearly 75 per cent in ten years. The gain of 33 per cent from 1910 to 1920 is more than double the rate for the continental United States. The Pacific States have about 6,000,000 people out of an estimated total of 110,000,000 for the United States on July 1, 1923."

Referring to industries of importance on the Pacific Coast, the bank says:

"The leading industries of the coast in 1919, as shown by the Census of 1920 were, in order of value of product, shipbuilding, lumber and timber products, petroleum refining, canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, flour milling, slaughtering and meat packing, and dairy products (butter, cheese and condensed milk). These include all industries in the census classification, in which the Pacific States together reached $100,000,000 or more in value of products. Shipbuilding on the coast, as elsewhere in the United States, was vastly expanded in response to war demand. From 1910 to 1920 the coast increased its production of vessels of all kinds more than fifty fold. Almost one-fourth of the value of shipbuilding in 1919 is credited to that section.

"Especial emphasis is laid upon the prospects of cotton manufacturing on the coast, using the cotton grown in the Southwest. California had a single establishment in 1919 and two in 1921, and more recently a considerable investment has been made in Los Angeles and Oakland. Without belittling the advantages of irrigation farming in the Southwest, it may be considered doubtful whether the country west of Texas will ever supersede the old centers of cotton growing and manufacturing."

The question of what to manufacture, the bank points out, is less an issue than the one of markets and customers for the goods. The article continues:

"The local market certainly should be supplied to a larger extent than at present by local industries. Progress already made toward self-sufficiency is difficult to measure, but an indication is given by reports from the Los Angeles district that 65 per cent of the goods marketed or distributed there are of local origin. A higher cost of production would be offset by high freight rates from the Middle West and East. Assuming that production costs in the East and West are equal, it is claimed that purchase of local products means a freight saving of 3 cents a pound."

Hunter, Dulin & Co. are offering an issue of $800,000 Fifth and Hill Building Company first (closed) mortgage 7% sinking fund gold bonds, due November, 1935, at 100 and accrued interest.

These bonds will be secured by a first mortgage on the valuable 99-year leasehold interest in the real property situated at the northeast corner of Fifth and Hill streets, Los Angeles, together with the 13-story re-inforced concrete store and office building now under construction.

The Scofield Engineering-Construction Company, builders of many large structures, including the Biltmore Hotel, Pacific Finance Corporation and Pacific Mutual buildings has undertaken the construction of this new building, which the estimate will cost $1,365,000, including carrying charges.

The estimated net income is over 4.5 times maximum annual interest charges on these bonds and 1.88 times largest yearly interest and sinking fund requirements.

To "gall," no less than to guile, the father of lies owes his successive triumphs, and unless the proponents of the next California Water and Power "Act" are of a different kidney to their predecessors, they will have to rely on sheer nerve to carry through their project. We know, indeed, that this is to be their program, that they are resting whatever hopes they may cherish on the power of the "tell a lie and stick to it" policy. By such means it is that they think to reach their objective, control of the state purse—into which they picture themselves emptying the contents of the pockethooks of everyone outside the "inner ring," says R. Berkeley.

There is no danger that they will succeed, if only those who know what private companies have done and are doing, can be induced to realize that the average man does not know, and that a strenuously pursued work of education must be initiated without delay and steadily continued until the snake is scotched.

The claim is that the public can sell light and power at lower rates than those allowed to the private companies ("allowed," for the fixing of rates is not left to the private companies). This never has been done, is on the face of it impossible; it is not possible even for a public authority to sell at equally low prices. Because materials and labor are obtained from the same sources, whether business men or politicians run the plants and executive offices; and the latter may be relied on always to pay more for the working of both. The public official is in no need of qualifications for the job he holds, other than "pull" and the fawning faculty of the spaniel. If he happens to possess ability, it will avail him nothing; assured hindrance in its exercise, and inadequate remuneration, its owner will probably transfer it as soon as he can to a private employer. "Common" labor will be able to force payment of unduly high pay, because votes are precious; the quality of the work given in return will certainly not be too high. The private corporation has always and inevitably an advantage in production costs that will far more than counter-balance the supposed benefits of "sale at cost" so loudly brayed about. A good deal might be said about public "accounting," the greatest joke of all, but the subject is a serious one—for the already over-burdened taxpayer. The battle will never be finally won until the public is educated, and the process is no easy one. It is, however, easier to keep a man from venturing on quicksands than it is to extricate him when he is partly engulfed.

There are a number of convertible bonds which the conservative investor should find worthy of his consideration at the present time. Here are seven suggestions, confined to the copper and railroad industries. The outlook in both fields is sufficiently encouraging to lend considerable weight to the belief that, within a reasonable length of time, conversion of the bonds or the privilege to convert, will bring satisfactory profits, says *Forbes' Magazine*.

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Besides this, settlement of the California raisin crop which for the past three years has averaged $40,000,000 annually can not be made with the growers until the principal and the interest on these bonds are paid.

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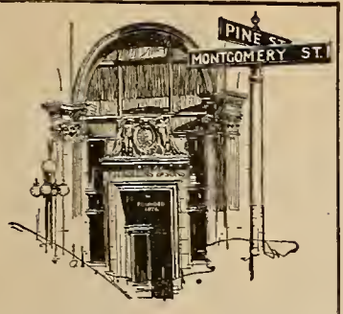
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ing power and its general credit standing is high. it is frequently the practice to issue bonds, known as debentures, which are not secured by a mortgage, and as an added attraction, the bonds carry the provision for conversion into some other security which may give the investor a larger income at a future date. It is not always true that convertible bonds are simply debentures and represent only a direct obligation of the issuing company, hut occasionally are specifically secured, as witness the Chesapeake & Ohio convertible 5s, 1946, which are secured by pledge of certain honds. The Chile Copper convertible 6s, 1932, are also secured by a lien on collateral. As a general rule, however, the privilege to convert usually takes the place of a deficiency in tangihle security.

On their own merits the honds suggested here are entitled to a sound investment rating and may he purchased on this hasis alone for

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income purposes. The investor should regard the conversion privilege as a special benefit which he would not have if he were to huy non-convertihle bonds of an equal grade. As a choice it would, of course, simply he exercising good judgment to select the convertihle bonds in the expectation of profits from this feature, hut if it does not develop there is nothing lost. With the possihle exception of the Norfolk & Western 6s, 1929, and the Cerro de Pasco 8s, 1931, the present day purchaser of the honds suggested here is paying nothing for the conversion privilege.

The Anaconda bonds are convertihle into common stock prior to Februarv 1, 1933, at the following rates: The first $10,000,000 presented for conversion at $53 a share; the next $10,000,000 at $56 a share; the next $10,000,000 at $59 a share; the next $10,000,000 at $62 a share, and the last $10,000,000 at $65 a share. This means that for the first $10,000,000 bonds presented for conversion the holder of each $1,000 bond will receive about 18.82 shares of Anaconda stock. The honds are selling at 98, or $980 per hond, and the stock would have to sell at about 52 to equal the present market value of the bonds if the stock were substituted.

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With dividends of $3 a share for the stock the investor would receive about $56.50 a year on his 18.82 shares, whereas now he receives $70 a year in interest on his $1,000 hond; so that the conversion privilege is not of value from either the market or return standpoint. However, if Anaconda should increase its earning power and the stock sell up to 60 with a prospect of an increase in the dividend, the 18.82 shares into which a $1,000 hond is convertihle, would then be worth $1,129, and the hond would advance in the market to the equivalent of ahout 113. From the present prices of 98 this would he an advance of approximately 15 points.

It is quite possihle for Anaconda stock to sell at 60 within a reasonahle length of time. Anaconda sold at a high this year of 53½, at which price the 18.82 shares of stock were worth $1,007. However, instead of the honds selling at only approximately 100½, they sold up to 104⅝, and it will generally he found that a convertihle bond sells a few points above its real conversion value, and if Anaconda sells at 60 the market price of the hond will prohahly be found higher than 113. On the other hand, a decline in the stock should not carry the hond down in proportion to the loss in conversion value, hut its investment worth comes to the rescue and the honds sell purely on an investment basis. If the Anaconda bond under discussion had declined on a conversion basis to the extent the stock declined, it would have reached the level of about 62 when the stock was selling at 33. As it was, the low for the year was 95½. These points are common to all the convertible bonds suggested here.

One feature that should not he overlooked in connection with convertible bonds is the redemption clause they may carry. The Anaconda Copper 7s are callable at 110 on any interest date upon 30 days' notice. It would, therefore, if the financial position of the company reveals sufficient strength to permit a possible redemption of the bonds, be advisable to dispose of them should they reach a price above 110, and re-invest the proceeds in some other issue.

The Cerro de Pasco convertible 8s may be exchanged on the basis of $1,000 of honds for 30 shares of stock. With Cerro de Pasco selling at 43 the 30 shares are worth $1,290, and the honds are selling at exactly 129. Should Cerro de Pasco stock reach 50 the 30 shares would be worth $1,500, and the honds would sell at 150. The stock has sold at 50 this year and the honds at 150. The Cerro de Pasco 8s are redeemahle on 60 days' notice at 105, and the company is pursuing a policy of calling a certain amount of these bonds from time to time. Should the present huyer at 129 have his investment called for redemption at 105 he has 60 days within which to convert into stock, instead of taking the loss.

The Chesapeake & Ohio 5s, 1946, are convertihle into Common stock at $90 a share from April 2, 1923, to April 1, 1926; and from April 2, 1926, to April 1, 1936, at $100. Hence, for each $1,000 bond the holder may exchange for 11 1/9 shares of stock. At 74 the 11 1/9 shares of stock would he worth a little over $822, while the honds are selling at 89. The investment merit of the honds holds them at this price, while the value of the stock has not yet reached a level that would make the conversion profitahle. If Chesapeake & Ohio stock goes to 85, the 11 1/9 shares would he worth $945 and the honds would automatically advance to ahout 94½. The honds are redeemahle at 105 to 1929, and thereafter at 100.

The Chile Copper 6s, 1932, are convertihle at any time into common stock $35 per share, each $1,000 hond may, therefore, he exchanged for 28.57 shares of stock. At a market value of 28 for the stock a bond now costing $990 could he exchanged for only $800 of stock. Should Chile Copper stock advance to 40 the 28.57 shares would he worth about $1,143 and the honds would advance to ahout 114.

The New York Central 6s, 1935, are convertihle into stock at 105. For each $1,000 bond the holder may switch into approximately 9½ shares of stock. At 110 for the stock the 9½ shares would be worth $978.50. As the bonds are selling at 104 there would he no advantage in doing so now. At 110 for New York Central stock the 9½ shares would have a value of $1,045 or about the present market value of one hond. Any advance in the stock above 110 would he reflected hy a similar advance in the honds. The honds are redeemable at 110. The conversion privilege expires May 1, 1925.

The Norfolk & Western 6s, 1929, are convertihle into common stock at par. For each $1,000 of honds the holder may receive ten shares of stock. The bonds are selling at 108 and the stock at 107 and any advance in the stock from these levels will mean a corresponding advance in the bond. The conversion privilege is already having an effect on the market for these honds as they now yield only 4.45 per cent to maturity, whereas on a strictly investment basis they would probably show a greater return. The common stock is paying 7 per cent and an extra dividend of 1 per cent, or a total of 8 per cent.

The Southern Pacific 5s, 1934, are convertible on and before June, 1924, into common stock at par. In other words, a $1,000 hond may he exchanged for 10 shares of stock. With the bonds selling at 99 the stock must advance to 99 before the conversion privilege has any influence.

Statements are made to the effect that a bonus bill will require only about $80,000,000 in the first year, and this was the estimate for the Fordney bill. The estimate of the number of eligibles under that bill, however, as given in the House committee report was 4,458,199. It is ohvious that $80,000,000 divided among this number would give only about $18 apiece, and that such a measure is more of a subterfuge than a real settlement. Such an annual payment is not even the heginning of the real payment—not even the interest on the contemplated payment. The fact that such a sum is named as an annual installment shows unwillingness to face the real problem, says the National City Bank of New York.

The cost of the honus provided by the Fordney hill, vetoed hy President Harding, was estimated by the House committee at $4,098,719,350 at the end of twenty years, hut this contemplated the payment of $3,154,823,350 in the last year, which would he impracticable. Undouhtedly this remaining debt would he refunded and interest paid upon it for many years thereafter. Moreover, a mistaken idea is prevalent as to the ease with which large payments can be made hy means of bond issues. It is a mistake to think that the burden is thereby shifted wholly to the future. Whatever the soldiers receive now somebody must pay now. It is not of course as difficult and immediately disastrous to raise great sums by bond issues as hy taxes, hut in the long run it may be even more disastrous. In either case it involves a violent change in the normal flow of the national income and probably a harmful expansion of credit. It must not be overlooked, first, that government loans cannot he floated in time of peace as they were floated in war time, and, second, that the government horrowings in war time caused a great derangement of prices and financial relationships, and that the subsequent fall of prices and hardships were a part of the unavoidable results of that inflation of credit. Do we want to go through such experiences again? Did nohody suffer from them hut the rich? Any attempt to horrow the amount of money required to meet the cost of any of the proposed measures would demoralize all the security markets, interfere with the financing of industries and have a disastrous effect upon business and regular employment. The only sound way that the government can obtain money for the payments it desires to make is hy ohtaining it from the savings of the people either by taxation or loans, and if it attempts to secure a very large amount at once it will interfere with the regular flow of new capital upon which the normal life and growth of industry depends.

Hunter, Dulin & Co. have just received from the State Banking Department certificate approving the $1,500,000 Pacific Palisades Association first mortgage 6½% gold honds as legal investment for savings hanks in this state.

This issue was placed on the market hy the above-mentioned firm together with their associates at 100 and accrued interest the middle of the present year.

A prominent San Francisco citizen in a recent public address alleged that because of a "fire insurance trust" San Francisco staggered under a heavy burden and that money paid for insurance premiums, instead of remaining at home, was distrihuted all over the world.

No city in the world has profited so largely hy fire insurance payments as has San Francisco when it collected on a $250,000,000 fire caused hy an earthquake which in many instances would probably have nullified the responsihility of the insurance companies if they had wished to stand on technicalities. They did not do this—they paid the loss.

Seventeen years later a $10,000,000 fire wipes out fifty-two hlocks in Berkeley and insurance money again repairs the damage.

Supposing California had heen loaded with state insurance and such losses instead of heing distrihuted in companies all over the world, had been borne entirely by home people? What would have happened to insurance policies of insured or to taxpayers? One or the other would have suffered a crushing loss.

The fact that San Francisco's insurance was scattered over the world saved insurance companies from bankruptcy and consequently saved San Francisco.

The insurance premiums from the rest of the world are paying the fire losses for the San Francisco Bay district. If San Francisco paid $5,000,000 a year in premiums to insurance companies, it would take fifty or sixty years to repay its one great fire loss.

Agitators favoring state insurance should look at the figures from Illinois where out of $40,000,000 paid in premiums by Illinois citizens, $38,000,000 remained in the state, while out of the $2,000,000 remaining, companies made 1 per cent as underwriting profit.

Initernational Nickel Company for the six months ending Septemher 30, reports earnings of 6 cents a share on the common, against a deficit in the same period of 1922.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

San Francisco Well Presented

SAN FRANCISCO: SERENE, INDIFFERENT, AND BEAUTIFUL. Sketched in pencil and crayon by Hal. J. Brothers. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco; $1.50.

FASCINATING SAN FRANCISCO. By Fred Brandt and Andrew Y. Wood. Produced by Horne and Livingston for the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; 25 cents a copy, or 18 cents in lots of 10.

The evident need of this city for literary exploitation of its beauties and its atmosphere has been supplied this Christmas season by two noteworthy publications, sufficiently different in style and treatment to supplement rather than compete with each other. The Chamber of Commerce production is in the way of the Chamber's proper function of bringing San Francisco to the favorable notice of as many of the human race as possible. It would have been timely at any period, and always in order as a piece of organization work. It would have been more in order in the absence of any demand from the traveling public than with such demand pressing upon and clamoring for an artistic interpretation of the city: for if there were no such demand it would have been almost the Chamber's duty to create one. But as a matter of fact, people from other parts of the country and the world are always buzzing about Alex Robertson's book store on Union Square and begging to buy a souvenir in book form, something that will revive their memories of San Francisco when they have been forced reluctantly to leave it, or that will convey to the folks at home a notion of the city it is so easy to love and so hard to explain. And to meet this pressure, Mr. Robertson has produced a quite beautiful book of views, with a little text, just about the right quantity to point out the general significance of the subject, which can be relied upon to recall to memory the physical aspects of one of the most interesting cities in the world.

The Robertson book is of dignified size, sufficient to permit an adequate presentation of scenes, and the scenes presented have been selected by an artist. Mr. Brothers has chosen his subjects with rare intelligence. He has found some vistas, from some points of view, that might well escape the traveler, inasmuch as they have escaped many a resident. It may not, for example, have come to the general attention of San Franciscans that a glance down Ellis street to the California Theatre and the Humboldt Bank building will bring into view a most interesting architectural composition. Such compositions, of course, occur by accident: we have not yet reached a point of city planning that will enable us to create by design mutually supporting groups of commercial buildings in so striking a manner. But here one gets a curious effect. There is a semi-Gothic structure in ivory tint, which is the theatre, and a tall, domed building beyond, which is the bank; and a little to the left, as the theatre is to the right, there are two arches, one above the other, accenting a certain well-known garment shop. The whole has balance and a satisfying distribution of bulk, and its point of central interest would delight a lover of the picturesque. The Stockton street tunnel contributes a vista through an arch that is alluring when you take time to see it on a printed page instead of rushing through it on a car. San Francisco monuments and San Francisco architecture have both taken on since the fire a substantial dignity that finds expression in these sketches, whether of the Standard Oil building or the spires of St. Ignatius. In format, this is a very beautiful volume, handsomely jacketed, and printed on exceptionally fine, sound, tinted stock. It will make a pleasing Christmas gift.

The Chamber of Commerce booklet, kept small for convenience and portability, is of a different type—more descriptive text, brightly and in many passages charmingly written by Fred Brandt of the Chamber's publicity department, and Andrew Y. Wood, managing editor of the San Francisco *Recorder*. This is one of the best things for San Francisco publicity the Chamber has ever done. It was published just when material of this sort was needed by Californians, Incorporated, and we are informed that partly through that agency and partly by private initiative, more than 76,000 copies have already been distributed. The illustrations consist of drawings by Francis Todhunter and Frederick Robbins, and some of them are exceedingly fine studies.

Both books deserve well of the city they illustrate. The Robertson book makes a handsome souvenir, the Chamber of Commerce booklet is almost a guide to San Francisco's places of romantic interest. That they should have been published almost simultaneously was unpremeditated, but the fact adds to the good fortune of the season.

Life Material

GROUPS AND COUPLES. By Frances Lester Warner. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company; $1.75.

Those that already know, "Life's Minor Collisions," will enjoy this little volume, aptly described as a domestic symphony.

Happy the mortal who can see the small tragedies of everyday life in the transfiguring light of humor and happier still the mortal who can bring a touch of genius to such situations and make of them delightful little dramas for other people to read.

Among the charming little essays dealing with all sorts and varieties of situations, is one on opening packages before Christmas. The writer, who has wavered between the two methods of dealing with this situation, is convinced that only on Christmas Day comes the Christmas spirit that hallows gifts and messages, and that the injunction: "Do Not Open Until Christmas," has in it the wisdom of the ages.

Notes of an Evangelist

BEAUTY IN RELIGION. By A. Maude Royden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

This is a collection of addresses made by a well-known English evangelist, extending over a period of several years. She has already published other books on allied subjects: "Political Christianity" and "Prayer as a Force," and also one on "Sex and Common Sense."

These addresses cover such subjects as beauty in common things, the poetry of the gospels and of Christ's teachings and "Religion and Laughter." The simple conversational diction is an outgrowth of the conditions under which the addresses were made, and are well calculated to bring home to her hearers truths which might not have been easily grasped were they couched in more scholarly or literary form.

Belated Recognition

BIRTH. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.

Some books happily win recognition at once and the message from the writer finds a ready response in the reader; others make their way more slowly and and often owe their final recognition to a later work which opens the gate to the earlier effort. So it has been with "Birth," published by Zona Gale in 1918, into which she put the best she had, only to see it miss welcome and appreciation. It was not until after the immediate and lasting success of "Miss Lulu Bett" that "Birth" was once more brought to the front and that it has come to be understood and to have its place in the sun.

"Birth" is written with great restraint and simplicity, striking a more deeply spiritual note than the author's later work. It deals with the lives of small people in a narrow environment, but the creator of these characters has gone beneath the surface and has shown the reflected lights and colors in the depths of human nature.

The theme voices the truth of growth and unfoldment and the eternal urge of good whatever the medium through which it works.

Interpreting the Great Story

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE. By Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright; $5.00.

We may congratulate ourselves as well as Mr. Van Loon that he is the father of two young sons, for otherwise we should never have had this version of the Old and New Testament, written for them and recently published for other children to read too.

Like many other parents he felt the lack of a story of the Bible which should give the history of the ancient Jews and a life of Jesus, stripped as much as possible of myth and miracle and setting forth only the everlasting beauty and truth of both subjects.

He has put the Old Testament into a continuous narrative, omitting anything of a controversial nature and giving the well-known marvels from the standpoint of the Hebrews of that period, setting them forth in the light of the knowledge and beliefs of the times.

In dealing with the New Testament, he has written a simple and beautiful story of Christ, "who asked nothing of life and gave all," and has given such an account of his teachings and his philosophy as would be best understood and grasped by the mind of a child.

He tells his boys that if this book can give them "the desire to study the parables and to comprehend the immense vision of this greatest of all teachers, I shall not have written in vain."

The volume is illustrated with striking and unusual etchings and color drawings, done by the author, and representing almost as original a departure from sacred conventional art as the text does in its version of sacred writings presented to the understanding of a child of to-day. Coming as it does at this season, it is a gift from a wise man to universal childhood.

Movie Material

BAROQUE. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

The twenty-first book on an author's list of productions ought to be something out of the ordinary—a sort of coming-of-age of his literary powers and a step in advance of anything he has done before. But "Baroque" is very light weight indeed, and at the end of it the reader is no richer or happier or better entertained than he was at the beginning.

The love element is disposed of early, hence the tale depends for its interest on the lurid Italian setting and cast, and deals largely with battle, murder, and sudden death. We have much informing history of the Camorra and its transplanted machinations in this country, and a lot about daggers with foreign names and wild midnight adventures and hairbreadth escapes. It would make a good movie.

Mystery of the Race Track

RIPPLING RUBY. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.00.

J. S. Fletcher, champion manufacturer of mystery, can be depended on to be both regular and topical. And though one sometimes wonders if he employs the methods ascribed by history to Van Dyke and by some critics to the Bard of Avon, one smothers the heretic thought in gratitude for a new, dependable, detective-populated yarn every six weeks—or is the record down to a month now? Anyway, we can't get them too often, and as we have observed, Mr. Fletcher's great industry and inexhaustible fancy give him the opportunity of being topical. With the racing season in full swing we have from his indefatigable typewriter—though he surely dictates—a racing mystery. If there is not quite enough horse in it to suit the more equine-minded there is at least as much mystery as the Fletcher trade-mark has taught us to expect—and get.

Needless to say, we shall not give away Mr. Fletcher's well-preserved mystery. But it is safe to admit that "Rippling Ruby" is a Derby favorite, that her trainer is modeled after one of the two or three intrepid young women following that profession who invoke the attention of the reader of Sunday supplements, and that the hero is a handsome and clever actor-secretary. There are, of course, a number of eccentrics and, as so often in Mr. Fletcher's blood-curdling hair-raisers, an Oriental or two of no good mien.

Fabre Himself

THE HUMAN SIDE OF FABRE. By Percy F. Bicknell. The Century Company: New York; $2.50.

A biography may be a mere chronicle of dates and events with an occasional anecdote to relieve the dryness, or it may be the means of creating a living being for the reader to know and understand; and unquestionably the recently published volume by Percy Bicknell on "The Human Side of Fabre" belongs in the latter category.

Fabre is known chiefly in America as the author of books that have made "chemistry as dramatic as history and biology as enthralling as a detective story;" in France as a student of nature, at home in zoology, entomology, botany, agriculture, astronomy, mathematics and a number of other sciences; and to his friends as a gentle, lovable and courageous character.

This book is a charmingly written appreciation of an interesting life and a wonderful mind, and it continually approaches the autobiographical in character, for the scientist's writings are freely quoted and the author has drawn much of his material from those selections of a famous series which most successfully portray the personal side of Jean Henri Fabre.

In the Belgian Congo

ON THE GORILLA TRAIL. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York. D. Appleton & Company; $5.00.

The name of this author is recognizable as that of a popular novelist Mrs. Bradley, therefore, is able to write in thoroughly interesting style the account of the family flitting to Africa in search of wild game; gorillas in particularly.

The volume, which is 270 pages in length, is copiously illustrated; for the chatty, informal recital describes many things in detail; the trip to Africa, with husband, child, and a representative of the American Museum of Natural History, impressions on the way, and finally the plunge into the Belgian Congo.

Many interesting impressions of native life and character, as well as the lives of wild beasts are given and the book will fascinate old and young, for the author is cheerful, plucky and entertaining.

Youth of Today

HERE'S TO THE GODS. By Austin Parker. New York and London: Harper & Brothers; $2.00.

"A Story of Reckless Youth," is the subtitle; and Mr. Parker's book seems to evince on the part of the author a pitying, tolerant, yet discouraged view of youth as it is and lives at present in the mad pursuit of pleasure.

The author has evidently studied the genus girl at close range. He perceives her charm and beauty, but indicates that as yet she has failed to digest or assimilate the wider knowledge of life and human nature which she has grasped in this twentieth century. In fact, all the young people in "Here's to the Gods" are suffering from a dismal sense of the futility of virtue.

The hero was meant for better things. But—a curious feature of the book—the author wastes a lot of time in dull preliminaries before he finally gets into his stride, and makes his study of contemporary youth.

Life In India

THE MAD RANI. By Philip Ashby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

This is a book of tales, or mere sketches, principally, culled hy an Anglo-Indian who for twenty-five years was a civil official in India. In spite of its exotic title the volume is written in sober, restrained style. It is a maiden effort on the author's part, his life having previously been given over to official activities. It is therefore not surprising that it is lacking in literary distinction, but what is valuable in it is that it is a series of human documents, for out of his long experience the author hopes that he can serve as something of an interpreter of Indian life and thought. Also, there are sketches of Englishmen who have lived isolated lives in the remotenesses of India. And in these the author shows the reaction experienced by the sturdy Britons from living a life with a tinge of the abnormal in it.

Two Maeterlinck Dramas

THE CLOUD THAT LIFTED. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York and London: The Century Company; cloth $2.00, leather $3.00.

Two plays are included in this most recent volume from the Belgian poet and dramatist. Neither of them weaves the mystic spell of his earlier plays, or shows the clear, cold brilliance of his later, less poetic and more intellectual dramas.

Nevertheless, there is the characteristic something that would enable us to recognize the two plays as Maeterlinck's, even if we had not known it in advance.

"The Cloud That Lifted" is a play that threatens tragedy. But the change that has come over Maeterlinck's spirit is indicated by the fact that a tragic suicide makes a happy ending for the main characters.

"The Power of the Dead" also has a happy ending, the sufferings endured by the hero having been only dreamed.

"The Clouds That Lifted" reads as if it might do well as an acted play, for the situation is very dramatic; but in spite of an evident effort on Maeterlinck's part to recapture the strange spell he could once work so simply and easily, he has not quite succeeded.

Riis on Christmas

CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Jacob Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.

Jacob Riis is so well-known as a benefactor and worker in the East Side, that anything he might write of Christmas among the poor could not fail to carry interest and to touch the hearts of happier people.

This collection of stories contains several which have already appeared within the past few years and they are real Christmas stories. They tell of Christmas in the tenements, the slums, the jails and among the very poor, and, even in that heavy air, they breathe the spirit of Christmas with its message of peace and good-will.

One story asks the old question: "Is There a Santa Claus?" and contains a passing tribute by the author to an old and cherished friend—Theodore Roosevelt; and it voices the final conviction that from the White

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House to the outermost limits of the city, Santa Claus walks always in the light and spirit of Christmas.

Mr. Riis has also written one interesting chapter on Christmas as he remembers it in his childhood home in Denmark, with all the old-country customs and celebrations from Bringing in the Yule to the festivities which were kept up for a whole fortnight ending only on the the twelfth night. The chapter is like a window opening on a strange and alien life, and yet voicing the unity binding all together young and old.

For the Parlor Actors

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barret H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

This is a book by an expert, as Barret H. Clark not only has a theoretical but a practical knowledge of stage technique. Although he is better known to the public by his many books containing analyses of the theory of the drama, he was at one time assistant stage manager and actor with Mrs. Fiske.

"How to Produce Amateur Plays" goes extensively and competently into all the practical details connected with the undertaking. Also there are many illustrations of successful sets used in little theatres in which harmonious backgrounds have been attained. There are also simple diagrams, and cuts which will greatly assist ambitious amateur producers, the book, indeed containing so many valuable ideas and suggestions that it ought to be on the book-shelves of every "little theatre."

Notes of Books and Authors.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great novelist, spelled his name "Hathorn" when he was a student in Bowdoin College. It is so printed in the college catalogues.

Mr. Masefield's prose tale of "The Taking of Helen" came out recently. It tells of Helen's perilous flight with Paris from Sparta, and of how Nireus helped the lovers to escape. It is at present published only in a limited autographed edition.

A new play by Thomas Hardy, called "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonnesse" was published by Macmillan on November 16. It is a new version of an old story—the tale of Tristram and the two Iseults, presented in a series of brief scenes. Merlin introduces the play and the shades of dead old Cornish men and women chant the choruses. Mr. Hardy arranged the play for mummers; it requires neither theatre nor scenery, and is to be produced in England by the Dorset Players.

Alfred W. Martin, the lecturer and writer on ethical and philosophical subjects, has a new book published by Appleton, entitled "A Philosophy of Life and Its Spiritual Values." In this volume Mr. Martin's unambitious purpose is "to find and put forth the answer to that most vital of all questions—what is human life for?" He examines various generally accepted answers to this question, with a view to testing their adequacy, such as happiness, health, culture, and wealth. Thereafter, he develops his own answer in an inspiring chapter called "The Key to a Satisfying Answer." In showing that the development of the soul is life's chief object Mr. Martin achieves a spiritual attitude that is real and reasonable, and founded on thought and logic. The final chapter is entitled "Is Death the End?"

An additional announcement has been issued from the Gyldendal offices in Denmark about the prize contest just terminated by the award of the largest prize ever offered for a novel to J. Anker Larsen for "The Philosopher's Stone" to be published in this country by Alfred Knopf. They have accepted for publication two other books sent for the contest—one by Frederic Poulsen, author of "Travels and Sketches" recently published here by Mr. Knopf, and one by Laurids Bruun, author of "Van Zanten's Happy Days" (Knopf).

Henry Osborn Taylor's new book, "The Freedom of the Mind in History," has been published by Macmillan. In this book Dr. Taylor emphasizes the part played by the free agency of the human mind in the advance of civilization, as distinguished from economic and other compulsory or material influences upon the fate of nations. He gives due credit to impulse and feeling along with the faculties of reason and ingenuity, and his typical illustrations of human progress are selected from civic institutions, from religion, philosophy, physical science, and art.

The rarity of "Travels in Arabia Deserta," that most unobtainable of modern masterpieces, is illustrated by the note taken from the introduction to the first American edition: "So vital was Charles M. Doughty's famous book, 'Travels in Arabia Deserta,' to the conduct of the British campaigns in Arabia and Mesopotamia, that as a patriotic duty owners of the rare volumes of this extraordinary work were called upon to contribute their treasures. Even in this way copies were so scarce that as a military emergency a special edition of the work was being prepared when the war ended." It will be good news to American bibliophiles that this extraordinary book, pronounced the greatest travel book of all time, is being brought out in format identical, except for binding, to the original first edition. In this commendable task, Jonathan Cape and the Medical Society of London and Boni & Liveright on this side of the water, are coöperating, and the two richly bound, beautifully illustrated, generous volumes will be sold at $17.50, as compared with the nominal $50 price of the first reprint (1921), copies of which fetch much larger sums now on their rare appearance on the market.

One of the notable pictorial volumes of the season is that published by Appleton, entitled "Historic Cambridge." It contains a very beautiful set of pencil sketches by J. M. Delbos depicting the colleges of Cambridge University. L. F. Salzman has contributed descriptive notes for the pictures. All the charm and dignity of the architectural beauties of the English University are captured in Mr. Delbos' drawings. Here are the glories of King's College Chapel, the Gothic of Queen's College, the Renaissance beauty of Clare, Wren's classical note in Pembroke Library. Here is Cambridge with all the varied richness of its use of brick in contrast to Oxford's grey stone.

New Books Received

FAIRY TALES FROM FAR AWAY. By Frederick H. Martens. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; $2.50.
Illustrated in color and black and white by Da Loria Norman.

FAIRY TALES FROM THE ORIENT. By Frederick H. Martens. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; $2.50.
Illustrated in color and black and white by George Hood.

RAIN. By John Colton and Clemence Randolph. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.
A play in three acts founded on W. Somerset Maugham's novelette, "Miss Thompson."

AGAINST THIS AGE. By Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni & Liveright; $1.75.
Verse.

TROUSERS AND SKIRTS. By Alma Whitaker. Los Angeles. The Times-Mirror Press.
Essays and papers.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE. By Edward Elwell Whiting. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.50.
A contemporary estimate.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By Annie Russell Marble. New York: The Century Company; $2.00.
Their service in home and state.

THE NATIONS OF TO-DAY: A NEW HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Edited by John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.00 a volume.

France, Japan, Yugo-Slavia, Baltic and Caucasian States, British America, and Italy are published so far, other volumes being in preparation.

TOYS. By H. H. the Ranee of Sarawak (Sylvia Brett). New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.
A story of East and West.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN MOSLEM ASIA. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company; $2.50.
By the author of "Asia at the Cross-roads."

ENGLISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by G. R. Elliott and Norman Foerster. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.
An anthology.

THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE: ITS MEANING AND INFLUENCE. By Lane Cooper. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

GREEK RELIGION AND ITS SURVIVALS. By Walter Woodburn Hyde. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series.

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAITS. By W. P. Cresson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.00.
Europe and the Monroe Doctrine a hundred years ago.

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR. By Henry Holt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.00.
Reminiscences of sixty years as a publisher.

A Hudson Fragment

The late W. H. Hudson was so reserved about his private life that any fact about it is precious; all the more so a personal reference such as the following in a letter to his friend Edward Garnett, the English critic. It is from a group published in the November Dial. He is writing about Leigh Hunt's mother and says:

"Well, she was an American and must have been strangely like my mother, who was also American, and Hunt's mother's people were loyalists while my mother's forbears were furiously anti-English from the very beginning of the discontent which ended in the Revolution. The Hunts were very poor when he was a small boy, and he relates that one night he was with his mother somewhere in the vicinity of Blackfriar's bridge when a wretched woman begged of them. His mother had no money to give but she told the woman to follow her and going into a small dark side street divested herself of the flannel petticoat and gave it to her. It was bitterly cold and rheumatism and long illness followed as a result of her action. Well, my mother did very many things far far greater than that. I remember after her death going into a native ranche one day, and the old woman of the house over eighty got up from the stool where she sat over the fire and said, with the tears running from her eyes, 'She always called me Mother when she came to see me, but she was my mother and the mother of us all and what shall we do now she has gone?' How many men—tens and hundreds of thousands of men—could say as much as you and I and Leigh Hunt of a mother whose memory they worship: but all this has no existence in the world of certain fictionists whose fictions are invariably hailed by the reviewers as the 'real thing,' as 'true to life' and all of that."



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"SCARAMOUCHE"

Some one said of "Scaramouche" that it is propaganda; but that is not at all the impression that it made on me. As a matter of fact, Sabatini's novel was immediately grabbed for picture-play representation because it was a new story, with the French Revolution for a background.

The French Revolution is one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the world. It will be remembered that they boldly used it in "The Orphans of the Storm" as a sinister setting for the story made for the screen from "The Two Orphans."

"Scaramouche" lends itself with remarkable effect to representation on the screen. It begins quietly, almost tamely, leading up by degrees to the duel, and from that point developing by more rapid gradations until with leaping pulses, we are witnessing the tremendous drama of the Revolution.

From the moment of the depiction of the first uprising of the people they have us in the hollow of their hand. Every mob scene is powerfully conveyed. I have not yet seen any mobs that are so well managed as these in this Rex Ingram production. As they storm the Tuileries, or rush through the streets of Paris singing the Marseillaise, or, with joyful frenzy dance the carmagnole, there is a splendid *élan* to their movements, a wild, free impulsion, a fierce rhythm that wins an excited response from that element of lawlessness in our subconscious selves of whose presence we ordinarily have no suspicion.

But some will say, is not that more particularly a patriotic response from us, who are citizens of the greatest democracy in the world? Undoubtedly that element enters into it. But emotion does not reason. We do not pause to say to ourselves that that mob of cut-throats and ruffians was the fore-runner of the men who erected upon the ashes of a powerful kingdom the present French republic. We feel it subconsciously. But most of all we feel the communication of the frenzy for freedom with which a cruelly oppressed people broke its chains. Cruelty and death are in the air. We care not. Our pulses beat. The blood hammers in our veins and once more we have snatched from the drama a precious moment of self-oblivion.

That triumphant figure of Danton striding along, the god of the people, delivered over to an intoxication of triumph; and the wild figures by his side; actors, were they? Yes, it must be so. I refer to my programme, and find that Danton's name is Siegmann. But that figure marching on to the strains of fiercely triumphant music will stand out in my memory as the real Danton strangely resurrected by the magic of the camera. As for the story proper, it is a bold, striking melodrama, picturesque in many of its phases, and with an occasional flourish borrowed perhaps from Edmond Rostand that lends an old-time grace to the situations. Sabatini made Scaramouche a keen-minded reasoner of a strongly satirical bent; a man whose affections were strong, and his hostilities and enmities equally so. In the novel he is devoid of beauty and picturesqueness of appearance.

But our response to beauty in the photographed drama is very strong and they did well to select a beautiful youth like Ramon Novarro for the rôle of André Louis Moreau, nicknamed Scaramouche, whose passionate fidelity to his slaughtered friend Vilmorin, caused him to cast cold reason aside, and throw his fortunes with the revolutionists.

Ramon Novarro made Scaramouche appear like the tutelary god of the revolution. Young, strong and handsome, this romantic figure dominated all scenes in which it appeared and gracefully and exquisitely appeased our desire for romance. For the young actor knows how to act with charm and intelligence, and he carried us with him in all those numerous scenes in which he expressed the varied emotions of the hero.

Lewis Stone lent to the figure of the marquis that patrician charm and courtly grace so essential in such a rôle; and his acting is always in the best taste.

Julia Swayne Gordon also endowed the figure of the Countess de Plougastel with the proper aura of aristocratic grace. In some of the profiled views she suggested the famous picture of the Duchess of Devonshire; and at all times she contributed to each of the more agitated groups in which she figured the emotional suggestion most appropriate to the situation and the period.

Charmingly pretty though Alice Terry is, the cumbrous dress of the day deprived her of some of her beauty except in the close-ups. But the actress was fully expressive in features and pose of the emotions that tore the gentle heart of M'lle de Kercadiou.

There were innumerable players required fittingly to represent this picturesque and exciting drama, irrespective of the mob people.

An unerring judgment is apparent in their selection and the standard of acting is high. Admiration was freely extended in the case of such portrait impersonations as the king's counsel at Rennes, of Quentin Kercadiou with his strong, mastiff-like physiognomy, of Vilmorin, the gentle, yet spirited young theological student, of Binets, of Chabrillane, of Marat and of Robespierre, of the Bourbon countenance of Louis XVI, and even of Marie Antoinette; for although the mentality was not suggested, the physical features of the queen were. And as a contrast to the royal group we saw the hags of the Revolution; wild figures riding, with ferocious delight, on the crest of the storm.

Truly, a notable production, and one which greatly adds to the fame of its producer, Rex Ingram, who has given us the most masterly, significant and dramatically impressive series of pictures of mobs in emotional action yet achieved.

FAMILY LIFE

When I saw the title of this week's play at the Alcazar—"It's a Boy"—I supposed it to be a farce. But, delightfully amusing as the prologue is, in which the audience sees the young husband and expectant father enduring mental torments that match the physical sufferings of the young wife, it turned out to be a very salutary comedy drama of family life. Since there is nothing more interesting to humanity than humanity, it follows that there is no human institution whose workings are as interesting as those of the family.

It may sound rather unfeeling to speak of an act as being highly amusing when it is depicting the sufferings of two people, but the author has handled the act—or prologue—in a masterly way. The men in the audience chortle over the writhings of the male worm, and the women are most patently delighted to see him suffer. The audience, indeed, was very entertaining in itself, for it entered with the most wholesouled abandon into a rich enjoyment of the situation, and of the harmlessly jealous bickerings of the newly made grandparents.

"It's a Boy" was written by William Anthony McGuire, author of "Six-Cylinder Love," also, it will be remembered, a comedy-drama of family life; and also salutary. For the author, although not pretending to any psychological profundities, sees the superficial follies of the day that threaten home affections, and the homely common sense required to steer a family bark into safe waters. And as in "Six-Cylinder Love" he showed how the impatience of young couples just starting their marital partnership prevented their earning their costly automobile by several years of economy, so, in "It's a Boy" he depicts the calamitous effects on the young Blakes of an ill-advised removal to New York. In this hectic era wholesomeness is most pleasing, and Mr. McGuire is an author with a taste for wholesomeness. You can draw morals from his plays, but they are not all preachy; he has too much genial humor for that. For "It's a Boy" is presenting either very amusing or genuinely dramatic situations. And the drama is of the kind that appeals to the interest not only of the young people in daily life that are living that kind of drama, but to their solicitous seniors who are observing their struggles, flounderings and mistakes with mingled concern and amusement.

For there is a nice old father in the play, realistically acted by Fred Cummings, retired from life's business competitions but with his original sense of humor unimpaired. And his sotto voces and side comments are full of genuine humor.

The mother of the wife is of the anxious, solicitous, unselfish kind, who bristles over every assertion advanced by her daughter's father-in-law, but with true maternal unselfishness keeps her hand on the rudder of the family bark when the young wife carelessly drops it. This rôle is played with genuine effect by Fanchon Everhart.

Belle Bennett, of course is the young wife, a pretty young thing who remains simple-hearted and half rustic even after New York has marked her with its corroding touch. It is for that reason that Miss Bennett adheres to the rustic deliberation of speech often characteristic of the country girl. And no doubt Mary Duncan has her impetuous Marjorie stick to her flying curls and furbelows as an indication that for all her aspirations toward urban smartness she remains a country girl.

The prominent rôle in the play is that of the young husband, admirably played by Ivan Miller. Mr. Miller succeeded thoroughly in conveying the idea of fine, progressive, business-like, young American manhood. "Ches" is all business where business is to the fore, but he is strong in his friendships, and warm and true in his domestic affections. Mr. Miller gave to the character a likableness, even lovableness, and sincerity that made the character of Chester Blake very attractive, and very real.

James Edwards had a congenial rôle in the character of Marjorie's persistent but sturdily unrushable wooer, and Thomas Chatterton was a middle-aged man of business.

A new-comer, Symona Boniface by name, made quite an effective entré into the Alcazar company. Miss Boniface played the rôle of a smart and soulless New York beauty who lived for self; and played it well. She gave to the dressy Mrs. Pendleton good looks, and distinctive style, quite eclipsing the two pretty ruralites by her exotic elegance.

"It's a Boy" is a play in which the author ungallantly causes the girls to get it in the neck. For the grandfather, the husband, and Billy, the pal, all have standards of honesty, honor and common sense. Marjorie is a foolish flapper, or rather a poor imitation of one. Phyllis, who started being a prude, developed in the wrong direction; for she neglected the baby, so tenderly welcomed and cherished in the second act; and besides calamitously interfering with her husband's admirable business scheme, she ran a too compliant mate into debt.

To revert to the interesting attitude of the audience, it was amusing to see how wholeheartedly the men championed the cause of the husband, and how unaffectedly delighted they were when he began to discipline the foolish little wife; and I am sure, from the tone of their laughter, that some of them were cravens under the thumb of their wives; cravens who admired Chester, but did not dare to emulate him.

The farcical-sounding title is meant to indicate that the arrival of a baby, whether boy or girl, has brought character development to two parents; as it turns out, developing the young husband to a higher type of protective and responsible manhood, and failing if only temporarily to make the wife respond with equal sterlingness to the test.

Yes, Mr. McGuire, you have certainly given it in the neck to the pretty, vain, finery-loving young wives; and now to be perfectly impartial, you might give us another play in which the husbands are foolish crickets, unsolicitous of the morrow.

THE GERHARDT RECITAL

A recital by Mme. Elena Gerhardt is something of an event, judging from the extra size of the audience assembled in the St. Francis ballroom last Monday afternoon. When Mme. Gerhardt last came here it was during the war, and the welcome then extended the singer was nothing like so warm and so spontaneous as on the present occasion.

Mme. Gerhardt's programme of songs—a very choice one—was couched altogether in German; but somebody's good judgment had seen to it that a translation of every song was printed on the program. The encores were sung in English with a correctness that showed full acquaintance with our tongue. But in the programme laid down the singer wisely adhered to the language in which she attains her fullest power of expression; and that is considerable.

Mme. Gerhardt's voice is almost great, and she can hush its volume to a most pleasing elasticity of expression in the piano passages. But one could not but notice, in spite of her artistic finish in lieder singing, that at times she seemed to sing against a barrier.

Nevertheless she gave much and keen pleasure to her appreciative audience. Her programme contained enough variety to display her power of expression, including as it did, four magnificently dramatic "Biblical Songs" by Dvorak, two Beethoven numbers, a group by Brahms, and a charming collection of lieder songs by Weingartner and Wolff.

Paula Hegner's accompaniments, although too loud in some of the numbers, were those of a skilled and sympathetic player, the two artists seeming to be in well-balanced accord.

A HEAD-LINER

The ways of vaudeville audiences are beyond me, generally speaking. But when I stumbled in in the dark, the other day at the Orpheum, when the program was two-thirds over, in order to hear and estimate Belle Baker, I ran into a circus act; and found myself in full accord with the spectators.

It was the Wirth family with their four snow-white horses that were entertaining us so successfully. They had a regular circus ring, and when the two agile girls weren't singing and feeding with lumps of sugar the be-diamonded white beauty that turned its muzzle so bopefully from one to the other, the entire group, including an irresistible clown, were burling themselves with a running leap upon the backs of whichever one of their equine family was going around the ring. And it is a most pleasurable sensation to see them do it. Youthful strength, grace and agility thus exercised please us. Who has not, in his or her childhood, longed to emulate circus riders and leap, running, upon the capacious back of some amiable, four-legged old girl in an equine circus family?

Yes, the Wirths really helped in the resurrection of youthful delights. They did their stunt as if they loved it; and when the entire family lighted airily upon the comfortable white back and gaily circled the ring it made an exhilarating act; more particularly as some of the leaping and somersaulting feats were uncommonly good.

And then Belle Baker came on and I found myself in a familiar attitude of asking myself puzzledly, what all this fuss was about.

Belle Baker is a head-liner, and a big favorite. She is a huxom charmer, with a chummy air and a roguish eye. She is likable, she is jolly; yes, I can understand her popularity within limits. But why does the audience yell competitively for more songs? But nearly all these girl singing comedians who have the faculty of appealing to that incomprehensible sense of humor in the average vaudeville fan become established favorites. Belle Baker is plump, jolly, good-looking, and chummy with her audience, and she half-talks and half-sings a lot of ditties that sound to me like sheer insanity; no worse than the average, but no better. And yet, she is a head-liner, and a favorite, and in the world of vaudeville a big thing. And that's all right. I'm willing. But it takes all kinds of people to make a world. For, following her act, the curtain rose on a jazz orchestra; and, while I saw delighted anticipation on collective countenances I rose and fled.

And yet; what a very good thing that such a lot of people like this kind of entertainment; for it fortunately affords a lot of other worthy and hard-working people an opportunity to add to the joy of human beings, and to make a good living.

THE MAIL MAN

That is a very good idea of Emory Johnson's to take the routine lives of faithful servants of the public, and work them up into movie drama. Mr. Johnson has in this manner looked into and reproduced on the screen the adventurous lives of policemen, and the fearful perils undergone by firemen.

Compared to these two the daily drudgery of postmen's lives makes rather tame dramatic material.

However, the author has met the situation fairly well by showing how popular a really genial mail man is, what sympathetically human relations he establishes with people along his route, and how high are his integrity and his sense of responsibility when danger threatens.

He works up a melodramatic scheme with a mail robbery, brings in family affection, and lands on his feet. But not so firmly as he might.

And now I suggest to him another subject: the street car conductor, or the motorman. There is plenty of comedy in their daily lives; plenty of fools who afflict them; plenty of lack of consideration; plenty of friendliness among their passengers.

And there are plenty of perils, collisions, runaway cars, during which exciting events the motormen and conductors have shown a fine sense of responsibility. And there are the spotters; yielding room for comedy and drama; but what I am trying to get at is that the scenario writer didn't do his darndest with the mail men, and that if he takes this unspectacular subject he could work up much more pertinent comedy and drama than he did with "The Mail Man."

An interesting feature in Loew's Warfield Theatre lies in presenting another survey of lives devoted to daily work; that of minute insect life as studied with the microscope. Here is a chance for us to see the bees and ants, toiling, moiling and probably enjoying; for certainly every life, even the most primitive, must have its joys; and the insect mites engaged in their ceaseless dance in a bar of sunshine are probably enjoying its warmth.

SPOKEN DRAMA AND MOVIES

The other day I made a remark to a very young man who is on the staff of one of the big movie houses, to the effect that I occasionally supplemented my reviews on the spoken drama with others on picture plays. To which the young man replied: "You'll have to do it. For the time is coming when the movies will knock out all the spoken drama."

This remark was uttered in a tone expressive of a conviction that such a state of things was desirable. I gazed in surprise upon this youthful iconoclast, and realized anew how often, how very often, we allow our convictions to be colored by self-interest. With a wave of his husky hand this young man relegated the spoken drama to the limbo of has-beens.

The odd thing is that he and such as he, even allowing for a very natural enthusiasm for the industry that supplies them with bread and butter, gory steaks and large slabs of cake, have ceased, apparently, at least, to feel any further interest in the spoken drama.

Here we have behind us a great literature of the stage, and memories or records of men and women of genius who have interpreted for us in voices of music these masterpieces. And this fervent disciple of the silent drama rele-

gates them and the art they have developed to oblivion.

I do not suppose it is so in Europe. It can only be in America, a country in which all the world and his wife, and children, and his sisters and cousins and his aunts go habitually to the movies, that the spoken drama is losing its hold on the masses. They still want vaudeville and musical comedy, for pictures cannot sing. Theatres exhibiting such attractions are fuller than those in which we may see drama offered which interprets or at least reflects life. It is a puzzle, for those plays, when they are really dramatic, reach more deeply into our emotional centers. And emotion is the great desideratum in the drama. Comparatively rarely are audiences moved to applaud situations in the movies. Very frequently do they make prolonged demonstrations of approval in the spoken drama. For they are responding to the vital magnetism and the irresistible attraction exerted by living figures, and challenging personalities. And they are listening to the human voice, whose variations of tone play upon our sensibilities as a skilled hand draws music from harp-strings. Therefore it behooves the speaking players of this generation to recognize the might of the appeal made by the marvelous pictures in the silent drama; and they must keep bright and shining their own methods of dramatic expression. They have this to hearten them: they make the appeal to both eye and ear. But it must be intensified. The human body is their instrument. All the beauty of contour, of color, of movement, of expression is theirs to convey, given a proper cultivation of the expressional powers of this most beautiful and pliable instrument.

It is the human body that should be trained to reach to a higher art in the drama. For now it has no rivals in the way of multitudinous detail or scenic ingenuities. All these things are too successfully pictured on the screen to make it worth while for theatrical men to spend their substance in contriving the former imperfectly and laboriously conveyed scenic splendors of the stage. One little square of white muslin placed before us, and, if the movie men so will, we may see pictured representations of all the wonders of the world.

Thus the writers of plays for the spoken drama frequently contrive that the action in a three or four-act play will be confined to one interior, against which the play of human emotion is more powerfully exhibited without the distraction of changing or challenging backgrounds.

There remains, then, the speaking player's great resource: speech. And with this instrument he should so polish and perfect it that, no matter how entranced we may be by the wonders revealed to us on the screen, we should always be sure of a more supreme art beautifully revealed to us, when we turn to the spoken drama.

The composite ear of Americans is greatly in need of being trained to a full appreciation of the beauties of our language. Generally speaking, they are obscured by the national tendency toward defective intonation and slovenly pronunciation. It seems to me that many foreigners, when they cease speaking their native tongue and express themselves in English, immediately become harsh and crude in speech as they lapse into the incrusted vocal and verbal faults of the average American. It is a reproach to us that as a nation we speak our own language so badly that the foreigners who eventually breathe it in by living and working in our midst absorb and reproduce our unmusical intonation, and our distressingly ugly but widely spreading Mississippi Valley accent.

Of course the strict utilitarian thinks this is an unimportant matter. But harmonious beauty is good for the nerves. If all clergymen, orators, public speakers generally, and players would aim toward beautiful and euphonius speech a standard would be established and in time largely conformed to by the better educated; which is not the case to-day. And America, in respect to her cultural development would stand a grade higher. And the spoken drama would attain a much greater dignity than it now possesses, and a stronger hold on the appreciation of the public.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

TITLES ON THE SCREEN

Some ten years ago, in the good old days when Bronco Billy represented the acme of Western heroism, when Mary Pickford was Little Mary of the Biograph Company and Mae Marsh and the Gish sisters were mere children receiving an emotional education under the inspiring tutelage of D. W. Griffith, and when, incidentally, ten cents was considered an ample admission charge for attending a movie, with illustrated songs for embellishment, I was engaged to write photoplay subtitles, says a writer in the New York *Times*.

All day and every day I had nothing to do but look at motion pictures and punctuate the scenes with appropriate comments. That was the period of "that night" and "the following day" school of title writing. It did not look very difficult, and as a matter of fact it was not. I recall the astonishment of a friend on learning that I was being paid all of $35 a week for such a trifling task. With some difficulty I urged the artistic dignity of my profession when forced to admit that almost any one could write "a few hours later" and cause it to be inserted between two scenes. And almost everyhody did, with monotonous regularity.

George Ade was the exception. His "Fables in Slang," produced by the old Essanay Company, brought the first genuine comedy titles to the screen, but the Fables were not especially popular. "Above the heads of the audience," I believe was the verdict. At that time the heads of the audience were rated about as high as German marks are rated today. Once in a while, however, we tried to be different, just to see what would happen. And generally nothing happened except silence.

The titling of the first series of animated cartoon drawings fell to me. The drawings impressed the office staff as being immensely amusing, as well as novel, therefore I determined to be a hit novel myself. But how? Perhaps verse would do—something bright and topical to give continuity to the action in the drawings. I wrote some doggerel, and all of us, including the creator of the cartoons, agreed that it ought to go big.

The old Herald Square Theatre, then located at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, was a first-run house for new pictures. On the night my verses had their premiére I was among those standing three rows deep in the rear of the crowded orchestra floor. Surely a fine audience on which to test the novelty. My emotions must have been akin to those of a playwright about to see the curtain rise on his new play. I was prepared to experience a real kick when the audience laughed. But it didn't laugh—at least not at my verses. They flopped with such convincing finality that I never again departed from the straight and narrow path of prose in writing titles.

A striking instance of this feeling for character and situation was evidenced a few days ago at a private showing of the film version of Gertrude Atherton's novel, "Black Oxen." Here is a story in which the rôle of a fascinating, impetuous flapper is subordinated to the two central characters—Countess Zattiany, played by Corinne Griffith, and Clavering, played by Conway Tearle. The flapper, impersonated by a young actress, Clara Bow, is developed into effective comedy characterization with the assistance of the title writer. This character had five speaking titles, and every one of them was so entirely in accord with the character and the mood of the scene that it drew a laugh from what, in film circles, is termed a "hard-boiled" audience. Work of this kind is creative in contrast to what used to be merely an explanatory adjunct to another's creation.

Beware of Christmas Candles

"How far that little candle throws his beams!" Had Shakespeare penned that line to-day, candor might have prompted him perhaps to add, "And nowhere does its light rest with a more haleful flicker than on the country's fire loss record."

In America, of late years, there has been an unhappy attempt to return the candle to vogue, says the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and Christmas is probably the one occasion upon which many people seem to feel that they cannot get along without this regressive form of illumination. Luckily, the danger of lighting a decorated tree with these little, exposed flames is plain enough to the vast majority of sensible people, who are abandoning candles in favor of the much safer—when properly made and installed—and altogether more effective colored electric lamp sets. Illuminating trees attractively by means of focused spotlights also is safe and this method is growing in popularity.

It is not always recognized, however, that a risk equally great is run by folk who place burning candles, fitted usually into unstable holders, at windows, where a draft from without or the slightest movement of air within the house, may bring into contact with the flame light draperies, dry holly wreaths and other readily ignitible decorations.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

Merriment is the rule at every performance of Kolb and Dill, offering "A Big Reward" which starts its fourth week at the Curran Theatre Sunday.

Aaron Hoffman, the author, has seized upon the craze for mystery plays and evolved one with a mystery as baffling as any of its predecessors, yet at the same time has given it a comedy theme. It keeps an audience constantly at sea over the solution of the plot, yet laughing throughout the three swiftly moving acts.

The Kolb and Dill orchestra, under direction of Leo Flanders, is a delightful feature of the production. Miss Geneve Butler, who sings between the acts, is another important addition to the show.

At the Columbia.

The eagerly awaited engagement of "Lightnin'" is about to be realized Sunday night, December 23, when it comes to the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement. No play in recent years has enjoyed the tremendous popularity of this Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith comedy, which broke all long-run records by continuing at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, for three solid years; at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, for two years; and at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, for seven months.

"Lightnin'" is described as a play remarkably true in its tone and fine in its appeal, with an abundance of humor of the clean sort. It is woven around a character as lovable as has graced the American stage since the days of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. In fact, so human and ingratiating is "Lightnin' Bill," the tippling old soldier and hotel man of the California-Nevada border, that it is said an hour of him makes the acquaintance of a life time.

Bill Jones has ironically been nicknamed "Lightnin'" because he is so slow about every thing he sets out to do. A prevaricating and shiftless old relic of the Civil War, he has early in life, to hear him tell it, crossed the plains in the dead of winter, driving before him a swarm of bees, without losing a single bee. He has a small pension which usually goes for liquor, and lives on the bounty of his drudging wife. When it is necessary for him to work, he performs with great deliberation and much postponement the small chores around the hotel, occupied chiefly by discontented wives awaiting such liberty as the Nevada divorce laws can bestow upon them.

Percy Pollock, who was chosen as the logical successor to the late Frank Bacon by Mr. Bacon himself, will appear here in the title rôle, and the cast includes all those players whose conspicuous work helped to make "Lightnin'" the outstanding hit of a decade in the theatre. This includes Jane Oaker, Jason Rohards, Paul Stanton, Thomas Maclarnie, Jessie E. Pringle, Percy Winter, Sam Coit, Robert Lowe, Ann Merrick, William F. Granger, James C. Lane, John Hamilton, May Duryea, Margaret Campbell, Ruth Channing, Minnie Palmer, Henrietta Tedro, D. E. Golden, Priscilla Platte, and others.

The Busy Anthropologists

Near Whitestone, Long Island, a skeleton has been dug up which has started anthropologists to romancing. They do not claim the bones to be of great antiquity. They do not contend they have found a missing link in the long chain of human life. They are not disputing whatever honors the Santa Barbara man may have won. But, more interesting than any question of great age, it has been suggested that the remains may be those of one of the Norsemen who with Lief Ericson first set foot on the North American continent and built a settlement somewhere on the northern Atlantic coast, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

If anthropologists were not dreamers, they could not reconstruct the civilization of the past. Imagination is absolutely essential to their work—and no less so than it is to the novelist and the poet. But it would seem their dreams have here carried them a bit off the course. The Vinland of the Norsemen was perhaps somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts Bay. The handful of men that made up the first European colony on the North American continent may or may not have been able to get as far south as Long Island. There is nothing to prove that they did, and all the supposed relics of these fearless mariners are spurious. The curious stone tower at Newport, R. I., the greatest of these alleged finds, turned out to have been a windmill built by Benedict Arnold, governor of the colony. Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor, too, was a mere flight of the imagination.

The imagination is wont to take flight at any suggestion of these Nordic people on our shores. They were bold seamen, Eric the Red, who founded a settlement in Greenland, and his son, Lief Ericson, who pushed even farther westward, sighting the coast of Labrador and finding somewhere a vine-covered land. Their sages tell of their exploits in those dim, distant days of the tenth and eleventh centuries, but as yet no trace of them has been found. "It is, indeed, very common, almost everywhere upon the New England coast," writes John Fiske, "for somebody to point to some queer old heap of stones or the remnant of some forgotten barn-cellar, and ask if it is not a 'relic of the Northmen.' But no such relic has yet been found."

The "discoverer of America" who antedated Columbus by nearly 500 years left no trace except in the chronicles of those who took part in the expedition, thrilling tales which ended in the complete annihilation of the colony by the Indians.

The Whitestone bones may be those of an old settler, or perhaps an Indian, but it is doubtful if they are the remains of any of the men who sailed the seas under the banner of Lief Ericson.

Algeria, the largest and richest of the colonies of France, has a population of about 6,000,000, approximately six-sevenths being Mohammedans. Three-fourths of the remainder are French, the rest being Spanish, Italian, Maltese and other Europeans.

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"LIGHTNIN'"

VANITY FAIR.

France recognizes a necessity for the sort of social insulation that would protect her hallet girls from contact with loosely conducted men about town. Many of the latter have become so corrupted by association with Americans in Paris that they are wearing dinner jackets instead of long-tailed evening coats. The functionaries of the Opera have issued a ukase against the admission on subscription nights of men not attired in full and proper evening dress. And men not so attired, hut clad in the vulgar dinner jacket of the Americans, have even sought admittance to the "foyer de la danse," back of the scenes, where the frou-frou of ballet skirts and the society of the ladies partly incased in them have heretofore assisted Parisians to endure existence. The managers of the Opera quite properly come to the defense of that great underlying Gallic institution, the hallet. They say such conduct on the part of the Johnnies is not to he tolerated. Better the scaling down of the German debt. The ladies of the hallet must he protected from the risk of meeting and possibly forming acquaintance with men sufficiently vulgar to wear dinner coats in their presence. It appears that this practice grew out of the demoralization of the war. When the Germans were bombing Paris, men took to the dinner coat as a more convenient costume for dodging into cellars—the tails on evening coats having a tendency to flap around the legs and otherwise impede the wearer in case of a sudden duck below. Having once yielded to the degrading influence certain men became addicted to the dinner-coat habit, and have refused to give it up. These are, Heaven he thanked not all French. One of the most troublesome problems is the Shah of Persia, a plump young man who is a hox holder at the Opera and whose society is much sought. He refuses to split his coat tails, and the management is worrying ahout how to refuse him entrance to the "foyer de la danse." The young ladies do not especially care for the protection the management tries to throw around them, apparently preferring shahs and persons like that however attired. But it is felt that they must be saved from themselves—and the dinner coat will have to stay outside. The Prince of Wales might fix it hy wearing one, hut thus far he has upheld the hest traditions of manly honor and chivalry hy refusing to subject any lady to the indignity even of royalty improperly clad.

The Prince, hy the way, is growing to he quite a horseman. He has fallen off so many times in steeplechases that he is now considered qualified to ride 'em level. The news motion pictures of late have shown him falling so gracefully and remounting so cheerfully that he resembles the man Bill Nye described, who slept on a hair-cloth sofa. He could slide off the slippery surface of his couch, hit the floor, and work his way hack again, just as a man opens his mouth, takes a large hite out of the atmosphere, ruminates it awhile, turns over and goes on with his dreams, without waking up. The other day the Prince made history hy riding as a professional jockey. He finished third. It was at Sandown. There were no jumps, and so the race must have lacked its usual thrill, for he stayed mounted all round the track. Odds against his mount, Phaco, were four to one—and even that was a good price considering the gravitational tendencies of the heir to the British throne. It is said to he the first time any royal personage ever took a mount at any of the hig London tracks. The Prince may he training for a lucrative profession, as it is understood nowadays that he does not care to reign. He told some ex-service men he would look into some complaint of theirs recently, and the King called him on the carpet and pointedly told him it was not his business even to make so vague and indefinite a promise as that to do anything whatever; which would indicate that the kingly function has dropped most of its responsihilities beyond laying cornerstones. No wonder the Prince trains for a real joh piloting horses. He is said to have retorted that he didn't want to he King anyhow—hut that if he had to he he would he a real one. This question of the succession is likely to become acute some day. Wales has never married, and the gossips have failed to furnish any good and sufficient reason. He simply is not doing his stuff as he should.

A statement made at the Advertisers' Exposition in Detroit has precipitated some pointed remarks among members of the United Women's Wear League of America on the subject of feminine expenditure for clothes: a fertile topic of discussion in the hest of families. The United Women's Wear League is not, as might he thought from the title, devoted solely to the production and distribution of union suits—it handles all kinds, unies, undies, 'n everything. Its members desire that one another's wives and everyhody else's wife shall spend plenty for clothing as long as they do not have to supply the money. That is husiness, not economy. But the League repudiates through its executive chairman any insinuation that it is trying to dictate how much women shall spend in that manner. The statement, as set forth in the New York *Times*, contains some interesting matter on the intimate suhject of women's clothing, as related to her income, and to the presence of growing numhers of women in husiness. It says in part:

"In the first place, after making due allowance for the fact that clothes are more of an asset to husiness and professional women than to the average married woman of the middle classes, the fact is that their clothes hudget is prohahly ahout the same. Nor is the proportion hetween income and clothes expense entirely illuminating, for the $10,000-a-year man usually has a home that consumes a large part of the income, and children for whose future and education money must he laid aside. So, in either case, spending $1,000 a year on clothes is putting a fairly large share of the year's earnings in appearances.

"Any economist knows that it is not so much what you spend as how you spend it which matters. That women are spending much more sensibly than they used to, whatever their incomes, is a fact that is increasingly evident to the wholesale manufacturers. They are investing in more substantial clothes, made of hetter material, with hetter design and cut, than was formerly the case.

"The influence of the husiness woman on American fashions, coupled with the widespread interest in sports, has given a more suhstantial character to women's clothes. The tendency for several seasons has heen in the direction of an expensive simplicity and away from the fluttering gew-gaws of preceding years. The stress upon fahric and lines does not result in cheap clothes, hut it does result in garments that look well as long as they are wearahle.

"More stable fashions are another important element in the situation. It is not the custom now to buy half a dozen costumes at the beginning of each season and throw them away or have them made over at the end. Instead, the huying is rather evenly distrihuted throughout the year, and one garment's lifetime overlaps others. This is apparent in hoth retail and wholesale trades.

"This steadying of fashions is the result of an unconscious coöperation hetween the garment trades and the ultimate consumer, both working for their own hest interests. Women are refusing to huy extreme and hizarre effects that are soon tired of, and business men are moving closer and closer to a standardization of styles hecause it is to their advantage as well.

"The whole movement is in the direction of economy, the well considered and wise use of money toward a legitimate end. If the husiness woman spends half of her income on clothes, and the wife a tenth of her hushand's, it is not money thrown away. It is money invested. All women know how valuable and necessary are the returns on the investment, whether it means that her husband's and her own position is maintained, or whether it means that a woman's chances for matrimony are strengthened."

"The Cloth"

Canon Bell of York has touched a much-debated theme in pleading for the modernization of clerical costume, particularly hishops' leg-wear, says the *Manchester Guardian*. It is interesting to note in this connection how the Churchman's clothes have come to hear the exclusive title of "the cloth." It was not always so. Fielding in "Tom Jones" used "the cloth" of the military profession, and there is the evidence of another usage in the protest of Mr. Weller's friend, after the singing of "Bold Turpin." "I maintain that that 'ere song's personal to the cloth. I demand the name o' that coachman." A seventeenth century hishop distinguished the clerical garh as "God's cloth," and the bygone soldier wore "the King's cloth." But nowadays "the cloth" has gained as exclusive an implication as "the trade" or "the profession."

A Barher-Chair Luncheon

All the records of American time-saving were heaten recently hy a young French nobleman staying at the Savoy Hotel in London. Anxious to catch the 2:00 o'clock Paris train and equally anxious to have some lunch, as well as attention at the harher's hands, he explained his dilemma over the telephone to the chief of the Savoy's hair-dressing department, who immediately had all the paraphernalia of his art sent up to his suite. He murmured a menu as the silken towels were swathed ahout him.

The hair-cutting hegan. Presently a table was wheeled up to his side. The clipping ceased as the oysters disappeared. Just hefore the electric brushes descended on him, a plate of chicken glided alongside.

Seven minutes later this was followed hy the sweet, hut the young man had to watch this for a few minutes from hehind a mask of lather. As soon as he was freed from this tòe manicurist seized one of his hands, and he ate his sweet with the other. He drank his coffee as they hrushed his shoes.

He caught his train.

This remarkahle harber's chair luncheon, which is said to be the first of its kind, took exactly sixteen minutes.

Fancy Runs Riot in Shoes

The advice of Polonius that clothes should he "rich, hut not expressed in fancy," was completely disregarded at the Shoe and Leather fair, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, where fancy ran riot in a wealth of colored footwear, says *Anglo-American Trade*. Even for men hoots and shoes of colored leather were on show. A rainhow pair of shoes for day wear were made in green leather, picked out with yellow and red!

Much ingenuity was displayed in decorating women's evening shoes, chenille, feathers and heads being pressed into service. An elegant pair of men's patent shoes with red uppers was also shown.

The Signers

A year ago a student in a Kansas college came to the conclusion that half of the people who sign petitions never read what they are signing, says the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette*. So he prepared a petition to the faculty of the school requesting that arrangements he made for the execution of all persons who attached their names to the document. He went from student to student, asked each to sign, and more than a dozen put their names on the dotted line, imploring that they have their heads cut off. The execution never was held but the student proved his point.

It is amazing how willing persons are to sign petitions. They seldom read what they are signing and often neglect to ask what it is all ahout. In a recent election in Emporia, a Catholic priest unwittingly signed a Kluxers' petition, and an Emporia druggist remarked the other day he never questioned petition carriers but signed them one and all—for business purposes.

'Taint So!

What does Edwin Arlington Robinson mean by going abroad and liheling New England in a sonnet of that title in the London *Outlook*, demands the Boston *Evening Transcript*. He begins: "Born where the wind is always north-northeast, and children learn to walk on frozen toes." Where does he get that stuff? If our readers will pardon us the vulgar locution. It is neither poetry nor fact. And listen to his closing lines:

"Passion is here a soilure of the wits,
It seems, and Love a cross for them to bear.
Joy shivers in the corner where she knits
And Conscience always has the rocking-chair,
Cheerful as when she tortured into fits
The first cat that was ever killed by Care."

Ye gods! Still harping on that hoary, outworn idea! Surely a poet of E. A. R.'s caliber should he above such pseudo-smart stuff as this.

Maybe one reason that it is so hard to get people to quit using eggs because of high prices, says the *Indianapolis News*, is that they are ahout the easiest edible to cook for breakfast.

The territory under the jurisdiction of the Free City of Danzig, as constituted under the Treaty of Versailles, has an area of approximately 730 square smiles, with a population of about 350,000.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Canon William Sheafe Chase of Brooklyn while in Albany fighting for the screen censorship said to a reporter: "Anybody who could contemplate an uncensored screen optimistically would be as bad as Mrs. Jones. 'My second husband, Bill, ain't no saint,' said Mrs. Jones, 'but, I'll say this for him. He's better than my first was by a long shot. He's in jail so much, you see, that practically all I earn I have for my own use'."

A small boy went to a village shop and asked for a box of matches. Presently he returned and said: "Please, mother said these matches won't strike." "Won't strike?" cried the shopman irritably. "Why, look here," and he struck one on his trousers to prove their quality. The boy took the matches back, but soon returned. "Please, sir," he said, "mother said she hasn't time to come and strike a match on your trousers every time she wants a light."

A woman stood looking into a Geary street window where bonnets were on display. Just beyond was a fancy grocery whose window exhibited fascinating canned goods, and boxes of Cuban cigars. A man, evidently the woman's husband, showed a pronounced drift toward the grocery but his wife lingered at the milliner's. After one or two futile suggestions that they "move along," the man's patience appeared to be exhausted and he snapped: "Don't stand there tempting yourself. You've got three hats already!"

The fact of that clever comedienne, Miss Renie Riano, being called upon to change her costume no fewer than twenty-five times each day during the performance of a recent revue, gave a certain well-known barrister a chance to utter a really clever impromptu. "Hard work, that!" commented his wife on their return from seeing the show. "Dressing and undressing like that evening after evening must be terribly tiring. Wonder how she feels?" "Most of the time she probably feels like a parson who has lost his job," was the reply. "What do you mean? Lost his job?" "Unfrocked!"

The late Bourke Cockran once said at a litterary dinner in New York: "Women are realists, men idealists. Women are willing to take a common sense view of love, but men glorify it with all sorts of false glamor. Remember Shakespeare's sonnet: 'When my love swears that she is true to me I do believe her, though I know she lies.' And in a divorce case that I once tried, a maid testified that she overheard a jealous husband of 72 years cry passionately to his ex-chorus-girl wife: 'Lie if it is necessary, but swear that you have not been false to me!'"

A Victoria story that has recently been exhumed concerns a Montreal man who sent several barrels of Canadian apples to Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, and General Wolseley. He received letters of acceptance from all except the Queen, whose secretary wrote: "Her Majesty commands me to say that she fully apreciates your kindness in sending the apples, but it is a rule that favors of this nature shall not be accepted. However, on account of their perishable nature, the apples can not be returned." What became of them was not explained.

The South African premier, General Smuts, tells an amusing anecdote concerning the arrival in what was then German West Africa—it was in the early stages of the war—of certain small reinforcements from England. The draft in question was made up mostly of quite young soldiers from one of the southern shires, and the lads, fresh from their own green fields, viewed the dusty landscape with manifest disapproval. Presently a swarm of locusts happened along, whereupon a voice was heard proclaiming in tones of deepest disgust: "I say, Bill, I'm blessed if everything in this 'ere God-forsaken country ain't in khaki! Look at them butterflies!"

"I once conferred," says Labouchère in *Truth*, "a vast number of decorations on an individual—that is to say, I told him how to get them. He was an Italian—rich, noble, and a fool. He confided to me that life was a burden because he had no decorations. I said to him: 'Pay some one to write a book upon the antiquities of your province, pay some one else to illustrate it, publish it in folio, and send a copy, beautifully bound, to every crowned head in Europe. Two-thirds of them will repay you with a decoration.' Two years later I saw him again. He had followed my advice. He was covered with pieces of metal attached to variegated ribbons. He pressed my hand; tears of gratitude glistened in his eyes."

Here is a tale to point the moral of prohibition: A traveler in British Guiana, in accordance with custom, took a draught from the stem of one of the water-holding plants which thrive in those forests. Not being a Blue Ribbonite, he was afraid of the sudden chill which the non-intoxicating beverage might create, and forthwith took a "nip" of rum for his stomach's sake. Unfortunately, the liquid he had been imbibing was a sap which has the peculiarity of coagulating and hardening in alcohol. The rum performed its part and the poor fellow's internal organs became literally sealed up with india-rubber, the result being that he died. It may be said that if he had been a teetotaler he would not have been killed in such a novel manner; but neither would he, had he been content to drink his rum undiluted.

It is an historical fact that Frederick of Prussia formed the idea of compelling unions between the tallest of the two sexes in his dominions, in the hope of having an army of giants. Once it so happened that, during a rather long ride, the king passed a particularly tall young woman, an utter stranger. He alighted from his horse, and insisted upon her delivering a letter to the commanding officer of his crack regiment. The letter contained the mandate that the bearer was to be instantly married to the tallest unmarried man in the service. The young woman was somewhat terrified, and, not understanding the transaction, gave an old woman the letter, which was conveyed to the commanding officer, and this old woman was, in a short time, married to the tallest and handsomest man in the crack regiment. It is not necessary to say that the marriage was an unhappy one—particularly so to the old woman.

Kentucky's Tree

Still talking about the hickory tree as our first choice for a Kentucky state tree, homefolks think it would be interesting to know more about the part that the hickory has played in making Kentucky a state, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. For instance, we could go back to the hickory ramrod that the late settlers used in loading the old cap and ball rifles that made the redskins bite the dust, brought the coonskins home, and got the meat at the beef and turkey shooting matches.

The hickory has supplied the material for the bushel baskets that have carried billions of bushels of corn from the crib to the hoss trough and the hog-pen. It has supplied the material for the peck baskets that have carried trillions of eggs to the country store. Of hickory have been made hundreds of thousands of split-bottom chairs for children and grandfathers.

Hickory has given scores of thousands of canes for the support of motion in the lean and slippered age. It has held the stubborn neck of the oxen under the yoke. In practical ways useful, the hickory has inspired the poet as evidenced in the immortal lines reciting the colloquy between the Kentucky Hebe and her maternal parent:

"Mother may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Fact of the business is, as we see it, there ain't no argument. The hickory tree is the true Kentucky tree and it ought to be elected without any opposition.

Cacao is on the Venezuelan market during the entire year, the months of heaviest export being the first three of the year, and July, August and September.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Longing

Oh! some there be who long for things
Which every penny poet sings
And with his rhymes adorns;
Like castles in the hills of Spain,
Or things as idle and as vain—
Eternal nooks in fragrant bowers
And meadows where the sunlight showers,
And cliffs where brood the Norns.
From meditations filled with pain
I long for something quite mundane,
For something still unpraised in song,
For something—Oh! good heavens, I long
For shoes that will not pinch my corns.

I've wandered long the weary way
Of earth, and never failed to pray
For strength the cynic scorns;
But let my spiritual release
Secure me whatsoever peace,
And let my inner harmony
At night be placid as can be,
What brings the bitter morns?
—Only another set of aches
'Neath which my tranquil temper breaks
With imprecations on the trade
Whose product my complaint is made—
These shoes that pinch my corns!

It may be, in some fairer clime,
At some far-off and happy time,
The thing each martyr mourns
Will drop from him and leave him free,
Will drop like lead into the sea,
And we shall all exult and sing
And dance like daisies in the spring
In our delightful bournes.
I hope so; then, with longing done,
And chipper in eternal sun,
Our peace will be an endless song.
It may be—but meanwhile I long
For shoes that will not pinch my corns!
—*G. B. S., in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

A luncheon was given on Saturday, December 15, by Miss Phyllis Meyer at the home of her mother, Mrs. Frederick H. Meyer, on Steiner street, the occasion being the announcement of the engagement of the guest of honor, Miss Isabel Percival Brooks, to Mr. Charles Winkler Dorn. Miss Brooks is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brooks, and granddaughter of Mrs. William Brooks, who lives in the family home on Vallejo street. The wedding will take place, May 1, 1924, in San Francisco.

Mr. Walter Martin will give a dance on Friday next for his daughter Miss Eleanor Martin, at his home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall will be hosts at a dinner for a group of the débutantes on Friday next preceding the dance given by Mr. Walter Martin.

Mr. Raymond Armsby is giving a ball on Saturday evening of this week at the Burlingame Country Club for Miss Eleanor Martin and Miss Gertrude Murphy.

Mrs. Charles Felton was hostess at a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Norris King Davis.

Mrs. Norris King Davis was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by her sister, Miss Eleanor Morgan last Saturday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Geraldine Storey was the guest of bonor at a tea last week at the Hotel St. Francis given by Mrs. Vera Spring Kelsey.

A luncheon was held on Tuesday of last week at tbe Burlingame Country Club as a house-warming of the new Women's Lounge lately completed.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu was tbe guest of bonor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mrs. Edward Simpson was bostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Judd of Honolulu last week at the Town and Country Club.

Lieutenant Charles H. Gillilan gave a dinner recently at his quarters on Yerba Buena Island for Lieutenant Benton Scott and Mrs. Scott.

A bridge party was given last week at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Miss Helen Sargent gave a dance at the Century Clnb last Tuesday. A number of dinners preceded the dance.

Mrs. Ira Pierce gave a coming-out ball last Wednesday evening for her granddaughter, Miss Sophia Brownell, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson were hosts at a dinner last Wednesday preceding the ball given by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a dinner last Wednesday evening preceding the ball given by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Monday by Miss Marian Zeile.

Miss Gertrude Murphy was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Miss Evelyn Taylor last Wednesday.

Mrs. Joseph Grant was a luncheon hostess last week at her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery will be hosts at a dinner given on Friday next at their bome in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker were among those who were bosts at dinners given on the night of the play by the Peninsula Players at the Players Club.

Judge Sydney Ballou and Mrs. Ballou were recent hosts at a dinner given at their home on Presidio avenue.

There will be a dramatic entertainment by the children of the Presidio next Thursday evening at the Officers' Club.

Mrs. E. L. Kelsey of Jobannesburg was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week at tbe Burlingame Country Club by Mrs. A. L. Stone and her sister, Miss Vera Havemeyer of New York.

Mrs. Jane Redfield Vose of New York was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by Mrs. R. T. Harding.

Miss Edith Slack gave a luncheon on Wednesday of last week for Mrs. E. L. Kelsey of Jobannesburg.

Miss Marie Louise Potter was the guest of honor at a bridge tea given on Tuesday last by Miss Mollie McBryde.

Miss Anne Langley Porter gave a tea last Saturday at the home of her parents, Dr. Langley Porter and Mrs. Porter.

There was a dance last Saturday evening at the Letterman Garrison at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kendrick will give a dance on Thursday next for tbeir daughter, Miss Marie Kendrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale gave a luncheon last week at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Admiral Edward Simpson and Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Crawford Clarke was the guest of bonor at a tea given by Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale on Wednesday of last week at ber home on Vallejo street.

Miss Leonora Armsby and Miss Gertrude Murphy sbared the honors at a luncheon given last week at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a dinner on Wednesday evening preceding the dance given by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Miss Ruth and Miss Mary Davis entertained at a mah jongg and tea on Thursday of last week at the home of their aunt, Mrs. G. Frederick Bradley.

Miss Lilian Whitney was the guest of honor at a tea last week given by Mrs. Chester Moore.

Mrs. Harry East Miller gave a luncheon last Monday at the Town and Country Club.

The last Gaieté cotillion of the 1923 season was held last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a fancy dress ball last Friday nigbt at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle gave a dinner last Friday evening in honor of their niece, Miss Isabel Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox entertained at a dinner last Friday evening at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Norris King Davis was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Alice Schussler on Thursday of last week.

The Christmas dance of the San Francisco Yacht Club was held last Saturday night in the clubhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy were among the dinner hosts last Friday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Flood.

Miss Betsey Dibblee was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tbursday of last week by Mrs. Harry Evans at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Jean McLaughlin will be the guest of honor at a dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club on December 29, given by Mr. John B. Watson.

Mrs. Norris King Davis was the guest of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Philip King Brown.

Miss Alice Pulliam of Mississippi was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Harry East Miller last Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown will give a dinner on Tbursday next for their daughter, Miss Phoebe Brown.

Miss Isabel Bishop will be the guest of honor at a dinner to be given by Miss Sophia Brownell next Thursday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop will give a coming-out dance for her daughter, Miss Isabel Bishop, on Thursday next at her home on Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear will give a dinner next Friday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King gave a dinner at their home on Laurel street last week.

The Town and Country Club held its annual luncheon on Thursday last.

The Misses Pentz of San Rafael will give a tea at the San Francisco Town and Country Club on Thursday next.

Mrs. Norris Davis is giving a dinner on Saturday evening of this week at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her niece, Miss Eleanor Morgan.

Miss Pauline Wheeler was hostess at a tea last week at her home on Broadway.

Major R. S. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart gave a farewell dinner last week at the Palace Hotel in honor of Major J. M. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, who are leaving soon for Honolulu.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst was hostess last week at a dinner given at the Hotel Fairmont.

Miss Caroline Madison was the guest of bonor at a dinner given by Miss Mary Emma Flood last Wednesday evening preceding tbe dance given by Mrs. Ira Pierce.

A Dutch treat dinner was arranged by Mrs. Francis Langton on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Noël Sullivan gave a dinner last week in honor of Miss Sopbie Breslau at his home on Sacramento street.

Mrs. E. L. Kelsey was tbe guest of honor at a luncheon given on Tbursday of last week by her hostess, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr.

Mrs. Rickard gave a luncheon last Friday for Mrs. E. L. Kelsey at the Town and Country Club. Club.

Miss Eleanor and Miss Claudine Spreckels were hostesses at a dinner given last Friday night at their home on Pacific avenue in honor of Miss Gertrude Murphy of Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon gave a dinner recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lapham of Boston.

Admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simpson, will give a dinner next Saturday in honor of tbe captain and officers of the Jeanne D'Arc.

Miss Isabel Pringle was the guest of honor at a tea given last Saturday at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. A. L. Stone.

Miss Sallie Maynard gave a tea last week in honor of Mrs. E. L. Kelsey of Johannesburg.

There was a large no-bost dinner last Saturday night at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Isabel Bishop was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Wednesday by Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams.

Miss Dorcas Jackson was tbe guest of honor at a dinner given last Wednesday by Miss Henrietta Moffitt.

Countess Eric Lewenhaupt was hostess at a dinner given on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lundborg will give a Christmas dance on Friday night of this week for their daughter, Miss Hélène Lundborg at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Mollie McBryde will give a dinner on Friday night in honor of Miss Hélène Lundborg.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall are giving a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club Saturday of this week.

Mrs. Stanley Kennedy and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu were tbe guests of honor at a tea given last Monday at the Fairmont Hotel by Miss Marion Zeile.

Miss Marie Louise Potter was the guest of honor at a tea given last Tuesday by Miss Mollie McBryde.

Mrs. John Wetherill of Arizona was the guest of bonor at a dinner given by Mr. Raymond Armsby last week.

Miss Phyllis Meyer was hostess at a tea given last Saturday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Frederick Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. William O. Wayman were hosts at a recent dinner given at the Fairmont Hotel.

The San Rafael Musical Club met last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall.

The holiday luncheon of the Woman's Athletic Club will be held on Wednesday next at the new clubhouse.

Mrs. Harry East Miller and Mrs. John Bryant Knox complimented Miss Merrill Jones and Miss Idabelle Wheaton at a luncheon on Monday, December 17, at the Town and Country Club, Oakland.

Mrs. Harry East Miller and Mrs. Bryant Knox entertained in honor of Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Mrs. Harrison Ryker and Miss Alice Pulliam on Tuesday, December 18, at a bridge and ma jongg party at the home of Mrs. Harry East Miller, in Oakland.

One of the important industries of Venezuela is the pearl fishing off the coast of the island of Margarita. The pearls are bought in small lots by Venezuelans and Syrians and shipped in mixed lots to French houses. Very few reach the United States directly.

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A New Reservoir in Use

To supply the increased water needs of the rapidly growing district west of Twin Peaks, Spring Valley Water Company has built, and is now using, a new distrihuting reservoir. It stands on that northern slope of Mount Davidson known as Stanford Heights.

The new reservoir covers a city hlock, and has a present capacity of five million gallons, hut has heen planned for an ultimate capacity of ten million gallons.

It takes its place as the fourth largest distrihuting reservoir in San Francisco, the three larger ones heing Laguna Honda (44,200,000 gallons capacity), University Mound (37,000,000 gallons capacity), and College Hill (14,000,000 gallons capacity).

Stanford Heights Reservoir provides an ahundance of water and better fire protection for the growing communities of Balhoa Terrace, Claremont Court, Forest Hill, Merritt Terrace, St. Francis Wood, West Portal Park and Westwood Park.

The observation of real estate men, like the records of our public utilities, shows a decided city growth toward the southwest, and this trend is particularly noticeable in these thriving districts.

In these regions west of Twin Peaks, one thousand new water services were installed during 1922, and fifteen hundred more during eleven months of 1923.

To satisfy this particular expansion Spring Valley constructed the Stanford Heights Reservoir.

Meanwhile Spring Valley, in coöperation with the City, actively prosecutes the work of adding 24 million gallons daily to the water supply of San Francisco.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson have returned from the East.

Mrs. George A. Pope, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Moseley Taylor of Boston, has returned to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Jr., who have been living in Nevada, have arrived in California and will make their home in Selby.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson with their family have returned to California where they will make their home.

Mrs. William Reding, who has been spending the past month in San Francisco, has left for her home in the East.

Miss Lillian Whitney, daughter of Mrs. Reding, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie, will remain here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, who have been in Seattle, have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and their son, Mr. Kenneth Pope, are occupying their home on Pacific avenue.

Mrs. Lauritz Holmblad has gone East and will spend the holidays with her son in Greenwich. She expects shortly to visit her home in Copenhagen.

Miss Louise Boyd has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Loller have gone to Southern California to pass the holidays with their sons, Mr. Walker Coleman Graves and Mr. Jefferson Graves.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Tyron have returned to their home in San Francisco after spending a few weeks in New York.

Miss Eleanor and Miss Claudine Spreckels and Miss Alice Moffit have returned from a recent visit in Sonoma county.

Miss Phoebe Brown arrived on Thursday from Bryn Mawr and is with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear of Burlingame are spending a short time at the Fairmont Hotel.

Colonel Arthur Yates, U. S. A., and Mrs. Yates, with their house guests, Miss Harriette Kein and Miss Ellen Jackson of Boston, have gone to Coronado, where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, with their daughters Miss Ellita and Miss Julia Adams, have returned from New York and are at their home in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Francis, who were recently married in Hollywood, have returned to their home in Southern California.

Mr. William Wallace Mein has returned from a short visit to New York.

Miss Hildreth Meire arrived on Friday from New York and has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Meire in Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich of Saratoga are spending a few weeks at the Fairmont Hotel with Mrs. Goodrich's father, Mr. Gordon Blanding.

Mrs. Ward Dwight and her daughter, Miss Virginia Dwight, have returned from a recent visit in New York.

Mrs. Franklin Wharton has gone to Los Angeles for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lapham of Boston are the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham of Chicago arrived on Wednesday to spend Christmas with Mrs. Edgar Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston and Mrs. Preston's daughter, Miss Jeannette Norris, have arrived from their home in Oregon and will spend the holidays in San Francisco.

Mr. Willard Drown, Jr., and Mr. Phelps Dunham accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham on their trip from Chicago.

Mrs. J. Horace Harding and her daughter, Miss Laura Harding, who have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Suffern Tailer in Burlingame, have returned to their home in New York.

Mr. George Pope and his son, Mr. Kenneth Pope, returned from the East two weeks ago.

General John Biddle U. S. A., is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly in San Mateo.

Miss Miriam Ebright will spend the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright.

Major Clayton Patterson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Patterson, and Mrs. Charles Huff, will motor to Southern California shortly after Christmas.

Princess David Liliakulani of Honolulu is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre of Menlo Park are spending the winter in San Francisco.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel Percival Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brooks, to Mr. Charles Winkler Dorn, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dorn.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne Douglas-Dick, daughter of General Sir Archibald Douglas-Dick and Lady Douglas-Dick, to Captain Jerrold Hay of Scotland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Mackall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Mackall, to Mr. William E. Jason, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Jason.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jean Clift Searles daughter of Mrs. Searles and the late Mr. Mailler Searles to M. Jean Delattre-Seguy of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cooley are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

At the St. Francis.

The Countess Eric Lowenhaupt was hostess at a luncheon in the Fable room of the Hotel St. Francis Monday, and had among her guests Mrs. Jerome Pollitzer, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. E. J. Pringle, Mrs. Douglas Waterman, Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. Barclay Henley, Mrs. E. J. Benedict.

Scores of the peninsula set and the débutantes were assembled in small groups, many of them spending the afternoon in shopping and others attending the Alice Seckels Musicale in the Colonial hallroom of the hotel.

Mrs. Edward J. Pond, Misses Eleanor Spreckels, Alice Moffit and Eleanor Martin were in one group; Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Laurance I. Scott and Mrs. Eugene Murphy made up another party.

Miss Mary Martin was hostess to a group of about six, including Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderhilt Whitney and Mrs. Whitney's sister, Mrs. McEwen. Mrs. Alfred de Ropp had with her Miss Mary Emma Flood and Miss Josephine Grant, who is being much feted since her return.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw entertained a few friends. Another small group included Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mrs. Walker Salisbury and Mrs. L. E. W. Pioda.

That Tap Room

The most recent addition to the facilities of Stephens Hall, or the Students' Union, lies in the fitting up of a room off the men's social hall where the visitor can in quite informal manner obtain light refreshments. The opening of this room was marked last week by the attendance of many members of the University faculty and administrative staff. A few days later, when apprised of criticism quoted in the bay region press, Professor Joel H. Hildebrand, dean of men, expressed his own opinion as follows:

"The so-called 'Tap-Room' is the successor to the old North Hall 'Joint,' where students of many college generations gathered to discuss athletics, politics, and more serious affairs over a cup of coffee and a doughnut, or a soft drink and a sandwich. Students are usually hungry, and after being lectured to, become talkative, and have desired an eating place where the atmosphere would be that of the club room, rather than of the soda fountain or cafeteria. The 'tap-room' dispenses orange juice, pretzels, doughnuts, 'near-beer' and the like. The place is as clean and orderly as a tea room and the conversation is quite as elevating. I have just stopped there for a glass of orange juice and a friendly word with a few students. I should be glad if parents would require their sons to do all their drinking there. I have voted for prohibition every time I have had a chance, but this has, so far as I can see, no relation whatever to that problem and has had my hearty indorsement."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Vanished Years

I climb them step by step—
The vanished years,
Stumbling, I pause to look below
Down wells of time, so black, so deep
Their waters keep
No sound,
Nor show a star,
Nor hold a memory.

Sometimes I kneel and look above
That dark stairway
At years to come;
My fingers clasp my fears,
Where my hopes go.
Up there beyond that last, gray step,
Afar.
Within that roof of mist,
What is that shape in flight,
Dim, strong and slow?

"A wing," some say;
Some answer, "Love;"
And some say, "Night
And Sleep."
But I?
I do not know.

—*Jeannette Marks, in The Sonnet.*

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"Inside the Vatican"

A page of exclusive photographs, specially authorized by Pope Pius XI, show the Eagle Fountain and the Cascade of the Vatican Gardens, the secret ante chamber, the Swiss Guards, the throne room, and the first photograph of Pope Pius XI, taken in the Vatican. These are all exclusive photographs.

"Cannibals of Papua"

are featured to the extent of another page of Captain Hurley's amazing photographs; "From Europe's Shores portrays some prominent Europeans; there is a page of striking "Pictorial Photography," some "Model Girls" in attractive gowns, and an appealing "Letter to Santa." Better place your order now for

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

CERTIFICATE OF SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP.

Charles M. Wilson and Martyn F. Warner, both of Berkeley, California, have formed a special partnership with said Wilson as general partner and said Warner as special partner, to do an insurance brokerage business under the name Charles M. Wilson Co., with a principal office in the City and County of San Francisco, California. Said Warner has actually contributed and paid into the partnership nine hundred seventy-nine dollars ninety-three cents lawful money of the United States. The partnership peirod shall be 20 years beginning November 1, 1923. A certificate setting forth the above and as required by law has been filed and recorded in the proper offices of the City and County of San Francisco, California.

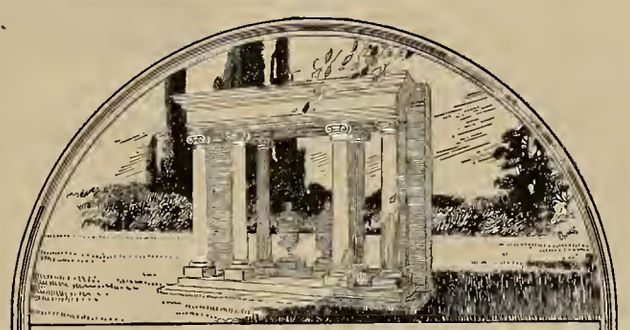
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is she sentimental?" "Very! She will even weep over her old divorce papers."—*Judge.*

Conductor—This is a smoking car, madam. *Young Lady*—Oh, good! Have you a match?—*New York World.*

London Bus Driver (to Japanese gentleman crossing Regent street)—Nah then, Mah Jong, get a move on!—*London Daily News.*

Worder—Oh, you are making a hole in the wall of your cell! *Convict*—Yes, I want to remedy the defective ventilation.—*Ulk (Berlin).*

Gourmond (after a *table d'hôte*)—Anything else, waiter? *Woiter*—One more peach, sir, and you'll 'ave eat the menu.—*London Bystander.*

Young Mother—Yes, hahy has been walking for three months, now. *Batch Friend*—What's he been doing? Walking across the continent?—*Judge.*

Smith—Yes, I'm engaged to he married, and I've only known the girl two days. *Jones*—What folly! *Smith*—Ziegfeld's.—*American Legion Weekly.*

"What happened to Rollignan?" "He dhrowned." "An' couldn't he swim?" "He did, for eight hours, but he was a union man."—*Yonkers Statesmon.*

Mother—Do you like my new gown, Millicent? *Millicent* (aged five, with conviction)—If there is a Lady-God, you look just like her in those clothes.—*Life.*

Mr. Goodley—Her age really surprised me. She doesn't look twenty-eight, does she? *Miss Snoppe*—Not now: hut I suppose she did at one time.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Yes," said the amateur sportsman, "I had great luck on my gunning trip to-day." "Why, you didn't bag anything." "I know, hut the last time I was out I bagged a cow."—*Philodelphio Ledger.*

Fother—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son when you are my age? *Willie*—Not with such a straight face as you do, father.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

"Stick 'em up, kid!" ordered the thug. "Where you think you're goin'?" "Home," murmured the student. "Where from?" "Date." "Who with?" "Co-ed." "Here, take this five-dollar hill."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Our small daughter, aged five, saw Queen Mary in London. She reported to us later: "She howed right ot me, and I forgot to how or make my curtsy. Oh, Daddy, what will she *think* of me!"—*New York Tribune.*

Minister—We, all of us, should do at least two things every day that we heartily dislike doing. *Charlie*—I do that all right. Why, every morning I get out of bed, and every night I go to bed.—*Peorson's Weekly (London).*

Former Jones—Wal, thar's one thing I like about these plaguey automohilists, anyway. *Former Brown*—What is that? *Former Jones*—They don't mind getting killed themselves any more than they do killing other folk!—*Brooklyn Life.*

First Poker Ployer—I say we quit the game now we're even. *Second Poker Ployer*—Even! How do you make that out? *First Poker Player*—Why, you had all of my money awhile ago, and now I've got all of yours!—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?" "I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's hecause they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—*Woshington Stor.*

Gentleman of the Old School—In our day, what were women doing, sir? Thinking unutterable thoughts ahout us! Nowadays what are they doing? Thinking unprintable ones—and damme, they print 'em!—*Will Dyson, in The London Mercury.*

"I don't like to say such long prayers," said a little girl the other night; "I want to say nice short ones like nursey does." "What kind does nursey say?" inquired her mother. "Oh, she just says, 'Oh, Lord, why do I have to get up!'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Suppose," queries the hlurhist of a bit of new fiction, "you were facing hankruptcy. How would you tell your wife ahout it?" Well, we should say, as we do ahout the first of every month: "Darling, I am facing hankruptcy." And she would say, in the customary patient tone of voice: "I'm sure I haven't heen spending much money on the house."—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

GENERAL SUTTER'S LAST DAYS

Somewhere is written, "Seven cities contend for Homer dead, through which the living Homer hegged his hread." Sleeping in the soil of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, far from the madding crowd, in one of the quaintest and most interesting of our local cemeteries, are the remains of a notable character, who contrihuted largely to the making of the Golden West, says the Philadelphia *North American*. The owner at one time of more than 250,000 acres of California lands, the cattle on a thousand hills were his; he was, in fact, a multimillionaire, hut General John A. Sutter, in Lititz, was almost penniless and died a poor man.

The grave of General Sutter is in the old Moravian cemetery and his wife, Anna Sutter, who was born in Switzerland in 1805, is buried alongside.

The general's career was picturesque, remarkahle and pathetic.

Gold did nothing for him, but much to him. Born in Switzerland, he was educated at Berne Military School, hecame an officer in the French army and was socially prominent. He was an adventurer and encircled in travel the glohe. Visiting the Sandwich Islands he was presented with eight Kanakas by the king. Arriving at Monterey, then the capital of California, he was warmly welcomed hy Governor Juan Alvarado, who promptly made the Swiss captain a general and presented him with eleven square leagues of land, to he taken within eighteen months from any section of the domain that appealed to the recipient. He set out from Monterey, explored San Francisco bay, as well as the San Pablo and Suisun bays, cruised up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and finally reached the present site of Sacramento, where he encountered 500 Indians. Fortunately the chief of the tribe and the general could converse in Spanish and no fighting was engaged in, hut while on the Feather river more hostile Indians compelled the party to turn back, and they retraced to a point on the Sacramento, where a permanent settlement was made and is to-day the site of Sutter's Fort. Surveying eleven square leagues, and possihly taking "good measure," his acquirements amounted to more than 100,000 acres. He huilt the historic fort, hecame a citizen of Mexico, governor of the northern frontier, attained much prominence and grew fahulously rich the while he found it necessary to fight the Indians from time to time, and though ofttimes outnumhered ten to one, invariably defeated the red warriors.

In the twinkling almost of an eye he hecame the most influential man in the state, the ruler of a vast domain. Estahlishing stores, he traded from Canada to Mexico and as far east as St. Louis. Governor Micheltorena, successor to Alvarado, presented him with an additional eleven square leagues of land to encourage activities in agriculture, and he grew great quantities of harley and wheat, taking fertile lands supposed to he harren. The virtual owner of 250,000 acres of land, he was monarch of all he surveyed.

Then happened the event that reduced him from affluence to penury, and paradoxical as it may seem, it was nothing less than the discovery of gold on his very own land, verifying that old Spanish saying, "He who finds gold will die in the almshouse."

Engaged in building a small saw-mill, with James W. Marshall as his foreman, the latter picked up the historical nugget of gold.

The discovery was made on January 24, 1848. He told his employer, and they kept it secret until the following 15th of March, when a weekly paper in San Francisco published the story. That news depopulated San Francisco; crews deserted their ships in the harbor, and the rush was on. They came in swarms from every section of this and foreign countries. Many of them had money, and the earlier seekers were of the hetter class. They patronized Sutter's stores and purchased his crops. He did a remarkahle husiness and things came his way, hut with the influx came the gamblers and had men, hooze artists and booze. Indians hecame interested in fire water. Even the faithful Kanakas yielded to the pirates and deserted their henefactor. His mercantile estahlishments were plundered, his cattle stolen. Squatters squatted on his lands. California was heing annexed to the United States, and rights and titles granted by Spanish governors were not being respected.

He appealed to our courts in vain for recompense and justice.

California did, however, grant a pension of $250 a month to the man who owned the gold lands, and he voluntarily relinquished the hounty after receiving it for fourteen years. In 1872 he sent his two daughters to Bethlehem, this state, to attend the Moravian School, and, visiting this section later, preferred the school at Lititz. He remained in Lititz permanently and hecame a citizen of the county.

Some of the older folk, including the venerahle Ahram S. Beck, rememher General Sutter as a courtly gentleman with all the dignity of the soldier, and marks of gentle hreeding. He was most interesting and companionahle, loved to dispense hospitality and was a royal host.

While in California he entertained extensively, and his home was noted for its warmth of welcome. Many celebrities had been his guests; among others, General Sherman and a party of engineers, who remained with him for several days. In Sherman's memoirs he recalls this visit he had made to Sutter's home and, giving the details of his stay and experiences, spoke of the general's wines and personal indulgence, which was not only unforgivahle and mighty poor taste, hut worse manners, and he was called to account hy his host. The man who declared war to be hell was profuse in his apologies and regretted the slip to his last days, and while Sutter accepted them, he was never entirely reconciled to Sherman, as his feelings were deeply wounded.

While a resident of Lititz he huilt a house on the main street, which is still standing. He spent much time in Washington, urging recognition of claims against the government, which he, as well as many others, thought were just, and he was a well-known figure at the national capital. Taking sick in that city, he died there in June of 1880 and a few days later was buried at Lititz.

Proverbs of the Japanese

The Japanese, who are already setting to work to reconstruct tbe cities devastated hy the recent earthquake, have many quaint proverhs, says *Answers* (London).

One of their characteristics—perseverance—finds expression in their saying: "Fall seven times, stand up the eighth time." Another in the same vein declares: "A road of a thousand miles begins with one step."

The Japanese equivalent of "casting pearls before swine," is "giving gold coins to a cat," and instead of "a wolf in sheep's clothing," they say "a wolf dressed in a priest's robes."

When a Japanese wishes to explain that a thing is quite impossible, he tells you that one might as well "learn to swim in a field," or "lap up the ocean with a shell."

"A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed," and "The heart is the same at 3 as at 60," are other Japanese gems. Picturesque too, are "At the foot of the lighthouse it is dark," and "When the hen crows the house goes to ruin." The latter saying indicates the Japanese view of feminism. Equally pithy is: "There is no medicine for love sickness and a fool."

The most distinctive native industry of the Virgin Islands is derived from the bay trees, which flourish in great profusion on the islands of St. John and St. Thomas. They grow in a wild state without special planting or cultivation. The bay rum of commerce is the result of combining rum or alcohol with the essential bay oils distilled from the leaves.

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FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Provincialism at Its Worst

Californians have the habit of viewing themselves as a sophisticated people. By our own appraisement we are of the wide world worldly. We regard the inlanders of the Middle West and of some other regions with an approach to contemptuous pity. We ridicule their style, characterize them as "jay," and in other vainglorious ways exalt ourselves as a community of relatively elevated quality. But how do we meet the tests? An incident of the past week fairly answers this question. As the gum-chewing flapper would say: "Now listen": Last week there came to California a theatrical company with a second-rate melodrama which for a long period, partly in New York partly in Chicago has amused "popular" audiences. The play itself is in no sense a work of art but merely a burlesque, amusing enough, but not especially notable. In the company which brought this counterpart of a "best seller" there was not an actor of national reputation. Play and company alike are commonplace yet—as their train passed through Sacramento a deputation of "leading citizens" including a "representative of Governor Richardson" hiked to the station to tender a ceremonious official welcome. This episode was duplicated at San Francisco, where a committee in tail-coats and two-gallon hats, begloved and otherwise radiant and starched, awaited at the ferry and upon their arrival presented to the visiting troupe the keys of the city. Of course all this hifalutin was a bit of advertising shrewdly "worked up." But the state administration at Sacramento fell for it, as well as the municipal administration at San Francisco. Nothing cheaper, nothing more provincial, nothing less consonant with the canons of taste, propriety, and dignity could be conceived. And all this from a people who appraise themselves as a sophisticated and worldly-wise community. Truly we are a naive folk!

National Affairs Current

President Coolidge makes no announcements and it is declared by those who know him well that he will make none. If the country wants him for another period in the presidential office it can have him. Obviously, Barkis is willin'. But whatever in the way of a campaign shall be made must be made by others. The President will stay at home and mind his business. Nonetheless Mr. Coolidge is the beneficiary of very active pre-convention doings under the direction of William M. Butler, national committeeman from Massachusetts, and James B. Reynolds, formerly secretary of the Republican National Committee. Bascom Slemp will be "thar or tharabout." The work being done in Mr. Coolidge's behalf is strictly within the lines of dignity and if we may believe the Washington experts, it is being beautifully done. Mr. Coolidge's message to Congress has established him in high credit with the country. Day by day the volume of approving letters flowing into the White House grows. Since the delivery of the message it has run to many thousands. It is perhaps true that nearly every element in the population of the country finds something in the message to which it objects, but it is also true that the upstanding character of the message, its simplicity and its courage have challenged the respect and won the regard of a great majority of the American people. Here in California Mr. Coolidge's friends are active. They are going to make a drive for a Coolidge delegation to Cleveland, calculating that success will be a big asset and that if they lose it will be an excusable loss. The plan of campaign is as yet only in part defined but it contemplates two campaign managers, one for Northern California the other for the southern part of the state. Senator Johnson's friends are loud in acclaiming his invincibility in California. This may be so, but it is not an assurance. It should be borne in mind that last year Governor Richardson running in the same campaign received a larger vote than the Peerless One.

In Congress things are in a bad way. In both houses the tail is wagging the dog. That is to say the radical minority is obstructing the purposes of the conservative minority. Just what the radicals hope to accomplish is not in evidence further than their desire to make it impossible for the conservatives to do anything. Hope that the conservative democrats may coöperate with the conservative republicans in the matter of putting through Secretary Mellon's tax reduction plan has practically vanished. Imminence of a presidential campaign with the temptation to create campaign material operates to restrain conservative elements on the democratic side of the Senate from doing what they would like to do, namely, to join with the regular republicans in suppressing the numerically small radical bloc. It is probably true that the greater number of democrats in both houses are not in sympathy with the sand-bagging method of La Follette and his followers, but they are torn between the desire to do right and the urge to a course that may be helpful to their party in next year's campaign. They are, too, surrounded by a band of non-official advisers, among them no less a figure than William Jennings Bryan, who has abandoned his Florida retreat to spend the winter at the capital. With the La Follette bloc actively in the way of tax revision and as actively supporting the bonus bill it is very much to be doubted if the session will yield any other legislation of importance save the appropriation bills. There would be the chance of a better situation if there were capable democratic leadership in the Senate. But Robinson of Arkansas who has succeeded Oscar Underwood is a timid creature who finds it difficult to make up his mind about anything. The responsibility for delay in electing a chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce is due to his fatal habit of indecision. The ultimate of this particular contest will probably be a chairman of that great committee least desired by the democrats. If this shall come about it will mean that Robinson is more afraid of the radical bloc than of the conservative democratic group in the Senate.

Whether the Mellon tax proposal or the bonus bill is to have right of way is the subject of a sharp contest in the Ways and Means Committee, but the probabilities are favorable to the bonus. Of the twenty-six members of the committee, eighteen are understood to be pledged to the bonus. Undoubtedly the committee will do whatever may lie within its power to put forward the bonus bill. The next contest will be in the Rules Committee. This committee has the power to hold back the bonus bill and to put the tax bill first, but there is no assurance that this will be done. Chairman Snell is for the tax bill and is opposed to the bonus bill. He has active help from Theodore Burton of Ohio. But one member of the committee is Johnson of South Dakota, a wild-eyed bonus enthusiast; and another member of the same type is Nelson of Wisconsin. These with others of the committee will probably be able to thwart the efforts of Snell and Burton. The situation is one in which a little group in each house, calling themselves republicans, but openly determined upon disruption and ruin of the republican party, stands in the way of proceedings in accordance with the desires of what is apparently the majority of the American people. It is not to be doubted that if the main issue of the time, bonus vs. tax reduction, were presented to a plebiscite the country would vote overwhelmingly for revision. That is the main issue before Congress today, but under the rules of procedure a small minority seems able to prevent carrying out the popular will. Still the members of this group are loudly declaiming that the rules of procedure do not properly safeguard the rights of minorities and that they must be liberalized.

Senator La Follette is confined to his home by sickness. However, he contrives to keep in touch with things at Washington and to give the cue to his associate radicals. Efforts have been made by friends of Senator Johnson to draw him into courses tending to help Johnson's presidential aspirations. But it is not La Follette's way to promote anybody other than himself. He is allowing it to be given out that he may launch a third party movement with himself at its head after the republican and democratic conventions of next year shall have made their nominations. These intimations come from him following a series of conferences with the so-called republican organization of Wisconsin. That organization consists of La Follette, Jr., chairman of the Wisconsin State Committee, and his law partner, who is a national committeeman. Nobody concedes that La Follette can make anything of a figure in the rôle of radical candidate for the presidency. His calculation, no doubt is that of holding his followers together and of making as much trouble as possible for the regular republicans during the pending session. That he seriously intends to become a presidential candidate next year is not generally credited.

The University's Duty

There is reproduced in the *Argonaut* this week a statement by Robert Frost, poet and lecturer at Amherst, on what Mr. Frost designates the "mussy-mindedness" of students. They lack precision, he finds, and use almost any word for almost any object. We can not say to what extent Mr. Frost as a faculty member may have contributed to the mussy-mindedness of which he complains; but it is obvious that mussy-mindedness

to-day pervades commerce, industry, and life, and it is, in this state, largely the University's fault.

It was possible for the late Lawrence E. Godkin, the great editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*, to say that the prevailing characteristic of human effort in the nineteenth century was accuracy. In trade and industry and life its value was incalculable. It enabled people to understand one another, to specify their obligations, to define and execute work and services, to measure labor and material and time, to know with certainty when they had fulfilled their contracts, to define systems of philosophy and make progress in the sciences that minister to satisfactory living. If Mr. Godkin were alive to-day he could not say that of the twentieth century. Something was lacking to the education of those that became parents as the twentieth century came in. Partly because of that, much more is lacking in the education of their children.

The exactions of the schoolroom, which are all that can be depended upon for scholarly discipline, have all been relaxed, in accordance with the spirit of indulgence and ease that has marked the first score of years of the present hundred. Children are sent to kindergarten to get rid of them, and to school to be entertained. Once, examinations were the ordeal that molded the plastic mind to responsibility for work done six months ahead. Now they are a bugaboo, discredited and neglected. No one would be so old-fashioned as to ascribe value to them. They are still held, but they have lost their authority and they have lost their effect. Nothing severe, nothing requiring an accounting, nothing calling for concentration of the budding faculties, is any longer authoritative with a generation that prides itself on its latitudinariasm and on its own abandonment to the Great Dance Mania that swept the world, from the Argentine and the Barbary Coast of San Francisco twenty-five years ago. Still less are such things popular with the children. So we have high school students that are slack-minded and mussy-minded, that acquire no knowledge they can avoid, that feel no responsibility for their time nor their parents' money, that do nothing accurately or thoroughly. They have gone into offices, both boys and girls, to muddle their work, to misunderstand orders and their own notes, to cause delay and loss, to exasperate employers beyond endurance, to add the costs of their blunders, which are daily considerable, to the other costs of living and make life harder for everybody rather than easier for anybody. In one law office in this city last week a careless, slack-minded product of the modern public schools caused an important case to be continued a week instead of a day as she had been directed, and several deals that would have been profitable to both sides fell through before that case could be settled. She did not know it would make any difference—and had no respect for orders. There are stenographers, also products of the public schools, who apparently believe the only difference between a diplomat and a diploma is the letter "t." Tell them that parenthetical clauses must be set off by pairs of commas, dashes, or parentheses, and while they readily recognize commas, dashes and even parentheses when shown them, they have never heard of a parenthetical clause and so can't use 'em. Many clerks in stores no longer trust themselves to add the simplest figures; they set them down with a pencil and laboriously write the answer at the foot, in hieroglyphics legible only to themselves, and not long at that. Our offices, stores, drafting rooms and factories are loaded up with this sort of "help"; and it is no wonder so many of our business men go mad.

These incompetent youngsters are the product of educational methods the University could and should control. Their mussy-mindedness arises from a lack of drill in dry, hard subjects, calling for concentration and conscience. Mental arithmetic, with its necessity for memorizing tables reliably and applying them with exactness, is no longer fashionable. Grammar, with its drill in logic, and the responsibility it imposes for simple and direct processes of thought, is lost. No one ever hears of "diagramming" sentences, from the present school generation. "Diagramming" would be too dull, too difficult. The pupils might not like it—probably not, as none ever did; but it got knowledge into the mind, to stay, and it gave the mind command of composition. And spelling—why learn to spell, when the physical education supervisor is coming around pretty soon, and they can find any word they need in the dictionary? Can they? We have heard of plenty of high school students that are so poorly equipped they are ignorant of the order of the letters in the alphabet, and hence the labor of finding the words is to them more bother than it's worth. Let George spell 'em. So, except for the ability to set up radio apparatus and grease automobiles, neither of which processes can be said to distinguish the scholar, our young folks know very little. And it is the University's fault. It has abdicated its function as the bureau of standards of the state school organization.

The University stands at the head of the educational system of the state. It might, could, and should insist that the public schools return to fundamentals, and the disciplinary values fundamentals confer. It should call upon the public schools to kick out the faddists, the folk-dancing teachers, the "physical education" experts (there is no such thing as education that is physical, except in the case of horses or dogs or trained seals), the cookery tax-eaters, the bonnet trimmers; and to make school *hard*. Our students lack mental muscle, and will never get any from pleasant hours of entertainment. They need drill, not ease and diversion. They need a cultivated devotion to practices of precision, and courses of personal responsibility. Only thus comes character that can be relied upon and that contributes real values to life. Instead of teaching pedagogics to teacher candidates that haven't learned passable grammar yet, the pedagogics department should get out into the field and comb the nonsense out of the public school system of the state. It is the University's duty. And duty is the best part of education.

Poincare Clears the Air

In the days when England was securely lodged in Egypt and seemed disinclined ever to get out, *Punch* ran one of its hard-hitting cartoons on the situation. It was very simple. It showed the Sphinx, with the head of John Bull, bell-crowned "topper" and all, the face wearing a satisfied and sardonic grin; and this modernized Sphinx was saying "'Ere I sits, and 'ere I sticks." England to-day is pretty well out of Egypt, in pursuit of policies and a spirit the *Punch* of that day could hardly have predicted. But M. Poincaré must have seen the cartoon. He might have learned his lesson of persistence from British teachers, if he had need of learning it from anyone.

Within the past week we have had from him, in a statement before the Chamber of Deputies, a sort of summing up of the effects of the French Ruhr policy. Discounting it by whatever figure one feels political expediency may have added to the truth there yet remains a report of progress toward the only solution of the reparations muddle that will satisfy the requirements of morality and equity. To appreciate his figures, one must compare them, not with what Germany should have paid, not with what France should have received, but with what Germany actually would have paid if the French had not seized the Ruhr. According to his figures, since the 11th of January, 1923, when the occupational forces marched into the district, France and Belgium have received deliveries of more than five million tons of coal and coke. That is not much, but what would they have received if they had not occupied German territory? You know it. Let it be remembered that German default had become actual at that time. Passive resistance has now gone the way of its main support, the mark, and there is good prospect of increasing the yield of coal and coke to 26,000,000 tons next year; unless something very revolutionary happens in Germany. Even that the armed French might handle, preserving peace and industry. Cash payments can not begin for a long time, unless there is a large foreign loan, and the French have no delusions on that head.

Dispatches about the French occupation of the Ruhr have been lacking in circumstantial detail, and much beclouded, not to say befuddled, by the intricacies of modern industry, the war-torn nets of commerce, the vast complexities of international finance. Out of these complexities, propaganda has sought to make confusion in the popular mind as to the purposes of French policy. The merits of the case were either brushed aside or treated as though they had been reversed by the forcible measures made necessary by the German default. A general, almost morbid, fear of another war was appealed to in order to make a sick world hate the French for acting as they were forced to act. The ghost of Napoleon was invoked, from the emperor's porphyry tomb—Bonaparte, who used to be the bugaboo of English nurseries. Atrocities were charged to the occupational forces, and depicted in even more atrocious prints, in the hope of making people feel that in a moral sense there was no choice between the French and their enemies. The singular obliquity of the British view, as exemplified by Lloyd George, that trade must be served whether or no, was cunningly translated into the doctrine that German business was somehow more meritorious than French business, that the world needed Germany more than it needed France, that it would be better to have a solvent Germany and a defrauded France than an insolvent Germany and an indemnified France, that the sums involved were so big, and the issue so obscured by rates of exchange and effects on the quotations of European currency, that no common sense conceptions of right and wrong were applicable. Thus a considerable part of civilized society has been led to feel that wrong will be all right if you give it time, that a vast demolition will repair itself, that welching is justified if on a large enough scale and you wish to do business with the welcher, that nations are not under the same obligations to deal honestly that should govern the transactions of individuals. And it must be admitted that the case has been rendered vastly more difficult by certain humane considerations. No one of decent sensibilities has enjoyed the thought of added suffering on the part of women and children and other innocent members of the German nation, nor of a prostrate people unable to get to their feet and begin life again with the necessary rations and equipment. Mere reprisal is never justified. Lincoln would have none of it. The French occupation of the Ruhr has been a sad episode, whoever created the necessity for it, and despite the fact that it has been aggravated by a passive resistance on the German part designed to make conditions so wretched that the world would refuse to stand for it. And it has not been possible to tell from day to day whether it was serving its hard purpose, or aggravating the condition it was designed to relieve.

Hence M. Poincaré's statement will tend to clear the atmosphere, for by the light of it French policy must be acquitted of folly and futility, the worst accusations thus far brought against it. Without accusing the French premier of wholesale falsification, his policy and that of M. Millerand can not be called a useless resort to force, nor one with only a provocative object. It works; not perfectly, but it works. Even Germany will be better off when she can frankly recognize that and learn to conform to necessity. The statement is reassuring. The reparations experts will soon learn the German ability to pay damages, and then, except for some calamitous issue no one can prophecy now, Europe should begin to go ahead. Capable observers do not believe that another general war impends—although it may be within the possibilities, just as it was in July, 1914.

Kels Should Help

Like the two Fenians with blunderbusses that were "laying for" the landlord and hoping nothing had happened to the dear gentleman, Governor Richardson seems to hope nothing will happen to Kels before January 4. In case nothing interferes the governor thinks that "his execution will be warning to criminals and would-be criminals all over California, and will thus prove a protection to every citizen in the state. The wholesome effect of this execution has been increased by the fact that there has been so much publicity connected with it."

The governor is sound as far as he goes, and logical in his hypothetical expectations. If Kels hangs that will be exactly the effect—to what precise degree no one can predict, but precise prediction is impossible in any case and unnecessary in this. The deterrent effect of the execution of a murderer is like a good deed in a naughty world—it throws its beams afar, and has a salutary tendency to prevent women and children from being made widows and orphans prematurely. The murderer does not repeat his offence, other potential murderers hesitate to begin. But logical as the governor is, he reckons without the most important element in the case; and that is the consent of Kels.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Kels will consent to be hanged. It seems necessary in these days of psychiatry and neuropathology and bunc of that sort. A political claque is now organized and ready to prevent the execution, trading, or hoping to trade, on the sentimentalism that tried to abolish capital punishment last session of the legislature. The new motherhood of Kels' wife, the future of his new-born child, add strings to the harp of woe being plucked on his behalf by the thumbs

of the opposition politicians in accompaniment to the elegies of the sob sisters. Saving Kels has been elevated and sublimated to the status of a "cause." (Hanging him is already a "cause," but it is only the cause of the general public, laid down in the law of the land, and hence of little respect.) The governor is endowed with common sense and courage, but he can not hang Kels—he can merely decline to interfere. The murderer's spine has been tapped to learn the inclination of his heart when he cut short, for money, the life of a fellow creature—and nothing new has been learned. But no doubt there are other ways of cheating the blind-folded goddess with the scales if Kels prefers not to hang and especially because of the obscurity of Kels' victim. Nobody cares directly and particularly for the life of a poor tramp. He has had no relatives to demand justice and resent interference with it. He was merely one of the human race, sharing the common right to be secure against murder. When Kels attacked him, he only attacked a humble representative of society in general, so to speak, and not the husband, father, brother, of any group that would feel bereaved.

The murderer, prompted by what penitent impulse we are not sufficiently familiar with so-called "criminal psychology" to understand, assisted his prosecution by confessing his crime. In confessing he did the state a service—slight, compared to the original dis-service, but nevertheless a service. He can now do it another by giving his consent to letting justice take its course. Unless he does consent we are not now sure his case will ever operate as a protection of the innocent; it seems more likely to operate as an encouragement of murder. It seems too bad to have to seek justice at the hands of one that has outraged it, but it does seem necessary unless we can get the blinders off the lady with the scales—and prohibit our psycho and neuro and crime ologists from putting others on.

Amnesty For Anarchy

President Coolidge's pardon of some thirty Federal prisoners who sought to obstruct the draft and otherwise hamper the government during war, was an act of tolerance, of mercy, of "oblivion" as the old phrase has it, that might be considered becoming to and in conformity with the Christmas spirit. It followed President Harding's policy in freeing Debs. Doubtless President Coolidge felt that no further good could be done by keeping these men in confinement after their activities had ceased to be effective and the risk of national injury was over. About that there may be more than one opinion; but perhaps it is better to err on the side of mercy in such a case than on that of severity. These men will probably be dead before we have another war, and other misguided persons will have to be disciplined and put where they can not hamstring the nation. But the case sets no sort of precedent for action by Governor Richardson on the impudent annual demand of the Secretary of the "General Defense Committee" of the I. W. W. at Chicago that 100 members of the Industrial Workers now imprisoned in this state be set at large, including "Blackie" Ford. H. D. Suhr, Warren K. Billings and Thomas Mooney, murderers serving life sentences for their crimes.

The Federal prisoners may be said to represent an opinion, and there must be considerable latitude about the expression of opinion in these United States. We should not, as a people, be afraid of discussion. Not even Secretary Hughes and Detective Burns ought to take Soviet propaganda too seriously. If our institutions can be undermined and overthrown by mere talk, if they can not successfully be defended in controversy, then they are weak indeed, far weaker than we believe them, weak with the inherent weakness of what is wrong. And we know they are not that. The peace propaganda of misguided men during the war, when, to be sure, they should have been preaching peace to the Kaiser instead of those he was trying to subjugate, was after all something to some degree in the nature of debate even though it passed all proper bounds. It is not to be supposed that they have seen the error of their ways merely because they have spent a few years in jail—perverse opinion is too stubborn. But after all, their malice was more legal than spiritual; they "meant well." And if it was necessary to lock them up for a while it was probably not necessary to keep them locked up for life.

There is no analogy between their cases and those of the murderers Governor Richardson was called upon to pardon. A murder is not a matter of opinion, of doctrine, of belief. The malice is spiritual as well as legal, the act is not political but criminal. And such crime must be punished, severely, relentlessly; with all the pity and regret you please, but pity and regret for the murderer's victim and those that loved him and were dependent on him. This is not because it is right to exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, not because revenge is a good thing, but because, despite all the new-fangled penologists and criminologists and their emotional supporters, there is no other effective way to deal with crime and defend society.

The *Argonaut* is not in the Governor's confidence and does not know whether he will pardon these murderers or not, but we suspect not. If he is not going to pardon Kels there is no reason for expecting him to pardon Mooney & Company. There is no important difference in the crimes, and none in the certainty of guilt. A good many people believe Mooney innocent, but that is because they wish to, and are the sort of people whose beliefs are under control of their sympathies. Even if his case had been badly tried and there were skulduggery in his prosecution, his evil intention is clear. So is that of the others named in the Illinois man's demand on the Governor of California. It is not a case of political amnesty, an "act of oblivion" requested on behalf of some mistaken zealots and lovers of their kind, who might be trusted to keep the peace hereafter. These men are consistent, persistent haters of the only established order of society, men who believe they have a right to commit murder in the "war of classes" Karl Marx looked forward to as the herald of the dawn. They have not changed their opinions nor their disposition. And their enlargement would greatly encourage others who believe in the class war and its prosecution by means of murder.

We do not believe the present Governor of California sympathizes with them. He is a plain, sensible citizen whose mental processes are so simple that murder looks just like murder to him. He lacks education in the theories of Karl Marx and Johan Most, and hence can not be expected to grow enthusiastic over bringing on the millenium by tearing total strangers to pieces with dynamite. Unless we miss our guess the California murderers will remain in jail.

One day last week eleven persons were killed in the streets of New York City by motor cars. The record is unusual, but no day passes in which one or more persons, for the most part children going to or from school, are not run down by motors. A city that permits this species of murder can not by any presentment excuse, much less justify itself. It holds authority to make regulatory rules that will stop these slaughterings and it ought to do it, even if use of the streets should be denied to motorists. The most effective plan would be so to limit the speed of cars as to make the streets safe. Not only New York, but all municipalities owe it to humanity and decency so to order street traffic as to secure safety for the multitude who do not ride in motor cars.

Approximately 4,500,000 men out of 4,800,000 who were in the World War service took out insurance. In the minds of most of then the termination of the war and the rapid demobilization of the army eliminated all need for it. As a result, and because of the financial difficulty encountered by these men in the period of transition between their discharge and re-entry into the commercial and industrial activities of civil life, a large amount of war-time insurance was permitted to lapse.

There has been, however, a steady growth in the number of converted insurance policies in force. On December 1, 1920, there were 212,152 of these policies representing insurance in the amount of $712,454,000 A year later these had increased to 264,669 converted insurance polices in force, representing insurance in the amount of $944,901,851. The number of converted insurance policies in force on December 31, 1922, totaled 298,256 and represented insurance in the amount of $1,119,714,905. On August 31 of this year there were 327,224 converted insurance policies in force, representing insurance in the amount of $1,252,332,498.

A "flying mail train" is the latest type of airplane to be developed in England. In the plane's mail chamber, says the *Daily Chronicle's* aeronautical expert, sorters will be able to carry on their work just as they might in a railway mail train. It will have a radius of 2,000 miles and will be able to stay in the air 24 hours without alighting. The crew in charge will be provided with regular sleeping quarters on board. They will, in fact, work in shifts while in the air, some of them sleeping while others are on duty in the control chamber.

WHAT THE NORTHWEST THINKS

Sentiment of the Farmers on Taxation, the Bonus, and Politics in General

ALFRED HOLMAN, IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

[From the tenth of Mr. Holman's letters on the Pacific Northwest, written for the Times *and reprinted by courtesy of that journal. The complete articles appear in the* Times.]

MEDFORD, OREGON.

In this letter—final in a series dealing with the Pacific Northwest—I shall speak of matters common in one degree or another to the three states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. These states have a certain community of interest dating from the period now relatively remote when they were embodied in the wilderness styled the Oregon Country. In the climate of this region there are many diversities. Western Oregon and Western Washington are, as all the world knows, countries of much rain, in this respect comparable to the south of England. Eastern Washington, Eastern Oregon and Southern Idaho are high, ranging in general elevation from 500 to 2500 feet, and relatively arid. Fortunately, there is in lake storages and in water courses drawn from mountain sources, water enough. Northern Idaho is still another region mountainous and well-watered. Southern Oregon lies under a warmer sun with less rainfall than Western Oregon and more than the high eastern section. It has in its climate and in its general physical character many correspondences with California.

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A notable asset of this whole Pacific Coast region is its natural beauty. No country more varied in its physical features lies under the sun. Its valleys have all the charms that poets have sung in times near or remote. Its waters are abundant and clear, its mountains cleave the skies. Unhappily much of the time in summer the mountain summits are obscured by clouds of smoke. From June until October it is a lucky chance if a visitor may see Rainier, St. Helens or Hood at their best. But there are intervals when they stand out with cameo-like clearness and these periods are worth watching and waiting for. Happily the higher summits stand well above the smoke line and one who will give himself labor to go above their foot-hill levels may find even in the smokiest of seasons views abundantly rewarding his pains.

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Up to now, the timbering industry is the barometer of the "times." Just now all lines of industry founded in the timber resource are active.

But in the agricultural sections there is something like paralysis with a distinct atmosphere of depression. More particularly this is so in regions like the Palouse country in Washington, the Umatilla region of Oregon and in the Clearwater section of Idaho. This season's crop has been enormous. One whose eye is accustomed to the relatively scanty fields of less favored parts of the United States, looks with amazement and admiration upon the glowing abundance of Eastern Washington and Idaho. But enthusiasm quickly yields in respect of painful stories that come from every farmer he meets or from the people of the towns and villages who feel in their various businesses reflections of agricultural distress. The situation has wrought in the mind of the agricultural country of the Northwest a crop of fallacious reasonings to the effect that it is a duty of the government in some way to create for the farmer an artificial prosperity.

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And in respect to this notion we have a hang-over from the war period. There came a time in the war under necessity bred of the obligation of the United States to its allies that there should be stimulation of silver production. As a war measure the government fixed a price that it would pay for silver very considerably in advance of the market price; and under this stimulus production was enormously developed. Now, asks the distressed farmer, if the government could make prosperity for the silver producer, why may it not do as much for the wheat grower? What he fails to see is that an act in the period of war for the purposes of war is no precedent for times of peace. Furthermore, with mind centered upon his own situation, he fails to see that if the government should by artificial procedures create a price for wheat above its market value it must in logic and in equity do the same for cotton or for every other commodity, and this, as I quoted from Governor Moore of Idaho in a previous letter, "would be socialism leading to revolution."

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None the less, it is firmly fixed in the minds of many wheat growers, stock raisers and general farmers of the Pacific Northwest, that some action on the part of the government tending to his special advantage is due; and this theory is having serious effects upon his political views. Something of the motives that have in recent times brought about the election to the Senate of Brookhart in Iowa and Johnson in Minnesota have a corresponding vogue in the agricultural districts of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

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An additional cause of political discontent in the states of the Pacific Northwest is the prodigious advance in tax rates. This comes about as a reflex of many causes. Governmental extravagance in the period of the war has been imitated in all the states. There has been elaboration in the machinery of both state and municipal governments with increase of cost. Then under the bonding device there has been recklessness all along the line. Modern development in road construction, legitimate to be sure, but costing colossal sums, has added to the obligation of every state and every county with increased charges that come finally upon the taxpayers. Development of the machinery of education—here I make distinction between education and the educational machine—has amazingly expanded in its demands. I have been told that in these modern days a "fully developed" educational organization in any community employs as many persons who do not teach as persons who do. There are supervisors of boys, deans of women, truant officers, visiting nurses, supervisors of God knows what, who in some situations outrun not only in numbers but at point of cost the old-time teaching organization. Be this as it may, it costs, roughly speaking, twice as much per student to operate the modern type "institution" as [illegible] the

old-fashioned school; and here again the taxpayer foots the bill.

While everywhere in the Pacific Northwest I met with outcry against the incidence of taxation I found a pretty general feeling favorable to the bonus. There seemed to be little comprehension or none at all that there is a relationship between rates of taxation and government largess. It seems not even yet to have penetrated the average American mind that the national treasury is not an inexhaustible reservoir upon which any draft may be made without hurting anybody. The public attitude toward the bonus seems less a matter of reason than of musby sentimentality. "Oh, let the boys have it" or something to this effect, I have heard from many sources, even with the accompanying statement that those who returned sound had been vastly benefited by the experience of military service. I have the impression that if the bonus proposition were submitted to a vote it would be opposed by the more thoughtful element but it would carry by popular choice.

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A notable fact in the Pacific Northwest is the development of motor truck traffic both for passengers and freight. It has come about with general improvement of roads. Motor trucks, in appearance much like street cars and entirely comfortable, go where there are hard roads. Their maximum speed is about thirty miles per hour and on many routes they "get you there" before the railroads. Passenger rates are adjusted to attract patronage and generally speaking the buses do a heavy and profitable business. The effect is to reduce the passenger earnings of the railroads, and this of course means an additional burden upon the freight traffic, for if the roads lose in one department of their business they must, to maintain themselves, gain in the other.

But it is not alone in passenger traffic througbout the country that the motor truck is coming into vogue. In one considerable city of Washington—Everett—street railway tracks have been torn up and municipal lines of motor trucks established in place of the old street car system. Almost everywhere the street car lines are suffering despite the fact that rates have generally been advanced. At Portland the rate is 8 cents; in Seattle 10 cents; at Spokane 7, and Boise 7. Still, under conditions of advancing wages to workmen, of increased cost of everything, of competition of the motor car, the lines everywhere report bad business. Not in any city did I find that the street car companies were prosperous.

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In Seattle a year or two back, when the privately owned street car system asked for an advance in rates to meet advancing charges for labor and materials, there was loud popular protest; and out of it grew a demand that the city take over by purchase and operate the cars on public account. This movement was led by a candidate for mayor, who pledged return to the old time 5c fare, and on this platform he was elected. The system was duly taken over but the losses were so heavy and so continuous that the municipal government was compelled to swallow its pledges and not only advance fares to the old rate but to increase them. Now the casual passenger pays 10c per ride; and if he passes the conductor a quarter, he gets back two bits of metal, each good for another ride. At these rates the system, I was told, is maintaining itself, but its expenses have grown under the municipal administration and, what is worse, the street car employes have become a solid bloc that promises to make itself felt in local politics. The only interest that now confesses satisfaction with the change from private to public ownership is that which previously owned and administered the car lines.

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I find the issue of the direct primary still vital in the Northwest. Idaho, after a brief experience with it, adopted a compromise under which county officers are chosen under the primary system, while state officers are named as of old by party conventions. But the matter has not reached final determination. Senator Borah, who, as I have said before, so largely holds the affections and the allegiance of his state, is an ardent advocate of restoration of the direct primary in state affairs. Under his influence the state legislature, at its last session enacted a law embodying primary principles, but it failed by veto at the hands of Governor Moore. There was that in the governor's veto message that is worthy of consideration. In part, Governor Moore said:

"My principal and most vital objection is that it is based upon an unsound theory, and tends to destroy our representative form of government. Primary elections are largely determined by the personality of the candidate rather than the things for which he stands, and we must not forget that this government waxed great because it has been a government of law and not of men, of principles and not of individuals. I also object to this bill on account of its form, on account of the great expense of its operation, because it centers power and patronage in populous centers, because it permits manipulation by multiplying candidates to defeat the real desires of the voters, and in practice limits the people to a choice of officials from among men of wealth and wide reputation. . . . Most of the unrest and instability which have arisen in the past decade have been due to the increasing number of laws of this character which have been in operation. Our country has become the greatest in the world because we have had a representative form of government. . . . The representative system of nominating candidates has produced great leaders and great statesmen. The primary exalts the demagogue. The representative system has produced leaders. The primary system produces followers. The representative system has permitted the sober second thought of the people to prevail. The primary fans to a flame the passion and prejudice of the moment. . . . The primary promotes the ambition of the individual, and it is in this soil that the demagogue best flourishes. The greatest menace to the security of our liberty and the efficiency of our government is the man who would seek to capitalize each fleeting prejudice for his own advancement. . . . The danger to our republic may not be immediate, but I am convinced that it is very real. . . . Political parties are but associations formed by citizens holding similar ideas as to principles of government. . . . Without them, there would be chaos. . . . Abraham Lincoln openly and enthusiastically advocated the convention system. . . . I am content to stand with him."

The coming year is to witness a contest in Idaho over the [illegible] primary system with Senator Borah as its leading advocate and Governor Moore opposing on grounds embodied in the phrases above quoted. It is a contest worth the attention of all who are interested in modern tendencies of political organization.

OLD FAVORITES

Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night:
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—*George Herbert.*

Rudolph the Headsman.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box,—"Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, bowled along the floor,
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake: if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury or woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.

—*John J. Ingalls.*

Meeting

The gray sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears:
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

—*Robert Browning.*

"Voici le Bois Que Ma Saincte Angelette"

Here are the woods that freshened to her song;
See here, the flowers that keep her footprints yet,
Where, all alone, my saintly Angelette
Went wandering, with her maiden thoughts, along.
Here is the little rivulet where she stopped;
And here the greenness of the grass shows where
She lingered through it, searching here and there
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropped.
Here did she sing, and here she wept, and here
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear
Those faint half-words with which my thoughts are rife.
Here did she sit; here, childlike, did she dance,
To some vague impulse of her own romance—
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts winds out my life!

—*From the French of Pierre Ronsard.*

I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Sly Thoughts

"I saw him kiss your cheek!"—"'T is true."
"O Modesty!"—"'T was strictly kept:
He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

Old records indicate that silk was raised in China over 6,000 years ago.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A curious example of the house divided against itself is to be found in the politics of the household of Premier Stanley Baldwin. His son Oliver, also active in politics, is a socialist leader and speaker who exhorts the people to demand protection from the present government.

The remarkable democracy of the British political system is evinced in the case of one of the new feminine members of Parliament. Miss Jessie Steven, member from Portsmouth, was formerly a housemaid, later a labor candidate, and is now an M. P. Miss Steven is a lawyer.

Margaret Sanger, authority on eugenics and better known in her more special capacity of high apostle of birth control, believes that one of the most promising signs of the times for the future welfare of the race is the growing interest in healthy outdoor sports on the part of women.

Dr. Lydia De Vilbiss, one of the foremost medical women in the country, is an ardent believer in the abolition of illness and the preventive powers of the medical profession. She has served in the United States Public Health Service and has worked on several state boards of health. Dr. De Vilbiss is a member of the faculty of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

One of the professions to withstand longest the onslaughts of the weaker sex has been the church though even it has succumbed, and now boasts such eminent figures as Maude Croydon. A notable American sample of the ecclesiastical woman is Dr. Eva Ryerson Ludgate, minister of the Congregationalist church and a daughter of a Congregationalist minister. She is said to have made up her mind at the age of seven to follow in the parental path. She has preached all over the civilized world and in many uncivilized parts as well.

One of the most romantic sources of revenue is that of Prince Felix Youssoupoff, a recent visitor to this country with his wife, who is a granddaughter of the late Alexander III. For more than two centuries the Youssoupoffs have owned the largest turquoise mines in the world. These mines are said to be virtually inexhaustible and yield a particularly fine stone, much superior to the turquoise of commerce. At present the Bolsheviki are the nominal controllers though operations are practically at a standstill—a fact that is said not to have dampened the optimistic intentions of the Youssoupoffs to regain their family property.

Maurice H. Farbridge, whose recently published "Studies in Biblical and Semitic Symbolism" has caused considerable interest not to say controversy in theological circles, is a young man—still under thirty—who has had a brilliant academic career. During the war his expertness in Oriental subjects was put to efficient use in the British Foreign Office where he was attached as consultant in connection with Near Eastern affairs. Much of Mr. Farbridge's work has been undertaken with Dr. C. Elliot Smith, a famous authority on anthropology and comparative religion. Mr. Farbridge is a fellow in Oriental Studies in the Victoria University of Manchester.

Every one who has ever patronized any of the chain of Ritz hotels in this country or the Ritz-Carlton restaurants abroad will give passing notice to the death of William Harris which occurred in England recently. Mr. Harris, a native of the Isle of Man, was an accountant in the London Carlton Hotel where he created an epoch-making accountancy control which in time was adopted by hotels everywhere. In this capacity he became interested in what he and his later associates, Lord Waring, and Escoffier, the chef of the Carlton, were destined to develop into a great chain of international hotels. Harris was virtually the creator of the Ritz-Carlton restaurant on ocean liners, the plan being successfully applied by the late Albert Ballin on the *Amerika* and later adopted by other than the Hamburg-American line. Later, Mr. Harris developed the string of Ritz hotels in New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Buenos Aires, and other large American cities.

The recent American interest in Papyrus and his almost equally famous rider, Steve Donoghue, makes his adventurous story topical. Steve's interest in racing was the result of his father's passion for gambling on the horses, though oddly enough the elder Donoghue had never seen a race horse till his son's determination to be a jockey took both of them to a certain racing stable. In order to make his application Steve played truant from school—he was fourteen—walked twenty miles to the stables he had set his heart upon, and was flogged by his father for his escapade. The episode however resulted in his serving his apprenticeship as a stable boy. At one time his future career was at stake—he left the stables and worked for a while in a wire factory but the atmosphere was uncongenial and the call of the turf too great. However it was not until years later and after much apprenticeship plentifully seasoned with hard knocks that Steve got his first chance to ride in public, on a French race-course at that. All this and much more he has told in his autobiography, "Just My Story."

A WOMAN OF VICTORIAN DAYS

Janet Penrose Trevelyan Tells the Life Story of Her Remarkable Mother, Mrs. Humphry Ward

It might not be apparent at first blush that a biography of Mrs. Humphry Ward is necessary to a fuller comprehension of that writer, since one of her last publications was her autobiography. However, as Mrs. Trevelyan explains, charming as those memoirs were, they did not furnish a portrait of their supposed subject. Mrs. Ward was not so much the heroine of her own story as the first person narrator of times and events in which she figured, and such likeness as she had of necessity to draw was inevitably over modest. So that it is fitting that she should be drawn from life by a kinder and a juster hand. Ordinarily one eschews the doting biography of a relative but none of Mrs. Ward's admirers is apt to feel alarm at the prospect of an Arnold assuming the rôle of biographer, even though the subject be a parent. No member of that gifted family is likely to be guilty of effusion or prejudice. Nor is the reader disappointed. Mrs. Trevelyan's study of her mother's life and character is no whit more personal or biased than is any biographer's writing of an admired subject. More one cannot ask. Her own character the author suppresses literally to the third person, and nowhere about this very capable "life" is there the slightest aroma of private family archives.

Something of Mrs. Ward's unusually complicated origins is generally known. Their precise outlines are given in Mrs. Trevelyan's opening paragraph:

Is the study of heredity a science or a pure romance? For the unlearned at least I like to think it is the latter, since no law that the professors ever formulated can explain the caprices of each little human soul, bobbing up like a coracle over life's horizon and bringing with it things gathered at random from an infinitely remote and varying ancestry. It is, I believe, generally known that the subject of this biography was a grand-daughter of Arnold of Rugby, and therewith her intellectual ability and the force of her character are thought to be sufficiently explained. But what of her mother, the beautiful Julia Sorell, of whom her sad husband said at her death that she had "the nature of a queen," ever thwarted and rebuffed by circumstance? What of the strain of Spanish Protestant blood that ran in the veins of the Sorells: for although they were refugees from France after the Edict of Nantes, it is most probable that they came of Spanish origin? What of the strain brought in by the wild and forcible Kemps of Mount Vernon in Tasmania? A daughter of Anthony Fenn Kemp (himself a "character" of a remarkable kind) married William Sorrell and so became the mother of Julia and the grandmother of Mary Arnold; but the principal fact that is known of her is that she deserted her three daughters after bringing them to England for their education, went off with an army officer and was hardly heard of more. An ungovernable temper seems to have marked most of this family, and the recollections of her childhood were so terrible to Julia Sorell that she wrote in after years to her husband, "Few families have been blessed with such a home training as yours, and certainly very few in our rank of life have been cursed with such as mine." Yet although Julia inherited much of this violence and passion, to her own constant misery, she had also "the nature of a queen," and transmitted it in no small degree to her daughter Mary.

Anyone who has ever been interested in the hubbub of the Oxford Movement, and more particularly in Mrs. Ward's own spirited history of it in her "Recollections," will readily supply the background of Mary Arnold's girlhood. That it was an atmosphere more calculated to inspire young genius than our own flapper-breeding times is indubitable. Our heroine was more than fortunate in her *milieu*—whether or no she would have matured equally brilliantly minus her browsings in the Bodleian and the scholarly pampering of many an elderly Oxford don is problematic. But then, genius is really a combination of happy circumstances:

It was under such influences as these that Mary Arnold passed the four impressionable years of her girlhood, from sixteen to twenty, that elapsed between her leaving school and her engagement to Mr. Humphrey Ward, of Brasenose. She plunged with zest into the Oxford life, making friends, helping her father at the Bodleian in his researches into early English literature and studying music to very good purpose under James Taylor, the future organist of New College. But she had no further regular education, and was free to roam and devour at will in that city of books, guided only by the advice of a few friends and by her own innate literary instincts. The Mark Pattisons early befriended her, frequently asking her to supper with them on Sunday evenings—suppers at which she sat, shy and silent, in a high woolen dress, with her black, wavy hair brushed very smoothly back, listening to every word of the eager talk around her and drinking in no doubt the Rector's caustic remarks about Oxford scholarship. These were the years of battle between the champions of research and the champions of the Balliol ideal of turning out good men for the public service, and in her ardent admiration for the Rector Mary Arnold threw herself whole-heartedly into the former camp. "Get to the bottom of something," he used to say to her; "choose a subject and know *everything* about it!" And so she plunged into early Spanish literature and history, working at it in the Bodleian with th efervor that comes from knowing that your subject is your very own, or at least that it has only been traversed before by dear, musty German scholars. There was hard practice here in the reading of German and Latin, let alone the Spanish poems and chronicles themselves, but after a couple of years of it there was little she did not know about the *Poema del Cid*, or the Visigothic invasion, or the reign of *Alfonso el Sabio*. Her friend, J. R. Green, the historian, was so much impressed with her work that he recommended her when she was only twenty to Edward Freeman as the best person he could suggest for writing a volume on Spain in an historical series that the latter was editing. Mr. Freeman duly invited her, but by that time she was already deep in the preparations for her marriage and was obliged to decline the offer.

The following excerpts throw light on the psychology of this extraordinary twenty-year-old authority on early Spanish. It shows, for one thing, the power of fashion—nations and governments should take notice. Make anything—even scholarship—fashionable and it flourishes like poison oak. It was a time and place where learning was *chic* and where a morning in the Bodleian was as smart as a canter in Rotten Row, and therefore the Oxford Movement prototype of the flapper polished up her own erudite subject and period in the cloistered recesses of the library every morning, and every evening chatted nonchalantly of the day's game at some scholarly soirée or other. This was the congenial atmosphere in which Mary Arnold grew to womanhood: we strongly suspect that with her heritage and gifts she would have studied and delved in much the same way if she had never left her native Australian bush:

One charming glimpse of her, however, at a social function remains to us in the letters of M. Taine. The great Frenchman had come over in the very spring of the *Commune* (1871) to give a course of lectures at Oxford; he met her one evening at the Master of Balliol's, being introduced to her by Jowett himself. "'A very clever girl,' said Professor Jowett, as he was taking me towards her. She is about twenty, very nice-looking and dressed with taste (rather a rare thing here: I saw one lady imprisoned in a most curious sort of pink sheath). Miss Arnold was born out in Australia, where she was brought up till the age of five. She knows French, German and Italian, and during this last year has been studying old Spanish of the time of the Cid; also Latin, in order to be able to understand the mediæval chronicles. All her mornings she spends at the Bodleian Library—a most intellectual lady, but yet a simple, charming girl.

No treatment of an author's life would be adequate without some reference to work and manner of work. A point of unfailing interest to the average reader is the source of inspiration of a given book and of its writer's conception of it. The following sketch illuminates Mrs. Ward's procedure with particular reference to her most famous work:

The book was begun in the autumn of 1885, with every hope that it would be finished in less than a year. It was offered, when a few chapters had been written, to the Macmillans for publication, since they had published both *Miss Bretherton* and the *English Poets*, but to the sad disappointment of its author they rejected it on the ground that the subject was not likely to appeal to the British public. In this dilemma Mrs. Ward bethought herself of Mr. George Murray Smith, the publisher of Charlotte Brontë, and in some trepidation offered the book to him. Mr. Smith had greater faith than the Macmillans and accepted it at once, sealing the bargain by making an advance of £200 upon it in May, 1886. So began Mrs. Ward's connection with "George Smith," as she always familiarly spoke of him: a friend and counsellor indeed, to whom she owed incalculable things in the years that followed.

In the Preface to the "Westmorland Edition" of *Robert Elsmere*, issued twenty-three years later, Mrs. Ward herself confessed to her models for some of the principal characters—to the friend of her youth, Mark Pattison, for the figure of the Squire (though not in his landowning capacity!); to Thomas Hill Green, "the noblest and most persuasive master of philosophic thought in modern Oxford," for that of Henry Grey; and to Amiel himself, the hapless intellectual tortured by the paralysis of will, for that of Langham. Both the Rector of Lincoln and Professor Green had recently died, the latter in the prime of his life and work, and Mrs. Ward sought both in the dedication and in her sketch of the strong and lovable tutor of St. Anselm's, to express her lasting admiration for this lost friend. But she claimed in each case the artist's freedom to treat her creatures as her own, once they had entered the little world of the novel: a thesis which she was to maintain and develop in later years, when she occasionally went to the past for her characters. Catherine was a most composite picture, drawn from the "strong souls" she had known among her own kinswomen from childhood up, and therefore, perhaps, more tenderly treated by the author than the rules of artistic detachment would allow. She was a type far more possible in the 'eighties than now, but it is perhaps comforting to know that no single human being inspired her. As to the scene in which these figures moved, it was on a sunny day at the end of May, 1885, that Mrs. Ward's old friend, Mrs. James Cropper, of Ellergreen, took her for a drive up the valley of Long Sleddale, in a lonely part of Westmorland. There she saw the farm at the head of the dale, the vicarage, the Leyburns' house. Already her thoughts were busy with her story, and from that day onward she peopled the quiet valley with her folk.

There is little in Mrs. Ward's own version of her life to suggest an invalid, and still less in her vigorous writings, but she nevertheless suffered from one of the weird chronic complaints that Victorian medics found it so hard to agree upon. Anyone even slightly versed in modern surgery can hazard a guess as to the cause of Mrs. Ward's ailment but the poor lady and her several doctors were equally obfuscated, according to the following account. The new home, Stocks, referred to below, where the family removed in the summer of 1892, was to furnish Mrs. Ward's almost invariable surroundings for the next twenty-eight years:

The acquisition of Stocks in the summer of 1892 was a landmark in Mrs. Ward's life for more reasons than one, for it coincided with the advent of a mysterious ailment, or disability, from which she was never to be wholly free for the rest of her life. She had hardly been in the new house a fortnight before she succumbed to a violent attack of internal pain, showing symptoms of gastric catarrh, but also affecting the nerves of the right leg. It crippled her for many weeks and exercised the minds of both the local and the London doctors. Some believed that the cause of it must be a "floating kidney," others that the pain was merely neuralgic, while Mrs. Ward herself, with that keen interest in the human organism and that instinct for self-doctoring which made her so embarrassing a patient, watched the effect of each remedy and suggested others with pathetic ingenuity. She had her better days, when she was able to go down to the old walled kitchen-garden—about 300 yards from the house—in a bath-chair, but whenever she tried to walk, even a little, the pain returned in aggravated form. Only those who watched her through those two summer months knew what heroic efforts she made to master it and to throw herself into the writing of her new book, *Marcella*, or how her "spirit grew" as the days of comparative relief were followed ever and again by days of collapse. While she was still in the thick of the struggle she received a visit from her American friend, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, whose impressions of the day were written immediately to Mrs. Whitman, in Boston, and give a vivid picture of Mrs. Ward as she appeared at that time to so shrewd and sympathetic an observer. (August 20, 1892.)

"Yesterday we spent the day with Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been ill for a while and is just getting better. Somehow, she seemed so much younger and more girlish than I expected. I long to have you know Mrs. Ward. She is very clear and shining in her young mind, brilliant and full of charm, and with a lovely simplicity and sincerity of manner. I think of her with warmest affection, and a sacred expectation of what she is sure to do if she keeps strong, and sorrow does not break her eager young heart too soon. Her life burns with a very fierce flame, and she has not in the least done all that she can do, but just now it seems to me that her vigor is a good deal spent."

The year preceding the acquisition of Stocks, Mrs. Ward had taken a London house at number 25 Grosvenor Place, which was to be the alternative scene of her activities and the particular place associated with her literary gatherings. The following paragraph, incidentally one of the few personal references in this unusual biography by a daughter, affords a picture of the intimate side of the Ward household and reveals to the uninitiate that Mrs. Ward was an exception to the rule of bluestockings. Nowadays literary ladies are apt to play the dual rôle of fashion-plate but it was very exceptional in the Victorian regime when sets were sharply bounded and each had its own inviolable tradition:

Her way of life at Grosvenor Place was naturally one which involved a good deal of expenditure. Sometimes she would have searchings of heart over this, or even momentary spasms of economy, but it sprang in reality from two fundamental causes—one her delight in beautful things, inherited even in her starved childhood from her mother, and shared to the full in later years with her husband; the other this constant ill-health, which made her incapable of "roughing it," and rendered a certain amount of luxury indispensable if she was to get through her daily task. Good pictures and the right kind of furniture gave her a definite joy for their own sakes, while the arrangement of the chairs and tables in the manner best calculated to encourage talk was a fascinating problem. Clothes, too, were not to be despised, and though she liked to sit and work in some old rag that had seen better days, it amused her also to go and plan some beautiful thing with her dressmaker, Mrs. Kerr, and it amused her to wear the "creation" when it was finished. Her faithful maid, Lizzie, who had been with us since the early days of Russell Square, and who was often more nurse than maid to her, cut and altered and renovated in her little workroom upstairs, while every now and then Mrs. Ward would issue forth and make a raid upon the shops, coming home either triumphant to face the criticism of her family, or very low because she knew she had been beguiled into buying something which she now positively hated. She was extremely particular, too, about her daughters' clothes, nor could she make up her mind, when they came out, to give them a dress allowance, being far too much interested herself in the problem of how they looked; but even when she was fully responsible for some luckless garment of theirs she would often break out, on its first appearance, with the fatal words, "Go upstairs, take that off, and let me *never* see it again until it's completely re-made!"—usually uttered amid helpless giggles, for this had become, by long use, a stock phrase in our family.

The war of course had a terrible effect on Mrs. Ward's already declining energies, particularly, sad for her as for many other Victorian scholars because they had grown old in an admiration of the humanistic qualities of cultivated Germany and found it incredible that the land of their musty scholar-heroes should spring this new aspect on a world confident that it had reached the highest level of peaceful civilization.

Her ill health to the contrary, Mrs. Ward made three semi-official excursions to France to fulfill her life-long rôle of public mentor and interpreter. The war and its attendant activities undoubtedly hastened the end. Her "war" books, "England's Efforts," "Towards the Goal," and "Fields of Victory" were regarded by her as out of the pale of her daily work because of their low selling price and the special terms on which she allowed the government to use them. Like so many selfless others, Mrs. Ward was a victim of the great war. The war over, she was still indefatigable in her efforts for reconstruction:

But it was too late. Mrs. Ward's health definitely gave way about Christmas-time, 1919, the breakdown taking the form of a violent attack of neuritis in the shoulders and arms. Although she would not yet acknowledge it, but tried to continue the old round of work, increasing weakness made it plain to her, at length, that she must not, for the present at least, go crusading. But how she hoped and strove for better times! Her devoted doctor-brother, Frank Arnold, to whom she turned again and again with pathetic trust, knowing his ingenuity in the devising of remedies, tended her with a skill born of a life-long knowledge of her; but the malady was too deep-seated. At the end of January she moved to London in order to try a certain course of treatment, taking up her abode in a little house in Connaught Square which her husband and Dorothy had found for her. She liked the little place, especially on the days when flowers from Stocks arrived to make a bower of it, and there, in the midst of a fruitless round of "treatments" which did nothing but sap her remaining strength, she passed the last weeks of her life. Old friends came once more to visit her; her son and her daughters took turns in reading to her the poets that she loved; Miss Churcher brought for her delight the latest stories from the Play Centers. She still went downstairs and even, sometimes out of doors, but those who came to the house to sit with her left it, usually, with aching hearts. Then, on March 11, another blow fell. Mr. Ward became dangerously ill, and an immediate operation was found to be necessary. The doctors carried him off to a nursing home not far away and performed it, successfully, that night, while Mrs. Ward sat below in the waiting-room in an agony of anxiety. The next day, and the next, she was still able to go to bim, the porters carrying her upstairs to his room, but on Sunday March 14, signs of bronchitis showed themselves, together with a grave condition of the heart. The doctors would not hear, after this, of her leaving the house.

She lingered on for ten days more, pining for her husband and their home at Stocks, and died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1920. And so passed one of the greatest of the great Victorians.

THE LIFE OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $5.00.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 22, 1923, were $168,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, $150,400,000; a gain of $18,200,000.

Very important financial interests have been buying gilt-edge rails and industrials recently, impressed with the favorable political and business prospects of 1924. The public is also beginning to show increasing interest in the market, and the stage is all set in favor of bull pool operations, says the *Trader*.

Mr. Coolidge's programme receives almost unanimous praise from the thinking elements of both great political parties. Representative democrats of the old régime seem heartily sick of the efforts of the so-called liberal element in behalf of clap-trap legislation. It would seem that the Republicans will have sufficient support from their political opponents to checkmate the activities of the malcontents within their own party. The biggest piece of constructive legislation will, of course, be in furtherance of the Mellon tax programme. There is a ground-swell of popular opinion in favor of the Mellon plan without alteration. It is a plan calculated not only to check the tax-dodging of the very wealthy, who have been such busy buyers of tax-exempt securities, but by curtailment of the enormous surtaxes to encourage immensely increased investment in the upbuilding of the resources of the country, thus providing important new avenues of employment. It is a plan also that definitely cuts down the taxes of the small income population and does away with the exasperating nuisance charges that one meets at almost every turn. It is up to the people to instruct their representatives in Congress to uphold this Mellon tax plan under penalty of political annihilation.

During November more than a score of stocks reached new high prices for 1923, and during the first ten days of December as many as thirty-five stocks struck their 1923 highs, some of them breaking all former high-price records. This means something market-wise, especially when public participation has been on only a moderate scale. When the public does come rushing into the market one may imagine what will happen in a great many instances where stocks have barely begun to move.

Of the groups that offer rather remarkable long-pull opportunities we would suggest that the chemicals and fertilizers have done so little as yet that they promise some decided gains during the next few months.

Dividend increases are being announced every day or so. Railroads should participate in the good things in this line. Closely allied industrials comprise the equipment, steel and electric groups, which should continue favorite media of bullish speculation. Shipping stocks, especially those that represent coastwise and Pacific activities, seem good things to buy and put away, as developments in these trades border on the sensational. The Panama Canal is such a vast success that its facilities already call for enlargement. It really looks like a bull market until the January investment demand is satisfied.

The year now drawing to a close began with great promise, and ends with a splendid record of fulfillment. Production was maintained at a high level, and was accompanied by a volume of distribution such as at no time left opportunity for disquieting accumulation of goods. No better evidence of this fact can be advanced than the movement of freight cars, which, to December 1, showed loadings of 46,508,986 cars, as compared with 39,888,899 in the same period of 1922, and 36,660,582 for the first eleven months of 1921. Sales of merchandise recorded by three large mail order houses and twelve chain stores were $734,808,734 for eleven months ending November 30, as against $595,604,486 for the like period of 1922. In many lines of industry new high records were attained, says The American Bank's December financial letter.

In reviewing the events of the year, four factors stand out prominently as contributing to the general prosperity. Perhaps the foremost was the increase in farm income. According to the Secretary of Agriculture, the value of eleven principal crops on October 1 was 6,947 million dollars, as compared with 5,711 million dollars last year, which means that the farming industry, as a whole, had 1,236 million dollars more money to spend than in 1922. The secretary also points out that the farmers are relatively, as well as absolutely, better off, because the purchasing power of their products has advanced in the last year.

Of equal if not greater importance in sustaining the high level of production was the great activity of building. A competent authority estimates that fully five billion dollars have been expended in building construction during 1923—an increase of 25 per cent over the 1922 figure, which had set the previous record mark for building in the United States. The zeal to erect new structures continued unabated throughout the year, as shown by the fact that November figures of building expenditures in 168 leading cities were nearly 23 per cent greater than in November, 1922. The natural corollary of this building energy was large production of lumber, steel, cement and other materials. Notwithstanding the great effort thus far put forth to fill the varied needs of an expanding population, it is estimated that from eight to ten billions more must be expended to satisfy the requirements of building construction in the United States, and make up the accrued deficit of former years. Building costs have advanced during the year, and it takes about twice as much money to put up a house as it did in 1913. There is no indication that this condition will be changed in the near future, as neither materials nor wages are likely to decline substantially in the face of unprecedented demand.

Secretary Hoover believes that the foreign buying of American securities is largely reflected by the extraordinary gold import movement into the United States. The flow of foreign gold to the United States for the nine months ending October 1, amounted to $220,521,000. Within the last seven or eight weeks the inflow has been increased; a $24,000,000 shipment having been made from Great Britain in the last week of November. These shipments and previous large remittances were necessitated in part by the larger investment purchases at New York by foreign buyers, who desired to put their savings into securities having a definite gold basis. Most of the $92,000,000 payment due the United States Government to-day (December 15) by Great Britain, will be effected with the use of United States Government bonds. The probability is that the foreign buying of American securities will extend to various countries whose people are anxious to safeguard their savings, and to protect them from the uncertain fluctuations of the foreign exchange market, says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in the December Business Outlook.

Cerro de Pasco Copper Company produced 8,000,000 pounds of copper, 1,200,000 ounces of silver and 4,000 ounces of gold during October, compared with September output of 10,750,000 pounds of copper, 1,500,000 ounces of silver and 5,500 ounces of gold. October output cost about 4½ cents a pound with silver and gold credited to copper cost. This is said to be the lowest cost for any large tonnage of copper in the world.

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AN EMPOLYEE'S VIEW

By H. E. Core

General Chairman, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.

[Mr. Core is recognized as the spokesman of the Engine and Train Service Employees on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He describes the amicable settlement of industrial disputes by methods in effect on this railroad as "an amazing record." The address from which these extracts are reprinted was recently delivered before the New York Railroad Club.]

Industry started in this as well as other countries in small units. The employer unit in many cases was a single individual who not only was employer hut supervisor, and in many cases a fellow employee; the employee unit was perhaps a single individual.

The employer, although a strong individualist, maintained close contact with his employee. That inevitahly minimized his own individualistic ohsessions, and permitted him to secure a first-hand conception of the rights, needs and desires of each of his own employees.

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Effect of Industrial Expansion.

As industry expanded, a very material evolution in the status of the two groups occurred. The employer group expanded to such a point that to-day it is largely an absentee group, having no contact whatever with the employees. The employee group has expanded so that it no longer has direct personal contact with the employer.

There is now a third group in the industrial situation that did not exist even a generation ago; that is the group of supervising employees. As an illustration, on the Pennsylvania to-day, the employer group constitutes some 230,000 individuals. The employee group constitutes some 220,000 individuals. The supervising employee group constitutes some 15,000 individuals.

This enlargement of the several groups in industry inevitably brought ahout a loss of contact between employer and employee, which has reached a stake where all too large a proportion of each group are strangers to each other.

Now, ignorance is the great cause of suspicion. It is not the known that is terrible, it is always the unknown. Did you ever hear of ghosts appearing in the daytime? They always appear at night, hecause daylight discloses their non-existence. That is knowledge. It is not our friends and close acquaintances of whom we are suspicious; it is strangers. That is the hasis of much of the trouhle in industry to-day.

The employer is a stranger to his supervising employee; he is a stranger to his supervised employee; the supervising employee is a stranger to many of the supervised employees.

Need for Closer Contact.

Only hy hetter acquaintance can a recognition of our mutual responsihilities he reestablished.

That does not in any way entail either social or political companionship. But certainly not the least important companionship to-day is industrial. The closer the industrial companionship or relationship between these three great groups, the more efficient the organization.

The better acquainted each group is with the other—with the rights, needs, desires and limitations of the several individuals—the more considerate will each group he of the rights and needs of the others.

One of the great defects of industry to-day is not that it is inhuman, but that it is unhuman. One of the great needs is to humanize industry, to deal with individuals, not as cogs in a vast machine, hut as human heings whose reserve, initiative and individuality are infinitely more valuahle than the routine of a corps.

Fundamentals of Pennsylvania Plan.

One of the present-day attempts to solve this somewhat perplexing and infinitely complex prohlem is now taking place on the Pennsylvania.

It is not an Atterhury plan. It is not an employee-representative plan. It is a Pennsylvania plan; it is a coöperative plan.

It started nearly ten years ago, in the offer of one of the general chairmen in the transportation organization to the then general manager of the Lines East, Mr. Long, of a proposition to meet monthly and try to settle our differences. Such differences as could not he settled across the tahle were to be referred to a hoard of arhitration to he selected, one hy the management and one by the employees, they to select a third, who were to sit one day each month and decide such questions as we had not heen ahle to settle. That was rejected.

Up to 1918 there was more or less agitation on this question. The duties and responsibilities of the general manager had become too great for any single individual. We had reached a time when it was often as long as a hundred days hefore we could get a meeting with the general manager, mayhe another hundred days before we could get his answer on grievances. You know that delayed justice is often denied justice.

That led the four chairmen of the transportation organizations to present a proposal in 1918 for monthly meetings to settle our differences across the board. In neither of these cases was the plan at all as comprehensive as the one adopted. I am not at all sure that it was not a fortunate thing that neither was accepted, because in hoth cases they were incomplete and compromise propositions.

Sitting Down as Friends.

Mr. Atterhury, I judge, coming hack from the World War, had a somewhat fresher view than those immediately on the ground. I recall at one of our early meetings a striking statement of his, which I feel is one of the underlying thoughts in our plan.

He said: "If two friends sit down together and have all the facts before them on any case, they ought not to have any difficulty in arriving at a common judgment."

The other great basis of our plan is that if two parties make an agreement, neither has the sole right of deciding what it means.

This plan is a recognition that the two parties who make these agreements have an equal right to decide what they intended hy them.

Our plan also aims at the elimination of delay.

How the Plan Operates.

The new plan comprehends, first, a meeting between the local chairman and the superintendent on each division once each month on a day set in advance so that both sides know it, a date which can not he changed except hy mutual consent. Either the superintendent or the employees' representative may present matters for discussion at that meeting, the only limitation heing that they must .he presented to the other party at least five days hefore the meeting.

If the superintendent and the local chairman agree, that settles the matter. If they disagree, the case is reduced to a joint submission, which consists first, of the subject matter; second, what hoth sides mutually agree are relevant facts with reference to the case; third, the position of the local chairman, and fourth, the position of the superintendent.

Regular Meetings Speed Up Settlements.

Our plan also calls for a meeting each month hetween the general chairmen and the general superintendents, between the general chairman and the general manager, and also our court of review meeting.

These meetings are consecutive, spaced far enough apart so that a disagreement between the local chairman and the superintendent can he referred to the general superintendent, allowing the necessary five days, and in case of a disagreement there, can he referred to the general manager the necessary five days in advance, and in case of disagreement with the general manager can be referred to the reviewing committee five days in advance.

This makes a cycle which is complete in not to exceed 60 days, and ordinarily in the 30-day period.

The general chairman, on receipt of such a joint suhmission from his local chairman, considers whether or not the local chairman is justified in the position he has taken. If he decides that the local chairman is not justified, he declines to handle the case. If he decides that the local chairman is justified in his position, he refers the matters to the general superintendent and it is discussed at the regular monthly meeting with the general superintendent.

In case the general superintendent and general chairmen disagree, that disagreement is reduced to a joint suhmission in the same manner as the original submission. It, in turn, is referred to the general manager, and in case, at the monthly meeting with the general manager, they disagree, such disagreement is again reduced to a joint submission and referred to the reviewing committee.

In case no decision is reached at the first monthly meeting, the case is carried over to the second monthly meeting, and in case no decision is reached then, the committee shall decide what further steps shall he taken to dispose of the case.

In the only disputed case, it was referred to a hoard of arhitration, which very promptly made the decision.

There is a good bit of human psychology back of our reviewing committee.

First, it is hased on the thought that the two parties to the agreement have equal right to interpretation.

Joint Court of Review.

This really is a quasi-judicial hody which has the power of interpretation because it decides in case of dispute what our various working rules mean as applied to the several concrete cases which are presented to it. The memhers of the reviewing committee are sixteen in numher, eight from each side.

This plan was formulated at a meeting between the general chairmen of the four transportation organizations and the several general chairmen of the four organizations and the several general managers of the system, at the initiative of Vice-President Atterhury in Decemher, 1920, hecoming effective January 1, 1921.

The question immediately arose as to the best form of making decisions of the reviewing committee. Ought we to make all decisions unanimous? Immediately there was the ohjection that any man could hlock a settlement on any question. That manifestly was unjust to hoth sides. Should a majority vote decide? The ohjection to that was that if a majority voted and the division was at all along partisan lines, it would place the onus of any decision on a single individual of the minority group. If he were an employee particularly, there would be insinuations of improper coercion.

We finally decided on a two-thirds vote and the longer we sit the more we feel that our judgment was sound. If there is a division along partisan lines, the majority group must convince at least three memhers of the other group before a decision can be reached. It is manifestly impossible for anyhody to coerce almost half of such a unit.

We have handled almost 800 cases and have made a decision on every ease except one. The reason why we did not reach a decision on that was to save the feelings of one the older memhers of the employee group.

"An Amazing Record."

When you stop to think that one of the most vexatious things in the contact hetween employer and employee on the railroads is the question of discipline, that is an amazing record. We handled dozens of discipline eases and yet we have not had one that we have not settled.

Where formerly an important matter was in dispute for anywhere from a year and a half to two years, it is now settled in from 30 to 60 days. The individual or group of individuals aggricved on any particular question is not aggrieved long enough to be at all irritated before a decision is reached.

I do not present this as the only plan. There are an infinite numher of plans.

But every day it is bringing a clearer recognition to hoth the employees and the supervising employees, who are representing the management, of their mutual or coöperative responsihility, hecause we are handling questions that vitally involve many of the functions of the management.

In discipline cases, we are digging deep into the solidarity of the organization as a transportation macbine. The handling of the employee questions in this intimate manner hrings closely to the representatives of the management many of the desires of the employees in a way that they could not get in any other manner.

A Prediction.

One of the most vexatious questions that the employees have to handle is that of seniority, the rights to runs. A few years ago the disputes between ourselves and the management over these questions were much more irritating even than our discipline questions.

About seven years ago the management concluded it would get rid of that vexatious matter and in so many words they said to the transportation organizations, "Gentlemen, this is your trouhle, settle it"; and turned over hodily all questions of seniority and rights to runs.

I do not know of a shrewder move any railroad company has ever made. It immediately got rid of a very vexatious question and the employees have had it ever since.

We recognize our responsihility as a component part of the Pennsylvania personnel, in settling our own employee trouhles.

I am going to make a prediction that on the Pennsylvania and, I helieve, on many more railroads within the next two decades, the same thing will largely occur on matters of discipline. Now, that is quite a radical statement.

But the recognition of responsihility on the part of the employees individually, collectively and representatively, has advanced so in the last ten years, as well as recognition on the part of the management that employees, when given responsibilities that they should assume, conscientiously assume them, that I believe matters of discipline within the next few decades will he left almost entirely to the employees.

Infractions of rules are matters just as vital to each and every employee as to the management, hecause no employee can infringe the rules without injuriously affecting the safcty and comfort or well-heing of his fellow employees. It is not coming in a day or two; it is a matter of education. But I believe it will eome.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE.

Our Present President

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE. By Edward Elwell Whiting. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; $1.50.

Inscrutable, imperturbable, and red-headed, His Excellency is not an easy subject to biograph. He has a sense of humor, but he will never fall out of bed laughing at his own jokes; nor is his trail through life thus far bestrewn with storyettes. He does not resemble Lincoln, nor McKinley, nor William Henry Harrison, nor Andrew Jackson, nor does he seem to consider it necessary to. He just goes along attending to his knitting, and says so little about it that it is not feasible to make a very long book about him. Laconic and aphoristic, he generates little publicity—is himself rather an aphorism. He did not grow red-headed over the policemen's strike, having been born with that tendency back in 1872, but when he told Samuel Gompers that there was "no right to strike against the public safety, by anybody, anywhere, anytime," he came near telling it all. What remained might have been covered by the statement: "It does not matter whether I am elected or not."

This makes him a fascinating subject, but baffling—not merely an aphorism, but an enigma, a human interrogation point. No wonder his political rivals don't know where to lay hold of him—the man actually seems honest, and not only honest but capable. Instead of going off half-cocked he hears complaints and then investigates; and instead of granting favors he does his duty. That makes it hard for politicians to understand him. He is the political puzzle of the decade. Now that sort of subject does not run to volume, and this book, by the author of "Whiting's Column" in the *Boston Herald*, has a significance out of proportion to its size. It shows by the President's own "eloquence of silence" how little there is to tell on him. Not even his father has had much to say, but with Coolidge economy has managed to sum up a great deal in a verbally stingy statement. That statement was: "It always seemed to me that Calvin could get more sap out of a maple tree than any of the other boys around here."

Mr. Whiting has done a good piece of work in this biography. It is called "a hook of first aid toward the solution of a public enigma." The suggestion of an omen in the fact that his subject was born on the Fourth of July does no particular harm, and the author soon passes to more important relations. He traces the President through school and college, without finding anything startling, but notes the testimony of Coolidge, Sr., to the effect that Calvin was a reliable boy who could be trusted to do a good job when one was assigned him. He was thorough and he was conscientious, and his behavior was seemly and decent; a refutation of the old-granny idea that a boy must be a hell-raiser in order to amount to anything. He was not a blazing genius. It took him twenty months in a law office to get himself admitted to the bar, which, while it is not slow, is not swift; it has been done in less time by lesser men. But when Coolidge was mayor of Northampton he raised the pay of the firemen, school-teachers and policemen, lowered the taxes and reduced the town debt $90,000. Deeds, not words. He could never be accused of a tendency to act on impulse. Grace Goodhue's father found him alone in the Goodhue parlor one day and asked him, "What are you doing in Burlington?" "Came up to marry Grace," said Coolidge. "Why! Have you spoken to her yet?" "No; I can wait a few days if it's any convenience to you." Not much sheik about him—not a wild, impassioned lover—but he knew what he wanted, and does yet. That story about Stearns going to him on behalf of Amherst has been widely mis-related. He was then president of the Senate of Massachusetts. He first gave Stearns a flat refusal. Next year the legislature passed the bill. His objection has been that it was offered too late in the season—but he infrequently explains.

The book is remarkable for one feature rare in political studies, but a matter to which the people will have to pay more attention. Mr. Whiting has traced the transition of his subject from the character of a legislator to that of an executive, a most important change, contrasting two entirely different points of political view. It was Coolidge's idea, as Governor of Massachusetts, that under the general impulse to cure all mundane ills by passing laws, legislation had far outrun administration, and should mark time awhile until administration caught up. And when it came to administration itself, and the method of it, he had his own views. A state constitutional convention had suggested an amendment under which the administrative departments should be reduced in number from 118 to 20 within a period of not more than three years. Governor Coolidge served notice on the office-holders that he would not approve any opposition on their part, and then he went ahead and performed that unholy and [illegible] job in a year. In the words of Carlyle, he "got it done and let them howl." They howled like coyotes, but he was re-elected.

There is a good chapter on the policemen's strike. It should be observed that Coolidge was one of the few men in the nation that would have handled it as he did, and that his handling of it, and his tremendous indorsement from a grateful people for handling it that way, has settled the question whether or not we are to have police strikes. We are not. If it had not been for Coolidge we should have had a hundred by this time, every one entailing the sort of crime wave Boston suffered.

This book can be taken whole without effort, and is to be recommended unreservedly.

M. T.

The Cranberry Novel

HEART'S BLOOD. By Ethel M. Kelley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $2.00.

Cape Cod has become a familiar background for novels and stories, and the type with which the reader is most familiar is that of homely sketches, well-imbued with local atmosphere and generally filled with a spirit of contentment and peace. "Heart's Blood" possesses the genuine atmosphere, and it is not in any sense as sensational as the title suggests at first glance, but there is an undercurrent of pathos and tragedy in the story that decidedly upsets our ideal of associating only happiness with the direct and primitive folk of Cape Cod.

The book is written in the form of a diary or "setting down" of the thoughts of a girl, together with the happenings of her intimate circle, and this form furnishes opportunity for the simple colloquial style which heightens the impression the author is striving for.

Miss Kelley was born in Massachusetts of Quaker and Cape Cod ancestry. Partly educated at Cape Cod, her stories, and, more lately, her novels, have authenticity that cannot be rivaled by any author whose claim to understanding Cape Cod is that of an outside observer rather than that of one born in the midst of the characters she interprets.

A Story of Men and Steel

THE CINDER BUGGY. By Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

Mr. Garrett's mastery of his subjects, for he has two, reassure the reader and minister to the latter's pleasure in this fascinating novel. It deals with industry, but not in a sordid and mechanical way. It deals with men and women, but never in the Main Street way. Incidentally it conveys information, but not in a painful way. To Mr. Garrett, life can be romantic, even in the rolling mills, and history the more significant when it concerns itself with economics. Who can resist the interest to be found, in a historic sense, in the discovery of the way to burn anthracite, especially when we are told that it was "worth more to the State of Pennsylvania than a thousand gold mines?" Mr. Garrett is not merely a novelist of brilliance; he is pre-eminent in the field of economics, as his recent monograph on the German debt clearly indicates. And his style is fine! Many books with a fine style fail to live, but no book lives long without it. Sometimes when Mr. Garrett deals with human elements and human conditions his style rises to poetic heights, and moreover possesses a crispness, and an originality of ornament, that places this literary workman very high in real authorship. We can commend "The Cinder Buggy" as a fascinating, even an important, story, beautifully and forcefully told.

A Lesson for Fathers

NOT WANTED. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $0.75.

It is a great satisfaction when one has read and liked a story in a magazine and perhaps lost sight of it, to find it taking on a new lease of life in book form, and be able to re-read it and lend it to one's friends.

Such has been the happy fate of "Not Wanted," making its première in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and after loud and insistent demands, stepping forth between the boards of a book with its back quite neatly sewed up, and clothed in a jacket that matches its cover.

But any satisfaction that may be felt in its appearance as an attractive little book grows into a feeling that is deeper and more tender, and made up of tears and smiles as the simple little tale finds its way to the innermost heart of the reader.

It is indeed a tale for fathers to read, to think over, to smile over, to choke over a little, and then to close the book and ask: "Have I failed, or have I made my way into that land where 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'?"

Looking at Life

LIFE AND I. By C. Lewis Hind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.

This collection of reminiscences by the late editor of the *Academy* was first published in England and later in New York. They are half-columns, originally written for the London *Chronicle*, concerning every imaginable subject, and the volume was dedicated to the honored and invisible" editor of the publication in the era of Julius Caesar, aged 3-4; Julius Caesar, it need hardly be stated is the emperor of the house of Hind and creeps into more than one of the fascinating essays which follow.

With a tremendous acquaintance in the literary and artistic world, a delightful mode of expression, and a thousand quotations at his pen's end, the author has packed into each of these fifty and odd sketches a wealth of material not he found in many books of five times that number of pages. Appreciation is the keynote of the series—appreciation of people, of books, of art, of humor; and Mr. Hind's finest attribute is a sort of seeing below the surface and a little beyond the everyday limit. He looks at all things as they are "But thro' a kind of glory."

Man and the Stars

THE WONDERS OF THE STARS. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.75.

Mr. McCabe, who has written more than one book on evolution, has succeeded in this little book in bringing within the grasp of the average mind some of the wonders of modern astronomical science. Beginning with the structure of the universe we are gradually initiated into some of the secrets of the heavens. The author tells us that stars come and go, that myriads are ascending, through the gradations of heat—red, yellow, white and blue—then declining until they are dead and invisible.

There are readers who feel a certain difficulty in getting as far as this fringe, but at any rate they may take comfort from the statement that the intelligence of man stands far higher than it ever did before.

The Countenance of Christ

CHRIST IN ART. By Mrs. Henry Jenner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.

It may be doubted if any one has yet seen a satisfactory portrait of Christ, manifesting that ideal which every one of whatever creed has formed of him. Perhaps the greatest divergence from the conventional type is that of Munkácsy who has given a modern representation in "Ecco Homo" showing Christ not as the divine man, nor even as the Son of God of early art, nor even as the Redeemer, but as the suffering, down-trodden laborer, with the light of starvation and toil in his face. The author of this book observes that men fashion God as they need him, and concedes that Munkácsy's workman—Christ—has a message to grime-laden souls.

Between the Christ of to-day and the Christ of the Catacombs is a long list of pictures from the hands of painters of different races, working under diverse influences. We are given an interesting chapter on the German and Flemish schools, and the fundamental differences between the Latin and Celtic people, who act from an inward impulse, and the Teutonic who act from outward influence. The Latin artists who painted from what they found within themselves, drew the pictures of Christ from a visualized image in their own souls; the Teutonic who acted under outer influence, carefully copied from suitable models.

With the exception of the pictures which have been handed down of the childhood of Jesus and the Holy Family, it is to be doubted if the typical countenance of Jesus, as adopted by artists for centuries, is as satisfying to the contemplative human being as the mental image formed out of his own needs and beliefs.

Romance and History

THE TORCH BEARERS. By Bernard Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.50.

Some years ago Bernard Marshall wrote a stirring romance of England in the thirteenth century with the theme circling about the stormy period of Magna Charta. The hero was the youth Cedric, who, beginning his adventures as forester, ended them as a knight.

The book just published, "The Torch Bearers," deals with a descendant of Cedric the Forester, one Miles Delaroche, who championed the cause of the people against King Charles in the tragic days of the revolt of the Puritans against the monarchy—when the Roundheads and the Cavaliers were divided into separate camps and the domination of Cromwell, following the downfall of the king, threatened to be as great a tyranny as any from which the people had suffered.

Miles Delaroche is a veritable hero of romance. His adventures during the last year of the contest are full of interest, although the early part of the book is slow and rather tedious. But the tempo quickens as the tale progresses and the final escape of the young Delaroche from his enemies and his ultimate entry into a new life is well told and forms a satisfactory conclusion.

Engaging Tales

ACCORDING TO GIBSON. By Denis Mackail. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.00.

Whatever quality might be found lacking in this young English author's work, it is not inventiveness, for in "According to Gibson" he has given us ten cleverly wrought tales which hold the reader's interest from start to finish. They are supposed to emanate from the irresponsible Gibson, who delights to regale his fellow members of the Caviare Club with these figments of his fancy. The fact that they are told in the first person and purport to be the adventures of the same irre-

CERTIFICATE OF SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP.

Charles M. Wilson and Martyn F. Warner, both of Berkeley, California, have formed a special partnership with said Wilson as general partner and said Warner as special partner, to do an insurance brokerage business under the name Charles M. Wilson Co., with a principal office in the City and County of San Francisco, California. Said Warner has actually contributed and paid into the partnership nine hundred seventy-nine dollars ninety-three cents lawful money of the United States. The partnership peirod shall be 20 years beginning November 1, 1923. A certificate setting forth the above and as required by law has been filed and recorded in the proper offices of the City and County of San Francisco, California.

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sponsible Gibson, lends them an air of truth and realty worthy of the late Baron Munchausen. There is a thrilling and unusual ghost story, an American tale of a Kentucky colonel, with an unexpected twist at the end of it, and a burlesque story of a London medical man. Indeed the entire collection of ten is well worth reading.

Notes of Books and Authors.

So ingenious is the first "Mirror Book" by Milton Goodman, with its queerly printed text and mirror in the overhanging back cover, that the *Scientific American* is running a special article upon it. This fascinating little hook-toy is issued by Boni & Liveright.

Mrs. Maude Radford Warren, author of "The House of Youth," is in Italy writing a new novel. New York politics apparently will have some part in it since Mrs. Warren wrote the Secretary of State of New York for data. Ever since women were enfranchised, Mrs. Warren has been keen on the subject, so she ought to have something keen to say.

Owen Davis, author of "Icebound," Little, Brown & Company, has brought suit against Harold Lloyd, the movie star, for $100,000. The screen rights of his latest play, "The Nervous Wreck," which is a current Broadway success, were refused to Mr. Lloyd, but it seems that he went ahead and used some of the ideas in the play anyway—or so the allegation states.

Maxim Gorky's latest book, "My University Days," is now off the press. It tells the story of this great Russian's informal student career, how he mixed tramping, love, and education in Russian universities in the unique preparation that made for his intellectual development. "It is a Russian 'Education of Henry Adams'." The book is published by Boni & Liveright.

"Advanced Practical Physics for Students," a late publication of E. P. Dutton & Co., is a course in practical physics based on that followed in King's College, London, by students working for an honors degree, but it has a wider scope intended to fit it for those not concerned with university examinations. Its authors are B. L. Worsnop and H. T. Flint, both of the faculty of King's College and also of that of the University of London.

A "scheme of work" for writing short stories is given by Max Bonter in "Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing," the short story analysis compiled by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman from answers to a questionnaire he sent more than one hundred authors concerning their creative methods. The scheme is:

1. Be sure an idea is worth developing, from a "human interest" standpoint.
2. Develop the climax first.
3. Start off the characters like a bunch of obstacle racers and bring them to the climax as quickly, but as logically, as possible.
4. Write tersely at first, expanding where advisable—rather than write voluminously and chop out.
5. Write nothing that won't at least put a grain of weight into the final wallop.

A very interesting new edition that the Duttons have just brought out is that time-honored and classic work, J. G. Wood's "Illustrated Natural History," over whose pictures and reading matter so many young people have hung entranced. It has long been a standard work for general use, because of its comprehensiveness, its author's encyclopedic knowledge of animal life, his simple and graphic style, and the immense number and quality and accuracy of its illustrations. For this edition new plates have been made of the illustrations which therefore appear in all their bewildering variety and number as clearly and beautifully printed as they were in the original edition.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas" and a score of other sea stories, is sailing in "a fine new scout cruiser" of our navy for Zanzibar; not due home again until the latter part of March. He wrote to a friend: "I couldn't let this cruise go by. All sorts of queer ports like Port Sudan, Djubuti, not to mention Madagascar and the Cape, Africa West Coast, St. Helena, and South America." The Century Company expects to publish another book by Mr. Paine, part of the manuscript of which will be produced in the "large cabin with a typewriter," which Mr. Paine wrote that he has on the cruiser.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts recently published through the Houghton Mifflin Company a brief book of spiritual autobiography, entitled "Fifty Years." Not only is this small volume selling at a rate to suggest popular fiction, but the author is receiving an inundation of letters from all over the world. The dean of a famous English cathedral writes, "It is refreshing to read so candid a book from the pen of a bishop. We have our liberal bishops, but they seldom, at least after becoming bishops, speak out as he has done." Bishop Lawrence does "speak out" in a frank way that has started discussion not only through the Episcopal Church but all denominations.

Henry van Dyke says: "'In the Days of My Youth,' by James Baldwin, is spiced with those quaint 'colloquials' which are so much better than the modern mechanical slang, and is, above all, clear as a crystal through which we can see the springs and fountains of the real American life. How sweet and sane and rich it was, with all its oddities. We can't get back to it, but I wish we could keep its spirit and be God's simple, strenuous folk." "In the Days of My Youth" (Bobbs-Merrill) was published anonymously in 1914. James Baldwin, who now discloses himself as the author, was for many years editor of the American Book Company, and writes on the Indiana of his boyhood.

It is often the case that fiction comes first and afterwards fact. Sometime ago "Granpat" told in his "Harilek" the strange adventure of certain Englishmen who went far into central Asia and there found a race, evidently of European origin, such as no living person knew to exist. Now the National Geographic Association is planning to send an expedition to an almost equally last fragment of the human race, that also lives in central China. These people are an island in the vast multitude of China. They have been described by one of the few Europeans ever to come even to the edge of the country as resembling the Hindoo, the South Sea Islanders, the American Indian and the negro. For thousands of years they have withstood Chinese absorption.

"Pets for Boys and Girls," by A. J. Macself, which the Duttons have recently published, is a book which every young person who loves animals will long to possess. The author considers all the time-honored animal loves of children—dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, rabbits, pigeons, canaries, and all the rest of the list. There are chapters on choosing individual pets, on the ailments to which the various animals are subject, on their breeding and training, on what they should eat and how they should be cared for, on how to keep them clean and well-groomed. In short, there is hardly anything any boy or girl needs to know, or wants to know, about any kind of ordinary pet animal but is found somewhere in these pages. There is one section that tells them what a delightful hobby an aquarium is and how to make and stock and take care of one, both outdoors and indoors. The book is copiously illustrated, partly from photographs and partly from line drawings by G. E. Lee.

The sprightly history of early Washington, the acrimonious fights that raged about its selection as the capital, the orgies of real estate speculation that enlivened its first days, and the picturesque rules of procedure and precedence which governed its society always held a fascination for Thomas Nelson Page. Years before his appointment as American ambassador to Rome, the novelist began to collect data from original sources and to develop the stormy romance of the Potomac city. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, L'Enfant, and Elliot move through the pages. One of the piquant anecdotes of the father of his country which Mr. Page relates is the story of Washington's attempt to force David Burns, the old Scottish planter who owned much of the land for the purposed city, to sell his plantation. When Washington, shaken out of his usual calm by the old man's obstinacy, accused him of attempting extortion and threatened him with condemnation proceedings, the Scotchman retorted that the general would never have heard of it if he hadn't married the Widow Curtis. The book under the title, "Washington and Its Romance," was issued under the imprint of Doubleday, Page & Company. It was Mr. Page's last work.

New Books Received

MANUAL OF THE VERTEBRATES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Sherring Pratt. Philadelphia: P. Blackiston's Son & Company.
Illustrated.

MY FAIR LADY. By Louis Hemon. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.00.
Short stories by the author of "Maria Chapdelaine."

COUNTRY FOLK: A PLEASANT COMPANY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.
Portraits of rural types.

SNYTHERGEN. By Hal Garrott. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.
A fairy tale illustrated by Dugald Walker.

DREAMS OF AN ASTRONOMER. By Camille Flammarion. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $2.50.
Translated from the French by E. E. Fournier d'Albe.

WAR: ITS CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURE. By Kirby Page. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Christianity and World Problems Pamphlets: No. 1.

HIGHWAYMEN. By Charles J. Finger. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; $3.00.
With illustrations from wood-blocks by Paul Honore.

THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE. By Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.50.
A study of the social use and moral control of the new knowledge.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPIRITUALISM. By William S. Sadler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.
The result of twenty-five years of investigation.

MY UNIVERSITY DAYS. By Maxim Gorky. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.00.
Autobiography.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. By Frederick Niven. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.50.
A novel of Glasgow life.

REJUVENATION. By Dr. Paul Kammerer. New York: Boni & Liveright; $2.00.
Experiences with the Steinach operations on man and animals.

BEYOND LIFE. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Boni & Liveright; 95 cents.
In the Modern Library Series.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. Abridged and arranged by Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.
In one volume.

LIFE AND I. By Lewis Hind. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; $2.50.
Short papers.

THE EXPERT WITNESS. By C. A. Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton & Company.
The application of science to human identification.

JAPAN. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.50.
The first book of a series to be known as the University Travel Series.

SCARLET RUNNERS. By Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.00.
Verse.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S OUT-OF-DOOR MELODIES. By Jane Thorpe Dunbar. Boston: The Four Seas Company; $1.50.
Illustrated verse.

LASS OF THE SWORD. By C. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50.
A tale of the days of chivalry.

ROBERT BURNS. By Andrew Dakers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.
His life and genius.

TALES OF PASSED TIMES. Written for children by Mr. Perrault. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.00.
Decorated by John Austen.

THE COLOR OF A GREAT CITY. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright; $3.50.
Studies of New York life.

NOT WANTED. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.
A novelette.

CHILD LABOR AND THE CONSTITUTION. By Raymond G. Fuller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $2.50.
A resume of child labor, past and present.

BY LAND AND SEA. By Will Owen Jones. Lincoln: Miller Paine.
Travel letters to the *Nebraska State Journal* by its editor.

RELIGIOUS DRAMAS: 1924. Selected by the Committee on Religious Drama of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. New York: The Century Company; $2.00.
Ten plays.

JAPANESE POETRY. By Curtis Hidden Page. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $5.00.
An historical essay with translations.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS. By John E. Baxter. New York: D. Appleton & Company; $1.25.
Humorous verse on golf, tennis, and polo.

MAKING THE WEATHER. By Alexander McAdie. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.00.
By the author of "Wind and Weather."

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Jules Payot. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $1.75.
Authorized translation from the French by Richard Duffy.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY: 1875-1920. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company; three volumes; $12.50.
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THIS SERENITY

Quite a time ago a choral-leader of Chicago named Tomlinson came out to San Francisco and organized a number of child-chorals. He was a man—I don't know whether or not he is still going on with the work—whose name was a household word in the slum districts of Chicago. To the children in those districts he brought a message of hope and cheer. For he organized a number of these chorals, and trained the children to sing with remarkahly spontaneous expression. His choruses for children gave him, during his visit here the entrée to the public schools; otherwise, a rather remarkable man would scarcely have created a ripple on the stream of San Francisco life.

Yet he was one of the most graphic, magnetic, helpful, and vividly illustrative of teachers. His classes delighted in his intensely interesting lessons, and were warmly receptive; and on the memories of many his vital, unforgettable instructions have left a life-long impression.

He worked up his choruses here to the requisite point of polish and gave public concerts, which were attended hy the friends and relatives of the chorus. But the general public paid little attention to this *rara avis*, whom Chicago was watching from afar with thinly disguised anxiety, scared to death for fear he would elect to stay in San Francisco.

But how could he? He was widely known in his home city, something of a philanthropist in the way he conducted his work, and he had a sufficient number of adults who eagerly sought him for paid instrnction.

"Serene, indifferent of fate,
Thou sittest at the Western gate."

San Francisco in general went on sitting, not even hoisting herself out of her comfortahle seat to offer homage not only to an unique artist, but to one who had won wide distinction by the public spiritedness with which he taught his art to others.

There have been many allusions in the press to two other artists in our midst, who are similarly engaged in a work that is undertaken much more in a spirit of artistic enthusiasm than from a desire for gain. These are Mr. Maurice Browne and Miss Ellen Van Volkenburg, both artists widely and favorably known, partly as founders and co-directors of the Chicago Little Theatre, which made something of a name during its hey-dey; and partly as being identified with many theatrical productions in the East of a high order of artistic merit. Miss Van Volkenburg has starred in New York in such rôles as that of the "Medea" of Euripides, and G. B. Shaw's "Candida"; and was the person who introduced art marionettes in America, and indeed, established the first American puppet theatre in America.

Mr. Browne is the author of many writings on the drama, and his name is identified with such artists as Margaret Anglin, for whom he was at one time a producing director.

But these two people are preëminently teachers of the arts of the theatre, and it was to establish a school of the arts of the theatre that they came to San Francisco. The school has heen endowed by public-spirited citizens of San Francisco, who, like its founders, work quietly, administering the endowment fund as a trust, and serving without salary. As a result students, who are restricted in number and subject to vigorous criticism before they are accepted, are offered unique training for a low fee.

The friends of the school are much concerned, however, over the possihility that Los Angeles will make such a bid to have a school of this kind in their midst that San Francisco may lose it. At present Mr. Browne is down in the southern metropolis and giving a course of lectures on the drama oi the arts—as distinguished from the drama of commerce—which are attended in over-flowing numbers; and offers of a greatly increased endowment are being made by the Los Angelenos in the hope of inducing the founders of the school to transplant it to Los Angeles.

And San Francisco, still serene, still indifferent, and quite oblivious, is sitting at her western gate and paying no attention whatever to the fact that there is established here an art school of the theatre which is the only one of its kind in the country. Nowhere else is there a spontaneously and voluntarily endowed school of the kind. Nowhere else is there a school for the inculcation of the arts of the theatre which is not conducted for personal gain. The students in this school are not being trained to win popular success in the commercial theatres. The scholarships that are bestowed on graduation entitle the holders to take responsihle positions in any Repertory, Art or Guild theatre in North America.

A recent programme presented hy the pupils gave to the invited guests assembled some perception of the dramatically developing effect of the method taught to induce free dramatic expression. Each pupil is encouraged to create and to express the idea conceived, sometimes alone, sometimes with the help of others.

I have always remembered with the keenest pleasure a demonstration made by Mr. Tomlinson, the choral master referred to some paragraphs back, of the method by which in Italy free emotional expression is taught to students in schools of the art of the opera. Unhampered by words, using only the syllables of the musical scale, they must seek to express the requisite sentiment or emotion. Although Mr. Tomlinson made no pretensions to being more than a teacher-singer, so free, pliable and fluent was his expressional ability that these musical syllables, as they came from his lips, expressing some natural emotions of the heart, stirred the sensibilities with a sense of moved homage to noble sentiments,

Miss Van Volkenburg has recently devised a method for encouraging voluntary expression among her pupils that bears some analogy to that so beautifully illustrated by Mr. Tomlinson. Miss Van Volkenburg names her method "vowelization." Like the students of vocal music the students of dramatic expression under her tutelage remain for a time unhampered by words, and express their hrief, self-created dramas, or dramatic scenes, by means of pantomime joined with utterances of the vowels only.

The results as seen during the informal, illustrative programme mentioned, were most surprising, and profoundly interesting. There was one scene representing a forest fire in which eight or ten pupils took part. Each one represented some natural force: fire, rain, wind, thunder, a tree. In a comparatively limited time the students had conveyed the effect of rising wind, fire, the terrihle destruction of stately trees, the coming of a storm with thunder, and the falling rain which quenched the hissing flames. I prefer not to explain how it was done. But it was done most successfully, the voices calling out the vowel sounds, creating a sort of spoken harmony, an agitating diapason which attained to a full dramatic effect.

Another and most expressive drama in hrief was given solus hy a gifted student who was giving her own conception of the creation as conceived in the mind of the devout, simple-hearted colored people. We saw the whole conception; a rather assertive self-important deity; his first idea of man; his self-questionings and criticisms—all conveyed only hy the vowel sounds—as he fashioned the clay into the likeness of himself. Eve appears, and strikes a feminine note of childlike insouciance. She woos Adam innocently to share her pleasure in the strange fruit. Adam vowelizes his wrath, his exhortation, his condemnation, and suddenly, all human, succumbs utterly.

God walks in the garden, and Adam howed with shame, tacitly acknowledges his guilt. "But," as he indicates with pantomime, and accusatory vowels, "She, there, just went and made me do it. It's all her fault."

Eve preserves her gay insouciance. This angry creator cannot phase her and so it goes on, to the expulsion from Paradise.

Now let us compare this developing work—for it may be perceived that the arts of playmaking, play-acting, and play-producing are all thus developed—with the limited range of those followers of the commercial drama who play only for popular success. These players in the school of arts of the theatre are so influenced hy the prevailing art standards that it enables them to dispense with the assertion of their own personality; to forget themselves in fact, in the ahsorption of conveying the snpreme idea.

Whereas, many young players who learn their A B Cs under the eye of the public, once they have made a hit feel a perpetual itch to repeat it; not for the sake of art, hut for the sake of themselves. Can one imagine the average American dramatic star hiding his or her light under a bushel by assuming a lesser than ordinary rôle in order to help on the dominating idea of the drama?

Quite impossihle. And yet that is quite a common happening in the Moscow Art Theater, which reminds me that the ultimate hope of all those public-spirited people who are helping on the School of the Arts of the Theatre hy their sympathy, their unsalaried work, or their financial aid is to see the school develop either into a studio or a repertory theatre, which will do for America something of what the Moscow Art Theatre has done for Russian drama, or the Comédie Francaise has done for French dramatic art.

Perhaps, hut people who know declare that in spite of its crude Middle West atmosphere Los Angeles has, tucked away in various corners, an infinite variety of artists. Whether or not it is the eager-minded Middle Westerners, who support these artists I do not know. But if you want, for instance, to find an artist of skill and taste to give you lessons in the designing of costumes, you look in vain in San Francisco. Someone says, "I know just the man. He is in great demand as a teacher in Los Angeles." And so, having learned of the kind of work that is being so successfully under way here, we may hear of it hut to learn of losing it. There is lots of money in Los Angeles. Never before was money heing spent so freely; never before were so many people attaining to almost sudden prosperity.

And so one wishes that San Francisco would drop her serenity and indifference, rise from her sitting posture, and do some hustling in order to keep what she's got.

Owing to the holiday congestion, especially at the Columbia Theatre, a review of "Lightnin'" has had to be postponed.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

A WRITER'S FIRST MOVIE VIEW

We had an interesting and unexpected opportunity last week of ascertaining how films impressed a writer who had never seen one, says an observer in the New York *Times*. This seems an almost impossihle find, and undoubtedly it would he in this country, where such a large percentage of the population regularly attends the presentation of photoplays. This wielder of the pen happens to be a Briton and like many across the water, motion pictures, except in the form of news reels, have never held any interest for him. He concluded they were in an immature state, and that before he gave them any length of time they would have to improve. What spare time he did have he was willing to devote to the theatre or to other entertainments. He could not conceive of anybody in his social life saying that they were going to see a picture.

The first production we were ahle to see with him was Anatole France's "Crainquebille." This British journalist marveled at the characterization of Maurice de Feraude, as the push-cart peddler of vegetahles. He was interested in the photography and in the different sequences of the film. He was almost won over to giving some of his spare evenings to motion pictures, and talked at length on films, asking how they were made, and how the fade-outs were obtained.

He decided to see another picture, and unfortunately this production happened to he Pola Negri in "The Cheat." We helieve that after studying this film. he is back where he was hefore, as although he gained amusement out of the evening, he would probahly be loath to give up another hour and a half to such a proceeding. As the story was strung along this journalist presaged what would happen, as one can easily do in stories like "The Cheat," which showed that to intelligent persons there was absolutely no suspense. He even anticipated incidents that had been forgotten, a mistake on the part of either the scenario writer or the director. We helieve, from what we have heard, that this was the fault of the adapter of the production.

After ahout four reels of "The Cheat" our friend remarked in audible tones that he could not see any reason why the film should not go on for days. Ohviously the picture was no nearer its end than it had been two reels before and the scenario writer seemed to have tangled things up. On the screening of the sixth reel the hero was under arrest, the villain was wounded and the woman—Pola Negri—was suffering from nervous exhaustion and branding. It was. therefore, concluded that it was a good spot to call a halt to the production. But the man who knew nothing about films then concluded that the trial had to come, the hero would have to he acquitted and something disastrous happen to the Hindu villain, and if all this happened as it should. with the detail that had heen put into some of the sequences, it would be a matter of the production taking about as long as an English county cricket match.

This Britisher observed that the Hindu, known in Paris as a swindler, whose hobby was to have his purloined crest imprinted on everything, would be revealed as the croupier who had won all the money Pola Negri had lost. But it happens that the scenario writer in perhaps a moment of compassion for all that he or she had made happen to the scoundrel of this film, decided not to expose him. At the end of the film this Britisher remarked, not without reason: "Not one individual does a single natural or prohable thing. They ought to have made a great deal of the branding, and had the Hindu sit on his comfortahle chair smoking a cigarette, while his two menials held the heroine and slowly heated the iron and then, when she refused to dine with the blackguard, they ought to have methodically put the heated implement upon her fair skin."

He was reminded here that the censor might object to such a proceeding in films, as branding was not popular either here or in Britain.

"However," observed the British writer, "I still insist that in this production there is nothing logical, coherent, congruous or natural. Technically, I suppose it is beautiful, but it is absurd as a story. Fancy a man writing a book along the same lines and not uncovering the villain. In the shooting scene it appeared to me that the Hindu was shot amidship, but it was evidently some optical delusion, for in the subsequent scenes he was only injured in the arm. One would imagine that the writer had first decided to kill him off and then willed to bring him back to life to add a reel or two to the picture and have the woman arrested for the shooting. Personally I hoped he was dead, not that I felt vengeful, hut simply that it—the picture—would have heen better if it had ended sooner—the sooner the hetter."

WHY IS A PLAYWRIGHT?

I have always avoided going near theatres in which plays are in rehearsal, writes J. P. McEvoy, author of "The Potters," in the New York *Herald*. My mind is full of terrible stories of awful tragedies enacted therein, and my veins are full of what was once the milk of human kindness but has now become clabbered by the thunderstorms of life. I knew that even on the sidewalk in front I would hear the moans of the author and the cruel crack of the stage director's whip. "Take that, and that, and that!" And then the piteous moans of the author, "You may own my hody, massa, but my soul belongs to the Shuberts." I could see the desperate author hugging his favorite line to his breast and fleeing over the ice cakes, pursued hy the sharp barks of the producer, "That's out! out! out!"

And then dawned a day, as they say in the movies, when I came out of the ether and discovered a play had heen horn unto me. I will not tell you of the managerial doorsteps on which this child has gurgled and cooed, surrounded by milk bottles and such morning papers as the neighbors didn't want.

Sufficient that one morning Richard Herndon stepped out of his back door and found this little pink comedy all wrapped up in rejection slips. His motherly heart was touched and he took it in and gave it a little that was left over from the night hefore. . . . and the next thing I knew it was in rehearsal with actors and a director and drafts all over the house and everything.

Should I go to the rehearsals or shouldn't I? I must have debated the question for at least a minute and then finally made a great resolve. Yes, I would go. I would beard Richard Herndon in his den and Augustin Duncan in his lair. After all what could they do to me? What did I have to fear from their hlue pencils, I who had heen working for sporting editors, city editors and Sunday editors for twelve years. I laughed mirthlessly.

The next day I crept fearfully into the private office of Mr. Herndon, twirling my rough woolen cap in my hands and shuffling my feet nervously in the soft, thick pile of his luxurious rug. "Please, Mr. Herndon," I said, and I am sure the pathetic catch in my voice must have touched him, theatrical manager though he is—"Please, Mr. Herndon, may I go in and look at the rehearsal?" And then a miracle. Mr. Herndon arose and a huge smile swept his face like the shadow of the clouds sweep-

New Pictures of Pope Pius

Another page of exclusive photographs, showing Pope Pius, his home and his advisers, is an attractive feature of next Sunday's Rotogravure Section. Here is the papal throne, the vatican gardens and many of the Pope's closest advisers, all portrayed in beautiful photography. It's a page you will want to see.

Other Attractive Pages

Take you on an interesting journey "Around the States," show scenes of "European Life," interest the feminine folk with "The Vogue of the Sticks," give you some close-ups on "Duck Hunters," and finish with an attractive front page of "1924." Better put in your order early so you won't miss The

Sunday Chronicle Rotagravure Section

ing over a meadow on a March day. He extended his hand. I dodged instinctively—but it was open. "So you are the author," he said, "glad to see you. Shake!"

I had often shaked in the presence of theatrical managers. Knees, tonsils, etc., but seldom hands. I shook. Into my gaping mouth he inserted an expensive cigar. Taking me by my thin, wasted arm he led me into the theatre and introduced me with kind words to Augustin Duncan, who even then was trying to make English out of the words I had written. "This is the author," he said and I trembled. "Now he will turn on me," I thought, "this pleasant-looking director will froth at the mouth and he will lash out at me." But no. He, too, shook hands with me. He sat there beside me in the darkened house, while before on a real stage real actors were making real noises, out of this which had been, up till now, merely so many scraps of paper.

I attended other rehearsals after this, gradually overcoming the fear born of the terrible tales I had been told of producers and directors. I gained confidence, I became even so bold as to make suggestions. One day I remember—Oh! magic day—I said with a bantering air to veil my inward agitation, "I think that speech is too long, Mr. Duncan, let's cut it." "No," he replied mildly, "let's leave it alone, it's all right." What was this—an author asking to cut his play and a director refusing? So I tried it again. "That second scene," I hesitated, . . . "that second scene, let's cut it out." And then he turned on me and bared his fangs. "You let that play alone," he hissed, "don't you dare cut it, don't you change a line of it." I cowered in my seat and gazed fixedly into space. "Ca passe, ca passe, ca passe,"—I muttered the magic words twenty times. And then I looked at Duncan again and he was smiling once more.

Somehow I found myself out on the street. The evening soot was falling gently, trailing with dusky finger tips cooling benediction athwart my fevered brow. I know I must have presented a curious spectacle as I staggered around talking to myself. "He won't even let me cut it—won't let me change it, and I'd been thinking all the time I would bring a posse with me on the opening night to help me find one of my own lines. Am I awake or am I asleep, dreaming that I am awake?"

And then I came to with a start. I was looking over the shoulder of the man in front of me and staring me in the eyes was this announcement in the evening paper:

"Why not take advantage of this startling offer? Complete funeral for thirty dollars, including rosewood coffin and five cars. Lady embalmers if desired."

And then was born in me a great resolve: I will have Richard Herndon produce my next play, that is, unless I am compelled to engage a lady embalmer for this one.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

At the Curran.

New interest has been aroused in Aaron Hoffman's latest mystery-comedy, "A Big Reward," which starts its fifth week at the Curran Theatre next Sunday, as a result of the many new mirth-provoking situations and comedy lines that have been written into the show by the author upon his arrival here last week. Hoffman came all the way from New York for the purpose of seeing Kolb and Dill in this laugh hit, and also for the purpose of bringing with him practically a new manuscript as a result of many previously unthought of comedy situations, which occurred to him after the original had been completed and delivered to these popular comedians. Hoffman spent the five days of the trip across the continent in getting the material in shape and immediately upon his arrival here called rebearsals to inject the new scenes into the play. The laugh-producing quality of "A Big Reward" has been enhanced 100 per cent particularly as the new material gives Kolb and Dill a number of hilarious scenes together, something that the play heretofore lacked.

Hoffman satirizing the craze for mystery plays evolved a plot that concerns the theft of a painting from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The story deals with the search for the thief and the funny dilemmas Kolb and Dill find themselves facing during the untangling of the mystery. So carefully is the solution guarded and so surprising is the denouement that audiences are urged not to reveal the secret.

Kolb and Dill carry the usual high class company for which the firm is noted, numbering such well-known names in the cast as May Cloy, Richard Allan, Charles L. Marsh and Rose Ludwig.

At the Columbia.

"Lightnin'" has struck, at the Columbia Theatre where the Frank Bacon play with its special interest to Californians will enter upon the second week of its stay on Sunday night, December 30. The demand for seats is great, and reservations are being made for all performances up to and including Saturday, January 12.

This is not the first occasion on which John Golden has given San Franciscans a stage triumph. His productions of "Turn to the Right" and "The First Year" are remembered with delight and many a day will have passed before the performance of "Lightnin'" will pass from the memory of those who have the pleasure of seeing it. Matinees will be given New Year's Day, Wednesday and Saturday.

Our French Theatre Season

The event of the season 1923-24 at La Gaitè Française will take place the second week of January, when "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," the delightful classic comedy by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, will be given.

The leading parts will be taken by Mrs. Constance Hart Wylie, (Antoinette, Poirier's daughter), Mr. William Newhall, Jr., (Marquis de Presle) and Barroll McNear (Duc de Montmeyran). All three speak perfect French and according to the traditions created by Andre Ferrier "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," will be given with the utmost care as to acting, presentation, scenery and costumes. There have already been thirty rehearsals of two to three hours each, directed by Andre Ferrier himself, with the belief that the play will be the best ever given on his little stage. It is expected that the second week in January will bring to the French Theatre another success which will echo far. For San Francisco can take pride not only in the fact that it possesses the only French Theatre in the United States, but also that this theatre can compete with the smaller commercial theatres as far as perfection of production is concerned, as well as artistic merit. Andre Ferrier will play an important part in "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" and the other parts will be taken by Charles Fallon, P. Bertinetti, A. Frediani, Bernard, Charles Constant and Irene Bietry.

The scenery is the creation of Andre Ferrier himself and was painted by Pelenc, assisted by Charles Fallon. The big stained window which occupies the back of the stage is the art work of Lucien Lebaudt, who also makes the costume of M. Poirier.

Lectures by Juliet James

Morning talks by Juliet James will be resumed with two series to be given in the Paul Elder Gallery. On consecutive Wednesdays, at 10:15 a. m., commencing January 2, Mrs. James will talk on "Florence, Its Art, and the Medici," and will illustrate the subject with stereopticon slides.

On consecutive Friday mornings at 10:15 o'clock she will give her review of "Vital Interests of 1924." These talks are constructive, following a regular scheme for covering the most important interests of the day.

Things Not What They Seem

Actors and actresses do not always allow for the fact that "property" weather does not invariably agree with the thermometer. Beerbohm Tree tells that once, when he was playing before a New York audience, the scene represented intense cold. Mr. Tree's lines called for remarks upon the frigidity of the atmosphere, and as he delivered them he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped from his face the perspiration that had been induced by the heavy fur overcoat he was wearing. Kathryn Kidder made an equally ridiculous error once. She had the part of a worker in a laundry, and was busily engaged in ironing when a stray cat walked onto the stage. Miss Kidder, to give a touch of domesticity to the scene, picked up the cat, petted her, and put her down on the nearest place at hand. Suddenly there was a ripple of laughter in the audience, and Miss Kidder instinctively looked for the cat. She saw her curled up sleeping where she had put her—among the irons on the supposedly red-hot range.

Father's Night

It appears that during all the many years that "Jim" O'Neill had been appearing under the proscenium arch, years with John McCullough in the San Francisco stock, years with Lawrence Barrett, years as a star of the first and finest magnitude, says Thomas Jefferson Faust in the New York *Herald;* it appears, I repeat, that not once during all those years had his father, a typical native of Erin, ever seen his act, and so it was all fixed up between Mr. O'Neill and the manager of the local theatre of the town in which the elder O'Neill dwelt that the very next time James O'Neill was to appear there that his father should have a stage box and see what "his boy" could do.

Came the great night at last, and after seeing O'Neill, the elder, safe and comfortable in his stage box the star prepared to play "Monte Cristo" as it never had been played before. It appears he paid little or no attention to any one in front, but centered his whole performance to the little old man in the box. It did not take the huge audience long to discover that the rôle of "Edmond Dantes" was being portrayed that night as never before, and at the conclusion of the final curtain call (there had been about a dozen) he rushed into the box where his father sat and breathlessly asked him how did he like the show. To which the old gentleman replied in a matter of fact way: "And is that th' way ye make ye livin'? It's a damn easy way ye have o' getting money."

Singing Kettles and Humming Wires

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"LIGHTNIN'"

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VANITY FAIR.

Our sister city of Los Angeles is still struggling, in some part, toward that chemical purity which is supposed to distinguish it from the "wicked cities of the plain," and even from the other cities of the Pacific Coast. The trouble may seem intermittent, hut is never interrupted for long. Prohahly it goes on always, as a phase of the world-old Zoroastrian conflict hetween light and darkness, only the press agents sometimes turn to other themes, such as shooting jack rahbits from the platforms of the trolley cars, and this makes it seem as though the devil had got on top to stay; hut the devil can not really get on top to stay, at Los Angeles, and it is not long before we hear again the horns of the hosts of light, or, to change the figure, are assured that the purity experts are again ruhhing concentrated lye into the morals of their fellow citizens. The latest purificatory rites consist of the refusal of a Congregational clergyman to unite in what is termed "holy wedlock" a couple the masculine memher of which had once played a part in the eye-opening drama entitled "Getting Gertie's Garter." The play had heen ordered off the hoards. As the actors in it were therehy deprived, at least temporarily, of their means of livelihood, one would suppose the sternest moralist would have heen satisfied. But apparently what was required for entire purity was the massacre of the troupe; at least its generative massacre as an element likely to contrihute to future population; in other words, hirth control applied to anyhody that had contrihuted any merriment to the world hy "Getting Gertie's Garter." The line must he drawn somewhere. The bahy crop must he shortened at the footlights of the censored play. In fact, population itself is to he censored. And if the standards of censorship are to he those erected to fit this case hy the Los Angeles moralist, one wonders how many of us had any right to he horn. When you think of it, very few. Fortunately for the censored couple and the continued growth of Los Angeles, they found a willing clergyman. The Rev. Jim Brougher does not hide his light under a bushel, and he is ever willing to help Los Angeles grow. He was found ready to minister to publicity and population, and he promptly put on the douhle harness. It is well that there are several kinds of clergyman; and the chances are hetter than even that the Reverend Brougher's method will contrihute more to morals than the sort of fluid the other preacher used.

Meanwhile a preacher of another sort, and denomination, has heen having trouhle with his bishop over some hare-legged dances he has heen staging at the church of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, New York. New York is not so pure as Los Angeles, hut Bishop Manning wouldn't stand for what the Reverend Norman Guthrie staged. He demanded "skirts on the Venus, trousers on Apollo." Reverend Guthrie does not cavil at the decision of his hishop, hut he says he and the dances have heen misunderstood. "Everything one says and does is so terrihly misconstrued." These pagan dances (he frankly calls them pagan), are symholic. One wonders what they symholized to the pagan mind, and if they symholize the same thing to the Christian, and why it is necessary to symholize to the Christian mind what even a pagan had to resort to symholism to convey. He asks, "Is a living illustration not more eloquent than a piece of statuary?" It sure is. But why have either in church? The Reverend Guthrie claims to be a conservative, and says he has been referred to as an old granny for it, and there is some ground for his claim, for he has certainly drawn on classic Greece for his peculiar line of symbolism. There was a Greek state, prohahly Sparta, that got to worrying ahout the baby crop. They feared, as the French fear to-day, that Acadia, or Megara or some other neighhor would hring up more soldiers and some day defeat them. So the Ephor, or Ephod, or whatever it was they had for a king, decreed that the hoys and girls should dance together on the village green without sartorial encumhrances, in hope that the fires of love would he lighted in hreasts otherwise calm and cool. It didn't work worth a cent—just got to he a nuisance and spoiled the day's fishing. So custom stales. Reverend Guthrie says he has tried to hlend the old with the new, and that "if there is one great danger in our church it is in those people who are stuck in the glue of yesterday." But he should have remembered ahout the putting of new wine into old bottles. As for yesterday, there have heen worse times than our recent yesterdays. At the Christmas dinner of a famous San Francisco club the other night, the toast that made the best hit was: "Here's to the days when men drank and women wore clothes."

It seems to he as hard work keeping the verdigris off the Gould name as keeping predatory hands off the Gould wealth. But a French court has helped in this worthy—and difficult—task hy deciding that his former wife, Edith Kelly Gould, may not use his name in advertising her dances more or less symholic. But there were incidents of the trial that show what a task it is to keep Jay Gould's patronymic from soilure, in a cruel French court that lacks any real, underlying reverence for American fortunes. Frank Gould has been referred to hy Maitre Henri Rohert, the defendant's lawyer, as a hard American millionaire "lacking gallantry, and trying to prevent a poor little dancer from making an honest living." Mr. Gould's counsel retorted that as she had ahout $100,000 worth of jewels and $500,000 worth of furs in her possession when they parted the case did not appear so hard as all that. Apparently not. With $600,000 worth of movahle property tbriftily marketed she should he ahle to live in Paris several weeks, and might, hy dining out a good deal and indulging only in still wines and home-rolled cigarettes, even stretch that period to the hetter part of a year. But seriously, is Mr. Gould trying to prevent her from making an honest living? Are they sure the name of Gould in electric lights is such an attraction, and how do all the dancers live that do not use it? If to make a living dancing is to make an honest living, who is to prevent the lady from dancing her head off? Gould does not ask that her dancing stop; he only asks that her advertising take a less historic form. Nothing is said as to whether the lady dances well or ill, which might he pertinent to the inquiry. But Mr. Gould's suit has contributed much valuahle puhlicity to his former wife's effort at marrying Mercury to Terpsichore, and douhtless has caused many people to pay money to see the former wife of an American millionaire dance. Such people are not seriously hilked if the dancing is not good; not even the name of Gould can guarantee that.

WALLPAPER AND PAINTINGS

One of the commonest ohjections to wallpaper has heen that it does not make a suitahle hackground for pictures, that it is not decoratively practical for a room in which either paintings or prints are to he hung, writes Phyllis Ackerman in the New York *Tribune*. And there is a certain truth in this. The old-fashioned papers in our grandmother's home, with the large swirling patterns, red roses on a chocolate ground, or green scrolls and purple flowers on white, were far too ohtrusive and overwhelming to permit of competition from any kind of picture.

Moreover, there is also this second truth behind the general statement, that some papers that are not Victorian horrors, but are in themselves heautiful in color and design are not successful with pictures hecause they are too interesting and too decorative. Finally, there is the third fact to he kept in mind, that some pictures require one kind of paper and some another.

But apart from these three important conditions, that the paper he of good design, that it he not too decoratively strong and that it he of the appropriate style, there is no truth to the general statement that wallpaper is not a fitting hackground for pictures, and proof of this is that there are important puhlic picture galleries of high standards that are entirely papered. In Berlin, for example, the Modern Painting Gallery has a different kind of paper in every room, according to the character of the paintings in each collection, and the same is true of the Rijks' Museum in Amsterdam, of the National Portrait Gallery in London, and of the Tate Gallery, for the works of contemporary artists, also in London, to mention only a few of the outstanding examples.

Naturally most of these papers used in puhlic galleries are neutral in tone and without pattern, for where so many paintings and in so many different color ranges have to be hung in one room the hackground must be relatively negative. Brown and a two-toned gray are the standard at the National Portrait Gallery. Yet even under such exacting conditions some of these galleries have been successfully hung with papers that are vivid in color and have at least a self-toned pattern.

In hoth the Modern Painting Gallery of Berlin and the Tate Gallery the high-keyed, fresh hlue and gold landscapes of the modern outdoor school have been very effectively hung against cool dark green, which affords the same comfortahle relief to the eye, overstimulated with the hot bright canvases, that a patch of deep shade offers to the eyes tired by the glare of an open field on a mid-summer's noon. The second most favored positive color in hoth these galleries is a deep violet, which might at first seem a strange choice until we stop to realize that that, too, is a color of shadow, many of the shadows in hright sunlight heing quiet violet, as the painters long ago discovered, and so it gives the same kind of relief as the green.

Fashion Bows to the New Year

We are in the midst of Fashion's formal season and wherever one goes—to the opera, the theater, teas and receptions—one is impressed hy the luxuriousness of furs and fur-trimmed wraps, the heauty of lovely gowns and the hrilliance of jewels, says the *Designer* magazine. Are women growing more lovely or is Fashion hecoming more clever?

The silhouette remains straight and long, though bouffant models are used for evening, especially for the déhutante. Tiers and flounce effects are featured, and the severely plain princess style is also prominent. But in this foreword to the month's fashion pages I wish to dwell particularly on the accessories. So much depends on the right choice of these costume extras. There are head necklaces and earrings to accompany every type of costume. Chokers and long chains in amher or jade colorings and crystal necklaces with rondels of jet are among the most effective; and, of course, pearls have a place all their own. Earrings are in plain drop and shower effects, depending a great deal on the coiffure. When it comes to hracelets, one wears several, some of very narrow dimensions and very interesting colorings.

To top the winter costume, one chooses a *cloche* of felt—it may be hlack, tan, hrown, gray, green or rust, but it is always the tight-to-the-head, little, hell-shaped hat with a chic *cocarde* or simpler rihhon arrangement. However, some prefer the *bèret* or tam-shaped hat, which is a bit softer in line. The hrilliant-studded pin ornaments add the only trimming touch to many of the season's small hats.

Fashionable footwear includes for dress occasions opera pumps and all manner of strap slippers with hright little huckles set with rhinestones. The slippers themselves are of metal cloth, satin, patent leather, suède or velvet. Stockings are of the sheerest chiffon qualities, and the blonde and nude shades prevail for evening use. Tan, heige, cocoa and gray appear with street shoes; while for sports there are many novel mixtures in wool hose.

Page the Plantagenets

The descendants of those emigrants who escaped from Ellis Island by reaching the United States in the Mayflower will have to look to their laurels lest their claims to social preferment he overshadowed, says a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

A movement is now on foot here to form a Plantagenet Club, every memher of which must be ahle to prove his descent from the royal family which for 300 years ruled England.

The legitimate line of the Plantagenet family died out several hundred years ago, so the living members of the family, according to the London *Star*, are descended from illegitimate children of the mediæval monarchs.

It is claimed hy Edward Gowers-Taylor, secretary of the club, that there are 100,000 persons in Great Britain to-day with royal hlood in their veins. Only 850 of these, it is stated, will he accepted at first in the new club, which is to provide an "inexpensive yet exclusive" center for its memhers.

The chosen few will have club rooms in a fashionable part of London, with all the servants dressed in mediæval costume. The organizers, however, have decided that in present effete times some of the more impressive terms of Elizabethan vocabulary would he out of place, so the members will converse with one another just as do ordinary everyday folk.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, tells a story of the late Marion Crawford, the novelist. According to Mr. Yeats, a lady asked Mr. Crawford if he thought that anything he had written would live after he had gone. "Madame," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson used to write the most delightful plays together, but they do so no longer—nobody knows why. Does the key to the secret lie, perhaps, in a remark that Mr. Tarkington made the other day at a luncheon in New York? "A collaborator," he said, "is a chap who thinks he did all the work."

A rich manufacturer of asbestos took a house just across the street from a sweet-spirited old lady, and his family proceeded to enjoy itself in what seemed to her a very worldly fashion. The old lady was never known to speak ill of anyone, even when her neighhors raised a racket all Sunday. She only said: "Dear me! They must have great faith in their asbestos."

George Cohan said at the Hotel Negresco in Nice: "Florida is much warmer than the Riviera. It is much wetter, too. I was dining in a fishing club in Florida one evening. On the wall behind me there was an enormous stuffed tarpon in a glass case. A Pittsburgh millionaire lurched into the dining-room, stared at the tarpon for a minute and then said: 'The man who caught that—hic—fish is a—hic—liar.'"

Dining out one night during his recent visit to London, Paderewski met a young society man who had won for himself a great reputation for his skill at polo. Being praised by the pianist for his clever playing, he said it was different indeed from Paderewski's performances. "Yes," agreed Paderewski, "the difference between us is perfectly clear. You are a dear soul who plays polo, whilst I am a poor Pole who plays solo."

A recently disinterred story of the ex-Kaiser is characteristic. It concerns the time when as a small and saucy crown prince he attended the wedding of Edward VII. The ex-Kaiser, who was then a kaiser-to-be, was an interested spectator of the ceremony. He was also a rather noisy one, so the Duke of Connaught, his uncle, administered a quiet but forcible spanking. The future kaiser did not whimper, but sliding quietly to the floor he closed his teeth on the calf of his uncle's leg with such energy that he drew blood.

Apparently Japanese women are just as keen on pretty things to wear as are English women. Or at all events so it seems, judging from a story that was told by Mr. Sessue Hayakawa, the famous film actor. When in Paris recently with his wife, Tsuri Aoki, the lady treated herself to a new hat—price three hundred francs. Her husband pretended to be shocked at her extravagance. "What!" he exclaimed. "Three hundred francs for a hat! Why, it's a sin!" "Never mind," replied Mrs. Hayakawa, "the sin will be on my own head."

In the days when yellow journalism was at its height a new reporter on a sensational New York daily called up his chief by telephone for instructions as to what he should do. The city editor asked the reporter to hold the wire a minute till he saw if he had anything to be looked after in that section of the city. Then these instructions came over the wire: "Summers, a prominent, wealthy, young fellow named Stuart was up in the West Side police court for drunkenness this morning. He pleaded to have his name kept out of the newspapers for fear his mother would hear of it. She has heart trouble, and he says the shock would kill her. Go over to her at —— West Seventy-second street, and tell her about it. We need news."

When Chief Justice Taft was governor of Manila he worked one decided reform there: he instilled a spirit of democracy, accompanied by handshakes, instead of kow-tows. When he went to the province of Bulacan to inaugurate a local civil government, he was attired in a suit of light linen instead of in the gorgeous habiliments that the Filipinos expected to see him wear. He was met by the *presidente* of Malolos, who, bristling with medals, decorations, and gold braid, was waiting to greet Taft with befitting dignity. The presentation was made, and before the *presidente* could utter a word of his elaborate welcome, Taft grabbed him by the hand, and, with "How d'ye do? Glad to see you," nearly wrung it off. It made such an impression upon the local ruler that he discarded his gaudiness for plain linen clothing, and gave the "glad hand" everywhere he went.

Mr. Walter Sichel in his new book, "The Sands of Time" tells of an occasion when he was present at a gathering at which Modjeska was to recite. The famous Polish actress, then at the zenith of her fame, stepped forward and declaimed passionately in a strange language. Nobody knew in the least what it was all about, but everybody felt bound to pretend otherwise. His hostess came up to Mr. Sichel in ecstasies of admiration. "Wasn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed. The author confessed his mystification. "Oh, couldn't you understand it? Though it was delivered in Polish, of course, Modjeska's gestures were so interpretative that at once you could perceive that her subject was the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham." By chance, Mr. Sichel happened to sit next Modjeska at dinner afterwards, and overheard her confide to a friend that what she had delivered was mere gibberish, and spoken moreover neither in Polish nor any other known tongue.

According to Mr. Walter T. Spence, one of the best known of London dealers in rare books, whose "Forty Years in My Bookshop" was recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, the forgery of autobiography is not so common a pursuit for the indigent and unscrupulous intelligentsia as it was forty years ago. In those days such incidents as the following were not uncommon. "A workingman came into my shop with a book under his arm: Hone's Everyday Book, 1839, with a good many MS. marginal notes signed or initialed 'Charles Lamb.' He said to me: 'I understand you buy Lamb autographs, guv'nor.' 'Yes,' I answered, and I examined the hook. 'Are these notes supposed to be written in this volume by Charles Lamb?' As I said it I knew that I had the mastery of at least one of those little swindling affairs. 'Oh, yes,' the man said, 'the book came from a house close to where Lamb used to live at Edmonton.' I said: 'Well, considering that Lamb died in 1834, five years before this book was published, how do you account for that?' He answered: 'Well, I dunno, guv'nor: perhaps it was another Charles Lamb'."

A yarn that will crop up now and then and sometimes purports to come from the once wild and woolly West, sometimes from the land of the Scots, was revived during the Imperial Conference in London by Sir Francis Newdegate, premier of Western Australia, as typifying the silence and loneliness bred of life in the vast unpeopled spaces of the interior. Two men, it appears, were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word. One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast: "Heard a cow bellow in the bush just now." Nothing further was said, and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said: "How d'ye know it wasn't a bull?" Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag." "Going?" inquired the other. "Yes." "Why?" "Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp."

Finland's principal exports, which bring in the necessary foreign currency, are timber, pulp, and paper, and as the demand for these products has remained large in spite of the general depression, Finland has made progress toward normal conditions. The Finnish mark has increased in purchasing power during the past year in comparison with foreign currencies.

The word *gravity* in its present sense dates from 1652; *electricity* from 1646.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Through the Ages

We have changed a very little from our brothers of antiquity:
Forbidden things still tempt us, as they always, always will—
And for things most unattainable we still get in iniquity,
Repenting when disaster comes—but wishing for them still.

Eve used an apple—the acme of simplicity,
To ruin man, the gullible, and get him in a mess.
The Eves passing centuries have found a multiplicity
Of other forms to tempt us—with unvarying success!

We pride ourselves on wisdom—a cautious sobriety
Has taught us, so we think, to look on amours with distrust.
But the guises of the apple are of infinite variety,
And when the bait is offered man will take it, for he must.

Little changed and little altered is the woman of modernity
However much she cares, she shows it little, if at all;
As it was in the beginning it shall be until eternity,
Lured on by love withheld from him, man still proceeds to fall! —*Yale Record.*

There was a young lady from Gotham
Who lisped, "Autumn breezes, I lotham.
My legs really ain't
Like Coles Phillips can paint,
And I hate for the wind to expotham."
—*Iowa Frivol.*



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PERSONAL.

Social Notes.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Bixby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby, to Mr. Preston Hotchkiss, took place at Long Beach on December 11.

The marriage of Mr. Heine von Schroeder, son of Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, to Miss Dorothy Schroeder, took place recently in Hamburg, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lundborg gave a coming-out dance for their daughter, Miss Hélène Lundborg, on Friday of last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Hélène Lundborg was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Miss Mollie McBryde last Friday evening, preceding the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Lundborg.

Mr. Raymond Armsby was host at a "bal blanc" given last Saturday night in Burlingame in honor of two of the season's débutantes, Miss Gertrude Murphy and Miss Eleanor Martin.

A dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson at their home in Burlingame last Saturday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Miss Josephine and Miss Edith Grant were hostesses at a dinner given at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Gertrude Murphy and Miss Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark gave a luncheon last week at her home on Clay street.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy were hosts at a dinner on Christmas Eve at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Henley gave a house warming recently at their new home in Bay street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall entertained at a dinner last Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Scott were hosts at a dinner in Burlingame last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker were hosts at a dinner given last week at their home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are giving a dinner on Saturday night of this week, preceding the ball given by M. Julien Neltner for the captain and the officers of the "Jeanne D'Arc."

Admiral and Mrs. Simpson are giving a dinner on Saturday evening of this week at the Hotel Fairmont in honor of the captain and officers of the "Jeanne D'Arc."

Mr. and Mrs. Digby Sherman Brooks are receiving at their home on Vallejo street on Saturday and Sunday of this week.

Mrs. Milo Robbins and Miss Esperance Ghirardelli were hostesses at a tea given in honor of Mrs. William Ewing, Mrs. William Towle and Miss Harriet Todd.

Mrs. Eric Lyders gave a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home on Green street.

The Club Royal gave a dinner dance at the Hotel Fairmont last Saturday night in connection with a winter extravaganza.

Mrs. Alan Lowery was hostess at a tea at her home on Pacific avenue last week on the occasion of a Christmas sale of toys for distribution.

Miss Betty Knight Smith made her début in society last week at a tea given by her mother, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, at her home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu were the guests of honor at a dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. William Roth.

Miss Marie and Miss Florence Welch were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Chaplain Edmond Griffin was the guest of honor at a dinner given last week by Colonel William Morrow and Mrs. Morrow at their quarters on Alcatraz.

Among the dinners given for Chaplain Edmond Griffin were those given by Major Edwin O'Hara and Mrs. O'Hara, Captain Harry Ayres and Mrs. Ayres and Captain Carroll Galem and Mrs. Galem at the Persidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper were recent hosts at a dinner given at their apartment on Pacific avenue.

Miss Mary Dennis Searles and Miss Jean Wakefield will be hostesses at a débutante tea given on Saturday of this week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Pardow Hooper was host at a dinner given last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper.

A bridge club, recently formed, met last time at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Max Rotbschild in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alfred Wilcox was the guest of honor at a luncheon given for her recently by Mrs. George Bowles at the Francesca Club.

The Winter and Bridge Club met last week at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grayson were the guests of honor at a recent dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers at the Hotel Fairmont.

Miss Merrill Jones, Miss Idabelle Wheaton and Miss Dorcas Jackson were recent week-end guests of Miss Caroline Madison at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney and Miss Morton of New York were the guests of honor at a luncheon given last week by Miss Mary Martin.

Mrs. Alfred Wilson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick McNear last week at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Ethel Cooper was a luncheon hostess last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave a dinner last Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Signor Lulo de Blaas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore gave a dinner last week in honor of their house guest, Signor Lulo de Blaas.

Mr. Harry and Mr. Merrill Bates gave a supper last Sunday night, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates.

Mrs. H. Clay Miller gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Gown Club.

Mrs. Pasmore Burrell and Miss Dorothy Pasmore were the guests of honor at a tea given last week by Mrs. Digby Sherman Brooks.

Among other hosts who entertained at dinner last Saturday evening preceding the ball given by Mr. Raymond Armsby were Mr. and Mrs. Gergory Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mrs. Norris King Davis gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel last Saturday evening for her daughter, Miss Margery Davis, going afterwards to Burlingame to attend the ball given by Mr. Raymond Armsby.

OUR NEW CAVE

A river that appeared not to be worth a dam was the cause of the geological expedition that resulted in the exploration of the Carlshad cavern in New Mexico and in the discovery of its surpassing beauty and extent, says the Boston *Evening Transcript*. The river is the Pecos. Dams built along it for the impounding of water for irrigation purposes had proved to be of little use because the water disappears underground, and so the United States Geological Survey, before advising the construction of any more dams, sent Dr. Willis T. Lee to the scene at the request of the commissioner of reclamation to find the cause of the river's strange behavior.

The result was the real discovery of the Carlshad cavern, for although it is nearly twenty miles from the river and without effect upon its course, it became known through Dr. Lee's study of geology of the whole region and his tracing of strata found in the near vicinity of the troublesome river.

The caverns are in limestone strata 1,300 feet thick, but above and below this layer are other layers of rock salt and gypsum. These were found to be the real trouble makers. The strata are tipped at an angle to the surface, near the river and under it. The gypsum and salt are soluble in water and when the dams were built and the water-level rose beyond a certain point, it dissolved its way through these strata underground and out onto the surface again some miles below the dam.

Tracing the strata back to the foothills of the Guadaloupe mountains about twenty-two miles southwest of Carlshad, Dr. Lee rediscovered for the world the great cavern, now made by presidential proclamation of October 25 a national monument.

The caverns were first discovered in 1901. Vast numbers of bats were observed issuing from a hole in the side of a hill and inspection revealed a cavern of unknown extent. It remained practically unexplored and unnoticed until this year, when Robert A. Holley of the General Land Office surveyed about three and a half miles of it. Dr. Lee later examined it from the geologic and scenic points of view.

It is, according to Dr. Lee, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, cavern in the world. Its total length is quite unknown. It extends at least 1,000 feet downward from the entrance. The formations of stalactites and stalagmites are of extraordinary beauty. One of the "rooms" in the cavern is half a mile long, several hundred feet wide and with a ceiling so high that torches failed to disclose it, their bright beams being lost in the impenetrable gloom.

More remarkable discoveries are likely to be the result of further exploration, Dr. Lee says, since the geologic formations are most unusual. Underneath the limestone layer in which the cave was discovered are beds of gypsum and rock salt of great thickness. These materials are soluble in water, which seeps through and honeycombs them. Dr. Lee believes that in these beds may be sculptured other great caves, whose extent and beauty can only be guessed at for the present.

Incidentally, such caverns in salt beds might be developed into mines of incalculable extent and richness. The discovery is considered the biggest in the geological field in recent years, and it all goes back to sending a scientist to find out whether or not the Pecos river is worth a dam.

Subterranean Bohemians

There is a mysterious cult in Asia, the King of the World, the Great Unknown, which is profoundly penetrating the minds of the Asiatics, proclaiming the superiority of the spiritual strength of the East, and affirming the necessity of forcing all humanity to accept its will and its world-outlook, even at the cost of general blood-spilling. Ferdinand Ossendowski, describing this cult in the December *Century*, says that eventually the white race will have to reckon with the now legendary influence of the King of the World.

In traveling through central Asia Mr. Ossendowski had an unusual opportunity to study this mysterious cult, which, he says, is built on a legend of the subterranean Kingdom of Agharti, founded sixty-five thousand years ago in the caverns and precipices of the western Himalayas. There crime, sin, and disobedience to the law are unknown.

After describing the perfection and the organization of Agharti Mr. Ossendowski says:

"Once twenty-five hundred years ago an insurrection broke out in Agharti, as some tribes not sufficiently pure in spirit joined its population. The lowest layers of the pyramid of Agharti wanted to occupy the highest places. A fight took place during which the King of the World threw down on the heads of the insurgents a part of the roof of the vaults of his state, and thus separated Agharti from these servants of evil. A part of the insurgents, namely the Orochons, the Kalmucks, and the Tziganes, escaped and returned to the surface of the earth taking with them some fragments of magical formulæ and some crumbs of the great wisdom of Agharti. With the help of these they became fortune-tellers and wizards, adepts in secret magical sciences. In Sanscrit, the Tziganes are called "hohemi," which signifies "Go away from me." It is the curse of banishment, of damnation. But how strange it is that this name is so very like the other name for the Tziganes, Bohemians! Is it perchance possible that the spirit of Agharti, of the Great Unknown, has had an influence here?"

The Nobel Awards

Three Americans have been honored thus far in the announcements of this year's Nobel Prize winners, says the New York *Times*: Dr. F. C. Banting and Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod of Toronto, between whom is divided the award for medical research (discovery of the insulin treatment for diabetes), and Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan of California, who receives the award in physics. The third of five Nobel prizes available annually under the terms of the will of the late Alfred B. Nobel, the Swedish chemist, goes to William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, for outstanding work in literature. The other two awards, the one for chemistry and the other for notable effort in the causes of peace and international friendship, have not been announced. Close to thirty persons, including Jane Addams of Chicago and Miss Elsa Brandstrom, known as the "Angel of Siberia," have been proposed for the peace prize. America has been particularly honored in this respect, as she has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize on three occasions. It was presented to Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, to Elihu Root in 1912 and to Woodrow Wilson in 1918.

Drs. Banting and MacLeod were selected because of their discovery of the efficacy of insulin in the treatment of diabetes, which is considered one of the outstanding achievements of the century. Yeats is called by critics one of the literary giants of the new Irish nationalist school. His lyrical poems, essays and plays have for some time attracted students of fine literary quality. Dr. Millikan is the first scientist to isolate and measure the electron, and since his recent research has been generally called the "atom man." He is the director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics at Pasadena and chairman of the administrative council of the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Millikan received his education at Oberlin College, Columbia University and the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen.

When, nearly thirty years ago, Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, died he set aside the sum of $9,000,000 for the purpose of establishing a number of prizes. At the time, Mr. Nobel made the assertion that it was not his thought to award the prizes to those who already had succeeded, but that he wished "to make it easier for dreamers." The proceeds of the fund eventually were divided into five awards, to be presented annually to those who rendered during the preceding year the greatest service to humanity in the fields of physics, chemistry, physiology or medical science, literature, and in the cause of peace.

Born in Stockholm, Alfred Nobel was taken at an early age to Petrograd, where his father, who also was a chemist, went to fill a contract with the Russian government. Here the boy was early initiated into the profession of which he later made such a success. With his two brothers, Ludvig and Robert, Nobel was one of the early exploiters of the Baku oil fields, which recently have been the center of so much controversy. His experiments in chemistry led to several patents, involving numerous lawsuits, but the final invention of dynamite placed Nobel high in the field of original research. The inventor died at San Remo in 1896.

The three institutions which have received the Nobel Prize are Institute of International Law at Ghent (1904), the Bureau of Permanent International Peace at Berne (1910), and the International Committee of the Red Cross at Geneva (1917). The only woman ever to have been honored with the prize was Baroness von Sultner of Vienna.

The Mennonite farmers who migrated from the Canadian provinces to Mexico now want to return to Canada, says the Indianapolis *News*. The five thousand families bought vast tracts of Mexican land, generally paying one-third in cash. In one region where they purchased 60,000 acres, only an inch and a half of rain has fallen since March, 1922. In attempting to drill a well the workers got down 212 feet through solid rock and had not struck water. However, they still have $2,400,000 on deposit in El Paso, Texas, banks, and if they can get back to Canada to begin again where they left off they will be satisfied.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall returned last week from Los Angeles where they have been spending several days.

Miss Agnes von Adelung who has been at Vassar has returned to her home in Oakland in time for Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks have gone to Pebble Beach to remain over the New Year holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson will spend New Year's at Del Monte.

Mrs. Ferdinand Theriot and her children have returned to San Francisco after an absence of two years in Europe, and are at their home on Gough street.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Corliss have gone to Portland, where they will spend the holidays with Judge Guy C. H. Corliss and Mrs. Corliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Niles Trammell of Seattle are passing the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Trammell's mother, Mrs. Charles Gould Morton and General Morton at Fort Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu have gone to New York, where they will spend the holidays.

Mrs. William Cluff left on Wednesday for New York, where she will join her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Comstock and Mr. Comstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dillman of Sacramento spent Christmas with their son, Mr. Dean Dillman and Mrs. Dillman.

Major Charles Gilman Norris and Mrs. Norris with their son and nephew spent Christmas in Palermo.

Mrs. Sydney Cloman of Burlingame is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond in Washington.

Chaplain Edmond Griffin, U. S. A., of Alcatraz has gone East to attend one of the chaplain schools.

Mr. William Reding of New York has joined Mrs. Reding at the Canterbury Hotel for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan are spending the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby left last week for their home in New York.

Miss Leonore Armsby will remain in Burlingame until January as the guest of her unele, Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Mr. and Mrs. Welhore S. Burnett have returned from Europe and are at their home on Pine street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Bradhurn of Los Angeles are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shuman with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bradhurn of Los Angeles and Mrs. Shuman's brothers, have gone to Monterey where they are spending the holidays in the home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Shuman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott are spending the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreekels and their children Miss Alma and Miss Dorothy Spreckels and Master Adolph Spreekels have gone to Coronado, where they are spending a week.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden of New York is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Braden.

Mrs. John McMullin of Stockton has gone to Los Angeles and will remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery are spending the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hart of Los Angeles and their son, Mr. Eugene Hart and Mrs. Hart, are the guests for the holidays of Commander J. J. See at Mare Island.

Colonel Lorrain T. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson have recently gone to Berkeley, where they will make their home.

Mrs. Clara Darling will close her home in Los Altos soon after the New Year and will go to Cuba and the Bermudas en route to Europe.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper with her daughter, Miss Jane Cooper, arrived from New York last week to remain until January.

Miss Margaret Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Selden T. Taylor of San Francisco is spending the Christmas holidays with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Curwin, near Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bates Pond are spending the holidays at Del Monte.

Colonel Edgar Sirmyer, U. S. A., who has been at Fort Sill for several months returned to the Presidio for the holidays.

Miss Anna Lee Tace of Washington, D. C., is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Davis and their daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile de Surville have gone to Southern California.

Miss Isabel Percival Brooks left last week for Louisville, Kentucky, where she will spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. George Dorn.

Miss Mary Gorgas, who has been the guest of her relatives, Comamnder John L. Neilson and Mrs. Neilson, at San Diego has returned to San Francisco to join her father, Commander Miles C. Gorgas, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan are spending the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clarke of New York are spending the holidays with their son, Mr. Edward H. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre of Menlo Park are spending the winter in San Francisco at their residenee on Webster street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sheldon of Southern California who have been passing the holidays in San Francisco will spend New Years at Pebble Beach as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks.

Signor Lulo de Blaas has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore at their home in Burlingame.

Figures compiled by the Regents' attorney for Non-Resident Matters show that of the 10,000 and more of students in the University at Berkeley, 1073, or virtually an even one-tenth, are classified as non-residents. This number includes all who pay the tuition fees required of other than those residents of California who are citizens or have made valid declaration of their intention to become citizens. The term "non-resident" includes, therefore, many alien residents of California as well as students from other states and nations. The non-resident graduate students number 337, or somewhat less than one-third of all non-residents; the total number of graduate students being about one-eighth that of the entire student body.

Non-resident students pay tuition of $75 each semester in addition to the incidental fee of $25 each semester paid by all students ($12.50 if the students takes less than five "units" of work). At the Southern Branch a somewhat different scale of incidental fees is in force.

In a Night School

For a quarter of a century prior to the Russian Revolution, says the *Interpreter*, Professor Serge V. Givotovsky, member of the former Petrograd Imperial Academy, was a teacher at the Ksenia Institute, otherwise known as "The Petrograd Institute for Noble Young Ladies." He is known to Russians also as an editor and journalist of note. During the war he served at the front as correspondent and artist for a Petrograd daily. An illuminating glimpse of his present life as an immigrant resident of New York City is contained in the following word sketch of scenes in a night school for the foreign born, which appeared in *Novoye Russky Slovo*.

Seated next to me is my twelve-year-old son, very proud at finding himself suddenly become my fellow student and classmate. On seats nearby are my older son and my wife. In the same class there are some twenty-five other students. Most of these happen to be Germans, with a sprinkling of Japanese, Chinese, Italian, Spanish and French men and women.

I am the oldest person in the class, and this makes me feel rather uneasy. My relations with my younger son, in particular, are somewhat unnatural. I catch his sense of superiority in the class. The scamp grasps everything quickly and remembers things so easily! With me, at the age of fifty-four, the business of learning English is no easy matter.

Once, when I could not make my answer to a question put by Miss Teacher, I whispered to my boy:

"What is that word? You know . . ."

His answer came back in a whispered ultimatum.

"Will you buy me an ice cream if I tell you?"

"A cuff on the ear is what you will get!"

But he was not repulsed.

"Then I will tell the teacher," he threatened, "that you are fighting in the classroom."

At the end of one month in the night school an event occurred which left me utterly discouraged. My wife, my sons—my whole family—were promoted to a higher class, while I, on account of my backwardness, was sent to a lower class.

Once more I take up my education, beginning with an item on handwashing.

"My hands are dirty," the blackboard legend reads. "I walk to the sink."

In the manual for foreign born classes the study of English begins with this lecture on hygiene. The symbolic meaning may be this: Wash off from your hands everything European; begin you life with a clean slate.

In a moment of great depression I confided in my young teacher the fear that I was too old to learn English. But she only gave me a very maternal pat on the shoulders and said:

"Why, fifty-four-year-old gentlemen are considered boys in America. It is never too late to learn, you know."

Under the spell of these stimulating words I felt more than ever like a Ksenia Institute girl, and turned to the task of educating myself with renewed vigor.

It is now more than a month since I fell to the charge of my new teacher and, to my own amazement, I begin to have faith that in another year I will actually be speaking English. Already, if you please, I am my charming teacher's assistant. Under her orders I am assigned to the blackboard, where I draw pictures of sinks, baths, trees—everything necessary and appropriate in the practical American method of language teaching.

Once, when one of my younger classmates tried to make fun of my unsuccessful effort to arrange a phrase in English, my teacher said to him:

"When this honorable gentleman tries to learn English he is manifesting his respect for this country, a thing that you have just failed to do by poking fun at him."

The rebuke was delivered by my teacher with such stern severity that I felt sorry for the poor fellow.

China as a Republic

Rodney Gilbert, the Peking correspondent of the North China *Herald*, describes the recent presidential election in China as a function to make the old-style ward politician's mouth water, says the *Living Age*. A rigid telegraph censorship—which it is suspected was extended to the mails—threw a comfortable veil of privacy around the proceedings. Our readers will understand that the president of China is elected by Parliament, and not by the 400,000,000 more or less people whom Parliament is supposed to represent. Mr. Gilbert says:

"No member of Parliament was trusted with real money until after his vote had been cast and recorded. He was given a check to cover whatever his price might be—the average being about $5,000 each—with the understanding he would get a chop on it that would make it negotiable when he had voted. The total of this expenditure, according to the most reliable reports, was $2,400,000. Arrangements were made through the leaders in the various Parliamentary clubs. Many of these leaders are said to have been paid $10,000, while some cases have come to light in which the less influential voters got no more than $2,000 apiece. At the end, according to the house secretaries, there were less than 50 out of the total of 590 members present who refused to accept bribes."

At first the number of those who refused to take bribes was much larger, but clever campaign agents, when repelled by the men, went after their wives and pointed out to them that $5,000 for an afternoon spent in pleasant company was not to be ignored. The result was that scores of unwilling voters were actually taken to the houses of Parliament by their wives and lady friends, who made sure that they entered the building.

Soldiers under the orders of the patriots in charge of the election made sure that the nation's Parliamentary representatives, once inside the legislative halls, did not escape. Even the railway stations were watched by a strong force of well-trained detectives in plain clothes. "Any member of Parliament attempting to leave the city was assailed by an apparently irate, but simple citizen, who charged him in loud tones with trying to escape the payment of a debt." His indignant protests brought the police to the spot, who insisted upon an investigation, and the ruffled M. P. was promptly bustled off in a motor-car to cast his vote, after which his feelings were soothed with the usual check. "A goodly number, with tender susceptibilities, who refused flatly to take money, were won over through appointments to adviserships and what not.

"A veteran senator told the writer recently that a friend of his had refused a bribe with every appearance of great indignation. He was so impressive in his wrath that the money was not again offered him; so a little later he came around and intimated that he might stifle his conscience if he were given some sort of adviserships at $400 a month. This was arranged and he was asked to register in an official book. This he did, but he put down not only his own name but the names of seven others as well, presumably fellow townsmen and relatives, all at $400 a head and under contract at that. The vote-buyer, at the end of his patience, told the would-be adviser that neither his advice nor his vote was needed and invited him to get out, which he did with a great show of injured sensibilities. The other morning he came back and wanted to know what had become of his $5,000 check. The few reminders, to which he was forced to listen, he accepted meekly, and then ambled off quietly to cast the correct vote."

CURRENT VERSE.

Irony

I always wanted
A little carved bowl
With grapes on its edges
And gilt on the whole,
And a daffodil garden
And a singing soul.

I wanted gold rings
And a silken dress
And a friend who knew
What no others could guess,
And a very great
Gold happiness.

I never have had
A silken gown,
And no gold happiness
Ever came down
To be my shelter,
And my shining crown.

Nor a daffodil garden
Nor a singing soul,
Nor ever a friend
Who knew me whole,
But to-day some one gave me
A little carved bowl.

—*Margaret Wilson, in Harper's.*

Winter's Night

Poor soul! My own poor soul! I look to-night
Upon you searchingly; long, long ago
You would have loved this mist of falling snow
Caught in the street lamps' chill aerial light;
You would have shuddered at that heggar's plight;
How keen you would have heen to sense the flow
Of life about you, and how quick to go—
Dreaming—heyond it all, in sudden flight!

Such words of love as those to-night you heard,
You would have heard at least with tenderness;
Has tenderness, alas, gone with dreams?
Poor soul! Poor iron weight that once was bird!
Poor bird whose singing ceased—whose songs are less
Now than the water's moan in frozen streams!

Zoe Akins, in Vanity Fair.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is the surest sign that a fellow is in love?" "When he divorces his wife."—*Princetan Tiger.*

She—Do you think kissing is as dangerous as they say? *He*—Well, it has put an end to a good many hachelors.—*Lemon Punch.*

Many a father breathes a sigh of relief when at commencement he finishes working his son's way through college.—*Wasp.*

"Don't know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you." "Yes, hut she's not in the same circle."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A republic is the form of government in which those who will not vote denounce the choices of those who do.—*Bastan Herald.*

Ada—Timid, isn't he? *May*—Awfully. He's so afraid that she'll say no that he won't give her a chance to say yes.—*Braaklyn Life.*

Amelia (looking at the Laocoon group)—Ah, yes, firemen, I see. But how did they become so entangled in the hose?—*Boston Transcript.*

He—I was an intimate friend of your late hushand. Can't you give me something to remember him hy? *She* (shyly)—How would I do?—*Punch.*

Gladys—I refused Ferdy two weeks ago and he has been drinking heavily ever since. *Ethel*—Isn't it ahout time he stopped celehrating?—*Sketch.*

Ethel—Are you sure he has never loved hefore? *Edith*—Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweler's and pick out any ring I wanted.—*Judge.*

Ethyl—Did Annette get anything out of her hreach-of-promise suit? *Bobette*—Nothing at all; the man decided to marry her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ship's Officer—Are you going out to the Cape for pleasure, Mrs. Gadshy? *Mrs. Godsby*—Oh, no! I'm going out to my hushand!—*London Opinion.*

"What was it that prevented the duel this morning? Did one of the principals fail to show up?" "No, hut they forgot the cinematograph."—*Gil Blas.*

Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar? *Blister*—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing; hut I see you catch my idea.—*Illustrated Bits.*

"There goes Leonine, who's made such a hit as the hravest woman on the halls." "What's her act?" "She enters a cage of wild mice!"—*London Mail.*

"Come hack for something you've forgotten, as usual?" said the hushand. "No," replied his wife, sweetly; "I've come hack for something I remembered."—*Buffala Courier.*

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference hetween charity and philanthropy? *Tommy's Pap*—Merely, my son, that philanthropy can afford to hire a press-agent.—*Philadelphio Record.*

The Absent-minded One—Mary, have you seen my hat? *Mary*—Why, it's on your head, sir. *The A. O.*—Gracious, so it is, and I nearly went out without it.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Burly North-Countryman (the "proud" winner of a particularly insignificant cup)—Yes, I've won coop, and if anyone wants drink hecause I've won coop he can have hlinkin' coop instead!—*Humorist (London).*

He thought he'd surely made a hit,
When for his photograph she prayed,
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it
And gave it to the maid.
—*Amherst Lard Jeff.*

McSosh—Mish'r Bartender, I think I'll take 'nother one o' them p-p-ppous—p-pussy-cat-p —— *Bartender*—Another pousse-café, Mr. McSosh? *McSash*—Thash ri'. 'S funny thing—th' more closely I h'come soshiated an' 'quainted with tha' drink th' less I c'n r'member its name.—*New York World.*

She—My hushand certainly does enjoy smoking in his den. Has your hushand a den? *Other She*—No, he growls all over the house—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Parsan Goodman—See here! Don't you know where little hoys go who play foothall on Sunday? *Small hay*—Yazzir; dey goes to Yale, when dey gets hig 'nough!—*N. Y. Post.*

Miss Sinclair—Wha didn't he mahry dat Coopah gal? *Mr. Frathinham*—Oh, she done flunk at de latest minute—wouldn't lend him a dollar foh t' git de license wif.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Inebriate (coming in late)—If m' wife's awake I'll say, M'dear—hrought y' some c'sath-mums, chrysthumumums, charsythmus—damn it—why didn't I hring her roses?—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Engrossing clerk (Ohio legislature)—Here is this hill proposing to restrict marriage to persons of sound hodies and sane minds; how shall I entitle it? *Married solon*—An act prohihiting matrimony.—*Life.*

The Dentist—I'll have to charge you two dollars and a half for pulling that tooth. *The Patient*—Oi thought yez charged fifty cints? *The Dentist*—Yes; hut you yelled so loud you scared four other patients out of the place.—*Judge.*

"Madam," hriskly spoke up the gentleman in the check suit, when the lady of the house appeared at the door, "I bave here an invaluahle invention for daily domestic use, a combination of useful articles no housekeeper should he without, consisting as it does, in one compact tool, of a pipe-cleaner, a paper cutter, a hodkin, a shoe huttoner, a—" "No, thank you," she answered curtly. "I have all the hairpins I need." The next moment the door slammed in his face.—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA

Hawikuh, which the wondering eyes of Fray Marcos de Niza, the first white man to reach "Cihola," heheld from a near-hy height in 1539, is heing excavated hy a party directed hy Frederick Webh Hedge, former chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, says the New York *Times*. The work there is under the patronage of Harmon W. Hendricks, a trustee of the museum. At Kechipauan, the other "city," Dr. S. K. Lothrop is in immediate charge. This work is under the patronage of Louis C. G. Clarke, director of the museum of Camhridge University, England. The material which was ohtained and hrought hack recently by Mr. Hodge and Dr. Lothrop is now being examined and classified at the museum.

Tradition has placed the origin of the "Seven Cities of Cihola" in the eighth century. The story ran that a bishop of Lishon, in order to escape the Arab tide wbicb engulfed the Spanish peninsula, fled to islands in the West, where he and his followers founded seven cities. When the explorers who succeeded Cortez hegan to spread over Mexico, they heard that a great country was to the north of them, the inhahitants of which had a tradition that they had issued from seven caves. Credulity did the rest, and in these bold spirits the urge hecame great to hunt down the mysterious seven cities, in which, hy the piling of one fahrication upon another, there finally were supposed to be riches which would enable the Mexican viceroys to keep up the flow of despoiled American treasure to the rapidly depleting coffers of the amhitious rulers at Madrid.

Fray Marcos, who played a hig part in the early development of the Cibola tale, was one of those daring churchmen-explorers whose work has left a lasting impress on America. He possessed ahility, ardor and endurance, and no personal risk could deter him in his chosen mission of diffusing Christianity among the Indians. The first stories of a rich country north of Mexico, containing Indian towns which might be inhahited by a people like the Aztecs, were hrought to the Spaniards at Culiacan, near the Pacific coast, by Caheza de Vaca and a handful of survivors of the Narvaez party of 1528-37. That party, setting out from Florida, wandered nearly 2,000 miles around the northern edge of the Gulf of Mexico and westward to the Pacific before it reached a place where there were Spaniards.

When the story was told, Antonio de Mendoza, the ahle viceroy of Mexico, sought some one to penetrate the unknown region and hring him a report on what was to be found there. For this task the intrepid Fray Marcos volunteered. He had been a companion of Pizarro on the march in Peru and knew how to thread his way through strange regions inhahited hy Indians. On this journey he was attended hy a negro, Estevanico, or Little Steve, who had been with Cabeza de Vaca, and latterly hy a few Pima natives wbo had heen educated in Mexico. For a time all went well with Marcos. His anticipations were raised hy stories he heard in Sonora of a country thirty days' march northward, where there were seven large cities, "with houses of stone and lime, the smallest ones of two stories, and having flat roofs, others of three or four stories and that of the lord with five, all placed together in order; and on the door-sills and lintels of the principal houses many figures of turquoise stones; and the people of those cities were very well clothed." The first of these cities was called Cihola.

This was a fairly accurate account of Hawikuh, but it could he distorted easily to mean much more than it really did. Fed witb this refreshing anticipation, Marcos and his little group proceeded north with vigor until he reached the region of the Zuñi puehlos. Here his plans went sadly astray. Little Steve had learned some crude formulas of medication in the march witb Cabeza de Vaca, and he and the others in that adventure had even passed for sorcerers on this account. But when he arrived in the Zuñi country in advance of Fray Marcos, the natives, accustomed to the practice of dissimulation hy their enemies, were found to he unreceptive to his tales of supernatural power. His medicine was spurned and the chiefs of Cibola refused to admit him to their town.

In reply to their searching questions, he proclaimed that he was the envoy of a white man wbom a heavenly prince had sent to instruct them. To the cautious elders of the puehlo it appeared strange that a hlack man was sent to represent a white man, and they pondered over the alternative of accepting bis tale or slaying him as a spy. Little Steve, discomfited, attempted to flee, but was pursued and hrought down with an arrow whicb pierced his heart. The tradition of this negro and his fate persists among the Zuñis to this day.

When the news of the sethack reached Fray Marcos, he could not control the friendly Indians who accompanied him, so he reluctantly consented to turn hack; but first he sought a view of Cibola from an eminence near-by. From this height he heheld the serried houses, laid out in regular designs, the plaza and streets and the other evidences of a life far different from that which he had heen accustomed to behold among the natives whom he had met in his wanderings. Hastening hack to Culiacan, where he arrived in August, 1539, he made a report of his ohservations which satisfied Mendoza that the conquest of the "Seven Cities" must be undertaken hy a force ahle to fight its way.

Now hegan one of the most daring, romantic and fruitful exploring expeditions of all history in the "marcb" of Francisco de Coronado. This heroic adventurer set out from Culiacan for Cihola six months after Fray Marcos' return with a military force of 300 Spaniards, including no small proportion of hlue-blooded cavaliers, and 800 Mexican Indians. Reaching Hawikuh, they proceeded to take the puehlo hy assault and had their dreams of rich spoils vanish into thin air. Coronado had come to seize gold and jewels comparahle to the booty of Cortez and Pizarro, and the trifles of turquoise which the pueblo possessed excited only his scornful glances.

Later Spaniards found their way easily into the Zuñi country, and objects which they carried there in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have heen found in the recent excavations for the museum. Coronado took the first domestic animals into the West, and it is from his "terrible horses" that the Indians ohtained their first stock of that invaluahle aid in their pursuit of war and peace.

The Right Word

Robert Frost, poet of New England and now lecturer at Amherst College, admitted that he had intended saying a few "scornful" words on "vocahularium," a subject on which he had been invited to speak at the meeting of tbe New England Association of Teachers of English in the Puhlic Library lecture hall; hut instead of that he contented himself with exposing what he termed the "mussy-mindedness" of students in their use of words, says the Boston *Evening Tronscript*. After his exposé, be plunged with more evident relish into reading some of his poems.

"I am not particularly interested in vocahularies this year," said Mr. Frost, with a semi-chuckle after his suhject had heen announced hy the chairman, Miss Sally F. Dawes. "This year I am teaching thinking. You understand. I am teaching not thougbt, hut thinking. It's a rather large order, perhaps."

Mr. Frost tben switcbed suddenly to a little story of a poem which bad heen written hy a student in one of his philosophy classes. It didn't belong in philosophy, he admitted, hut "somehow it crept in." Reciting the poem or an approximate version of it, he called attention to three words, one of which was good, and two of which were had.

"That student," he said, "didn't know why the words were bad or why one of them was good. He was perfectly willing for me to change the words. In fact, he suggested it. He would have let me re-write the whole poem and puhlish it for him. He didn't care as long as it was off bis hands.

"This student had the same fault that most of them have—mussy-mindedness. They don't keep their words in separate compartments. The words are all mixed up on their palettes. The colors are all run together. They don't know their colloquial vocahulary from their literary vocahulary, or slang from either. How to get them apart I don't know. That is your job."



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